

Chapter 14



Dragon's Blood

FICTION

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Dragon's Blood Ch. 14

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Our home seemed so small and plain upon our return. We found my sister standing by the fire in one of her long dresses. She didn't immediately address our arrival, opting instead to stare into the flames. At first, I thought her mood one of serene contemplation.

"How did you fare in our absence, Gwells?" I walked over to the armchair and sank into it. My clothes were freshly laundered. I smelled of the sweet floral soap that the elves used. My mother and I had made good use of the suite's private tub before our departure.

"Oh ... Remnic ..." Gwells turned to me with dazed eyes. "I'm going to ... cum."

"You are?" I could see her dress rustling around her legs. Now that I looked, there was a bulge under the cloth roughly in the shape of an elf. "Lift your skirt for me, Gwells," I commanded.

In confusion, my mother stared at us.

"Yes ... Remnic ... ooohhhhhhhhhhh." Gwells lifted her skirt. Indeed, Lady Aldwyn was hunched under there, standing between my sister's legs. The elf was naked and eagerly lapping at Gwells's vagina.

"You and your pet have been keeping busy, I see." I smiled and nodded to my mother. She went to fetch me refreshment. "Would you like to hear about our time in the tower?"

Gwells didn't immediately respond. Her eyes crossed, breath growing shallow, and she finally said, "Yyyeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!" I watched my sister climax with great satisfaction. Aldwyn seemed thrilled to serve a human. Soon ... soon the whole castle would serve *me*, and a new order would sweep through the kingdom. Flames licked my thoughts as I imagined the future.

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"I believe ... ugh ... ugh ... that Vellon ... suspects something ... is amiss with his fiancée." Lady Lillia rode me hard. We were both naked in my bedroom many days after she and Bemere had danced for me in my suite. "Bemere has been ... out of sorts ... when not with you. She craves ... your rattling cock ... when you're not around. She has become ... taciturn with Vellon."

I laughed and slapped one of Lillia's small breasts. "She is ... uh ... uh ... mine. It's ... as it should be."

"Perhaps ... we should put off ... your meeting with my mother." Her gaze pierced me. She had been wonderfully demonstrating elvish equestrian grace on my cock for twenty minutes, and I could see another climax building inside her. "It's not just ... Vellon ... something is amiss ... at the castle. I can ... feel it."

"That ... something is ... me. I will ... meet the countess ... as planned." I laughed again. I thought back to the young man who had traded his boots to that funny dwelf for a vial of dragon's blood. I could barely remember that version of myself. He was a different person, lost in time and space. The dragon was ascendant. The dragon would rule. "Do you not wish ... to topple your family?" I reached around her and mauled her ripe ass cheek with my hand. I wetted a finger in the froth pouring from her vagina and slid it into her ass. That made her gaze waver, a distant look filling her eyes.



"Yes ... yessssssss." She nodded her head. Suddenly, she lifted off me, spun facing away, and lowered her asshole onto my cock. Her hole always looked piteous as it strained to hold me, but she never failed to accomplish the feat.

"Do you not wish ... to see your mother ... on her knees ... before me?"

“Oooooohhhhhhh ... yeessssssssss.” Lillia slowly pushed my dragon’s phallus all the way in. Soon, she was bouncing wildly, her hands on my thighs to support herself.



“She will serve me ... and my cock ... the countess will be mine.” I slapped her ass, leaving a red handprint. “I will be Count ... and you will supplant your mother ... ugh ... ugh ... as my countess.”

“Ooohhhhhhhhhh ... Remnic ... I ... I ...” Lillia’s sacred song rose from her mouth and filled the room with its wild melody.

“And someday ... uuuggghhhhhhhhhh ... I will be King ... and my mother ... Queen.” It was a ridiculous notion, but it spurred my ecstasy to new heights. I erupted in Lady Lillia’s ass, filling her insides with my molten seed.

A short time later, she lay on her belly next to me. I watched my cum drain from her buttock. She had stopped panting, but she still gave the occasional moan as she came down from her high. “Do you really ... intend ... to take the throne?” Lillia’s voice was muffled by my bedsheet.

“I do, sweet lady.” I smacked her ass. “I do.”

“I believe you will. And what a sight it will be.” She sighed. “We’ll turn this land upside down.”

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"It is good of you to meet with me, Countess Ulesse." I bowed to the elf. She looked very much like her daughter. The same eyes and hair ... the same haughty expression. We were in the countess's private study. Lillia stood by the door. I glanced back at her. Usually, I would expect her to smile and make an impertinent quip at such a moment. But instead, she bowed her head as she held herself in a low curtsy. Following her lead, I kept myself bowed before the countess.

"You may go, Lillia." Ulesse waved a dismissive hand at her daughter.

"Yes, Mother." Lillia finished her curtsy, left the study, and closed the door behind her. I was alone with my newest prize.

"Have a seat, Remnic." She was seated by a roaring fire. I picked an upholstered armchair opposite hers and sat. She watched me closely, her hands steepled. "You wear fine garb for a stableboy." Her gaze traveled over my outfit, gifts from Lillia and Bemere.

"I am no longer a stableboy." I frowned at her. *Should I have brought the whirligig?* My moment of doubt flitted away and confidence surged. She would be mine. The whole castle would bow to me. "I aspire to greater things."



"A human with aspirations?" Ulesse snorted. "So, why did my daughter insist on this meeting? She said you had something very interesting to show me."

"Yes, indeed." I pushed my thoughts toward her mind. Her left eye developed a tic. Was she fighting me? *You desire to kneel. You crave another power greater than your own.*

"Remnic the human." She lifted herself from the chair. "The human Remnic. Such a curious thing that my daughter would send you to me." Slowly she dropped to her knees. I held my breath but exhaled when I realized the motion was not one of subservience. She reached for the poker and stoked the fire. Sparks rose. I could see the flames mirrored in her cold eyes. She regarded the fire, thrusting the head of the poker deep into the raging heart of the flames.

"You're interested in humans, Countess? Would you like to see one up close?" I pushed my dragonish thoughts toward her as hard as I could.

"I find humans wonderfully helpful, docile beasts of burden." Ulesse pulled the poker from the fire and turned toward me. She held it in front of me, the head glowing red with heat. "But you're not entirely human, are you?"



"I ... um ..." I gripped the armrests, my muscles suddenly stiff. Fight or flight tugged me in two directions. When she moved the poker inches from my face, I decided on neither.

"We had a human visitor at the castle recently ... a sorceress. She was concerned that a village boy hadn't taken his medicine." With one hand, Ulesse snapped her fingers. With the other hand, she slowly brought the red-hot poker an inch from my nose. The door opened. I turned my head, careful not to move any closer to the poker. My eyes widened when I saw Yezzeh.

"I ... I ... will take the medicine now." I tried to grasp the situation. Things were moving too quickly. This was bad. Very bad. A cold pit in my belly doused the dragon fire inside.



"I'm sorry, young Remnic. I checked in on you to make sure you'd taken your medicine. When I saw ... what you've become ... I had to tell them." Yezzeh didn't meet my eyes. She looked instead at the roaring fire in the hearth.

"You did what was right, Sorceress Yezzeh." Ulesse gave me an icy smile. "Should I see it? Should I make him show it to me?"

"It is ... dangerous, Countess Ulesse. I would advise keeping it in his trousers," Yezzeh said.

Okay, okay. Lillia will save me. They'll try to lock me away, but Lillia won't abide it. My thoughts ran wild, but I kept my lips shut tight.

"You may come in now, Aimar." Ulesse relaxed, placing the poker by the fire. She sat back in her chair. I knew the name Aimar. My blood ran cold.

"What an interesting find right here in the castle." Archmage Aimar glided into the room. He was tall for an elf and seemed preternaturally still. To my horror, I saw that he carried a chain. At the other end was a bound, stumbling Lillia, her eyes cast down. The archmage moved to the center of the room, his long flowing cloak trailing behind him. His avid gaze looked directly into my soul. "This will be the only time I ask you this in a gentle way. Who else aided you in your nefarious plots against your betters?"

"It was only me ... I ... I ... corrupted Lillia. There was ... no one else." I was sure my heart would stop at any moment from fright. "It was my fault. Not hers."



“Yezzeh tells us his mother and sister were involved, too. But she saw no other elves.” Ulesse gave her daughter a cross look. She reclined in the chair and steepled her hands.

“The humans are of no concern. I will give them an enchanted drink to make them forget this incident. They will return to their daily work and continue with their service to the count and countess.” Aimar’s voice was as thin and cold as the first ice of winter. “But if there were other elves involved, we must know. And ... they must be punished.” His smile was cruel and fleeting. “I will extract any secrets you hold, foul creature, before we begin our experiments.”

I shivered, wishing I had never met that dwelf peddler.

