“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.”

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The short hike to Rusty’s home did not take long, yet the coywolf and grizzly bear were immediately having an animated conversation. Simply put, Rusty Bear preferred living in the woods over living in civilized society. He earned any money needed by working as a logger, spending much of his time with Mother Nature. In turn, Ash described his average day job, his apartment, the movies and TV shows he’d watched which the bear obviously hadn’t a clue of. Mostly, the coywolf was captivated by how such a handsome and athletic bear like Rusty survived in the wilderness like it was nothing.

“So, you live here all by yourself?” Ash stared incredulously at the surrounding clearing. At the tent, the clothesline, chopping block with an embedded axe, a central fire pit, and large boulder beside it to sit upon. “God, I can’t imagine even going a day without technology.”

Rusty invited him to sit in front of the campfire, the embers already dying out, as the bear claimed the large sitting rock and Ash opted for the rather soft grass beside it. He feared sitting too close would cause him to harden up again.

“Once you let all them pesky electronics and social media crap go, then get away from city life, it feels like freedom,” Rusty chuckled. “No worries about ignorance either.”

“Ignorance?” Ash perked an ear in slight confusion. “What do you mean?”

“Saw the way you were looking at me earlier, remember?”

It didn’t register to Ash for close to several seconds. When it finally happened, the coywolf comically widened his eyes at the rugged, well-built, many bear sitting before him. The same bear who could easily snap them into and likely never visited a large city before. This bear was…was…?

“You’re gay too?” He finally asked, to which Rusty gave a nod.

“Sure am,” he answered with a confident smirk. “Of course, from what I’ve heard in the papers and the general store whenever I do need to visit town, things have mightily changed since my time. Folks like us can be out of the closet, for one.”

“We sure can,” Ash nodded firmly. “We can get married, have families, be open out at work if we want to, and while there’s always the religious assholes out there, things have improved.”

“You’re quite lucky, sonny,” Rusty smiled softly. “When I was your age, my mama and papa weren’t too fond of me liking boys my age and kicked me out of the house the moment I turned eighteen. Only member of the family I talk to nowadays is my older brother and his family. My little nephew actually looks up to me and thinks I’m the manliest bear there ever is.”

“Well, he ain’t wrong,” Ash mentioned while staring up at him. “You picked me up earlier at the river like I was nothing but cardboard. Can’t even imagine how easy it is for you to carry a whole tree.”

“Hehe, you should have seen me this morning,” Rusty boasted, grinning down at the smaller canine. “These arms can carry almost anything.”

When the bear flexed his biceps to make his point, Ash gulped. Both he and Rusty then paused for a moment, noticing the tent once again pointing out from between the former’s legs. Yet before he could even find the chance to act surprised or embarrassed, Rusty smiled lecherously. Then, the bear unbuttoned one of the straps for his overalls, followed by the next. He wordlessly you peeled it back down until the upper half of his body remained exposed to the air, followed by his torso until the overalls themselves were piled at his bare footpaws. Once more, Ash gulped at the member in-between those thick glutes.

“Your wandering eyes got me all excited it seems,” Rusty laughed warmly. “If you wanna look closer than you did last time, go for it.”

His knees shifting closer on their own, Ash stared in hypnotized awe at the bear’s glorious manhood. Unlike earlier at the river, he could see and smell it up close, and practically taste the musk emitting from every inch. As beautifully thick as an aluminum can of beer and long enough to rest from his nose to his forehead, Rusty’s cock throbbed in front of the coywolf’s muzzle. It drooled pre in front of Ash, whose tongue started to pant as he imagined wrapping his lips around it.

“What’re you waiting for, kiddo?” Rusty teased him while patting the red mohawk between his heated ears. “C’mon, it won’t bite.”

Ash lightly chuckled yet dared not to look away from the thick member. He yearned to savor this. Sniffing the musky air, he leaned forward and let his nose kiss the bear’s leaking tip, eliciting a soft hum from Rusty, followed by a loud hiss as the city coywolf finally wrapped his lips around the head. To Rusty, it felt like warm molasses. Then, Ash’s velvet tongue lathered the underside of the shaft.

Groaning like an earthquake, the older bear hung his head back. He moaned aloud as the younger canine effortlessly suckled down the wide girth. Inch by inch and centimeters by centimeter, Ash descended down that bear dick, until moments later his cold nose pressed gently against Rusty’s unkempt pubic fur. To say he entered the musky gates of heaven would’ve been a grand understatement. The scents of creek water, perspiration, and natural bear overwhelmed his senses, and Ash could feel its lustful causing a painful tent within his boxers.

“This ain’t your first rodeo, huh, kid?” Rusty sighed with a lolling tongue. When Ash replied with a humming noise from the back of his filled throat, the bear grinned back down at the mutt. His hips started to buck gently in and out of that warm, wet maw. “Mmmm, haven’t been deepthroated like this in years, and you’re taking it like a champ. Mfh, well let’s see, ahhhh, if you’ll like it a little rougher?”

Ash’s paws blindly grabbed the bear’s hips for support as his knees remained embedded into the soft grass. The coywolf gagged slightly at Rusty’s uncontrolled thrusts testing the limits of his gag reflex. He could tell though from the bear’s eager thrusts and the saltiness of his pre that it’d been a while since his last romp.

At some point, Ash slowed his lapping down. He reluctantly pulled back off the big brown member, but not before giving the salty tip a kiss. Plus, a thorough parting lick. At first, Rusty was confused about the canine’s reasons for cutting the fun short, until he felt the young man’s tongue trail down his shaft and his cold nose sniff his scrotum. Soon enough, the bear let out a lustful growl when that same cold nose practically inhaled his musk and a canine tongue lathered at his balls. To Rusty, nobody had ever given attention to his low-hanging fruit in years, while to Ash, they looked, felt, abs tasted like the most pungently-scented meatballs wrapped in a layer of warm fur and manly flesh. No matter how thorough Rusty had been cleaning himself earlier, the naturalist bath didn’t remove the scents of Earth, perspiration, or musky grime that drove Ash bananas.

“Not….nngh, gonna last much longer—Ahhh!” The overwhelmed grizzly tried patting his sexual partner’s head, but the warning came too late. Well, literally.

Gushes of bear cum splashed all over Ash’s back, his neck, then eyes and face as he opened wide in vain. He tried swallowing down the rest but couldn’t. It was too late. As Rusty laid his head back and fought to regain some semblance of a calm heartbeat, he heard something over his own panting. It was a canine whining and whimpering.

“Sorry about not warning you,” he apologized, then leaned forward to see Ash, his muzzle covered in bear seed already cooling down. “Here, I’ll help you out…”

Rusty proceeded to lick his long tongue all over the coywolf’s face. The slithering appendage caused the canine to giggle from the unexpected tickling, especially when the older bear went under his chin to collect some of the spunk, but not before pecking the lad’s lips. Up and down, Rusty lathered up his semen until only the ones staining Ash’s clothes remained.

“Wanna take those off?” Rusty began to stand up, as did the young canine, who also stared up with wide eyes to what was above the trees, “We can go…back…to the…uh oh.”

Huge droplets of rain began to descend. A bolt of lightning suddenly danced across the sky. The much darker, stormy sky they’d been too distracted to notice. “Get in the tent!” Rusty hollered. “Quickly, Ash!”

Nine seconds later and they crawled into the meager tent with thoroughly soaked clothes. Ash shivered as rainwater dripped all over him onto a welcome mat, his wide eyes take me in the tent’s interior. The ceiling easily as tall as Rusty, it had a few boxes in one corner and a massive sleeping bag in the other, plus a pile of worn-out books on the nightstand. Speaking of which, when Rusty had reached forward to turn on a small gas lamp on said nightstand, Ash immediately noticed two things: those books were erotic pulp magazines, and Rusty had completely shed his clothes (leaving them outside in the process, apparently). The coywolf immediately blushed once again, particularly at being eye-level with one of the distracted bear’s pecs and pert nipples. They look so tasty.

“What a storm out there!” Rusty said, then stared down with concern at the still-trembling canine. “We better get you out of those clothes now, sonny. You’ll catch a cold!” The big bear gently helped Ash out of his soaked clothes, then placed it in a basket as he guided him to the sleeping bag. Meanwhile, thunder and lightning boomed and flashed outside as heavy wind and rainfall continued tapping against the sturdy tent. “It looks like the weather is gonna be like this all night.”

“Mind if I stay here until morning?” Ash meekly asked.

“I’d never say no to a lad like you,” Rusty patted his bare shoulder in comfort, smiling amidst the glow coming from the gas lamp. “And don’t you worry about them winds out there. This tent’s been through storms that’d rival a hurricane.”

Ash still jumped when a large flash and boom of lightning startled him, and Rusty held him closer. Both remained completely naked, and it wasn’t until the bear noticed the coywolf’s light blushing and his own reinvigorated erection that he hatched an idea. The young obviously wasn’t a fan of the scary weather, so he’d help distract him from it.

“C’mon, let’s go to bed then,” he proposed. “If you want to, we can…continue where we left off moments ago?”

Ash stared up, still blushing like an inexperienced virgin at college, and nodded as his response. He whimpered submissively as Rusty then proceeded to semi-carry him to the sleeping bag and lie him down on his back, the young canine’s legs spread slightly, then kneel above him as the bear emitted a lustful growl. His raging erection almost intimidated the coywolf.

“Y-You have l-lube?”

“Olive oil from the general store,” Rusty grunted as he pulled a small bottle from the nightstand. “One can get real lonesome around these parts, and need their left paw as a friend. Hehe, but now I’ve got you…”

Ash gave a high-pitched moan as he felt two thick, slick, digits slowly enter him. He felt himself stretched wide open for several moments, then empty as a hot organ began to kiss his taint, then the winking hole underneath his curling, wagging tail. What felt like hours of hungering anticipation were merely minutes of gradual buildup, which broke when Ash cried out at the spearing shaft.

“You okay there, Ash?”

“I…I’m okay. Don’t stop…”

Wearing a reassured grin, Rusty no longer went slow and steady for the coywolf, whose anal ring flexed and squeezed around the bear’s invading shaft. Within seconds the slick head effortlessly spread him even wider open, brushing at a certain spot.

One of those mighty paws caressed his cheek. Mid-thrust, Rusty landed a lustful kiss between Ash’s folded ears and an even more slobbery one on his lips, his ursine tongue snaking through the coywolf’s shivering, moaning maw. Such devotion led to Ash seeing stars once the bear parted his lips, and it wasn’t until Ash sniffed the air mid-moan that he began to drool.

“Ahhh! R-Rusty?” He asked, sighing as the rugged ursine paused his thrusts. “Uh…mind if I y’know…t-try something?”

Rusty raised an eyebrow, but shrugged. “Sure thing, sonny,” he answered. “Can I keep going for you?”

“Sure, just…just go a little slow…” Ash said as he craned his neck downward and rested it under the older man’s arms. He sniffed hard. “Mmmmm…!”

The thrusting continued again. The exertion caused by his motions was already making Rusty sweat. He wasn’t in his prime anymore, yet it only made the scent more potent. Ash could not only smell it but taste it too. As his nose pressed deeper and deeper into the thrusting bear’s armpits, he felt the musky moisture drench his nostrils.

Ash pulled away from the pit with a euphoric smile plastered on his chops, and ignoring the scent in favor of showing affection, Rusty pulled him into yet another kiss as his thrusts became more animal. Drool frothed from his fangs. His gentle grip on Ash became firmer. His eyes squeezed a shot as his manhood piston in and out of the tight tailhole. Comparing it to the whining coywolf’s mouth, he didn’t know which end felt more right around his cock. Each rough push made the canine’s own aching boner twitch until it eventually became too much for him to handle. barking and moaning incoherently, he released Sprint spurting jets of cum all over his stomach, which in turn caused his ass to tightly convulse enough around the bear’s penetrating cock to drive him over the edge too.

Rusty collapsed atop a spent Ash, and together they lay in a panting, breathing, sweaty, cum-filled mess. The shared haze of their afterglow trapped them in a trance of lingering lust and post-nut bliss. Ash had no idea where his mind went. However, what pulled him back to earth was when he felt Rusty’s mighty paws rub his back in circular motions, followed by that long tongue licking his nape.

“How you feeling, sonny?” He asked the tiger canine.

Ash couldn’t help but chuckle as he cuddled up closer to his big bear. “I’m definitely coming back here for my next vacation,” he said between smiling canine pants, “if that’s alright with you, Rusty?”

A massive grin spread across the bear’s rust-furred muzzle. “You bet your sweet ass, it’s fine with me.”

Soon enough, after cleaning each other up and stretching some tired muscles, the two cuddled up together in the sleeping bag. The storm may have continued raging outside, but Ash didn’t care. He had a big strong bear to protect him.