

Adventures of Bernard Pet of the Dragon Queen

It's strange, isn't my friends? How sometimes life will put you to meet people you might never expect and the relationships one forges with them. However, I'm getting ahead of myself. Hello again, It's me, Bernard Fanak. Allow me to tell you of a recent escapade. It started when I decided to join the security detail for a merchant caravan that chose to travel through the Drake Outlands.

The Drake Outlands is a large piece of territory smack dab in the middle of the five kingdoms of Draewick. It is a barren wasteland, mostly made of sand, rocks, mountains, and even volcanoes, where oases are few and far between. I say mostly as the far north of the territory is frigid ice plains and the far southern edge is putrid swamplands. Very little of value resides here which is one of the two reasons none of the kingdoms have ever tried to take this territory. The other reason being that of it's namesake residence; Dragons and their kin.

From the mighty Great Dragons to their lowly cousins, They all call the outlands their home. As if the harsh terrain wasn't enough to make the place dangerous, the added aspect of dragons inhabiting and hunting for prey in the land makes it one of the major places people will actively avoid. It's not helped that outlands are in constant conflict between the different dragon clans having territorial disputes, whether it's protecting their own territory or attempting to expand it. As you can tell from the description given, It is not a place most visit. Only the crazy or foolish would travel through the outlands...and unfortunately, I was foolish enough to sign on with the crazy.

A month and a half ago, I signed on with a merchant caravan as part of the security detail. Merchant Wallace Martin and his associates had plans to travel from Dalvin to the port city of Tharab in the eastern kingdom of Alhared to receive goods and treasures from Taihsipon, a continent to the far east. I and other adventurers were hired on as protectors of the caravan to make sure the merchants got to Tharab and returned to Dalvin with their merchandise in one piece. Almost a month into our journey, we arrived at Tharab and received the goods but Mr. Martin said we wasted time by traveling through the normal trade route and suggested we could cut the time by traveling across the Drake Outlands.

Needless to say, many people of the caravan were against the idea, saying it was reckless and dangerous to travel through that territory to which Mr. Martin rebuffed that fortune favors the bold. Many of us retorted that it was the bold fortune favored, not the insane. However, Mr. Martin managed to convince a majority of the caravan to travel through the outlands thanks to the promise of extra payment. We managed to get through most of the journey fairly unscathed apart from one or two close calls with some feral drakes and lindwyrms. We got extremely lucky not to attract attention from the bigger locals. Unfortunately, things took an interesting turn when we got closer to Dalvin.

It was a dark night with the moon and a few sparse stars shinning down upon the barren land. The caravan of merchants and traders traveled the desert like a line of soldiers. Each caravan had a few adventurers in them, guarding them armed with crossbows or rifles should they fall under threat. In the far back of the line was a carriage with a few of the reserve adventurers and emergency rations. Sitting on the roof of the carriage was Bernard. A thick cloak was draped over him to keep him warm in the cold

desert night. He was on lookout duty given he was a scout. He looked around at the dark landscape and moved his ears about to listen for any sounds which didn't belong.

His ears also picked up the chatter from below him. In the carriage he sat on top of were that of the 'reserve' members of the security detail. Bernard knew them as Bergus, Mort, and Sal, three guys he knew as frequent customers of the Drunk Satyr. He knew he shouldn't judge them since people never expected him to be an adventurer but these three were just slobs. He rarely ever heard of them taking work and Brux said that they had a bar tab almost a mile long. They only seemed to take jobs when Brux cut them off until they payed off their tab..for a short time before building up another. Bernard could only guess they had to have been hired as part of a B team in case the rest of the detail was killed. Currently they were enjoying some of the ale and meals provided by the caravan for the security detail.

"Haha, this is a great gig. Ain't it, Barg?" said Mort. Mort was a thin weasel dressed in some light leather armor.

"You can say that again, Mort," replied Bergus, a boar with a scar over his left eye, "All of those chumps on the other carts are doing the dangerous crap and we can sit here, having a pint."

"And the best part is we're getting paid for it," Sal chuckled. Sal looked more like an adventurer as he had a toned build and more armor but he was still a greasy looking dog.

The servants in the carriage sighed at the three's jovial behavior despite that they were in ear shot. Mr. Martin and his associates had something of a small legion of servants to tend to them and whom they used as cheap labor on the trip. Unfortunately for the servants in the last cart they had to listen to this chatter and serve them drinks and food. Bernard sighed too. He would've liked a warm drink as well but he had to keep watch over things.

It wasn't the most comfortable job, being lookout at the far end of a carriage train, but at least I was going to get paid well. Part of the reason why I volunteered for this post was because I was a rouge class scout. I also had the hearing necessary to listen for incoming trouble. So, I remained at my post. Of course, there was another reason.

"Mr. Fanak, are you thirsty?" asked a female voice.

Bernard recognized it and turned around to see Lucia, one of Mr. Martin's servants. Lucia was a young woman just a little older than Bernard, a vixen with an odd yellow color to her fur. She was a cook and serving girl of Mr. Martin's staff. Due to being a chef, she was slightly thick in the body but it evened out with most of it seeming to add to her curves. At the moment, she was popping out of the roof hatch and holding a mug with steam coming off it.

"It's hot chocolate, it would be good to have this in you so you don't freeze to death," Lucia said holding the cup out to him, "Here!"

She leaned forward causing her breasts to mash against the roof of the carriage. While Bernard briefly

eyed them, he focused back on Lucia's face and the mug. He took the warm drink from her hand.

"Thank you, Lucia," Bernard said, accepting the beverage.

"It's not a problem. You're working so hard," She said, "You've earned it. Are you sure you wouldn't want to come inside to warm up a little?"

"Uh, no thank you. I should really keep watch," Bernard replied.

Lucia smiled, "Alright. Come down soon though. You don't want to catch cold."

Saying this she leaned forward and gave him a kiss on his cheek before heading back down into the carriage.

That was the other reason I was up here. See, being on this caravan away from home is difficult enough but the involvement of Lucia made it worse. It was no fault of Lucia's, though. Everyone loved her. She was kind and sweet, with a love for helping people and dislike for laziness. She would scold people who wouldn't pull their weight but do it in a firm, caring way. No, what troubled me was her body. Her thick yet curvaceous body which was enhanced by the corset and dress she wore. I hadn't made a pass at her, feeling it was a little unprofessional but still her sweetness and physique tempted me. So, I'd taken to watch duty to clear my head and also occasionally fap to fantasies about Lucia to get it out of my system. However, it wasn't helped that I'd been away from town for a while and consumption of potions by a certain sorceress I know intimately had increased my stamina pretty impressively that it would take a while for my boner to go away or take a furious amount of jerking off to rub one out. I tried to focus on the night and not on my longing for Lucia.

Bernard sat on the roof sipping his hot chocolate during his watch. The beverage warmed his body up in the cold evening. He continued his watch and surveyed the quiet lifeless night. Well, it was lifeless until Bernard noticed a shadow or two in the sky. The dark night made it difficult to discern until He caught a shadow pass the moon and it became very clear. He turned to the caravan train and yelled with all his might.

"DRAGONS!"

In less than a minute of Bernard calling out, people began to get up and grabbing weapons to protect themselves. They pulled out lanterns and torches to see if they could find anything in the darkness with chatter being had between the different people.

"Dragons?!"

"Where are they?"

"Oh crap, we're goners!"

“Grab your crossbows and rifles and get ready to fight!”

As the dragons descended, it was pretty clear this wasn't going to be a fight. It was going to be a massacre. A roar was heard overhead before one of the carriages was knocked over by a flying dragon. Screams were heard as the beast attacked and began devouring the occupants of the carriage. Another in the train was knocked over and more screams were made. Some of the adventurers shot crossbow bolts or arrows at the beasts but it proved futile as dragon's scales were too thick. Some of the adventurers began lighting the bolts ablaze and shooting which actually served to hinder them before they went for the person whom the bolts came from and chomped their heads off or maimed them.

Bernard tried throwing knives at the dragons but with their scales, it seemed rather fruitless. Then Bernard was struck by an idea. Grabbing one of the crossbows, he shot a bolt or two into the wing membrane of one of the dragons. It managed to down one and he attempted strike a few more. Unfortunately, One of the merchants in the carts further up noticed the carnage and bellowed out a command.

“Hasten the horses! Get them to go faster and shoot more of the bolts at the dragons' wings!” He directed.

The drivers ushered the horses to go faster, causing the carriages to speed up and produce a much bumpier drive. As their pace got quicker and bumpier, Bernard found it harder to stay on the back of the carriage and soon fell off while the adventurers took the orders and began striking the membrane of the dragons' wings, downing a few more before catching up with the caravan. As Bernard attempted to get up, he saw the carriages leaving. He chased after them shouting, “Wait! Come Back! Man overboard! Hey! Wait up!”

He continued crying out to them but this proved futile as they began to get further and further away from him and further out of earshot. Bernard was now alone in the Drake Outlands, forgotten by the people of the caravan. He looked on at the caravan getting smaller in the distance, before vanishing, and sighed in depression.

“Great. Now, I'm stuck in the Drake Outlands,” He said to himself.

“You're more than stuck, Rat!” said a voice from behind.

Bernard suddenly froze. He turned around to see two dragons, both the size of two carriages stacked on top of each other. He fell back on his ass, terrified as the dragons looked at him. One of them, a orangish-red dragon, sneered at the fennec adventurer.

“Great. Just great. While the others have caravans of goods, our only spoils is this rat,” the dragon said, “She won't want 'im. We might as well have him as a snack.”

The crimson dragon opened his jaws and was about to lunge at Bernard when his companion, a dragon with purple scales, raised his wing in front of him to stop.

“Wait, Balis,” said the purple dragon, “Do you know what this creature is?”

“I’m not blind, Darian,” said Balis, “He’s clearly a rat.”

“No, his fur’s not right for a rat, neither are his ears and tail,” Said Darian lowering his head to Bernard and examined the rigidly stiff young man, “Hm, and his smell...his smell isn’t right.”

Bernard didn’t dare move for fear that the dragons would decide to eat him for whatever reason. He received a very interesting question he didn’t expect.

“What are you, little one?” Darian asked.

“I-i’m a fennec fox,” He answered.

Darian smiled and Bernard got more nervous.

“He maybe just what we need to get into the queen’s good graces,” Darian said, “He may not be a treasure but you know how the queen loves exotic foods.”

“He’d barely make a snack for her,” Balis replied.

“But she may like it,” Darian retorted, “Let’s take him back to the Clan Caverns.”

“Alright,” Balis said as Darian grabbed Bernard in one claw.

Bernard got incredibly anxious as he was lifted off the ground and began to fly with the dragons.

At the time, I was sure that no matter what happened to me, I would most definitely be dead by the end of this ordeal. At least that’s what I expected but things took a different turn as I was brought to the cavernous mountain which was home of the dragon pair’s clan. I remember the cavern having a warm and musty atmosphere. A place filled with the stench of sulfur, decay, and metal ore. We passed bones scattered in the hallway and torches lighting the halls. We finally came to the end of one hallway, which ended on a cliff. I also noticed how the walls glowed with a golden brilliance from the treasures below.

The two dragons shoved Bernard to the ground and then bowed themselves. After doing this, Darian spoke, “Hail, Lady Tibuhama! We wyrms have brought a gift for you!”

Saying this loudly into the chamber, the sound of numerous golden coins shifting came from below. A clatter which echoed off the walls of the enormous cavern. Then raising up from below, came an enormous green dragon with fiery orange hair. The dragon was decidedly female as she had large bosoms resting on top of a rotund stomach. Her crimson eyes focused upon the three before her. Bernard looked up in awe.

I was amazed at the difference between the three dragons. While the males seemed about height of a two

story home, their queen had to be almost the size of a castle. I had never seen such a large dragon before. Additionally, being a hot blooded heterosexual man, I'd never seen such enormous breasts before either. I have seen my share of big boobs but these were the size of large hills. In my awe and admiration for such a bosom, I stated my mind pretty frankly.

“Those are the biggest tits I’ve ever seen.”

Balis growled at Bernard causing the fennec fox to cower, “Watch your tongue, rodent! You stand before the Calcief Clan’s queen, Tibuhama.”

The towering dragon queen gazed upon them before speaking in a lovely feminine voice, “The other members of the hunting party returned with caravans of treasures yet you two return with almost nothing.”

“Hear me my lady,” Darian interjected, “While our offering may lack in quantity, we hope to make up for it in quality.”

Darian grabbed Bernard by the collar with the claw of his left wing.

“This is one of the travelers trespassing in our land. He says he’s a fennec fox, a creature we have not seen in our territory,” Darian explained, “We figured a creature like him would make a nice little treat for you, my lady.”

Tibuhama reached out her hand and picked up Bernard, bringing the little fellow closer to her face. Bernard was a mix of fear and arousal. He was right next to the maw of the giant dragon and could easily be eaten but from his position, he could see her massive mammaries just below him.

“He doesn’t appear much like any other creature I’ve seen before,” Tibuhama said examining him, “And his smell...”

Tibuhama brought her snout up against Bernard and began sniffing him. Her hot breath warming Bernard’s body as she took in his scent. She stopped and looked at him with a smirk.

“Don’t believe I will eat this one. However, I do believe he will make an excellent pet,” Tibuhama said, “I am pleased.”

“Pet?” Bernard asked.

“You are...pleased with our offering, Milady?” Asked Darian excitedly.

“Very. I shall put him away for later and we can begin,” Tibuhama said lifting Bernard up higher and placing him in a small cave.

For the next couple of hours, I was treated to the sounds of dragons rutting. The shifting and clinking of

coins, slapping pelvises which almost sounded like thunderclaps, and growls and grunts of pleasure. That isn't to say I did nothing. I was determined not become some toy given as a gift for some mating ritual. I checked the walls for any weaknesses or holes which could be opened wider. I found none. I rooted through clothes and pouches left on the floor of my space from what most likely were previous pets. It proved useless as most weapons and tools I found were too rusted and dull. I was almost resigned to my fate when nothing seemed to point to a way out. I sat alone in the cavern until an hour or so after the sounds of dragon fucking had stopped and Tibuhama's hand reached in and grab me up again.

The large female dragon looked at the adventurer with a curious and playful expression, "What's your name, little one?"

"Bernard," he replied nervously.

"Well, Bernard. Let us see what you have here," Tibuhama said bringing her other hand up to him and raking her pinky claw down him.

However, her claw didn't touch Bernard's body but simply shredded his clothing. His tunic was split down the middle and his torn pants fell down around his ankles with his large penis exposed to the enormous emerald beauty before him.

"Ooo, you're much bigger than most around your size," Tibuhama said, "I like."

Bernard was confused what she was talking about before she started to lick his body down with her tongue. The tastebuds of her massive tongue rubbed his person. He felt a fair amount of arousal, with his cock standing up to show it's approval.

"W-what are you doing?" He asked.

"Playing with you and by the looks of it, you seemed to be enjoying it," Tibuhama said pointing at his prick.

"But why?" Bernard asked.

"It's part of what I am. I'm a Brood Mother," Tibuhama said.

"A Brood Mother?" Bernard asked confused. He'd heard the term before but he didn't understand how related to this thick but curvy dragoness.

"I'm a very special dragon, a type which can produce a large clutch of eggs at once beyond the boundaries of a mating season," Tibuhama elaborated, "It's a trait that also makes me require some other means of pleasing myself. I choose to do it with pets. Enough chit chat though. Why don't we play?"

Suggesting this, Tibuhama dropped Bernard on her bosom. The small fennec fox found himself slipping into her cleavage as gravity pulled him down into it. He stopped midway in her cleavage, affixed tightly

there and truthfully couldn't be happier. Rather than feeling scaly like one might have expected from a dragon, Tibuhama's breasts felt as smooth as snake skin. It was a softness he recognized from being held to women's tits or receiving a few titfucks. This was no different but was surrounding his entire body. His hard exposed cock twitched in appreciation of the sensation. It only got better as Tibuhama's breasts seemed to move and shift.

Outside of his pocket of cleavage heaven, Tibuhama started to play with him a bit more as she began to squeeze her breasts together and move them around. One almost expected Bernard's bones to be crushed but strangely enough, Tibuhama didn't crush him. She simply bombarded his body with soft and supple titflesh rubbing against him, squeezing around him, and mashing into him. It was almost heaven. His cock grew hot and hard as it and the rest of him were barraged by boobage. Her shaking started off slow but gradually increased. Her soft squishing of his body in her cleavage became faster and harder as she ground and jostled her tits together more vigorously. Bernard was loving this even more as she got a bit more active with her work.

The fennec fox could have been crushed by her gargantuan gazongas if she wasn't careful and he'd have died happily. However, Tibuhama was strangely careful while still pouring on the pleasure. Friction and fast paced massaging caused heat to grow in her bosom and make Bernard even more aroused and pleased. He drooled in satisfaction and he wasn't the only one. Tibuhama was getting pretty stimulated as well, feeling Bernard's cock in between her mammaries. Though small in comparison to her size, his dick was radiating some pretty pleasant warmth. Bernard was starting to go crazy from the utter bliss he felt snug between the dragoness' jiggling jugs. Tibuhama's cleavage confinement didn't take too much more time for it to overwhelm Bernard. After several long minutes, Bernard couldn't hold back anymore and came. His cock almost exploded with a massive blast of cum though almost appearing like a small spout which shot out of Tibuhama's breasts. When it subsided, the large emerald dragon removed Bernard from her cleavage before licked her crevice, lapping up the cum, and giving a small yum from the taste.

"Mmm, what nummy cum and you lasted much longer than most of my previous pets," Tibuhama said, "You must be quite the boobman, huh?"

"Well, actually..." Bernard said with a blush before noticing something she said, "previous pets?"

"Why don't we try something else," Tibuhama said, lifting him over her head and opening her mouth wide.

Bernard suddenly went from slightly horny to extremely frightened as he was dangly over the emerald dragoness' gaping maw with her large, sharp fangs.

"Wait, no please don't eat me!" Bernard said, "I can do better, give me a chance!"

Tibuhama tossed him up for a minute before catching him by the foot. The dominating dragon then began to lower Bernard into her mouth. The fennec fox started to get very frantic but became resigned to his fate, assuming he was going to get eaten by the dragon. When he reached a good point, Tibuhama closed her mouth with her lips clamping around his ankles. Bernard was expecting her teeth to begin chewing

and tearing him to pieces but instead found his body being approached by her long tongue. Her almost serpentine-like tongue coiled around the fennec fox's body. It coated him with saliva and caressed him as it was wrapped around him.

The malleable mouth muscle seemed less like a tongue and more like a tentacle coated in slime, exploring and fondling his body and he found he liked it. He wasn't quite sure if Tibuhama was simply tasting him or if she was really giving him this sort of full body fellatio and tongue bath. Outside of her maw, the female fire breather was fondling her body. With one hand, she groped her right breast and with the other, she fingered her pussy. She moaned as fondled herself and played with Bernard in her mouth. Her wordless cries of pleasure echoed in her mouth and reverberated through his body. Bernard moaned himself as her tongue coiled around his body and the very thin tip wrapped around his shaft, stroking it like a wet hand or tentacle. her lovely soft and strong tongue stroked him from the waist up his torso. It was almost tugging on him with it's soft supple touch.

Tibuhama continued playing with herself, squeezing her scaly funbags and thrusting her fingers into her vagina. She became more aroused and began to breath more heavily. Being a dragon, her breath was very warm and the addition of arousal made her breaths ever hotter. It wasn't enough to release flames but it was certainly toasty. While her hot breath seemed natural to her, Bernard was starting to getting very hot. His experience with Tibuhama's slippery tongue began to feel like getting a wet handjob in a sauna. He was already starting to perspire from sexual extrusion but now sweat began to pool off his fur, mixing in with the brood queen's dragon spit. Tibuhama moaned even more from the taste of her canid captive's salty sweat with a hint of sex dripping on her tongue.

She started getting even more vigorous in her fondling, squeezing her breasts tighter and pinching her nipples in response. Her fingers began to more savagely thrust into her pussy. In response, she kicked her tongue massage on Bernard into overdrive. Her tongue wriggled and warped a bit around Bernard's body, her tip giving extra special attention to his cock. It squeezed and stroked energetically, almost seeming to want to milk Bernard of his cum like a machine would milk a cow. Finally, Bernard could hold back no longer and came. Another torrent of cum shot from his tip, plastering against the roof of her mouth before pouring down her gullet. Tibuhama moaned when she felt the cum go down her throat as she too came from her self pleasing. Her draconic jizz oozing out of her vagina, dripping on an cushion beneath her rump and a little bit on her gold hoard. When Bernard's torrent of spunk ceased, Tibuhama opened her mouth and dropped him into her hand. He was panting with his fur soaked in saliva and sweat.

"Mmm, so tasty again and you even lasted longer this time," The dragon queen commented, "You must be fond on blowjobs too."

Bernard simply nodded.

"Let's see how you like some ass next," Tibuhama said as she lifted herself up off her large cushion and deposited Bernard on it.

It wasn't as soft as he expected but it may have had something to do with the pile of gold coins beneath it. The cushion itself was probably about the size of a small field. As he looked up, Bernard got quite a sight

which instantly resurrected his softened boner. Hovering above him was Tibuhama's large and glorious ass. Much like the dragon queen's bosom, he'd never seen such an enormous rear. Those massive round cheeks almost rivaled her tits. She raised her tail slightly and shook her behind from side to side in front of Bernard before sitting her colossal caboose down on him.

Once again, He was pressed between two massive mounds of flesh although also having the aspect of the cushion beneath him. His stiffy twitched and throbbed with fervor for the titanically bulbous badonkadonk pressed against him. As he started to get accustomed to the soft sensation of her sizable seat pressed against him, Tibuhama started to move. Her movement however didn't involve her getting up but moving her hips forward and back which caused her colossal cheeks to shake and rub against Bernard's body. Her near acre of ass flesh jiggled back and forth almost like Bernard was having his whole body hotdogged.

Tibuhama then shifted her movement from side to side, her rump rubbing up against him more and more. Soon she shifted her movement even more by moving her hips in a circle, pressing her cheeks up and down Bernard's body. The scout adventurer filled with pleasure from the zealous motions of her ass bombarding his physique with booty flesh squeezing and pounding. Soon enough, Bernard couldn't hold out anymore and he came an impressive load between Tibuhama's ass cheeks. Tibuhama pulled Bernard out from between her cheeks and put him on her treasure trove.

"Mmm." Tibuhama moans as she felt the hot seed splattered between her crack, "Not such a bad cum shot for you, Bernard. It's too bad you're not dragon sized."

"Why's that?" Bernard asked

"Well, I could really get used to a mate like you," Tibuhama said, "But I also figure since you've cum so much that even if you were a dragon you couldn't satisfy me."

Bernard took that as an insult, "Oh really? You want to bet?"

"Huh? What's that?" Tibuhama said.

"Well, you're a dragon with great magical potential, why don't we see if my prick made dragon sized can satisfy you," Bernard said.

Tibuhama pondered on this suggestion, "And what's at stake in this wager?"

"If I win, You let me go back to my home," Bernard said, "If you win, I'll stay. No fuss, no muss."

Tibuhama grinned, figuring that even with his cock scaled to dragon size she wouldn't be so easily conquered.

"Very well, Let's see how your genitalia would be at dragon scale," Tibuhama said as she made a gesture with her left hand.

Her hand emanated a strange red aura as she moved it in a motion as if she was plucking out a flower from the ground. The same crimson aura soon surrounded Bernard's cock and balls. The aura began to consume his genitals before his cock and balls rapidly expanded. Bernard moaned as the magic seemed to have some kind of erotic nature to it and stimulated his arousal. Tibuhama looked on as the magically enhanced cock grew and she started to worry about her decision as it seemed much bigger than she expect it grow to match dragon scale.

When the magic subsided, Bernard was an even stranger sight than normal as protruding from his petite form were testicles the size of small hills and a cock which now erect was roughly the size of a small tower. Tibuhama looked upon her work with fear tinged with arousal. She'd never seen such a large penis. She'd fucked some great dragons who were closer to her size but even they didn't compare to Bernard's cock at scale to dragons. However, the zaftig dragoness figured that she'd still have the advantage as she would still be in control and he couldn't possibly move with a mammoth cock of that size.

"Alright, let's take this beastie for a ride," Tibuhama said as she got up on her knees, rose herself above of the massive manhood before starting to lower herself down on it.

Tibuhama and Bernard both groaned as the fennec's enlarged erection entered the dragon's vagina. Though a much larger beast than what she was used to straddling, the brood queen managed to lower her down enough to take in three quarters of Bernard's cock before rising up and starting her ride. She started out slowly but steadily increased her pace as she continued. To support herself, She placed her hands on the massive pile of gold which acted as her nest and floor. She groaned with pleasure from the massive piece of manmeat filling her pussy.

For Bernard, it was a very odd situation...odder than usual for him. He'd been with larger partners before but this was radically different as the woman towered above him and he could only moan and gaze in wonder as the gargantuan gal riding him. As she rode him, Bernard was treated to the sight of Tibuhama's titanic tits bouncing from her movements and slapping against her bulbous belly. It was fantastic sight which made meteor showers or the northern lights appear plain in comparison, at least in the lust of moment. Seeing such bounciness occur in front of him made Bernard's cock throb and twitch inside Tibuhama's tunnel, making the dragon queen moan a little more and instill her with more desire.

"Oh gods! By the great mother, this is fantastic!" She said.

After a few more moments of riding, A climax had been reached. Tibuhama's climax. She soon found herself with her reaching her release. She tried to prevent it, tried to fight her release, attempting to deny it almost until she couldn't hold back much longer and finally came. She released a loud cry which echoed off the walls as her secretions painted the young adventurer's magically enlarged manhood. As she came down from her release, Tibuhama pulled herself off Bernard's prick and collapsed on her pile of gold with her rear end up and her pussy still soaked in juices.

Bernard sat on the massive cushion with his cock still huge and hard. Seeing that wet pussy and

humungous ass teasing him, Bernard felt a strange surge of lust over take him. Amazingly, he leapt off the cushion toward Tibuhama's bottom, grasped onto her sizable booty, and then thrust his entire cock into her. Tibuhama was immensely surprised to be receiving the fennec's dick without her being the one to ride it.

"What the hells! How-What are you-Ah~!" She cried as Bernard continued to pound her pussy more and more with his speed increasing steadily.

To tell you the truth, I have no idea how I managed such a feat. I felt so aroused and desperate to have my own satisfaction that my mind was slightly fogged by lust. Not sure if was some mismanagement of Tibuhama giving me dragon sized strength along with dragon sized cock or the effect of the stamina potions Nomria had me consume mixing in the dragoness' magic. All I know is that I wanted to fuck that wet dragon pussy and not even a cumbersome set of giant cock and balls were going to stop me.

Bernard continued to savagely pound Tibuhama's pussy with his massive cock. He clung tenaciously to her buttocks while drilling her cavern like cooch with great fervor. Unlike Tibuhama who only took in three quarters of the beast, Bernard was ramming the entire thing into her pussy. The previous climax allowed for a faster paced pound than what Bernard might have been able to do thanks to Tibuhama's girl cum acting as a lubricant.

Tibuhama moaned with pleasure as Bernard continued to rapidly pound her pussy. Her folds grasped the shaft during his thrusting but didn't hinder him in any fashion, just gave him a subtle sexual squeeze like she giving him a very wet and gooey handjob. Bernard felt Tibuhama's pussy grasping his shaft tighter and he loved it. The tightness spurring him on to fuck her harder and deep with his tip kissing the opening of her womb. The emerald dragoness groaned with pleasure every time she felt the fox's tip slam against his womb like a battering ram trying to break down the gates of a city wall. She felt her pleasure building more and more almost along side Bernard's, her pussy starting to clench and throttle the massive cock inside and driving it's own to drill faster and more savagely.

Soon both of their tanks came to full and finally they came to their climax. Bernard's grip on Tibuhama's ass cheeks became considerably tighter as he gave a few more thrusts into the brood queen dragon before giving one last hard thrust deep inside her and his cock blasting off a massive splattering of cum. Tibuhama threw her head back as she felt the fennec fox's cum splatter inside her vagina.

"Ahhhhhhh~!" She cried out as she felt Bernard's cumshot which was the shove needed to push her to her second climax.

Her innards once again sprayed her feminine juices but this time mixed with Bernard's cum, filling her cavernous cooch and causing streams of mixed cum to spray out between the seams between her pussy mouth and Bernard's cock. Eventually both climaxes subsided and the two sexual partners panted. Bernard was just about to lever himself out of Tibuhama's vagina when he felt the dragoness' tail push him back against her cheeks.

"Don't stop yet!" Tibuhama said, "You still feel so thick and hard, I want more! Give me more of your

hard cock!”

Bernard’s ears perked up at this request. He was hardly the kind of man to say no to such a n entreaty, especially when he still had more left in him. He pulled his cock back with all of his might and began to go to work fucking the dragon queen as much as she and he wanted.

In retrospect, challenging Tibuhama to this kind of fucking challenge wasn’t my best idea and had several possibilities. A brood queen dragon like her could have gone back on her promise and kept more or could have done worse. Even more so, the fact that I decided to pound her pussy for a few more hours could have made her mad at me and I could have been fricasseed for what I did. However, Luck actually gave me a break this time as a couple hours after getting her to cum first and spending my spunk, Tibuhama was more than ok with my wild fucking.

After one more cumshot out of about fifteen, Bernard fell back on the cushion with his oversized flaccid prick falling on top of his equally oversized testicles. Tibuhama had her rear up in the air and thick fennec fox cum oozing out of her vagina along with some of her own juices that had cum from multiple orgasms during Bernard’s wild ride. Her face was the description of sexual satisfaction and probably close to bliss. She panted along with Bernard but soon she regained her senses and stretched.

“Ah such a wild fuck,” She commented, “You filled me with so much spunk, I could produce a whole army of offspring.”

Bernard briefly pondered and worried about her comment. Could Brood Mother Dragons breed with other species? Was he going to get a group of fox-dragon hybrids knocking on his door saying Daddy? The idea was rather terrifying to him. However, his fears were somewhat removed by Tibuhama’s next comment.

“Although, I’ve never heard of a Brood Queen producing cross-species children,” She said.

Bernard breathed a sigh of relief. He looked down at his disproportionate cock and balls and back to Tibuhama. The dragon queen waved her hand bringing forth, producing an orange glow around her hands and the fennec’s genitalia which returned Bernard’s genitals back to normal.

“So does this mean I’m free?” Bernard asked.

“Yes and no,” Tibuhama said.

Bernard let out a sigh of exasperation feeling that he wasn’t going to leave the cavern ever again.

“I love your cock but a deal is a deal,” Tibuhama said, “I will let you go but on one condition.”

“What’s that?” Bernard asked.

“I ask that you come back once and a while for another hot fuck session like this,” Tibuhama stated, “I

really could use it. If you try to neglect my needs, I'll send some draconians or dragons to find you and I won't be pleasant when you're brought here."

Bernard gulped, "Point taken. I'll come to visit...once a month?"

"Sounds good to me," Tibuhama said smiling and picking out a bauble from her treasure trove, "Here, take this."

What she gave Bernard was a green crystal ball with swirly gold vines decorating it. It looked familiar to Bernard, like he'd seen it at a magic shop but didn't know what it was.

"What is it?"

"It's a gate sphere. It's a crystal ball specifically designed to produce portals. Just think of the place you wish to go, and the sphere creates a portal to it," Tibuhama explained, "It can also be used to create gates to communicate. Use this to take you back to your home and come back here when you come to visit. Be sure to send me a message before you come. I have a gate sphere of my own which you can communicate to. Oh also take this."

Tibuhama picked up a brown bag and gave it to Bernard. Though tiny compared to Tibuhama, it was about half the size of Bernard's torso. He opened the bag and saw some gold coins, his eyes growing wide at the sight of them. He looked back up at Tibuhama.

"Consider it a thank you present and maybe a promise for your return?" Tibuhama said with a wink.

"Yes milady," Bernard said bowing a little before holding the gate sphere in his hand.

After a little concentration, a portal opened up in front of him showing the street just outside his house in Johnstown. He turned back and gave a wave to Tibuhama before entering the portal.

Yes, It's quite strange how life will throw you these kind of strange meetings. Some which may seem very bad can end up working great for you. I never expecting to become a lover to a giant jiggling dragon queen and liking it. It was all pretty nice...that was until I realized at the last moment that I stepped out on to a public street with my penis and nuts shown to my neighbors. Tibuhama's generous gift was quickly halved to pay off a public nudity charge by the local guardsmen. It can't ever be good all around for me can it?