What was he doing here? A good question, one Colin had been asked a few times since he arrived in Norway. Not unkindly. However, an Englishman in Norway and so close to Christmas when the green was gone and the white was in charge. Of course, he was not an Englishman, or maybe he was. If he was being honest, the reindeer would have admitted he was not entirely sure who he was or where he belonged.

However, he had been there before. Not just for a holiday, but he was born on the icefields, where the air is clear and the people are scattered. His first decade on the world had been spent in his family's house in the shadow of Mount Bergsasen. A beautiful stone building built overlooking lake Snasavatnet. Idyllic and perfect for those looking to get away from the pressures of modern city life. That was what the travel company had advertised it as anyway.

Colin's father had been in the British Army. He had never given him a straight answer about how he had met Colin's mother. Just that it had been at some official function. She was a young woman with strong opinions and that he had fallen helplessly in love with her. The two had married, settled down and had a son. Colin could remember some of his life there, but it seemed so distant.

He had been barely old enough to understand what was going on when his mother had first been diagnosed; leukaemia. It had been terminal. Though they had hidden that from Colin for as long as they could.

Pulling up to the house in the rented rover he could feel the memories flooding back. Stepping out the frigid cold air clawed at his lungs, the snow deep and yet shallow to his memories. A young deer the snow practically up to his chest. His father had picked him up and placed him on his shoulders. Using the huge antlers acting as handles, Colin had laughed as he steered his father like a bike through the snow to the house.

Standing there, he was shocked by how little the place had changed. It had been fifteen years since he had last stood on this spot. There had been tears then too, his mother was gone and his father was taking him to some foreign land. Ten years old and his entire world was crumbling to dust around him. How he had howled, his pain and fear turning to bitter hatred that he vented at his father.

Life in Britain had been so different. So much noisier and smellier. Everything seemed to be alien and offensive. The people more so than anything else. He had promised himself that he would come back the moment he had turned eighteen. The moment he no longer needed his father's permission. It was a promise he had broken, for he had university to attend and travel was expensive. So he told himself he would go the next year, and then the next and so on.

Trudging through the snow he reached the door and pulled out the keys from his pocket. Turning around for a moment, he froze at the sight before him. The lake in the distance opening up, the snowy fields and trees sticking out of them. It was just as he remembered it. For a moment he was a little child again, standing holding his mother's hand and looking out at the

frozen lands. Everything looking so clean and clear, although the skies had been blue in his memory. His fingers twitched at the faint memory of a gloved hand in it, reassuring him that the world before him was safe and wonderful.

The only difference was the dark clouds gathering around. It had been forecast for snow and Colin had been warned a few times to be careful. He was just going to check the place over briefly and then drive to the nearest town, Sansa. There he could pick up some supplies and most importantly some wood for the fire and some petrol for the small generator. When he had picked the keys up the lady at the small travel agency had been very clear that he would need them both if he planned to stay. Though Colin was not sure if he did.

He had thought that his father had sold this house when they left. It was not until he had a stroke that the old deer admitted he had kept it and that it was let out to tourists throughout the year. That had been the last conversation he had with his father, at least the last one where his father was able to answer.

It had been easier this time, sitting by a bed holding a dying parent's hand, “I know I hurt you son. However, you can never know how much it hurt me to be there, to see her in every stick of furniture, every picture and everywhere we went. Maybe I was selfish, but I hope someday you will forgive me.”

His words had been slurred, as his brain was shutting down. The doctors had insisted that there was nothing they could do. For a few hours, he had been his father and then he had closed his eyes and gone to sleep. Colin had wept, he had known that it was the end. He had told his father that he forgave him years ago. The deer was not sure if it was completely true, but he could not let the old guy die thinking that there was anything but love there. In the end, that was all he had felt; love and loss.

Tearing himself away from the view and the memory, he took a deep breath. The key was slid into the lock and he opened the door. His jaw dropped and he felt like he had been sucker-punched in the gut. His eyes scanned over the room and he felt tears begin to form. It was all different! Maybe he was foolish to have thought things would have been the same. So many years and so many tourists using his childhood home as their holiday home.

Everything had changed. The living room and dining room were now one huge lounge. The stone fireplace had been ripped out of the wall and replaced with a modern fire pit style thing. Long gone was the yellow sofa that he and his mother had snuggled on under blankets and watched kids T.V. The kitchen was all terracotta tiles and newly fitted cupboards.

Colin could feel the tears start to fall and he took a deep breath. He tried to tell himself that it was only to be expected and that it was probably for the best. After all, you can’t ever really go back. All you can do is grasp at echoes of what were. If he was going to sell this place and put it behind him, this made it easier. Though it was no wonder his father had never told him about

this place. If he had seen it like this he would have flown all the way back home just to scream in his old man's face once more.

Outside the snow had started to fall, but the deer only had eyes for inside. The log pile by the fire was completely empty and the lights refused to turn on. Trudging outside again he noted the snow, but his mind was far too much on exploring the rest of his home. Maybe there would be some hidden treasures upstairs, possibly in the attic. He found the small shed and the petrol generator and with a couple of pulls he turned it on. The house behind him lit up like a beacon, as it seemed whoever had been there last had left every single light on, as if in some crazy attempt to use up every possible last moment of electric.

The generator was already sitting on empty, though the deer hoped that meant he could have a half-hour or so to look inside. Trudging back through the snow he pulled his coat tighter around him as the cold wind bit through the thick material. Even as a species adapt to the cold he felt the frozen winds stinging his eyes and nose. Inside was little better, with no fire or heating on in weeks, the air was just frozen. However, the chill winds were at least held at bay.

The deer reached the bottom of the stairs and looked up. The shadows on the walls so familiar. This was more like it. He remembered running up and down these stairs excited to tell his sick mother about his day while she lay in bed. It did not matter if nothing had happened, he always found some new story to tell her. It was time for just the two of them.

His gloves paw trailed on the cold stone, counting as he climbed the stairs. Each stone an old friend that he could almost describe without even looking. Reaching the top he sighed in relief. Seventeen steps, exactly as it had always been. Plus three bedrooms and one bathroom. All in the places they had always been. There had at least been no remodelling upstairs. Each room had a double bed and a small electric heater. Reaching out he turned on the nearest one, smiling at the orange glow as it fired it. Outside the snowfall was gathering speed, however, the deer only had eyes for the inside.

Checking out his old room he barely recognised anything there. The shape of the room and the window was all that remained of his childhood. Moving on he found his parent’s room and his father’s old study both the same. Echoes of his childhood and yet now twisted and changed beyond almost all recognition. Finally, he pulled down the ladder access to the attic. His hopes of finding some lost family treasure died instantly as he pulled the light on. The low roof required him to stoop extra-low thanks to his antlers. However, in the murky light, he could see nothing but a well-insulated attic. No boxes of forgotten keepsakes hidden for decades away from prying eyes.

He climbed back down thinking of how every movie and t.v. show he had seen had lied to him. If he had been in some show or story then he would have found a loose stone, or hidden drawer, or dusty box. Maybe even a letter; hidden by his mother, telling him just how much she loved him. Instead, he found nothing but empty cold rooms echoing with faded memories and pain.

In one last gasp attempt at something he could not define, he went back to his parent's old room. Checking out the built-in wardrobe, looking for any tiny shred of his old life. However, all he found was a single sock, clearly left behind by some tourist coated in dust and fur, shoved into a corner. The tears began to flow again and he curled up on the bed and wept. He cried for the mother he had lost, his childhood torn from him. He sobbed for the father he had only managed to truly forgive as he died and the relationship they would never have. For his own foolish hopes and beliefs that somehow being here would connect him to his lost parents in some way.

Eventually, his tears dried up and as he lay on the bed, alone, he thought of his mother. He knew the truth, there was no need for secret messages or hidden notes. His mother had told him she loved him every day. As had his father. Maybe he had no note hidden for decades, but he would always have that.

He was woken from his thoughts by the lights suddenly going off. The electronic heater died as well. Meaning the chill house would soon be freezing again. He knew it was time to stop the tears and to leave his pain buried under the snow. For he had no need of it anymore. Feeling lighter of heart than he had in years, he got up off the bed and went down to the front door. Opening it to a white world. A literal blizzard whipping the freezing wind and snow into his face.

"Moronic bloody Englishman," he chided himself as he battled through the deepening snow to the rented SUV. It had winter tyres, naturally. However, this was no longer a matter of driving through roads, it was going to be driving through snow already up to his knees. The wind had whipped up enough to already fill in any tracks or sign of the small road. He could see nothing but white.

However, with no electricity or even firewood, to keep that house warm, and with his total supplies being a bag of hard toffees, Colin knew he was likely to have a bad time. He knew the storm could last days, it might be a while before anyone could get up to them. Moreover, his mobile had no connection. No masts this far up the mountain it seemed. The advertisement in the tourists' office had promised somewhere remote and far from the hurly-burly of modern life. The place definitely delivered.

Heaving on the car door he jumped up into the driver's seat and put the key in the ignition. With a cry of relief, he heard the engine roar to life and warm air started to blast through into the freezing box. At last, something was going his way. However, as he tried to reverse, the car refused to move an inch. Trapped by the wall of snow growing behind it. Screaming in futile frustration the deer smashed down hard on the car horn. The loud noise blaring out into the darkness, getting swallowed up by the blizzard.

Grabbing a shovel from the trunk he began to desperately dig at the back of the car. However, the wind and elements were against him. With each shovelful of snow he threw, it seemed at least half a shovelful fell into the hole he was making. Clumps of snow started to fall from his antlers as the wind whipped so much around that it gathered on any solid surface. The deer

knew it was hopeless, for now at least he was stuck. His best chance would be to see if he could find a hose and a canister in the house, siphon off some of the car's petrol. Maybe he could get the generator working for a day or two. With a little careful rationing, he could wait out the storm at least unfrozen, if not comfortable.

Wading through the deepening snow towards the house, he heard a sound. It cut through the wind and looking around he spied a light. Just a single light heading his way. Turning around he dashed back to the SUV and honked the horn as the vehicle drew closer. It did not change direction, but fortunately, it seemed to be heading straight towards him. He was not sure who was likely to be out on a snowmobile during a storm like this. However, even if it just meant getting a message to people that a stupid deer needed some help, it would be worth it.

The headlight blinded him as a snowmobile pulled up beside the car. His sight returning he saw the massive bulk of a bear climbing down off the vehicle and he opened the door. "Hi!"

"Ah! English!" The bear replied as if answering a question. Colin guessed the question was probably 'who was dumb enough to be out stuck in a car on a night like this?'

"Not quite," the deer replied, twisting his face as the snow blew directly into his mouth. "Should we talk inside?"

"Agreed," the bear replied and they walked briskly to the house. It was dark inside but without the wind or snow at least they could speak without shouting. The bear gave him a critical look, "no electric?"

"No, the generator's out and there's no firewood either," mumbled the deer feeling some heat, at last, returning to his face as the embarrassment hit. "I was meaning to go into town and get some, but the storm just kind of took me unawares."

"Ah! Yes, it's not like over in England where winter gently knocks and wipes its feet on the matt. Here it knocks your door in and puts its feet up on your table before you even get out of your seat," the bear replied with the smug air of someone not trapped in a frozen house with neither food nor fuel.

"No indeed, I don't suppose you could give me a lift to town?" The deer asked, scratching his head slightly as he hopped from hoof to hoof to keep warm.

"You suppose correctly," the bear replied, his accent thick and yet his words clear. "In that, I will not take you into town. It's only going to get worse out there and I need to get home as soon as possible." Colin's heart sank a little and he was just about to ask if the bear could at least call the authorities when the bear added. "However, I have a spare bed and you could wait out the storm there."

“Really? That would be fantastic. That’s so nice of you!” the reindeer burst out with joy and relief. A warm place to shelter out the storm sounded perfect. “I can pay you back, though I don’t have too much cash on me I’m sure I can…”

“No payment required, just learn your lesson. These mountains are picturesque but can be dangerous if you don’t treat them with respect,” the bear retorted and Colin burned with more embarrassment as he knew that the admonishment was well earned.

“I will, thank you. The name’s Colin Haugen, by the way,” Colin replied, offering a gloved hand for a shake.

The bear’s grasp took his breath away, even through the padding of two thick sets of mitts, he could feel a pure brute strength in those fingers.

“Egil Jensen,” the ursine replied and a soft beep went off in Colin’s memory. A polar bear named Egil, there was something familiar about that. “We should get going before the weather gets any worse. It’s a good kilometre to my place. I don’t have a spare helmet, sorry.”

“No need to apologise, you are quite literally my saviour,” a studly white bear on a powerful charger. Maybe people did not think of snowmobiles when they pictured their hero riding in. However, right then it seemed like the most practical of all the options. An actual charger would struggle in the deep snow.

The bear mounted the snowmobile and Colin climbed up behind him. Feeling slightly awkward as he slid his legs either side and his hands around the waist of a man he had just met. A handsome bear, at least from what he had seen. Clear blue eyes and a warm, if slightly stern look to his face. Under the padded coat, Colin could feel a powerful body, that spoke of someone who exercised regularly.

Beneath them, the snowmobile roared to life and they were off into the blizzard. The snow was coming down so hard and the wind was biting his eyes so painfully that he closed them. Pressing his muzzle between the bear’s shoulder blades to hide in the lee of the bear’s wake. Thankfully, it was not a long journey and after about twenty minutes he felt the vehicle stop.

Opening his eyes, he spotted a house of similar design to his childhood home. Nestled just before a pinewood forest in the shade of the mountain. The bear had parked them just in front of a garage outbuilding. They both hopped off, the bear opened the garage to reveal a car inside and Colin’s keen eyes spotted a kayak hung on the wall. A second later the bear drove the snowmobile forward parking it inside next to his car.

With the vehicle stored the bear made straight for the house. Colin followed, gratefully in the lee of the bear, the wind slightly lessened by the ursine’s huge body. The door was slung open and the bear stamped his boots down heavily on the matt kicking off as much snow as possible. “Boots off here,” Egil ordered.

Colin stamped his own boots as clear of snow as possible and then pulled them off. His thick hoof socks were still protecting and warming his feet. The inside of the house would be described by a real estate agent as cosy and rustic, with bags of potential. Which translates, in reality, to; small, untidy and like it had last been redecorated in the eighties. The stone fireplace had a few embers left in it. Before he even took his coat off the bear stomped across and shoved a few logs onto the dying fire. It started to crackle to life as Egil turned around and nodded, “hang your coat on the hooks.” The bear grunted pointing to an array of hooks beside the door.

With his coat safely hung on a hook, Colin realised another mistake he had made. Not wearing any waterproofs over his jeans. In the growing warmth, he could feel the frozen ice and snow melting and the fur on his legs was getting soaked. “Thanks again, I owe you a lot. Hopefully, the weather will ease up tomorrow and I can be out of your fur.”

Egil just shrugged and waved a paw at a seat, “have a seat, would you like a tea, coffee or maybe some Gløgg?” The last name sparked a memory from the reindeer.

“I haven’t heard of Gløgg in a long time,” the deer mumbled. “It’s like warm wine with spices, right?”

“Ah, yes. You’ve heard of it?” Egil asked, his tone conversational. “I assume this is not your first trip to my country.”

Shaking his head the deer smiled, “not the first, first time back in many years though.”

The bear gave him a slight nod, acknowledging his answer and then left through a door. Colin assumed that was the kitchen. Feeling tired he plonked himself down in a chair near the fire. It was growing by the moment and he felt the heat radiating off it melting the ice in his bones. Tired far beyond his own realisation, his head began to nod.

The shutting of a door, made him wake with a snort. He looked around to see Egil returning with a mug in each paw. The smell of wine, cloves and cinnamon permeating the air quickly. The bear offered him a mug and then took up the seat opposite him. Colin sniffed the drink and took a sip. It was stronger than mulled wine, and Colin remembered that Gløgg was usually made with both wine and a local spirit, whose name he could not remember. “It’s good.” He observed with a smile before taking another sip.

Egil just nodded his head and took a sip of his own mug, “careful, I make it strong, with much aquavit.” The bear warned him. Colin felt warmth spreading inside him.

“Still good,” the deer replied before taking another sip. While he felt a slight awkwardness at sitting in a stranger's home. Apart from his name he knew almost nothing about the bear. “Nice place, have you been here long?”

“Came with the job. I’m a ranger in the Bergsåsen Nature reserve,” the bear replied with a slight shrug. “I started about five years ago.”

Five years in a house alone up in the mountains. Maybe there was a reason the handsome bear was so willing to take in errant stranded tourists. “Just you? No other rangers?”

“Ya, but we are spread out. Plus, I would not live with my work colleagues unless I had no choice. I like my own space,” Egil replied and then he gave the deer a slightly strange look. Colin felt the fur inside his ears tingle, as his ancient instincts reminded him he was trapped alone with a strange predator. The polar bear took another sip, the red wine slightly staining his white muzzle fur, red. In the orange flickering glow of the fire, it looked far too much like blood.

Feeling his heart start to race, the deer held his breath as the huge beast leant forward and gave him a toothy grin, “so… do you still like the ninja turtles?”

Colin choked on the breath he was holding and almost sprayed spiced red wine out of his nose. If the bear had asked him how he wanted to die he would have been far less surprised. The randomness was just too much for him and his jaw dropped, “I...er...what?” Maybe there was something that had been lost in translation between the Norweigian bear and himself.

Egil leaned back in his chair and chuckled, “Colin Haugen, it took my memory long to remember you. Little deer boy, in school with his Turtles lunchbox. That was your old home, yes? You come back after so long to relive old times?”

The deer’s mouth flapped open and shut as he tried to think of something to say. Then he remembered. His turtles lunchbox and a young polar bear classmate, Egil the Evil as he had called him. “You! You broke my flask!” The deer squeaked in surprise and it was the bear’s turn to look confused. Egil had snatched the flask off him one day then when he was trying to get it back it had been knocked out of his paw and the glass inside had broken.

Giving a slightly uncomfortable smile the bear scratched his head, “ya, I did. Sorry about that. I had issues back then. Not good of me.”

Sitting back in his chair, the deer laughed, “well, since you kinda just saved my ass. I think we can call it even.” he took another sip from his wine and shook his head, “can’t believe I’m sipping Gløgg with Egil the Evil.”

“The evil?” Egil asked his face contorted with a quizzical expression and a slightly offended air.

“Sorry, my little nickname for you. Not exactly original. Though I don’t think your English was good enough back then to understand what I was saying,” Colin replied. “Then my mother died and my father took me to somewhere where everyone spoke English better than me and nobody spoke Norwegian.”

Egil gave a sad look, “I was sorry to hear of your Mamma.” The bear said quietly.

“We were cubs and it was many years ago,” the deer said with a sigh. “My dad passed a little while ago. Then I found out he still owned our old house and I had just inherited it. So I just… I had to come, you know?”

The bear sat silently for a moment, as if in deep thought, “ya. I think I do.” He confirmed and then drained his mug. “You want another? If we talk on old times, you might need it.”

Colin tipped the last third of his mug down his throat, feeling it burn slightly. “I’d love another.” He replied offering up the empty mug.

The deer chuckled a little to himself and muttered about how small a world it was. Although, Sansa only had a population of about a thousand, back then it had been less. Maybe he should have expected to see a few familiar faces as well as places. The deer got to his hooves and started to look around the room. Inside him, the warm glow of the mixed wine and spirit was growing.

There were some subtle Christmas decorations around. No tree though, just a few hand-carved wood decorations and a wreath over the fire. There were some pictures too, of other polar bears. For most of them, Colin could see a family resemblance. Then he spotted a picture of Egil kayaking, the same one he’d seen hanging in the garage. He assumed it was down at the lake during the summer. There was another image of Egil in his wetsuit with his arm around a snow leopard also in a wet suit. The look in the bear’s eye was a look Colin recognised from the inside.

Behind him, he heard the sound of the door closing and he put the picture down. The bear glanced at him and then down to the picture and just for a moment, Colin was sure there was something painfully sad in those eyes. However, neither one of them said anything about it, “so how did Egil, my bully, end up with such a cool job? I mean taking care of a nature reserve, that’s cool. I’m just an accountant.”

“I got qualifications, applied and secured employment.” The bear replied dryly as Colin took a full mug from his paw. Then the bear shrugged a little, “it’s a good job. I get to help protect species and habitats. Plus save the occasional lost tourist.”

“As a recipient of your heroic endeavours, may I say you do a fantastic job,” replied the deer with a chuckle lifting his mug a little in salute to his saviour. “Does it not get a little lonely? I mean there can’t be that many tourists needing rescue.”

“You’d be surprised,” the bear replied with an uncomfortable chuckle and Colin worried he might be pressing on something too personal.

The two returned to their chairs in silence, the deer pulling slightly on his jeans as they continued to dry and the denim stuck to his fur. “I forgot just how important it is to have good waterproofs over your pants during winter,” Colin murmured and the bear gave a nod of understanding. It might have just been a trick of the firelight but Colin thought he saw a hungry look in the bear’s eyes as he glanced at the deer’s tight jeans.

The bear looked up suddenly and their eyes met. Two beautiful ice blue eyes, shining in the firelight. A slight loneliness and longing could be seen in those shimmering orbs. Colin was leaning forward on pure instinct, the bear leant in closer as well and down. An extra loud crack from a burning log splitting broke the moment and Colin felt his cheeks flushing with heated embarrassment. The bear gave a slightly strange smile and scratched his head with his empty paw. “I… have some jeans that might fit better. If you want. You could wear them while yours dry.”

Colin knew that the bear’s more ample waist and legs meant that he could not be talking about his own clothes. Maybe something left behind by a guest or… he decided not to question the gift horse and just to accept graciously. “That would be appreciated.”

Putting his mug down the bear gestured for him to follow. Colin paused only a moment to tug on his jeans a little. The partially wet fabric sitting very uncomfortably over the swelling lump in his groin. Rut season, he had almost forgotten about it this year. With everything going on enjoying a good rut had been far from his mind. Although, the discomfort in his moist boxers was proof that his body had not forgotten the season.

He followed the bear up a flight of stairs and into a bedroom. It was surprisingly neat and tidy. The bed had been made and not yet slept in. A king-sized bed, he could not help but notice. Although his eyes were quickly drawn upwards to a skylight that covered most of the roof. Not very practical for the area as it would no doubt greatly raise the heating costs. It was sloped with the intention to avoid snow laying on it. Nature had laughed at that slope and the window showed nothing but a white wall.

Egil pulled open a drawer at the bottom of a huge ornate wardrobe and pulled out a pair of blue jeans, neatly folded. “Here.”

Taking the jeans, Colin immediately noted the size. They were clearly not the bear’s, “who do these belong to?” He asked, conversationally, or he hoped that was how it seemed.

With a grunt and a slump of his shoulders, “my ex left them… when he left me.” The deer winced to hear that and gulped. Wearing the bear’s ex-lover’s clothing in his home. It seemed rather awkward, no matter how practical.

“Sorry, I didn’t know,” the deer muttered as he reached for the belt on his jeans.

“It was four months ago, it’s fine. We wanted different things. Turns out we wanted them more than each other,” Egil replied softly, his eyes looking up at the skylight. The wall of white making the glass act more like a mirror.

Glancing upwards at the bear the deer felt something inside him snap. Taking a deep breath he turned, with his belt unfastened and his flies down. “Look, Egil, this year has fucking sucked. I lost my dad and that took up my life for almost the last six months. I came here looking for… I dunno closure or something fucking stupid like that. However, all I found was an empty house, old memories and snow. So much fucking snow.”

Colin knew he probably should stop, but his mind was like a runaway train with no breaks on a steep slope. His train of thought was going to chunter on through any obstacles and all he could do was hold tight and hope he survived. “Then I met you and, well I’m not saying love at first sight or any shit like that. However, you’re hot, it’s rut season, you’re also into dudes and I haven’t had any sex almost all year. So, as thanks for saving my life, do you want to like have a seat and I’ll at least give you some thank you head?”

The silence that followed was deep and thunderous. Egil stood there motionless, if not for the slight ruffling of his fur on his chin as the bear breathed in and out Colin might think he was carved of ice. In his mind, he began to prepare a profuse and sincere apology for being so forward with someone he barely knew. Then Egil gave a nod, “alright, head first then after… I expect a good deep licking before you get to rut.”

It was Colin’s turn to stand like a statue. His mind played the response over and over looking for any hint that it was a joke, or that he was being played. However, as Egil’s huge paws unfastened his own belt and the bear’s pants dropped there was no more need to analyse. The results were before him and they looked delicious. Long, thick and throbbing black bear meat with a glistening drop of precum on the tip. It certainly was a delicious looking conclusion.

His fingers moving quickly, Colin stripped away his jumper and shirt. The buttons slowing him down slightly. However, animals with antlers learn very early on to avoid any clothing that you need to pull over your head. There were some disadvantages, Colin knew some deer and others that cut their horns short. However, he rather liked the impressive display and the wonderful feeling that came after he shed them. The lightness of his head and the pure joy of wearing a T-shirt for a few months.

That being said, he placed a paw on the bear’s shoulders and gently pushed Egil back a little. Getting head from a reindeer with a full antler rack could be a risky affair. Some lovers had been bruised by sitting up straight when he really hit his pace. Nothing stops sexy times quite like the guy you’re blowing getting an antler in the eye or up a nostril. Egil took the instruction well, falling back to a nice sloping angle. One that Colin could not help but note accented both his broad belly and his thick well spread thighs.

With his path cleared, the hungry deer wasted no more time. He could already feel his own blood rushing and between his legs dangled a long cervine cock. It could not match the bear's girthy member, but what it lacked in girth it made up for in length. Colin smiled to himself, safe in the knowledge that he was going to rut every last millimetre of his length into the bear, eventually. First, he would get to drink another delightful libation from his generous host.

He huffed at the musky meat and felt his cock throb. Earthy and musky, the smell of a normally clean male at the end of a busy day. Just the perfect balance between clean and dirty, he moaned deeply and basked in the anticipation of the taste. Above him, soft grunts of appreciation were uttered, as his warm breath bathed the black member in moistness. Colin knew he was not the only person enjoying the anticipation.

However, the time for basking drew to a close as his hunger got the best of him. Without a word of warning his velvet lips were wrapped around that thick length. He gasped to feel the hot meat throbbing against his tongue. Licking up the bitter precum and savouring the sweet and earthy musk of maleness. The bear's scent dominated his every breath. Sending signals to his brain that clouded everything with lust. Worries, doubts, problems were all banished from his mind. Colin's head felt lighter than it would when his antlers dropped in a few weeks.

Above him, Egil's deep rumbling voice cried out in pleasure. In response he pressed his long muzzle down further, feeling the wonderful tickle of a cock sliding between his lips. While the thick length stroked up his writhing tongue and right to that back of his throat. It filled his entire muzzle and was just pressing to the back of the deer's throat when Colin's lips kissed Egil's crotch. There were definite benefits to being a creature with a naturally long snout.

As he held Egil's entire throbbing member in his muzzle. Colin felt a paw stroking his antlers, following the curves gently. It was strange how much he loved being touched somewhere he could not feel. Only the slight tugging at the join of his antler to his head. Maybe it was linked to his feral ancestors and their need to combat for a mate. The feeling of pressure on his antlers only served to send more signals to his brain, already drowning with lust. It had been far too long since he had last felt the touch of a lover.

His lips pulled back slowly, reluctantly letting that beautiful bear meat pull from his lips. His agile tongue was freed from under the bear's cock. It lashed and lapped around the length. Licking over the bear's broad glans and teasing his meatus. As the copious bear pre-coated his eager tongue. His tongue tip glided across the bear's corona ridge, exploring every last groove and ridge tenderly. Suddenly he felt the pressure on his head, a wonderfully familiar feeling. The bear had stopped stroking and he was holding his head still, by his antlers.

A moment later those tree-trunk thick white legs lifted as the ursine thrust his cock deep into Colin's hungry mouth. More and more feral signals filled his mind. As the paw holding his antlers pressed down firmly against his skull. Made to joust with other males just prior to mating the pressure made the deer's heart race. It sent signals to his brain that it was time to fight and then

fuck. Adrenalin mixed with so many sex hormones, overriding his normal thoughts and senses, he lost himself to his lusts.

Colin was not sure if Egil was aware of what he was doing to the deer. However, Svalbard Reindeer were common in Norway, so there was a good chance he had experience with one. The deer smiled broadly around that thick cock. Maybe he had tried some other deer muzzle, but he would show the bear that if you mess with this reindeer, you get the horn. Just usually, it's the ones on his head.

He closed his eyes and just let go of any restraint. Listening to his instincts and desires instead. His head moving fast, bobbing quickly and eagerly. His tongue moving wildly against the ursine's hot fleshy pole. Above him, he heard the roars and cries of a male who has their cock trapped in heaven. The sounds only served to provide succour to his wanton lusts. Driving him onward and downward, his velvet lips kissing the bear's crotch again and again.

Colin's paws reached out, grasping the ursine's hips and then sliding around. Groping his buttocks firmly and moaning as he thought of rutting between them. Of burying his pink sword deep in such a plump fluffy white sheath. His lips tightened, squeezing and massaging the meat that slid between them rapidly. He could taste more and more drops of precum and he swallowed them all greedily. As his blood fired, racing through his body in a way that few could understand. Every fibre of his being was calling out for the rut now. I was his time, his horns were doing battle and soon he would claim his prize.

Egil, for his part, slumped backwards. Grasping both antlers as he endured the reindeer's wonderful assault. The extra hold and pressure only served to fire up Colin's hormones more and more. With each bob of his head, they pushed hard into those large paws. The tingle of pressure in his skull providing fuel to the raging fire of his lusts. Colin often warned his lovers to only grasp his antlers if they really, really meant it.

Sucking and slurping he drove more and more pleasure into the bear. He could feel the huge brute trembling and heard the pitiful whimpers of pleasure coming from the ursine's lips. He had almost won, his opponent would soon be prostrate beneath him, squealing as reindeer cock pummeled his tight depths. Colin hoped the bear was prepared for the true seasonal rutting he had earned by grasping the deer's horns in such a way.

However, he did not wonder for long. That thick black meat between his lips drew his attention away, as it began to throb. A moment later his mouth was flooded, as streams of potent bear seed began to flow. He swallowed the musky, milky fluid quickly as his head slowed down. Bobbing in slower more languid strokes, teasing out the last dregs of the bear's cum, which he did not swallow.

He let the increasingly soft meat pull from his lips, watched it swing down and slap against the two fat bear nuts he had just milked dry. Then he stood up, his blood pounding in his ears almost deafening him. Leaping onto the bear's prostrate form. Colin's legs grasped the ursine

between them as he leant down. Pressing his velvet lips to the bear's soft lips. Egil moaned softly and returned the kiss. Colin thrust his tongue into the bear's maw and let the last dregs of the ursine's own seed run down the length.

Beneath him, the bear bucked almost as if struggling. Then he felt the huge beast swallow and moan happily. Maybe it was rude to do such things without asking first. However, the same could be said for grasping a deer's antlers without permission. Besides, from the look he could see in Egil's eyes he knew the ursine had loved it. Just as he had loved having his antlers grabbed. Sometimes, things just click and he knew that the two of them were clicking, hard.

"My turn," the deer whispered huskily as he pulled back from the kiss. Reaching down he grasped his cock and felt just how wet it was. A deer in rutting season has no need for lubricant, for he produces enough to slip inside even the tightest of partners. Though Colin was very sure he would be far from the first lover to thrust inside the bear.

Slipping back off the bed, he grabbed Egil's ankles and lifted his huge legs. The bear helping him, which frankly was a relief as he doubted he could hold up such huge limbs for too long. White paws grasped white thighs, the bear curling up slightly. His rump offered up, cheeks naturally spreading to reveal the black puckered that was his target.

Egil has asked to be prepared by mouth first. Colin's own mind reminded him through the heavy fog of lust, alcohol, and the dangerous cocktail of hormones that was a deer's brain during rutting season. He had just enough control left to remain true to his lover's request. Dropping to his knees, he grasped those ample white buttocks and pulled them apart.

Egil's huge nuts swung freely just above his nose and he could see that spent black cock starting to grow firm. Taking a deep breath he pressed forward, his velvet muzzle gliding between those soft furry cheeks. He tasted the powerful musk of the bear's entrance and let his tongue slip free to lick slowly over it. The reaction was almost instant, a deep and needy moan of pleasure and a huge ursine body trembling with lust and need. It seemed that he was not the only one losing themselves to their bodies' needs.

Pressing up again, his tongue swirled around the black pucker and then jabbed forward. His slippery appendage wriggled and squirmed against the bear's entrance, teasing it open and wriggling its way inside. Colin moaned at the deeply musky taste, thrusting his tongue in deeper, swirling it around and pulling back. Then thrust in again and again. Listening to the pleasured moans and whimpers coming from the bear's lips. Words muttered in Norwegian, that his ears did not fully catch.

He pressed closer, feeling his antlers bash up against the bear's thick thighs as his tongue delved further inside his ursine lover. Clointeased and quested, a taste of copper hitting his tongue just as the bear groaned loudly and the ursine's huge form juddered with pleasure. A glance upwards showed him a fully erect pole in a sea of white. Reaching up, Colin wrapped his

fingers around that thick and throbbing maleness. Teasing the bear's cocktip as his tongue thrust in and out of the squirming ursine's ass.

"E...enough!" Egil's voice suddenly called out in clear English. "Please… I am ready!" There was just a hint of pleading to the bear's tone that once again hit Colin's dominant steak hard. His lover was before him, legs spread akimbo, begging for him to breed him. Colin pulled his muzzle from that musky, dripping hole and got to his hooves. The deer's body trembling with the energy and barely constrained needs, as he reached down to grasp his cock.

Pausing for a moment the deer drank in the sight before him. A handsome bear, easily twice his size, cock dripping, hole glistening and quivering with need. Legs behind his head, held up and back, offering himself up to the lithe cervine. A wonderful gift and one he was going to take so much enjoyment from. However, the blood screaming in his ears stopped his appreciation as he gave in to his needs and wants.

Stepping forward, he grasped his own cock and guided himself under the bear and between his buttocks. Gasping as thousands of tiny furs touched his cocktip, his pre-soaking them and making them stick. Giving a wonderful tingling pleasure and pull as that tip stroked up Egil's buttock cleft and then he felt a bellow of desire erupt from his lips, as his tip felt the moist hole he was about to claim.

His other hand reached down and grasped Egil's hips firmly, possessively. Without a word he bucked forward and felt that puckered muscle stretching around his length, granting him access to the blissful depths inside. Another bellow of dominant pleasure came from his mouth as he pushed deeper. Unable to hold back or show restraint he kept thrusting. In small bucking motions, stuffing more and more cervine cock into the bear's wonderful, heavenly depths.

With a moan of triumph, he felt his hips smacking against buttock. He panted softly, taking just a moment to regain some composure. While Egil wriggled a little on the bed, the small motions sent waves of pleasure up Colin's long cock. At the same time, his instincts screamed at him to hold his doe tightly, to keep her in place. Grunting he pulled back and delivered a short but savagely powerful thrust. Making Egil cry out again in pleasure. One thing Colin was sure of, he was far from the first to take the bear. Which suited him just fine, in his rut he was far less able to go slow.

Grunting and moaning he delivered a trio of feral thrusts into his new ursine lover. With each thrust he bent down further, leaning his slender body over the mass sea of white fur beneath him. His paws moving off the bear's hips and caressing around the edge of his ample stomach. Enjoying the heft and the feeling of the mass moving as his cock slammed into the bear's buttocks over and over. Egil curled down a little and their lips met. Kissing passionately as their bodies writhed, entwined in a passionate moment.

Two strongly muscled legs were laced around his back. As if Egil was trying to make sure the deer would not stop or pull out. It was the furthest thing from Colin's mind. All he could think of was the pleasure blossoming forth inside him, as with each passing moment he rammed himself into the bear again. Their tongues danced, with the taste of ursine seed still on them. The musky flavour only enhancing the moment as a potent reminder of what had happened moments before.

Colin grasped th4e bear's cock firmly. Feeling the slick, drooling maleness throbbing to his touch. Breaking the kiss he smiled as he looked down at his lover. Egil's eyes were closed and his jaw opened with each thrust he made, giving moas and whimpers of pleasure. With each passing second, Colin felt himself edging closer and closer. Biting his lip he forced away his need to cum. Wanting to make his doe scream in pleasure first. To have his mate bleat with submissive pleasure as he brought them over their peak. He wanted to feel Egil squeezing and squashing his cock as the bear released his pent up load. Then and only then would he bless the bear's rump with his potent spunk.

His fingers worked quickly and deftly. Timing his strokes with his wild thrusts. He watched and listened as the bear was driven right up and then over the edge of his orgasm. As Egil cried out in pure bliss, his seed spraying over Colin's stomach and paw. Colin drank in every detail, every look, the scents and sounds of his lover lost to the bliss of his cock. With each passing heartbeat, he felt every bit the powerful and dominant buck he was.

Letting go of his control, his hips thundered and pounded into the bear. Inside his needs and desires were screaming out that he needed to fuck his calves into this little bleating doe. That his lover was neither little nor a doe mattered not a single jot. With sweat dripping off his brow and soaking his fur he gave Egil his all. Cock reaming the bear's depths with everything he had, not slowing or stopping until he tilted his antlered head back. His voice lifted up as he put everything he had into a bellow announcing his triumph. While his ramming cock spurted and jetted stream after stream of reindeer spunk into his lover's ass.

The deer continued to rut and pump until his balls started to tingle and his head began to spin. Egil's legs slipped off his hips and Colin pulled back. Looking down and smiling with satisfaction as his long pink cock pulled from that pucker. The floods of deer cum that followed a sign of not only a deer in rutt but one who had been too preoccupied to even jerk off for four months. "Fuck… I needed that." He moaned as he crawled up onto the bed next to the bear. Egil's natural bulk leaving only just enough room for him if he pressed into the large bear. Not that he was unhappy to do so.

Egil was panting softly and had said nor done anything in a few minutes. A mighty arm was slipped around Colin's shoulders and the deer felt the urge to lay his head on that broad chest. Only he knew that would not be possible, not with his antlers at their peak. So he laid his head on the pillow carefully. Embracing the bear and pressing his slender form up to the ursine's warm bulk. Spent physically, mentally and emotionally, Colin fell asleep in moments.

Awakening with a snort a few hours later. The room was filled with a green light. Egil was still beside him, the bear was still holding him. He could not remember the last time someone had held him through the night. However, the flickering green light quickly dominated his mind and he rolled around to look up.

The snow that had covered the skylight had melted away. Thanks, most likely, to the heating. Or maybe in response to the warmth of the scene that had played out beneath it. The storm was gone as were most of the clouds. It would be a simple matter to get to town in the morning. However, Colin noticed almost none of that. His eyes and mind were filled with the beauty of the green ribbons streaking across the sky. It had been decades since he had last seen them and yet he still remembered their beauty.

“Wow,” he whispered softly.

“Mmm-hmmm,” was the bear’s only reply, that and a slight squeezing of the deer’s shoulders by a huge bear paw.

Colin thought of everything he should probably say. Plans they should make for the next day. Maybe see if the bear was interested in more than a one-night affair. Arrangements he should make to rescue the hire car and get his old home ready for him to stay in. He had planned on being there for Christmas and New Year. Partly because he already had leave booked and partly because he had wanted to be alone. Now he wondered if he had to be alone, or if he and Egil could be alone together. Maybe it would be just a short affair, some fun between old friends. A holiday romance. Or maybe there was something more there. He had a million questions and thoughts.

However, as the green lights danced across the sky, his mind stilled and those thoughts evaporated like water in the desert. Soon there was nothing but beauty above him and strong, warm arms around him. That was enough for now. The future would see to itself in time anyway. So he pressed a little closer to the bear and gave a soft happy sigh.