



## **WINGS OF DESIRE : AFTER PARTY**

Complete Edition

**BY PENNY\_INK**

As the tenth anniversary of Malefor's defeat was in full swing, the four friends Spyro, Cynder, Ember and Flame head back to the calm of their home. With overflowing beer and unspoken desire, the relaxing night shifted to a more... intimate ambient, and soon, the four dragon share a moment they will never forget.

**It contains:** straight sex, gay sex, lesbian sex, dragon sex, penetration (vaginal, anal), oral sex (cunnilingus, blowjob), drunken sex, gentle sex, balls worship, multiple orgasms, competitive sex, rough sex, masturbation, threesome/foursome (m/f/f, m/m/f/f), excessive cum, praise kink. **All characters here are adults!**

## AFTER PARTY

A door slammed into the wall of a silent house and four noisy dragons clumsily walked inside. Their laughter like their cheerfulness submerged the echo of a festive Dragon Village. The tenth anniversary of Malefor's defeat had been celebrated with exuberance, including breathtaking spectacles, touching speeches and alcohol, a lot of alcohol.

As drunk as they were euphoric, Spyro, Cynder, Flame and Ember headed into the living room to crash on cushions. A sigh got out of their muzzle when their legs rested after hours of walking. Finally in a calm place, they recovered from all the emotions. The evening was nevertheless far from over, since Spyro had offered them two barrels of beer under his friends' delighted exclamations.

Thus, the party continued with rejoicing and the abundance of this delicious brew. They toasted to this memorable day and savored the refreshing liquid. Alcohol, like clouds in front of the sun, immediately dimmed their reason. Their head heavy, their muscles relaxed. Their vision blurred, their hearing muffled. Even the sensations on their body seemed approximate. However, a seductive spark awoke in their consciousness and tickled their base instincts.

The evening began peacefully. They chatted about their epic adventures and laughed of their mishaps. Inadvertently, one wing's tip touched that of another dragon. Then, one paw would place itself on top of another. The temperature in the room became scorching. An attractive tension built up and the conversation switched to more sensual subjects. Their cheeks burning, the four friends exchanged charming glances. Their heart fluttered at the mere idea of cuddling each other. Their foggy mind imagined a thousand and one torrid scenarios. However, no one dared to take the first step, held back by the chains of decency.

In the middle of their discussion about their favorite sex position, Flame slipped away for a visit to the bathroom. The pink dragoness used this break to go get a glass of water, leaving Spyro and Cynder in the room, alone... Their muscles tensed as their cheeks drowned in a lava lake. Trembling with uncontrollable arousal, they hesitantly moved closer. Their gaze, on the contrary, shared an unwavering tenderness. Inch by inch, their breath hitched with anticipation, their skull pulsated to the rhythm of their frantic heartbeat, their reasoning buried under the liters of beer gave way to desire.

Their claws touched, and the next second, their paws were on top of each other. Their tail intertwined with infinite affection. Without realizing it, Spyro's muzzle was caressing the crook of the female's neck. At each inhale, the smell of smoke and alcohol fueled the flames of pleasure. In return, his warm, trembling exhalations brushed against the shiver-covered scales. A smile appeared on his snout as he listened to the shy, but tender purrs that vibrated his partner's throat.

Struck by a moment of clarity, Cynder stiffened and stepped back. Despite her concerned expression, her chaotic breathing was interspersed with squeals, and a transparent liquid flowed from her slit.

“Wait! This is not a good idea...” she whispered. “They will see us.”

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Spyro frowned before he brushed her concern away with a snort. He expected this reaction: the female had always been intimidated by sexuality. Several years ago, multiple conversations and encouragement helped her to prepare for their first time, but over the steamy sessions they shared, she had grown comfortable to the point of dominating him during some nights. He noticed it very well: once passed beyond the bashfulness barrier, she became an indomitable beast, and he loved this side of her.

His usual daring smile appeared like each time he faced an insurmountable challenge.

“Cynder, we both know they don't care, especially how often we did it together several years ago.”

If a head was a volcano, hers would erupt. Her wide eyes stared at him and her tail whipped the air. She opened her snout to reply, but after some thought, she closed it. An irritated expression possessed her muzzle like every time she lost an argument. She shrugged her wings, blushing.

“Not wrong.”

Her reaction got a chuckle from the male. His heart raced at the sight of the dragoness: despite her annoyance, she still kept her breathtaking beauty. One thing led to another, and memories of them rocking their body to the rhythm of their moaning corrupted his messy thoughts. Subtle at first, a pleasant warmth spread throughout his being until it concentrated between his hind legs. The temptation intoxicated him, and before he realized what was going on, his unbridled lust possessed his limbs.

His senses numb, he lay down on his back with difficulty. In front of the shocked female's pale blue eyes, his pink dragonhood throbbed impatiently. Cynder's gaze bounced between the male and his expressive cock. Some precum flowed from its triangular tip to run along the curved, smooth penis. His heavy testicles rose and fell to the rhythm of his slow, but ragged breathing. He sighed in relief. His arousal lasted since the start of the festivities. One second longer, and he would go crazy. He needed her snout, her hips, her squeals. He needed her now.

“In that case, join me and suck it well,” he invited her with a voluptuous growl.

To support his words, he pointed at her task with an insistent claw. For a moment, the dragoness looked around. No sign of their two friends. With a sensual hip sway, she walked toward his meal, licking her lips hungrily. Once close, her head lowered to its level. Her warm breath caressed the sensitive skin, and Spyro shivered. This stimulus clenched his jaw and tensed his muscles to grip the cushions. His pulse echoed in his skull and in his sex, his brain begged her to start.

The dragoness sneered mischievously at his impatience. As if he had made a pact with her, she pinned him to the ground, giving him no chance to escape. He gasped in surprise, but quickly, the touch of her claws on his scales excited his heartbeat and fueled his thoughts of desire. For a moment, their eyes met. Despite their fatigue, a bestial determination sparkled inside. Their body, exhausted from the long walk, revitalized with new energy at the sight of their lustful partner.

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Ready for the action, the female brought her snout closer to this delight, and her impatient tongue closed the remaining distance. With exquisite slowness, her drooling organ wrapped around his cock to savor the spasms on its rough surface. The salty sweat, combined with the subtle bitterness of cum, raced her pulse. The musky smell seeped into her nostrils to permeate her mind. An inhale, and she traveled into a world of guilty pleasure. One lick, and she plunged into the abyss of her lust. Her cheeks burned as the heat rose between her hindlegs. Her thighs tightened together, her rump waddled with arousing discomfort. Her tongue play became passionate, frantic even.

Spyro let out a moan, she purred.

No inch was spared. The organ stroked his length hungrily and wrapped around it. The friction of its rough texture on this sensitive surface made the male's eyes roll back and his already chaotic breath hitched. Lacking air from the lustful grunts, he opened his snout wide and hung his tongue out. He who thought he got the royal treatment, shivers ran down his spine as she licked his glans. In a circular motion, she collected every drop of this transparent liquid. Nothing was as delicious to Cynder as that salty taste that tickled her instincts. Uncontrollable squeals harmonized with the grunts of her partner and one of her paws, possessed by arousal, rubbed her needy slit.

“Huh! W-What are you guys doing?!”

Wide-eyed, the two purple dragons missed a beat. Their head turned toward the direction of the voice, and they gulped at the sight of Flame. Stopped at the door frame of the storage room, he held a barrel of beer in his trembling paws. Just like them, his shocked gaze analyzed the scene before him. However, a part of his body seemed to enjoy this view. An uncomfortable silence settled in the house, the previously torrid mood cooled down. Their cheeks, on the contrary, burned with the intensity of a firebreath. As if they were frozen in time, they looked at each other. Cynder grumbled, hiding her embarrassment with a wing. Uneasiness painted on Spyro's muzzle as he broke the suffocating silence,

“Well... we have...”

“Is everything fine, Flame?” an echo from the kitchen asked.

The three friends panicked as they heard footsteps heading toward them. They knew how intensely Ember often reacted, and this moment was no exception to the rule.

“What... You guys are disgusting!” she shouted. “Why are you fucking when WE are here?”

Clearly, they had no luck today. To defuse the situation, the male chuckled in discomfort and admitted,

“I couldn't help it: Cynder was too beautiful to miss this opportunity.”

He heard a growl from his partner.

“You're stupid...” she grumbled in a low voice.

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“Though not while we're here!” the pink dragoness replied. “Do it in private if you want, but... Flame, what are you doing?”

Without saying a word, he got closer to the couple. As he approached them, his limbs shook, his rapid pulse strangled him. However, a smile appeared on his muzzle with a lewd expression, and his burgundy sex whipped the air with so much vigor it hit his stomach. He crashed beside the other male, exposing his irrepressible arousal to the females. Despite the many similarities, the Flame's shaft was one talon longer. Nonetheless, the two shared their excitement for the upcoming event.

“I admit that Spyro has an excellent idea,” he purred. “Why not join the party like in the good ol' days?”

Ember's snout became so red she looked like Flame. Even Cynder, who would have groaned at such a proposition, stared at him in shock. However, they remained silent, thoughtful. Their heartbeat raced as they remembered those liberating evenings after their busy days. Despite the embarrassment, part of them wanted to relive a scenario like those. Gradually, a comforting warmth spread across their rump, and their labia swelled with arousal. The dark-purple dragoness growled: her lust, previously disturbed by this unexpected situation, returned in force to her mind already confused by fatigue and alcohol.

“Huff! I... I agree,” she admitted in a low voice.

The two males purred their satisfaction. To congratulate her, Spyro brought his head closer to Cynder to nuzzle her. Despite the growing embarrassment, she smiled tenderly. Ember, stunned by the situation, looked at the scene without saying a word. However, she could no longer resist her temptations. A part of her boiled with jealousy to let her friends have fun without her. Memories of their numerous torrid nights came flooding back into her consciousness and played repeatedly to taunt her. She grumbled, blushing, as she remembered the many times she had fingered herself at the thought of reliving such an occasion. She sighed. As resolute as her dripping vagina, she accepted in a tone filled with bestial excitement,

“If that's the way it is, I'll join me too, but I want to suck Spyro!”

“What? But I'm already here!” the purple dragoness refused. “Wait your turn like the others!”

“But you can do it any time with him!”

“Not my problem!”

“Okay...” Flame sighted.

“Cynder! Ember! Calm down,” Spyro tried unsuccessfully.

“You know what? I have an idea!” the pink female exclaimed defiantly. “The last one to make our male cum will lick the winner's vagina. Deal?”

For a moment, tension filled the room as Cynder stared into the abyss of thought. Her facial expression distorted from this internal debate, but she finally nodded.

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“Deal. I’m going to win claws down either way.”

“Pfft, that’s what we’ll see!”

Invigorated by determination, Ember joined her friends. Her tail and her neck straight with pride, her smile savored in advance this delicious victory. Like a predator in front of their prey, she devoured Flame's crotch with her gaze. He swallowed at this intimidating expression, but his dragonhood twitched with more eagerness. She seemed to have noticed this, since she purred before stopping between his two hind legs. Close to her goal, she lay down, and her ragged breath brushed against the burgundy shaft like a warm summer breeze. Shivers ran through her spine as she sniffed it lengthwise. That smell – a mix of musk, cum and spice – drove her crazy. Her cheeks boiled at this detail which awakened many memories. Her ecstatic brain focused all its attention on this fragrance, and without realizing it, her muzzle caressed the spasmodic meat under the male’s trembling grunts.

Carried away by her desires, she placed her drooling tongue on the tip. In a slow movement, she savored every bit of this salty-tasting area. If the smell introduced her to this delight, the traces of previous ejaculations tighten her thighs with growing excitement. Her intimacy heated up when she imagined him at home, masturbating under his needy moans. Her vagina walls moistened as she visualized his cum painting his digits and his chest. She cursed herself in her head. She was disgusted to have such perverse thoughts about their friends. However, she couldn't help but replay it again and again.

An impatient exhalation above her pulled her from her daydreaming. Ashamed, she realized that she had stopped the cleaning. Without a moment to waste, she corrected this mistake not without extending a foreleg toward her wet vagina. Her claw brushed her clitoris with as much passion as his tongue on the spasming cock. Then, it rose to her swollen lips at the same speed as the male's caresses on her burning cheek. Tickling electrocuted her entire feverish body, her heart struggled in her ribcage. The delicate friction on her slit stifled the remaining modesty in her consciousness, which increased her licks on the throbbing cock.

Flame grimaced, his limbs trembling. His eyes closed, he moaned with each rough caress. Spyro purred his satisfaction at this voluptuous show as he kept his shaft awake with some slow rubs.

Only a dragoness growled her displeasure.

“Hey, that's not fair!” Cynder remarked with a sharp voice.

“Say the one who started the party without us,” she replied.

The purple female snorted at this observation, but she digested it. After all, arguing with her only moved her away from victory, and Ember was already beating her to it. Without further ado, she repositioned herself in front of the spasming virility, and Spyro's moans joined Flame's.

Under the torrent of sloppy sounds, the tongue of the two females strokes and wrapped around their meat. No inch had been spared. Under the chaotic breathing of their partner, they savored the salty taste of their tip in a circular motion. Then, they licked along their branch

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until they reached their testicles. In front of these virile jewels, they polished them with their saliva and collected the concentrated musk with nuzzles before starting at the top again. This sensual attention didn't leave the males cold: their hindlegs shook from spasms and their purr echoed in the room. His brain numbed and his throat dry, Flame offered Spyro a mug of beer. After all, there was nothing better than enjoying a cold refreshing during a fellatio!

Despite the competition in the air, the two dragonesses used this carnal moment to satisfy herself. Slowly, a trembling paw approached their vagina flowing with excitement. At this distance, the heat comparable to that of the Volcanic Isle emanated from there. Their labia pulsed with intensity as they begged them for relief. The females didn't need more arguments to deal with their problem. Carefully, their claws rested on their slit and rubbed their clitoris in a rapid circular motion. A flash of arousing titillation struck their muscles. An immoderate joy stimulated their empty thoughts and their eyes rolled back. The pulse in their throat, muffled moans accompanied those of their partner and the wet sounds of their passionate licks.

During what seemed like an eternity of pleasure, the chaotic breathing of the four dragons punctuated this erotic exchange. Their body heat, like the lust mood in the living room, escalated quickly. The spasms through both males intensified as did the cadence of the licks. Ember decided to taunt her rival. A smirk on her muzzle, she directed her mocking gaze at the purple female as she inserted the burgundy cock into her maw. Under Flame's grunts and encouragement, she greedily sucked the triangular tip and drank the precum. Before focusing on her throbbing delight, she looked at her one last time with an expression that said, "See? You don't stand a chance against me."

Cynder snorted at such vanity, but under no circumstances she would let this pest outrun her. As she was about to imitate him, she stopped. She gulped at the dragonhood's impressive length. She nonetheless had sucked it dozens of times, so why did this intimidate her today? She shook her fears away from her head and gently entered the cock into her snout. A salty and bitter flavor immediately assaulted her taste buds. The musky smell warmed her flowing intimacy. The rounded tip pulsed against the wet fleshy walls, and the suction-like licks stimulated it under Spyro's moaning breathing. Her personal pleasure was interrupted by a firm paw on her head. Slowly, it pushed, forcing her to go down and take more of the meat. The maw dilated by the impressive width, the flesh stretched until it spread waves of uncomfortable tingling in her throat. Despite the many steamy nights spent together, Cynder still had difficulty sucking the entirety of this behemoth. Her muzzle grimaced in pain, tears at the corner of her eyes from this unbearable sensation.

As the cock dug inside her, Spyro's grunts became pronounced, feral even. This melody allowed the dragoness to distract herself from this pain until her nostrils touched the odorous pelvis. A smile widened as a feeling of pride eased her mind. The shaft's frantic throbbing and the precum river running down her throat rewarded her for this harsh ordeal. The satisfaction, however, was only short-lived. Glancing at her competitor, she saw her sucking the cock eagerly. As a result, she bobbed her head up and down at a steady pace. The friction of the penis against the sloppy walls made the purple dragons growl voluptuously. The rough tongue wrapped around and licked it to extract all the salty liquid. The female's rump wiggled

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as she intensified her masturbation. Both carried away by this guilty pleasure, arousing tickling waves seized every scale of their being. She was back in the race.

Thus, the two males groaned in unison from this competitive fellatio. As they sucked the cock in a steady up and down motion, Ember and Cynder applied every method to achieve their goal. Their gaze inspected the smallest detail that could influence their performance. When the purple female used one of her talons to massage Spyro's testicles, the other grumbled before copying her. Then, as the pink dragoness masturbated Flame simultaneously, her opponent did the same to her partner's pleasure. Their maw heated from the repeated friction, the back of their throat became irritated from the tip's constant tap, their jaws started to numb from remaining open for so long. When they noticed the males' spasming limbs and increasingly chaotic breath, they knew they couldn't slow down anymore. They were fast approaching the finish line.

"I... I'm so close," Spyro muttered first.

Without giving Cynder the time to react, he grabbed her horns. He emitted a liberating moan and ropes of hot liquid flew into her muzzle. By reflex, she wanted to move her head away, but stuck there, she had to drink the slimy cascade. With this impressive amount to ingest, she wondered how long it had been since he masturbated. The spasmodic penis occupying the majority of her maw, the remaining space was quickly filled before overflowing in several white filaments. However, this bitter taste soothed the dark-purple dragoness's mind: she did it!

Her wings straightened as soon as she heard Flame moaning next to her. In turn, Ember grimaced before spitting out the cock. Her muzzle wide open, she drank the cum streams, though the male had more for her. Sticky ropes shot out spasmodically to cover her head. Despite the choking sounds and the tears in her eyes, rejoicing could be seen beneath the warm layer of her reward.

However, her satisfaction faded away as she noticed the white lines on her opponent's snout and a breathless Spyro. Defeated, she grumbled between her teeth,

"Okay, you win... But only because you started before me."

The other dragoness brushed off this excuse with a mocking exhale before lying down on her back. Wet from the caresses, her luscious lips like her clitoris pulsed with excitement and a transparent liquid flowed from the orifice. A mere breeze on this area covered her scales with shivers. Her brain, softened by alcohol and lust, could no longer analyze the slightest detail. Only the anticipation of such an enjoyable prize kept her on her toes.

"Come on, princess! Stop complaining and use your tongue to satisfy me," she invited her with a voluptuous growl.

Reluctantly, Ember moved toward the consequence of her defeat. Once in front of the shiny slit, a pout formed on her face. However, her heart beat wildly, and her intimacy moistened at the thought of reliving a guilty pleasure she had imagined for many moons now. She sighed. Why did she make this stupid bet?

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But there was one quality her friends liked about her: her reliability. On this thought, she took a long, shaky exhale before diving into her shameful desires. She gasped when she felt the slit's impressive heat covering her muzzle. A mixture of smoke and salty secretions assaulted her nostrils to invade every corner of her mind. Paralyzed in this odorous fog, her discomfort lessened until it disappeared. Her impulses manipulated her head to press against the pelvis, to take several breaths of this bewitching scent. In a rush of arousal, her cum-covered snout rubbed against the needy lips. Delicately, she explored every inch of this feminine beauty. She purred as her intimacy received waves of titillation so delightful she had to clench her thighs to contain herself. Nonetheless, a shameful part of her only had one desire, and the more time passed, the more she wanted to make it come true.

Craving exploration, her tongue came out of its hiding place to settle on the slit. Cynder had never been the kind of dragon to moan loudly in bed, although her friend noted her shaky exhales and her muscles contracting as her drooling organ flicked across her vagina. In a slow, but passionate motion, she spread her saliva on her scales. The salty taste of secretions and sweat quickened the pink female's heartbeat. Shivers of excitement ran from her head to her twitching tail. However, her partner wanted more. The insistent hip swings silently ordered her to move on to the next step. Ember smiled mischievously. Seeing her so vulnerable and needy, on the contrary, encouraged her to tease her a bit, licking the vulva's rim under the frustrated, but lustful grunts. In fact, hearing her friend delight in this intimate cleaning motivated her to keep going until sunrise, until exhaustion even.

Cynder couldn't wait any longer. Her hindlegs circled the pink female's neck and pushed the muzzle against her pelvis. In addition to Ember getting besieged again by the captivating body odor, her tongue inserted itself into her needy vulva. Its scorching temperature and these humid walls enveloped the organ like a thick blanket during a cold winter night. Despite this cave's narrowness, the salty and sticky secretions facilitated the penetration, and she intended to use it to her advantage. The slow back and forth motions covered the purple body with spasms and intensified the aroused complaints. This bestial music, added to the licking sounds and the other's female satisfied murmurs, plunged them into a liberating trance, far from the everyday life worries.

"I'm coming, girls!" a sensual voice behind Ember warned them.

The dragoness gasped in surprise when a weight rested on her back and a rounded tip landed at her vagina entrance. Her muzzle, already burning with her friend's slit heat, ignited at this touch. She didn't push him away. On the contrary, her rump waddled with impatience, yet the male remained deaf to his desire. Instead, he laid his upper body on her back, his head close to her neck. She shivered at the ragged breath on her ear, and the pronounced beer smell with each exhale numbed her already confused mind.

"You didn't think we were just watching you without doing anything, did you?" he murmured.

Ember snorted. Cynder didn't react, too busy moaning from the tongue play inside her. The lack of response shrugged Flame's wings. He didn't blame them: he too would soon join them in this world of a thousand carnal pleasures. His pelvis moved forward cautiously, and his shaft widened the orifice under the pink female's muffled grunts. She squealed, her muzzle

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tensed. The discomfort stopped her licks, even though the saliva layer around the cock facilitated its progress. For a moment, all her attention was focused on the meat stretching her vulva and spasming against her wet walls.

A long exhalation of relief eased the female's body as the shaft fully penetrated the hole. For a moment, the two dragons stood still to enjoy this intimate proximity. How warm Flame was! And his breath, she got drunk just by inhaling it. "So tight, so perfect... like before!" This whisper had the effect of an electric charge through her pink body. Shivers ran down her spine as her muzzle plunged into an erupting volcano. Her heart wildly palpitated in her chest at the echo of these compliments in her brain.

The ecstasy ended abruptly as the male swung his pelvis. At first unpleasant, the penetration in this tight slit caused enjoyable titillation between their hind legs. The female felt the shaft pulsing inside her like a second heart. Her vulva flesh stretched as the large visitor passed and left with vigor. The precum river relieved her from the repetitive friction. Her facial expression relaxed, but her muscles trembled with growing excitement. Flame, on his side, enjoyed it just as much. His feral moans matched his partner's torrid squeals. His jaw clenched, he delighted in the tightness of the wet walls around his cock, causing more tingling with each thrust. To congratulate her, his muzzle caressed her neck between passionate licks. This mark of affection further aroused the female who had to dig her claws into the cushions to calm herself down.

Faced with the two dragons sharing a good time, Cynder grumbled her impatience. Her thighs squeezed her friend's head again. Her intimacy's warmth and the salty smell grabbed Ember by the horns. Despite an irritated snort, she carried on the task. Her half-closed gaze admiring this spasmodic slit, she focused on the delicate movements of her cleaning. A moaning exhalation was heard above her. She smiled. Her drooling organ stretched and retracted into the vulva, mixing her saliva with the secretions. The friction of its rough surface against the smooth walls caused the purple body to convulse. The legs around the head squeezed her, but the moment her tongue explored a little further, they twitched, becoming weaker and weaker. The pink dragoness purred: she hit the jackpot. Intrigued by this reaction, she looked away from her delight to admire her friend with her eyes rolled back and her muzzle wide open to stick out her tongue.

"S-so good... hot and tight just the way I like it... I missed it so much..." Flame whispered under his primal exhales. Along with the view of two needy females sharing an intimate moment, the contraction on his long cock stimulated the remaining consciousness spared by alcohol. The pounding happened seamlessly to create waves of titillating tickles. Each friction in this arid cavern invited him to penetrate deeper, to shelter it there for the rest of his life. A little more, and he would empty himself inside her. However, to avoid finishing this activity too quickly, he focused on kissing the pink neck scales, nibbling her ticklish ears and whispering all the pleasure his partner gave him.

"You are... beautiful, Ember. I could... penetrate you... all night..."

A surprised gasp interrupted his praise as another weight destabilized his body. He stopped his signs of affection to identify the source of his distraction. Above him, a Spyro with a

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determined gaze gripped his rump forcefully. Despite his muscles tensing and his eyes wide open in shock, his heart raced at the sight of such a lustful and dominating display.

“S-Spyro? What... are you doing?” he tried to ask between loud exhales.

“According to you? I'm going to teach you who's the male here!” his friend purred.

“But... but Cynder... is available... why me?”

“Because I know how much you love being put in your place.”

An exasperated sigh hid his excitement, yet his shy smile immediately betrayed it. The purple dragon returned it with a seductive touch. Without going through any fluff, he inserted his spasmodic shaft into the tail. A cry of discomfort escaped from the dominated, but the numerous training in his room helped him adapt to this impressive width. The violent impact sounds of his thighs and testicles against the rear echoed alongside the two females' moans. The heat accumulated quickly in the anus by this hasty penetration. Controlled by the overflowing lust of its owner, the virility sank deeper and deeper inside until it rubbed a sensitive area. The dominated grimaced. His breath caught for a moment, his heart pounded. A wave of unparalleled arousal spread through his shivering body. To block his effeminate growls, he plunged his muzzle onto the pink female's neck and nibble it under her seduced purrs. Spyro sneered at such eagerness, but this encouraged him to continue his brutal pounding to Flame's pleasure.

The ecstatic titillation in the red male's anus intensified the penetration of the luscious vagina, which in turn increased Ember's passionate licks in her friend's slit. In the beer-smelling room, the four dragons moaned and panted as much from the physical exertion as from the titillating tickles between their hindlegs. Their pulse raced at the frantic pace of their trusts. Their consciousness, drowned in alcohol and the euphoria of the party, was no longer able to process the outside world. Only the swaying of their scorching body kept them in reality. The torrent of saliva and precum relieved their orifice burned by the steady friction. They had never felt so free as at that moment. In fact, they didn't want to return to their bland and calm life. They would like to carry on for a long time, days even.

“I... hgn! gonna cum!” the red male whispered.

It only took a dozen pelvic motions to submerge his crotch in an ocean of tingling. His body frozen, his liberating growl echoed in the living room. Thick, sticky cum streams flowed spasmodically into the enlarged crevice. However, this one couldn't contain such an amount of pleasure. Once the liquid filled the hole, the excess leaked from it before dripping on the cushions. This stuffing further stimulated Ember's slit to the verge of orgasm, although Cynder's lustful moans and the reception of the salty secretions on her tongue were enough to squirt her pleasure onto the throbbing cock inside her. Spyro, on his side, accelerated the pace of his penetration before releasing the pressure in the other male.

Gradually, a feeling of wellness occupied their thoughts now blurry by the climax. During this moment of rest, the breathless dragons remained motionless. The arousal faded away to give way to appeasement. At first frantic and noisy, their exhalations stabilized. The little presence of mind after this release allowed themselves to be lulled by the warm cum flow

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inside their orifice. Ember, on her side, swallowed this hot, salty drink, the nonchalant licks harvesting the remains of this forbidden delight.

The shock of the physical effort covered their muscles with spasms. Exhausted, all four collapsed to the ground. Their snout wide open, they filled their lungs and their brain with fresh air. The alcoholic fog gradually dissipated to give way to satisfaction. They exchanged a gaze sparkling with contentment and sensuality. Nothing could equalize the joy of sharing with the dearest loved ones a long-awaited moment after such busy years.

“It was... perfect! I really needed it...” Spyro admitted breathlessly. “We should do this more often, right guys?”

Despite the exhaustion caused by this wild activity, his friends purred their approval before continuing the festivities. The night was just getting started after all.

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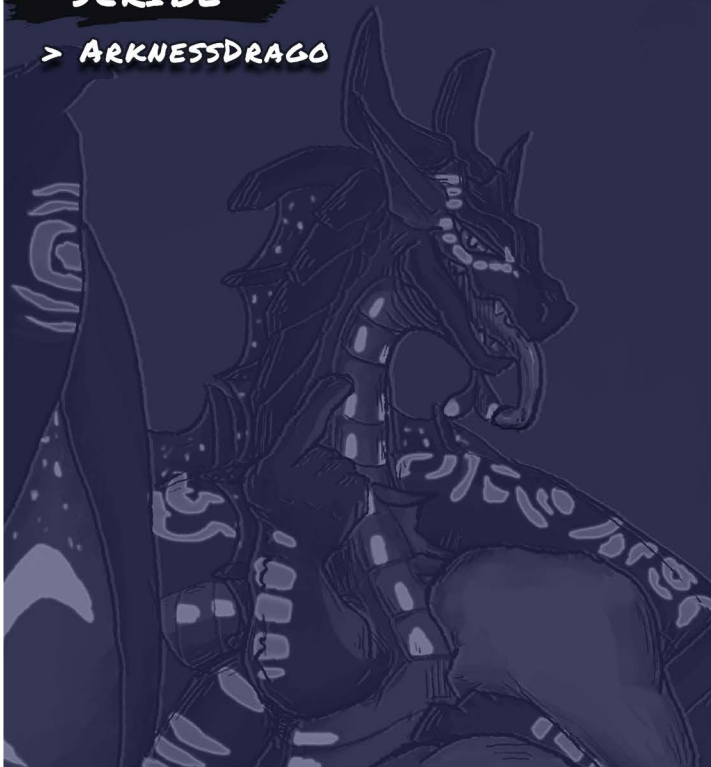
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