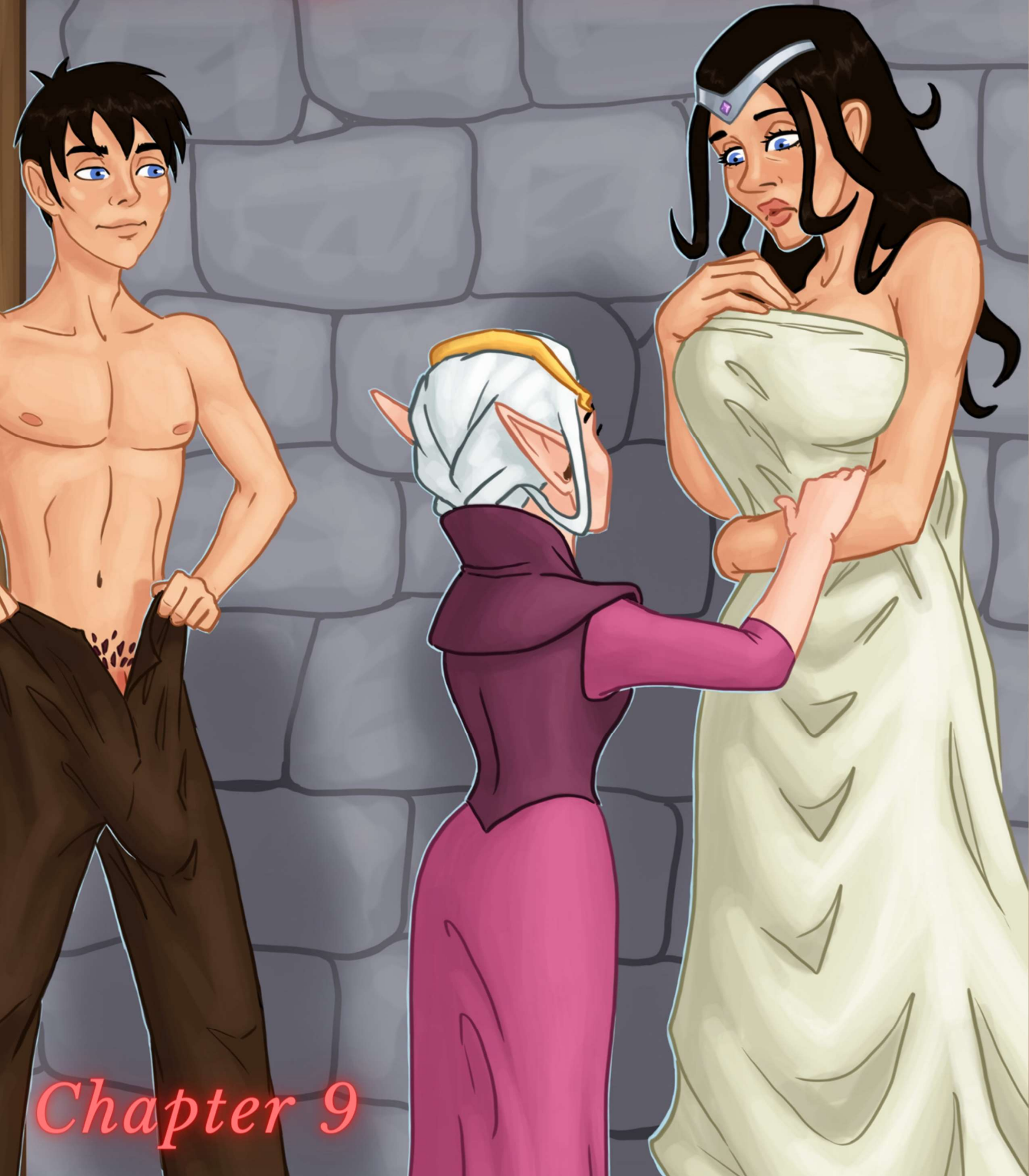


Dragon's Blood



Chapter 9

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Dragon's Blood Ch. 9

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Written by RawlyRawls

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"I should never have left." My mother stared at me with wide, frightened eyes. She wrapped my blanket around her nakedness. "I would have quenched your thirst. Your sister has yet to marry. Poor Gwells ... and Lady Lillia? It took both to satisfy you?" She was mumbling, her eyes darting about my bare skin. "Are you satisfied now? You are, I can see. It's gone soft. Now you can take the potion. Gwells and the lady will be free."

"There are a few things I must elucidate, Mother." I walked over to my trousers and pulled them on. Her talk of freeing treasure from my trove enraged the reptile inside me. I raised one finger. "I no longer wish to go back. That solution was for the Remnic that you left many days ago. The creature before you needs ... more." I raised two fingers. "I will not lose what I already have." I fetched Lillia's circlet and tossed it to her. "Like this fine elven jewelry. Put that on." I raised three fingers. "Gwells will not marry. She is happily tied to me now." I held up four fingers, but was interrupted when my bedroom door opened.



"Sorry to intrude, but I'm bored. How much longer must we wait?" Lillia smiled curtly at my mother. "Oh, my circlet looks nice on you, Sophie." Her smile broadened, and she giggled to herself, no doubt marking my mother's disheveled appearance. "Come out of hiding. I'm sure Gwells suffers the same ennui as I." Lillia stepped into the room, took my mother's hand, and pulled her out into the front of the house. I followed.

"Oh ... Mother ..." Gwells simply stared, her gaze following the trail of cum my mother left behind her.

"Gwells. I'm so sorry. I never meant for this to happen." My mother clutched more tightly at the blanket wrapped around her. "Your brother is ... going through some things. Help me convince him to drink the

potion. We must restore him."

"Stop it, Mother." I put my hands on my hips and stuck out my bare chest. I had never before taken such a forceful tone with her.

"Remnic?" Gwells looked to me for guidance.

"Oh, what gaiety!" Lillia clapped her hands. Her merry laugh filled the room like a clear bell.

In that chaotic moment, my father arrived home. He looked weary from his daily travails. But his eyes perked up when he took in the sight before him. "What ... um ... uh ... what?" He stared at his wife in bewilderment, his eyes darting from the circlet in her hair to the blanket and back again.

Seeing him cooled my passions. "Father ... I can explain ..." I said nothing else. I was at a loss.

Gwells looked away. My mother's cheeks turned scarlet.

"Yes?" My father looked at my shirtless chest. "Explain what in the hells is going on, Remnic. I would very much like to know."

"As a man, you must be used to disappointment." Lady Lillia strode over in front of him, crossed her arms, and gave him her most regal look. "I will disappoint you yet again. You will find no explanation here. Your family has offered to help my family on a private matter. And you are interrupting me, one of the ruling Uilins, in a most crucial moment."

"I beg your pardon, Lady Lillia." My father bowed to her. "What would you have of me?"

"I would have you take yourself to a tavern and not return until past nightfall." Lillia rubbed her chin. "On second thought, bunk up with one of your smelly friends. Do not return until morning. I have much work to do here."

"My Lady?" My father blinked at her in confusion.

"Leave your house until the morrow." Lillia shooed him with her hands. "Get, get."

My father gave one last glance at his wife and hurried from our home. Lillia closed the door after him. The second the door was shut she cackled. I joined in the laughter immediately. What a boon to have an elf in my dragon's cache. Hesitantly, Gwells covered her mouth and giggled with us. The only one not to join in was my mother.



“Enough.” Lillia clapped her hands. We all stopped laughing. “I want to see you, Remnic. I need to see you couple with your mother. Men are just a hair’s breath from animals, and so I would see her at her most bestial.”

My mother gasped and stared at the elf with her mouth hanging open.

“You may command my father. Indeed, I find your overbearing temperament worthwhile.” I frowned. “But you are mine. Your bidding means nothing to me.” I looked around the room. Gwells did not meet my eyes, and my mother continued to stare at the elf. “And even if I wanted to give you a demonstration, I am sated.”

My mother breathed a sigh of relief. “Are you hungry, Remnic? Gwells?”

We both nodded.

“I’ll fix you something to eat.” She glanced at Lillia. “Would the lady like to join us?”

Lillia looked to me for approval. I happily nodded. Her newfound obsequiousness pleased me greatly. “I will join you,” she said. “Since we have the house to ourselves, I think I will stay the night.” Lillia looked to me again with pleading eyes. I gave her another nod.

“Very well.” My mother walked toward her room. “I will get changed and fix something for everyone.”

“No need for clothes, Mother.” I looked over at Lillia, and she understood me at once. She went to our window, shuttered it, and drew the curtain. “You may return the blanket to my room.”

My mother stared at me for a good long while. I thought she would refuse. But after what seemed like an eternity, she nodded and went to my room. When she returned, she was naked. She walked into the kitchen and went about her tasks.

“I wouldn’t want you to catch cold. I’ll start a fire.” I stepped over to the hearth. Lillia joined me. I looked over



my shoulder at my sister, who stood staring at me like she had been struck dumb. “Would you care to help Mother, Gwells?”

“I can’t believe it.” Gwells quickly trotted into her room. She returned a few minutes later as naked as our mother. “I just can’t believe it.” She joined our mother in the kitchen.

Once the fire was roaring, I looked down at Lillia. “It seems we are overdressed.”

“It seems so.” Lillia smiled and waited for my command. This thrilled the monster inside me.

"You may disrobe." I removed my trousers and tossed them on the back of a chair. I sat myself in my father's cushioned seat by the fire, my eyes on the women working in the kitchen.

"You have a beautiful family, Remnic." Naked now, Lillia crawled onto my lap. Idly, she played with my somnolent cock. "Will the dragon wake from his slumber soon?"

"After supper. Thanks to you, there is no rush." I smiled.

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We ate well. My mother seemed ill at ease throughout our meal. I got up after soup and made a great show of throwing the vial of potion into the fire. Blue smoke hissed into the house and quickly receded. With that matter resolved, my mother seemed to relax. Now that the river of fate was crossed, I assumed there was no need for her to fret over her options. She even ventured a laugh at one of Lillia's tamer jokes.

After supper, the four of us reclined around the fire. I casually gazed from one set of breasts to the next. I was almost satisfied. Almost.

"What happens now, my apple blossom?" my mother said.

Once Lillia had stopped laughing at "apple blossom," I ventured an answer. "That depends. Are you mine?"

Lillia and Gwells stared at my mother, waiting for her answer.

"I belong to your father." My mother's eyes fell to my hardening cock.



"Well then. You may run along and find him at the tavern." I waved my hand dismissively. "I will spend the evening with my sister and the lady."

My mother did not move. She chewed on her lower lip. "I do not want to leave you."

"Fine. You may watch then." I beckoned to Lillia. "You are an expert on the horse, yes?"

"Yes. I was trained to ride as an elfling and have ridden daily ever since." Lillia leapt onto me.

"Your teachers did not know you would use their lessons to mount a dragon." I lined up my cock and let her settle onto it. Each time it spread her, I was amazed it fit. This was no different.

"That would be ... ugh ... unthinkable ... for them." Lillia let out a cry. Soon, she was bouncing on me at a great pace. "It rattles ... it rattles ... inside me."



I looked over at the women. Gwells had her hand between her legs, working furiously. My mother sat, staring at us, the most overstrung look on her face. It was clear she was fighting, and losing, an epic internal battle.

"You may ... uh ... uh ... uh ... either join Father," I said. "Or you may ... uh ... uh ... touch yourself ... while the lady ... rides me."

"I will stay," my mother whispered. I watched her hand slowly creep between her legs. With that pretty circlet still on her head, she masturbated. Her wide eyes watched the lady turn and take me sidesaddle, my arm supporting her muscular elven thighs. "Oh ... my ... oh ... my ..." My mother's eyes turned dreamy.

“Yes ... yes ... fill me with ... your dragon ... filth.” Lillia’s fair orgasmic song started. Soon the beauty of her wild music filled the room. The sound of it brought my mother and sister to their own climaxes.

Watching my mother’s eyes roll back, I was quite certain that she would become mine before Father’s return at daybreak.

