

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 six
The one about the news and the condoms

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...

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All the time I was driving back from Wal-Mart, John sat on the back seat behind me rather than next to me. He was hugging me all the time; his arms, shorter than mine, around my chest. He even nibbled on my ear for a while, slowly, using just a little pressure to make me gasp a few times and make me feel that twitch in my dick... and that felt wonderful. It was weird, and, yes, it was a bit distracting, but thank god, no one saw

us, or if did, paid no attention to us. I can only wish for the same thing, that hugging and nibbling to happen when we make love... I mean, in just two days a marvelous thing has happened and I was living my life to the fullest: got a boyfriend, and a mighty fine one I gotta say, and most things seemed just fine...

John had the pack of condoms we bought in his pocket. As I parked the car, he put the pack of condoms in the bags of food, got out of the car, and after I locked the car doors, we went to Samantha's dorm. He nudged me, whispering "Love you!" I just smiled, and nudged him back, hoping that the people around (the many people around!) didn't notice how obvious that was. I knocked on her door and we got in; Samantha was still in her bathrobe drying her wet hair with a towel.

- Hey!
- Hey, Sam! How are you?
- Good! And how are you?
- Doing great! Let me introduce you: Samantha, this is John; John, Samantha, - they shook hands.
- So... you're the boyfriend, huh? – Sam said with something weird in her voice, the towel in hand.
- Well..., I-I guess s-so... - John stuttered.
- Sam, is something wrong? - I demanded.
- No, but... oh, do take a seat, please... Wait a second... John?
- Yes?
- Is...um... Leo your roommate?
- You know him? – asked John.
- Well, yeah! He and I work together in the Student Leadership Office.
- Right! That's how Sammie here knows everybody... Sam, how come I don't know Leo? – I said.
- You do know him, but by his middle name – Frank.
- Frankie is Leo?!
- I never mentioned that to you... seemed irrelevant, - said John.
- Yeah, you didn't know? Only his friends call him Leo, he introduces himself as Frank to everybody else. – Sammie frowned.
- No, well... no, - I was surprised.
- I didn't know he worked with you, - John said, - but I know he works a lot with you guys... he thinks the world of y'all, he's so dedicated and all...
- That he is, John, yeah, but... there's something I'm gonna tell you, and you're both dead if you tell anybody you got this from me, OK? – Samantha got all serious.
- OK, OK... - I said, - what is it?
- Well, John, d'y'all know that Leo has, well, a crush on you?
- What?
- Whoa! – I said. – What are you talking about?
- Yeah, it's true. John here has no idea, but Leo told me that just a week or so ago... I had no idea that he was g... sorry, that he is a bear, and when he told me I wanted to know who you were, and he showed me your Facebook pics, and I just

commented you're cute and all, and then thought of Alex here, don't know why, and... Well, as far as I can see, you two are together now, so...

- Really? Are you for real, Sam? – John asked.

I was speechless, to say the least. A crazy thought crossed my mind: how many skeletons in the closet could John really have? Not that he knew about this issue, but nonetheless! I mean, he lives in the same room with that guy... Leo, Frankie... whatever! They could've been together so many times, they might even get involved in things. But still, we're together now, and this?! This doesn't look good!

- Yeah, and I'm sorry I'm the one telling you two this, but better later than never...
- Sammie added.
- Better later than never what? – John asked. I just looked perplexed.
- Well, Leo was planning to ask you to go out on a date or so with him on Monday or Tuesday...
- No way! – I said.
- Way! That's why he went home, he lives in that town, what's-its-name... a two-hour drive from here, just to get some stuff and get all ready for you...
- I... I don't know... it's all... weird? Is that the word I need? – John looked at me.
- I don't know, lil' one, it is weird, all right, but... look what happened between us these two days, and just...

Sam looked at me pretty weird when I called John *lil' one*. No idea why.

- I'm not gonna choose him over you, if that's on your mind now, - John interrupted me and hugged me.
- All right, I believe you, no need to do that anyway...
- So, any ideas what y'all are gonna do? – Samantha asked.
- None, - I replied, - but I'm telling ya, I'm not giving up on this one! I... I love him. – Sam looked at me in a funny way, knowing what I felt (or maybe still feel, or maybe will forever feel) for Matt... don't know myself. She knows me too well for my own good.
- I love you too! – he said and went on to kiss me, but it hit him that Sam was sitting on the bed across from us and stopped.
- Oh, it's all right, you can kiss him, I've seen him and his brother kissing, no big deal... - and John did so, just a quick peck with his lips on my cheek.
- Aww, you two!
- OK, OK, we'll stop, - we chuckled.
- So... how was the party last night? Is that where you two met?
- Yeah, actually it was...

And both John and I went on telling her the whole thing, leaving out the sucking part and some things we both thought she'd find disturbing... so, we gave her the "clean" version and she took it in, knowing there are parts left out on purpose. I don't think she remembered the moment I saw John sitting near the entrance door, though. She chuckled the whole time, knowing that we're leaving stuff out on purpose, but still...

- So, one thing I'm not following here is... how did you two connect, or, say, clicked so well in just under 48 hours? – Sam asked getting up and going to get dressed. She disrobed with only her underwear on. John blushed; she noticed this.
- Oh, Johnnie, don't be such a gentleman! You've seen a girl in her undies, right?
- Well...
- You haven't? – I asked.
- No...
- Well, take a good look, 'cos there's a list of guys waiting to see and -wishful thinking- to get some of this! – she slapped her ass in a playful way. – Oh, I know, you two prefer bears, but I'm not half bad... - she said teasingly while dressing up.
- Sam, you're making him blush! – I said, well used to seeing Sam with any given amount of textile on her. John indeed blushed, and smiled looking rather sheepish.
- Aww, come on! It's OK, I'm sorry, I still have this buzz in my head from last night. Haven't eaten anything but that tiny bag of chips at the party... so, wanna get some pizza? Have a small dinner here... - she said, fixing her hair. She looked like a top model: dark blonde hair, shoulder length, five-six tall, and a great looking body when in a swimsuit, let alone in regular, everyday clothes.
- Well, Sam, appreciate the offer, but... we kinda planned to have a dinner on our own...
- In my dorm...
- Yeah, in his dorm room, that's why we went to Wal-Mart to get...
- To get stuff that we'll heat up and...
- OK, OK, you two! Please! You'll both be blushing with this... finishing each other's sentences...
- Well...
- Yeah, Alex, you two are *that* obvious...

What could I say? Now John looked perplexed, and blushing, and... Samantha got him pretty bad in a good way, so...

My phone rang. Matt.

- Hey!
- Where the heck are you?
- With Samantha, on campus. Why?
- Well, duh, you were supposed to pick me up, and the bears, from the shelter center...
- ...right!
- ...half an hour ago! Move it now, will ya!
- Be right there! And I'm bringing John over.
- OK. Move it! We're freezing our butts here!

I hung up.

- Well, John, gotta go!
- Where to?
- Get Matt, Mark and Donnie from the center. Sam, I'm sorry!

- Hey, no problem! Though, I forgot to tell you, I'll be off to NYC this entire week on a conference of some sort, so... call me?
- Sure! You too, OK? And get a boyfriend, will ya?
- Yeah... easy for you to say... Once the grieving period's over, it'll happen. I'll make it happen... - and we all got up, hugged, said our byes and John and I left.

- Sorry, Alex!
- Whatever for? – I said, driving down the road from campus.
- Well, this thing with Leo...
- Hey, neither of us had any idea about this... so, don't worry...
- See, now I get it.
- What?
- Why sometimes I caught him staring at me when he must've thought I wasn't looking... he stared at me, all right, and you know him, he is a bit muscular, and I thought he's on this egotistic trip that he's physically superior or something...
- Well, that proves it! Whatever the spark was between the two of you, it had something sexual in it, right? I mean, you said you two had become friends quite easily, so...
- I jacked off to having him... and now this? I gotta be careful what I wish for, don't I?
- Well, I don't know, but if you wish that we make love till dawn, I might make that happen soon.
- You're such a carebear...
- I'm your carebear, don't you forget.

And I drove off to the shelter center. John had a pretty weird look on his face the whole time I was driving; I guess he was thinking about Leo or something. He looked pretty stressed out and I was worried. What also worried me was how my brother would react because of my forgetting to go after him. I mean, while we were together, I'd never miss on things, I'd write them down in my calendar not to forget, but in the past few weeks there have been several blunders like this one. He would shout a loud word or two at me, but then would apologize and say that it's OK that I forget, and that he at times expects too much from me. Now? I had a boyfriend and... I was expecting the worst that could happen.

The ride to White Street appeared hours long. I heard John exhale several times, you know, that deep, want-to-get-it-out-of-my-system exhale. He looked at me several times; I pretended I wasn't paying any attention to that; I so wanted to say something to him, but words failed me. When he thought I wasn't looking, I'd take a quick look at him and notice that he wasn't happy then. I exhaled now, the same way he did. At that, he just grabbed my knee with his cubby hand and squeezed it a bit. I chuckled knowing that he was looking at me. He left his hand there until I parked the car in front of the shelter center.

- If it wasn't for Mark, I'd have kicked your ass right here, you know! – Matt said angrily as I got out of the car.

The light coming from behind them wasn't too strong, so I could only see the outlines of the three bears' bodies. Obviously, the one most furious was my brother. He rushed to open the front car door, and did so not seeing that John was sitting there; at the same time, Matt was saying:

- What the fuck were you doing the whole time? – and when he noticed that someone was sitting on the front seat, he just said, as coolly as possible:
- You're the boyfriend?
- Could I please be referred to by my name? – John shouted, getting out of the car.
- John? – I was surprised by this reaction of his.
- I'm John, and yeah, I am his boyfriend, but I'm not for generic use, you know! I got a name... - and he cooled off once he noticed that Matt looked at him weird. Who knows, Matt might then and there have acknowledged the fact that other people can have a worse day than his.
- Sorry, John, I was out of line there. I'm Matt, and these are Mark... - and he grabbed Mark by the coat, - ... and Donnie, - who wanted to shake hands with John, and was giggling all the time. I could only see Mark's face showing signs of being highly amused by all this, and when he noticed me, he gave me a wink.
- Well, now that's out of y'all's systems, how about we get in the car? I'm freezing! - Donnie said opening the car door and got in. Mark followed suit, and they both placed the Wal-Mart bags on their laps. Matt went from the left side of the car, said *Sorry* and got in. John got in, too, after he looked at me and smiled. I got in, closed the door and just sat there.
- What's wrong? – John asked.
- Could somebody explain what just happened here? – I said.
- Don't worry, Alex, your brother had a tough day today, - said Mark.
- Yeah?
- Yeah, someone called him a... well, a fat motherfucker and, um, he got really angry and wanted to beat the living daylights out of the guy! Thank god, I was there to stop that or things would've gotten pretty messy, - Mark said. Donnie went on:
- So, the shelter center coordinator apologized to Matt, and decided to put that employee of theirs on probation of some sort. He's some rich punk or something, so skinny he looks like a skeleton, heh...
- And from now on, I don't trust skinny people, lil' one, and neither should you! – Matt said looking at me. John thought *lil' one* was referring to him, but that wasn't the case, so he just looked at me and smiled.
- And what are you smiling at? – I asked him.
- Well... Sammie called me "the boyfriend", and now Matt here, so... I guess I overdid it a sec ago. Sorry, Matt, I'm really sorry.
- That's all right, John. Now, Alex, will you please drive!
- You know what, - I said opening the door, - you'll drive. I think I'll rest for a while, - and got out of the car. Matt got out, we changed our positions and he drove off.

Mark and Donnie began babbling to John about how great I am, and how lucky he is to have found me, and so on and so forth. John just listened, and, from where I was sitting, I could see him chuckle all the time they spoke. I could also see Matt's eyes in the rearview mirror; he appeared calm, yet had that look as if he were planning something. I grabbed his left shoulder, leaned forward and said quietly: "You OK?" to which he nodded a yes. I sat back and relaxed.

- Ah, home sweet home! – Donnie yelled.

Even though I was looking out the window the entire drive, I couldn't (neither wanted to, I guess) make out where Matt was taking us. The moment I came round, I saw John looking at me a bit scared, so I rushed out of the car to get to him. I hugged him, when Mark said:

- Well, men, it's time we show you our little kingdom. And that we cook a fabulous dinner!
- Right on! – Matt said, locking up the car after everybody got out. Donnie had taken the bags with him. John looked at me and said:
- Well?
- Well, we cook and eat, and then... we'll see.
- I wanted a night with you only.
- I know, I wanted it too, but that'll have to wait a bit. Let's go!

We went in. the second we entered, Mark became busy putting things in their right places, as Donnie and Matt were in the kitchenette. Matt went out to help Mark, and John joined them, and I ended up standing next to Donnie asking him if anything else had happened today.

- Well, nothing much, apart from that little thing with Matt... and there was this strange thing, some volunteer was missing, some Frank something guy, cancelled at the last minute... the coordinator lady was surprised as he had never done anything similar to that before; but afterwards she said he called in sick, so...

It didn't take much for me to put two and two together. I just blurted it out:

- Frank is John's roommate and is Samantha's co-worker. Sammie just told us that he has a crush on John, and went home to, and I quote *prepare himself* for taking John here on a date on Tuesday.
- You're abso-friggin-lutely kidding me! – Donnie said, taking the things out of the second bag. He grabbed the pack of condoms.
- No, I'm... not... shit...
- You and the cub were planning something special tonight, right?
- Yeah, and then my gorgeous brother called!
- Sorry, Aleksey!
- Ah, it's OK. Now, you guys got something we can actually cook and not heat up?
- Yeah, we do, but... gotta ask you this: is John a virgin?
- No, he ain't. And I don't suggest asking him about it. Painful thing for him.
- He was hurt?
- Here, - and I showed to my chest. – He was... used, if you know what I mean.
- By who?

- Vance... down on Dickson...
- That motherfucker!
- What's all that about? – Mark came in, John after him.
- Well, hubbie, let's clean up the bathroom first, - and Don grabbed Mark by the hand and went in the bathroom. John said:
- Well, what's cookin', good-lookin'? Ha, I've always wanted to say that!
- Well, let's see...

I opened the fridge, took a few things out, and decided to make pizza. We had bought the dough, had the toppings, and all we needed was a pan large enough to fit it in...

We all participated in making the pizzas (yeah, we made several!). We talked and sweated; all five of us were in the kitchenette and there was barely any place to move! When Mark would put the pizza in the oven, three of us would go out of the kitchenette, and go back in to make another one. We even began singing at one time, eating away the toppings; then we got the drinks out of the fridge and set the table (the coffee table) with plates and glasses and some silverware. John and I sat across from one another, Mark sat between us (at the head of the table), and Matt and Donnie on the other end. We ate, cracked jokes, drank beer, Mark used his British English to make us all laugh (John had a hearty laugh, and so did I)... a cool night, gotta say!

Then, as we were all full and some of us were burping (Donnie, Matt and John), Mark said the weirdest thing, no one ever anticipated it coming:

- And now, how about a good ole-fashioned after-dinner bearcub orgy?