



WINGS OF DESIRE : STUCK IN THREE INTERTWINED VINES

10-Epilogue

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: mention of gay sex, dragon sex, dirty talk, cheating. **All characters here are adults!**

EPILOGUE

Ten seasons had passed since Deathbringer left the Rainforest Kingdom. Since then, he took refuge in Sanctuary. Despite the disorganized place, he greatly appreciated its tranquility and the culture variety. Each house - if he could call them that - reflected its owner with its type of habitation, its walls color and its decorations. He, on his side, settled in a simple little wooden cabin. After all, other than to sleep there, he rarely lived in this place.

To keep his mind busy, he spent the majority of his time fulfilling mercenary contracts and drinking at local taverns. His employers considered him as professional and serious at his job. His new friends thought of him as very outgoing and sympathetic although arrogant. Thanks to these activities, he was able to focus on the present moment, always giving the best of himself.

However, once he got into his bed, the past, like a vengeful spirit, came back to haunt him. His regrets resurfaced to strangle his throat and shatter his heart. The images of an upset Glory and a saddened Jambu played over and over in his head. Reprimands and insults from the victims of his deceptions buzzed in his ears. Sometimes, he just stared at the ceiling until exhaustion. Other times, neighbors would hear sobs and growls of rage coming from his cabin.

He tried not to fall back into his bad habits nonetheless. During his periods of grief, he tended to invite a dragon to his house to mate. The guilt of cheating on Jambu hit him immediately after though. A mental battle then began. Even if he mostly won it, he sometimes succumbed to his carnal desires. These moments took away his remorse at the time, but after the act, he felt more miserable.

Fortunately, Jambu and Glory encouraged him on the path to redemption. As promised, they sent letters to catch up. His heart warmed every time he noticed their scroll in his mailbox. As he read, he smiled by their messages painted by kindness and positivity. He also imagined their voices telling him its content, which made him giggle on some occasions.

But when he saw the pink RainWing's replies, his pulse raced. His words were a warm hug filled with joy and sweetness. Even the times he cheated on him, he always comforted him and motivated him to improve. In other instances, they exchanged flirtatious comments, often leading their conversation in a more... sensual trajectory.

This distance did him a lot of good, but he missed his partner so much.

For some moons now, they had been organizing his visit to the Rainforest Kingdom. When Deathbringer told her his doubt about returning to a place where the citizens despised him, the queen assured him that their perception of him had changed since then. Even if he was still welcome in the village, Deathbringer could not help but tensed nonetheless. Also, his work and his friends drastically reduced his availability. He at least finally managed to get several days off after a lot of negotiations.

And this moment finally arrived after so much waiting. The sun awoke as he flew to his destination. His wings outstretched, the NightWing enjoyed the wind caressing his dark scales. The smell of morning dew tickled his nostrils. The temperature, unlike in the jungle,

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cooled him without freezing him. Despite the magnificent green landscape around him, his thoughts focused only on the upcoming encounter.

Still, he couldn't help but be a little worried. He apprehended the unease in their conversation, the hesitation in their eyes because of what happened between them. Was the RainWing Queen wrong about the villagers? Did they retain their hostility toward him?

He ignored his concerns by shaking his head. These fears will not ruin his day. What mattered most was that he would finally see his two favorite RainWings again!

Motivated, he flapped his wings and rushed to his destination. After several hours of flight and a few breaks to stretch, he arrived at the familiar jungle. The wide variety of animals was refreshing compared to the monotonously colored birds and the squirrels in Sanctuary. The impressively tall trees protected him from the sun. The cacophony of local wildlife and the complex smells stimulated his senses. Fascinated by this natural splendor, he looked around him like a dragonet in a library.

He hadn't missed the humid temperature though.

To his surprise, he did not lose his tree gliding skills after several seasons outside the jungle. Aside from a larger than expected trunk which he barely avoided, he zigzagged between the plants with ease. Since his partner had taught him the basics, he had noticed a clear improvement in his ability to perform this type of maneuver. His heart warmed at the thought of Jambu congratulating him for his progress.

When he finally arrived at his destination, he marveled at the landscape. The village brimmed with life as colorful dragons flew from one platform to another. Some residents hung from a branch to discuss anything. The sun, now high in the sky, saturated the foliage hue for a vibrant view. Gradually, several RainWings lied on the hammock bathed by it. Deathbringer cursed himself: he arrived just before their sunset.

If he had learned one thing during his life in this village, it was the importance of this moment for this tribe. He had made the mistake of bothering the queen once, and he had been punished severely with reprimands and a tail whip on his muzzle. He still shuddered at this painful memory.

Not wanting to repeat this misunderstanding, he decided to wait a bit by flying over the village. He also took the opportunity to fill his empty stomach with a very juicy mango. During this time, he noted with astonishment that the inhabitant observed him with indifference. Even those who recognized him only greeted him with a friendly wing motion.

Once this invigorating break finished, he headed toward the royal treehouse. In front of the entrance, he noticed a line of villagers waiting their turn to ask the sovereign for help. Impatient to see her again, he bypassed the queue under the wave of discontent growls. A guard stopped him, but he moved out of his way as the male handed them a scroll signed by the queen herself.

When he arrived in the throne room, Glory, previously nonchalant, brightened with joy. Suddenly, she stood up from her sumptuous hammock and hugged him in her wings. After several moons of writing letters to each other, they missed each other so much! This

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realization strengthened their embrace and widened their smile. No words could describe the magnitude of their happiness. However, the contact of their scales confirmed that they were not dreaming.

Excited by this meeting, the queen put aside her tasks to chat with him. While Deathbringer recounted his contracts as epic as an action-filled scroll, Glory told him funny anecdotes in her charming sarcastic tone. Laughter and astonishment echoed through the room.

Still, the hesitant pauses and the awkward grins indicated that their past relationship continued to haunt them.

Too carried away in the discussion, they were surprised when one of the guards signaled the end of their meeting. This news annoyed them, but they nodded in understanding. Before he left, the NightWing hugged the queen one last time and promised to see her again soon. Glory, for her part, informed him where to find Jambu.

With enthusiasm, he exited the treehouse under the green RainWing's admiring gaze. During the flight, his pulse accelerated and his eyes glowed up with wonder. He imagined himself touching his pink scales and cuddling him with all the love he had to offer. His heart skipped a beat at the thought of kissing him again, and he felt tickles in his crotch from the steamy scenarios in his head. Anticipation shook his body with excitement: how eager he was to be by his side!

As she had told him, he saw Jambu finishing his gliding lesson at the foot of a tree. The RainWing greeted his students in a singing tone, too distracted to notice him. To take him by surprise, Deathbringer went around him and landed behind him. Once his partner was alone, he let out a seductive growl before exclaiming,

“Well, I see that my favorite dragon is a great teacher!”

Jambu turned around, and his eyes widened in amazement. It wasn't long before he rushed toward him.

“Deathy!” he called out, his scales as yellow as the sun.

The two males hugged each other with as much strength as euphoria. Light-hearted, they swayed their body and purred with overflowing joy. They nuzzled tenderly, their tails intertwining lovingly. The emotion kicked in with so much intensity that they could not contain their tears. They had dreamed of this reunion for so long, and now that their wish was granted, they became the happiest dragons in Pyrrhia.

“I missed you so much, handsome,” the NightWing admitted with a tender tone.

“I missed you too, my charming mercenary!” he replied, his cheeks burning.

They remained in this position for a long time. In fact, they could no longer separate themselves. They wanted to enjoy this proximity for a while, for several moons even. However, they had to let go to admire their partner's magnificent eyes, their tail still interlaced.

“Did you finally get your seven moons off?” the pink male asked him.

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“Yeah! We can do a lot of things in seven moons: visit the new RainWing market, play hide and seek, eat the most delicious fruits in the kingdom, whatever you want to do. And during the night, we will indulge ourselves like before. What do you think, darling?” he suggested with his charming smile.

“Speaking of this...”

Embarrassment showed on his partner's pale pink scales as he raised one of his hind legs. Surprised at first, the other dragon exclaimed in seduction when he noticed his solid shaft spasmodically throbbing. This sight titillated his which gradually hardened on its side. Joyful purrs were replaced by voluptuous grunts. Their muzzle expressed arousal and a torrid grin appeared. Just two claws away from kissing, their lips quivered in anticipation.

“Let’s just say I’ve been waiting for this moment for a long time,” the RainWing admitted in a trembling whisper. “I will finally be able to enjoy your beautiful slutty butt and fuck you until you can no longer walk.”

“At your service, Master!”

A voluptuous exclamation came out of Jambu's muzzle at this statement. He licked his cheek sensually before motioning to his mate to follow him. His claws entwined with his, making Deathbringer’s heart skip a beat. The NightWing knew, however, that soon, it wouldn't be the only thing his body would touch. He shivered with anticipation, ready to experience this moment he had often imagined alone in his bed.

Talon in talon, they flew to the RainWing's treehouse. Meanwhile, he admired his partner with a passionate gaze. For the first time, he finally understood himself, and he could never thank Jambu enough for helping him during these difficult times.

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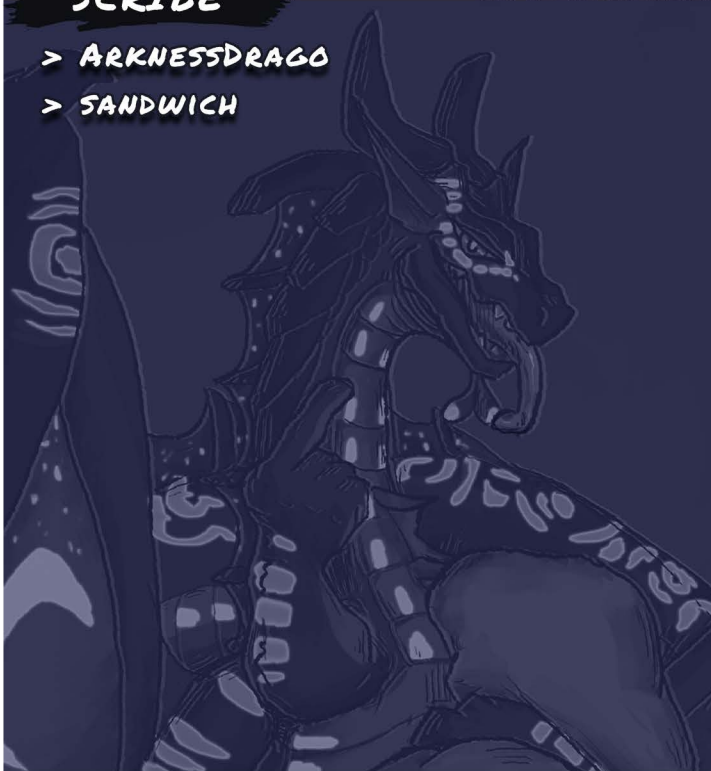
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