

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 two
The one about being cold and being hot

...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.

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I drove in silence. My heart was racing with the thought that I had just found someone. Or I hadn't? I mean – could really John be what I've looked for all this time? Not that I'll now end up in bed with Matt, Mark and Donnie, along with John. No, the rest of the world ceased to exist. I only cared for John in those moments. I sobered up so quickly I was amazed with myself. I only glanced at the cute cub once in a while, just checking him if he had fallen asleep. I drove slowly wanting to savor every minute I was that close to him. No, my dick wasn't getting hard with any thoughts of having this cute one in my bed. I was just... confused, yes, but in a good way. What do you call that feeling?

My phone rang, it was Matt.

- Hello?
- Hey, lil' one! You OK?

- Yeah, I'm cool, I'm driving home now.
- You got Samantha back to her dorm?
- Yep, even tucked her in!
- Aww, you carebear!
- Shut up! What's the matter?
- Well, you gotta pick me up tomorrow at eleven. I gotta go to the shelter center, the thing I told you about.
- OK, I'll get you. How's the bears doing?
- They're good; we are all naked in bed now wishing you were here, in fact Donnie is sucking my dick right now, and...
- You won't get me hard that way, bubba!
- I know, I'm just teasing. So?
- So?
- Any luck tonight?
- How about I tell you tomorrow – I'm too tired to talk, and I'm almost home now.
- OK, lil' one. Love you!
- Love you too. Bye!

John looked at me.

- Who was that?
- My brother Matt.
- Is he a bear like you... like us?
- Yep, I think he'll find you very cute once he sees you.
- And who are the bears?
- His fuckbuddies, Mark and Donnie, both furiously furry! They're all right.
- OK.
- You feeling better, lil' one?
- Yeah, I guess.
- Well, here we are. Just be quiet, OK? My parents are asleep.

We got in, but my folks were wide-awake, watching some movie on TV. I wished I had Matt around, he always knows what to say.

- Hey, there!
- Hey, Dad! I got a friend over for the night; it won't be a problem, right?
- No, not at all, but... er... where's your brother? – asked Mom.
- Sleeping over at some friend's place. They're going to the shelter center tomorrow, so it's closer from there. – I was sweating profusely.
- OK, OK, and who's your friend? – Dad asked then.
- I'm John, - they shook hands, - we take the same classes.
- Oh, another COMM major, huh? - said my Dad.
- Yes, sir.
- Well, now, call it a day, guys. Should I wake you up tomorrow? –asked Mom.
- No, it's fine, we'll sleep in. 'Night.
- Good night! –said Dad.

We went up the stairs and into my room. I shut the door after I got in.

- Aren't you gonna lock the door?
- Should I?
- Well...
- If I lock the door, and it's only you and me here, my parents will find that pretty weird...
- Oh...
- But, they don't ever come upstairs at night, so I might as well lock it, - I said with a grin and locked the door. John just looked at me, smiled but said nothing.

I came near him. He was sitting on my bed with his hands in his lap looking around then looking at me attentively. I sat down on the floor in front of him. He shivered but tried to disguise that by adjusting his sitting position.

- John, don't worry, I'm not gonna harm you in any way.
- What are you talking about?
- You just shivered, baby. I know you are not cold, in fact, it's so hot in here that I'm gonna take my tee off, - and so I did. I had nothing else on. John was looking at my hairy chest, my tits, my nipples. He swallowed a bit; I know he liked what he was seeing right there and then. The light was perfect, the hour of the day/night was immaculate, the position we both were in was better than great... and the curtains were not in place.
- Let me pull the curtains right..., - I said as I got up, - we wouldn't want the nosy neighbors staring, now would we? - I said, to which John just smiled. I sat back on the floor.
- What was that you were saying about being honest and ... the bears?
- It's something that my brother taught me. You must be fair, honest, caring and helpful with other bears, and cubs, and chubs. We bears are not just gay, it's different with us. Yes, it's men that we like and love and have sex with, but it's different.
- How? Sorry I'm asking, but I fail to notice how?
- You cannot notice that, lil' one, you have to experience it.

- As you have with your brother?
- Yes, for the past nine years we've been through everything together, both as brothers and as bears. Ever since we both hit puberty, we'd been ...experimenting with stuff... with each other, now don't get me wrong, we don't do drugs, ever. That is also a bear thing - you must take care of your body, no matter how fat or plump or call-it-whatever you are, so that your body takes care of you.
- That's deep... sorry, I'm such an idiot!
- Why? You were honest; yes, it's pretty Zen or whatever, but it works.
- Alex?
- Yeah?
- Aren't you cold sitting on the floor?
- A bit. Why?
- Come and sit beside me, will ya? I'm a bit...
- Cold? - I said as I was getting up, to which he simply replied with a faint "Yes".

I sat beside him. He was radiating heat, something I simply can't get enough of. My brother... oh the fuck with my brother now... I'm gonna love this lil' bear tonight, maybe not fuck him, but undress him – you bet! I put my left arm around his shoulder, hugged him a bit, expecting that he'd stop staring at the blank space before him and he'd turn a bit and hug back. But no, he just sighed deeply and rested his head on my shoulder. I felt weird. I didn't know what to do, and it was driving me insane! Come on, lil' one, turn around, let me kiss you, and caress you, and undress you, and hug you, and touch you and sleep – just sleep – with you tonight... but, no. Now, what do you call that feeling?

- You OK? – I asked.
- Now I am.
- I gotta ask you this, and you gotta be honest, OK?
- Sure... - he said facing me, but his voice didn't have much self-esteem in itself.
- Are you... experienced?
- ...
- Well?
- No, Alex, I'm not a virgin... but please don't ask me anything further, OK? Please!
- Why, baby?.. Did they hurt you, I mean, your ass, your dick, something else? Tell me if you're hurting, baby, 'cos now you are my lil' one and I'm supposed to take care of you.
- ... You... you mean that ... for real? I mean... for real real?
- Yes. I do. And I won't ask you what happened, 'cos you don't wanna talk about it now, but just tell me – are you hurting anywhere now?
- Here, - he said grabbing my hand and putting it on his chest where his heart is.
- Your... your ex?
- No, never dated anyone... it was ... it was... more like someone to lose my virginity with...
- But a man?
- A bear... a bad, dishonest bear, - and I looked into his teary eyes. It was hard to witness the little guy cry.
- Don't cry, baby... please... - I said with my own eyes full of tears.
- OK, I won't... 'cos of you. I don't wanna make you think that I'm a crybaby...
- Oh, you should see my brother... but enough about him. Can I ...

I never finished the question, nor waited for an affirmative answer – I just went for his lips with mine. He tasted sweet. I kissed once, twice, three times... he didn't really know how to do it, he kissed back sloppily, rather noisily, but he kissed nonetheless! And it felt good. He put his right hand on my naked back and began caressing it. I had shivers running throughout my entire body. He felt them and said between kisses:

- Wow... did I do that?
- Yep... and I loved it, - I said still kissing back. Then he stopped.
- Sorry... I've never kissed like that before.
- But you were doing fine, why did you stop?
- Please don't think I'm acting girlie here... it's one thing I hate...

- Never! A bear is a man above all. Bears leave women's stuff to women. And, John, don't use that word – hate – it's far too strong in so many situations.
- Ok, I'll try. Now... can we kiss some more?
- Wow, lil' one, I love you *and* your enthusiasm!
- I love you too, Alex!

And we kissed for a while longer, maybe 5-6 minutes, but it felt so right to hold him in my arms, touching him, kissing him. I put my hands under his tee, rubbing his belly, then his back, then his shoulders... I could sketch a map of his entire body after the first minute of caressing him. I could feel that he was hairier than me, but I wanted to savor that once I see him naked. My hands were all over his body, grabbing his butt, his love handles, his slightly curled hair, and then I reached for his crotch, as I usually do when with Matt. I felt his dick; he was hard and not very long.

- Mmmm, - I said, breaking the kiss, - I found my treasure now! – as I tried to undo his zipper.
- Alex, don't, please! – he said disenchanted. – Please...
- OK, I'm sorry, was this going too fast for you, baby?
- Well... no... but...
- OK, I'll stop.
- Please... go on... but let me take off my clothes myself first, OK?
- You got it!

And he took off his tee right there and then. He, too, had nothing underneath his tee and I could see his furry little body, his beautiful protruded nipples and his chest hair pattern. This was a hairy lil' cub I was kissing, and by the looks of his treasure trail, I'd say his treasure island is pretty much lovable! He smelled faintly of sweat and some of that weirdly spelled deodorant label that I didn't like, but on him it felt proper, it felt as if John had that deodorant come out of his sweat glands. He had stretch marks on his belly just as me and Matt have. And that was a major plus.

Then, he got up, unzipped his pants, removed the belt and let his pants drop on the floor. The gorgeous ass I saw hiding behind those tight black boxer shorts amazed me. Nice, bubbly and proportional, his ass cheeks would fit both my palms if I chose to grab John by the ass. The way his hair on his ass came out from under the shorts was enough to make me cum. Unlike me, his back was hairy, that beautiful darkish fuzz that, once covered with sweat, looks like the most beautiful velvet you'll ever touch, and your bear cub forever be the cutest thing one's ever gonna see! When he turned around, I saw his short erection hiding behind the boxers. Beautifully outlined dick, good-sized balls, the treasure trail going in his crotch definitely had me worked up. Oh, my god – it hit me – this is my cub, this is the lil' cub I so wanted to find. And I was in love.

He came out of his pants, took his socks off, picked up his clothes, walked over to the desk, and put them on the chair. The way his ass moved as he was walking!!! Woof! I was speechless. He came back, well aware that I'm sitting in awe there on my bed, perhaps melting away from what I'm looking at. More self-assuredly than before, he

walked over to me, sat on his spot and said, “It’s your turn”. I simply got up, unzipped my pants, took them off and my socks as well and threw it in a pile on the floor.

- Ain’t ya gonna give me some of your PJs to sleep in? – he said.
- You’re kidding, right? I was hoping to get you bare naked in a while.
- I know, - he laughed, - but, please, I’m all new to this... to this bear world and stuff, and I wanna go slow. Could you do that for me?
- I will, if that is what you really want. Whatever we do, you can always ask me to stop.
- But I know I will not want you to stop. – I swear I’ll remember those words of his for as long as I shall live.

I got up, and pulled his arm up so that he gets up as well. I got near him, rubbing my belly onto his, my sprouting dick onto his; face to face we stood there for a split second looking one another in the eyes before he hugged me tightly, using all of his force. He didn’t show much muscle, unlike me or Matt – we were quite averagely muscular – but he had it in him, that strength of a bear. We kissed; it felt right kissing him again and again and again... I always thought that in such moments I’d be thinking about my brother, but no; all I could think of from that very second onwards was how to make my cub happier.

- Let’s get into my bed, - I said, - we’ll sleep together, but sleep only, no fucking, OK? That goes for both of us; I still don’t know what kind of a sex machine my boyfriend is.
- Am I your boyfriend now?
- Don’t you wanna be that?
- No, but I thought you were never gonna mention that.
- We are together as of tonight, I guess. I’ll only tell Matt about you, and his fuckbuddies...
- ...Mark and Donnie...
- ...right... so, you’ve been paying close attention, hey?
- That’s me! – he giggled and kissed me; I kissed back.
- ... and that’s the only people that’ll know, unless you wanna tell somebody else... like your brother or sister...
- I’ve none... I’m an only child... why do you think I’m such an emotional screw-up?
- That you are not! You are my boyfriend and this boyfriend of yours dates no screw-ups, OK?
- Sure... now, can we please go into bed? I’m really getting cold now...
- So, you are really high maintenance, huh? I think I love you more now.
- I love you, too, Alex... I love you so.

We went into my bed; he lay on the left and me on the right side. The bed, being custom made for a big guy – as was my brother’s – was big enough to fit two people. John faced me and hugged me. I hugged him shortly and caressed his beautiful belly down his treasure trail. I cupped his now semi-soft dick over his shorts. It all fit in the palm of my

hand; I squeezed very gently to feel his balls and his glans. He was radiating heat like crazy.

- Geez... you are as hot as a stove... what do you eat, plutonium?
- Uranium is what I'd prefer...
- What?!
- Uranium... Uranus... your ass...
- OK, wise guy, I got your balls in my hand. You sure you wanna keep messing with me?
- You won't do anything! – he said with a smile on his face. He looked like an angel like that; his goatee made him look a bit devilish. What a combo!
- You think? – I said as I squeezed him a bit more.
- Hey, that hurts!
- Sorry! I hope it wasn't too painful...
- Hey, I'm just kidding... sorry I scared you...
- It's OK. John?
- What?
- Can I hold your dick?
- Why do ask me that? Of course you can...
- But, I thought... wasn't that too fast for you?
- Hey, I'm with my boyfriend now, remember? And he can do that, it's OK.
- I love you... - and I kissed him. He kissed back.

I pulled his boxer shorts down a bit. Then I took the quilt off of us to savor the sight of his short dick. Lying on my left side, I pulled a little more with my right hand; I could see his hairs: black, curled, lovable. He smelled slightly of piss and of that deodorant – it was pretty intoxicating to breathe that in. I pulled some more and I saw his soft dick, almost all of it, up to the head. Then he lifted his butt and I pulled his shorts to his knees, not leaving the sight of that gorgeous short penis of his. He was beautiful, more than two inches soft, I bet about five inches hard, not as thick as I was perhaps, but the thing I loved the most was that he had lots of foreskin. The skin on his dick and balls was a bit darker than the skin on his body, as was mine. I sighed. I put my bearish palm over his genitals, covering both his dick and balls, and looked him in his eyes wishing to tell him that I'd protect him from everything and everyone evil. I couldn't speak, 'cos if I could, I would've ruined the moment. He smiled with certain pride in his eyes; I felt as if he had read it from my face. I smiled at him, took my hand away and kissed his shaft gently.

He sighed. I looked in his eyes, waiting for a sign to go on. His eyes were indecisive, but he smiled after what I took as a short but intense period of contemplation. I took his dick in my hand and kissed the shaft again. As if under a spell, his dick started getting thicker with every heartbeat of his. I was witnessing the birth of an erection, John's first erection as my boyfriend; the moment was pretty special to both of us. He propped himself on his elbows enough to lift his head and look at what was about to happen. And it happened.

I put his now erect dick's head in my mouth, not bothering to peel off his skin. He moaned; he moaned as if his body was being purified from sin, from any evil that ever

happened to him. It was genuinely honest, I could feel that. I sucked a few times on his dick, then took my mouth off it, then gently peeled his skin, observing how his glans showed up from underneath the foreskin little wet with piss from whenever he last took a piss. I simply lapped his head, heard my cub sigh in pleasure and we moaned in unison for the next two minutes. It was maybe less, maybe more – who cares; I only know I enjoyed his taste, the way his dickhead fit into my mouth cavity.

Then I slurped some more of his dick and sucked on it, giving John now a proper blow job. I tried to remember what my first blow job felt like, the way Matt hugged my ass while sucking my dick... but I couldn't all I could think of was to please lil' John here with my mouth. He started breathing heavily, I knew he was close to coming, so I took his dick out of my mouth and started jacking him off gently as I told him:

- Baby, you're gonna cum...
- Yesss!!!
- Do you want me to swallow your cum?
- Yesss... please, go on... please!!!

And I did what he wanted; I went on sucking his dick. He breathed heavily as I sucked more intensely, but I didn't do it fast. I didn't want him to feel as he was gonna cum masturbating; no, I wanted him to feel as if he had come during a blow job from his boyfriend. And I sucked and he started writhing on the bed. I grabbed his ball sack and felt his balls pump out the juice, the ball-juice, the man-juice, the semen, the seed as Matt loves to call it. Half a second later, I felt his warm, salty sweet semen in my mouth and I started swallowing. Years of giving blowjobs to Matt allowed me not to lose a drop of semen while Matt was coming in my mouth, and the same happened with John. He came hard; he almost growled but managed to control himself a bit. He kept coming; I never counted how many ropes of cum I took in my mouth, but I could tell that John was emptying himself in my mouth. I enjoyed the taste of his semen as I swallowed; I now had only his head in my mouth and most of the retracted foreskin between my lips. When he stopped, I gave his dickhead one long lick with my tongue to clean him up a bit and took it out. He was going soft slowly, so I took the chance to slurp his dick again to clean him up.

I finally looked John's face. He was beaming, a smile both on his mouth and in his eyes, ready to start crying tears of joy. I was happy, as now he was happy, too. Those moments of his being sad and afraid seemed dead, gone and buried. I lay next to him, face to face, belly to belly, my almost hard dick pressing his now almost soft dick; he hugged me, putting his forehead on my lips, and I could feel his breath on my chest. I kissed his forehead and he looked me in the eyes.

- Is that what love feels like, Alex?

I didn't know how to reply to that. Yes, it was a part of being in love, but just a part, as sex and making love are. You cannot say that a simple blowjob was what love was like. It's a way to show to your bear that you love him, and that, you'll protect him from everything that might harm him. But love? Love wrapped up in a single, in this case his first blowjob from me? I guess he had never felt what bear love was like. Yes, he did say

that he had only had a man to lose his virginity with, but that was it. This was indeed too new for him.

- Alex?
- Sorry, my thoughts wandered off...
- So my question hasn't got an easy answer?
- No... Yes... well, that, John, is only what love can feel like, I guess... see, you need to experience it to know it better...was this your first blowjob?
- Well... yes.
- And, speaking of which, when you lost your virginity, did you use condoms?
- Yes... oh my god, I completely forgot to mention that! Yes, Alex, I did, trust me, I did, I did...
- Hey, no sweat, you're OK, OK? Don't get upset over that! You're a bear, you gotta be...
- Honest, yes, and I'm being honest now.
- I trust you. I mean, I just sucked your dick, and you came in my mouth, so... I call that trust. – he giggled. – Did you like it?
- Did I like it?! Alex, you were ... well, to tell the truth, my first blowjob, so it was perfect! But I'll make sure I tell you when I've had a better one, OK?
- Sure, lil' one! – and we both laughed heartily. He hugged me.
- Can I give you one now?
- Baby, I'd love one before going to bed, but you got me so tired, and it's 3:15 AM. We gotta sleep.
- Well, can I do that tomorrow?
- Sure.
- When we wake up?
- Yeah, OK... but gotta warn you, I don't come in buckets, but I come pretty hard and ... a lot.
- No problem, I'd love your juice in the morning. It'll be like a breakfast: some juice, along with two great eggs and a sausage, rather a bratwurst, right?
- Well, I am thick, you know.
- I know. I've seen you in those black jeans of yours. It shows.
- Really? I had no idea.
- Yep. Gotta tell you...
- What?
- I still think I'm dreaming.

I pinched his nipple.

- No, I don't think so. I'm real, you're real, we're real.
- OK. Let me kiss you now...
- Why should I let you? You don't need my permission to k...

And he kissed me, and I kissed back. He pulled up his boxers and I covered us both with the quilt. He hugged me, his arm reaching over to my butt and grabbing it slightly. He again put his forehead on my chin, and again I felt his breath on my chest. He was warm, tender, and cuddly. I touched his belly and caressed it with a few strokes. He made a

sound like a cat purring. I've always wanted a cat, but mom was allergic. And now I got a bearcub that makes catlike purring sounds; who knows, I might be sleeping with a tiger.

My lil' one. I love his hugging me. And so we drifted off to dream land.