



WINGS OF DESIRE : HEAT AT NIGHT

Part 01

BY PENNY_INK

Like every summer, the SandWings are in their mating season. These wild urges mostly manifest every third night. Qibli is no exception to the rule. This is how he wakes up that night - on the eve of an exam! - to find once again that he is in rut. Masturbation doesn't work anymore and no dragon is here to help him. The only solution is to suck Winter's off while he is asleep, but he must be discreet if he doesn't want to wake him up. Who knows what would happen if Winter knows that Qibli is in rut...

It contains: gay sex, dragon sex, oral sex (blowjob, anal), in heat, masturbation, somnophilia, dub-con to con (somnophilia), multiple orgasms, excessive cum. **All characters here are adults!**

HEAT AT NIGHT - PART 01

“Damn! Damn! Damn!” Qibli muttered, annoyed.

Like every summer, the SandWings were in their breeding season. These wild urges mostly manifested every third night. Qibli was no exception to the rule. That was how he woke up that night - on the eve of an exam! - to find once again that his dick was as firm as the walls of this school. By reflex, he hid his dragonhood behind a wing as if someone was going to surprise him. However, he quickly noticed that his clawmate was snoring slowly, his facial expression calmer than when he was awake. It was so rare to see him in such a peaceful state that Qibli couldn't take his eyes off him.

Suddenly, like reminding him of the reason for his unexpected awakening, his cock throbbed frantically. With an annoyed growl, the SandWing grabbed it and tried to hide it, but at the mere touch, shivers of excitement ran through his entire body and an uncontrollable moan escaped his snout. Panicked, Qibli closed his muzzle with one of his talons, a fearful gaze on the dozing IceWing. Aside from a nonchalant movement that caused the desert dragon to miss a heartbeat and an annoyed growl, Winter was still asleep. Qibli couldn't help but sigh in relief before sitting down on his bed. He must find a solution if he wanted to sleep and be in shape for the exam.

Of course, he could hold back and hope he slept, but he knew very well that this solution was impossible: he would only think about sex, not closing an eye. As for masturbation, it was the easiest solution, but his body was not fooled. For a few days, even the most titillating back-and-forth motion could no longer make him release the pressure. His body was begging him: he needed a partner.

There was, however, only one problem: faced with this lust wave among the students and the teachers, Tsunami forbade any sexual interaction. If there was one thing that Qibli did not want to have at school, it was to be moved from a cave to be alone for the rest of his school years, to be shamed by his mother for his bad behavior, to be ridiculed by his friends.

But if he didn't get caught, there was nothing to worry about, right?

His anxiety was quickly quelled by his growing lust as he tried to think of the dragon that could share this evening with him. Moonwatcher was obviously his first choice. After all, he had a big crush on her, and just imagining him penetrating and kissing her made his body quiver in anticipation. There was, however, only one problem: it was Kikanjou. If there was one thing he knew about her, it was that this energy ball was a light sleeper. He was sure that no matter what happened, she was going to find out and tell everyone. The last thing he wanted was to have a horrible punishment because of gossip.

In that case, maybe Umber wouldn't be against it. He knew very well that the MudWing was in love with him: he could read him like an open parchment. He was cute, he couldn't hide it, and spending an evening with a male was a seductive idea. Moreover, even if Umber slept with Turtle, he knew very well that the SeaWing would continue to sleep if anything happened. Worst case, he knew Turtle was capable of keeping a secret. He could even join them if he wanted anyway. Just at the thought, his cock was throbbing.

Wings of Desire : Heat At Night

But did he want to walk down the hallway with the possibility of a dragon surprising his erection? In the end, it wasn't such a good idea. In this case, it was with bitterness that he noticed that only one dragon was missing from his list: Winter... Winter?

It was with wide-opened eyes that the SandWing noticed a disturbing surprise. Winter, still asleep, now laid on his back, exposing a half-erected cock to a lustful Qibli's sight. "No, Qibli! Don't even think about it! If Winter surprises you, it would be even worse than Kikanjou's big snout", he tried to convince himself by biting his lower lip. He couldn't contain himself anymore: his body trembled as if he were in the Ice Kingdom, his brownish dick throbbing as if it was going to explode and his tired mind fought with difficulty against his wild instinct.

Unfortunately, it wasn't long before he gave up and listened to his lust. With a calculated gesture, he got out of his bed without a sound before heading towards the sleeping IceWing. Now and then, he stopped when the ice dragon let out a low growl. Luckily, the path wasn't difficult, and he soon arrived close to his clawmate's bed. Just from this closeness, his breath trembled with anticipation and spasms were covering his body. His vision was blurring and his heart was pounding so hard in his chest that he felt like it was going to blow up. Nevertheless, he was strangely excited by the danger of this action.

With a slow movement, his head approached the IceWing's limp cock. At this proximity, the first thing he noticed was the strong smell of musk with a strange mixture of salty cum and mint. Usually, this scent made him wince, but at this moment, only his desire to ejaculate immunized him from his repulsion. He took advantage at the same time of this proximity to admire this dark blue dragonhood. His knot was well swollen, the purple veins clearly visible. Along its length, rounded plates adorned the bottom of the slightly curved virility. Its rounded end was surely favorable for a progressive penetration. He didn't know why, but he could well imagine inserting it into him, being dominated by a beast like this.

However, there was one thing he wanted so badly to do since he saw it. Quietly, his muzzle approached the dick and his forked tongue stuck out. He then gave a little lick on the base of Winter's flaccid cock. As if he wanted to see his reaction, he stopped and glanced at the ice dragon's face: he wasn't awake. Only a sudden exhalation and the spasms in his dragonhood showed that he had felt something. Satisfied, Qibli focused on his new toy again and he gave a second lick, then a third. The slightly salty taste and the lukewarm sensation gave him a shiver of discomfort, but it wasn't long until he got used to it with no problem after the dozenth time. He could feel shivers running through the scales of the white dragon and hear his breath hitch with each lick. Qibli liked to imagine that Winter was enjoying it a lot in his dream.

Gradually, he explored every corner of his new toy with his drooling organ. At first, his tongue skirted the warm, smooth skin of the cock. Then, he climbed each firm but luscious plate. He skimmed over its rounded base from time to time before taking the opportunity to taste the tip. Surprisingly, this was where Winter moaned the most and moved his pelvis wearily. Why did this reaction excite the SandWing so much?

"Stop moaning, igloo face! If you keep doing this, I'm going to suck you off," Qibli teased him with an erotic whisper. He knew Winter wasn't going to answer him, but just saying

Wings of Desire : Heat At Night

those words thrilled him more than anything. He had a feeling the same was true for the IceWing when the desert dragon tasted a clear liquid. He winced in disgust at the salty taste, but when he saw another drop beading the tip of the virility, he rushed to remove it. This time, he had become accustomed to this taste which gradually became exquisite as he savored it. He was so addicted to the precum that he only licked the tip to harvest as much as he could. However, the IceWing moaned with every lick and his body shook from all the stimulus. By this reaction, Qibli had the impression that Winter was awake, and the idea of sucking the IceWing off became more exciting than anything.

“M-Moon... yes... go on...” he heard Winter mutter roughly.

Those words had the effect of a Dragonflame cacti on his heart. He realized it now: Winter also had a soft spot for the magnificent NightWing. It was logical that the first dragon he had thought of getting such treatment was going to be her. Maybe it was better this way...

But what if he stood out from her instead?

Motivated by this lustful desire to possess this delight, he took a step forward and began to penetrate the tip of the dick in his muzzle. As he had thought, the insertion was facilitated by the rounded shape, but he was wrong about the size of this solid dragonhood. He was certainly going to have a hard time inserting it fully into his maw. Plus, it was so wide that he already had trouble getting halfway through without hurting his jaw. He then had to content himself with sucking a part of the IceWing's throbbing cock while gently licking its sensitive tip. He could feel in his muzzle the spasms multiplying in the bluish virility and the temperature warming up because of his exhalations. He even moaned when he tasted the salty precum again.

Why did he love sucking Winter's delicious dick off so much?

He had no time to ask that his muzzle gradually began to get used to the width of the robust virility. Slowly, he lowered his head a little bit, the tip of the penis now close to his throat. Instinctively, he stopped. If there was one thing he didn't want, it was to choke because he was too greedy. Thus, he slowly began to move his head in an up and down motion. As if he had activated an animus spell, Winter's moans became more pronounced and his breaths hitched. He could even understand in his whispers, “Yes... Like that...” Encouraged, the SandWing continued bobbing with more ease. He could feel the wet and drooling cock's skin caressing his maw's edges filled with various reliefs. Despite everything, this friction excited Qibli so much that he could feel transparent liquid coming out of his throbbing cock. Instinctively, he grabbed it with one of his talons and began to gently move it back and forth. Suddenly, waves of pleasant shivers ran through his entire body and tickled his sensitive crotch. Carried away by this torrid moment, he continued his masturbation at the same rate as the movements of his hungry muzzle.

“Q-Qibli... so good... You... suck so well,” he heard the IceWing muttering. It wasn't long before those words awoke in Qibli a spark of euphoria he had never felt before, encouraging him to give his one hundred percent. In this way, the pace of his head motion quickened as much as his masturbation's. He could easily feel the tickles intensifying in his dragonhood as his legs trembled by all these pleasurable spasms. However, he was busy with his work: after

Wings of Desire : Heat At Night

all, he had to prove to Winter that he lived up to his expectations. Thus, he continued to rub the bluish dick inside his muzzle, savoring with his forked tongue the few salty drops that came out. He even took the opportunity to massage the very swollen knot with his free claws. One of the things that satisfied him the most was the spasms that multiplied in the ice dragon's organ and its smooth tip rubbing repeatedly on his rough palate. Despite the numbness in his jaw and the unpleasant heat in his muzzle, he savored every moment of this unlikely delight.

He could feel it: Winter was so close to cum. Even the SandWing could well feel a liquid making its way up to the exit. He was so close to releasing the pressure, to ending this steamy session and pretending nothing had happened.

Unfortunately, he hadn't noticed Winter's upper body rise and the shocked expression on his face.

"For a walrus' sake! Qibli, you dirty pervert!" the IceWing panicked with an indignant and surprised tone.

It was too late when Qibli realized what was happening, his cheeks burning with embarrassment. Without having time to react, he received a claw blow on his cheek, which made him let go of his furious clawmate's throbbing dick. It took him a while to realize that he had been scratched by placing his paw on his fortunately shallow wound. At that moment, he had just understood in what worry his lust had put him in. At least, Qibli knew the solution to get out of such a situation when it came to Winter.

"What is it, igloo face? I only did what a friend would do: I helped you," an anxious Qibli explained with the most relaxed attitude possible.

When he said the word 'friend', Winter sighed in annoyance, which pinched the SandWing's heart. However, he managed to keep his teasing look despite this deception.

"What are you talking about?" the IceWing asked indignantly. "I didn't need any help."

"That's not what *he* thinks," the other dragon argued, pointing a claw at Winter's solid cock.

Realizing his erection was in plain sight, the white dragon quickly hid it behind one wing, blushing so hard, his eyes wide. Seeing that reaction relaxed Qibli's stressed heart and put a cheeky smile on his face. Faced with this precarious situation, his clawmate emitted a discouraged sigh before continuing, still on the defensive,

"This problem, I can take care of it on my own, scorpion face. However, if you want to help me, close your muzzle and let me sleep. Otherwise, I'll claw your filthy thief's muzzle."

"Wait! I really need it!" the SandWing pleaded instantly. However, when he noticed that he was being too vulnerable, he continued with a more composed tone and a knowing wink, "I mean, I know you would like me to suck you according to your dream."

At that fact, the IceWing's furious gaze shifted and his cheeks turned intensely blue, proving to the SandWing that he was right. However, he hadn't anticipated this.

Wings of Desire : Heat At Night

"I got it," the IceWing realized shyly after a long sigh. "You insist on making these weird things, even though you are fully aware that it is not allowed, and you have a disgusting erection. I think I know what's going on, frozen lizard brain: you're in heat, aren't you?"

Qibli couldn't help but be amazed at his clawmate's deductive mind. He did however feel very exposed by being as predictable as an open scroll, and that feeling was so unpleasant. He still had to put his ego aside if he wanted to relieve himself. With a shameful nod, he gave a timid "yes". Winter sighed dramatically at that response before staring at him for a moment, thoughtful. The SandWing couldn't stand the silence any longer. He needed to have an answer at all costs, but he couldn't help but fear the worst. What if Winter refused his offer? What if he told everyone the next day that Qibli is just a sex-hungry bitch? What if it was the end of his popularity with his friends because of an event as ridiculous as this? What if Moon abandoned him...

"It's okay... I'll help you, but on two conditions," the IceWing finally accepted with an embittered grunt, even if the dark blue cheeks proved otherwise. "You don't tell anyone about this and we do it on MY terms. Is that okay, scorpion head?"

Seeing him so bossy made Qibli's crotch tickle, which was very peculiar, but very pleasant. He could imagine himself submitting to the most perverse orders of a grumpy prince. Still, if there was one thing that surprised him, it was that Winter had accepted his proposal. He couldn't believe it.

No matter which conditions he imposed, he certainly wasn't going to pass up an opportunity like this.

"O-of course! Anyway, why would I tell anyone if this bothered me as much as you?"

On this logical question, Winter sulked with a grunt before sighing, "stupid sand snorter..." He quickly regained his uprightness before explaining impatiently,

"Nevermind! Follow all my instructions and you will get what you want. First, get on my bed..."

That was how Qibli did with difficulty every movement that Winter dictated to him. He had such a hard time concentrating on those words when the IceWing's bluish cock wiggled so close to him and his scales touched his clawmate's. He wanted to suck it so much that he even began to salivate at the sight of this long delight. He lost that urge, however, when Winter sighed and raised his voice, which was almost each time.

The problem was that he understood less and less what Winter wanted. It was worse when he heard the ice dragon whisper sensually, "There you go...perfect!" Yet he was in a weird position for mating: he was on all fours on the bed, his bottom close to Winter's head. He could clearly see the IceWing's spasmodic dragonhood in his field of vision. Winter, on the other hand, was sitting against the wall as his lower body was between the desert dragon's legs.

How would this position help Qibli calm his heat?

Wings of Desire : Heat At Night

“Okay... that's cool, but why am I positioned like this?” the SandWing asked with an unconfident tone, his gaze still fixed on the other male's large dick.

“Hmm... Let's say... you'll understand...” the IceWing explained chaotically, his breath shaking with anticipation.

“But are you sure...”

Qibli didn't have time to finish his sentence when he felt something wet and lukewarm settle on his anus. In a slow circle movement, the sticky thing caressed the entrance as Winter's cold exhalations refreshed this damp area. It was a weird feeling that made Qibli question the necessity of this. Puzzled, he glanced behind him. He didn't need to be a detective to deduce how much Winter enjoyed this moment: his half-closed eyes passionately admired his ass, his muzzle let out noisy and jerky breaths, and one of his talons grabbed without any embarrassment one of his rounded buttocks to massage it. This gesture made the SandWing jump, who couldn't help but find this sight surprising. He would never have believed that behind Winter's stoic mask hid a sex beast. Still, a part of him found this situation very exciting.

In fact, the licks on his anus gave him very pleasant tickles and the paw massaging his buttock made him shiver with pleasure. Like a visual proof of his pleasure, he could feel his virility twitching quicker, which made the IceWing groan sensually as he continued his caresses with more vigor. Carried away by all these torrid sensations, Qibli turned his head to admire the other male's throbbing cock. The dark blue dragonhood was throbbing rapidly and he could even see liquid beading from the tip. Instinctively, he brought his head close to it, but a cold talon held his head with an iron fist. For a moment, the desert dragon emitted a long, annoyed growl, desperate to taste this luscious delicacy. It wasn't long before Winter intervened between two erotic grunts,

“No, Qibli! Don't even think about it... I'll take care of it by myself.”

Annoyed to lose this treat, the SandWing sighed before abandoning this idea. He had to listen to him after all if he wanted this moment to last.

Then, the white talon that held his head gently released it before gently stroking the rounded tip of his own spasmodic dick. Then, in one fluid motion, he grabbed his blue cock and began masturbating, spitting excited growls from his muzzle. Dejected at not being able to contribute to his pleasure, Qibli groaned bitterly, but he was thankfully rewarded when he felt the rough tongue caressing his tailhole.

Time passed as the two males shared this erotic moment. Even Qibli wasn't able to keep up with the time, too focused on admiring Winter masturbating in front of his lustful gaze, on watching his body flex by the spasms, on enjoying the sticky massage on his anus. However, he gasped in surprise when he felt the tongue gently penetrate his tailhole. The feeling was uncomfortable at first, but it wasn't long before the fleshy walls adjusted to the rough tongue. What surprised him, however, was the distance it could travel: he would never have believed that his tongue was so long. The feeling was very nice though, and Winter's shaky moans agreed.

Wings of Desire : Heat At Night

Suddenly, the tongue brushed a place that shook intensely his sand-colored body, covered with chills. Surprisingly, he had a strange urge to urinate, but the more the IceWing caressed this place, the more he needed to ejaculate. He could well feel it between his legs: a liquid was beginning to progress to the exit. As if Winter was aware of his weak point, he continued to caress this sensitive area. The sensation was unbearable: his body was shaking intensely, his spasms multiplied, his heart had never beaten so fast in his life and the area in question was itching. The SandWing wanted at all costs to ask him to stop, but his jaw clenched so much that he couldn't open it anymore. The only way to calm that feeling was to moan as loud as he could. These guttural sounds made Winter groan in turn, which accelerated the pace of his masturbation.

As he hoped for the feeling to subside, a sudden tickling sensation squeezed his guts. His body shook violently as his cock throbbed like never before. He had no time to realize what was happening when he reached his climax in a long liberating growl. With force, a long cum stream fell on Winter's belly. For a long minute, he ejaculated a quantity that even surprised the SandWing on the other male's muscular body. His body shook like never before and his lungs needed fresh air. Fortunately, Winter had stopped stroking that sensitive area to worship his rounded ass.

Too dazed, Qibli didn't immediately notice Winter's increasingly loud grunts and frantically accelerating his masturbation. Then it was IceWing's turn to let out a long moan before ejaculating all over his own body. The SandWing was surprised to see strings rising a few claws high before landing on his talon now covered with this liquid. His gaze then focused on the viscous cum on the soft cock. It certainly wasn't the first time he'd tasted cum, and each time he tasted his own, it was as salty as the ocean. However, he was very intrigued to taste the IceWing one: maybe it tasted cooler and more refreshing. He knew however that Winter was not going to let him do it.

That was how he admired the scenery as Winter stuck his muzzle out of his behind to take a deep breath. The desert dragon was surprised to find that a good part of Winter's chest was covered in cum. He would never have believed that he could ejaculate such an amount. Yet he could feel that his dick was still very hard. Indeed, the situation had got worse: his body heat was very high, his heart was beating so fast that he thought he would have a heart attack, an unbearable tension was felt between his legs and thinking was an impossible task. He had only one desire: to release the pressure and fertilize as many dragons as possible.

"For the Great Ice Dragon's sake... it was even better than in my dreams..." a satisfied IceWing whispered, pulling Qibli out of his thoughts. However, it wasn't long before he resumed his usual seriousness and noticed with disgust, "Ew! I have cum all over me now. I'm due for a good swim..."

As he was about to get out of his bed, two sand-colored paws held him back. The SandWing, now off the bed for a few seconds, held him on the bed with a lustful gaze, cheeks burning with embarrassment, panting heavily to lessen the intense heat of his body. Offended by this foolish act, Winter frowned and bared his fangs, his tail whipping the air in annoyance. As he was about to yell at him, he stopped. It was still the night after all and if

Wings of Desire : Heat At Night

there was one situation they didn't want to experience, it was waking up the other students and getting caught. After a long annoyed sigh and a well-felt curse, he asked him sharply,

“What do you want now, stupid scorpion?”

“I... I still need it...” he managed to answer, panting.

With a curious look, the IceWing glanced at the SandWing's spasmodic cock and he let out in a shocked tone,

“What?! Aren't you tired yet after what we did?”

Qibli just shook his head. Normally he would have cracked a joke to lighten the mood and tease his clawmate, but he couldn't think of anything right now. More than impatient with this situation, the IceWing abruptly refused,

“That's too much! Go relieve yourself elsewhere and leave me alone, sand snorter! I have to sleep for the hunting exam tomorrow.”

Qibli started to panic. Oh no! He was beginning to see his luck slipping away. He couldn't do anything. Instantly, he shook his head, repeating in a weak voice, “No...” As the IceWing was about to turn over to fall asleep, he grabbed him by the shoulder and argued the most he could, desperate,

“Please... help me... I... I can do anything you want... but help me... you... you can penetrate me...”

“What? No!” he refused with a disgusted expression, his cheeks now a very dark blue.

“In this case... c... can I penetrate you?”

“It's worse, sand snorter! Leave me alone, now!”

Qibli wanted to argue: he couldn't leave such an opportunity. However, he didn't have the strength or the patience to do so. Moreover, he couldn't analyze his clawmate's attitude: he was facing away from him, his body curled up on himself, his tail wrapped around his body. Still, he was surprised by the thoughtful words that came out of Winter's muzzle seconds later.

“Did... did you say ‘anything I want’?”

Failing to say anything coherent, he nodded with an affirmative “hmm”. Quietly, Winter's body turned to face the SandWing. He had a slight pervert smile, a lustful look, and even a very seductive pose. There was, however, one detail that greatly exhilarated the desert dragon: the blue cock of the IceWing throbbed vigorously. Qibli was hypnotized by this magnificent sight, his dick now as wild as his hot thoughts. He had nevertheless heard him growl sensually,

“In that case, I have an idea...”