

Dragon's Blood



Chapter 11

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Dragon's Blood Ch. 11

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Bemere's mouth did not satisfy all my cravings. She certainly tried her best, putting all her heart into awkwardly bobbing on my reptilian cock. I rewarded her with my seed. But as I stood above the sputtering elf, I let the greed fill me. My dragon's organ did not deflate as I regained my breath, and the captivating pleasure released its hold on me.

Lady Lillia's laugh resounded with all the beauty of chiming bells. "You are his pet indeed, cousin. You are simply covered in his goo. How precious."

"Oooohhhhhhhhhhhhh." My mother worked her clitoris with her fingers, her legs trembling as she climaxed.



How sweet that my mother and I reached our orgasms one after the other even when we were not directly coupled.

"My ... oh ... my ... my ... gown ... my ... gown is ... ruined. I am ... coated." Bemere was working herself into a tizzy. "How is there so much? Do ... do ... all men make ... so much?"

"Oh, yes. They produce a ton of that ... sticky stuff. Why do you think ... there are so many of them?" Lillia's laughter had quieted, but her sides still shook. She jumped down from the table and danced over to her cousin. "Let's get you out of this gown. Sophie can launder it for you. We don't want you returning to the castle smelling like a dragon's sock." She gave me a wink.

"Did you say 'dragon'?" Bemere allowed her cousin to remove her gown.

"Did I? Silly me." Lillia pulled off the gown and went to work on Bemere's elegant linen chest strap. "I meant human, of course."

"My underwear is unsullied. We do not need to remove ..." But before Bemere could protest further, Lillia had removed her undergarments. There my curvy elf stood, wearing only her new ring on her finger and my cum on her pretty face. She covered her breasts with her arm and her bush with her hand. "It is time to wash my things, Sophie." She tried to put a note of command in her voice. Bemere's face reddened when she looked at my mother and beheld what she was doing. "Stop that immediately and launder my garments!"

"Oh ... I'm sorry ... Lady Bemere." My mother stopped diddling herself and stood quickly, letting her dress fall over her legs. "I'll get right to it." She rushed over and picked up the lady's gown.

"A moment, Mother." I waved my hand and she stopped. In our life before I drank the dragon's blood, she never would have listened to me over the command of an elf. Now, she stared at me intently, waiting for my next words. I turned my focus to Bemere, letting my dragonish heart guide me. "You forget your place. Do you not remember that mere moments ago you were suckling me like a starving piglet? And now that you are grunted, you seek to burden my family? How dare you." My cockhead nodded as my pulse quickened.

"How dare I? How dare I?" Bemere looked to her cousin who was busy rubbing her hands in glee. She looked to my mother, who stood frozen. She then looked back to my cock. "I um ... well ... since we will be waiting on your mother to clean my gown, I could ... um ... I could ... put it in my mouth again."

"Splendid. The height of ignominy. An elf offering a man her sweet lips. Delightful." Lillia clapped her hands.

"I was ... just ... I was ... um ..." Bemere's face was so crimson it matched the flames within me.



"It is kind of you to offer." I nodded and sat in my chair by the fire. "But first I want you to show us your breasts. Your cousin is wonderfully svelte, and you are quite buxom. Between the two of you, my collection is well represented. I would see now what I have acquired." I focused my will upon her.

"Collection? Acquired?" Bemere did as I asked and dropped her arm.

"Dear me, she was always a bit obtuse. She hasn't figured it out yet." Lillia put her hand on her cousin's breast and hefted it. "Quite substantial for an elf." She looked over at my mother. "Of course, you needn't fear our competition in this arena. We can never compare to your ample proportions. We were created by the gods to be diminutive, beautiful, intelligent, and sovereign. We are not beasts of burden like you."



"Ignore her, Mother. You can wash the gown now. We'll need it clean before we send her home." I blew my mother a kiss. She smiled, nodded, and left our home, closing the door quietly behind her.

"Now, I'll take you up on your offer, but it's not your mouth I wish for this time." I casually stroked my cock while waiting for her. I didn't push her mind, I wanted to see what she would do left to her own devices.

"Oh ... my." Bemere walked over to my chair and stared at my cock. Where I was sitting it was almost as tall as her. "This is nothing like an elf penis. It would never fit ... in my vault." She removed her hand and

looked down at her black triangle.

"She calls it a vault." Lillia let out a peal of laughter. "Your safe is about to be plundered, cousin. You can trust me when I tell you that not only does it fit, but the pleasure is unrivaled. There's nothing else like it. You will be hooked."

Bemere took a step back, her eyes wide with worry. I could tell that Lillia's words disturbed her. Her eyes bounced between her cousin to the dragonish penis before her.

"I'll tell you what, My Lady. You try it out at your own pace. You can mount me facing the other way if you would rather not look at me." I smiled, magnanimous in victory. I could see her sperm-covered face go slack. She was clearly letting her urges decide for her.

"I'll do it." Bemere nodded once to herself and climbed onto my lap. "If Lillia can take this, so can I." She shot her cousin a challenging look as she turned away from me.



"Are you pushing her mind, Remnic?" Lillia raised an eyebrow. When I shook my head, she clapped. "My goodness, Bemere. You're not the bore I always supposed you to be." She seated herself in one of our oversized chairs, lifted her gown, and moved her undergarment aside. "What a treat the day turned out to be." Lillia masturbated herself while watching her cousin and I.

"I still don't see how this will work." Bemere reached under her and took hold of my cock. "Will this rattle so inside me?"

"It will." I traced my fingers down the delightful valley at the small of her back and over the curve of her ass. "You are so womanly but in such a small package."

"I am not ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh ... womanly." Bemere slipped my cockhead inside her. I could feel her vagina mightily resist. It was almost like she was trying to push me out again. She sank lower and shrieked. "I am ... no woman ... I am an elf ... molded by the gods ... to ... ugh ... to ... ugggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." Her whole body shook. Mesmerized, I stared at the wobbling globes of her ass.

"How do you feel, My Lady?" My cock looked particularly large and horrid next to her delicate beauty. I watched it inch into her. Her asshole puckered as her vagina continued its viselike grip.

"I feel ... like ... uh ... I have become ... some other ... lesser ... creature ... oooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." She flopped her head from side to side as an orgasm played with her body. I was not even all the way in and she had climaxed.

"You are ... uh ... uh ... my pet, Bemere." I put my hands on her hips and pressed her down. I let her wail and gyrate above me as her body adjusted to my presence. When I was satisfied that she'd stretched enough, I pulled her up and slammed her back down repeatedly. In no time at all, she came again. Bemere's high-pitched, forceful song was only matched in beauty by the wild melodies Lillia had sung for me.

"You've broken her ... Remnic." Lillia's mouth hung open. Her eyes drank in the vision of her mating cousin riding me reverse saddle. "That song was meant ... for her betrothed ... but she will never sing it for him now. Never."

Bemere's song dwindled until only base grunts escaped her. "The joy of riding a man's penis ... ugh ... ugh ... is unequaled in all ... my seventy-two years. It has penetrated ... ah ... ah ... my very soul ... and once there ... it vibrates the secrets of my ... core."



"That's it ... uh ... uh ... uh ... ride me ... Bemere." I slapped her ass. "You are mine now ... ugh ... ugh ... mine." Avarice now fully realized, my churning balls tightened. "Seeding ... you ... I'm ..." I gripped her hips and held myself buried to the hilt. Her song started again as I launched my molten progeny deep inside her. I had one last thought before ecstasy carried me away. Would I be satisfied with only two elves in my treasure chest? They were such enthralling creatures.

