

*Chapter 15*



*Dragon's Blood*

# FICTION

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## Dragon's Blood Ch. 15

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0203

"Oh ... gods ..." My limbs burned with the bite of ice. I had lost the ability to even curl a single finger. The archmage had tortured me for what felt like hours. Or days. It was hard to say. The guards dumped me on the cold, dingy stone of the cell floor. I rolled onto my back and glanced through the bars at the next cell. Poor Lillia was still strung to the ceiling in the horrific pose of a flying cherub. Her gown was torn and grimy.



"What did they ask you this time?" Lillia gazed down at me. She was such a haughty creature. I could tell from the steely glint in her eyes that they hadn't broken her yet. I was still the only one to tame her.

"It was Aimar again. He asked me about my mother and sister. About their friends and our extended family." I was thirsty, but too exhausted and shocked to crawl to the trough of water they filled for me daily. I looked down at myself. My clothes were just as ragged as Lillia's. My body trembled. I did not look the part of a mighty dragon. "I don't think he cared what I answered. He just wanted to hurt me. I don't suppose they'll give me the medicine now."

"Your family has likely already forgotten you under the archmage's spells. He will not change you back. I suspect he means to torture you for a while." Lillia shrugged. Although that wasn't easy in her dangling position. "Then, I would guess he'll dissect you. I assume he'll do the same to me, making careful note of whatever he finds in my womb."

"I ... uh ... um ..." What could I say? I was beyond terrified. "You're taking this rather well."

She gave her awkward shrug again. “You live by the sword. You die by the sword.”

“I wish I had a sword.” I tried to clench my hands into fists. They could have given me a sword, and it wouldn’t have mattered. I couldn’t hold one. And even if I could, I couldn’t fight like an elf. The first lowly guard I happened upon would cut me down in an instant.

From outside the tiny cell window, I could hear a robin singing its sweet song. That simple sound sent my mind reeling. I would never hear the orgasmic song of an elf again. Or even the sweet, animalistic cries of my mother when I sent her into fits of ecstasy. I was quite certain I would die in the palace. And I doubted that I had long to wait.



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Several days of torture passed. Lillia and I became more bloodied, bruised, and tattered. The guards dropped me into my cell. I couldn't get up.

"What questions did they ask?" Lillia sat in her cell, eyeing me through the bars. She chased a rat away and picked up a stale piece of bread.

"It was about other elves again today." My cheek was pressed against the floor. I looked at Lady Lillia with one eye, too tired to roll over.

"And what did you tell them?" She gazed at me speculatively while gnawing on the bread.

"The truth. That you were the only elf I corrupted." I made a move to roll onto my back but couldn't muster the strength. Outside my window, I heard a strange bird I was unable to identify.

"Pfffffft." Lillia rolled her eyes. "You should have told them *I* corrupted *you*. That's what I've been telling them lately. I wanted to birth some hatchlings so I seduced the half-dragon stable hand."

I didn't laugh. "That cursed dwelf," I muttered.



"It's not his fault." Lillia started to laugh, but it turned into a coughing fit. "You might ... as well ... blame ... your boots," she said between coughs. Lillia suddenly stood and moved away from the barred window in her cell. That strange bird called again. "If you can move, you might want to crawl away from the window."

"What?" I couldn't move, so it didn't matter. "Is this some sort of game that -" A loud roar filled the prison wing. Stones fell near me. Dust billowed. Strong hands seized me and pulled me to my feet. There was something very wrong about the hands. They

were as big as ... as big ... I was lifted into the air by a giant and whisked into the night. I could see that another giant had Lillia carefully tucked into the palm of his hands. Why wasn't my giant being so gentle with me?

Shouts of alarm sounded from inside the broken walls. We were moving quickly through the palace gardens. I could hear the crunch of massive sandaled feet destroying carefully sculpted trees and flower beds. Arrows hissed through the air. I was still dangling out in the open, the giant carrying me by my collar like a bitch with her pup.

“Excuse me, sir? Could you take me away from the arrows?” I don’t think the giant heard me. But soon enough, we were over the outer wall and moving quickly into the forest to the north of the palace. The shouts and clanging of alarm bells faded behind us. I moved in and out of consciousness, alerted now and then by the sound of snapping branches or giant feet splashing through streams.

Did giants like to eat dragons? Had they stolen me for their supper? I had so rarely seen their kind.

Once in a while, I’d see a group of them visiting the palace. I knew they worked for the elves, but they were expensive. I closed my eyes, too weary to keep them open.

Eventually, I was dumped to grassy turf. I sprawled and lay on my stomach, my eyes still shut. If they were going to eat me, they might as well get it over with.

“Excellent work, Jevag and Dlithos.” A refined female voice cut through the night. I recognized it. “The rest of your gold is here. This should be more than enough to relocate,” Bemere said.

“Took you long enough, cousin.” Lilla sighed with exasperation. “Where did you get the gold? You didn’t get poor Vellon in trouble, I hope.”

I managed to roll onto my back and open my eyes. It really was Bemere, wearing a traveling cloak with the hood up. I could barely make out her face in the darkness.

“Don’t make me feel worse about it than I already do. But he had access. And I wasn’t going to let the Archmage pin your decorative vivisections to his wall.” Bemere walked over to me and kneeled. “Am I too late? It seems Remnic is worse for wear.” She caressed my cheek. I shivered. I welcomed a gentle touch.

“I just need ... a little rest.” I smiled up at her. From her expression, I suspected my smile to be rather ghastly at that moment.

“We can’t move him by ourselves. And we should get going before our captors find us.” Lillia moved closer and frowned down at me.



"Thank you for pointing out the obvious, cousin." Bemere sighed. She put two fingers to her mouth and let out a long whistle. We waited. An owl hooted nearby.

A minute later, Lady Aldwyn stepped silently out of the shadows and removed the hood of her cloak. "Are we ready?"

"You better get the others. He won't be walking to the horses," Bemere said.

"Yes." Aldwyn slunk back into the darkness. Elves were such graceful creatures.

"Horses?" Lillia sat next to me and crossed her legs. "You really went all out. How much did you steal from the palace coffers?"

"Enough to ensure that they'll come looking for us." Bemere shrugged.

"We were already sure of that." Lillia rolled her eyes.

"My mother and sister. We can't leave without them." I grasped Bemere's hand and squeezed.

"Yes, I know." Bemere gave me a patronizing smile. "I left a promising marriage for you. I left the palace and my family for you."

"Except for one, exceptional cousin." Lillia tried to laugh, but it faded quickly.

"About your family ..." Bemere stroked my cheek again.

Before I could hear what evil had befallen my poor family, I passed out.

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I woke to a gentle rocking motion. I heard a horse's soft nicker. The sound brought me back to all my time in the stables. But I wasn't in my village. I realized I was in a woman's arms. I could feel her strong hands encircling me, keeping me in the saddle. And her soft breasts pushed into my back. She was no elf, she was about my size. We continued to rock gently with the horse's steps. I opened my eyes and looked at the hands holding me. "Mother?"

"Shh ... yes, my sweet apple blossom. I'm here." My mother squeezed me tightly.

"And you remember me?" I wanted to look back at her. To see her loving, pretty face. But I was too tired.

"I heard the archmage planned to make us forget you." My mother shivered. "Bemere hid your sister and I before he could get his hands on us."



I looked around. Ladies Lillia and Bemere shared a horse, leading our small party. Behind them, Gwells and Aldwyn shared a horse, the elf happily bouncing on my sister's lap. My mother and I took up the rear.

"Are you awake, sleepy brother?" Gwells smiled and waved at me. She wore a traveling cloak with the hood down. Now that I looked, everyone wore cloaks. "You've been asleep for more than a day."

The elves gave me grins and said their greetings, too. Lillia's smile looked mischievous as usual.

I greeted them all as heartily as my energy allowed. "Thank you, Lady Bemere. You saved me and my family."

"Honestly, it wasn't selfless. I have grown ... very attached to our time together." Bemere turned her face forward, scouting the path ahead. Lillia, sitting behind her, leered back at us.

"Sophie, dear, your poor boy hasn't cum in over a week's time. He's an eighteen-year-old part-man-part-dragon. He has unattended needs that must be reaching critical levels." Lillia's voice lilted with merriment. She seemed already to be recovered from her time in prison. Much more so than I. "Give your son a good tug. We don't want his lava backed up, do we?"

"Oh, Lady Lillia. Stop that." My mother sounded nervous. "Are you well enough for me to take care of ... your lava? Would you like that?"

I sighed. "It has been a long time, Mother. I thought I would never feel your gentle hands again." I melted back into her. "I thought I would die to satisfy a sadistic elf's curiosity. Aaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." She reached into my trousers and pumped my penis. "It's like being ... uuuggghhhh ... touched by an angel." To feel her soft hand on my dragonish monstrosity again was divine. I tossed aside my cloak and lowered my trousers so I could see her work.

"Well, it's hard as steel and rattling like a broken cart, so I guess it still works," my mother whispered in my ear. Everyone but Bemere was turned in their saddles and staring at us. Bemere was still guiding her lead horse. I saw hunger in three pairs of eyes. Despite its time in slumber, the dragon cock still held them all in thrall.



“That feels ... wonderful ... Mother.” I wasn’t going to last long. The horse plodded along the forest trail underneath us, and my mother’s hand worked like a piston on my penis.

“I wish I could do more for you, my sweet Remnic.” My mother’s voice was filled with longing. “Later, when we make camp, I’ll give you all the attention you deserve. But for now, let it out. Let out your molten seed. Let your mother take care of you. I will nurse you back to health. I promise that ... ooohhhh.”

“Aaaaaahhhhhhhhh.” I didn’t have the strength to jerk my hips with my orgasm. My penis and overripe testicles did all the work. My mother angled my cock to the side, and I erupted like a mad cannon into the forest.

“There now ... let it out ... let it all out.” My mother rubbed my chest with one hand and finished off my cock with the other. When my climax ebbed, I could feel all their eyes on me. Even Bemere was looking back. My mother tucked away my penis and hugged me close. A deep gratitude filled me. I didn’t deserve this. But I was lucky enough to have it. I made a silent oath that I would never let the dragon’s greed put any of them in harm’s way again. We rode on into dusk.

