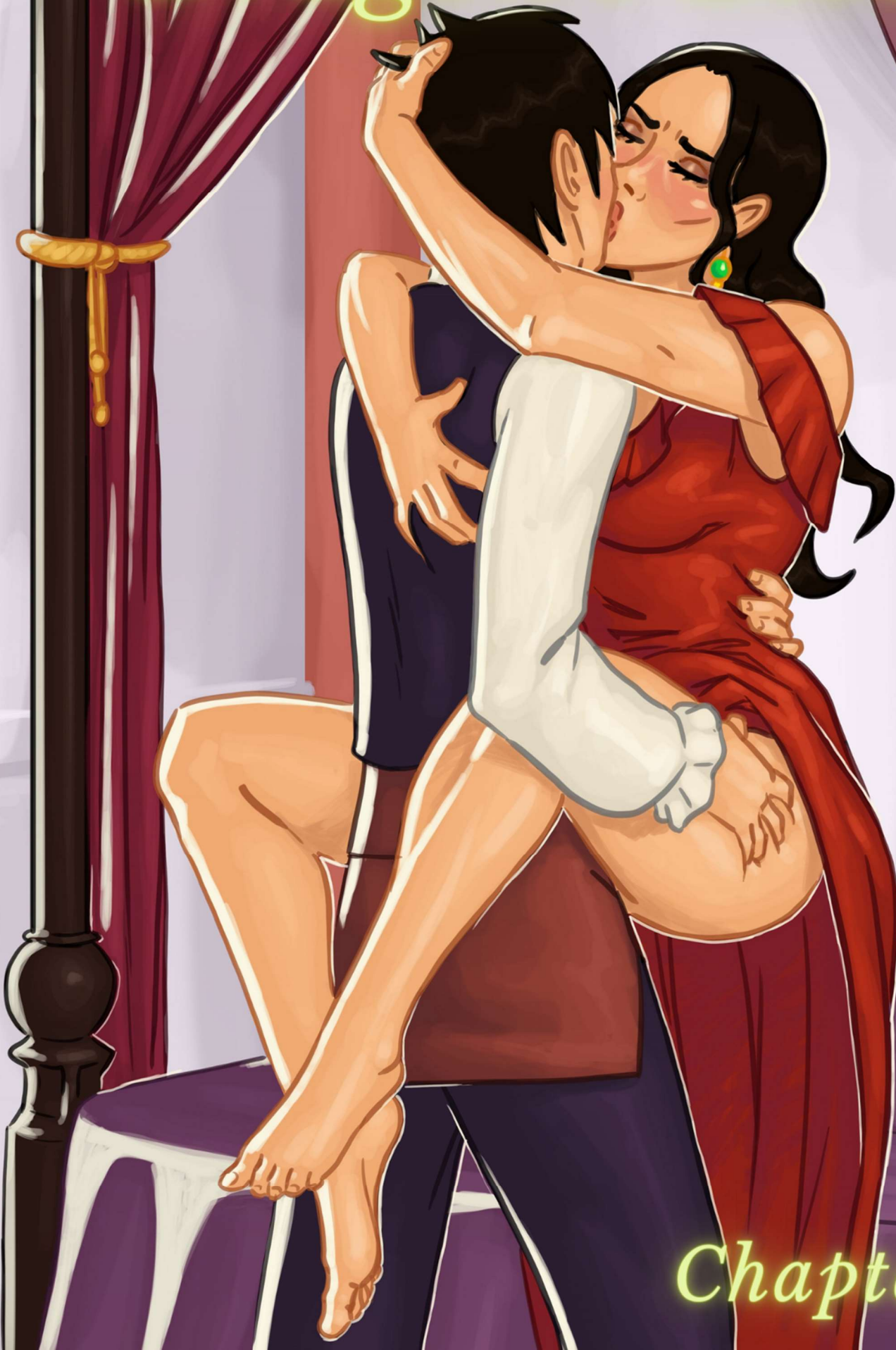


# *Dragon's Blood*



*Chapter 12*

# FICTION

Rawly Rawls

## Dragon's Blood Ch. 12

Illustrations by Mitzz

Written by RawlyRawls

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It will surprise no reader of this chronicle that I was not satisfied with two elves. Ladies Lillia and Bemere visited me often. But my avarice was boundless. I decided to test my limits and seduce an elf without help of the whirligig. That was a perilous day, but in the end my home heard the wild song of a third, ecstatic she-elf. Lady Aldwyn was Lillia's tutor and confidant. By sunset, she was also my secret wife. I sent her back to her palace chambers full of my molten seed.

One day as Aldwyn visited our house, I had a rare moment of generosity. I saw the jealousy writ on my sister's face as she watched the new elf bob her head on my cock. I did not know if she was jealous of me or Aldwyn. "Gwells?"

My sister took her eyes off the enthralled elf and met my gaze. "Yes, Brother?"

"Would you like an elf of your own?" I don't know if any human had ever offered such a magnanimous gift.

Gwells's eyes sparkled. "I couldn't possibly ..."

"It's settled, then." I pulled Aldwyn off my cock, picked her up, and handed the naked elf to my sister. "She is a glittering jewel, care for her."

"Yes, of course." Gwells giggled. "Thank you. Thank you so much, Remnic." Gwells slung the elf over her shoulder and carried her off.

"I've never been with a ... female." Aldwyn's wide eyes stared at me as she bounced on my sister's shoulder.

"Not long ago, you had never been with a human. Now look at you." I smiled and waved as Gwells closed her bedroom door. "Gwells is quite skilled. Enjoy yourselves," I called.

"Quiet now." My mother tried to give me a stern look, but she hadn't been well-practiced with that particular expression lately. I caught the smile sneaking across her face. "Someone outside might hear you, my apple blossom."



"You are right, of course." I nodded. "Forgive me if I haven't been attentive to you, Mother." I beckoned her over. "There's been so much happening."

Hiking up her dress, my mother sat me on a chair and mounted me. "I understand. The dragon must have its way."

"It ... ugh ... must." I nuzzled her breasts through her dress as I entered her. "But we should still find time for each other ... uuuggghhhhhhhh ... mother ... and ... son." In no time at all, she was riding me like a trained equestrian.



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"Ah, the servants I requested." Lady Lillia stood on her tiptoes and winked at my mother and me. "Don't worry, you won't be serving anyone. We have to keep up appearances."

I bowed, and my mother curtsied as elves passed us in one of the entries to the palace. We were both wearing finery that Lillia had procured for us. My mother looked dazzling in her dress and jewelry. I hoped I was passable in the softest clothes that had ever pressed against my skin. "At your service, My Lady." I winked back at Lillia.

"Come this way then." Lillia turned stiffly and led us into the palace. I took my mother's hand and squeezed it. She squeezed me back. We probably shouldn't have been holding hands in such a place, but we were both brimming with excitement. We perambulated for five minutes and paused in a long hall.

There were elves all around, going about on whatever elvish business they had. I saw a few human servants as well as one or two other species on whatever errands the elves had called them on. I leaned closer to Lillia. "Why do we wait?"

Lillia held up her hand imperiously. "A moment's patience, my good Remnic."

We continued to stand in the hall. My mother squeezed my hand tighter. I glanced into her eyes and knew we were both wondering the same thing: was this a trap? Was the archmage about to step in front of us with a dozen of the count's guard?

"Lillia?" I whispered. "If you have betrayed us, I -"

"Here we go." Lillia ignored me and clapped her hands when Bemere entered through a nearby doorway holding hands with a handsome elf. "Good afternoon, Cousin!" Lillia beamed.



"Oh ... good day ... Lillia." Bemere turned crimson when she saw me. "You remember ... my fiancé ... Vellon?" Bemere forgot to return Lillia's curtsy, but Vellon bowed deeply to the Lady.



"I've met your charming cousin before, darling." Vellon finished his bow and smiled at Lillia. "A pleasure seeing your lovely visage again, Lady Lillia." He eyed the humans standing behind her. "We shouldn't keep you. It seems from your servants' attire that you're throwing a party."

"Of a sort, yes." Lillia smiled.

"Humans look so silly in finery, don't you think?" Vellon's laugh was sharp and biting. "They are truly animals. You might as well dress up a bear."

"Darling," Bemere squeaked while staring apologetically at me. I don't know if the word was meant for me or Vellon.

"Yes, I know. They are in our care, and we must be kind to them." Vellon resisted his fiancée as she tried to pull him away by the hand. "Enjoy your party, Lady Lillia."

"Thank you." As they passed us, Lillia snickered. "Good day." Once they had turned down another passageway, she looked up at me. "Wasn't that fun?"

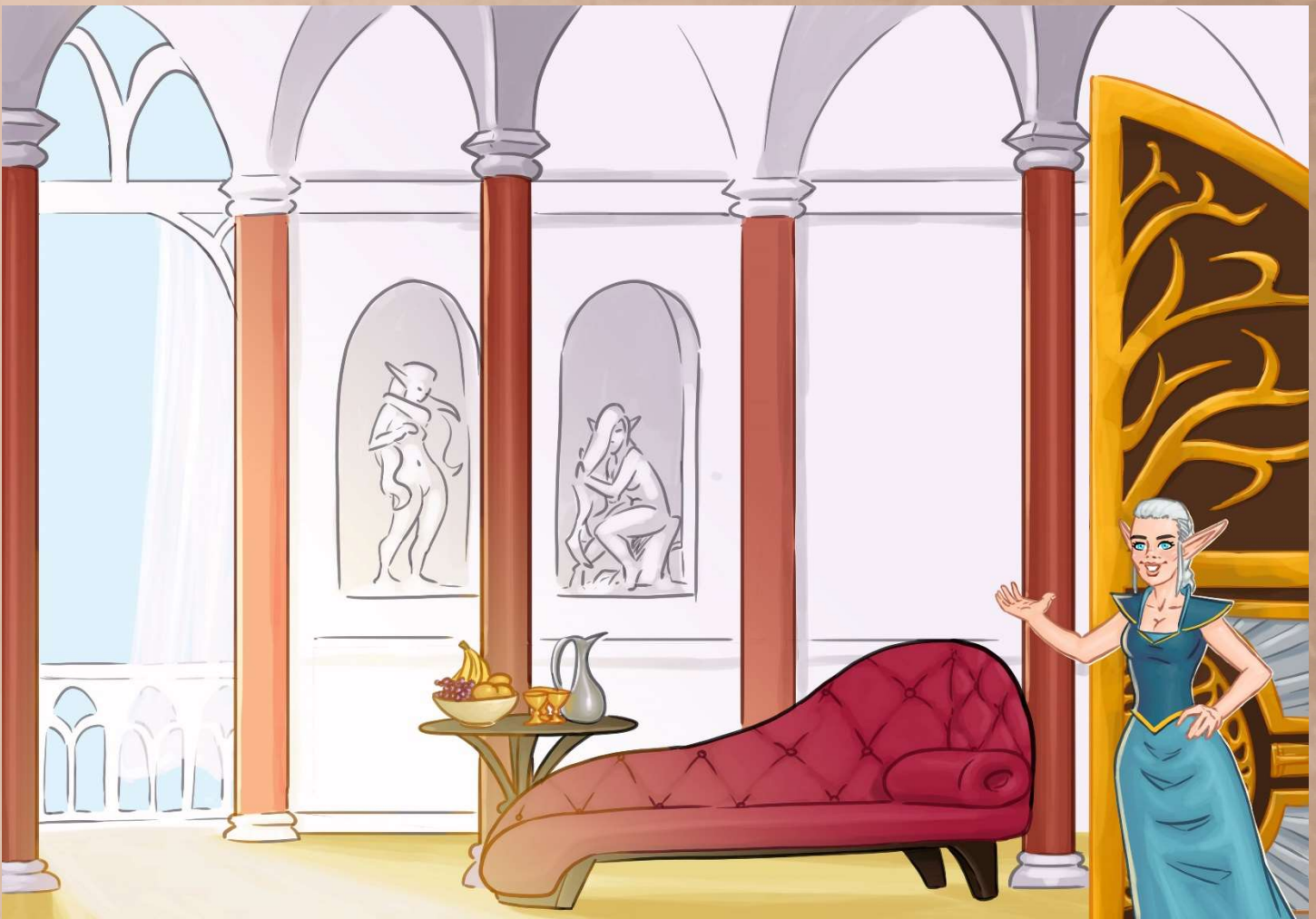
"Please lead us on." I gulped, my throat very dry. Lillia had ambushed us, but only for her own amusement. My mother looked almost green with distress. I felt similarly, but after another minute walking, my dragon cock lurched, and my reptilian brain gained some perspective. I had stolen Vellon's treasure from under his nose. Maybe someday I would tell him of it and wipe that smug grin off his face.

Soon, we were climbing stairs, and I was too winded to think.

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My mother and I panted heavily and smiled. We had reached the top. Lillia looked back at us with an arched eyebrow and threw open the doors. My mother's mouth dropped when she saw the expansive room that waited for us. I was too stunned to speak. It is one thing hearing about such luxury, it is another seeing it. Flames licked my heart. I wanted this tower. I wanted to live here. The whole palace should be mine.

"Welcome to your suite." Lillia ushered us in. "As far as I know, you are the only humans to ever stay in this space. The furniture is all velvet and silk. The bed is larger than your house. There is food and drink enough for two days. I didn't want servants finding out what was going on in here." Lillia made coital motions with her hips. "And of course, there's the view."



"Oh ... my ..." My mother squeaked. She ran to the windows and looked out over the countryside, a lush forest dotted with villages stretched into the distance. "Remnic ... Remnic ... I never ... never ..." She ran about the room like a schoolgirl, touching the finely embroidered fabrics and plucking a grape from a silver tray. "What have we done to deserve this?"

For once Lillia held her tongue. I thought for sure she would say something acerbic.

"We have embraced our good fortune, Mother." I grinned like an idiot.

My mother put the grape between her teeth, winked at me, and squeezed it until it exploded. "And we have embraced each other." She laughed gaily and jumped into my arms. It was all I could do to hold her in the air. "You may leave now, Lillia."

"Would you like me to return?" Lillia's smirk was devilish.

"In the evening,  
And bring  
Bemere." I kissed  
my mother and  
spun her about the  
room, her legs  
locked around my  
waist.

"Is Vellon invited?"  
Lillia's laugh rang  
like heavenly bells.  
She exited and  
closed the door  
behind her before I  
could reply. I  
prayed she was  
only joking.

"Kiss me ...  
Remnic ... kiss  
me." My mother's  
tongue explored  
my mouth. I spun  
her around and  
dropped her on the  
feather bed. She  
laughed and  
stretched out her  
arms. "I am in awe.  
At only eighteen  
years of age, you  
did this for us."



I slowly undressed,  
soaking up the happiness radiating off her. The dragon was suddenly a thousand miles from my heart. "Do  
you still proclaim love and fidelity to Father?"

Her smile faded as she looked up at me. "I hardly see your father anymore ... since Lillia chased him from the  
house."

"That is not an answer." I was naked now, my dragon cock nodding with my pulse in front of me.

"You, my sweet apple blossom, are here." My mother held her hand high. "And your father is here." She held  
her hand low. "And he is dropping. I may soon forget him altogether if you continue to sweep me off my feet."

"I will not abate." I motioned for her to undress.

"You're so bad, Remnic." She hurriedly complied, pulling off her dress and underthings. In a few moments' time, she wore only her sparkling jewelry. She spread her legs wide. "Take me with your beastly thing and ... make me forget your father."



"That shouldn't be difficult." I jumped onto the bed and crawled between her legs.

Her demeanor suddenly changed, and she had the countenance of a frightened rabbit as her wide eyes stared at my cock. "Is it ... already ... rattling?" She shivered, causing her breasts to rock on her chest.

"I would wager you that many an elf was conceived in this suite ... but never a human." My mother tried to look into my eyes, but I could see she was having a hard time pulling her attention away from my cock.

"I couldn't have my own son's ..." She screwed up her face as she thought of the word. "... hatchlings. We might have dragon hatchlings, Remnic." She hissed with pleasure as I entered her. "Oooohhhhhhhh ... it is rattling ... like a runaway cart."

"You would look sweet ... with a clutch of hatchlings ... at your breasts." My hips found their rhythm quickly. I barked out a laugh to let her know my comments were in jest. But she stared at the invading cock with horror on her face.

“Oooohhhhhh ... Remnic ... I never ... I never ... thought I would ... ask you ... for this.” I watched her expression slowly shift from fear to craving. She finally looked up into my eyes. “I want them! I do ... uuuggghhhhhh ... we will be the first humans to ... conceive in this room ... and the first dragons to conceive in this ... county. Give ... uh ... uh ... uh ... me ... your ... hatchlings ... eeeeeiiiiiiii!” She threw her head back onto the soft bed, arched her back, and climaxed on my cock.

Despite the fact that she continued to beg for my molten sperm, I held back. I planned to drive her more and more insane as she desperately pleaded for hatchlings. Who would have thought my mother capable of such things? We humped all about the great room. She rode me on an ottoman. Later, I placed her on her belly on a massive fur rug by the hearth where I plowed her tith for some time. Finally, I took her from behind standing by the great windows. We were both facing the view.



My mother pushed her ass back at me with reckless abandon. “Hatchlings ... ugh ... ugh ... hatchlings ... uuuggghhhhhh ... yours ... Remnic ... yours ...”

I was almost ready. “And what of ... ah ... ah ... Father?” I gripped her wide hips tightly, my hips falling out of rhythm.

“Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... who?” That was the perfect answer.

“Get ready ... to ... conceive ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Like a fiery volcano, I erupted inside my mother. The dragon in me rose to the fore. She was mine now. Completely mine. White-hot fire consumed my mind. For the moment, my avarice knew satisfaction.