

Dawn of Desire

Chapter 4: What is a Sin?

Donner's dreams were full of sex and fantasies of what being with Ceil would be like. He even thought at one point he saw the lion crying in a shower and he came to comfort him, but...it was fuzzy. He sat up on his futon, the large blanket flopping off him as he stretched and cracked his foot paws. Then he felt something odd, or rather a lack of something? His dick was always a shower before, so now when it was tucked away in a neat little sheath it was easy to deal with. Given, all his pre from his morning wood and sexy dreams pooled and oozed in that new musky bundle of fuzz.

"Just another chore I guess," Donner smirked, cupping his sheath and murring at the sensation of that meat in his hand. He wanted to jack off, but he also didn't want to be late for class. He showered the night before so he didn't really need to get too clean. He simply rinsed his dick in the sink and got to brushing his teeth.

Yeah, he knew it was gross, but he cleaned their sink regularly. People had to wash their hands in there. He didn't want his dick droplets on everyone's hands!

Donner pulled himself from his mental spiral to spit and rinse his mouth. He then looked at himself in the mirror. He was painfully average looking for a coyote. He had a killer bod, but his features were nothing out of the ordinary. He glanced at his eyes, the brown in them a reminder of how average he was. Sure, people liked brown eyes, but...what did Ceil like?

The coyote blinked as his eyes got brighter, the brown lightning up into a glorious gold.

“Holy shit,” Donner put his hand against the mirror as if he didn’t believe what he was watching. Not that anything should really surprise the yote by now, but it was still so surreal that this reality altering power was real. The yote furrowed his brow, glancing over himself then back at his new piercing eyes. He hardly needed to do anything for his eyes to simply catch the light and glimmer like topaz set in gold.

He looked at the rest of his body and did a double bicep pose, his eyes like a duo of glowing beast eyes on the prowl. He smiled, but after a moment, the color was lost in his mottled fur. A sudden ripple went down his spine, as though he were facing the wind and he caught a smell of home. It was warm and blooming, and as it rolled over his flesh, his fur started to turn darker. His various browns and ashen grays darkened into a uniformed storm cloud darkness, his undercoat turning into a lighter gray, like the sky when it’s about to rain. His nipples darkened to black and his clear claws glinted into obsidian.

“Duuuuuude...” Donner breathed out his astonishment at his new look. “I bet this this is how bitches feel when they get a dye job.”

Donner struck a few more poses in the mirror, admiring how his muscle groups shimmered in the luster of his fur, the darkness not taking away from the definition he worked so hard on. Though, something about all that dark fur made him feel...not as unique as he could be.

Energy charged the air, crackling as icy blue markings flashed into existence around his eyes and nose. Lightning streaks formed on the corners of his eyes to make them look like electrified balls of fire, the bridge of his nose becoming the same color as the markings.

“Shit,” Donner pulled at his cheeks to make sure it wasn’t makeup, but it was for sure his fur. Icy accents shimmered into existence on his muzzle. “I wonder what kind of markings Ceil would like?”

Suddenly brush strokes formed on his chest. Donner took a step back and hit the wall of his bathroom. By the time he balanced himself the image was drawn on his chest. It didn't look religious in nature, but he wasn't quite sure what it was. A triangle started at the cusp of his collar bone then brushed down underneath his nips before coming together atop a cross. It wasn't a religious cross though. It was too even. The vertical part of the cross accented the crevice between his abs, then a shorter line crossed the center of it.

"Fuck, whatever it is, it's badass," Donner chuckled to himself as he eyed his body over. He was excited to see if any other changes would happen, but the only other ones he noticed were the tips of his ears flashing with that icy electric blue color. "I'm a fucking cobalt coyote," Donner remarked as he finished posing, his dick pulsing out of his sheath and throbbing.

"Not now boner," Donner chuckled. "We got some strutting to do."

Donner slapped on some deodorant and got his outfit together. Obviously sweatpants for the cold weather, really show off his goods if he can, and then also a nice wind breaker on top of a tank top. He looked at himself in his mirror and pursed his lips into a thin line. Nothing was hanging right. The windbreaker made him look boxy, his sweatpants were maybe a bit too baggy, and his tank was too tight.

As he made the observations he watched as they corrected themselves. First, his windbreaker became more formfitting even though it wasn't zipped up. His tank didn't get any looser, but the neckline did drop a bit to show a peak of his cleavage and the tip of his new badass tat. His top further compressed on his stomach and became slightly see through with how much it was stretched to leave little to the imagination if anyone wanted to really stare. Then the pièce de résistance were his sweats. They pulled up to grip his ass, his sculpted buns on full display as his new stormy tail flicked back and

forth above it. They continued to cling to his thighs, shallowing the definition before slipping down his legs and hovering right above his foot paws.

“Fuck, that’s hot,” He changed the angle to show off his bulge in the front, his obvious hard on making it difficult to take him seriously. It shrank down under his scrutinizing gaze. At least he wouldn’t be having any unwanted boners. “Don’t need to worry about finding good clothes anymore. I’m always going to look hot as fuck.”

Donner smiled at himself in the mirror before sticking out his tongue, the appendage slightly longer than before. He’d have to wait to see what-dat-tongue-do for now. He needed to get to class. He snatched up his back pack, the broken zippers and straps mending themselves as the bag became bigger and more stylish, black leather with yellow accents to really pop against his dark fur.

He realized people might not recognize him. He looked completely different for sure. His quick solution was to pull out his phone and shoot a selfie about his new look. Donner snagged his phone and opened his camera, but before he could take a picture he noticed something. He opened up his album and his eyes went wide. His fur was his current color and design in every one. Regardless of the time or how far back he went, it was as though reality itself had bent to show that he had always had this look.

“Today is going to be a great day,” Donner smiled and practically skipped out of his apartment.

“Today is going to be a horrible day,” Ceil groaned as he brushed his teeth in the showers, his eyes sunken from lack of sleep, his hair a frizzy mess from having slept with it wet. His green eyes were bloodshot and his usual smile was gone, replaced with depressed and drooping cheeks. He didn’t even really keep his mouth open, he just let his jaw hang there as he went through the motions.

The lion finished his morning rituals and splashed his face with cool water, his heart broken into pieces and shattered. He had broken his promise to god. Though, he couldn't dwell on that right now. He didn't need to cry again. He needed to get to class and maintain everything was okay. He might be able to go to confession that afternoon if the church was open, but...he would have to admit to doing it. He had always been a pillar of fortitude. He could fix this on his own. right?

Ceil twisted the nobs of the sink off a bit more forcefully than he probably should, but they didn't break. The lion grit his teeth as he white knuckled those knobs. It wasn't fair. He wasn't ready for that kind of test. He had never been tempted like that before. God was supposed to provide battles that he knew his soldiers could persevere. This was...was uncontrollable. This was the burning of hellfire in his loins, a need greater than the lion had ever felt. It was a desire he couldn't control, and he didn't know what else to do besides just punish himself, kicking his own mental ass for being too weak to stand up to temptation.

Ceil took a deep breath and slapped his hands together, focusing on his orb of light, only for the events of last night to come crashing down on his psyche. He grunted and shook his head, droplets flying around as he banished the thought. He would have to deal with this later, but for now, he needed to be strong.

The crestfallen lion dragged his feet back to his room, slapped on some clothes, grabbed his book bag, and made his way to the science hall for his chemistry class. It was odd that his minor in religious studies required chemistry, but it was more about how alchemy and the pursuit of eternal life shaped several civilizations and dynasties through religion. He understood why, but he wasn't much for balancing chemical equations or trying to understand why specific elements reacted verses others.

"Hey Ceil!"

Ceil's heart skipped a beat, his chest grew tight, his stomach did summersaults, and his fur stood on end. The lion knew that voice. It was the voice of his temptation, the call of sin, a siren's song of destruction.

"Ceil wait up!"

Ceil wanted to walk faster, to run away, to remove himself from temptation, but no matter how hard he tried to run, his legs slowed down. It was like he was in some god awful nightmare where he was trying to get away, but his legs wouldn't work. He slowed to a stop as he heard the foot pads of someone approaching.

"Hey there big guy! My lecture got moved to the science building so I figured we could walk together." Donner clasped his hand on the lion's shoulder. Ceil instantly tensed up, his body going rigid as he felt those fingers like a blazing flame on his shoulder that scorched him to his very soul.

Ceil turned, his eyes wide, sunken, and his mouth twisted into a scowl as his brows were knitted and raised at the same time.

Then his green eyes fell on the golden eyes of his desires. Donner, that storm cloud of a demon wrapped up in the skin of a man. There was a bright warm smile on the coyote's face, but as soon as their eye's met Donner let go of Ceil's shoulder, the gleeful gleam in those golden orbs dropping as he took a step back.

"Sorry, did...did I do something wrong," Donner asked. Ceil suddenly became very aware of his facial expression. His claws were bared in one hand while his lips had curled back as though he were a rabid animal ready to claw his way out of a corner. The lion even felt a snarl forming in his throat.

But what Donner said was like a shock to his chest. Suddenly his heart started up again, his snarl fell from his face as he turned to face the storm cloud coyote.

“No,” Ceil watched the worry spread across Donner’s face, the light that peeked through those eyes like the sun through the clouds faded and left the lion feeling cold. “No, no, no,” Ceil put his hand up to the coyote’s cheek and then immediately jumped back, retracting his hand as though it were burned.

“Ceil, are you okay? You look terrible.”

“No, stop, no,” Ceil felt his heart beating out of his chest. Had he just touched him? Did he seriously just touch Donner’s face? Did his thumb grace his cheek? A myriad of fantasy’s peeled across Ceil’s eyes as though he were on that perfect date, leaning in to kiss Donner, cupping his muzzle as they danced at a wedding, soothing his tears as he swiped them away after a hard day, and then again in their marital bed—

“Stop,” Ceil gripped his skull, but they won’t stop coming. His heart beat out of his chest, embarrassment, fear, shame, horror, want, desire, love, sinful blasphemous love came crashing down on him in waves.

“Ceil what’s wrong, I can’t understand you?”

Ceil caught the eyes of the coyote again and he took a sharp intake of breath before turning and running. He didn’t care where he went, he didn’t care who saw, he just needed to get away and he needed to get away now!

Skiping class? That’s a sin?

“I don’t care,” Ceil huffed, his eyes stinging.

Impure thoughts? You’re damning yourself here?

“I don’t care!” Ceil shouted as he ran, his legs burning, heart pounding, mind racing. It didn’t matter as long as he got away, as long as he wasn’t around that temptation. As long as he wasn’t around Donner!

Donner stood there completely a gawk. With how quickly the lion bolted, he was surprised a Ceil shaped cloud wasn’t fading away. His papers and books were still clattering on the ground from his backpack as he ran down the sidewalk in the other direction.

His thoughts were like a maelstrom, a typhoon of mixed and muddled images, sounds and words. So many different colors like multiple camera reels spinning out of control all trying to project on the same screen while their audio was synthesized underwater. Even Donner’s head felt a little cracked after just getting a glimpse of what was going on in Ceil’s. He swore he saw an entire lifetime flash in that mind all at once, but without any frame of reference it was like watching a blip from a movie he hadn’t seen and was expected to just know.

Donner blinked as a couple girls came by and helped him pick up Ceil’s bag.

“Wow, what did you say? Are you okay dude?” The girl asked. “Did you confront him or something?”

“Nah, I just said hello, but here, I’ll get his bag back to him.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah, the lecture will be starting at any moment. You should get to class.”

“Okay, let me know if you need any notes or whatever,” she shrugged and handed Donner the bag. He thanked them and watched as Ceil vanished into the running trails. He had an idea where he was going, but he needed to approach it gently.

It wasn't a fast hike, and it wasn't easy with two backpacks, but he wasn't planning on taking both down with him. Donner found the cave and squeezed in sideways through the narrow entrance, leaving the bags outside. There in the back of the cave was the swimming hole with a waterfall feeding it. The one that Ceil mentioned during their workout.

“Ceil?” Donner raised his voice, the sound echoing through the cave and off the walls. “I'm not going to do anything. Just making sure you're safe.”

There wasn't a response, but he thought he heard a little sniff echo off the walls along with the bubbling water. Donner worked his way down the rocks to the circular pool. The sandy beach damp yet comfortable. The coyote caught a flash of gold and there he was, curled up in the fetal position behind the waterfall.

“Ceil?”

“Please...” Ceil muttered something, but Donner couldn't fully make it out.

“Ceil, you okay?” Donner crouched down and shuffled his way forward. There wasn't much room behind the waterfall. Maybe three people could fit behind it comfortably.

“Please, I'm not strong enough,” Ceil sniffed, his eyes bloodshot from crying. “I can't...I can't be around you...please...I'm...I'm not strong enough.”

“Strong enough, Ceil, what are you talking about?”

"I...I can't..."

I can't tell him...I don't want him to get his hopes up. I can't have him pursue me...I...I don't know how to resist him...

It all became very clear. Now that Ceil had time to cry it out he was trying to pull himself together in a place he felt comfortable. Donner didn't understand what was happening. He thought that he made it comfortable for the lion to be around him. He thought that they could be friends or something. But...he didn't want this. He didn't want to cause Ceil so much pain.

Donner wanted to take it all back, to take it all away...but nothing happened. Ceil was still there clutching himself and holding back his sobs as he fought the desire that had taken root deep inside him.

"Ceil, it's okay to have feelings for people," Donner sat down. "Do you have any idea how many guys I crush on and don't do anything about?"

"This is different," Ceil sniffed. "I...I've never felt this way about someone. It's too intense."

Donner felt a little pang of guilt. This was all his fault. He did this to Ceil by simply wanting him to want him. He wanted everything to be undone, but for some reason his desire clashed with something. It wasn't letting him mend this. He felt a charge, but...but...it was hollow. Like when you try to do something but your heart just isn't into it. Did he want Ceil to continue to suffer? No, that wasn't it...

"I'm sorry Ceil," Donner sighed. "I didn't know...I never wanted you to be...I never wanted any of this to happen."

"What do you mean?" Ceil sniffed, looking up from his position, one emerald eye glancing in his direction.

Donner had to ponder for a moment. It was his turn to be silent and mull things over. There weren't any real rules to this power. He could tell people if he wanted. He knew that in his bones, like the limits of his power were scribed there. Though, he didn't know if it would be a good idea. Then again...

Donner remembered himself thinking about how much self-control Ceil had, and how he could wield it without even trying. He might even be able to help him fix it.

"Ceil...what you're feeling isn't normal. I never wanted to do this to you, but...what I have deep inside of me I've had for hardly a day and I've already managed to mess things up."

"What are you talking about?" Ceil spun on his ass, the sand scraping against his pants. "What do you mean 'this power?'"

Ceil furrowed his brow. How could he convince him? Every time he changed something it was like it had always been. His new look was evident enough of that, let alone the small augmentations he made to Ceil during his shower. It was like the only way to know about the power was to have it.

BAM!

Donner felt like he had just been struck, giving a little yip as Ceil gave a shuddering gasp.

A warmth plumed in the lion's breast, the air getting sweeter, the sounds of the water cascading down crisper and smoother. Even the light of the cave seemed brighter.

"What was that?" Ceil asked, and instantly the answer came to him. "What power? Who's Rapture? A God of Desire? There is only one God." Ceil looked over at Donner and his brow furrowed. "Why do you look like that?" As soon as Ceil asked the question he got his answer, his eyes blinking as he looked on at Donner.

“It’s a lot to take in,” Donner shrugged and gave a soft chuckle.

Ceil was having a moment, his mind reeling as his questions were answered as soon as they came into his mind. His eyes went wide as he looked up into the flow of the waterfall.

“So...Because I desire answers...”

“It’ll provide answers to you, yes,” Donner nodded. “It’s pretty useful.”

Ceil paused, “how do you know they are true? The answers?”

“Because they were provided to me by...well...let’s just say it comes from a place outside of the natural order.”

“So...is this power evil?” Ceil asked, and the light twitch of a smile on his muzzle told Donner that the lion got a good answer. “Then...I can ask anything?” Ceil’s ears twitched. “Are...are these urges...are they a sin?”

Ceil sighed in relief and seemed to be coming out of his spiral. He turned to the coyote and his eyes glistened. Then his brow furrowed.

“I need to know, is...is it a sin to covet someone like this?” Ceil asked, his ears twitching as he shuffled in the damp sand so he was face to face with Donner. “Is it...is it a sin to want to...”

“What to what?”

“You can’t hear it?” Ceil felt fear taint the glow in his heart, but the voice answered him quickly. “Oh...you can’t hear it because you gave that power to me. That’s so...” Ceil shook his head as he looked at Donner. The lion’s green eyes were shaking as he glanced over the coyote, Ceil’s paws coming up to cup Donner’s muzzle.

"I asked...if it was a sin to...to do this..." Ceil leaned in, his eyes wide and maintaining eye contact the entire time. Donner felt it was a little creepy until he realized what Ceil was doing.

"Ceil, I'm not sure if—Mmm!"

Their lips touched. Ceil's muzzle was shaky, his hands quivering as he held Donner's muzzle there. It was shaky, it was nervous, it was rigid, and it was awkward to maintain such close eye contact.

Ceil pulled back, a light lip smack fading between them as he did so.

"I...was that good? I've never done it before." Ceil got his answer and his ears folded back, his hands drooping. "Oh...sorry...I...I should."

"Wait," Donner breathed and put a hand on Ceil's cheek shuffled forward so they were right next to each other. "Just...one more time, okay? A do-over?"

"O-Okay," Ceil nodded, his lips cracking into a crooked grin. "Sure, a...a do-over."

"Okay," Donner smiled, letting a half chuckle part his lips. "This time, close your eyes."

"Then...how will I know if I'm going in the right direction? What if I miss?"

"Just," Donner smiled and shook his head. "Just close your eyes and I'll come to you. How does that sound?"

"Okay," Ceil huffed. "Okay, let's do this." Ceil closed his eyes and took a deep breath and holding it.

"You're not diving underwater," Donner chuckled. "You can breathe."

"Oh, of course," Ceil's breathing became very even and calculated. Donner could even hear him counting his breaths.

“Shhhh,” Donner murred through his teeth as he got closer. “Don’t think about it, just...”

The coyote pressed his lips slowly against the lion’s. Ceil flinched, his mind thinking that first brush of those lips was a raindrop with how softly yet how abruptly it came upon him. Donner pulled back and Ceil relaxed back into place.

“Don’t worry big guy, I got you,” Donner murred and pressed his lips against Ceil’s. They stayed there and Donner could hear Ceil’s panicked thoughts bubbling between them, but then...then...

Fireworks.

Their lips touching felt like the fuse of a grand finale had been lit. It was a fizzle until it unleashed a wave of sparks. The two’s fur stood on end. Their spines tingling as their lips pressed against one another, held in a moment of pure and innocent bliss. The kiss was held for a few moments, Donner started to pull back and Ceil’s lips followed him. Donner put a gentle paw on Ceil’s chest and they broke the kiss, their lips peeling away from one another, having been pressed for so long they didn’t want to part.

“My God,” Ceil breathed. “That was...heavenly.” The big cat purred, his tail flicking behind him.

“Yeah, that was...wow,” Donner felt short of breath. Had Ceil taken his breath away?

“Donner?” Ceil started. “Would...well...would you let me do that again?”

“S-Sure,” Donner chuckled. “Um...whenever you’re ready.”

“I mean, can I kiss you this time?” Ceil’s cheeks glowed red. “I mean...I know you prefer to be kissed and...well...I did like it when I...had my hands on you...or...ya know...”

“Yeah, sure,” Donner smiled. “Like I said, whenever you’re ready.”

Ceil took a deep breath, centering his mind. Donner could see that imaginary light in Ceil's head as he focused, his breathing becoming even. He brought a strong, powerful hand up to Donner's neck, his fingers sliding behind it to cup his head and for his thumb to brush against his cheek. The little yote had to suppress a sigh, his spine tingling with how tender yet firm Ceil's hand was.

He didn't say anything, he didn't want to soil the mood he had just set. Ceil simply leaned forward, his lips pressing against Donner's. Donner had to lean his head back, cradling further into Ceil's fingers that threaded through his hair. The smell of wet sand, the faintest sour of sweat, and the must of damp stone filled Donner's lungs as he breathed in through that kiss. Ceil held that kiss until he asked a very simple question.

Would it be a sin to...do more?

Ceil's lips parted slightly, the tip of his tongue brushing over the sealed entrance to the coyote's muzzle. Donner gave a surprised little gasp, opening his maw and letting that tongue enter his muzzle. Ceil's skin tingled, his flesh and bones ablaze with the hum of a song that beat between their hearts. The flavor of that kiss was like electricity, dancing sparks as taste buds timidly met for the first time. Donner's legs shook, his knees would be buckling if he were standing, his toes digging into the sand. Ceil's other augmented hand came to Donner's back, brushing over his spine and sliding further down to the small of his back and gently pulled him closer so their bodies were flush with one another.

Donner practically melted into Ceil's arms as their lips slowly savored the languid dance that wetly echoed off the walls.

"Is...is this okay?" Ceil breathed his words against Donner's mouth. The coyote's response was to press his lips against the lion's again, their tongues dancing around one another. Ceil's rough feline

one and Donner's velvety canine flicked and slowly circled one another as they relaxed further and further into one another.

Donner's mind was fully inside his muzzle, savoring the idol of his fantasies, the folds of his mind were processing the sweet sensation of intimacy between two young souls. It was like his first kiss only better, deeper, and hazy in how it curled in his mouth yet caressed his heart. He could feel his heart beating against the rhythm of Ceil's their entire world shrunken into the microcosm that they were making between their tongues

Donner pressed himself closer to Ceil, wanting to get closer, and Ceil complied until he suddenly broke the kiss.

"Oh, sorry," Ceil panted, his hips pulling away. "I didn't mean to. I didn't mean to do that..."

"What?" Donner's eyes fluttered open as he looked into those emerald orbs.

Ceil blinked "I...or...our crotches touched and...sorry."

"I don't mind," Donner confessed, his hand coming up and brushing a lock of the lion's mane out of his face. "Did you want to stop?"

"No," Ceil's eyes went wide as he put his hands on Donner's shoulders, keeping him in place.

"No, I want to keep going...but...where is the line drawn?"

"What do you mean?" Donner asked.

"Well...I could kiss you forever...I could live in that kiss," Ceil panted, his forehead against Donner's, their muzzles brushing one another. "But I don't want to do anything that could damn you or myself...I just..."

“Well,” Donner wrapped his arms around Ceil’s waist and pulled him close, making sure to leave enough room for Jesus between their groins. “Why don’t you ask where God thinks the line is drawn?”

“You mean...like...ask him how far I can go?”

“We’ll take it as far as you want, Ceil,” Donner nuzzled into the lion’s neck, Ceil’s fur standing on end as the lion’s arms pulled Donner close, one hand on the back of his muzzle, the other on his back as though he were a man strapped to a buoy in a storm.

“Okay...is...is it a sin...to want more?” Ceil asked. Donner kept himself from reading Ceil’s mind and allowing him the time to process. “Is...Is it a sin to...do more?”

Donner waited for Ceil to move. The lion gave a gentle purr as he nuzzled Donner’s ear, his hand going to the small of Ceil’s back and pulling him forward until their groins touched.

“Is...is that okay Donner?”

“Yes,” he breathed.

“Funny,” Ceil chuckled. “The voice of the power...it’s a lot like yours only deeper.” Ceil gave Donner’s ear a little kiss before pushing forward, gently laying the coyote down on the sand, the sound of bubbling water echoing off the cave walls.

“May I...kiss you again?” Ceil asked, his thumb brushing the coyote’s cheek, a bit of grit from the sand brushing there.

“Of course,” Donner nodded. Ceil smiled, leaning forward. Stray locks of his mane falling down to shade their kiss as their lips met again. This time Ceil didn’t need to ask to enter, Donner simply parted his lips as the lion’s tongue lulled inside, circling their tongues in that dance.

Ceil continued to ask questions in his mind to see how far he could go. He wanted to know where God truly drew the line in the sand.

Is it okay to lay atop another man?

Ceil lowered himself so his abs and crotch were flush with Donner's. Their kissing getting deeper.

Is it okay to be...shirtless with another man?

Ceil's hands went down to brush under the hem of Donner's shirt, pulling it up and over his head, breaking the kiss just long enough to let it go. Donner moved his hands to Ceil's shirt, but the lion's hands stopped him. He pulled the shirt off himself and tossed it onto a pile with the coyote's shirt and windbreaker.

Is it okay to...covet a man's chest?

Ceil looked over Donner's chest, the alchemical symbol for sulfur branded in electric blue blazed across his chest. Ceil smiled, his hand brushing over that chest. The chest of the man who caused him to burn in his loins, his cock throbbing.

Is it okay to touch?

"Is it okay to touch?" Ceil asked.

"Of course," Donner gave his consent. "I trust you."

Ceil's fingers shakily brushed over Donner's chest, his fingers trembling over the dark nipples of the coyote before sinking lower and over those abs. Ceil's palms itched as though he were touching something incredibly soft, yet the flesh was toned and strong. The lion's cock throbbed.

Is...is this all okay?

Ceil leaned forward, one ab coming into contact with Donner's at a time. Like a puzzle linking together until they were pressing their lips against one another again. Ceil was taller than Donner so they didn't line up perfectly, but somehow that made it better with how they brushed each other's nipples, their fur mingling, their chest hair silky as their lips came together again and again.

Is...is it a sin to do any of this before marriage?

Ceil's hand brushed down Donners hip before gripping his ass in his sweats. That beautiful ass filled the lion's paw and Donner gave a little yip.

"Oh, sorry, I didn't mean to—"

Ceil was silenced as Donner gripped him by the back of the neck and pulled him into a kiss, his free hand going down to grip that hand to make it grip tighter.

Ceil's eyes went wide, yet his body burned, his hips pressed forward, his cock oozed in his pants, dripping its need and desire into his boxers. His toes dug into the sand as he deepened the kiss, his tail flicking as he ground against the throbbing boner in those sweats, a dark spot forming on the tip of that dog dick.

Is any of it a sin? Is it a sin at all to desire? Is it a sin to do any of this? To go further? To go all the way?

Ceil nibbled on Donner's lip, nipping it gently before going down onto his neck. The lion gave a huff, his hot breath lulling over the coyote's neck as his tongue found a sweet tendon and ran up it with his rough tongue.

Is...is this right? He likes that? Is that how this works?

Ceil leaned in and nipped at Donner's neck, his lips gripping and plucking at his flesh as he lapped and played with all the most sensitive bits of that dog's exposed throat. He played with it, the coyote's musk light and salty on the lion's tongue. The bitter tang of his lotion and the cologne mixed in. It made his tongue burn with the bitter saltiness and yet it was the smell of pine and allspice that graced his nose with the natural sweat of a man who was warmed by the sun.

"Oh fuck Ceil," Donner moaned, his legs spreading as the lion continued to bear down on the coyote.

Is...is swearing a sin?

"Fuck..." Ceil moaned the word. It was clunky on his tongue and he accented the consonants at the end wetly like he was trying to swallow it back down as soon as he said it. "Donner...would you want...do you want to go further?"

"As far as you want Ceil," Donner moaned, arching his back up and exposing his neck so the hot breath of that lion could pepper his sensitive throat. Ceil gave a few tender kisses on that neck, his lips sending shockwaves over the veins they plucked and nibbled.

Donner's toe paws fanned, his thighs spreading further apart as Ceil grinded over that taint, that throbbing, thick seven inches barely contained. Ceil gripped his pants and pulled them down, his cock flopping forward and Donner kicked his sweatpants off, the things hanging off his ankle as Ceil looked at what he was about to do.

The lion looked down over Donner's chest, that beautiful body, those powerful legs, those gorgeous paws, and that ass. That happy tail between those cheeks brushed the sand as that pucker winked as the lion's shaft throbbed, thick and virile, dripping his wonton desires onto the furry sack of his...his...

Is this okay? Is this a sin? Is it a sin to lay with another man? To do so before marriage? Is this...

Ceil's cock throbbed as he heard it was okay. He big guy's green eyes locked with Donner's as he lined himself up. Donner mind was roiling with his own desires. He wanted Ceil to fuck him, he wanted Ceil to want to fuck him, he wanted Ceil to fuck him the way he wanted to be fucked. Their eyes met and the world paused.

Ceil lined his cock up with Donner's hole, his thick head pressing against that pucker before sinking in. The lion knew there should be lube, but for some reason, Donner's ass was...slick. Amazingly slick as he sank in.

"Ahhh," Ceil gasped, his mouth agape, a perfect mirror of what Donner's muzzle was doing. A lifetime of conversation passed in that look as Ceil sank in, his cock buried in warm soft flesh and Donner gave a little gasp as he felt that furry lion sack rest on his cheeks.

"Oh my God," Ceil gasped, his cock surrounded in warm and soft flesh before Donner flexed, his dog dick flopping and shooting a thick wad of pre onto his chest as his hole milked that cock. Ceil's eyes rolled into his skull. It was so smooth and silky. He drew his hips back, his cock coated in a slick lube. Had Ceil any blood going to his head he would have questioned it, but instead he slowly sank forward.

"Donner," Ceil gasped as he sank in again, his hips rolling as he found a muscle memory he didn't know he had. He was going slow so as to not hurt the coyote, but he knew this skill wasn't his. Though, he wasn't going to question it either. He had all the answers he needed for now. He pressed forward, loving the way it made Donner's legs shudder and quake. The lion purred, his own toe paws digging into the sand as his cock throbbed a thick wad of pre to mix in with Donner's naturally lubed hole.

Donner was taking sharp breaths, his asshole perfectly lubed and ready to take that massive cock. He gasped, watching as Ceil maintained eye contact with him as the lion's hips started to rock forward and back, his hole gripping that cock as it sank in deep, those hips lightly smacking his round ass and those balls plapping against his cheeks as the big guy got into rhythm.

"Oh my God, Donner...Oh my God..." Ceil gasped. "Are, you okay?"

Donner's response was to take one leg, his foot paw pressing on Ceil's ass and urging him to fuck deeper, faster, his toe claws flexing and lightly scratching at the lion's cheek. Donner panted, one eye open and nodded to reassure the lion.

"Oh fuck..." Ceil gasped as he felt that foot paw on his ass. He started sawing in and out faster, that hole getting tighter as he worked it, yet still soft and silky, gripping him hard and slurping him in, the mix of their juices dripping on his shaft and over his nuts as he continued to smack his virginity into this amazing...amazing...

Ceil had gripped one of Donner's legs by the knee and put his ankle on his shoulder. He leaned in and kissed the coyote's shin, leaving a trail of kisses as the soft plapping of his thrusts echoed off the walls and water. The lion hooked his arms behind the coyote's knees and pushed them up, letting him get extra deep into the coyote's guts as he dug his own knees into the sand.

"Donner, I'm...I'm getting close," Ceil moaned into the coyote's neck, his hot breath rolling up to meet the canine's ear. "OH my God, it feels amazing..." pleasure tingled up into Ceil's loins, coiling in his balls and shooting up his spine every time those thick nuts smacked Donner's ass. The lion panted, his hot tongue lulling over Donner's neck as he continued to keep going.

"Don't stop, Fuck...don't fucking stop," Donner groaned, his toes twitching as his cock throbbed between them. "Don't pull out. Cum inside...Like...like God intended..."

Ceil's spine tingled at that, his nuts feeling tighter and tighter as they drew up. His cock smacked into that hole, plunging deep as he got ready to bust, his cock throbbing like mad.

"I'm going to cum," Ceil's spine tingled as he confessed that to another living being. He never thought he would say that to anyone until after he was married. "I'm so close...Oh God!"

"Kiss me," Donner breathed. "Kiss me while you breed me nice n' deep."

Ceil didn't need to be told twice. He moved his hips so he could continue fucking and meshed their mouths together, their tongues lulling and burning with untold passion, lust, and pleasure as Ceil reached his limit. His cock throbbed deep inside the coyote.

"Oh God!" Ceil broke the kiss, panting into Donner's muzzle as his balls drew up and bounced, his cum surging down his cum-pipe into his mate. Nice and deep as God intended, breeding Donner as he gave shuddering gasps that rumbled off into rolling purrs. Donner was pushed over the edge as he felt that liquid life squelch inside of him like a bloom of warmth in his guts. He gave a little yipping howl as his cock throbbed and spurting between the two of them. Ceil was pulled from his high at the feeling of that cock spurting between them, chuckling like a goof as he realized he was the one who made the little yote do that and pressed his lips against Donner. They kissed as their orgasms raged and died off into a nice glow, their lips smacking and echoing off the cave's walls as their afterglow burned through them.

"Holy mother of God," Ceil broke his kiss. "That was sex? And it's not a sin?"

"I guess not," Donner chuckled. The two rubbed their noses together, chuckling as Ceil enjoyed his first time, the memory burning into his soul. Then Donner felt Ceil's dick throb and get hard again inside him.

"Does the big lion want to go again?"

"I...I can do that?" Ceil asked, his eyes going wide.

"As much as you want, my ass is yours," Donner leaned up and licked the lion's nose. Ceil blinked and smiled as he leaned in and kissed Donner, his hips slowly starting to work his nut further into that ass, his cock coming out glazed in their previous session.

That ass is mine?

The answer he got made him thrust in again, his cock pulsing hard as he picked up the pace.