

**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 eight  
The one about the bears' way of life

- 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 bearcub.
- You'll always have me, bubba!
- But, now he calls *you* bubba!
- Shit, Matt, the younger of the bearcubs 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?

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I can't believe what I wished just a second later: have no brother, no boyfriend, no friends, no nothing, just myself in this whole wide world, to live and let live, without

problems, questions, jealousies, more questions, uncertainties... you name it. But my eyes fixated on Donnie's eyes, while I was holding Matt. It was strange: when I wished that none of this existed, that none of this ever happened, that it was all some story I'd read somewhere, in that moment, though I had my arms around Matt I felt nothing. Nothing for him.

Maybe it was the cold air coming from the window that made me feel cold toward my own brother, my tutor, my bearcub caring brother that had a problem with me. But when I looked into Donnie's eyes, something hit me. My senses switched back, I felt Matt's breath and tears on my neck, his pulse, his warmth. I felt Donnie's eyes piercing me in a very strange way. He appeared to have a hard time figuring out what the hell was going on. I don't blame him – I, too, got that feeling once my senses came back to normal. But Donnie's eyes told me something like he had similar experiences. The glossy look in his eyes turned watery the split second I came back to life (so to say).

I broke the hug with Matt, his chubby cheeks wet with tears, and simply said:

- Come in, Donnie...
- I'm here, – he simply replied, left the sodas on the chair next to the door and looked at me. Then he looked at Matt. Matt looked helpless and hugged Donnie.
- You'll be fine, Mattie, trust me, you'll be fine. You'll be fine...

I felt like the ultimate culprit this society will ever need. It just felt weird.

- I'll be OK, Don, don't worry... Alex, I'm... I'm so sorry, this I never should have said to you; I know how it must hurt to hear something like this... I never wanted to make you choose, my lil' one... I'm sorry...
- It's OK, bubba, it's OK, - I said as joined them in the hug. He sighed with relief.
- Go and wash yourself, Matt, or take a shower or something, freshen up, you'll feel better after that, OK? – Donnie said and pecked him on the cheek.
- Yeah, sure, - Matt said, wiping his eyes and left the room. I could hear for a moment Mark's voice, but couldn't make out what he was saying.
  
- You OK, lil' one? – Donnie asked me when sat on the bed. I sat next to him.
- Yeah, I guess... thanks for showing up, I... I don't know what would've happened if you didn't show up.
- Well, you would've yelled at one another, and worsen things between the two of you, then John would've ended up in the middle of all of this... it was no use continuing your talk.
- You heard every word of it?
- Yeah, sorry... but in a weird way, I'm glad it turned out like this. See, Matt didn't just agree to live with us. He had, and I don't know whether he's told you this, but I guess not, so... well, he had a thing with someone on campus, one of our teachers, just for sex, safe sex a couple of times, but the teacher rejected him. I can't tell you who it was, Matt must be the one to tell you, but that's why he

- decided to break it up with you and told you to look for somebody else... he felt so unworthy for you...
- Donnie, tell me this is a joke! – I heard my voice breaking. I shivered. Don got up and closed the window.
  - It's no joke, it's true. Then one night, Matt came here drunk, confessed everything to Mark and me, and we talked about it and decided to ask him to live with us. After all, he's been our best friend for ages it seems, and it was the least we could do for someone close like he is.
  - Well, there's not much I can say to this, Donnie, but thank you.
  - It's OK, lil' one; it's OK, I appreciate your being honest and all, I really do.
- 
- But, Don, can I ask you something?
  - I guess...
  - Why that face... when you saw me hugging Matt? I mean, it wasn't anything major, but still... you made me feel very weird.
  - Whaddaya mean?
  - Well, I snapped back to reality, basically... all started making sense again when I saw you standing there... I mean, I thought to myself, there's Mark and Donnie, and they are my friends, and John's here, and they could help Matt and me to get over this...
  - Well, Alex, it's... it's a bit difficult, you know, to talk about it...
  - It's OK, you don't have to...
  - But, it's a lesson that is very hard to learn on your own, so listen to me good, OK?
  - Sure.
  - It was three years ago, just after Mark and I had been seeing each other for maybe five or six months. We just hanged around more or less, the most we got in our relationship was sixty-nining one another, and jacking off. It was OK, but we both decided it was time for something more, for the next step, you know. And... um...
  - What?
  - Well, it was in Mark's house, in his room where we had sex for the first time... and his mother caught us butt-naked in each other's arms... His father started yelling, his mother fainted just before I got thrown out of the house... I heard the ambulance as I was driving away, crying my eyes out, and all I could think of was my Mark, my life... Mark was... is my whole life, and I realized that in those moments while I was driving home...
  - Didn't Mark react in any way?
  - No, his father hit him and pushed him on the floor, and he just stayed there to see that his mom comes round. He still fears his father, though he misses them both terribly. They got divorced soon after, I guess it was pending to happen, it was over in a month or so...
  - So, what did Mark do?
  - He said he tried to call me as soon as his father kicked me out of the house, and his father took his cell phone and smashed on the floor, threatened him and followed the ambulance with his car to the hospital. Mark then kept calling my

place, asking where I was every ten minutes for two hours... My mom had freaked out badly...

- Where were you? Oh, I'm sorry, please don't cry, I'm sorry...
- It's all right, Alex, I just haven't talked about this in a while... Any way, I just drove and drove around... I remember going out on the interstate and driving north for about an hour, then stopped, cried and yelled in some woods just off the road, cried my eyes out, and rubbed them hard, and got some eye infection the day after as my hands weren't clean from the dirt and stuff. Then... I just drove back home, my freaked-out mom told me that Mark had been calling and calling, and that she had been calling my cell phone, and that she was worried sick... I swear I couldn't hear the cell phone ring then...
- Did you call Mark back?
- No, I was afraid that his father would pick up and yell at me. I just went to my room and cried. I fell asleep like that: dirty, sweaty, tired, refused to eat, and when I woke up the next day, I couldn't open my eyes, so my mom took me to the hospital – not the same one where Mark's mother was. They gave me some pills and some ointment... Then, in the waiting room outside, I heard a familiar cough, I knew it was Mark, and I could barely open my eyes, but I cried like crazy... He came, hugged me, and right there and then I told my mom about us... she just smiled – Mark told me that, I couldn't see her smile – and she said that as long as I'm happy, she'll be happy for me.
  
- Wow...
- Yeah, we weren't always this happy, me and Mark, and that is why we appreciate us being together so much.
- What happened later?
- Well, he lived with his parents for a while longer, but we couldn't see one another in his place, or my place...
- But, you said your mom was cool about...
- Mat and I felt it wasn't right to... you know...
- Oh...
- ...so we decided to rent a place... this is so far our second apartment, much cheaper but better... Once his mother felt better, he moved out, just before his parents' divorce was official. He had his cousin, Charlotte, go and pick up his stuff, she's that blonde belle that works in the big bakery place downtown.
- And the money matters?
- We sold away things we didn't need, I sold my car, we both got jobs on campus, my mom gave me money for a while, then she was between jobs, and now she's got this well-paid job so she gives me rent money... I'll never be able to repay her... Mark got money from Charlotte for a while, like a loan, and he got enough to give back to her a couple of months later, but she wouldn't accept it. She told him that he's really brave to have gone out of that religious hell-hole... you know, his parents are religious and took part in a million church activities... Mark's

sister, bit older, is married to a rich man, and his parents still believe that her husband seduced her into evil...

- You gotta be kidding!
- I'm serious, Alex, Mark came out of that house saying he's no good, he's a screw-up, he's a piece of shit, that we'll both go to hell... that stuff...
- But he's so... different now... isn't he?
- Yeah, he is... this way of life has taught him to be different... you see him always cracking jokes, always laughing, using that silly British English to crack me up, always making people smile... He gets moody sometimes, and in those days we just simply walk around, talking stuff or just enjoy nature in silence...
- Wow, Donnie, I...
- Don't worry, it's all right, he'll understand when I tell him I've told you our history... Matt might find it surprising that I told you about his stuff, but still... you got the right to know...

I just... couldn't think, let alone say something... Everything was pretty much self-explanatory, and it was weird to hear all that. But I couldn't let my thoughts wander off... John was in the other room, talking with Mark about stuff, Matt was taking a shower, and in a minute or two, we'll all meet in the other room and couldn't pretend that nothing happened.

I hugged Donnie, and a faint *Thank you* escaped from my lips. He got up, cleared his throat, wiped his eyes, and took me by the hand to get out of the room. I saw John hugging Mark and Matt, and Matt was crying. Mark looked at Donnie and they read from each other's eyes what had happened. They both went up and left me, Matt and John to talk for a while. I simply hugged John and Matt and just said:

- I love you both!

Tears streamed from my eyes, I just couldn't stop myself from crying. I had John wipe my eyes, and Matt telling me that I'd be all right. John looked me in the eyes and said:

- I'm really happy with you, Aleksey; you're the best thing in my life. Really! And... Matt said that... - then he just stopped. I looked at Matt.
- Well, I... I just told Johnnie that it's time that I moved on, lil' one. You've been a great part of my life...
- I still want to be! - I yelled.
- I know, I want the same thing, too! But... a bit different part of my life... as a brother... as my brother, my bearcub lil' brother, not my boyfriend, never my ex-boyfriend... It's time that I found myself another bear...

The words were piercing, but true. And honest. Fuck, I mean, he's my brother, my older brother on whose cub dick I've ridden more number of times than there are stars in the universe, and it's not the incest part that I'm concerned about. It means only that a major change is underway. And it'll be a test for both of us. It'll mean that our lives as we know them and live them will obtain a whole new meaning. That hurts, as Donnie said. I guess we weren't ready. I know that there was no chance that we should sit down and ask one

another whether we are ready. It'll just have to be a clear cut thing. But the bond will always be there. I guess.

- I love you, Bubba!
- I love you, too, baby bear... sooo much! And, Johnnie, take a good care of this cuddles here for me, OK?
- I will, but... you'll take care of him, too, right? I mean, you're still gonna be as close as before, right? Maybe less sex, but...
- Definitely less sex, - Matt tried to laugh, but tears choked him a bit.
- Yeah, but we're all here, right? – Johnnie went on, - And... we're all going to be here for each other, like good friends...
- Like family, Johnnie, - I spoke with lots of pent-up emotion. It felt relieving.
- Yeah, a family, - Mark and Donnie showed up from the kitchenette.

We just sat down in silence after that. Five great bearcubs - a family now, a family of friends. Not exactly *Sex and the City*, but close. We all went into the bedroom, where just an hour earlier John and I shared our first intimate moment, and piled up on the bed. Hugging one another we fell asleep. I think that we all dreamt wild dreams.

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