

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 five
The one about the thing three weeks ago

... 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...

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I dreamt. I dreamt a wild dream.

It didn't feel like a dream would.

I mean, when you dream, you kind of know that you're dreaming and all, but this was different. I was reliving the entire magic of the previous night: John being next to me, our meeting at the loud party; the touching, the cuddling, the cock-sucking... it was happening again, I could feel it, every sensation... John radiating heat, like a real stove, like lying in front of a fireplace with your bear... Oh, my God! I felt John's hair under my fingers; I could feel its scent intoxicate me as I was hugging him while crying in that bathroom where we met... Then, I felt the elastic on his boxer shorts as I was pulling it and sucking his beautiful short cock... Oh... Oh... he was moaning as was I... Oh, heavens...

Then, I was in the car with Matt, Mark and Donnie, and this time we all came to John's dorm room and had wild, passionate sex with one another... I fucked John for the first time, after I rimmed him good. Then he did me for the first time while the bears and bubba were watching and jacking as some sort of foreplay for their threesome, to which John and I jacked off. Then Matt fucked my ass while Donnie was fucking Mark in earnest hugging Mark's legs gently propped on his shoulders, as Mark was sucking John's dick. John mumbled something. Oh, the sight of all that: Matt growling from the orgasm, as was Donnie, Mark was moaning gently and with a muffled voice, and John was gasping for air. I was ecstatic, but knew immediately that he was coming... I wished that it was me again who slurped John's seed. I heard John's murmur, as he pulled his throbbing dick from Mark's hot mouth and put it in mine. I sucked on his head, as he went down on me to suck my dick and play with my balls.

I woke up to a murmur coming from John. He felt really warm as I had my arm around his belly, the other one under my head. He was still murmuring something like "... way... way...", and that whimpering sound he makes when he cries. I realized he was having a bad dream; I tried to wake him up by shaking him slightly, but no, he just whimpered and went on dreaming. I whispered his name in his ear; he didn't even stir. Then I called out his name loud and he reacted; he stirred, whimpered again, and turned around to face me. Outside it was almost dark, so I could only see the outlines of his face from the faint light coming from the streetlights below. His eyes were shining with a faint light-grey glow; I could see tears forming, but thought they were the blurry because of the poor lighting.

- Hey, lil' one... you OK? You were having a bad dream... - said as I run my fingers through his hair.
 - Yeah, I'm OK... - he sighed, hugging me as he rested his forehead on my chin. It felt good, his forehead against my stubble. I said nothing when he added:
 - Alex... I wish these dreams would stop...
 - It's OK, baby... I got you now... - I said, kissing his forehead, once, and again.
- He just moaned, pushing into me and I simply held him tighter.
- Alex?
 - Yeah?
 - Can I... tell you something?
 - Sure...
 - Well, I-I, um... don't know how... I'm scared.
 - Well, I'm not afraid of the dark, and it is dark now, so... if you are, I'm here to protect you...
 - Thanks, but, it's not the dark... it never was... I'm not afraid of it.
 - Then?
 - It's more like... my experience with... m-my losing virginity.
 - Oh, OK... I thought... you don't wanna talk about it.
 - Well, I don't know, I wanna be with you now and I would want that behind me.
 - So, wanna talk?
 - Yeah, but... please, don't judge me, or anything, - he snuggled into me.

- Never. Now, let's get up, turn the lights on and get something to eat.
- OK, but... I wanna... I'm gonna tell you what happened first... while I still think it's a good idea. OK?
- Sure, lil' one.

We got up; I turned the lights on, opened the window a bit to let some air in and some heat out, then sat next to John on the bed and hugged him. He smiled and said:

- OK, here goes nothing...

I just held him tighter.

- It was three weeks ago, right after that concert on campus. I had to work late that evening 'cos we had some new books to sort out, so we, Mr. Adams and I and Jenny, stayed after closing hours till 9:30-ish or something to check all the books in, calculate the prices and all. I really was happy working there 'cos I could work as many hours as I want (part-time hours anyway), and liked the pay, all right...
- Well, go on... - I encouraged him.
- I'm... scared.
- I'm here... Don't worry.
- Well... that photographer's place next door was also closed, but he was still in there doing some stuff, cleaning up and had some guy clean his windows, and, as Mr. Adams was locking the bookstore entrance door and we were saying our goodbyes with Jenny, there came out the photographer...
- You mean, Vance?
- You know him?
- No, but I've seen the sign on the store... sorry... - I never told him that Matt knows him and that he had tried the same with him, but Matt had kicked him in the groin. I just couldn't, not now, that is.
- Well... he... he comes out and says, hey, Johnnie, wanna give me a hand with something in here, and I agreed before I could see that it really was getting late and I had to walk to campus... And when he called me Johnnie, I just... just... that's what my Dad called me when I was little... I just... melted... - he looked me with his eyes as a hurt puppy does, and what could I do, what could I say? I just held his hand tight between mine.
- So, in I went and he told me to assist him in moving some of his computer equipment and desks around, and after some fifteen minutes, I got sweaty, and so did he... Vance... and you've seen him, right? He is a burly man, and he offered me a drink, some soda, and then he said he suggested that we should go to the back room to relax a bit. And before I knew it, I was entering the room and talking with him something, some small talk... He said that he was tired and he needed some rest and... that he had no one to give him a back massage as his assistant hadn't come to work that day... and he asked me whether I would give him one...

He sighed, and I could tell he was fighting to hold back his tears.

- I don't know how, he sounded persuasive in what he was saying, him needing a massage and all; it was like he enchanted me in some weird way... I don't know,

I don't think he put anything in the soda; it was a can that I opened and had with me all along... It was just that I had this image of Dad in the back of my mind, and remembered when Dad used to ask me to massage him, after which we'd wrestle and all... - and he began whimpering.

- It's all right... Let it all out...
- So, I just went behind his chair and after he took his tee off, I started massaging him... He said that he liked my massage and that I was doing a good job, and... before I knew it he grabbed me by the hand and turned around. I could see Dad in him, expecting him to... tackle me to the floor and wrestle... I came round when he touched my face. I got scared, but he said that I shouldn't be, 'cos he knows that I am wanting the same thing he is... and he got up and started kissing me... and... I told him to leave me alone, but he just hushed me and said that he knows we both want it, and that he can tell that I like bears and that I'm a good-looking cub myself and that he's been checking out my ass every time he could and that he can give me something no other bear would or could...

He got really upset; another tear ran down his cheek. I wiped it away with my finger.

- And then he took off my tee and began kissing my chest... then he kissed me on the mouth and I kissed back... I felt that I was breaking, falling apart, thinking that I could trust him, 'cos for a split second there I saw my Dad, and I had never felt anything for my Dad, I just needed him to protect me... and... I gave him my virgin ass... He was kissing me, and touching me, and soon I had a hard-on, and he undressed himself and undressed me... and... on his working desk... he had me, he had me right there and then. He first fingered me, then rimmed me, then put a condom on and fucked me... I remember the sensation... nothing I had ever felt before, and then the pain when his dickhead entered my ass... and then he started pumping... Then, before he came, he put some tiny bottle in front of my nose... I felt weak... I know it was poppers or something now... but then, I just enjoyed... and now I hate myself for that...
- John, don't say that...
- But it's true... - he said as he wiped his eyes, - I enjoyed when he allowed me to fuck him, and then he fucked me again, twice... and again with the poppers and all... we were sweaty and I felt weak... but I know I enjoyed it... I don't know how or why, but I did... When he let me out, he was still naked and the street was crowded with people and all, being a Friday night, the entire campus was there, I think... he was risking being seen naked seeing me out... but, no...
- Did anybody see you two?
- No, I don't think so... he had pulled the curtains before, after that guy cleaned his windows... He locked behind me... Then, the cold air outside just hit me in the face... I felt cold and came to my senses... people were looking me as if they knew what just happened... I started crying and walking up the hill to campus... Then...
- What happened?
- Then, I had the image of Dad yelling at me, that time when I had left the bike on the driveway and he didn't see it and he wrecked the car below and my bike was

gone... it hurt me even more... I tried to avoid all the busy spots and ended up going the longer way to campus, you know, through the library road and the body shop and... Just came in here... my roommate was on-line or something, he just looked at me as if I had committed a crime, but I just grabbed my towel and went into the showers and took a long one... maybe an hour or so... my roommate, Leo, came to ask if I was OK. I told him I was fine... and... I cried my eyes out in the showers, Alex... it hurts knowing that he abused me... he must have been checking me out and stuff as he knew what buttons to push. And then all the images of me and Dad, which just made me cry even more; I felt like a pervert or something... And in the showers I cleaned my ass and my dick and... I couldn't even study right this past week for the midterms... he fucked me up good, Vance did... I couldn't sleep for days after that night, I cried and cried... Every time Leo asked what was wrong I just told him that I'm fine and that it'll go away... it didn't and I think I lost a friend in Leo...

- Why?
- He stopped talking to me, began ignoring me, and all...
- Hey, it's not that, it can't be. He simply didn't know what to do, how to act around you crying all the time... he must've felt in the way or something. I mean, I don't know this guy, but he seems a good fella...
- He's a bit bearish himself... I was so happy when I saw him at the door here saying he's gonna be my roommate...
- You jacked off thinking about him?
- Am I that obvious? – he chuckled wiping his eyes.
- Well... yeah!
- OK, I admit it... yeah...
- Feel better now?
- Yeah... I'm sorry...
- What are you sorry for? You're not to blame for anything. You thought he was for real in what he was doing... you know I am, right?
- You're the one good thing that has happened to me in years, Alex... and if you deceive me, I... I don't know what I'll do with myself.
- Hey, I'm here for you and for you only...
- Please hold me...

I hugged him and began crying. How could I not sympathize? Here he was, a twenty-one-year-old bear cub that had no luck in his bear life so far, crying as he felt that his world had fallen apart. Myself, I felt wrong that I thought that Matt and me faux breaking up was a hard thing, but what John told me tops mine in everyway. I hate to admit it, but hearing John tell his story gave me a little hard on... what a pervert I am, taking pleasure in his pain? No, I didn't take pleasure in John's pain, I never stroked my dick, or jacked it or anything, it was just a natural reaction to hearing the stuff about fucking... Damn, Alex, you're a real pervert, I said to myself as I looked John in his eyes and wiped my eyes. I could just hope he hadn't read the confused thoughts from my eyes.

John then kissed me on the cheek and I kissed back his mouth. Then we started French kissing and went on for a while. We lay down on the bed and began grabbing each other's asses, pulling on each other's jeans. It was only when neither of us could pull down the other one's jeans when we came round to what happened. We looked in one another's eyes, exchanging lusty looks and my right hand holding his left with fingers intertwined.

- You're like my Advil, Alex, you kissed away all the pain I had.
- And you're like my chocolate candy or something... now, let's get dressed...
- Why? – he interrupted me with a childish voice.
- Let me finish what I was saying, please... so, let's get dressed and get something to eat from that pizza place down the hill, yeah?
- OK, I am hungry, you know.
- And... I think we should go to Wal-Mart...
- Whatever for?
- Some condoms, maybe, - I looked him in the eyes waiting for a response. He just smiled, and said:
- Well, now that my dirtiest secret is out of the way, I'd love to buy stuff with you... And I might even unpack the microwave...
- What microwave?
- I have a new microwave in a box in the closet. Let's buy Wal-Mart stuff and heat 'em up here. Whaddaya say?
- I say... lemme just grab my keys, - and we went out still putting our tees on.

My phone rang once we got out of the elevator. It was Samantha.

- Sam! Hey!
- Hey, carebear! I finally woke up!
- Now?
- Well, half an hour ago, thinking about grabbing a shower now. I'm half naked, you know, and in the bathroom...
- Nice! I'm off to Wal-Mart with somebody... you know...
- Oh my God! You found somebody?
- Yes, I have, - I chimed entering the car, John too.
- Well? Do I know him? I know everybody, you know!
- Yeah, yeah, I'm pretty sure you do.
- You know, you two should drop by on your way back from Wal-Mart.
- OK, will do. See ya then!
- Can't wait! Love ya both!
- Bye, Sam!

John smiled at me as I started the car.

- Samantha?
- Yep, and we're apparently paying her a visit later...