



WINGS OF DESIRE : STUCK IN THREE INTERTWINED VINES

02-Ropes

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: heterosexual sex, dragon sex, oral sex (blowjob, cunnilingus), penetration (anal), romantic sex, kiss, gentle sex, first time, excessive cum, frottage, dom/sub, BDSM (Bondage), tail play, edging, dominant female. **All characters here are adults!**

ROPES

“Don't worry, Deathbringer!” Glory exclaimed with a voice that was intended to be reassuring. “I'm sure you'll love it.”

That evening, it was his first time.

Not for the sex: he had done it with her regularly during their fifteen moons of relationship. Since Glory's rite of passage outside the village, there wasn't a place in their kingdom where they hadn't rocked their body. Even though they had experimented with a lot of hot positions and scenarios, he particularly remembered one moment that he relished.

One night, because of his best friend Jambu's recommendation, the NightWing tied Glory's legs together with a vine. According to his lover's half-brother, it spiced up carnal evenings and the females enjoyed this activity. This advice surprised Deathbringer a lot: Jambu was only attracted to males after all. So, how could he be aware of the sexual tendencies of the femalekind?

Despite this question, he listened to his tip and offered to his beloved a try. As he expected, she was very reluctant. Regardless of the many sensual moments spent together, she had always had difficulty with physical contact. It was natural that she would disagree with the idea of having her legs tied, at the male's mercy. A long discussion about their desires and its limits allowed the queen to accept this experience on one condition: whenever she wanted, she could choose the next erotic activity, and Deathbringer had no say in this.

He had agreed to the proposal, but now, he regretted it.

“I'm not worried!” the dark male defended himself with a forced smile. “I'm not afraid, but I've never been ... in this position.”

“I know: your ego is too important to submit. You want to have control over everything. You think it's ridiculous to let a female do the work for you.”

Faced with this painfully accurate list of reasons, the bodyguard gave a nervous laugh and his awkward smile widened. His tail twitched in anxiety, his body trembling in front of this inevitable destiny. Since when had he been so stressed? Since his assassin training many moons ago? Part of him couldn't help but feel ridiculous for worrying about such an insignificant event.

The female sighed in discouragement at this behavior, and she turned her back at him, heading toward a chest at the end of their bed. Despite the tension in their treehouse, Deathbringer's eyes couldn't stop admiring the RainWing's magnificent ass as she searched in the compartment. Her luscious vagina was in view of his perverted gaze, a transparent liquid flowing from its orifice. He noticed that she already seemed excited by this new activity, her labia and her clitoris swollen. Her rear end swayed from side to side as she searched for the necessary equipment, her buttocks jiggling with the movement.

Faced with this magnificent scene, his dick hardened and an indiscreet paw began to massage it. He emitted a seductive whistle, which caused Glory's scales to become pale pink

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before hiding her privacy from her beloved's disappointed look. With an annoyed growl, she glanced over her shoulder before sarcastically warning him,

“Not so fast, pervert. No deal, no ass.”

“But, my love, couldn't we just do it as usual?” he negotiated in a last desperate attempt. “It's something you like, don't you?”

“That's not the point, Deathbringer. You promised to do what I want, and you must keep your promise.”

“As you wish...”

Just then, he heard a “Gotcha!” from the female's muzzle before she took out a bundle of braided vines from the wooden chest. Seeing the object, the NightWing gulped. He realized that it was intended for him. However, he tried to remain calm and appear in control as much as he could.

“You know, we can do it another time if you want...” he proposed, gathering the most confidence he had.

“Instead of whining like a dragonet, join me. Right now!” she cut him off with a smirk.

To convince him to listen to her, she suddenly stretched the vines, making them snap with a powerful sound. This made the NightWing jump, but what surprised him the most was the conviction that emanated from the female. Her gaze was lit with sensuality, her scales were a mix of indigo and gold, and her fangs were even out to increase her intimidation. With the plant ropes on her claws, she seemed ready to take action, perhaps a little too much for Deathbringer's liking.

However, he wanted to please her, so he obeyed. As he approached, he tried to maintain his composure, his conceited smile on his snout, his sensual glaring fixed on the queen's. Usually, she was the type of dragon to look away and blush, but tonight, it was the opposite. She kept eye contact, and she even dared to lick her lips voluptuously. Seeing her so assured took the NightWing out of his comfort zone, gulping as he was thinking about what was coming.

Once close to her, she grunted in satisfaction before whispering to him,

“Good dragon! Now, lie down on the bed and let me take care of the rest.”

Faced with this order, the male couldn't help but exhale with disdain before teasingly saying,

“Don't worry, I was already going to do it. I don't need anyone to tell me that.”

“How dare you speak to me in this tone, Deathbringer? Obey without a word, or you will suffer the consequences.”

“Really? What kinds of consequences?”

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Without any hesitation, she whipped Deathbringer's ass with her prehensile tail. The pain was intense enough to cry out a curse and stroke the hurtful area with a paw. Damn! She was indeed serious! This realization immediately increased the stress in him, his heart rose to his neck and his body trembling with anticipation.

Why did this excite him so much?

“Let me repeat myself: lie down on the bed, and let me take care of the rest,” she insisted with a more severe tone, pointing with her tail at the bed in question.

Not wanting to receive another blow to his ass, he carried out this order immediately. Lying on his back, the male saw the female position herself on top of him, their body in parallel. With a slow movement, she stretched her front legs close to his. For a moment, he felt something soft tie his claws together before it abruptly squeezed his wrists. The smooth, slightly raspy texture of the braided vines created an uncomfortable sensation, and there was no way to free himself from them. The plant rope was too strong to break with a sudden movement, and Glory had pulled it so tight that it was impossible to unlace it.

There was no going back.

Then, as if that wasn't enough, the queen pushed her mate's bound front legs and used another vine to tie them to a wooden pole near the bed. Without any possibility of moving them, they were above his head. The unnatural position already sore his limbs. Being restricted made him uncomfortable, unsure of what he should do. His instinct told him to regain control of the situation, to be the one leading this torrid moment like he always did. However, he knew that this was his queen's desire, and he trusted her.

At least, he immediately got a reward for being obedient: he felt something wet slowly envelop his spasming cock. The surprise made him groan, and he tried to look at this pleasuring source. He noticed Glory's vagina rubbing lengthwise against his pink dick, her swollen lips around it like wings on a butterfly. It was a strange sensation to feel the heat of the vulva warming one side of his dragonhood while the other side, exposed to the cold air, was lukewarm. Nevertheless, the intimate contact was more than pleasant, and Glory seemed to have the same opinion with the shy moans that came from her muzzle.

In a slow pelvic motion, the RainWing's body went up and down. With these gestures, the friction between her luscious vagina and his vigorous shaft created such exciting tickles that the male's heart beat wildly. Shivers spread through him like waves in a lake on a rainy day. To encourage her to continue, he wanted to grab her by the hips and guide her in these sensual caresses, but he was immediately stopped by the vines which tensed when he moved his front legs. Resigned to giving in, he growled in displeasure.

The female seemed to have noticed his behavior, as she leaned toward her beloved with “you're not such a big dragon now” eyes, her intimacy always in contact with his. A teasing smile on her face, she congratulated him in a voluptuous whisper,

“I see we are making progress.”

“If only you gave me the use of my front legs,” Deathbringer explained to her with an uncertain pout. “I'm sure we would have a better time.”

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“Stop saying stupid things! Do you remember when you tied me up?”

“Yes, but...”

“It was strange at first, but once you get used to it, it's an experience you'll never forget.”

“I think that's already the case,” he ironized with a sigh.

Faced with his stubbornness, her snout showed annoyance and her tail wagged impatiently. At the time, Deathbringer couldn't help but feel bad at having ruined this passionate moment with his beloved. Although a part of him wished it ended, frustrating her was the last thing the NightWing wanted. She had, after all, agreed to be tied up a few moons ago. So, it would be unfair not to let her experience the same pleasure he had during this activity.

With all the effort in the world, he put his ego aside and admitted defeat,

“You know what? We can try, but take it slow.”

A smile formed on the queen's face at this response. Gently, she brought her head closer to the NightWing's, their snout a few inches away from touching. For a moment, the assassin's heart skipped a beat in front of this incomparable beauty. He would never get tired of this breathtaking view.

“Trust me! You will live an unforgettable time,” she whispered to him with as much sympathy as sensuality.

Faced with this promise, Deathbringer accepted with a nod. Then, their muzzle connected smoothly, their eyes half-open. In a slow, but passionate gesture, their lips brushed against each other. Their hot, trembling breath collided, warming the scales on their snout. Everything was magnified by the splendid view of their lustful and attractive lover.

With a delicate paw, Glory stroked the male's cheek. The soft texture of her claw on his burning face felt so good. He was so used to giving this treatment to his partners, but he was surprised to grunt with pleasure from these caresses. The RainWing then moved her lips a little away from his, the tips of their snouts still touching as if they were stuck together, and she whispered,

“I didn't know it was so easy to train you.”

“They say that only the most beautiful queen can tame the wildest beast,” he replied immediately with his usual charming smile.

This compliment had the desired effect: the female's cheeks turned as pink as Jambu's scales, and she snorted in embarrassment. Deathbringer couldn't help but laugh silently at this so adorable reaction. However, he too was not immune to shyness: his face was hot, and his heart was racing by the RainWing's words. Strangely, being called a tamed beast woke a weird part of him that made his dragonhood covered with spasms.

Without any warning, Glory continued the tender kiss. Even though he was surprised by her initiative, he accepted this proposal and made out with her in return. This time, the intensity had increased: their lips' caresses accelerated, and their heavy breathing became noisy. The

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female's claws roamed her bodyguard's muscular body, curious. Passing his neck, they moved down to massage his broad shoulders before rubbing his sculpted torso. All this affection was so pleasant that it gave him shivers.

Meanwhile, the RainWing's wet vagina continued to rub against the solid cock in a slow up and down motion. The contact of the flesh against the pink skin provided tickles through the spasmodic dick, making it throbbing furiously. Like a snail, the vulva left behind a trail of transparent liquid. Although it was lukewarm, the heat of her intimacy made these erotic rubbing fantastic. Precum began to bead at the tip of the virility, illuminated by the moons' rays.

Glory also seemed to be enjoying this loving moment. Her body shook from the friction of her swollen clitoris against the fleshy pole. Her shy moans mixed with the male's grunts. To keep his cock in place, one of her front legs pressed it against her vagina. She took the opportunity to caress this behemoth lengthwise with her delicate claws. The effect was instantaneous: he emitted a long groan of satisfaction, and his kisses intensified by the uncontrollable lust.

On Deathbringer's side, the titillation was becoming unbearable. He felt like he was near to the climax. Instinctively, with the support of his two hind legs, he rocked his pelvis, which created a wave of tickles so intense that the couple emitted a long, trembling moan. The spasms in his penis multiplied and a liquid began its ascent toward the exit. This extraordinary relief was a few claws away from him.

Nevertheless, Glory broke their kiss, and she moved her privacy away from her beloved who was about to cum. He needed a moment to understand what had just happened, breathing heavily. Panting, he looked at the female with a questioning pout, his muzzle half-open. Why had she stopped so close to the goal? Did she want to torture him or extend this torrid moment?

He immediately had his answer when she quibbled him in a voluptuous voice,

“Deathbringer, I have never ordered you to rub your dick against it. You will be punished for this bad behavior.”

This only perplexed the male. He wasn't aware that he ABSOLUTELY had to listen to every command from the queen like a brainless puppet. As he was about to reply, he bit his lip to keep quiet. He understood that it was roleplay. It was something he had done frequently with Glory in the past, but it was a first to be the one to submit.

Trying to remember the female's behavior during these moments, he played along by responding in an exaggeratedly pleading tone,

“Sorry, Your Majesty! I'm not going to make the same mistake again. Please, don't punish me!”

Well, the interpretation wasn't there. He hoped that this would satisfy his beloved at least. She seemed puzzled by this abnormal attitude at first, but after a moment, she smiled perversely, licking her lips sensually. To be more intimidating, she frowned and pulled out her

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sharp fangs. Seeing her so dominant was very strange for the NightWing. Yet his dick throbbed furiously at this view.

“Shh!” she whispered as she was bringing her snout close to the assassin's ear. “Your supplication is in vain. As a queen, it is my duty to raise my servants well, and you must suffer the consequences of ... your disobedience.”

Hearing those words from her made the male shiver, his breaths now shaky. His heart fluttered at being a bad dragon. His cock twitched aggressively at the thought of being punished. Glory's seductive and intimidating tone awakened something in him that he had never felt before.

Both intrigued and afraid of what would happen next, the male asked her with a voice trembling with excitement,

“Y-Your Majesty, what... What is my punishment?”

This question made the queen laugh in such a sensual way that Deathbringer's heart skipped a beat. With a predatory smile, she moved her head away from the NightWing's before turning her body around. The male's vision was focused on his beloved's seductive intimacy. Swollen by all this excitement, it was so shiny that it reflected the moons' blue light. Admiring it gave him an uncontrollable desire to savor it, to stroke it, to penetrate it until he would taste its delicious nectar.

However, he was violently taken from his daydream when a claw caressing the very sensitive tip of his dragonhood. An indomitable moan came from his half-open maw as the spasms in his dick increased. He felt how close he was to climax, and the female seemed to have noticed it, since she noted with a dominant giggle,

“I see that my servant is close, isn't it? For your punishment, I will extend our activity. I'm sure we don't want to finish so quickly, right?”

It wasn't long before Deathbringer realized the full implications of these sentences. His eyes wide with fear, he wished to say something, but he felt Glory's prehensile tail tighten around his muzzle. Even if he tried to open it, the impressive strength of this body part restricted it. So, he groaned in panic, which turned Glory's head at his direction. Her gaze was sparkling with sensuality, her expression on her snout showed a victorious look. It was like she had planned everything from the beginning.

“I knew you would agree with me,” she exclaimed haughtily. “In that case, let me tie you up to make sure you don't do it again, and keep your muzzle shut. Maybe you will get a nice reward for your obedience.”

With these words full of innuendo, she gave a knowing wink to the male who was growling. He knew there was nothing he could do if he wanted to reach cloud nine. Waiting was the last thing he needed, but he resigned himself to obeying her. This reaction satisfied the queen enough to unlace her tail from his snout, murmuring to him sensually, "Good dragon."

Thus, she got closer to the chest at the end of the bed and grabbed two more braided vines. Very gently, her body moved toward one of his hind legs. While she was attaching it,

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however, she did something strange: slowly, she lowered her pelvis, her private part approaching his leg until it rested on it. Instantly, the male felt her vagina's fiery heat and moisture on his dark scales. Her pink flesh and swollen labia also touched that area. Surprisingly, this simple contact made the female moan in relief as if she had placed her burning claws in the water.

In a repetitive pelvic movement, she rubbed her vulva against the imprisoned bodyguard's leg. A surprised gasp came out of the black dragon's muzzle. He had never seen the female take so much pleasure in a sexual activity. Her snout wide open, her breathing ragged with each thrust. The NightWing felt her clitoris like her spasms-covered labia on his scales. Its warm translucent liquid flowed and spread over his limb to facilitate these frictions. With her half-open eyes, she tried hard to concentrate on tying him up, but her trembling talons made the task more complicated.

Seeing his beloved so lustful excited the NightWing so much that his cock quivered wildly, precum flowing like a stream. He wished so much to masturbate at this moment, to appreciate this magnificent show in his own way. He was even surprised to hear the queen mumble between moans, "Finally, I'm dominating you, big guy."

Even if he didn't want to admit it, Deathbringer loved to submit to her. The fact that his body was being used as a toy by another dragoness made his crotch tingle. Unable to control the situation, he could do nothing but give his most total trust to her. He didn't need to think about anything: he just had to relax and enjoy this tender moment.

He had never felt as great as now.

After several rough attempts, Glory managed to tie one of her mate's hind legs to one of the bed's wooden pole. Then, she moved on to the other one, not without caressing her vagina one last time on the secretion-covered limb. While she busied herself with attaching the second one, she continued her erotic rubbing, her sensitive clitoris against the smooth scales.

Once again, the queen's torrid moans mixed with the assassin's grunts and the peaceful sounds of the night. Her body was shaking and her transparent liquid spread over the leg. Deathbringer's dick throbbed vigorously, begging the two dragons to release the pressure as soon as possible. Even the NightWing's thoughts implored him to masturbate. Unfortunately, he was trapped by these strong vines. The tickles in his crotch had become so intense and unpleasant that he felt like just one gust of wind would help him reach his climax. He couldn't bear it anymore: it was torture!

"I-I... need... to cum..." he admitted with his teeth clenched, his muzzle distorted by pain.

At this moment, the queen managed to restrain the last leg, taking the opportunity to tie his tail with the same vine. Her knots were very strong for a first try, which was very impressive. However, there were more pressing matters to deal with.

With a dominant expression, she stopped her erotic caresses and admired her attached lover. With dexterity, she advanced toward him while she licked her lips, reveling in his torment.

"Oh yeah? In that case, take care of your queen and I will personally ensure your deliverance," she explained with a conceited chuckle.

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Desperate, the NightWing nodded frantically, causing the female to groan in satisfaction. Only the idea of releasing the pressure occupied his mind clouded by his lust, and he was ready to do anything to achieve it.

At first, she came near his black snout. Then, she raised her attractive upper body, now against the wall. This action exposed her excited vagina to the male's trembling muzzle, making him salivate. He admired every corner of this intimacy that he had explored so much. He noticed the entrance to the vulva contracting and relaxing through spasms, her luscious labia covered with a layer of transparent liquid, and her pretty clitoris which took pride of place on top of this delicacy. At that moment, he wanted to savor it, and his cock wanted to feel it.

Suddenly, Glory's intimacy got closer, only a claw away from touching his muzzle. At this distance, he smelled her usual fruity scent mixed with her salty secretions. He didn't need to be told twice: he stuck out his rough tongue and began the royal treatment.

Delicately, his slobbery organ lay on the vulva. A long moan of relief immediately came from the RainWing. The male shivered as he heard this seductive sound, encouraged to keep going. In a regular movement, the bodyguard licked lengthwise this guilty delight. First, he tasted the labia which sank into the rough organ. Then, the NightWing continued with the pink flesh, feeling its intense heat covering his thick tongue. To titillate her, he didn't hesitate to caress around the sensitive entrance. Her reaction was immediate: a loud squeal came from her mouth and her body trembled.

Although Deathbringer was satisfied with this reaction, he suddenly felt a graceful paw grab the back of his head and push him against her wet intimacy. Due to this proximity, the smell of secretions stung his nostrils and its heat burned his muzzle. However, now his sloppy tongue had entered her vagina to the satisfaction of the couple.

Forced to continue his task, he caressed the narrow walls in a regular back-and-forth motion. The taste of the clear liquid was so omnipresent that it was paralyzing. The spasms in the flesh were so intense that he felt them on his rough organ. Among all the moments he had enjoyed his beloved, this was the first time she had been so excited. Strangely, he too had never been as engaged as he was now, whether because he was tied up, at the queen's mercy, or so close to cumming.

However, he had to work hard if he wanted to be relieved. With what little concentration remained, he continued his sensual cleaning, the speed of his caresses quickening. This was accompanied by the mixture of voluptuous grunts and shaky breathing from the RainWing's snout, her tail gently stroking his wriggling shaft to keep it awake.

This extraordinary moment lasted for so long that the two dragons had lost track of time, too invested in this torrid activity. However, the spasms in the female's vagina increased and after a final trust, she emitted a deep moan of satisfaction. Instantly, a torrent of transparent liquid attacked the dark male's thick tongue. He reflexively wanted to pull his head back, but the RainWing's paw held it so tightly that it was impossible. He had to drink this tsunami of salty nectar, and the quantity made it complicated. After a while though, he took intense pleasure

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in savoring it. All this only further excited the male who felt like his cock was going to explode at any moment. He couldn't stand being so close to the climax anymore.

The tickles in his crotch becoming unbearable, he emitted a long, plaintive moan. Faced with this reaction, the female withdrew her saliva-covered intimacy from the NightWing's muzzle. After so much time smelling the vagina's dizzying odor, he was finally able to breathe the fresh air. Panting from all these lingual efforts, the assassin opened his snout to let out jerky exhalations. The queen was just as exhausted as he was, her body covered in spasms, her gaze lost in the distance. She needed a moment to recover from this intense orgasm.

But once she felt better, she watched her beloved begging with shy moans. She seemed to revel in his torment, licking her lips as she was admiring his wriggling penis. It was the first time she could manipulate him the way she wanted after all.

However, he absolutely had to cum. He couldn't even think anymore because his lust was all over his head, and no words could come out of his snout. A simple gust of wind on his dick transported him so close to cloud nine that he moaned with pleasure. The tickles in his crotch were becoming insufferable. He couldn't wait any longer. He needed it now!

Seeing the distress in his lustful gaze, the RainWing exclaimed sympathetically,

“Good boy... Since you followed my orders, I will keep my promise and help you.” These words were like music to his ears. He trembled with anticipation at the thought of finishing this exciting torture.

For the finale, the dragoness positioned her body meticulously, her intimacy aligned with the male's pink cock. Still on her two legs, she supported herself on her partner's muscular stomach this time. Her claws caressed the sensitive scales of that area, making him shiver.

But instead of thrusting his virility into her, she did an action that made the dark male frown. With a seductive gesture, she brought the tip of her tail toward her muzzle. Then, as if it was a delicious shaft, she voluptuously sucked it. Her agile tongue surrounded it like a snake with its prey. In front of this seductive spectacle, Deathbringer growled impatiently as he imagined this special treatment on his throbbing penis. The queen noticed this attitude, but she decided to tease him a little more, a perverse smile on her face.

It was with sensual back-and-forth motions that she entered her limb. The fellatio was slow, but filled with passion, as her green gaze focused on her task. The NightWing was even surprised at the length she could suck. Three talons' long of her tail was directly in her muzzle, and she didn't choke. Instead, she moaned insistently as the wet sounds of sucking echoed through the room.

It wasn't fair! The male was so close to climax that the sight made him groan, impatiently moving his pelvis the best he could. It was even more complicated when he could feel the vulva warmth caressing the pink skin of his virility. When she noticed this reaction, Glory giggled voluptuously as she removed the limb from her maw. Under the moonlight, its tip was illuminated by the layer of viscous saliva.

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As she maintained her seductive gaze on her bodyguard, the queen moved her tail to bring it closer to an area that made the NightWing flinch: his anus.

“But I never said how I was going to help you. I hope you're ready for the final act, my love,” she exclaimed, licking her lips.

“W-Wait... that's... weird...” he tried to express himself between two jerky breaths, even if his lust prevented him from thinking.

“What are you talking about? The greatest assassin is afraid of a new ‘weird’ experience?”

Glory smiled when she heard a proud growl come from his muzzle, his plaintive gaze resting on his throbbing shaft. Deathbringer couldn't hide the fact that he felt uncomfortable in this less than advantageous position. The queen seemed to have noticed this, as she whispered to him in a reassuring tone,

“The number of times I have experienced it with you, I guarantee you will enjoy it. I'll take it slowly, don't worry.”

Relieved, Deathbringer nodded submissively. In another context, he probably would have negotiated or even rejected the proposal, but he was so desperate that anything would do. Getting his consent, the RainWing smiled at him tenderly before they began this new activity.

The male held his breath at the contact of the slimy tail on his sensitive anus. Reflexively, the entrance tightened, but the texture of the cold liquid gave him a... different relief. He even felt pleasant tickles when its tip brushed its edge. The sensation was so exciting that he couldn't help but moan from the caresses. He didn't know if it was normal or if it was because of his uncontrollable lust.

With all these stimulations, the tailhole dilated, allowing the prehensile limb to penetrate it. Immediately, a shaky exhalation left his nostrils as he clenched his jaw. The discomfort spread in his lower body as if a tree was inside him. His reaction stopped the progress of the insertion. Glory looked at him with a glance as sensual as worried, but she took it upon herself to relax him in every way possible.

With her front paws, the female massaged her beloved's muscular torso as her body meticulously went down. Then, she caressed her intimacy against his throbbing penis lengthwise. The reaction was immediate: a moan of pleasure came from the dark snout as his limbs trembled by this new sensation.

When she felt that the fleshy walls were widening, she continued the penetration under the male's voluptuous grunts. Thanks to the tail's progressive circumference, the insertion was easier than when she had taken his large dick, even if she had gotten as much pleasure from it.

Meanwhile, Deathbringer's half-open eyes focused on the magnificent view: his beloved's intimacy was rubbing against his solid cock. It was squeezed between the female's swollen labia as one side became moist with the vaginal secretions. Everything was enveloped by the body heat which increased the comfort of these frictions. The extraordinary tickling in his pelvis grew so uncontrollably that he had to moan loudly to alleviate it.

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Suddenly, with the equivalent of three coconuts long inside him, a wave of titillation tensed his entire body as if a lightning bolt had struck him. Yet it felt so good that he emitted a loud growl. Even his dragonhood throbbed frantically. However, this seemed to be Glory's goal, as she giggled perversely before moving her tail in a regular back-and-forth motion.

From that moment on, Deathbringer lost control. His tied up body swayed to the rhythm of the penetration. His grunts were loud. His scales were drowned in waves of phenomenal shivers to the point he wondered why he hadn't tried it sooner. His eyes couldn't focus on what was happening. In fact, he couldn't even think of anything coherent. The only thing he was able to do was to encourage the female to go faster, harder, further.

He couldn't tell if his lust was the cause, but he had never felt better than before.

Then, the long-awaited moment had finally arrived. Without even realizing it, an impressive quantity of cum spasmodically flew out to form a viscous puddle on his chest. It was so powerful that a few streams went on his half-open muzzle. He let out a deep moan of relief, happy to have finally released the pressure after so long. His body continued to shake from the intensity of the moment. His heavy breathing was jerking, searching for fresh air to fill his lungs.

However, he noticed that the tail was still inside him, but the sensation of being full there was so good in a way he couldn't describe.

Never in his life had he felt so great after sex as he did at this moment. Glory, just as breathless as him, seemed to have the same opinion, her tongue hanging out of her broad smile. Gradually, the dopamine diminished as a sudden fatigue gripped the male. His eyes become heavy, his thoughts were confused, his body numbed. He could sleep now, but the touch of an affectionate muzzle on his kept him awake. With tenderness, the couple nuzzled while Glory thanked him for this wonderful experience. The NightWing couldn't help but smile as she realized that she had enjoyed this intimate moment.

Even if he never wanted to admit it, he too had loved it a lot, maybe a little too much...

Slowly, she withdrew her saliva-covered tail from the male, making him sigh in relief. She then untied the vines that held her partner. The feeling of freedom was so weird at first. On the other paw, the subtle tingling in his legs and the fact of returning to his natural position did him a lot of good.

So, after this unique experience, the two dragons completed this activity as usual. After a long passionate kiss and a light discussion, they cuddled in the bed, the queen against the male's stomach. While the RainWing rested, Deathbringer couldn't sleep a wink. His gaze lost in the distance, he was haunted by this strange evening which made him ask an equally singular question.

Why the hell did he love it so much?

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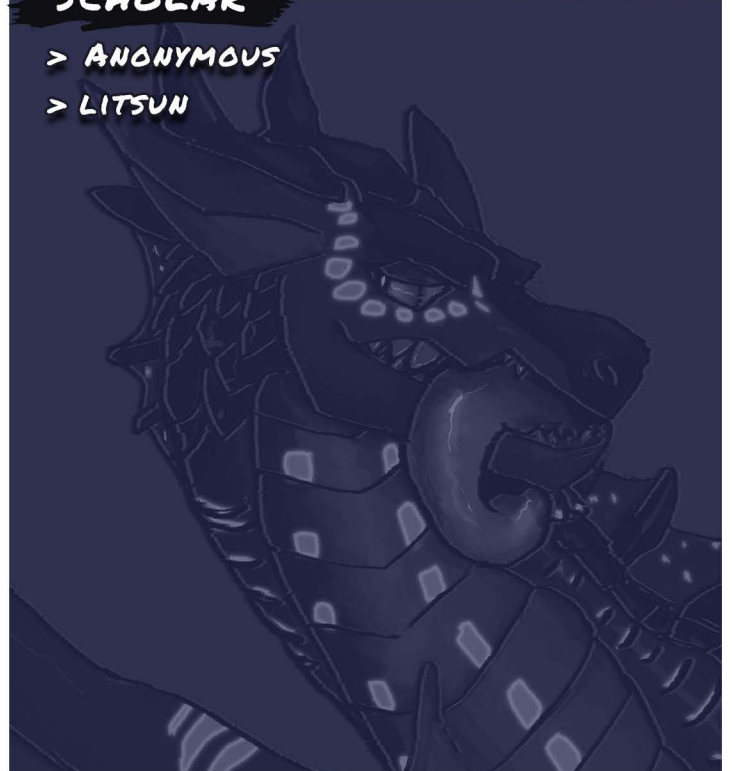
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