

A woman with long black hair, blue eyes, and a shocked expression stands in a doorway. She is wearing a red tank top and a blue skirt. The background consists of a wooden door and stone walls. In the foreground, a person is lying face down on the floor, wearing dark clothing and black shoes. The text "Dragon's Blood Chapter 7" is overlaid in a red, glowing font.

*Dragon's Blood*  
*Chapter 7*

# FICTION

Rawly Rawls

## Dragon's Blood Ch. 7

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"I think maybe ... um ... she should feel joined to me as well." Gwells stared at the elf's messy pussy. "We can't have her betraying me to the archmage, while saving you."

"You do not have a dragon cock, Gwells. I do." I was still quite tired and hadn't yet decided whether I would seed Lady Lillia again. "I am the one that would interest the archmage. But I have made her my dragoness. The lady no longer poses a danger to us."

"I am *not* a dragoness." Some sharpness came back to Lillia's gaze. "But ... I will not betray you."

I nodded. I believed her this time.

"You don't understand." Gwells pouted her lips. "She is a mess. At least let me clean her."

"Oh." I understood her true intent all too well. Like a thief in the night, she would steal my newest treasure. Rage burned inside me. My own sister sought to pilfer my hoard. She would ... I looked into Gwells' sweet face and saw that my dragonish thoughts had lost track of reality. She only wanted to share. Not even that. She wanted leftovers. How could I say no? "Go ahead."



"Thank you!" Gwells sprang to her feet, smiling. "I will drain her." She raced over to the chair where Lillia sat and fell to her knees before the elf. Quickly, my sister had her face buried in elf pussy again. I could hear a wet sucking sound. She really meant to drink my stuff straight from Lillia's hole.

"I do not think ...  
oooohhhhhhh ...

you should ... do that. You are ... such ... filthy animals." It was clear that Lillia had pivoted in her feelings toward us. She wound her fingers in my sister's hair and stared lovingly down at Gwells' noisy work. Maybe someday the lady would even stop calling us animals. "So ... filthy ... I can feel you ... draining your brother's elixir ... aaaaahhhhhh ... your tongue is ... inside."

"Will you protect my sister, Your Ladyship?" I stroked my hardening cock. "Will you join with her, too?"

"Your ... whole ... family has my protection ... Master Remnic." Lillia's eyes rolled back. "I am closer ... to you simple creatures ... than even ... my own ... ooooohhhhhhh." The rest of her words were lost in high-pitched wailing.

“Mmmpppphhhhhhh.” Gwells slid her hands under the elf’s small ass, cupping her cheeks. My sister then stood, keeping Lillia’s pussy in her face. Lillia still screaming, rested her legs on my sister’s shoulders and clutched at her hair. Gwells walked around the study like she was giving Lillia a twisted horse ride. She pulled her face away from the quivering pussy and gave me a glistening smile. “I think she has it wrong, Remnic. She is our pet, now. Look at the games we play together.” When she saw me nod my approbation, she went back to munching on Lillia.

This would be a test of our new mate. Elves hate to be carried, they think themselves a higher species than humans, and they hate dragons. Could we push Lillia too far? Apparently not, because that wild, frenzied orgasmic song rose from Lillia’s depths. It was heartbreakingly beautiful to listen to. It was almost as gorgeous as the view of my sister, still standing, pushing Lillia’s back against the bookcase and devouring her pussy.

I let them have their fun. When Gwells was done eating, she undressed and laid Lillia on the bearskin rug. My sister then sat on the elf’s face and Lillia learned skills quite useful in pleasing a woman. I would have to learn those same skills, I reminded myself. But first, I was ready to drain my balls again. I climbed between Lillia’s legs, staring deeply into my sister’s eyes as I sank into the elf’s tight box. The three of us spent several more hours thus engaged. Gwells and I did not return home until dusk.

That night I put the whirligig and Lillia’s circlet under my bed. The fine craftsmanship made the spinning thing a fine addition to my collection.



Over the next several days, my sister and I visited the castle often. It was lucky that Lillia had a reputation for an unfashionable interest in humans. Even with that as an explanation, our presence in the elven halls raised some eyebrows. The humans that served the Uilin family directly were more refined than Gwells and me. But Lillia vouched for us whenever questions arose. My sister and the lady spent more than half their daily hours drenched in dragon cum.

I was so engulfed by my new pleasures that I barely registered that my mother was still away on her trip. Of course, I looked forward to seeing her. And I prayed to the gods for her safety every day. But I was too enamored of my dragonesses to worry about what the sorceress would do to me when my mother finally brought her home.

The world does not care if we are distracted. Events unfold regardless of our readiness. And so, on the fourth day since our joining, there was a ringing of the doorbell to Lillia's study. Lillia, Gwells, and I were cleaning after our first round of fun.

"I was not expecting anyone." Lillia smiled up at my sister and wiped her belly with a soft, woven towel. "You missed a spot. I think you are clean ... enough." She gave the woman a mischievous wink. The ringing bell sounded at the door again. "What nerve to interrupt my contemplative time." The lady's voice was imperious. I had not humped the attitude out of her. But she did treat me and my sister with a deference I had not seen her show others.

"Should we answer it?" Gwells looked to me for a decision. This was the first time we had been interrupted.

"We should dress first." I pulled on my clothes and then helped my sister and Lillia into their dresses. After we were presentable, Lillia answered the door. It was Ava, a friend of my mother's. I was so surprised to see her that I simply stared.

"Yes?" Lady Lillia crossed her arms, frowned, and looked up at the woman.

"Oh ... a thousand pardons for disturbing, Your Ladyship." Ava curtsied. "I ... well ... may I address Remnic and Gwells?" She looked down at the floor, avoiding Lillia's penetrating gaze.

"Go on." Lillia waved her hand and rolled her eyes.

Ava looked in our direction. "Your mother has returned, Remnic. She begs you to return at once so that the sorceress, Yezzeh the Wise, may mend you." Her eyes darted toward the front of my pants and then found the floor again.

"Oh ..." I said.

"Well ... that's ... um ... what do we do?" Gwells moved over to me and hugged my shoulders as if we had just been given tragic news.

"Shall I tell the sorceress you are coming?" Ava clearly had expected a different response from us. She fidgeted with her dress.

"Oh, yes. We're on our way. This is splendid news." I lied.

We all stood in place for several moments. Nobody said a word.

“Well, you heard him. Be off and let the sorceress know he’s on his way.” Lillia closed the door in the woman’s face and turned toward me. “I don’t know whether to laugh or cry. I’m coming with you.”

“You’re what?” I didn’t understand how her presence would help matters.

“Maybe we can hide in the forest until the sorceress leaves. What do you think?” Gwells chewed her fingernails.

“I disagree.” Lillia strode up to us with a wide smile on her face. Perhaps she thought she would be done with me now. “It’s better to face Yezzeh head on. You don’t want to make her feel she journeyed here for naught.”

That was true. “Okay. Let’s go.” I led Gwells to the door, followed by the humming Lillia.

“Aren’t we a merry band,” Lillia laughed and followed us home.



“Mother!” Both Gwells and I rushed into our mother’s arms. Seeing her in the flesh stirred so many things inside me that I hadn’t expected. I had missed her more than my distracted mind had allowed. I hugged my mother tightly, while Gwells squeezed both of us. “You smell of the open road.” My nose picked up smoke from her fires, earth from nights spent on the ground, and her beguiling perspiration. It was a pleasantly aromatic mixture. I breathed in deeply.



“There he is.” Yezzeh croaked an unprovoked laugh. The old sorceress sat in a chair, looking every bit as shabby as the last time I’d seen her. Ava stood next to her. It appeared my father wasn’t home.

“Where were you, sorceress? Why did you make my mother chase you?” Anger welled within me. It was not just that she didn’t come when she promised, my rage was also prodded by what she had come to do. I no longer wanted to be *fixed*.

“I apologize. Something is happening in the Mottled Forest. I went to the edge of the Sea of Sands to investigate, but ...” Yezzeh’s words faded when Lillia walked in our front door. The sorceress stood and curtsied along with my

mother and Ava. “To what do we owe the honor, Lady Lillia?”

“Oh, you know me?” Lillia meandered around the room, pretending to inspect our modest home. “Pay me no mind, I heard tell of your visit and wanted to see your magic for myself.”

Still in her curtsy, my mother glanced my way with a questioning look. I shrugged and nudged Gwells’ bottom to remind her to curtsy. She did. I was the only one in the room who hadn’t paid the elf proper respect. The dragon in me enjoyed that immensely.

“Well ... I am happy for such ... an esteemed audience.” Yezzeh frowned. “But this a private matter for ... the afflicted boy. If I could ask all but his mother to leave ...”

"I am a man of eighteen and no longer afflicted." This was not the first time I'd had to correct the sorceress on this score. I watched my sister and Ava retreat out the front door.

"I would not betray the boy's trust." Lillia twirled about and smiled at me as if playing a childhood game.

So, she was here to see me revert to my old self. Would she detest me again the second the dragon cock was gone? I feared as much. Perhaps she would take me straight to the archmage. I prayed that she would leave my sister and mother out of it.

"Did you hear me? We no longer require your services, sorceress." I pressed my lips together and put my hands on my hips. My spine straightened to the full extent of my paltry height. "I am much better."

"Is that so?" Yezzeh looked from the elf to me and back to the elf. "Well, normally I would like to do an inspection, but ..." A bemused expression spread across her craggy face. She clearly did not know what was happening, but she could not ask me to show my dragon cock to an elf. That would mean my death. I did not think she wanted to kill her customers. "I have medicine here." She reached into her sleeve and produced

a blue bottle. She placed it on the table. "If your ... *problem* ... is not entirely improved, you may drink this. I consulted with Uzzelia herself. It will restore ..." She glanced at Lillia. "It will make you feel whole again."

"I thought you said ..." My mother glanced at Lillia, too. The lady waved at my mother and winked. "Never mind. Thank you very much, Yezzeh the Wise."

"Well, that was not very exciting." Lillia walked over to the sorceress. "Come along, I will walk you to the main road and see you off. There are a few things I might get your opinion on."

"Oh ... yes ... of course." Yezzeh furrowed her brow even deeper than usual. She collected her things and let the lady guide her out of the house. Lillia never so much as glanced in my direction.

When the door was closed behind them, my mother rushed to bring the medicine to me. "You must drink. We can put this all behind us." Once unstoppered, steam billowed from the bottle.



"I have missed you terribly, Mother." I took the bottle from her, but did not drink. I plucked the cork from her fingers and sealed the potion back inside. "So much has happened while you were away. And now that I see you ... I must have relief once more, before returning to my natural form."

She stared at me with wide eyes. "But ... but ... but ... if you drink, I no longer will need to do that for you. We would be free of the enchantment. I did all those things with you because I had to. The

bottle releases us from that need. Think of your father."

"I would rather not think of Father just now. I'm afraid that if I transform, my smaller human sack will explode from the weight I carry now." I put the bottle back on the table. "We must first release the dam inside me. I'm sure Yezzeh would have said as much if she had been free to talk." I turned and walked toward my room. I went inside and flopped on the bed. "One last time and I will drink." I smiled when her pretty face peeked through my doorway. She looked both alarmed and skeptical. I pushed my will toward her. "Wrap your breasts around my cock one last time, and we will be done with this."

My mother put her hand to her breasts protectively, but quickly dropped it and stepped into the room. Tension never left her face, but she no longer looked dubious. "One last time," she said and closed my door behind her.

