

Dragon's Blood



Chapter 16

FICTION

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Dragon's Blood Ch. 16

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We rode for several days before turning west. My sweet mother relieved my greed and the pressure in my dragonish testicles with her hands by day, and with her mouth by night. We shared a tent together, but my mother wouldn't let anyone else in.

"He needs his mother now," she would say. "When he's better, you can all take turns pleasing him. Until then, I will nurse him back to health." And that is what she did. A journey is not a prime way to recover from grievous torture. But the rations I got were plenty, and the care I received was beyond measure.

A week into our trek, my mother decided I was well enough for her to take a ride on me. Around the campfire at supper, she announced to everyone that my health was greatly improved, but I was not yet ready to lay with anyone but her. After we retired to our tent, she straddled me, and lowered herself onto my cock.

"Oooohhhhhh ... Remnic ... I'd almost forgotten what it was like. How is it ... that a dragon ... is better at pleasing ... a woman ... than a man?"

"Or pleasing an elf for that matter." Lady Lillia peeked in under the tent flap.

"Out with you ... I'm caring for my ... uuugggghhhhhh ...

son." My mother's hips did not stop undulating as she turned, glared at Lillia, and threw a shoe in the elf's direction.

Lillia deflected the shoe, gave a quick snort of laughter, and winked at us. "You can't keep him all to yourself forever. We've also nearly forgotten what it's like to have a dragon cock shoved deep inside." When another shoe came her way, Lillia disappeared back outside, and the tent flap fell.

"She is ... oooohhhhhhhh ... always so brazen." My mother turned back to me and looked tenderly into my eyes. "Despite how turgid ... your rattling thing is ... you're not ready for the others. Oooohhhhhh ... not yet ... in time ... in time ..." She closed her eyes, her face twisted with passion.



"In time ... what ... Mother?" I watched her beauty closely. Not long ago, I thought I would never see her again. Now, it was clear that I was bringing my mother boundless joy.

"In time ... ooohhhhh ... when you're ready ... my apple blossom ..." She opened her eyes and tried to smile, but it was deformed by pleasure. "... in time ... I will ... I will line up your sister ... Ladies Lillia, Bemere, and Aldwyn ... put them all on their hands ... and knees like dogs ... and watch you take them all ... ooohhhhhh ... in one night. But you must ... mend first. How does ... that sound?"

"You will all ... bear my ... hatchlings ... Mother." I took hold of her breasts and kneaded them. "How does ... uggghhh ... that sound?"

"It sounds ... magical ... I'm ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." My mother climaxed on my cock.

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Our journey turned southward after that. There were trolls in the mountains, and none in our party cared to meet them. So, we took the long way around. We were no doubt behind pursued, so Bemere left a false trail leading into the high, craggy peaks.

I was bathing some weeks later when Gwells decided to join me. I watched her disrobe and wade into the cold river. My gaze lingered on her belly. It was clearly swelling. "Careful, if Mother discovers you here, she might punish you with the dishes tonight."

"She's had you all to herself long enough." Gwells smiled. "This reminds me of the river where we first coupled. Do you remember? I would not help you fish."



"I remember it well." Despite the frigid water, my cock grew hard, steam rising from it.

"My life changed that day." Gwells splashed toward me and leapt into my arms. She wrapped her legs around my waist.

Thankfully, I was now strong enough to catch her. I reached under her, angled my cock up, and slid into her. "My life as well." I held her ass and bounced her on my cock.

"Oooohhhhhhhh ... gods ... Remnic ... it rattles." Her legs flopped on either side of me, sending beads of water into the air. "Do you think ... our baby ... will be part dragon?"

"Our baby?"

"You haven't ... uggghhhh ... noticed?" One of her eyelids went half-mast. The other fluttered. "Mother and I ... are both showing ... Lady ... Lillia ... too ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii."

I hadn't noticed our mother's belly. I had been too self-involved. But now that Gwells mentioned it, my mother's breasts did seem larger of late. I fornicated with my sister for a good long while in the river. When we were finished, we bathed each other and returned to the camp giggling and teasing each other.

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That night, I had my mother pose for me. She was backlit by the glow the campfire made on the tent canvas. We were both naked, and I directed her like an artist with his model. She was indeed fuller, with a bulge to her belly. When I gently asked, she maintained ignorance. But I could tell she knew.

Her denial did not quash the heat in me that night. I basked in the warmth of having truly made her my mate. Her cries of ecstasy were all the more sweet. Her curves all the more marvelous.

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Lady Lillia demanded to ride in my saddle with me the next day. She made such a fuss that eventually my mother relented. As usual, my horse brought up the rear. Lillia sat on my lap. We weren't traveling for more than ten minutes before she was reaching behind her and unbridling my cock.

"I guess it is time we reacquainted." I reached around her and cupped her belly with my hand.

"Well past time." She put her hand on mine and squeezed. "The whelp inside is not yours. Just so you know. I humped my way all around the castle. It's the bastard of some lordling." She lifted her skirts and shimmied my cock slowly inside her vagina.

The others looked back at us with looks of longing, but said nothing.

"Were you always ... ugh ... such a trollop ... My Lady?" I watched her small ass cheeks clench as she worked me all the way in. She was impossibly tight.

We both knew the baby was mine.

"You know ... the archmage ... would have sliced me open ... while I watched. He would have taken you ... ooohhhhhhhhh ... apart ... and pickled the pieces." She began bouncing on me. "It is well ... that I introduced you ... to Bemere. My cousin's fall ... from grace ... saved both our lives."

"Thank you ... for your strength ... in our prison." I was truly grateful.

"It's not that ... I was ... uuuggghhhhhh ... strong ... it's that you were ... so weak," she sneered. "And I ... ohhhhhh ... my ... it rattles like a cart ... and I ..." The rest was lost to the beauty of her sacred song. The jubilation of those notes bounced off the trees around us. Even the birds harmonized with her.



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The forest ended abruptly, and before us lay the Sea of Sands. It would take us three days to cross, so we made camp at the edge of that barren wasteland while we still had fresh water and trees for cover.

“Come with me and gather firewood, Remnic.” My mother guided me away from camp, and we did as she asked.

“Where are we going, Mother?” I had been so focused on running away from the archmage, I hadn’t yet thought to ask where we were going.

“The Mottled Forest. There are forest elves there with deep magic. They don’t have the aversion to dragons that elves have on this side of the Sea.” She gave me a smile and sang to herself as she gathered dead branches.

“You need their magic because of what’s in your belly.” I hated that forest elves would interfere with my brood, and I was grateful for their help at the same time. I tried to put my human side forward. “I’ve made our lives complicated. I’m sorry.”

My mother stopped singing and looked over at me. “We need their magic for all of our bellies. I am quite sure we have all conceived by you. On that note, let’s go back to camp. I have something to show you.”



I followed her through the wood. When we returned, I found my sister and Ladies Lillia, Bemere, and Aldwyn all lined up. They were naked with their hands on a fallen log and their butts pointing toward me. It was a glorious sight. “I thought you’d forgotten what you said about lining them up.”

“I wouldn’t forget a promise.” My mother laughed and tossed her kindling by the fire ring.

“It’s getting chilly ... you better hurry this up.” Lillia looked over her shoulder at me with a wicked smile.

“Yes, Lady Lillia.” I placed my kindling with my mother’s, disrobed, and started with my sister. I was almost back to my old self again, thus four orgasms in one go would be possible. My sister’s cries stretched out over the Sea of Sands. After my first orgasm, glorious elf songs chased Gwell’s animalistic noises out over the waste. I dropped to my knees to take Lillia while she was standing. But with Bemere and Aldwyn, I lifted them into the air and filled them with my molten seed.

My mother seemed to think she wasn’t included since she had organized, but I sat on the log and beckoned her over. She rode me reverse saddle while the others prepared our supper. It turned out I could climax *five* times in an evening.

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We found the nights to be bitterly cold in the desert. And so, we all crowded into one tent out on the Sea. I am quite certain that I am the only human to ever spend the night in a tent with his naked mother, sister, and three elves. If I was, indeed, still human. It was at times, uncomfortable. I did wake to Bemere's knee in my face at one point. On the other hand, I also woke to my mother's mouth on my cock at a later point. We both tried to be as silent as possible, and I don't believe we woke any of the others.

We ran out of water on the third day, and that was difficult, especially for the horses. We dismounted and walked, which slowed us. I was worried we would lose a horse, but they were of fine elvish breeding. When we reached the first meadow on the other side, we all drank for a long time. Happily, after two days' rest, even the horses were fit to continue.



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Before I'd met the Dwelf, I had never traveled more than a couple days' journey from home. Now, here we were on the other side of the continent. When the Mottled Forest finally came into view, we all stopped and stared in wonder. The trees were massive and thick. It seemed like they were jostling each other for position. The green canopy climbed nearly to the clouds.

"Whatever awaits in there, I promise I will care for you all ... and the hatchlings." I looked around at my companions. Such an improbable assortment of wives that I had collected. "My greed nearly destroyed us. It won't happen again."

"You're a good person, my apple blossom." My mother hugged me. "You've managed to take the best of you, and the best of the dragon, and given us all joy. We will protect you too."

"I'll protect my treasured rattling cock, that's for sure." Lillia hugged us.



"None of us are perfect." Gwells came in for the hug. "I love you, Remnic."

"Also here for the cock." Bemere laughed and joined us.

"Here mostly for Gwells ... and dragon cock." Aldwyn hugged my sister's backside.

"I love you all, too," I said.

As we made our embrace, I looked toward the Mottled Forest, wondering what new adventures might await us. And maybe also, I wondered a little about whether the forest elves were as pretty and horny as the elves I knew.

THE END