

Fishermen tell fish stories.  
Bar Bears tell cruising stories.  
Wilderness Bears should shut up...

# MOUNTAIN GRIZZLY

## FURR

One of the things I like about the Pacific Northwest is no matter what city you live in, even if it's the size of Portland or Seattle, the woods and mountains are never very far away. People sometimes make fun of the region for all the rain we get, but it's that rain that keeps the forest so lush and the hills so green most of the year, even through summer.

Another attraction is the men. The dense forests draw lots of loggers and other rugged men to work them. Unfortunately for most of the city-bound in Seattle, the hottest of those men mostly stay in the woods where they live in trailers and cabins and tents.

A lot of my friends spend weekends hanging out in smoky bars waiting for tricks to walk through the door. I enjoy bars myself, but I prefer to head out for day hikes in the woods hunting fresh meat. Sometimes I even take Friday or Monday off, so I can take a longer camping trip. I was born in the Redwoods on the north coast of California, so nothing's better than walking naked out in nature.

One recent weekend, the weatherman was off more than usual. He had predicted a sunny, warm weekend, perfect for a trip to the woods. So I left work at lunchtime on Friday, and took off under blue skies, glad to leave my heavy-duty rain gear at home. I decided to scout out a

new area one of my bushwhacker friends had mentioned was very pretty.

He was right. The little valley was lush and untouched. Because the valley was Forestry Service land and hard to reach, it had never been logged, though nearby tracts were almost clear-cut. Prowling around in the woods with my shirt off, I enjoyed the sun dappling through the trees, catching light, and heating my furry torso. People classify me as a bear. I certainly felt “all that” out padding around in the woods.

I found myself a spot to pitch my light tent near a stream as the sun began to set. I was in my sleeping bag beginning to drift off when the storm moved in. Heavy rains at first, then wind, blowing south and cold from Alaska. I figured with the violence of the rain, right next to a stream was the last place I wanted to be. In a hurry, I pulled on my boots. A branch, a real widowmaker, snapped like a shot and ripped open my tent. The tips of the branch brushed by my face. Wind and rain poured in. So much for keeping dry. I quickly stuffed my gear in my pack, and draped my sleeping bag over me to repel water and keep me warm.

I was wise to move. The stream was swelling rapidly with the heavy rain. I moved to slightly higher ground when I realized I had no way to find my way back to my car. I had hiked in during daytime, and while I had taken compass readings so I wouldn't get lost, I didn't have a light by which to read my compass. The storm clouds blocked the moon and the contours of the land. I was virtually blind. The only noise was the stream below me and the rain hitting my sleeping bag.

I recalled a fairly sheltered spot near the top of the ridge I had crossed to enter the valley. The ridge would get me farther away from the stream and from all the running water beginning to gush out of the hillside around

rocks and ferns and trees. I figured I might also get a glimpse of sky or stars to help me navigate even in the rain-lashed dark.

I slogged up the muddy hillside. Tough going, but I finally made it, three steps up, one step sliding back. The nylon shell of the sleeping bag was fast soaking with rain. Even with my tattered tent wrapped over it, I was beginning to lose body heat.

I stood on the top of the ridge, tempest tossed, and scanned the night for location cues. I could see nothing. Better to stay put than get lost. Better to keep moving than get hypothermia. As I was trying to find the rock overhang I had seen earlier, I saw a spot of light somewhere deep in the forest. I turned toward any rescue, and looked more carefully. The light seemed to flicker because of the storm whipping branches between me and the source. I quickly started off.

I was nearly on top of the light before I could see the rectangle of window in a log cabin tucked in a small clearing. Fearing a killer-night worse than any stranger, I walked to the porch and knocked.

The door was quickly opened, and directly into the light from the cabin, I launched into my tale without really seeing who had opened the door. “Sorry. Thanks. I was camping in the valley when the storm hit. My tent was ripped by a falling branch.” I didn’t care if I sounded needy. “It’s too dark to find my way back through the forest to my car.”

“Git in. You’re prob’ly half froze!” The voice was male and warm.

I scuttled in, leaving my sodden sleeping bag outside the door.

“You ain’t dressed for this weather, that’s sure. You a tourist?”

“No. Sort of. I’ve lived in Seattle for twelve years. I

camp out a lot. I made the dumb mistake of believing the weather service.” I grinned sheepishly and looked up for the first time at my host. The kerosene lamp on the table lit him from behind, so all I could see was that he was big, 6-6 at the least, with a big beard that shimmered in the lamplight. When I realized I was safe, I began to shiver uncontrollably.

“Was kinda silly. But you’re shiverin’ somethin’ awful. We better git you warmed up. You best git them wet clothes off.”

Never particularly modest about my body, I sat down on a chair and quickly started stripping. By the time I yanked off my last sock, the shivering was so bad I could not stand. I had been resolute in the storm, but once safe, the cold and fear took a toll. Miraculously, I was picked up, tucked and rolled under a thick, warm comforter. I felt my host’s big warm body slip in, and I remember a strong, hairy arm pull me close before I passed out into a deep sleep.

I awoke the next morning with the sun in my eyes. The storm had cleared.

Of course, I’d been dreaming.

But I was in bed. I turned over to find my benefactor lying on one elbow watching me.

“Wondered when you were gonna wake up! Guess you’re entitled to sleep after a night like that.”

I was speechless. I had noticed last night he was big and bearded, but I’d not seen the whole glowing package that was lying next to me in a patch of bright sunlight shining in the window whose light had saved me.

His brilliant black beard grew down past his collarbone, and was long and thick on the sides. Except for the color, his beard was like the blond actor in the reruns of *Grizzly Adams*. His hair, long, and curling around the nape of his neck and the tops of his shoulders, was jet black shot

through with strands of pure silver that turned dense at his temples and chin.

And guys in Seattle thought I was a grizzly bear!

He was stuffed into a button-busting white union suit with sweat marks like a before-ad on a detergent commercial. The top buttons were open enough for me to see a chestful of fur that traveled on down to the sheet across his belly.

He reeked of sweet, spicy manmusk—my favorite scent. My sniffing made him self-conscious, because he jumped out of bed and sat down across the room. “Sorry ’bout the smell. Out here in the woods all by m’self, I don’t bathe as often as most city folk do, and, to tell the truth, I think it weakens a man. Didn’t mean for you to wake up to smelly ol’ me.”

“You smell fine. Natural.”

“I’m awful strong that way. I shouldn’ta been so close anyway.”

I sat up slowly on the edge of the bed. “Come over here, will you?”

He did as I asked. I grabbed one of his beefy arms and pulled myself to my feet. Eye to eye, I slowly raised his right arm and took a deep, loving sniff of his armpit. I could feel myself starting to get a bone on. “Now will you believe you don’t bother me?”

“I guess I do,” he said. “But it ain’t your sniffin’ me like you did that convinced me as much as this!” His voice grew husky towards the end of his words, and to make his point he grabbed my rock-hard cock in his big fingers that palmed down me to a fist.

He studied deep into my eyes and moved his face slowly closer to mine. I met him midway with my lips parted as our mouths gently touched. His tongue tentatively slipped out a bit to touch my lips. I caught the rosy tip and gently drew him deeper into my mouth. His other

arm slipped around my shoulders as I began to gently suck on his tongue and tease it with my own.

He eased me back down onto the bed as he slowly stripped out of his union suit, revealing a husky, solid-built body layered with honest muscles and thickly carpeted with heavy fur. His cock was hard too, and a beauty: about average in length, but thick through the head, and growing wider all the way down. Fully hard as he was, his foreskin still covered most of his cockhead, with a bit of the tip peeking out of the fold of 'skin. His balls hung big and low down in a thickly furred ball sac. I caught a whiff of the sharper scent of ball sweat and headcheese as he pushed me back down on the bed and covered me with his body.

Even though he was bearing most of his weight on his arms and legs, I felt his muscular bulk pressing down on me. My entire body tingled rubbing against his furry skin. His thick moustache brushing my face, he slowly teased my tongue out of my mouth and into his. I felt him rocking slowly, gently rubbing his hard cock against my hairy gut, plastering the hairs down with gobs of clear pre-cum.

“Oh, Baby! Baby Bear!” He hugged me passionately to his thick chest. I guessed even hermits get lonely. “Lay back and let me love you.” Lust overrode any need in his voice. “Let me make you feel good.”

I kissed him gently and nibbled his chin. He offered his throat so I could suck his full beard sweeping down into the thick fur on his chest.

“Yes, Baby Bear, your Grizzly likes that.”

Buried in his beard, I breathed through its bush, tripping on texture, smell, and taste. With both hands, I stroked his beard and rubbed the rugged, ragged volume of fur into my face, toweling my cheeks and lips and eyes filled with tears of gratitude that he had saved me. I'm not religious, but if Magdalen had been a man, her hair

would have been a beard such as his, glorious.

I lay back and looked into his eyes. His long fingers stroked my trimmed city-beard and moustache, and trailed down my neck to stroke the dark fur covering my pecs, to fondle gently my ringed nipples.

“Daddy Bear, please. Let me taste your cock, Grizzly Bear!”

He straddled my waist and slowly moved forward, plowing his pre-cum-drizzle through my thick belly fur. He stopped with his knees knocked in my armpits and his cock resting in the furry valley between my pecs. He leaned forward until his hard cock was bobbing up and down with the beat of his heart less than an inch from my mouth.

I nursed on the iris tip of his cock while slowly slipping my tongue into the depths of his foreskin, full of tangy headcheese. I worked his 'skin back and rubbed his cock across my 'stache so I'd remember the scent of his cockcheese like a bomb-sniffing dog. My thick moustache rubbing behind the corona-rim of his cockhead made him rumble with pleasure.

I sucked his cock again, slowly working my way down toward the root. The head was too wide to swallow to the base, so I palmed his shaft and ate mouthfuls of his balls, coming up gasping for air, dribbling with juice.

Grizzly figured my head was still spinning from the storm and rain and cold. He slowed me down. He made a cool deal of wrapping his cock with the hair on my chest and driving his hardon back and forth through the pelted valley between my pecs. Before he drenched me from nose to nipples in wad after wad of thick loggercum, he was really thumping his meat into my chest, and I couldn't help but wonder what he'd feel like with his fat rammer up my ass.

When he came, he crashed down beside me, holding

me, and I drifted off as Grizzly rubbed his cum into my chest and beard. An hour later, I woke from my fitful dreams to the smell of pancakes. Grizzly fed me forkfuls in bed and I ate like a starved cub, each of us eyeing the other with a lecherous grin. After we ate, my Daddy Bear let me lick the last traces of syrup from his moustache, and he cuddled me until I fell asleep again.

“Wake up, sleepyhead. Dinner’s on!”

This time, we ate at the table, kind of romantic, staring into each other’s eyes. After dinner, he insisted I lie back down rather than help him wash up, and when he started caressing me like I was tender cub, my bearish heart spoke up.

“Look, Grizzly. I’m not gonna break! Sure, I was exhausted from last night, but I’m way okay now. So if you wanna get rowdy, let’s rumble! I like sex halfway between pro-wrestling and pro-football.”

He smiled at me. “Guess I wasn’t sure yet if you were truly real.”

“Real?” I pulled back the bed covers and showed him my hardon rampant over my blue balls. “You’ve cum. Not me.” “I’m nothin’ if not polite,” he said. In a flurry of blankets, he burrowed down under the sheets and tickled my balls.

A quick wrestling match flung the bedclothes into a pile and left us both dripping sweat and laughing. Wrestling Grizzly didn’t last long, because he had both power and mass on his side, and the whole match ended with me face down, lucky me, on the bed, and Grizzly sitting triumphant on my ass. He knew my appetite was bigger than my strength. The wrestling exhausted me, but the tussle was an excellent nightcap; and we both fell asleep quickly as soon as the laughter wore off and we cooled down enough to be comfortable.

All night my blue balls ached, and I dreamed my hardon was spooned into Grizzly’s hairy buttercrack.



My first sensation the next morning was a couple of fingers playing lazy with my asshole. I felt the bed rocking as Grizzly was stroking his morning boner. Mmmm. I drifted back to sleep suddenly to be jolted wide awake as Grizzly rammed every millimeter of his fat cock up my sleepy asshole and started fucking me fast and hard.

“What the fuck!”

“Pearl Harbor, Baby.”

“Huh?”

“Early morning surprise attack!”

“Get off!”

“I intend to.”

“Umphh!”

“You said you liked it rough. True or not?”

“Oh, shit!”

“Me and my rubber up your butt.”

From behind, Grizzly’s hands rocked my shoulders in sync with the powerful thrusts from his thick logger’s legs ramming his fuckrod up my asshole. Had he lubed both of us up? My ass was relaxed in sleep when he first shoved his cock in. His powerful arms held me in place. My body rocked the way he wanted. His superior strength had been amply demonstrated by the earlier wrestling match.

Ambivalent. Mixed emotions. I didn’t like being attacked, but I really didn’t want to escape his woodsy domesticity. His thumping prick started to feel really good up my butt, and my body fit Grizzly’s very well in this position. Even better as his hands slid down my arms to pin my wrists to the bed, I could feel his sweaty, hairy chest rubbing up and down my back with each fast, powerful thrust.

He breathed heavily in my ear as he licked the back of my neck and nibbled my ears and the edges of my beard. In passion, he growled, “Damn, I wanna see what I’m fuckin’! Gimme some face!”

Before I could really register the motion, his cock was out of my ass. I was flipped over, my knees hooked over his furry shoulders, and he was back inside plowing me deep. This time, however, I could look into his eyes and watch his face as he fucked me.

“Ohh, yeah, Cubby-hole. That’s much better, yeah! I wanna watch your handsome fuckin’ bearded face while I fuck hell out of your furry bear butt!”

His hot dick rammed up my ass. My hard rod was rubbing back and forth through his thick bellyfur. Almost too quickly, I shot a big load of my cum into the sweat lubing our hairy chests as they frictioned together.

Grizzly inhaled the scent of my cum. He fucked harder. “Yeah, Cubby-hole! Shoot yer fuckin’ cum between our hairy bear chests, mixin’ it up with all that tasty sweat! Yeah, Baby Bear, yeah! I’m gonna do the same! Yeah! Yeah...Ugh!”

The split second he came, he pulled out of my hot-buttered butt, grinding his cock into my sweaty crotch. His first wad splattered against my throat, and the rest of his logger load seined into the sweaty hair on our chests. He unhooked my legs from his shoulders and lay down, pooling sweat, on top of me. My hands rubbed the drying sweat into his furry back as our heaving turned back to breathing.

“Whattafuck, eh, Cub?” He gently slipped his tongue into my mouth for a long, deep kiss. I was surprised at myself. A moment ago I was ready to rip the man’s throat out for attacking me. Now, I was sorry he’d cum so quickly. Should a man’s head decide for his body, or should his body teach his head?

“Whattafuck!” I repeated his words. “I love this mess we made.”

“We can make more of a mess, little Cub. Put on these slippers, so the dry needles won’t hurt your tender feet.

I got a shower for you.”

He led me out of the house into the warm morning sun to a slatted wooden platform under a tank. I bet the water was gonna be mountain cold. No wonder he didn't shower much.

“Y'all just kneel down here, and we'll git ya cleaned off.”

“Kneel?” I followed his bidding and closed my eyes against the cold splash of water I expected. A hot stream of piss hit me in the face. I looked at his thick uncut hose, drank, and gulped, and scrubbed the cum out of my beard, and sluiced off my chest, not knowing how long the golden shower might last. Piss beaded up in my beard, burbled on my lips, dripped from my eyelashes, and streamed down my body. I could have knelt forever on those boards enjoying the warmth of Grizzly's piss cascading over me.

“Always did love gettin' pissed on, Grizzly. Thanks for the shower!”

“Much less trouble than heatin' water. Your turn to do me, Cub. After I wash m' beard out, hit me at the top of my chest, okay?”

“Got ya.”

Ever pee-shy, I took a while to get started, but Grizzly knelt patiently stroking until I did. And when I peed, I zapped him right between the eyes! He opened his mouth and drank a shot. I watched raptly as he washed his long, black-and-silver beard. His big paws scrubbed my piss into his thickly furred, beautifully built body, slurping his armpits. In my stream of thick golden piss, I calculated my future back in Seattle.

I nearly jumped out of my slippers when the moment he finished washing, his head snapped forward and his mouth trapped the semi-soft head of my dick. He immediately started gulping down my piss as fast as I could whizz, with an expression of sheer rapture on his face.

“First lesson, Cub. That’s what a man does with the extra!”

“Got it, Daddy Grizzly.”

The rest of the day, much of the night, and Sunday morning we spent cuddling, talking, and discovering our sexual tastes were extremely compatible. He confessed his real name, Lionel, which he hated, and his job as a timber scout who decides where and how what trees will be cut.

“I’ve gotta tell ya, Cub. It’s been hard for me to get along out here, without a cub for company. I’ve tried some of those gay bars. Nothin’.”

“One bear bar, I know, you’d like the scene and every bear in the place would be drooling over you. Tell you what, Daddy Bear. You can spend some city weekends with me if I can spend some rainforest weekends with you.”

“Bright Cub. Keep me hot for you.”

“Keep you hot for me.” I palmed his butt. “I can’t leave this afternoon without a taste of that sweaty ass of yours I’ve been smelling all weekend.”

“That why you kept passin’ out?”

“Feed me your butt.”

“While I show you what this thick ’stache of mine does to a Cub’s cock!”

I laid back, and he squatted his ass on my face before bending forward. I was rubbing my beard through the thick forest of his sweaty assfur when I felt him take the tip of my dick in his mouth. His thick, soft moustache brushed along the underside of my cockhead. I was rock-hard before he had sucked his way down half an inch. His thick moustache working ever so slowly down the sensitive underside of my cock drove me crazy with lust. I slurped away at Grizzly’s tasty rump, working my tongue deep in his furry butt as he swallowed my cock and rubbed his ’stache against my balls.

My hands rubbed through the fur on his back as he

picked up speed in his cocksucking. I tried to drive my hungry tongue deeper into his hot, sweet asshole. Suddenly, he pushed out with his assring and I tasted deep from his forbidden hole.

The last taboo was so tempting.

Wild and dirty toilet dreams.

The thought drove me nuts.

“Grizzly Bear, I’m gonna cum!”

“Mmm!”

Before I shot, he pulled off my cock, wrapped his long beard around my pole, and beard-stroked my prick while I shot all over his moustache. He sat up, driving my tongue deeper into his loosening rosebud, feeding me convulsing rings, and jerking off.

“Yeah, Cub! Eat that butt! Your Daddy Bear likes the smell of your cub-cum all over his ’stache. Good. Someday when you’re ready, Cub, I know this clearing where this timber scout can hang up a sling...Ahhh...yeah, you can watch my hairy arm go up your furry butt, Boy Bear! Yeah, yeah, yeah!”

Grizzly’s fantasy of breaking me in as a fist bottom set him off shooting his load across my chest.

“Now, Cub.” He rubbed his load into my chestfur, “I want you to let that dry, and take that special ‘bear itch’ home for the rest of the evening as a reminder to get your hairy ass back to me next weekend!”

“Yes, Daddy! If you save your dirty ass for me.”

It was only a forty-five-minute drive back to Seattle. So, with a shit-eating grin, I arrived in time for the end of the Sunday beer bust at my favorite bear bar.

One of my friends voiced concern. “That storm Friday night must’ve fucked up your camping!”

“It wasn’t my camping that got fucked.”

“Lucky you.”

“Best trip in a long time!”

“What made it so great?”

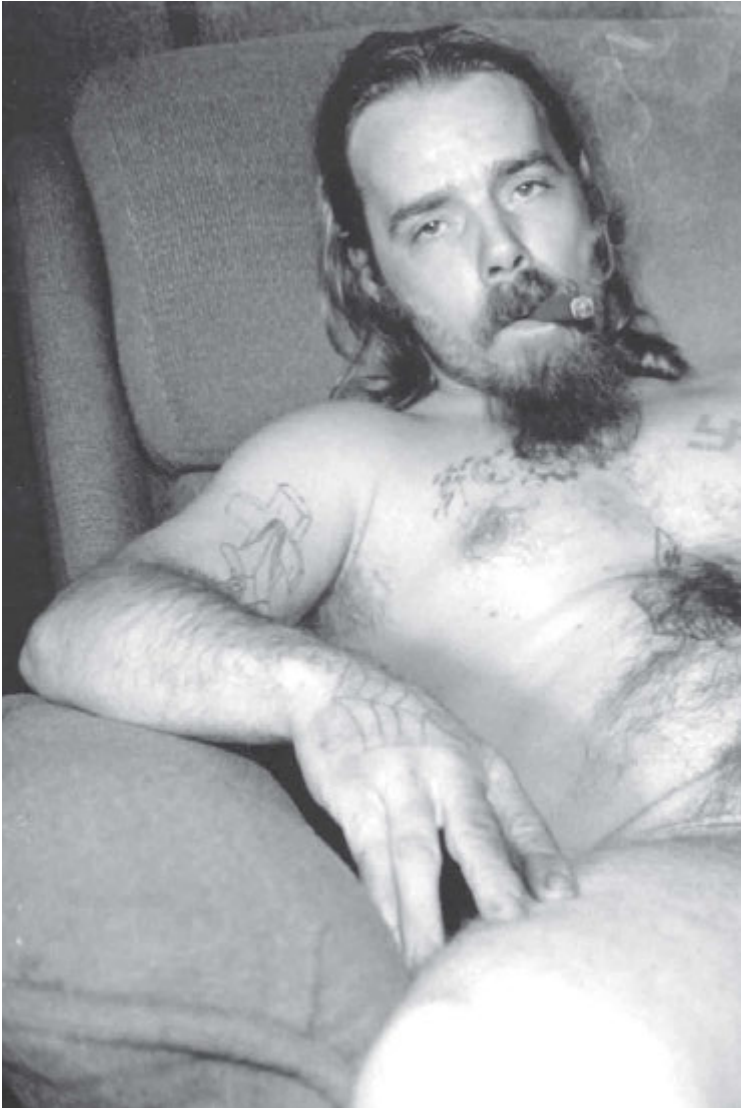
I looked at him and popped my shirt open to show him my chest-and-belly fur frosted in cum-whorls. “Sniff this!”

And sniff he did. “Oh, my my my! You are a lucky man. You met Lionel!”



Trucker, *The Tenderloin Tapes*

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*Butch, Butch: Tattooed Aryan Ex-con Biker*

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