



WINGS OF DESIRE : JUST FRIENDS

03-Betrayal

BY PENNY_INK

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, oral sex (blowjob), frottage, masturbation, cheating, friends to lovers, light angst, dom/sub. **All characters here are adults!**

BETRAYAL

In the moonlight, two dragon figures approached each other, their tails intertwined, their wings so close. In an uncontrollable passion, their snouts stuck together in a delicate gesture. Their gaze illuminated by the luminous stars met. To celebrate this union, the trees danced by the wind and the cicadas sang the hymn of the night. It was the perfect time to make a love declaration.

"I thought we were so close to each other... why?" In the distance, a shocked IceWing watched the scene. His eyes wide open, he admired bitterly this romantic moment, a little too romantic for him. In this situation, he should be glad for them and wish them a long life for this happy couple. Instead, he felt his heart shatter to pieces when he saw this. He thought that Qibli was just going to discuss something "personal" with Moonwatcher, but he would never have thought it was a lie to abandon him.

"Why did you betray me?" Winter thought painfully. With this thought, tears began to flow. He had to look away from the two dragons to come to his senses. His wings as his tail sagged heavily so much he was annoyed. Even though he was tempted to leave to be alone, he wanted at all costs to look at them as if it can give him some hope. With his blue eyes, he admired the delicate figure of the shy NightWing. He couldn't help but smile weakly when he looked at her: he found her so beautiful in this starry place which made her stand out so much more. By this captivating beauty, he would have liked to be by her side, watch her all night long and tell her how much he loved her.

However, there was another dragon that had taken his place. Beside her, the IceWing looked at his muscular build. Bitterly, he knew very well who it was: it was Qibli, the one he had always secretly appreciated. He didn't know the reason, but he felt his icy heart melted below the bright desert sun. Since that night when everything had changed for both of them, he had the impression of coming closer to him with each sexy evening. He felt so close to him that he even, one night, confided in all the problems he had experienced in his life. It was mutual since Qibli had told him secrets that deeply shocked the pale blue dragon. Despite these hard truths, he felt that this moment had further solidified the bond between him and Qibli. It was unfortunately just an illusion.

Since that time, their torrid moments have multiplied, and they become more intimate and passionate. They even did it between two lessons. These moments of pure pleasure were for Winter the best time of his day. To enjoy more often the SandWing body, he even had hardly sacrificed his rank as the prince of the IceWings. Still, Qibli seemed to not care about his sacrifice as he abandoned him to be with the magnificent NightWing. "You traitor..." he snarled in his thoughts as he turned on his heel. In indescribable hatred, he runs away from the romantic scene, hurt like never before. When his tears rose to his eyes, he wanted to go to a quiet place where he could think about these emotions.

He was no longer able to understand his feelings.

Quickly, the IceWing approached his cave. He hoped so much that his cave's roommate was not here. In a place as quiet as this one, he could relax and put his confused thoughts in place. However, as he entered the room, he saw Qibli on his bed whistling a happy tune. He seemed so happy right now. The blue pale dragon especially didn't want to break his magical world that the SandWing had built without him. Just thinking about it, he groaned before turning back. He certainly didn't want to waste Qibli's joyful moment with his pessimism. He especially didn't have the patience to confront him tonight.

"Look who's back? My favorite igloo face!" the desert dragon exclaimed with his beaming joy. "I was just hoping you were going to be back, I have some big news for you... Winter, are you okay?"

Surely it was because of the way the IceWing glared at him if this traitor understood that something was wrong. Harsh words wanted to come out of his snout, but to restrain them, the ex-prince harshly snort before leaving the cave. While he tried to flee to calm himself, the other male nervously called Winter out, "My prince, don't go. I just want to understand what's going on."

Suddenly, the white male stopped abruptly. Did he really just call him "my prince"? It was the first time he named him outside these erotic moments between the desert dragon and him. If only he knew that he was no longer the IceWings' prince because of him, this traitor wouldn't have betrayed him to go with another dragon who sacrificed nothing for him. With this thinking, anger rose in him and his growls were louder. It was too much for Winter!

"What is going on?" Winter asked angrily, entering the cave. "You lied to be with the one we both love, brainless seal!"

Annoyed, the SandWing sighed in discouragement, muttering at the same time, "Oh camel shit... I knew this was going to end badly." Still, he got up from his bed to quietly approach the other frustrated male. Winter, on the opposite, clung to the ground, his back spikes straightened. Menacingly, he growled louder with each step Qibli took towards him. He didn't want that stupid hypocrite getting too close to him.

"I'm sorry Winter," the SandWing apologized, ashamed. "If I didn't warn you that it was to declare my love for her, it was precisely to avoid what is happening now."

"But we were promised to never tell her because we knew we both love her!" Winter explained between grunts. "And what you decided to do, bastard? Break that promise. You are a real member of the Outclaws: manipulator, traitorous and vicious!"

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“Manipulator, traitorous and vicious?” he was shocked at these insults, his poisoned tail now straightened. “Because you wouldn't be doing the same? It's definitely not these sex games that will keep me away from the one I love.”

“And me in this story, and me?!” the IceWing insisted angrily as he took a step towards the other dragon, causing the scorpion tail to rise further threateningly. “Have you thought for a moment in your seal brain about how I've been feeling all this time, about everything I've done for you?”

“Oh yes! I know it well. You just wanted to use me as an object to get through your lust. Anyway, there is nothing between us. We're just friends with benefits, that's all.”

Hearing these words, the ex-prince froze, horrified. So, Qibli only thought he was doing it for sex. Deep inside him, he felt his heart shatter. If only the desert dragon knew the real reason for all these scorching moments. However, these words only increased his anger toward this insolent dragon. In a deep rage, the IceWing walked dangerously toward the other male who tried hard to keep his courage. Winter even caught the SandWing backing up a bit.

“We're JUST friends with benefits? So, according to you, the fact that we shared all our secrets, that we lived passionate moments together every day, and that we made promises that you cannot keep, that's what you JUST call us friends with benefits? Wouldn't it be rather you who consider me as a sexual object?”

With this aggressive response, Winter saw the other male look away, as embarrassed as he was sad. He could even see his cheeks blush intensely and hear him whisper, “On the opposite...” However, the IceWing knows him very well. He will do anything to have the last word, even if he was wrong since the beginning.

“That doesn't stop me from being with the one I love, whether our ties are intimate or not,” the sand-colored dragon explained calmly. “I'm sorry if it hurts you, my favorite igloo face, but I've made my choice.”

It seems that Qibli had not yet understood his message. The IceWing couldn't help but give a disappointed sigh before looking at him with hateful eyes. The other male, on his side, held Winter's stare with his determined golden eyes. Even if Winter didn't like to force things, he had to go a little harder to be understood. After all, if the discussion didn't work, there was always action.

Suddenly, the ex-prince jumped on the muscular body of the SandWing who emitted a groan of surprise. One on top of the other on the stone floor, Winter held back Qibli's warm body as the other male struggled fiercely. “What are you doing, Winter? Get off me!” he exclaimed between grunts. Not wanting to lose this physical fight, the IceWing contracted all its muscles to immobilize him as much as possible. To avoid being stung by the poisonous tail of the sand-colored dragon, he also tackled it to the ground with his own. He did the same for the SandWing wings which moved in all directions. Gradually, realizing that there was no way out, Qibli stopped struggling, his dark gaze fixed on the IceWing's one. However, it was not

long before the two males noticed the distance between them and their cheeks darkened with embarrassment. However, Winter felt so good in the comfortable warmth of the other male, his claws involuntarily stroking his soft scales.

“W-Winter... it's cute that you want to hug me, but why are you doing that?” Qibli ironized timidly, deflecting his golden gaze.

Just thinking about what he was about to say to him, Winter felt his thoughts getting foggy by an indescribable passion, and a strange heat surged between his hind legs. But he had to do it. It was the only way to get all his attention.

"If you refuse to listen to me while we're arguing, then there's only one solution," the IceWing whispered determinedly.

Suddenly, his gaze changed to become softer, more steamy. His cold hips rested gently on the SandWing's ones. At this contact, Winter felt the other male's body shiver, but he didn't struggle, looking at the ex-prince with a questioning gaze. It wasn't long that he understood with a surprised expression the intention behind the IceWing's head. Slowly, his pelvis rubbed against the sand-colored dragon's, which made them release lustful murmurs from their snout. Quickly, their slit between their legs opened in an intense tickle, which made the dominant one smile with satisfaction.

After several rubs, Winter began to feel something solid coming out of his slit. Triumphant, his blue cock rose against his stomach, ready to release the pressure anytime. He felt immediately after Qibli's dick rubbing against his plates along the underside of his penis. Victorious, the IceWing admired the grimace of excitement on the desert dragon's muzzle. Qibli was now ready to listen to him.

“I don't care what you want to do,” the ex-prince began to whisper, his cheeks a little bit bluer. “I... I just want you to know what I think about this situation. Maybe you'll change your mind afterward, I don't know.”

Sensually, he released his catch from the SandWing's body and voluptuously caressed his warm stomach. When he feels that pleasant sensation under his cold claws, the IceWing shivered with inexplicable pleasure. Qibli also seemed to like those delicate caresses, since he purred involuntarily, his breathing a little shakier. Winter could even feel their massive penis caress each other, which the two excited males blushed.

In a slow movement, the ex-prince's head went down to Qibli's crotch. Close to his hungry muzzle, the brownish dragonhood of the SandWing throbbed before being gripped firmly by a cold talon. Qibli's exhalation twitched and his cheeks flushed intensely. It wasn't long that he begged for more, his pelvis moving up and down with pleasure. Seeing this reaction, the ex-prince smiles with domination. However, he was more focused on the spasmodic beauty he was holding in his talon. His blue eyes filled with desire directed towards it, he began to stroke the exotic member, his cheeks burning with shyness. He could feel the line of skin pearls below the penis rubbing against his claws. Besides, the sensation of the crown of skin

around the base of the tip between his white claws stimulated his lust. Although he wanted to taste it, he had to say his message foremost.

“Since that evening we fucked, I never thought of anything else than to live this moment again and again,” he explained in a sensual tone. “Even I don’t know the reason why I liked it. I always feel so good when I’m so close to you, when I feel the heat of your body on my scales, when my cock penetrates you, when you moan. Seeing you being dominated by me turns me on so much. It made me addicted to it so badly. I became crazy about these moments that we spent together. On the other talon, you know very well that I couldn’t afford it because I was the prince of the IceWings.”

Leaving his speech on hold, Winter stopped staring at the magnificent cock in front of him to gaze at the SandWing. Although his golden eyes were half-closed and his breaths jerked off with each back and forth, Qibli listened intently to his explanations, his gaze directed towards the dominant male. Glad to have his attention, Winter smiled shyly before continuing his sensual massage. However, too hungry, he stuck out his saliva-covered tongue and placed it gently on the sensitive penis. It stroked the rounded tip of the desert dragon's cock, leaving a path of saliva behind it. At this lukewarm touch, Qibli grunted fleshly, his claw caressing the IceWing's dark cheek to encourage him. With a naughty chuckle, the ice dragon continued to lick voluptuously as he watched the other dragon wince in pleasure. He even took the time to taste a bitter liquid. “Go ahead! Keep enjoying this moment, and make sure you always remember how much I make you feel so good,” the dominant male thought sensually, a smile on his face.

“Do you know what I did to solve this problem?” Winter asked in a scorching tone, a touch of pain in his voice. “I renounced my rank, I gave up everything, so I could live the best time of the day with you every day. It was very difficult to live with it at first, but I passed through this to feel your hot scales under mine.”

Like if he had realized what he just said, Qibli looked at him, surprised. “So, you're not a prince anymore? All this... all this because of me?”

The IceWing quietly nodded. The desert dragon, ashamed, bit his lip, a regretful look toward the other male. However, to comfort him, Winter corrected, a little more optimistically, “But you know what? When I think about it, I must thank you for freeing me from the chains that would have imprisoned me and made my life so miserable. Now that I am free to do whatever I want, I just want one thing. I want to be with you, to dominate you and to feel your body every day like we did before.”

Excited about this sensual moment, the IceWing got carried away in his desires and entered slowly, but passionately the solid SandWing's cock in his muzzle. The sand-colored dragon purred as he felt his penis enter inside the other male's warm place. Slowly, Winter began to move back and forth as his eyes closed to enjoy it more. His tongue, curious, surrounded itself around the spasmodic dick to clean it off with its warm saliva. The skin pearls along the brownish virility caressed the fleshy walls inside his muzzle as his rounded tip rubbed against

his rough palate. He did not hesitate to lick the sensitive end of the delicious cock to hear with satisfaction the SandWing moan with desire. He even felt a warm talon hold his head to encourage him to continue this oral cleaning. With a seductive gaze, Winter was pleased to see that Qibli was enjoying the moment, which encouraged him to continue his movement a little more vigorously.

The ex-prince smirked in dominance when he saw the body of the sand-colored dragon squirm with pleasure at the same time as he felt spasms in his maw intensifying. After a long time savoring this dragonhood, Winter saw Qibli reach his climax in a stronger and more choppy breath. It wasn't long until after a few backs and forth, the SandWing let out a long moan of pleasure before releasing the pressure in the snout of the hungry white and blue male. Suddenly, a long rope of cum entered his muzzle. At first, the IceWing grimaced in disgust, but after a few moments, his face softened and he passionately enjoyed the bitter liquid. The first times he had tasted it during the first torrid evenings, he spat out the whitish liquid so much he found the taste disgusting. However, as these fleshly moments between them happened, he got used to this particular flavor to the point that he found it secretly delicious.

Not being able to handle all that amount of cum, some of it leaked out of his snout, but Winter didn't care: he rather preferred to taste this exquisite liquid and feel the softer SandWing's cock resting on his tongue. When he admired the other male with a voluptuous gaze, the young ice dragon noticed Qibli's noisy breaths subsided and his cheeks were less red. The pleasure he had on his face changed to an expression of guilt, surely ashamed of having sex while he was in a relationship with Moon. Winter, on the other talon, had not yet said his last word.

After giving them some time to calm down, the IceWing immediately took control of this moment by lying over the astonished SandWing. The ex-prince could now see the shy sand-colored dragon in the eye as his bluish dick throbbed in excitement like never before. He could even feel Qibli's now softened penis below his. He did not hesitate a second to stroke his dragonhood against the other male's one who, because of the hypersensitivity of it, winced in discomfort. However, after several strokes, Winter felt it harden underneath him, and he continued to caress them slowly, but sensually.

To add more sensation to the rubbing, he pressed his cold pelvis on the young desert dragon's one, their cock now closer. Since this moment, he could feel the warm pearls of skin caressing his plates below his dragonhood. With each rub, the breathing of the two males jerked and their cheeks darkened. Uncontrollably, they began to groan with pleasure with each movement. The IceWing could even feel the warm talons of the other dragon delicately surrounding his body. With each back and forth, Winter felt like losing his mind in his wave of lust, but he had to resist: he had to continue his explanations to the SandWing.

"My first intention of this promise was not to avoid the problem between us and Moon," he continued whispering sensually, his gaze filled with desire towards Qibli. "This promise

allowed me to be with you, to stay by your side. I wanted to keep you with me to taste you, to dominate you each night. I wanted to hear you begging me that you needed my body. I wanted to see you masturbate while thinking of being penetrated by me. I wanted you to be mine.”

Suddenly, in deep sadness, his gaze tightened and his expression froze.

“But now, what are you going to do? You are going to spend all your nights with her, you are going to have all these good times in her cave, and she will replace me. I can't allow her to take my place, I don't want our great times to go away forever because of her. I can't even imagine my days without you, without tasting your body, without hearing your seductive moans. But do you know what would be the worst? It would be to imagine that you dominate her, that you moan because of her, that your two bodies touch each other passionately.”

The friction intensified as the back and forth accelerated. Carried away by this jealousy, the IceWing increased the speed of his movement, which it didn't displease the other male who began to growl timidly. For the ex-prince, he too took a lot of pleasure by feeling the tickles intensify between his legs. He even let out a moan of desire that further stimulated the dominated dragon. In the heat of the moment, to release all that tickling sensation inside him, Winter bit the SandWing's neck. His razor-sharp teeth sank slightly into the other dragon's scales, tasting the metallic taste of blood at the same time. Qibli winced at first from the injury, but further stimulated by the pain, the spasms in his dragonhood multiplied as a long, exciting growl came out of his snout. Close to being on cloud nine, the SandWing's hot talons gripped the IceWing's muscular body, and he begged, his cheeks completely red, “W-Winter, keep going! Dominate me as you do so well! I... I'm yours!”

Although the SandWing regretted his words, it was too late, because those ardent words stimulated Winter a lot. It wasn't long before the sand-colored dragon moaned intensely as he ejaculated on his own body. Then, after some rubbing, the ex-prince's breaths quickened and intensified before it was his turn to moan, releasing all the pressure of his penis on Qibli's body. The IceWing couldn't help but sigh in relief when he felt the lukewarm liquid coming out of him, finally relieved. However, he noticed, victorious, that he had left bite marks on the other dragon's smooth, tender neck. He could even notice a few droplets of blood on the wounds. Triumphant, he smiled and tilted his head to come close to the SandWing's ear. In this way, he concludes his explanations in an erotic tone,

“But hey, you can now do what you want. You can be with Moon, but those wounds on your neck will constantly remind you how you felt so well with me, how much you loved being dominated. Everyone will see that you only belong to me. Whatever happens, you will never be able to run away from your true purpose: you are mine, and you will always remain so, whether you want or not.”

Slowly, the IceWing's head lifted to look into Qibli's eyes. He could see the fear in his eyes, his talons on his muzzle, his cheeks intensely red. Tears started to flow and his body shook with fear. He knew very well that the words he said during the act, which he regretted bitterly,

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were the proof of what the ice male said. Victorious, the IceWing smiles at the sight of a shocked Qibli.

However, to the opposite of what he thought, the SandWing came to his senses and looked away, ashamed. After biting his lower lip, he answered in his trembling voice,

“I... I'm sorry, Winter.”