

Daddy called him *Lance*.
 Coach called him *Gold*.
 After his change-of-heart,
 no one called him *Goldilocks*...

BEAR-ASSED

SIMON SHEPPARD

Porridge? What the fuck is porridge?” Lance Gold screwed up his tough pretty-boy face.

“It’s Oatmeal,” said Daddy Bear patiently. “That’s what we eat for breakfast. Oatmeal. None of that mimosa-and-eggs-Benedict stuff for us up here.”

“Up here” was a cabin on the Russian River, fifty miles north of San Francisco. Lance Gold, driving from West Hollywood, his old WeHo stomping grounds, to his new home in Seattle, had found himself stranded when his car broke down near Guerneville. At two in the morning, in the midst of a rainstorm, no less. After a fitful night of trying to sleep in the back of his BMW, he’d been picked up early the next morning by three burly guys in an antique Volkswagen van adorned with dancing-bear Grateful Dead stickers and a black-and-blue leatherman’s flag.

“Eat it, Lance. It’s good for you,” said Daddy Bear in a—well, fatherly—tone.

“I know what’s good for me,” Lance pouted. And clearly, he did. A perfect, hunky little body manufactured at the gym, at least four workouts a week. Stunningly bronze, with an utterly precise tan-line. A torso kept shaved hairless. Pubes kept trimmed. Skin kept smooth as milk. Lance looked every inch the retired pornstar which he, in fact, was.

Jerry lumbered into the kitchen. Formerly known as

Roger, he had renamed himself in homage the day Jerry Garcia became truly dead. He was shorter, less stocky than Daddy Bear, but his gut was, if anything, bigger, and his black beard even bushier than Daddy Bear's salt-and-pepper whiskers. "Have some porridge, Lance," Jerry said.

"I don't want any porridge," Lance snipped. "Thank you very much."

"You sure?" Kid said from the kitchen doorway. Once back home, Kid had stripped down to his baggy boxers. He was by far the youngest of the three, around twenty, his chunky body already covered with a thick mat of brown fur, his beard neatly groomed. He walked over behind Lance's chair and began kneading the blond boy's shoulders. "You must have had a rough night, sleeping in your car and all. Some porridge and a nice big cup of coffee will perk you right up. I'll put some raisins and maple syrup in your Oatmeal if you want." He pressed his crotch up against Lance's back, right between the shoulder blades. Lance felt the bear cub's dick starting to swell. Kid was not at all Lance's type—too heavy, too hairy, too shaggy. But cute. Lance felt his own cock getting hard.

"Sure, sure. I'll have a bowl of porridge," said Lance. Jerry and Daddy Bear grinned.

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"When we getting my car fixed?"

Jerry had told Lance he was an experienced auto mechanic. But when the warm autumn rain had finally let up, he seemed in no great hurry to drive back to the BMW and get it on the road.

"Chill out. What's your hurry?" Jerry inhaled deeply and held in the smoke. "Want some of this?"

"A little early in the day."

"Never." Jerry smiled and handed him the bong.

What the hell, Lance thought, and took a sizable hit.

“Good stuff,” he said handing back the bong.

“Hey, man, you aren’t in any hurry, are you? Because, I’m sorry, if you are, I can...”

Gold was already feeling more relaxed. Considerably more relaxed. “No, not really. No hurry.”

“Then have another toke and let’s go out to the mud pit. Kid and Daddy Bear are already out there.”

“Mud pit?” He took the bong and followed Jerry out the door. Out in the woods, a hundred feet or so from the cabin, the rain-soaked grass gave way to a patch of bare ground, transformed by the storm into a mass of gooey mud. In the middle of the mud lay Daddy Bear and Kid, their big, bare-naked bodies covered with dark brown muck.

“Feels great,” grinned Daddy Bear. “C’mon in, guys.”

“I don’t think so,” said Lance.

“Whatsamatter, WeHo Boy? Afraid of losing that attitude?”

“Fuck off.”

Jerry quickly stripped down. His long dick flopped against his hairy thighs as he strode into the mud and sat cheeks-down with a plop. Daddy Bear slithered over and gobbled Jerry’s pristine dick into his mouth. Jerry lay back in the mud and moaned with pleasure.

“Come on in, Lance,” said Kid. “Oh, c’mon.”

“Don’t think so. Not my thing.”

“Let me at least suck you off. Even a pretty-boy like you can’t be that uptight.” Kid’s tone was teasing, and he had a nasty twinkle in his eye.

“I’m afraid I’ll get my jeans dirty. Till I get back to my car, they’re the only pair I’ve got.”

“Take them off. I give awfully good blowjobs, Lance. Ask Daddy Bear.”

The older man, his mouth still full of cock, mumbled something enthusiastic. Lance hesitated.

Jerry spoke up. “Oh, give Kid your dick, Blondie, or you’ll never get back to your BMW.”

Lance kicked off his Kenneth Cole shoes and stepped out of his pants. Kid knelt before him, his mouth open wide. Lance shoved his dick in the boy's face. The cub's tongue played with Lance's cockhead, bouncing it up and down until Gold's dick hardened. Kid swallowed it all with a gulp. He hadn't been lying.

The cute one's a good cocksucker.

Kid's expert mouth vacuumed up and down Lance's veined, blond shaft.

No, make that a great cocksucker.

Kid's hands palmed Lance's butt, stuccoing mud across the porn-white cheeks. Lance had to admit the texture felt kind of good. The whole thing was pretty nice. Kid grabbed a big handful of muck and smeared it over Lance's thighs, between his legs, over his balls, up the crack of his ass. "Mmm," Lance said.

Never taking his mouth off Gold's dick, Kid pulled Lance down to his knees till he was squatting in the mud pit. Kid lay before him, sucking his hardon, his big, meaty butt pumping up and down as he fucked the ooze. Daddy Bear and Jerry joined in, dragging Lance down onto the slippery ground, stroking him, covering him with muck.

I don't have sex with fat guys.

Lance Gold did a reality check.

Oops.

He was wallowing in the mud with three big, big, hairy guys, having the time of his life.

Omigod!

Jerry wrestled him down on his back as Daddy Bear rolled on top of him. Lance gasped with pleasure at the feeling of all that flesh, all that man, bearing down on trim him. Daddy Bear smiled at Lance, pressed his bushy face to his, and kissed him long and hard. Hands—Kid's hands—worked Daddy Bear's and Lance's dicks, rubbing the muddy hardons together. Muck oozed up Lance's butt-crack. He pulled his hands free and grabbed Jerry's thin

but very long dick. Jerry slid over and squeezed Lance's head between his strong, furry thighs. The four men were one big mass of heaving, horny, muddy flesh.

Kid piped up. "Circle-jerk!"

They sat in a ring on the muddy ground. Kid squatted to Lance's right, Jerry at Lance's left, and a beaming, laughing Daddy Bear across the ring. Lance's mud-soaked teeshirt hung heavy on his back. He'd never felt so dirty before, so totally out of control, so totally into his body. Daddy Bear was already working Jerry's long, skinny hardon. Jerry reached over and grabbed Lance's famous pornstar dick. Lance reached for Kid's thick, stubby boner. Kid grabbed Daddy Bear's cock which was plain huge.

"Oh fuck, yeah," said Jerry. "Let's give Lance here a big ol' country welcome." Lance turned to kiss Jerry's bearded, joyful face. The four men worked one another's dicks, jacking, pulling, stroking, till with one tremendous explosion they all got off together. Big gushers of hot spunk geysered onto the muddy ground.

"Yahoo!" yelled Kid. "Best timing I ever saw!"

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After a long, steaming shower and a hearty, leisurely lunch, Jerry drove Lance back to his broken-down Beemer. The rain had started again, coming down buckets by the time they reached the car.

"Oh, fuck it. I don't have to be in Seattle for days," Lance said. He threw his suitcases in the VW bus and they headed back to the cabin.

After an afternoon of smoking and talking, and a dinner of stew and biscuits, Jerry lit the logs in the stone hearth, and they all stripped down and sprawled naked in the warm, firelit living room. Lance and Daddy Bear lay on their backs on a bearskin rug with the blond boy's head propped up on the big man's fuzzy belly. "So, Blondie,

how can we keep you here for a while?” Daddy Bear asked.

“Hmm,” said Lance, “You might try tying me up.” He couldn’t believe he was getting into all this. He couldn’t believe his change of heart.

“Really?” squealed Kid.

Jerry and Daddy Bear were already hustling Lance into the bedroom where three big four-poster beds stood side by side. The two large guys threw Lance onto the middle bed while Kid scurried around gathering ropes and leather restraints. In a matter of minutes, Lance Gold was firmly tied spreadeagle to the bed, looking up at Daddy Bear’s grinning face. “You ever eat bear butt, boy?” the big man asked.

“I’ve never eaten butt at all,” Lance lied. He figured if the bears recognized him from his video stardom in *Rim Trail*, he’d claim he had insisted on a stunt tongue. But there was *Rim Trail 2*. He tugged at the ropes. And *Rim Trail 3*. He was securely bound, all right. He’d bought his BMW after *Rim Trail 4*.

“Now’s as good a time as any to start, right?”

“I guess so.”

“You guessed right.” Daddy Bear climbed aboard Lance’s chin, facing the foot of the bed and straddling Lance’s lithe torso. Lance looked up at the man’s chunky ass, the dark line of fur in the but crack.

The moment felt just right.

“Give it to me please, Daddy Bear.”

If they could see me now!

The man squatted further down till his hairy cheeks spread apart and Lance could see the juicy pink hole. Lance inhaled the musky odor and stuck his tongue out. Daddy Bear guided his hole down onto the boy’s waiting mouth. Lance lapped at the tangy flesh and felt Daddy Bear open up for his tongue. Someone’s wet mouth—Jerry’s? Kid’s?—had engulfed Gold’s dick and was sucking for all it was worth. Lance stuck his tongue even further inside,

devouring the heat, the taste, the contact with this big man's furry butt. The hot mouth on his dick was bringing him close to cuming. He writhed against the ropes.

"That's it, city boy, eat your big daddy's ass." Daddy Bear sounded like every inch of him had been in the Marine Corps.

Lance grunted an animal sound.

"Whaddya say we fuck him?" said Jerry.

The mouth pulled away from his dick. "Yeah, let's screw him!" giggled Kid.

Daddy Bear pulled away his tasty butt and climbed off Lance. "Somebody's been eating my ass," he grinned, "and he ate it all up."

Jerry and Kid untied the ankle restraints and pulled Lance's feet over his head, tying his feet to the headboard so he was doubled over, his ass wide open. He glanced around. The three men were standing side-by-side, unrolling extra-large rubbers onto their hard cocks.

Jerry went first, kneeling on the bed, lubing up Lance's hole, sliding his long, thin cock into Lance. The blond boy gasped at first, then relaxed into the pleasure of getting fucked, and fucked well. He looked down at Jerry's hairy chest and gut, at his own hard dick that bobbed and pumped pre-cum with every stroke.

"Let me in! I want a piece of that!" Kid said.

Jerry pulled out and the bear cub took his place. Kid grabbed Lance's ass, spread his cheeks, and shoved his beer can of a dick against the blond boy's waiting hole. For a second, Lance wondered if he could take such a fat piece of meat, but his doubts vanished as his ass swallowed up Kid's cock. Kid fucked with short, quick thrusts, lowering his considerable bulk down onto Lance, and kissing him, shoving his tongue deep into Lance's mouth. The bed groaned and shook with the force of Kid's fuckstrokes. It was almost too much. Lance was wondering if he'd have to ask Kid to slow down when he heard a gruff voice: "Stand

aside, child, and let Daddy Bear through.”

Kid’s short, fat dick was replaced by Daddy Bear’s enormous boner. The big, furry man fucked Lance’s aching hole with long, slow strokes, reaching every fuck-hungry part of the boy’s insides. For a moment, Lance thought back to the attitude-gym-bunnies he’d dated in WeHo. None of them knew how to do this.

Jerry and Kid were beside him to either side of the bed. While Daddy Bear pounded Lance’s hole, Jerry stroked Lance’s dick and Kid stretched out his balls. When Lance moaned in pleasure, Jerry spit into his open mouth. Lance gobbled it down.

“Oh fucking Jesus! I’m gonna...I’m gonna,” Daddy Bear grunted.

“Oh yeah!” groaned Lance. The hands left his dick. He looked up. Kid and Jerry were on their feet, leaning over him, kissing, beard against beard, stroking each other’s naked cocks stripped free from the latex. Daddy Bear roared, “Oh, shit!” as Jerry and Kid shot their loads, salty streams of cum flying across Lance’s face.

Without even touching himself, Lance Gold, relishing his change of heart, came as he had never cum before.

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When he got back from the toilet, Lance found all three beds shoved together and all three men sprawled out beneath a fluffy pile of comforters.

“C’mon in, Blondie,” said Daddy Bear. “You earned yourself some rest in a bed that’s just right.”

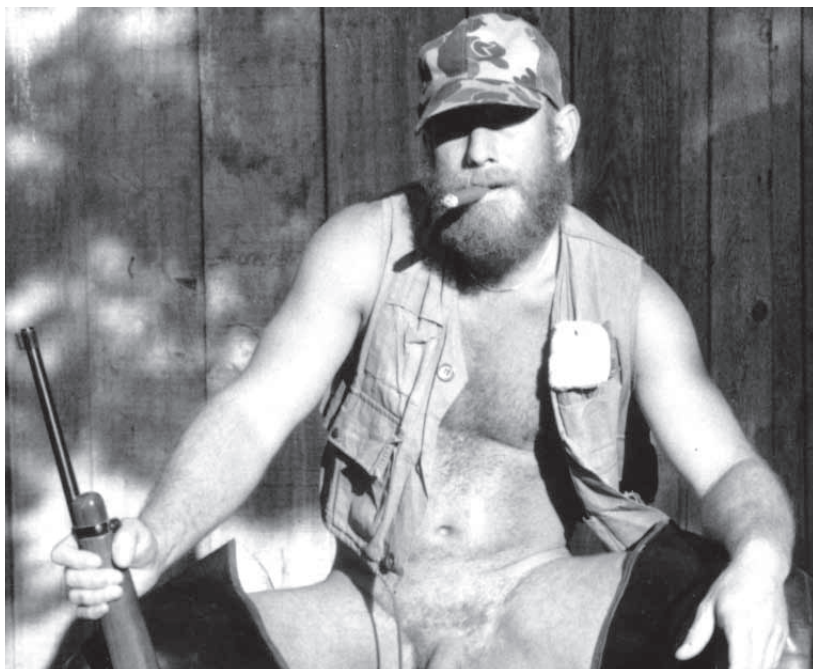
They drifted off to sleep together, huddled in a big, warm tangle of arms and legs and bellies.

The next morning, Lance woke to find himself alone. He shuffled to the kitchen. All three men sat waiting. The table was set for four. At each place sat a big mug of coffee and a bowl of steaming porridge.

“G’morning, brother,” said Kid.

Jerry smiled.

Daddy Bear—again, well, fatherly in tone—said, “You’re gonna have to let your body hair grow out, and your hair, and your cute little beard, and put some meat on those skinny porno bones of yours, but anyways, boy, welcome to the fam-damly.”



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