



WINGS OF DESIRE : NOT AVAILABLE!

Complete Edition

BY PENNY_INK

Starflight's had a hard morning at his job, but Clay saves the day when he asks him to do some naughty things under the desk. After all, the librarian deserves to release some pressure.

Let's hope nobody surprises them!

It contains: gay sex, dragon sex, penetration (anal), oral sex (blowjob, balls), fingering, multiple orgasms, romantic sex, power bottom, public sex, accidental voyeurism, incest by lore. **All characters here are adults!**

NOT AVAILABLE!

This moment was a calm time for Starflight at the library. The afternoon class had already started and only a few silent students were reading in their corner. The peaceful sound of a scroll unrolling and the air flowing through the room made this place peaceful. It was far more peaceful than the hurrying footsteps of a hundred dragons and their incessant hubbub an hour earlier. This sound pause did the black dragon a lot of good. Because of all these demands and his tasks to do, he did not think he would survive the noon rush hour.

If he remembered correctly, today was the day the students had to pick up their copies of the *Scroll of Survival and Healing*. He certainly didn't want to remember the anarchy it was to search for each scroll, identify them, and give them to the corresponding student. It was really a complex task for a blind dragon like him. The situation worsened when there were losses or wrong information on the documents. It was a real puzzle to sort out. Fortunately, thanks to his resourcefulness, he had managed to give all the scrolls to the students. Clay would surely be happy to hear the news.

When he thought of the MudWing, Starflight couldn't help but smile, slightly blushing.

As he was about to sort through the returned parchments, he heard heavy footsteps entering the room. Since he lost his sense of sight, he had developed the faculty for perfectly identifying dragons by the sounds they made. He could hear very well that the dragon in question was limping from its left hind leg. Moreover, his deep, yet relaxed breaths helped the NightWing to identify who had entered the library.

"Clay, is that you?" Starflight asked him, reflexively directing his gaze towards the noise source.

"Yes, it's me," the MudWing confirmed with his usual benevolent tone. "You will always impress me with your faculty to recognize someone without your eyes."

"You know, it's not that complicated," the NightWing explained in his scholarly tone, happy to impress him. "All you have to do is to use your other senses to know their habits. Each dragon has its own unique quirk and when we..."

"I got it. You don't need to make me a long parchment about it, my scrollworm," he silenced him in an amused tone, his voice sounding closer to him now.

The NightWing was startled when he felt a muzzle gently nuzzled him. This action made Starflight blush a lot, embarrassed to show affection like this in a public place. Despite everything, he did the same to Clay, his heart pounding like every time he was near this handsome, hefty dragon. The mere feel of his soft warm scales caressing his and the sound of his calm breaths was his comfort zone. He had the impression of being close to him although a stone counter separated them.

However, he had to shorten this display of affection as much as possible to avoid others noticing him. Quickly, he moved his head away from the MudWing's, and he explained to him shyly,

Wings of Desire : Not Available!

“C-Clay! How many times do I have to tell you that we must avoid being too close in front of the students?”

“What do you mean? Love is love, my star,” a skeptical Clay defended, always kindly though.

“I mean, they're going to believe things, and they're going to start spreading rumors about us. Don't forget they believe we are... brothers. I prefer this kind of relationship to remain more... private.”

For a moment, he sensed the atmosphere was tense. Sudden stress gripped the NightWing when he heard a long bewildered sigh from Clay's muzzle, but he relaxed the moment he felt a sturdy paw on his own.

“I understand, and I will accept your decisions, my star. Just know that I love you,” he said with touching sincerity.

“Me too, I love you Clay.”

Finally, this discussion on this thorny subject had gone better than the previous times. While this romantic moment made Starflight feel good, he couldn't help but think that he had forgotten to ask him an essential question.

“Oh yeah! What is your reason for coming, Clay? I managed to give all the scrolls to your students, except for a few of them. However, the order should arrive within a few days.”

While he expected satisfied words from the MudWing, he got the impression that he looked unease instead. His breathing was a little more jerky, and he heard his tail whipping the air slowly. Why was he staying silent? Did he do something wrong? Weren't these the good scrolls he had given?

“Oh... well... it's... after the discussion we just had, it will be... a bit difficult?” the hefty dragon stammered after a long moment of silence.

What did he mean by that? He didn't understand why he was so worried about telling it. However, he was beginning to have suspicions when he smelled a faint musky odor that he could smell for only one specific moment.

“Hmm... in fact, I have an intense desire to, you know, have some fun,” Clay whispered to him, uneasily. “I know you can't get out of the library while Destiny is having her lunch break, but when she will get back, I must go to my class. If there's one thing I want to avoid at all costs, it's presenting myself like that in front of my students.”

“B-but you know how much work I have to do today.”

“I know, but at worst, you can do your tasks at the same time, right?”

“What if we get caught? We're going to get punished by Tsunami, and she's the worst when it comes to giving punishments!”

“Isn't that what make it exciting? This is what you told me during my healing class,” he whispered to him between two quivering exhalations, his warm breath caressing his ear.

Wings of Desire : Not Available!

These words had an immediate effect: Starflight blushed intensely remembering this... very torrid moment. He remembered very well the moment when, during dinner, he felt so excited that his first instinct was to go see Clay and ask him to help him. He remembered that the conversation sounded a lot like the one that was happening right now. Strangely, it was so exciting to get penetrated under the desk while the MudWing was catching up with some students. He had never thought he enjoyed being fucked so much in a public place, but what surprised him the most was knowing how Clay was so kinky.

Just imagining this erotic scene made Starflight's throbbing dick harden. He couldn't believe Clay had struck a chord. However, he deserved a moment of rest: he could afford it after this infernal morning.

His body shaking with arousal and his thoughts muddled by his lust, the only thing he managed to whisper to him was a command filled with sensuality.

“Under my desk. Right now. Make sure no one sees you.”

Satisfied with the direction this discussion had taken, Clay growled seductively before walking to be behind the desk. Starflight secretly hoped that the MudWing verified that no one saw them, but he didn't have time to think about it when he felt a body laying down below his desk, in front of him. His dark scales felt the brownish body's heat caressing them. His spasmodic cock throbbed intensely, begging the MudWing to begin his work right now.

However, he must not lose sight of his tasks. He was going to be shady if he didn't do anything after all. So, he took the top scroll from the pile and opened it on the desk. With a precise gesture, he ran his finger over the identifying text covered in elaborately placed bumps. History (3-15). He placed it somewhere specific on his desk. Next! He picked up a new one and tried to identify it.

The NightWing was taken aback, however, when a muzzle landed on his balls. The feel of his testicles on the soft scales was comfortable, but the warm exhalations caused by his nostrils made the experience more than pleasant. He knew very well what was going on under the desk: Clay took a lot of pleasure in smelling his balls on him, one of his talons probably working to relieve himself. Starflight tried to focus on his task, but he was starting to have trouble being efficient. Instead, he contented himself with stroking his tickling testicles over Clay's muzzle and listening to the subtle wet noise below him.

Then the next step almost made him let out a moan: a slobbering organ began its ascent over his testicles. Heat immediately flooded the NightWing's body and his balls relaxed from all the sensual attention. Hot saliva settled in every corner of his nuts while the rigidity of the tongue made these caresses stimulating. The trembling exhalations warmed up this erogenous zone even more. Clay's curious tongue had fun rolling up one of his balls and soaking it before moving on to the other and repeating the process. The MudWing even sometimes took the opportunity to suck on one of them for a few seconds, the suction further stimulating this sensitive area. Starflight had always loved the moment when his partner cleaned his nuts to the point the precum flowed from his dick, which made the mud dragon groan voluptuously.

Thus, he moved on to the main course by passing his tongue over the sensitive tip of the pink dick. Immediately, Starflight's cheeks became very hot, and his jaw clenched to avoid

Wings of Desire : Not Available!

making a suspicious sound. The organ took pleasure in licking this ticklish area to collect this transparent liquid. The NightWing tried to sound as calm as possible, but that nimble tongue wrapping around his virility made this task so complicated. He could no longer be vigilant, secretly hoping that no one was watching them.

“Sorry, Mr. Starflight,” a joyful voice exclaimed which surprised the librarian a lot. “Can I ask you a question?”

Panicked, his consciousness came back and the NightWing straightened up. How didn’t he hear her arrival? He felt his heart racing and his cheeks getting hot by this delicate situation. Still, he hoped to be able to hide his pleasure with a neutral expression, even if those sensual licks on his dick tickled him a lot. By all the stars, why was Starflight never lucky during those times?

“Y-yes yes! Of course!” Starflight exclaimed as naturally as possible. “Hum... can I ask who I'm talking to before?”

“You don’t recognize me? It's me, Kinkajou!”

“For the constellation’s sake!” the NightWing mentally swore. “Why, of all the students in the school, it’s the most talkative one coming to see me now?” He avoided showing his displeasure with a benevolent smile.

“Ah, yes... sorry. The night...” He paused to take a long, shaky breath, controlling his urge to moan as Clay's thick tongue stroked his knot. “... was very short for me yesterday. But that's not the subject of the discussion. Go ahead. What's your question, Kinkajou?”

“Actually, I was wondering if you had a copy of the *Scroll of Survival and Healing*. I couldn't come this morning because Turtle needed help for a math homework. You know, he has a lot of difficulty in this subject, and I thought that...”

As she justified herself with her usual enthusiasm, Starflight tried to concentrate on her words as much as possible. At the same time, it was a big challenge with the hot treatment he was getting below the desk. As if he wanted to taunt him, Clay licked each erogenous part insistently. Suddenly, he caressed the sensitive tip, creating intense tickles through NightWing's body. Then he passed his slobbering organ over his relaxed testicles before moving up to his knot. All these sensual caresses gave him such a pleasant sensation that he would have enjoyed them if they were in his cave.

But keeping control had become a more complicated task when he felt a large muzzle gently sucking its tip. Starflight immediately had the impression that pleasuring sparkles had crossed his body as the tickles in his crotch became so enjoyable. The thick tongue didn't end there. On the contrary, it hungrily savored it in his muzzle. The whole thing created an even more unbearable, but so extraordinary, sensation that Starflight found it increasingly difficult to hide his pleasure.

How Clay was so good at sucking!

However, he had a conversation to follow. He had to finish it as soon as possible if he wanted to ejaculate peacefully.

Wings of Desire : Not Available!

“Sorry to interrupt you, Kinkajou, but unfortunately, I no longer have a copy of this scroll. I've ordered some, though, and they'll arrive in a few days,” Starflight interrupted in the middle of the RainWing monologue.

“No problem, Mr. Starflight!” she affirmed with the attitude of a ray of sunshine. “Are you sure Clay won't mind?”

“N-not really... He is aware of the situation.”

“Great! Speaking of him, I looked everywhere and I didn't see him. Do you know where he went? I have to ask him some questions about the last lesson.”

Oh no! What was he going to tell her? What lie was allowing him to get away with it? He quickly ran through all the possible answers, but panic had taken over, and he answered on the spot,

“He is not available!”

“B-but why?” the female dragon asked with a lot of astonishment in her voice.

“B-because...”

At the same time, Clay's maw began to introduce his cock little by little inside. It was like a hot, wet towel had wrapped around his cock. This did him so much good that he couldn't help but let out a jerky sigh. Suddenly, the MudWing's head started bobbing back and forth. His throbbing virility rubbed against varied-textured walls, and got wet with all the saliva in the muzzle. The tip of his dragonhood was caressed by the rough palate to amplify the sensation of friction while the tongue didn't hesitate to savor this spasmodic delight lengthwise. The whole thing was enhanced by the moist, quivering exhalations that warmed his very stimulated dick and the massage of his balls with one of his large paws. Even though it was the thousandth time he got sucked, the sensations were still as good as the first time with him.

He was sure the reason why the MudWing had started sucking him now was to taunt him. How teasing he was sometimes!

“... He left to rest before his lesson. He, too, had a short night,” the librarian continued with difficulty after having calmed the wave of pleasurable tickles.

“Ah, okay! In that case, I would talk to him about it before class! Thank you, Mr. Starflight! See you soon!”

“See you soon, Kinkajou!”

The moment he heard footsteps walking away from him, he let out a sigh of relief before trying to return to his tasks. However, with all these tickles in his crotch, he could no longer concentrate on his work. He couldn't even read as these sensations became unbearable. The NightWing couldn't take anymore: he absolutely had to cum before another student came to see him.

This was how Starflight began to move his pelvis in a regular back-and-forth movement. This gesture astonished the MudWing who gave a gasp of surprise, but quickly, an erotic

Wings of Desire : Not Available!

growl came out of his muzzle. With these faster movements, the friction of his dick on the drooling walls increased the incredible titillating sensation. The tongue also took the opportunity to clean his spasmodic shaft, not hesitating to stroke each sensitive area. Clay's paw massaged his testicles with more vigor. The wet sound of the other male's masturbation increased as much in intensity as the number of spasms building up in the librarian's dragonhood. He was so close to cloud nine that he could no longer control his heavy breathing and his burning cheeks. His talons gripped the stone counter so tightly that they left claw marks on it and tore part of the parchment on the desk. He didn't care though: only the satisfaction of being close to cum occupied his mind at this moment.

After three final abrupt hip movements, Starflight ejaculated with a long, trembling sigh. He could finally feel the satisfaction of releasing the cum into Clay's hungry muzzle. The latter greedily swallowed it with low moans of pleasure, massaging the NightWing's balls as if this action would increase its quantity. Even his thick tongue gathered the last drops from the tip of his cock. During this pause, Starflight was able to gradually regain his senses, now distressed that someone had seen them. He hoped he had been subtle enough not to arouse suspicion. It was at these moments he cursed himself for being blind.

However, even though he had already ejaculated, the libido had not yet left his body. Worse, his cock was still just as solid, ready for the second round. His thoughts were only imagining being penetrated by the MudWing's large dick. Why was he so excited to be fucked in public?

In the end, he was the one who was actually horny.

Without saying a word, Starflight stroked the other male's head to attract his attention before gesticulating his intentions. With a dominant claw, he pointed at him before pointing to his rear. It wasn't long before Clay understood his commands and he accepted it with a satisfied grunt. The NightWing couldn't help but let out a smile at this response. He was so happy to have such an open-minded lover.

After a few adjustments, they were now positioned comfortably. The MudWing was lying on his back while the black dragon was on his two hind legs, his two front legs on the desk for balance. Clay's large, throbbing shaft was aligned with the librarian's ass. Starflight's wings were spread, hiding the lying male in case anyone saw them from the sides. The NightWing's body trembled with excitement at the thought of being penetrated. He could no longer wait to receive this guilty pleasure, and without giving the signal to his partner, he lowered his body. The black dragon felt the wet tip of the spasming cock at the entrance to his tailhole. He could even hear the shaky breaths of an equally excited Clay.

With a slow movement, he inserted the dragonhood in him, and a long, shy grunt came out of his muzzle. The fact that the tip of the solid cock was covered in precum made the penetration much easier. However, he didn't remember how Clay's dick was so massive and long. It was a big challenge to get it all the way inside him, but when he did, it was the best reward he'd ever had. Fortunately, he practiced a lot to take such a beast.

Slowly, the NightWing enter one inch at a time into his anus. The sensation was certainly uncomfortable, but he felt his fleshy walls slowly adapt to its impressive width. To relieve some of the pain, he let out several short exhales, controlling his breathing to appear as less

Wings of Desire : Not Available!

suspicious as possible. While it was a challenge for the librarian, Clay, on his side, grunted discreetly in ecstasy at the sensation of the anus tightening around his throbbing penis. Hearing his partner growl exhilarated Starflight which encouraged him to take more and more.

He achieves this goal after several minutes. He couldn't help but feel proud to have the dragonhood inside him: his many hours of practice had paid off. From that moment on, it had become a very pleasant moment for the NightWing: he took the time to enjoy Clay's solid dick throbbing inside him, to caress his muscular body with his trembling claws, to take a long breath before passing the point of no return.

With a claw gesture, he gave the silent command to begin this moment they had been waiting for. Without a word, the MudWing slowly moved his pelvis in an up and down motion, his firm cock penetrating the dark dragon. Immediately, the NightWing's cheeks burned with all this incredible feeling happening in his body. He felt the friction of the solid virility caressing the wet walls, especially his prostate whose caresses on this erogenous zone gave him pleasuring shivers. A liquid even came out of the penis to lubricate this crevice and facilitate the sensual trusts. Even Starflight's cock was as hard as rock, whipping the air desperately.

He really hoped no one saw them right now, but it was so exciting to flirt with the danger.

As he thought of this, he heard cheerful footsteps coming towards him and a beautiful, gentle voice greeted him,

“Hi Starflight! Am I inconveniencing you?”

Hearing this voice as warm as the sun, Starflight immediately changed his facial expression to become more neutral. In any case, he tried as hard as possible, but a broad smile had formed on his face because of the presence of the charming dragoness in front of him.

“Sunny! Not... not at all. I'm not busy,” the NightWing replied enthusiastically, his heart racing.

Even if he wanted to lie to her by saying “No, I'm too busy because of my tasks” to prevent her from discovering what was happening, he didn't want to lose an opportunity to discuss with her. It was rare that the two were available at the same time. So, he was very happy that she was visiting him today, even though it was at the worst possible time. Why, however, was his heart beating wildly when he heard her voice? Why was he so shy around her like when they were young? Why was he still in love with her when he knew she wasn't interested? He obviously loved Clay, but a part of him was still under the spell of the magnificent dragoness.

However, he had to control himself. He was already having difficulty concentrating on what was happening with the large cock penetrating him. He certainly didn't want to make a wrong move in the discussion. Moreover, he had to stay calm and brief: that was the solution to avoiding trouble right now.

“Great! I heard you had a very busy morning at the library and wanted to make sure you were okay!” the golden female assured with a complacent tone.

Wings of Desire : Not Available!

Starflight couldn't help but blush. He wasn't sure if it was because of the large dragonhood that was thrusting in and out of his anus or if it was because Sunny was being so attentive to him. He shook his head to clear the blush on his cheeks and replied with a slight shy smile,

“Thanks for worrying about me, Sunny. It wasn't easy without Fatespeaker's help, but I got through it... I'm not mad at her though!” he then justified himself with a panicked tone. “I know she has a lot to deal with on her side.”

“Starflight! Don't worry about that,” she reassured him with her contagious happiness. “She knows very well that you don't blame her. On the contrary, she was so happy to know that you did well.”

What a gift he had for having a friend like her! These words had the effect of a ray of sunshine warming his body. Maybe it was because of the penetration that he felt this way. Clay's throbbing shaft caressed the tight walls of his tailhole with more vigor, causing their bodies to rock up and down. The librarian tried to remain steady, but the force with which the MudWing penetrated him made this task so complicated that a keen eye could see Starflight's body bouncing lightly behind his desk.

Despite the slight pain he felt, his partner's tail intertwining with his own reassured him a lot. The muscular male's two large talons surrounded his torso to fervently massage his rounded buttocks. With each movement of his pelvis, his balls bounced on his ass as the NightWing's dick whipped the air. Starflight could even feel a liquid coming out of his dragonhood before flowing onto Clay's body. The MudWing didn't seem to complain. His shaky exhales were a sign that they were on the right track.

Maybe even a little too much.

Suddenly, Clay's crotch touched an area that made Starflight's body shiver with unparalleled intensity. He felt like a lightning bolt had passed through his entire body. However, it was so enjoyable that Starflight couldn't help but let out a slight scorching groan, which worried his interlocutor.

“Starflight! Are you okay?”

He understood instantly what had just happened, his cheeks burning with embarrassment. Uh oh! He had just made a huge mistake! In his head, a tornado of panic toppled the library parchment as he tried to put out the fire. All this became complicated when he heard Clay chuckle, and he accelerated the back-and-forth motions. That pleasant tickling sensation was back, and it was more intense with each pelvic movement. He couldn't think of anything coherent anymore, but it was even harder to say something without moaning between words.

“I-I'm... fine... I-I'm... I'm... tired,” they were the only words he could say.

“Are you sure?” Sunny panicked. “I'm going to get help now!”

“N-no... it's oooooo...”

At the same time, the intensity of the penetration had increased and the friction of the dick on his prostate created such exciting titillations that it made him spit out a torrid moan. These

Wings of Desire : Not Available!

unbearable tickles made Starflight's body tremble like parchment in the wind. His spasming cock swung with velocity, tapping against the underside of the counter at a steady pace. Despite the muffled noise, he could hear Clay's grunts between his heavy breathing from the effort. Their bodies were so hot from the physical exercise that the NightWing felt like if his muscles were going to catch fire. His thoughts were just as hot. He wasn't even able to think of anything coherent anymore. Only the desire to ejaculate was his concern at this moment. Even though his senses could no longer understand his surroundings, the only thing he heard was,

“Stop saying nonsense! I will search some help, whether you like it or not.”

Hurried footsteps left the room just as another uncontrollable moan came from the librarian's snout. His cheeks became as hot as fire and his breaths trembled so much that he could no longer breathe air adequately. As if he had a bit of lucidity for a moment, the night dragon felt ridiculous for reacting like this in front of the few dragons in the room. To hide his embarrassment, he hid his muzzle with his front paws. Despite everything, this didn't prevent him from grunting voluptuously with each hip movement. He couldn't even keep his muzzle shut anymore because of all these unbearable sensations, drooling all over the desk.

Even Clay could no longer be subtle with his louder grunts and his claws gripping the NightWing's rounded butt. His muscular body was spasming from all the physical workout and his tail was gripping his partner's one. His thrusts were faster and wilder, causing the wet noises to echo through the library. With their moans and the penetration sounds, there was no way nobody could understand what was going on at the librarian's counter, but the two males were so close to cloud nine that it was the least of their worries.

With all the intense tickling sensations, Starflight began to feel a fluid coming out of his dick. However, he did not have time to warn his partner as he ejaculated with a long moan of release. His cock throbbed violently as he spat out long cum ropes. This greatly encouraged the MudWing to continue penetrating him with vigor. Because of his large shaft rubbing his prostate, the intense tickles went through Starflight's body as much as he continued to moan with each hip movement. With all these sensations, he was too dizzy to regain control of his body.

The librarian had not had time to understand what was happening before Clay ended this erotic moment with one last sudden pelvic movement. In a long, subtle grunt, he cummed in Starflight's tailhole. The latter felt the hot liquid filling him spasmodically, which felt so great. Since the friction had stopped, he finally took the time to regain his senses. A long breath later, he realized to his horror that he had torn one of the parchments on his counter. He felt so ashamed that he quickly hid it underneath several others, hoping no one would notice.

Wait a minute! Sunny had gone to get help?! Oh no! This meant she was going to find out what was going on below the counter at any minute. They had to leave as soon as possible!

“C-Clay?”

He heard a long, satisfied moan in response. Although he wished he could enjoy more of this steamy moment, there was a more pressing problem to be focused on.

Wings of Desire : Not Available!

“We have to leave now: Sunny will come back soon with other dragons, and we'll be in trouble if they find out what's going on.”

“... Okay?” the MudWing said hesitantly, not yet recovered from everything that had happened.

“We have to leave the library, or at least hide somewhere. Oh no! What are we going to do?” the other male panicked, his cheeks burning with shame.

“I... I don't know to be honest with you. Don't move: let's pull it out first.”

Starflight heard the MudWing slowly getting up before he felt the large paws holding his torso. Then, after tilting him slightly, he felt the long penis withdraw from his anus. The liberating sensation of emptying a river of viscous liquid made him sigh in relief. He now felt emptier, and this did him a world of good. The only thing that still bothered him was his ass covered in that same warm liquid. It didn't matter: he would find some time to clean himself up later.

A heavy silence had settled between the two males, immersed in their thoughts. Starflight couldn't help but feel anxious at the idea of getting caught red-handed, and if there was one thing he wanted to avoid, it was revealing their relationship like that. Yet he didn't understand why, but this risk excited him so much. Why did he still have an erection?

He suddenly had an idea to escape from this complicated situation.

“I know!” he exclaimed with a trembling tone, whispering to prevent a curious ear from hearing them. “We could hide in the scroll warehouse: we will be well hidden and no one will suspect that we are there.”

“It seems like a good plan, but do you know I have a class soon? I can't leave my students alone!”

Oh! The librarian remembered that it was almost time for Clay's self-defense class. However, the mud dragon was going to be suspicious if he walked out of the library and ran into Sunny. Under no circumstances should they take any risks. Weirdly, while he was thinking about Clay, he couldn't help but think of all the torrid things he wanted to do with him now. It felt great to be fucked by him, but he wanted more. Even his throbbing dick wanted another round. So the NightWing sneered with a hot idea in mind.

“You know we don't have JUST to hide. We could pass the time with a new round. What do you think about it?” Starflight whispered to him in a dominant whisper, his exhales trembling with excitement at this idea.

“Oh! Now we're talking, my shooting star,” the MudWing exclaimed seductively, his shaft ready for the next round.

The lunch was finally over! Fatespeaker felt full after eating a delicious cow. She was now ready to continue this day which promised to be intense. Thinking about work, she hoped that

Wings of Desire : Not Available!

everything had gone well for Starflight. The female could see that the day had been very stressful for him. He even seemed lost a few times. Maybe he hadn't slept well last night?

Since some moons, she had noticed that he was exhausted every morning. She spoke to him about it, asking him why he slept so late. Starflight had explained to her that he read a lot at night and that he rarely felt tired during these moments. Although she was in the same situation, Fatespeaker was often surprised to find that he stayed up later than her. Even her visions didn't help her to understand what was happening!

The most curious thing about this story was how often she had seen Clay enter the male NightWing's room. Although she was very intrigued, she didn't want to get into another argument with Starflight about respecting his privacy. It was for this reason that she was less interested in this unusual behavior.

She couldn't help but think about why Clay was joining him during the night.

With all these thoughts, she entered the library. Knowing that the vast majority of the students were in class at the time, she saw few dragons inside. The few who were in the library were regulars who were reading quietly in their corner.

There was one problem though: Starflight was no longer behind the counter.

Well, it was very likely he was probably somewhere in the library putting scrolls back. Still, even after looking down each row, she didn't see him. He had certainly left to the washroom. In that case, she was going to wait for him behind the counter. As long as there was someone running the library, there was no need to worry about it.

It was with this state of mind that she settled behind the desk, ready to continue Starflight's work. However, as she was about to take her first scroll, one of her paws touched something slimy on the ground. Instantly, she quickly removed it before looking at what it was. Surprisingly, it was a large whitish puddle from which a bitter smell emanated. It wasn't long before she recognized the substance with disgust. Was it cum? Did Starflight allow himself to jerk off during his work? How come no one noticed?

At the same time, she wasn't shocked. She, too, had already masturbated in the washroom at work, thinking about him. In fact, she was mostly disappointed that she wasn't there to help him. Just imagining masturbating him and tasting his delicious cum excited her to the highest degree. The only thing that shocked her at that time was the quantity. In addition to the large puddle on the ground, there was a huge amount of it below the desk, much more than a normal dragon could produce. She was very dumbfounded by this detail which made her ask a lot of questions.

She had a response, however, when her ears picked up a low, erotic moan. Surprised, she sat up, thinking it was a simple hallucination, but another growl proved its existence. Intrigued, she walked towards the entrance of the scrolls warehouse. This room was at the very back of the library, in a place that is not usually frequented by students. This place is closed by a simple vine curtain, which facilitated the fact that she could better discern the sounds coming out of it. And she was not disappointed.

Wings of Desire : Not Available!

Fatespeaker heard two voices moaning and growling with varying intensity. She was surprised when she recognized that the higher pitched of the two was Starflight, moaning passionately. The second, however, was too deep for her to recognize. For a moment, she hesitated to go inside the warehouse to see what was going on, but her mind quickly took over.

But there was nothing stopping her from sneaking a little peek, right?

Too curious, and very jealous to know who Starflight was having sex with, she discreetly approached the entrance. With a careful talon, she moved the curtain to get a glimpse of the erotic scene in front of her. Pressed against one of the shelves filled with parchments, Starflight was being penetrated savagely by a muscular MudWing. The mud dragon's muzzle was busy licking and nibbling the other male's vulnerable neck as his wandering claws caressed his dark body. Starflight, on his side, clung to him firmly by wrapping his front legs around the neck of the dominant male. In the heat of the moment, their hot grunts mixed with the wet sounds of the penetration.

Shocked by this surprise, she couldn't help but stare at the scene for a few seconds before storming off to the desk. She couldn't believe what she had just seen. Was she crazy or had she seen a dragon fucking Starflight? A deep rage began to well up inside her. Why hadn't he told her about it? Wasn't she a trusted dragon? Why hadn't he chosen her? In addition, the other male, was he Clay? Weren't they actually considered brothers? Suddenly, a realization hit her and the pieces of the puzzle started to fit together. Did their secret late-night dates have anything to do with their relationship? Had it been going on for ages without her even realizing it?

However, she couldn't help but think back to that erotic scene in the scrolls warehouse. It was playing on repeat in her head until it became an obsession. The NightWing thought about every detail that had happened in the few seconds she had been watching. Suddenly, she felt a pleasant warmth in the pelvis and her vagina began to become wet. Her heart raced as her body shook with an excitement she had never felt before. Luckily, being behind the desk, the NightWing allowed herself to reach down with one of his paws and slowly stroke her sensitive clitoris with a claw. With the scene in mind, she imagined herself in the room with them, the handsome Starflight penetrating her craving pussy while the sturdy Clay took care of her tailhole. She secretly hoped to be able to participate in this sexual activity with these attractive males.

While she was masturbating, Fatespeaker thought of a plan to spend a nice evening with them. She can see it: soon, her fantasy will come true.