



WINGS OF DESIRE : TOO HOT

Complete Edition

BY PENNY_INK

Today is a beautiful day according to Qibli: there is no cloud in the sky, the sun shines brightly, the birds are singing and the breeze is comfortable. Sadly, he can't go outside, helping Winter with his homework. The problem is the prince constantly complains about the weather and that he is so thirsty. At least, Qibli has a solution to *cool him off*.

It contains: gay sex, dragon sex, oral sex (blowjob), intense teasing, romantic sex, kiss, french kiss, foot fetish (foot worship). **All characters here are adults!**

TOO HOT

“It's too hot!” Winter complained annoyingly for the millionth time.

Since this morning, the IceWing had only been talking about the temperature. Outside, the sun was visible and no clouds obstructed its illuminating rays. Seeing the beautiful weather made Qibli want to go outside and fly, play hide and seek with his friends or even relax on the grass. How unlucky it happened a few days before the vacation. If he could - because he didn't want to be scolded by Thorn - he would have skipped the classes.

He would also like to go outside during the lunchtime, but the grumpy dragon had preferred to stay in their cave where “it was the coolest place in this damn school”. In addition, he wanted so much to finish the Herbs and Healing homework before tomorrow's class. Winter, always capricious! Despite everything, Qibli had followed him: he didn't want to be separated from this magnificent crybaby, and he will certainly need his help.

After a sigh of discouragement, his gaze moved to the window. He looked at the sun shining brightly from here, cradling the Jade Mountain and its surrounding forests with its white light. Trees like grass swayed quietly by the quiet breeze, creating waves of whitish reflection. He could hear birds singing in the distance and an orange butterfly flew past his muzzle. What a paradise! If only he could fly freely like this insect! This reminded him of the Sand Kingdom, of his friends who were not aware of his great news, of the soft and warm sand that seeped between his claws, of Thorn that he missed so much. Even though he felt bad for leaving Winter and his friends behind, he couldn't wait for his vacation to return to his kingdom.

However, he couldn't stare at this beautiful, sunny landscape forever. On the contrary, he must finish his assignment too. He knew himself well: he would rather play some djembe and take care of his favorite IceWing than work on such a long and boring homework. So he concentrated as much as possible on this work, but when he had put his claw in the inkwell, he heard another complaint from his clawmate.

“This heat is killing me!”

“Hey, *chill out* and stop complaining, Winter!” he teased him with a friendly wing flick on his shoulder.

“Stupid sand snorter,” the ice dragon murmured grumpily. “How do you manage to survive a temperature like this?”

“Simply by living my life like all the other dragons I guess? Or maybe I'm too hot for you.”

At this sentence, the sand dragon winked before chuckling, making the IceWing wince in disgust. He loved Winter's reactions when he teased him. He could also hear him whisper “disgusting” before focusing on his homework. However, the pale blue male let words filled with despair come out of his snout as they continued their assignment, “But I wouldn't be against something cold. I don't know, maybe a seal or even a simple popsicle.”

“So the prince is hungry for a little snack?” the SandWing attempted with a mocking tone.

Wings of Desire : Too Hot

“According to you, idiot?” the other dragon pouted with an irritated expression, his gaze still focused on his copy.

This remark chilled the conversation, but Qibli didn't give up. Instead, he was thinking of a way to make him smile. It was natural: every day, Qibli always made it a goal to make the grumpy prince smile. Even a smirk counted! How could he stop him complaining about the temperature? Was there a way to make this afternoon better for him and the IceWing? How would the two have a good time together?

At this moment, he had just figured out how to deal with all these questions.

After a hesitation, he put aside their parchment in front of the other dragon's questioning gaze. Then, without warning him, he climbed on top of the stone table, exposing his half-erected brownish cock. As expected, the IceWing's face turned dark blue, expressing shock and surprise. Still, the sand dragon saw a glint of desire in his blue eyes. He had noticed it clearly: a part of Winter craved him intensely, and Qibli intended to use this weakness to his advantage.

"In that case, I think I can provide you with something to cool you off," the sand-colored dragon seduced with a wink filled with innuendos.

"Idiot!" the ice dragon exclaimed with irritation, his gaze directed elsewhere even though he dared to look a few times at the exotic SandWing's cock. "I can go and drink some water on my own, thank you. And I don't have time for such trivialities: I absolutely must finish this assignment now."

As Winter was about to take up his parchment, Qibli abruptly got on his two hind legs, his two front legs leaning on the stone wall, his spasmodic dick close to his clawmate's muzzle. At this more intrusive attempt, the IceWing let out an annoyed growl, his head turned in one direction to avoid looking at the dragonhood in front of him. Despite everything, his cheeks were darker and the sand dragon could even glimpse below the table a bluish tip gently emerging from his slit. He couldn't help but smile seductively and bring his dragonhood closer to the point of resting it on the IceWing's snout. Winter was so vulnerable at this moment: it was so exciting to see him like that.

"Stop denying it, igloo face: I know how much you really want to drink this refreshment."

If there was one thing Qibli had noticed, it was how much the prince was horny. For some time now, Winter had a strong tendency to show him his erotic side. The desert dragon never thought his clawmate had so many fetishes to fulfill and so much libido to expel. Sometimes, they could be in their cave, in the forest near the school, or even in an empty classroom as they were exploring each other's body.

This was what happened when Qibli felt the tip of a cold and especially moist muzzle tenderly caress the tip of his sensitive dick. He heard Winter mumble "dirty perverted scorpion", but he lost all control of reality when his dragonhood was tenderly stroked by the ice dragon's smooth muzzle. Although he winced at first at the slightly unpleasant temperature contrast, he quickly got used to it and took pleasure in caressing the rounded tip of his cock on his palate. By these sensual caresses, his sand-colored body trembled by these

Wings of Desire : Too Hot

waves of pleasant tickling. He could feel the tip itching by the friction on this rough surface. However, it was all just an appetizer.

He missed a heartbeat when he felt a wet organ settle on his dragonhood tip. Then, he gently licked this sensitive part, making Qibli instinctively open his snout to let out a quiet moan. With each lick, the rough dark blue tongue took the time to slowly clean this stimulating area, picking up a few transparent droplets that came out from time to time. The IceWing even had an intense pleasure to run his tongue between the skin pearls which formed a crown at the base of the virility's tip. By all these extraordinary stimuli that tickled his crotch, Qibli could not help but open his muzzle wide to let out jerky exhalations and steamy moans.

Between licks, the SandWing glanced at Winter. Below him, an ice dragon used his lukewarm slobbering tongue to voluptuously massage the tip of his dick. Although he looked serious, the desert dragon could see a lot of pleasure and desire in his gaze. His half-closed eyes were fixed on the solid brownish cock that stood in front of him. He could even hear sometimes passionate grunts coming out of the lustful prince's muzzle when he tenderly licked the ticklish tip. Qibli noticed it well: he loved to suck him. He loved the moment so much that the sand-colored dragon could see out of the corner of his eye one of Winter's front paws stroking his throbbing dick in a steady motion. If he could, Qibli would continue to admire him.

Nonetheless, he was surprised by the progression of Winter's rough tongue: the curious organ continued to ascend towards the center of his dragonhood. Gracefully, it caressed in a voluptuous way the skin pearls that lined up lengthwise below his spasmodic dick, taking the time to greedily suck a few in the process. Because of the contact with the lukewarm muzzle on these erogenous bits of skin, Qibli felt like he was going to fly to cloud nine. If there was one weakness, it was getting the skin pearls sucked, whether it was for the sensation of the tongue tickling this so sensitive area, for the cold exhales which caressed them and for the suction which caused intense waves of pleasurable tickling through his body. Because of all the sensation, he had a strong urge to ejaculate, but he couldn't reach the climax by this alone. Frustrated by this unpleasant feeling in his crotch, Qibli could not help but order between two jerky breaths, "Ha, W-Winter! Suck me, igloo face."

But the malicious prince continued to tease him with a smirk. Worse, as he voluptuously sucked the ticklish pearls of skin, he used one of his available claws to stroke the tip of his sensitive brown cock in a circular motion. From that moment, Qibli could no longer control himself: his body was filled with intense spasms invading his brownish dick. The tickles were so strong that he had a hard time catching his breath. His claws scratched the stone wall, leaving behind them deep marks. The only ways to reduce those tickles were to wince and to moan as loud as he could. Still, that damn IceWing looked at him with a teasing look, saying, "You're not a tough dragon, are you?" Faced with this mockery, he wanted so badly to scratch his snout to get that sadistic smile out of his face, but he felt too weak for this.

As if he had finally felt sorry for him, the ice dragon stopped everything, giving Qibli the time to calm down. He only had the time to breathe some fresh air before he felt something lukewarm covering the tip of his cock. With a long growl of satisfaction, the sand dragon firmly held Winter's head. Without hesitation, the pale blue scaled dragon pushed the

Wings of Desire : Too Hot

spasmodic dick deeper into his snout, stroking it with its rough, slobbering tongue. In addition to feeling the cold exhalations brush his virility, the texture inside his muzzle created pleasant tickles in his crotch.

To spice up this sensual massage, Winter exploited his weakness: with his curious tongue, he didn't hesitate to caress the underside of his penis in a back and forth motion, cuddling the sensitive skin pearls in the process. The effect was instantaneous: Qibli moaned with each lick on this erogenous zone. His body shook with all the spasms in his solid dick as his breathing hitched between two groans filled with desire. He could even feel a liquid begin to feel his knot swell and the spasms in his penis multiply. He was so close to the climax, to the ultimate release. He wanted to relieve himself at all costs, and as quickly as possible.

It was for this reason that he instinctively moved his pelvis in a regular back and forth motion, his spasmodic cock slipping inside the IceWing's lukewarm, wet muzzle. He could hear a surprised growl as well as choking sounds coming from the prince's snout, but Qibli had only one goal at this moment: releasing the load.

Fortunately, it only needed a few back and forth to reach cloud nine. In a final motion, he let out a long growl before releasing a torrent of whitish liquid directly into the pale blue dragon's muzzle. He could hear underneath him that Winter was choking by this impressive amount of cum, but Qibli's talon held his head in place, forcing him to drink all the gooey liquid. On the SandWing side, he thought he was going to pass out so much he needed it. His heart pounded loudly as he could feel his own cum covering his cock. Slowly, his breathing began to become regular and deep as he was coming to his senses.

Lacking strength, the sand-colored dragon collapsed on the stone table, a satisfied look on his snout. Now relaxed, he could feel a lot of discomfort running through his body. For his mind, it was saturated with all the pleasure he had got during this carnal moment. He had to take a deep breath to bring his senses back. He was beginning to hear the footsteps of students coming out of their cave. Maybe the next class will start soon, but Qibli didn't want to think about it anymore: he had to take care of the IceWing first.

When he thought about Winter, he looked at him and saw with shock the state of the poor panting prince: the top of his head was marked by his claws which had held it firmly, his cheeks were a dark blue, tears beaded up the corner of his eyes, cum flowed in the corner of his muzzle. The SandWing couldn't help but feel guilty for mistreating his clawmate. He hoped so much Winter wasn't going to hate him for his lack of care. Ashamed, he climbed down from the stone table and apologized as he walked toward the IceWing,

"Winter, are you okay? I am so sorry for being curt."

"Yes, I'm fine..." answered the concerned dragon with an outraged expression, breathless.

Silence settled in their cave as the two dragons looked at each other without saying a word. Qibli took this time to tenderly admire the serious IceWing. Despite what had happened, the ice dragon softened his gaze and even shyly smiled. As the tips of their wings began to touch, Qibli spontaneously reasoned,

"At the same time, it's your fault to tease me too much."

Wings of Desire : Too Hot

“Stupid sand snorter, don't forget who started it,” Winter replied harshly, crossing his arm to pout. “I was just doing my job to get as much ‘juice’ as possible.”

Congratulations, Qibli! You managed to spoil this moment of tenderness with your dumb words. He felt bad that he ruined the romantic atmosphere. However, his piercing eyes noticed a movement from the other dragon's blue gaze. The IceWing looked awkwardly at one part of the SandWing body: his feet. At this view which he seemed to enjoy, his blue cock twitched, begging Qibli to release the pressure. Thinking about what will happen next, the sand dragon sensually licked his lips before moving closer to the prince. He got off the table, and he laid down close to the IceWing, his body opposing his. As his hungry muzzle were in front of the throbbing blue dick, his lower body was close to Winter's head. Intrigued by what the desert dragon was doing, the ice dragon stared at him with his cold gaze.

“At least, you deserve a nice reward for relieving me,” the SandWing admitted sensually, lifting one of his talons close to the pale blue dragon's muzzle.

Winter displayed a surprise expression at this particular offering. Still, even though he looked disgusted, Qibli could notice his interest when he saw him blushing, his tail beating the air and his ears straightened. Still, Winter tried to sound as calm as possible when he spoke annoyingly,

“What are you doing, brainless scorpion? Get your dirty paw out of my sight!”

“Stop denying it, igloo face! I know you love them. Did you really think I was sleeping that night when you licked my feet?”

At this revelation, it was the IceWing's face that turned dark, shocked. He could read fear in his eyes, surely afraid that everyone would know his shameful fantasy and laugh at him. Qibli reassured him with a tone filled with lust and a knowing wink,

“Don't worry. It will stay between the two of us. In the future, don't hesitate to tell me if you want to worship them. Now, relax and do whatever you want with them: you deserve it.”

To accompany his speech, he flirtatiously stretch his toes. Winter was relieved that his biggest secret was not going to be revealed. Now more calm, his eyes filled with tenderness plunged into the sand-colored talon. For a moment, all he did was admire them, blushing, but after a contemptuous snort, he gently placed his muzzle on his sole. Even though Qibli never understood his fetish, he enjoyed the feel of the muzzle caressing his feet, the cold paws passionately massaging his claws, and the breath brushing his scales.

However, what he liked the most was the beautiful view in front of him: a massive blue dick throbbed, begging Qibli to take care of it. Without waiting any longer, he directed his hungry snout towards the spasmodic dragonhood and, unlike Winter, sucked directly at the rounded tip. He could hear a subtle moan that was obstructed by one of his hind paws. Satisfied by this sign, he quietly began this erotic massage. With a calculated lick, he stroked the tip of his cock before the wet walls of his muzzle tightened on the dragonhood. Curious, his forked organ snaked along with the bluish cock, feeling the spasms at the same time. The salty taste of sweat mixed with the aftertaste of cum made the experience incredible, and the smell of

Wings of Desire : Too Hot

musk tickling his nostrils fogged his mind. Carried away by all these stimuli, he had the impression to feel tickles in his own crotch.

Not wanting to waste the opportunity to savor his clawmate's dick, he began to suck it in a slow up and down motion. Not yet used to this circumference, he could only take three-quarters of the length before choking. In this way, the SandWing did a few warming back and forth motions, going a little further each time. He felt his throat dilate as he entered the spasmodic dragonhood in his snout. Sometimes, he choked by wanting to go too fast, but with a little perseverance, he finally managed to contain it all in his muzzle.

It was from that moment that he felt all the pleasant sensations of the blue dragonhood in him. His forked tongue stroked the rectangular plates aligned below the penis in a scorching movement. He felt the dick throbbing, wanting to get out of this slobbering prison, but his closed snout held it in place. A liquid even began to flow from the tip of the ice dragon's virility which Qibli savored by running his rough tongue over the sensitive tip. By all these extraordinary sensations, the blue cock's knot swelled in his muzzle during this sensual cleaning. He noticed that Winter was enjoying what was going on when he heard a long, voluptuous growl emerge from his snout covered by the SandWing's hind paws. Qibli suddenly felt something drooling and rough tickling his feet. At this moment, he wanted to release this unpleasant feeling by laughing, but he had to restrain himself: he had to deserve his drink after all.

Ignoring all those almost pleasurable sensations on his soles, his head's motion accelerated. Gently, the blue flesh rubbed against his maw as the tip of the dick caressed his rough palate. The warm precum was running down his throat. In addition to the slightly salty flavor of this liquid, the massive dragonhood tasted like sweat with a little bitter aftertaste. By all these slobbering caresses, the large meat always seemed to explode with all these spasms that ran through it. Despite everything, Qibli took a lot of pleasure in sucking it and running his tongue through the most ticklish areas. Alternately, he caressed the sensitive tip with his forked organ and then licked the base of the dick. Because of these licks, the prince's moans intensified and harmonized with the sucking noises and the wet sounds that surrounded their cave.

After several back and forth, the number of spasms in the blue member increased, his muscles tightened and Winter's breathing was increasingly shaking. Even his knot swelled in the sand-colored dragon's muzzle. Qibli noticed it: the ice male was near climax, and he was close to have his awaited refreshment. In a final burst, the SandWing quickened his head movements as its tongue insisted on the spasmodic dragonhood's ticklish areas. Like he announced that he was going to cum, Winter emitted several small moans between jerky breaths, his dick covered with intense spasms. With a long sigh of relief, he released a huge amount of cum directly into the sand dragon's muzzle. Unlike the IceWing, Qibli easily managed this river of slimy liquid. Without a single movement, he greedily swallowed this exquisite bitter nectar, a smile on his face. After all the effort to get his drink, he felt so hydrated now. It was the best reward.

In a slow movement, he lifted his head, sticking out a limp dragonhood now covered with a thin layer of saliva and lukewarm cum. The blue cock, exhausted, fell heavily on its owner's

Wings of Desire : Too Hot

stomach, a few whitish drops coming out. The SandWing didn't want to waste this bitter delight. With a few voluptuous licks, he gathered them before savoring them. Just because of the arousing taste, his brown dragonhood started throbbing again. Nevertheless, surely because of the rough tongue, discomfort grunts came out of Winter's muzzle. Qibli understood the message and stopped it immediately. Despite everything, he could not help but admire the soft cock in all its glory, secretly hoping to savor it soon.

A gong suddenly spoiled this quiet moment, tensing the muscles of the two males. It seemed his wish to skip classes had come true. However, there was a dragon who disagreed with the situation.

"For the moons' sake, we're late for math class!" the IceWing panicked between two deep breaths.

Despite this anguish, he did not move from his place. Too tired from the ejaculation, he was lying on the floor, panting. The SandWing knew well that annoying his clawmate about this was going to irritate him, but he had a solution to calm him down. Slowly, he rose to face the ice prince and stood on top of him, pinning him to the ground with his talons on his shoulders. Although he said a menacing "What are you doing, sand snorter", he didn't struggle, probably from the lack of strength or willpower. On the contrary, he froze, blushing. In front of this magnificent spectacle, Qibli made his most seductive look and his most beautiful smile. With a delicate claw, he caressed the IceWing's lukewarm cheek. With their snouts only a few claws away, they could feel the other's breath stroking their scales. Maybe it was this closeness - or anticipation - that made Qibli blush in return.

Now in this atmosphere of proximity, Qibli explained in a seductive tone,

"No stress. We will just have more time to be together and to continue the assignment. At the same time, we don't risk missing something."

"You can dream! If there's one thing I don't want to miss, it's having the opportunity to be away from you," IceWing replied coldly, even though he showed just the opposite with his tender gaze and his tail intertwining Qibli's.

"Don't be so cold, igloo face! I know you adore me."

For a moment, a silence filled with tension hung in the air. Qibli could feel it well: his heart was pounding, his brain was going to explode from those powerful heartbeats, his body was shaking. Yet there was one thing he couldn't help but admire: the handsome IceWing in front of him. Whether it was his dark blue eyes as magnificent and mysterious as ocean water, his sparkling and immaculate scales, or his facial expression both annoyed and passionate, he found him so cute under the sunlight.

Shy to tell the truth, Winter looked away and said in a shameful tone, his cheeks darker,

"I don't need to tell you if you already know the answer."

Gently, the sand dragon's muzzle rested on the IceWing's. They nuzzled passionately as the two males closed their eyes. Their muzzle half-opened, they let their tongue stick out and stroke the other's in a torrid motion. The cave's atmosphere was now filled with desire. They

Wings of Desire : Too Hot

approached their bodies and merged every part of their existence with the other male: their muzzle, their saliva, their breathing, their body temperature, their tail, their wings, their scales, their cock. The sand dragon instinctively moved his pelvis against the ice dragon's one, causing them to let out timid growls from their snout. In this cocoon filled with desire and tenderness, Qibli felt so good, and he would never trade this moment of closeness with the magnificent IceWing that had conquered his heart.

However, the lust began to resurface. Sexy thoughts took more and more place in his mind. Stimulated by their proximity and the prince's smell, his dick throbbed. The heat certainly made him hornier than he thought.

Qibli got his muzzle away from the prince's, strokes of saliva connecting their tongue. The kiss now broken, the two males half-opened their eyes. While Winter looked at the other male with questioning eyes, Qibli, on his side, showed a seductive expression, blushing a lot.

"At the same time, since we're enduring this heat together, don't you want to have another refreshment?" he invited in a sensual tone while lifting his upper body, exposing his throbbing brown cock.

At this voluptuous proposal, Winter sniffed in discouragement, muttering "Stupid sand snorter..." Yet he looked at the SandWing with a lustful gaze, his ears straightened.

"With this hot day, why not?" he agreed, moving his muzzle towards this delicious drink.