

# Dragon's Blood

By Rawly Rawls © 2021

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*Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.*

## Chapter 1

“Hey ... young man ... *ack ... ack ...* I have here the last bottle ...” The old, feeble peddler broke into a fit of coughing. I stopped on the weedy side of the road and waited for him to finish his pitch. He was a funny little creature, with his leather bags piled round. His ears and face resembled those of a decrepit elf. But his stature and rotund frame, reminded me more of a dwarf. Maybe he was a dwelf? Or an elwarf? Presently, his coughing stopped and he continued, “This is the last known bottle ...” he wheezed, “of dragon’s blood. Tapped right from the source by the ... *ack ... ack ...* grand knight, Elerion himself.

“And what does it do, old dwelf?” A wagon rattled on the rutted road behind me, its horses whinnying in dismay. We paid it no attention.

The peddler laughed. “Dwelf? I have not heard that before.” He coughed and wheezed for a while. “It grants you great ... *ack ... ack ...* vitality. All you have to do ... is pour it into your bath and soak. You will be a changed ... *ack ... ack ...* man.” He looked me up and down like he did not like what his eyes told him. Sure, I was a runt. At eighteen years, I was still no bigger than my older sister. But I did not care for his appraisal.

“Do you think I lack in vitality?” I asked him.

“It is not what ... you lack. It is ... *ack ... ack ...* what you will gain.” He wiped a tear from his eye. “But yes ... you do lack vitality.”

“And what will you gain by this exchange?” I admired his honesty. I was now quite interested in that bluish green bottle. “What will it cost?”

“Oh, nothing really. Just ... your boots.” He wiggled his grubby toes at me. “I can tell we have the same ... *ack ... ack ...* sized feet. And my toes grow tired of ... the damp.”

We bargained for a while, and the peddler won. I trudged away from the old dwelf, my feet tingling with cold, while he hacked and cackled behind me.

The second I arrived back at the Uilin House, my sister, Gwells, took one look at my feet and burst out laughing. “What man took you for a fool now?”

“He wasn’t a man. He was a dwelf.” I scowled at her.

“And what magic item did you cheat this dwelf out of?” The water in her washing basin sloshed with her laughter. Others gathered to see what the fuss was.

“Dragon’s blood,” I hissed.

“Oh, dragon’s blood, is it?” Gwells clutched at her stomach she laughed so hard. “Do you hear this, everyone, our stable man, my brother, the cunning Remnic, has traded his boots for dragon’s blood.”

About a dozen people, both elf and man, stood around now, all laughing.

“What does the blood do, Remnic?” Someone called.

I waved my hand at the lot of them, and turned my back on Gwells. “I have to tend to the stable. Enjoy your gaiety.”

“We will.” My sister called after me. “We will.”

I did not let Gwells rain on my parade. All day, as I tended to the animals, I thought eagerly of my coming bath. The Uilins were the elf family that sat on the throne of our little fiefdom. They were kind to the servants, even humans like me. Every night, after they retired to bed, the castle baths were opened to everyone that worked on the grounds. That night, I would wait extra-long, so that the dragon’s blood and I could have the last bath to ourselves.

“We’re done, apple blossom.” My mother, Sophie, and my aunts returned to our rooms looking fresh and clean. They were not elves, no, but they were as pretty a pack of sisters as humans could be. “It’s all yours.” My mother smiled at me, clearly aware of the dragon’s blood, but not wanting to make me feel bad about my trade.

“Thank you, Mother.” I kissed her perfumed cheek and walked over to the main house with my blue-green bottle. I took my bath in the small hours of the morning, soaking just as the old peddler had instructed. Eventually, I dried off and headed home. I felt no more vital than when I had entered.

“Where are you traveling at this hour, *human*?” From the tenor of the voice and the slightly ribbing way she had said *human*, I knew an elf addressed me. I turned to find the Lady Lillia standing in the corridor, a slightly mischievous smile on her face.

“I’m sorry, My Lady.” I dropped to a knee and looked at the cold, stone floor. “I did not know any of the House were still awake.”

“Do not tremble at my fair visage.” Lillia’s laugh was like the clear ringing of the loveliest bell. “If my mother had found you, then you might have cause to tremble.” She laughed again, like that was the most comical situation she could think of. “No, rise up, and tell me why you are up so late.”

If I had been more bold, I might have asked the countess’s eldest daughter why she was up so late. But I was not bold in the slightest. “I was the last out of the bath tonight.” I ventured a gaze at her. She was breathtaking in her beauty. As an elf, she stood about as tall as the shortest human, but her bearing added the perception of many inches to her height. The circlet declaring her position and privilege tucked itself neatly into her flowing hair.

“Oh, how you stare, human.” More laughter from the lady. “But you and I were not meant to be.” She danced toward me seductively, her long gown billowing around her. As she passed, her warm fingertips brushed against my cheek. “Off to bed with you. Although, by the smell of it, you might want to consider one more bath this night.” She disappeared behind me, her footfalls fading away.

I lifted my arm and took a sniff. While the dragon’s blood had not increased my vitality, it had left me smelling like something I spent my days shoveling. That old dwelf was not the first to deceive me. He probably wouldn’t be the last. I made my way home and crawled into bed. That night, I slept heavily.

I woke the next morning to a world swimming behind a looking glass. Or, at least, that’s how it seemed to me. My mother’s sweet face hovered over me. She dabbed my forehead with a cloth that felt like ice.

“He’s burning up.” The lines around her eyes became more pronounced as she watched me. “Go fetch another bucket from the well, Gwells.”

I tried to speak. I tried to ask her what was happening, but my words elongated and fizzled beyond my ability to form them.

“Shh, my sweet apple blossom. Quiet now, Remnic.” She dabbed my forehead again, stood and fussed with my pillow. I was left to stare at her great, dangling breasts, straining against her dress. And then my eyes rolled back, and I knew nothing more.

They said I was fevered and delirious for three days. On the fourth, I miraculously woke refreshed. I felt so good, I leapt out of bed.

“What?” My mother had been sleeping in a rough wooden chair by my bedside. Her eyes shot open when she heard my feet hit the stone floor. “Good gods, Remnic. What has happened?” She stared at my body, her eyes practically bulging out of her head.

“What is it?” My eyes fell, and I looked down at my body. I had the same short, wiry frame that I always had. My muscles evident, but not bulging, from my work in the stables. In fact, I was probably a bit skinnier than usual. But my general appearance wasn’t what I, or my mother, stared at. It was the appearance of something very specific. My once compact testicles hung low and heavy between my legs. Partially blocking their view, hung a frightful cock. It was much bigger than the one I had gone to bed with, and it had sprouted curved knobs around the head, like the rounded knobs on a dragon’s back. Or the knobs on a dragon’s –

“Cover yourself, Remnic.” My mother threw the small, wet cloth she’d been clutching in her hand at me, and I caught it. “Quick,” she said. “Before someone sees this witchery.”

But it was already too late.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiii.” Gwells entered the room, took one look at my naked form, and screamed.

“Look away.” I covered myself with that small square of cloth, but with the size of my equipment now, it did not conceal all. So, I turned from them, presenting my bare butt.

“Out, Gwells. Out.” My mother shoed my sister away. She then tucked me back in bed, and left quickly. I tried to sleep that day, but it was no use. Eventually, I roused myself, dressed, and left the room. There was no one in our small home. I wandered outside, and spotted my sister with some of her friends giggling by the blackberry bushes. I sneaked over to listen.

“... and shaped like a dragon’s you-know-what.” Gwells’s voice was filled with the satisfaction of good gossip shared. The women all around gasped, and giggled.

“Can they change it back?” One of the women asked.

“I don’t think so. But my mother is praying to the gods right now.” Gwells didn’t sound all that sorry for her brother’s misfortune.

“And can he still ... um ... get married?” Another woman asked.

“It’s ... too ... big!” Gwells held her arms out like she was telling them about the great fish she’d caught in the eastern lagoon. “Even a giantess could not take him now.” There were more gasps and snickering.

I turned and ran from my hiding spot.

I ran all the way to the river, stripped down, and jumped in. I scrubbed and scrubbed, working hard to remove every trace of that dragon's blood. When I finally exited the river I shivered and my teeth chattered, but my nethers were still those of a dragon.

To make matters worse, as I thought of the women laughing at my misfortune, I did not feel shame, but arousal. In my short time with this new monstrosity, it had not yet swelled. But now it started. It was indeed larger than any wife would accommodate. But despite the hideousness of it, my need was great. I grabbed my new appendage and worked it until I had my completion on the river bank. What blasted from me was golden and molten looking. It steamed in the grass. A chill ran down my spine. I raced back to my empty home, found my bed, and determined to never leave again.

It was very dark when I woke to someone shaking my shoulder. "Are you awake, my sweet Remnic?"

"I am awake now, Mother." I was cross with her because sleep had been such a good escape. The day's events filtered back into my mind.

"You fear it, as a mother." Her voice was hushed. It was clear she didn't want to awake Father or my sister. "That an accident could befall your only son. Eighteen years, I've cared for you and watched out for you. Did I not try and tell you not to trade with men of avarice?"

"He wasn't a man. He was a dwelf." I could not tell in the darkness if she smiled.

"Well, what's done is done." She moved about my room and then kindled a small lamp. She sat back in the chair by my bed and placed the lamp next to her. "Now let me see it."

"What now?" I stared at her.

"The dragon penis. Take it out, please. I need to ... examine it." I looked into her eyes in the flickering light. There was something odd in her gaze. An eagerness I would not have associated with her.

"If you think it needs cleaning after what happened, it does not. I bathed in the river today." I expected her to ask me when I had traveled to the river. But she did not.

"Enough games, Remnic." She pulled down the blankets herself. She drew in her breath when the large, soft serpent came into view.

It had changed even since I'd last looked at it. The skin on my cock looked almost green, and the veins seemed covered in ... little scales. Those strange knobs also had scales. "It is grotesque. I am a monster. I will kill that dwelf." My face grew hot in my rage.

"Never say that." She leaned forward and kissed my forehead several times, placing her large boobs in my face again. The thin fabric of her dress was all that separated my lips from the soft skin of her breasts. With that unwelcome thought, my cock gave a lurch.

She reached up and fussed with my pillow, shaking those hanging tits right before my eyes. "You are a beautiful, young man," she cooed. "This is just an obstacle to overcome. Perhaps we can have a sorcerer come look at you. We don't have much savings but ... oh my." She finished fussing with my pillow and looked down at my body. She could see the serpent between my legs shuddering awake. "Oh ... it's growing."

"Perhaps you should go now, Mother." Neither of us paid much attention to my words. We both stared at the horrible thing growing into a tall, curving tower. The knobs around my cockhead twitched and vibrated.

"We ... um ... definitely need to get you a sorcerer. Whatever the cost." My mother leaned toward the monster sprouting from between my legs. "This is ... too much." She reached out with a trembling hand, placed her palm on the head, and then quickly retracted it. "Oh, my. It's like a rattling wagon."

"Mother! Don't do that." I winced. But not from pain. I was trying to control the pleasure that raced from her touch to every nerve in my body.

"Sorry." She picked up the lamp and stood, still staring at my cock. Her eyes never left it. "Do what you can to quell it tonight. Don't worry about the bedding. I can wash ... your stuff from it tomorrow." She backed toward the door, eyes still fixed on my dragon cock.

Oh, gods. It was a dragon cock, wasn't it? The old dwelf had given me the vitality of a dragon, by turning me into a dragon. Even with the horror of that knowledge, I wanted her to leave so that I might quell the beast with my hands as she suggested.

"Goodnight, my fierce apple blossom." My mother opened the door, and slipped out. "Tomorrow we will find you a sorcerer."

The rest of the night was a mixture of anguish and ecstasy for me. And come morning, the bedding definitely needed a wash.

## Chapter 2

More changes greeted me as I pulled on my new cock in the dark hours of the morning. The hideous knobs receded until they were no more than vibrating bumps around the head. The color of my afflicted appendage turned a reddish, lustful hue. And the stuff that shot out of me in jets with my last climax turned the color of blue flame. As it fell back onto my body it nearly scalded my skin. As I wiped the steaming stuff off with a rag my mother had left, I prayed no further changes would befall me before the sorceress could fix the situation.

It wasn't commendable to leave the mess I'd made of my bed to Mother. But she had said she would clean up after me. So, I slipped out of the house before first light and made my way down to the river. My toes tingled on the cold, muddy ground. I sorely wished I still had my boots. I tried not to look at the monstrosity as I splashed the flecks of gold and blue cum off, telling myself it would all be over soon. I skipped breakfast back at the house and went right to work at the stable. As the sun rose people began walking past. It seemed they all stared at me and smirked or outright laughed. What a fool I'd been.

At midday, I spotted my mother walking toward the stable as I hoisted hay bales. She smiled at me. That was a good sign. "Good news, Mother?" I couldn't tell if she was putting on a brave face for me, or if her cheer was true.

"We sold our mule and purchased the services of a sorceress." She stopped in front of me and wiped my sweaty brow with her dress. She was always so beautiful when she smiled. But I found my cock shuddering and growing at the sight of her. Before she could notice, I draped a saddlecloth over my shoulder so that it hid the pavilion that was springing in my trousers. "I'll mend this at the house," I lied. I reached under the cloth and adjusted my scaly cock so that my belt supported it.

"Of course, my apple blossom." She gave me a sidelong look. Her eyes traveled down my body. My disguise hadn't fooled her, but she was too kind to say anything about it. "Come now, she's waiting."

When we arrived at the house, I could plainly see that our mule hadn't sold for much. The sorceress wore a ratty hat and a patchwork cloak, frayed at the sleeves. I suspected that any worthwhile sorceress would have magically mended her clothes. She spoke to my father before turning to me.

"There's the beastly boy," the sorceress said when she saw me. "I am Yezzeh the Wise and I am here to solve your little problem."

"I am a beastly *man* of eighteen years, thank you." I could already tell I didn't like Yezzeh the Wise. My cock deflated as I stood there, thank the gods.

“It’s back to the field for me.” My father wanted no part of this, and for that I was grateful. He was gone in a flash.

“Let’s see the nuisance then, shall we?” Yezzeh’s face carried a bemused smile. “Come on lad, remove that cloth and lower your trousers.”

I looked at my mother and she nodded her assent. Her smile was more forced than before. I exposed myself to the women.

“Well, you weren’t lying about the problem, Missus Sophie.” Yezzeh frowned at the reptilian organ that hung obscenely from between my legs. “And if you notice, the testicles have fallen. That means he’s in season, or there’s a female dragon about. When a dragon hangs low like that, and he’s a vital creature, the female dragons flock to him. Hmmmmmm.” She rubbed her chin. “And these bumps here.” She pointed to the protuberances around the head. “When the dragon is ready for a dragoness the spikes recede as an invitation and turn into these rounded knots that vibrate during copulation. Very stimulating to the dragoness, I would think.” She croaked a laugh and then turned somber. “The progression is farther than I hoped. This could be trickier than I thought.”

My mother and I stared at the woman in disbelief. “Did you say my son would attract a dragoness?” She clutched at her chest in fear for my safety. And probably for the safety of our entire village, and maybe even the castle. “Is it a scent thing? Maybe we could disguise his odor somehow?”

“It’s not a ‘scent thing’ as you say. To tell you the truth, those more sagacious than Yezzeh the Wise have no idea what the attractant is despite many tests. Dragons possess magic so ... wait, I have something about it here. I brought all my materials in preparation.” Yezzeh reached into her overstuffed bag and rummaged around.

This was so much worse than I thought. “I must run into the forest so that I don’t bring flame and ruin down on everyone.”

Forgetting my hideous, hanging cock, my mother pulled me into a hug. “We’ll find some other way.” She pushed me away when she felt the monster rise against her leg. “Cover yourself,” she whispered. She turned me away from the sorceress and draped me with the saddlecloth again. Her face went pallid.

“Oh, yes. Here it is.” Oblivious to our discomfort, Yezzeh pulled out a parchment. She unrolled it and started reading. After a minute, she spoke. “Yes, it is some sort of magic of the mind. I almost forgot. The male dragon uses mental powers to make the female dragon willing. They are taciturn creatures, naturally. We know this from some exciting ongoing research by Uzzelia. Yes, yes, very exciting. I don’t think the young man will accidentally seduce any female dragons. We should be okay.” Her laugh was rough and creaky.

“So, we’re safe?” I looked over my shoulder at the sorceress, willing my grotesque cock to return to sleep.

“What?” Yezzeh didn’t look up from the parchment. “From smitten dragonesses? It would seem so. But what to do about the transformation? Do you still have the empty vial? And tell me the story again.”

I told the crone the whole story of acquiring the blood, bathing, and each mortifying change. She eventually put down the scroll and looked up at me expectantly. By now my cock had fallen again. I found the vial and put it in her hand.

“Well, then.” Yezzeh tucked the vial into her robes. “I hope to have a cure before a fortnight passes. If anything else changes, let me know. Also, I would stay away from any women you fancy for the moment. We wouldn’t want your dragonish nature imposing itself on your village.” She smacked her forehead. “Oh, and it should go without saying, but speak nothing about this to the elves. They hate dragons, you know.”

“But my sister already told everyone.” I was despondent. What would the elves do to my family if they found out?

“Everyone?” Yezzeh smiled. “Well, I doubt news of a stable boy has made it to the seat of power. If the elves do cause you problems, let me know and I’ll see what I can do.” Her smile widened as she took in my mother’s stricken face. Elves were powerful creatures. What could this dumpy witch do with them? She picked up her things and moved to the door. “Now remember, stay away from pretty damsels. We don’t know what you’d do if given the opportunity. Send word if anything changes. See you soon.” And she was gone.

“So, I have to live like this for a fortnight?” I slumped in a chair.

“At least she can fix it.” My mother ruffled my hair. “And we’ll tell the stable master you’re sick. You’ll have to stay in the house for a while. It’s lucky nothing has yet happened with a woman you fancy.” She narrowed her eyes and looked down at me. “Nothing has happened, has it?”

“No, Mother, I swear.” I held out my hands palms out.

“Okay, good.” She clapped her hands together like that settled that. “I’ll make you lunch.”

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I spent most of the next several days with my mother. My father and sister would come in and out of the house. But Mother and I were there almost always. I tried to time my masturbation to those rare instances when she was out of the house at the market, or visiting the village with her sisters. But my need grew too great. I ended up relieving myself with only a wall separating us. It's not like she didn't know what I was doing. She had to clean up the blue cum in my bed at least once a day.

The more it happened the more I obsessed over it. The thought of her listening to me drove me a bit crazy. My grunting grew louder each time. I wanted her to hear when I came. I wanted her thinking about it. And then it dawned on me. My erections around her weren't an accident. You probably think me an idiot for not seeing it sooner, but who wants to admit to themselves that they fancy their mother?

She had tried to keep me away from pretty women, but instead my mother had locked me in an enclosed space with one. And I was a creature in season, as the sorceress had said. My dragon balls hung low. My thoughts filled with what my mother and I *could* be doing while my father and sister were out of the house. Every hour she wasn't in my room while I worked my dick felt like an eternity wasted. I wished more than anything that she was with me. And then, about a week after we'd seen the sorceress, she started opening my door and stepping into my room while I was hard at work. She would blush, apologize, and quickly leave. She must have done that twenty times before I asked her to stay.

"Come in and close the door, Mother." I felt a surge in my scaly balls when she did just that. Her shoulders went up to her ears with tension, and she dared not look in my direction.

"Maybe I should come back? You're busy with your ... affliction." But she didn't leave. She stood there wringing her hands.

My reptilian brain narrowed its focus to one of its most basic needs. My hands were filled with dragon cock, and my mind with dragonish thoughts of conquest and possession. "My affliction is ... too much for me. My hands cannot keep up with the demands of this thing." I waved my towering dick in her direction and released it. The bulging veins pulsed hideously.

"I somehow knew you needed me to take care of it," she squeaked. "My little blossom has grown into a towering tree." She reached out and touched the knots around the head of my cock. "And the apples are so ripe and ... rattling. Oh, my. Why does it shake so?"

I watched as the iron ring my father had given her at their wedding altar rubbed across dragon skin. All I saw was treasure. This was a thing to add to my trove. And the woman before me, too. I longed to hoard all beauty.

“How many times have you erupted today, Remnic?” Her eyes bulged as she stared down at the task she’d set herself. Both hands pumped the beast.

“Five.”

“So many,” she whispered. “I’ll help you with the sixth, and then you must rest.” She worked me in silence for a while. Lightning coursed up and down my nerves. Her hands were so much better at this than mine.

“Your cleavage is too narrow for my taste.” I knew the animal was speaking for me now. I thought about my poor father for a brief second, my humanity making a valiant last stand.

“Don’t say such things.” She worked me harder, making her boobs bounce and shake in her dress.

Humanity lost. Dragon won. “I will say nothing further about it.” Rather than parley with useless words, I reached out and tore her dress from the neckline down. She turned her gaze away from my dick and looked down at my hands on her tattered dress.

“Remnic!” But even then, she did not stop pumping me.

“*Mother!*” My tone was a mockery of the shock in her voice. I tore her chest band, too. Her tits spilled out into the open, even more beautiful than I had expected. “Now, lower your mouth to me.”

Still holding my dick, she leaned forward and kissed me on the lips. She backed up a little to see if that had pleased me.

“That was nice, thank you. But my cock would better appreciate such attention.” I nodded down my lean body at the monster she had hold of.

“Oh, gods.” She moved incredibly slowly as she lowered her face toward my inhumanity. Her expression was that of a rabbit caught in a trap. Her mouth opened wide, and she took the head in. “Mmmpppppphhhhhh.” Her face contorted in the most ridiculous and lovely way. I was too big for her, but it didn’t matter. Very quickly she bobbed her head awkwardly and pumped her hands up and down my length. She groaned, hummed, and slobbered perfectly. Her pale tits bounced up against my hip as she worked. I was getting close. So close.

“Mother? Remnic? I’m home.” My sister’s voice came muffled through the closed door. She had returned to our rooms.

My mother plopped her mouth off my cock and released it from her grasp. She leapt to her feet, her tits bouncing about. She quickly tucked them into the torn remains of her dress. “Just a second, Gwells. I’m helping your brother.” She looked at me with an expression that said she would murder me if I spoke.

Part of me wanted to ignore my sister and have my mother finish what she started. Frustration tensed my muscles. It was hard to focus beyond my dragonish thoughts. But my humanity came back to me in a rush.

“Wipe your chin and go, Mother. Quickly.” I watched her race out of my room. I had no idea how she would explain her torn dress to Gwells. I took hold of my cock and worked it myself. The pleasure was not nearly so great, but I still finished my sixth orgasm of the day.

## Chapter 3

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, Mother. 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 mother 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, Mother." 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.”

“It’s to please ... my ... dragoness.” I saw a flicker of fright on her face at that word, but it was quickly replaced with avid concentration. Soon, she moved her mouth closer to the head and licked it each time her breasts bounced against the base of my cock. “You are ... mine ... Mother.”

“Yes ... Remnic ... For the ... next week ... I’m yours,” she said between licks.

“Do you ... ugh ... want my ... cum?” I could feel my heavy balls contracting. It wouldn’t be long.

“I don’t know ... when I clean ... it looks so ... different.” She kept pumping with her boobs and licking. That wasn’t a no, so I let myself go.

“Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Semen the color of blue flame erupted from me. It hit my mother right in the face. I didn’t care. She fell back in surprise and the geyser continued. I could feel the heat of it on my thighs and stomach as it cascaded back down.

“Oh, my ... oh, my ... oh, my,” My mother muttered as she wiped the stuff from her eyes. When I was done, we both panted and stared at one another. She looked like quite the fallen angel with dragon cum on her hair, face, and tits.

“That elf ... really got you ... worked up.” She sat forward and tentatively reached for my cock. “You can’t covet an elf, Remnic. It would be the end of us.”

“I ... know ...” I panted. The human in me struggled to the surface. “I won’t do anything ... stupid.”

“It’s still vibrating ... and so hard.” She wrapped her hands around the shaft. “For the next week, I will channel the feelings you have ... for Lady Lillia. And any other of the fairer sex you fancy.”

“That ... sounds ... good, Mother.” I watched her lower her mouth and lick cum from the head. “How does it taste?”

“Like salty fire.” She then took me into her mouth and worked me to another release. I was shocked when she eagerly swallowed my next load. Although, most of it did overflow past her lips. We then cleaned up my various messes. I hid the circlet away in my room. Together, my mother and I pretended everything was quite under control when my sister and father returned for dinner.

## Chapter 4

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.

“Mmmppppphhhhh.” 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.

## Chapter 5

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 as 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. Oooohhhhhhhh.” She slid it in. “The way it vibrates ... inside ... is ... aaaahhhhhhhh.” 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 elven 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 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.

## Chapter 6

“I will let you go free if you leave now.” Lady Lillia’s words were filled with malevolence. I did not believe her. “The longer you wait, the worse it will be for both of you. Take my offer.” She scowled at me, her fingers clawing at the arms of her chair. This was a creature not used to powerlessness.

“Forgive me, Your Ladyship, but I choose to ignore you for the moment.” I paced the length of the room, looking at her books. The spines glittered with gilt. How I wanted them. I would possess the whole room if I could. My avarice made it hard to concentrate. I turned toward my sister. “A few minutes ago, I shouted loudly, did I not?”

“You did.” Gwells had her fingernails in her mouth, an old habit that returned in times of stress. Her wide eyes watched me as I walked.

“And no one has intruded.” I glanced at the rage-filled elf. “This is a very private study. Can no one hear us?”

Lady Lillia bit her lip and poured hatred from her eyes.

“I have another question, Gwells. Is it true that you did not like me very much before our fishing trip?” I picked up the whirligig. It had a pleasant weight to it. It did not burn me this time. I looked at the evil-looking mark it had made on my right hand. Even with her will bound to it, Lillia was a more recalcitrant dragoness than my sister. Or even my mother. But the principles of my affliction affected her in a similar way. “Gwells?”

“What? Yes.” My sister nodded. “I am sorry to say that in all your eighteen years I found you no more than a pest at best and a nagging thorn at worst.”

“Whoa.” I smiled at Gwells. “No need for so much honesty.” I was near the bookshelf, so I put the whirligig on a high shelf, well out of Lillia’s reach. “And how do you feel about me now?”

“You are like the imperturbable moon pulling my tides.” Gwells’s face brightened into an angelic smile. “You are as a strong, dexterous farmer tilling my fields. You are –”

“Kill me now and get this over with. My sword is right there. Run me through.” Lady Lillia rolled her eyes. “Just cease this inane chattering torture.”

“So, you went through a complete reversal in your regard for me. The fishing trip was the pivot point.” I loosened my tunic and pulled it over my head. I tossed it casually on Lillia’s low desk. “Lady Lillia despises me more than you ever did, but maybe we can change her outlook.”

Both my sister and the elf caught my meaning at the same time and said “No ...!” in unison.

An appeal to Lillia would be wasted, so I looked to my sister as I kicked off my shoes. “Would you ever hurt me?” I watched Gwells shake her head. “We must ensure that the lady feels the same, or she will betray us both.”

“You can’t possibly.” Lillia’s expression was one that might never have touched her countenance before: panic. “You can keep the circlet. And I’ll give you gold. A thousand pieces. If only –”

“Quiet now.” I pushed all my will toward her, but Lillia kept up her frenzied bargaining. “No more words from you,” I bellowed. Finally, her mouth shut. “Gwells?”

“Yes. You’re right.” Gwells nodded. “What do you need from me?”

“Undress her and ... guide me through this.” I pulled down my trousers and undergarment. My hideousness sprung out in the open. It was all the more terrible in the elven castle, its horrific appearance blasphemous in a keep built by dragon slayers. I took several deep breaths, trying to control the hunger inside me. I had to keep my wits about me or Lillia might get the upper hand. “I know embarrassingly little of womanly desires, or those of she-elves. We must woo her and win her.”

“You seem to know all my levers, Remnic. But I will help.” Gwells gently pulled Lady Lillia to her feet. Despite looks of deep reproach from the elf, my sister removed the lady’s dress, shoes, and undergarments. Gwells and I surveyed her handiwork. Of course, Lillia’s body was small, but she was beautifully proportioned. The old saying about elven beauty was proven true.

Could I dare to dream of adding her to my trove? Would such a fierce creature allow herself to fall into my possession? I forced those dragonish thoughts away. At the moment, I needed only to please her in such a way that she would see me as her ally. “I suppose we should start by having you suck me, Lady Lillia.”

The elf spit on her beautiful floral carpet.

“No, Remnic.” Gwells frowned. “We must start by getting her ready. I can see that you need no further warm-up. You must taste her vagina.”

“I ... I’m not sure how to do that.” My mother and Gwells had been so eager to please me, that I hadn’t even considered using my mouth to please them.

“Well ... um ... I have a little experience. I could show you how.” Gwells did not meet my eyes.

“Wait ... you have experience receiving or giving?” I cocked my head, wanting to see this entirely unexpected development. I imagined Lillia sitting on her desk, with my sister

kneeling before her. Just as the thought formed in my mind, Lillia climbed onto her desk and sat with her legs dangling over the side. My sister fell to her knees in front of Lillia and spread the elf's legs.

Lillia's fevered gaze bounced between me and my sister, her eyes wide with shock. I wrapped my hands around my cock and stroked.

"The trick, Remnic, is to be firm but gentle." My sister was not going to answer my question. Instead, she began the lesson. "You see her lips, how they puff out and call for attention? We start there." Gwells leaned her head forward and licked Lillia's nether-lips.

"Hhhmmmmmmnnnn." Lady Lillia jerked her hips. Still following my orders, she did not speak. The lady stared down at my sister as Gwells lovingly kissed, licked, and sucked elf pussy. I couldn't see very much of what she was doing, but I wasn't so worried about the instructions. I could learn it all later easily enough.

"Mmmppphhhh ... she tastes ... mmmppphhhh ... different. Like ... oranges ... and fresh cut ... hay." Gwells finally did answer my question in a roundabout way. So, she had tasted a woman's pussy before. The thought of it enflamed my desire. I watched my sister reach under Lillia, cup the elf's butt with each hand, and press Lillia's pussy harder to her face.

"Ooooohhhhhhhhhh." Lillia shuddered, leaned her head back, and stared at the high ceiling. Her shoulders shook violently, sending her breasts bouncing. Her eyes rolled back in her head, but not out of disgust this time. I knew my sister had found a magic spot. The elf was cumming. "GGGgghhhhhhhhhgggggggghhhhhhhhh." Lady Lillia gritted her teeth and hunched her hips toward my sister's eager tongue. When the lady's orgasm passed, Gwells did not stop but kept working her with her mouth.

I let them carry on like that for a while as I stroked and watched with fire in my heart. I counted four climaxes for Lillia before I called an end to it. "She must be ready now, Gwells. Yes?"

Gwells pulled her shiny, wet mouth away from the elf. "Yes, Remnic. I have set the stage for you. I think she should ride you. It will be easier her first time. I will hold her to make sure she does not bolt."

Lillia watched us through glazed eyes leaning back on her desk. Her small, pink tongue hung out of her mouth.

"Very well." I walked behind Lillia's desk and sat in her magnificent chair. It was a bit small for me, but I fit. The symbolism of her mounting me on that seat appealed to me. "Bring the lady here."

“Okay.” Gwells lifted Lillia into her arms and carried her around the desk. That simple act alone would be the humiliation of any self-respecting elf. They never let humans carry them. “I think she should face you. But she looks angry again. What do you think, Remnic? Does her visage bother you?”

“It does not. She can face me.” I smiled as Gwells put her on my lap, holding her hips high so that my cock had room under her. “And you may talk again, Lady Lillia. I would care to hear what you have to say.”

“To mate with a human is to mate with an animal. You are pets!” Lillia convulsed when Gwells eased her down on my cock. “Oooooohhhhhhhhhh ... it’s in ... it’s going to ... break me. You are worse than ... ugh ... human ... you are dragon ... spawn ... and I ... will ... oooooohhhhhhhhhh.” Her eyelids fluttered as she slid down my hideous cock. “Why does it ... rattle ... uuuuuggggghhhhhhhh ... it’s shaking my ... insides ... what are you ... oooooohhhhhhhhhh.” Her eyes rolled up and she was lost to another orgasm.

Gwells leaned her head down behind Lillia’s butt to inspect the coupling. “You are all the way in, Remnic.” She put her hand on my thigh when I started bucking. “Not yet. Give her a moment to adjust. Your thing felt like a tree trunk inside me, I can only imagine what it feels like to her.”

“I ... will ... wait.” I leaned forward and took the lady’s left breast into my mouth, rolling her nipple with my tongue. Was I the first human to ever take an elf in this castle? Most likely. This province? All the land this side of the Sea of Sands? Maybe. I was surely the only one to do it with a dragon’s cock. I needed to hump her and claim my prize. “Can I ... start ... now?”

“Never ... in a ... thousand ... years ...” Lillia mumbled.

“I guess so.” Gwells stood next to us and took hold of the lady’s hair. Whether it was to prevent her from running, or for some other reason, I could not say.

“Become ... mine ... Lady Lillia.” I slammed my hips into hers over and over. In retrospect, I might have gone easier on her at the start, but my hunger consumed me. I seized her ass in my hands, and my arms helped propel her up and down my shaft. The whimpers she had made under the influence of my sister’s tongue were nothing to the screams, curses, and incoherencies that flooded from her mouth as I impaled her from below. It will not surprise you to learn that she was even tighter than my sister. At times, I worried at how hard her pussy squeezed, but I did not slow. All the disgust, haughtiness, and reproval vanished from her being. Her eyes watched me from very far away.

Soon, she was bouncing on her own. Not long after that, I was shocked by a high-pitched, forceful song, the beauty of which I had never heard before. The melody was as wild and untamed as the fabled Mottled Forest. I could only see the whites of her eyes,

so I assumed this was some sort of elvish orgasmic expression. She was hitting new levels of pleasure. "Yes ... cum for me ... Lady Lillia ... sing ... for me." I tightened my grip on her ass.

She sang louder.

We humped for a while longer. Lillia came again, but there were no more singing orgasms. It was all moans and high-pitched grunts from her.

"Perhaps you should try it standing up?" Gwells stepped away from us. I could see that her hand was moving rapidly under her dress.

"Yes ... yes ..." I stood. It was not difficult while holding an elf. Still gripping her ass, I worked her with long strokes. I was tentative with the new position at first, but then found my rhythm. Like a firestorm, I felt my own climax approaching. The lady was drooling and moaning on my chest. I was ready. "I ... feel ... I should ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... cum in her."

"Then ... do it ... Remnic." Gwells was obviously approaching her own orgasm.

"We are ... joined now ... Lillia ... take ... my ... cum ... uuuuuuhhhhhhhhhhh." With a few final thrusts, I drove myself deep into the elf and then held my cock there. I emptied everything I had. I would have sworn lightning hit the room at that moment. Lillia's wild, beautiful song echoed in my ears. I was aware of very little but my release.

It took a while for things to come into focus. I was still holding the naked elf and still deep inside her. We were both panting and she had her arms thrown around me. With a loud squelching sound, I pulled out of her and set her down on her chair. I then found an undersized seat for myself. I was exhausted. I gazed at Lillia. "How do you feel, Lady Lillia?"

Lady Lillia was languidly blinking and smiling. "I feel ... I feel ..." She gazed down at her body and stared at where my stuff leaked out of her. "I feel happy, Remnic. Happy ... we are joined."

## Chapter 7

“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 ... oooohhhhhhhh ... 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 ... oooohhhhhhhh.” 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.

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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.

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“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.

## Chapter 8

“I’ve been doing this ... for a long time ... are you close?” My mother squeezed her breasts firmly around my strange cock. Since she was not moving to my satisfaction, I thrust my hips up, pleasuring myself.

“There is ... a problem ... ugh ... Mother.” I decided to hit her with one hard truth at a time. First up, was the elf. “Lady Lillia has ... ugh ... become mine. I own ... the lady ... now.”

“I don’t ... understand.” She released her boobs and pumped my veiny shaft with her hands instead. I admired her grit and determination. She had only returned a short while ago from a hard trip on the road and was still giving my cock her all. “The lady is an elf. You should not talk like that.” She looked around my room nervously, but of course our house was empty.

“I only tell you this so that you know why you can’t please me like you did before you left.” I arched my eyebrows. “She’s given me her pussy, Mother. Repeatedly.”

“Oh ... my ...” My mother’s hands slowed to a stop. Her face turned pallid. “Then we must drain you quickly and return you to your old self. She may have told someone. They may suspect. If they came looking for you and found this ...” She squeezed my dragon cock, pressing her wedding ring into my flesh. “... that would be the end of you. What must I do?”

I arched my eyebrows higher. When recognition spread on her face, my laughter pealed against the walls.

“We can’t, Remnic.” She stood and looked down at me. Her hair was unkempt, saliva dripped from her chin, and her dress hung about her waist. She was a mess. My mess.

“It is either you, or I must go searching for my new paramour. Which way do you think Lillia and Yezzeh went?” I willed my mother to give herself to me, pressing my thoughts upon her. I would not be separated from her again. She would not travel far once I had tethered her to me by the exceptional length of my cock.

My mother gasped. “I did not foresee this.” She slowly lowered her dress to the ground. “I thought I would return and that thing would perish by way of the magic potion.” She pointed accusingly at my cock. “But Lady Lillia has complicated things. I should have known she would be trouble for us from the start. If I had been here for you, Remnic, we could have done this sooner, and the elf would have never fallen for your ... changed thing.” She slowly wiggled out of her undergarments.

“You would have given yourself to me sooner had you not left?” I stopped breathing when she straddled me and grasped my cock.

“Oh, my. It does rattle like a loose wheel. I can’t imagine what that will do to my insides.” She lowered herself a little and let the head rub against her moist lips. “Oooohhhhhhhhhh ... gods. Does she like it? Lady Lillia, I mean. Can she take it?” She settled her weight on me. Despite her wetness, the head did not slip in immediately. Her pussy resisted.

The dragonish part of my brain withered as I witnessed my mother’s selfless act. She would do anything for me, even take my hideous organ inside her. “Yes, she likes it, Mother. It took her some time to adjust, but she says it feels wonderful.”

“Oh ... good ... because she must be much smaller than me ... and ... ugh ... I was worried ... uuuggghhhhhh ... you might split me in two ... oohhhhhhhh.” The head entered her with a plop. She slid down several inches, her hands flailing helplessly in the air.

“Does it feel good?” I no longer wanted to possess her. I wanted to join with her. She was beyond beautiful, sinking helplessly onto my pole.

“Not ... yet.” She looked down at me with wide, startled eyes. “It pushes at ... uuuggghhhh ... uncharted places. And ... shakes ... my insides ... gods ... I’m starting to feel ... something.”

“What ... what?” My hands lay quietly on her thighs, letting her keep her own pace. She slid the rest of the way and our hips met.

“That ... spot ... is ... fire.” Her eyes rolled back and she threw her head from side to side. “Flames of joy ... in my belly.” She pressed her hands to her navel, hips kicking into action. Soon, she undulated on top of me in a way neither Gwells nor Lillia had. “Empty yourself ... empty ... so that we might change you back.” She rode like that for a long time, as I stared, mesmerized by her rocking hips, quivering breasts, and contorted face. “Oh ... you’re making me ... oh ... you’re making me ...” I watched my mother cum for the first time. I was sure this wouldn’t be the last. If the dwelf who had swindled me out of my boots had said this was what the bottle would deliver, I would have traded him everything I owned.

After her orgasm, I gained confidence. Much to her confusion, I turned her around and watched her ass ripple as she rode me reverse saddle. She attempted to continue her undulations, but I guided her to great, long thrusts. It was magic to watch her pussy grip my cock for all it was worth. She cried out with several more climaxes before I rounded the final turn on mine.

"I'm going to ... fill you up ... with fire." I tightly gripped her hips. That was fortunate, because she tried to buck off me. She looked over her shoulder at me with a round O for a mouth, but said nothing. I screamed, closed my eyes, and filled her, holding myself fully inside her. It took a long time for my orgasm to end. When it did, I opened my eyes. She was staring into the distance, her whole body shaking. I realized she was cumming again from the heat of my dragon cum inside her. I pulled her off me, and she rolled into a ball on the mattress, still shuddering. "Are you ... feeling well ... Mother?" I panted. We were both covered in sweat.

"I never ... I never ... I never ..." she repeated over and over. Her trembling hand reached up and gripped my scrawny shoulder.

"My balls are not yet empty." I got up on my knees and gently moved my mother until she had her ass up in the air before me. "They must be empty when I change back, right?"

"Yes, but ... yes, but ... yes, but." She had a new muttering refrain.

Gaining traction, the dragon in me surged back to the fore. "You are mine now, Mother. I have marked you with my seed. And I will again." I guided myself into her, relishing her wail upon entry. "Can you take another dose?" I held two handfuls of ass cheek and found a rhythm with my hips.

"I can ... uh ... uh ... uh ... I can ..." She clutched at my mattress. "Dose me ... Remnic ... empty yourself of fire. I will ... oooohhhhhhhh ... take it all."

"Who ... ah ... ah ... owns you?" I smashed into her in a frenzy.

"Your father ... your father." Her voice cracked and distorted with pleasure. "I belong ... to your father."

While her words filled my animal mind with rage, I knew enough not to force the issue. Not at that moment. My mother was always more resistant to the dragon than my sister or even Lillia. "Then ... you are not yet ... my ... dragoness." I needed her to arch her back so I could admire her full womanly form bracing for each impact. Her messy hair invited my fingers. I took a handful of her silky mane and lifted her head up. She extended her arms and tilted back her head. I had been right to want this, she looked perfect arched before me.

At the door, Gwells and Lillia poked their heads into my room. Lillia had a mischievous grin on her face. Gwells looked like she might faint. My mother was screaming through another climax, so I guessed that she did not see them. I let go of her ass and motioned for Gwells and Lillia to leave. They both obeyed. When they were gone, I went back to concentrating on the wide, rolling ass before me.

Not long after, I emptied myself inside her for a second time. When I was done, my cock fell out of her with an audible plop. She lay on her belly, making incoherent grunted sounds.

Hearing that we had finished, Gwells made a loud show of arriving home. My mother sat up in a panic. I climbed out of bed and closed the bedroom door.

“Oh ... no. Your sister is home and we haven't yet given you the potion.” My mother pulled her dress to her and held it over her breasts for modesty. “She could discover us! What are we going to do?”

I sat on the bed next to her, making no effort to hide my nakedness. “There is something else I did not tell you about my time while you were away. This may come as a great shock.” I looked between her legs where my cum leaked from her. “Or it may not.” I took a deep breath and told her about my sister and me.

## Chapter 9

“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.

## Chapter 10

“You would not believe what I have learned from the humans, cousin.” Lillia smiled pleasantly at the buxom elf seated on the other side of her desk.

I sat in the corner silently watching both of them.

“An earth tremor has shifted the sands inside my mind. Beliefs that once towered upon stout foundations have collapsed. Whole cities of new thoughts now rise.” Lillia gestured to show cities crashing down, then rising from the ashes.

“This sounds ... disagreeable, cousin. And beneath an elf. Learning from a man?” Bemere sat with her hands on the desk. Her new ring was conspicuous. “I thought you had invited me here to congratulate me.” She gave me a cool, sidelong glance. It was clear she was eager to change the subject. Despite the fine clothes Lillia had bought for me, I’m sure I didn’t look much like a house servant. I didn’t have the training or manners. I bet Bemere could have placed me as a stable boy within three guesses. I corrected myself. I had eighteen years. I was a stable *man*. I smiled at my internal dialogue. Bemere quickly looked back to her cousin.

“Ah, yes. You are to be wed to that fine, noble elf ...” Lillia snapped her fingers a few times. “His name escapes me. But Mother told me all about him. A fine catch. Congratulations. Yes, that is indeed why I asked you here today.” She reached into a drawer, took out a whirligig, and set it spinning directly in front of Bemere.

“Oh, is that a gift?” Bemere clapped her hands. “It’s so pretty.”

“I come bearing all sorts of gifts today.” Lillia’s pleasant smile persisted. I knew she thought her cousin an insufferable bore, but Bemere was built with curves upon curves, and that’s where *my* interest lay. I had a slender elf in my trove. Now, I needed a curvaceous one. “Let me say a quick spell.” Lillia muttered incomprehensible words binding Bemere’s will to the whirligig. The incantation took no more than a minute. “You can take your gift.”

I watched Bemere stop the whirligig, destroying the vortex that protected her will. She smiled down at the thing like it was treasure. I knew that greedy expression well. My own avarice surged in my dragonish heart.

Lillia stood, walked around the desk, and took Bemere’s hand. “A very hearty congratulations on your engagement. If you enjoyed that first gift, you’re going to love what I have in store for you next. Follow me.” Lillia led her cousin out of the room. I stood and followed them back to my home.

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“Lady Lillia.” My mother curtsied in the doorway. “Lady Bemere. It is an honor to have you visit my home.” Her smile was thin. I knew she disapproved of both my appetite and my plan. But since Lillia had chased my father from our home, it seemed an excellent place to make mischief.

“Yes, quite the pleasure.” Bemere’s face turned down in a little frown of disgust as she entered the house. Despite the expression, I was taken by her beauty. Her long dress and circlet sparkled and flowing black hair caught the afternoon light falling through the doorway with a glowing sheen. I watched her round bottom roll under her dress as she moved. I was the last into the house and closed the door after me.

“Aren’t you excited?” Lillia laughed with joy, a high trilling sound. “You are about to experience earth tremors of the mind. Your mental sands will shift, cousin.”

“I’m not sure what could be worthwhile here.” Bemere scanned the room. My sister was out, but I could see she had helped my mother tidy before she left. I was proud of our little house, whatever the elf thought of it.

“I am worthwhile.” I stepped forward. “My mother, Sophie, is worthwhile.” I waved a hand at my mother. She looked petrified that I would speak to an elf that way. She stood clasp her hands tightly before her and chewing her lip. Her rosy cheeks went pale.

“What did you say?” Bemere turned to look directly at me. “You?” she scoffed.

Lillia’s eyebrows arched. Her smile turned feral. It was clear she was enjoying the moment immensely.

I let the dragon surge inside me. “You feel that I am the most compelling gift you have ever received. You are honored that Lady Lillia would offer me to you as an engagement present.” I pushed my will into hers. She still clutched the whirligig in her hand. Without its spinning vortex, she was quite receptive.

“*You* are my gift?” She looked me up and down. Confusion furrowed her brow for moment, and then it smoothed. “Yes ... you do please me. You are handsome, for a man. And you strike me as one with purpose. But what should I *do* with you?”

“Play with him, cousin.” Lillia hoisted herself up on our table and sat with her legs kicking the air. She watched her cousin intently.

“If you’ll excuse me.” My mother went to the kitchen and busied herself with chores. No one but me paid her any mind. I watched her begin preparing supper, then turned my attention back to my beautiful new elf.

“Like any new present, you’ll need to unwrap me.” I pushed the words toward her. Flames licked my mind.

“I ... need to unwrap you.” Slowly, Bemere walked toward me. Her sparkling attire was muted with the curtains drawn and the door closed. Only a faint glitter shone here and there. She stopped in front of me and looked up. “Help me with your buttons.” While she started unbuttoning my shirt at the bottom, I started at the top. We met in the middle, and it fell open. “Oh, my. I thought you were skinny, but clearly your work in the stables keeps you ... healthy.” She had guessed my vocation correctly after all.

“You must inspect your gift.” I opened the shirt wider, inviting her hands onto my skin.

“Oh ... I don’t know.” Bemere balked. She stared at my abdominal muscles. Behind her eyes, I could see her mind turning things over.

“A man is nothing but an animal, Bemere.” Lillia’s voice was sweet and coaxing. “Would you not pet an affectionate dog?”

Bemere nodded slowly and reached out her hand. She ran it along my stomach. I could see her shudder at the touch, but she didn’t pull away. When she got to my nipple, she surprised me and ran little circles with her finger around it. It was my turn to shudder.

“You seek to please me?” I took her finger off my nipple. It was too dry to continue its caress. I bent and took her finger into my mouth, then returned it to my nipple. “Many things are better when wet.”

“Oh ...” Bemere’s face went slack. She stared at the circles she made on my chest. “I don’t know why ...?”

“It pleases you to please me. You want your pet happy. Is that not so?” I lowered myself to her level, so that we were eye to eye.

“It’s ... true.” Her green eyes met mine. Her pupils were open wide. She was already puckering her lips, anticipating the coming kiss. It occurred to me that she might be something of an empath. My esteem for her grew. I kissed her and let my tongue wander in her mouth. It took only a few heartbeats before her tongue pushed back on mine. Soon, her nails dug into the flesh of my chest. We did not come up for air for a long while. Finally, I broke the kiss and stood tall again. We were both panting.

“We must ... finish ... unwrapping your present.” I removed my shirt completely. She lowered my trousers and my undergarment.

“I don’t think ...” Bemere stared with big eyes at my hardening cock. “It’s ... a behemoth. Truly ... prodigious. And it’s getting ... bigger!” Her voice rose an octave.

“It is the typical appendage of a man.” Lillia sounded almost bored.

“Are you sure?” Bemere licked her lips. “I think something is wrong with it. It’s too big. And it looks ... almost reptilian.”

I was glad that she couldn’t identify its dragon origin.

“All men have such ugly erections.” Lillia looked at her nails like they might need polishing. My mother stared at us from the kitchen with her mouth hanging open. “He’s your pet,” Lillia said. “So, you must make it shrink again. Your gift is also your responsibility.”

“It *is* my responsibility,” Bemere echoed. “But how would I even ... I mean ... it’s nothing like an elf penis. I know so little of men.”

“Every journey begins with but one step.” Lillia winked at me. I tried not to smile back. I could sense that Bemere stood on the edge of decision.

“You have already kissed me.” I inched my cock closer to her lips. It was now fully turgid and ready. “This is but another version of the same act.”

She looked up at me with questioning eyes. “And ... are you truly my pet?”

“I’m afraid Lady Lillia must have mixed that up.” I took a handful of her silky, black hair and brought her lips to my cock. She opened wide for me, making an urgent, gurgling sound as it slipped in. “You are now *mypet*, Bemere. Mine, mine, *mine*.” She could get no more than the head into her mouth, but it was more than enough. She grasped the shaft with her hands and bobbed her head awkwardly.

“Mmmppppphhhhhhh.” Bemere closed her eyes and sucked the rattling head with desperation.

Lillia hissed some words I did not catch. I looked over at my mother, and she had a hand under her dress, working her pussy furiously. All had gone quite well. My treasure trove was growing.

## Chapter 11

Bemere's mouth did not satisfy all my cravings. She certainly tried her best, putting all her heart into awkwardly bobbing on my reptilian cock. I rewarded her with my seed. But as I stood above the sputtering elf, I let the greed fill me. My dragon's organ did not deflate as I regained my breath, and the captivating pleasure released its hold on me.

Lady Lillia's laugh resounded with all the beauty of chiming bells. "You are his pet indeed, cousin. You are simply covered in his goo. How precious."

"Oooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." My mother worked her clitoris with her fingers, her legs trembling as she climaxed. How sweet that my mother and I reached our orgasms one after the other even when we were not directly coupled.

"My ... oh ... my ... my ... gown ... my ... gown is ... ruined. I am ... coated." Bemere was working herself into a tizzy. "How is there so much? Do ... do ... all men make ... so much?"

"Oh, yes. They produce a ton of that ... sticky stuff. Why do you think ... there are so many of them?" Lillia's laughter had quieted, but her sides still shook. She jumped down from the table and danced over to her cousin. "Let's get you out of this gown. Sophie can launder it for you. We don't want you returning to the castle smelling like a dragon's sock." She gave me a wink.

"Did you say 'dragon'?" Bemere allowed her cousin to remove her gown.

"Did I? Silly me." Lillia pulled off the gown and went to work on Bemere's elegant linen chest strap. "I meant human, of course."

"My underwear is unsullied. We do not need to remove ..." But before Bemere could protest further, Lillia had removed her undergarments. There my curvy elf stood, wearing only her new ring on her finger and my cum on her pretty face. She covered her breasts with her arm and her bush with her hand. "It is time to wash my things, Sophie." She tried to put a note of command in her voice. Bemere's face reddened when she looked at my mother and beheld what she was doing. "Stop that immediately and launder my garments!"

"Oh ... I'm sorry ... Lady Bemere." My mother stopped diddling herself and stood quickly, letting her dress fall over her legs. "I'll get right to it." She rushed over and picked up the lady's gown.

"A moment, Mother." I waved my hand and she stopped. In our life before I drank the dragon's blood, she never would have listened to me over the command of an elf. Now, she stared at me intently, waiting for my next words. I turned my focus to Bemere,

letting my dragonish heart guide me. “You forget your place. Do you not remember that mere moments ago you were suckling me like a starving piglet? And now that you are grunted, you seek to burden my family? How dare you.” My cockhead nodded as my pulse quickened.

“How dare I? How dare I?” Bemere looked to her cousin who was busy rubbing her hands in glee. She looked to my mother, who stood frozen. She then looked back to my cock. “I um ... well ... since we will be waiting on your mother to clean my gown, I could ... um ... I could ... put it in my mouth again.”

“Splendid. The height of ignominy. An elf offering a man her sweet lips. Delightful.” Lillia clapped her hands.

“I was ... just ... I was ... um ...” Bemere’s face was so crimson it matched the flames within me.

“It is kind of you to offer.” I nodded and sat in my chair by the fire. “But first I want you to show us your breasts. Your cousin is wonderfully svelte, and you are quite buxom. Between the two of you, my collection is well represented. I would see now what I have acquired.” I focused my will upon her.

“Collection? Acquired?” Bemere did as I asked and dropped her arm.

“Dear me, she was always a bit obtuse. She hasn’t figured it out yet.” Lillia put her hand on her cousin’s breast and hefted it. “Quite substantial for an elf.” She looked over at my mother. “Of course, you needn’t fear our competition in this arena. We can never compare to your ample proportions. We were created by the gods to be diminutive, beautiful, intelligent, and sovereign. We are not beasts of burden like you.”

“Ignore her, Mother. You can wash the gown now. We’ll need it clean before we send her home.” I blew my mother a kiss. She smiled, nodded, and left our home, closing the door quietly behind her.

“Now, I’ll take you up on your offer, but it’s not your mouth I wish for this time.” I casually stroked my cock while waiting for her. I didn’t push her mind, I wanted to see what she would do left to her own devices.

“Oh ... my.” Bemere walked over to my chair and stared at my cock. Where I was sitting it was almost as tall as her. “This is nothing like an elf penis. It would never fit ... in my vault.” She removed her hand and looked down at her black triangle.

“She calls it a vault.” Lillia let out a peal of laughter. “Your safe is about to be plundered, cousin. You can trust me when I tell you that not only does it fit, but the pleasure is unrivaled. There’s nothing else like it. You will be hooked.”

Bemere took a step back, her eyes wide with worry. I could tell that Lillia's words disturbed her. Her eyes bounced between her cousin to the dragonish penis before her.

"I'll tell you what, My Lady. You try it out at your own pace. You can mount me facing the other way if you would rather not look at me." I smiled, magnanimous in victory. I could see her sperm-covered face go slack. She was clearly letting her urges decide for her.

"I'll do it." Bemere nodded once to herself and climbed onto my lap. "If Lillia can take this, so can I." She shot her cousin a challenging look as she turned away from me.

"Are you pushing her mind, Remnic?" Lillia raised an eyebrow. When I shook my head, she clapped. "My goodness, Bemere. You're not the bore I always supposed you to be." She seated herself in one of our oversized chairs, lifted her gown, and moved her undergarment aside. "What a treat the day turned out to be." Lillia masturbated herself while watching her cousin and I.

"I still don't see how this will work." Bemere reached under her and took hold of my cock. "Will this rattle so inside me?"

"It will." I traced my fingers down the delightful valley at the small of her back and over the curve of her ass. "You are so womanly but in such a small package."

"I am not ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh ... womanly." Bemere slipped my cockhead inside her. I could feel her vagina mightily resist. It was almost like she was trying to push me out again. She sank lower and shrieked. "I am ... no woman ... I am an elf ... molded by the gods ... to ... ugh ... to ... ugggghhhhhhhhh." Her whole body shook. Mesmerized, I stared at the wobbling globes of her ass.

"How do you feel, My Lady?" My cock looked particularly large and horrid next to her delicate beauty. I watched it inch into her. Her asshole puckered as her vagina continued its viselike grip.

"I feel ... like ... uh ... I have become ... some other ... lesser ... creature ... ooohhhhhhhhhhh." She flopped her head from side to side as an orgasm played with her body. I was not even all the way in and she had climaxed.

"You are ... uh ... uh ... my pet, Bemere." I put my hands on her hips and pressed her down. I let her wail and gyrate above me as her body adjusted to my presence. When I was satisfied that she'd stretched enough, I pulled her up and slammed her back down repeatedly. In no time at all, she came again. Bemere's high-pitched, forceful song was only matched in beauty by the wild melodies Lillia had sung for me.

"You've broken her ... Remnic." Lillia's mouth hung open. Her eyes drank in the vision of her mating cousin riding me reverse saddle. "That song was meant ... for her betrothed ... but she will never sing it for him now. Never."

Bemere's song dwindled until only base grunts escaped her. "The joy of riding a man's penis ... ugh ... ugh ... is unequaled in all ... my seventy-two years. It has penetrated ... ah ... ah ... my very soul ... and once there ... it vibrates the secrets of my ... core."

"That's it ... uh ... uh ... uh ... ride me ... Bemere." I slapped her ass. "You are mine now ... ugh ... ugh ... mine." Avarice now fully realized, my churning balls tightened. "Seeding ... you ... I'm ..." I gripped her hips and held myself buried to the hilt. Her song started again as I launched my molten progeny deep inside her. I had one last thought before ecstasy carried me away. Would I be satisfied with only two elves in my treasure chest? They were such enthralling creatures.

## Chapter 12

It will surprise no reader of this chronicle that I was not satisfied with two elves. Ladies Lillia and Bemere visited me often. But my avarice was boundless. I decided to test my limits and seduce an elf without help of the whirligig. That was a perilous day, but in the end my home heard the wild song of a third, ecstatic she-elf. Lady Aldwyn was Lillia's tutor and confidant. By sunset, she was also my secret wife. I sent her back to her palace chambers full of my molten seed.

One day as Aldwyn visited our house, I had a rare moment of generosity. I saw the jealousy writ on my sister's face as she watched the new elf bob her head on my cock. I did not know if she was jealous of me or Aldwyn. "Gwells?"

My sister took her eyes off the enthralled elf and met my gaze. "Yes, Brother?"

"Would you like an elf of your own?" I don't know if any human had ever offered such a magnanimous gift.

Gwells's eyes sparkled. "I couldn't possibly ..."

"It's settled, then." I pulled Aldwyn off my cock, picked her up, and handed the naked elf to my sister. "She is a glittering jewel, care for her."

"Yes, of course." Gwells giggled. "Thank you. Thank you so much, Remnic." Gwells slung the elf over her shoulder and carried her off.

"I've never been with a ... female." Aldwyn's wide eyes stared at me as she bounced on my sister's shoulder.

"Not long ago, you had never been with a human. Now look at you." I smiled and waved as Gwells closed her bedroom door. "Gwells is quite skilled. Enjoy yourselves," I called.

"Quiet now." My mother tried to give me a stern look, but she hadn't been well-practiced with that particular expression lately. I caught the smile sneaking across her face.

"Someone outside might hear you, my apple blossom."

"You are right, of course." I nodded. "Forgive me if I haven't been attentive to you, Mother." I beckoned her over. "There's been so much happening."

Hiking up her dress, my mother sat me on a chair and mounted me. "I understand. The dragon must have its way."

"It ... ugh ... must." I nuzzled her breasts through her dress as I entered her. "But we should still find time for each other ... uuuggghhhhhhhh ... mother ... and ... son." In no time at all, she was riding me like a trained equestrian.

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“Ah, the servants I requested.” Lady Lillia stood on her tiptoes and winked at my mother and me. “Don’t worry, you won’t be serving anyone. We have to keep up appearances.”

I bowed, and my mother curtsied as elves passed us in one of the entries to the palace. We were both wearing finery that Lillia had procured for us. My mother looked dazzling in her dress and jewelry. I hoped I was passable in the softest clothes that had ever pressed against my skin. “At your service, My Lady.” I winked back at Lillia.

“Come this way then.” Lillia turned stiffly and led us into the palace. I took my mother’s hand and squeezed it. She squeezed me back. We probably shouldn’t have been holding hands in such a place, but we were both brimming with excitement. We perambulated for five minutes and paused in a long hall.

There were elves all around, going about on whatever elvish business they had. I saw a few human servants as well as one or two other species on whatever errands the elves had called them on. I leaned closer to Lillia. “Why do we wait?”

Lillia held up her hand imperiously. “A moment’s patience, my good Remnic.”

We continued to stand in the hall. My mother squeezed my hand tighter. I glanced into her eyes and knew we were both wondering the same thing: was this a trap? Was the archmage about to step in front of us with a dozen of the count’s guard? “Lillia?” I whispered. “If you have betrayed us, I –”

“Here we go.” Lillia ignored me and clapped her hands when Bemere entered through a nearby doorway holding hands with a handsome elf. “Good afternoon, Cousin!” Lillia beamed.

“Oh ... good day ... Lillia.” Bemere turned crimson when she saw me. “You remember ... my fiancé ... Vellon?” Bemere forgot to return Lillia’s curtsy, but Vellon bowed deeply to the Lady.

“I’ve met your charming cousin before, darling.” Vellon finished his bow and smiled at Lillia. “A pleasure seeing your lovely visage again, Lady Lillia.” He eyed the humans standing behind her. “We shouldn’t keep you. It seems from your servants’ attire that you’re throwing a party.”

“Of a sort, yes.” Lillia smiled.

“Humans look so silly in finery, don’t you think?” Vellon’s laugh was sharp and biting. “They are truly animals. You might as well dress up a bear.”

“Darling,” Bemere squeaked while staring apologetically at me. I don’t know if the word was meant for me or Vellon.

“Yes, I know. They are in our care, and we must be kind to them.” Vellon resisted his fiancée as she tried to pull him away by the hand. “Enjoy your party, Lady Lillia.”

“Thank you.” As they passed us, Lillia snickered. “Good day.” Once they had turned down another passageway, she looked up at me. “Wasn’t that fun?”

“Please lead us on.” I gulped, my throat very dry. Lillia had ambushed us, but only for her own amusement. My mother looked almost green with distress. I felt similarly, but after another minute walking, my dragon cock lurched, and my reptilian brain gained some perspective. I had stolen Vellon’s treasure from under his nose. Maybe someday I would tell him of it and wipe that smug grin off his face.

Soon, we were climbing stairs, and I was too winded to think.

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My mother and I panted heavily and smiled. We had reached the top. Lillia looked back at us with an arched eyebrow and threw open the doors. My mother’s mouth dropped when she saw the expansive room that waited for us. I was too stunned to speak. It is one thing hearing about such luxury, it is another seeing it. Flames licked my heart. I wanted this tower. I wanted to live here. The whole palace should be mine.

“Welcome to your suite.” Lillia ushered us in. “As far as I know, you are the only humans to ever stay in this space. The furniture is all velvet and silk. The bed is larger than your house. There is food and drink enough for two days. I didn’t want servants finding out what was going on in here.” Lillia made coital motions with her hips. “And of course, there’s the view.”

“Oh ... my ...” My mother squeaked. She ran to the windows and looked out over the countryside, a lush forest dotted with villages stretched into the distance. “Remnic ... Remnic ... I never ... never ...” She ran about the room like a schoolgirl, touching the finely embroidered fabrics and plucking a grape from a silver tray. “What have we done to deserve this?”

For once Lillia held her tongue. I thought for sure she would say something acerbic.

“We have embraced our good fortune, Mother.” I grinned like an idiot.

My mother put the grape between her teeth, winked at me, and squeezed it until it exploded. "And we have embraced each other." She laughed gaily and jumped into my arms. It was all I could do to hold her in the air. "You may leave now, Lillia."

"Would you like me to return?" Lillia's smirk was devilish.

"In the evening. And bring Bemere." I kissed my mother and spun her about the room, her legs locked around my waist.

"Is Vellon invited?" Lillia's laugh rang like heavenly bells. She exited and closed the door behind her before I could reply. I prayed she was only joking.

"Kiss me ... Remnic ... kiss me." My mother's tongue explored my mouth. I spun her around and dropped her on the feather bed. She laughed and stretched out her arms. "I am in awe. At only eighteen years of age, you did this for us."

I slowly undressed, soaking up the happiness radiating off her. The dragon was suddenly a thousand miles from my heart. "Do you still proclaim love and fidelity to Father?"

Her smile faded as she looked up at me. "I hardly see your father anymore ... since Lillia chased him from the house."

"That is not an answer." I was naked now, my dragon cock nodding with my pulse in front of me.

"You, my sweet apple blossom, are here." My mother held her hand high. "And your father is here." She held her hand low. "And he is dropping. I may soon forget him altogether if you continue to sweep me off my feet."

"I will not abate." I motioned for her to undress.

"You're so bad, Remnic." She hurriedly complied, pulling off her dress and underthings. In a few moments' time, she wore only her sparkling jewelry. She spread her legs wide. "Take me with your beastly thing and ... make me forget your father."

"That shouldn't be difficult." I jumped onto the bed and crawled between her legs.

Her demeanor suddenly changed, and she had the countenance of a frightened rabbit as her wide eyes stared at my cock. "Is it ... already ... rattling?" She shivered, causing her breasts to rock on her chest.

"I would wager you that many an elf was conceived in this suite ... but never a human." My mother tried to look into my eyes, but I could see she was having a hard time pulling her attention away from my cock.

“I couldn’t have my own son’s ...” She screwed up her face as she thought of the word. “... hatchlings. We might have dragon hatchlings, Remnic.” She hissed with pleasure as I entered her. “Oooohhhhhhh ... it is rattling ... like a runaway cart.”

“You would look sweet ... with a clutch of hatchlings ... at your breasts.” My hips found their rhythm quickly. I barked out a laugh to let her know my comments were in jest. But she stared at the invading cock with horror on her face.

“Oooohhhhhh ... Remnic ... I never ... I never ... thought I would ... ask you ... for this.” I watched her expression slowly shift from fear to craving. She finally looked up into my eyes. “I want them! I do ... uuugghhhhhhh ... we will be the first humans to ... conceive in this room ... and the first dragons to conceive in this ... county. Give ... uh ... uh ... uh ... me ... your ... hatchlings ... eeeeeiiiiiiii!” She threw her head back onto the soft bed, arched her back, and climaxed on my cock.

Despite the fact that she continued to beg for my molten sperm, I held back. I planned to drive her more and more insane as she desperately pleaded for hatchlings. Who would have thought my mother capable of such things? We humped all about the great room. She rode me on an ottoman. Later, I placed her on her belly on a massive fur rug by the hearth where I plowed her tith for some time. Finally, I took her from behind standing by the great windows. We were both facing the view.

My mother pushed her ass back at me with reckless abandon. “Hatchlings ... ugh ... ugh ... hatchlings ... uuugghhhhhhh ... yours ... Remnic ... yours ...”

I was almost ready. “And what of ... ah ... ah ... Father?” I gripped her wide hips tightly, my hips falling out of rhythm.

“Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... who?” That was the perfect answer.

“Get ready ... to ... conceive ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Like a fiery volcano, I erupted inside my mother. The dragon in me rose to the fore. She was mine now. Completely mine. White-hot fire consumed my mind. For the moment, my avarice knew satisfaction.

## Chapter 13

“You look divine, Mother.” I drank in my mother’s naked form. She reclined on the hearth, the firelight flickering on her dazed eyes. Her legs were spread wide. I had destroyed the sacred place whence I’d sprung. Her vagina gaped, displaying the pink inside. “My seed flows from you like magma down the side of a belching mountain. Do you regret asking for my ... hatchlings?”

“Hmmmmm?” She glanced at my slumbering dragon cock as I relaxed naked on the fur rug. Presence came back into her eyes, and her cheeks reddened. She looked away. “Anything for you, Remnic.” She lifted a glass to her lips and sipped at the finest blackberry firewater. “I would even ... carry your babies.” Now that she was out of her ecstatic frenzy, she wouldn’t use the word “hatchlings.” That was fine. I had her now. She was mine.

I lifted my glass to her. “Anything’ for me, you say?” I smiled as she nodded. “Well, here’s to your help in taking this palace someday. It, and all the pretty things inside, will someday be mine. Huzzah!”

“Huzzah.” My mother’s voice was soft and quizzical. She searched my eyes with hers. It was obvious that she did not yet believe we could pilfer from the elves. But I already had three of their finest jewels in my trove. Why not take all of them?

We bathed, dressed, and dined on the most delicate and toothsome dishes. There were no servants to light the candelabras, so I went about the task. When I finished, our suite shone like a beacon.

When the door swung open, I must confess that I jumped.

“Fear not, good Remnic.” Lillia entered, pulling Bemere by the hand. They wore long cloaks that covered their bodies completely. Lillia beamed as she closed the door. “My cousin and I are here at your request. Her betrothed had work to do on the count’s ledgers, so he begged his Bemere’s leave. She is available to us all evening. Isn’t that so, cousin?”

“Yes, Lillia.” Bemere did not look at her cousin. She instead stared at the front of my trousers.

“Excellent. Welcome Ladies Lillia and Bemere. You are each more radiant than the moon that hangs outside our terrace.” I turned my head toward my mother and found her frowning. She sat in an overstuffed armchair, sipping a glass of sweet wine. “Don’t fret, Mother. This is still our time.”

“Yes, of course, my apple blossom.” She turned her frown into a dutiful smile. “Lady Lillia, why do you wear cloaks indoors?”

“We couldn’t very well walk the palace halls dressed like this.” Lillia unfastened her cloak and dropped it to the floor.

My mother drew in her breath. I understood why. Lillia was a scintillating vision. She wore the most elaborate and elegant underthings I’d ever seen. There were lace, bows, and exposed skin in all the right places.

“Would you show us your outfit, Lady Bemere?” I walked over to my mother’s chair and stood next to her, my gaze fixed on the more curvaceous elf.

“Vellon has yet to see me in such attire.” Bemere’s face and ears were now as red as my blazing heart. She looked like she might faint from embarrassment.

“You are mine, good lady. There is nothing to be ashamed of here.” My smile was full of hunger. I quickly undressed and motioned for my mother to do the same.

The sight of my cock seemed to offer Bemere some courage. She took a deep breath and unclasped her cloak. But she did not drop it.

“Gods, Cousin. You are such a prig. Get on with it.” Lillia pulled the cloak away from Bemere and tossed it away. She whistled appreciatively at her cousin’s zaftig form, barely contained in an outfit similar to her own. “Vellon is a fool for choosing the count’s ledgers over you.”

“I ... um ... well ...” Bemere looked at the floor.

“What will be the entertainment this evening?” I took my mother’s hand, sat in the armchair, and pulled her onto my lap. We were both naked. My cock stood ready, rattling against her hip.

“Elves entertaining humans. Who would have thought?” Lillia shrugged and pulled Bemere by the elbow to the center of the room. They both curtsied. “We would like to dance for you and your mother, Remnic,” Lillia said. “But we could not bring drums.”

“You need percussion to dance?” I laughed.

“It is the elvish way.” Bemere’s soft voice could barely be heard over the crackling fire.

“My mother and I will provide your rhythm.” I slapped my mother’s ass and lifted her above my cock.

“Remnic ...?” My mother looked down at me in confusion. “We have no drums.”

“We have your lovely, round behind and my hips.” I lined up my cock and slid inside her. Her vagina was still a stretched, sopping mess from my work before supper. “What better beat could they ... ugh ... ask for?”

My mother’s mind did not allow her a proper answer. “Uuuuuuuuggggghhhhhhhhhh,” she said. She sat facing the elves and began riding me, providing a nice steady slapping rhythm.

“Dance ... dance ... uh ... uh ... uh ... my ladies.” I looked around my mother’s wobbling breast to see the show.

Lillia moved with provocative hip sways and thrusts. She undulated her body like the serpent that lived at my core. But Bemere glided about the stone floor with grace and dignity. Her form was so perfect and precise, I was reminded that she was some thirty years older than my mother and many times my own eighteen years. It must have taken Bemere decades to perfect such movements. I wasn’t sure which elf was more alluring. I did not enjoy, however, the discordant nature of the performance.

“Does the ... spectacle ... uh ... uh ... uh ... please you ... Mother?” I gripped her ass, digging my fingers into her supple flesh.

“They ... um ... they ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... are not ... harmonious ... oooohhhhhhhhhh.” My mother squealed, but her hips did not falter.

“You heard ... ah ... ah ... my mother ... Lillia ... Bemere ... dance together.” I watched as the elves gazed at each other. “Go on ... my mother’s ass ... keeps perfect time. Do not ... waste it.”

“Shall we dance the three-step?” Bemere said.

“It matches Sophie’s cadence. Yes. But that dance is for a male and female.” Lillia smiled. “Which one of us will pretend to have a penis?”

“Well, I –” Bemere stepped toward her cousin.

“That was said only in jest, silly cousin.” Lillia twirled toward Bemere, caught her hand, and pressed their bodies together with her other hand firmly planted on her cousin’s butt. “It is plain as day that I will have the penis.” They held their clasped hands away from their bodies while they spun about the room in rhythm to my mother’s coital motion.

“Oooohhhhhh ... my.” Bemere placed her hand properly, as the female, on Lillia’s upper back and let her cousin lead her in their three-step.

After a while, Lillia slowed as they passed me. “This is a tame dance. Are you entertained? Should we add some spice, Remnic?”

“Add ... some ... fire ... yes.” I nodded to them, still craning my head to the side of my mother’s bouncing tit.

“I don’t know ... Lillia ... I ... ooohhhhhhhhh.” Bemere looked down as her cousin planted her face in Bemere’s ample cleavage.

“Pppllllttthhhhttt ... pppllllttthhhhttt ... pppllllttthhhhttt ... pppllllttthhhhttt ...” Lillia blew a raspberry into Bemere’s breasts to the same beat that moved their feet. They spun about the room elegantly, but for the silly sound and Bemere’s stiff posture.

I laughed between grunts as my mother kept time on my dragon cock. “More ... spice,” I called across the room.

Lillia lifted her head and smiled. Her lips glistened with spittle in the candlelight. “Yes, Remnic.” Lillia spun Bemere around so that Lillia was now behind her. “Ohhhh ... if only I *did* have a penis, Cousin.” To the same beat, Lillia ground her vagina into Bemere’s plentiful ass. She reached around and took heaping handfuls of Bemere’s breasts. “What if Vellon knew that your cousin had had her way with you?” I could just barely hear Lillia’s whisper.

“He would break off ... our courtship ... ooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Bemere shivered and exposed her neck to Lillia’s kisses. “My parents ... would send me ... to a convent.”

“Well then ... I blanch ... to think ... what they’d do ... if they knew of your fondness ... for dragon cock.” Lillia slid her tongue into her cousin’s ear. She pulled the garment down under Bemere’s breasts and deftly played with her nipples. Their hips still swayed to my mother’s rhythm.

“Oooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Bemere’s eyes rolled back. She wasn’t singing her sacred song, but she was clearly climaxing without so much as a finger near her vagina. That set off my own eruption.

“Mother ... keep going ... you’re ... ugghhhhhhh ... about to take ... more ... seed.” I pulled her down roughly and finally broke our rhythm. I held myself deep inside her. My mother sang one long, high note. It was simple and shrill compared to the elves’ song, but hearing her climax added fuel to my fire.

When my vision cleared, I lifted my mother off my cock, and stood. The elves were kissing deeply, with Bemere’s face turned over her shoulder. Lillia’s hands were still fondling Bemere’s heavy breasts, and their hips swayed despite the loss of their percussive accompaniment.

“Beautiful.” I walked toward them, but they did not notice my approach. Despite the numerous loads I’d deposited inside my mother, my cock did not flag. I plucked Bemere from Lillia’s embrace. They both gave a little cry of surprise. I tore Bemere’s underthings

away from her vagina and sank my penis inside her. She held me tightly, staring up into my eyes with a startled expression.

“Ohhhh ... Remnic ... I ... ooohhhhhhhhhh.” Bemere’s eyelids fluttered as I found a new, faster beat pummeling her vagina. I held her aloft and let her have all that the dragon had in store.

“When I saw ... you with Vellon ... by my side ... I thought I might die ... from discomfiture,” Bemere said. “And then ... ugh ...ugh ... ugh ... to walk the halls ... with a cloak covering ... almost nothing ... again ... I thought I would die. And *then* ... to dance for you ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... wearing this garment ... another death ... I was sure.” She tried to smile up at me, but her face was too twisted with lust. “And now ... if I die ... in your ... arms ... on your ... magnificent ... penis ... I will die ... happy.”

Lillia clapped her hands and hopped upon hearing those words. “How marvelous!”

“You will live ... Bemere ... and together ... we will make ... ah ... ah ... more life.” I slammed into her. Her small body flopped in my arms. “You will bear ... my hatchlings ... just like ... my mother.”

“Ooohhhhhhhh ... noooooooooooooo ... I ...” But Bemere never said the rest of her thought. Instead, her sacred song streamed out of her. She was cumming on my cock, and I was soon to follow.

## Chapter 14

Our home seemed so small and plain upon our return. We found my sister standing by the fire in one of her long dresses. She didn't immediately address our arrival, opting instead to stare into the flames. At first, I thought her mood one of serene contemplation.

"How did you fare in our absence, Gwells?" I walked over to the armchair and sank into it. My clothes were freshly laundered. I smelled of the sweet floral soap that the elves used. My mother and I had made good use of the suite's private tub before our departure.

"Oh ... Remnic ..." Gwells turned to me with dazed eyes. "I'm going to ... cum."

"You are?" I could see her dress rustling around her legs. Now that I looked, there was a bulge under the cloth roughly in the shape of an elf. "Lift your skirt for me, Gwells," I commanded.

In confusion, my mother stared at us.

"Yes ... Remnic ... ooohhhhhhhhh." Gwells lifted her skirt. Indeed, Lady Aldwyn was hunched under there, standing between my sister's legs. The elf was naked and eagerly lapping at Gwells's vagina.

"You and your pet have been keeping busy, I see." I smiled and nodded to my mother. She went to fetch me refreshment. "Would you like to hear about our time in the tower?"

Gwells didn't immediately respond. Her eyes crossed, breath growing shallow, and she finally said, "Yyyeessssssssssssss!" I watched my sister climax with great satisfaction. Aldwyn seemed thrilled to serve a human. Soon ... soon the whole castle would serve *me*, and a new order would sweep through the kingdom. Flames licked my thoughts as I imagined the future.

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"I believe ... ugh ... ugh ... that Vellon ... suspects something ... is amiss with his fiancée." Lady Lillia rode me hard. We were both naked in my bedroom many days after she and Bemere had danced for me in my suite. "Bemere has been ... out of sorts ... when not with you. She craves ... your rattling cock ... when you're not around. She has become ... taciturn with Vellon."

I laughed and slapped one of Lillia's small breasts. "She is ... uh ... uh ... mine. It's ... as it should be."

"Perhaps ... we should put off ... your meeting with my mother." Her gaze pierced me. She had been wonderfully demonstrating elvish equestrian grace on my cock for twenty minutes, and I could see another climax building inside her. "It's not just ... Vellon ... something is amiss ... at the castle. I can ... feel it."

"That ... something is ... me. I will ... meet the countess ... as planned." I laughed again. I thought back to the young man who had traded his boots to that funny dwelf for a vial of dragon's blood. I could barely remember that version of myself. He was a different person, lost in time and space. The dragon was ascendant. The dragon would rule. "Do you not wish ... to topple your family?" I reached around her and mauled her ripe ass cheek with my hand. I wetted a finger in the froth pouring from her vagina and slid it into her ass. That made her gaze waver, a distant look filling her eyes.

"Yes ... yesssssssss." She nodded her head. Suddenly, she lifted off me, spun facing away, and lowered her asshole onto my cock. Her hole always looked piteous as it strained to hold me, but she never failed to accomplish the feat.

"Do you not wish ... to see your mother ... on her knees ... before me?"

"Oooohhhhhhh ... yeeesssssssssss." Lillia slowly pushed my dragon's phallus all the way in. Soon, she was bouncing wildly, her hands on my thighs to support herself.

"She will serve me ... and my cock ... the countess will be mine." I slapped her ass, leaving a red handprint. "I will be Count ... and you will supplant your mother ... ugh ... ugh ... as my countess."

"Ooohhhhhhhhhh ... Remnic ... I ... I ..." Lillia's sacred song rose from her mouth and filled the room with its wild melody.

"And someday ... uuuggghhhhhhhhhh ... I will be King ... and my mother ... Queen." It was a ridiculous notion, but it spurred my ecstasy to new heights. I erupted in Lady Lillia's ass, filling her insides with my molten seed.

A short time later, she lay on her belly next to me. I watched my cum drain from her buttocks. She had stopped panting, but she still gave the occasional moan as she came down from her high. "Do you really ... intend ... to take the throne?" Lillia's voice was muffled by my bedsheet.

"I do, sweet lady." I smacked her ass. "I do."

"I believe you will. And what a sight it will be." She sighed. "We'll turn this land upside down."

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“It is good of you to meet with me, Countess Ulesse.” I bowed to the elf. She looked very much like her daughter. The same eyes and hair ... the same haughty expression. We were in the countess’s private study. Lillia stood by the door. I glanced back at her. Usually, I would expect her to smile and make an impertinent quip at such a moment. But instead, she bowed her head as she held herself in a low curtsy. Following her lead, I kept myself bowed before the countess.

“You may go, Lillia.” Ulesse waved a dismissive hand at her daughter.

“Yes, Mother.” Lillia finished her curtsy, left the study, and closed the door behind her. I was alone with my newest prize.

“Have a seat, Remnic.” She was seated by a roaring fire. I picked an upholstered armchair opposite hers and sat. She watched me closely, her hands steepled. “You wear fine garb for a stableboy.” Her gaze traveled over my outfit, gifts from Lillia and Bemere.

“I am no longer a stableboy.” I frowned at her. *Should I have brought the whirligig?* My moment of doubt flitted away and confidence surged. She would be mine. The whole castle would bow to me. “I aspire to greater things.”

“A human with aspirations?” Ulesse snorted. “So, why did my daughter insist on this meeting? She said you had something very interesting to show me.”

“Yes, indeed.” I pushed my thoughts toward her mind. Her left eye developed a tic. Was she fighting me? *You desire to kneel. You crave another power greater than your own.*

“Remnic the human.” She lifted herself from the chair. “The human Remnic. Such a curious thing that my daughter would send you to me.” Slowly she dropped to her knees. I held my breath but exhaled when I realized the motion was not one of subservience. She reached for the poker and stoked the fire. Sparks rose. I could see the flames mirrored in her cold eyes. She regarded the fire, thrusting the head of the poker deep into the raging heart of the flames.

“You’re interested in humans, Countess? Would you like to see one up close?” I pushed my dragonish thoughts toward her as hard as I could.

“I find humans wonderfully helpful, docile beasts of burden.” Ulesse pulled the poker from the fire and turned toward me. She held it in front of me, the head glowing red with heat. “But you’re not entirely human, are you?”

“I ... um ...” I gripped the armrests, my muscles suddenly stiff. Fight or flight tugged me in two directions. When she moved the poker inches from my face, I decided on neither.

“We had a human visitor at the castle recently ... a sorceress. She was concerned that a village boy hadn’t taken his medicine.” With one hand, Ulesse snapped her fingers. With the other hand, she slowly brought the red-hot poker an inch from my nose. The door opened. I turned my head, careful not to move any closer to the poker. My eyes widened when I saw Yezzeh.

“I ... I ... will take the medicine now.” I tried to grasp the situation. Things were moving too quickly. This was bad. Very bad. A cold pit in my belly doused the dragon fire inside.

“I’m sorry, young Remnic. I checked in on you to make sure you’d taken your medicine. When I saw ... what you’ve become ... I had to tell them.” Yezzeh didn’t meet my eyes. She looked instead at the roaring fire in the hearth.

“You did what was right, Sorceress Yezzeh.” Ulesse gave me an icy smile. “Should I see it? Should I make him show it to me?”

“It is ... dangerous, Countess Ulesse. I would advise keeping it in his trousers,” Yezzeh said.

*Okay, okay. Lillia will save me. They’ll try to lock me away, but Lillia won’t abide it. My thoughts ran wild, but I kept my lips shut tight.*

“You may come in now, Aimar.” Ulesse relaxed, placing the poker by the fire. She sat back in her chair. I knew the name Aimar. My blood ran cold.

“What an interesting find right here in the castle.” Archmage Aimar glided into the room. He was tall for an elf and seemed preternaturally still. To my horror, I saw that he carried a chain. At the other end was a bound, stumbling Lillia, her eyes cast down. The archmage moved to the center of the room, his long flowing cloak trailing behind him. His avid gaze looked directly into my soul. “This will be the only time I ask you this in a gentle way. Who else aided you in your nefarious plots against your betters?”

“It was only me ... I ... I ... corrupted Lillia. There was ... no one else.” I was sure my heart would stop at any moment from fright. “It was my fault. Not hers.”

“Yezzeh tells us his mother and sister were involved, too. But she saw no other elves.” Ulesse gave her daughter a cross look. She reclined in the chair and steepled her hands.

“The humans are of no concern. I will give them an enchanted drink to make them forget this incident. They will return to their daily work and continue with their service to the count and countess.” Aimar’s voice was as thin and cold as the first ice of winter. “But if there were other elves involved, we must know. And ... they must be punished.” His smile was cruel and fleeting. “I will extract any secrets you hold, foul creature, before we begin our experiments.”

I shivered, wishing I had never met that dwelf peddler.

## Chapter 15

“Oh ... gods ...” My limbs burned with the bite of ice. I had lost the ability to even curl a single finger. The archmage had tortured me for what felt like hours. Or days. It was hard to say. The guards dumped me on the cold, dingy stone of the cell floor. I rolled onto my back and glanced through the bars at the next cell. Poor Lillia was still strung to the ceiling in the horrific pose of a flying cherub. Her gown was torn and grimy.

“What did they ask you this time?” Lillia gazed down at me. She was such a haughty creature. I could tell from the steely glint in her eyes that they hadn’t broken her yet. I was still the only one to tame her.

“It was Aimar again. He asked me about my mother and sister. About their friends and our extended family.” I was thirsty, but too exhausted and shocked to crawl to the trough of water they filled for me daily. I looked down at myself. My clothes were just as ragged as Lillia’s. My body trembled. I did not look the part of a mighty dragon. “I don’t think he cared what I answered. He just wanted to hurt me. I don’t suppose they’ll give me the medicine now.”

“Your family has likely already forgotten you under the archmage’s spells. He will not change you back. I suspect he means to torture you for a while.” Lillia shrugged. Although that wasn’t easy in her dangling position. “Then, I would guess he’ll dissect you. I assume he’ll do the same to me, making careful note of whatever he finds in my womb.”

“I ... uh ... um ...” What could I say? I was beyond terrified. “You’re taking this rather well.”

She gave her awkward shrug again. “You live by the sword. You die by the sword.”

“I wish I had a sword.” I tried to clench my hands into fists. They could have given me a sword, and it wouldn’t have mattered. I couldn’t hold one. And even if I could, I couldn’t fight like an elf. The first lowly guard I happened upon would cut me down in an instant.

From outside the tiny cell window, I could hear a robin singing its sweet song. That simple sound sent my mind reeling. I would never hear the orgasmic song of an elf again. Or even the sweet, animalistic cries of my mother when I sent her into fits of ecstasy. I was quite certain I would die in the palace. And I doubted that I had long to wait.

~~

Several days of torture passed. Lillia and I became more bloodied, bruised, and tattered. The guards dropped me into my cell. I couldn't get up.

"What questions did they ask?" Lillia sat in her cell, eyeing me through the bars. She chased a rat away and picked up a stale piece of bread.

"It was about other elves again today." My cheek was pressed against the floor. I looked at Lady Lillia with one eye, too tired to roll over.

"And what did you tell them?" She gazed at me speculatively while gnawing on the bread.

"The truth. That you were the only elf I corrupted." I made a move to roll onto my back but couldn't muster the strength. Outside my window, I heard a strange bird I was unable to identify.

"Pffftt." Lillia rolled her eyes. "You should have told them *I* corrupted *you*. That's what I've been telling them lately. I wanted to birth some hatchlings so I seduced the half-dragon stable hand."

I didn't laugh. "That cursed dwelf," I muttered.

"It's not his fault." Lillia started to laugh, but it turned into a coughing fit. "You might ... as well ... blame ... your boots," she said between coughs. Lillia suddenly stood and moved away from the barred window in her cell. That strange bird called again. "If you can move, you might want to crawl away from the window."

"What?" I couldn't move, so it didn't matter. "Is this some sort of game that—" A loud roar filled the prison wing. Stones fell near me. Dust billowed. Strong hands seized me and pulled me to my feet. There was something very wrong about the hands. They were as big as ... as big ... I was lifted into the air by a giant and whisked into the night. I could see that another giant had Lillia carefully tucked into the palm of his hands. Why wasn't my giant being so gentle with me?

Shouts of alarm sounded from inside the broken walls. We were moving quickly through the palace gardens. I could hear the crunch of massive sandaled feet destroying carefully sculpted trees and flower beds. Arrows hissed through the air. I was still dangling out in the open, the giant carrying me by my collar like a bitch with her pup.

"Excuse me, sir? Could you take me away from the arrows?" I don't think the giant heard me. But soon enough, we were over the outer wall and moving quickly into the forest to the north of the palace. The shouts and clanging of alarm bells faded behind us. I moved in and out of consciousness, alerted now and then by the sound of snapping branches or giant feet splashing through streams.

Did giants like to eat dragons? Had they stolen me for their supper? I had so rarely seen their kind. Once in a while, I'd see a group of them visiting the palace. I knew they worked for the elves, but they were expensive. I closed my eyes, too weary to keep them open.

Eventually, I was dumped to grassy turf. I sprawled and lay on my stomach, my eyes still shut. If they were going to eat me, they might as well get it over with.

"Excellent work, Jevag and Dlithos." A refined female voice cut through the night. I recognized it. "The rest of your gold is here. This should be more than enough to relocate," Bemere said.

"Took you long enough, cousin." Lilla sighed with exasperation. "Where did you get the gold? You didn't get poor Vellon in trouble, I hope."

I managed to roll onto my back and open my eyes. It really was Bemere, wearing a traveling cloak with the hood up. I could barely make out her face in the darkness.

"Don't make me feel worse about it than I already do. But he had access. And I wasn't going to let the Archmage pin your decorative vivisections to his wall." Bemere walked over to me and kneeled. "Am I too late? It seems Remnic is worse for wear." She caressed my cheek. I shivered. I welcomed a gentle touch.

"I just need ... a little rest." I smiled up at her. From her expression, I suspected my smile to be rather ghastly at that moment.

"We can't move him by ourselves. And we should get going before our captors find us." Lillia moved closer and frowned down at me.

"Thank you for pointing out the obvious, cousin." Bemere sighed. She put two fingers to her mouth and let out a long whistle. We waited. An owl hooted nearby.

A minute later, Lady Aldwyn stepped silently out of the shadows and removed the hood of her cloak. "Are we ready?"

"You better get the others. He won't be walking to the horses," Bemere said.

"Yes." Aldwyn slunk back into the darkness. Elves were such graceful creatures.

"Horses?" Lillia sat next to me and crossed her legs. "You really went all out. How much did you steal from the palace coffers?"

"Enough to ensure that they'll come looking for us." Bemere shrugged.

"We were already sure of that." Lillia rolled her eyes.

"My mother and sister. We can't leave without them." I grasped Bemere's hand and squeezed.

“Yes, I know.” Bemere gave me a patronizing smile. “I left a promising marriage for you. I left the palace and my family for you.”

“Except for one, exceptional cousin.” Lillia tried to laugh, but it faded quickly.

“About your family ...” Bemere stroked my cheek again.

Before I could hear what evil had befallen my poor family, I passed out.

~~

I woke to a gentle rocking motion. I heard a horse’s soft nicker. The sound brought me back to all my time in the stables. But I wasn’t in my village. I realized I was in a woman’s arms. I could feel her strong hands encircling me, keeping me in the saddle. And her soft breasts pushed into my back. She was no elf, she was about my size. We continued to rock gently with the horse’s steps. I opened my eyes and looked at the hands holding me. “Mother?”

“Shh ... yes, my sweet apple blossom. I’m here.” My mother squeezed me tightly.

“And you remember me?” I wanted to look back at her. To see her loving, pretty face. But I was too tired.

“I heard the archmage planned to make us forget you.” My mother shivered. “Bemere hid your sister and I before he could get his hands on us.”

I looked around. Ladies Lillia and Bemere shared a horse, leading our small party. Behind them, Gwells and Aldwyn shared a horse, the elf happily bouncing on my sister’s lap. My mother and I took up the rear.

“Are you awake, sleepy brother?” Gwells smiled and waved at me. She wore a traveling cloak with the hood down. Now that I looked, everyone wore cloaks. “You’ve been asleep for more than a day.”

The elves gave me grins and said their greetings, too. Lillia’s smile looked mischievous as usual.

I greeted them all as heartily as my energy allowed. “Thank you, Lady Bemere. You saved me and my family.”

“Honestly, it wasn’t selfless. I have grown ... very attached to our time together.” Bemere turned her face forward, scouting the path ahead. Lillia, sitting behind her, leered back at us.

“Sophie, dear, your poor boy hasn’t cum in over a week’s time. He’s an eighteen-year-old part-man-part-dragon. He has unattended needs that must be reaching critical levels.” Lillia’s voice lilted with merriment. She seemed already to be recovered from her time in prison. Much more so than I. “Give your son a good tug. We don’t want his lava backed up, do we?”

“Oh, Lady Lillia. Stop that.” My mother sounded nervous. “Are you well enough for me to take care of ... your lava? Would you like that?”

I sighed. “It has been a long time, Mother. I thought I would never feel your gentle hands again.” I melted back into her. “I thought I would die to satisfy a sadistic elf’s curiosity. Aaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” She reached into my trousers and pumped my penis. “It’s like being ... uuugghhhhh ... touched by an angel.” To feel her soft hand on my dragonish monstrosity again was divine. I tossed aside my cloak and lowered my trousers so I could see her work.

“Well, it’s hard as steel and rattling like a broken cart, so I guess it still works,” my mother whispered in my ear. Everyone but Bemere was turned in their saddles and staring at us. Bemere was still guiding her lead horse. I saw hunger in three pairs of eyes. Despite its time in slumber, the dragon cock still held them all in thrall.

“That feels ... wonderful ... Mother.” I wasn’t going to last long. The horse plodded along the forest trail underneath us, and my mother’s hand worked like a piston on my penis.

“I wish I could do more for you, my sweet Remnic.” My mother’s voice was filled with longing. “Later, when we make camp, I’ll give you all the attention you deserve. But for now, let it out. Let out your molten seed. Let your mother take care of you. I will nurse you back to health. I promise that ... ooohhhhh.”

“Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” I didn’t have the strength to jerk my hips with my orgasm. My penis and overripe testicles did all the work. My mother angled my cock to the side, and I erupted like a mad cannon into the forest.

“There now ... let it out ... let it all out.” My mother rubbed my chest with one hand and finished off my cock with the other. When my climax ebbed, I could feel all their eyes on me. Even Bemere was looking back. My mother tucked away my penis and hugged me close. A deep gratitude filled me. I didn’t deserve this. But I was lucky enough to have it. I made a silent oath that I would never let the dragon’s greed put any of them in harm’s way again. We rode on into dusk.

## Chapter 16

We rode for several days before turning west. My sweet mother relieved my greed and the pressure in my dragonish testicles with her hands by day, and with her mouth by night. We shared a tent together, but my mother wouldn't let anyone else in.

"He needs his mother now," she would say. "When he's better, you can all take turns pleasing him. Until then, I will nurse him back to health." And that is what she did. A journey is not a prime way to recover from grievous torture. But the rations I got were plenty, and the care I received was beyond measure.

A week into our trek, my mother decided I was well enough for her to take a ride on me. Around the campfire at supper, she announced to everyone that my health was greatly improved, but I was not yet ready to lay with anyone but her. After we retired to our tent, she straddled me, and lowered herself onto my cock. "Oooohhhhhh ... Remnic ... I'd almost forgotten what it was like. How is it ... that a dragon ... is better at pleasing ... a woman ... than a man?"

"Or pleasing an elf for that matter." Lady Lillia peeked in under the tent flap.

"Out with you ... I'm caring for my ... uuugggghhhhhh ... son." My mother's hips did not stop undulating as she turned, glared at Lillia, and threw a shoe in the elf's direction.

Lillia deflected the shoe, gave a quick snort of laughter, and winked at us. "You can't keep him all to yourself forever. We've also nearly forgotten what it's like to have a dragon cock shoved deep inside." When another shoe came her way, Lillia disappeared back outside, and the tent flap fell.

"She is ... ooohhhhhhhh ... always so brazen." My mother turned back to me and looked tenderly into my eyes. "Despite how turgid ... your rattling thing is ... you're not ready for the others. Ooohhhhhh ... not yet ... in time ... in time ..." She closed her eyes, her face twisted with passion.

"In time ... what ... Mother?" I watched her beauty closely. Not long ago, I thought I would never see her again. Now, it was clear that I was bringing my mother boundless joy.

"In time ... ooohhhhhh ... when you're ready ... my apple blossom ..." She opened her eyes and tried to smile, but it was deformed by pleasure. "... in time ... I will ... I will line up your sister ... Ladies Lillia, Bemere, and Aldwyn ... put them all on their hands ... and knees like dogs ... and watch you take them all ... ooohhhhhhhh ... in one night. But you must ... mend first. How does ... that sound?"

“You will all ... bear my ... hatchlings ... Mother.” I took hold of her breasts and kneaded them. “How does ... uggghhh ... that sound?”

“It sounds ... magical ... I’m ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” My mother climaxed on my cock.

~~

Our journey turned southward after that. There were trolls in the mountains, and none in our party cared to meet them. So, we took the long way around. We were no doubt behind pursued, so Bemere left a false trail leading into the high, craggy peaks.

I was bathing some weeks later when Gwells decided to join me. I watched her disrobe and wade into the cold river. My gaze lingered on her belly. It was clearly swelling.

“Careful, if Mother discovers you here, she might punish you with the dishes tonight.”

“She’s had you all to herself long enough.” Gwells smiled. “This reminds me of the river where we first coupled. Do you remember? I would not help you fish.”

“I remember it well.” Despite the frigid water, my cock grew hard, steam rising from it.

“My life changed that day.” Gwells splashed toward me and leapt into my arms. She wrapped her legs around my waist.

Thankfully, I was now strong enough to catch her. I reached under her, angled my cock up, and slid into her. “My life as well.” I held her ass and bounced her on my cock.

“Oooohhhhhhhh ... gods ... Remnic ... it rattles.” Her legs flopped on either side of me, sending beads of water into the air. “Do you think ... our baby ... will be part dragon?”

“Our baby?”

“You haven’t ... uggghhhhh ... noticed?” One of her eyelids went half-mast. The other fluttered. “Mother and I ... are both showing ... Lady ... Lillia ... too ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.”

I hadn’t noticed our mother’s belly. I had been too self-involved. But now that Gwells mentioned it, my mother’s breasts did seem larger of late. I fornicated with my sister for a good long while in the river. When we were finished, we bathed each other and returned to the camp giggling and teasing each other.

~~

That night, I had my mother pose for me. She was backlit by the glow the campfire made on the tent canvas. We were both naked, and I directed her like an artist with his model. She was indeed fuller, with a bulge to her belly. When I gently asked, she maintained ignorance. But I could tell she knew.

Her denial did not quash the heat in me that night. I basked in the warmth of having truly made her my mate. Her cries of ecstasy were all the more sweet. Her curves all the more marvelous.

~~

Lady Lillia demanded to ride in my saddle with me the next day. She made such a fuss that eventually my mother relented. As usual, my horse brought up the rear. Lillia sat on my lap. We weren't traveling for more than ten minutes before she was reaching behind her and unbridling my cock.

"I guess it is time we reacquainted." I reached around her and cupped her belly with my hand.

"Well past time." She put her hand on mine and squeezed. "The whelp inside is not yours. Just so you know. I humped my way all around the castle. It's the bastard of some lordling." She lifted her skirts and shimmied my cock slowly inside her vagina.

The others looked back at us with looks of longing, but said nothing.

"Were you always ... ugh ... such a trollop ... My Lady?" I watched her small ass cheeks clench as she worked me all the way in. She was impossibly tight.

We both knew the baby was mine.

"You know ... the archmage ... would have sliced me open ... while I watched. He would have taken you ... ooohhhhhhhh ... apart ... and pickled the pieces." She began bouncing on me. "It is well ... that I introduced you ... to Bemere. My cousin's fall ... from grace ... saved both our lives."

"Thank you ... for your strength ... in our prison." I was truly grateful.

"It's not that ... I was ... uuuggghhhhhh ... strong ... it's that you were ... so weak," she sneered. "And I ... ohhhhhh ... my ... it rattles like a cart ... and I ..." The rest was lost to the beauty of her sacred song. The jubilation of those notes bounced off the trees around us. Even the birds harmonized with her.

~~

The forest ended abruptly, and before us lay the Sea of Sands. It would take us three days to cross, so we made camp at the edge of that barren wasteland while we still had fresh water and trees for cover.

“Come with me and gather firewood, Remnic.” My mother guided me away from camp, and we did as she asked.

“Where are we going, Mother?” I had been so focused on running away from the archmage, I hadn’t yet thought to ask where we were going.

“The Mottled Forest. There are forest elves there with deep magic. They don’t have the aversion to dragons that elves have on this side of the Sea.” She gave me a smile and sang to herself as she gathered dead branches.

“You need their magic because of what’s in your belly.” I hated that forest elves would interfere with my brood, and I was grateful for their help at the same time. I tried to put my human side forward. “I’ve made our lives complicated. I’m sorry.”

My mother stopped singing and looked over at me. “We need their magic for all of our bellies. I am quite sure we have all conceived by you. On that note, let’s go back to camp. I have something to show you.”

I followed her through the wood. When we returned, I found my sister and Ladies Lillia, Bemere, and Aldwyn all lined up. They were naked with their hands on a fallen log and their butts pointing toward me. It was a glorious sight. “I thought you’d forgotten what you said about lining them up.”

“I wouldn’t forget a promise.” My mother laughed and tossed her kindling by the fire ring.

“It’s getting chilly ... you better hurry this up.” Lillia looked over her shoulder at me with a wicked smile.

“Yes, Lady Lillia.” I placed my kindling with my mother’s, disrobed, and started with my sister. I was almost back to my old self again, thus four orgasms in one go would be possible. My sister’s cries stretched out over the Sea of Sands. After my first orgasm, glorious elf songs chased Gwell’s animalistic noises out over the waste. I dropped to my knees to take Lillia while she was standing. But with Bemere and Aldwyn, I lifted them into the air and filled them with my molten seed.

My mother seemed to think she wasn’t included since she had organized, but I sat on the log and beckoned her over. She rode me reverse saddle while the others prepared our supper. It turned out I could climax *five* times in an evening.

~~

We found the nights to be bitterly cold in the desert. And so, we all crowded into one tent out on the Sea. I am quite certain that I am the only human to ever spend the night in a tent with his naked mother, sister, and three elves. If I was, indeed, still human. It was at times, uncomfortable. I did wake to Bemere's knee in my face at one point. On the other hand, I also woke to my mother's mouth on my cock at a later point. We both tried to be as silent as possible, and I don't believe we woke any of the others.

We ran out of water on the third day, and that was difficult, especially for the horses. We dismounted and walked, which slowed us. I was worried we would lose a horse, but they were of fine elvish breeding. When we reached the first meadow on the other side, we all drank for a long time. Happily, after two days' rest, even the horses were fit to continue.

~~

Before I'd met the Dwelf, I had never traveled more than a couple days' journey from home. Now, here we were on the other side of the continent. When the Mottled Forest finally came into view, we all stopped and stared in wonder. The trees were massive and thick. It seemed like they were jostling each other for position. The green canopy climbed nearly to the clouds.

"Whatever awaits in there, I promise I will care for you all ... and the hatchlings." I looked around at my companions. Such an improbable assortment of wives that I had collected. "My greed nearly destroyed us. It won't happen again."

"You're a good person, my apple blossom." My mother hugged me. "You've managed to take the best of you, and the best of the dragon, and given us all joy. We will protect you too."

"I'll protect my treasured rattling cock, that's for sure." Lillia hugged us.

"None of us are perfect." Gwells came in for the hug. "I love you, Remnic."

"Also here for the cock." Bemere laughed and joined us.

"Here mostly for Gwells ... and dragon cock." Aldwyn hugged my sister's backside.

"I love you all, too," I said.

As we made our embrace, I looked toward the Mottled Forest, wondering what new adventures might await us. And maybe also, I wondered a little about whether the forest elves were as pretty and horny as the elves I knew.

THE END