



WINGS OF DESIRE : STUCK IN THREE INTERTWINED VINES

08-Asphyxiation

BY PENNY_INK

For moons, Deathbringer and Glory were in a healthy and happy relationship until the RainWing offered him an experience he will never forget. From that moment, he tries to understand his own desires, his own fantasies, and a certain male seems to be the one who can help him, even if it means falling back into his old habits.

Which part of his heart should he listen to?

It contains: gay sex, dragon sex, oral sex (blowjob), 69, penetration (anal), kiss, french kiss, gentle sex, masturbation, excessive cum, dom/sub, BDSM (Bondage), tail play, sex toys, dirty talk, rough sex, threesome, cheating, orgy, foursome (M/M/M/M), group masturbation, foot fetish (worship, footjob), get caught, excessive sex, angst. **All characters here are adults!**

ASPHYXIATION

The much-anticipated moment had finally arrived, and Deathbringer could not wait any longer: he was soon going to live his greatest fantasy!

However, like silhouettes in front of the torch's light, his fears clouded his excitement.

Was it because of Glory? After all, he was going to cheat on her with three males simultaneously. His many mistakes had already deteriorated their relationship, but this event would kill any chance of restoring it. Worse, he had lost the flame of their couple, especially due to a certain RainWing.

Actually, was it because of Jambu? For some time now, his nomadic heart had wandered from one dragon to another. As he lived a healthy relationship with Glory, he found himself kissing Starflight. Then, when he was thinking about a possible future with him, he confessed his feelings for the queen's brother. In these confusing attachments, he could no longer understand himself.

Everything got worse when the pink dragon told him he stopped working as a prostitute because he loved him. Disturbed at first, the bodyguard used this confession to test their attraction. Unfortunately, it confirmed what the NightWing feared the most: Jambu had stolen his heart. All those nights spent with him talking about their days, sleeping together and passionately mating, he had enjoyed them each time. In this case, how should he explain this new relationship to her without looking like a jerk? How was he supposed to justify his choices to Starflight, he who wanted to discuss the next stage of their possible couple?

Was it because of the librarian after all? In a nervous gulp, the bodyguard noted that all their interactions were just the result of his impulses. The day before yesterday, he met him for the first time in seasons. However, this encounter ended in debauchery due to his uncontrollable lust. Then, he wanted to justify his actions last night, but he made the same mistake. As he thought it could not get worse, the blind dragon had confessed his crush on him. Shocked by this revelation, he postponed this discussion for later, which meant now.

The assassin shivered at this observation. The time for explanations was fast approaching, and he hadn't even made a decision yet. He had nevertheless promised him to come up with an answer soon. For a moment, the idea of going to his "best friend" house without Starflight crossed his mind, but he shook his head. He couldn't run away from his responsibilities. Furthermore, showing up to this orgy without his guest would discredit him. He already had a lot of difficulty convincing him to join them. He even resorted to lying to him. No! He couldn't go back.

Deep in thought, the bodyguard noticed that he had arrived in the NightWing Village, near the library. The shy sun hid behind the trees. The villagers slowly began their day. Some of them came out of their hut to head toward the market where the sellers prepared themselves for their night shift. The dragonets frolicked to a small school, happier to have fun with their friends than learn. Admiring this place brought a smile to Deathbringer's muzzle, but he has something more important to do.

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

He headed toward the library and landed in front of the entrance. Reflexively, he looked around him. His muscles relaxed: no curious glances spied on him. Reassured, he knocked on the door. Like yesterday, the “Closed” sign hung on its wooden surface, but he could hear footsteps inside. Then, a NightWing with a blindfold opened it, a radiant smile on his muzzle. He was wearing a leather bag on his shoulder, probably filled with parchments and trinkets according to the bumps deforming it. Despite his shy demeanor, his body waddled with excitement. In front of this attitude, the assassin sneered before remarking,

“Hey Starflight! You seem really looking forward to tonight!”

“Indeed! I haven't seen Jambu in a long time,” he admitted with a jovial tone. “We have so much to tell.”

The tall male bit his lip in regret. If only he knew the true nature of this gathering.

“I see... in that case, take my talon and follow me. I have a feeling we're going to have a lot of fun, especially when we'll be alone,” Deathbringer concluded with a seductive growl.

To guide the librarian, he placed his paw on his. His heart palpitated by this contact and the memory of their passionate kiss resurfaced. He even found himself blushing. This seemed to be the case for the other NightWing as well, as he chuckled in embarrassment and fondly stroked his claws. This proximity disturbed him. He intended to refuse his advances after all. So, why did this touch increase his pulse?

At least Starflight came back to reality and he grasped his foreleg firmly.

“Uhm... are we going?” he asked impatiently.

It was the bodyguard's turn to quit his thoughts. Still shocked by the emotions he had just experienced, he shook his head before regaining his confident attitude.

“Of course! I was about to tell it to you,” Deathbringer continued with enthusiasm.

Now ready for this action-packed evening, the two dark dragons took off.

Along the way, they enjoyed each other's company with a light chat. In fact, the assassin led the conversation with his unparalleled charisma. They thus discussed various topics; their day; the weather; the librarian's favorite scrolls; his achievements as a bodyguard. This way, his interlocutor would be too distracted to ask him the fateful question.

“Deathbringer,” the shy male interrupted with an uneasy tone, “have you thought about... you know, the two of us?”

These words tightened his throat. For a constellation's sake! Why didn't this strategy dissuade him from talking about it? Even discussing his favorite scrolls didn't work! Despite his best efforts, he understood he had to address this interrogation soon. However, he had no good explanation for him, and with the slightest misstep, he could say goodbye to his delectable presence in this torrid gathering.

Faced with this observation, he swallowed, an uneasy expression on his muzzle. He looked around him like he was searching for an answer in this temporary landscape. To make his

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

interlocutor wait, he let out a thoughtful, “Well...”. Despite the cloth over his eyes, the librarian stared at him curiously, biting his cheek in anxiety. At least, he didn't seem to suspect him.

Although millions of ideas as shameful as they were dishonest crossed his mind, Deathbringer chose the one that was close to reality. It wasn't the most honorable explanation, but this white lie would remove any possible doubt.

“It's just that I'm still with Glory, and I've never been in a romantic relationship with another male. I mean, we can fuck, but I should discuss with her about it and get used to this... special attraction.”

“I-I understand. We will take the time you need.”

Despite the sullen tone, a gentle smile appeared on the blind dragon's muzzle, and the tip of his wing rubbed against his to console him. Whether because of this reassuring touch or his satisfaction with this answer, the tall NightWing sighed in relief. He managed to avoid the worst. Yet, bitterness consumed him as he recalled the promise he had made to Jambu earlier that morning.

“I thought about it a lot last night, and it's official: I'm ready to take it to the next level. I just need to talk to your sister at work, and everything will be sorted. Tonight, you'll get all the kisses I can give you, and I know how much you like them.”

His heart raced as he remembered the pink dragon jumping of joy and hugging him. However, as usual, he had not spoken to the queen, unable to put an end to their relationship. He didn't regret his new love life. On the contrary! But he feared the reaction of the one he considered as his partner.

In fact, he never had the courage to face reality.

“I'm very happy to spend some time with you and Jambu today!” Starflight continued cheerfully, which took the bodyguard out of his thoughts.

“Oh yeah? Why?”

“Because this is the last day of my visit in this kingdom before returning to the Jade Mountain Academy. I was worried to be alone, since my father is busy with an important project.”

“The famous escape game, right?” the assassin interrupted him teasingly.

“Indeed!” he sneered. “This time, his test subjects completed it without mating.”

The two NightWings laughed at this fact. Despite the unusual situation in which they were involved a few days earlier, Deathbringer secretly hoped to relive it soon.

“But honestly, I'm really happy to spend my last evening with you,” the librarian admitted in a tender voice, his cheeks red.

“Me too,” he exclaimed with a seductive growl, his claws stroking his. “So, let's have an unforgettable moment together, cutie.”

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

Although his words seemed sincere, a part of him was relieved to deal with one less problem.

At least, this compliment had the wanted effect on his interlocutor: a shy smile formed on his muzzle and he chuckled in embarrassment, blushing. The bodyguard's pulse accelerated at this reaction. An irresistible desire to kiss him and penetrate him filled his thoughts. Due to this unsuitable moment for this kind of activity, he had to bite his lower lip to dissipate it.

How impatient he was to be at this orgy!

Fortunately, he saw Jambu's treehouse in the distance. Uncontrollable excitement shook his body as voluptuous ideas occupied his mind, solidifying something between his hind legs. Nevertheless, anxiety invaded him immediately. He had the impression he created more trouble by participating in this risky activity. Coupled with his multiple lies to the two males, it would be a miracle if he got through this night without the slightest problem.

Despite his concerns, he landed in front of the entrance and helped his friend to do the same. Then, motivated, Deathbringer stretched his foreleg toward the large leaf door. He stopped his action for a moment. The stress made his heart pulse in his throat and his claws trembled. His vision blurred to hide this bad decision.

He took a deep breath to calm these symptoms down and he looked over his shoulder. He then remembered the librarian didn't even know what he had gotten himself into. To avoid troubles, he warned him in a low, serious voice,

“One last thing. If a situation seems strange to you, trust me and participate without hesitation.”

“What do you mean?”

The bodyguard ignored the question and entered the house, followed closely by the confused NightWing. Once inside, he noticed that Jambu had already prepared the place for the night. The curtains covering the windows, bioluminescent mushrooms created a torrid atmosphere with their dim purple, blue and red light. The crescent moon-shaped chest, usually closed to hide erotic accessories, exposed its half-empty contents. For a moment, Deathbringer wondered the reason for the lesser quantity, but he quickly had the answer when he saw around fifteen dildos and various objects on the dining table. Close to it, Jambu enthusiastically presented these products to a calm RainWing. When the pink male noticed their arrival, he ended their conversation. With his usual energetic attitude, he walked toward his guests with the biggest smile on his snout.

“Hey! Here you are, Deathy!” he exclaimed as if they hadn't seen each other in forever. “I'm so glad you came!”

Then, he embraced him in his wings, nuzzling him. The NightWing accepted it with pleasure, and he even added licks to the caresses. This proximity pulsed his heart into a melody of love, and his purrs joined the orchestra. Jambu let out an adorable chuckle at this affectionate reaction, but he listened to this song with an attentive ear. During this short moment filled with passion, the anguish in the assassin's body dissipated to give way to relief.

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

He felt like he was sheltering in a cave bathed in the campfire's comforting warmth, protected from the worst tropical storms.

Unfortunately, their hug was interrupted by an admiring comment from the other RainWing, "Aww! You two are so cute together!"

Suddenly, uneasiness seized the dark male at the thought of exposing his gay feelings so openly. Instinctively, he released his partner who looked at him with a worried expression. To reassure him though, his gaze showed tenderness, and he returned his excitement with a loving murmur,

"Me too, I'm happy to be with you, darling."

The bodyguard's heart skip a beat as he faced this reaction: his scales now pale pink, the RainWing waddled with joy and he chuckled shyly. Seeing him like this made Deathbringer want to hold him in his wings again, kiss him passionately, spend an extraordinary moment together in bed.

Despite everything, one dragon was not introduced to this promising evening. Looking over his shoulder, he noticed the librarian staring at him in astonishment. Although he remained silent, his furrowed brows and his bitter smile showed a mixture of irritation and confusion. At first, he didn't understand the reason for this reaction. Then, he remembered why he had refused his advances. This observation made him swallow, his throat tight. To cover this discomfort, he continued the conversation by pointing his chin at the NightWing behind him.

"Also, guess who came with me? It's Starflight! When was the last time you saw each other? Many moons? Three seasons even?"

"Long enough to miss me!" the pink male exclaimed before walking toward the guest and hugging him. "So, how is my favorite bookworm?"

"I'm okay... nothing exciting on my side," he replied vaguely, some apprehension in his voice. "Just a lot of work and scrolls read. And you?"

While they were talking, Deathbringer saw out of the corner of his eye the other RainWing approaching him. Slightly taller than Jambu, his calm demeanor contradicted his saturated yellow body. To contrast it, pink enthroned his head like a helmet and spread over his ruffs and the plates. The beige underside of his body and some light blue spots added to this complex color palette. His horns, spikes and dark claws seemed smooth and neat. Unlike the ball of energy that his partner was, his relaxed attitude and his gentle smile inspired tranquility.

Once a few steps away, the stranger stopped and extended a friendly paw.

"I'm guessing you're Deathbringer, Queen Glory's personal bodyguard?" he began in a cordial tone.

"Indeed, the one and only!" he boasted with a wink before shaking it.

"Nice to meet you, and congratulations for you and Jambu."

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

Even if this recognition increased his ego, it embarrassed him also, especially since they participated in something as questionable as an orgy. Deep down, he hoped that this RainWing would not share this encounter with his friends. He masked this fear with a confident smile as he continued,

“Thank you, but we have only been together since today. This is new for both of us.”

“Interesting! In this case, there’s a lot of chance that we will meet often. My name is Pineapple. I’m his close friend and his most loyal customer.”

“Oh yeah? I was with him every night, and I have never seen you.”

“Probably because you were working when I kept him company,” he explained with an impassive wing shrug before purring seductively. “But from what I heard from Jambu, I can’t wait to watch your performance tonight.”

“You will only trust what he told you? You know as well as I do that he has a tendency to... forget important details.”

As he left his sentence hanging, he got closer to the RainWing and whispered in his ear with a tone trembling with lust,

“And I will make it my personal duty to correct his mistakes. Trust me, you’ll love this so much you’ll moan all night.”

He responded with a charmed exclamation, a perverse smile on his snout. Although Deathbringer moved his head away from Pineapple’s, their eye contact maintained. Like predators in front of their prey, the two males admired each other, wetting their lips with a slow gesture. The simple thought of licking their virility, feeling the other’s tailhole around their spasming cock and hearing squeals with each trust titillated their imagination as much as their body.

Suddenly, the NightWing saw in his field of vision the jungle dragon’s penis solidified, whipping the air proudly. Although it looked like his partner’s, its greater length compensated for its narrowness. His rounded buttocks invited him to massage and savor them. Faced with his assets, he exposed his to the RainWing’s horny gaze. Like him, he groaned in pleasure, despite his eyes staring strangely at something else below his dragonhood.

“I see that you already get along well with Pineapple!” the pink male interrupted with a satisfied sneer, stepping between them to break the sexual tension. “I know you can’t wait to start the festivities, but let’s eat first. Everything is better when you have a full stomach after all!”

Despite the disappointment on their muzzle, they nodded and followed Jambu. Deathbringer noticed, however, that he seemed just as eager as they were to get started, his solid cock sticking out of his slit.

When the four males sat down around the table, the host handed them a banana. The bodyguard took a bite from it and realized with shame that his beloved was right: he was hungrier than he thought.

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

They ate their snack and talked about everything and nothing. In fact, only one did not exchange a word during the meal: Starflight. Worried, Deathbringer glanced in his direction. His head was tilted downward, his blindfolded eyes fixed on the nibbled fruit. His wings sagging, he showed an embarrassed pout. He already knew for his shyness, but something seemed to bother him right now.

Faced with this vision, he swallowed his regrets. Maybe it was a bad idea to invite him.

“I think I have everything we need for tonight,” the pink RainWing noted during the discussion. “There’s the fruit bowl in the middle of the table if you are hungry. The toys there and in this chest are at your disposal. Pillows close to my bed will let you make yourself comfortable anywhere and... yeah! I think that's all!”

“Wow! We are treated like kings here!” Deathbringer teased in a sarcastic tone, his tail wrapped around his partner’s.

“Of course, my darling. However, these benefits come with a few rules, even if I'm not strict to be frank. You can do it anywhere you want, as long as you don't do it outside. Don't be too loud, and don't worry if you dirt my house: I'll clean it up tomorrow morning. One last thing: obviously, make sure you have your partner's consent at all times.”

Deathbringer and Pineapple nodded, but the shy NightWing, on the other talon, raised a confused eyebrow. They did not seem to notice it, since the yellow RainWing added, his peaceful gaze directed toward the silent one,

“Understood! Speaking of consent, I knew from Jambu that Deathbringer and I have the same preferences. You, Starflight, what do you like? What do you hate?”

For a moment, incomprehension painted the librarian’s muzzle, and the assassin missed a heartbeat. There was no longer any doubt: he guessed that something was wrong. As if he was watching a dragon crashing on a tree in slow motion, his body stiffened and his breathing hitched at the tense conversation.

“What do you mean?”

“What are your fetishes?”

“Huh? B-But why this question?”

“Well, it's important for the orgy,” Jambu added, stunned by this reaction.

Snapping his head back, this sentence struck the blind dragon like a revelation. Even if a bandage covered his eyes, the shock showed on them so much they widened. As he was about to open his muzzle, Deathbringer, panicking, placed a talon on his to silence him. He then answered hastily,

“You know, Starflight prefers to be dominated if you are gentle with him, but he likes it rough too. Also, signs of affection like kissing and nibbling seem to excite him a lot.”

A tense silence reigned in the room. The three males looked at him. The two RainWings, confused by this odd situation, displayed questioning and curiosity. Jambu even frowned,

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

making Deathbringer's heart pumping with stress. The bodyguard usually liked attention, but this time, this sight buried his head between his shoulders.

But the reaction of the other NightWing bothered him the most. A mixture of disgust and panic showed on his muzzle as he eyed him with hatred. Suddenly, he breathed in sharply. Just as he was about to reply derogatorily, he bit his lip in restraint. Then, he exhaled before saying in a frustrated, but thoughtful voice,

“I... I need some air.”

“Okay...” the host simply accepted, shocked.

When the black dragon came out of the treehouse, the other two males stared at the culprit. Pineapple, despite his calm, colored his scales dark green, which meant disgust if Deathbringer remembered well. His beloved's attitude hurt him the most: his body red, irritation disfigured his snout and a hard look fixed the NightWing. Asphyxiated by this silent repression, he smiled uneasily, his throat tight. Bitterness seized him, and his ears drooped in anticipation of the reprimands he was about to receive.

However, Jambu exhaled to calm himself down and he questioned him with a relaxed tone, although a hint of anger could be heard,

“Please, tell me the truth, Deathbringer. Did you avoid mentioning him the orgy because you were afraid he would say no to your invitation?”

“Indeed,” he admitted with a slight nod.

“Pff... Do you know we could have worked things out if he refused? Well... when he comes back, I will discuss with him about what he will do next. Also, I expect you to apologize to him: it's a shame that you lie to him.”

Guilt weighed on the bodyguard's mind, but he agreed to this solution. Silence returned to the room while the three dragons, troubled, continued to eat. Deathbringer had the impression he disturbed the torrid atmosphere with his mistake. Perhaps he had even ruined the evening. He bit his lip as he imagined losing such an opportunity, but he must fix this situation at all costs.

He thus became confident again, his neck straight and a charming smile on his muzzle. Then, to change the subject, he turned his gaze toward Pineapple and asked him cheerfully,

“By the way, I have to make sure of something: when you told us that you and I have the same preferences, what did you mean?”

Still barely recovered from the shock, he widened his eyes in surprise. At least, this question changed his mood, since his scales became yellow and pink again. He explained to him,

“Indeed! I learned that you loved submitting to Jambu and being called... unflattering names. Plus, we like using sex toys and we prefer males as much as females. But I have a fetish, let's say, quite particular.”

“Oh yeah? What is it?”

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

“Um... well...”

“Come on!” Jambu exclaimed, a perverse gaze on the two other dragons. “There's only one way to find out!”

He snapped his claws in a graceful gesture before pointing downward, in front of him. The yellow RainWing seemed to know this sign, since his cheeks burned with embarrassment and his scales turned pale pink. His muzzle showed astonishment, but his cock, on the contrary, throbbed violently. Despite the surprise, he executed this silent order, his head bowed.

As he walked toward him, the dominant moved away the objects on the table. He then went up there to make himself comfortable: facing Pineapple, he lay down on his side. In this position, his agile body hid the scene from a disappointed NightWing who wanted to watch and even enjoy it in his own way.

However, he gasped in surprise when he noticed where the submissive male was heading. Instead of taking care of his master's spasming dragonhood, he stopped close to his hind legs. In a trance, he focused on them with fanatical admiration. His body could barely control his excitement: his half-open snout let out exhalations as shaken as his limbs, and his cock pulsed vigorously, satisfied with this view.

Despite his desire to move on to the next step, he glanced at Jambu. Annoyed to wait, he squealed with impatience. The dominant sneered at this attitude, a mischievous smile on his muzzle. Although he enjoyed teasing him, he was not a cruel dragon, because he granted his wish with a seductive whisper,

“Go ahead, bitch! Clean them like a good whore, and make sure there's not a single dust left on them.”

To support his words, he nonchalantly stretched his toes before wiggling them enticingly. Pineapple did not hesitate to nod and reply, his voice trembling with unbearable lust,

“Y-Yes, Master!”

That way, he dove onto Jambu's cream soles. His snout rubbed against them and his drooling tongue rested on their dusty surface. With a slow, but passionate motion, it caressed his scales, leaving a trail of warm saliva behind it. Devoted to this order, he stared at the objective with his half-closed eyes. One of his talons immediately set to work: it grabbed his wriggling virility and masturbated frantically. His adoration could be heard just as easily, whether through his loud snuffles, the wet sounds of his licks, and his lustful moans between purrs.

This performance satisfied the pink RainWing. His claws grazed his shaft while he contemplated the dominated's work with a perverse gaze. His muzzle half-open, he emitted long, excited exclamations with each tongue stroke on his hind paws. To encourage him, he whispered in a rough and seductive tone,

“Perfect... worship them, slut! Clean every single scale. And don't you dare forget any, or I'll punish you!”

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

Speechless, Deathbringer stared at this scene. His snout opened in shock, he digested this astonishing situation, to say the least. The number of times he had mated with his partner, he already knew his dominant attitude in bed which contrasted with his usual joyful side. However, seeing him like this with another dragon felt special. This spectacle gave him shivers of excitement, and a shy talon descended toward his quivering dick to relieve himself, his gaze fixed on the two males.

Nonetheless, a part of him envied Pineapple a lot. It did not concern his task: he had never loved hind legs. However, the way Jambu looked at him affectionately pieced his heart. Between his purrs of contentment, he encouraged him with insulting, but sensual comments close to those he used with him. He also enjoyed his performance so much that he masturbated. This vision made him swallow with bitterness. All the passion they had experienced together in bed for several seasons suddenly seemed trivial.

Would Glory feel this way if she saw him right now?

Fortunately, his partner didn't forget him, as he looked at him over his shoulder. At the sight of a needy NightWing, he giggled and winked seductively as he invited him,

“Do you have the answer to your question, handsome? Instead of staring at me like a puzzled sloth, come here and suck me like the good slut you are.”

His heart skipped a beat. The mere idea of savoring his body tickled his crotch, his limbs shaking with incomparable pleasure. Without hesitation, he walked around the table to stand before the pink dragon. At this height, the RainWing's cock throbbed in front of his snout, so solid that it was suspended in the vacuum without the slightest support.

For a moment, the dark male waited for the approval to begin this feast, and his master granted it with a torrid expression. At this signal, he brought his head closer to this delicacy. From there, a fruity smell with a cum hint immediately titillated his nostrils. He hungrily licked his lips at this familiar scent. He couldn't wait any longer.

He thus opened his muzzle, and his tongue welcomed this meat with a slow caress on its tip. Like a snake on a branch, it coiled around it to savor its subtle salty taste. The bitter precum completed this experience to the dominated's greatest pleasure.

During this fellatio, he heard the pink RainWing exhaling loudly when he wasn't moaning in excitement. His smirking gaze looked at his partner at all times, admiring his work. On his side, Deathbringer did not hold back also: grunts accompanied his jerky breathing with each lick.

Below the table, his cock twitched forcefully and the tingling in that area begged him to focus on this problem. Instinctively, he listened to his body's desires, but an authoritative voice brought him back to reality.

“Don't you dare touch yourself, you dirty whore! I choose when you cum.”

An annoyed grumble came from Deathbringer's snout, but he obeyed, his claws on the table as proof of his compliance. Nevertheless, this restraint on his freedom gave him more arousal than masturbation.

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

“Yes, Master!” he replied submissively before continuing his task.

While his tongue savored the RainWing's spasmodic shaft lengthwise, his muzzle opened to penetrate its saliva-covered tip. Without wasting a second, he sucked on this sensitive part, collecting the delicious transparent liquid in the process. Jambu reacted immediately; his eyes closed, his head leaned back before emitting a long groan of relief; his body shuddered with pleasure; his cock throbbed with more tenacity. Faced with this attitude, Deathbringer chuckled with satisfaction: he was going in the right direction.

Greedy, the bodyguard gradually entered the pink dragonhood into his snout and gave it the royal treatment. His ragged breathing warmed its smooth surface. His sticky saliva moistened it. His rough tongue massaged every bit of this juicy meat. As he licked it, the assassin's lustful moans echoed through the room. An agile talon holding his head showed that his master shared this pleasure.

Encouraged by this gesture, he sucked this delight in a slow repetitive motion. Like each time he reached this stage, he heard a growl followed by a trembling whisper from his partner.

“Yeah... perfect...”

A smile formed on the black dragon's muzzle, but he had to stay focused on this erotic cleaning, his half-open gaze on his meal. In his maw, the cock pulsed against its wet fleshy walls. The column of plates below it received a lot of attention from the drooling organ, tasting at the same time the fruity and salty flavor. Its rounded tip rubbed against his palate and fed Deathbringer with precum. The pink male's jerky exhalations between two moans embellished this intimate moment.

All these sensations tickled the dominated's shaft who tried to catch his attention. Even though the master's orders were unquestionable, his thoughts, blurred by arousal, begged him to masturbate right now. The temptation too overwhelming, his claws clung to the table, digging into it to calm his ardor.

Suddenly, he heard someone enter the treehouse. Panicked, the NightWing held his breath, his heart pounding in his head. Fortunately, Jambu's relaxed voice reassured him as he exclaimed, panting,

“Hey! You're back... mmm... Starflight! How are you?”

Even if he couldn't see the scene, the bodyguard guessed that the librarian was blushing when he noticed, shocked,

“Actually, I have... these sounds... do you have already started?”

“Indeed! Let's just say these two... oh... couldn't wait any longer,” he answered with a perverse chuckle. “Also, I'm sorry that Deathbringer involved you in a situation you didn't want to participate,” he then continued with a serious tone, barely controlling himself not to moan. “I will understand if you leave now: we will not be angry, I promise.”

“No, I will stay! I would like to... try.”

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

The confusion created a pause in the conversation, the silence filled by grunts and licking sounds from the two submissive males.

“Are you sure? We are not forcing you to participate.”

“Y-Yes, I'm sure.”

The assassin's pulse raced at this acceptance, and his satisfaction increased when his partner offered,

“Awesome! In this case, go under the table and help Deathbringer to relieve him.”

Starflight complied to it with a timid “Mh-hm!” before heading toward the other three males. Too focused on sucking the RainWing's spasming penis, he only heard his claws touching around him to orient himself. His heart beat faster as the newcomer was getting closer to him.

Suddenly, he let out a short muffled moan as a wet sensation settled on his dragonhood's end. A wave of relief soothed his urges, unlike the tingling which multiplied in his shaft. Meticulously, the tongue's caresses stimulated each of his weakness. The viscous organ began its ascent from its sensitive tip. He greedily tasted its transparent nectar, and progressed along this pink stick to arrive at its base. In one skillful gesture, he wrapped it before returning to the rounded end, and vice versa. Meanwhile, an agile paw kneaded his heavy, smooth testicles.

This cleaning created shivers throughout his dark body. Each lick released an uncontrollable growl from his filled maw. The spasms in his throbbing cock intensified and his knot swelled by this arousing build-up. Some precum streams came out at irregular intervals on his tongue. His claws dug the table to appease the need to cum so much Starflight nailed it.

In fact, Deathbringer still couldn't believe how good the shy dragon was for giving fellatio.

However, he must continue to please his master despite the tingling between his hind legs. Slowly approaching climax, his muzzle motions became fast and assertive to the point these frictions heated his maw. At least, the saliva and the impressive production of transparent liquid facilitated the penetration.

The RainWing groaned in satisfaction at this change of pace. The paw behind his partner's head gripped it firmly to hold it in place. Then, to the dominated's surprise, he swayed his hips. With these sudden movements, his virility attacked the throat, and his body odor, as masculine as it was fruity, besieged the NightWing's nostrils. This initiative pleased a lot the assassin who swallowed this delicious meat. In addition, the blind dragon's muzzle enveloped his twitching cock and began to suck it passionately.

In the intensity of the moment, the four males expressed their delight with voluptuous grunts. The wet sounds of their tongue work spread through the room. Their lustful gaze focused on their task, a satisfied smile on their snout. The musky smell, caused by the jungle humidity, tickled their nostrils. Their body, covered in shivers, shook with exhaustion by this torrid marathon, but the increasing pleasure would allow them to continue like this throughout the night.

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

However, a mix of growls and shaky exhalations came out of Pineapple as his masturbation suddenly accelerated. He then cummed in a long, satisfied moan. Whitish ropes shot out to stick under the table or on the wooden floor. Panting, he took some time to calm his body down, but once he came back to reality, he continued to worship his master's soles with passionate licks and tender caresses.

His relieving only encouraged the other dragons to increase their pace. The wet sucking noises and their rowdy breathing grew louder to the point of covering up the jungle's natural orchestra. Their muscles contracted and their heart pulsed from the intense physical exercise.

On Deathbringer's side, he enjoyed the exciting friction in Starflight's narrow, but experienced maw while he gave this same treatment to the RainWing. When the librarian's supple tongue wrapped around his throbbing meat, his organ stroked his master's knot. This simultaneous contrasting dominance offered him a kind of pleasure that he would never have felt with a single partner.

Jambu seemed to love this orgasmic fellatio just as much. His hips swung in sharp and sustained movements, penetrating his shaft deep into his maw. So close to the goal, he moaned to warn him of its arrival, and the bodyguard welcomed it with open muzzle. With a hungry exclamation, he received steams of viscous liquid down his throat and drank it with appetite. His drooling organ caressed its tip to pick up the remaining salty juice.

His partner's relief stimulated his arousal to the point of flying to cloud nine. He warned in turn the librarian with a grunt before ejaculating. Unlike him, he immediately withdrew his muzzle, thus receiving a torrent of cum on his dark head. Too exalted to notice the damage extent, he removed his master's limp shaft from his snout and filled his lungs with fresh air. This feeling of release coupled with the enjoyable tingling throughout his body delighted him so much that he thought he was in a dream.

And that was only the beginning!

“Wow! What a great way to start,” a panting Jambu exclaimed. “Go get a break, guys. On my side, I will introduce Starflight to this promising night!”

Exhausted by this erotic activity, Pineapple and Deathbringer sat while the other RainWing invited the blind dragon on his bed with a gentle tone. Although the shy one hesitated for a moment, he agreed to join him. Then, their body lied down in opposite directions, they savored their partner's delicious assets under the perverse gaze of the two other males.

In front of the torrid scene, they discussed subjects as banal as sexual. The assassin liked his calm and polite demeanor, even if his scales expressed his emotions a lot. The appreciation seemed mutual, as they organized a few activities to do together in a few days. The NightWing was pleased to meet a new dragon in this evening of a thousand desires.

Once their break done, he was surprised by the yellow male's strange request: to worship “the feet of the legendary royal bodyguard” to quote him. Flattered by this compliment, he accepted with an astonished grimace. Once he lied down on the cushions, though, he admitted that he enjoyed the massage and the tender kisses on this ticklish area. To improve

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

this intimate moment, Pineapple's prehensile tail masturbated him as he watched the mutual pleasure between Starflight and Jambu on the other side of the room. This method of relief seemed weird to Deathbringer, but he quickly loved it. He even wished he had this skill to do it every day.

During all night, the word “experimentation” defined the best their voluptuous activities. The four males ventured through all the steamy scenarios they shamefully wanted to try. From traditional positions to the unusual ones, they had done them all. They used every toy and sex accessory in the room. Each part of their body had been explored with their hungry snout and their curious claws. Among anything they had tested, Deathbringer couldn't choose which one he preferred.

Was it when the three dragons sat around a tied-up Pineapple on the ground and masturbated above him? The wet sound of their caresses and their trembling breathing drowned out the defenseless male's squeals, which his hard dick throbbed furiously. Near his head, Deathbringer stroked its tip against his cheek and his gagged muzzle. In the end, they covered his colorful body with their cum before helping the poor Pineapple to ejaculate in return.

In fact, was it when the assassin masturbated a dragon with his feet for the first time? Lying on top of his partner, he was vigorously penetrated by him. At Deathbringer's feet, Pineapple had arranged his hind legs like a vagina before inserting his throbbing penis in this improvised hole. At first weird, he learned to enjoy the friction of the lubricated virility against its sensitive scales. The RainWing seemed to have the best time of his life, with his eyes reverted of ecstasy and his lust-filled moans. Well, he tried to moan, but Starflight, eagerly fucking his muzzle, muffled these sounds. His pelvic motions swung his balls in a hypnotic back-and-forth which catch Deathbringer's gaze.

Was it, therefore, when he had exceptionally let the librarian dominate him? The shy NightWing hesitated for a moment, but he decided to try it. Quickly though, he got carried away by this new experience, nibbling Deathbringer's soft neck as he penetrated his needy tailhole passionately. At the same time, Jambu ordered his partner to suck him to remind him of his place. Ambushed from all sides, Deathbringer growled pleasingly as the two rude males used him like a toy. A little further away, a yellow RainWing enjoyed this show in his own way.

He couldn't count how many times they had cummed. His only indication: the lube bottle, full at the start of the evening, remained only a claw thick of liquid.

At least, the blind dragon seemed to like participating in this orgy, even if he spent most of the time taking a break outside. From time to time, to the bodyguard's surprise, he proposed some ideas. He was relieved at this observation, but admitting his mistake to him made him uncomfortable. For this reason, he avoided being alone with him or deflected the conversation by kissing him.

And he had given a lot of them to the males. Like a silent discussion, it allowed him to know an intimate side of them. The librarian's lips often hesitated, but they offered the most passionate ones. Pineapple, for his part, let himself be caressed with calm and submission,

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

adding a pleasurable fruity breath to this exchange. However, his favorites were always those of his partner Jambu. Firm and dominant at first, the slow, tender lip movements created a sensual, but intense feeling. Furthermore, they had a delicious banana taste. For a constellation's sake! How he would like to kiss him all night!

This temptation occupied his mind sometimes, but it only increased as this torrid activity keep going.

During one of their many scenarios, Starflight and Pineapple faced each other, their stomachs on the crescent moon chest. Their half-closed eyes admired the other male, and their open snout expelled grunts of pleasure mixed with trembling exhalations. Their body shook as they rocked back and forth.

Behind them, Deathbringer and Jambu each rode a dragon, their thighs hitting their ass vigorously. While the NightWing voluptuously massaged the librarian's rounded buttocks, the pink RainWing wrapped his tail around the yellow one. The physical exercise tingled their muscles during this long moment of penetration, but the promise of reaching climax motivated them to continue.

All this time, they maintained eye contact. With a lustful look, they admired their partner grimacing with pleasure, their muzzle wide open and their tongue sticking out to catch some air. Suddenly, Jambu's gaze lit up, and he brought his head closer to the NightWing. With a sensual tone, he offered between two moans,

"I might have an idea to spice up our night, darling."

"Oh yeah? What is it?" he asked him after a charmed grunt.

"How about a little game? The first to cum penetrates the loser."

Deathbringer looked at him with shock.

"Wait! You mean I finally have a chance to dominate you, Master?"

"If you win, of course," he corrected with a seductive wink. "So, deal?"

How could he refuse such an opportunity? As much as he loved submitting to his partner, a part of him wished to hear him moan his name as he penetrated him, to show him who the real master was. With a defiant smile, he accepted,

"Of course, but don't complain when you will lose."

"Pff! We will see!"

Fueled by the increased motivation, their pelvic movements accelerated to the two dominated's pleasure. The impact of their thighs against the buttocks echoed through the room. Their grunts became deliberate as their dick intensely rubbed the tailhole's fleshy walls. At this time, Starflight and Pineapple murmured an inaudible conversation, which fascinated the bodyguard for an instant.

However, he had to stay focused on the present moment if he wanted to get his reward. He closed his eyes to enjoy every sensation within him. The tickles in his dragonhood and the

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

tingles in his muscles shook his limbs. His heart pulsed so hard he thought it would burst out of his chest. Each thrust in the librarian's rectum gave him shivers of intense pleasure while his lubricated cock rubbed against his tight anus.

On the other talon, something was missing to make this moment perfect.

Suddenly, as he was opening his eyes to admire Jambu, he noticed the two submissive males kissing passionately. This vision gave him an idea. He knew that it would benefit his opponent as much as himself, but he needed this very important detail to fly to cloud nine.

His plan began the moment he brought his head closer to Jambu's. This sudden proximity surprised his partner, but he didn't have the time to understand the situation as Deathbringer reduced the distance between their muzzle. Swiftly, their snout touched, and their heart skipped a beat. A slow, tender kiss followed, and the RainWing encouraged him to continue with a talon on his chin. The wet sound of their caresses and their sensual purrs became the only melody in their ears. The tips of their wings instinctively brushed. They enjoyed the smooth texture of the other dragon's lips on theirs, sharing the taste of fruit and cum.

But the gentleness quickly gave way to the passionate intensity. Their muzzle half open, their agile tongue came out to wrap around that of their partner. Moans and hot exhalations collided, and their saliva mixed into a torrid concoction. These sloppy caresses titillated their lust to the point that the tingling in their dragonhood multiplied. The penetration now rapid and vigorous, a liquid in their shaft made its ascent toward the exit, announcing the fast approaching climax.

"Poisonous frog! What are you guys doing?" a female voice that Deathbringer immediately recognized cried.

Anguish gripped the NightWing by the throat. His arousal dissolved, he broke the passionate kiss before noticing with horror the only dragoness he didn't want to see here. Saturated red covered Glory's body and her tail whipped the air impatiently. Although her attitude seemed cold, her gaze showed a sharp pain that shattered the male's heart into a thousand pieces.

Panicked, he withdrew his limp penis from a puzzled Starflight and rushed toward her, leaving behind him a long trail of precum. Terror occupied every corner of his mind, but he tried to act relaxed like he had the situation under control.

"M-my love, it's not what you think!" he justified himself as he placed a reassuring paw on hers.

"My love?" he heard a shocked voice behind him.

"No! It's worse!" she exclaimed, tapping his talon aside before pointing an accusing claw at him. "So, that's why you left during the night? To replace me?"

"No! I..."

"Stop lying to me, Deathbringer! I saw what just happened! Besides, you're cheating on me with my own brother!"

"Please, Glory! I can explain everything," Jambu added with a fearful tone.

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

“You, shut up!”

This aggressiveness made the two males flinch, their eyes widened with astonishment. The pink RainWing, frightened, changed his scales for a mixture of light green and dark purple. He remained behind Deathbringer, his pained gaze toward the ground. Uncomfortable, Pineapple walked to the exit, muttering,

“I think I'm going to leave now...”

The three other dragons ignored his escape, tensed by this conversation. Despite her cold demeanor, the female growled her irritation and her eyes burned with hatred. She positioned herself as she was about to attack him at any moment. Seeing her like this intimidated the black male, his limbs trembling with fear. His throat tightened by the emotions, his heart on the verge of exploding. The more their discussion progressed, the more their relationship was destroying before his eyes. No! He couldn't lose his temper. Surely there must be a way to resolve this situation. To reason with her, he came closer to her and kindly suggested,

“You know, we can discuss it...”

“There's nothing to discuss, smelly toad!” she spat with animosity, moving away from him with her fangs out. “I hate you! I never want to see your face again! Period!”

“Glory...”

The dragoness turned back on his distress and walked toward the door, her wings outstretched. The assassin would like to join her, but the panic immobilized his body. Before she took off, she looked over her shoulder. He who thought she was going to speak to him one last time, she instead called another dragon in an irritated voice.

“Come with me, Starflight. Let's leave this place.”

Shock painted Deathbringer's snout, muzzle agape. The blind male, silent from the beginning, joined the queen with a timid step. During his walk, he stopped near him. His eyes looked downward, his pout showing remorse. As if he didn't know how to phrase it, he sighed anxiously and bit his lip. Then, he apologized, a hint of hatred in his voice,

“I-I'm sorry, Deathbringer. I... I had to do it.”

So, the two dragons flew away in front of the NightWing's blank gaze. A devastated frown on his muzzle, his throat tightened and his thoughts suffocated him. It was all his fault. Because of his stupid lies, he had destroyed his relationship. He had manipulated those he loved just for sex. He had ruined his reputation. How dumb he felt to have fallen into this trap again!

This realization gave him a bitter taste in his muzzle. His lips trembled, his vision blurred. At that moment, his only desire was to escape this place and leave this cursed kingdom.

To make the situation worse, he heard a voice filled with sorrow behind him.

“I... I thought you told her about the two of us.”

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

Ashamed, he remained silent. In fact, he no longer had the strength to say anything to him. On the verge of tears, he walked toward the door. Seeing his departure, the dragon behind him panicked and begged him in despair,

“No! Not you too! Please, stay with me!”

“Leave me alone!” he shouted with an angry growl, making the poor male jump.

Once the wave of irritation passed, he bit his lip sheepishly. He then justified himself in a low tone,

“I... I need to think about it... alone.”

Stunned, Jambu nodded slowly, his scales entirely blue-gray. The discussion finished, the black dragon walked toward the exit. His footsteps echoed in the now dreary room. Ashamed, he wanted to say something reassuring to his partner before going away, but tears welled up in his eyes. He didn't have the strength to turn around, to look at him one last time. He fled the house, leaving a grieved RainWing behind.

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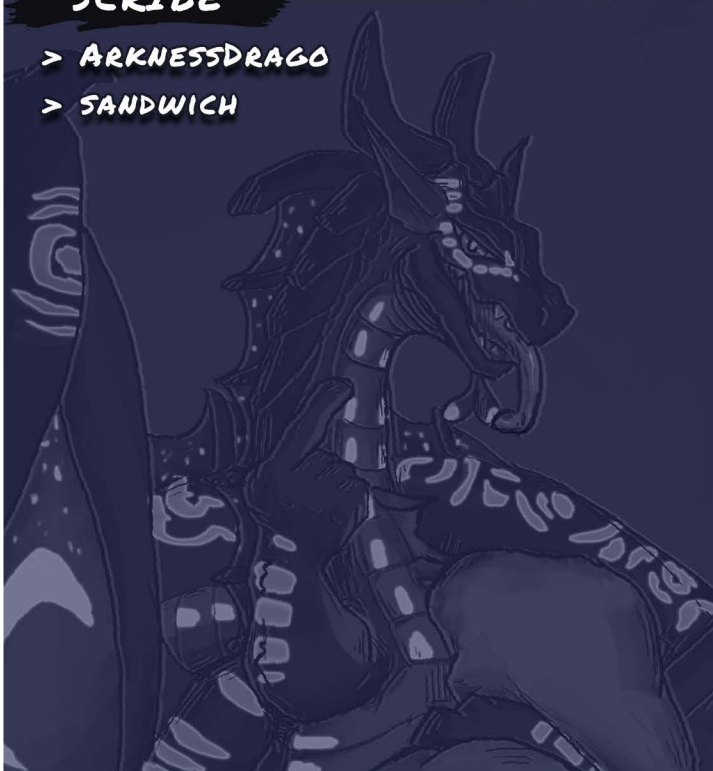
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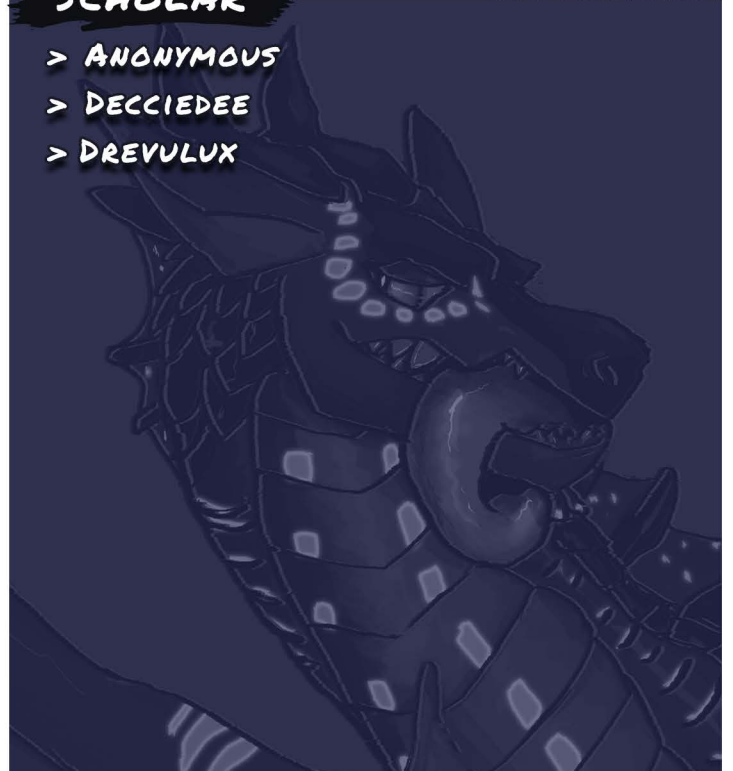
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