“I probably should’ve gone to a hotel…”

Ash Cinder hiked for what felt like hours as the campground trail swayed to and fro in circles. When his boss at work insisted that he take the week off and use up his vacation hours, he figured a trip out of the city would’ve been a good idea. The city coywolf had felt stuck in high traffic after all; wake up to an alarm, go to the bathroom, take a cold shower, brush his teeth, then make a quick breakfast and go straight to work before returning home and vegetating in front of a screen. Rinse and repeat, rinse and repeat.

A coworker somehow convinced him that going camping at a random national park what do him much good. Ash figured it’d be fun too. Yet not even a few hours into his adventure, the coywolf found himself lost on the trail. He couldn’t even remember which way was north or south or east or west, let alone which paths were untouched since he started hiking.

Ash also cursed himself for leaving the campsite without a charged phone. Luckily for the tech-savvy coyote-wolf hybrid, he finally noticed something different from the maze of trees. No, he could hear something different too. Falling water! With perked ears, Ash sighed in relief as he stumbled through a patch of fallen branches towards the noise’s source. He almost tripped and fell over a broken log, only to marvel and laugh as his tail wagged at the sight in front of him; a babbling creek no doubt connecting to the main campground’s big lake.

“Follow it down river, and I’ll find the main trail,” Ash chuckled in audible solace.

Follow it, he did. As he walked down the uneven terrain lining along the creek, the coywolf began to imagine what he’d do after returning to his campsite. He could finish another chapter of the erotic book he brought, possibly go inside the teardrop camper rental and close the windows to jerk off, then clean up and make some dinner around a campfire (Ash had always wanted to try making s’mores since he was a cub). Maybe even take some photos for social media later. Definitely after charging up his phone in the car first. As for the day after…he honestly didn’t know.

Fortunately for Ash though, he didn’t need to ponder for long. Upon reaching a curve in the river leading temporarily into a flat pond, the coywolf froze behind a tree. His eyes widened into saucers as an immediate blush crept up his cheeks and into his ears. His tail wouldn’t quit wagging at the beautiful sight before him.

A hulking, handsome brown bear was bathing in the shallow bank of the stream, completely absent of any clothes. The most beautifully middle-aged bear he’s ever seen in recent memory. At first only the grizzly’s muscled back and ass could be seen from a stone’s throw away, but then the unaware bear turned around, and Ash saw a better view of the rugged stranger. The coywolf drooled at the brown-and-red-furred musclegut drenched in dripping river water. He marveled at the bear’s mighty paws as they rubbed and washed every part of his beautiful body, eyes closed in bliss and completely unaware of Ash’s presence.

Ash meanwhile soaked in everything to memory. He licked his chops as the outlines of each brawny curve, every drip of water on the grizzly’s muscles, his large pecs, rounded abs, soaked ass cheeks, limp (and thick as fuck) cock, abs amazing glutes we’re all ingrained into his mind. Most of all, Ash couldn’t stop himself from staring at what lay between those powerful legs. It easily had to be a foot long when erect. The balls hanging from it too were delectable. He could just imagine walking out there into the steady waters, kneeling in front of the bear Adonis, then worshipping—

“I can hear you over there,” the rugged bear suddenly raised his voice. Ash had been too distracted to notice he’d gone still mid-flex. “Mind coming out now? I won’t bite, hehe.”

Ash immediately blushed like a teenager caught on his laptop, and fumbled his way out of the trees in intense embarrassment. Mostly, he tried hiding the fact his erection could be seen through his shorts.

“I’m so sorry, sir! I shouldn’t have been spying on you,” the coywolf stuttered through his apology in rapid succession. “See, I was lost and I couldn’t find my way back to the campsites, then I followed this tiger and saw you and I couldn’t look away because you’re so fucking handsome and I’m sorry—”

“Hey, hey, calm down, son,” the bear held his paws up. “I’m not angry or anything.

Just surprised, is all.” He walked backwards onto the shore until his bare footpaws stopped at some pile of blue clothing Ash hadn’t noticed before. The grizzly gave an amused laugh. “I take it as a compliment really, especially with that pecker of yours you’re trying to hide.”

Ash once again tried covering his shame tenting in his shorts, which only made the grizzly boom louder with laughter.

“So, you said you’re lost, huh?” He asked as he pulled his clothes—a blue pairs of overalls and a red scarf tied around his neck—back on. “My home’s not too far from here. I know they teach you not to trust strangers, but Im not one of them. If you follow me, I can show you how to get back to Knottingham.”

“You…” Ash finally calmed down enough to register the grizzly bear’s hopeful words. “You know where Camp Knottingham is?”

“Sure do, sonny,” he replied. “You’d be surprised how many of you city folk run off the trails around here. I keep telling the owner say hi to make better signs to before someone gets hurt.”

“Lucky you found me then,” the coywolf laughed a little nervously. “Feels like I’ve been wandering for hours around here…”

Ash hopscotched over a few rocks and yelped, nearly falling into the river had his grizzly friend not stepped forward and grabbed him by the scruff. He yelped in startled fright, then went limp as the large (and fully clothed) ursine carried him to the shoreline. The man had done it as if he weighed almost nothing!

Ash touched the ground and rubbed the back of his neck. “Thank you,” he mumbled.

“No problem, sonny. Hope I wasn’t too rough there?” He asked, to which the canine shook his muzzle. “Good then. The name’s Rusty. Rusty Bear.”

“Ash,” he greeted back with a mirroring smile, “Ash Cinder.”