

## Dawn of Desire

### Chapter 2: Temptation's Advocate

"Hey Ceil!"

The lion who was walking into the gym paused at the door and turned to see a tall gazelle with wide hips walking up to him.

"Hey there Ruby," Ceil smiled and held the door open for her, stepping to the side to let her in first. "What's up? You running a class today too?"

"Nah, working on legs and glutes," the gazelle swished her hips as she went by, the lion averting his eyes and making a point of keeping them on the woman's head as she walked by. "From the schedule, you're going to be working the gym floor on weights, right?"

"I got a couple people signed up to help with their routines and then a class at the end for tai-chi," Ceil shrugged, walking in behind her as he snagged a hair tie off his wrist and pulled his mane up into a messy man bun, his thick wild locks sticking out around it, but it kept the most of his hair off his neck. "You going to be joining in on my class?"

"Nope," Ruby sighed. "I got a midterm paper due tomorrow that I haven't started. I'm pretty good at bullshitting my way through that kind of stuff, but this time I might just be taking the passing grade."

Ceil cringed a bit at the crude language, the big guy shrugging his satchel higher onto his shoulder to help cover it up.

“Don’t sweat it, just thought it would be a good way to round out your routine,” Ceil chuckled.

“It would, but I need the time for myself, and my mind is always more crisp after a good workout.” Ruby opened the second door for Ceil on their way into the gym. “Do you mind letting me in behind the desk though? I think I left my water bottle there.”

“Oh, sure, we’re both workers so it should be fine if I let you in,” Ceil gave a big grin. “No worries Ruby, I got you covered. You forget your student ID or something?”

“Yeah, I think I left it with my water bottle,” Ruby crossed her arms, her sweater bunching up around her chest. “You mind if I change in there though? It would be easier than trying to find a working locker.”

“I...I um...” Ceil blushed. “It’s actually attached to the men’s lockers...”

“You wouldn’t mind though, right?” Ruby waived off his concerns. “I feel safe around you.”

“I...um...yeah, I guess...”

The lion padded his way into the lockers and used his student card to open the employee offices. He made a quick round over to the front room and unlocked the door for Ruby.

“Oh! There it is, that little sneaky fucker!” Ruby smirked as she grabbed a purple bottle covered in bumper stickers with a lanyard tied into it. “I would have been really screwed if it wasn’t here.”

“Well, if you’re all set, I need to get to the people who are signed up.”

“Yeah, no prob!” Ruby smiled and started peeling off her sweater.

“Oh gosh! Ruby! I’m still here!” Ceil blushed and tried to rush over to the men’s lockers.

“What? Not like you care, you’re gay right?” Ruby pulled her sweater off, leaving herself in nothing but leggings and a support bra.

Ceil grabbed at the door to the men’s lockers, but the damned thing was stuck! His sweaty palms made the large metal knob slip regardless of his pads. Ceil slapped his hands over his eyes.

“I’m so sorry Ruby,” Ceil squeezed his eyes shut. “I’m not gay, I’m very much straight.”

“Really?” Ruby’s voice was filled with skepticism. “Well, sorry. Didn’t think you were with what little interest you have in women.” She pulled her sweater back on.

“Nope, very much straight, but please cover yourself up,” Ceil’s voice was strained. “I really don’t want to...well...it’s just not right for me to see a woman like that.”

“Wow, sorry Ceil,” Ruby put her sweater back on. “I had no idea. Sorry.” She apologized. “There, all covered up. You can look.”

Ceil slowly parted his fingers and sighed, the tension falling from his shoulders.

“Thanks Ruby,” Ceil sighed. “I don’t know what I would have done if I would have accidentally seen you like that.”

“Don’t sweat it, Ceil,” Ruby had a pink blush to her cheeks. “I totally thought we batted for the same team, especially with how hard to insist on helping men with your routines and stuff. All the other guys use the sign up list as some dating pool or whatever.”

“Yeah, not for me, I’m...well...keeping it professional.” Ceil chuckled. “I wouldn’t dream of it. Sorry, didn’t mean to make you feel uncomfortable.”

“Really, you’re the one apologizing to me?” Ruby chuckled. “You’re too nice, Ceil. You know I have a few people in my church group that would love to meet you.”

“Oh, no thanks,” Ceil waived his hands. “I don’t have the time to properly commit to anyone right now. I’m too busy studying and learning scripture to really spend time with the fairer sex.”

“Okay,” Ruby slung her bottle over her shoulder. “But if you change your mind, hit me up. I got a couple girls that are looking for an honorable guy like you.”

“Of course,” Ceil gave her a big smile and shot her a double thumbs up, his white claws gleaming.

“You’re too cute Ceil,” Ruby left it at that and exited the office.

Ceil took a deep breath and let it out. The last thing he needed as a physical therapist major was more temptation. Thanks Ruby, but no thanks. Ceil didn’t believe that Ruby was an active agent of temptation, but he knew how to spot it when people have been tricked into tempting him into sin. A girlfriend would be far too tempting. What if they were just out for a quick date and were holding hands, just their fingers lacing together sweetly as the sunset and he looked into her eyes, brushed a lock of hair away from her face, his fingertips lightly touching her cheek, and her eyes were the sweetest shade of green or blue, and he was tempted to simply kiss her. Sure, he could kiss her forehead, but that’s just a gateway kiss...

“Stop,” Ceil told himself calmly. He put his hands together and took a deep breath and cleared his mind. He envisioned a bright sphere of light above his head, the light of the divine shining down on him, clearing his mind, giving him clairvoyance into the dark. Ceil’s broad shoulders rose and fell a few times as he inhaled the light and exhaled the temptation. He smiled, his blood returning to a normal state, the sensation of need and arousal fading from his mind.

Ceil's grin broadened as he patted himself on the back.

*Good job Ceil! So proud you know how to keep yourself in check! Those bodily urges will strike at such odd times. Always best to keep a clear mind and keep marching forward.*

Ceil put his hands on his hips as he smirked and almost felt giddy at his accomplishment before he spun on his heels and went to change into his gym clothes. The lion wasn't a small guy, easily six feet and packed with lean muscle. He wore a large short sleeve shirt with some baggy athletic shorts to allow for maximum flexibility without being so revealing. Not that he didn't have anything to flaunt, he had plenty in every department, but he also understood that others might be tempted, and the best way to not be tempted is to minimize the temptation you put out there.

Ceil shoved his feet into his sneakers and practically jogged the rest of the way into the gym. He snagged his clip board and saw the first name on the list.

"Donner!" Ceil shouted. "You're first up!"

Ceil scanned the gym, people of various skill levels clanking away at weights or pounding away at machinery.

"Donner!"

"Hey there," a buffalo came up to Ceil, the massive beast of burden already brimming with muscle.

"You must be Donner," Ceil smirked.

"Oh, no," the buffalo lifted his hands up defensively. "No, not at all. I am the yote's friend Cody, and he texted that he'll be—"

“Holy shit it worked,” someone else spoke behind the big buffalo.

“Dude!” Cody jumped out of his skin. “You were supposed to be going to your office hours!  
What the hell.”

“Come now,” Ceil put his hands up, waiving the clip board. “No need for such language. Are you  
Donner then?”

Ceil locked eyes with the coyote and he froze. His heart seized up and then bloomed. Up until  
that moment, the lion had never felt anything so profound. Time stood still, the light shifted, it was like  
those brown eyes were the center of the universe and he was looking into the eyes of god.

Ceil blinked and shook his head, his palm coming to smack his forehead. How could he think  
such things!? His heart belonged to his faith! He sent a silent prayer to his god begging for forgiveness  
for this transgression, to forgive him.

“Ceil, you okay?” The coyote’s voice was soft, smooth and tender with worry. How could that  
be? It was such a contradiction. It was like listening to velvet sigh. He imagined his hand running over  
the softest of fabrics, the sound of the fibers brushing over his pads was how his ears felt when listening  
to the coyote.

“Ceil?”

There it was again. He had to do something quick.

“Oh goodness gracious,” Ceil stood up, gripping his bun and smacking his thigh with the  
clipboard to sting his mind back into reality. He opened his eyes and he could see the coyote again, the  
toned jock had his ears folded back. “Sorry, I...just wasn’t ready for...you’re Donner, right?”

“Yup! You got it,” Donner smiled, a big goofy grin that spread from cheek to cheek. “That’s me.”

Ceil blushed as he saw that grin. It was strange how much he loved it. It was the perfect curve and yet whatever way that smile shifted it was like watching his favorite shape change in real time. The way each ivory tooth caught the light, the way those chocolate eyes sparkled, it was like watching morning dew catch the first rays of morning. Ceil's heart skipped a beat and his cheeks started to turn red.

"I...I think I need a moment, one sec," Ceil spun on his heels, his hands coming together as he took a deep breath and imagined his ball of light above his head. How could he feel this way, this wasn't just a normal want. It was like he wanted to do more than just look down...more than brush his cheek with his thumb...more than press his lips against his forehead...more than...more than...more than...

The light in his mind flickered, in the darkness he saw flashes of mottled fur, the curve of a goofy grin, a pair of chocolate eyes. Ceil took a deep breath, all those images fading into the dark as he let out a light sigh. He spun around.

"Okay Donner, let's get this underway," Ceil smiled so wide his eyes were closed before he glanced down at his clip board. "You got me for the first thirty minutes and you wanted to work on your chest."

"Oh...I mean...yeah," Donner's voice seemed taken aback, but he quickly perked up. "I mean, your chest is always so amazing I figured you'd know the best way to work it out."

"My chest?" Ceil took a moment and let that compliment sink in. The way it tingled his spine and warmed his heart. A blush played across his muzzle before he mentally slapped himself for taking pride in the complement. "I appreciate your kind words, but let's focus on your workout goals for today."

It may have seemed a bit crass, but Ceil was battling a new type of temptation. One he didn't quite fully understand. What kind of vile evil sent this Donner his way? What kind of malevolence sent Donner to try and shake his faith? Either way, he would not be tempted. He would NOT be swayed to sin.

"Here we go," Ceil smiled, his massive grin almost unnerving as he attempted to cover up the fact his eyes were screwed shut.

"Ceil, are you okay?" Donner asked, his sneakers shuffling behind him. "You seem...off."

"Oh it's nothing," Ceil tried to keep his eyes closed, but a sudden cramp in his cheek caused him to relax. He opened his eyes and...nothing. Ceil took a sharp breath as he looked at Donner and he felt that grip in his chest ebb, the explosive feelings muted.

*By god in heaven, what was all that?*

\*\*\*

"Holy shit, it worked!" Donner found himself in the gym, the sun higher in the sky and shinning the afternoon light that had faded hours ago. He simply desired to be at the gym and not miss his workout with Ceil, but...a power so potent it could turn back time? Something told him this wasn't normal for his power, but rather a brief exception. A parting gift from Rapture.

"Dude!" Cody practically jumped out of his skin before he spun around to face his little yote of a friend behind him. "Don't scare a guy like that!"

"Sorry, man," Donner chuckled.

"Aren't you supposed to be with Reihner? Ya know? Saving your fucking grade?"



“I got it handled,” Donner waived off Cody’s concerns, hoping that would be enough. Cody looked like he was about to protest, but he deflated.

“Whatever man, you get to make your damned workout.” Donner couldn’t quite tell if Cody was just letting it go or if it was influenced by his new powers, but he wasn’t going to question it.

Donner was practically hopping on his heels with excitement. This was exactly what he wanted. He turned to face the lion, the guy standing there with his signature baggy clothes that clung to the contours of his body when he worked out. He was so modest and thoughtful. Around his neck he wore a simple cross on a black string, the silver pendant’s luster was tarnished with sweat and scuffs from years of use. It rested right between Ceil’s pecs, showing the nice cleavage hidden beneath that shirt. The excited coyote looked up into Ceil’s eyes...and the lion looked like he was going to burn up with the blush on his face.

“Ceil, you okay?” Donner asked, but Ceil stayed frozen, a deepening sense of dread taking over the lion’s muzzle. “Ceil?”

The lion fumbled through a couple words before he smacked his thigh so hard with his clipboard it made both Cody and Donner jump.

“You’re Donner right?”

“Y-Yup! You got it,” Donner felt a sudden pang of worry. Was this power working right now or was Ceil always this jumpy?

Ceil froze up again, the lion’s lips parting before he excused himself, spun around and put his hands together. Shit, was he doing that Zen thing he did whenever he was nervous or flustered? Donner caught onto it pretty quick after eyeing him all semester. Whenever something popped up he would

quietly excuse himself, center his mind, then come back. Was...was his presence making him feel uneasy?

“Okay!” Ceil spun around quickly, a massive, almost unnerving grin on his muzzle. “Let’s get this underway. You wanted to work on your chest, right?”

Donner cocked a brow. Why was he acting so strange? The coyote had several interactions with Ceil before, he should know his name by now, but for some reason he never kept it in his mind. Now though, it was like every time he looked at the coyote the lion was going to have an aneurism.

Donner followed the clunky movements of the lion over to the workout equipment, watching how those stiff movements made his gate all janky. Was he really all over the place right now? Was...was he doing this to Ceil? He never wanted him to feel uncomfortable. He just...wanted him to *want* him. If this is how he was going to act, maybe...maybe things should go back to normal. He just wanted him to notice him enough to remember his name.

If Ceil was saying something, Donner didn’t notice. The coyote shook his head and looked back up at the lion, his ears folded back. Ceil had a curious look on his face, as though a storm had struck and suddenly passed. His brow was furrowed as he eyed the coyote up and down, panting silently as he caught his breath.

“What...was all that...” the lion muttered.

“What was what Ceil?” Donner cocked his head, crouching a bit to look up into the lion’s emerald orbs.

“Oh, gosh, nothing at all,” Ceil chuckled. “Nothing at all really.”

If only he knew what Ceil was thinking...

*By god in heaven, what was all that?*

Donner blinked, it was his turn to act out, giving a little yip at the fact that he heard Ceil's voice, though deeper. It was like the opposite of listening to yourself on a recorder where he could hear exactly how Ceil thought his voice sounded. Somehow it was just as smooth and tender as his regular voice, those sharp teeth expertly smoothing out his words into soft paragraphs of poetry. Though, the tambour of Ceil's inner voice shouldn't have been Donner's focus, but rather what it was saying. He quickly recovered.

*I've never felt such a strong...what even was that? Ceil's inner thoughts were boiling. Whatever it was...it's not as bad anymore. Either my prayers have been answered for strength or the devil isn't tempting me anymore.*

Donner furrowed his brow. This power seemed more...complicated than just wanting things and getting them. He *wanted* Ceil to want him more than anything, but want and desire aren't necessarily in a vacuum from free will.

Donner continued to ponder this as they got into position for his work out. The coyote desired answers, so they flowed through his mind freely. At least that was straight forward.

Ceil was very good at regulating himself. From a very young age he was able to maintain boundaries and discipline in his faith. He wasn't controlled by his desires, but rather the other way around. Ceil was a master of self-control, so when an intrusive desire so foreign to his personality came crashing through, he handled it how he always did with any intrusive thought.

*Wow, Donner thought to himself. Ceil would be a great person to have this power. He'd be able to wield it like a weapon, but have the fortitude to keep it under control.*

For some reason, that thought only made Donner's heart flutter. Ceil, even in the throes of powers out of his control, was a cut above. Maybe wanting him more than anything was a bit much all at once. Donner decided to take another approach. He just wanted Ceil to be *comfortable* around him.

The change was subtle, but the strain in Ceil's shoulders and his brow faded as his regular soft smile came back onto his muzzle. His eyes softened and gained that cool, Zen, baseline he always had.

"There ya go Donner," Ceil encouraged him as he used the machine to create resistance as he forced his arms together, working his inner pecs. "Now you're getting it."

"Yeah," Donner smirked. "I get it now." The coyote gave a few grunts as he worked the machine over for a few reps while Ceil went and got them water.

It got off to a bumpy start, but the two were now really getting into it. To help distract Donner through his reps they would talk, the lion interrupting to adjust the coyote's form.

"So, you're an archeology major?" Ceil smirked. "I hear the school is known for its vast collection of artifacts. Must be very interesting."

"It's cool," Donner shrugged before continuing his set. "You're trying to be a physical therapist though right? Does your job here count towards your practical hours?"

"That's right," Ceil gave him a thumbs up and a glittering smile. "Though, I'd probably do it anyway. Love helping people reach a healthier state of being. Your body is just as important as your mind when it comes to life."

"Oh," Donner slowed his rep before giving a grunt and pushing through, focusing on his breathing. "How, so?"

“Well,” Ceil shrugged, his smile keeping his eyes curved up. “The ‘mind thing’ is more of a matter of faith for me, and you didn’t sign up here to have me preach to you, so no worries there. Though, meditation and exercises like tai-chi where the mind and body are one, help bridge the gaps in mental health through physical means. Oh, you’re getting a little shaky there, need some help on that last rep?”

“No,” Donner huffed, his arms getting shakier as he shifted his stance and Ceil immediately corrected it.

“Don’t rely on your back muscles, you’re not pushing them together from behind, you’re folding them together in front. Come on Donner, you got this! I got faith in you!”

Donner almost lost his focus at that. The way Ceil’s heart was in everything he did was so admirable. The coyote took a little huff and pushed through, his arms coming together before he slowly released the pressure.

“Good job Donner! You’re doing great! How about we take a break from your chest and work on some core strength so we don’t wear you out before your final set.”

“Sounds good to me,” Donner panted. “If you want to grab a space on the mats, I can grab us a medicine ball.”

“Great minds, huh,” Ceil gave Donner a gleaming smile and a thumbs up.

*Donner is actually a pretty nice guy, huh? Strange how the devil can take on so many different forms. Not that it’s his fault. He has no idea he’s being used to test me...*

Ceil’s thoughts echoed off in Donner’s skull as he went to go get the medicine ball. Donner thought that getting a look in Ceil’s mind would take away some of his mystery and allure, but

something about how nice he was even in his thoughts was so...refreshing? Ceil saw temptation, but he didn't view Donner as some agent of sin, but rather a test of his faith. As annoying as it was when dealing with on his own desires, Donner found it fascinating how Ceil's mind worked.

Donner brought the ball over and they started on the floor by balancing on their butts while moving the ball to the floor on either side of their hips to work their abs. They would alternate six times then toss the ball to the other for a quick break. Light cardio and core work.

"What else do you do for fun?" Donner asked while Ceil worked on his core. This back and forth helped keep things going while the other worked through their reps. Ceil passed the ball back before answering.

"Oh, I like to go on nature hikes to clear my head. I like water, I know, weird for a cat, but waterfalls are my jam."

"Really?" Donner passed the ball back. "That's cool. I know a few walking trails around the parks here. There's a hidden waterfall in a cave near the back end of campus."

"I love that spot," Ceil tossed the ball back and continued. "I found it my first year here. Loved how it was so secluded. I meditate there sometimes when I want to be alone."

"You want to be alone often?" Donner tossed the ball back and waited for Ceil to send it back to answer.

"Yeah, life gets stressful, ya know," Ceil shrugged. "Though working out and nature keeps me sane most days."

"Do you play any sports at all?"

“If you count Frisbee golf,” Ceil chuckled. “The team I was with before kind of graduated last year so I haven’t been able to play much.”

“I could play with you,” Donner’s ears perked up.

“You play Frisbee golf?”

“I...no, but I could learn. You’re a great teacher.”

“I did do the discus back in high school too, though I was never that good at it.” Ceil chuckled. “I can’t aim to save my life. My team would have me go first to check how the wind would split the throw before doing it themselves.”

“We could learn together,” Donner offered. “I’ve never been that good at those kind of things either, but I’ve always wanted to try.”

“Good for you Donner!” Ceil smirked. “So willing to try new things and expand your horizons. Wish I had the confidence to do that.”

“But...you’re like the most confident person I know,” Donner’s brow furrowed.

“To be completely honest, Donner, I don’t think I’m all that confident,” Ceil said it matter of fact.

“Are you kidding me? You’re like, the coolest guy I know! You’re always calm, you go out of your way to help people all the time. I saw you help that one dude on the quad after he wiped out on his bike.”

“You saw that?” Ceil smirked. “That’s nothing special. Just helping your fellow man should be reward enough.”

“That’s just it, you didn’t do it for a reward or to tell people about it. You just did it. You’re just...a truly nice person. I wish I could be that way sometimes, but...well...”

“You’re afraid,” Ceil took the ball and put it to the side.

“Yeah...and I don’t know why...”

“You’re afraid you don’t deserve to be a nice person, that you haven’t earned it,” Ceil gave a gentle sigh. “That...if you allowed yourself the kindness of being someone more worthy of kindness, that it would simply be a lie.”

“Yeah,” Donner hunched forward, putting his muzzle on his knee, his breathing heavy yet even. “Like...doing something nice for others is almost selfish because...well...if you just do good things so people see you as good, then you’re just a fake...and...”

“You don’t want to be fake,” Ceil finished his thought.

“Yeah, you get it,” Donner looked up, his ears perking at the conversation. Ceil had a sad slant to his brow, but as soon as their eyes met, a light pink brushed Ceil’s cheeks. Donner couldn’t tell if it was from the workout or not, but Ceil’s thoughts cleared up the reason right away.

*He gets it...*

Ceil shook his head and got up. The medicine ball under his arm as he offered a hand to Ceil.

“Sorry,” Ceil smirked. “I don’t know why I felt comfortable bearing myself like that, but you’re just really easy to talk to.”

“Don’t sweat it man,” Donner took his hand. It was warm, a little sweaty, but the feeling of those strong fingers holding his was...



*Electric...*

The word rippled through both their minds, and despite the warning flags Ceil felt, he didn't collapse. He simply took a deep breath, his mind and body...comfortable despite the intrusion.

"Un...Donner?" Ceil's eyes darted between the Coyote's eyes and their hands. "Can I have my hand back?"

"OH, shit, yeah, for sure..." Donner blushed and took his hand back, wiping it off on his shirt. "Sorry."

"No worries, my guy," Ceil reassured the blushing yote as he put the ball back on the rack. "Just keep moving forward. No need to be all flustered."

*Was this guy into me? I'll have to let him down gently, or at least make sure he knows I'm not interested.*

Donner's heart sank. He was hoping Ceil would be more open to a friendship.

*Or...maybe he's just overly friendly? I shouldn't judge people so fast. What is with me today? I'm all over the place. I should be giving this guy the benefit of the doubt, not branding him a sodomite or worse.*

Donner's ears perked back up. It wasn't ideal, but it was a start. Ceil might not be a romantic option, but maybe...well...maybe he could show some courage and try and at least show him that gay people aren't inherently evil. Though, on some level he believed Ceil already knew that. This was a lot more complicated than he thought it was going to be.

"You okay Donner?"

*Is he okay? I hope I didn't over share or anything. I don't want to push my faith on anyone...*

Donner took a deep breath and smiled, the warmth in those words and those thoughts were like a reassuring hand on his back.

"Yeah," Donner nodded. "Let's get to the final part of my rotation and I can do my other sets on my own."

"Sounds like a plan, fellow nature man," Ceil gave him a little thumbs up and walked over to the bench press. Donner watched his ass sway in those shorts, his tail swishing back and forth but suddenly stopping and going limp.

*What? Was I just flicking my tail? I haven't done that since...*

A series of images flooded Ceil's mind. A child Ceil was walking and his mother gripped the base of his tail to keep it from swishing because it was too "distracting." The lion's memory killed the joy in his tail, but he felt a strange sense of pride repressing his urge to swish.

Donner's heart ached for that little kitten Ceil, but it wasn't his place to change the past. He just wanted Ceil to be happy, and the only way he could do that right now was to keep making their workout session chill and fun.

"You ready?" Ceil asked as he got behind the bench press.

"Yeah, just let me add a little more weight," Donner clanked on a couple more disks to the bar before laying himself down. He had fantasized this position for quite some time. His face only inches away from that big lion's crotch as he grunted and worked his pecs. Though now, after breaking the ice, it felt...so casual and normal.

“Okay, get ready to spot me. I’ve never done this much weight before, but it’s just above my normal.”

“Good on ya for pushing yourself, just don’t overdo it.” Ceil encouraged.

Donner gripped the bar and brought it down to his chest slowly to really milk the workout. Then, he pushed up, the bar rising smoothly, but not without igniting the start of his burn in his chest.

“Great form, great form,” Ceil complimented him as he brought the bar back down.

He really is good at this kind of stuff. Wonder why he even bothered signing up when he’s already got his technique down.

Donner grinned at those thoughts and moved onto his second rep and kept going. The world started to disappear as he focused on that bar, his mind awash with his gains in mind. He wanted to keep pushing through, to expand and go beyond his limits. But mainly...he wanted to live his fantasy. He knew it was wrong, especially so after they had bonded, but Donner looked up to see Ceil, his bulge hidden in his baggy shorts. Such a modest guy ruining his daydreams! Why couldn’t he wear compression shorts like in his fantasy?

Donner blinked as the swishy fabric of those shorts started to tighten, grip and cling to the Lion’s legs, hugging his thighs as though static was pulling them close. That was until even the wrinkles faded. Donner watched as the contours of Ceil’s thighs became apparent. Then, the pouch he had fantasized about for so long came into view. It wasn’t anything to scoff at, but the guy was fully soft, his shorts showing off his briefs. That was until the lines of the fabric changed and the straps of a jock flashed into existence.

“Come on Donner, don’t falter now, make sure each push is even with each arm. Don’t want your bulk to be slanted!”

Was he really oblivious to the fact that his clothes were changing?

“Need help?” Ceil asked as he stepped forward, his crotch getting closer and hovering just above the coyote’s open muzzle. A drop of sweat smacked into Donner’s tongue, the salty brine of a man gracing his senses. The smell of Ceil’s shampoo and musky pouch were filling his nose as he tried to breathe through his mouth and snout at the same time. Then Ceil’s fingers graced his, brushing against his claw tips gently as he readied to take the bar.

Donner could have stayed in that moment forever. Muzzle stuck between two powerful legs. His mind’s eye tracing lines over the gorgeous package framed in those form fitting athletic shorts. The pouch even pulsed and sank a little lower, heavier, growing slightly to fit his fantasy better. It was a subtle change, but the pouch dipped a little lower to kiss his nose.

“Oh gosh,” Ceil took the bar and racked it before shuffling back and putting his hands on his bulge. “Donner, I’m so sorry, I thought I was a little taller. I didn’t mean for that to touch you.”

*He’s going to think I’m some pervert! I need to let him know it was a mistake.*

“No, for real...Ceil...it’s okay,” A blush brushed over Donner’s muzzle, his smile genuine as he continued laying back and looking up at that packed sausage. “It happens. Don’t sweat it.” That’s when that sack twitched.

*But why did it feel so good? Why did...did I want to go further down!*

Ceil spun on his heels, clasped his hands together and Donner heard the silent prayer Ceil offered up for forgiveness. It was practiced and quick, so quick that the coyote almost missed it, but a sudden calm came over the lion as he quickly spun back around normal.

“Thanks I appreciate it.” Ceil seemed better. “But I do need to get to my next person. How about we exchange numbers or something? If we want to go on a nature walk together we can hit each other up.”

“I would like that,” Donner sat up on the bench and pulled out his phone. They quickly exchanged numbers.

“Sounds good, my guy,” Ceil gave him a thumbs up. “You want me to clean up the bench, or do you got it?”

“Oh, I got it,” Donner smiled as he eyed the new contact number on his phone. It may not be for romantic reasons, but he got Ceil’s number. It was a start, and he was all about that. Maybe they weren’t destined to be together or whatever, but maybe he could make a real friend out of the guy.

Donner continued his workout as normal, going through his reps and meeting up with Cody who had surprisingly dropped the third degree about his grades. They helped each other on their workouts from there on out, but Donner couldn’t help but glancing over at Ceil from time to time, and he could have sworn he caught the lion looking back at him.

In the moments their eyes didn’t meet though, he watched as he helped people through their work outs, how gentle and constructive he was. He was just...nice. Whoever he spoke with, whoever he was around just seemed...happier! How do you not want to be a part of that, part of someone who is so pragmatic and sweet that you can’t help but just...want them!

The more he watched him from afar, the more he wanted him, the more he wanted to be wrapped in those powerful arms, to have him tell him he had faith in him, to be the center of his affections.

Donner shook his head. But it wasn’t meant to be.

\*\*\*

“Damn it...” Ceil cursed. He had never cursed in his life, but if he was going to say it, it might as well be now in the dead of night where no one could hear him. It just slipped out, and he bit his tongue as if to stop it from happening, regretting it as soon as it was set loose.

Ceil stood there in his dorm’s showers, cold water running down and matting his fur. The pleasure tingled down his spine and his fur stood on end despite the mats they had become from the water. The emerald eyes of the lion were wide and wild as he kept looking at the fat, seven inch, iron hard cock in his hand and the massive load he had just busted all over the tile wall.

Disgust and sickly pleasure roiled in his gut, his cock oozing his spilled sin, dripping onto the floor and flowing down the grate. Ceil grit his teeth as he started muttering prayers, his lips dripping with cold water as he begged, pleaded with his god for forgiveness.

“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.

“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...*