

# Chronicles of Chesham



Chapter Ten - Dragons Sperm

## CHAPTER TEN – DRAGONS SPERM

Bob was unsettled, he was not only wondering why his luck had been so bad over the last few days, and whether he was to sustain another unsightly injury, but he knew his task was coming up and the words of Dave the Bastard were ringing in his ears.

“You need to go to the apothecaries, there you will need to ask for a changing elixir, it will make you look like one of the dragons, a girl one. The girl dragons don’t have any body hair, so you will need to get yours removed, there is a place on Broad Street that will do that for you. Then you must go to the top of Lowndes Park, overlooking the loop, this is where the young ones nest. There will be some trees there. Once you are there, take the elixir and then you need to do the traditional dragon mating dance, and things should take care of themselves after that.”

Bob was at a loss, not only did he need to pretend to be a girl dragon, and get made as smooth as a baby’s bottom, he would also have to do some sort of dance that had never been performed by a human before, and in all of this he would need to avoid getting heinously injured – things were not looking good. At least, he thought to himself, he didn’t have to touch his lovely hair.

“I suppose we had better get on with it,” muttered Bob, as he led the group outside of the Queens Head and towards the

North West of the town, where the Aisle of the Apothecaries stood.

The Aisle of the Apothecaries was the place to go if you had an ailment that would not go away. It consisted of a number of different outlets, you could go for the old school far east treatments, with Elements, or Healing Point, more modern but less hardcore fayre at Bolland and Harriet, or cutting edge at Sandals, the Chemicalists (who also did a rather fetching meal deal).



Dave the Bastard had said go to Sandals, so the team wandered in through the front door to see the Chief Chemicalist.

The Chief Chemicalist was a bookish looking lady, thick framed glasses and a pristine white coat would give the impression that

she was the last bastion of discretion and professionalism.

Unfortunately, this was not the case, her name was Karen and she was a terrible gossip – the last thing that you want if you are placing your most diabolical health secrets in her hands.

The shop was large, and contained all sorts of remedies, potions and almost magical ingredients.

“Frank!” Karen greeted our most eminent retired merchant.

“You’re a randy bugger, have you run out already? I only renewed your supply three days ago.”

Frank was a little taken aback, he normally came to the Chemicalist on his own, and was always extremely discreet about his purchases.

“Erm, no not for me today, my cough medicine is still in plentiful supply,” Frank countered quickly.

“Cough medicine? No I mean the medicine for your co... oh yes, good oh.”

Then her sights were set on Ben, “Gout alright at the moment Ben?”

“Good as new, my lady,” said Ben cheerfully.

“How is the O.R.T. going Timmy?” Karen enquired of the Orc cheerfully.

“Still problematic in water, I am afraid,” replied Timmy.

“What’s O.R.T?” Mick asked Timmy suspiciously.

“Organ reduction therapy, I’ve been getting terrible back ache.”



“You need to come and see me about that tongue young man, it doesn’t look right to me,” Karen whispered to Timmy very loudly.

Mick took a subconscious step away from Timmy.

“How about you Bob, how’s your rickets?”

“I haven’t got rickets.” Protested Bob.

“Why do you always stand like that then?” Karen chirped.

“That’s his crocs,” Russ piped up.

The Chief Chemicalist went through the team one by one, Russ had irritable foul syndrome, Richard/Ian and his manky gums, Mick and his buttock rash from over exposure, Jeff and his in-grown sphincter until her eyes rested upon Jake.

“You’ve got piles,” announced Karen.

“Have I?” replied Jake, somewhat surprised, “How do you know?”

“I can see it in your eyes!” Retorted Karen. “Right now, you lot, why are you here?”

Bob stepped forward, “Dave the Bastard said I need to acquire a change elixir, to impress a dragon.”

“Boy dragon or girl dragon?” Karen’s eyes narrowed suspiciously.

“Erm.....” Bob hesitated.

“It’s a boy,” Frank interjected beaming with delight.

“You need to take this, rub it all over and count to ten, it will last for about five minutes,” Karen handed over a dark bulbous glass flask containing a very murky looking liquid, sealed with a cork. Bob put it inside his cloak.

After making some purchases for other minor ailments, and with Timmy examining his tongue for a minute in the mirror, they all headed off. It was time to make Bob smooth as a wet cobblestone.

Going back through Market Square, and avoiding the swirling, circling dragons up above, the gang soon arrived outside Tannin, the beauty parlour.

Beauty was not always an easy thing to come by in Chesham, however Tannin had an exceptional level of service, offering full body treatments, massages and even the infamous tanning beds.

The tanning beds were a miracle to behold, you must lie there, quite naked, whilst a swarm of fire flies swarms over you until you have become quite orange. Bob was quite a fan of the tan on the quiet, but preferred to get his done by the sun in the sky – quite a challenge if you live in Chesham.

The boys decided that they would pop back into the Jolly Sportsmen for a pint, whilst Bob made his way to the Tannin parlour.

He soon arrived and after negotiating the sliding door, met a lime green ogre, this was Dora.

If Dora had had an Olympic sport, it would have been the shot put, she was muscular, but also quite large and was not necessarily the best advert for the business that she was operating.

“What you after treacle?” Growled Dora, she didn’t mean to growl but it was just her way.

“Erm .... I need to have a hair removal treatment ....” Bob enquired nervously.

“Right Ho, come with me.” She beckoned him through to a back room where there were two flat but raised beds, one was already occupied by a small tanned man who was laying on his front, bottom bare for all of the world to see. Circling him were the fire flies that Bob had heard of, gently cooking this stumpy soul with their flame.

“Get on the other one, he is just finishing.”

Bob lay down face first on the bed, but was interrupted by a rather nasty coughing noise, he looked up and it was Dora.

“You need to take your clothes off treacle,” Dora spat, not intentionally.

“Oh .... Can I leave my Grocs on?” Ask Bob tentatively.

“Shy one eh, alright .. just the Grocs.”

Bob did as he was told and was then back on the table, au naturel apart from his beloved Grocs.

“You want hair removal, yes?” Dora asked.

“Er, yes please, is there a choice of treatments?”

“Just one, close your eyes,” Dora said as soothingly as possible, which was not very soothing at all.

Beauty treatments were relatively new in Chesham, and so the technology was a little basic to say the least. Whilst Bob scrunched his eyes up nice and tight, Dora has gone out to a cupboard where she had an enormous roll of leather. She unrolled it and then applied a sticky substance all over it, which was actually obtained from the surface of the tables of the many pubs in Chesham, the stickiest substance known to this universe at this time.

Bob could suddenly feel it on this body, as Dora began to wrap him up like a small human tortilla in the stick leathery substance, Bob yelped as Dora tucked it in between his buttocks and his much maligned undercarriage, until Bob was laying on the Bed looking rather like the Imp on a dressy night out.

Bob knew that this was not going to be good, he was now laying on his back looking up with his arms and legs bound, rather like a cocoon that was well past its sell by date.

Bob looked into Dora’s eyes, and uttered “Please make it quick.”

And with that Dora threw Bob six feet in the air but as she did so she tugged the leathery bindings hard, Bob was spinning in mid-air as the bindings unravelled, tearing every hair in every crevice and part of his body out with a pain that he could not

possibly have imagined, until thud, he landed face down on the bed, sore, traumatised but smooth as the day he was born (his lovely hair intact).

It was over, Dora looked at him and in her most sympathetic voice (which was not sympathetic at all) said, “Get your clothes on, you pay me at front counter.”

Dora left, and Bob looked down for his clothes, and as he did he heard a round of applause erupt from the other bed. Bob hid his modesty and looked over to see who it was between the fire flies. It was DOB.

“Well done, best one I have seen yet,” marvelled DOB.

“Don’t you get enough fire in the Queens Head?” Asked Bob.

The answer to that was quite obviously, no.

Bob got himself dressed, and paid Dora, who would have smiled sweetly to thank him if she was able to. Bob managed to extract the team from the Jolly Sportsmen, and they marched off across town, until they got to Lowndes Park.

Lowndes Park was actually rather beautiful during the day, but it was now quite dark again. When the dragons had been reintroduced they would frequently nest at the far end of the Park, which had the highest altitude and also was an easy launchpad for the adolescent dragons to learn how to circle and hang in the sky.

The gang trekked past the pond, and up the steep incline

towards the trees that sat at the top of the hill. This would have been a lot easier if most of them had not 8 pints in the Jolly Sportsmen, and were now beginning to regret their life choices. Onwards they staggered until they stood at the top of the hill overlooking the country side, as the terrain evened out, a cluster of trees could be seen, and within that a clearing within a circle of trees.

Whilst they were making their way, Jeff was giving Bob some advice on his dragon dance. Jeff had some experience with dragons, and had once considered becoming a breeder. It was in this capacity that Jeff was able to offer some advice.

“The young teenage dragons are the ones that you need to find, they can’t really control themselves and are firing off all the time, they just need some inspiration. The girls wiggle their tails around a lot and flutter their eye lids.”

And then they saw it, about ten feet long from head to tail, skulking in a nest of broken branches, and looking very moody indeed, it was a teenage boy dragon.

The gang kept low, and Bob slipped off behind a bush to get “ready”.

He slipped out of his clothes and glugged down the elixir of change, then it happened.

First Bob's feet expanded, and then turned green and into scaly claws (luckily he had the foresight to remove his Grocs first). Then his body stretched and scaled began to grow across his body, at the same time his mouth grew into a snout and his bottom began to shake until a long scaly tails shot out from the base of his spine. His eyelashes grew and in no time at all he was a fabulous girly dragon.

Whilst at the Apothecary, Bob had given this some thought. If



he was to be a girl dragon he wanted to make a good job of it and so he had made some minor purchases of lip-stick, a mirror and a flower hairband.

Once he had got the bug there was no stopping him and so he added mascara and scarlet woman nail polish, he was going to knock these boys for six.

After applying all of his purchases, he came out from behind the bush to reveal himself to his fellow shouters.

“I’ve seen some sights come out from behind a bush in my time but this one takes the biscuit,” marvelled Jeff.

The crew pointed Bob towards the male dragon, and he shuffled off to the edge of the clearing.

It has been decided that Jake had the best wipe clean surface out of all of them and he had been given a small cup to catch any, erm, projectiles in. Jake followed closely beside him.

Bob deposited himself in front of the dragon, and began to flutter his eyelids. Nothing.

Then he put his hands on his hips and swung his tail from side to side. Nothing.

Then he puckered up his lips and made kissing noises towards the dragon. Not a sausage, no movement in the gentleman area at all.

“Have you been drinking?” Enquired Bob, disappointed at the lack of attention. The dragon didn’t even bat an eyelid.

Also disappointed was Frank, who was becoming increasingly frustrated at the lack of action.

“Bob, you need to be more, you know, ooh ooh ooh,” Frank was pumping his fists as he said this and beginning to thrust a little too, albeit he may not have realised.

Bob tried, but he had suffered so many injuries to his lower

body in the last few days that he just couldn't muster the oomph.

Then it happened, Frank in a fit of frustrated rage jumped into the clearing in front of the dragon. He began gyrating and saying to Bob, "look like this, ooh ooh ooh," Frank did not know it but he had just invented the Chesham twerk.

This was not the only thing that was happening, the dragon was watching Frank and it was clear to the crew that he was getting very excited indeed, he was now upright moving from foot to foot and appeared to be absent minded clutching his tinkle. "C'mon Bob, put your bloody back into it," roared Frank, now incredibly annoyed at his fellow shouters lack of passion and drive.

Bob, by now, had begun to realise what was happening, as Frank continued to gyrate and move his booty (he would surely be going to the next Shake Your Booty dance in Chesham market square at this rate, Mr Freeman – you are welcome).

Then Richard the half goblin said what everyone but Frank was now thinking, "He likes boys, not girls," and as if to put an exclamation mark on the end of the statement it happened, the dragon – with a roar – fired his cannon.

Jake had managed to get close to the scene and had his little cup held out with outstretched arms, without going into graphic detail, there was more projectile than cup and whilst the cup was well filled, Jake had also received a new outfit.

He shrieked a little stony man shriek and ran away as fast as his grocs could carry him.

The rest of the crew beat a hasty retreat, Jeff grabbing hold of Franks arm mid twerk.

The dragon itself was now exhausted and settled down in its nest, a small whisp of smoke emitting from his nostrils like he was smoking a cigarette.

The gang returned through Lowndes Park, and down to Church Street, where they decided that it would be a good idea to go for a pint of ale.

So, back in the Queens Head, Bob was still in lady dragon mode, but he didn't seem to mind, even though it was only supposed to last five minutes, and he perched near the bar waiting to be served.

At this point he was approached by a local man, he looked like a nice chap, but had consumed many, many pints of ale, and was looking at Bob oddly.

### Pub Lore Fact

If a drinker has consumed many, many ales then it is the responsibility of the rest of the group to ensure that said drinker does not believe his beer goggles. Beer goggles transform even the most certified minger into an absolute stunner, which can result in serious hangxiety when waking up in the morning and the stunner has reverted back to minger mode. It does however, lead to hilarious ongoing stories for the rest of the group

who will probably just end up encouraging the drinker anyway. Beer goggles apply to all sexes, and probably species too, perhaps we should ask the worm.

### End of Pub Lore Fact

“You come here often treacle?” Enquired the drinker of Bob, who was blushing slightly and inadvertently fluttering his lovely long eyelashes.

“Most Wednesdays actually,” replied Bob. Luckily, it was too late, and the local man had collapsed in a heap at Bob’s grocs.

“Maybe next time,” Bob muttered.

Bob had not had the pleasure of meeting Jamie. The alarm bells perhaps should have gone off immediately, he had a small gremlin by his side, horrible little thing about the size of a cat. Jamie was also wearing very retro threads, from a bygone era, perhaps where he wished to still be by some account.

Jamie was also known to be a little bit, you know, what's the word .... Well if you want something that you can't get down the market then he is your man, a bit of a geezer.



“What have you got?” Enquired Bob, hoping sincerely that it might be a luck potion of some description. And then, the demeanour of Jamie Dodger changed.

“The golden ball,” said Jamie, “I know you have it, I have been watching” and he drew a pretty nasty looking curved knife.

Bob was not used to being robbed but started to reach slowly for his lovely hair where he kept his knife. This was far too slow though and the gremlin moved like the speed of light jumped up and bit Bob straight on the nose.

“Ah, get it off,” Bob was waving around the place trying to extract the gremlin from his snozz, and the golden eye fell to the floor. Jamie wasted no time and scooped it up, leaving the imp chomping on Bob’s poor nose still.

Jame ran down the alley back towards the Generals Arms, he knew he could get a good price from the Pirate.

Bob, by now, had managed to throw the gremlin over a fence and was hurriedly chasing after the Jamie Dodger.

Jamie cut into the yard of the Generals, closely pursued by Bob, who was desperate to retrieve the hard earned eye. Then it happened.

Smack, “ow,” said Jamie, who had fallen on the floor and broken his spectacles after colliding with a large man in the yard of the Generals.

“You ought to be careful,” said the large man, who was packing up some sort of musical equipment into a barrow, he had decided to end his gig early due to all of the excitement.

Bob arrived, “Tony Hadley?”

“Yes?” said Tony Hadley.

“Did he drop anything?” Enquired Bob, “he just robbed me.”

Tony Hadley smiled, bent down and picked up the golden eyeball and gave it to Bob.

“Is this yours?” Asked Tony Hadley to Bob.

“We know this much is true,” said Bob who thanked Tony Hadley and gratefully placed the golden eyeball in his knapsack, and before turning to leave, gave Jamie Dodger a small kick.

Bob rushed off to catch up with the others, and they soon arrived back at the Queens Head, where they informed Dave the Bastard that they had well and truly given the Pirate Ryan one, as he had requested.

Quite.