



WINGS OF DESIRE : HEAT AT NIGHT

Part 02

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, multiple orgasms, excessive cum, foot fetish (footjob, foot worship), excessive precum. **All characters here are adults!**

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A long time had passed when the two males had managed to position themselves like Winter wanted. This time, Qibli was in front of the IceWing, four legs on the end of the bed. Winter was lying on his back, legs up, neck bent so he could see the other male. The desert dragon couldn't take his eyes off the throbbing dick in front of him. In fact, it was the only way for him to keep his focus and wait impatiently for this to begin. However, if the last position seemed strange to him, this one was incomprehensible. He had nothing that could touch his spasmodic brownish dragonhood, except the tail with a sharp end. Even if he was in heat, he would rather get away from it.

However, Winter's face showed a slight lustful smile that made the desert dragon shiver with pleasure. He seemed so dominant, so pervert. Qibli had never seen this sensual facet of his clawmate. He would like to see him like this every day, every night, every second of his own life.

"Come closer," the IceWing commanded with a claw gesture.

Without any resistance, the SandWing execute his order, his snout half-opened. Then, as Qibli was on top of Winter, two cold talons landed on his chest. It wasn't long, however, before he took them off with a surprised grimace and whispered contemptuously,

"Wow! You are very hot! What's up with you, boiled scorpion?"

SandWing stopped short, staring lustfully at the male below him. The lust occupied too much of his consciousness to be able to say a coherent sentence. Moreover, he was out of breath from this intense heat. He had to concentrate as much as possible to explain to him in a muffled voice,

"SandWing... in heat... every three nights... in summer..."

"And being a living desert is one of the characteristics?"

At this fact, the desert dragon frantically nodded, too breathless to say another word. A silence fell for a few seconds between the two males before Winter realized with an abnormally intrigued tone,

"Wait! Did you say 'every three nights'?"

The SandWing nodded again, causing the ice dragon to whisper in a satisfied tone, "Perfect..." Qibli was too distracted by his heat surges to understand the other male's sudden satisfaction. He ignored it however and just moved his pelvis to speed things up, his solid cock whipping the air. He must touch the cold body of the other male on his own, feel the tickling in his crotch, release the pressure as quickly as possible.

As the fantasies only made Qibli's situation worse, Winter sighed in discouragement as he let out an irritated "I got it." After a good breath, he imposed Qibli not to move, no matter what he was going to feel, which caused the other male to display a questioning look. Then, suddenly, Qibli felt something cold land on his throbbing virility. The SandWing jumped with a startled gasp. His dick was placed on a smooth, leathery surface. He could tell from its

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hardness that they were scales. There was, however, one thing that disturbed him: there was a lot of varied relief on this surface. It was not unpleasant. On the contrary, this surface gave him an intense desire to rub his intimacy against it.

Intrigued by what was touching his crotch, he threw a glance there. He noticed with a disgusted look that it was a hind leg. If there was one thing he was sure of, it was that he wasn't a dragon who liked hind paws. After all, it was a part of the body that touched the ground all the time and, unlike the talons, they were less frequently cleaned. He also knew how dirty and damaged they became after a lot of physical exercises.

This was not the case for Winter's ones, however: they were clean and neat. The scales on his soles were immaculate and his claws weren't even worn. He had the impression that the IceWing never walked with his hind legs: they were so perfect. A strange part of him found them attractive. It was probably because he was in heat: he would be aroused just by looking at a wall.

With a look that asked "Do I have to do this?", he turned his head towards the IceWing. Eager to begin, Winter sighed harshly before whispering sharply to him, "It's this or nothing, sand snorter: take your pick." It wasn't long before Qibli resigned himself to accept with a dejected grunt. It was his only chance to be able to calm his heat after all. At least, after a few seconds of silence, the IceWing reassured him in a calm tone, blushing,

"It's not as bad as you think. I thought like you the first time, but believe me...it feels very nice." At these sincere words, the SandWing relaxed, ready to experiment with this surprising way of releasing the pressure.

The ice dragon began slowly by placing a toe on the tip of Qibli's throbbing cock. At the touch, the SandWing's body shuddered. A slight tickle ran through his sensitive dragonhood. Winter's paw was cold, but because of his very hot body temperature, it was warmer and more manageable. However, there was one thing that worried him about this situation.

"W-Winter... be careful... your claws..." Qibli tried to warn him, panting.

"Don't worry! I pay attention like a good dragon."

If there was one thing the SandWing didn't want to experiment, it was getting slashed by the very sharp claws of an IceWing. He had proof of it on his cheek.

However, he forgot this concern when he felt something caressing the sensitive end of his crotch. In a circular motion, the IceWing's white toe moved slowly on it. The smooth scales created a unique sensation that tickled his dragonhood. In addition, the contrast of his hot body with the cold paw enhanced this particular, but pleasant massage. It was more enjoyable than Qibli had imagined, begging to continue with shy, voluptuous grunts. Seeing this reaction, Winter smirked, his lustful gaze focused on his work. He listened to his clawmate's subtle complaints and continued this sensual caress.

As Winter stroked the tip of the SandWing's cock, the tickling sensation became intense and unbearable. Qibli's grunts turned into plaintive squeals and the spasms in his body became violent to the point where he had difficulty standing on the bed. Suddenly, a transparent liquid

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came out of his brown dick and Winter immediately collected it with his toe. Like a lotion, he applied it to the sensitive tip. Like a miracle cure, the irritation subsided, causing the SandWing to sigh in relief. However, it was not enough for Winter: he continued to caress the tip of the cock, harvesting the precum. Qibli wasn't aware of what was going on, but he could see the astonishment on Winter's face: it was surprising to see the amount of precum that could come out. If the SandWing wasn't so carried away by the lust, he would have explained to him that it was very useful for lubricating himself in a place as arid as a desert.

With a good amount of transparent liquid, the IceWing spread it over the entirety of his feet. Now moist, they could rub the SandWing's throbbing virility more easily. Seeing this, a smirk appeared on Winter's face as he murmured with satisfaction, "Nice..." He thus changed the positioning of his claws. This time, one of his hind legs rested gently along the dick, pressing it against the desert dragon's hot belly. Then, in a repetitive back-and-forth movement, he caressed this spasms-covered dragonhood. The friction caused a wave of tickles in Qibli's crotch. The sensation was very strange: the surface was smooth and wet because of the scales covered with precum, but it also had many reliefs, which made the experience more than pleasant. He felt the soft balls of the white paw gently caressing his skin pearls as his comfortable toes took care of the rounded tip. What made the experience even more amazing was the contrast of heat between his boiling belly and the cold paw which created the perfect temperature.

Qibli never thought he would have so much pleasure being masturbated by the hind legs of a dragon, but now he wondered how he had missed such an experience.

At Qibli's lustful growls, Winter giggled perversely, his eyes as blue as the ocean still fixed on the erotic scene below the other male. If the desert dragon hadn't been drowned out by all these pleasurable sensations, he would have noticed the blue dick beating the air frantically and the timid moans of pleasure coming out of his clawmate's half-open muzzle. To further spice up the experience, he quickened the pace of the masturbation and one of his toes stroked the sensitive tip. With a calculated movement, he used the other paw to expertly massage his knot. All of this erotic massage increased the tickling sensation in the SandWing's dragonhood to the point where his body was covered in spasms. It was as if Winter knew the perfect spots to stroke for giving him maximum pleasure. How could Winter be so skilled with his hind legs?

He had no time to ask himself the question that he was dangerously approaching the climax. With a long groan of relief, he ejaculated several long strings of cum onto the IceWing's feet. The whitish liquid sometimes passed between two toes to land on the belly of the other male. Winter wore a disgusted expression, but he didn't do anything, keeping his paws close to the brown dick to harvest as much as possible. At the end of this release, Qibli's dragonhood was drowning in a lake of warm cum. The SandWing was surprised at the amount he had ejaculated. At least, his situation had improved: he felt slightly less hot and his thoughts were less obstructed by his lust. However, it wasn't enough to relieve him of his heat.

Ready for a second round, he began to move his pelvis in a steady motion. This time, his dick caressed between two toes, the friction now easier by the lukewarm cum-covered surface. The sensation that Qibli felt between his legs was enhanced: he could feel all the

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crevices as well as all the creases of the toes around his solid cock. He felt as if he was penetrating the vagina or the tailhole of a dragon in heat. No! It was even better!

In an intense back-and-forth motion, his skin pearls aligned below his dragonhood rubbed between the toes. His cock's rounded tip revealed itself in front of the ice male's eyes before hiding just as quickly. The white dragon could see transparent liquid beading at the end of the brownish virility before flowing either on Winter's torso already covered in cum, or on his sticky soles. While one of the hind legs was busy being rubbed by the SandWing's spasmodic cock, the other settled this time on the end of its way. With the soft balls of his foot, he received the tip of the dragonhood, creating a place to deposit its transparent substance and rub. Qibli seemed to love the attention since his moans were more frequent and his pelvic movements accelerated.

With all these new sensations, Qibli had the best sexual experience he had ever had. He could feel the spasms multiplying in his throbbing dick and throughout his body. The stimulations flooded his consciousness to the point that he could no longer think. His body heat increased and his muscles trembled by the intense physical effort. He couldn't even stand on his four legs. From the lack of strength, his front legs weakened and his sand-colored upper body collapsed onto his clawmate's. He thought for a moment that Winter was going to push him or make a derogatory remark, but he did nothing, probably too focused on massaging the throbbing cock.

Now, Qibli's muzzle was close to the IceWing's neat neck. From this distance, he could feel the heat of his body and hear his jerky exhalations from the physical effort. Carried away by the lust, he affectionately nuzzled the other male's cool neck without even realizing it and inhaled his minty fragrance. He had never been this close to the IceWing, and normally he had never wanted to. However, at that time, he loved so much this closeness.

After several back-and-forth motions, he began to feel his muscles going numb and his body getting tired. His breathing was chaotic and his moans were quieter. Winter was equally exhausted, his muscles shaking and his hind legs twitching uncomfortably after a long time in this same position. Qibli was however close to the climax, he could feel it.

Again, he ejaculated an astronomical amount of cum on the IceWing's already slimy feet. The excess flowed to the belly of the ice dragon who sighed in relief when he positioned his legs in a more comfortable way. Out of breath from so much physical exercise, the SandWing opened his muzzle and inhaled deeply. The feeling of the air entering his lungs made him feel so good. He could feel his thoughts slowly coming together and his lust reducing. Despite everything, his cock was still throbbing. After all, the desert dragons' breeding season could last all night sometimes. He had been lucky that an ejaculation or two stopped his libido. This did not seem to be the case tonight.

At the same time, he couldn't hide from himself that he really appreciated spending an intimate moment with Winter.

"W-Winter... I still need it..." Qibli whispered breathlessly, pointing at his still vigorous dragonhood with his tail.

The white dragon, close to fall asleep, widened his eyes and let out a shocked growl.

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“What? Again?”

Ashamed, the SandWing nodded. Tilting his head, he noticed that the IceWing's blue virility was as solid as a stalagmite, throbbing frantically. Just seeing the virility of his clawmate made his lust rise in his head. To avoid the worst, he looked away to see an angry-looking IceWing, who displayed a subtly pensive gaze. Qibli couldn't wait any longer: his primitive instinct was ordering him to cum now!

“You know what? I'll help you, but you better pay the price, sand snorter. Now, show me your beautiful ass,” he ordered lustfully, his tongue sensually licking his hungry lips.

Qibli couldn't figure out how long he had spent with Winter. He couldn't even count the number of times he had ejaculated. The only clue he had was the thick layer of whitish fluid on several parts of Winter's body such as his hind legs, his pelvis, and his exhausted dragonhood. The bed wasn't spared either, and even the SandWing had a few areas covered in that gooey cream. His muzzle, his cock, and his rounded buttocks had not been spared by this liquid.

Had he ejaculated ten, twenty, or fifty times? He himself had no longer counted. They had tried so many things that night. They had explored every part of their body, savored every scale of the other male, and enjoyed their intimate moment as if it were their last day. Although he had mostly rubbed his cock on Winter's hind paws, Qibli had also taken the opportunity to taste his anus and he had even been able to suck his clawmate's blue cock while the IceWing was licking his feet. There was, however, one rule: he was not allowed to drink his cum. From what he understood, Winter felt uncomfortable letting him taste it, explaining that he thought it was too “gay” for him. Even if it was a ridiculous reason according to the SandWing, he accepted this decision. Still, if there was one thing Winter loved, it was cumming on the SandWing's face. Even if the desert dragon found this strange at first, he quickly liked it when he felt the lukewarm liquid flowing over his head. In summary, it was the best night he had ever had in his life.

And the night only got hotter. In other words, more interesting.

At least his heat had completely dissipated, and he finally felt like he was back to normal. His body heat was at normal temperature. His thoughts, although muddled by tiredness, were more lucid. His body was more relaxed, even though his muscles were sore from all the physical effort. Winter seemed to be as exhausted as him. He could barely keep his eyes open, his breathing was choppy, and his cum-covered hind legs were shaking spasmodically. Now that he wasn't horny anymore, Qibli collapsed on the now slimy bed with a sigh of relief. Slowly, he closed his eyes, ready to fall asleep.

Ding! Ding!

At the sound of the bell, the two sleeping males jumped in surprise. Was it already morning? Did they really have sexual intercourses all night? Qibli couldn't believe it, and Winter seemed to be just as surprised when he exclaimed with an annoyed growl,

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“Frozen seal! I'm so tired, and I couldn't even sleep because of a brainless scorpion!”

“But you can't say that you didn't appreciate it,” the SandWing replied with a charming smile, his eyes tired. “Now that I know you love my feet so much, you can tell me whenever you want.”

“Stupid sand snorter! You better keep it a secret: otherwise, I swear on the queen Glacier's head that I'll rip your muzzle off!” Winter threatened in an almost authoritative tone. “Besides, I'm all dirty: I can't afford to show myself with the cum of a dragon as disgusting and as pervert as you.”

“Hey, chill! We both need to wash ourselves. We just have to skip art class to clean up at the underground lake, okay?”

The IceWing sighed for a long time, deep in thought. He couldn't help but absently tap his claws on his bed. Meanwhile, Qibli was thinking about how he was going to study before the hunting exam. Above all, he didn't want to fail because of his heat.

“You're right,” Winter replied in a calmer tone, his gaze locking on his body covered with whitish liquid. “We need to clean up before the others notice what happened between us.”

“Great! In that case, let's go!”

Needless to say, once they got to the underground lake, they picked up where they left off.