

Dragon's Blood

Chapter 3



FICTION

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Dragon's Blood Ch. 3

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As the saying goes, *A wise man fears nothing more than a dragon's avarice thwarted*. I grew to understand that aphorism in a personal way. I lay awake most of the night. My cock would not settle down, nor would my annoyance at Gwells for her interruption. My sister had simply returned home at the wrong time, but my thoughts somehow held this as a betrayal. I tried to calm myself and forgive her. And I'm happy to say that I succeeded. But my fever for my mother was not so easily cooled. I burnished in my mind the memory of the way her tits bounced as she jumped away from me. I obsessed over her distorted face when she pleased me with her mouth. The dawn couldn't come soon enough. I was in season. It seemed that my mother was to be my dragoness.

When I arrived for breakfast, both my father and sister gave me nervous sidelong glances, as had been their way ever since the sorceress visited. I listened to their small talk and bid them goodbye when they left for the day. Then, it was just my mother and me.

"You look tired, Remnic. Did you sleep well?" My mother served me a third helping of porridge. I could see the wooden spoon tremble in her hand. She didn't make eye contact with me.

"Sleep eluded me. I could not find satisfaction after Gwells's interruption." I watched her cheeks flush deeply at this mention of yesterday's activities. Her shoulders rose in tension. I wished she'd relax. Not a second later, the creases in her face smoothed and her shoulders fell to their normal position.

"I am sorry about that, my sweet apple blossom." She returned the spoon to the kitchen and then stood a few paces away from me. My mother seemed very unsure of herself. "Did you ... um ... did you want something of me now?"

The dragonish part of my mind wreathed itself in flames of excitement and expectation. This treasure would be mine. "I would like to see your tits again."

"You would?" Her cheeks were now the color of dragon fire. "If it will help with your affliction, I will show you. But I'll get them out myself this time. It took quite a bit of mending to fix the dress you tore yesterday."

While I finished my porridge, my mother slowly pulled down her top. She wore no chest band under her dress. Had she planned to pull down her top the second my father and sister were out the door?

"You have magnificent tits, Mom. Can I have them?" I put down my spoon and pushed my chair away from the table. It was clear from her wide eyes that she'd seen how hard I was under my clothes.

"Pardon?" She stood with her arms by her sides letting me look. She furrowed her brow in puzzlement.



“Your breasts should be mine.” I didn’t know where those words came from. We were now both nonplussed.

“Um ... I have pledged my soul and body to your father.” My mother held up her left hand so that I could see her iron ring. But that only made me want the ring! I tried to calm myself.

“I’m sorry, of course.” I continued to stare, not the least bit sorry.

“But you can look at them every day if it helps.” A faint smile painted her lips. “Every day until the sorceress returns with your cure. We have only a week to wait.”

“I would like that.” I reached down and touched the horrible, scaly monster through my trousers. “Now come here and –”

A knock on the door startled us both. I pulled my chair back to the table to hide the pavilion my cock made of my garments. My mother quickly pulled her dress up, hid her boobs away, hurried to the door, and opened it. “Yes?” When



she saw who it was, she curtsied. “Lady Lillia, greetings.”

“Greetings.” The elf smiled as she often did, like the whole world was right where she wanted it. “May I come in?”

“Yes, of course.” My mother looked back and shot me a look that said, *Do not mess with the Lady Lillia*. She needn’t have bothered with the warning. We had never hosted one of the Uilins family at our home. This was a monumental occasion. And given my current affliction, it could not be a coincidence. I silently cursed Gwells and her big mouth.

“What a quaint home you have, Missus ...” Lillia swept into the room, her gown flowing. The circlet on her head sparkled even without direct light. Like all elves, she was shorter than most humans, but carried herself with might. The elves were mighty.

“My name is Sophie.” My mom curtsied again, averting her eyes.

“And you.” Lillia turned her attention to me. “You are Remnic, the stable boy that I saw running from the bath in the middle of the night. I knew you were trouble.”

“I am a man, full grown. Eighteen years. Not a stable *boy*.” Oh, gods. Did I say that? I might as well pillory myself and save the elves the trouble. I already knew how much they hated dragons. I commanded my dragonish thoughts to retreat, even for a little while. They might get me killed. My cock finally deflated under the table.

“Oh, ho. I stand corrected.” Lillia’s laugh was lovelier than the ringing of bells. “Mother Sophie. You have errands to run, do you not?” She continued to watch me with an icy gaze. “I would like to speak with your son in private.”

“Yes, of course.” My mother gave me a pleading look. I knew she was praying I behaved. And then she left our home.

“There now.” Lillia sat on the edge of our table and looked down at me. “I hear tell that you traded your boots for a vial of dragon’s blood.” She put her finger to her lips when I tried to speak. “And that you were fool enough to bathe in the stuff. Has it changed you ... horribly?” Her smile widened.

“Please.” I tried my best to be humble as befitted my class. “Please, don’t take this any further. The sorceress we hired will have a cure in a matter of days. And she says I will not attract a dragoness. I have only to stay away from ... from ...”

“Yes? Please continue. This is all so very educational.” When I didn’t respond, she frowned. “Don’t fret. I only know of this because I have an unbecoming interest in your species. None of the other elves would have heard. The archmage would certainly run horrible tests on you if he found out. And the others might exile you. But not me. I have only curiosity. And I can keep a secret.”

“How may I please the Lady Lillia?” I had brought the dragon to heel. I relaxed a little in relief.

“I have an interest in human oddities. Is it true that you are now part dragon?” Lillia’s eyes narrowed. “If so, stand up and show me.”

“You want me to ... undress?”

I pushed my chair back and stood slowly. I thanked the gods my cock wasn’t hard. “You want to see my ...?” I pointed down at my trousers.

“Your species is in my care. It is no different than a cowhand judging a stricken bull.” The indifference on her face made her strikingly beautiful. “Go on then.”

I willed my cock’s somnolence to continue as I undressed for her. I didn’t know what the elf would do if my arousal became evident. I nervously glanced at the dagger she wore as decoration belted to her gown.



“Oh, my. I’ve never even heard of something like this.” As my cock came into view, she leaned closer but made no move to touch it. “The archmage would be very interested indeed. But, don’t worry.” She glanced at the mortified expression on my face and then looked back down at my hideous, hanging dick. “You shall have my discretion.”

“Thank you.” In that moment, I wanted her but dared not desire a creature so far above me. So, instead I focused on the glittering circlet on her head. It would be the perfect thing to start my trove. The dragon in me had flown off its tether. “But I charge a price for such a viewing. Perhaps you would part with something so I would know that my deformity had some value to you?”

Lillia’s cheek twitched, and she bit her lip. She looked up into my eyes with something I’d never seen in an elf before: doubt. “I ... well ...

sure.” She reached up onto her head and removed the circlet. “This is nothing but a trinket. Consider it your price paid.” She tossed the shining thing onto the table and laughed. “I will go now. This was quite interesting.” She hopped down from the table and glided to the door without a backward glance. She opened it and was gone, leaving me standing in the middle of the room with a growing erection.

When my mother returned a little later, I was sitting in my chair by the table, working my cock with both hands. The elf had riled me up. Blue cum pooled on the table, partially coating Lillia’s circlet. My mother stared at me with wide eyes and quickly closed the door.



"You can't do this outside your room, Remnic. Your sister or father could return at any moment." She caught sight of the spoiled circlet on the table and her eyes nearly bulged out of her head. "What happened with Lady Lillia?" I could tell all sorts of horrible thoughts moved through her head.

"She wanted to ... see it. So ... I ... showed her my ... cock." I continued pumping. "She left me ... the treasure ... and departed."

"Oh, my. She gave that to you?" My mother put her hand to her chest. When I didn't respond, she continued, "Can you not stop touching it? Let's get you to your room." She rushed over to me and pulled me from the chair. My hands never left my cock as she guided me into my room and sat me on the bed. "What should I do, Remnic?" She twisted her hands together in indecision. "We still have so many days until the sorceress returns. And now the elves know. We are in trouble."

"She won't tell ... the others." I finally let go of my cock, reached up, and pulled her to her knees between my legs. I am not proud to admit that I tore her dress when I exposed her breasts. She still had the same startled expression she'd worn since she returned home as she took my monster into her mouth. She took hold of my cock and awkwardly bobbed her head. "Wrap your tits around my cock, Mom." I wanted more. I gave in to greed.

She popped her mouth off me and looked up with a dazed expression. "I ... don't understand. Isn't this good?" Her hands



still worked me. "You want my breasts on your penis?"

"Yes." I nodded. "Wrap them around." I smiled with pure joy as she removed her fingers from my dick and took a breast in each hand. She wrapped my cock as instructed and moved her breasts up and down. "Like ... this?"

"Yes, but we need more ... ugh ... spit. It's too ... dry."

"Oh ... okay." I had never seen my mother spit before. It was so unladylike, but she did it with gusto. When she was done spitting, she looked up at me with a nervous smile. "Your thing vibrates so much. I can feel it with my breasts."

