

Proper Worship of a Dragoness

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Content Warning: Macro, Paw Worship, F/Solo, Masterbation, Oral

Vore

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It was strange to have your own cult.

That's what Sapphire thought to herself as she sat upon the partially collapsed temple ruins that she had claimed as her makeshift throne. All around the blue dragoness more than a dozen people bustled back and forth around the small valley they resided in. Each was clad in robes of light blue similar to her own scale color. Yet more people off in the distance toiled working fields or herding animals far in excess of what the small valley's equally small population could ever need to sustain themselves. But the surplus wasn't for them to store away or sell as you might expect from standard settlement. It was all meant for her.

"Is something the matter, my lady?" came the tiny, high pitched voice of one of her 'high priests'. The comparatively tiny human looked up at her from where they stood next to one of her large foot paws. "Is there anything you require?"

She still wasn't used to having a following of humans that saw her in a literal divine light. It wasn't uncommon for dragons to be mistaken for

and worshiped as gods. A few dragons even believed their own hype enough to consider themselves actual gods! The first time a dragon experienced that kind of attention they would immediately understand why no dragon could resist the kind of devotion and eagerness to please that such a following offered. She didn't even have to ask for food. Just a casual mention of hunger and they would be falling over themselves to provide her with food without requiring much more than opening her mouth to let them climb up and drop it inside for her. She could offhandedly mention a craving for riches and the fanatical following of humans would scour the surrounding countryside to gather as many coins and jewels for her as they could find. They were so devoted if not outright obsessed with her happiness and well being that she had no doubt with only a few words she could start a new holy crusade among her dragon cultists for whatever she desired. While the cerulean dragoness had no plans to do so in the immediate future just having that kind of power was a thrill all of itself.

Sapphire was about to decline their offer as she was neither hungry nor thirsty but hesitated when another thought struck her. "Actually..." She answered after a moment's hesitation in her deep but still discernibly feminine voice "I'm in the mood for a bit of proper worship."

That was all she needed to say to set things in motion. Barely taking the time to offer the obligated respectful bow to her, the priest turned on his heels and rushed towards the other priests to organize them. Before he got more than a couple of steps away she added a quick afterthought to her decree.

"Oh, and go fetch that man from the village. Kyle? Kylen? Whatever his name was. The one with the short brown hair and clean-shaved face."

A couple of the priests exchanged glances with one another at that. But that was the extent of their hesitation before a pair of her robed dragon cultists rushed off towards the village after offering her a quick bow of acknowledgment. By the time the other priests had gathered their various tools for her 'worship' such as large buckets of clean, hot water and several piles of soft, cotton towels the two priests were returning with a third person in tow between them.

Like all humans, it was a bit difficult for Sapphire to tell them apart. It wasn't even so much that all humans looked alike to her. Rather, it was just they were all so TINY! So much so that it was hard to discern

much less remember their distinguishing details. She wasn't even in the highest class of dragons and these humans were barely taller than her ankles. While they often blended together for her this particular human Sapphire remembered if not so much for his physical appearance as for his actions. A slow grin spread across her muzzle, showing off the great sword-sized fangs lining her mouth, when she saw him. Concern or outright fear were reactions most people would expect from any regular human when confronted with Sapphire in all her terrifying majesty. But this little human man showed little of either. Rather, his primary reaction was to blush profusely and avert his gaze from the giant dragon who could swallow him whole out of nervous embarrassment than fear.

"You all know what to do." She said to the priests in a dismissive tone that, if not outright demanding, at least had a strong sense of authority and expectation of obedience in it.

The priests wasted no time in arming themselves with towels and brushes which quickly had various amounts of water and soaps applied to them. The moment each one was equipped as such they moved in to start cleaning each of her one scale at a time with the eager dedication that one would expect from a near-fanatical cult-like religious following. Though each part of her easily reachable was soon swarmed with the blue-robed fanatics her feet were the one part of her body left completely unattended and untouched. That was until the massive dragoness raised a log-thick finger and curled it in a slow 'come hither' gesture towards the man summoned from the village. With his blushing only increasing further in intensity the man obediently moved closer to her as directed. Sapphire didn't need to give any further direction to him after that. The little man already knew what was expected of him. Although, from his perspective, he saw it less as what he was being commanded to do and more what he was graciously being allowed to do.

Like the priests, the brown-haired human collected a brush and large towel before approaching closer. With only a few heartbeats of hesitation the man moved in and began scrubbing at the scales on one of the her massive blue feet all by himself. While the priests were far from slacking in their effort or work quality none of them had showed the same dedication to detail that the man did. He made sure to meticulously scrub every scale until it was shiny enough to nearly show his reflection. The little human even paid special care to the edges around the scales; using an iron spike with a slightly hooked end to scrape around the edges and ensure no dirt had collected between them. If the cultists were

fanatically devoted to serving the giant dragoness then the seemingly random human was outright obsessed.

As the cultists and uninitiated man all worked to tend to her body Sapphire slouched a bit lower on her makeshift throne and let out a sigh of contented delight. The unexpected shift in position caused several of the priests who had climbed up onto the partially crushed walls she used as armrests armrests or were on hands and knees on top of her thighs to stumble and struggle to maintain their balance. Two of them nearly fell off of their various perches entirely. Both were left scrabbling to find hand holds either on the stone structure or the edges of her scales to save themselves from the twenty or more foot drop to the ground. Not a single one made a noise of complaint about their momentary mortal peril, though. As soon as the cerulean dragoness settled again they resumed their work as if nothing had happened. If having people to feed her and order around like her own personal attendants was enjoyable then having over a dozen people hand-scrubbing every single inch of her with the diligence of, well, a priest engaged in holy orders from the divine themselves was like her own little slice of heaven.

Her tail shifted unconsciously where it lay across the ground beside her chair as she drifted deeper into a haze of contented satisfaction. For a brief moment the enormous, snake-like appendage raised a few feet off the ground only to slam back down with enough force to create a divot in the ground while shaking it hard enough that a few of her followers stumbled! Though most didn't visibly react none of the humans present failed to take note how such a simple, involuntary sign of happiness on her part was powerful enough to shake the ground or even crush any of them if they were in the wrong place at the wrong time. Sapphire didn't have an inherent urge to intimidate and scare the humans like many dragons did but even she couldn't resist the thrill that came with experiencing the intimidating awe or fear of the humans generated by such casual reminders of their inferiority to her.

The fifty foot tall giant of a dragoness didn't mind one bit laying there and let them work until their tasks were finished. She lost track of time and even began to doze off more than once with how relaxed and satisfied she felt then. But, much to her disappointment, eventually the diligent humans completed their work. But she didn't immediately come back to full consciousness as soon as they were done. None dared disturb her when they thought she was asleep so they were left standing around for a few minutes before the dragoness roused enough to note the lack of

scrubbing and feeling of being clean and refreshed. When she did finally open her eyes the priests were all standing at attention before her feet while the man from the village was still scrubbing at one of her claws. Her lip tugged up at one side in a slight smirk when she saw that said claw was already pristine yet he continued his efforts anyway. As much as the little human's actions were amusing to watch the dragoness started to feel a bit playful. As the generous and magnanimous dragoness she was Sapphire chose to save him the struggle for excuses and justifications for his actions and give him what he wanted.

"Rise, little one." She said, her voice as close as a dragon could get to a purr. At least to her ears it was a purr. To the man and her followers the volume and deep pitch of her voice made it much more like a rumbling, intimidating growl. "The priests may be done with their part, little one, but you know you still have much left to do..."

As soon as he stood and backed away Sapphire shifted to prop one of her, to him, massive feet on it's heel directly in front of the man. The moment she did she lost sight of him; her foot being large enough that it could cover him completely and thus taller than him when upright. Though if she angled her paw down just right while spreading her toes the man was the perfect height for his face to peek out from between her spread digits. Of course, she didn't hesitate to do so and was pleased to see the man's embarrassed and flustered face peered back up at her.

The dragoness could only imagine what he was experiencing right now. Standing barely a couple of feet away from her paw the heat radiating off of it must have been tangible to the little man. While the air was not yet chilly the autumn season had already begun bringing in cooler winds that contrasted sharply with the powerful warmth her body produced, particularly the soft-fleshed parts like her under sole. Curling and clenching her toes, the dragoness watched him become even more flustered when his eyes moved from her face above to watch the shifting and rolling wrinkles of flesh along the underside of her paw. Each subtle shift of her powerful digits caused the flesh stretch then bunch up with their movements. By the time she stopped teasing the poor man he was practically salivating. He didn't even seem to realize how obvious his 'excitement' was in his woolen breeches.

Sapphire knew they man had some kind of foot fetish. It was the only thing that explained why he was enamored with her paws to this obvious of an extreme. But she didn't mind. In truth, it was why she

had specifically called for him. The priests were dedicated in their subservience to her and did whatever she asked of them, but this man wasn't just dedicated to obeying order. He actively took thing a step further when he could get away with it to go above and beyond what she ordered him to do. He was actively obsessed with serving her. Specifically, serving two particular parts of her.

A smile and gentle nod from the over fifty-foot-tall dragoness was all the permission that the man needed to take the initiative. He practically threw himself at one of her paws and pressed his entire body up against it in borderline desperation. His arms spread wide to hug himself against it, barely able to reach far enough to grab the edges of the dragoness's foot. For the first few seconds after doing so he simply clung there, rubbing his face back and forth into the soft flesh along the underside of the knuckle of one of her middle toes.

Unable to help herself, the massive dragoness abruptly tipped her paw forward until her sole was pressed flat against the ground with the human still clinging to it. She could feel how easily even a gentle press of her weighty foot dug him an inch or two down into the dirt while the malleable flesh under her foot dimpled in and partially conformed to the shape of his body. Sapphire wasn't rough or aggressive with the treatment either. Everyone present was well aware she could effortlessly squash him like a grape if she wanted and he only survived intact because she was allowing it.

Instead of crushing him the feminine dragon pressed down with just enough force to keep him pinned in place; demonstrating her strength without actually causing him any harm. She could feel him squirming under her foot; arms and legs struggling against the overwhelming weight of her paw to no avail. Sapphire may not have much interest in the typical violence and aggression towards humans many other dragons do but even she couldn't help but enjoy the little thrill of superiority and dominance that came with having someone literally under foot and completely at her mercy.

Only when When Sapphire felt the man's struggles weaken did she finally lift her paw to release him. The moment she did she heard a sharp, if still quiet to her ears, gasp of air from the little man as he struggled to replace the air he had been denied during his entrapment. Despite his momentary suffocation the dragoness hadn't had her paw propped back up on its heel again for more than a few seconds before the man

threw himself against it once more. She could feel his chest heaving, pushing against the balls of her feet as he struggled to regain his breath. The dragoness also didn't fail to notice the not-very-subtle grinding of his hips against the lower portion of her foot.

A soft sigh of satisfaction escaped the giant dragoness's lips again. Some might have found such obsession crossing obscenely into the sexual as distasteful or crude but she savored the feelings of utter adoration for her. Or, at least, the utter adoration for her foot. To her it wasn't some objectification of her as a sexual element but rather his adoration for her pushed to such an extreme that it became sexualized. It was like admiring her as the others wasn't enough to contain his obsession and wires crossed in his brain to find some kind of outlet for his devotion. For her it was a delicious nectar wrought from the most distilled and concentrated forms of obsession that could surpass even fanatical zealotry and she soon decided that she wanted a little more.

"Go ahead, little one. You have permission." Though she spoke in a gentle, quiet voice the sheer size of her made even those soft words a low rumble of power and authority. She did a good job of suppressing the quickening of her breathing to keep her words even but just enough leaked out that it was clear she was getting excited.

Once again, the man reacted the moment he had her permission. An instant after speaking a sharp hiss of unexpected bliss escaped Sapphire's lips in response to a chill between two of her toes. She didn't need to look down to see what the source of it was, especially not when she felt it again a split second later. It was licking. The man was using his tongue to sweep trails of saliva along the sensitive flesh between two of her massive digits as if he were lapping up the most delicious flavor in the world right off the plate. His body pressed harder against the underside of her paw while his arms wrapped around the two huge toes framing his head. Using that grip he lifted himself up into a better position to reach the deeper areas of her toe crotch with his mouth.

Sapphire's body shivered in delight; causing her makeshift throne and the hill it sat upon to rumble slightly from the shifting of her enormous weight. She adored that feeling. The feeling of that sharp, cooling sensation caused by the temperature difference between his saliva and the air made it a struggle to not clench her toes around the little man's head. The feeling of the human's tiny oral muscle sweeping its way between folds and wrinkles of flesh no one on her scale would

even be able to notice to hit the most dense nerve clusters. The icing on the cake was the mental component. And, most of all, she enjoyed the knowledge that this tiny human was literally throwing himself at one of her feet to kiss and lick it like a subservient little kobold entirely of his own accord. It was a thrill far above the narcissistic satisfaction of dominating people into forced worship against their will.

Her head rolled back again and her eyes slid closed while a pleased growl welled up from her throat. Without thinking about it one of her hands drifted up towards her chest to cup one of her impressive breasts. Fingers as thick as logs began to gently squeeze and knead the hill of flesh to add to her stimulation. That only further sank her deep into the depths of self-enjoyment. Almost dismissively Sapphire ordered the priests to rub her other foot without even bothering to open her eyes as her other hand slid its way down her belly towards her waist.

As expected her obedient followers rushed to obey her words. Moments later she felt two or three bodies pushing and shoving against the underside of her unoccupied foot. It was amusing to her that they have to shove and grind shoulders, elbows, or the heels of their palms with their full weight behind them to provide even half-decent stimulation to a foot so much larger than their feet but their own entire bodies. The sense of power and primal physical superiority that let her feel was the perfect sensation to accompany two of her fingers slipping their way between her legs to pierce the massive feminine slit between her legs.

A sharp hiss filled the air as she sucked in a deep breath though clenched teeth as she began working on herself. Fingers bigger than men's legs slid their way into her wet folds to stimulate her in ways no human man could ever hope to do with their pitiful sizes. The wet sounds of flesh on flesh was a gentle, pleasing sound to her but was further enjoyed by imagining how much louder and more intimidating it must be for the little humans down below. Imagining how even the act of her masturbating must have been a constant reminder of how much greater and more powerful she was only further encouraged her self-stimulation.

All the while the man continued his dutiful, even somewhat frenzied, physical admiration to her paw. His licking had moved from between the first set of toes and he now made his way along the underside of one of her huge, blue-scaled digit one lick at a time before he reached the space

between the next two toes. Even as he worked her toes with his tongue he never stopped squeezing around the edges of her foot in an attempt to pull himself in tighter against it; grinding against her foot more for her pleasure than his own to add that little fragment of additional stimulation on top of all the others.

“My lady is enjoying our services to her?” A voice near Sapphire’s head spoke without warning. The unexpected words nearly broke the dragoness from her blissful daze; causing her lips to twitch in a threatening attempt to turn from smile into frown. If the human woman had succeeded in pulling her full attention towards her there was a good chance they would have seen Sapphire’s less magnanimous side for the first time. She must have understood the precarious position she had put herself in because she quickly continued in a quieter, placating tone of voice sounding just a bit like how one would speak to a dangerous animal they suddenly found staring them down. “Allow us to offer an appropriate offering to add to your enjoyment.”

Sapphire heard her stepping back towards the edge of the top of her makeshift throne, as far away from her head as she could manage. In her place, however, Sapphire heard another set of footsteps approach. Before the dragoness realized it she felt tiny human feet unsteadily stepping onto her shoulder. When she finally deigned to crack her eyelids open a bit to look, a half-step away from biting someone’s head off for the intrusion, she looked to find one of her priests standing there, devoid of all clothes, looking at her with a mix of fear and eagerness.

Oh god, this again. Sapphire thought to herself.

It wasn’t the first time they had offered themselves up to be devoured by her. She typically refused simply on principle. But this time, while she wasn’t sure if it was because of the ember of frustration that the interruption had built or capitulation to try what they were offering for once, she decided to just try it only to satisfy them in hopes they would stop trying.

Her muzzle spread wide to expose the gaping, fang-lined pink cavern of her mouth to the naked woman. Her tongue had only just began to slide out towards the priestess before it’s assistance was rendered unnecessary. Barely a second after Sapphire had opened her mouth the priest quite literally jumped off of her shoulder directly into her mouth of his own accord!

Sapphire's jaw snapped shut around the priest instinctively, creating a sharp CLACK of teeth on teeth that no doubt must have left the priestess's ears ringing. She was about to spit the human out when the intimidatingly large dragoness finally took note of the foreign, but not unpleasant, flavor of the human. Her hesitation soon turned into a pleased rumble once more at the soothing, slightly salty taste of meat fresher than she had ever eaten it filled her taste buds. And it wasn't just the taste. The feeling of having a live prey in her mouth squirming around and pushing against the sensitive innards of her maw was unexpectedly pleasurable. The little human woman's tiny arms squeezed and struggled to keep a hold on the slippery mass of flesh that was the dragoness's tongue while her feet attempted to brace against her inner gum line or some of her teeth to help steady themselves only to slip and wind up half-smothered underneath her tongue.

It was a new, satisfying sense of power the dragoness had yet to experience. Sapphire knew she was stronger than any of these humans by orders of magnitudes. Hells, she was stronger than all of the humans in a ten mile radius combined. But knowing that intellectually and experiencing it when she felt how easily she could overwhelm and dominate a human with her tongue alone made it so much more visceral. While the others continued their work servicing her feet the dragoness leaned her head back and closed her eyes once more. This time her renewed massaging of one breast and shameless self-pleasure between her legs was focused as much on the pleasurable tending to her feet as it was on the writhing woman in her mouth.

Her powerful tongue rolled the woman back and forth just to see how easily it could move her for a time. First it shoved her sideways until her body was pinned between the powerful oral muscle and the inside of Sapphire's left cheek. For a few moments the dragoness left her there, trapped, while gently suckling on the little human to draw out and savor more of her unexpectedly pleasant taste. For the woman inside the dragon's maw, already soaked in a bathtub's worth of saliva, all she could see, hear, or feel was the pink flesh overwhelming her from every direction. At least until her ears sharply popped from the unexpected, harsh shift in air pressure Sapphire's sucking on her caused. Eventually the dragoness shifted the human to her other cheek for the same treatment before experimentally pinning them to her palette just to revel in how easily she could. But as much as she was enjoying the fresh new experience of mouth play with the little bite-sized human, her

flavor had rapidly faded. So the dragoness did what all people did with food savored until it lost it's flavor. She swallowed it.

Or at least, she tried too. Sapphire's tongue rolled her back towards the dark, bottomless abyss that was the entrance to her throat. But when she swallowed, causing a combination of oral muscle moving to shove her back and a sharp change in pressure trying to pull the human down, the woman's survival instincts finally overpowered her otherwise devoted willingness to serve in this final act.

The woman's arms wrapped around the base of Sapphire's tongue in a death grip, squeezing as desperately as she was able to hold himself in place. Though the little human was using every ounce of her strength the tight grip wasn't uncomfortable for Sapphire. She barely even felt it. But to the dragoness it felt like something was caught in the back of her throat. It was a profoundly annoying sensation. Her flexible tongue rolled back again, trying to buck the woman off as she swallowed a second time. But she stubbornly held on once more. When Sapphire tried a third time they weren't able to keep their grip and the little human was finally sucked down into the abyss of the dragon's throat below.

As soon as she hit Sapphire's esophagus a loud, uncontrolled moan rolled up the dragoness's throat; the unexpectedly loud noise making all the other humans jump as much from the suddenness of it as the reminder of how loud the dragoness was when she didn't control her voice. She could feel their arms and legs pressing against the tight tube leading down into her stomach in a desperate but futile attempt to find any amount of purchase to slow their descent. When the dragoness lifted her free hand up to her throat and brushed a finger over it she could actually feel the visibly bulge under her blue scales where the woman was. Muscles that normally never felt any real stimulation beyond things moving past them being touched like that from the inside was profoundly unusual for her as well as delightfully enjoyable. Her fingers slowly rubbed and massaged at the spot along the front of her neck; gently coaxing the woman lower and lower until the pressure shift of one final swallow from the dragoness forced the human woman down the last stretch and sent them tumbling down into Sapphire's stomach.

A rumbling gurgle began in the dragoness's gut that made her eyes pop open in surprise. A split second later her muzzle spread open involuntarily as a thunderous, deafening belch that seemed somehow

disproportionate to the scale of what Sapphire had just eaten exploded from her mouth and caused everyone in the vicinity to freeze in place.

A blush heated the giant, woman-eating dragoness's cheek scales for a moment even as she felt a strange sense of satisfaction at the unintended outburst of gastric noise. Sapphire looked down at the gathered priests and the paw-obsessed village man leaning around to peek past the edge of her foot to stare up at her.

"Excuse me." She said with an amused smile; unable to help herself from showing just the tiniest bit of teeth.

Though her words were meant to be apologetic even Sapphire found only satisfaction in her tone rather than apology. She had enjoyed the priestess's flavor and squirming struggles on their way down far more than she anticipated. Even now Sapphire could feel her stomach gurgling as if begging or even demanding for more. Still smiling, the massive dragoness slowly swept her gaze across the rest of her priests as she began unconsciously licking her lips.

Maybe she could have just one more... as a treat.

About Author

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