

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 seven
The one about Matt being jealous

... 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?

=====

- Mark! – Donnie shouted.
- Sorry! It just seemed as a great idea to use all the calories we just ate. – Mark said, a bit disillusioned, but with a smirk on his face.

The second Mark said that, both Matt and John looked at me. I looked at John first, then at Matt. John had that what's-gonna-happen-now look on his cute face, and my brother was simply out of words, at least he looked that way.

- Let's clean up the table, and then we'll see what we'll do, - Matt said, getting up.
- I'll help you, - I said, getting up and grabbing some of the plates.

Donnie looked at Mark making a face. I knew they communicated with signals and grimaces at times, this was it, for sure. John just looked at me, all the time; I just motioned him with my head and he brought his plate in the kitchenette. Matt was there sorting the waste and the dishes, when John quietly said:

- Were they for real?
- They were, Mark was, at least, - Matt responded, - but that's good, they like you, they like you both.
- But, we don't have to agree to do anything we don't want to, right? – I said, anticipating the YES I got back from Matt.
- Matt, I... I don't know about that, it's a bit...scary, I guess...
- That's all right, John, you got Alex here, you two can cuddle and stuff, they won't mind, - Matt went on, and we all could hear the heavy footsteps of both Don and Mark, - after all, this is what they call *the Bear Haven*, right, guys?
- Right! Sorry to 'ave scared you, Johnnie, it's all right if you aren't prepared for anything of the sort... - Mark said, hugging Donnie, and went on, - but you are invited to watch, no matter what... then, if you like it, you can join us.
- Sounds like a good idea to me, - Donnie said, - and Alex here will keep an eye on you, and his paw, I believe, will be on you all the time, - he finished and frenched Mark in front of us.
- We're good to go, - Mark said giving the dishes to Matt, and went on holding Donnie's hand.
- Wow! – was all that John could utter.
- Wow what? – I said.
- Them two! They are amazing! How long have they been together?
- Well, for at least four years now, since high school. I've known them since, but not since we went to college did I find out that we're all bearcubs. I just think of them as very good friends, and that they still are, - Matt said while storing away the leftovers. I just hugged John and he rested his head on my shoulder.
- Well, let's go and sit down! – Matt said, leading the way.

And, boy, was there a sight to behold: a second ago, they were here talking to us, and now, totally naked, Mark and Donnie were sitting on the futon, hugging and kissing one another like there was no tomorrow! Wow!

- You two just can't wait, can you? – Matt said taking his tee off, and just stripped off his jeans wearing no undies, grabbed his cock and went to them.
- Well? – John said.
- Well, we'll watch, I guess. – I said, hardly able to believe that this is actually going on. I was witnessing the thing my brother was only telling me about, and I had John next to me. We just sat on the loveseat opposite the futon and watched. John grabbed my crotch, I his; it was evident – we both got hard-ons in seconds.

And the sight was splendid.

Mark had Donnie's left nipple in his mouth, nibbling then sucking it gently; it appeared as a routine. Donnie had closed his eyes and was moaning quietly, gasping every now and then, then he would open his eyes quickly enough to see where his paws roam. And his left paw was on Mark's chest, caressing the thick fur and grabbing it and releasing it in a rhythmic way, his right paw behind Mark, grabbing the love handles or his ass, I couldn't really tell. Then, he went on to play with his nipple, played with it for a while as Mark went on to suck his other nipple. It was really curious to watch Mark, and me and John enjoyed looking at him, at them both, actually. There he was, that great-lookin' even better tastin' bearcub with his eyes closed as if he was dreaming the most perfect of all dreams... he had his boyfriend tight in his arms, sucking now on his right nipple, making that short slurping sound whenever Donnie would choose to move a bit while tenderly caressing his lover.

Then, there was my burly brother, sitting in front of the futon, jacking Donnie's dick and sucking on Mark's short dick, slurping his way to heaven! His own big dick was hard and at full mast! Then he started jacking Mark and licked Donnie's dickhead a couple of times as if it was a sucker and pulled the skin all the way back and just slurped it in his mouth. I could clearly see that he was working his tongue around Donnie's lil' head the way he would do it to me every time he chose to suck me... I felt a little jealous at that time, but it passed very quickly as John slid his lil' paw in my jeans and then in my undies, grabbed my aching dick and attacking my engorged dickhead with his thumb and index finger. He was playing with my foreskin in a playful manner that felt surprisingly familiar; I then realized that he was looking at the way Matt was playing with Mark's foreskin and copying it to the very detail. I just looked at my lil' one and kissed him.

I kissed him hard and it felt electric. I had shivers running down my spine, my knees felt weak, my heart was racing... yep, I had my boyfriend and my brother and my bearcub friends in the same room doing stuff that most people would never approve of... Still I was having fun, caressing John's forearms when I noticed that his hairs were all up, he had goose bumps on his skin, and this lustful look in his eyes that felt like the most pleasant fire... you know, that Christmas Eve fireplace fire, when all is warm and tender and you feel great... Yeah, I felt relaxed, very relaxed in his arms...

I stood up, looked at John and motioned him to get up as well, expecting the bears to react in anyway possible, but no, they were too into their three-way cuddling. John got up, got close to me, kissed me on the cheek, then in the mouth, then on the other cheek, and we were facing each other, at the same time facing the bears with our profiles. But we could only see each other in those moments: the slurping and jacking sounds were fading away as John began French kissing me, and boy, did I kiss back! I could feel his tongue in every sense of mine; my eyes were closed, so I imagined his face, his eyes closed as well, the way our lips touched and our tongues danced...

He put his hand on my back, which in one of my two weak spots. He patted me slowly down my spine and at the small of my back - he just spread his palm and pressed it onto my back and I felt his warmth rushing through my body. I did the same thing to him, but

with the other hand I held his neck and kissed him even stronger. Then, I moved my hand from his back to his belly, moved under his fresh smelling T-shirt and put my thumb into his sweaty navel... I had never done that to Matt, so I thought (I wonder if I was able to think in those moments, actually) it was a sure way to get his juices going... and they did get going. We parted our lips, looked into each other's eyes and I heard John whisper something like:

- Have me...

And I could barely hear him, but I read his lips, his eyes, that lustful look, that myriad of touches he was still giving to my back. But I just got nearer I just whispered near his hot gasping mouth:

- Have me, too...

I pushed him back just enough to grab his tee and take it off of him. He raised his arms, and a faint smell of sweat from his armpits hit my face. I inhaled as deeply as I could as John was taking my tee off. I raised my hands and he just kissed gently on the chest where my heart was, looked me in the eyes and grabbed his jeans and tried to pull them off as fast as he could. I got down to my knees, paying absolutely no attention to the bears on the futon, and took John's shoes and socks off and then helped him get out of his jeans. I grabbed mine as I was still kneeling, and as I was getting up, John held my hands and proceeded in taking my jeans off, and he, too, took off my shoes and socks off first. He stood back up, looking me at my body, less furry than his, with the same chest hair pattern as his, he in his black boxers, me in my grey ones, both with visible and succulent hard-ons, both of us looking at one another knowing that we are going to make love real soon...

He threw himself into my hands. I grabbed him, gently stroked his ass and then went on kissing him as wildly and lustily as I could. I could feel his erection touching mine, his hands exploring my back as mine were exploring his. His slightly curled hair was rolling between our sweaty foreheads; he was holding my head with his one hand, gently pulling the hair on the back of my head once in a while. I just slurped for air once or twice, as did he, and all of a sudden a thought came into my mind: we need to get into bed right now! I opened my eyes, and in a second John did the same and he read my eyes and he stopped kissing me, and so did I; we looked at each other, giggled and Donnie snapped us back to reality.

- Well, go on! That was so hot! – he said, cock in hand, hugging Mark who was also jacking slowly.
- Come on, guys, give them a break! – Matt said.
- Yeah, Don, I didn't know you were such a perv! – Mark said.
- Look who's talking! – said Donnie and gave Mark a big wet kiss.

Johnnie and I felt a bit ashamed. Matt got up, his incredible erection swaying in front of him, and got behind me and John.

- Well, bears, these two need to become a pair officially. I suggest that ...
- ...we join them?

- Donnie, please, not now! – Mark said.
- ...so, I was saying that these two be given your bedroom in the next hour or so, so that they can explore each other. John, I know you and my brother were planning something special for tonight, Donnie told me, so I'll go and get the condoms for you and you two can go in the bedroom and make love and stuff...
- No hidden cameras in there, I promise! – Mark said.
- You'd better be kidding about the cameras! – I said.
- He is, Alex, don't worry, - Matt said. – Well, go now!
- Wait! – Mark said getting up and Donnie followed suit. They got next to us and Mark said:
- Well, it's not that you two don't know what you are, or will soon be doing, but, I just wanted to say that me and Don really really like you both and are very happy to have you as friends. And no matter what, we'll always be here to help you two cubs out, OK? - he said as he patted John's shoulder.
- Yeah, and enjoy yourselves. We'll keep ourselves busy here, so just forget we were even around, - said Don, holding Mark in his embrace.
- Go on, lil' ones. Here's the condoms... - Matt said giving me the condoms.

And in we went.

It was a big queen sized bed with green and white bed covers and pillows with cute brown and grey bears holding stars in their hands... The nightstand lamps were positioned so that everything was well lit but not too bright, just enough to accentuate the bed and the lovely, warm feel we got from the room.

- Wow, Alex, I...
- What is it?
- I... I... I just cannot believe that ... I'm here with you now... and this place is amazing...
- Yeah, I think so, too. How are you feeling?
- Well, a bit nervous, I guess, - he said holding my left hand with his left hand, hugging me with his right arm.
- Well, baby, I guess this is it... well, technically, we *have* made love, but that was just sucking, and this is the real thing...
- Yeah, you know, I'm so glad we're versatile cubs.
- Yeah, me too...
- Still, I can't figure out what was that little speech a second ago we got from the bears...
- I guess we'll have to ask them later..., - I said, kissing John tenderly and held his hand and led him to the bed.

We sat on the bed, paws roaming over one another, kissing each other in a tender, yet manly strong way... I could feel that deodorant on John, it was intoxicating me even though I didn't really like it before I met him. On him, it felt proper, it really did. I grabbed his softened erection and laid him on the bed. I pulled his boxer shorts off and

took them off, threw them on the floor, then got up, pulled mine down, and lay next to him. His body was still emitting that signature heat of his. I loved it! My dick got hard and I lay atop him, covering almost all of his naked body, caressing him softly, feeling how our dicks grind against one another. I could feel his precum smearing between us, making it impossible to resist the urge to penetrate him anytime now. I slowly got off of him, and looked for the condoms. John got the pack and took one out.

- We'll need lube, bubba...
- Yeah, that's true...

I looked around to see if there was any KY or something available. It was on the nightstand on the other side of the bed, so I just reached and got it. John looked at me and smiled. But then he got all serious and said:

- I don't want you to fuck me right away...
- I won't, baby, I promise. Besides, I'm not going to fuck you, I'm a-going to make love to you the way a bearcub loves a bearcub.

I left the KY bottle next to the pillow and began kissing and caressing John's body from his mouth down to his neck, then his chest, paying special attention to his nipples. I then went on to his treasure trail and his belly button, which I licked and licked and put my tongue into as if it were an ice cream. His pubes were intoxicating me yet again. I licked the hairs once or twice, then went on to his erection, licked it all a couple of times, sucked on his cock for a short while as I was playing with his cute balls. He moaned when I put his balls, one at a time, into my mouth. I licked his ball sack, around it, on it, slowly progressing to his hole, between the hairy mounds of cub ass that I simply adore. He had already pulled his legs up allowing me full access to his lovely behind; this I took to be the best view of his assets (pun intended)!

I simply began rimming him. He moaned; dear god, did he moan out loud when I pushed my tongue into his hole and tasted his juices for the first time! I just kept at it. He moaned and writhed in bed, trying to hush himself by breathing heavily and biting his hand, but as far as I could see from where I was, he was more than enjoying my eating his ass! I then decided it was time for the KY. Still eating his ass, I got the bottle, squirted some on my left hand and with my right hand index finger; I put some on his warm, succulent ass. He shivered as it was cold, but moaned again as I put not one, but two fingers up his ass. It felt stretched enough, and the amount of lube appeared enough for the condom, but I still applied the rest of the lube on his hole and in it. Saying "I love you, Alex", John gave me the condom, the wrapper already torn and condom half out. I just grabbed it, rolled it on my dick, and set myself between his legs, aiming at his helpless hole.

I went on. I kissed him strongly in the mouth as my dickhead was looking for his warm and lubed hole to penetrate. The moment my dick and his hole met, he shivered slightly, but then relaxed, anticipating the slightly painful penetration that ensued. It felt so warm when my dickhead entered his cute hairy hole. I could feel his pulse, his racing heart, his tender breath I could inhale and I was enjoying that as much as I was enjoying the

penetration. I slowly pushed in further and further, looking John in he eyes the whole time, kissing his lips, cheeks, nose occasionally whenever I'd feel him tense up a bit. He would relax the instant he feels my lips on his body. At one time, I felt his warm ass against my pubes – my entire dick was in his ass! I just looked at him, not moving, not even breathing, trying to see in his eyes what he wants me to do. All I could see in those cute cub eyes was his lust to go on, make love to him, and show him the bear heaven! He moved his ass, and slowly I began pulling my dick out, then putting it back in. Soon, I was gently pumping him, slowly so that we both enjoy every stroke to the fullest.

I was kissing him, caressing him; we both were breathing heavily, hearts racing, eyes lusting, paws grabbing ass cheeks, love handles, his slightly curled hair, my straight hair...

I made love to him the best way I knew. I never wanted to cum; everything was so good with John underneath me, and me lodged in his ass and between his legs, his legs bent, knees up, each on my sides, his heels propped safely on my ass. I was making love to him in the position best described as *making love with a bearcub*. And I felt that the orgasm was nearing. I sped up a little, John knew that I was going to cum, as he looked me in the eyes and kissed me strongly on the lips. Then I wished I had no condom on, that my hot, loving seed enters his bowels untamed, pillaging his senses, rendering him incapable of living without my dick up his ass...

But, I came, I came in torrents, grunting and grunting at every shot of semen in the condom, feeling the urge to keep cuming as the condom became more slippery from the cum... I had closed my eyes and John was kissing my chin, hugging me, wiggling his ass to get more of that prostate-massaging feeling one gets when penetrated. I got off of him, my dick got out, and John sat up a bit as I took the condom off of my dick, squeezed any remaining semen off and gave my fingers with the semen to John. He slurped them, licked them clean, then went on to clean my dick with his tongue. He then grabbed the condom from my hand, wiping off with his hand the cocktail of his ass juices and KY from it, then put the condom in his mouth, bit off the top and drank the hot semen from it. Then he got near me, kissed me hard enough so that I taste my own semen and just hold me in his arms, kissing me down my neck, down my chest hair, sucking on my nipples tenderly and lovingly nursing them. He lay me on my back, kissing my belly hair, my navel, my pubes.

He slurped my dick yet again, this time making sure that he cleans it well before proceeding to my balls, nursing them one at a time, very tenderly biting them until I gasp for air, then he would release them from my mouth and suck on my ball sack, gently and lovingly. I raised my legs giving the cub full access to my ass, and he took the cue right away. The moment I raised my legs, he attacked my hairy hole, licking it like ice cream, cleaning it up for his making love that was about to happen. He then kissed my hole several times, only to decide that it's time to invade it with his tongue. Now it was my turn to moan loud with pleasure, with extreme joy and sensations shooting up my spine every nanosecond. Just as skillfully as I did a while before, he applied KY on my hole

after thoroughly cleaning it up and preparing it for his cub dick. He grabbed a condom when he got up and looked me in the eyes, smiling, beaming, actually, from what he was about to do.

He penetrated me with no problems. I guess he knew that he won't need to probe me with his fingers 'cos I am well stretched from my brother's cock. He just pushed in and in a second he was having the time of his life, making love to me with his shorter-than-mine dick up my ass. I could feel that he was barely touching my prostate, but he wasn't even trying, when, all of a sudden, he pushed more into me and bolts of lightning came on front of my eyes as he was working on my prostate. He was enjoying, kissing me full French kisses, kissing me slowly, in a synchronized pace with his penetration. It was mind-blowing! His back was sweaty, I was totally sweaty too, but it mattered none at all when I felt he sped up his pace and stopped frenching me. I knew he was gonna cum, and cum he did very soon after. He, too, grunted at every squirt of his semen filling up the condom, with his eyes closed and breathing heavily. Spent, he just let his head fall on my chest, and, still breathing heavily, took his dick out of my ass, lay on his back and smiled in bliss.

I turned to my left, and there he was, my little sweaty cub, happy and naked as a newborn baby, the condom filled up properly and resting on his tired short cub dick. I pulled him to me, hugged him, pulled the condom off of his dick, got down to his dick, cleaned it properly with my tongue, to which John moaned loudly. I, just like he did a while ago, put the cum-filled condom in my mouth, chewed the top of the condom gently and I felt the hot tasty semen of John's on my tongue, then rolling to the back of my mouth and down my throat. I kissed John to have him feel his semen, and he just giggled at it. I just hugged him and we lay like that for a while: me lying on my back, John lying on his right side, completely propped on my body with his left hand across my chest.

- You were great, John! You were... brilliant!
- Thanks, bubba... thanks! I really don't know what to say to that...
- No, I mean it, baby, you *were* great, I'm tellin' ya... and now we're officially a couple, - I smiled and John kissed me.
- Yay!
- Yeah... I just wish that we were completely alone and able to go on doing this till the break of dawn.
- Soon, Alex, soon. I promise.
- Well, let's go out and share this great news with the bears.
- Yeah, let's... you know, Alex...
- Yeah, baby?
- I feel much more self-confident after doing this... with you...
- I'm glad for you, lil' one, I really am...
- Lets' go out now...

We got out of the bedroom, and we saw the three bears sitting in on the futon, caressing each other, signs and scent of raw bearcub sex filling up the room. Matt was sitting

between Mark and Donnie, and they were still kissing each other, caressing each other, jacking their soft erection to hardness again...

- Hey, cubs! – Mark said.
- Hey! – John replied, as all the three of them got up.
- So? Did everything go as planned? – Donnie sounded curious.
- Better, but... the details, Alex?
- Let's share some, not all of them, and be honest, - I said.
- I'll certainly try! – John said laughingly, but he stopped when he saw Matt staring at him. I think John shivered and Matt was ready to explode.
- What's the matter, John? I hope you're not having second thoughts about my brother here or something... - Matt said, a bit harsh.
- No, it's not that, it's just...
- No need for that, Matt. John is new to this, remember that, OK? He'll need to learn these things. – Mark said, risking sounding as if he were preaching.
- Well, yeah, I guess I'll have to. My bubba will teach me. – John looked at Matt with fear in his eyes. My brother was boiling on the inside.
- Damn right I will! You need to have your bear manners up and running! – I said, and looked Matt in the eyes. He was suppressing something, I could tell.
- Well? – Donnie said.
- Well, Don, Johnnie may be 'untrained' but he's a fast learner! He was tender, careful, and he knows his stuff from the first go, all right!
- And... um... Alex has proven to be a real teacher to me, kind and generous, and more... - he had tears in his eyes, but he went on: - he's changed my life for the better, and I hope that... - he sobs, and I hug him tightly – he'll love me.

Matt was still looking at John with a weird look. I guess you can call that jealousy.

- Oh, baby, I will, don't you cry, - I said, when Mark said:
- Bears, put your undies on, OK? A fellow bearcub has a problem. We gotta help.
- Yeah, hubbie, I think the same thing. Matt?
- Yeah?
- Talk to Alex, will ya?
- Sure, jes' lemme put my undies on, – he said and rolled his eyes. I was about to lose it, I swear. There are times when my brother cares only about inflating his ego and deflating the egos of the ones around him. This was far from different.

We all put our undies on. Mark sat with my cute crying boyfriend John. I wanted to join them, but Mark motioned me that he'll take care of it and that should go see Matt. Donnie went to get some sodas from the kitchenette, as Matt went into the bedroom to open the windows to get some air in. It was just past midnight, the air was cold, and Matt was acting strangely.

- Smells like good sex here, bro! – he said with a strange voice.
- What's wrong, Matt?
- Nothing! Whaddaya think is wrong?

- You can bullshit some strangers on the street, not me, OK? Spit it out!
- I'm jealous of that cub, Alex! He's got you, and I got no one now! No one! – he said and crashed into me. I heard him cry, those short whimpers like a real helpless little bear cub.
- You'll always have me, bubba!
- But, now he calls *you* bubba!
- Shit, Matt, the younger of the bear cubs always calls the older one *bubba*, and that's normal, that's what you told me ages ago! Look at Mark and Donnie!
- I'm so lonely, Alex, I just don't know what I'm talking about. I'm sorry!
- It's OK, bubba, it's OK... - I said as I saw Donnie standing on the doorway, holding a can of soda in each hand, looking at me hugging my crying older brother.

I was torn between my brother and my boyfriend. I knew I couldn't just choose either. I had to have them both in my life. And that seemed a river-deep, mountain-high situation to me. I could do nothing, but cry myself. Will it do any good?

=====