

Adventures of Bernard
Rescue from Castle Darkrock

by Pervynamek02

Hello there. My name's Bernard. Bernard Fanak. So what can I tell you about myself? I'm a fennec fox, I'm an adventurer but right now I wish I wasn't given my situation.

"You sorry little thief! Get back here!" Cried an orc who ran with his brethren.

The large green pigmen were yelling at Bernard, who was running ahead of them. The little fennec fox was running as fast as his little legs could carry him. His ears fell back as he ran with the wind in his face. His boots clambered against the dark stone floors of the castle corridor. His small fluffy tail swayed back and forth with each step he took as he ran.

"Of all the doors in this damn fortress," Bernard said to himself, "I had to open the one to the guard's barracks. Fuck my luck."

As he said this, one of the orcs managed get close enough to him almost brought an axe down on his head. Bernard managed to dodge it as this axe blade smashed into the floor. This of course led Bernard to run even faster out of fear of getting his head caved in. He ran down the hallway until he spotted a turn coming up and took it. The band of orcs stumbled a bit to make the sharp turn crashing into each other and piling up on the floor. Their leader grumbled, jabbing his elbow into his subordinates who had dog piled on top of him as they crashed.

"Get Off me, you maggot ridden scum!" The leader said.

They managed to quickly collect themselves again and turned down the corner. They saw no sign of their fluffy little intruder. The Orc Leader growled in anger.

"RRRRGH! Thanks to you lot we've lost him," He said swinging his club and bashing it into his closest subordinate, who squealed in pain as the club hit him.

"Go tell the others to be on alert! We'll find that little weasel and tear his ruddy guts out," The Orc Leader said before he gestured to one of his lieutenants, "Go tell master Valuke what's going on."

The Orcs then ran off into a few different directions. After things seemed to get quiet again, Bernard pulled back his magic cloak. The little thing may not have been much but it certain saved his life a few times.

"I don't know why I didn't use you in the first place," Bernard said, "I've gotta be extra quick now and find what I came her for."

Now, I'm sure you're probably wanting to know what's going on. What is a small fox like me doing in a

big gloomy castle, trying to avoid getting his head smashed by big green pig guys? Well, we'll have to start from the beginning. See, I live on the continent of Draewick, a fairly diverse continent made up of various kingdoms, peoples, and creatures. My family originates from a small village of like-minded simple folk and nearly every relative I have has been farmers or lived a simple life. However, I didn't want to be a farmer, baker, or candle-stick shaper. I wanted to be an adventurer. I grew up on tales of valiant heroes fighting monsters, rescuing damsels, and saving people. So when I was old enough I set out on my own and became an adventurer.

I was lucky enough to have a family friend who taught me a few tricks of the adventuring trade, like how to fight, how to be stealthy and so on. Gotta say though, my career hasn't exactly been easy. It stems a bit from my class placement. Some adventurers are placed in classes. There's the fighters who are warriors and masters of combat, mages who practice magic, clerics who are magic users centered around healing, rangers who are trackers and the rogues who basically thieves. I'm often relegated to a sub class of rogue called a scout which basically means I scope out places and use stealth to deal with things. Unfortunately, Luck is never really in my favor as despite being taught by a rogue, I'm often getting caught or triggering some kind of trap or something. It also doesn't help that I'm so short that one really takes me seriously as an adventurer.

I'm sure though you guys are more interested in what I'm doing here in this big castle. Well, it started a few days ago when I was at the Drunk Satyr Inn, a common hangout of adventurers in my area. I was looking at the bulletin board for new jobs and spotted a flyer; PRINCESS HELD CAPTIVE! ADVENTURER NEEDED! It interested me so I took the flyer and went to the nearby City of Dalvin. I didn't talk to the King directly since so few people take me seriously. I got info from one of the guards instead. A few months ago, The Dark Sorcerer Valuke kidnapped Princess Leirina of Dalvin and brought her back to his home in Castle Darkrock. The king sent a legion of his best men to attack Darkrock and rescue the princess but the legion was no match for The Orc brigands in Valuke's employ and the sorcerer himself. With that miserable defeat, the King had that flyer made but had lost hope that his daughter could be returned.

Now you might be wondering why I'm here on my own if this sorcerer is so big and powerful and he has a band of warriors who smash me into a pulpy mass with one good swing of their arms. I can assure you I'm not insane...well, maybe not entirely. The flyer just said I had to rescue the princess. It never said I had to fight the brigands or defeat a sorcerer. So I figured I could use my skills to sneak in here, find the princess, sneak out with her, and bring her back to Dalvin. The lady's rescued, the day is saved, and I get gold. It's a win-win. Unfortunately, while looking for where the princess was being held, I opened up a door on the ground floor and found the guards barracks while some of the brigands were having a beer. Hence, my situation.

Bernard looked around and began to more quietly explore the corridors. He tiptoed as best as he could with his invisibility cloak on and got close to walls when patrols came by. After one went passed by and he heard their footsteps go far enough away, he pulled back his hood and contemplated.

“Ok, so the castle's on alert because I screwed up,” Bernard said to himself, “It's no problem. I can fix this. I just have to find the princess and try to get out before I get caught.”

Bernard contemplated things, trying to figure what to do and which way to go.

“Hmm. The dungeon would be the safest bet,” Bernard said to himself before pulling his hood back up and making his way downwards.

The foxy adventurer went through the corridors until he found the stairwell. He went down the spiraling stairs until he came to the bottom. A musty dank place with a few wooden doors opposite a stone wall. Bernard pulled back his hood and let his ears take in the sounds in the corridor that echoed from the wooden doors. One seemed to give the sound of breathing, though a bit low. He took his chances and found the door with the breathing discerning it to be the second door. He opened the door expecting to find a princess chained to a floor or wall.

However, what Bernard found instead were four large bull drakes. The light from a torch across from the room glistened off the scales of their dark brown scales and pale horns. Their eyelids opened showing their amber eyes which focused on the small figure at their door. Bernard flashed a smile and spoke.

“Good boys. You’re such handsome beasts,” He said softly, “Stay and don’t bark ok?”

The Drakes began to snarl and bare their teeth. Bernard instantly knew such a plea wouldn’t be answered and he slammed the door. He ran quickly and heard the door be bashed down by the bull drakes, who followed after the fox adventurer.

“Crapcrapcrapcrapcrapcrapcrapcrapcrap” Bernard said as he ran up the stairs and was followed by the drakes.

The frantic fox climbed the winding stairs until he got to the third floor and turned hoping to confuse the drakes. It proved futile as the drakes followed him on to the third floor, thumping along roaring and barking at the intruder. Bernard cursed under his breath as they followed and he could only run unless he wanted to begin new careers like dragon food and a chewing bone. Things went from bad to worse as the barks and roars drew the attention of orcs patrolling the same floor and he passed by the troupe in an intersecting hallway.

“That’s the intruder! Skin the ruddy bugger!” bellowed an orcish captain of the patrol who followed behind the pack of drakes.

“Fuck my luck!” Bernard said to himself as he was now followed by a drake pack and a orc patrol.

He continued to do his best to outrun them and outmaneuver them before he had basically worn out every path in the third floor hallways and was now coming upon a dead end with only a large window. Bernard considered his options but an idea struck him. He went into his inventory bags and pulled something out. The orcs and drakes knew they were gaining on him and they would have him soon. Bernard then leapt out the window and in their rush so did the drakes and the orcs before realizing their mistake. They fell from the high window into the molten moat surrounding Castle Darkrock.

Bernard on the other hand, was very much alive and clung to the stone walls with a little something he'd purchased from an eastern trader. The trader, Mr. Yung as he was known, had called them Shuko, which were these metallic claws worn on the palms of the hands. Yung claimed they were used by rogues and assassins of the far east. Bernard had remembered putting them in his inventory in case he needed to climb but he used them in this instance to latch on to the stone wall as he leapt out of the window. He began climbing back up to the window and arrived back on the third floor.

"Thank you, Mr. Yung," He said to himself as he looked at the shuko.

He looked around the corridors as he put them back into his inventory bag. No signs seemed obvious of anyone coming to check out the second floor. So Bernard began to walk towards the direction of the stairwell to try to get back down to the dungeon. However, as he walked down the halls he passed a door, his ears caught a sound. A soft sigh with an heir of femininity. Bernard quickly backed up to the door. He looked at it and considered. Either this was going to have the princess behind it or maybe a harpy behind it. He took a deep breath and opened the door.

Strangely luck seemed to be in his favor. Behind the door wasn't some bird woman desiring to peck his eyes out but a woman who could have only been the princess albeit different from what expected. He had expected the princess of Dalvin to be some waif of a girl clad in a frilly pink gown with a massive bell-like skirt. The princess he found however was a voluptuous beauty dressed in an immodest, slinky purple gown which hugged her form. She was a cat with silky brown fur, amethyst eyes, and long ebon hair. As mentioned, she was a voluptuous thing with wide round hips and large, head-sized breasts on an hourglass frame. A slit in her skirt showed one of her shapely legs.

Bernard had frozen at the sight of her. His pants seemed to tighten which seemed odd given that the crotch was enchanted with a spacial spell for his rather large endowments. He also took in the surroundings. The fennec fox was confused as he'd expected the princess to be locked in some dank prison cell with only a bench for furniture but this room was fit for royalty with hardwood wardrobes, a dressing table, and two night stands on either side of a large luxurious bed. Bernard was almost baffled but turned his attention back to the Princess who lay on the bed looking at him.

"Who are you?" She asked equally confused by his presence.

"I-I'm Bernard Fanak," He said, "I am an adventurer and I've come to rescue you. That is if you are Princess Leirina Contessa of Dalvin."

She smiled, "I'm she but aren't you a little short to be an adventurer?"

"I get that a lot," Bernard said as the princess got off her bed and started to walk over to him.

The fennec fox looked back outside and then closed the door behind him. He turned around to find the princess standing in front of him, her breasts almost a few inches above his head and obscuring his view of her face. The princess then bent forward, allowing Bernard a better view of her lovely face but also

giving him a view of her cleavage thanks to the low neckline of her dress.

“You’re not at all what I expected out of an adventurer that Daddy would hire. I expected someone who was some brawny beefcake with a chiseled face and scars,” Leirina said making Bernard feel a little annoyed by the description of the expected adventurer.

“Sorry to disappoint you,” Bernard said.

“I’m not. You’re cuter than those meatheads,” She said as she reached out her left hand and rubbed it down his face, “Such big adorable ears, pretty green eyes, and soft fur. I could just eat you up.”

Bernard blushed a little as she complimented and gently touched him with her hand moving to his chin gently scratching it. It felt so good to actually be appreciated and from an especially beautiful, sexy woman. The sexiness factor stayed very present thanks to the eyeful of cleavage he was getting. He swallowed feeling his arousal build up and his crotch throb. Princess Leirina’s violet eyes examined his body and made their way past his belt to his pants, noticing the rather large bulge at the crotch.

“Oh, what do we have here?” Princess Leirina said getting on her knees.

Bernard was surprised by the princess as her hands went to his belt and started to unbuckle it.

“Princess, wait! What are you doing?” Bernard asked but in truth had a feeling he knew what she was doing.

She pulled down his pants and released his cock, long, erect, and as thick as a baby’s arm. His penis was of course accompanied by his ballsack but with balls the size of large grapefruits. Leirina was in awe of it, gasping briefly before gaining a smirk.

“You maybe short but you’re certainly big where it counts,” She said before grasping his shaft and placed her mouth around the head.

“Ooohh~! P-princess, what are you-Aaahh~!” Bernard attempted to ask what she was up to but he was quickly overcome by feeling of her damp mouth and tongue on his shaft.

She started to bob her head up and down Bernard’s shaft. She obviously couldn’t take the whole thing but managed to get at least halfway down the member. Her soft lips caressed his cock with a slight squeeze as she sucked on him off. As she sucked on his shaft, she took her free hand and began to grope and fondle one of his balls. Her fingers tenderly squeezing the testicle while she sucked on his massive prick. Bernard leaned against the wooden door as the princess orally pleased his genitals and he responded with moans of desire. His large ears lowered as a sign of such sensual delight. He didn’t notice the princess quickly moving her hand from the base of his cock, grasping a key from a small table, and using it to lock the door.

The sensual pleasure he received was paused briefly as Leirina removed her mouth hands from his cock

and balls. Bernard looked down to her.

“You’ve got such a tasty cock but I know what guys like you really want,” Leirina said pulling down her neckline and exposing her large bosoms on full display for the fennec before wrapping them around his hard shaft.

The brown cat pressed her breasts around his shaft and began bouncing them up and down. This pleasure was made even better as Leirina added her mouth once again into the mix. Bernard moaned as he felt those huge knockers on his cock, so tight and soft. It made his mind melt away from pleasure. Princess Leirina increased her pace as she ground her breasts against his shaft and sucked on the tip. His cock was so big the princess felt such a lust for this mammoth penis. She could feel her pussy getting good and wet just from her oral pleasing of it and the thought of it inside. Princess Leirina squeezed her breasts tighter around Bernard’s penis, making the fox boy’s pleasure of her vice like breast squeeze even better. Her mouth sucking harder on his prick like a lollipop.

As her pace and skill at teasing Bernard’s prick increased, the miniature adventurer felt his arousal rising more and more until finally he couldn’t hold back any longer. Princess Leirina felt the quiver of his cock hinting at his possible climax but it proved a little late to prepare as Bernard came in a torrent of cum. The thick hot liquid quickly filling her mouth up as she attempted to swallow but the rapid release caused a bit bulging in her cheeks and making a few small squirts of cum shoot out around the seal of her mouth and Bernard’s shaft. Bernard moaned with pleasure at his release and relaxed against the door as he felt himself come down from his climax. Princess Leirina, despite the leaks did actually manage to swallow all of the fennec’s cum.

Bernard felt a bit of fatigue and looked at the princess who had passionate fire in her eyes especially as Bernard’s cock had barely gotten soft after his release. She seemed immensely excited about it and leapt up. She grabbed Bernard by the head lifting him up a bit.

“Your cum is so good. So hot! So tasty! I want more!” Princess Leirina said before almost throwing the fox on the bed.

The Princess climbed onto the bed, her rear facing Bernard. She pulled her skirt up and showed off her large, round, pantyless ass and pussy to him. Bernard’s cock got fully hard after that little show.

“I want it right here! Right here in my dripping wet pussy!” Leirina said as she spread her pussy lips with her fingers, “Give it to me, Baby!”

Bernard could hardly say no to such an invitation. He climbed up and thrust his prick hard into her pussy. The princess screamed in a mixture of pleasure and agony. It felt a lot bigger in her pussy than she realized but he didn’t mind. The tightness just made her hornier. Bernard also felt pleasure from the tight moist nethers of Leirina. So hot and coated with juices, it was slick enough to at least give the fox a little leverage in fucking the buxom princess. Bernard began to thrusting his cock harder and faster as he continued. Leirina screamed in delight from the feeling of Bernard inside her. His cock felt so good and tight. She clutched the sheets beneath her tightly.

“Oh yes! Oh GOD YES! YES! SO GOOD!” Leirina said, as her mind went into a world of sexual sensory bliss.

Bernard was less vocal than his royal partner but no less enthusiastic. He only grunted and moaned slightly but he was making her pleased and he often knew that actions spoke louder than words. Her pussy caressed and squeezed his shaft as he pounded it, the soft walls tensing up from time to time. He drilled her pussy more vigorously with each pound into her snatch and would continue until he, she or both of them came. Bernard’s pounds shook her body with each aggressive pound. So horny and sexually brutal, one could scarcely believe it given his size. Princess Leirina from the increasingly harder and faster jabs into her pussy. Her breasts and ass shook from the tremors delivered into her. Princess Leirina was in heaven from such a hard and wild fucking.

Bernard simply continued fucking her trying to get to his own climax. Had Bernard not been so occupied with the tight grasp of the naughty noble’s cooch, he might have made some observations and had questions plaguing his mind. Why was the princess in such comfortable lodgings despite the fact that she was being held captive? Why was she so nonchalant about the idea of being rescued? If her door had been open, Why hadn’t she escaped? Further more, how was she so well-versed in oral sexual conduct?

Such questions were locked in a room inside Bernard’s brain with his reason while his libido had taken over in the intense sexual activity. Bernard was acting on base instinct, driving his penis harder and deeper almost hitting the wall of the girl’s womb. The princess’s pussy felt so tight and wonderful he couldn’t resist pounding it more and more. The princess was long gone, her mind lost in a land of hedonistic pleasure which she hadn’t felt since arriving at the castle several months ago. Bernard’s pecker was so large and filled her with a warm feeling like someone had stuffed a large white hot rod in her but with amazing sexual results rather than scalding, numbing pain. Both could feel themselves getting closer and closer to their climaxes.

Their bodies quivered as they came ever closer to release until finally they came with Leirina cumming first. Her pussy clenching around Bernard’s prick and coated it in girl cum while the clenching squeezed Bernard’s penis like a party favor and his tip exploded with geyser of cum. The two screaming as their juices mixed and swirled in Leirina’s vag, leaking out of the seal between them in small squirts and sprays until finally they stopped and came down from their sexual release. They soon realized however they were not alone.

Had Bernard not been so focused on his release, his ears might have heard the footsteps that echoed down the hallway that were coming closer. Had Princess Leirina’s pussy not been his top priority, he might have heard the lock been unlocked. Had his mind not been so fogged by pleasure and the release he and the princess shared, Bernard might have seen the door open and heard what the opener said.

“Darling, I’ve just come to check if you’re alright-,” the visitor’s question cut off as he saw Bernard and Leirina scream in pleasure.

As both came down from their sexual high, They finally perceived the new person in the room. He was a

male cat with white fur and hair done in a ponytail along with amber eyes. He appeared to be about 5' 11" with a thin but fit build or what might have been assumed by the way his black robe was tied tight around his waist. His robe was a wizard's robe of black but with fringe of dark purple and embroidered runes on the cuffs. Bernard may never have seen this man before but he instantly knew who this was: The Dark Sorcerer Valuke.

The one person he was trying his hardest to avoid meeting on this adventure and he found him porking his captive. Certainly luck's way of reminding him he was her whipping boy. He knew he was in trouble. He'd probably be turned into a toad or newt. However, Princess Leirina gave a little revelation what his true fate was with two little words which she said to the dark mage.

"Hi Honey."

Bernard was struck hard by this revelation and shocked. Now he knew he wouldn't be turned into a toad. No, a toad would be a merciful fate, far too merciful for him. More likely, He would be burnt to a crisp and his charbroiled remains fed to the bull drakes. A scenario which seemed even more likely as Valuke furrowed his brow and conjured a ball of crimson red fire in his left hand.

"You...disgusting little sneak thief...get...away...from...MY LEIRINA!" He said pointing the orb of flame towards Bernard and shot a large torrent of fire at him.

Quickly Bernard lay flat on Leirina and the bed as the blazing red flame shot forth before dying down and leaving a large black cinder on the wall. Bernard quickly got into his inventory bags and pulled something out. Valuke was infuriated by the mere existence of this insufferable lout with his appalling behavior.

"You miserable lecherous fiend! How dare you even touch my Leirina!" Valuke said, "I'll mount your skull on the wall of my study!"

Before Valuke could conjure another attack, Bernard threw a bag of powder in his face. Valuke grabbed his eyes as the powder got into his eyes and produced a searing pain.

"AH! My Eyes!" He said before Bernard pushed him away and He and Princess Leirina ran away down the hall.

"Come on! Come on!" He said, "We gotta get out of here!"

"I'm all for that!" Leirina said.

"Get Back Here!" Valuke said trying to follow after them and threw spells blindly towards their footsteps.

The spell attacks however just managed to miss them although Bernard was still terrified. The two quickly made their way down to second floor and hid in a small area, out of the way of guards. Bernard quickly tried to regain his breath. He was sure his heart had stopped a few moments back when he was

nearly barbecued by the dark sorcerer. As he started regaining his breath, Princess Leirina hugged him to her breasts.

“Oh you were so brave! Not to mention great in bed,” Leirina said, “Do you mind if I call you Bernie?”

Bernard reluctantly pushed his way out of the princess’s bosom and looked at her a bit more sternly.

“You can call me what you like but I need some answers about what the hell is going on here?” Bernard asked, “Why is Valuke so pissed and why did you call him honey?”

Leirina blushed a little scratched her cheek, “Ah...yes, that.”

“Yes, that,” Bernard asked.

“Well, you see. My kidnapping was a bit different from what daddy thought it was,” Leirina said.

It was then that princess Leirina elaborated on many things involving Valuke, Herself, and Her kidnapping. First and foremost, The princess wasn’t actually kidnapped but came of her own volition. Apparently, Three years ago, Valuke was the apprentice of the high mage of Dalvin’s Royal Court. Valuke attempted to learn more about magic but also met Princess Leirina. When they started, it was an innocent friendship but it quickly developed into a star-crossed romance. Valuke was not of noble or royal blood so he and Leirina could not be open about their relationship but it was eventually found out by the King, their situation not helped by the fact that Valuke had been studying forbidden grimoires of dark magic.

Valuke was expelled from the court for his crimes but he said he’d return. Before leaving to study more magic, He and Princess Leirina promised one another that they would be reunited in at least two years when Valuke had gained the power to protect her and Princess Leirina would wait for him. Two Years later, Valuke returned older and more powerful but his reputation as a dark sorcerer led to Leirina’s father to refuse Valuke’s proposal for marriage. However this did not dissuade the two lovers for long. The couple came up with a plan: they would stage a kidnapping, making it appear as Leirina was stolen away while She and Valuke eloped together. The plan worked and the two lovers lived happily ever after....or at least that’s what the plan was.

Unfortunately things had changed, mainly for Princess Leirina. See, during the two years while Valuke was gone, the Princess intended to stay faithful to her love but found herself feeling pangs of desire for the handsome young royal guardsmen and soldiers of the royal army. With these young men, Leirina became very acquainted with various sexual services and pleasures. While she indulged in this, she told herself that she was doing this for Valuke, that she was learning how to please him in bed. She’d held onto a romantic hope that while these men made her feel good, Valuke would make her feel better.

She had certainly believed that when she and Valuke returned to Darkrock and the rush of rebellion put the two of them in a state of blissful exhilaration. However, the rush began to wear off and Princess Leirina realized something about her dear Valuke. He was a pretty mediocre lover in the bedroom. While on the outside, Valuke seemed to have changed into this badass powerful sorcerer feared by many, he was

still very much that hopeless romantic wizard's apprentice with zero knowledge of how to please a woman.

While, Leirina had come to the realization that their relationship wasn't going to go anywhere about a month into the scheme, Valuke still tried to make it work. He treated Leirina extra special by using his men to get things she required and lived in a state of denial about their situation. He was clingy to Leirina and the princess wanted out. She had even tried cheating on him with some of the orcs in his employ but he chalked it up to those subordinates taking advantage and then frying them for doing so. It was all a strange and somewhat annoying reveal, I thought.

“So the reason you’re trying to escape with me...is because your boyfriend sucks in bed?” Bernard said.

“And not in the good way,” Leirina said playfully.

“Ok then well, I think I’ll just be leaving then,” Bernard said.

“Hey! What do you mean?” Leirina asked.

“I came to rescue someone. You don’t need to be rescued. You need to get stuff sorted out with your boyfriend,” Bernard said.

“But he’s so clingy and in denial. I can’t talk him into it,” Leirina said, “I just want to be out of here and meet someone new.”

Bernard had his fill of this whole stinking scenario and was just about to leave the princess to fend for herself. However, Leirina pulled an ace from her sleeve or rather her cleavage.

“Oh, come on, Bernie,” Leirina said bending forward and emphasizing her bosom, “I’m a damsel in distress. Can an adventurer really say no to a damsel in distress, especially one like me? Besides, I know just how to reward you.”

Bernard’s resolve was crumbling from the flash of cleavage and seductive talk. He really should just leave her here to stew in her own mess but that body and her skills tempted him to ‘save’ her. Before Bernard could try and make an unbiased opinion, Valuke appeared to the two.

“So Bernard is it?” Valuke said, causing Bernard’s blood to run cold, “You are a miserable excuse for an adventurer! Sneaking into my castle and having your way with my beloved. I shall mount your skull upon my wall if there’s anything left of you when I’m done!”

Valuke once again appeared to conjure another fireball attack this time they seemed like they were more powerful. Bernard attempted to defuse the situation but he wasn’t exactly sure what to say.

“Wait! Wait! Listen! This isn’t what it looks like! I-mmph!” Bernard was cut off as Leirina quickly grabbed him and stuffed his face in her cleavage.

Leirina had her own plans of how to put an end to the situation.

“Oh Bernie! My Hero!” She said as she hugged him to her bosom, “You can get us out of here! I know you can, my brave and handsome adventurer.”

“Brave and Handsome?!?! Leirina what are you saying?” Valuke looking at his beloved with confusion, “This is the man who entered your room and raped you isn’t he?”

“No you’re wrong, Valuke! Can’t take it anymore,” Leirina said, “I want to be free! I don’t love you anymore!”

“What??” Valuke asked surprised at this revelation.

Bernard heard the exchange and tried to break free to stop this before things got worse. Unfortunately, he would be too late to stop what was about to come.

“You’re such a boring dark sorcerer, too clingy, possessive, and romantic. I need a real man and I’ve fallen for Bernard. He may not be much he’s sweet, heroic,” Leirina said before putting the final nail in the coffin, “great in bed and....he has a bigger dick than you and that’s always plus.”

Valuke stood there for a few moments with his head lowered and his body unmoving. Bernard finally removed himself from the princess’s prodigious cleavage and saw they were in trouble. After a few long moments of Valuke not moving, He lifted his head with a fire of rage and despair in his eyes. He summoned up two powerful spell attacks, hurling one at the pair while screaming,

“YOU BITCH!”

Bernard and the princess managed to dodge as the attack not only singed the wall but left a hole. Valuke hurled another towards them and another in a different direction. He suddenly began to hurl large fireballs randomly in different directions all the while screaming various insults at Leirina.

“WHORE!”

“SLUT!”

“CUNT!”

“BITCH!”

He repeated these and other obscenities over and over as he hurled fireball after fireball. The number of fireballs causing damage to the walls around them and started to destabilize the castle itself causing it to start crumbling down around them. Bernard quickly decided it was time to go. In his panic, he took the princess over the threshold and ran for his life to escape the fortress. He noticed a large hole coming up

and decided despite them being on the second floor of the castle this would be the easiest way out. He ran towards it with the princess in his arms and said to himself, “This is gonna hurt!”

He then leapt from the castle with enough moment pushing and the princess over the molten moat and landing on the grassy area around the castle, albeit landing hard on their bottoms and the princess on Bernard. The two quickly recovered and ran into the forest, only turning around several yards away to see Castle Darkrock crumble down with sounds of explosions and destruction. Bernard was still trying to take this whole scenario in. He turned to Princess Leirina.

“Why do you say all of that stuff?!” Bernard asked, “He almost killed us because you broke up with him the same way you would rip off a bandage!”

“It seemed the best way at the time and we were already so close to the exit anyways, it seemed the best option,” Leirina said, shrugging.

Bernard looked at her annoyed and incredulously. He pulled on his ears in frustration. The fennec adventurer turned to the catty princess with an angry look as she started to walk off nonchalantly.

“You know I think I’m gonna tell the king everything about what happened and what I found out about your kidnapping,” Bernard said.

“Hmm, Somehow I don’t think that will fly,” Leirina said.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, for three reasons. One, Daddy still thinks of me as his innocent little girl so if you tell him everything, he probably won’t believe you and he’ll probably have you executed for violating me,” Princess Leirina explained, suddenly making Bernard fearful, “Two, I could easily tell Daddy my version which will paint you as a great hero and get you even more money than the reward Daddy would’ve given you. Of course I’d need you to keep quiet about the truth.”

Bernard considered the idea as a reasonable aspect though his conscience wasn’t fully behind it.

“What’s the third reason?” Bernard asked.

At this question, Leirina turned around, lifted Bernard up by his face, and gave him a deep open mouth kiss. Her tongue swapping saliva in such a sexually satisfying way that Bernard almost melted from pleasure. After a long moment which seemed like an eternity to Bernard, Leirina broke the kiss and explained the third reason.

“It’s a long way back to Dalvin’s capital and I’m still pent up from only having Valuke and Orc pricks for over two months. I think a day or two of sexual escapades could help convince you not to tattle on me. Don’t you think?”

Leirina put Bernard back down on the ground and then walked in front of him, her ass swaying with every step she took.

I wish I could say that my resolve stood firm, that I could not be so easily persuaded to lie to a king and a kingdom for a hot piece of pussy but we all know that would be an even more outrageous lie. Besides, despite being a manipulating bitch, Princess Leirina was still really hot.

Bernard followed after the sexy brown princess cat for their long, decadent, hedonistic trip back to Dalvin.

The End