



WINGS OF DESIRE : STUCK IN THREE INTERTWINED VINES

09-Release

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, romantic sex, kiss, french kiss, gentle sex, masturbation, frottage, cheating, angst. **All characters here are adults!**

RELEASE

The rustling of the trees and the birds' morning song brought the queen's treehouse to life. The sun, still sleepy, bathed this place in an orange glow. The hammock, decorated with magnificent flowers, swayed with the wind, complementing the plant ornaments through the room for a more grandiose look. Despite its peaceful swings, a dark dragon stared at it with a fearful gaze.

Sitting in front of the throne, Deathbringer tried to keep his eyes open. He wasn't used to be awakened at this time of the day. Besides, he hadn't slept a wink since a guard visited his shelter last night. The reason for their presence had unsettled him: the queen convened him at sunrise for, in her words, "a meeting of the utmost importance." However, she had told him that she no longer wished to speak to him since their confrontation. To this day, he remembered these sentences filled with rage, "I hate you! I never want to see your face again!" This memory pierced his heart, and regret rose to his head at the idea he caused all of this.

Even if his mind was numbed by tiredness, his pulse, on the contrary, accelerated and his limbs trembled. His claws absentmindedly tapped the wooden floor in an intimidating echo. His gaze, alert, scanned the room in search of an invisible enemy. A part of him couldn't help but thought this reaction was ironic: for many moons, he had worked here alongside the queen. Now, the mere sight of this room was enough to make him uncomfortable.

He suddenly withdrew himself from his anxiety as he heard footsteps. He looked in the noise direction, his muscles tense for the coming of this fateful moment. Two exhausted guards entered through a hidden door at the end of the room, then walked around the throne in a ceremonial march. It seemed rough and shuffling. One of them even regained his balance after tripping over the other dragon's tail. The assassin, despite the stress, tried not to burst out laughing. He would never get used to her subjects' incompetence to follow the decorum.

Once the guards positioned themselves on either side of the throne, the NightWing expected the announcer to come and shout the queen's arrival, but instead, he saw Glory walking through that same door. With graceful and determined movements, she settled down on her hammock. Her neck straight, she looked at her former boyfriend with a cold and impassive attitude. The crown of colorful orchids and her floral bracelets highlighted her beauty. Her scales displayed its usual shades of green and blue with a touch of orange. One detail quickened the dark dragon's pulse nonetheless: her eyes as emerald as trees bathed in the sunlight. For a moment, he felt like he had butterflies in his stomach like the first time he met her.

This observation hit him hard.

The royal RainWing then waved her talon to the guards, asking them to leave the room. Doubtful, they stared at her, but they took off immediately as they heard an impatient sigh. Now alone with Glory, Deathbringer looked at her questioningly. Despite appearing calm and exhausted, anxiety choked his throat, and his racing heartbeat echoed in his head. His body tensed, ready to attack or flee. Reflexively, his senses sharpened, searching for potential danger.

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The queen did not seem worried at all. On the contrary, she rubbed her temples in irritation and grumbled in a long, discouraged sigh,

“Pff... how incompetent they are!” She regained her composure and showed a jaded attitude before continuing, “Now, nobody will disturb our conversation.”

Although he would like to believe her, he suspected that at least one guard, camouflaged thanks to their scales, was spying on them. After all, it would be too risky to leave such an important dragoness unprotected. What would happen if he attacked or captured her? He would never commit such a distasteful act, but as a former royal bodyguard, he had to be prepared for all eventualities. Actually, had she found his replacement since their argument?

What intrigued him the most was how informal Glory seemed now. As if she had removed a disguise, her posture slumped and she let out a heavy sigh. She even took off her crown to place it next to her. Her gaze nevertheless remained distant despite a visible touch of unease.

“So, do you know why I brought you here today?” she began after a few seconds of hesitation.

These words had the effect of an electric shock in the black male’s body. His heart pounded in his rib cage and his muscles shook in panic. He swallowed, guessing easily the reason for his presence. Not wanting to appear frightened, he joked with a charming smile,

“Well, your guard told me yesterday that it was important, so I bet it's not to file your beautiful claws.”

“Please, Deathbringer! Be serious for once!” she complained angrily with a low growl, her fists clenched. “I know you don't want to have this conversation, but it's necessary for both of us. Stop playing dumb, and let's talk like adults.”

The NightWing tensed at this reprimand, and his expression immediately changed to show despondency.

“Okay... but first, can I have a cushion? It would be great to discuss if I can lay my butt down on something more comfortable.”

Despite her severe attitude, she blew her nose in amusement, which lightened her interlocutor’s heart.

“Of course. Here, take this.”

She grabbed one of the many stuffed furs on the hammock and handed it to him. A sigh of relief came from Deathbringer's snout when he felt his bottom sink into this soft surface. Once settled, he directed his gaze toward the queen, ready to listen to her. Despite his peaceful demeanor, his claw tapped the floor anxiously and his jaw clenched.

“So... I brought you here to discuss what happened a few nights ago,” she began uncomfortably.

“I knew it,” he sighted, ashamed. “If you want to punish me, go on: I'm ready to suffer the consequences.”

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“Just for a stupid love story that ended badly? Even if I wanted to see you suffer, I’m not the kind of dragoness to abuse my powers for nonsense.”

The NightWing's dark body relaxed and he let out a sigh of relief. Although he was prepared for all the possibilities, he didn't want to be stuck in quicksand for days. Deep down, he considered himself lucky to have a queen as fair as her.

Nevertheless, he noted the concern in Glory's eyes. Although her muzzle remained neutral, her pout expressed sorrow and her tail lashed the air with anger. Her agile body waddled, and some of her scales colored red.

However, she kept her voice gentle as she reassured him,

“As I just told you, I just want to take this time to understand what happened.”

The assassin nodded with an affirmative exclamation. Honestly, he felt uncomfortable to confess everything to her. He even thought about lying to escape this embarrassing situation. He immediately got this idea off his mind: it would be irresponsible to run away from his mistakes. She deserved to know the whole story.

“Where to start?” she asked. “I need to understand why you cheated on me, and how long have you been doing it behind my back.”

The time for explanations finally arrived. The assassin bit his lip, embarrassed. His brain tried to construct a coherent narrative among all these catastrophic events. He opened his muzzle, but nothing came out. The fear of showing his weaknesses overwhelmed him, and the shame consumed him. Under no circumstances did he want to show his weakness to the one he loved once.

He had to breathe deeply to calm his anxiety. His eyes directed to the ground to recollect the events, he recounted,

“It all started the night you tied me to our bed, several seasons ago. You probably remember how doubtful I was about this idea. In fact, I loved every second of it. At the time, I didn't know if it was because I was restrained, demeaned as a domesticated beast, or penetrated by your tail. Either way, you were right: the experience changed me for life.”

Too ashamed to continue his story, he stopped to take another breath. Confessing his fantasies to her was more complicated than he thought. Surprisingly, when his eyes fell on the queen, he noticed that she was not judging him. On the contrary, her gaze, certainly cold, scrutinized him with patience.

“So, I visited your brother, since he has a lot of experience... if you know what I mean. We talked about it. One thing led to another and, well, we crossed the boundary of our friendship. Thanks to him, I discovered that I also like males. Since then, every time I told you that I worked at night, uhm, I was exploring my fantasies with him.”

This revelation seemed difficult for Glory to digest. Her eyes wide open, she swallowed at the realization that this lie had been going on for a long time. A red tint spread across her scales, but she calmed her anger with a deep inhale before asking,

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“I see, but why didn’t you talk to me about it? I thought we could tell each other everything.”

Regret gripped the NightWing. Now that he said it out loud, the reason suddenly became ridiculous. He sighted in remorse before admitting with difficulty,

“I was afraid you would judge me.”

“Because hiding it to me would certainly solve the problem,” she grumbled with irony, rolling her eyes in discouragement.

Ashamed, he tilted his head forward, a bitter pout on his muzzle. He groaned, embarrassed. She was right, and he hated that he had been so stupid. His heart compressed, and his shoulders like his wings sagged. Faced with this attitude, the queen sighed and displayed a benevolent expression, the red on her scales now gone.

“You know you could tell me everything, don't you? Just because I listen to the villagers' problems every day doesn't mean I couldn't do it for the most important dragon in my life.”

Deathbringer had the strange impression he had already heard it before.

“I understand,” he replied in a remorseful tone, “and I should have done it. I didn't know how you were going to react, especially since I fell in love with Jambu.”

Fearing her anger, he stopped once again to check the queen's attitude. Unlike what he thought, Glory didn't seem frustrated by this admission. She continued to listen to him with an attentive ear, even if melancholy showed on her muzzle. He breathed in deeply before adding uncomfortably,

“For the rest of the story, Starflight probably told you what happened between him and me.” Glory confirmed this fact with a nod. “And you already know how the orgy finished. All this time, I have lied and manipulated you all for my own pleasure, and because of me, you suffer from it. I’m...”

Reflexively, his pride, wounded by these events, prevented him from expressing himself further. A mental wall formed and his jaw clenched. He could never say those precise words. They meant defeat, the admission that he was in the wrong all along.

But he had to stop looking the other way and believe he was innocent in this story. With difficulty, he murmured this fateful sentence,

“... I'm sorry.”

The RainWing's eyes blinked several times, speechless. However, a slight smile formed on her snout, and a few pink spots spread across her scales. She nodded subtly and although her voice sounded distressed, a hint of recognition could be heard.

“Your apologies will never console me for the pain you caused me... but I appreciate the effort.”

“I understand.”

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After several moons to asphyxiate in his lies, Deathbringer finally freed himself from this burden as if he got rid of a mountain on his back. For the first time in this conversation, he smiled. His muscles as his pulse relaxed. He never thought that this talking would do him so much good.

“To be honest,” she continued, “I’m happy for you and Jambu. But please, don’t make him suffer like you did to me, or I’ll be less forgiving than now.”

“It’s not likely to happen anytime soon...”

The queen furrowed her brows, and her smile faded into a questioning pout.

“Why?”

“I will leave the kingdom this evening,” the NightWing announced in a strangled voice. “Living here will constantly remind me of my mistakes, and I need to think on my side and move on after everything I’ve done.”

“Okay... I can’t stop you anyway.”

Her wings lowered, Glory digested the news with an understanding nod, even if grief appeared on her snout. The sight of her disappointed attitude tightened the male’s heart and tears welled up in his eyes. He had to look away to avoid crying.

A mournful silence occupied the throne room immersed in the warm morning light. The birds’ cheerful song and the jungle orchestra were not enough to lighten the mood. On the contrary, they contrasted with their pain for the end of this important chapter. Regrets resurfaced, and an unvoiced prayer held the hope of returning to that time when everything was perfect.

“I... I will apologize to Starflight and Jambu before. They need explanations too,” he interrupted the silence.

“Starflight has already left the kingdom a few days ago.”

Deathbringer remembered that before the orgy, the librarian told him about his departure. If he recalled it well, he had returned to the Jade Mountain Academy, his workplace. He cursed himself for missing the occasion to talk to him.

“On the other talon,” she continued, “I would advise visiting my brother: if there’s a dragon who can console him, it’s you. For the two of us, our discussion is over. You can go about your business.”

At this order, the black male nodded and whispered a thank you before heading toward the exit. Although he was relieved to finally reveal the truth to her, grief choked him. His heart felt heavier, his vision blurred by the turmoil. He knew he should have been at peace having resolved this problem once and for all, but only the bitter desire to return to the past occupied his consciousness.

As he was about to cross the door threshold, he heard Glory calling out his name to his surprise.

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“Deathbringer!”

Intrigued, he looked over his shoulder, trying not to show an ounce of sadness. Gloria seemed just as affected as he was, her eyes watering. For a moment, she opened her snout, then closed it, thoughtful. Her muzzle tensed up, she fought against herself like she hesitated to tell him a secret. After a deep inhale though, she confessed with a vulnerable voice,

“I’ll miss you.”

To appear confident, he offered her a charming smile, even if his shaky breaths betrayed him. Now at the end of an era, he concluded their long relationship with a tone full of honesty, a tear in his eye,

“I will miss you too, Your Majesty.”

The sun high in the sky, the NightWing flew toward this familiar house. This aerial path, previously synonymous with guilty pleasure and secrecy, currently increased his stress. His thoughts put on repeat Jambu's possible reaction to his departure. The poor dragon was already devastated by the disastrous end of the orgy. This news would only rub salt in the wound.

He knew this confrontation will be a difficult test for them, and Deathbringer hated finding himself in such a delicate position. His visit to the queen had affected him a lot. His mental state fluctuated between regret and self-loathing. He even needed a moment to hide and expel the grief from his body. Normally, he would have fled this situation, looking for some way to avoid confronting his negative emotions.

This time, he didn't want to go back: he had to face reality and assume the consequences of his actions.

When he saw the RainWing's treehouse in the distance, he breathed deeply to dissipate his gnawing anxiety. He arrived at his destination in a few hesitant wing strokes and landed on his balcony. Used to going there in secret, he had the reflex to look around him before entering. When he came there at night, the neighborhood slept. Today, though, the opposite happened. Some colorful dragons stopped their activities to stare at him angrily. He even saw two of them bend their head to mutter something that the NightWing didn't bother to listen to: he already knew the subject of their despise. His lost reputation only ignited his motivation to leave this kingdom.

The black male ignored this attention with an exasperated sigh. Then, determined, he opened the large leaves curtain and entered. Once inside, he was surprised to see how clean the house was. Everything was organized, the cushions seemed spotless, the walls and the floor had no stains. He would have never guessed that an orgy had taken place here a few days earlier.

Then, he noticed a blue-gray and purple dragon lying on the bed. Depressed, he gazed into nothingness with his bloodshot eyes. His tail fell limply, motionless. His ruffs like his wings

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sagged, weak. His scales lacked sunlight, dull. He could have mistaken him for a corpse so much his breathing was slow and silent.

An ounce of life animated Jambu at his arrival. As if his limbs had the weight of a tree, he slowly turned his head in the direction of the noise. Despite his depressed look, a smile formed on his snout at the sight of the NightWing and he exclaimed with an exhausted voice,

“Deathy! Nice to see you...”

The deplorable state of his best friend shocked the black male. Panicked, he cursed and rushed toward him. At this distance, he noticed with horror that his lips peeled, and his body seemed slightly skinnier. The assassin could not leave him in such a critical state: he immediately went to fill a glass of water and poured some into his dry muzzle. Without flinching, the weak dragon drank the liquid and he sighed in relief, some of his scales now pink. Even if his expression showed pain, a bit of appeasement could be noticed.

The stress inside the NightWing melted away in an exhalation and he placed a comforting wing on his back. His anxious, but benevolent gaze stared at him. His positive attitude spread to his partner, as a sincere smile appeared and his eyes lit up.

“Do you feel better?” Deathbringer asked him.

“I... I don’t know,” Jambu replied with a distant voice. “Everything is my fault! I never should have proposed you to fuck. I should have stopped after we did it once. I should have refused the orgy idea from the start. I’m not sure if our love is just one of your lies anymore.”

This explanation made the night dragon gulp, but he simply nodded. He understood this resentment.

“And because of me, I destroyed your relationship, I tarnished your reputation in the kingdom, and I hurt all of you.”

“It's not true: it's all my fault!” he interrupted. “It was me who lied to you for my own pleasure and ruined everything. You have done nothing wrong, Jambu. I manipulated you, and you are suffering the consequences of my actions.”

He sniffed and averted his eyes to look into the distance, gloomy. The RainWing, on his side, observed him with concern.

“This is why I’m here: to... apologize. I would understand if you don't want to have a deceitful dragon like me as a partner. I know you like Pineapple, and I'm sure you'll be better off with him...”

“You’re wrong!”

Surprise painted his black muzzle and he stared at him in incomprehension.

“What?”

“We're just friends,” the jungle dragon explained to him. “Yes, our friendship is more intimate, but I have not been in love with him. You, you always make me feel good. You're funny, charming, and skillful in bed. I could never dream of anyone better than you.”

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At the mention of these qualities, his scales turned pink, and his eyes sparkled with passion. However, he regained a disconcerted attitude when he added,

“Well, if it’s mutual.”

Deathbringer did not hesitate a second to put his paw on his, entwining their claws tenderly. He then climbed onto the bed and positioned himself over the astonished dragon, his stomach against his. So close to him, he was surprised by the scorching temperature emanating from his colorful body. Gently, his tail surrounded his, his wings wrapped Jambu like a butterfly in a cocoon. Their cheeks burned with embarrassment, but their smile widened.

No words could describe all the passion they shared in their gaze. No gesture comforted them as much as this heartwarming hug. No gift made them happier than the other dragon’s presence.

Their head got closer by magnetism, and without realizing it, they nuzzle each other in a slow, but love-filled motion. Their muzzle half open, their trembling exhalations heated their scales. Their heart raced like crazy, their paws encircled the muscular neck of the other male.

All of a sudden, the NightWing felt dizzy at the realization he was experiencing this intimate moment with him for the last time. A part of him couldn't believe it: it begged him to be cradled in his loving forelegs, to be by his side for the rest of his life. But it was for the best: this distance will only bring them closer.

In this case, he needed to make this last time memorable, and he knew the perfect way to do that.

Slowly, he placed his lips on his. Like a spark, this gentle impact echoed through the room in a wet sound followed by guttural growls. Their eyes closed, focusing only on this tender kiss. Their wings enveloped their partner in a cocoon warmed by their burning passion, now protected from the cold outside world.

While Jambu's forelegs circled the NightWing's neck, Deathbringer's talons, curious as always, explored the pink body. At first, they slowly caressed his hot cheeks, making his partner growl seductively. Then, they moved toward his beige chest. Beneath his claws, his defined muscles rose and fell to the rhythm of his trembling, relaxed breath. He noted with surprised that their heart beat simultaneously, which made this instant more poetic.

For a moment, he continued to rub him under his partner’s happy purrs. Each of their gestures was dictated by affection, but as time passed, an emotion gradually replaced it: desire. Their exhalations became louder, their kisses more fervent. Their instincts took over their shivering body, grinding them together beneath the passionate grunts.

In the heat of the moment, one of Deathbringer's talons moved closer to their growing dragonhood. The touch of his claws on that sensitive part made them grimace with pleasure, their cheeks as hot as the fire breath of a SkyWing. The voluptuous purrs intensified at this contact while their cock solidified spasmodically, standing proudly against their stomach.

A satisfied smile formed on the night male's snout, and he moved on to the next step. He thus grabbed the two throbbing shafts with one agile paw. Surprised, Jambu's muzzle opened

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to release an exclamation. The black dragon took this opportunity to penetrate his curious tongue inside. Another stunned sound came out, but it was soon followed by a seduced purr. In this intimate dance, the slimy tongues rubbed against each other slowly, intertwining and untangling before starting again from a different angle. Their saliva lubricated these lingual caresses and their exhalations warmed them. At this proximity, their body odor invaded their nostrils to the point of intoxicating them. The colorful male's fruit scent captivated a horny assassin, and the banana taste of this kiss encouraged him to savor it greedily.

Lower down, his talon began to massage their spasming dick. In this restricted space that was his grip, the underside of their cock touched without shame, Jambu's column plates against the smooth and sensitive skin of Deathbringer's. Their pelvic motions rubbed them vigorously. Grunts like moans came out to the thrusts' pace. Each friction tingled their dick further to the point of spewing precum streams, lubricating the black dragon's paw in the process for a smoother masturbation.

Despite all the sensations there, their carnal kisses continued with as much intensity. The insistent groans and the lusty exhalations between vigorous licks added to the wet sound of the frictions and the bed creaking. These steamy noises resonated loud enough to be heard by the neighbors, but they didn't care. In this space filled with as much tenderness as voluptuousness, only their partner mattered.

Too carried away by this intimate moment, Deathbringer lost track of time. Maybe he had been rubbing his dragonhood against Jambu's for several minutes or several hours, he couldn't tell. However, every instant spent in his company filled him with so much joy. His worries vanished to focus on the panting male; his head had collapsed on his pillow; his eyes looked up to the sky, ecstatic; his wide open muzzle leaked some saliva by these fierce kisses; he clung to reality as much as his limbs seized the black dragon with force.

Faced with this view, the tingling in the NightWing's cock increased and the spasms in his body multiplied. His pelvic thrusts accelerated in response to this reaction. Their crotch heated up from the friction, but the precum, like a balm, spread to relieve them. The paw holding them stroked them frenziedly to the two lustful males' pleasure.

The assassin headed to cloud nine at lightning speed. Breathless, he broke this passionate kiss, placing his forehead against that of the pink dragon. His exhalations mixed with moans came in haste and the contractions tensed his muscles. So close to the goal, he felt a liquid heading toward the exit. He immediately indicated,

“T-Three moons... mmm... I'm close!”

“Me... me too,” he whispered in a jerky exhalation.

It only took a few vigorous thrusts for Deathbringer to paint the cream chest with his cum. His moaning breath synchronized with the spasmodic flows, and his sight like his thoughts blurred for a moment. He had to use all his concentration to keep masturbating the RainWing.

This effort was rewarded when he heard a long, trembling squeak and felt the dick pulsing rapidly under his claws. Then, filaments of cum shot out to mix with those of the other male. Stunned by this relieving, his partner's eyes remained closed and his wide open muzzle

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inhaled noisily, his tongue sticking out. Despite their face winced by the ejaculation, the two dragons displayed a broad, satisfied grin.

Deathbringer didn't know if it was because he had not masturbated for a few days or because he did it with him for the last time. Either way, he had never felt so good to have released the pressure as now.

Once he came back to reality, he slowly opened his eyes. He immediately saw the mess on Jambu's body: thick lines of whitish liquid covered his torso, and some reached his neck. Looking below him, he noticed that their cock, still hard, poured their last drops on his numb paw. Gently, he dropped them before placing it on the bed.

Then, his heart skipped a beat at the sight of the RainWing. His half-closed gaze plunged into his, sharing both passion and playfulness. The smile on his open snout encouraged him to do the same. As his black scales burned with embarrassment, his became as radiant as before. Slowly, Jambu stretched out a talon to caress his cheek with a claw. This contact made his pulse race and a loving sneer came from his muzzle. How lucky he was to have a partner like him!

"I'm so happy to be with you, Deathbringer. We're finally together!" the RainWing exclaimed.

These words brought bitterness back to the night dragon's mind. Oh no! He completely forgot to tell him the bad news. Shame consumed him as he bit his lip. Remorseful, he thought about the least dramatic way to say it.

"Actually, it's complicated," he sighed.

"What do you mean?"

Sadness covered Deathbringer's eyes, and his smile faded. With a weary gesture, he moved away from his partner and sat at the end of the bed. Worried, the colorful male followed him, now by his side. His scales blue, he observed the dark dragon with apprehension. Although he wanted to return his gaze to calm him down, he didn't have the strength to do it, staring at the nothingness in front of him.

"There's another reason why I visit you," the assassin explained. "I... I'm leaving the kingdom today, alone."

"What? B-But why?" he asked, pained. "I thought we would never be separated again!"

He swallowed. His heart sank.

"I... I need to take the time to think about all the mistakes I've made and be at peace with myself... But that doesn't concern our relationship," he then corrected when he saw the anguish appearing on his partner's muzzle. "Don't worry: I'm really happy to be by your side, handsome."

Although these words reassured him a little, he winced in sadness and tears welled up from his eyes. The NightWing clenched his jaw at this sight, struggling to remain calm despite the inevitable urge to cry. In a strangled voice, Jambu told him,

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“I thought I lost you after what happened. I was so afraid you wouldn’t come back, but your visit finally gave me hope we will stick together for good. Now, you tell me you're leaving me another time for I don't know how long? I don't want to go through this pain again, because I love you so much and I'm afraid... that you'll forget me.”

This justification pierced Deathbringer's chest like an arrow, and his tears amplified this impression. In panic, he rushed toward him and hugged him in every possible way, whether with his forelegs, his wings or his tail. He let his partner’s head laid on his shoulder, and felt his sobs moisten his scales. To help him relax, he whispered soothing words into his ear and patted his back. Even though he wanted to appear imperturbable and protective, he could no longer contain his tears which flowed like a stream.

“Never, handsome. I may be far away from you, but we can...”

He hesitated for a moment, remembering that the RainWing could neither read nor write.

“... I mean, I can send letters to Glory. She will read them to you. We'll stay in touch this way, okay? But I will never abandon you.”

This seemed to have calmed Jambu down, his hiccups less frequent. Deathbringer sighted of relief, but he didn't want to get away from him. In fact, he didn't want to leave him and live in a world where he won't hear his jovial tone anymore. His grip strengthened at this thought, his throat tight and his lip trembling. Jambu shared this pain, as he whispered to him,

“Please promise me you'll come back.”

The NightWing nodded, a smile slowly appearing on his muzzle. Despite his voice choked by tears, he affirmed with tenderness,

“I promise.”

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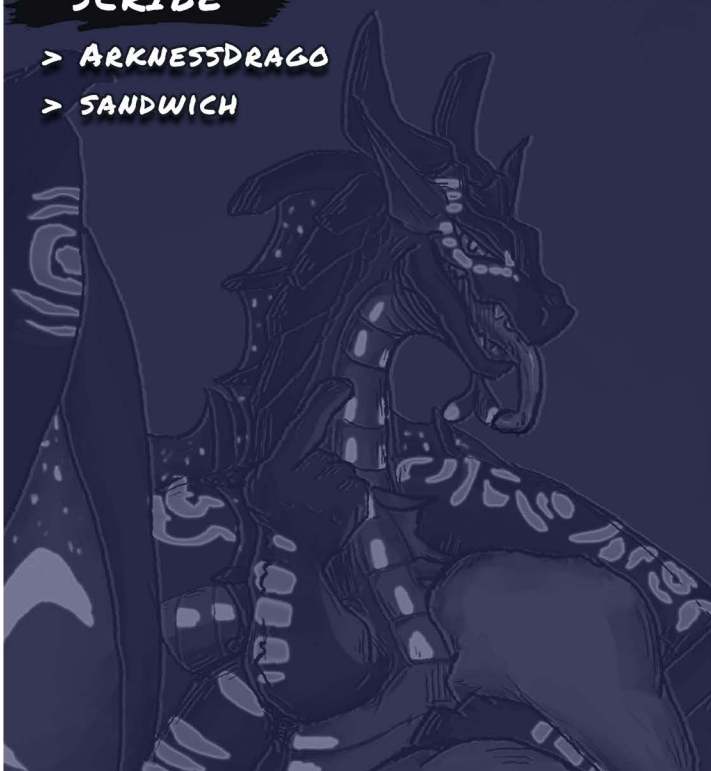
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