

Bear Shorts #2

by
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(This is a work of fiction, and no real persons or events are depicted. Safe sex practices are not depicted; but in real life, get tested and always play safe. If you have comments, you can contact the author at UrsusMajr@makaw.net)

Have you ever had something happen to you, some little ordinary everyday thing, I mean; that just sort of changed the way you look at something? I don't mean a religious conversion or any stuff like that, just seeing something you are used to in an entirely different way? That happened to me yesterday.

I was standing, waiting for the bus home after work. It was kind of hot and that little bus stop didn't offer much shade. I was sitting there in the small puddle of shade cast by the advertising placard and these two little old ladies, blue hair and all, came up to the stop and just sort of stood there, nervous-like. I stood up and offered them the bench (what's with these teeny-tiny bus stop benches, anyway?). I guess I should say that I am a big ol' bear, tall and wide, big bushy beard, hair everywhere; so I guess I look kind of scary. The ladies obviously wanted to sit but just as obviously didn't want to be *too* close to me. I said again that they should take the seat, and moved off a bit so they had some space. They sat and nodded and whispered to each other, heads close.

Anyway, that's how I came to be standing up instead of sitting down, waiting for the bus in the heat. Being tall, I had a good view of the traffic up and down the street, and after a while I noticed this big-ass black Cadillac Escalade, driven by this small woman, all dressed up, very 'professional', very 'dressed for success'. She had her windows rolled down, unusual in this heat. I didn't think much about it, but she kept reappearing. She'd lean over and look out the side, then jerk back to pay attention to the traffic ahead. At first I thought she was looking for someone (not me, that's for sure!). But then I realized she was orbiting, looking for a parking spot. Madison is a very busy street, with lots of office buildings and stores. Parking is at a premium, and this woman would have a hard time fitting her humongous vehicle in some of the spots. She'd slow any time it looked like someone was heading for their car, then speed up when they veered off or just put something in their car. Finally, this one guy hopped into his car and started up, just as she was coming into view again. She slowed, he pulled out, she moved forward and... this little Mazda Miata zipped in front of the Escalade, cutting her off and neatly fitting itself into the largish vacant space. The guy was oblivious to anything but getting to wherever it was he was headed. He jumped out and charged off into one of the office buildings. Enraged, this little woman bellowed in a voice that was a whole lot louder than I expected, “**ASSHOLE!!**” She amplified her anger with the universal gesture, and stomped on the accelerator and roared off in a screech of rubber and exhaust.

Ordinary? Sure. But it got me thinking in a way I hadn't before. I realized that when most of us want to insult someone or let them know we are disgusted with them, we say, 'asshole', and it almost always gets a response. Things usually go downhill from there. But I realized that, for me, when *I* think of 'asshole' I think of something entirely different. My cub has the prettiest pink asshole you can imagine, and when I think of it, I think of him -- I think of how loving and gentle he is and how I love to caress him and how soft it is and how clean his is and how much he loves me to make love to him. I sort of got lost in my thoughts for a bit, with the beginnings of a semi, but my bus came into view then. I killed it and helped the old ladies get up the steps (they were muttering something about “rude women” and how they “had no concept of decorum these days”) and found a seat for myself for the long ride home.

Remembering that little woman and her towering rage, I thought that it seemed that everyone *would* think of an asshole as something dirty at least, and certainly not desirable; and certainly not something to dwell on. But as I fell back into my thoughts as the bus moved on down Madison from stop to stop on out into the less busy parts of town, I found myself thinking about Buck's asshole. I rearranged myself to give my swelling cock more room

and covered my crotch with the folded newspaper from the seat next to me. I had found my cub sort of late in life. In some way, I think we both had given up on finding 'the one'. I know I had. It had been a lonely forty years or so, punctuated with some one night or one week stands, and a lot of heartache. Buck is a few years younger, but had similar experiences; long dry spells in between a few relationships that ended when the other one found something shiny and new and moved on.

When we found each other, we weren't immediately attracted to each other. I don't mean Buck wasn't easy on the eyes... he was. We just didn't fall in love immediately. That took awhile. We dated a few times, saw each other at The Tool Crib at Friday night beer busts, and gradually found ourselves spending more time with each other than with the bar crowd. The first weekend we spent together camping was a total disaster, bad weather, forgotten supplies, and me with a cold. I felt I owed him a better time and a month later asked him to come with me to a nice lodge not far from where we had had that camping fiasco. I really didn't expect him to say yes, but he did, and we had a fantastic time. Would you believe we didn't have sex at all the first night? We sat up and talked, and got into bed and talked, and turned out the light and talked some more. Turns out we had a lot in common, a lot more than we had realized before. We went to sleep holding each other, content in the knowledge that we had each found someone that we really had a chance with.

The next morning we turned to each other in bed, and nuzzled for a while, and then our bearish natures took their course. Good thing we were in one of the separate cabins at the lodge, not one of the adjoining rooms in the main building! We found out that we fit into each other very nicely, and that sandy red fur contrasts especially nicely with jet black and silver. We did finally get out for meals, but that weekend cemented our relationship, sort of in the way our cum cemented our butts and bellies and crotches.

Most of all, I discovered a real taste for munching butt, and Buck found a wholly-unexpected erogenous zone. I spent a lot of that weekend exploring his body, but I kept coming back to his asshole. His is pink, not brownish; puckered a bit, but soft; and surrounded by swirls of sandy hair, not covering, but surrounding, leaving it clean and clear. His butt is chubby ('a cushion for the pushin', as he says) and covered with his sandy red fur, like the rest of him. It is so soft and almost silky, not at all rough. I love stroking it. And I love looking at his butt, whether he's on all fours, spread open for me, or lying on his belly, with me resting my head on the backs of his thighs, looking. I can't help but think when I see his asshole that this is one of two ways he lets me come into him, to actually be inside him; and of the two, this is by far the most intimate and fraught with social taboos, and all the more meaningful because of that. By letting me see it, and caress it, and lave it with my tongue, he is telling me he trusts me when he is at his most vulnerable. And by letting me into him there, he is letting me know that he loves me utterly, society be damned.

I love making him squirm with pleasure when I lap at his asshole. I love making it wet, and playing with the surrounding hair with my tongue, playing with it and dragging the strands of fur out, briefly making a pattern with them. I circle the pucker, tracing the outline where the skin texture changes with the tip of my tongue. I love the feel of the clean wet skin against my tongue, the way he flexes it when I probe the center. I love the giggle he gives when I trace my tongue down lower and nibble at his ball sack, and I wait for the gasp when my tongue finally begins to penetrate its way into his inner self.

When I press my cock head against his pucker, I can feel him relax, telling me he's ready. I can feel the ring part smoothly as I push slowly in, my spit and the lube easing my way but not dulling the sensation. I almost instantly feel the heat of his insides, different than the warmth of his furry butt cheeks, more intense. I love the little grunt of pleasure he makes when the ridge of my tip pops past his muscle ring. The slow, slick slide of my shaft as I sink into him is pure heaven. I am inside my lover, at his willing invitation. I am literally inside another living, breathing human being, and that is a kind of miracle in itself. That it is the person I care for the most, the one who means the most to me, makes it wondrous. Whether what follows is slow and easy, a relaxed almost lazy pumping of my thick cock into his stocky body followed with my seed flowing into him; or an urgent coupling, driving and pounding into him, breeding his ass, filling him with my scalding life, makes little difference. He has opened his asshole to me and said, 'Come inside lover, be in me, be part of me, I want you to be as close to me as anyone can be.'

So, when you yell “ASSHOLE” at someone, you are most likely venting anger and probably feeling disgust, conjuring up the most reviled part of the anatomy to do that; but I hear differently and see in my mind's eye something entirely different, and always will. I see my mate, my cub, my reason for living and breathing. I see my lover.

The bus reached my stop and I got off, and walked the three blocks to our house. I could hear Buck singing at the top of his lungs to some old Led Zeppelin song as I fit my key in the door. 'Home', I thought. I smiled as I turned the knob and entered.