

# Snow Queen - First A Taste 📄

## About this Document:

1. 🚫 This is a document intended for people aged 18+. NSFW. It discusses sex and topics that may upset you.
2. This document relates to the files at eSuccubus.com, created as a result of the eSuccubus Patreon and [eSuccubus:Fantasy](#)
3. This script was created using a transcription tool with only minor edits. If you see a nonsensical part or other error, let me know by email or discord message and I will go spot check the file to fix it. Thank you! 😊

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**Elena McIvor:** Ice and snow, but your body curiously warm among them. You feel it. It's as if you were prepared. Or some greater purpose held you aloof from the cold and wind and made you able to see as well. Able to explore and walk journeying old pathways that few have ever dared tread, and that you Now, know, have been untread sometime by the smoothness of every snowy contour of this valley and ahead of you of that mountain.

Curiously icy for the area. The snow isn't always here, but this just seems to be made of it. More glacier, or iceberg upthrust from some small land lake. And the moment you have that thought, you realize there's a bridge to get into it. Ice, and snow, and a cave, and darker. At the base, an ice cavern sloping down into vast structure.

Below ground, proceeding down an icy tunnel. The chill is there, and then it's gone. Because while at first you were still a little cold from outside, now the air has gone from merely warm to positively moist and cloying. The air is full of heat and dripping with it. Hot spring level heat. There's no real escaping it now.

In fact, you find yourself loosening your clothing just a bit. After all, you need freedom of movement. And there's undeniably something about this warm, steaminess that puts you at ease. You walk forward a few steps, one and then the other. Your mind is a little more in the moment now. You look back, making sure that the cave entrance is still there.

And of course it is. As you walk through, some of the walls are ice. The same dark, dark, blue, ice, cavern, yet it's warm. The sauna. The wind

and snow outside are forgotten, except for how they must be channeled over volcanic vents to make the sauna steam of these tunnels. Some parts of the walls are stone, and these drip with steaming water.

On these you see carvings, blue that glow from deep within, or plainer stone and dust, in the shape of various symbols, sigils, runes, some of them unfamiliar and disquieting, some familiar and therefore disquieting. You walk past and find carvings of creatures. What look like squid, octopi, ancient things, carvings of plants, a perfectly beautifully rendered etching of a flower, next to an etching of a man, erect caulk showing something, a vine, a tendril from below, rising from the stone.

The part of the carving with the most detail is the erect penis, wrapped in the flower. Affixed to that vine, contoured so tightly, the veins are drawn through the flower petal surface, throbbing the penis at work. You could almost believe people really did have sex here once. Certainly, it's warm enough, and the only place around that is warm enough, almost balmy enough you'd take off your outerwear, now that you notice it.

The curved shape, the gripping tendril at the tip, nothing more, other than, there's some figure in a mask as well, overseeing whatever process of penile milking is being depicted in the carving. You know there are plants around here that feed that way, remnants of old experiments. There's something safe about this place, and that's the other reason you could believe that maybe people took refuge and had some fun here.

You are wanted here. You have purpose here. This is clear. So you keep walking, a carving of The hooded figure with the mask from the prior mural, the one overseeing the milking. In this mural, their breasts are plainly on display, and their long, thick, erect nipples are being turned so they can suckle at them, guiding tendrils as well.

Like the ones that melt the penis in the other mural onto their nipples and breasts. You're turned on at the very image of what's in front of you and just have to see what lies further in. You walk, and then, you hear bubbling. You notice there's sauna steam in the air for real. You hear wind further ahead through the corridors.

And you see, in each of the four corners of this broad, stone and ice chamber, this warm, safe feeling chamber below the earth, this place

that called for you, there are cauldrons, on chains, hanging from metal hooks, in each of the four corners of this room, cauldrons with fire blazing below, somehow never melting the ice.

Cauldrons bubbling with smoke, with steam, filling the air with vapor that seems to royal imagery. You walk toward one to inspect it. The cauldron in front of you, you gaze inside. Something is obscured by the smoke and the bubbles on the surface. But you see a face, blue skin, dark blue lips, cloth obscuring her eyes, a broad brimmed hat, or some other kind of ornamentation, jutting to the right and left of her head, descending a veil, concealing her, a glimpse of massive cleavage as well.

She smiles. A smile that expands to wicked, fanged teeth. You start back from the reflection in the water, and then check again slowly, but the vision is gone. Interesting enough, you keep walking, turning away from the cauldron, heading toward the opposite wall, the opposite gateway, but there's nowhere further alcove.

Strange for such a large complex to end so soon. To end in a dead end. Then there's a sound. Sliding. Sibilant. Whispering. Square outlines appear on the east and west walls. They slide open and reveal doors.

Which swing inward. Hidden doors. Strange and icy. Walking in, two women. Wearing long red cloaks with hoods.

Beneath the hood you see half masks. From the nose up. A skull pattern. Their mouths show. They smile at one another in recognition. Their breasts are on display. In fact, they're wearing nothing but that cloak and that mask. Some gauntlets, but these show their fingers and their soft palms, clearly. An exquisite black garters.

An eclectic look. Byproducts of a knight getting dressed in a hurry. They walk nearer. One to each side of you, leaning in. Brushing their lips against your cheeks. Warming you, for they are the source of the warmth down here. Or at least they reflect it, radiate it. Their hands explore your body, pulling away your outer vestments.

You lean into their touch because they are desperate. They are sensual. They're growing aroused by your mere presence. It's warm, it's comfortable. They breathe deeply, lean in. One runs her tongue up. Kisses up your chin, licking, tiny bites the other gropes around the front of your body. Grabs you, pulls you close, rubs her breasts over your forearm.

Leads you, tugging you, arm between her breasts. Oh, but you must meet our mistress. They do not say, but you seem to remember them, indicating they will take you to the mistress of this place. And so you are following them. You follow warily, but you'd have no chance to get away from them in this place anyway.

So follow you do. The further you go into the dungeon, the warmer it does get. But you know it is only the suspension of the cold affecting you. This is a place of stillness and entropy. Ironically, you are the most vibrant and living thing in what turns out to be a bustling underground metropolis. Red robed figures, similarly scantily clad, move along gantries, walkways, and ramps.

Never mind that. The mistress will see you. They're sultry. Both of them walk closer, one to each side. Kiss us. Touch us. Let us touch you. Hands exploring, pulling outer garments aside, leaning into their touch, their desperate sensual touch. We're too hot. We're too hot. You're delicious. Let me taste. Now, on to her.

And they smile at one another, knowing the monarch won't be kept waiting. Closer. Pressing. Pulling. Anything that might get in the way is stripped a little bit to the side. You're like something ready to be

peeled and displayed. Making sure they can touch their pussies to your thigh as they grind on you, they eventually do recapture their senses, but not without you getting to relish another few deep breathed perfume scented moments of their tits on your shoulder and their thighs around your thigh.

On the outside, humping, soaked trails against you, um, uh. They are truly turned on, in a way you've seldom seen. Aroused, thrilling, tingling, obvious. And your hardness, if it appears, is not unnoted by them, but, they're not really looking at you, they're feeling you over. You get the sense that something beyond sight guides them.

That little tug, that sliver of blue light in their hearts, and maybe yours. Hard, aroused, the sauna only makes this place worse and better. Moment by moment, one rubbing her face between your legs, having gone down your side, slid down you, as though unable to maintain muscle tension while doing anything other than grind.

Against your hardness, it is a wanton, inhuman movement, but she grins. She begins to mischievously tug your clothing out of the way with her teeth, and then your glistening, gleaming, almost already drooling cockhead vanishes into her mouth. She swallows around it, pulling it,



beginning to suck, fastening her lips deeper on, the other one not to be left out, sucking, kissing, experimenting along your testes, making the pent up load in there feel like it's even closer to the surface.

Nearer to where it will emerge, like it's waiting, impatiently to squirt and spurt. No, the one sucking pulls away, grabbing your ass a final time for good measure before standing, adjusting her cloak, licking a suspicious translucent sticky droplet from the corner of her lips. Did you drip in there? The other one stands.

rubs your balls adoringly, fawningly, and leads. You're still being teased, connected, wired into that mouth that sucked on you a deep blue hue at the core of you, spreading out an impossibility to escape. Too good. Let your hips thrust emptily at the air as you follow both of them into a vast room. You let yourself go.

Let yourself be guided. And this one is not like the room where you were caught before. Not like the antechamber. This comfortable open space, lit again with a darker blue light, has a chair at the other end. But not a throne, something festooned with pillows, more like a couch or a lounge. And laid across it is a figure much larger than the two

admittedly statuesque ones who jiggled and wiggled their way onto your sides and sucked and trucked you down here.

She's there, there next to you and they detach from you. Leaving you standing on a comfortable red carpet, in a room covered in silken down pillows, and what looked like, really, an offering or a treasure hoard in the corner, ignored. It's you who has all attention here. She wears that veil. You did see her, scryed in that cauldron above, or maybe a warning or an audience request?

Mmm, come nearer so I can see you. My eyes are pinpoints of blue light that stare right into you. Not as good as they once were. The figures pleasuring you are sitting by her throne, then kneeling on the huge pillows next to it, clearly intended for these two. They lay their hands atop their knees, palms up, resting there, an offering position, a servant waiting.

And you walk toward the figure at the center of this place. She's wearing a form hugging black bodysuit, but her skin shows on her chest, between her thighs, on her arms, and under them. You imagine her buttocks might be similarly bare beneath that blue cloak. And

she's simply Keeps beckoning you nearer, nearer, Till you're standing right in front of her chair.

Would you care to strip and present your offering? You think, there are things that want The gift of vital liquids, or of sexual consort. There are energies to be fed, and If she's asking if you want to have a go, well You take a look at her and make the decision. You nod, and begin to remove your clothing.

It's plenty warm here to do it, in fact, it's a little cloying to still be clothed. That's why everyone else isn't, maybe. And this is when the attendants pour into action. Pour because their movements are cat like, liquid. To your left, the one simply stands behind you, helping to take your clothing, offering to put it aside.

But she doesn't leave. She drapes what you give her over one arm, then the other is wrapped around you, gripping your balls gently, massaging. The approval of the massive blue woman with that sharp grin is obvious. The two below, for the other, has also fallen to her knees in front of you and begun to simply drool over your cocks, the strangest and sexiest thing, eyes wide open staring ahead, tongue, which must be three inches out of her mouth, and very dexterous, drooling, lavishing,

marinating, and coating your entire, now rigid, shaft with her saliva, lubing it, and the queen, then, decides to explain.

Maybe on a whim, I am going to taste what you've brought, and if you are worthy, pleasure unimaginable, a place in my court, the services of my servants. She pats both of the other women on the head, reaching over your shoulder for one, and down next to your cock for the other. You feel the warmth of her passage, she might be the warmest thing here, even more than you.

And then she leans in. And simply grips you, pulling you away from both the women who are servicing you, and then down into her lap in the seat. Lay on your back, there. She doesn't kneel. She leans above you, having stood from the seat you're now laid out on. It is very comfortable, you can see where she was.

And then it melts on your cock, just the head. Her huge lips, tightly squeezed, right under the tip. Licking the tip. Licking the hole. Trying to coax that errant load of cream that's already been standing at the exit from your balls. Waiting to flow up the tube, inflate it, and make her mouth bulge with how much you're storing, how long you've waited, how rich her meal will be.

The one beneath is gasping and moaning, they've both been blushing to their cheeks since she patted them. And when she finally begins to suck, you feel that the tip of her tongue is forked and perfect. Her mouth technique, which you've been concerned about, exquisite, smacking, suckling, tasting you. But she doesn't go any deeper, just the head.

Ah, the two attendants pour next to your cock on some unseen signal. Yes, finally, finally. One licks the balls until they're shiny, glossy, glistening, bouncing them in the palm of her hand. The other works your shaft with just thumb and forefinger, a milking motion of the smallest possible surface area, while she licks all the places her fingers aren't, from one moment to the next, twining her overlong tongue.

Into all the nooks and crannies of your veined, turgid shaft, where it is anchored only by the fact that the Queen will not relinquish the head from her mouth. That's her treat. It's everyone else's job to get it out. She looks up with those pinpoints of light at you, Insisting you not let this take too long.

Slurping, sucking, Technique is perfect, but so are the other two. From behind you, toward the mouth of the room, You hear a heavy and aroused breathing, As of many other servants watching. Watching as you are prized, And as your load is prized from you. Your tip is now openly leaking into her mouth. You're standing there in the sauna warmth.

Two servants attending to your cock along with their leader. The red cloaked women leaning in, kissing breasts against your leg. They have hands between their legs, each of them rubbing their pussies with wet, drooling, long strokes of clit and lips, and then two fingers plunged inside. And they're furiously Furiously fingering themselves, you wonder why the change, their eyes roll back, their mouths open, they pull away, and then the queen plunges onto your cock in full.

You're inside her mouth. You let yourself go. Her technique is better, don't you think? Says one whispering by your ear. Surrender. Let it out. Let it in. Let it fill. Her she needs it. Taste it. Savor it. Roll it around on her tongue. On our tongue we all. Taste you, we all taste you, they both grab your ass, lick your ears, deeper, on and off, in and out, thrust your hips, breed her mouth, fuck her, cum in her, seed her with

your cream, all those things, dreamy, warm, you're gonna make her head Gonna make us all cum.

Her majesty's gonna taste it the best and you're gonna get to see the rest. See us fall. See us falter. See us crave. Don't you want to make up the stuff we dream about in your balls all day every day? Yeah, join us. Stay here. It's good. Feel me. Hands against their pussies. Soaky, drippy, stick your finger in there, feel clits, large, engorged, maybe pumped, or maybe they were rubbing them extra hard, proud of their hood.

Standing aloof from the skin, pulled back on those, mm, wonderfully sensitive buttons. Too much, too much, they say, but they're grinding against your fingers. And the suction continues, bobbing forward and back. The queen is not touching herself. Instead, you see one of the servants crawling below and hear the slow slurp and suck on her snatch as well.

She grinds, with you inside of her mouth. The two's talking dirty in your ear. She begins to go to town. Come any time. We're not gonna stop and she's not going to either. Bet we can keep you hard through a second one. A third one. Till you're done. We'll mark you on when

you're ready. Just, stay. They're murmuring, their whispers continue, but you're more focused on the queen, sliding you into her mouth like a thrust, and you do thrust your hips, they encourage you to, each attendant grabbing one butt cheek and pushing you forward, helping you face fuck their leader.

But she's just eager for you. Giving you the differing sensations for mouth. Rubbing the bulbous, pre cum dripping head of that cum tube that's ready to squirt into her. You know what your cock is right now? A way to deliver a load of what's going to really wow her. Cause it's been a little while since you got any out.

It's been a little while since you did anything. That's what she senses and hungers for in there. A thick, ripened load of deliberate, constant concentration. Once it's in her, it should blow her away. You see her bobbing, suckling, mmm, delicious, unthinkable. And then she's back on it. There isn't time for her to think or speak or look up at you.

She's just slurping. Of course, given her immense skill, hard cock trapped in a warm cage, a device made to milk it. It doesn't feel organic, feels machined. Just when you think there's no way she can



deliver another Suckling, squeezing echo from the base to the tip again she does like a machine over it moving, moving, rigid, rhythmic.

They're holding and rubbing on your arms, mind fuzzy as it is. Each of the others is tracing their long blue painted fingernails over your skin. Light sensations, tracing patterns. They leave tiny pink marks with their pressure, but it's so delicate as to be almost apologetic. Still, they're dripping pussies, the smell of sex in the air, and a mouth that is skillfully plunging past the veins of your shaft, holding them taut and tight.

The skin pulled back from it, the head pushed as deep in her throat as she can, till when she swallows, you feel the working of her tongue, her throat, deep inside. Her hand between her legs, that bodysuit is in disarray like she wants to tug it off. Her eyes open, pointing up at you, staring up at you, gripping your balls very lightly, gingerly lifting them and dropping them.

Let gravity take that little temperature controlled sack containing the load she hungers for, bouncing it up and down. She pushes you into the arms of the women who fall back with you in their laps. Her servants

clamor around you. All of you fall to the pillows below, comfortable sloth across the room.

Ornamentation, adornment, these are forsaken. All clothing stripped, even those cloaks thrown aside. Nude bodies holding you up so she can keep plunging her mouth down your shaft. You laying on the floor, her entire throat closing. Swallowing, sucking around your length, pulling it in, sultry, deliberate, she's trying to seduce with tongue, seduces with her moans, with the swallows in the back of her throat as she tries to gulp around you, around you, the tip, the hole at the tip of your length beginning to ooze, a clear stream of trickling fluid that feels so good to you, tantalizing.

Tingling, a teaser at the back of the brain, but nothing in the foreground. This isn't what she needs, this does nothing to slake her hunger. The two attendants, moaning, faltering. You feel their pussies squeezing, clenching around nothing, while they grab you with their thighs. Kiss and lick and bite, and she only sucks it deeper.

Swallowing at the back of her throat. All of this making you as happy and drippy as possible. From somewhere. Maybe from the ones sucking on you come some little tendrils that do wrap around the base of your

cock, begin to massage the balls below, which are so laden, all their passages filled and flooded to the brim with cream that will squirt that is waiting, waiting impatiently, as though waiting in line to come out that long Clear line, that squirting spurt of high pressure fluid from deep inside to slather her throat and tongue.

Wrapping around, keeping you restricted, constrained, contained. If you wanted to spurt, you'd have to wait a moment. She holds you there, putting an arm around your waist, dislodging the others, grabbing your ass, pulling you against her mouth like she's a lock, a piece of equipment, machinery designed to get the best, hardest cum out of you.

You feel yourself bubbling over. You're getting ready, you're getting ready, dra getting ready. Closer to her, lost to her sensation, mouth capturing, pumping along it. Every rigid line of your shaft is drawn in your own mind. Because in pinpricks of pleasure, she's painted its shape in a way you recognize.

No inch of it not assailed, but that assailing is nothing more than the baseline required to excite it, to wake it up. Where is the tip in the back of her throat? Slurped and swallowed around again and again is

only the center of that storm. It's emanating, twitches in your thighs, the little scratches from those nails as she gently pulls you tighter, closer, women rubbing their breasts on your face, pussies drooling on your thighs but not able to get to your length because the one who's dove on it, whose tongue is wrapped at the base and is pumping there like a little cuff, like a milking machine augment, keeping you going, keeping you in her firm, full lips, her eyes closed, those pinpoint of blue light glowing under the lids and she sucks.

And she slams, and she slurps, until you've pushed your way upward into her throat. But she just keeps swallowing. Smile on her face. You come, come, squirt, spurt, come in her. These are the babbles of the attendants clinging to you. Please hot, sticky, taste, want, want, want. Their mindless babbles are the overwhelmed byproduct of a pleasure too vast for them.

A hunger. The person suckling at you knows exactly what your load is going to do to her. She begins to massage near your ass, slips a finger inside, finds that button within, finds that little pearl of influence, prostate melt and come hither movements. She's expertly trying desperately to get what her chin can feel bubbling in those balls, what those tendrils can palpate, massaging, most aware of all.

And smile on her face as you look down, as you can't help but look down. Vacant eyes and slack mouth and pleasure riding in an exhausting movement. From toes to head, trembling with nothing to do with your cock, except that maybe, in the same way that your cock is entirely inside of her mouth, her throat the same way her swallowing around your glands is milking you, your brain as well is capturing.

in her gaze or in her mouth or and each swallow wicks away what you don't need a whiteness of your spurted seed is going to begin to paint inside her throat you see the design you're going to climax you're hard she wants you you're going to climax somehow so as they all rub on you you see your hard shaft in your mind but not outside because it's deep in her mouth and then with triumph she rises Plunges.

Rises. Come for me. Plunges. Please come. Rises. You're allowed to come. Coming. You come. You squirt. You spurt that white, hot stuff. She opens her mouth, lets you see your own cream blasting into the back of it. But she's still too expert with her aim for even one drop to escape. No mere trickling down her lips.

When she sees you start to flag, she dives with tongue and glues it to the hole at the tip of your cock, massaging and dredging and sending a strange tingling that you learn to enjoy as she keeps doing it till even the aftershock drops are hers. The dry rest of your length she then slathers with a tongue, anointed with just a few drops of your cream, maybe to praise it.

This anointing does not stay long as the attendants clamber down. As she gulps, showing a mouthful of whiteness, the hand between her legs never stopping, three fingers now plunging into her thumb on her clit, brain leaking out of everyone in the room, you're all just lust, and sex, and the warmth of that pit full of soft places to fuck.

And you want to, want to take them, fuck them, claim them, but right now you are quite tired and the two who are licking your cock as it begins to flag slurp up the powerful blood supply vein that kept it erect. Over the sensitive frenulum, those big firm lips are now just licked, lascivious, she's tensing, her fingers in her, you complete thrust, want to fuck, thrust, want to cum, thrust, want, mmm, quite delicious.

I'll reserve judgment, and then she's going, but the other two fall upon you, praising your warm and now emptied balls, rubbing your shoulders saying you must be tired, helping you rest before you head back, and assuring you that if you wait longer before discharging that horny heady cargo into the waiting queen, the results will be different.

They confide conspiratorially, for everyone involved.

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For the style guide used to create this dyslexia-friendly formatted script, credit to Christina [Torbrook whose original guide is here.](#)