

# *Dragon's Blood*

## *Chapter 2*



# FICTION

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## Dragon's Blood Ch. 2

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More changes greeted me as I pulled on my new cock in the dark hours of the morning. The hideous knobs receded until they were no more than vibrating bumps around the head. The color of my afflicted appendage turned a reddish, lustful hue. And the stuff that shot out of me in jets with my last climax turned the color of blue flame. As it fell back onto my body it nearly scalded my skin. As I wiped the steaming stuff off with a rag my mother had left, I prayed no further changes would befall me before the sorceress could fix the situation.



It wasn't commendable to leave the mess I'd made of my bed to Mother. But she had said she would clean up after me. So, I slipped out of the house before first light and made my way down to the river. My toes tingled on the cold, muddy ground. I sorely wished I still had my boots. I tried not to look at the monstrosity as I splashed the flecks of gold and blue cum off, telling myself it would all be over soon. I skipped breakfast back at the house and went right to work at the stable. As the sun rose people began walking past. It seemed they all stared at me and smirked or outright laughed. What a fool I'd been.

At midday, I spotted my mother walking toward the stable as I hoisted hay bales. She smiled at me. That was a good sign. "Good news, Mom?" I couldn't tell if she was putting on a brave face for me, or if her cheer was true.

"We sold our mule and purchased the services of a sorceress." She stopped in front of me and wiped

my sweaty brow with her dress. She was always so beautiful when she smiled. But I found my cock shuddering and growing at the sight of her. Before she could notice, I draped a saddlecloth over my shoulder so that it hid the pavilion that was springing in my trousers. "I'll mend this at the house," I lied. I reached under the cloth and adjusted my scaly cock so that my belt supported it.

"Of course, my apple blossom." She gave me a sidelong look. Her eyes traveled down my body. My disguise hadn't fooled her, but she was too kind to say anything about it. "Come now, she's waiting."

When we arrived at the house, I could plainly see that our mule hadn't sold for much. The sorceress wore a ratty hat and a patchwork cloak, frayed at the sleeves. I suspected that any worthwhile sorceress would have magically mended her clothes. She spoke to my father before turning to me.

“There’s the beastly boy,” the sorceress said when she saw me. “I am Yezzeh the Wise and I am here to solve your little problem.”

“I am a beastly *man* of eighteen years, thank you.” I could already tell I didn’t like Yezzeh the Wise. My cock deflated as I stood there, thank the gods.

“It’s back to the field for me.” My father wanted no part of this, and for that I was grateful. He was gone in a flash.

“Let’s see the nuisance then, shall we?” Yezzeh’s face carried a bemused smile. “Come on lad, remove that cloth and lower your trousers.”

I looked at my mother and she nodded her assent. Her smile was more forced than before. I exposed myself to the women.

“Well, you weren’t lying about the problem, Missus Sophie.” Yezzeh frowned at the reptilian organ that hung obscenely from between my legs. “And if you notice, the testicles have fallen. That means he’s in season, or there’s a female dragon about. When a dragon hangs low like that, and he’s a vital creature, the female dragons flock to him. Hmmmmmm.” She rubbed her chin. “And these bumps here.” She pointed to the protuberances around the head. “When the dragon is ready for a dragoness the spikes recede as an invitation and turn into these rounded knots that vibrate during copulation. Very stimulating to the dragoness, I would think.” She croaked a laugh and then turned somber. “The progression is farther than I hoped. This could be trickier than I thought.”

My mother and I stared at the woman in disbelief. “Did you say my son would attract a dragoness?” She clutched at her chest in fear for my safety. And probably for the safety of our entire village, and maybe even the castle. “Is it a scent thing? Maybe we could disguise his odor somehow?”

“It’s not a ‘scent thing’ as you say. To tell you the truth, sages wiser than Yezzeh the Wise have no idea what the attractant is despite many tests. Dragons possess magic so ... wait, I have something about it here. I brought all my materials in preparation.” Yezzeh reached into her overstuffed bag and rummaged around.

This was so much worse than I thought. “I must run into the forest so that I don’t bring flame and ruin down on everyone.”

Forgetting my hideous, hanging cock, my mother pulled me into a hug. “We’ll find some other way.” She pushed me away when she felt the monster rise against her leg. “Cover yourself,” she whispered. She turned me away from the sorceress and draped me with the saddlecloth again. Her face went pallid.



“Oh, yes. Here it is.” Oblivious to our discomfort, Yezzeh pulled out a parchment. She unrolled it and started reading. After a minute, she spoke. “Yes, it is some sort of magic of the mind. I almost forgot. The male dragon uses mental powers to make the female dragon willing. They are taciturn creatures, naturally. We know this from some exciting ongoing research by Uzzelia. Yes, yes, very exciting. I don’t think the young man will accidentally seduce any female dragons. We should be okay.” Her laugh was rough and creaky.

“So, we’re safe?” I looked over my shoulder at the sorceress, willing my grotesque cock to return to sleep.

“What?” Yezzeh didn’t look up from the parchment. “From smitten dragonesses? It would seem so. But what to do



about the transformation? Do you still have the empty vial? And tell me the story again.”

I told the crone the whole story of acquiring the blood, bathing, and each mortifying change. She eventually put down the scroll and looked up at me expectantly. By now my cock had fallen again. I found the vial and put it in her hand.

“Well, then.” Yezzeh tucked the vial into her robes. “I hope to have a cure before a fortnight passes. If anything else changes, let me know. Also, I would stay away from any women you fancy for the moment. We wouldn’t want your dragonish nature imposing itself on your village.” She smacked her forehead. “Oh, and it should go without saying, but speak nothing about this to the elves. They hate dragons, you know.”

“But my sister already told everyone.” I was despondent. What would the elves do to my family if they found out?

“Everyone?” Yezzeh smiled. “Well, I doubt news of a stable boy has made it to the seat

of power. If the elves do cause you problems, let me know and I’ll see what I can do.” Her smile widened as she took in my mother’s stricken face. Elves were powerful creatures. What could this dumpy witch do with them? She picked up her things and moved to the door. “Now remember, stay away from pretty damsels. We don’t know what you’d do if given the opportunity. Send word if anything changes. See you soon.” And she was gone.

“So, I have to live like this for a fortnight?” I slumped in a chair.

“At least she can fix it.” My mother ruffled my hair. “And we’ll tell the stable master you’re sick. You’ll have to stay in the house for a while. It’s lucky nothing has yet happened with a woman you fancy.” She narrowed her eyes and looked down at me. “Nothing has happened, has it?”

“No, Mom, I swear.” I held out my hands palms out.

“Okay, good.” She clapped her hands together like that settled that. “I’ll make you lunch.”

I spent most of the next several days with my mother. My father and sister would come in and out of the house. But Mother and I were there almost always. I tried to time my masturbation to those rare instances when she was out of the house at the market, or visiting the village with her sisters. But my need grew too great. I ended up relieving myself with only a wall separating us. It's not like she didn't know what I was doing. She had to clean up the blue cum in my bed at least once a day.



The more it happened the more I obsessed over it. The thought of her listening to me drove me a bit crazy. My grunting grew louder each time. I wanted her to hear when I came. I wanted her thinking about it. And then it dawned on me. My erections around her weren't an accident. You probably think me an idiot for not seeing it sooner, but who wants to admit to themselves that they fancy their mother?

She had tried to keep me away from pretty women, but instead my mother had locked me in an enclosed space with one. And I was a creature in season, as the sorceress had said. My dragon balls hung low. My thoughts filled with what my mother and I *could* be doing while my father and sister were out of the house. Every hour she wasn't in my room while I worked my dick felt like an eternity wasted. I wished more than anything that she was with me. And then, about a week after we'd seen the sorceress, she started opening my door and stepping into my room while I was hard at work. She would blush, apologize, and quickly leave. She must have done that twenty times before I asked her to stay.

"Come in and close the door, Mom." I felt a surge in my scaly balls when she did just that. Her shoulders went up to her ears with tension, and she dared not look in my direction.

"Maybe I should come back? You're busy with your ... affliction." But she didn't leave. She stood there wringing her hands.

My reptilian brain narrowed its focus to one of its most basic needs. My hands were filled with dragon cock, and my mind with dragonish thoughts of conquest and possession. "My affliction is ... too much for me. My hands cannot keep up with the demands of this thing." I waved my towering dick in her direction and released it. The bulging veins pulsed hideously.

"I somehow knew you needed me to take care of it," she squeaked. "My little blossom has grown into a towering tree." She reached out and touched the knots around the head of my cock. "And the apples are so ripe and ... rattling. Oh, my. Why does it shake so?"

I watched as the iron ring my father had given her at their wedding altar rubbed across dragon skin. All I saw was treasure. This was a thing to add to my trove. And the woman before me, too. I longed to hoard all beauty.

"How many times have you erupted today, Remnic?" Her eyes bulged as she stared down at the task she'd set herself. Both hands pumped the beast.

"Five."

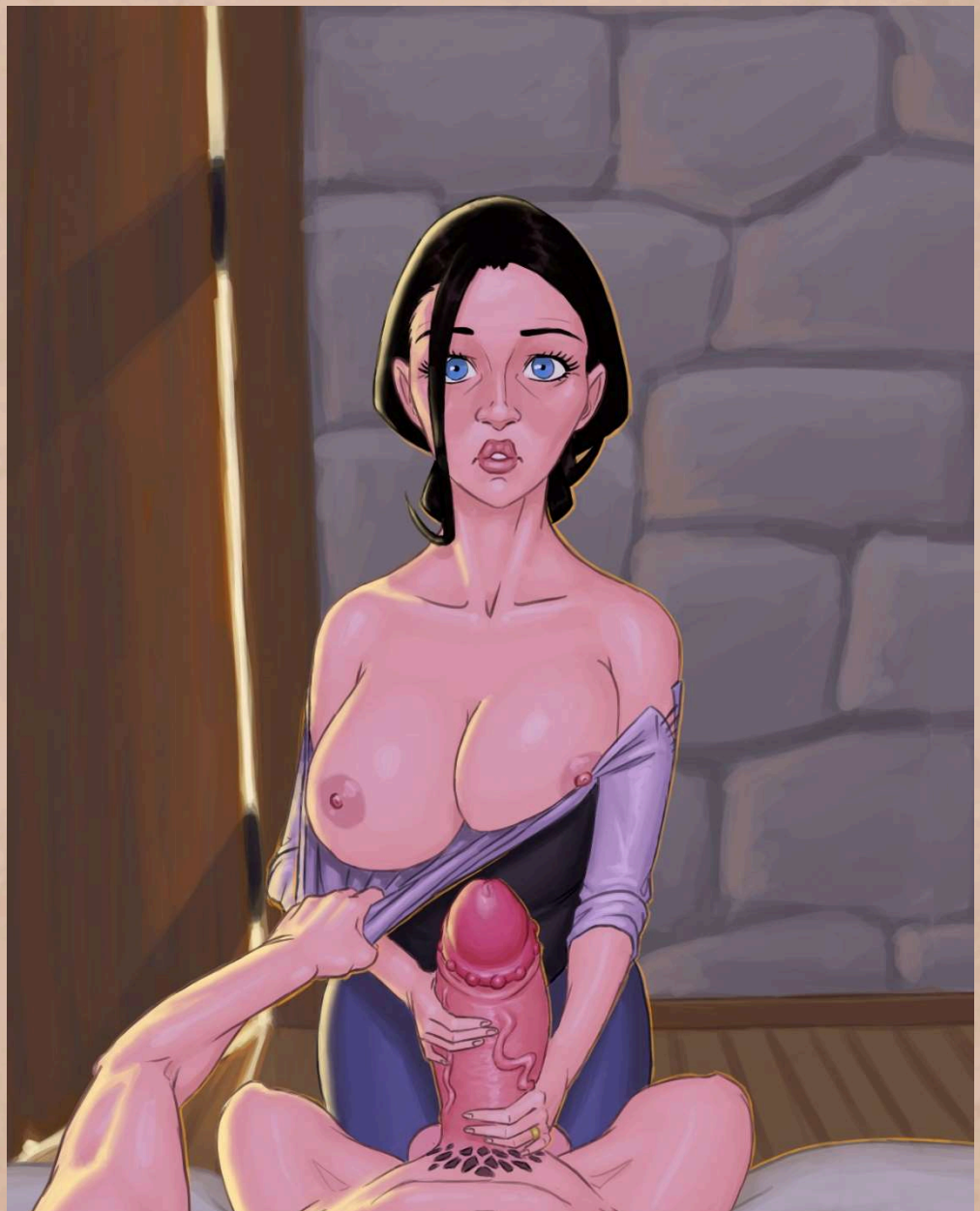
"So many," she whispered. "I'll help you with the sixth, and then you must rest." She worked me in silence for a while. Lightning coursed up and down my nerves. Her hands were so much better at this than mine.

"Your cleavage is too narrow for my taste." I knew the animal was speaking for me now. I thought about my poor father for a brief second, my humanity making a valiant last stand.

"Don't say such things." She worked me harder, making her boobs bounce and shake in her dress.

Humanity lost. Dragon won. "I will say nothing further about it." Rather than parley with useless words, I reached out and tore her dress from the neckline down. She turned her gaze away from my dick and looked down at my hands on her tattered dress.

"Remnic!" But even then, she did not stop pumping me.



“Mother!” My tone was a mockery of the shock in her voice. I tore her chest band, too. Her tits spilled out into the open, even more beautiful than I had expected. “Now, lower your mouth to me.”

Still holding my dick, she leaned forward and kissed me on the lips. She backed up a little to see if that had pleased me.

“That was nice, thank you. But my cock would better appreciate such attention.” I nodded down my lean body at the monster she had hold of.

“Oh, gods.” She moved incredibly slowly as she lowered her face toward my inhumanity. Her expression was that of a rabbit caught in a trap. Her mouth opened wide, and she took the head in. “Mmmpppphhhhhh.” Her face contorted



in the most ridiculous and lovely way. I was too big for her, but it didn't matter. Very quickly she bobbed her head awkwardly and pumped her hands up and down my length. She groaned, hummed, and slobbered perfectly. Her pale tits bounced up against my hip as she worked. I was getting close. So close.

“Mom? Remnic? I'm home.” My sister's voice came muffled through the closed door. She had returned to our rooms.

My mom plopped her mouth off my cock and released it from her grasp. She leapt to her feet, her

tits bouncing about. She quickly tucked them into the torn remains of her dress. “Just a second, Gwells. I'm helping your brother.” She looked at me with an expression that said she would murder me if I spoke.

Part of me wanted to ignore my sister and have my mother finish what she started. Frustration tensed my muscles. It was hard to focus beyond my dragonish thoughts. But my humanity came back to me in a rush.

“Wipe your chin and go, Mom. Quickly.” I watched her race out of my room. I had no idea how she would explain her torn dress to Gwells. I took hold of my cock and worked it myself. The pleasure was not nearly so great, but I still finished my sixth orgasm of the day.