



WINGS OF DESIRE : STUCK IN THREE INTERTWINED VINES

07-Tightening

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), penetration (anal), romantic sex, kiss, french kiss, gentle sex, masturbation, excessive cum, frottage, cheating, sex toys. **All characters here are adults!**

TIGHTENING

Deathbringer never hesitated. If he could, he would dive head first into every opportunity, even if it was the worst idea. In fact, it had been like this for many moons, and as time went on, he felt like he was inevitably heading toward a banyan tree. The strange sexual experience with Glory, the lewd nights alongside the queen's half-brother, the daily disputes between them, the passionate moment with the blind librarian: he felt like he only stumbled over mishap after mishap.

Now, his emotional confusion and Starflight's love declaration added to it.

Like now, every time he needed to confide his problems to a listening ear, he went to Jambu, his best friend... if that was still the right way to define their relationship.

Concerned, he pushed aside the large leaves that blocked the entrance to his treehouse. Usually, when he visited him, the RainWing cooked a delicious meal, ate a banana, or exercised. This time, he wiped his bedside table with a dancing motion. With rhythmic strokes of the feather duster, he was whistling a happy music, and his tail as his head were moving to the melody tempo.

When he turned around, the pink dragon noticed his guest and he immediately abandoned his task to join him. As cheerful as ever, he greeted the NightWing before hugging him in his wings.

“Deathy! I'm so happy to see you!”

“Me too, Jambu... me too,” he replied with a reassured sigh, a smile on his face.

Despite his confident appearance, anxiety occupied his thoughts. When he embraced him though, all the stress dissipated. The positivity and the radiant energy of his friend relieved him to the point his heart was racing. He didn't understand why he felt so good around him, but he would not complain.

After this hug, they headed toward the table. While Deathbringer sat down, the RainWing took a teapot and poured his favorite herbal tea. He thanked him, then he commented while looking around him,

“Well! I see you don't pull any punches with the cleaning!”

“The house has to be clean for tomorrow!”

“To then dirty it after?” he teased with a seductive purr. “I'm game, especially with the most attractive dragon.”

“Oh, stop! You make me blush!” the pink male exclaimed, dismissing this compliment with a shy paw gesture. “Me too, I'm always ready for my favorite submissive.”

By this torrid discussion, a broad perverse smile formed on their muzzle, their lustful gaze on their friend. Their shaft already emerged from their hiding place, their body trembled and their pulse raced with anticipation.

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Then, Jambu walked around the table to sit next to him. During this moment, their eye contact maintained, and seductive growls filled the treehouse. Through this proximity, the two dragons felt the body heat caressing their scales. Their paws, wandering, rubbed their muscular partner, enjoying the smooth texture under their claws.

From time to time, they peeked on their friend's crotch. This simple view further exposed theirs, now visible. The NightWing reveled in it, licking his lips. With a lustful gaze, he ran down its rounded tip before continuing along his pink cock. Then, he made a detour through the ridge column below it to finally arrive at its base where his knot was swollen, excited. Faced with this marvel, the bodyguard got an uncontrollable desire to savor it, his muzzle watering.

The sexual tension in the air, Jambu asked him,

“So, you convince Starflight to come tomorrow?”

At the mention of the librarian, the night dragon's muscles stiffened and the dizziness seized him. Suddenly, his worries dampened his lust and he instinctively bit his cheek in remorse. The problem didn't concern his success in persuading him, but rather the methods used to achieve it. Lying to him seemed like the only solution when the blind NightWing said he didn't want to participate in an orgy. Either he deceived him, or shame would weight on him for not bringing a guest.

However, under no circumstances he couldn't mention it to his best friend. He would get a rap on the claws and this gathering would be canceled because of him. On this thought, he replied vaguely, uneasy,

“He accepted, but... let's just say it didn't go as planned.”

“Why?” he asked in astonishment, so concentrated by his explanation that he stopped his touching.

“Well, we had a moment of weakness, and while we were fucking, we kissed and he confessed his feelings to me.”

The other male's pink eyes widened in surprise and he stuttered in shock,

“Wait, what?! Is this really what happened?”

He nodded nonchalantly, his gaze fixed on the table. Thoughts and emotions scrambled as he voiced this problem out loud. Among these, there was remorse and anguish, but above all self-incomprehension. A comforting wing surrounded him at that moment and a question came out of the RainWing's snout,

“And what did you tell him?”

“That I will think about it. I wanted to avoid breaking his heart too quickly since I will refuse. I'm not gay anyway.”

“Say the one with whom I have slept with each night for several moons,” his best friend noted, an eyebrow arched in suspicion.

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“You know it’s not the same thing!” he exclaimed defensively. “You and me, it’s just for fun. I assure you, I can’t be in love with another male.”

This remark made Jambu’s head jerk back in surprise before lowering it, his thoughtful gaze fixing the ground. His scales spread pale blue and dark purple spots. If Deathbringer remembered Glory’s explanation, these colors meant worry and shame respectively. Why did he feel this way? Had he said something he shouldn’t?

Despite his apparent concerns, his friend continued to maintain a caring attitude, his wing still around the NightWing. As if he was searching for a distant memory, his pensive eyes fell on the other dragon, and he listed with his claws,

“In fact, it all depends on how you felt with this male when it happened, especially compared to the emotions you experienced with Glory. When you kissed Starflight, did your heart beat faster? Did you feel like there were butterflies in your stomach? Were you unable to think anymore, and the only dragon in your mind was him? Did you like this kiss?”

The more he listened to it, the more Deathbringer acknowledged with horror he experienced these symptoms with him. His throat tightened and dizziness overtook him. Since when was he gay and in love with the librarian? One thing led to another, and he noticed that these signs amplified alongside the RainWing. After all, his company gave him indescribable joy, on the edge of ecstasy. Every aspect of Jambu, including his behavior, his philosophy, or his performance in bed, made him miss a beat.

Hold on! Did he actually have feelings for... him? What about Glory? He was in a relationship with her after all!

“But it’s impossible! I’m straight!”

“Deathbringer, love is not restrictive. You can like males as much as females: it’s just a question of preference.”

An uncertain expression appeared on the bodyguard’s face. According to him, everyone had affirmed their sexuality. For example, the queen liked males, and so did Jambu. Starflight... was attracted to him despite his previous romantic relationships with females. His confusion increased further by this fact. At least, the jungle dragon reassured him by placing a comforting paw on his, a tender look on him. The contact made his dark body tense by reflex, but strangely, it accelerated his pulse, his cheeks slightly red.

“The most important is not to put yourself in a category. It’s to listen to what your heart really wants,” his best friend concluded indulgently. “It’s difficult, I know, but take your time. Even if you need several seasons, you must make sure you are comfortable with your choice... Of course, you tell my sister about it!”

“Yeah, yeah...” replied the NightWing reflexively.

Even though Jambu kept repeating this advice, Deathbringer didn’t have the strength to talk to her about it. How could he explain to her that he had slept with two males, including her half-brother, for several moons to the point of developing feelings for them without they broke up? He could see the consequences coming from miles: her anger and the rain of

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insults would be more devastating than the worst tropical storm. His reputation would be shattered by the indignation of the queen and the citizens. No, he could not do this!

However, he was too preoccupied to imagine this possibility. As if he discovered a lie he had believed for several seasons, the world collapsed around him. He couldn't even understand himself anymore. Deep in his thoughts, his empty gaze stared at the table and his claws drummed on its wooden surface. A comforting paw suddenly grabbed his shoulder, causing his eyes to divert to the other male. Although he still looked happy, his scales were covered in blue and purple. His body waddled with unease as he confessed to him in a soft voice,

“Don't worry, Deathy! Everyone can have doubts about their feelings. Even me, since I'm experiencing it right now.”

“Seriously? Why?”

This question made Jambu sigh in awkwardness. Concerned, he avoided looking at his best friend, his ears lowered and his shoulders slumped. Seeing his attitude, the NightWing surrounded his agile body with a comforting wing. The colorful dragon's cheeks blushed slightly, a reassured smile on his face.

“To be honest, after the orgy tomorrow, I will stop, to quote you, to ‘prostitute myself.’ For some time now, all I've been thinking about is you when I'm fucking my clients. I smell your scent when my snout is near their body. I taste your cock when I suck them. I hear your moans when I penetrate them. I can't stop imagining all the nights we spent together, and I'm a bastard for loving someone who's already in a relationship, especially with my own sister! Ugh! I thought I could guide other males to understand their sexuality, but it seems it's my turn to need help.”

Shock appeared on Deathbringer's muzzle at these disturbing revelations. He didn't even know where to start. Had he just admitted to him that he was stopping his career because he loved him? He, who thought he had reached the bottom of his problems, always found a way to make his situation worse. Suddenly, he regretted what he had told him earlier.

Still, a part of him was satisfied with this mutual attraction. Although his heart officially belonged to Glory, all the times he had spent with Jambu mating, talking about their day, and helping each other with their daily challenges filled him with joy. He had never thought he could love someone else, and yet he had fallen under his spell.

Thanks to the RainWing, he had discovered his attraction to submission and males. Now, it was his turn to give him a helping claw.

“In this case, I'm the dragon for the job,” he offered seductively.

“What do you mean?” Jambu asked in surprise, even if his scales became pink, already knowing the answer.

Carried away by this lustful situation, he held his best friend against him with his wing, making their heart palpitate and their breathing hitch. Their gaze fixed on the other male with as much passion as sensuality. With a curious paw, the night dragon caressed his chest,

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feeling under his claws the shivers of pleasure running through the colorful body. Their shaft solidified again by these touches, throbbing. The sexual tension in the air, he brought his muzzle close to his partner's straightened ear and whispered to him, his voice trembling with excitement,

"Lie down on the bed, and you'll quickly understand what I mean."

Jambu purred at this proposition and carried out his voluptuous order without any resistance. As he walked toward his bed, the bodyguard admired with a perverse gaze his pretty rounded buttocks and his genitals swinging to the rhythm of his steps. He whistled seductively, stroking his dragonhood at the thought of enjoying them soon. The RainWing's scales turned pale pink and he let out a shy chuckle. However, this attention didn't seem to bother him, since his penis was beating the air with more vigor.

Although the spectacle was captivating, Deathbringer also had some preparations to make. Against his will, he stopped looking at the attractive male and walked toward a chest shaped like a crescent moon. Ever since his best friend revealed its contents to him, he loved exploring this box of a thousand sins. Inside, a mountain of various sex toys waited patiently for him, ready to be used. The NightWing couldn't believe they had tried all of these accessories at least once, recognizing the majority of them.

During his search, he seized two objects whose mere sight gave him shivers of excitement. In one talon, he held a bottle half-filled with a transparent liquid. If he remembered Jambu's explanations, it contained a lubricant made from the prickly pear oil, a plant from the Kingdom of Sand. At least, the tunnel connecting this kingdom and that one made it easier to obtain this wonder.

Then, with the other talon, he grabbed a small wooden phallic statuette. Its thin tip gradually widened before reaching a circumference comparable to that of Jambu's dick. Below, a rod bridged between the distorted sphere and a thick but flat base. Out of all the toys, this one was his favorite. He couldn't count how many times he had cum with this inside him. Excited to use it again, he moaned of joy.

Well-equipped, he walked toward the bed where his partner, lying on his back, displayed the meal he was going to enjoy tonight. His gaze roamed over all his delights, licking his lips. The closer he was to him, the more his heart raced. His body shook with an excitement he hadn't felt in so long. Although they mated every day, this was the first time he got so aroused to be next to him. Maybe Jambu was right: their relationship was more sentimental than the NightWing thought.

However, he had to prepare for this lewd night. A step away from joining him, he turned around, exposing his tailhole to the other male. His best friend whistled at this sight, and his excitement increased upon hearing this proposition.

"Could you do me the honor to put it inside of me, Master?" he asked with a seductive tone, extending his foreleg to give him the butt plug.

"For sure!"

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After grabbing the lubricant and the dildo, Jambu dipped a claw in the liquid and sensually caressed the smooth surface of the object. Deathbringer displayed a perverse smile, imagining himself receiving this torrid treatment on his throbbing cock. Suddenly, he let out an uncontrollable moan as a paw spread some of this cold substance along his butt crack. He felt like a hungry tongue savor him, especially when it insistently rubbed the edge of his hole. He would never be tired of these enjoyable sensations.

He then gasped the moment the butt plug touched the entrance to his anus. He had to take several deep breaths to relax his muscles and slowly dilate his orifice, creating the perfect opportunity to gradually penetrate him. At first, the bodyguard let out shaky exhales, wincing in discomfort. At least, the toy's smooth surface as well as the translucent liquid facilitated the task, and quickly, the pleasure of being filled replaced the pain.

Now ready, the black dragon lied down next to the other male. Slightly taller than him, his head rested on his. Like a cocoon, their legs and their wings hugged their partner tenderly, bringing their body closer. Their twitching cock touched, increasing their arousal exponentially. Despite everything, the happiness provided by this proximity had taken over, a broad smile on their muzzle.

Even if this passionate moment comforted Deathbringer, a part of him absolutely wanted to start this erotic session. To catch his attention, one of his talons delicately grabbed his chin to raise his head. Now making eye contact, he whispered in his ear in a scorching, tender growl, "Lay back, and enjoy the best time of your life."

His partner agreed with a nod, his cheeks burning. Therefore, the night dragon opened his snout and gently licked his forehead. The effect was instantaneous: the RainWing purred at this loving gesture and buried his muzzle on his dark neck. His trembling exhales warmed his scales and he nuzzled them passionately. Encouraged by these actions, the NightWing growled with content and kept going, his eyes closed to enjoy this romantic moment.

His talons slowly stroked his partner's body. They started with his refined shoulders. Then, they went to his pink chest where they rubbed his relaxed muscles. It rose and fell to the rhythm of his trembling breathing, and his rapid pulse drummed under his claws.

Swiftly, a perverse impulse controlled them to move toward their genitals. Even if Deathbringer loved this cuddle, his lustful thoughts ordered him to take the next step.

When he grabbed the two throbbing cocks with one paw, a long purr of pleasure came out of their half-open muzzle. Shivers ran through their body as their embrace tightened, their heartbeats accelerating to this touch. Carried away by this exciting proximity, the NightWing began their masturbation. Usually, because of the impressive width of his dick, he had to use both talons to go around it. For this reason, he struggled to seize two dragonhoods at the same time. At least, he could hold them in place and stroked them simultaneously for their greatest pleasure.

In a repetitive back-and-forth motion, his claws caressed the spasmodic surface of their pink virility under the two males' jerky moans. Stuck, they shared both their restricted space and their comforting warmth. Each movement of the paw created orgasmic tickle waves. Precum

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flowed from their tip, mixing together, before hydrating them. Everything was embellished by the dragons' torrid guttural sounds.

The masturbation continued like this for a long time. Shaking, their body stuck together. Their breaths, interrupted by voluptuous squeals, became erratic. In the intensity of the moment, their tail intertwined passionately and Deathbringer's hind legs tenderly rubbed those of the other male.

He then realized the insistence of the pink muzzle's caresses against his dark neck, and a tongue even began to lick that area lovingly. He, for his part, continued his displays of affection, this time with more passion. Right now, only the colorful dragon mattered to him. His heart raced, and his thoughts, muddled by his lust, focused on everything he wanted to do with the charming RainWing. One of them was to kiss him, but something stopped him from seizing the opportunity.

The second golden rule that the two males had established since their first time.

The mere idea made the bodyguard growl in irritation, simply running his rough tongue across Jambu's burning cheek. He noticed at the moment that they were only a few claws away from making out. For several torrid events, he managed to calm his desire to smooch him despite his best friend's teasing, but today, he couldn't hold himself back anymore.

In a growl as sensual as it was tense, he finally whispered these liberating words in his ear,

"Three moons! You don't know how much I want to kiss your beautiful muzzle!"

"B-But what are you waiting for, handsome?" he invited with a lustful tone. "I don't even understand why I made this stupid rule in the first place."

Deathbringer missed a beat at this answer. Shocked, he had to stand still for a moment to realize what he just said. His body shook with abnormal arousal and his dragonhood throbbed like never before. A perverse smile on his muzzle, he took his available paw to stroke the other male's chin and direct his head in the direction of his. Suddenly, he doubted. Something held him back, whether it was this foolish promise or the impact of this action on his relationship with Glory.

But Deathbringer never hesitated.

His lips trembling as much with excitement as with stress, the NightWing's muzzle got closer to Jambu's and connected with it tenderly. At this contact, he felt like his heart exploded as an incomparable joy possessed of him. Finally! He tasted this delight that he had hoped to savor for so long, and every moment was worth the wait.

The RainWing seemed to think the same thing when the night dragon felt a paw caressing his cheek tenderly. In this unacknowledged passion-filled bubble, their heartbeats quickened. Their shaking breaths like the wet sounds of their kisses plunged the treehouse into a romantic atmosphere. Their eyes closed, they enjoyed the smooth texture of their lips and the nasal exhalations warming their muzzle. Sadly, Deathbringer didn't see his partner's pink scales becoming more vibrant than ever before.

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All these stimuli only increased the masturbation speed to their pleasure. Between two lip caresses, muffled moans came out of their snout with each trust. The tickling between their hind legs become unbearable to the point they instinctively rocked their pelvis. As if they were penetrating a tight ass together, their pink dragonhood rubbed against each other. Their precum lubricated them for a better experience.

Deathbringer was so invested in this carnal moment that he could no longer keep track of the time. However, he knew very well how much pleasure he got from voluptuously kissing the other male. The pelvic movements accelerated like their ragged breathing. The impressive quantity of transparent liquid covered the two throbbing virility as much as the exhausted paw. The NightWing quickly approached cloud nine, and it seemed to be the same for the other dragon, as he moaned louder between two breaths.

Suddenly, the RainWing ejaculated with a harsh sigh. The bodyguard followed immediately after, emitting a groan of pleasure. Ropes of viscous liquid flowed from their spasming cock to land on their chests or on the bed. Just like their cum mixing into one puddle, their trembling body stuck together, pressing their pelvis against their wet dick. Panting, the two males stopped their kiss, nuzzling tenderly instead.

They stayed like that for a moment, gradually recovering from their emotion. His heart pounding, Deathbringer slowly opened his eyes and realized what had just happened. Unlike the fear he had felt with Starflight, delight occupied his thoughts. His gaze filled with passion admired the RainWing who looked back at him with desire. Shy, a slight smile appeared on their muzzle and Jambu blushed before admitting with an embarrassed chuckle,

“Wow! It was fantastic!”

“And it’s only the beginning,” he announced with a charming growl.

“What?”

Suddenly, his dark body stood up and his cum-covered talon pinned Jambu down on his back, holding him in place. Now one on top of the other, the NightWing looked teasingly at the astonished male. This position let both of them purr seductively as they noticed an enticing detail: their solid shaft, covered in cum, throbbed still. Clearly, they needed more to be exhausted.

With a slow movement, the black dragon grabbed the butt plug by its base and gently put it out of his tailhole. A satisfied exhalation left his muzzle as he uncapped it, even if it will be filled immediately afterward. He then lowered his rear, the RainWing's dick aligned with his dilated hole. Slowly, its rounded tip rested on the enlarged border before entering without any difficulty. However, he was hungry for more.

As he went down, Deathbringer's perverted gaze focused on the pink male below him. The whole time, he enjoyed his pleased grimaces and his shy, trembling breaths. His slender body shuddered with every inch inserted in the anus. Even his tail twitched spontaneously from all the tickling in his crotch.

On his side, the NightWing was delighted. Thanks to the dildo and the cum layer, the dragonhood penetrated him with ease, entirely into his orifice in just a few motions. For a

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while, he stood still to feel the hard dick throbbing inside him. Additionally, the cold liquid covering it moisturized his rectum to his relief. A gasp of excitement even came out of his half-open snout when he noted with pride that he took the knot too.

“It feels so good,” an aroused NightWing muttered.

However, his patience was wearing thin: the night just begun after all.

Without hesitation, he rocked his hips in a repetitive up and down motion. Immediately, both dragons received a torrent of orgasmic tickles in their lower body, their muzzle displaying immeasurable pleasure. Their exhalations, although discreet, were jerky. Jambu's spasming shaft rubbed easily against the dark male's rectum, stimulating his slightly swollen prostate in the process. The feeling of being emptied and filled alternately excited him so much that he whispered, “Yes, Jambu! Keep it up...”

To the rhythm of his trust, his cock bumped his stomach and the RainWing's vigorously in intervals. Precum streams soared to paint the pink torso. His testicles hit his pelvis before jumping again. Despite the immeasurable pleasure he experienced, Deathbringer felt like a detail was missing to make everything perfect. Out of breath, he had to stay in place for a moment, taking this time to regain his senses as much as his words. His half-closed eyes glued to the ecstatic male, he used one of his paws to tilt his dripping cock in his direction before sensually teasing him,

“Hey! This banana isn't going to be licked by itself, and I know how much you love it.”

Jambu needed a moment to understand this request, blushing. Despite the shyness on his muzzle, he purred voluptuously at the proposition and brought his head closer to his meal, licking his lips. However, before jumping on this task, he replied seductively,

“And I know someone who loves when I take care of it.”

Deathbringer nodded, his dick twitching with more vigor. Without any hesitation, Jambu placed his tongue on its rounded tip and cleaned it passionately. His gaze focused on his cum-covered meat, he got carried away from this tasting, emitting repetitive sensual “Mmm!” The bodyguard, on his side, shared this enjoyment as he moaned by the rough, slimy caresses.

But it wasn't enough for the hungry RainWing who entered a part of the pink penis into his muzzle. Immediately, the black dragon let out a long, ragged exhale at the feeling of the sloppy walls against his dragonhood. “Perfect...” he encouraged him in a febrile whisper, placing a paw behind his head to pet him. The other male purred by this approval, a wide smile on his snout.

Thus, the fellatio and the penetration continued. Deathbringer marvelled under so much stimulation in his lower body, his eyes closed to feel them to the fullest. On one side, each part of the maw caressed his wriggling virility; the rough palate took care of its sensitive tip; the fleshy walls rubbed along its smooth, exquisite skin; his trembling breathing warmed it. Moreover, his agile tongue cleaned it frantically, leaving behind a layer of saliva. With greedy throat noises, he savored every bit of this behemoth as well as the transparent liquid that flowed from it.

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On the other side, the male below him intensified his pelvic motion. To the NightWing's pleasure, the shaft penetrated him with force and didn't hesitate to caress his weak spot. His body trembled from these exciting tickles and his muzzle released purrs between two erratic breaths. The sound of his ass and his balls bouncing on the RainWing's pelvis echoed throughout the room.

Deathbringer had never felt so great as now.

For what seemed like an unforgettable eternity, the two dragons moaned voluptuously with each thrust, the penetration rhythm constant. Their pulses escalated as their muscles tingled by the physical effort. Deathbringer even noticed that his partner's body tremble with fatigue. Wanting to prevent discomfort from spoiling their momentum, he leaned his head toward his perked ears and purred seductive encouragement.

"You're so good, Jambu. Keep it up, and you'll soon taste your reward."

It was enough to stimulate the pink dragon. The pace of his fellatio as his penetration increased. The titillation returned in force in their shaft and their grunts became loud. Deathbringer even had to bite his lips to soothe the tickles in his lower body. Unfortunately, they intensified to the point he got dangerously close to the climax. This also seemed to be the case for his partner who squealed insistently.

"I'm... I'm coming!" he warned between two short breaths, his jaw clenched.

Ready to receive his nectar, the RainWing nodded frantically before speeding up his thrusts. The dark dragon couldn't hold back any longer, and with a growl of pleasure, he released the pressure in his muzzle. It was always a challenge for Jambu to swallow this impressive quantity, whitish filaments dripping from his snout. Nevertheless, he enjoyed this reward with satisfied grunts and eager gulping sounds.

This drink, combining with all the tickling sensations, soon made him ejaculate in the NightWing. A stream of hot cum spasmodically filled his tailhole, hydrating it after so much thrusting. Gradually, the semi-soft cock submerged in this white pool, and the knot deflated enough to flow some viscous liquid from the orifice.

Their heart pounding and their muscles aching, the two panting males stood still for a moment, regaining their senses. When he felt that the RainWing had finished cumming, Deathbringer, exhausted, raised his behind before collapsing next to his partner. As a result, a cascade of whitish liquid came out of his anus, flowing down to the bed. During this moment of tranquility, they admired each other with their half-closed eyes. Usually, they would have continued their night like nothing happened, as best friends. Tonight, though, that was no longer the case.

"Wow! That was something!" the NightWing exclaimed weakly, a wide smile on his head. "But I see that you enjoyed it too."

"Indeed!" he chuckled, blushing. "It was way better than I expected. And you, handsome?"

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Him? He had never felt this good for many moons. He had cherished every moment he had spent with him, whether steamy or mundane. He couldn't believe how he had ignored his feelings, but thanks to him, he finally understood them.

Nothing could make him happier than being by his side.

“Yeah, it was perfect, my love,” he admitted with passion, gently approaching his muzzle to Jambu's.

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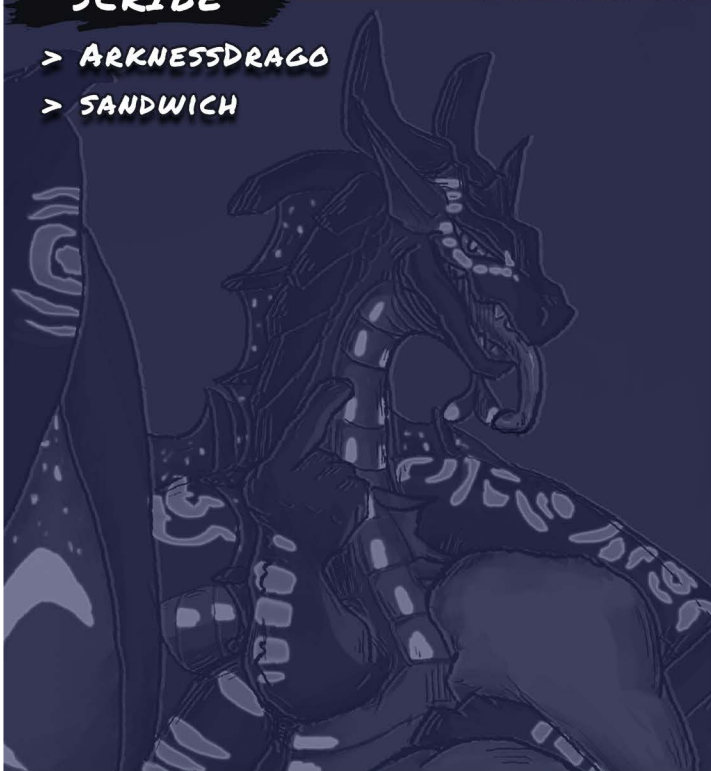
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