

A Taste of Daiquiri

Igloos are warmer on the inside than the outside. Similarly, living in the eternal domain of the Wet Ice Dragon, Daiquiri, was pretty decent in comparison to the winter outside.

To say she was pretty big would be an understatement. She was slowly getting bigger with each passing year, but her current size just barely outmeasured every other Earth-mountain.

"Hey, how big are you, anyway, Daiquiri?"

She answers with her immense but tinny voice, "Last time they measured me? 29,141 ft. Which is a certain number of double-decker busses bigger than Everest." Her speech booms throughout the supermassive frozen cavern she'd constructed to form her domain, and which she shared with you, her human cleric. Dragons like her rely on clergy to attest to her power and accrue them worshipers. Essentially, you were her roommate and servant.

"Uh-huh. Hey, can I ask you a favor?" you asked, on the floor, staring up at a literal four-legged mountain.

"What's up?" Daiquiri wasn't one of those scaley or winged dragons. Aside from her long snout, she was a lot more like a mammal, with short white fur, four thick legs with three-toed paws at the end, with a long tail of thicker fur, a mane of hair behind her ears that popped up like rabbit ears above her head, and her huge, ice-crystal-like horns.

"I need a pure, clean gem of unmelting ice. Know where I can get one of those?" You needed it for one of your assignments, which meant you kind of had to get it, no matter what.

"Oh, sure! That's actually no problem. I probably have one on me right now." She smiles a warm, innocent smile. Then her fuzzy white haunches thunder down to the floor.

A might KRACK echoes throughout Daiquiri's domain as the ice coating the floor splits beneath her almighty weight. Cold water hanging from the ceiling is shaken free, causing a wave of droplets to patter down from above, a two-second rainstorm.

Daiquiri leans against the wall to her right, lifting one of her thighs and putting one of her hind legs against the opposite wall. The off-white slush in her fur sloshes as she moves. Finally, she sticks her forelimb between her legs and parts her...oh god damn it.

"The purest ice like that should be right in here. Probably near the back." She uses her other forelimb to point into her pale yet pink labia.

"I'm not going in there again, Daki! You're absolutely lying to me." You shiver. Living with a godly dragoness not yet a fully-fledged member of the pantheon meant you had to put up with...shenanigans.

"No seriously, they're there. You just gotta look harder!"

"FFfffine. But don't move your paws from where they are. I don't want to get buried in sticky sleet because you decided to get touchy again."

“Of course! Easy peasy. Could do that in my sleep.”

“Don’t fall asleep while I’m in there, either!!” You urge, stepping up the immense fold. The short fur on the surrounding thigh allows you to climb up at least, and access the small series of curves and loose, soft flesh along her labia.

Rising slowly, you gingerly mountaineer, trying out footholds before you use them, until you finally find something that seems like it’ll support your weight, and are able to place both of your snow-covered boots on the pillowy internal flesh of Daiquiri’s vagina.

She immediately withdraws the paw holding her pink walls apart and lifts the leg stuck up against the wall and sets that leg back down to the floor.

“Aaand...Sssslurp.” Daiquiri doesn’t even chuckle about her prank. She also doesn’t let you begin complaining, either, as she jostles her hip to the side slightly.

That motion is just enough to toss your head and face against the tepid floor, which squishes in reaction to you falling against it. As less of your weight is now holding down the place where you were standing, that part of her pink surface rises, creating an incline. Not even a few seconds later, water (mostly water, some precum) falls in a graceful rivulet from the ceiling of *her* cave, soaking in puddles around the lowest point of the floor, where you’re currently lying.

With both moisture and an incline, the floor turns into a squishy slick slip and slide, and you begin sliding deeper, even as you scramble to grab at anything or get a foothold anywhere.

You soon find one of the gems of unmelting ice, embedded in a wrinkle between two of her thick internal muscles.

You also promptly slide right past it, deeper and deeper.

The deeper you go, the more speed you pick up until at last, when you finally reach the back, the curve of the flesh upwards provides a slight ramp. You slide slightly up Daiquiri’s back wall from your wild slipping speed. Since you were sliding headfirst, this motion actually allows you to plant your feet back on the ground when you rise enough that your momentum dies and you slip back down. The whole sequence makes you feel like the tiniest little character in the world’s lewdest cartoon.

You hold out a hand against the side to steady yourself so that kind of thing doesn’t happen again. The place where your hand contacts is wet to the touch, and your instinct to recoil your hand back is met with resistance, as you’ve stuck your hand in some of Daiquiri’s chilly, viscous dragony juices. Undiluted, no less.

“Ok, thanks!” Daiquiri’s cheerful voice now rumbles throughout her body and quakes the walls of her innards. This just releases more mist, rain and slush over your head and shoulders. “Here’s your decree! Tongue my depths for a few hours, and I’ll give you a couple of those whatever’s you wanted after I let you out! Deal?”

She said it like it was possible to disobey a dragon.

...Licking back here was like licking a frozen pole, though...