



WINGS OF DESIRE : STUCK IN THREE INTERTWINED VINES

06-Tension

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, masturbation, excessive cum, dom/sub, rough sex, ball worship, cheating, public sex. **All characters here are adults!**

TENSION

The sun was low in the sky when Deathbringer landed in front of a large wooden building. It was also at this time that the majority of the NightWings woke up, still not used to this new sleeping schedule. Despite an improvement since their arrival a few years ago, the tribe had a lot of difficulty adopting the lifestyle of their jungle neighbor. Even he had trouble staying awake during the morning. Fortunately, Glory had adapted to make him work in the afternoon.

As he was thinking about his beloved, a bitter smile formed on his muzzle, ashamed of the events that had happened recently. For some time, their relationship had taken a turn for the worse. They rarely exchanged a sweet word, and he couldn't remember the last time they had loving physical contact. At work, their conversations became a little too professional for his liking. No joke, no casual discussion, no steamy break. Faced with the coldness of their interaction, their subjects began to worry about them, and rumors spread throughout the kingdom like a disease.

However, he couldn't blame Glory: he knew it was entirely his fault, even if he tried to deny it multiple times. It all started when he discussed with Jambu, the queen's half-brother, about a disturbing sexual experience with her. During this dialogue, the jungle dragon had revealed to him that he was a prostitute, helping other males to know themselves better. Thanks to him, the bodyguard discovered his passion for submission. However, he couldn't tell this to his sweetheart: he would lose his reputation and she would make fun of him for the rest of his life!

For this reason, he returned to the pink male's treehouse every night. Even though having homosexual sex bothered him a lot, he took so much pleasure in being dominated by him, in executing his orders and in being used as a toy. His visit frequency aroused suspicion from the female who often questioned him. Each time, an argument began and it ended in a separation, the NightWing flying away while the queen growled in resentment.

As if this wasn't enough, there had been... a misunderstanding with Starflight. Yesterday, he was so horny that he needed to release the pressure. However, when the librarian exposed his pretty rear end to him, he could no longer hold back. He joined him to savor his ass, to enjoy the lovely physical contact and to ejaculate in the handsome night dragon. This didn't seem to bother the blind male who had taken as much pleasure from it. Since that time, Deathbringer couldn't stop thinking about him, dreaming of licking his private parts and penetrating him passionately.

For a few days, he was so confused, and he needed to get everything straight, starting with his relationship with the NightWing.

Yet, even if he wasn't afraid of any challenge, this one was stressing him out. He swallowed at the mere thought of what was waiting on the other side of the door: explanations, a lot of explanations.

He tried to calm himself down. Nothing bad was going to happen anyway. It was just a discussion between two adults after all! He took a deep breath, swallowing his fears, before

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

adopting his usual confident attitude. With relaxed footsteps, he walked toward the entrance. Even though there was a sign on the doorway that said “Closed”, he knocked on it. He had to wait a moment before another black dragon opened the door. Despite a cloth bandage over his eyes, he immediately recognized his visitor.

“Oh! Is that you, Deathbringer? I'm... glad you kept your promise.”

The bodyguard grimaced in hesitation, unsure of how to interpret his comment. He sensed a blaming tone in his voice, but at the same time, his cheeks burned with embarrassment. This simple interaction raised the stress in Deathbringer. To remain calm, he thus dissipated his unease with a joke, a broad charming smile on his muzzle.

“What are you talking about? I'm the best at keeping my promises.”

“But not to solve an escape game,” he replied instantly, not without emitting a brief, uncomfortable giggle.

“It's not the same, Starflight! You know that I had other priorities.”

“Deathbringer, come on!”

This seduction immediately made his interlocutor blush, hiding his snout with his talons. Faced with this cute reaction, he couldn't help but laugh. It was so easy to make him shy with enticing words, maybe even a little too much for his liking.

As he looked around him, he noticed that some residents were staring at them with curiosity. A few of them whispered their astonishment to catch the royal bodyguard seducing the librarian. Tense by this involuntary attention, he reassured them with a relaxed greeting, a confident expression on his muzzle. Then, he refocused on the blind dragon and mumbled to him urgently,

“Well, that's a good conversation we're having now, but can we continue it inside?”

“Y-Yes, of course! Come on in, make yourself at home!”

With these words, the youngest of them opened the door for him, and he headed inside the library. Although this place was less impressive than the one in the NightWing island, the assassin found it charming. The entire room was made of wood that the RainWings had generously given. Above their head, thick branches attached with braided vines supported the foliage to become the roof. He remembered that it was the most complicated part to design. It indeed took several trials and errors to find a solid, watertight way to protect all this knowledge from the tropical storms.

The furniture looked simple and functional. The desk where the blind dragon worked was located near the entrance. Two tables were set up in the center of the room, comfortable cushions all around them to sit on. At the back, a multitude of shelves were filled with scrolls of all kinds. Fortunately, signs were hung between the rows to categorize them. Bioluminescent mushrooms on the walls bathed this room in a subdued light comparable to torches. In addition, the last rays of sun came through the small raised windows, spreading warm spots across this quiet place.

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

It was certainly not the kind of place where Deathbringer liked to spend his time, but he was surprised to admire this rustic and cozy place. His eyeing came to an end by the voice of Starflight who informed him as he closed the door,

“I managed to book the library until sunset, so we should have enough time to... talk about it.”

“Perfect!” Suddenly, a tasty scent of meat tickled his nostrils, making his head turn toward its source. “Is it me, or do I smell something delicious?”

“Indeed! My father hunted boars for our dinner. I hope you like it,” the youngest of the two replied, an uncertain chuckle coming from his snout.

“Oh, how romantic!”

“N-No! There... there’s nothing romantic about sharing a meal with someone!”

The bodyguard growled voluptuously at this timid reaction from the other NightWing. In fact, he enjoyed making him blush. He felt like he was playing with his prey. He had found satisfaction in watching him struggle with charming remarks by looking elsewhere or denying them, embarrassed.

Nevertheless, his empty stomach begged him to eat. He even heard it gurgling when he saw Starflight heading toward the counter to grab two wild pigs. Their meal aroma made him salivated, ready to devour it at any moment. Although he had gotten used to consuming fruits with Glory, there was nothing better than some good juicy meat to satisfy him.

He walked toward the table where their dinner waited and he sat down across from the librarian. He exclaimed in surprise when he felt his behind sink in the cushions, but he wasn't complaining: they were really comfortable. They then ate in complete silence, their chewing noise and the jungle's ambient sounds reverberating throughout the place. Deathbringer gave the other male a curious look from time to time. As if he was intimidated by something (or someone), his head bent toward his food, his body tense and his wings folded on themselves. Yet, his cheeks burned with shyness, his expression was thoughtful, and his tail wagged. Seeing him like this was quite... intriguing.

Still, he knew he had to start this conversation first. He was the one who caused this misunderstanding after all. But how could he begin if he had no argument?

He had to do as usual: ask a question, then come up with a reason while his interlocutor answered.

“So, what did you think of what happened yesterday? Amazing, right?” he said in a relaxed tone, his charming smile on his snout.

“It was... better than I thought,” the blind dragon admitted with an uncomfortable chuckle. “I understand why Glory and all the other females you slept with liked it.”

“What do you mean?”

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

“Stop beating around the bush, Deathbringer. My father told me everything about your reputation. According to him, you were known to be a womanizer on the NightWing island. Is that true?”

When the librarian said these words, he seemed so serious that the bodyguard felt like he was talking to a completely different dragon. This observation made him gulp in discomfort.

Why, after several years, did he still have to suffer the consequences?

“You know, it’s the past! Since that time, I’ve changed a lot,” he justified himself with an uneasy sigh, scratching the back of his neck.

“Indeed, you’ve changed a lot! You sleep with males now,” the other NightWing matter-of-factly replied.

“It’s not the same thing! Our situation was... different.”

“Okay! So, explain to me why I’m the exception to the rule.”

It was the decisive moment. The discussion had allowed Deathbringer to create his argument in his head. Even though it was a shameful response, he knew this will get him out of this mess without seeming too suspicious. His appetite cut off by this tense conversation, he pushed aside his started boar. Then, raising his talons in the air in innocence, he spoke in a calm voice,

“You see, Glory and I have less free time for this kind of activity because of her responsibilities. So, that day, I was really horny, and when you bent over in front of me, it was perfect opportunity to relieve myself. You seemed to like it too, so I continued. And that’s how we got here.”

“But is everything going well with her at least?” the librarian asked, a touch of turmoil in his voice.

“Absolutely!” he rushed to answer.

His interlocutor looked at him suspiciously, unconvinced. Even without his eyes, the frowned brows and his uncertain grin had seen through his lie. Faced with this observation, Deathbringer worried that he had heard the rumors about their catastrophic relationship. However, he shouldn’t appear disturbed by this idea: this reaction would only prove them right. While he wanted to justify himself, he was taken aback by a shy question from the other NightWing.

“Deathbringer, can I... tell you something?”

“Yes, of course! We are here for this reason.”

The bodyguard’s muscles relaxed when the topic changed. After all, no subject could make him as uncomfortable as the one about his relationship with the queen. Good listener he was, he strained his ears as he took a piece of his boar.

“Since... what happened between us, I’ve only been thinking about it. I don’t know why. And the worst part of the story is that I loved it. Sometimes I even hope I can... relive it with you.”

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

The NightWing was startled by this passionate declaration. Good thing Starflight was blind, because he would have seen a horrified expression on his muzzle. He had experienced this situation so many times before, and only one word described the outcome of this problem: jealousy.

Yet, part of him wanted to do it again now, solidifying between his hind legs.

As if he had sensed the awkwardness between them, the librarian immediately justified himself with a panicked tone,

“B-But it’s just a thought! I know you’re with Glory, and the last thing I want is to ruin your relationship. Please, don’t tell anyone! I’m sorry!”

The room was plunged into a tense silence. The youngest of the two was shaking in panic and his tail was wagging of stress. Even though he saw nothing, he had the reflex to look at the ground in shame, his cheeks burning with embarrassment. On the other side of the table, Deathbringer was in his thoughts. He knew where this was going to lead him, but a part of him remembered what happened all these exciting details; his body odor; the succulent taste of his tailhole; the pleasure of penetrating him and hearing his squeals with each thrust.

At that moment, he felt like his reason was at war. On one side, his pragmatism knew very well that this temptation will lead him into trouble, as usual. On the other side, his optimism reassured him that he could enjoy it one last time: perhaps there would be no consequence.

And Deathbringer had always been optimistic.

Slowly, he got up and walked around the table with a sensual gaze. The anticipation increased his pulse and shook his breaths. His thoughts drowned in his lustful ideas. His cock hardened while his testicles swayed to the rhythm of his steps. Even though he was aware that The blind male couldn’t see him, he took a lot of pleasure showing off. He noted, however, all the sensuality in his voice when he exclaimed,

“You don’t have to apologize: I know I’m the most charming dragon of Pyrrhia. I’ll even suggest doing it again if you want. We are alone after all: no one will hear us.”

This incitement surprised the NightWing. Stressed, he turned his head toward the bodyguard who was walking in his direction and tried to reason with him,

“B-But will Glory mind...”

“Shh! Relax, Starflight. It’ll be our little secret, okay?” he whispered in his ear in a trembling exhalation.

His cheeks instantly became red at this proposition. Deathbringer noted with pleasure the other male’s body was shivering and that his breathing was jerking by this temptation. Glancing under the table, he saw something stretching spasmodically into a solid pinkish tower.

To confirm these signs, the librarian nodded frantically, his muzzle half-opened to release his ragged exhalations. Satisfied with this answer, the dark dragon chuckled in dominance, although part of him suspected him to accept this offer a little too quickly.

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

He instantly removed this thought as he gently pushed the NightWing's shoulder, prompting him to lie down on the cushions. Without any resistance, he followed his silent order, now on his back, his penis exposed. Although he wanted to penetrate him, the assassin had another plan for him.

So, his trembling body moved forward, now standing on top of him. Surprised, the dominated yelped when he smelled his genitals. His balls were just a few claws away from his jaw and his wriggling cock rested on his snout. This intimate contact made the shy male blush, but his virility throbbed vigorously. Noticing that his partner enjoyed this, he commanded him with a passionate growl, "Go ahead! What are you waiting for?"

Starflight didn't need to be told twice to plunge into his wildest desires. He cuddled the other dragon's pouch with his snout and inhaled their musky scent, his nostrils in contact with their black scales. His satisfaction was demonstrated by his concentrated expression as well as his trembling breaths. One of his front legs had even started to relieve himself with a repetitive up and down motion.

Deathbringer, on his side, loved this sensual attention. The muzzle's gentle surface on his ticklish testicles as well as warm exhalations gave him exciting titillation in his pink shaft. In addition, his moans and the wet sounds of his masturbation were music to his ears. When he looked at the librarian, the bodyguard smiled seeing him taking pleasure in worshiping his genitals.

An uncontrollable growl escaped from his snout when a slobbery tongue touched his nuts. In a slow movement, the texture as wet as it was rough rubbed against their sensitive scales, leaving behind a trail of warm saliva. Instantly, Deathbringer's body tensed by this contact, but he quickly took pleasure in feeling the drooling organ supporting them and rocking them to the rhythm of its caresses.

Thus, these licks continued for a while. With each one, both males released shaky exhalations. As the rough tongue stroked his ticklish pouch, the assassin's desire to masturbate intensified while the titillation between his hind legs became unbearable. He even felt a transparent liquid coming out of his solid dragonhood, running down his partner's busy muzzle. He instinctively understood that he approached cloud nine way too fast for his taste. To avoid finishing too soon, he readjusted his lower body, which removed his testicles from the NightWing's hungry maw. Instead, a large, spasmodic cock aligned itself in front of his snout, a rope of precum stretched by gravity. Breathless from this erotic cleaning, the dominant could only whisper these words, "Suck...me."

His order was well received, since Starflight moved his muzzle forward to place his curious tongue on the sensitive tip. In one passionate gesture, his thick organ collected the substance that flowed from it, muttering excited sounds. Then, it wrapped itself around his long shaft, lubricating it with some warm saliva as its rough surface rubbed the smooth skin. In addition, one of his talons voluptuously massaged his two testicles. Deathbringer, him, couldn't deviate his sight from the eager librarian below him as waves of chills besieged his body with each caress. He had the impression that the other male knew all his weak points, exploiting them to his advantage.

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

Carried away by this exciting cleaning, he made a sudden pelvic movement, forcing his way into his partner's muzzle. The surprise made him choke, but he couldn't pull his head back, held in place by the dominant's paw. The librarian didn't seem to hate the experience though, as the pace of his masturbation quickened.

Noticing he was enjoying it, the bodyguard rocked his hips vigorously, his cock entering and exiting his maw. The wet fleshy walls hugged the behemoth, rapidly adapting to its impressive width. Each friction of its rounded tip against the rough palate made him shiver. The tongue continued its work by licking the delight lengthwise, savoring at the same time its salty taste. Even if he forcefully penetrated his virility to the point it strokes the librarian's throat, he didn't choke. On the contrary, he squealed with pleasure.

For a long moment, these back-and-forth motions kept going at the same pace as the dominant's grunts. His heart palpitated with this physical effort and his body was covered in spasms. Even though his muscles were sore, his excitement from rubbing against the drooling walls encouraged him to continue. The grip on the back of the blind dragon's head tightened, forcing him to take it all.

This didn't displease the NightWing who moaned with each thrust. His licks on the palpitating virility became more passionate. Hungry, he greedily swallowed the transparent liquid that flowed down his throat. Even his testicles massage exalted. His masturbation speed suddenly increased after a long time of being sustained. He grimaced in discomfort and his inhalations quickened until he ejaculated. Several cum streams flew from his shaft to land on his stomach, forming a whitish puddle. Panting, he breathed heavily and wanted to relax, but the other male didn't agree: he was not done with him yet.

Excited by this carnal moment, the bodyguard amplified the intensity of his penetration in Starflight's snout. The tickles in his crotch become unbearable. No longer able to hold back, the dominant gave one last sharp thrust. Immediately afterward, waves of sticky liquid invaded the librarian who swallowed it with difficulty. There were so many that some of it flowed from his muzzle. His heart racing and his eyes closed, Deathbringer enjoyed this satisfying ejaculation with a long relieving grunt.

After finishing watering his partner, he withdrew his cock, assessing the damage with pride. The breathless NightWing trembled, a filament of cum and saliva connecting his maw to the fluid-covered dick. His red cheeks and shy smile appeared on his muzzle. His exhausted gaze was fixed on the bodyguard's dragonhood, already hungry. Indeed, his penis, despite the ejaculation, was throbbing, solid as a pillar. The other male understood this: he too was still very hard.

"It was... it was fantastic!" the dragon admitted shyly between breaths.

At that moment, Deathbringer saw the perfect opportunity to tell him about this orgy. With everything going on, he almost forgot to bring up this very important topic. While he was repositioning himself, he seductively proposed,

"I know that, and we could do it again tomorrow night if you come with me to Jambu's treehouse."

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

Strangely, an emotion between astonishment and disgust appeared on the librarian's face, his cheeks burning with embarrassment. Deathbringer wondered the reason for this, but he got his answer when he shyly refused,

“Did you really just ask me to have a threesome with him? N-Never in my life! I can’t do something... as vile as that.”

Although he did not show it to him, this reaction greatly annoyed the assassin. He had promised the RainWing that he was going to invite him after all. If there was one situation he wanted to avoid, it was arriving at this torrid gathering empty-handed. Why did everything have to be so complicated? However, there was a solution, but it was neither the most honest nor the most moral.

But it was better than losing his ego in front of Jambu and his guest, right?

With that thought in mind, he giggled as he laid his body on top the blind dragon’s, his lustful gaze maintaining eye contact. Accompanied by a wink filled with sensual ulterior motives, he reassured him with an enticing tone,

“No! That's not what I meant. It will just be a completely normal gathering. On the other talon, I cannot confirm to you that I will contain myself once we are alone.”

His interlocutor's body trembled, his breaths hitched and a gasp of surprise came out of his snout the moment he heard these captivating words. His muzzle tilted to the side and he blushed shyly. This was the reaction the bodyguard wanted to see, even if he had to lie to get it. He purred with satisfaction when the submissive dragon accepted in a low voice,

“I agree in that case! You will join me here tomorrow evening, and we will go to Jambu’s together... if that’s good for you.”

“Of course, especially if I get to spend time with my cute librarian.”

The NightWing emitted an embarrassed laugh at this seduction, but then, he jumped the moment he felt a cock’s tip caressing the rim of his tailhole. With an insistent movement, Deathbringer rocked his hips to rub that erogenous zone. He let out a voluptuous moan when a part of his dragonhood wedged itself between the other male's rounded buttocks, but he couldn't be satisfied with just that touch.

And Starflight noticed it.

“D-Deathbringer! I... I didn't know it was still awake.”

“And you, are you ready to welcome it?” he whispered to him with a deep, seductive growl.

A nod confirmed the continuation of this passionate activity. Delighted with this answer, a perverse smile formed on the bodyguard's muzzle and he moved on to the next step. In one gentle motion, his shaft went inside the other NightWing. Instantly, his muscles tensed, and his breathing hitched. To help him, the dominant leaned his head toward his partner's vulnerable neck and invaded it with passionate kisses and licks. These seemed to be effective, since the blind dragon relaxed and his hole dilated, leaving passage for the spasmodic cock.

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

It wasn't long before he took this opportunity. Gradually, he pushed it into the dominated who moaned. Thanks to the saliva and the cum layer, the insertion was easier. He didn't have time to encourage his partner with gentle words that the whole dick was already inside. Starflight didn't even seem to suffer from it. On the contrary, he squealed passionately at this realization, his breathing trembling. The bodyguard was always impressed by how easily he could be penetrated by a behemoth like his.

Since the librarian was ready, he swung his hips gently. Immediately, a moan of pleasure came out of the two males' snout and shivers ran through their limbs. Deathbringer's lubricated virility rubbed against the fleshy walls, feeling alternately the lukewarm wind of the library and the rectum heat.

At that instant, he could no longer think about anything else than this passionate moment; no problem with Glory; no work stress; no doubt. He was only focused on the swaying of their body, on the jerky exhalations warming their muzzle, on the caresses of his dragonhood against the tight tailhole. His half-closed eyes admired the other male who seemed to look at him despite his bandage. Pleasure displayed on the librarian's shy snout, letting out voluptuous purrs. The bodyguard couldn't blame him: he was living an experience as exciting as it was unforgettable.

This gentle penetration continued for a long time, but the titillation in their cock subsided. It was the assassin who took it to the next level when he increased the pace of his pelvic movements. Suddenly, the grunts become louder, and the passion ignited again. The tight pressed against the pink virility and an area swelled slightly as it touched, which made the blind dragon moaned. Having found his weak spot, a perverse smile formed on the bodyguard's muzzle as he continued to stroke it vigorously.

On Deathbringer's side, the vivacity of the titillation through his body plunged him into an incomparable trance. His muscles warmed and tingled by the rocking intensity. His thighs like his testicles hit the dominated's rounded buttocks with an impact sound. His precum came out of his shaft, lubricating this hole for smoother thrusts. Excited by this torrid activity, he instinctively lowered his body on that of the other NightWing to accelerate his hip movements. His stomach pressed against the librarian's spasmodic virility before rubbing against it, masturbating his partner unintentionally.

This action made the youngest grimace in ecstasy and frantic moans came out of his half-open snout with each thrust. As if he had to hold on to reality, his paws encircled the dominant's muscular neck. Instinctively, the tip of their wings touched and his tail wrapped tenderly around his. These signs of affection didn't bother the bodyguard. On the contrary, they stimulated a part of him to the point his heart beat wildly. Hearing him squeal, the tickles in his crotch multiplied and his penetration pace couldn't be quicker. He added his growls to the library's scorching melody, but he felt like there was one missing detail to make it perfect.

"Starflight, tell me how much you love having my cock inside you!" he asked between two ragged breaths.

This request instantly made the other NightWing's cheeks turn red, an uneasy grin on his face. However, it wasn't long before he confessed in a shy tone,

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

“K-Keep it up, Deathbringer! I love when you penetrate me! I have never felt as good as I do now... and I would like... to relive it with you every day!”

The more he spoke, the more romantic he sounded. His ego flattered, Deathbringer hadn't noticed this detail, but his eyes widened in surprise the moment he saw the other male's head becoming closer to his own. Just as he was about to ask him what was going on, their snout touched and the shy NightWing kissed him gently. Instantly, the assassin's body stiffened and his heart skipped a beat. If there was one thing he didn't expect from Starflight, it was to make the first step. He knew about him and Glory though. So why was he doing this?

Actually, why was he kissing him back?

Carried away by this moment filled with tenderness, his lips sensually caressed his. Their trembling exhalations heated their muzzle's scales. Their eyes closed to enjoy all this passion. Strangely, instead of being disgusted by this unexpected proximity, the assassin welcomed it with open paws. In fact, serenity occupied his consciousness. After so long being emotionally lost with Glory, he felt like he was finally loved back. For the first time this evening, he blushed.

This moment of tenderness was the necessary element for both males to ejaculate with a releasing growled. While a torrent of viscous liquid filled the night dragon's anus, the librarian's cock spewed whitish streams on his torso, adding to the puddle. Their limbs twitching, they stood still for a few moments to enjoy the pleasant tingles in their body. Their breathing calmed and their eyes slowly opened. Suddenly, their hearts palpitated when they noticed, their cheeks red with shame, that their muzzle was close to each other. Faced with this proof of their kiss, the bodyguard immediately pulled his head back while the blind dragon panicked,

“Oh no! I-I'm sorry! I got carried away! I know you're in a relationship with Glory, and I don't want to spoil anything!”

Deathbringer was too surprised by these events to say a word. The only thing he could do was withdraw his half-hard cock from the blind dragon, letting a cascade of cum flow onto the cushions, and sit with his forehead resting on one paw. Perturbed, he tried to swallow what had just happened, to understand why he enjoyed kissing another male. The more time went on, the more he felt like he was sinking into quicksand, and now, he had drowned.

“Since when... have you loved me?” he asked him after recovering from the shock.

“It's... complicated,” Starflight explained, thoughtful. “But when you... penetrated me yesterday, I've never felt so important to another dragon, especially with my... difficult love life. But I will understand if you refuse. Glory and you are together, and it's better that way.”

His tone seemed pained at the mention of this rejection, and the bodyguard couldn't help but feel bad for him. However, he couldn't be in love with another male: if there was one thing he was sure of, it was the fact that he wasn't gay!

Well, he thought it was the case.

“For the constellation's sake! The sun has already set?” Deathbringer observed, astonished.

Wings of Desire : Stuck In Three Intertwined Vines

“What? Oh no! I must clean everything before the library open, especially these cushions!”

The bodyguard couldn't help but be relieved that his meeting with Starflight ended soon. He needed to think about what had just happened. Wanting to avoid appearing distressed in front of him, he took a deep breath and disguised himself as his composed version. Without looking back, he greeted the other male before quitting this place. However, leaving this subject unresolved and the idea of worrying the already stressed NightWing made him uncomfortable. That was why he reassured him with a caring tone,

“If you want, we can talk about it tomorrow.”

“Oh yeah? In that case, see you tomorrow evening, Deathbringer!”

“See you tomorrow evening!”

Although he walked out of the library confidently, deep down he was panicked.

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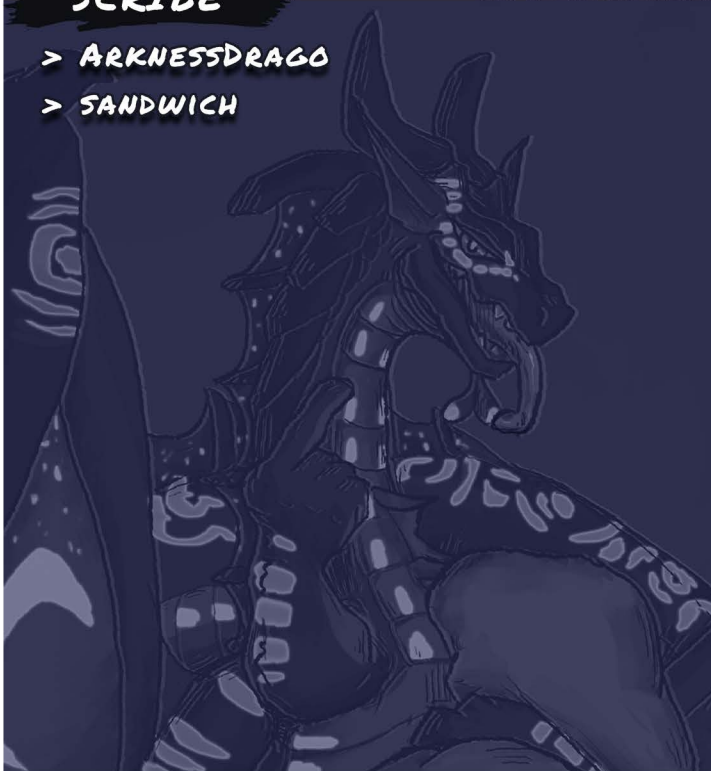
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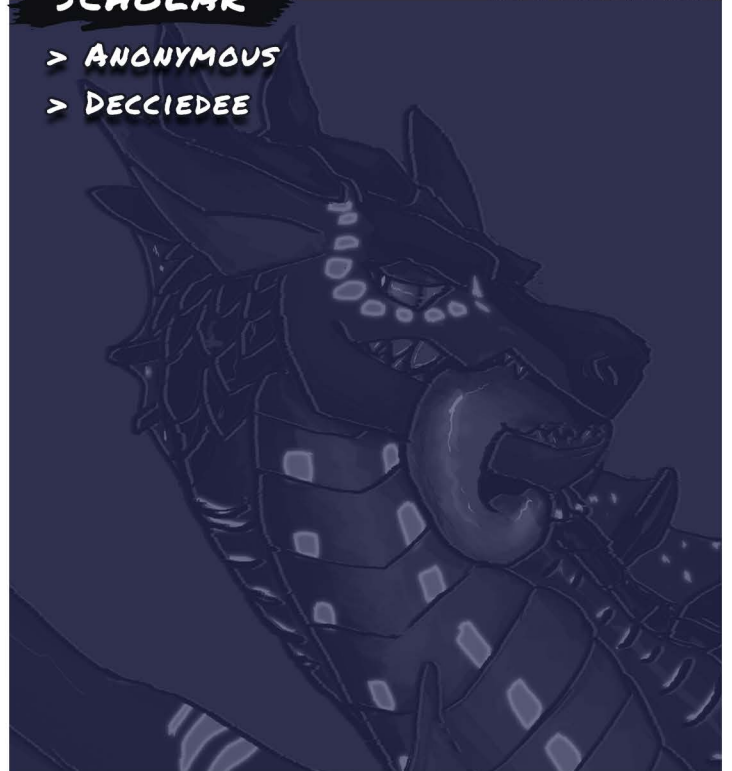
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