

Dawn of Desire

Chapter 1: Extra Credit

“Come on dude,” the buffalo shoved the coyote’s shoulder. “What do you have to lose?”

“Come off it Cody,” the coyote shoved back. “I know it sucks, but what else can I do?”

“Well,” the buffalo rolled his eyes. “You could beg. Your puppy dog eyes work wonders on dudes, why not a straight up DILF like Reihner?”

“Shut up dude,” the coyote rolled his eyes. He already felt bad enough at the prospect of having to take the class over again.

“Donner, come on, lighten up,” Cody lifted his hands up defensively. “I’m just suggesting you go to him during his office hours and figuring out exactly what it would take to *NOT* fail.”

“I know, I know,” Donner sighed as he walked. “I just...I just really want to get my workout done and go home to crawl under a fucking rock.”

“Do you really want to work out, or did you want to just be there because Ceil is going to be manning the gym.”

“Maybe, what’s it to ya?” Donner shot back.

“Woah mister defensive,” Cody chuckled. “I’m just saying you’re hot as hell and can have anyone on campus, why would you simp for some straight dude like Ceil? Yeah, for a lion he’s attractive and what not, but you could have any daddy, DILF, or alpha wannabe on campus. Why do you want to be around Ceil so much?”

“He...he’s just so...I don’t know,” Donner huffed and crossed his arms, his satchel slung over his shoulder. “Don’t you just feel...drawn to him?”

“Yeah, the dude is a fucking saint,” Cody rolled his eyes. “If I had to ask someone for the shirt of their back, Ceil would be the first guy I’d go to. The problem is that he’s too straight laced for me. The dude doesn’t even drink and he’s keeping himself a virgin before marriage. He’s acidic if I’ve ever heard of one.”

“I think you mean *ascetic*,” Donner cocked a tiered brow at his friend. “He’s not on the lower end of the PH scale.”

“Whatever, you get what I mean,” Cody waved off Donner’s concerns, the massive buffalo’s arms easily larger than Donner’s and his chest twice as thick. He was a beast of burden and his body showed it. “Sure, the dude is straight edge and won’t be deterred. I’m not saying you’ll miss your workout completely. Just hop in on Reihner’s office hours, get your extra credit or make a plan for the rest of the semester, and then get your ass to the gym for the second half of the dude’s shift.”

“But...what if someone else is already...ya know...taking up his time,” Donner was pressing his fingers together, his ears folding back. “I was hoping to get there before everyone else so...I could...well...just sort of get him first.”

“Yeah, and if you drop out because you’re held back, how will you continue to ogle him?” Cody smacked Donner upside the head gently. “Stop thinking with your bussy and actually focus on your schooling before some dumb crush gets you kicked out. Besides, the dude is straight as an arrow. Fairly sure he considers your nightly activity of riding a glass dick sinful.”

“Hey!” Donner punched his friend in the shoulder, the big buffalo chuckling and flinching away. “That was *one* time!”

“Come on dude, you had to know it was going to come back up eventually.”

“If I promise to go to office hours with Reihner, will you stop bringing it up?”

“I’ll stop bringing it up for the rest of the day.”

“Fucking fine then,” Donner sighed. “I’ll go.”

“I’ll meet you at the gym later.”

“Yeah, whatever,” Donner’s shoulders drooped as he turned the corner and went back to the archeology building. Reihner was known for being very strict with his students and the coyote wasn’t really in the mood to be talked down to, but he also knew he needed to improve his grade.

Little did he know how much this one decision would impact his life.

“Sorry, Mister Torres,” the tiger professor remarked, adjusting his glasses with an indifferent sigh. “You failed the midterm and there’s nothing I can do to adjust the grade.” The tiger’s sexy stubble shifted fluidly with how the words curled off his tongue.

“Please Professor Reihner,” Donner pleaded, the coyote was hunched over to make himself seem smaller as he looked up at his professor. Something that was difficult with the coyote’s powerful frame. “I can’t afford to retake this class.”

“Listen Donner,” Reihner sighed leaning forward, his ocean eyes bored. “There’s nothing I can procure for you without it being unfair to the other students. Students who *did* study.” Those blue eyes were tired, and yet they pierced through Donner like a bullet.

“School isn’t a competition though,” Donner gave a little wine. “Shouldn’t we encourage people to take the initiative and...pursue their passion?”

“Archeology requires passion,” Reihner took a deep breath and let it out in a slow, languid huff. “And you have passion in spades. Your written potion is the only thing that saved you from getting a zero. Though, selfishly, if I give you extra credit work I’m going to have to take time out of my schedule to grade and assess it. Not to mention how many other people would want to do the same if I threw you a bone. No, sorry Mister Torres, but I simply don’t have the time to devote that kind of attention to a single student when I have to categorize and archive the university’s private collection.”

Donner looked down, his heart sinking as the impending threat of having to take the class again loomed over him, but then he had an idea.

“Well...what if I categorized it for you?” Donner perked up. “You know I’m the best in my class with practical applications.”

“You’re not the best,” Reihner lifted a brow. “Though, you are better than most.”

“Listen, if I do this for you it’ll *save* you time, and I won’t have to retake this class next semester.”

“An interesting proposition,” the tiger clicked his claws together. “Though, I would have to check your work-”

“And that would still be easier than typing it all up yourself,” Donner quickly retorted, not wanting that gleam to leave his professor’s eye. “What’s easier? Manually punching in data and dates, or just fixing a couple outliers?”

Reihner swiveled on his chair, leaning back and looking up at the drop-in ceiling. The professor was always quite dapper, wearing a two piece suite, the grey accenting his orange hide. His tie was undone after a long day and his collar was left open to show off the chest hair poking out. Reihner was quite the specimen too, a college professor that worked out frequent enough to let his ancestral bulk come through, but still liked his sugary coffee drinks too much to really ever lose the gut he bore. The tiger rubbed his hand on his muzzle, his stubble grating against the paw pads on his hand.

“You do have a point...and this would be considered more of an applicable academic situation that arises as a singular instance...no one else would be able to bug me about it.”

Donner decided to simply keep his stance, his big brown eyes focused on his tiger professor as he contemplated the fate of his student. Donner hated how much he wanted to appease his professor. Disappointing him on their midterm was like letting his own dad down. Only, Donner didn't constantly think about his dad the way he thought about his professor late at night.

“Mister Torres, I think you've just come up with a way to pass my class through practical application,” Reihner sat up and swiveled back to face the coyote. “I expect you to give it your all. Any miss-categorized pieces will work against you, but if you get enough of them right I can bump your grade up to a C. That'll keep you on the fast track to digging in the dirt with the rest of us.”

“Really?!” Donner's eyes widened, glittering with the hope of moving on.

“You can put those puppy dog eyes away, Mister Torres,” Reihner waived off the look. “I've already agreed to the extra credit. It's up to you now to make sure the opportunity isn't wasted.”

“Fuck yes!” Donner jumped out of his chair, his fist held high. The coyote was hopping from one sneaker to the other, the soles squeaking against the tile floor.

Reihner simply cleared his throat and the coyote paused.

“I mean...thank you professor,” the coyote shoved his hands in his sweatpants pockets as a light blush brushed his cheeks. “I...um...really appreciate the opportunity.”

“I’m sure you do,” Reihner gave a little chuckle and stood, his eyes glancing over the coyote and his brow furrowing. “You’re going to need to borrow a coat. Can’t have that much exposed skin in the lab.”

The coyote was wearing a tank top and some sweat pants with his athletic shorts underneath. He usually wore the sweats to the gym and took them off to work out in his lighter clothes. The late autumn air didn’t let him get away with just going about in shorts and a tank.

“Oh,” Donner blushed and scratched the back of his head, his bicep flexing and his pit being exposed, the smell of his deodorant filling the air. “I...I thought you’d let me go work out first. I was dressed for that. I usually hit up the gym during your office hours so...I figured we could schedule something and I could come back later.”

“You’re not the only one who likes to procrastinate, Mister Torres,” Reihner crossed his arms, his broad shoulders and lats making his vest rise. “I left this job undone for too long and I need it categorized before the end of the day tomorrow. So, if you want your extra credit, you’ll do it all tonight so I can double check your work the next day.”

“Oh...but it’s chest day...”

“Do you *not* want your extra credit?” Reihner lifted a brow. “You can go have your chest day and take my class again, or you can do this extra work and I’ll let you off the hook for your midterm.”

Coyote paused, his mind going to the gym and why today was so important for him to do chest day. He wouldn’t be able to see Ceil doing his shirtless reps.

“Well?” the dark rings under Reihner’s eyes grew darker in that moment, as though he were ready to be disappointed in the coyote.

“I can do chest day some other time, don’t sweat it,” Donner quickly recovered. “Sorry professor. Didn’t mean to scare you there.”

“Just get to the archives. I’ll grab the keys and get you a lab coat.”

“Y-Yes sir,” Donner straightened up and walked out of the office. He couldn’t help but sigh defeated as he texted the situation to Cody.

“Okay, put in the subject number...and the era...” Donner mumbled as he carried the laptop around with him to several stations in the archives. Most of the work was simply data entering into a database, but it was the sheer amount of items that needed to be catalogued that made it tedious. Donner had already been at it for two hours and was just over half way done. The university had acquired a new system for categorizing their artifacts so their entire catalogue needed to be reentered in manually.

“If it’s so fucking advanced, why can’t we just copy and paste,” Donner complained as he shuffled the university laptop over to another drawer. He pulled it open and it revealed a series of small trinkets protected behind glass. He set the laptop on the drawer and got to typing. “Fuck, with how much I’m running around this dump I can just call it cardio day and skip my workout all together.”

Donner sighed, his fingers flying across the keyboard, having learned that simply using the tab button instead of the mouse to change fields was far quicker. The larger artefacts were easy enough. Those flew by. It was these tinny shits that were driving the coyote insane. Donner grumbled a few more complaints, pulling up the sleeves of his slightly too big lab coat and clicking away at his keyboard.

It was nice that Reihner lent him his lab coat, but as mentioned before, it was slightly too big. The tiger was a big man and his labcoat was no exception. Donner loved the way it smelled of the big tigger's shampoo, allspice and sandalwood, his own deodorant and musk mixing with it in a way that made his tail swish.

At least for the first ten minutes. The novelty quickly wore off when he realized just how big a task this extra credit was.

Donner shoved the drawer closed and moved onto the next. The coat caught in the drawer and he just groaned, ripping it off him and throwing it on the observation table, the backlightin on the table shining through exposing the seams in the coat.

He turned back to his job and the new drawer. This one was lined with velvet like a jewelry case and had no glass cover. Donner couldn't help but groan as he realized one of the items wasn't labeled. If it wasn't labeled he needed to go to the old catalogue, find the item, and label it himself.

Donner donned the appropriate gloves and picked up the artifact, a brick of stone with a key tied to it.

"What? Is it like an old restroom key or something?" Donner gave a halfhearted chuckle at his own joke as he carried it over to the observation table. He put the artefact down and opened the massive book next to it. The binding in the ledger cracked and frayed, some of the pages loosely fitting between others. The ledger itself could have been considered an artifact itself with how old it was.

Donner could use the old electronic catalogue, but he quickly learned that if it didn't have a label, it wasn't put into the old catalogue and just entered into the ledger.

“Ah, Mesopotamian artefact and key found in a tomb considered to be the resting place of desire. Function is unknown...” Donner sighed and rubbed his eyes before reading over it again. “Seems a little too modern a title for the Mesopotamians, but whatever.”

Donner grabbed a new label and started to scratch down the information about the brick to get it back in the drawer and then to copy it again into the computer. Donner finished the label and took it over to the brick, his eyes crossed with how exhausted he was. Then he saw a keyhole on the brick.

“Wait, what?” Donner rubbed his eyes and when he opened them the brick was just a brick again. “Am...am I going crazy? I’ve been looking at this shit too long.”

Just to make sure his grade was secure though, he went back to the ledger and confirmed that it was a simple brick found with a key tied to it. No keyholes or seams of any kind. The majority of the information was about the old key and the brick was taken as the original archeologist didn’t want to separate the two.

Donner’s brow knit and he gave a little huff of annoyance before looking back at the brick. What if he found something special about this brick and it lead to some great discovery? Surely that would be worthy of something better than a simple passing grade.

Donner took the ledger and brought it over to the brick and started reading more into it. It was found in a secret panel behind a wall where they had a riddle about pushing this specific spot. Again, something strangely out of character for the Mesopotamians, but he wasn’t going to argue with it. He sighed and looked at the brick again, the gray stone had flax of black bits on it, like it was shale. Not uncommon for mountain formations to have that kind of stone.

The coyote blinked. The surface had a pattern...at least he thought...it was grainy and worn, but he swore he could see it. The pattern didn't have any particular rhyme or reason, but it was repeating. Again, not unusual for shale, but it felt...unnatural.

"Wait..." Donner looked both ways as though he was expecting someone to object to his own thought. "It can't be. They didn't make those types of things until modern day. They didn't know about the optics for thousands of years later."

Donner took a deep breath and focused on the brick, only this time, he crossed his eyes. The brick's image was warped through his vision until the patterns overlapped.

And the keyhole was there again.

"What the fuck...stereograms didn't exist until...fuck, the nineteenth century?"

Then Donner paused, his eyes still crossed, but the key somehow staid as a single image.

"What the hell..." Donner picked up the key and he swore he could feel his heart beating in his fingers. There was only one thing to do, the only logical thing to do. He took the key and put it against the keyhole, fully expecting it to hit a solid surface-

It sank in.

"What...the...fuck..." Donner put his head against the table to look at the side of the brick. Sure enough the key was inside the thing. Only one more thing to do...he turned it.

Crack!

The brick split in half.

“Fuck!” Donner uncrossed his eyes and looked at the artefact he just destroyed, little bits of dust were settling in the crack between the two pieces. He took the brick and put it together again, the pieces of slate grinding as the missing shards made it stay apart, refusing to fit together. Donner crossed his eyes, but all he saw was gray stone.

“It’s gone...” Donner’s eyes darted over the stone, but the stereogram was gone. “Oh fuck, fuck, fuck, FUCK! No one is going to believe me.”

“I will believe you,” someone said from behind him.

Donner screamed and turned around. No one was there, but that voice was deep and booming, rolling like thunder. The lights flickered as the bulbs gave off a gritty buzz.

“Be not afraid child,” the voice rumbled again from behind the coyote.

“What the fuck are you?” Donner’s eyes darted around the room trying to pinpoint the source of this voice, but no matter what way he looked, there was simply nothing there.

“What am I?” The voice continued to taunt him from behind with a low chuckle. “I am grateful. How many people do you think laid eyes on my prison and never once considered crossing their eyes?”

“Seriously, stop messing with me. Who’s there?” Donner kept trying to find the source of the voice.

“Shhhhhh...” Donner sized up as he felt a warm body press up against him from behind. That hush rolled through lips just a hair away from his neck, the hot breath tickling his spine as powerful paws rolled up his sides, gripping his hip and then the other his shoulder. “Don’t worry pup, I was simply making sure my visage wouldn’t frighten you more. You may turn around now.”

Donner was suddenly frozen. Fear paralyzed him to the spot as those hands roamed over him.

“Trust me boy, I mean you no harm,” the voice rumbled in his ear, a rough feline tongue lulling over it. “If I did, you’d already know.” The back of the man’s hand brushed his cheek, those claws and that orange coloring causing him to spin around.

“Professor Reihner?” Donner turned to face his professor...his naked professor.

Donner’s eyes went wide as he took in the image of many a fantasy of his. There, the powerful body of that tiger stood, arms crossed, an open robe draped over his back. His pecks pushing out at his arms and then his muscle gut covered in a nice layer of salt and pepper chest hair.

Before his decency could get ahold of him, Donner looked down and gave a little squeak. A thick cock laid between his legs, resting over the powerful nuts that sired the professor’s three children.

Donner was about to protest when he looked back up at the tiger, his lusty smirk accented by the fact his eyes were a glowing red.

“Not quite, pup,” the fake Reihner rumbled, his voice much deeper, huskier, manlier. “I simply grabbed the most resent fantasy in your mind. Don’t worry. I’m not going to do anything to you. Well...nothing you don’t want.”

“Are...are you a demon?” Donner stepped back.

“Is that the word you have for our kind now?” The fake Reihner pondered, leaning against the table, his thick hand pressing down on the table while he had one of his foot paws resting against his other’s ankle. “No...not quite. A demon seems to exist as some sort of malevolent being. I, by nature, am neither malevolent nor benevolent. I simply am.”

“Then, what are you,” Donner took a step back, prepared to grab something from the artefact drawer to defend himself with. He didn’t care if it was just another brick or an old clay doll.

“You don’t really have a word for it...” The tiger pursed his lips, his other hand brushing his stubble like the real Reihner would. “The closest thing I could say would be desire incarnate, but even that is...lacking. Maybe it’s best that I simply show you.”

“What do you mean by-” Donner was suddenly thrown into a whirlwind of information. It was like watching all of humanity fuck at the same time, the embodiments of lust and temples of worship to depravity and desire all lined up behind what he was seeing waiting their turn. The wet, thick smacking of hips and lips in ecstasy. Ravaging flames, silky velvets, and the taste of honeyed wine and melted chocolate. The bloom of flowers and the warmth of the sun. Languid love making on a picnic in the spring and the devious ravage of a sex dungeon. The smell of cheap silicone and the tang of metal. The sweet release of being in water and the stinging, pleasurable pain of leather lashing you to a rack. Every kink and desire that man had ever held in their heart flowed into a being and out the other end to create a beautiful unending circle of...of...

“Rapture...” Donner breathed out as he was gently deposited back down on the ground. The fake Reihner stood before him now, cupping Donner’s chin while brushing the lips of that sweet yote.

“Yes, I am Rapture,” the tiger purred, his breath warm and smelled of coffee and aftershave. “That is the best word that can be used to describe what I am, my sweet pup.”

All the fear of danger left Donner, but a new fear set in.

“I...I didn’t mean to disrespect-”

“Shhhh...” Rapture murred, placing his lips against the coyote’s forehead. It was like being brushed by rose petals while eternally caught in the moment of his first, shy kiss. “There is naught in this world that could make me think less of you. Donner, your name will forever grace my lips with the

softest of purrs and the lightest of sighs. Your name will now and always be synonymous with gratitude in my heart.”

“I...just opened the box...” Donner was feeling very overwhelmed.

“You freed me is what you did,” Rapture purred. “My thankfulness doesn’t come cheap, and you now have an unending supply. I intend to reward you.”

“Are you...going to...um...” Donner’s face burned red. This was starting to sound like some lazily scripted porno. Was he going to get ravaged by Rapture?

“Better,” Rapture purred, his thoughts an open book to the infinite being. “I will grace you with a gift none of this world have ever had. I wish to make you my successor.”

“Successor?” Donner blinked. “But...you’re immortal, right?”

“Yes, but that doesn’t mean I can’t leave this realm for another. This world was a gift to me and now I gift it to you. I don’t think I could bare to be in this world much longer either way. It has been a prison for so long that I don’t find much joy in it.”

“I...I guess I understand,” Donner muttered.

“You don’t,” Rapture gave him another little forehead kiss. “But I will try to explain. I am the embodiment of all desire in this realm. This entire universe is bound to me through want and need. If I were to leave, so too would all desire. Lust and love are two very important things, but desire goes deeper than that. The desire to dream, the desire to thrive, even the desire to live resides in my essence.”

“So without you...life couldn’t persist.”

“It could,” Rapture revealed. “Though the world as you know it would end. This place would become barren and ruled by instinct. Other concepts would still exist. Savagery, comfort, and the like, but without desire to fuel them, even they shall pass.”

“So you’re the cornerstone of all creation,” Donner’s eyes went wide.

“The basis of all creation that currently stands,” the tiger rumbled. “That’s what makes me so powerful. Even the fabric of reality flows through me. It desires to follow set rules, so it does.”

“And...you want to give me this power?”

“Yes, do you accept?”

Donner’s kneejerk reaction would be to say yes, but he had read enough ancient stories in his studies to know a crooked, monkey’s paw, voodoo mishap waiting to happen.

“I see,” Rapture smiled at the coyote’s thoughts. “You are much wiser than you appear. You know the desires of men often slant things. It took me millennia to really master the art of desire, and that’s when it was much weaker than it is now. So, how about this. I will give you my power and all of its facets until the next blue moon. Once that happens I will give you the choice to either let the power stay, or I can undo everything that was done, if that’s truly what you desire.”

Donner paused a moment. The fact this being could read his mind made him uneasy, but if Rapture was the embodiment of desire, then it makes sense that any choice he would “desire” would be his to know.

“Quite wise,” Rapture smiled. “I just figured it would be easier to read your thoughts than waiting for you to stammer them out. No offence.” The tiger purred, gently nuzzling the coyote’s neck.

“One moment...let me check something,” Donner pulled out his phone and looked up the next blue moon, and he realized it would be this month. “Did you know I would only have one lunar cycle?”

“Yes, it’s not much time, but enough to get an understanding of what you would be dealing with.” Rapture nodded his approval. “Does that mean you are rejecting my offer?”

“Well...if you are who, or what, you say you are...you know I want to say yes,” Donner pulled away to look into those eyes, that red glow not looking predatory, but the red glow of desire.

“I do,” Rapture smiled down at him. “But my darling Donner, the freer of my chains, I want to give you the choice my master never gave me.”

“Your master?” Donner’s brow furrowed. “You mean, you weren’t always this way.”

“Hardly,” Rapture gave a half chuckle. “I needn’t go into the details, but just know I wasn’t given a choice in the matter. So my gift to you is your ability to choose.”

Donner looked Rapture up and down, still reeling from this whole experience, but fully aware of its gravitas.

“If you were given the choice, would you have accepted this power?”

“The answer to that question is very complicated,” Rapture brought his hand up to cup Donner’s muzzle and brush his thumb against the coyote’s cheek. “I accepted this gift to save my life and that of all those I cared about, but in doing so, I doomed countless worlds and civilizations. So, to answer your question, if I were given a choice, if I had known what this power would have done, I would have turned it down. That’s why I want to give you the option I was denied.”

Donner felt the affection in that thumb as it brushed his cheek. Have you ever smelled the sun while laying down in the grass? That's what it felt like to Donner. That thumb radiated a warmth that was palpable through his entire body.

"So...if I wanted...you could undo everything so long as I desire it," Donner answered, his big brown eyes looking into those soft red ones. "A full reset?"

"I will take you back to this very moment, undo all that has been done, remove every choice and bent reality to its former state. So long as that's what you *truly* wish."

"Okay, then...how does this work?" Donner smiled, his ears folding back. A sly grin brushed Rapture's muzzle at that.

"Do I take that as a yes to your trial run?" Rapture cocked a brow.

"I...yes..." Donner felt his heart beating out of his chest.

"Don't worry my dearest," Rapture purred, his free paw coming to the small of the coyote's back and pulling him close. The coyote could feel that daddy gut warming him instantly. He hadn't realized how cold the artifact room was until that moment.

"It's a very straight forward process," Rapture continued. "One that revolves around your desires."

"Our desires?"

"I didn't take this form to just tease you," Rapture purred.

"Oh...OOOOHHhhh," Donner's eyes went wide.

"I got you pup," Rapture rumbled. "You're in daddy's capable hands."

“So, we’re going to-”

“Yup,” Rapture leaned in closer, his breath warm and sweet.

“And you’re going to-”

“Yes,” Rapture interrupted Donner again, getting closer, their whiskers brushing against one another’s.

“Fuck...” Donner blushed deeply, his sweatpants tented from the whole situation.

“Watch your tongue young man,” Rapture rumbled, his voice deep and authoritative. Donner swore he sounded almost like his own father, but huskier and deeper in tone. “I’m going to have to give it a lashing.” He rumbled lustfully and closed the distance.

Donner had never kissed an ethereal deity before, but to say it was electric would cheapen the experience and give electricity far too much credit. Every nerve on Donners body came alive. He thought every one of his nerve endings were blooming, their petals parting like a rumbling roll of static. The coyote’s fur stood on end, his toes curled in his shoes, and his spine shuddered. His nerve endings didn’t just open up to the divine of that kiss. Donner’s lips parted and Rapture’s tongue lulled into his muzzle. That rough feline tongue danced tenderly against his.

An entire universe was birthed between their tongues, their wet smacking the big bang of these two entities dancing. Their drool was the stardust that fizzled in their maws and tickled their chins. All that coupled with the sensations of his mortal flesh. The taste of his professor’s coffee and the sweeteners filled Donner’s senses. The coarseness of that feline tongue and the gentle nibbles of those powerful teeth. That maw, both in flesh and in heavenly divinity, were made to shear flesh from bone or reality from space. Both sensations of that pricked at Donner’s bottom lip as that kiss was deepened.

“Good boy,” Rapture rumbled, breaking the kiss. “Do you want more?”

Donner realized he was on his tip toes his muzzle arched up to prolong the kiss before it was broken. Once he came back down from that high he felt the warmth and power in Rapture’s words. It was like speaking to a thunderstorm that cared for you. It would not rain or lightning would not strike him down unless he wished it.

“Everything you have...uh...” Donner blushed deeply.

“Go ahead,” Rapture leaned into Donner’s ear, his tongue lulling over the space just below it before breathing his words directly into that cute coyote ear. “Say it. Your desires are bare to me anyway. Let it go.”

“Fuck, *daddy*...Ah!” Donner moaned as Donner sank his fangs onto the coyote’s neck. Not enough to break skin, but to kiss him with pain.

“Good boy, now what did I say about that tongue?” Rapture murred, kissing each bite mark slowly and tenderly. “You keep that up and I’ll have to teach you a *real* lesson.”

Donner’s lids fluttered as that big tiger daddy played with his kinkiest of desires and the most sensitive spots of his flesh. That rough feline tongue brushed against a tendon and it made the coyote moan as though that tongue was a bow on a string and his whorish gasps were the sweet music he could play. Vibrations rippled over the coyote’s flesh, his fur prickling up, his body in tingling ecstasy.

“F-F-Fuck,” Donner’s toes tried to fan in his shoes, but they stopped him. His clothes felt so restrictive, as though his entire life he had been wearing them wrong. They should be on the floor and he should be nude. Donner brought his hands down to pull up his shirt, but the powerful paws of that tiger stopped him.

“No,” he rumbled. “I’m going to unwrap my boy when I’m ready. You just keep doing what you’re doing.”

“I...I don’t think I’m doing anything,” Donner moaned.

“You’re letting your daddy show his boy how to properly breed,” Rapture rumbled, his fat cock throbbing against Donner’s tank. “Now, let’s show you how to properly take off a shirt.”

Rapture’s hand slid up under the hem of the coyote’s shirt, his fingers visible from the fabric as his palm brushed against the abs that Donner was so proud of.

“Good boy, keeping it nice and tight for daddy,” Rapture rumbled into the coyote’s ear. “You know how daddy likes his boys.”

“Am...am I your...your favorite boy?”

Rapture smirked, his teeth nipping at Donner’s ear before he breathed his answer.

“I don’t know, are you going to do whatever daddy tells you? Are you going to be my good boy?” Rapture’s hand slid down, his palm twisting so his fingers would slide under those sweat pants and the athletic shorts beneath. There his claw tips sank under the elastic of Donner’s jock as those warm fingers went to cup that sack.

“Y-Yes...” Donner whimpered.

“Such cute whimpers,” the tiger purred. “I can’t wait to hear more from my good boy.” That’s when Rapture gripped onto Donner’s dick. That cock head was already oozing a nice glaze of need that the tiger slicked his thumb over and slid it back down over that shaft. He gently stroked the little yote as he continued to purr into the coyote’s ear.

“That’s it, just let daddy do what he wants to you,” Rapture rumbled. “You’re such a good boy. Such a good fucking boy for daddy.”

Donner couldn’t help but give a little yip as his balls clenched, thick wads of pre oozed down over his shaft as it was stroked in his pants. The coyote had a moment of clarity and moved his own paw between the deity’s legs, his paw rolling over a throbbing and powerful shaft. Donner couldn’t help but moan as the musk filled the air, his own sweet younger musk compared to the powerful saltiness of a man who has sired multiple children. That cock had fucked three children into the world, the professor proudly displayed the family photo on his desk. How many times had Donner wished to be one of his kids, to take part in this dark fantasy.

“That’s a good boy, you feel that dick throb? That’s the cock of a real man,” Rapture rumbled, flexing his cock and forcing Donner’s fingers apart. “You want someone who can put you in your place, don’t you? How’s this for some extra credit. Turn around and hike that tail up for daddy.”

Donner couldn’t even find the words to express how hot he was in that moment. He didn’t need to as Rapture retrieved his hand from Donner’s pants. His fingers were strung together with Donner’s desperation. The big daddy tiger licked one finger, making sure the coyote was watching.

“That’s my boy,” Rapture purred. “You taste so sweet. So much sweeter than any of my other boys.” The tiger’s smile turned into a cocky grin. That massive tiger paw came down on Donner’s ass, the smack forcing out another little yip.

In that slap, Donner felt time slow down. That was more than just a smack, it was like the sting of pain was a wave that rolled up his spine and kicked him into action. Donner’s knees shook as he quickly turned and bent over the table, the up-light of the artifact table making his mottled fur practically glow. He hooked one hand into the hem of his sweats and his shorts, forcing them down to

expose his thick ass cheek. The sculpted slab of man glute was his pride. It's why he loved leg day so much because it also included his showing off his ass.

"Good boy," Rapture came forward flicking his robe open more, really showing off his thick and powerful dad bod. He smacked that ass again, this time making sure to leave a bright pink paw print before tenderly rubbing his palm over that cheek. "Very, good boy."

Rapture yanked down on the other side of those pants and forced them to the ground. Donner's ass was exposed, his cock a throbbing mess in his darkening jock. Rapture pushed his cock up against that ass, his thick rod sliding between those cheeks. The big tiger purred, his rumbling body causing Donner's pucker to quiver as those vibrations rolled up inside of him.

Donner felt like a dirty little perve being bent over that table, his ass exposed to his professor, or his fake professor? Whatever, all that mattered was that someone who looked exactly like his total DILF of a professor was grinding his thick eight inch hot dog between his sculpted buns.

"You've been keeping it very tight for daddy, haven't you?" Rapture rumbled, rubbing Donner's cock snot from his hand he was jacking the coyote with over his dick, the strands sliding and slicking with his own pre to glaze his dick, prepping it for the inevitable. "Arch that back for me, and I'll show you how daddy treat's his good boys."

Donner bit the bottom of his lip, arching his back and exposing his tight pucker.

"Oh fuck me daddy!" Donner moaned out whorishly. He didn't even know where that came from. He thought of that kind of thing a little beneath him, but right now, he wanted to feel...beneath someone. He wanted to be pinned down and rutted like a good little slut for daddy.

"And that's what you'll get," Rapture read his mind, Donner's desires shaping the way he moved his hips, the way the claws dug into his hips to keep him positioned, how he growled deeper and

possessively. Rapture lined his cock head up with that pucker and rolled his hips. “Fuck, maybe you’re a little *too* tight for daddy.” Rapture gave a cocky little grin.

“No, daddy! Keep going! I’ll do better! Please! I want you inside me! I want you to fucking breed that ass. Don’t pull out, please, I’m begging you. I want you to cum inside me. Please daddy, please!”

“Who could say no to a slut like that,” Rapture rumbled and thrust, his cock head finally slipping in. He shot a thick wad of pre into that tight hole as he rumbled his approval.

Despite the thickness of that mushroom head, there was no pain. There wouldn’t be any pain unless he wished it. So when Rapture entered his obedient little coyote, Donner didn’t feel any pain. It was like he was touching himself for the first time. He was so sensitive, the spreading of his hole was like a rolling orgasm, teasing him just on the edge before it would expand further and further.

“Oh fffffffFFFFFFUCK!” Donner shouted, pushing back, but Rapture kept the Coyote in place.

“You’ll get it, pup, but only when *daddy* says you’ll get it.” Rapture growled lustfully before gripping the synch to his robe and pulling it from its loops. The soft fabric cracked like a whip before the tiger lashed it forward. The synch gripped around Donner’s neck like a snake, forming a noose like leash. It snugged around the coyote’s throat perfectly. Not enough to cut off air, but to keep him lightheaded. Donner’s mouth hung open as he panted, his head a hazing, thrumming echo chamber of pleasure.

“There, now that I got a good grip,” Rapture pulled back on the leash and thrust balls deep. “Fucking take it pup! Take it like one of daddy’s little sluts!”

Donner had never felt such bursts of pleasure before. His cock oozed cum as his prostate was rolled over. Each time involuntary gargled gasps would force their way out of Donner’s muzzle, his tongue a drooling mess as his eyes rolled into his skull. Rapture kept slapping his hips forward, over and over, those tiger hips smacked, ringing out in the archives.

“Fuck yeah, such a fucking good slut for daddy, aren’t you,” Rapture kept his pace even, each smack causing more cum to drool from Donner’s cock head, the growing puddle of spunk on the floor welling up into the coyote’s sneaker treads while slowly encroaching on the thick powerful foot paws of the tiger that was railing him harder and harder. Those toe claws dug into the tile, flexing with the exertion of those thrusts.

“I’m daddies little-AH-fucking slut!” Donner managed to speak, his words wet and crackling in his maw as drool dribbled down the corners of his muzzle. A deep blush crept over the coyote’s body, his entire upper half glowing red as he was railed from behind.

“Fuck yes! Take daddy’s dick like a fucking champ! Fucking take it! Come here!” Rapture yanked on the makeshift leash, causing Donner to lean back, that cock sinking deeper inside him as he was forced to stand up. Before Donner had a chance to understand what was happening, his muzzle was filled with tiger tongue. Thick wet smacking could be heard from his ass cheeks and from his lips as the two made out while his hole was becoming a dripping mess of pre. Strands of pre oozed down and dripped in strands between Rapture’s legs. Those thick daddy nuts that busted three kids into the world were getting ready to nut deep inside his new boy.

“You feel it, don’t you?” Rapture broke the kiss and kept fucking, Donner’s muzzle panting at the tiger’s under muzzle. “You feel me inside you? Ready to fill you with my essence.”

Donner did feel something building. It was that same cosmic feeling he got when his mind was filled by Rapture the first time. Only this time it was like a coiling energy building in his prostate. He always felt the tightness of an orgasm growing, but this was different. It felt like his balls were empty, but he was still building up to something bigger.

“You ready for daddy to cum? To fill you up with his seed?” Rapture huffed.

“Yes daddy! Fucking dump your litter inside me! Fucking bust it in your little slutty boy!”

“Fuck...almost...fucking...there...” Rapture rumbled, his balls pulling up and getting ready to seed a new hole. Thousands of years of built up cum getting ready to blast their new little slutty boy with their bastard brats.

“Fuck! Take it!”

“YES DADDY!” Donner screamed as he felt that first shot of cum blast his insides. The depths of his body were instantly filled with a glowing energy that radiated upward like a blaze. Every nerve was no longer blooming but burning with pleasure. Thick squelching could be heard as those guts audibly churned with that kitten batter.

Donner shouted in pleasure, his toes raking his soles as he came, his cock an angry purple as it shot blanks.

Donner collapsed onto the table panting as he felt that warmth fill every corner of his body, every hair, every cell was charged before it solidified deep inside him.

“Enjoy my power my dearest,” Rapture rumbled, his voice deep and lusty. “You have until the next full moon. I’ll be waiting.”

“What?” Donner’s eyes fluttered open. He was sitting there with the broken brick in front of him and the glowing laptop showing the open field to categorize. Donner blinked as he looked at his hands, then his crotch.

Did...did that really all just happen? The coyote thought to himself. Or...did I just dose off?

Donner looked over the room and expected some sort of sign, but everything was just as it was when he opened the brick. Donner sighed and groaned.

“Fuck, this shit is so fucking boring that I’m losing my mind. Fuck, there has to be an easier way to fill out this damned registry.” Donner looked over the program and scowled. “Fuck, this is...so...what the fuck?”

Donner rubbed his eyes as he watched the fields blurred before black text formed in them, some of his work shifting and correcting itself.

“Holy shit...did...did I do that?” Donner looked over his work, his mind absorbing it easily as he would a children’s book. Every number made sense and every category simplified. A sly grin played across his face as he looked over the registry.

“Well then...what do I desire?” Donner smirked, the possibilities fluttering through his mind, but one thing stuck out. A particular lion he knew he could never have.

Ceil...