

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 three
The one about Mr. High Maintenance

... 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 but 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.

=====

Sunlight.

Even from behind the curtains, it wakes me up without any effort; just sunlight and Matt can do that. His warm hand touching me anywhere on my body, caressing my chubby belly, touching the hairs on my ass; just his breathing in my back when we lie together; his effort to fart as quietly as he can in the morning... Matt, my bear brother, my protector... oh, my god, what's the time? Phew, only 9:17 AM, that's good. I have to pick up Matt at eleven... oh, man, this headache... and ... the cub in bed... John, yes, oh god, I sucked him last night... oh, shit; I had too much to drink... I took Samantha home, that's good, yes... then I ... I met John... and we ended up in bed... we talked before that...ohhhh!!!

John moved in the bed from behind me. His left hand got over my body and he said "Morning!". I slowly turned toward him and looked him in his eyes, not opening my own eyes too much as the sunlight was killing me!

- Hey, beautiful! Did I wake you?

- No, I've been up for ten minutes now... but you growled pretty loud just now. Are you OK?
- Yeah, I just remembered that I'll have to pick Matt up at eleven, and I'm sooo hungry I could eat an entire bull, and then I could eat you, all of you, - I said as I grabbed his ass and pulled him closer to me as if we weren't close to one another at all. Our bellies bumped into one another.
- Whoa... you really wanna merge with me, huh! – John said with his wannabe sheepish grin and kissed me.
- Well... that's me... sort of... but, lil' one, I'm so hungry I gotta eat. I haven't had anything to eat since six o'clock last night.
- That's a lotta time. So, you think your mother's made some breakfast?
- You bet, so... get up and let's go to eat! – I said as I started getting up.
- Whoa, whoa... wait a minute...
- What?
- I need to fulfill a promise I made to you last night.
- What?
- This... - he said grabbing my crotch and squeezing it a bit, - I want my breakfast first... you know, two eggs, a bratwurst and some juice... - he said as he was lightly rubbing my crotch and arousing me. His eyes were wild with lust... or he was just so glad he was about to give his first blowjob that he beamed.
- Well, it's room service for you, then... - I said as I reached to pull down my boxer briefs. His hand stopped mine, and he looked me in the eyes, as if he wanted to say that he'll do that.

Acting a bit matter-of-factly (as much as you can while half-naked in bed), he pushed the quilt on the floor, and tried to position me towards the middle of the bed, as he sat on his knees between my spread legs. He looked at me attentively as if he didn't know what to say, or do. I slowly rose to sit and face him, grabbed his hands and touched my belly with them. He smiled a bit and began caressing me gently, in long strokes. I lay back enjoying the massage he was giving me. He progressed to my chest, slowly massaging my tits, touching my nipples with his thumbs, and then pinching them gently. I sighed; he pinched some more. My dick was getting hard fast and I had a little tent all set up in the groin area. He noticed it and went down with his hands. I didn't have a treasure trail as he did, rather a belly fully covered with thick black hair. I enjoyed his touch, I know he enjoyed mine; I could read it from his beaming face.

He pulled at my waistband, enough to pull it down a little and see my pubic hair a bit. I had a dark complexion, as did Matt, and we both had darker skin on our genitals. Last night, I saw that John, too, was like us. That turned me on even more. Then he pulled some more, at which I raised my ass and he pulled my shorts all the way down. I heard him gasp, saw his mouth slightly open ... OK, his jaw dropped a bit... and saw him salivate. His eyes... oh, heavens! His eyes were open wide, then he took a deep breath and made that wannabe sheepish grin of his... he looked so beautiful I wanted to come right there and then... oh, heavens! His goatee made him look so devilish. He went for it.

He kissed my erect shaft as I did to his just a few hours ago; he kissed it on the one side, then on the other, then near the base, then near the head. He grabbed my six erect thick inches and kissed the skin-covered head. I sighed, deeply, intensely. He kissed it again, and then lapped it in his mouth. He savored my dick the best way he could. Regardless of his inexperienced mouth, he was quite good at it. So good, in fact, he made me growl when, while still sucking my skin-covered dick, he pulled down the skin and sent electricity up my spine when his tongue contacted my glans. Oh, heavens! Oh, HEAVENS!!! I growled, and he heard me, all right, and went on. I covered my face with my hands, not believing what sensations I was feeling... I looked and saw how my dick was stretching his mouth; he could only suck it in half, but it was intense nonetheless.

Then, he took it out, began jacking me slowly.

- I want you to come in my mouth, Alex!

- I will, oh ... I will... oh... oh! - I almost screamed as he went back to my dick.

He slowly sucked my head; I could feel his tongue working as if there was no tomorrow. I was coming close to the grand finale. He sucked, oh boy, did he suck good!!! I cannot believe this is his first one!!! Oh, no... oh, no... oh, yeah...

- Come on, lil' one... come on...

And he grabbed my balls, cupped them and kept a steady rhythm. He, too, never sucked me just to suck me; he obviously copied my behavior from last night. And I was gonna cum... oh... oh, yeah... oh, yeah... oohhhhhh!!!

I came in his mouth, growling but in control of my voice (I hope!), coming in torrents as I hadn't come at all in three or four days, with the finals and all. I came and came; he swallowed it all, just a bit came out from the corners of his mouth, down his goatee. When he felt that I had finished, he took my dick out and smiled at me, with my dick in hand, gently stroking it. I smiled back, and he, looking me in the eyes, went down on my sensitive head and licked it to clean it up.

- Ooohhhh... - I exhaled, as he let my softening dick out of his mouth and came back to lie next to me.

- Baby... you are a real pro... - I said as I went to kiss him, which I did, full French, and then moved to his beard to lick my cum off.

- Was that...

- Yeah... - I said. Then he kissed me in the mouth, looking me in the eyes.

- You taste like cinnamon and like... cream, and I like both of those flavors... - he said as he moved to hug me. I cupped his dick and felt it a bit erect.

- You are stiff a bit... - I said caressing his groin. - Want me to help you out?

- No... not now, that's...

- You know, John, me and Matt, we have this agreement... since both of us are versatile, no matter in what way we've had sex, we agreed that each of us should have the same number of orgasms. No matter if we came fucking, or having sex, or when sixty-nining, or jacking, or sucking, or rimming...

- You can come while someone eats your ass?

- Yeah... you just have to be really aroused... I've done it a couple of times, - I said as I was pulling up my boxers.

- I liked you better naked... - he said and kissed me, full French.
- Whoa... you sure learn fast...don't you? – I said between kisses.
- It's the teacher that inspires me to do so.
- OK, I agree.
- I'm just happy that you are a great teacher...
- And your boyfriend, just to add...
- Yes... I simply... love you...

We held each other in our warm embrace, uncovered and half-naked on my bed, wearing only black and grey boxers and enjoying the heat from the heater just a couple of feet away.

- John... breakfast... sounds familiar? - he shook his head NO. – Duh... - I continued, - you just had your breakfast, why would you like some food?
- Hey, you had a late night snack yourself, don't complain now...
- Yeah, but that only made me hungrier than a wolf, and you'll be so in fifteen minutes...
- Why in fifteen minutes?
- Manjuice works up an appetite, you know...
- Theeen... I'll race you to the kitchen! – he said jumping out of bed rushing to get to his clothes and get dressed. So did I, but then I occurred to me that...
- You've got no idea where the kitchen is... - I said while putting my socks on.
- Oh, I'll find it, - he said ready to run out of the kitchen. And so he did.

I came out just in time to witness that mom and dad were leaving to get an early start on shopping. Saturday was shopping day. All day. Wasn't that a blessing?

- Hey, sleepy head! – said dad, with his morning cheerfulness. I right away knew that he got laid last night. Well... So did I. So did John. Mom was laid on... sorry, no points for that.
- I made you guys some omelets, and pancakes, and there's some bagels and jam...
- mom said, looking at hungry John and hungrier me, - oh, and, - she said pointing to the cupboard, - there are some cinnamon rolls and cream in there.

John laughed out, but tried to mask it as snorting sound. Dad looked at us weird. Mom produced oranges from nowhere.

- Sorry! – John said.
- Anything I should know about cinnamon rolls and cream? – Dad said somewhat offended. Yes, it was dad's favorite (Matt's, and mine too) snack or breakfast or lunch or dinner – you name it!
- Well, dad, see... John asked me what's for breakfast, and I told him that if there aren't any cinnamon rolls and cream, I was gonna ... lose weight, starting a rigorous exercise regime right now.
- Oh... - dad chuckled, - well... you and Matt and me... we need to work out a bit more, don't we?
- Adam! – Mom said, - stop teasing them, OK? Besides, you have a huge garden to work in, remember?

- Rebecca! Not in front of the kids...please! – he said as he approached her from behind and hugged her.
- What kids? Those two? You are more of a kid than they are. Now, move your lazy pile of bones and let's go!
- Sure! Want anything, Alex?
- A new laptop?
- Yeah, wishful thinking! – Mom chimed, heading for the door.
- This summer! – Dad whispered and gave John and me a high five, then followed mom.

John had sat on one of the bar stools and was laughing his heart out. I took out every single food item mom mentioned and put it on the kitchen island and said “Help yourself!”

- My, my... your folks, they are awesome!!!
- Yep, I know... why do you think Matt wants to move out?
- What?!
- Yeah, he finds them boring a bit. You know, he and dad had this fight two weeks ago over some part-time job he found Matt, which Matt lost for being late once, once, mind you. And dad gave both of us the money lecture and all that...
- Wait a minute... your dad just promised you a new laptop this summer.
- Yeah, I know. That's only 'cos I promised to get a summer job, go to summer school and stuff... Matt didn't.
- So, they are in an official fight?
- Yep... dad still gives Matt some money, but thru mom or me, not directly. They say HELLO to each other, and that's all. They are as stubborn as mules, both of them.
- Your dad is in great shape; he needs no exercise, he's cute...
- And straight as hell, he's a straight bear, all right. The doctor told him to work out; he has some hip problems, so... you know. Me and Matt... and you... we're more on the chubby side.

- Yeah, I know... I wish my dad were this ...communicative with me.
- What, you are not in good terms?
- No... never have been since I was thirteen... before that, we were buddies, and now we are as good as enemies... I never understood why... and it's been pulling me down ever since... that's why I'm such a screw-up...
- No, you're not.
- I am. It's just you don't know me that well yet.
- Oh, John, please... - I got up and got to him, hugged him with my mouth full of food. He sobbed on my shoulder for a while. I saw it was 10:20 on the clock behind him. I still had time to be with John and go after Matt.
- I'm fine, Alex, I'm fine... - he said wiping his eyes. – I'm gonna be OK...
- I love you...
- I love you, too... how should I call you... when we're together, that is? You call me lil' one, should I call you big one? – he smiled teary-eyed.
- No, that's too much... we both are big... but you can call me bubba or something.

- But, we aren't related...
- It doesn't matter... I'm just older than you, and... as you have no siblings, I'll be your older brother, if you want me, that is... and you get Matt as another older brother, so... you'll never be alone again, ever!
- Wow... that's pretty... darn nice! OK, bubba, I love you now even more. But, that won't be incest, right?

I looked at him as if he were crazy.

- Hey! Remember that Matt and me are... were... well, are, brothers and lovers?
- Right! Sorry... we're all going to hell, aren't we?
- What hell? There is no hell unless you create one for yourself.
- That's deep.
- It's also true. We'll talk more later, OK? Now, I gotta go and pick up Matt from the bears' house and take him... wherever it was I was supposed to.
- Can you drop me off on campus?
- I'll take you straight to your dorm room, lil' one, cos I don't know the first thing about you: your phone number, your dorm room number... apart from us taking the same classes.
- Yeah, you're right. I sure don't want this to look like a one-night stand.
- Neither do I. So, what's your phone number?

We exchanged our phone numbers, emails, home addresses and I kissed him after we finished.

- Gotta go, baby! Grab some bagels, you'll want them later.
- OK, give me two, and in a paper bag, if you will!
- OK, Mr. High Maintenance, your wish is *almost* my command.
- *Almost?*
- Well, I am doing this out of love, you know...
- I know... - and he came round and kissed me, grabbing my ass as I was grabbing his. We drooled on one another for a minute or two, and then got out, I locked and we left.
- So, next stop campus, then!
- Right on!
- And call me tonight, will ya? – I said as I was driving and making a left.
- I'll call ya even sooner than that, OK?
- I'd love that.

He pushed the PLAY button on the car player. It turned out to be “With Arms Wide Open” by Creed, and we both sang, we both knew the lyrics. Not that I sing great, but I'm not bad, not at all. With John now, I sounded a bit better than ever. The song ended, as we were half way to campus.

- You sing beautifully! – I said.
- A choir boy till I was twelve. You know...
- Ooooh, I know: you were a model youth back in the day, huh?
- No, more like a wannabe punk, like you, I assume?
- Oh, yeah!

- See, we are alike, aren't we?
- We are bearcubs, of course we are alike.

I parked the car in front of his dorm, dropped him off, looked him in his eyes wishing I gave him a big wet French kiss, and, before I drove off to Mark and Donnie's, I watched him enter his building, wiggling that sweet ass of his.

=====