

*Chapter 13*



*Dragon's Blood*

# FICTION

Rawly Rawls

## Dragon's Blood Ch. 13

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Written by RawlyRawls

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"You look divine, Mother." I drank in my mother's naked form. She reclined on the hearth, the firelight flickering on her dazed eyes. Her legs were spread wide. I had destroyed the sacred place whence I'd sprung. Her vagina gaped, displaying the pink inside. "My seed flows from you like magma down the side of a belching mountain. Do you regret asking for my ... hatchlings?"



"Hmmmm?" She glanced at my slumbering dragon cock as I relaxed naked on the fur rug. Presence came back into her eyes, and her cheeks reddened. She looked away. "Anything for you, Remnic." She lifted a glass to her lips and sipped at the finest blackberry firewater. "I would even ... carry your babies." Now that she was out of her ecstatic frenzy, she wouldn't use the word "hatchlings." That was fine. I had her now. She was mine.

I lifted my glass to her. "'Anything' for me, you say?" I smiled as she nodded. "Well, here's to your help in taking this palace someday. It, and all the pretty things inside, will someday be mine. Huzzah!"

"Huzzah." My mother's voice was soft and quizzical. She searched my eyes with hers. It was obvious that she did not yet believe we could pilfer from the elves. But I already had three of their finest jewels in my trove. Why not take all of them?

We bathed, dressed, and dined on the most delicate and toothsome dishes. There were no servants to light the candelabras, so I went about the task. When I finished, our suite shone like a beacon.

When the door swung open, I must confess that I jumped.

"Fear not, good Remnic." Lillia entered, pulling Bemere by the hand. They wore long cloaks that covered their bodies completely. Lillia beamed as she closed the door. "My cousin and I are here at your request. Her betrothed had work to do on the count's ledgers, so he begged his Bemere's leave. She is available to us all evening. Isn't that so, cousin?"

"Yes, Lillia." Bemere did not look at her cousin. She instead stared at the front of my trousers.

"Excellent. Welcome Ladies Lillia and Bemere. You are each more radiant than the moon that hangs outside our terrace." I turned my head toward my mother and found her frowning. She sat in an overstuffed armchair, sipping a glass of sweet wine. "Don't fret, Mother. This is still our time."

"Yes, of course, my apple blossom." She turned her frown into a dutiful smile. "Lady Lillia, why do you wear cloaks indoors?"

"We couldn't very well walk the palace halls dressed like this." Lillia unfastened her cloak and dropped it to the floor.

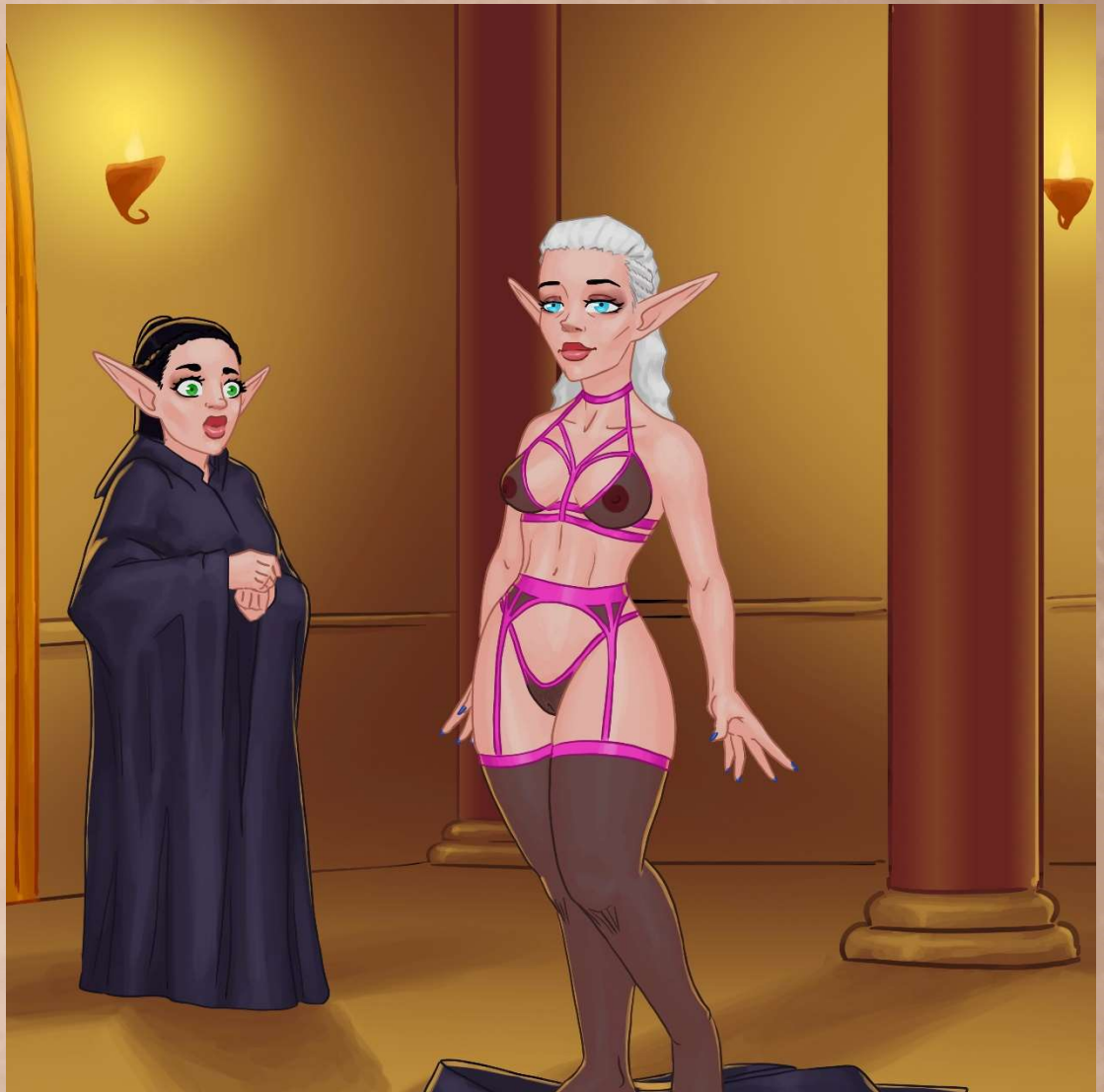
My mother drew in her breath. I understood why. Lillia was a scintillating vision. She wore the most elaborate and elegant underthings I'd ever seen. There were lace, bows, and exposed skin in all the right places.

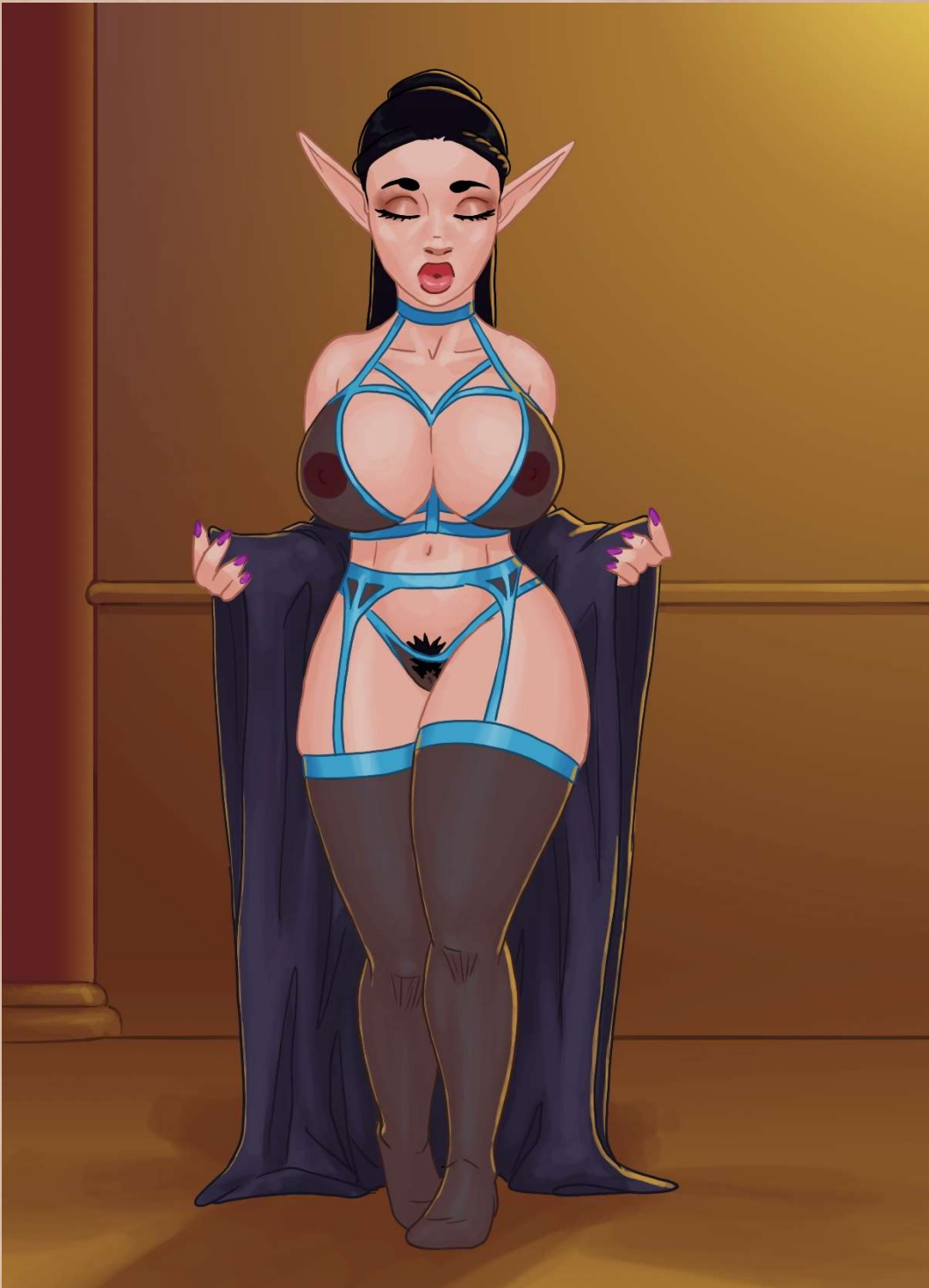
"Would you show us your outfit, Lady Bemere?" I walked over to my mother's chair and stood next to her, my gaze fixed on the more curvaceous elf.

"Vellon has yet to see me in such attire."

Bemere's face and ears were now as red as my blazing heart. She looked like she might faint from embarrassment.

"You are mine, good lady. There is nothing to be ashamed of here." My smile was full of hunger. I quickly undressed and motioned for my mother to do the same.





The sight of my cock seemed to offer Bemere some courage. She took a deep breath and unclasped her cloak. But she did not drop it.

“Gods, Cousin. You are such a prig. Get on with it.” Lillia pulled the cloak away from Bemere and tossed it away. She whistled appreciatively at her cousin’s zaftig form, barely contained in an outfit similar to her own. “Vellon is a fool for choosing the count’s ledgers over you.”

“I ... um ... well ...” Bemere looked at the floor.

“What will be the entertainment this evening?” I took my mother’s hand, sat in the armchair, and pulled her onto my lap. We were both naked. My cock stood ready, rattling against her hip.

“Elves entertaining humans. Who would have thought?” Lillia shrugged and pulled Bemere by the elbow to the center of the room. They both curtsied.

“We would like to dance for you and your mother, Remnic,” Lillia said. “But we could not bring drums.”

“You need percussion to dance?” I laughed.

“It is the elvish way.” Bemere’s soft voice could barely be heard over the crackling fire.

“My mother and I will provide your rhythm.” I slapped my mother’s ass and lifted her above my cock.

“Remnic ...?” My mother looked down at me in confusion. “We have no drums.”

“We have your lovely, round behind and my hips.” I lined up my cock and slid inside her. Her vagina was still a stretched, sopping mess from my work before supper. “What better beat could they ... ugh ... ask for?”

My mother's mind did not allow her a proper answer. "Uuuuuuuugggghhhhhhhhh," she said. She sat facing the elves and began riding me, providing a nice steady slapping rhythm.

"Dance ... dance ... uh ... uh ... uh ... my ladies." I looked around my mother's wobbling breast to see the show.



Lillia moved with provocative hip sways and thrusts. She undulated her body like the serpent that lived at my core. But Bemere glided about the stone floor with grace and dignity. Her form was so perfect and precise, I was reminded that she was some thirty years older than my mother and many times my own eighteen years. It must have taken Bemere decades to perfect such movements. I wasn't sure which elf was more alluring. I did not enjoy, however, the discordant nature of the performance.

"Does the ... spectacle ... uh ... uh ... uh ... please you ... Mother?" I gripped her ass, digging my fingers into her supple flesh.

"They ... um ... they ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... are not ... harmonious ... oooohhhhhhhhhhh." My mother squealed, but her hips did not falter.

"You heard ... ah ... ah ... my mother ... Lillia ... Bemere ... dance together." I watched as the elves gazed at each other. "Go on ... my mother's ass ... keeps perfect time. Do not ... waste it."

"Shall we dance the three-step?" Bemere said.

"It matches Sophie's cadence. Yes. But that dance is for a male and female." Lillia smiled. "Which one of us will pretend to have a penis?"

"Well, I -" Bemere stepped toward her cousin.

"That was said only in jest, silly cousin." Lillia twirled toward Bemere, caught her hand, and pressed their bodies together with her other hand firmly planted on her cousin's butt. "It is plain as day that I will have the penis." They held their clasped hands away from their bodies while they spun about the room in rhythm to my mother's coital motion.

"Oooohhhhhh ... my." Bemere placed her hand properly, as the female, on Lillia's upper back and let her cousin lead her in their three-step.

After a while, Lillia slowed as they passed me. "This is a tame dance. Are you entertained? Should we add some spice, Remnic?"

"Add ... some ... fire ... yes." I nodded to them, still craning my head to the side of my mother's bouncing tit.

"I don't know ... Lillia ... I ... oooohhhhhhhhhhh." Bemere looked down as her cousin planted her face in Bemere's ample cleavage.



“Pppllllttthhhhttt ... pppllllttthhhhttt ... pppllllttthhhhttt ... pppllllttthhhhttt ...” Lillia blew a raspberry into Bemere’s breasts to the same beat that moved their feet. They spun about the room elegantly, but for the silly sound and Bemere’s stiff posture.

I laughed between grunts as my mother kept time on my dragon cock. “More ... spice,” I called across the room.

Lillia lifted her head and smiled. Her lips glistened with spittle in the candlelight. “Yes, Remnic.” Lillia spun Bemere around so that Lillia was now behind her. “Ohhhh ... if only I *did* have a penis, Cousin.” To the same beat, Lillia ground her vagina into Bemere’s plentiful ass. She reached around and took heaping handfuls of Bemere’s breasts. “What if Vellon knew that your cousin had had her way with you?” I could just barely hear Lillia’s whisper.

“He would break off ... our courtship ... ooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Bemere shivered and exposed her neck to Lillia’s kisses. “My parents ... would send me ... to a convent.”



“Well then ... I blanch ... to think ... what they’d do ... if they knew of your fondness ... for dragon cock.” Lillia slid her tongue into her cousin’s ear. She pulled the garment down under Bemere’s breasts and deftly played with her nipples. Their hips still swayed to my mother’s rhythm.

“Oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Bemere’s eyes rolled back. She wasn’t singing her sacred song, but she was clearly climaxing without so much as a finger near her vagina. That set off my own eruption.

“Mother ... keep going ... you’re ... ugghhhhhhh ... about to take ... more ... seed.” I pulled her down roughly and finally broke our rhythm. I held myself deep inside her. My mother sang one long, high note. It was simple and shrill compared to the elves’ song, but hearing her climax added fuel to my fire.



When my vision cleared, I lifted my mother off my cock, and stood. The elves were kissing deeply, with Bemere’s face turned over her shoulder. Lillia’s hands were still fondling Bemere’s heavy breasts, and their hips swayed despite the loss of their percussive accompaniment.

“Beautiful.” I walked toward them, but they did not notice my approach. Despite the numerous loads I’d deposited inside my mother, my cock did not flag. I plucked Bemere from Lillia’s embrace. They both gave a little cry of surprise. I tore Bemere’s underthings away from her vagina and sank my penis inside her. She held me tightly, staring up into my eyes with a startled expression.

“Ohhhh ... Remnic ... I ... ooohhhhhhhhhh.” Bemere’s eyelids fluttered as I found a new, faster beat pummeling her vagina. I held her aloft and let her have all that the dragon had in store.

“When I saw ... you with Vellon ... by my side ... I thought I might die ... from discomfiture,” Bemere said. “And then ... ugh ...ugh ... ugh ... to walk the halls ... with a cloak covering ... almost nothing ... again ... I thought I would die. And *then* ... to dance for you ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... wearing this garment ... another death ... I was sure.” She tried to smile up at me, but her face was too twisted with lust. “And now ... if I die ... in your ... arms ... on your ... magnificent ... penis ... I will die ... happy.”

Lillia clapped her hands and hopped upon hearing those words. “How marvelous!”

“You will live ... Bemere ... and together ... we will make ... ah ... ah ... more life.” I slammed into her. Her small body flopped in my arms. “You will bear ... my hatchlings ... just like ... my mother.”

“Ooohhhhhhhh ... noooooooooooooo ... I ...” But Bemere never said the rest of her thought. Instead, her sacred song streamed out of her. She was cumming on my cock, and I was soon to follow.

