

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 four
The one about Aleksey, Matt, John, Mark and Donnie

... 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.

Driving down the road, I wondered what my life would have been hadn't I been involved with my brother. I mean, if we had grown up in a way so different than the way we have, we would have been your average Joes, big, burly, plain fat is what some people would call us. They do now; Matt and I have been called lazy bums, couch potatoes, even big blobs of lard, but we are by no means superchubs. We are just a bit overweight, live in a great house with a caring and loving family that have no clue about our sexual preferences, try and I emphasize the T, the R, and the Y in TRY to work out, as we both know that diets are useless without any workout... Sex is workout!!! Yippee!!!

I got John now. Oh, heavens!!! I got a... a boyfriend, yes, a boyfriend now... what's so hard to grasp there, Alex? What? Pretty much nothing, darn it!!! Well... there's the way Matt will react when I tell him... he was really eager for me to meet somebody, but I know him, he's got this character trait that I simply find... well, he can make me feel bad for something I did...it's more of ... it's sort of like that I got that problem, not him. Oh, shit... shit, shit, shit!!! I mean... why am I even thinking about this? I'm not breaking up with my brother!!! No! I'm simply... moving along... well, he has... yes, he's moved along... now, I guess, it's my turn.

Oh, this racing mind of mine! I almost missed the turn to the street where Mark and Donnie live. They rent a place, a little cozy one-bedroom apartment with a living room/kitchenette and a bathroom. There is a park nearby, and it's close to downtown, though knowing the white trash that lives around - no wonder why the rent is so low. That's why Matt has that "moving out of the house" idea. Oh, well... nothing I can do there.

I reached the small apartment complex, one of the many scattered around. There were six apartments to rent in that building, and Mark and Donnie's place was on the first floor on the left. Can't miss it. This time, I couldn't miss it even if I wanted to, 'cos there was my brother along with the two bears standing there waiting for me. I stopped the car and waited for them to jump in. So they did, and Matt wouldn't be Matt unless he says:

- Well, well! Aren't you a bit late!
- Sorry, missed the turn! – I replied as I checked the rearview mirror to see Mark sitting behind me and Donnie sitting behind Matt. – Hey, guys!
- Hey, little one! How's life? – Donnie asked.
- We miss seeing you, you know! – Mark added with that trademark grin of his. So fucking cute! Urgh!!!
- He overslept again! That's what he does on Saturday mornings!
- So do you! – I said as I was starting the engine.
- Not! So... are the folks gone shopping?
- Yep! Why?
- I need some stuff, I wanted to come over and get them myself.
- I would've brought them over... but you said nothing whatsoever about it.
- Well, it's those two to blame for that!
- What? Us? Blame? For what? – Mark said, looked at Donnie and they both laughed.
- Well, to tell the truth, Alex, I really was sucking your brother's cock when he called you last night...
- Oh... OK. By the way, yes, I did get Samantha to bed safe, alone, and ...well, drunk, not that I had anything to do with that, I wonder why she hasn't called yet.
- Still asleep?
- Probably. Hey, guys, have you met Sammie?
- Yep, Matt finally introduced us to her a couple of weeks ago. Very cute! Very! – Donnie said nodding his head in approval.

- Hey, your boyfriend here is getting a bit jealous, thank you very much! – Mark said sounding offended, and we all laughed to it.
- So... - said Matt, - how was last night? Any luck?
- Yeah, lil' one, we want to see you with a boyfriend soon, and that the two of you come and see us, - said Mark.
- Well, I did meet someone... Matt, where was I taking you? You gave me no address!
- Sorry! Down to White Street and then make a left.
- That's half way round the town from here!
- Well, you started driving back to campus for what?
- Too see his new boyfriend!!! – Mark and Donnie sang.
- Oh... a Freudian slip of the navigational skills, Alex? – Matt laughed.
- Go on, laugh your asses off... yes, he lives on campus...
- And his name is... - Donnie demanded.
- Well, his name is John, Jonathan Kinley, you people might know him, we are apparently taking all the same classes, and I met him at the party last night. He's cute: tanned, black hair and eyes, a goatee...
- Watch the daydreaming, Alex, you're... we're in a car.
- OK, bro... - I said catching a glimpse of Mark's face in the rearview mirror. – What's up, Mark?
- It's just that that guy's name sounds familiar... Don, wasn't that the cute cub from that bookstore place on Dickson Street?
- The one with the "I'm out of my mind, please leave a message" black tee? I remember him. Some ass!!! Woof!
- Oh, yeah!!! Alex, we know who your cub is, and, - he continued using British English, - must say, a fine selection you have made, my young sir. You should be crowned the heir to the British crown with the thoughtful decisions you make...

Donnie and Matt were laughing their heads off listening to Mark, who never stopped his royalty speech about John and me. I found it hard to resist laughing at the speech, which continued all the way to the shelter center. We got out of the car holding our bellies and still laughing. When Mark asked what was so funny, Matt burst out laughing to tears. I was pretty close to rolling on the road laughing. The bears went off to the center as Matt and I stayed outside to talk a bit.

- How are you, bubba?
- Good, good, can't complain; my stomach hurts from all this laughing, though. We ate too much last night, me and those two... Mark cooked some pasta, and you know how delicious he makes that sauce with the tomatoes and the olives and that herb...
- I took John home last night.
- Oh... Did Mom and Dad see him?
- Yeah, last night and this morning. I told them that he was staying for the night. You're the one who comes up with better excuses.
- OK... you had breakfast, Alex?

- We sucked each other off, Matt. That...
- That's OK, baby, it's not a problem, don't think it's hard for me or anything, – he turned all serious. I know my brother too well for my own good. The same goes for me.
- It's hard for *me*.
- Still, you do love him, right?
- But...
- No buts, I'll be fine, in fact, I *am* fine, don't worry. Mark and Donnie treat me well. They always have. You know that they call their place *The Bear Haven*? – he smiled, but his sad eyes hummed a different melody.
- I miss you every night... - I looked in the ground beneath his feet.
- So do I, but...
- But, to be honest, last night I didn't miss you much, at all, in fact. It is precisely that and nothing else that is killing me right now... I thought I wouldn't be able to look you in the eyes. I... - I was ready to start crying, but there we were in a parking lot and with people coming and going, so I saved the tears for later.

- So, this basically means that we are through, right? – he said disappointed.
- Well, no! We aren't breaking up, cos we never officially said that that we'll have a relationship. We just *had* a relationship. Plus, we're kin. Brothers. That's a bond that a simple breakup, which this isn't, cannot break, and you know that.
- I know, but trust me, I'm OK with it. Since that talk that gloomy Christmas Eve, when I fell asleep in your embrace, with your hands around me, keeping my back warm with your belly and that navy-blue sweatshirt you so adore... I've accepted it. I'm Ok with it. Trust me, please.
- I will; I mean I do... but... come home, will ya? Dad or no Dad there, just show up, OK? I know that the bears have an extra bed...
- Futon... - he corrected me and looked aside.
- ... futon, then, and you helped with the rent, but... - I held his arm.
- I know, I'll think about it tonight... these days... - he let go slowly.
- Just call me whatever you decide, I need to have you around.
- I've no money left for my phone bill...
- Here, take this... - I took the \$60 from my wallet.
- From your savings?
- Yep, but you need it more than I do... I got my card with me, so... if you need more, just tell me now.
- No, it's OK... I'll pay you back, I promise...
- Yeah, yeah, whatever... just stay in touch, no matter what.

I hugged him. Why should I care that there were many people around? I was hugging my brother, my protector, my lover. My not-so-ex lover. I guess there is no proper phrasing for whatever was happening between us. He held me a second longer than he might have wanted to. Then he chuckled, to which I always chuckle back. We broke the hug and I saw him smiling, trying to heal himself with a smile. I know when my bearclub brother is hurt. He always talks about cars, traveling, outer space... that or he inflates his ego so much there's no place left for air in the room.

- Can I get the car tonight?
- If you drop me off at campus first.
- Wanna see John?
- Yes... now go, I see they are calling for you.
- Love you, carebear!
- Love you too, bubba!

And he wiggled his but and his big frame and disappeared through the door. My god, there goes my brother, my big caring brother. I haven't lost him, but now I don't have him any more... nine years... nine fucking years filled with cub sex in every position possible ... and now I stand here watching how those moments of oneness enter the windowed shelter center and become nothing but memories.

- Can I please talk to you, John? – I said, sitting in the car, wiping my eyes with my free hand while calling John on the cell phone.
- Sure... are you OK? Where are you?
- I'll be on campus in twenty minutes... in front of your dorm.
- I'll be waiting for ya...

I hung up. I drove in utter silence; nothing but the car engine and the other cars on the road made noise. I was crying; I made a turn to Dickson Street to get to campus faster... oh, I wish a car hits me and does something to me now... oh... disfigure my face, break my legs, knock me into coma, the list is endless... no, I don't wanna die... I have John to live for... and he's waiting for me... I wanna live... but what's my life without Matt?.. ohhhhh, get a grip, Aleksey, you'll be seeing him always! ALWAYS! Until you get sick and tired and sick and tired again from him, yes, you will... but... but... it just won't be the same... it won't...

I came to his dorm. He was there waiting for me; I parked, but kept the engine running.

- You've been crying? – he said once he got in.
- Yep... I'm sorry; I just needed someone to talk to...
- It's OK. If you don't wanna talk to me, it's fine...
- It's... it's about him... why I'm crying... you know... Matt...
- You broke up... - he said not believing his words, - well, you can't break up something like that... or can you?
- I don't know... that's why I'm like this... he says he's fine, but... I don't know.
- If he says he's fine, then take his word for it... I know you know him better than anyone else, but trust me, people change...
- You think? Let's drive around, we're blocking the way. – I started the car and drove off, trying to get out of campus.
- OK... - John said and went on. – Alex, I know that people change, I'm living proof of that...
- Whaddaya mean?
- Well, last night, when you told me to wait for you there when you saw me sitting near the door...

- Yeah...
- I went to the bathroom to think about it. At first... well... I didn't want to, cos I had no idea what you wanted. I mean, I know you from class, and that was pretty much it, and I...
- Well, go on, I won't bite ya!
- Well... I jacked off at night thinking about you, I... what happened last night was something I've... I had been wanting to happen since the first time I saw you...
- Really?
- Well, yeah...
- Hey, don't be shy, it's your boyfriend you are talking with, remember? Or I refreshed your memory just in time?

- Yeah, sorry, I still cannot believe that this is real...
- Well, it is, - and I put my hand on his knee, - and I'll make sure it stays that way.
- OK... I love you.
- I love you, my lil' one, more than you can imagine.
- Or is it too early to keep telling you that I love you every time I see you?
- And just what have you been doing since last night?
- Telling you that I love you. And you were doing the same.
- I know. It may be too early, but I guess you and I just clicked well.
- You know, just being in your car with you makes me wanna think what my priorities in life are... or what they will soon become.
- Oh?
- To make you happy, Aleksey, that's all.
- That's... that's what I'd love to do for you, as well.

And we said nothing for the next few minutes as his hand covered my hand, which still rested on his knee. I was driving slowly towards the hill where you can see the entire town from, but decided against going there. Instead, I took a turn back to campus.

- Going back now?
- Yeah, to your dorm room. Your roommate there?
- No, he's home for the weekend.
- Oh...
- Yeah...
- So... you jacked off thinking about me, huh? What was I like in your fantasies?
- Well, you didn't suck my dick that good... and you jacked me off very gently...
- You don't like it rough, do ya?
- No... though I've had some jack-off fantasies with the rough stuff... no bondage... that freaks me out... orgies do, too.
- Oh, - I said, thinking about Matt, Mark and Donnie, and having fun with them and John. Oops!
- It's a matter of preference, right? I mean, if I don't like it now, I might like it in a year, or in a couple of months, right? People change; I learnt that the hard way.
- Yeah, I know. I feel a bit older after this experience with Matt. And now I got you... well, you lose some to get some. Can't complain...
- I know... I'm not complaining either...

- Hey, wanna go get some coffee?
- At the Uni?
- Why not?
- Yeah, OK.

We parked the car at the almost full parking lot, went to the coffee place just across the road, got the cappuccinos and went back into the car. It was almost mid March, but it was pretty much warm here. John hadn't changed his tee from last night. I told him that.

- It still smells of you... us...
- Oh... I wish I hadn't changed either, but that tee I had on, I wore it for three days...
- That's a lotta sweat... but, I like sweaty... I find it... rather sexy; - he sipped his warm English Toffee cappuccino.
- Rather?! You certainly appear well read and well mannered!
- Yeah... thanks!
- Oh, you're very welcome... I guess it comes with working at a certain bookstore... on Dickson Street...
- How do ya... who told you?
- The bears, Mark and Donnie... they've seen you there... and you certainly left them with good memories... they like you!
- Thanks... but... I don't work there anymore.
- Oh, I didn't know that. Sorry!
- ...
- You're supposed to say it's all right... I just said you were well mannered...
- Alex, I don't wanna talk about it. - he said, sipping and looking at the horizon.
- You OK, baby?
- Yes... but let's drop the subject, OK?
- Sure, - and we sat there in silence staring at the uneventful horizon. It was almost 1 p.m., and neither of us said a word for a while. It felt a bit awkward, but my thoughts wandered off to last night. I sipped my cappuccino and heard John do the same.

I put my cappuccino cup in the cup holder, and played some music on the car player. I don't know what it was, but it was smooth, jazz-like, and warm to the senses. John woke up from his daydreaming, then looked at me, placed his cup next to mine, and grabbed my crotch. Wow!

- I like this...
- Oh, I know that. I like yours... - I replied grabbing his crotch and going nearer and nearer his face to kiss him.
- Whoa! Someone might be watching... let's go to my room...
- I thought you'd never invite me.
- Well, I am now... So, wanna go?
- Yeah! - I said, turning the player off, grabbing my cup and getting out of the car.
- And, um, you called *me* enthusiastic?
- Well, I'm not flawless, you know, - I said as I locked the car door.

We went towards his dorm. Very few people were around campus today being the Saturday after midterm week, so most either slept in, or had gone home for the weekend, or stuff. I was happy that John said that his roommate has gone home. It meant that pleasure time was just around the corner! I began to wonder why John was acting a bit strange whenever I mentioned his past. It just cannot be as if he was gang raped or something, or whatever. It was painful, I could tell, whatever happened to him, but his at times erratic behavior began to puzzle me. I guess that the effect from beers from last night finally wore off, so now I could think with a clearer mind. I mean, one moment, he'd be crying and the next one he'd be grabbing my crotch, or sucking my dick, or kissing me like it's the end of the world as we know it; who knows, maybe in a few hours I'll add rimming and fucking to the list. Still, he had problems of some sort, and no friends to tell that to.

As we entered the elevator, I smiled to him; he smiled back. I was still thinking what should I do, how should I react to those emotional moments of his. Knowing myself, I am not particularly good-tempered when it comes to waiting for people to tell me things. Just say it straight away, don't wrap it up! But with John, I'd have to be patient. He's been hurt, he's still hurting, and the stressful midterm week is far from over stress-wise (the grades and all). So, I'll just wait for him to open up, not his ass, but his soul, and heart, and whatever and wherever he has hid all those things that are hurting him. It'll be easier, much easier for both of us then. We came out of the elevator, and went into his room, 702.

- This is it! – he said as he entered the room; I followed suit.
- Wow! Neat! – I said looking at the room. Tidy, clean, you'd never think that guys live there!
- Yeah, my roomie and I have this agreement to keep it clean, 'cos we both like a germ-free environment, he especially. I mean, look at his desk! – and I looked, and everything was stacked neatly. No dust even. Let alone germs.
- I reckon that's his bed, right? – I said pointing to the army-style made bed. Then I realized that John's part of the room was the darker one. What da fuck?!
- Yep, that's his. His brother's a marine, and both his uncles. Runs in the family I guess.
- Yeah, I guess... but... ain't your part of the room a bit too... dark?
- You think?
- Yeah!
- Well, I like it that way.

He had black pillows, navy-blue bedding and covers, black posters on the walls; his backpack, computer, and desk were all black. He had two black teddy bears on the shelves, and the only color was coming from his books. And from Leonardo da Vinci's *Vitruvian Man* poster on the wall opposite his bed. So that he can look at it.

- Not that I mind it, but, John, doesn't that affect you? I mean the color and all?
- In what way? You mean does it fuck me up or not? It doesn't!
- Hey, hey, I'm not judging you, I'm just asking... no problem with that, I assume.
- This was a mistake, - he said sitting on his bed.
- What? – I said sitting next to him.

- This! Everything! Please, leave me alone. – he said and got up.
- Hey, come back, please! – I said; he turned around, ready to cry.
- What?
- You're twenty-one, right?
- Yeah...
- You now know that can't solve problems with crying, or can you? I mean, you've been crying ever since I met you, and before that, I bet, but... has it proven to be the right thing, crying, I mean? – I said as I got up and got near him. He didn't ask me to hug him.
- ... - a tear ran down his cheek.
- And not commenting, not replying, not answering is gonna help you less... can't you see? – I said grabbing his arms, - I am here for you, 'cos I love you. Not 'cos of something else. Say something!
- Whaddaya want me to say?
- That's quite enough for starters...
- Sorry, Alex... see, I *am* a screw-up.
- No, you're not. You've just convinced yourself you are one. Why don't you believe in yourself? I believe in you! Mark, Donnie and Matt, who haven't even met you, believe in you. You're a bearcub; you are as good as a god to us.
- You'll be disappointed in me soon!
- Says who?
- ...
- Well? Says who?
- Everyone I know... everyone I know... - he repeated and sat back down on his bed, tears flowing down his cheeks. – Everyone, - he repeated as I sat next to him.
- Not me... and I can assure you that neither Matt, nor Mark, nor Donnie would be ever disappointed in you... Trust me, John, we've all been there, and it's not good living through that sort of pain alone. When the world seems like the bitterest place to live in, friends help out the most. Real friends do.
- I've got none... none here, at least, - he said, wiping his eyes.
- Well, you've got me, to begin with. And there's three more bears that'd love your company. I'm positive about them. – I hugged him.
- It's just that... I've got so much emotion built up that I'll explode... I haven't talked to anyone like this for so long... anyone...
- Well, I don't wanna rush you or anything, but you can tell me whatever you want to tell me whenever you want it, OK?
- OK, I'll do that...
- Now, stop crying and tell me what do ya wanna do?
- Sleep... I was going to when you called.
- Oh, OK... we'll sleep then. And do nothing that we both won't agree to...
- Just sleep together...
- Yeah, sleep together.

He wiped his eyes and got up, and tried to smile at me. Something in his eyes was different. Whether he acknowledged the fact that I was for real in whatever I had said, or he was so sleepy that he couldn't help but look so good. I got up and said:

- I'll take my tee off... - and did so.
- I'll take mine off, too. It's time I put a new one on... but after a wake up.

He looked good; I smiled at him when he looked me in the eyes, as if waiting for me to compliment him. He smiled back, showing his teeth in that drop-dead-gorgeous grin of his. I then knew that he had indeed acknowledged the fact that I was serious with him. He came to me, pushed me back to lie down, and, as I was making room for him, he lay down next to me, cuddled into me, and with his cute voice said:

- I'll stop crying, Alex, I promise.

I just hugged him and kissed him on the forehead. He sighed and chuckled.

- What?
- Now you're the one radiating heat... - he said, and closed his tired and teary eyes.
- Sleep tight, lil' one... I'm here now...