

Dragon's Blood



Chapter 5

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Dragon's Blood Ch. 5

Illustrations by Mitzz

Written by RawlyRawls

This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read more of Rawls's work, please visit: <https://rawlyrawls.com>. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. All characters in this work are 18 years or older. Enjoy!

Also join our DISCORD server <https://discord.gg/TWuZA82gWg> if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!

To see more of Mitzz's art:

<https://www.hentai-foundry.com/user/mitzz/profile>

As I lay in bed, my thoughts were a burning cyclone of avarice and concupiscence. I had finally had sex, and it had been wonderful. You would think that would sate my hunger. You would be wrong. I didn't even like my sister before our fishing trip. Now I wanted nothing but to see her face tormented by ecstasy, feel her tightness grip me, and further claim my possession.

The door opened slowly. I pulled the blanket over myself. There were only two other people in the house, and I did not want my father to find me in such a state. But it wasn't my father. Gwells stuck her head into my room, looking quite shy.

"Oh, you're awake." She stepped into the room and closed the door softly behind her, wearing only a sheer nightgown. "It may sound strange, but I had a premonition that you might need me at this witching hour." She had read my thoughts. She was so much more of an obliging dragoness than my mother. She bit her lip in either anticipation or anxiety, I couldn't tell.

"You were correct." I smiled at her, noticing that her gaze was fixed to the pavilion my cock made of the blanket.

"What do you need from me?" She nervously crossed the room. "I will gladly give it."

"Do your words sound strange in your own ears?" I sat up and removed the blanket, watching her face closely. Her eyebrow developed a little tic, and she bit harder on her bottom lip when my cock ventured out into the open air. "I can't remember when you gladly gave me anything, Gwells."

She paused, her gaze venturing to my eyes. "What you say is true. But you are not the same man, Remnic."

I was pleased she'd called me a man. Despite my eighteen years, so many dismissed me a boy. "I am the same man." I wanted to believe this lie.

"You might convince a blind woman, but ..." She pointed at my horrible dragon cock. "I dare say you are changed." She sat on the bed next to me, her hands creeping across the sheet toward my hideousness. "Would you like me to please you with my hands, my mouth, or my breasts?"

"Ummmmm ..." I remembered how she had awkwardly failed to satisfy me with all those parts of her body. She was not my mother, after all. "I would have your pussy, Gwells."



Gwells paused with her fingers just caressing the vibrating cockhead. She took a deep breath. "Then you shall have it, Remnic. But we must be quiet. There would be murder if Father caught on." She kissed my cock, stood, and removed her nightgown. "Do you need me to ready you with my hands?"

“Do I look stiff to you?” I smiled at her lovely naked form. She was a treasure, and she was mine. My horde was growing. Thinking of treasure put my mind on the circlet. I reached under my bed and retrieved it.

“You look very stiff and frightfully large.” Gwells ran her fingers through the hair between her legs. “And I am ready, too. I don’t think my vagina has ever been more ready. Do you want me on top again?”

“No.” I rose from the bed and moved close enough to her that my cock nudged her hip. “Wear this.” I handed her the circlet. I wanted my treasures together.

Gwells gasped, noticing the circlet for the first time. She took it from my hand with trembling fingers. “This is elf jewelry. It’s worth more than our house. It’s worth more than several of our houses. Where did you get this?” I could tell she was reluctant to put so fine a thing on her head, but she did as I asked.

“It doesn’t matter. All that matters is that it is mine.” I turned her toward the wall, and placed her hands upon it. “We cannot use the bed for fear of the noise. But ever since the river I’ve been wondering what it would be like to take you from behind.” I placed the head at what I hoped was her entrance. She reached under her and lowered it a bit.

“Have you been thinking about me all day? How sweet.” She wiggled her ass at me. “Father has been wanting us to get along better.”

“Put it in.” I grabbed her shoulders and pulled, arching her back.

“Ohhhh ... it rattles ... it rattles. Oooohhhhhhhhh.” She slid it in. “The way it vibrates ... inside ... is ... aaaahhhhhhhhh.” Gwells was making too much noise.

“Quiet ... or you’ll ... wake ... Father.” I thrust into her, meeting some resistance from her channel. But, it didn’t take long for her pussy to allow my full entry. “Quiet ... Gwells.” I put one hand over her mouth to muffle her moans. I found that grip useful to control my precious treasure. I pulled her head back and whispered in her ear, “You will wear ... ugh ... that circlet on your head ... all tomorrow ... uh ... uh ... uh ... as a sign that you are ... mine.” My hips smashed into her ass with some ferocity. My dragon cock completely disappeared inside her with every plunge. Of course she could not wear it where others would see her, but I planned on keeping her to myself until Mother returned.



Gwells only answer was a muffled mewling through my fingers. The way she trembled I could tell her climax was already upon her. We humped most of the night. Wisely, I did not release inside her or on her this time. I had her finish me with her hands, and I blasted the wall. Father would have had some questions if she was covered in blue dragon sperm in the morning.

I sent her from my room just before first light. She still wore the circlet as I'd demanded. I think she slept with it on. I was already up and making breakfast for the family when Gwells joined us. My father was sitting at the table and whittling a small carving. He looked up at my sister and gasped. "What in the eleven hells do you have on your head, woman?"

"This?" Gwells took it off her head, but did not put it into my father's outstretched hand. "This is Remnic's circlet. He's letting me borrow it."

My father turned his steely gaze on me. "What are you doing with such a treasure? It is clearly elf-made."

The truth wouldn't do. So, I added one more lie to the pile in front of him. "I found it on our fishing trip in the woods. Someone must have dropped it."



"You think?" My father took some deep breaths. I was happy at his efforts to control his temper. That might serve me well in the future. "And what would happen if the owner of that circlet traipsed down from the castle and saw your sister playing dress-up with her jewelry? We might be accused thieves. And the only things elves hate more than dragons are thieves. Although, I'm sure the two are related. You must return the thing this very instant."

I wished that my father would forget the whole thing. All my concentration went toward bending his will.

"Well?" He didn't seem to be affected by my thoughts. Of course, my powers were designed to seduce a dragoness, and he was far from that. He cocked his head at me quizzically. "If you don't know the owner, you can ask around at the castle. Someone will know who the circlet belongs to."

“As you wish,” I said through gritted teeth. Why had we been so careless? My trove would be barren soon. Lillia would laugh at me when I returned it to her. “Come on, Gwells.” I opened the door and waved my sister outside. She looked at me with wide eyes. She must have been terrified by the morning’s turn of events.

Just as I closed the door, I could hear my father call out, “You must stay, Gwells. Who will finish preparing my breakfast?” The door slammed. Gwells reached for the knob to return to my father.

“You might as well come along with me. I could use the company.” I took the circlet from her and held it in my hand for all to see. “I know to whom this belongs.” We turned away from our house and moved slowly in the gray morning light toward elvish towers.

“Can’t we just pretend to return it?” Gwells rubbed her bare arms in the cold. At least she had boots on. I only had flimsy shoes, and the cold bit at my toes.

“Father will likely ask the castle servants if we followed through.” I sighed. “Believe me, I like this even less than you.” I wanted desperately to conjure a way to keep the thing. I tried to remind myself that it was only pretty metal and rock. That did my mind very little good.

When we arrived at the castle, we informed the seneschal that we had found Lady Lillia’s missing circlet. He did not enquire how we knew it was hers. He showed us to a waiting room, where we waited. And waited. Gwells and I made some small talk, but we dared not speak on anything personal. How odd that I should take comfort in her presence after she had antagonized me most of my life. I almost convinced myself that I didn’t need a trove of things. Having my sister would be enough. And my mother. Although what would happen when the sorceress returned, I did not know.

After hours in that small room, a servant fetched us and brought us to a spacious, richly furnished study. Lady Lillia sat behind an elf-sized desk. She looked up from her writing and gave us a perfect smile when we entered.

“Greetings, Lady Lillia.” I bowed, willing her to find a way to gift me the circlet.

“And who is this?” Lillia looked over at Gwells.

“My sister Gwells.” I bowed again.

“Greetings, Lady Lillia.” Gwells curtsied.

“I know what you’re doing, young Remnic, staring at me like that.” Lillia did not rise from her seat. “It won’t work. It vexed me that I gave you that trinket you now hold. So, I did some digging. Did you know that a dragon can impress his thoughts upon a dragoness? Oh, I see from your expression that you already knew that. Very well.” Her laughter was like the soft ringing of bells. “Please have a seat.”

The furniture was all elf-sized, and thus too small for us. We sat awkwardly on two armchairs anyway. One never profits from disobeying an elf. I didn’t know what to say, so I kept quiet. A kernel of greed grew inside me, fed by rage and disquiet. I worked to regain my composure.



“My, how crimson your cheeks get when you are vexed, Remnic. And your sister, too. How marvelous.” Lillia clapped in amusement at our distress. “I almost turned your secrets over to the archmage after what you did. But I have a soft spot for my little tribe of humans. It is a personal moral failing of mine. You are such interesting and cute creatures! Oh, I now see the fear on your face. Precious. You are quite safe. But I did find a spell to counter your dragonish thoughts.”

I felt I should say something, so I said, “Oh?”

“You see this whirligig spinning on my desk?” She drew our attention to a silver blur on the blotter. “I have bound my will to a child’s top. My fortitude is briefly living outside my mind in the vortex created by this little thing. As long as it spins, you have no effect on me.”

“And if it stops?” In my mind, I commanded Lillia to strike the top with her hand.



She did no such thing. “It won’t happen,” Lillia said.

I reached my hand as quick as lightning to knock the thing across the room. I was thrown back with a burning pain in my hand. My tiny chair toppled. I fell to the floor. Gwells flew down to me and cradled my shoulders protectively. I held up my right hand and saw an ugly burn the shape of a crescent moon.

Lady Lillia’s laughter practically shook the room. “I am far too clever for all that. Of course, I knew I couldn’t help boasting about my spell. So, I placed protection upon the whirligig. No man may touch it.” She stood so she could better see us on the floor. From behind her, she retrieved a gleaming elvish blade. “I should run you through for trying that. And all for a worthless circlet? Your greed has gotten the better of you. Toss it here.”

The thing was still in my right hand. I threw it and she caught it deftly.

“Now what?” Gwells’s arms trembled as she held me. I was afraid she might faint on the spot.

“You have shown yourself to be corrupted by the power of the dragon. Obviously, I can’t send you two home to your little hovel.” She glided over to a window

and looked out at the trees, sword still in hand. “Maybe some sort of spell of binding until I figure out what to do with you. I could freeze you and your sister. You should be quite well preserved for the hundred years or so it might take me to plot a proper course of action.”

Gwells gasped at that. Her trembling grew more intense.

“You’re so very lucky that I have a kind heart. There aren’t many in this castle who –” She turned and leapt toward us.

At first, I didn’t understand what was happening. Gwells left my side, Lillia arced through the air, and I lay on the carpet holding my burned hand. My sister reached the table and swiped the whirligig from the desktop. Lady Lillia pounced on her, but it was too late. The top hit a wall, bounced twice, and came to a rest on the floor.

“You bitch.” Lillia rode my sister’s back, the sword dangerously close to Gwells’s throat. “You filthy sow! My will was in that vortex. It will take weeks –”

I jumped to my feet. “Drop the sword, Lady Lillia!” I screamed. I was ready to leap to my sister’s aid, but Lillia did as I asked. Her sword clattered to the floor. “Dismount her, now,” I yelled. Lillia slid off Gwells and landed softly on the floor. She gave me a reproachful look. “Explain to me what just happened.”

“She tried to kill me.” Gwells stumbled over to me and rested her head on my shoulder. She was still shaking like a leaf.

“You were very brave, Gwells.” I patted the top of her head. “But if she was trying to kill you, we would both be dead.” I turned my gaze to the elf as she stared at me with a malignancy that belied her professed love of my people. “I was addressing you. Explain the situation.”

Lillia sighed. “I made a small error in my spell, commanding that no *man* may touch it. Your idiot of a sister broke the vortex, and now my will is weaker than before.” She moved toward the whirligig where it lay on the floor. “But if I spin it again ...”

“Stop,” I said. She continued toward the top. “Stop,” I bellowed.

“Yes?” Lillia froze a couple feet from her destination.

“Come sit in the chair here.” I lifted the chair that had been mine to an upright position and turned it to face me. She did not move. “Come sit, Lady Lillia.” Still she did not move. It seemed that even when broken, her will was stronger than my sister’s. “Sit down this instant.” My voice echoed off the walls.

“No human has ever spoken to me this way.” She glided across the floor and gracefully sat in the chair.

I stared at her. I had no idea how I would get out of the situation I had put myself in. Would she listen to me if we left? What if I told her not to spin the whirligig? She was still too strong. I didn’t think that would work. “What do we do, Gwells?”

“We must contain the lady somehow, but I do not know how.” Gwells quaked, her eyes very wide. “What have you gotten us into, Remnic?”

“I’m sorry, Gwells.” I pursed my lips, thinking. “What do we do, Lady Lillia?”

The elf’s laugh was a shadow of its former glory. “You humans come to elves to solve your problems even when we are your problem. Ha! I will not help you. It may be time for the archmage to learn of you.”

“We’ll see.” I sat down in the other undersized chair and sighed. I prayed that I would think of something.

