

DISCLAIMER/WARNING!!! This is a bearcub story! If its contents offends you or goes against your personal beliefs and religion (of choice), then what are you doing here reading this in the first place?!

To the rest o' y'all – WOOF!!!

P.S. All characters and events are completely fictitious! This means that if you find any resemblance between yourself and a character in the story, it does not mean that I have been following or spying on you – it only means that I have done my work as a writer well. Some places are real, others are fabricated. And please pardon my language mistakes as English is not my native language.

A Bearcub's Story, part one
The one where Alex meets John

My brother's words were still ringing in my ears.

- This needs to stop!
- But...
- No buts! We need to stop this, and you know it.
- Why? WHY? We...
- I know... it's hard for me as well... you know I love you so...
- ...but you're killing me nonetheless!
- Sorry, lil' bear... I'm so sorry! – and his voice gave way to tears.
- But tell me why! If we are to stop this, shouldn't I at least know why we are doing this? Huh?

He said nothing, looking at me with those big dark-brown eyes, his hands holding his bearish belly, but it was like he was using them to tear me from the inside; my eyes were slowly becoming blurred with tears. I know how I was looking at him; I needed no mirror to see my own *you-are-hurting-me* look. I know this 'cos he always cries when he sees me that way. That one time when I was bleeding from my ass...

- Ok, lil' bear. I'll tell you, but you'll end up hating me.
- No, bubba, I cannot hate you, ever... I love you, and we both know it's much more than just that big bro-lil bro thing.
- See, that's why I'm hurting now.
- Tell me already! – I cried and tears started flowing down my cheeks. His right furry hand touched my face and his eyes closed.

- I met somebody...

I said nothing. I didn't feel betrayed. I felt nothing whatsoever. I didn't feel betrayed at all. I mean, why should I? Yes, technically, I was my brother's boyfriend, and his best friend, and his brother, and his lover; I took his ass first, he took mine; I sucked his dick first, he mine; he taught me how to shave, how to play football and baseball, how to behave like a manly man should, he taught me what he called *the way of the bears, the cubs and the chubs*. I was his, he was mine. It was simple. But it had to stop.

- Who?
- Remember Mark and Donnie from my communications class?
- You're "the other man" for one of 'em?
- No...
- Well?
- I'm their lover.
- A threesome, huh? I hope you used condoms!
- I didn't.
- You motherfucker!
- Hey!
- ...
- It's not like that! They are healthy, clean and in good bear behavior. You know that a bear must be honest with other bears. And honest they've been.
- OK, I believe you. But why? You're not... You haven't been honest with...
- I know! I know...
- Why stop something that has been around for nine years? We've been through so much together.
- I know.
- And dad and mom still have no idea that we are cubs to the fullest! Imagine how normal we seem to other people. And now this? Whaddaya want – to kill myself over this?
- You shut up, Aleksey Miles! You'll do no such thing! You're a bearcub, not a chicken!
- Sorry, Matt...- I felt as if my tears were melting me away. - Sorry, I'm just... I never should have said something like that. It's just that... I was hoping for a night with you after we went out, had a good time, and had a beer or two, and now this? How do you think I feel?
- Heartbroken..?
- No, just broken.

There we were: mirror images of one another, stocky as football players, Aleksey and Matthew Miles, aged 22 and 23, bearcubs to the fullest. We have no Russian background; my parents had a friend with Russian background called Aleksey, and they named me after him. I've only seen photos of him – he died when me and Matt were toddlers. And he was a bear, too. Matt has my maternal grandfather's name. He remarried and moved to South Africa.

I looked at Matt's eyes. He wasn't crying no more, though his cheeks were wet with tears. He was thinking. What was he thinking about? Mark and Donnie? They are a bear couple?! I had no idea! I only thought that they were his drinking buddies that he had met last year – his sophomore year. Them two – bears? Well... come to think of it, yes, they were, I mean, must be. They are friggin' always together. Always! You see the one, you'll see the other. And I even jacked off to the thought of having Mark just caress me, touch me, let alone fuck me or... Man, he's so cute! I only shook hands with them when Matt introduced me to them a couple of months ago, I think it was around Thanksgiving. Was he thinking about Mark's dick? That bear was certainly packing something in his crotch area! And Donnie? Well, now, he's the cutest bearded bear – after my brother, that is – that I had so far seen! And he's HAIRY!!! Oh my god! No wonder Matt likes them (and most certainly fucks them) both! They are a cub's wet dream! Oh shit, my dick's sprouting again.

- I got an idea! – and my heart skipped a beat. Those words, for as long as I can remember, meant one thing, and that thing is spelt T R O U B L E!!!
- What?
- How about, I stick with Mark and Donnie, and you find somebody else, some cute lil' bear like yourself for yourself, and you and I can still fuck, suck, jack, hug, kiss, fuck some more – you name it!
- Um... er... there's this glitch in your plan, if I may call it so.
- Which is...
- Which is! Well, you do realize that you are, I mean, you will be playing with people's feelings! With bears' and cubs' feelings! Is that according to the bear code? NO! Honesty in that? I see none, and that, bro, is the glitch!
- Oh, you're right. Sorry I said it out loud; it was just a stupid idea.

He sat on the bed. Our bed. It was his bed, actually, but we fucked on that bed sooo many times it became rightfully ours. My bed we used for extracurricular activities, like wrestling, sucking, kissing, hugging, but whenever one of us was to fuck or to make love to the other one, it was on his bed. And the two beds were two feet away from one another. I sat next to him, hugged him with my left arm and said:

- I know you are hurting, and so am I. Remember that time when I got obsessed with that cute bear from the magazines and cared none for the world around me? That was utter confusion, and I was only 16 then. Now, you being 23, I can only imagine how big the confusion in your mind is.
- You know me too well, lil' one.
- That's why I'm telling you this. There must be another way so that we get over this thing...
- Wait a minute. I thought you'll be pissed as hell when I tell you this, and... and look at you! You're not even crying no more.
- What did you expect – to yell my head off? We talked once that this will eventually happen... I just didn't expect it to happen so soon... but I was ready, ever since we talked in the bathroom that day years ago, I was ready.
- I know, lil' one. – and he kissed me, that furry face of his got near mine, his full lips planted a kiss on mine.

I was ecstatic for a split second, and then I kissed back, full French, as he had taught me. He always kisses hard, and I enjoy my time kissing him. He kissed me on the lips few more times and then the cheek, and then my jawbone and then the neck. My weak spot. My hands were used to going down towards his crotch and grabbing it, massaging it, undoing the zipper, feeling his seven-n-half inch long and thick cub dick under his clothes. And then, he'd grab mine, my thick six-incher and do the same. We'd end up naked and...

- Whoa! Wait a minute, bubba! We are discussing our lives here, remember? – but he just silenced me with another wet kiss.
- I know, but you feel so good like this, you know?
- Yeah... so do you, - I said between kisses.
- I love you, lil' one... so much... it hurts... - he said between kisses.
- Let's ...please... stop... - and stop we did.

We both felt horny, yet a little stupid. The rational people we are and now behaving like this? I mean, we are supposed to sort things out and live our lives to the fullest!

- OK, lil' one, you got any solution for this?
- I don't know, Matt, I don't want to play with other people's feelings, and this, I mean what you suggested, is exactly that.
- But how? You know I'm a bit insatiable for your ass, and I love it when you are making love to me, and the sixty-nining, and all. But I like being with Mark and Donnie, too.
- But I've only had you, and that's what's making this so hard.
- Well, get somebody else, then!
- Yeah, I go to Wal-Mart and find me a cub! Yippee!
- No, that's not what I meant. What I meant was that ...
- I know. – I said and he just looked me in the eyes. He was confused beyond his wits. Then I got an idea.

- How about, I get somebody for me, I'll look and look till I find the one, and you stick to Mark and Donnie, 'cos... they both seem to like you ... and then you move on, have a relationship of your own? The next logical step... like this... is... oh, fuck... - I sighed a bit bitterly, a bit deprived of every emotion but sadness.
- You are not serious, I assume?
- Don't do this to me, Matt! Yes, serious I am, and yes, Mark and Donnie will eventually get tired and oversaturated with you, so you'll end up hurt, I know you will – you are a crybaby for things less than this.
- See, I never thought of that.
- I know, that *live-for-the-moment* policy we've been living our lives by sometimes makes us really blind. Tell me one thing: are Mark and Donnie versatile like us?
- No, Donnie's the top.
- And you still get to fuck them both?
- Yes.

- OK, - I chuckled.
- What was that all about?
- Just curious! Can't your lil' one be curious?

Then he started thinking. He always gets that line on his forehead when he's contemplating things. I like him that way, it's the most serious he can be, and he rarely is. We are so alike, not in a twins' kind of way, but alike. You can definitely say that we are brothers. Black hair and beard, his usually so neatly trimmed I call him "the neat freak"; hairy in all the right places, he has a fully hairy back and ass, and I only have the ass department covered.

I'd imagine that I'm sucking his nipple now or rubbing his back, or flicking his plum sized balls in my hand, licking them, loving them. His genitals are bigger than mine are, and he's got my ass stretched so well that his thick seven-n-half incher glides in with no lube, at least sometimes does. But, I can't. Things are too serious to even think about thinking that sort of things.

- OK, I think that your idea might actually work.
- Really?
- Yep... well, I wouldn't bet my money on it right away, but... this means that... - whatever he wanted to say, he never said it, but just went on: - I'm... I'm really sorry this had to happen!
- Hey, it's not like you got married to some woman or something!
- Lil' one, I'll still have you, you'll still have me, and we'll have lots of fun with whoever we meet along the road. But, you do realize I'll have to tell Mark and Donnie about this?
- No! Not about this talk we've had!
- No, not the talk, more like: "my brother, that cute cub you guys met, I told him about you two and me, and he freaked out".
- I didn't... yet.
- Well...
- You know, we sound like we are the meanest people on the planet.
- Yes, but we are just hurt.
- I know.
- Let's go out in town now, and have fun, and... you know.
- Ok, but I'm driving!
- No, lil' one, I am.
- No, I am...

We ended up in bed that night, drunk and spent after sixty-nining one another. He spooned me; we fell asleep. I had a weird dream that night! I dreamt that someone had fused my bear brother and me into a single being. And that bearcub was gorgeous!

His words still echoed in my head.

And so did the loudest party I've ever been to! I mean, these people like their hip-hop LOUD!!! Oh, well! I only came to please Sam, that is, Samantha. She's been my friend since kindergarten, and she just broke up with her boyfriend of three years. She said she wanted to get trashed and forget all about him and I was to make sure she gets in her dorm room in one piece and without a guy to go in bed with. She was the only one who knew about Matt and me. She had no problems with that. But she knew that we wouldn't escort her shopping, or talk girlie stuff, or cross-dress or whatever. We were bears and she accepted it well. She had her gay-boyfriend for those things. I know that he wanted to get a piece of me and my brother's ass; but the twink he was – not in a million years! Not in eons! In other words: never. Period.

There she was, dancing like crazy, and her Afro-American girlfriends dancing and shouting "Go Sammie! Go Sammie!", and flirting while dancing, and flirting some more. The belle she was, I often wondered how come she prefers hanging out with the bears my brother and me are instead of with the popular guys and the jocks. But she was different. Kids called me and Matt names in school. She never did. Her carefully chosen girlfriends neither. But, she had just broken up and she needed this party. I needed this party too. It's been seven weeks since that conversation with Matt and his words were still in my ears. He was with Mark and Donnie, maybe not in bed, but he was with them. He had told them, and we met a few times, and became better friends. No, I still haven't ended up in bed with them, with the excuse that it's too early for me to do so, though I had an open invitation. And that thing – that "finding myself a cub" part – exhausted me. Thank god, midterms are over now and I can relax a bit.

It was close to one a.m., and Samantha was pretty much wasted. She was more tired than drunk, but she needed rest anyway. Then, some guy made a pass on her, and whispered something in her ear. I was observing carefully from the lounging chair I was in, ready to get up and beat the crap out of him, should it become necessary. Sam shook her head, smiled at him, and turned around dancing. He whispered in her ear again, and she said NO – I could read her lips. I got up, got to her, looked the punk in the eye and told him "she's with me, now go". He was drunk, so I played it cool. He told me to fuck off, something I react violently to. I pushed him away, and went after him pushing him all the way outside the house we were in. He went in the yard and puked. I got back and continued to sip my third bear. Samantha just blew me a kiss and went on dancing. I only smiled. Three beers, but little food – the beer buzz was starting to kick in.

I felt someone watching me. I know that feeling very well, I've had bears eye me only to come and tell me how cute I was. At times, I'd say I've no idea what they were talking about, but at times I'd say thanks and tell them I was with someone, that someone being Matt. But this was intense. I looked around: people were dancing, making out, drinking; some guy was talking on his cell phone. "I swear if it is that twinkie, I'll fucking kill him!" I thought. But no, I know he had gone to Europe when the semester began so, no, it wasn't him. It was somebody else.

One of Sam's girlfriends came to tell me that Sam was "like, totally wasted". That girl wasn't any better herself. I went to Samantha and told her I'm ready to take her home.

- Oh, my cute carebear! I so love you!
- I love you too; now let's get you out of here!
- OK, but if I fall asleep in the car, you'll take me upstairs and won't wake me up, OK?
- OK, - I said and smiled, 'cos she lived on the first floor, there were no stairs involved.

As we were getting out of the house, near the entry door I noticed him: dark uncombed hair, a goatee, soda can in hand and teary-eyed. He looked at me. I knew it was him who was eyeing me before. How did I know? I don't know. I just knew.

- Stay here, I'll be back in 15 minutes! – I told the cute cub, leaning towards him. He just looked at me and said nothing.
- Who's that?
- A friend. – I told Samantha, thinking, “Now, who the fuck *was* that?”

I drove as fast and safe as I could, and Sam was sound asleep already. I couldn't stop thinking who that cub was. I couldn't remember him from campus, not that I lived on campus, but I know lots of people. Sam might know him, but she's in no way capable of any talk now. Does Matt know him? He might, he knows most people, i.e. most people know him, both from the town we live in and here, where we go to college. It's a fifteen minute drive anyway, and I'll ask Matt when he comes home. But, wait! He won't come home tonight, I got the car; he'll be over at Mark and Donnie's. Shit! I'll have to return fast or I'll lose track of that cub!

With that thought I parked the car in front of Sam's dorm, got her out on her feet, swiped her ID card, the door opened, I got her in, the front desk being empty no one saw us. I opened her door, got her in bed, took a bottle of water from her little fridge and put it on her nightstand, then got out. Sam's done the same thing for me and Matt numerous times, the difference being she'd wake us up completely if we fall asleep in the car cos she can't drag our heavy asses around. I drove back as fast as I could to see that the party was far from over, but the cub was nowhere to be seen. And I got to campus and back in 10-ish minutes! Shit! Shit! Shit!

I realized I got to pee badly. Got to the bathroom; on the bathroom door a couple was making out and they moved on the opposite wall when they saw me, or rather didn't see me. I tried to open the door, but it seemed locked from the inside. I knocked.

- Come out fast or I'll pee on the carpet! I swear I ain't kidding!

Nothing.

- Hello! – I knocked some more. – Hello!!!!

Still nothing.

- Ok, then, stay in there, I'll be back in fifteen minutes! You'd better be out! – I turned around to leave, when I heard the door click and open. Nobody came out. I went in, a bit apprehensive, but in need to pee, so...
- Anyone in here? – I asked.

There was no response.

I saw him sitting on the toilet seat, the cute cub from before. He was still teary-eyed. I didn't know what to do, what to feel, to begin with. I mean, there he was, as cute as I saw him before, maybe cuter than ever, yet crying his eyes out at a party! But I needed to pee.

- Are you OK?
- Yeah, I'm sorry, I'll be right out. – he said, getting up and putting the toilet seat lid up.
- No, there's no need to. I wanted to talk to you anyway, but... can I first take a piss? I'm so full!
- Sure... - he got up and turned around, wiping his eyes.

I took my time. The smell of piss rose in the air; I got my relief and expressed my pleasure with a deep sigh, bear style, and tucked my engorged dick in and zipped my pants. I put the toilet seat down and sat on it.

- So, why were you crying? And before you answer, lock the door, will ya?
- It's a long story (he locks the door) why I was crying. Why did you tell me to wait for you, Alex?
- How do you know my name?
- We are in the same classes, but you sit in the front and I sit in the back.
- And you are?
- Jonathan. John. Jonathan Kinley.
- Well, John, to cut to the chase, I find that you are a very cute lil' bear, and I'd like to get to know you better.
- You mean you wanna get laid tonight!
- No, lil' one, why do think that? I'm not that mean. Bears don't do that to other bears.
- What are you talking about?
- You don't know about the way of the bears?
- Please stop whatever cult talk you wanna give and drop this whole thing.
- It's no cult talk, and why are you so bitter? What have I done to you? I've ignored you in class? Yes, you sit in the back, I don't.
- It's not you; it's the ones like you...
- You are one of us, too.
- Nooo!
- Whaddaya mean NO? You are a bear, too. A cub, to be more specific. Like me.
- No, I'm not... I'm Jonathan; I'm not a bear... I'm John...

I got up and hugged him. He cried, whimpered, cried some more. Then I looked him in the cutest eyes I have ever seen, moved his hair off from his forehead and told him:

- You are a cute cub; all you need is some loving, right? I don't know what has happened to you that made you so sad, but I promise that I'll be there for you if you need me, as a friend, or more. – I felt my own voice weaken. This cub was piercing me right through the heart with his eyes and I loved it. What do you call that sensation?
- You really mean that?
- A bear never lies! A bear MUST tell the truth, and we both are bears, so yes, I really mean it.

- Please hold me! – and he hugged me tight. And I hugged him, giving him the support, warmth and affection that an embrace could offer.
- John, - I said, - wanna come with me to my place? I live in the next town, fifteen minutes from here. I promise you'll be safe.
- Well, I don't know... I should get back on campus.
- Hey, baby, it's your call, but it's Saturday tomorrow, so you can sleep in.
- Oh, yeah... I forgot.
- I guess you had a lot on your mind lately.
- Yes... but, I'll tell you another time, OK?
- Sure thing! Now, wanna go now or party some more?
- I cannot even think in this loud party, let alone other things!
- Yeah, me too. So, go then?
- Let's!

He pecked me on the cheek with his lips. I just hugged him tight, and held him in my arms for a while. He was warm and holding him felt nice, it felt right. He was some four inches shorter than me standing six-one, Matt being six-two, but he was cute. The way his hair smelled was something new, intoxicating, yet familiar; he hugged back. I felt his heartbeat, he was a bit excited, I believe. I know I was. We got out, got into the car, he settled in, put his belt on, and looked at me. His eyes were teary, but little happier than a few minutes ago. He said:

- You're the first guy in a while that I feel I can trust.
- You're the first guy I think I'll love for a long time. – I said not believing my ears. John just smiled and blushed as I started the car.