

Dawn of Desire

Chapter 3: Baptized

Donner went back to his apartment. It was a one bedroom he shared with Cody, but because the buffalo had better game, he got the room with the lock while Donner got the living room futon. The apartment was filled with the guys stuff and yet still woefully under furnished. The closet in the hall was full of Donner's clothes instead of having space for guests to hang stuff. They had command hooks hanging jackets, and posters taped up to the walls to cover up dents and dings from the two's personal party nights or when they brought other people over to have fun. The den where Donner slept was a makeshift bedroom. Old bookshelves covered in retro games and mementos created makeshift walls for the room. A TV sat on the floor while cords laced behind it in a mesh of gaming systems and computer hookups. With everything there, Donner could probably fit three people comfortably in the den, maybe two on the bed and one on the floor leaning against the wall, but they did make do with four when it was movie night.

That's the thing about owning an apartment next to campus. Even if you had shit game, you could land some pretty easy hole or head when you had a place people could escape to. Donner mainly found freshmen that were desperate to lose their v-card to someone with abs, and he got them off well enough, but he really just wanted to get dommed. The thing about virgins, they can be sexy, but they don't know shit about how to please. Sure, the coyote rocked their world, riding dick and sucking balls, even showing nervous tops that they have a magic clit in their ass, but it was just...sad. Sure, he'd bust, but it was either after their partner got off or long after as he played with himself in the shower or something. It was fun, and took the edge off, but...never really hit the way he wanted.

The coyote and his friend ate at the late night cafeteria for a cheap meal and decided to call it a night. Cody had a midterm paper to write anyway. Donner was done with midterms at this point so he was able to just flop on his used futon and groan. The coyote decided to pull out his phone and scroll while he let his workout endorphins buzz in his veins. He threw on an old show he'd seen a thousand times for background noise as he continued to slip into a scrolling spiral, but the surreal events that happened earlier that day plagued him.

He thought about his power, but he wasn't exactly sure how it worked. Hell, he hardly believed it was real. He knew it bent desires and reality, Ceil's compact shorts were evidence enough of that. Fuck those shorts looked so good on him, and the way his package bulged out was amazing. Damn, that lion really made the yote's spine tingle.

Donner got a goofy grin on his muzzle as a light blush came over his cheeks, his hips grinding down into his futon as his foot paws kicked up in the air.

Then the phone's scrolling stopped and an image warped the screen. At first Donner thought his phone was acting up, but then the clear image of Ceil in the shower was playing on his phone.

"Shit!" Donner slammed the phone into his futon, covering it up, but the sound of water running and a light hum came from that phone. Did he dare? Did he really want to cross that line into creeper territory? He had the power to bend reality and shape desire...did he really want to spend it peeping on his crush.

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Yes.

Donner lifted his phone and revealed the screen again. There Ceil was, completely naked and smiling as the warm water splashed across him. He was showering after his workout in the gym locker rooms. He was in a stall, the curtain drawn, as he cleaned himself. Soap and suds covered his body, Donner could even smell it coming from the phone. The steam, the smell of allspice and sandalwood, and the salty musk that was being washed down that drain. Ceil's body was gorgeous. He wasn't overly bulky, but every one of his muscle groups were well defined and thick. His pecs were pronounced, yet supple, his abs were relaxed and invisible until he breathed out, the obliques and abs coming into view against the soapy suds. His mane was long and wild, but currently he was digging his fingers into his scalp to really get the soap deep under his luscious locks. His arms were flexed showing his biceps, the vein rolling over the top of it splitting the muscle, his fingers dug into his hair and brushed it back as his gleaming claws worked over his scalp. His teardrop thighs were thick and powerful, made for pouncing, his calves solid diamonds and his foot paws were average size, but perfect in shape.

And that dick!

Donner gulped as he looked on, that pole had to be six inches of soft, flopping, lion pride between his thighs. It must be massive when hard! The duo of balls there were like a couple eggs in a tight furry sack. The cream color of his fur bright and almost white with how clean it was. That bright pink, uncut shaft dribbled water off it as though he were constantly pissing, suds washing over it as he continued to obliviously wash himself.

Donner's hole clenched, his hips rode up and then down to grind his boner into the futon. His heart beat hard and fast as he saw his crush bathing shamelessly. He could even hear cute little purrs rumble out of the lion as he worked over his scalp. He was so cute! He was so hot and cute all at the same damn time!

The only thing that could make him hotter is if...wait...

Donner watched as Ceil brushed his fingers through his hair, the bones slowly shifting and muscle cording to make those fingers thicker and more muscular. Donner's eyes went wide, taking in the subtle change. He knew exactly what was going to happen next and he wanted a front row seat. He pinched the screen and zoomed in on those feet, those toes getting thicker, plumper, longer, the claws extending out. They shifted in stance slightly, causing the water to splash about them. The way the water made their fur cling to them showed exactly how the tendons and bones shifted to make them larger, more muscular, and more powerful.

"Oh fuck..." Donner bit his lip thinking of those powerful fingers gripping his throat, lightly choking him. One of those massive foot paws pushing on the back of his neck as Ceil rammed him from—

Donner lifted his ass up into the air, his tail hiking up, his toe paws pushing on one another and flexing as his spine tingled with the fantasy. A deep blush burned across his face as his tongue lulled out, panting gently as he got light headed.

Fuck if Donner didn't love big hands and feet. He loved the idea of powerful, muscular fingers gripping his throat and scruff. Massive feet to pin him down and keep him under heel. Donner bit his lip as he watched through his magical, pervert, scrying phone app as he continued to grind down on his boner while hiking his tail.

Damn, he wished he had a larger screen.

Instantly his phone closed the app and the TV flicked on to a channel with no number, but the old boxy TV's static cleared to show Ceil in all his glory. Donner's eyes went wide as he watched like a pervert through the curtain in the showers, only he knew he couldn't get caught. This wasn't hurting

anyone, right? This didn't actually hurt Ceil in any way. How was this any different than just fantasizing? He could argue consent, but that could be said about him fantasizing too. This was just like that, right?

"Just like that," Donner muttered, the sound of his shorts hitting the ground accompanied by the creaks and groans of the futon as he got into position. The underwear in those shorts already had a dark spot on them where fresh pre glistened and cooled. He had his legs up against the wall, his dick pointing right at his face. The mushroom head of that cock already pulsing so hard it hurt. A string of pre dribbled from it, a long line of clear need drooped and then dripped off that head and smacked Donner's chin.

They Coyote gave a low rumble. Cody would be in the bedroom with his headphones on working on his paper. He wouldn't hear him enjoying himself. Donner looked back at Ceil in his shower, the lion completely oblivious to Donner's admiration and lust for that body. Every time he wanted a close up of something the "camera" of the show would pan to that angle and show it off, each little flaw in Ceil's physic being brushed over, adjusted. His abs became more pronounced, but only slightly. His pecs became more solid and his mane became thicker. The slight changes really augmented the lion's image well. Then the last change of his jaw becoming more pronounced and cut, his Adam's apple becoming sharper against his throat.

"Holy fuck..." Donner gripped his cock, the thick member filling his paw as he stroked. He gripped up onto the head and worked that slick over his shaft, his balls bouncing slightly as his pre leaked like a broken tap. The coyote gave a little groan as he stroked, his fingers catching most of the pre and using it to lube his shaft. He might not be the largest guy, but he was a very productive man.

Then it occurred to him. If he could change Ceil, why not his own flaws?

Donner looked up at his body, his toe's shifting to be more paw like, the claws shifting slightly as he pressed them against the wall and rubbed them gently. The pads on his foot paws became thicker, stronger, and more defined. He continued his way up and looked at his legs. He loved his legs and how firm they were. They didn't change much, but his thighs did bulk up slightly. Then came his cock. He liked his dick, but he was always jealous of the other canines that sported those knots. They always said they felt amazing and he needed to know. He gripped his cock, and he could feel it reel out a bit, the tip of it getting harder and forcing itself out to a point. Donner stifled a moan, his lips parting into a silent gasp as his cock pulsed longer, his foreskin peeling away from his cock as it darkened from its natural pink to an angry red. The excess skin from his foreskin rolled down his cock before swelling into a sheath. His knot pulsed out, bobbing and throbbing harder as it peeled back that thick sheath looking for a hole to lock behind.

"Holy fuck..." Donner moved his hand down to brush his knot." Holy Fuck." He had to hold back his volume as pleasure shot from that sensitive bulb of flesh and into his nuts. He could feel both his balls jostle, flexing and expanding to produce more portent dog seed as his cock filled out his hand and then some. He had to stroke, actually stroke the length of his dick, for the first time ever and it felt amazing! Donner's cock had a hard curve to it that evened out into a gentle sweep. His hand cracked and shifted to be more square and thick, his fingers able to grip around that shaft as he stroked it. It had to be seven inches of solid bitch breeding meat.

He glanced back up at the screen, the image flipped so he could watch it in his position. Donner held back his groans, his mouth parted to let his breath in and out silently as he stroked his rod, the side of his palm smacking his knot while his pinky flicked over it to play with that sensitive and swelling nub.

Fuck...he's so hot, Donner rumbled in his mind. I didn't even change much, just a couple small things and now he's more of a stud than he's ever been! Fuck I want to ride him so bad. If he'd just let

me, I could be on my knees in that fucking shower gagging on that dick! I'd scrub his back, clean his ass thoroughly.

Then he tasted it, that same salty bitter tang of man in his muzzle. It was the sweat from Ceil that fell into his mouth just hours ago. He could taste it as though it were fresh. Donner gave a quiet whimper as he rolled that flavor in his mouth, the smell of Ceil's balls on his snout was fresh and warm, musky and humid like a miasma. Donner panted, his cock a throbbing mess and dripping pre onto his muzzle, the coyote imagining it was Ceil's, but he could smell the lion's pride in his nose and he knew that pre wasn't that of an alpha lion. It was his little sub drippings as he simped for a straight stud.

What he would have given to feel his ass spread open, but he didn't want to waste his time cleaning...then again...

Donner's will tingled inside his hole and he knew he was prepped and ready. He spread his legs wide as he brought his fingers to his hole. It was warm and puffy, lubed and ready for him. Donner gave a sly grin as he sank his fingers into himself. He couldn't conjure Ceil into his hole, but he could at least make his hole prepped and ready at any moment. The sub's dream.

His fingers, augmented with their size, easily found his prostate, or rather his vision went crossed as he bit his lip to stop himself from moaning like a whore. Donner's eyes rolled into the back of his skull, the image of Ceil playing clearly on the back of his eyelids as he stroked to that perfect man. He was trying to be quiet, but the fast squelching of his hand running over his cock while his other fingers continued to sink into his needy hole were filling the room.

Fuck, Donner didn't care if the whole apartment complex heard him. His legs were now spread eagle to give him access to his hole, one hand playing with his button while his other hand played with his oversized clit he called a cock. He couldn't help but imagine those big feet pinning his face, the taste

of that sweat and smell of those musky balls augmenting the fantasy as he dug his fingers deeper and harder, imagining Ceil pounding his cheeks and using him as a fucking flesh light.

“Good boy...” Ceil’s voice rolled in his mind. *“Take my kittens...”*

“Fuck, give me your kittens, give me your cubs,” Donner muttered quietly as he continued to smack his spot and stroke like a gooned out mess.

“That’s right, make me a daddy,” Ceil’s voice was still smooth and encouraging, but it had a dark confidence to it. It was like he had so much confidence in Donner’s submission that he didn’t need to enforce his place on top. This was simply the order of things.

“Fuck...daddy...mmf...I’m gunna squirt...I’m gunna fucking squirt! Bread me, don’t fucking pull out...please!” Donner couldn’t hold back his voice as he gave a moan, his knot swelling in his hand as he gripped it hard, the base of it so sensitive it shot him over the edge. Thick, hot blasts of his cum smacked his face, he opened his muzzle, catching a few strands on his tongue as he felt his own prostate clench against his fingers.

“That’s a good boy, squirt for daddy while he dumps his next litter deep inside that needy little hole.” That voice continued. Donner couldn’t stop himself, his fingers became a blur trying to extend his orgasm. His balls lurched as he was thrown over the edge again. His toe paws fanned, his legs flexing and quivering as he came all over his face. The smell of his own nut covered his muzzle, each smack of cum he wished it was Ceil marking him while also breeding him nice and deep.

Finally Donner relaxed, his body slumping on his futon and falling to his side, his legs smacking the armrest as they continued to twitch. Donner panted, letting the euphoria thrum in his veins as he sat there in his own mess. Ceil’s image was gone from behind his eyes and the TV was dark again. He simply laid there and panted for a bit, letting his cum ooze over his muzzle, wishing the cooling jizz was Ceil’s,

though he knew it couldn't be. That thought soured his mood a little as he realized what he did. The coyote gave a little grunt, ashamed that he just peeped on his crush while he was showering. He could mend reality and bend desires, and the first big thing he uses it on is to get his dick hard and to spy on some straight dude.

Donner gripped his shirt and used it to clean up the vast strands of cum on his muzzle. He threw it in a hamper of dirty clothes and snagged some fresh ones before he went to shower. He passed Cody's room on the way, the door still closed. He mustn't have heard or just didn't care. Wouldn't be the first time he caught the yote jacking off, but the buffalo understood. It was simply the hazards of having two studs living in the same place.

Donner was still feeling the glow of his release when he twisted the water on, the old pipes rattling to life and shooting out cold water before twisting to steaming hot.

"Fuck, I'd kill to have Ceil just rut me," Donner sighed and shook his head. "Shit, no I wouldn't. I don't need him killing people for me or whatever. I need to be more careful." Donner sighed. "Just wish he was into me as much as I was into him." Donner shrugged and got to work cleaning his shame off and getting ready for bed.

Ceil was usually pretty quick about his showers after work. He wasn't too keen on letting people see him if he could avoid it. Though, this time it just felt...really good to take a long and rewarding shower. He had just warded off the greatest temptation of his life, and he deserved a little something. Nothing outstanding, but a longer shower was nice. He felt his hands roaming over himself, washing and enjoying the sensations of the water running over him.

He had felt what he felt today before, though not nearly as intense. Much like his pastor back at home said, it's not the thoughts or the feelings that are the sin, but the actions he takes on them. He felt proud of himself for not giving into temptation. Though pride in itself is sinful, it's important to take pride in the good you do. Ceil made a point of taking it in small doses and putting it into a physical form. Today was the water. It washed over him like purifying rivulets of joy from above. Even though this rain was artificial, it wasn't any less heavenly. He let the pride wash over him, but then he let it go, trickling down into the drain along with the suds.

Ceil lingered in the shower for a moment until he was done, feeling fresh and revitalized. He had put in a long night and he was ready to pack it in. He toweled off and went to go grab his things when a sudden...uncomfortableness came over him. Ceil didn't know what it was, but it was like he was forgetting something...Ceil pursed his lips as he padded to his locker and got his sweatpants and windbreaker for his walk back to his dorm.

It was like something wasn't there...that should be. Like he was missing something that was really important, but what could it be?

Ceil tried to shake the feeling, but it kept nagging him as he left the gym. He kept his satchel over his shoulder while his hands were stuffed in his jacket pockets. He sent out a prayer to Saint Anthony of lost things and left the unrest with a higher power for now.

The lion swiped himself into his dorm. It was a dorm that had specific rules against alcohol and drugs regardless of age. It was a dorm for recovering drug addicts and people who didn't want to be around that kind of stuff. Ceil was very happy he fell into the second group. Most of the people he hung out with were from that dorm. At least he kind of hung out with them when the dorm had events.

Ceil tossed his satchel onto his bed, his dorm mate not back yet, and threw his old gym clothes into his hamper and changed into shorts and a tank top, his usual bedtime attire. He opened his laptop on his desk and got it warming up while he grabbed the folded up sign-up sheet from his satchel. He had to provide the document to his teacher at the end of the week to get credit for the hours as well as get paid by the university. He unfolded it and he came to the first name on the list.

Donner...

Ceil's heart skipped a beat, his lips parted as he took in a silent gasp. It was completely involuntary, but he let out a little sigh. He didn't notice it was happening until his thumb brushed over the coyote's signature, rubbing over the sharp curves of the little yote's penmanship.

That's what he was forgiving. He didn't expect the saints to send his temptation back to him like this. He shook his head, set the paper down and took a deep breath. He was in his happy place, that orb of light glowing above him as he breathed in and then out again.

But this time, in his mind, a pair of hands folded around his.

"Ceil?" Donner's voice echoed in his mind. *"Are you okay?"* Out of the darkness the coyote's lips came to brush against his fingers. *"Ceil?"* his words were like butterfly kisses tickling the fur on his hands.

"Blaspheme," Ceil's eyes shot open as he stood from his chair, knocking it over. The rug in the center of the room muting it, but still causing a commotion. *"Oh gosh, sorry."* Ceil said more for himself than to his downstairs neighbors as he picked the chair back up and pushed it into his desk. He stood there, looking at the glow of the spreadsheet on his computer, his green eyes focused on the empty report as he tried to slowly work his mind away from the pull of that tempter.

"I'm okay, I'm okay, I didn't pray for it to happen. It was just...a really powerful intrusive thought." Ceil took a deep breath, this time refusing to close his eyes for fear of what might lay behind his lids. He slowly pulled the chair out again and sat down to finish his report. He already knew who to put into the field and typed the coyote's name, reciting a prayer in his mind to distract him while he typed in the info.

"Ceil?"

"No," the lion flicked his ears and forced himself to focus. The problem was that every time he glanced at the sheet of paper he could see that cute yote's signature at the top.

"Ceil? You okay?"

"No, out of my head," Ceil muttered as he continued to type in the information, batting away the intrusive thoughts one by one as he finished his report. As soon as he filled the last line he hastily folded up the paper again, and slapped it into his computer. He would be bringing his laptop to class anyway and he'd be able to turn it in then. This would also help him cut down on his screen time.

Ceil plucked a book from his desk, one of the reading materials for his literature course, and opened it up. Though, "A Raison in the Sun" didn't hold him like it did before. Ceil simply sighed, clicked his light off, and curled himself up under his covers, layering his hands on his chest as though in prayer. The lion kept praying while clicking his thumbnail against his cross pendant, his mind in a constant loop until he slipped into sleep.

Ceil bolted upright in a cold sweat, his body glistening, his sheets a cold, damp mess. He took deep gulps of air as he tried to quash his panic. He snagged his covers and yanked them off. His usual baggy shorts were no longer...baggy. He looked down as his seven inches continued to ooze what was

left of his nocturnal emission through the shiny athletic shorts. Shame burned his cheeks as his body continued to betray him.

“Ceil? You okay man?” His roommate asked from the other side of the room.

“Oh gosh, yeah, sorry...um...didn’t mean to wake you or nothing...” Ceil hopped out of his bed and snagged his shower caddy. He had to cover this up and quick.

“You sure? You sound a little winded. Bad dream?”

“Yeah, but I’m good. I’m just going to clean up. I was sweating.” Ceil huffed out a forced chuckle as he snagged his towel and tried to hide the shame dripping out of his shorts. Before his dorm mate could ask another question he slunk out of the door, leaving it ajar as he padded quickly to the bathroom. He wadded up his clothes and tossed them in the shower with him. He didn’t care if they got wet, he would need to clean them quickly so as to not fowl his other clothes when he washed them. He didn’t want to think of that all over his other clothes.

His cock still throbbed with the memories of that dream, iron hard and oozing a mix of pre and cum. Ceil grit his teeth and turned on the water to clean himself. He felt disgusting with the smell of his musk as well as the reek of his night sweats. He started to lather himself up, washing away his shame and cleaning his balls thoroughly before he went to brush his dick.

Ceil let out a little gasp, flashes of that dream coming back to him. He was back in the gym with Donner, spotting him on the bench press, but this time they weren’t wearing...anything.

Ceil bit his lip as he grabbed the base of his cock. He dared not move it, his fingers slick with the mess that was still on his shaft and the suds trying to get rid of them. He took a few deep breaths, a shaky hand cranking the water to cold to defuse the need. The icy jets of water came like a slap to his face, rolling down his back like...like claws. Like Donner’s claws as he scratched his back, his silent way of

asking for more...silent because his mouth was...well...his fingers gripped his ass as he thrust...the coyote's nose pressing against his pubic fur.

"No..." Ceil gasped, his hand moving a fraction of an inch and causing his balls to clench, his mind to reel, and his toes to fan. Ceil pushed his head against the old tile of the shower, his brow pressed firmly against the grout as those icy rivulets bit into his skin.

"No...no this is wrong...especially with a man..." Ceil muttered, the water dripping from his lips as he held his cock, the cold water causing his balls to ride up, but his cock stayed iron hard despite the cold shower.

Ceil needed to get out of this situation. He closed his eyes and imagined his light, his body in the same position as in the shower. Though, he wasn't alone this time. Looking up at him with those big brown eyes was Donner. The coyote was on his knees, his mouth wrapped around his dick, unmoving. Ceil's heart fluttered as those cute eyes looked up at him, begging for permission to keep going. So sweetly holding his cock in his mouth and being gentle and kind, never going anywhere Ceil didn't want him to.

"Y-Yes..." Ceil felt a crack in his heart, but it was a mix a shame and want. Donner's cute eyes blinked before he slowly pulled back, Ceil's hand mimicking the coyote's ministrations. An aching need ran up his toes and into his loins. The lion didn't know how else to describe it, but it was like Ceil was breathing in the light above him, filling him up with warmth that tingled in his spine, combating against the cold of that water, while funneling the temptation out into Donner between his legs.

In his mind, Ceil was cupping Donner's muzzle, making him look up at him as he tenderly nursed on that dick, bobbing slowly and methodically over that shaft. That glowing warmth filled him with

pulsing flairs that caused his toes to curl, his fur to stand on end despite the water, to make his tail swish.

“Y-yes...” Ceil muttered, his breath coming out ragged as his back arched. He wasn’t fucking a face, or rutting like some beast, but...this was something more. He was making love with...Donner...it was sinful, it was wrong, he knew that, but...he could edge it...he could hold it back...

He huffed as the light in his core burned, his heart beating powerfully as his cock throbbed. The light and energy inside him scorched with passion, with heat, blazing out of control.

“Yeah..w-wait... Damn it..!” Ceil felt it build so quickly, his cock flexed, his balls clenched, and his eyes flashed open. His cock was rock hard, the heavy head an angry red. Ceil gave a little shout as the first rope shot out of him, smacking the wall and then coupled by another and another. A silent scream was plastered on the lion’s muzzle, his eyes open and wild as he spilled his seed on the ground like some heathen.

Then a sickening feeling filled him. That light, that warmth was flowing out of him with each shot. He had...he had defiled his temple and that warmth was leaving him as he shook in the cold of the water. His sin dribbling from his cock head as he panted heavily, his mind reeling from the reality of what he had just done.

“I didn’t mean to...” he shuddered. “I couldn’t control himself...it couldn’t be helped...I’m sorry I failed your test...please...show me a sign that I’m still worthy...that I’m not damned...”

Ceil looked at the thick wads of cum oozing down the wall, his seed, his spilled seed, and the smoking gun of his sin still hard and hot in his palm. The only thing warm about himself right now.

“I couldn’t sleep...I couldn’t think...it was so intense...” Ceil panted. “It was...it was...”

Ceil's cock throbbed, more of his shame dribbling out of his cock as he dared not utter his name. Instead it pounded on the inside of his skull like the nails on a crucifix.

Donner...Donner...Donner...

The lion collapsed, his knees giving out as his claws clicked between the tiles. His chest heaved as he tried to hold back the tears, but he couldn't.

"I'm sorry...I'm sorry...I didn't mean it, please...I'm sorry...I'm not...I'm not a heathen I swear. I'm not...I'm not some beast...Please...show me a sign...I beg you..."

Ceil knew about the forgiveness that his God was known for, but he also knew how much he hated broken promises. The wrath of the Old Testament was beating him over and over as he rested in his own self-loathing.

"Please..." he prayed. "My afterlife is all I have. I have given up all else...for you...please...I'm sorry...I'll repent any way you see fit...please..."

But a deep dark truth mocked him in the pit of his heart. He knew deep down he wanted to do it again, he wanted to think those impure thoughts, those ideas, those things he dared not tell anyone. But the problem was, his God knew. He knew he knew. Nothing could be hidden from him. He couldn't hide the fact that his remorse was in his failure, but not in the action. He wanted to do it again, and he wanted...he wanted...

"Donner..." Ceil sobbed the name out, calling out to him of all times. It was like an admission of his guilt. Remorse only meant something if the sorrowful would promise change, but how could he promise the change if the temptation was simply there in his heart, tainting it with darkness.

“I’m impure...I’m dirty...” Ceil rocked in the cold water, his legs held to his chest as he quietly sobbed, the sound of the water covering his pitiful crying as he wallowed in his own pity.

“I’m...I’m so sorry...”