

# Bear Bed

An illustrated short story by laserpaints. Contains sexual themes and little else, to be honest. No AI was used for this.

Illustrations available in 8K resolution at [patreon.com/hides](https://patreon.com/hides). Support my creations there!

[linktr.ee/laserpaints](https://linktr.ee/laserpaints) [laserpaints.com](https://laserpaints.com)

version 1.0

---

"Well, there's nothing to patrol here. We've seen none of the Sheriff's goons for miles, so we might as well grab a bite!" Little John moped, dragging his paws along the forest ground.

"It's no wonder. You're making enough noise to turn 'em around before we ever get a chance, old boy," Robin retorted. It was true, the nimble fox's steps were light as a feather in comparison to the bear rustling through the verdant underbrush, but it was just as well: The imposing ursid had a reputation among the Sheriff's posse and despite Robin's own reputation, he'd rather avoid a confrontation with them. The plan was to keep them guessing - and out of the forest he and his Merry Men occupied.

For the next leg of their hike, however, Robin was going to require a bit of stealth from the grumpy old bear. Soon they would get into earshot of Prince John's castle and Robin was keen on getting a secret audience at a certain window.

"You didn't bring any supplies to make camp, did you, Robin? Uh, maybe we can set a trap. Pull the fortune teller bit on a squad of soldiers on the castle road or something. Take their lunch!" John said.

Robin flared his tunic with his hands as if it had empty pockets to pull out. That garment was awfully short, Little John thought to himself, walking a few paces behind the fox.

"Not unless you brought disguises? I'm beginning to think you're enjoying the crossdressing part of that a little too much, Johnny," Robin joked, "I think there's a ripe one in that apple tree over yonder. Gimme a lift and I'll pick it for you, if you promise to give me a break."

Little John obliged and placed a paw at knee height for the fox to step on and climb bear mountain. Standing on his strong shoulders, he was still just out of reach. "A little higher" Robin whistled, and nimbly climbed atop the bear's paw now reaching out over his head. That was just enough to bend down the thin, flexible bough with the fruity prize at its end.

John looked up through squinted eyes, the sunlight streaking through the foliage and casting a warm green glow through the fox's tunic. He craned his neck, ducking out of the blinding sun shafts to see everything as Robin lithely placed his other footpaw on the bear's hand: There was a flash of supple pink quickly hidden by the delicious creases of the fox's buttocks, his cute little balls surrounded by a corona of green light. Now there was a feast, Little John thought, having forgotten the apple.

The afternoon sun in his eyes would provide plausible deniability as his hand shifted. Robin's pawpads slipped off the bear's and with a sharp yelp he felt himself slide down onto it. John's massive paw greedily grabbed at the vulpine's most sensitive body parts as if they were the apple Robin was about to pluck from the tree. The branch snapped from the fox's grip, flinging the fruit far off into the green, but the sudden shift in weight caused Little John to stumble backwards. Struggling to not let go of his friend, his hefty rear crashed into a girthy tree and he slid down the trunk, the fox finally flopping out of his paw and onto his cushy belly.

Robin recovered quickly from the fall and subsequent invasion of his *personal* space. He had held onto his own hat and expertly plucked Little John's cap out of the air after it had separated from the bear's head during the tumble. "Pawsy, aren't we? Well there goes your snack," he chuckled, looking after the airborne apple, "I could've shot it down, come to think of it."

Robin blindly put his companion's hat back where it belonged behind him. He was about to step off his ursine throne and felt Little John's hands around his narrow waist, as to help lift him off. As he made to step down between the bear's legs, his toes made contact with an unexpected third limb. "Oh... whoa, old boy, something on your mind?"

It took Robin just a second to make sense of the pillar of flesh rising from under his friend's similarly skimpy tunic. Half hard but thicker than the fox's thigh already and standing a bit taller with every visible beat of the bear's heart. "Little" John's hands were also not much help to Robin after all, save for helping him relieve himself of his tunic. "Oh come on Johnny - you're such a glutton. Incredible," he said through a big grin. Robin had put his paws on the bear's as if to arrest them but wasn't offering much resistance as Little John simply overpowered him and pulled the green garment off - revealing the fox's slender, smooth back - despite his protests. "Hey, we're not here to dilly-dally, we have a job to do. And places to be, remember? Speaking of, I am practically engaged to Marian!"

"Practically," Little John grumbled. He gently pushed the fox forwards until he straddled his hardening cock - Robin's diminutive sheath and balls squeezed up against it - so he could undo his own tunic. Living the life of brigands, they were comfortable seeing each other naked - on laundry day at the very least - and a bit of tomfoolery was not exactly frowned upon by the Merry and occasionally lonely Men. A hazy memory flashed before

Robin's eyes: A wine mug in one hand and more than a handful of bear cheek in the other, with his cock hilted and desperately emptying himself between them. At present, Little John was spreading the fox's cheeks for a change, savouring the sight of the pink pucker stretching under his paws. The role reversal was new, Robin was used to being in charge of his band of outlaws.



"You're the one who talked me into marrying her - getting cold feet? Whoa - oh!" Robin's protests evaporated as the bear, having rid himself of his own tunic, picked him up by the hips and lasciviously dragged his large, sloppy tongue through the fox's taint. "Alright then, if you insist. The things I do for morale," Robin exclaimed theatrically as he threw himself back onto Little John's jiggly belly and set his footpaws to work on the massive slab of bear meat below him. Little John melted into a puddle as the vulpine's dextrous pawpads skillfully massaged his veiny shaft and thick foreskin - a smooth, dulled claw teasing his slit. "You've got

anything but cold feet, lover boy - I never knew, boss. Your talents are wasted on *Her Highness*," the bear mused.



"Yeah, yeah, think of it as a parting gift," Robin replied and nudged the tip of John's cock between his well lubricated cheeks. "I'm making an exception here, to be clear - Oh boy!" Robin gasped as he impaled himself on the unyielding pillar of flesh. "This ain't so bad, actually. I'm surprised I could take that thing" he said, barely two inches of (granted - impressively girthy) bear cock squeezed into his tight entrance. A yelp was forced out of him as Little John reflexively bucked into the small fox, bouncing him off his belly. "Ow, alright, maybe take it easy, big fellow," Robin squealed, the painful thrust nevertheless having hit some spot inside him that had jolted the tip of his own dick right out of its sheath. The fox squeezed his legs and pushed himself off of *Big John's* head. His sensitive butt now sitting on top of the intruder, he looked down at the glorious shaft and found he could not reach the ground below him with his paws. "Well, well, maybe don't shove

the whole thing in me, I'd like to keep my insides arranged just the way they are," Robin cautioned, ruffling the bear's soft cheek behind him.



"Aye, Robbie, you feel lovely just like that," Little John purred, flushing a subtle blush into Robin's white muzzle. He once again probed into the slippery fox and comfortably squeezed his bulbous glans inside him. With a slow, steady rhythm he carefully tested Robin's limits, eliciting tender and slutty moans from him here and there. Robin's own cock - hard and knotted already from the novel stimulation - was flopping around aimlessly as he softly bounced on top of Little John's gut.

"I say, old boy, I have been missing out," Robin muttered, reclining into his friend and sprawling over his generous curves. A pressure was building inside him, like a rillet held up by a beaver's dam. He could not quite place the feeling until a warm buzz spread from deep within him into the tip of his vulpine cock, much like a pleasant summer storm. Little John continued to gently push and pull however much Robin could take. A string of

clear precum dribbled from the fox's untouched, tottering cock, quickly replaced by a thick white glob, before he even realised that he was actually cumming. The orgasm snuck up slowly but soon overwhelmed him, when suddenly Little John's next thrust forced a rope of fox cum high up into the air.



"Oh, dear Johnny!" Robin exclaimed - that, perhaps more than any of the physical stimulation, pushed the bear over the edge in turn - a deep guttural groan escaping from his throat as he himself erupted into the fox fountain. What felt to Robin like gallons of hot, virile bear seed pumped deep into him past the tight seal and he barely noticed himself continuing to liberally paint the pair with his own ejaculate.

When their shared climax finally subsided, the incredible warmth within Robin remained. He found himself uncharacteristically lacking any witty remark for what just happened as he slowly regained his faculties. Little John's bearhood softened slightly and

slid out of the fox's overstretched hole, a spurt of ursine seed sloshing out of the entrance after him coated the bear's belly and the base of his cock. Robin felt his sore ring of muscle unable to close, voluntarily or otherwise, as a steady stream of steaming, sticky seed continued to pour from his bloated belly. Almost slipping off of his lover in the mess, he found his footing on Little John's softening yet still thumping cock, squeezing a last spurt of seed from the massive organ. "Oh, Sorry," Robin muttered, the only words said for a long while as a rough bear tongue delectably lapped the fox's excitement from his and the bear's own nose.



After lounging in their mutual mess for a long while, Robin found his words: "You make a good point, old chap. The bachelor life has its perks."

"Oh come on, Rob. I don't want to crash your wedding. Not sure what came over me there, except... Well, you did. Hey, who knows... Perhaps an arrangement can be made, I know Maid Marian is a reasonable woman!"

Robin seized suddenly, sending a jiggly wave through his bear belly cushion. "Marian!" Robin yelped, "She's waiting for me!"

"Relax, Robbie," Little John said calmly, "we'll make it there before sundown easy."

"Drenched in unmentionables?" Robin cried, paws outstretched and strings of sticky cum drawn between him and the bear as he leapt from his lover.

Belly laughing, Little John got his big old paws under himself and stood. "I'll fix you up real nice and dapper," John said and lifted the lithe fox up by the armpits, then set his broad, eager tongue to work on the sticky matted fur from between Robin's legs up to his nipples. "There's my meal after all. Rob's right, I really am a glutton," he thought to himself, disregarding the fox's protests.

Comically licking his jowls, he eventually set him down, the fox already hard again. Little John pulled Robin's tunic over his slender form in one stroke and then wrung the remaining fluid from the thick fur at his own loins. Flicking his drenched paw, he sprinkled the undergrowth with the remainder of their debauchery and laughed as Robin was struggling to pull his arms out of the garment. Little John put on his own tunic, unbothered by all the wet spots forming where he had missed them.

"You're good as new," John chuckled, picking up their gear as the scowling fox took off in a hurry, "Well - maybe lightly used. She won't be able to tell from up at her window anyways. We'll just say we worked up a sweat cleaving a path through her guards! She'll swoon at the thought. Although, you might wanna take care of that leakage before we get there."

Robin looked down in distress between his drenched legs as he was struggling to step out of his own mess that he was leaving behind with every pace. "Truly - Incredible."