



WINGS OF DESIRE : THE SECRET INGREDIENT FOR A PERFECT CREAM PIE

Complete Edition

BY PENNY INK

At Starflight's and Clay's cave, the preparations are moving right along. Everything seems ready for the visit of the MudWing's siblings: the Christmas tree in the living room shines brightly, the dining table makes itself pretty for the guests, and the thick pouches over the crackling fireplace overflow with gifts. Nevertheless, one detail bothers them: too distracted by so many tasks, they forgot to buy the important ingredient for their cream pie: cream. Time is running out, and the market is closed on this special day. In a desperate act, they will have to resort to a weird solution and make sure to not spread it everywhere in the kitchen...

It contains: gay sex, dragon sex, penetration (anal), oral sex (fellatio), creampie, excessive cum, romantic sex, dom/sub relationship, gentle sex, deep throat, huge dick. **All characters here are adults!**

THE SECRET INGREDIENT FOR A PERFECT CREAM PIE

“There we go!” Starflight exclaimed once he fueled the oven with the flames.

The dazzling fire cast its warm light into the kitchen where two dragons were working tirelessly. While the blind NightWing handled the Christmas dinner’s preparation, Clay dipped the utensils in the water bucket before scrubbing them. Despite his high concentration, his nostrils quivered at the delicious aroma. The stuffed turkey and its spices overwhelmed his senses, making his stomach rumble. He chuckled his embarrassment. Even the cow earlier didn’t satisfy his ravenous hunger. However, he couldn’t let himself be distracted when a mountain of dishes loomed before him. Time was ticking by, and soon, his brothers and sisters would knock at the door. He waddled. How excited he was to celebrate this holiday with them and share that delicious meal!

His partner, however, saw the situation differently.

“Clay? Are you washing the dishes?” he asked in a tense voice.

“Yes, my star! Working on it,” he hummed over the clattering of wooden plates.

“Okay! Did you put the garlands around the entrance?” the dark dragon continued, pacing back and forth in the kitchen.

“Yeah, yeah, it's done!”

“Did you wrap the gifts?”

The MudWing sighed in exasperation. These questions disturbed his focus on his work. Faced with this disruption, irritation began to stir within him. Despite his effort to remain kind, a hint of impatience tinged his response.

“I placed them under the Christmas tree.”

“And what about the decorations on the table?” he kept going, biting his claws.

“Done.”

“Did you use the red candles at least?”

His grip tightened on the spoon he was cleaning. In addition to the numerous tasks interrupted by trips to the market, this oppressive stress weighed on him all day long. He tried to remain calm in this storm, but tiredness was eroding his patience. If another question came out of his muzzle, he will lose his mind!

“Yes, yes!” he exclaimed with an annoyed grunt. “The ones with the snowflakes, I know. They're on the candlesticks.”

“Good! And did you wash the floor?”

That was enough! The soggy utensil fell into the bucket of dirty water, and the beefy male sprang to his talons. His heavy steps approached the stress bag before he intertwined his tail

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with his. The contact startled the NightWing, his muscles as tense as his neck. At least he had stopped biting his dull claws.

“Starflight!” he blurted out.

“What?!”

The tone (a little too sharp for his liking) tightened the brown dragon's throat, but he snapped out of his stupor. Despite his irritation toward this controlling behavior, he noticed the anguish on his snout, and that sight pierced his heart. This detail only further proved the necessity to calm him. His wing covered his back, his sturdy paw rested on his. Even if his lover remained impassive by this tenderness, the large male noticed his breathing slowing down and his limbs relaxing. This brought a relieved smile to his snout while he reassured him,

“Everything's fine, okay? We're inviting my family, yet you're the one who's the most stressed.”

“Because it has to be flawless!” he grumbled, his lips trembling. “I can't disappoint them. Otherwise, they'll think I'm a terrible partner for you.”

This argument made him sigh. How many times did he need to tell him he was already perfect? Whatever. He would repeat it millions, billions of times if he could witness his smile every day.

“My star, they will never judge us,” he whispered to him. “Believe me, they are looking forward to meeting you, and even if we make mistakes, they will love our Christmas party. I promise you.”

To emphasize his words, the swamp dragon gently stroked his flat muzzle against his partner's. This sign of affection relaxed the dark body. In turn, his wings hugged the muscular male. The day's stress melted away in this comforting embrace, and Clay's tiredness dissipated. For a moment, the world around them stood still. Only the blind dragon's appeased purrs and their slow pulses soothed his mind. Even after two years together, an intense well-being warmed his heart, reminding him how important the NightWing was to Pyrrhia and that he would protect him at all costs.

Nonetheless, his family will arrive soon, and time slipped away like a waterfall. Reluctantly, he let him go not without contemplating him. Despite the bandage over his eyes, his softened features and shy smile gave him butterflies in his stomach. Stay focused! After all, only one (and very important) task stood between him and the perfect evening with his loved ones.

"However," the MudWing interrupted with a throat clearing, “we must continue if we don't want to be late. The turkey is in the oven and the decorations are placed, so the only thing left is the dessert!”

“Great!” he exclaimed. “A cream pie, right?”

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Just hearing the name of this delight rumbled Clay's stomach. His muzzle watered at the thought of taking a bite of its crisp crust and soft filling. How he missed its light, sweet taste! He shook his head to come back to reality. The pie won't bake by itself.

“Yeah! Could you read the ingredients to me while I look for them?”

“Of course!”

While the NightWing searched the library, he cleaned the remaining dishes. Nobody would ever let a blind dragon undertake such a task, but Clay acknowledged his boyfriend's impressive memory, and as expected, he found the scroll in no time. Then, rubbed his claw across its bumpy surface to browse its contents until he located the recipe. His efficiency shocked the MudWing. He will never understand how he could read with only dots.

While Starflight listed the necessary products, he searched for them among the shelves. Fortunately, their numerous trips to the market let them gathering all they needed.

Or almost everything.

His thick eyebrows furrowed as he noticed the cream was missing in the chest. Not in the furniture. No trace of it in the kitchen. His throat tightened for a moment. Impossible! Could they have forgotten to buy it? Out of the corner of his eye, the brown male saw his partner squirm in discomfort. He wanted to reassure him, but he too was overwhelmed by the event... unless he stocked it in the cold room! Excitement energized his steps, but once inside, it died instantly. Shame made him snicker impulsively. How could he have forgotten the most important ingredient? It was literally in the name of the recipe! Part of him dreaded Starflight's reaction with this disastrous news. Perhaps his resourcefulness will find a solution to this problem.

“My star? I've looked everywhere... and we're out of cream,” he admitted as he went back into the kitchen.

“Three moons!” his lover exclaimed. “We don't have time anymore, and the market is closed today. They who adore this dessert, what should we do?”

“Don't worry! In the worst case scenario, we can mix some snow with a little milk and problem solved!”

The joke didn't have the desired effect as the dark dragon bit his claws again. At a loss of words to soothe it, his beige wing patted its back. This stupid mistake left a bitter taste in its snout. He insisted so much on cooking this pie, so he felt foolish for not paying it more attention. Unless they improvised a new menu, they would have to serve them cookies, a very monotonous choice for such a special occasion. His brain was overheating as it tried to come up with another recipe. Contrary to appearances, the blind dragon was the couple's cook.

And his talent manifested itself again when he thoughtfully suggested,

- Actually, I like the way you think. If we don't have the cream, we can replace it with an equivalent. What if... Oh!

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This “Oh!” seemed neither surprised nor excited. On the contrary, it expressed disgusted astonishment. His gaze shifted, and his cheeks burned like lava. Clay, on his side, raised an intrigued eyebrow at this reaction. There was nothing wrong with substituting one ingredient for another, right?

“Although this will require some extra spice, we can do it,” the dark male considered, scratching his chin.

“What are you talking about?” he asked, increasingly perplexed.

“In fact, there is a... natural way to recreate the cream consistency, and since you can make a lot of it, we will not run out of it.”

Speechless, the MudWing blinked in response. All of this looked like a riddle. After all, dragons couldn't produce milk: they weren't cows! Starflight was clever, but sometimes, he couldn't follow his train of thought.

“I... I don't understand.”

His lover sighed in discouragement, his muzzle boiling of shyness. An uncomfortable wince formed as he extended an insistent paw toward the disturbed male.

“It's alright, my mudmuffin. You'll see. Please, may you pass me a bowl... a very big bowl?”

After an intrigued nod, he listened to her request. Then, his muscular body stiffened at the NightWing's sudden touch. Starting at his shoulders, his claws traced along his beige flank. Uneasy, he watched his partner bend beneath him. His pulse pounded in his skull at the digits sliding to his thighs. The questions like the shivers multiplied as they approached his genitals. What was wrong with him?

Quickly, a talon grasped his sheath. His eyes widened in shock, his heart leaped to his throat. Despite the pleasant tickling, his cheeks burned at this indecency. He thought the touching would stop, but Starflight, on the contrary, massaged him insistently before giving the same attention to his balls. The stimulation of this sensitive area gradually muddled his mind. Wait! He hadn't masturbated in ages! With all the exams to grade and the overtime, satisfying his libido was the least of his worries. However, couldn't he postpone it instead?

“S-Starflight? I understand you need it,” Clay exclaimed with a nervous snicker, “but we must cook the dessert before my siblings arrive!”

“Shush! I know, but relax. You're so tense,” he purred, gripping his stiff leg. “Take a deep breath and just let go. Trust me: I have a plan, and you will love it.”

Uncertain, the MudWing nodded slowly. His eyes closed, he focused on the dark clouds in his consciousness. Breathe in. The anticipation as much as the anxiety compressed into a tiny sphere, its core composed by his muscle aches. The winter cold got replaced by the oven's warmth. Breathe out. The day's stress dissipated in an explosion, leaving him in a comforting emptiness. The turkey scent brought a smile to his snout. Gradually, his body relaxed, and his pulse slowed down. Only the sensation of his sheath being squeezed and stretched by

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dexterous talons occupied his head. His testicles twitched by the vigorous massage, sending arousing shocks through his limbs to his muzzle as ragged gasps.

A seductive purr echoed beneath him. In a few spasms, the tip of his cock emerged from its hiding place. The virile scent of his arousal overpowered that of their dinner for Starflight's pleasure. The taste arrived immediately afterward when a viscous organ encircled his rounded flare. The robust dragon clenched his jaw at the rough touch on its skin. After all this time overwhelmed in work, he had sorely missed his partner's skillful snout, and he didn't hesitate to let him know between two chaotic exhalations, "Rrrrrfff! So good..."

This compliment quickened the cleaning pace between his hind legs. Under the caresses' wet sounds, the dark male savored every inch of this growing meat. Moving alongside it, he teased his medial ring with several insistent rubs before descending to his knot. An excited gasp escaped his muzzle as his scrotum got licked between hungry sucks. Thus, the NightWing divided his attention between these areas under his partner's aroused grunts. All these stimuli saturated his consciousness until it overflowed in the form of precum ropes.

"Wow!" he mumbled, his voice trembling with lust. "You really need it, handsome." Clay purred his approval. Each heartbeat shook his body and resonated in his empty head. His jaw tightened in anticipation of the fellatio. Yet nothing happened. Surprised, he glanced down at him. Instead, his lover was voluptuously massaging that behemoth, his own pink cock throbbing vigorously. His impatience escaped his nostrils in sharp gasps, and the pronounced spasms in the solid shaft begged him to suck it. With a seductive sneer, the NightWing noticed it. "Okay, okay! I understand. I won't keep you waiting any longer."

And he stood by his word. Gently, he tried to insert the large head into his maw. The fleshy walls stretched as it penetrated that cavern, and it was welcomed by warm, trembling exhalations. The narrowness of that moist space compressed its tip to the brown male's pleasure. Shivers like ecstatic tickles ran through his muscular body with each suction. His eyes closed to feel everything, the MudWing purred his arousal, encouraging the blind dragon to savor him greedily.

In fact, Starflight was so hungry that he didn't hesitate to take more. Despite its impressive girth, the cock slid into the tight cavity. As it progressed, the maw widened to accommodate the dragonhood's size. At first, the swamp male moaned at these extraordinary sensations, but his muscles tensed as he heard choking sounds beneath him. Only a third of his shaft was inside, and it already reached the throat!

"Three moons, I'm sorry! Is everything all right?" a worried MudWing asked.

He quickly got his answer. Even if a tear rolled down his cheek and his muzzle twitched in discomfort, the blind male masturbated frantically. After a small break, he bobbed his head in a slow back-and-forth motion. This fellatio evaporated the shock from Clay's mind. The shaft pulsed its pleasure in the narrow snout and rubbed insistently its tip against the rough palate. He let out moaning exhalations. Each thrust plunged him further in an ecstatic state, and the participation of the drooling tongue's made him lose his footing with reality. It explored the skin pearls around the glans' base before wrapping his twitching virility. Sometimes, it rushed to his urethral process to tease it with fast, successive licks. Electrocuted by this

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excess of exciting stimuli, the brown dragon trembled so such intensely that he nearly lost his balance.

“P-Perfect... Keep going,” he encouraged him under his ragged breath. This seemed unnecessary, since the NightWing focused so much on the delicious meat. Despite the occasional gag reflexes and the pronounced bulge in his neck with each insertion, he savored it passionately. While one talon rubbed the swollen knot, the other one skillfully massaged the heavy testicles. As a reward for his devotion, a river of clear nectar quenched his thirst and soothed his throat burning by the repeated friction. This balm allowed him to continue like that throughout the night, and Clay didn't complain. The cleaning on his crotch filled him with immense pleasure, bringing him closer to the release he had been waiting for days.

Yet, this sensation persisted even after penetrating the drooling maw for a while. No matter how many licks he received, the feeling of always being one step away from cumming made him groan in displeasure. Although he hoped to cum into his cute muzzle, the image of his seductive rump invaded his mind. So round, bouncy, and tight... Just imagining it intensified the tingles in his dick.

“M-My star?”

The fellatio ended at those words. His ears pricked up, his partner withdrew the massive shaft from his snout not without inhaling loudly. The MudWing chuckled at this reaction. Despite his boyfriend's insistence on doing this activity, he felt bad to see him panting as if he had been holding his breath for ages. A part of him hated his large and inconvenient cock. If only its size was normal, it would improve their experience in bed, and the NightWing would stop pushing his limits to please him...

“Yes? Is there a problem?” Starflight replied after a short pause, pulling Clay out of his anxieties.

“No! Not at all,” he admitted, waddling shyly. “But can I enjoy your pretty ass?”

If surprise had a face, it would be the blind male at that moment. His head jerked back as he let out a shocked, yet charmed “Oh my!”. Drowned in embarrassment, he hid his burning cheeks with his precum-covered paws. An uncontrollable laugh escaped his snout, and the brown dragon couldn't help but smile at this adorable behavior. He so desperately wanted to pull him close and kiss him all night long, but judging by the insistent hits on his stomach, his dragonhood had other plans.

“O-Of course! But I would like to ask a favor of you,” he agreed, tapping the tips of his index fingers together.

In a clumsy motion, he grasped the large bowl in front of him and placed it between his hind legs. Under the MudWing's intrigued gaze, he laid his upper body on the cold ground, his rump raised in an invitation. The seductive pose immediately had the desired effect on his lover. His racing pulse shook his limbs with uncontrollable arousal and intensified the spasms in his long shaft. He licked his lips in anticipation. The urge to penetrate him plagued his thoughts, but one detail was missing before he could act, and the dark male noticed it.

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“Clay, come here!” These three words animated the brown body like an animus spell. Despite the trembling, embarrassed tone, a hint of dominance in that command stretched a smile across the MudWing’s square muzzle. With a sensual walk, he circled his lover, never taking his gaze off his target. Once he was in front of its rounded buttocks, he gasped. The rump sways gripped its attention, hypnotized by the dark-rimmed anus. The opening deformed slightly with each motion, inviting him to run his tongue over it and savor it deeply. Dilating and retracting at the breath’s rhythm, it enchanted him to insert his behemoth and flood it. His muzzle watered at this tantalizing sight, but Starflight's voice emerged from his lustful desires.

“Can you pull it out before you cum? You must fill this bowl with your seeds.”

“Ah?” he exclaimed, bewildered. “But why... Oh!”

His eyes widened at this revelation. Was this his plan all along? To use this bitter, viscous substance to substitute the cream? Normally, he would have denied the weird idea, but at this point, any reason to relieve the pressure satisfied him.

“Okay,” he accepted once he recovered from the shock.

“Good! In that case, mount me and rub your big tip on my tailhole... slowly,” he purred, wiggling his ass before his partner’s lewd gaze.

These orders increased his arousal so much that the MudWing nearly lost consciousness. His quickened heartbeat tightened his throat and pounded in his limp head. His dragonhood throbbed at an unprecedented pace. He gasped as he noticed a few veins stand out against its pink skin. So sensitive... the climax spied on him like a crocodile before a scavenger, but he couldn't waste such an opportunity.

As he bit his lip to quiet his ardor down, his upper body climbed the dark dragon. The new weight on his back made him exhaled abruptly, but he didn't complain. On the contrary, he let out a soft whimper once the dick pressed on his anus. The glans was met with the burning heat and the tightening of his buttocks around it. At this first touch, shivers ran through their body before getting out as a torrid purr. Each time the NightWing wriggled his rear, his damp scales rubbed against his crown of pearl skin, sinking the brown dragon in ecstatic tingles. The muscles of his snout tensed as the sensations between his hind legs intensified. He had to fight against himself not to ejaculate right now.

Instead, he focused on his lover's request. In slow, circular motions, his sweat- and saliva-covered tip caressed the tailhole’s smooth rim. Starflight let out a long, voluptuous cry, a huge smile on his face. “Hrrrrfff! So good!” he murmured between two exhalations as ragged as his limbs. His partner couldn't agree more. His legs trembled with pleasurable spasms as he painted the entrance with his clear fluid. With each rub, the hole widened, and the glans seized this opportunity to repeatedly poke it. The blind dragon gasped at this teasing, but his torrid groans and the throbs of his cock encouraged him to continue this anal massage for what felt like days.

"O-Okay... put it in... gently," he tried to command over his chaotic breathing and aroused moans.

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The MudWing only responded with a bestial purr. His virility, as solid as a tree, rested delicately against the entrance. With a push, a "Pop!" resonated, and a grimace spread across the dark male's face. Clay, on the other hand, sighed in relief. The fleshy walls tightened around his tip, and their warmth comforted him after the long wait in the cold room. However, at the sight of his partner's suffering, his heart like his jaw clenched.

"Stop!" Starflight breathed in pain. The beefy dragon stayed still like a statue. This break, both of them needed it. The crackling fire and the quicken pulse in their skull filling the silence, the black muzzle softened along with Clay's lust. Nevertheless, the rectum kept his shaft vigorous with a spasmodic massage. Gradually, it stretched to accommodate this behemoth. How enjoyable it was! He would stay there for seasons if he could. At the same time, his paws playfully kneaded his rounded buttocks, relaxing both his lover's body and orifice.

"Continue!" he instructed. And so, the exploration in the narrow cavern progressed under his feverish commands. Slowly, the large shaft slid in, and their limbs were covered in ecstatic shivers. Voluptuous sighs and wild groans echoed through the house. In addition to the warm anus that gripped his dragonhood, his partner's confident yet seductive directions tickled his guilty pleasure. As a bigwing, he shouldn't take orders from a younger dragon. Still, as much as he loved submitting to someone shy and gentle, this dynamic also appeased his mind. This way, he always knew how to satisfy him without hurting him with his dick's massive size.

In fact, it worked so well that he ended up inserting almost his entire cock inside. Only the swollen knot (a challenge too risky for the dark male according to a bad experience a while ago) waited jealously outside. A soft sigh escaped their muzzle in unison. The hardest part now behind them, their limbs relaxed. For a moment, they remained in this position, enjoying this intimate closeness. Their tail tenderly intertwined, they nuzzled each other as the beige dragon congratulated the submissive one for taking it all.

However, this was only the beginning.

"Good boy," Starflight purred. "Now go nuts. Show me how much you've missed my ass." These words awakened the lustful beast within the MudWing. He didn't need to be told twice before he swayed his hips in a slow yet steady pace. A tsunami of exciting tingles immediately seized his pelvis. The anus tightened around his penis at the same time, intensifying the friction for a better experience. At least, the precum river facilitated the thrusting in that confined space.

This orgasmic stimulation plunged the robust dragon into a world of a thousand desires. His consciousness drowned in his lust, far removed from today's anxieties. He knew they had to hurry, but he forgot the reason. For now, only the reassuring presence of his lover beneath him mattered. His clear fluid-covered behemoth warmed from the repeated friction. Like a second heart, it pulsed against the rectum's smooth, comfortable walls. He growled with excitement as the skin pearls around his tip touched a slightly swollen area. At these rubs, the prone male emitted a long squeal, his tongue dangling from his wide-open snout.

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“Three moons... Mrrffff! Keep going!” he urged him with a needy moan. However, the swamp dragon could only hear the pounding of his heavy testicles against the rounded buttocks and the wet sounds of his penetration. No words could escape his maw except for the grunts from the physical exertion. The musk and roast turkey smells watered his muzzle so much that he had to savagely nibble his dark neck to satisfy his hunger. At that moment, Clay was no longer here: his bestial instincts had taken control of his being.

And it told him to quicken his penetration and ejaculate at all costs. His precum poured into her rectum like a raging river. The brutality of his pelvic thrusts rocked their body. His dick plowed that tailhole so deeply that a pronounced bulge formed on the NightWing's stomach with each insertion. Starflight didn't complain. On the contrary, his moans intensified with the frequent friction against his swollen prostate. For a long moment, the uninhibited groans and the sounds of their lovemaking echoed shamelessly through the cavern. A burning smell began to waft into the kitchen. However, they didn't care. Their attention was focused solely on their panting partner. Their muscles were weakening, but their lust and their voluptuous groans reinvigorated them, allowing them to keep up the pace until sunrise.

Suddenly, Clay winced as a fluid headed toward the exit. His limbs twitched as orgasmic tickles built between his hind legs. In a final burst of energy, the speed of his hips quadrupled, and a few thrusts were enough to send him to cloud nine. His heart pounding, he cried out his needed release. How long had it been since the last time he cummed inside him? Rope after rope, the cavity got filled until it coated his throbbing shaft with a warm, viscous layer. The anus tightening and the prostate twitching against his dick improved his orgasm. Starflight's stomach swelled slightly with the impressive amount of semen, but he didn't mind. On the contrary, the NightWing adored this gift since he ejaculated under a torrid groan.

The swamp male's eyes closed, his mind went blank. The climax drained the last of his strength. On the verge of fainting, he collapsed onto his trembling lover, a wide smile on his gaping snout. Panting, he enjoyed this extraordinary release. If it were up to him, he would sleep in that position, close to the dearest dragon to him.

“Out, Clay! Out!” A panicked voice snapped him out of his daydreaming. Under the stressful call, his muscles tensed as his cock slid out with a loud "Plop!" A white stream leaked from the hole. Yet, his dragonhood kept gushing out cum ropes. Usually, his shot missed its mark, soiling the floor, but he managed to aim the large bowl. His breathing calmed down, and the spasms in his body subsided over time. He felt like he ejaculated the entire swampland of the Mud Kingdom.

“Wow... I really needed that!” he sighed in relief.

“Me too,” the blind dragon replied, a slight smile on his cute face.

His expression quickly became serious.

“But did you fill the bowl?”

“I'll check... one moment.”

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Still dizzy from the release, Clay gathered all his strength to pull himself off his partner's back. With unstable steps, he backed away to assess the carnage. The sight of his magnificent backside made his lips lick with voluptuous pleasure. Viscous strands stained his thick buttocks like tinsel on a Christmas tree. His virility twitched with satisfaction as he noticed the same fluid trickling from his anus in several white lines. Each one ran down his thighs before dripping into a large puddle at his feet. Lowering his gaze, his cheeks burned at the disaster he caused. A pool of his arousal spread across the stone floor, and its bitter odor assaulted his nostrils. Shame tightened his throat: he really needed it. At least the container got enough cum, perhaps even a bit too much.

Jeez! Such a big mess to clean up...

"Indeed, it's very, very full."

"Great! Hurry up and let's cook then. Your siblings should be arriving soon."

The bell rang, and the two males rushed to the kitchen, leaving the guests in the middle of opening presents. Carefully, Starflight picked up the cream pie with a mat before putting it on the counter. At first glance, no one could guess its secret ingredient with its plain look. Even the sweetness of honey masked the cum bitter smell. The MudWing praised his boyfriend's culinary talents: he had a real gift for seasoning dishes.

However, this didn't stop them from exchanging a doubtful gaze. They both knew that appearances could be deceiving. In this case, there was only one way to judge their improvised recipe, and the frown on radiated their apprehension about the outcome. Nevertheless, they must try it, especially if they were serving it to his family.

"We... should taste it first, shouldn't we?" Clay hesitantly proposed.

"Indeed," his partner replied in the same way.

A shy talon grabbed a knife and cut off two tiny slices. Once on their plates, they swallowed in unison. The brown dragon smelled it again: still nothing unusual. For a moment, they froze, uneasy about their indecent creation. Even now, they couldn't believe they mated to conceive the "cream", and here they were, close to taste this experiment.

The blind male dared the first. He grabbed a piece and shoved it into his muzzle in one go. Slowly, he chewed, his puzzled gaze fixed on the sky. His brows furrowed, his head jerked back. Uncertain, he swallowed before his eyes widened. A smile appeared under a satisfied hum. This surprising reaction intrigued his partner who decided to try it too. The texture of the filling, although a little sticky, was very close to the original recipe. He winced at this realization, but one detail astounded him. Except for a slight bitter note, the honey and cinnamon masked its strong flavor, creating a perfect balance between sweet and salty. He had only one comment for this success: Wow!

"Eh... it's delicious!" he exclaimed before taking another bite of their victory.

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“I can't believe it!” the dark dragon admitted, waddling joyfully. “I don't even taste it. We've done a good job.”

“Yup, and we need to do it more often.”

The two lovebirds shared a lewd, knowing snicker. Yet the excitement quickly faded into a contemplative silence. Then, discomfort crept in Clay's mind. On one talon, he didn't want to waste all the effort that went into this dessert, but giving a dish containing his cum to his brothers and sisters disturbed him, especially if they did it without their consent. He glanced at his lover. With the troubled expression on his dark face, he seemed to share this opinion.

“Do you think...” an uncertain MudWing began.

“Let's serve them cookies,” he confirmed.

“Yeah, good idea.”

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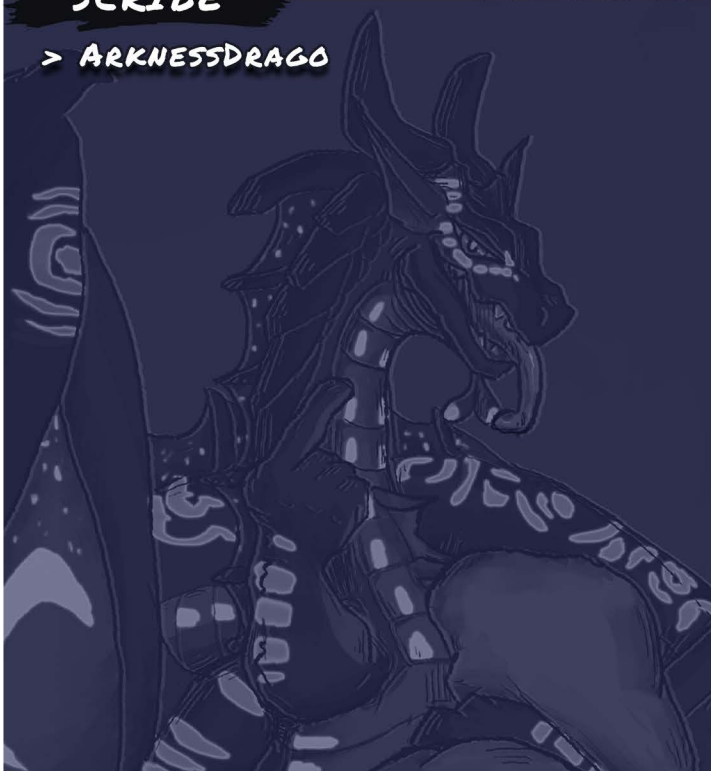
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