

Dawn of Desire

Chapter 5: The Big Questions

Donner and Ceil took their time in that cave, going at it for what felt like hours, just riding one high after another. When they were done and managed to clean themselves up in the water with another make out session, they left the cave together. The entire time Ceil felt like he was lighter than air, his afterglow singing in his veins as it burned away an anxiety he didn't know was there.

"That...that was...lord in heaven, it was amazing," Ceil chuckled, a blush brushing his cheeks.

"Damn right it was," Donner smirked. "For a virgin, you sure know how to fuck."

"Really?" Ceil scratched the back of his head, his tail flicking as pride swelled in his breast. "I just sort of did whatever felt good and...well...is it normal to ask so many questions? I didn't bother you with that or anything?"

"No," Donner shook his head as he shouldered his backpack up. "No, not a problem at all. It was actually nice to have someone ask some questions and learn what I like."

"Like this little spot?" Ceil leaned into the coyote's neck and gave him a little nip. Donner gave a surprised little yip and moan, his spine tingling as Ceil giggled like a dork. "Sorry, didn't meant to surprise you like that."

"Oh fuck, no problem big guy," Donner's tail was hiked up and waving back and forth. "I mean, you can do that whenever you want."

"I mean, sure, but..." Ceil's face started to burn redder.

“What?” Donner cocked a brow.

“Would...Would you mind if I held your hand?”

“Really?” Donner rolled his eyes with a big grin on his muzzle as he took the lion’s hand in his.

“You’re such a dork.”

Ceil’s eyes went wide as he held that hand. He felt a warmth roll up his arm and into his bones. The lion was so touch starved that even after busting three loads into the coyote, holding his hand still felt amazing.

“This good?” Donner asked.

“So good...” Ceil purred.

“You’re such a dork,” Donner chuckled.

“Oh,” Ceil’s grip loosened a bit. “Is that bad?” Even though Ceil got his answer immediately, he still loved the way Donner answered it too.

“No,” Donner squeezed the lion’s hand, pulling him closer so he could lean into his shoulder.

“Not a bad thing at all.”

“This is all so surreal,” Ceil smiled as they started the hike back down to campus. “The fact I just know the answers to things kind of blows my mind.”

“Sure,” Donner furrowed his brow. “Though...do you really want it? I mean, don’t get me wrong, I love that it’s loosening you up, but...isn’t, like, half of your life built around not knowing the answers to certain questions?”

“What questions?” Ceil’s ears perked up, but for some reason there wasn’t a response in his head.

“Well, like life and death,” Donner pondered. “You’re the most religious guy I know, and your faith stems from a place of ‘not knowing,’ right?”

“I guess so,” Ceil followed Donner, holding his hand. “But if you have this godly power bestowed upon you, then you must know more, right?”

“Honestly, Rapture just gave me the power for setting him free. I don’t even know if he was a god or a demon, but...he was something else entirely.”

“What was he like?”

It was Donner’s time to blush as he remembered how that deity bent him over the table and came these powers right into him.

“He was...well...I don’t know how to describe it. He was so refined, but...he acted like a dirty old man kind of...but he wasn’t gross or anything. He was sweet and tender while also being...firm?”

“I...I don’t understand,” Ceil looked more confused. “So, was he disrespectful?”

“No,” Donner shook his head. “He didn’t do anything I didn’t want him to, but he kind of pushed the envelope a bit. It was like...he knew exactly what I wanted at every turn. Honestly, I don’t know if I even agreed to this power or if he just sort of lured me in with my own desires.”

“Did you like him?” Ceil bit the inside of his lip as a sour feeling plucked at his heart strings.

“I mean, yeah, he was a god of desire,” Donner chuckled, looking down and blushing. “He was everything I wanted at the moment. It was...well...rapturous?”

Ceil heard those words and something twinged in his gut. He felt so proud of making the little yote's toes curl that hearing about someone else who made him shudder with no problems was kind of bruising the small shred of ego he had allowed himself.

The lion paused, Donner stopping mid stride as the hand he was folding his fingers with stopped moving. Donner glanced back and Ceil was taking a deep breath. Donner wanted to peer into his mind, but he held back. He was sure Ceil was working with a lot of thoughts. He didn't need to make it more complicated.

Ceil imagined his ball of light, the beams scorching away the feeling deep inside of him as he breathed out the imaginary smoke. He knew this feeling, it was jealousy and he wanted nothing to do with it. He took a couple deep breaths and let them out, and though his gut wasn't soured anymore, he felt a little hole where that feeling was. He simply shook his head, his messy bun on the top of his head bouncing.

"Everything okay Ceil?" Donner asked.

"Oh," Ceil's eyes fluttered open. "Oh, yeah, don't worry about it. I was...I just have a lot on my mind."

"Of course," Donner squeezed Ceil's hand gently, taking his other hand and putting it on top of it to help soothe the lion. "It's a lot. I know it's a lot. I don't even know if I've fully processed it."

"Could...Could we talk more about this later?" Ceil blinked, brushing his thumb over that paw in his hand, butterflies fluttering in his breast at Donner's warm touch. "I just want to kind of enjoy what we're doing right now."

"Sure," Donner smirked. "I mean, I've kind of wanted this for a while now so it's kind of amazing that it all just fell into place."

“For sure,” Ceil nodded, his mind swarming with questions. “I mean...does...does this make us something?”

It was Donner’s turn to pause, his heart skipping a beat as he swallowed hard.

“I mean...what do *you* want it to be...because...well...yeah, what do you want it to be?”

“I don’t know, I’ve never really felt this way about anyone and...it kind of hurts me to see you struggle like that,” Ceil pulled Donner closer, pulling the yote into his arms. “I just...want to be close to you and...stuff...I don’t know what I’m trying to say.”

“How about we take it slow?” Donner murred as he nuzzled into Ceil’s chest.

“I mean...we already had sex,” Ceil blushed. “How slow are we actually taking things? I feel like we skipped right to the end of our story and now I’m looking for the foundation that we were supposed to build first.” Ceil chuckled.

“Well...how about a movie? I live off campus in an apartment. We could always just hang there and see what happens. Any particular movies you like?”

“I...well...is it a sin to watch movies with witchcraft?” Ceil asked and he got his answer.

“Well...I’ve always been interested in those magic movies and now that I know it’s okay to watch them...I’m more than a little curious.”

“I’m a fan,” Donner looked up at Ceil. “I have a collection of discs we could play or I have a subscription to some streaming services.”

“So...is this...like a date?” Ceil asked.

“Do you want it to be a date?” Donner answered the question with a question. Ceil felt a little unnerved at that and he cupped the coyote’s muzzle and made him look up into his eyes, those emeralds glittering with uncertainty.

“Do you want it to be a date?” Ceil’s voice was on the verge of breaking. Donner knew that the lion could have any question he desired answered, but he wasn’t asking the universe if Donner wanted to go on a date with Ceil...he was asking him.

“Yes...” Donner squeaked out, a chord of fear making his ribs contract around his heart.

“Good,” Ceil sighed in relief. “I...I would want nothing more.” Ceil leaned forward and placed his lips against the coyote’s. The lion could feel the quiver of Donners chin as he pressed their soft lips together. Donner’s lips parted a hair, Ceil’s did the same. It was a twisting dance of consent as their lips parted and their tongues gingerly found one another. The tender kiss was inquisitive in nature. It was like they had entered the real world again and they were able to finally think. This wasn’t a kiss to ask for sex, but to explore the other, to see what the other wanted, and with every light smack and shudder of breath, they found more of the other person unraveling themselves to the other.

When the kiss finally broke, the two took a moment to simply breathe.

“So,” Donner huffed a little winded, that kiss having taken his breath away. “Tonight?”

“I...yeah,” Ceil smiled his big goofy grin as he chuckled. “Of course. Whatever time works for you. I’ll...I’ll make sure I’m there.”

“Me too,” Donner chuckled.

The two spent the rest of their hike back talking about what movie they wanted to watch. By the time they reached campus they had an entire list of movies for Ceil to catch up on now that he knew he could watch them without divine consequence.

Ceil felt like he had been freed from a great burden as he walked back to his dorm. There was so much he had denied himself simply because he didn't want to risk his soul to damnation, but now that he had a way of confirming what was and was not a sin, he could live his life...actually live his life without fear of the unknown. He always thought that this world was some massive test of strength, that there was some reason behind it all, but how much of the rules that were set up were made by frightened people not wanting to tempt themselves into sin? How many of these rules were just conceived because they were used for control or domination? How many of the rules actually protected his soul.

None of them...

Ceil paused, his brow furrowing. He knew that some of the rules and decrees the church put out were nonsense, but he just followed them because it wasn't worth risking his afterlife, but all of them? Even acts of heresy and thievery?

Not a sin...

Ceil's eyes went wide. He stood stock still in the center of the sidewalk crossroads. Confusion and fear echoed between his mind and heart. Was this voice lying to him?

No lies, just truth. It is what you desire.

Then was he just asking the wrong questions? Did anything he do today hurt his chances at getting into heaven?

No.

Why?

...

Silence. Ceil felt the presence of the power, but it wouldn't give him an answer. It was like some cruel eye was bearing down on him and refused to tell him what he wanted. Why wouldn't it answer?

Because you don't desire the answer.

But I do, I want to know.

No you don't. A mortal should not know the truths you seek, and you wouldn't want to know the answers if you were to have them.

Why? Does heaven not exist?

...

"Come on," Ceil growled under his breath. "Answer me."

You don't want to know.

"I've never wanted anything more in my life." Ceil muttered. "Tell me."

...

"Tell me!" Ceil shouted, a couple people walking by jumped and ran along. Ceil's heart was pounding. "I demand to know," he muttered at the end.

...

"What can you tell me then?"

We can either tell you the entire truth, or nothing. You will suffer either way. Either by knowing there is a truth you cannot have, or a truth you wish not to be burdened with.

“How can you tell me?” Ceil pushed past the riddle. “What do I need to ask?”

There was a pause, but this time Ceil could feel the power stirring inside him as though dredging up a treasure that had been lost to the depths of the oceans’ trenches.

Simply ask to see your god.

“You...I can see God?”

Yes, if you ask it, we can show you your god.

Ceil realized the depth of what that question was, how powerful the answer would be. To see the face of God would be...*visceral*. So many religions depicted God differently, or with many faces, or even with the idea that seeing or depicting his face was a sin above all else. Would it truly be right of him to face his maker prior to his death?

It would be an affront to the natural order, but it is your decision to make.

There it was, the big question. Not just any question, not a major inquiry, but THE BIG QUESTION. Did he dare? Did he dare to look, to jump the line and see God before his time.

“Show me—”

Wam! Ceil was knocked off his feet as someone ran into him. Books and papers went flying in all directions as he fell to the ground with another person on top of him.

“Oh fuck, I’m so sorry Ceil!” A turtle shot out. “I’m so sorry, I wasn’t watching where I was going.”

“Ouch,” Ceil rubbed his head, having hit it on the cement a bit, but wasn’t any worse for wear.

“I...Frank? Is that you?”

“Yeah, so sorry again,” Frank the turtle had already stood up and was offering the lion a hand. Ceil took it, shaking his head as he stood up. It was almost comical that Frank was helping him up with how much shorter he was, but his shell provided a lot of counter weight.

“It’s no big deal,” Ceil smiled. “I was the one who was standing in the middle of the sidewalk,” he chuckled. “I’m going to be fine. I promise.”

“You sure? I got some bandages in my satchel,” Frank offered as he continued picking up his books.

“No, I’m good,” Ceil shot him a thumbs up. “You need any help with those books?”

“No, no, no,” Frank smiled at the lion. “I got this. You just keep on your way for now. See you in prayer group!”

“Yeah, I’ll...I’ll see ya,” Ceil paused before helping the turtle anyway, getting some of his books and papers together before handing them over. “There, I’ll see you soon.”

“Thanks, and sorry again,” Frank beamed him a smile.

“No need, it was my fault,” Ceil said with finality and continued his walk back to the dorms. Suddenly the question he was about to ask felt very distant and not nearly as enticing. Frank gave him a second chance to really think if he wanted to know. For now, he was going to get ready for his night with Donner.

Donner

“So Ceil’s coming over for a date?” Cody cocked a brow.

“Yeah! So I guess game night for us is cancelled cuz this is not a drill.” Donner smirked.

“Man, I thought that guy was straight as an arrow, more up tight than a duck’s arse, so much of a party pooper you could call him stool softener, such a straight edge he could be used to calibrate spaceships, such a religious nut that—”

“Okay I get it,” Donner stopped his friend. He knew he would go on all night if he let him. “I’m just saying I want tonight to be special. So, could you stay in your room?”

“I’ll do you one better,” Cody smirked. “My rugby friends wanted to go bowling tonight and smoke some grass, so I’ll go find where they’re cruising and make a night of it.”

“Dude, you’re the fucking best,” Donner hugged the big guy.

“Yeah, don’t thank me just yet,” he chuckled and set the coyote down. “I ain’t helping you clean this place. That’s all you.”

“Clean?” Donner took a moment and his eyes went wide. “Wait, can you help—”

“See you later,” Cody gave the coyote a little salute and dipped out the door.

“Oh shit,” Donner turned to face the herculean task that lay before him.

Donner never realized just how dirty his apartment was until he gave a shit who saw it. He looked over the place and was absolutely floored at the amount of stains on the carpet from various mystery spills and romps. The linoleum in the kitchen was covered in crumbs and sounded like Velcro when you walked across it. The dishes were piled in the sink and only washed when needed, every surface on the counters was occupied with either some form of pre-packaged garbage food or mix, and

the bathroom was a scummy mess with mildew crusted tile and a shower with that orange mold that grows when you don't clean it out enough.

Donner groaned as he tried to sweep the kitchen, but the crumbs and ants he swept up would simply get stuck on the sticky floor. How could he let it get this bad! How could he possibly make this place livable for anyone in the few hours he needed before Ceil was to show up? Let alone make something to eat. Donner wanted to make something nice, but you couldn't afford to buy too much when the accumulative amount of change in your pocket consisted of lint and a broken paperclip!

"Fuck, I'm so fucking fucked!" Donner groaned throwing the broom on the floor, and smacking his ass down on one of the chairs he had at their card table. That damned card table was basically a place to dump books, junk mail, and stack up the booz that they had lifted or mooched off other people. This place looked like the exact opposite of what Ceil would be into, and Donner knew it.

The coyote ran his hands over his face, pulling down his eyelids as he groaned. This was going to take forever!

But by the time he pulled his fingers down from his eyes the apartment had become spotless. Donner had to blink and shield his eyes as the reflective nature of the pristine linoleum doubled the natural light. The sink was spotless, shimmering with its stainless steel finish. The cabinets were scrubbed clean and the food arranged in them, or at least what would fit. Everything else was put in jars, labeled, and stacked on the counter for storage. Even the broken cabinets they had been hounding their landlord about magically corrected themselves. The carpet was several shades lighter, having been shampooed and cleaned. The messy array of booz and papers had been arranged and consolidated on the card table. Mail that had been read and was ready for recycling was on one stack, unread mail in another, and junk had flown into the recycling bin that didn't exist until two seconds ago. Their alcohol had been consolidated and shoved into the closet and the miscellaneous beer had been shoved in the

fridge to cool. Donner just knew where everything had been moved. He didn't need to look, he just knew.

"Holy shit," Donner gasped, and then paused and took a deep breath in through his nose. "Holy fucking shit."

He could breathe! The air felt filtered and temperature controlled. It was cool without being too cold and had a hint of cleaner. That smell was a little annoying, but he knew it was for the best. Just as soon as he had that thought though, a glow came from the center of the table. A little scented candle had been lit in the center and warmed the air with the scent of cinnamon and cookies.

Donner got up from the chair and inspected the kitchen, his spine tingling as he realized that even the old stains from the countertops were gone, returned to their old off-white color. He glanced up at the vent, the usual cobwebs that would flutter in its wake like indicator ribbons were gone, the crusted on dust bunnies erased to show the chips in the paint that covered the metal.

Donner took a step back and felt how smooth the linoleum was. It was so almost slippery and cool to the touch. Then he saw his "room." The bookshelves had been straightened and the movies and games sectioned off by genre and name. The Frankenstein of a TV that was hooked up to various consoles and media devices had been cleaned up and the wires organized and zip tied together to make a neat little bundle that curled up behind the TV. The windows had been polished to crystal clear consistency and let in the afternoon light without a single spec of resistance.

The futon he slept on was recently laundered, the sheets fresh and new while it was set up for viewing that night. He even shoved his face in his pillow and took a deep whiff. It smelled fresh and clean, that rank of hair oil and musk gone.

“Thank god,” Donner smiled. “My shame is completely gone.” The coyote went back to the kitchen and scrolled on his phone looking for something he could make for the two of them that would be simple and still knock Ceil’s socks off, but...he didn’t know what the guy liked. Not really.

He took a moment and called upon his power for the answer...but nothing.

“Oh yeah,” Donner rolled his eyes and bopped his forehead. “I gave that one to Ceil.” He just pulled his phone out and started a new text chain with Ceil asking what he would like to eat.

“Whatever is fine :)”

Donner smiled at that little face. He could imagine the lion’s grin and his insistence that anything would be good. He shot back a quick response before going to the kitchen and getting ready to prep a meal. He opened the fridge, a series of ingredients magically appeared and were ready to be used to make chicken parmesan.

“No one can resist cheesy chicken,” Donner chuckled and got to making his new signature dish.

There was a knock at the door and Donner jumped out of his seat as he came rushing to let his date in. He flung the door open and Donner had to pause to take it all in. There, Ceil was standing all cleaned up. His hair was fresh and slicked back into a very regal look for his mane. He wore a light jacket to combat the cold with a university shirt on under it, the white logo of the school blazed across a red shirt. He wore jeans and sandals, but the most stunning thing was in his hands. A half dozen roses, red with baby’s breath wrapped in green paper.

“I, um...I didn’t really know exactly what to bring, but...I thought that this was the normal thing to bring. I...I didn’t want to use your power to find a gift for you so I got what felt right.”

Donner's heart melted as he watched those nervous emerald eyes twitch from the flowers to him. The coyote had to blink back a few tears as he accepted the flowers before pulling the lion into a big hug.

"Thank you so much, I love them." Donner nuzzled into Ceil's neck as the lion's powerful hands came to wrap around his back and pull the coyote close. A shallow purr rumbled through the big cat as they hugged.

"Really? I'm glad," Ceil smiled. "I would have gotten a bigger arrangement, but this is all I could get on such short notice."

"No one has ever gotten me flowers before," Donner smiled as they pulled away. "I guess...I didn't realize how much I'd love them. Maybe it's because they are from you." Donner blushed and looked up at the big lion.

"That's a relief," Ceil scratched the back of his head. "I didn't know what to get a guy so I'm glad my instincts were on point." The lion paused and sniffed before blinking. "Oh my goodness, what is that smell? It's amazing."

"That's dinner," Donner smiled taking the Lion's large hand and pulling him into the apartment. Donner had rolled a sheet over the card table, a duo of steaming plates of chicken parmesan were ready to eat with a side of broccoli. There was a cereal bowl of sliced bread next to a little lit candle in the center.

"Wow," Ceil chuckled. "This is...wow," Ceil nodded his approval, his mouth in a big open smile as though he wanted to pounce on the dinner right away. "I must have gotten here at just the right time."

"Here," Donner pulled a chair out for Ceil. "You sit and I'll get a glass for the flowers."

“Oh no, let me,” Ceil came over and guided Donner to his chair, sitting the coyote down and skootching him in. “I’ll get water for your gift.”

“Such a gentleman,” Donner chuckled, but Ceil wasn’t moving.

“I...I wanted to ask if it would be okay to kiss your forehead,” Ceil blushed. “I mean, your power said it would be okay, but...I didn’t want its consent, I wanted yours.”

Donner looked over his shoulder at the lion standing there. Was this guy for real? No one was this chivalrous!

“Um...yeah, of course,” Donner smiled. “You can always do whatever you want to me.”

“Okay,” Ceil smirked and leaned in and placed a soft kiss on Donner’s forehead. It was sweet and gentle and sent shivers down the coyote’s spine, making his tail flick up and the fur on his back to bristle in a good way. Ceil didn’t break the kiss by pulling away, but by smiling and chuckling against that forehead.

“What’s up?” Donner smirked with him.

“It’s just...electric,” Ceil stood up. “Now, where can I find a vase?” Ceil asked, but more as a formality. As soon as he desired the answer he was already walking to the cabinets. There he found a vase that was the perfect size, a desire form the coyote made manifest.

The two ate and chatted, finding they had a lot in common when it came to things they liked. Ceil always wanted to get into those card games that Donner was into, but couldn’t until now because of his faith. They talked about workouts and gains they had made, personal body goals and stuff of the like. Donner decided to keep it to himself that he had already changed Ceil’s body a little. The coyote was

already giving off some stocker vibes with some of his peeking from before, so he thought it best to simply let things unfold naturally without his powers.

After eating the perfect meal they settled in for a movie, sitting on the futon and starting up the magic series that Ceil wanted to always watch. Donner had the whole set on DVD, so they fired it up and got down to watching.

And they sat there...like stone...it was like they had reached a brick wall and neither really knew what to do. The guy was supposed to make the first move, so when both of you are dudes, who makes the first move without undermining the other's masculinity?

"Um...Donner?" Ceil asked during a lull in the story. "Would you mind if I put a hand over your shoulder?"

"Of course," Donner smiled, his spine's rigidity coming undone as Ceil lifted his arm and wrapped it around the coyote's shoulder. The coyote leaned in and felt the warmth of the lion, especially from his pit. It was a little damp, and gave a little puff of musk, but Donner didn't mind. If anything it felt normal. It felt right to be nervous and awkward around each other. Like the two had hit the reset button and were starting things the proper way. It was kind of odd with how they literally fucked each other three times earlier that day and were only now figuring things out.

"This is weird, isn't it?" Ceil asked.

"No," Donner said back instinctively. "I mean, yes, but that's because we kind of jumbled the order of things."

"Well...what would you normally do on a first date?" Ceil asked the question and his mind's eye flashed around as he blushed. "Oh..."

Donner became painfully aware of what was going through Ceil's mind. He just watched every first date he had unfold on this very futon, his every sexual exploit and trick he turned on the thoroughly broken in mattress beneath them.

"Ceil," Donner put a hand on the lion's thigh, but he flinched.

"You're a slut," Ceil said the words instinctively, completely unintentional. "I..." Ceil's natural instincts were to pull away, but he paused as he felt the cold indifference he was putting up and came back, his brow furrowed. "But..."

"Ceil, I..." Donner was going to say more, but Ceil put his hand up to quiet him. Donner could hear the alarm bells going off in Ceil's mind, various red flags flying about, but there was something else in that mind.

It's not a sin to be a slut...

"I guess that make sense..." Ceil took a deep breath, imagining his glowing light as that sour feeling was in his gut again. He scorched it away.

You're jealous, not upset...

"I guess I'm jealous?" Ceil shook his head. "I...I've only had sex the one time with you and...I don't know why I feel like you need to be better for me when it was never a sin to begin with?"

"I need to be better?" Donner sat up, his brow furrowed as he took the lion's arm away from his shoulder.

A new warning sound blared in Ceil's mind. He suddenly felt shame in his soul like a hot rake on his back.

"No," Ceil put a hand up. "No, I didn't mean it that way."

Yes you did...

"Yes you did," Donner looked the lion up and down. "Do you think less of me because I've had sex before you?"

"No, I just..."

Yes you do...

"Yes you do," Donner shook his head. "I thought...well...I didn't know what I thought, but you fucked me too, and you don't get to lay with sluts and say you're not one. You don't get to raise yourself above on a pedestal just because you think you're better than me when you dragged your dick through this dirty slut."

Donner stood up and crossed his arms, the movie still playing in the background.

"Donner, wait," Ceil got up and put a hand on the coyote's shoulder, but Donner yanked it free.

"Don't touch me right now," Donner raised his voice and sighed. "I...I need a moment."

"Please I didn't mean it like that," Ceil's mind was firing off in multiple directions. Donner couldn't follow it to save his life. "Can I get a second to think here? I just think that your body count is more than I would be okay with normally and..."

"Let me stop you there," Donner held up a hand. "Did you seriously just say the words 'body count?'"

"No...I mean, yes...but..." Ceil struggled to find the words.

"Ceil..." Donner put his hands up, his eyes wide. "I think you...should go."

“Donner,” Ceil came forward and was going to touch the coyote, but something deep in his bones stopped the lion. It was like the entirety of heaven and hell were bearing down on his soul and scorching it in both holy fire and brimstone.

“Don’t touch me,” Donner took a deep breath and let it out. “Just go. I want you to go, please.”

“I...” Ceil was frozen. How had things turned so quickly? How did they flip on him so fast? Donner was the slut, right? If anything the coyote should be grateful that he hadn’t fucked around before him, right?

“Now,” Donner said with finality as he forced his mind to stop reading Ceil’s thoughts.

Ceil wanted to stay and say something, but his feet started to move. He didn’t even know if he was the one controlling them, but he shuffled his way to the front door and slipped on his sandals, lacing his toe paws into them.

“I’m sorry,” Ceil grabbed his jacket. “Can...Can we still text each other?”

“Please just go,” Donner said, his voice breaking a little. “I need...I need some time to myself right now.”

Ceil wanted to leap forward and hug that coyote, to pull him close and apologize, but he also knew he was the source of this pain. He simply took a deep breath, imagined his light...but it was cold this time. Empty and hollow. Ceil left, closing the door softly behind him before jamming his hands in his pockets and walking out.

Donner sat down and paused the movie, the entirety of the apartment swallowed in silence except for the rattling of pipes and the haunting howl of the vents. He put his head in his hands as anger boiled inside him.

Did he just make a mistake? He liked Ceil, and he was a fun guy, but...did the lion really respect him? Ceil said he was some slut...was he just some easy lay for the lion now that the consequences were removed? Donner thought that Ceil would be different, that he wouldn't be like the other guys who just used him for a nut and left, but was Ceil just a product of his desires now? Was what happened in the cave simply because he desired it that much?

Donner already knew what Ceil thought of him prior to all of this. He always thought he was just some gay sinner who had his legs spread all over town, but...Ceil was so sweet and kind.

Donner's chest grew tight as it rung a little sob out of him. He grabbed his pillow and hugged it to his chest as he sank down to his side, trying to hold his heart together as his own thoughts picked him apart.

Ceil

The campus was abandoned, the only company the street lights as the lion grit his teeth, padding his way back to the dorm with his first ever case of blue-balls. Not that he considered it blue-balls at the time. No, Ceil felt defeated and stupid. He was kicking himself over being so rude and cruel. Donner gave him this gift, the gift of being able to live his life the way he wanted, the truth that desire wasn't a sin and pleasure wasn't an affront to God. The lion thought his reward would be in his afterlife, that only in death he would get his reward, but Donner showed him that life was worth living. That every day wasn't a test, but a gift...and he took that gift and spat in the coyote's face.

Anger boiled in Ceil's gut as his sandals slapped the pavement. It was so intense, so strong that he was seeing red! He noticed a trash bin and he couldn't control himself. He lifted his leg and kicked it square in the center, his powerful heel denting the metal and knocking it over, the cap flying off and several papers and pieces of trash flew out.

Ceil stood there, hands in his pockets and heaving as what he just did sank in. He slumped his shoulders and got down and pulled the trash can back up and started putting the litter back in the bin. He finished by putting the cap back on, a numbness filling him to his core.

In the middle of tracing designs in the chipped red paint of that old trash can he realized where he was. He was in that same crossroads as before where Frank had smacked into him. He was so hollow and defeated...so cold...the question simply rolled out of him as though it were wind passing through a cave.

“Show me my God.”