Besides a quick detour to see glimpses of the Grand Canyon, the drive southward from Utah down to Arizona felt seamless. As did finding another hot fuck once I booked into a decently priced motel within the heart of downtown Thunderbird. The bobcat’s name was Ash, short for ‘Ashkii’, and he attended university on scholarship. When he wasn’t earning a degree in business management or traveling up north to see his family in the Navajo Nation, he liked to de-stress himself by getting laid, saying how it often helped clear his mind of stress.

Me: do you have an exam coming up?

Ash: Midterms! XC They are really going to suck for me…

Ash: I need some way to relax.

Me: Oh? And how can I help with that?

Ash: ;3

Ash: By unzipping your pants

Ash: If you want to stop by my place?

Me: What’s your address, cutie?

He attended Thunderbird University but lived in a building off-campus. It once belonged to a monastery who went bankrupt for unknown reasons, So the college purchased and outfitted it into additional housing for students. Especially those who didn’t like dorm life or who couldn’t afford rent. The perfect place for a Navajo bobcat to invite a handsome foreigner twice his age for some sexy fun-time. All that Ash asked of me was that I’d not make too much noise.

He stood outside the building by the front entrance as I parked my truck. He wore only a plain T-shirt with the university football team’s logo stitched on, plus a pair of comfy red pajama bottoms I predicted would be stripped off soon. As I approached, the nervous smile beneath his twitching whiskers grew wider.

“Sebastian?”

“No, it is Steve Jobs back from the grave,” I joked dryly without dropping my smile.

“Very funny,” Ash rolled his eyes, turning to hold the doors open. “They won’t mind seeing you long as you act like a student.”

“Understood, Professor Ashkii.”

He giggled, “I think you’d be the one mistaken for a teacher around here.”

“Nah, I’m not qualified,” I scoffed as the bobcat led me down a quiet corridor, then inside his dorm room at last.

Considering that his dormitory used to be a monastery, it made sense that the outfitted dorm rooms were once part of the priory’s lodgings. Each one was roughly the size of a walk-in closet. A single bed on one side of the room, a desk and dresser on the other, plus a large closet on the back with a tiny window looking out to the trees surrounding the property. It reminded me more of a furnished prison cell in the Scandinavian countries.

Being a larger canine certainly made it feel more claustrophobic. However, the company more than helped make up for it, particularly when he closed the door behind us, then boldly squeezed my ass when I didn’t see.

“Cheeky lad,” I clicked my tongue, glancing back as he wrapped his arms around my torso, purring into my lower back. “Feel free to help me undress.”

“Don’t have to tell me twice, big guy.”

Ash gleefully proceeded to have his paws roam all over my shirt into my trousers, pressing himself to my lower back and my glutes. He pinched my nipples through my clothes as well as groped at my package between my legs, causing my bulge to grow with each rub and calculated stroke. The way the feline operated hinted how this was far from his first rodeo with pleasing an older man.

“Oh shit,” he gasped in disbelief.

“What?” I asked.

Having earlier pulled up my shirt for easier access, his index fingers and thumbs rubbed once, twice, then thrice over my abs hidden under a thin layer of stomach fur. Shaking his muzzle, Ash hastily walked around me as I stood in confusion, only for realization to dawn on us when he stared at my six-pack. The bobcat comically salivated like a cat at a sushi buffet.

“Holy crap, are those real?”

His fingers returned to kneading them again, and I laughed. “They sure are,” I proudly told the horny lad. “You look like you wanted to do more than stare at them, don’t you?”

He wordlessly agreed by suddenly extending his feeling tongue outwards and running it along the bottom of my abs, lustfully dragging the wet, rough appendage through the curved cracks and up my stomach until his twitching ears tickled my pectorals. During which, those fingers expertly unzipped my trousers and pulled them down, but not without giving a few teasing pinches and fondles of my equally solid ass. The underwear effortlessly came off too.

Seriously, did the Navajo lad have a sugar daddy somewhere?

Ash happily pulled my shirt off for me, raising my arms above my head to discard the last article of clothing. I only found myself naked for close to two seconds before he surprised me by jumping into my arms and giving me a heated kiss. An intense yet sensually welcomed kiss unlike the wolf from Crossroads City.

As a more dominant partner in bed, I grabbed more control of the direction we were going in and carried him to the bed a few feet to my right.

“Will it hold?” I asked the affectionate bobcat, mentally hoping I would not end my visit by paying a fine to the university. “Hold us, I mean?”

“Surprisingly, yes,” he chuckled upon remembering something. “Once brought in a buffalo and he was twice our combined weight. Let’s just not shake it too much, okay?”

“Agreed.”

I gently placed his slender, naked form atop the narrow bed, then lay myself atop him. The bed certainly didn’t count as full-sized, but we made it work. Ash happily squirmed beneath me as I rubbed our leaking cocks together, his tongue licking along my jawline as it drove me wild. Our fingers further roamed all over each other’s bodies, fondling for an inch of unseen fur and flesh, intensifying into another kiss that turned into a passionate session of traded tongue. I loved felines for their tongues. They felt like velvet sandpaper with just the right amount of coarseness, whether it be along the inner maw or the nipples or even the cock while being given a blowjob. Ashkii certainly knew such that.

Our lips sloppily parted, with the loving feline catching his shaking breath. “Oh, God, you…you have no idea how much I need this,” he purred like a steam engine. “Classes, homework assignments, and now this fucking midterm coming up…help me.”

“Heh,” I licked my chops, “turn over then, so I can give you some tips.”

He happily obliged, presenting the cute tuft of his wiggling tail for me as I spread his mounds apart. I drooled some wolf saliva down my jaw and into his tantalizing crevice. The thorough scent of soap mixed with his perspiration, creating a potent combination that led me to taking him halfway dry. Ashkii didn’t mind though. If anything, he bounced his bobcat booty against my hips as the lad didn’t hesitate to take me in one go. He didn’t just take a tip, but the whole shaft within seconds, and I drank in every drop of the experience.

Even if it did result in us getting a knock on the door. A very firm knock, at that. When Ashkii reluctantly pulled off my dogcock, the irritated bobcat answered to a similarly aged (and frowning) coyote, who saw one look of me draped in a blanket on the bed. I waved meekly. He blushed fiercely, then whispered something to Ashkii before quickly walking down the hallway.

The bobcat sighed after closing the door, then turned to me with an embarrassed smile.

“My R.A. said we needed to keep it down a notch,” he laughed while scratching the back of his ears. “Sorry about that.”

“No worries,” I shook my muzzle and pulled off the blanket to give my cock another stroke. “Wanna ride me instead?”

“Like a fucking wild stallion,” Ashkii chirped brightly.

“Good,” I licked my chops as the feline crawled onto my lap, “because I’m gonna make you neigh like one when I’m done with you.”