



WINGS OF DESIRE : JUST FRIENDS

01-King's Gift

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Qibli always wants to have Winter's attention, and what's the best way to do it than to give him a gift. The only thing that Qibli doesn't know, it's his gift will get him too close to the IceWing and will upset their relationship.

It contains: gay sex, dragon sex, penetration (anal), oral sex (blowjob), sexual roleplay, friends to lovers, dom/sub. **All characters here are adults!**

KING'S GIFT

From the window of the prey center, Qibli watched the sky darken. He waited for some time here to revise his plan. He wasn't even sure this would work. And if Winter refuses, how was he going to make it the least embarrassing possible?

It wasn't until the morning that he and his friends learned that today was a special day for one of them: it was Winter's birthday. The IceWing had told them this information with a shameful tone as if a prince can't be celebrated. Everyone wished him a happy birthday under the embarrassed gaze of the celebrated dragon. From that moment, it was the frantic search for the perfect gift for the IceWings' prince. The first try was Kikanjou who, after a painting class, gave him a painting that was quite... original. Sure, unfazed as he was, he had just sighed as he picked it up. Then Umber had offered to hunt his dinner for today, which he had accepted with a little more enthusiasm. Before history class, Turtle had shyly given him an elegant-looking seashell, which the IceWing seemed to like slightly, but no more.

While the dragons thought they were on a good path to find the perfect gift for this picky ruler, Peril gave him a burnt carcass of a small animal (even Qibli couldn't identify it because it was so unrecognizable). It was not long before the charred corpse disgusted Winter, who pushed it with a disdainful claw. Why did he always seem unenthusiastic about the efforts his friends put in for him?

Qibli would have continued to think about this question, but it was quickly dissipated when Moon had offered during the evening a piece of parchment that seemed insignificant. Despite his constant disinterested expression, a slight smirk and a discreet blush had not gone unnoticed. As the day progressed, the less the SandWing really understood which gift the IceWing wanted. How could he manage to please Winter so that he really liked him, to give him the best gift he had ever received? Nevertheless, this had not prevented him from being more jealous when he saw this scene. He was no longer able to know who he envied though.

But now this was all over. It was on the thought of his friends' successes and failures that Qibli looked at his crudely wrapped gift that he had made between two lessons. It wasn't because he wasn't confident of this surprise, but it was quite a... special offering. He had thought about giving it to him some time ago. He had decided, however, that his birthday was the best occasion to give it to the IceWings' prince. The desert dragon couldn't help but doubt for a few moments. Was it really a good idea? Was Winter going to hate him for giving him such a present? Shouldn't he cancel everything?

Determinedly, he shook his head to remove his worries before taking a deep breath. He certainly shouldn't give up, especially after putting so much effort into making it. Like if he got some courage, he looked one last time at the two moons high in the sky before leaving the prey center. Decided, he walked to his cave. It was now or never!

With a determined expression, his tail anxiously whipped the air, his limbs trembled, and his heart was beating as hard and as fast as a SkyWing. A part of him didn't want to make this offer, but he wanted to do it at all costs on the other talon. For a moment, he wanted to run away from this reality, to run away from school and to take refuge in a place alone, but he couldn't panic. He had to be the confident SandWing everyone loved, right?

After elaborating a hundred ways to escape the worst, Qibli arrived in front of the cave where he and the IceWing were sleeping. He never could believe how lucky he had been to be in the same cave as the prince, to be constantly around him. From day one in Jade Mountain Academy, he had always known he wanted to be his friend, even if the pale blue dragon seemed hostile toward him. It was only after some time that Winter had softened a little bit up with him. It often happened that a simple flapping of the wings or a gaze too long sustained between them caused his cheeks to turn blue before growling, annoyed. Qibli had noted it well: despite his coldness toward him, the prince liked his company. Maybe he even liked him. The SandWing shook his head: he has to stop transferring his feelings onto others to feel less lonely.

For this reason, he looked at his gift with an anxious face. If only that was true then Winter would surely like it, but if all of his theories were wrong, then how should he act? He sighed in discouragement: so close to the important moment, he had no time to think about it or to go back. Taking courage in both talons, he took a deep breath before regaining his self-confident appearance. This was how he entered his cave, a relaxed smile on his face. In this place with dim light, an IceWing, seated on his bed, read a scroll with a distinguished manner. The SandWing was sure that the subject of the text was about his strange passion for Scavengers. Uncontrollably, his heart started pounding at the sight of him, but he tried to hide the red from his cheeks. Despite his tail barb whipping the air in stress, he entered the bedroom in an almost relaxed way. However, the pale blue dragon didn't look at him. On the opposite, he kept his concentration on his reading, surely ignoring him. The desert dragon swallowed his bitterness to get through it before commenting teasingly, "So, my favorite prince takes advantage of his birthday to read about these famous Scavengers?"

When he said this sentence, the IceWings' prince jumped in surprise before grumbling. He then looked at the sand-colored dragon with a stern gaze before plunging his blue eyes back into his scroll, grumbling.

"And why are you doing this unnecessary intervention, sand snorter?" he asked him harshly.

"Well, you could always throw an extravagant ball with a big buffet, a huge dance hall and talented musicians like any good aristocrat does, right? It would be more interesting than spending your time alone," the SandWing offered in a friendly tone.

"Pfff! Ridiculous," the other dragon mumbled, plunging back into the text.

Okay... now that he broke the ice (or solidified it, he didn't know), the SandWing figured it was time to give him his present anyway. After all, he talked to him for that reason.

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“Also, without wanting to disturb you in your royal reading, I would like to give you my present. I know it's late, but I needed time to make it.”

"Go on, so we're done," Winter said harshly, even though his blush had not gone unnoticed to Qibli.

With a mischievous smile that always drew a sharp sigh from the IceWing, the sand-colored dragon gave him his gift. It wasn't long before the white prince saw the wrapping made of leaves with a disdainful look, hesitating for a few seconds before unwrapping it. Looking confident, the desert dragon was panicking deep inside. He hoped so much that he would appreciate this special surprise he had made for him. In fact, it was a RainWing who had made this gift. Although she had designed it, she had never asked him why it was made or how it was going to be used.

And it was better that way.

“Wait a minute,” the prince exclaimed, visibly confused. “My gift is... a collar with a leash?” Seeing that Qibli nodded, he lost his temper, his cheeks visibly blue. “What were you thinking, you rotten little seal? That I was your slave or something?”

"I... I never said it was for you," the other male corrected with a shy laugh, his cheeks burning with embarrassment.

More than ashamed to show him the example, the SandWing stared at the collar with an embarrassed look, his tail wrapped around his talon. With a hesitant grip, he seized the necklace of firmly braided lianas, and he wore it around his neck, tying it with two thin vines which acted as a rope. At least it fitted snugly around the SandWing's neck, tight enough to hold it in place without suffocating him. Hanging from a metal ring, a rope leash hung from the object. Although it was embarrassing to put himself in this situation, the desert dragon continued to gaze shyly at the IceWing with dark red cheeks, patiently awaiting his reaction.

“Ok... you know it's not a gift if you keep it for yourself?” Winter observed condescendingly.

The SandWing sighed in despair. The pale blue dragon had not yet understood his subtle message.

“Winter, what I'm trying to tell you is that you can tell me all the orders you want, and I'll do it. You know, like what a prince does to his subjects, you understand?”

The IceWings' prince stared at him incredulously before sharply exhaling, his tail beginning to beat the bed. However, despite this abrupt attitude, Qibli noticed a slight blush on his cheeks. Was he finally starting to understand his request?

"In that case, leave me alone and stop talking to me," he replied coldly.

“Yes, daddy!” the SandWing joked with his mischievous expression before laughing.

Accompanied by an embarrassed growl, the grumpy dragon looked to the side, his cheeks a little bluer. Faced with this expected reaction, the sand-colored dragon could not help but smile in victory: when the prince became austere, this meant that he was fighting against his temptations. He just needed to insist a little more, and the plan will work wonderfully. Stretching the end of the leash toward the IceWing, he insisted with increasingly red cheeks.

“But imagine: I'll follow your order, whatever the request is. As a prince, you never wanted to command a dragon to do whatever you want?” He approached the pale blue ruler a little closer, and he whispered to him in a voluptuous voice, a seductive smile on his face, “Even your wildest desires?”

Now realizing the extent of this request, Winter lets out an astonished "Oh...", his cheeks as dark as the depths of the ocean. Qibli, on his side, felt all his limbs trembling with excitement so much he was so close to his dream. He could even feel during this unbearable waiting something throbbing inside of him, begging him to get out as soon as possible. Quickly, to avoid spoiling the surprise, he tried to focus on the current situation instead, hoping deep down that Winter would take the rope.

His wish came true when the other dragon grabbed the end of the leash after a few seconds of doubt, a puzzled look moving between the end of the rope he was holding and a lewd Qibli. The SandWing noticed as the prince looked around thoughtfully, surely searching for an idea. After a few glances here and there, he laid down on his bed, his back leaning against the stone wall, his stomach exposed. He tugged on the leash, which surprised the desert dragon.

"Maybe you could have an appetizer first," Winter expressed with a subtle steamy growl. With slightly darker cheeks, he pulled the sand-colored dragon a little more toward him who didn't complain about the abrupt approach. “There is one place that needs your muzzle now. Who knows if you might deserve a surprise too.”

This request surprised Qibli a lot, but he had not hesitated for a single second to bow to his ruler before accepting in a sensual tone, “At your orders, my prince”.

It was with these words that the SandWing walked toward the end of the IceWings prince's bed, not without being guided by the collar that Winter took a delightful pleasure in pulling him with the leash. Then he got on the bed, opposite the IceWing. Honestly, he never thought he would be himself in a situation like this, close to taking care of one body part for the pleasure of the other male. Regardless, anything could happen (whether licking one part of his body, massaging another, or even stroking himself against another), as long as he was close to the muscular body of this handsome blue pale dragon, he was the happiest dragon in Pyrrhia.

Suddenly, Qibli felt a pressure on his neck that forced him to lie on the bed, his head close to a beauty that he never thought he would see in his existence. A dark blue dick stood proudly close to his nostrils, rounded plates dotting the underside of it. At its base, like at his,

a sensitive knot was there. The musky smell was intense, but also attractive. Seeing it stroking in the air, Qibli wanted to taste it so much, savor it like never before. Despite everything, he waited, impatient to have the charming ruler's agreement.

"Suck me now," the ice dragon demanded voluptuously.

"Yes, my prince," the SandWing agreed, trembling with pleasure.

Feeling pressure on his neck, Qibli was forced to bring his head closer to his ruler's massive cock. He seized the opportunity to open his snout a little and to lay his rough tongue on the rounded base. At the touch, he felt pleasuring shivers running through Winter's entire body, and he let out a subtle moan of relief. The desert dragon didn't hesitate to keep tickling him when he noticed this reaction. At the same time, the taste of sweat and cum, as well as its smooth but pleasant texture on his tongue, made him want to explore this delight deeply. In the sonorous grunts of pleasure from the IceWings' prince, the sand-colored dragon rose higher and higher as he tasted every bit of his surprisingly lukewarm dick. He even amused himself by caressing the smooth plates below his penis, an area which, it seemed, pleased the IceWing who moaned with every lick. When he saw this weakness, he decided to take the opportunity to exploit it to his advantage, admiring with a perverted look his prince whined warmly, his eyes closed to feel all the pleasure during this moment. He had even heard between two sounds, "T-too good... continue with your tongue", which he did not hesitate to do for a long time, contemplating the IceWing in a new light.

After several sensual licks, the sand-colored dragon decided to explore the most intriguing part. Leaving a path of hot drool behind it, he let his dark tongue slide from the base to the rounded tip. Reaching the top, he gently stroked it, creating spasms through the dominant dragon's body. Then, to finish it off, he wrapped it with his tongue like a cobra surrounding its prey before eating it. Breathlessly, the IceWings' prince ordered him with a plaintive moan, "Go on... go on". Qibli couldn't wait any longer, depositing a good part of his wet dragonhood in his maw. It wasn't long before Qibli blushed intensely when he noticed that he was currently sucking Winter. Still, the warm feeling of his spasmodic cock rubbing against his palate and the subtle bitter taste of the precum gave him intense pleasure. It also seemed to please the IceWing who placed a claw on Qibli's head, silently insisting him to continue this oral massage.

Slowly, he began to lower his head under the jubilant growl of the IceWings' prince. The SandWing blushed intensely when he felt the prince's lukewarm penis heat up from his jerky breaths. Also, the smooth texture of his dick with its plates caressing inside his muzzle exhilarated the desert dragon to the point of feeling spasms intensify between his legs. Uncontrollably, his pelvis made a regular back and forth movement, his brownish penis rubbing against the blanket now damp with his own pre-seminal fluid. Every time his sensitive little pearls of skin, all lined up below his cock, caressed the fabric surface, a scorching shiver ran through every inch of his hot scales and a voluptuous whisper came from his muzzle. Despite all, even if he was enjoying it, he was still going to continue to take

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care of his sexy prince who also moaned by the regular movement of his blue dick in the SandWing's warm and rough maw.

However, at the time when he went to sensually suck lengthwise, Winter tugged suddenly on the leash, digging his hard virility deeper into the desert dragon's snout. Choking sounds escaped his muzzle, but after a few seconds, his throat adjusted to this surprising size. Then the collar pulled him up before lowering him as low as the previous time. The first three back and forth were complicated for the sand-colored male who choked the majority of the time, but he still managed to handle that solid penis in his maw. It was in this kind of moment that he realized how the IceWing's dick was so long and wide, but he enjoyed another detail. Without even understanding the reason, he liked to be abused in this way, to be forced by a prince to swallow more than his capacity. That was surely why he continued to rub his spasmodic cock against the bed at the same speed he was forced to suck.

The two dragons had been having fun for a long time in an atmosphere strewn with scorching grunts when Qibli began to feel the penis in his muzzle being covered with more spasms, beginning to taste a bitter taste that made him wince at the same time. Additionally, he could hear the IceWing breathing faster as his body shook exponentially. As he was neared the goal, the collar forced him to pull the dick out of his snout, streaks of saliva connecting his tongue to his drool-covered toy. It had taken a long time to understand what was going on. Why had he made him stop when they were so close to the goal? Intrigued by this sudden reaction from the prince, the SandWing gazed at him dumbfounded. He had to wait a few seconds before Winter gradually came to his senses, whispering with shaky breath, "Too good ... it was too good". Gradually, his choppy breathing began to slow, his body stabilized and his virility spasmed less, still solid though. It was only after a little while that Winter came to his senses and looked triumphantly at the submissive SandWing.

"Did you really think this moment was going to end so soon?" he asked him with a seductive smile. Seeing that Qibli nodded, he continued in a more than voluptuous tone between two charming little laughs. "You make me laugh. If I could, I would have continued all night long, especially with a servant like you."

The desert dragon trembled with pleasure so much the words of his prince exhilarated him. He could even feel his dick throbbing faster. He, too, was ready to serve his prince all night long, to be dominated by his supremacy, to idolize every part of his blue pale body for as long as his ruler wanted.

"Since you want so much to fulfill my desires..." he began in a suave tone, gazing sensually on the brownish SandWing's cock filled with spasms. "Show me your butt. Your behind just makes me want to fill you up like you never have been."

Qibli was more than surprised by this particular request. He never thought that Winter would say such things, and he had never been penetrated in his whole life. Unsure of himself, the SandWing asked him in a less confident tone, "But I have never been..."

“You dare to defy the orders of your prince, servant?” his ruler cut him off abruptly with an evil smile.

Suddenly, the IceWing tugged on the leash, forcing Qibli to come closer to him. On all fours on top of a lewd Winter, the sand-colored dragon noticed how the pale blue dragon’s snout was so close to his. He could even feel from there his icy exhalations caressing the scales of his muzzle. So close to him, Qibli wanted so much to see his prince's ice-colored eyes close to his, to see his cheeks becoming a darker blue. If only he could put his snout on his neck, on his cheek, or even on his own.

However, the lukewarm feel of the IceWing's dick sensually caressing the entrance to his tailhole removed him from his daydream before making a surprised sound. However, the warm sensation of the saliva-covered penis caressing this sensitive area made him growl with so much excitement that he found it pleasant, which made the IceWing chuckle voluptuously, continuing for a moment to rub his dick against this erogenous zone. “Don’t worry, we'll take it slow,” the prince whispered in a trembling tone after several sensual rubs.

After this reassuring explanation, the desert dragon began to feel the wet tip of Winter’s cock wanting to penetrate him. In the space of a moment, he looked at the solid blue dick, wondering if such a size could fit into him. Suddenly, he felt the IceWing's talons firmly grip his butt. Because of this hold, he could no longer run away: he was forced to accept this virility in him.

A painful growl escaped his half-open snout as he felt the saliva-covered tip enter his intimacy. The sensation seemed so unpleasant that he shivered, his cheeks completely red. Yet the IceWing's muzzle displayed unmatched satisfaction, his breath jerking with every inch of his cock entering into his servant. His body was shaking as he decided to penetrate another inch under Qibli's plaintive moan, his claws pressing against Qibli's ass to force him to take more.

It was how inch by inch, Winter's massive cock enter deeper inside Qibli. During the whole process, the SandWing could not stop uttering plaintive grunts because he felt the pain so much. It was after a long time that he realized that he had achieved the feat of containing the ruler’s long and warm penis in him. Although the sensation was still unpleasant, the mixture of the cock’s heat with the sensation to be full gave him an inexplicable pleasure. Gradually, he even began to get used to the feeling of his prince's hard and spasmodic dragonhood, making the experience even more enjoyable. Without saying a word, Winter half-opened his eyes, making sure to see if Qibli was feeling okay. To calm his worry, the sand-colored dragon nodded confidently, ready to experience it.

With a smirk, the prince began to move his pelvis slowly as the SandWing growled in discomfort. Despite the saliva covering the blue penis, he could still feel how unpleasant it was. The pain was so excruciating that his head instinctively plunged on Winter's cold neck. At least the coolness of his scales on his boiling head helped him to reduce that pain a little

bit. Conversely, he heard Winter growl with pleasure with every move, muttering a few times in an excited tone, “so tight...”.

While the first back and forth was very uncomfortable, the desert dragon felt some warmer liquid which made the experience a little more pleasant. A little more lubricated, the dominant dragon’s cock had no more difficulty caressing his tight walls. At this moment, the pace sped up as the subtle growls of pleasure multiplied from the muzzle of the febrile IceWing. Qibli, on the other talon, started to feel a strange sensation down his back that made him shiver every time the tip reached that area. Surprisingly, although he found this feeling quite particular at first, he liked it to the point of always wanting more, like addicted to it. It was even him who took over and continued to move his hips up and down under the mixture of the two males’ torrid breaths. At the same time, he could feel his brown dick hitting the dragon’s white belly to the rhythm of his movements.

“Q-Qibli... moans for me... tell me how much you like it,” his prince ordered between two jerky exhalations.

Embarrassed to make such a sound, the SandWing blushed intensely. For a moment, he hesitated, biting his lower lip, but he couldn't disregard his ruler's orders. With embarrassment, he started to moan weakly, which made the IceWing growl in pleasure. As he felt his collar hit his neck hard, he realized he had to be more convincing. In a shy tone, he spoke in a low voice, unsure of himself, “M-my prince... It's too good.”

“Oh yes... continue,” the other male encouraged, panting.

Seeing that his words excited the dominant male, the desert dragon kept exclaiming, this time with more confidence and more sensuality, “It's... it's so good. Continue to penetrate me, my prince. I like it”.

He could feel the sturdy penis in his tailhole cover with spasms as the IceWing growled louder. Weirdly, the friction inside him started to become less intense as he got used to it. This strange extraordinary sensation also dissipated, creating a deep lack in him. He absolutely wanted to feel these strong fantastic sensations again, and there was only one solution.

“My prince... faster!”

With a scorching groan, the back and forth accelerated as much as the rhythm of their jerky breaths. At this moment, the dark cave plunged into sensual music including voluptuous moans from Qibli, grunts from Winter, and the wet sounds of the lubricated cock penetrating the SandWing's anus violently. His ass crashed into the other dragon's cold pelvis in an impact sound. In this passionate violence, the tickling feeling reappeared in Qibli, making him tremble with excitement. Instinctively, he looked with his half-open eyes at his prince: by the orange luminosity which cut out his silhouette and his deep blue eyes, he seemed so

impressive, so dominant. By watching him, a tempting shiver runs down his body. He was so lucky to be dominated by a prince as unmatched and as savage as him.

After a fair amount of back and forth, the IceWing's body shook as the spasms in his hard cock intensified. It wasn't long before Qibli began to tremble as well as he felt a liquid between his hind legs rising to the fresh air. With a powerful growl of enjoyment, Winter released his warm cum into the SandWing. It took a few more back and forth to be Qibli's turn: his whitish liquid came out in several steams on the IceWing's cold belly as a long satisfied moan accompanied his journey to cloud nine. What was even more intense were those amazing shivers of pleasure that ran down his entire body like a scorching lightning bolt. His thoughts clouded by this so much pleasant feeling, all the muscles in his body relaxed, and he collapsed heavily on the muscular and wet body of his prince, breathless. He never thought he would feel so good after having lived such a sensational experience with his ruler, with the one he was closer to than ever during that moment.

As he thought back to the IceWings' prince, his eyes shifted to Winter, who looked at him with half-closed eyes. In the exchange of this secretly passionate glance, the two dragons immersed themselves in the beauty of their brilliant and sensual gaze. Subconsciously, their tail intertwined and the tip of their wings touched. Alone in this bubble of intimacy that no words could describe how magical it was, Qibli felt his heartbeat amplify and his consciousness became muddled. Despite this enchanting moment, he felt like he was floating in a cloud as comfortable as hot sand between his claws. Without even understanding the reason, Qibli felt like their life had changed forever since then.

As this tender moment continued, Winter finally came to his senses and, with a disgusted face, removed Qibli's still warm cum to his stomach. Then, just as quickly, he untied the vine collar from the neck, his cheeks becoming very dark blue. Ashamed, he ordered curtly, looking away, "Give me back that damn collar, disemboweled seal brain, and get out of my bed! Instead of messing around with this torture, your damn poisoned gift will be safe with me now."

With a proud look, the SandWing rose, pushing the prince's limp penis out of his tailhole. At the same time, a good quantity of cold cum flowed from his ass to the bed of the prince who grumbled insults so much he was disgusted. Then he got out of bed, exposing his hindquarters filled with a good amount of Winter's whitish liquid to remind him how much the prince had enjoyed penetrating him.

"See, it wasn't that hard to accept a gift," the SandWing teased him with a victorious smile, his voice showing a perverse understatement that made the other male growl in embarrassment.

Indolently, the young desert dragon walked over to his own bed and laid down with a peaceful sigh. Curious, he tried a glance at his cave roommate: his back to him, he was already sleeping. Unfortunately, he couldn't see how the IceWing was feeling right now. Nevertheless, he decided to extinguish the torches, plunging the cave into total darkness.

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Finally, in his almost cozy bed, the SandWing did not hesitate to lie down a bit, feeling his brown cock gradually soften in the process. As he thought this evening was over, an embarrassed tone from the prince surprised him, “Q-Qibli... Thank you for this gift. Do you think we ... could do it again soon?”

“Yes, my prince. Whenever you want,” Qibli replied warmly, blushing a lot.

More than happy to have given the best gift for his birthday, the desert dragon couldn't help but smile, his heart lighter than ever. At the IceWing's seductive proposal, Qibli fell asleep, secretly hoping that this moment would come very soon.