

Dragoness and the Paw Peasant

By Adam0800

In the high mountain ranges, a lone wanderer was seen traversing the uninhibited snowy region. Civilization and life itself perished a long time ago. The forest was empty of creatures, and not a ruckus could be heard for miles, nothing but the crackling leaves beneath the paws of the wolf who wondered through the empty forest. The smell of the forest was like any other, fresh bark and clean oxygen were small but savored things to this creature. The forest itself was full of life, green and full to the brim of flourished wildlife, and yet, the silence was eerie at best. No birds would sing songs this day, the sky was cloudy, as severe thunder storms approached

"I've got to get to some shelter..." shuddered Blackfang, his spiky black fur ruffled in the wind as he shivered from the ever increasing lower temperature. The wolf came more desperate as hours went by, the storm was approaching and there was no protection in sight from the weather.

Blackfang's eyes narrowed as he stopped in his tracks, his paws melted into the soft mud as he stood still, gazing up ahead as the coincidence struck him as oddly cliché. Up ahead of him was a stone watchtower from years ago. Or what was left of it.

It was storms like these that tore the structure apart over time, marble bricks and stones crumbled off of it as it had looked like it seen better days.

"Need to get shelter, warmth...sleep..." mumbled the wolf, he was a 6ft athletic creature that was content on the basic needs of life, although he had none of those right now. The wolf made his way up to the watch tower, the steps crumbled beneath his step as he carefully maneuvered his way up the flight of steps. The crackling of rocks roused the area as the rocks tumbled down far behind the wolf. The tower itself was gigantic, far beyond anything you can comprehend. It was most likely this tower was a forward base for some king of ancient ages. None of that matter though, and soon the wolf leaned his shoulder on the wood door and pushed himself in with force, the door cascaded open with a loud *SLAM!* The echo travelled up the spire and towards the top, rubbing his sore shoulders, he looked at the hinges of the door and saw they were frozen, "No surprise there, this place looks like a piece of---" his monologue was broken off by an alien sound, his eyes widened as the door slammed shut and froze over even more, keeping him trapped in. For a moment he held his breath, slowly tilting his upwards regrettably, whispering to himself it was a dream, yet, high above him the sounds of a long loud yawn broke his chain of thoughts. The wolf hurried to the door and threw himself into it, painfully being blocked as he groaned out in pain. "I should have guessed this was too good to be true!" Blackfang grumbled to himself.

"Ssssss..." the voice hissed, a tail swayed past an open-lit window and shadowed the inside with its enormous size. The wolf knew the only thing he could do was go to the roof to confront this creature, it was the only chance he had.

"Come up to me..." the voice growled, it was feminine in nature and ruptured the tranquility for miles. The wolf hesitated as he looked up the long spiral of stairs that undoubtedly led to the top. "Now..." it demanded. Casting aside any second thoughts. Blackfang whimpered to himself as he ascended up the flight of stairs, entire stairs barely supported his weight as he carefully made his way to the top. Opening

the door to the roof, Blackfang dropped his jaws and stared mindlessly at the creature that posed itself before him.

On the vast wide open roof itself, the sense of height was a lot more daunting than the flight of stairs below, the view was spectacular, mountain ranges peered for miles on end as Blackfang felt like he was on top of the world. The clouds also felt much closer, and the cold air soon reminded Blackfang of the harsh weathers that were coming.

"I've been waiting for you slave..." she spoke, before the wolf was an enormous female dragoness, her purple scales colored brightly as her body was more masculine and muscled than most females. Along her back was a thin row of beautiful colored feathers, brightly lit as they ruffled from the cold air. The snout was narrow, sharp and her eyes were jet black with her reptilian pupils staring into the empty abyss of the wolf's soul.

"A-A..." Blackfang stuttered.

"...A Dragoness. You never seen one before have you?" she chuckled, her massive body was macro compared to the insignificant little micro creature that stumbled before her on these 'tragic' circumstances. With a quick flick of her head, the clouds dispersed away and the atmosphere suddenly became a lot more bearable for the wolf, who was quickly catching hypothermia.

"You can control the weather?" Blackfang muttered to her, baffled by her beauty and splendor.

"Yes slave, I could smell you from miles. It was not like you were quiet either" the dragoness grinned, the purple dragon laid on her side and the underside of her belly and paws were on display for the micro. The dragoness paused as her grin turned even more dark and sinister, the wolf was transfixed on her soles. The purple dragon had beautiful feminine reptilian soles, soft to the touch but kept pampered to perfection. The female loved her paws, it was clear she was narcissistic about them as the feral dragon craned her head to her soles and slithered her tongue along them. The soles were purple with black pads, enticing all those within their precense, her soles were also one thick bed of muscle unlike her scaly paw above. The paw itself was purple, thick, masculine and huge, the ground shook beneath her paw as dust desperately escaped the tortuous suffocation beneath her soles. The toe-nails were sharp, capable of shredding through anything Blackfang had seen before. Her paws had four delicate thick toes too, the plumpest he had ever seen, they were so thick, masculine and held him in awe as the wolf gazed into the most beautiful soles he had ever seen, hypnotized by their splendor.

"As a dragoness, it's key that I keep my soles nice and clean, although it does get awfully smelly down there..." she smirked, her nostrils flared as the potent masculine musk eroded from her female soles. The smell was so thick and dense that even the wolf could smell them from afar, teardrops of sweat streamed down from the soles as the female summoned a ray of sunlight that would soon warm up her soles even more for her new paw toy to play with.

"I-I can imagine." The wolf gulped, his maw ran dry of saliva as the smell invaded his lungs and burned his taste buds. The scent was nothing he had ever smelled before, his canine sense of smell picking up the most disgusting, yet wonderful smell that his nostrils had ever sniffed. Yet, his mind was slowly blurring out any logical reaction, his greed and passion flared for her soles as she teasingly coiled her toes, the purple soles flexed with her leathery skin stretching and creasing up to show her powerful flesh molding to her wish.

The female watched with an interest this new wanderer, she did not care much for him, but the passion and her sense of dominance was starting to arouse the longer the moments passed. Blackfang opened his maw and let out a warm sigh, the wolf's previous fears of the purple dragon were cast aside and looking up at the smirk of the female, knew he was being enslaved by her power of seduction. The closer Blackfang approached her soles, the more humid the air became and the more his eyes watered. The warm sun light and blue skies already made the wolf sweat, but it was the added aroma of her musk that added even more heat to the poor little micro. Blackfang was so puny and tiny before her, yet the purple dragon could not help but muse herself over the pathetic weak mind of this one new slave of hers. Thick streaks of paw musk waved off from the paw, his sight was like that of a desert, heatwaves made it difficult to see closer. But merely steps away now, his lungs burnt like acid at the most powerful godly smell the came across his snout, looking up to the female for permission, she grinned toothily at the little wolf and hissed, "Go on slave, lick it".

The dragoness slithered her tongue through her lips teasingly, her voice feminine but loud, ringing the ears of the wolf, his mind was like a pendulum as it swung backwards and forwards. Between the command of his master, and the paw that towered above him as it laid slandered on its side. The wolf paced forward and felt his body slump against her sole, the smell was chocking Blackfang as his throat tightened and his lungs suffered tremendously with the smell. The wolf moaned as his black wet snout pressed itself against her purple sole, his little paws rubbing her thick warm sole as sweat drops showered him and devoured him in the muskiest sole anyone has ever known. The smell was the strongest right between her toes, the dragoness kind enough to curl her paw around nicely for the little wolf to start licking and tasting the very sweat of her paw. It was salty to his tongue, bitter but when his thirsty maw swallowed it, the wolf felt himself enjoying every single moment of the thick dry sole, becoming more drenched in the natural sweat drops that formed on the paw.

Blackfang muttered as loudly as his mind could muster, "T-this is beautiful master".

His willpower was decimated and his tail was wagging slowly, the wolf was helpless to the onslaught of the stench and the thick scales of her paw. The little micro stretched his paw out and massaged the sole the best he could, his nostrils taking in as much musk as he could, his lungs was screaming and the wolf even sputtered out saliva. But he did not care. The purple goddess herself was enjoying every moment, rumbling deeply with her large scaly chest inflating as her paw was worshipped so lovingly by a complete stranger. Both of them were living the dream, Blackfang lost every sense of survival and gave himself willingly to the godly paw of the feral dragoness, the ecstasy ran through his body as he lovingly gulped down the sweat that stained and lubricated her sole now. The air was so dense, the smell was so vile, yet it just manipulating his mind and numbed it all the more.

"What a good boy...Make sure to clean my paw completely!" She giggled, the dragoness adjusted her position slightly, and watching as the wolf cleaned her paw from the heel all the way up to the toes. The skin at the heel was nice and soft, the arch of her paw was even softer too, and towards the balls of her paw and the toes were the softest. All of that musk and thick flesh all over him, was indescribable. Even when the dragoness would flex her toes, the soft purple sole would neatly bunch up into several folds of soft paw and smother the small wolf completely. Then came the best part, Blackfang looked up to the dragoness and sighed,

"I wish I could suck on them toes..." the eyes of the wolf were needing and completely full of servitude. Yet the dragoness craned her head and slithered down her lips right in front of the wolf. Her nostrils were like a vacuum to the wolf, as he buried them right into the thickness of her arch. Taking one deep

breathe, savoring the scent of her own musky sweaty sole as even her own lungs cried out from the smell.

“My paw smells wonderful doesn’t it?” she smiled, her demeanor was still imposing to the poor micro, who could only contend with one paw at a time. With a small nod, Blackfang watched the dragoness as his mind raced with how much work...or smelly, musky paws were cut out for him. The dragoness then turned her attention from Blackfang, disregarding him for her own lust to worship her own paw. The reptile gave the arch of her paw a passionate kiss, her lips locked with the softness of her purple sole as the dragoness kissed the paw while moaning into it, the taste of sweat dripped onto her tongue and down her carnivorous throat as her saliva ran down from the sole and soaked the wolf. The purple dragon finished making out with her own godly paw a minute or so later, she licked it lovingly and then resumed her relaxed position. She was desperate to smooch her own sole, and use the little wolf to pamper it clean for her all the while. Flexing her toes she commanded, “Now the toes, slave. And make sure you clean right between the gaps. They smell the WORST!”

The little wolf gulped down the sweat of her paw, the salty taste of her sweat leaving his maw dry as the only way to quench his thirst was to devour and ravish more of her paw. Blackfang made his way up to the three thick toes, each of them flexed in turn as the wolf reached out with his arms and started to smooch and lick the crevasses of her toes. The wolf saw his world darken several times, his eyes droopy, his lungs heavy and the air toxic to him, yet all the care for his well-being was replaced with the desire to satisfy his master. The soft skin between the toes stretched, the smell was beyond description, it could easily render him unconscious was it not for his sheer determination to be a pawslut. Moving to each of the toes, Blackfang smooched the little ball-point of each toe as he felt his body embedded into the toe and the soft female flesh devour his body. But he was able to free himself shortly afterwards, and continue to worship the most disgusting, beautiful pair of paws in the world.

Up above, the female flexed her toes lovingly and held his small micro body firmly into her flesh. Suffocating the little thing, he was so cute, what was even cuter was the sight of his body writhing and struggling for its dear little life, yet although she was killing him, both of them loved it. Whilst he could barely breathe and had all the air squeezed out of him like toothpaste, his small little breaths would inhale the full power of her musk. Feeling his small body embedded into her paw was wonderful. The wolf kept smooching, kissing and sucking all the sweat dry from her leathery soft skin, the heat of her paw was unsurprising, even making the wolf sweat, but he soon finished licking the gaps between her toes, where she then had an even more mischievous idea. The dragoness stood up to her full form, towering above the wolf like a skyscraper to a street light, the watchtower rumbled beneath the awe of her power. The dragoness stood arrogantly over the wolf, who stumbled backwards and landed on his hind, the shadow of her gigantic form soon brought a sense of chill to the poor micro.

“Now we’re going to have some real fun.” She growled, the underbelly of the dragon vanished and the large barreled chest of the female was prominent, by the size of her it could have been possible to fit a house beneath her paw. The purple dragon lifted up another paw, it was just like the other one he spent the past hour worshipping, but something was different about this one. On the middle toe of her front left paw, there was a toe-ring that had the word ‘*Worship*’ marked into it. Before the wolf could plead for his life, the dragoness had already descended her front paw onto him without care. She started by slamming her delicate heel into the ground, then slowly lowering the massive paw on top of the wolf.

From shock, fear and love, Blackfang watched in awe that massive paw descend on him, first he felt his legs embedded into the sole, then his body, and his head sat nicely between two thick toes. The dragoness was careful not to hurt her new paw slave, the weight on Blackfang was enough to pin him helplessly in place.

“Lick” she snarled, pointing to the gap in her toe, the wolf started to passionately kiss the gap, the fresh scent was much stronger than the last, and he could feel his stomach churn and nausea was beginning to kick in for the micro. The dragoness gently pressed her paw into the wolf and felt the tiny little body squirm and nicely sink into her soft musky sole, it was delightful to say the very least.

“Does it feel good slave?” She asked, her sole gradually squishing the wolf into her sole, kneading him as the wolf closed his eyes and worshipped her like an empress.

“Yes my majesty” Blackfang sighed up to her, she was a large dragoness so it would be hard to muster the breath with the thick smelly musk making it hard for him to breathe, yet alone allow her to hear with such ease.

“Good...” She smirked, “Just relax slave...” the dragoness leaned her head down and grinned widely, a loud growl emerged as she pressed her toe onto his skull, feeling his fragile head gently devoured by her big thick middle toe as the wolf’s breath could be felt caressing her hot flesh, the wolf wiggled and squirmed as his airway was blocked off from the outside world. And instead, was replaced with the thick scent masculine scent of her paw as she pressed it into him. The arms of the wolf attempted their best to resist, pushing at the toe pathetically, but the paws were too devoured and vanished into the warm purple flesh. The queen then started to move her toe around in circular motions, feeling the wolf’s skull bend to her will as she manipulated him like a puppet underneath the awe and power of her toe.

The sunlight had become less concentrated by now, her paws were sweating waterfalls as the teardrops ran down her toe and drowned the wolf in their salty richness, then, another devious idea struck the purple dragoness. Her fangs gleamed brightly as with a thrust of her toe, the wolf was wedged between her toe ring and her soft flesh. His body was tightly squeezed in between, helpless but to struggle and squirm as he then felt the toe of the dragon stroke along his back. The thick toe flexed the soft contours of the skin and smothered it into the wolf, the wolf could not even look away as his own snout was forced straight into the thickness of the toe. The queen then tapped her toe against the ground, the metal clanked on the stone floor as the limbs of the wolf went flying. It was amusing to the queen that the limbs were curled over her toe so helplessly, the little micro was subjected to her most putrid scent yet it was nauseating and mind numbing. The arms groped and punched the thick meat of her toe as the legs sprayed apart, although it looked painful, the wolf hardly groaned at that, in fact he was sighing and moaning at the warm flesh of her sole soaking it’s scent permanently into his fur. Blackfang could never wash her musk out, he was permanently marked by his master, and the sweat drops stained his fur and destroyed his taste buds. Yet he loved every moment of it.

The dragoness rumbled deeply and lifted up her paw, twisting her ankle and revealing her gargantuan paw and her sweat stained sole to herself, the little micro was still seen struggling, which amused her all the more that the poor little thing would suffocate in her stench. The waves of musk could clearly be seen streaking from her paw, the heat from them alone making it hard to visibly look at anything beneath her paw. Blackfang must have felt her paw was like a sunbed, the heat massaging his muscles and making him relax, yet keeping him awake with the smell of her paw. “Good boy...” the dragoness

muttered, craning her head down and lifting her paw up, she buried her own nostrils into the arch of the paw, taking an enormous breath and greedily filling her draconic lungs up with her paw stench. Even the wolf could feel the breeze cool his fur as her inhalation sucked up all the scent. Closing her eyes, the purple dragoness savored the smell, rumbling deeply as the narcissistic creature then smooched the arch of her own paw afterwards. Once finished, she gave her paw one long lick from the heel to the toe, slobbering over the wolf as her rough sandpaper like tongue doused him in saliva. Reaching down to the little micro, the dragoness plucked him from between her toe ring and toe. Placing him flat on the ground as she waited for him to gain his posture. It took a few moments as his head was dizzy from the mind numbing sensation of her paws, but the two hours he spent there were without a doubt the best in his life.

“That was beautiful my queen.” Blackfang bowed, kneeling before her as the queen posed with her chest inflated outwards and her head craned up high.

The arrogance of the queen dragoness was outmatched and she knew it.

“Oh I know” she chuckled, “It looks like my little wolf enjoyed it too. I envy you slave, getting to suffocate and squirm beneath my paw. It must be a wonderful sensation to know you were worthy enough to worship the soles of a dragoness like me.” The dragoness’s paws were leaving behind paw prints into the roof of the watch tower, they sunk down several meter’s as the queen smirked down to the wolf.

“I’ve never experienced anything so putrid, disgusting and vile in my life.” The wolf grinned lovingly up to her, shaking his head to splash some saliva away, “yet it was one of the most blessing experiences I’ve ever received. Your soles are so pampered and fresh with your sweat and musk it was numbing my mind.” Blackfang stood back up, and then felt his body thrown back to the ground and pinned there by the dragoness and her single toe.

“Good slave.” She grinned, “I made sure to make them even more disgusting and humiliating just so my paw scent can wrench your gut with their godly taint.” The macro dragoness stomped her way towards the ledge of the watch tower, the ledge crumbling away as the dragoness tilted her head over her shoulder, “I’ll be back for you soon, slave, and I’ll keep my eye on you and watch over you and your travels.”

Before the wolf could retort with any fathomable words, his mind mended itself steadily and his outstretched paw towards the dragoness failing to keep her precense with him. The dragoness roared high into the sky, her roar was of dominance, possession and power. Blackfang felt his heart race for a moment of fear, frightened at the sheer potential destruction she could cause. The purple dragon stretched her beautiful bat-like wings out, flapping them pre-emptively before her powerful hind muscles propelled her from sight. The sound of her body breaking the speed of sound and the cascade of rubble filled the air with chaos, the rubble followed her into the abyss of the forest below as Blackfang hurried along to the destroyed ledge, wanting to see her off. Blackfang approached the ledge and jumped back in surprise as the dragoness ascended back over him, the macro reptile started to fade out into the distance, her roar become fainter as the cool sunlight gave a beautiful scenic ending to this chapter of the wolf’s life. The feathers along her back sparkled with bright colours, the feathers ruffled magnificently from the breeze which brushed her body. The sunlight brightly reflecting her scales as her roar inspired the slave’s soul, reviving it from the troublesome worries he bore, motivating him with her

power and guidance as he clenched his chest with a fist. The sunlight bathed his body in the warmth, and as she vanished, Blackfang stood there silently wondering if they would ever meet again.