

Dragon's Blood



Chapter 4

FICTION

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Dragon's Blood Ch. 4

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Over the next several days, I struggled with my dragonish nature. My mother gave me everything she had, disrobing the second my sister and father left each day. She pleased me with her mouth and tits but resisted my further advances. It wasn't easy, but I didn't press her.

My mother's initial shock at handling my hideousness wore off. She seemed almost at ease with my terrible, malformed cock. She spent much of her time each day working me to my climaxes and the rest cleaning up the resulting mess we made. Her chores were mostly forgotten. She was responsible for fishing for the family. We had no fish to eat that week. And our small house became shabbier and dirtier than ever I remembered it.

Finally, the day came for Yezzeh the Wise to return. My mother and I put off my pleasure and waited for the sorceress. But there was no sign of her. Without release, or even a glimpse of my mother's tits all day, the fire inside me roared. When I went to bed, I immediately took care of myself. But it wasn't nearly enough. I barely slept that night, my thoughts consumed by the hungry pleasures I wished to take with my mother and even the untouchable Lady Lillia.

The next morning, there was still no sign of the sorceress.



"I will travel to Yezzeh and see what has happened." My mother looked like she had slept little. She wrung her hands together.

"That is a long journey without a horse. Two days at best. And there is much to do around here." My father looked with disapproval at the state of his home. "Remnic has weathered the first two weeks without incident. In retrospect, his condition seems a minor inconvenience."

My mother looked like she wanted to say something, but she only wrung her hands harder. If only Father had known how she had handled the situation, he would not have considered my condition a trifle.

"It's getting worse, Father." I was still blazing on the inside from the chastity of the day before. "I need the sorceress." Or, I did not say, *I need to quench my lust with his wife.*

"Very well." My father sighed. "Go, Sophie. Come back as soon as you can."

My mother nodded. She stood and moved over to my sister. She gave her a kiss on the cheek. She did the same for my father. She then hugged me tightly. "Don't get into trouble while I'm gone," she whispered in my ear.

We ate breakfast while she packed. She gave us one more round of kisses. Then, she was out the door and off to find Yezzeh.

My sister and I cleared the table. My father sat in his chair, looking quite put out. "We need fish." He looked over at me. "Remnic, take Gwells and two rods to the river. Don't come back without a prize catch. I'll smoke them tonight."

"But Father ..." Gwells whined. "I was going to pick flowers with my friends for the market today." I didn't know if that was true. I did know she wanted nothing to do with me. That was true even before I was cursed.

"Pick flowers another day. We need fish." My father shook his head.

"Um ... Father ... Maybe I should go to the river by myself?" I didn't like the thought of being alone with Gwells for all sorts of reasons. Most notably, the bonfire of cravings tearing at my heart.



"I need someone to keep an eye on you the way your mother has." It was clear from my father's darkening visage that he'd had enough of this conversation. "And we need two lines in the water to make up for the week. You will both go. Pack up your fishing gear and get moving."

My sister and I grumbled, but we did as he said.

Gwells made me carry all the gear. She walked ahead of me on the trail, not saying a word. Maybe she thought that was some sort of punishment, but it was only adding fuel to my fire. My gaze fixed on the way her round ass moved under her dress with each step. Despite all my efforts to quell my cock during the night, I was already hard. I had to tuck the vibrating thing under my belt. It took us an hour to hike out to our family fishing spot on the river.

When we arrived, I set down the gear. I was huffing and puffing. We were out in the middle of the forest with only the animals to keep us company. I thought about whether there might be dragons in the wood. But they hadn't come this far south in centuries.

"You catch fish, I'm going to take a nap." Gwells walked off toward a shaded glade.

Rage, greed, and hunger all boiled over. I clenched my fists, wondering how to make her do her fair share.

“Actually, I’ll help you, Remnic.” She turned around and walked back to me. “I want to do my fair share.”

“You do?” I had changed her mind without uttering a word. This was what a dragon did to his dragoness. “Great, let’s fish.”

We got out our gear, put on our hats and sat on the grassy bank. In the first two hours, I caught three trout. She caught one. We were mostly silent, surrounded by birdsong and the wind in the trees.

“Why do you keep staring at me like that?” She gave me a haughty, sidelong glance.

“Don’t you like the way I stare at you?” The rage had gone, but I was now all but consumed by greed and hunger. I wanted her. And I wanted her to want me back. My father was a fool for sending us out here.

“Yeah, I do.” She smiled. “Is it because you’re concerned everyone thinks you’re some sort of monster? Because they do. They think your thing is too horrible to imagine.” She looked down at my trousers. “Is it? Is it hideous?”

“Why don’t you judge for yourself?” I put down my fishing rod and unclasped my belt. I wanted my sister. I needed my sister. The licking flames of dragon-thought seared my mind. I pulled down my trousers and released my cock. I could hear her gasp as the sunlight hit it.

“It is ... horrible.” She dropped her fishing rod in the grass and put her hands up to her eyes. She peeked at my cock through her fingers. “Don’t touch it!” Her jaw dropped when I stroked it. “Oh ... gods ... Remnic ... what are you ...?”

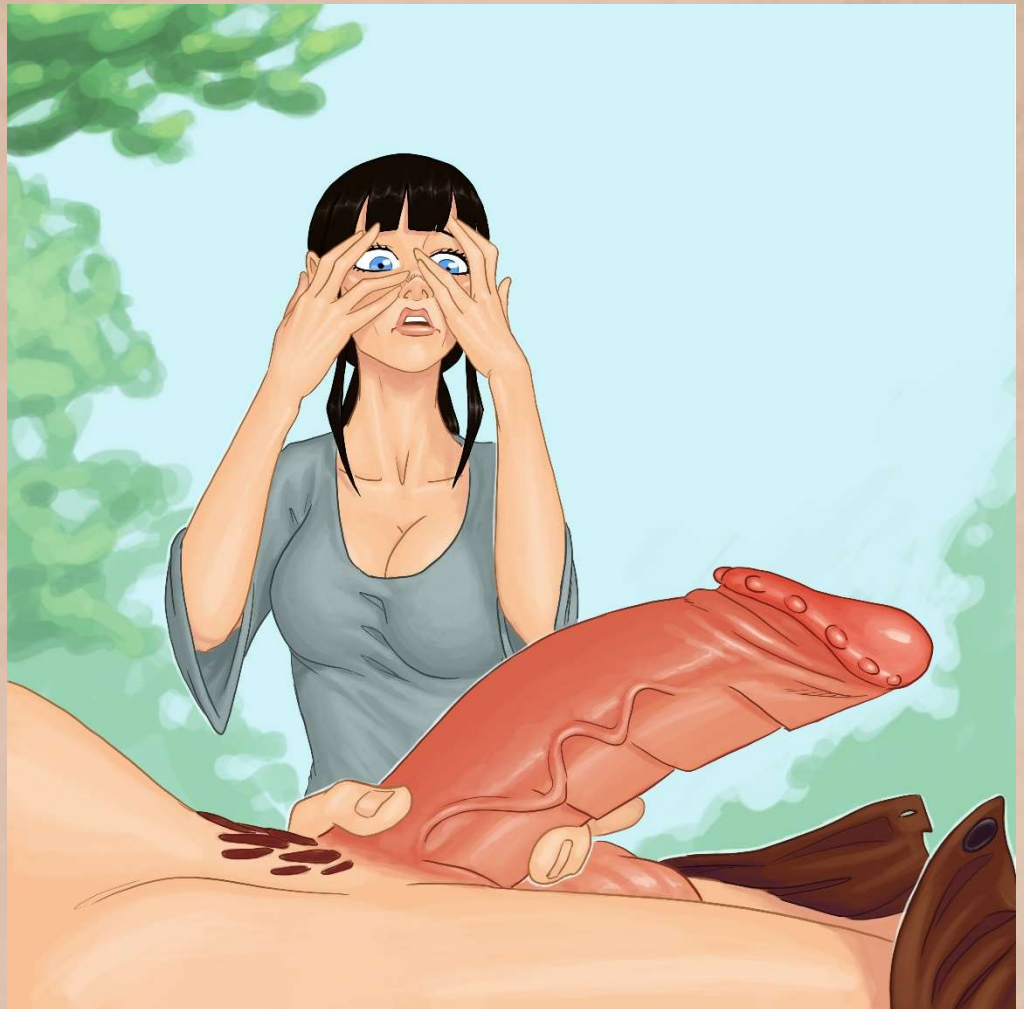
“I am overwrought, Gwells. Let me see your breasts.” I stared at the bust of her dress. When she didn’t move, I grew angry. “Let me see your tits, Gwells.” My voice echoed back from the tree line on the other side of the river.

Gwells tore her dress and chest band in her hurry to reveal her tits. She looked down with wide eyes at her pale, exposed flesh. It seemed she had less resistance to my powers than my mother. And if that were the case, there was no sense delaying the inevitable.

“Despite your callow inhospitality toward me, I find you a beautiful creature.” I pulled my trousers and underwear all the way off. “I must have you, Gwells. You are now mine.” I pulled off my shirt.

“Me?” The color drained out of her face. “I ... couldn’t ... I’m your sister ... you’re my snotty little brother.”

“I am eighteen, and I will abide no more insults from you.” Anger returned to my voice. “Stand and undress.”



“Okay.” She quickly stood and pulled off her torn dress. She took off her boots, socks, and underwear. Her pale skin shone like a beacon in the sunlight.

“Spin for me.”

“Is this good?” Gwells held out her arms and spun.

“It is good.” I nodded and leaned further back in the grass and spread my legs. “Now come kneel before me and see what you can do with your mouth.”

“I ... can’t.”

“I know about you and the miller’s son.” I narrowed my eyes. “You could do it for him.”

“It’s not that.” Her eyebrows rose as she pleaded with me to understand. “Gods help me, I want to do it. But it’s too big. No woman could do what you ask.”

I thought about telling her about Mother. I decided that might break the spell. “All I ask is that you try.”

Gwells moved over to me and sank to her knees in the grass. I sent thoughts to her that my cock looked less hideous



than before. That it was a grand thing, proud and strong. Her expression softened. She reached out with trembling fingers, but withdrew them quickly when she made contact with the head. “It rattles like a runaway cart.”

“So I’ve heard.” I watched her tentatively reach out for it again. “Get on with it, Gwells. I’m burning up.”

“I am yours ... for today,” she whispered. Her fingers squeezed the thrumming, veiny thing. “It does feel hot.” She looked up into my eyes for approval as her tongue darted out and licked the turgid flesh. “You ... taste ... different,” she said between licks. She lowered her mouth and opened wide. The humming head just fit inside.

“Mmmppppphhhhhh.” With one hand she pumped the fat shaft. With the other, she found one of my balls.

“Keep going ... ugh ... bob your head ... come on ...” Frustration mounted. My sister was not as accomplished at oral sex as my mother. I pulled her mouth off my cock. “With your tits. Milk me with your tits.”

“Oh ... okay.” Gwells was all enthusiasm and no technique. It was not enough to satisfy me.

“That’s not working ...” I enjoyed the sight of her awkward movements with her breasts, but the feeling left something to be desired. “Enough. Mount me.” A very tiny voice in my head told me that this was exactly the sort of trouble my mother had told me to stay out of. But that voice was drowned out by the howling gale of greed and desire.

“I’ve only done it a few times, Remnic. I don’t think I can ...” She convulsed and fell in the grass. “My vagina ... is throbbing.” A rapturous scream erupted from her. “What’s ... happening ... to ... meeeeeeeeeee.”

“You are my dragoness, Gwells. Your body is readying itself for my claim.” I closed my eyes for a moment with a vision upon my mind. I saw a dragoness and a great dragon willing her opening wider to accept him. This was the dragon way. “Now, mount me.”

Still trembling, Gwells climbed up on me and positioned her pussy above my cock. “Go ... slow ... Remnic.” She grasped me and guided the invader into her pussy. Her body, seeking its own bliss perhaps, did not heed her own request for a languid pace. Within a few moments’ time, she planted her feet in the grass, her legs went taut, and she pummeled her pussy on my monster.

Unlike Gwells, I had never joined another in such a way. My time with my mother had been wonderful, but this pleasure went well beyond that. Her pussy clutched me perfectly, tight but accommodating. Her ass slapped down on my upper thighs. Her breasts bounced in mirroring circles. Her face was twisted, with eyes vacant. I had spent the last few years thinking my sister was good for nothing. All it took was trading my boots to find out she was perfect for something. “Gods ... Gwells.”



“Oh ... Remnic ... oh ... I feel it ... in my ... belly.” Her eyelids fluttered, and her fingers clutched the air, as her first orgasm swept through her. She humped me like that until her body could no longer continue its efforts. “We ... have to ... switch ... positions.” She pulled herself off me and lay on her back in the grass. She opened her legs wide. Her smile was lopsided, twisted by fatigue and pleasure.

“I have never ... done this ... before ...” I moved between her legs.

"I am ... honored to ... teach ... you." She held my shoulder with one hand, and my cock with the other. Her hand moved to my butt when I entered her. She guided my movements for a while, but I was a fast learner. Soon, I pounded her into the grass. Her cries chased the birds from nearby trees. We stayed in that position for a long time.

"Gwells ... I'm ... Gwells ... get ready ..." I was finally close. My sister only made guttural noises in response to my warnings. But that tiny voice in my head braved the flames of greed and pleaded with me to finish anywhere but inside her. Who knew what dragon sperm would do to a woman? This time, I heeded the voice. I pulled out of her and pumped my cock with my hands. With a series of grunts, I sprayed her with cum the color of blue flame. She writhed under me, clearly lost in her own pleasure.

It took us a long time to find the energy to move. Eventually, we waded into the river and cleaned off. By the time we started dressing, the western sky was filled with purples and reds. We collected our fish and gear, both carrying an equal amount. Then we headed home.

"That was ... incredible, Remnic." Gwells strode a few paces behind me on the trail. "You have not done that with any other woman?"

"I was a virgin, Gwells."

"Oh." She was silent a long time, lost in her thoughts. "Mother won't be home for at least a day. Would you like to ..." She paused. "If you need me again, I'm yours."

"I know, Gwells." I smiled. My trove was growing. The humanity inside me was receding. "You should plan on staying home tomorrow."

"Okay," she squeaked. We walked the rest of the way in silence.

