

The difference between  
a straight man and a gay man  
is a sixpack.

# TEDDY BECOMES A BEAR

RON SURESHA

Up to my hairy elbows in warm soapy dishwater when the phone rang, I called out to Tony, who was lighting his after-dinner smoke in the living room. “Hey, Beast, could you get that for me?”

Tony grunted and raised his sturdy 200-pound frame out of the sofa in front of the TV where he’d plopped himself. He picked up the cordless and, in that honeyed baritone that is one of the attributes that makes him a keeper-fuckbuddy, intoned, “Hello?”

A pause. “No. This is his friend, Tony. Buck’s doing dishes.” He walked into the kitchen, puffed on his smoke, and said, in a secretarial mode, “Who’s calling, please?”

I pulled my arms out dripping and reached for the dishrag. I turned around and looked at Tony the Beast walking toward me. His leather vest, chaps, jeans, and black teeshirt exhibited his smoldering sexuality. That he wore leather day in and out—especially in puritanical Boston—was one of the things I really dug about Tony. He was a real leatherbear, as opposed to the leather tourists who wear leather only to satisfy the dress code for the backroom at the Ramrod.

Wiping my hands, I pursed my lips in pantomime and he held out the cigarette for me to take a drag. His ruggedly handsome Italian-Irish grin, framed by a full dark

brown beard, told me he found whoever was on the other end of the line amusing. “Who is it?” I mouthed, feeling somewhat annoyed at the intruder. I put my hand on Tony’s crotch and gave his very full basket a gentle squeeze. I could feel his thick prong surge instantly underneath my grip. He smiled, listening to the phone.

I’d hoped the caller would be someone I could get rid of quickly. Tonight was my regular play night with Tony the Beast. We’d had to miss the last two weeks because of various work crises. I was really looking forward to this night with him, even going to the trouble of making dinner, although usually he simply came over, we’d pop a couple of cold beers, and head up to my bedroom to get nasty, sweaty, and sticky.

Tony arched his eyebrows, spoke into the phone, “Hold on, please,” and covered the receiver. He crossed his eyes and affected a soddenly slurred voice. “It’s (hic!) some *very* happy person named Teddy. I think he’s had a drink or five.”

I took the phone from him, put my ear to the receiver, and listened to the sounds of what was, my best guess, the neighborhood Irish (read: *not-gay*) pub called the Watering Hole.

“Hello?” I heard Teddy’s drunken voice over the background din. Without saying a word, I took the cig from Tony’s furry fingers and took a long drag, exhaled. I was in no particular hurry to answer. This wasn’t the first time Teddy had interrupted a date.

I met Teddy at the Watering Hole three years ago. I was minding my own business with a pint of Guinness, watching the football game on TV as if it mattered, when he sat down next to me. I immediately noticed his wedding ring, laughing green eyes, ruddy Irish goatee, solid build with a slight beer paunch, and the downy copper fur ringing his forearms. A bite-size Mark Maguire. After he

ordered a bottle of beer, I muttered something vague to him about the local football clowns on TV. He muttered something equally vague about the pub clowns watching TV.

I stole a closer glance at the beefy little fireplug of a man sitting next to me, and felt the pungent heat rising from the tuft of fur sticking out from the top of my teeshirt. I waited an appropriate pause to offer him another comment as a lead-in to an introduction, but by the time his Bud arrived so did a shrewish little skag of a woman, presumably his wife, who promptly towed him elsewhere in the bar.

I'd stop in from time to time at the Hole to watch sports on the tube and suck down a few beers. I never went to the Hole to cruise. Far easier to do that at fag bars in town. Although let's say I'd gotten more than a couple of offers at the Hole from local guys. In any case, though, most times at the Hole I sat quietly. Staring makes straight guys nervous. Yet I found Teddy's furry body so appealing that I couldn't help but gaze at him with a twinge of lust. Even at a distance, I found his offhand manner and Irish-homeboy sarcasm charming.

Several times, I caught Teddy catching me catching him with my eyes, and he'd give me a brief nod. Not a come-hither gayboy nod, but a regular-guy nod. For months I never got a clue from the way he acted around his wife and other women friends at the bar that he was anything but dyed-in-the-wool het. I figured he was being friendly with me. I kept my distance around him. Sure, I'd go home and pump my rock-hard piston thinking about him. I'd shoot a huge load fantasizing about sticking my hand down his tight jeans, hauling out the fat juicy meat he seemed to be packing, and showing him male delights he'd never before known.

One night, Teddy came up to me at the Hole to chat. He

asked if I was from the neighborhood, and when I gave the location he said he knew my house. He talked about this and that and warmed to me somewhat. I asked if he was married, although I already knew, to make conversation. He gave a small grunt of assent and asked me the same.

I wear a full beard and flannel shirts. I'm sort of a musclebear type, but trim. Anyone who looked hard would see that I'm really a man's man. Maybe, like me, he already knew the answer but was making conversation.

In any case, I replied, somewhat surprised at the question, "No, never married."

To which he snorted, "Lucky you." He stood up and, looking me in the eye, tugged at his crotch and said, "Gotta piss real bad."

Watching him weave toward the back of the bar, I was tempted to follow him into the pisser, pull his pants and shorts down around his ankles, and stick my beard right up into the delectable globes of his ass. Instead, I adjusted my growing hardon and waited.

When Teddy returned from the john, I bought him a beer. He was tying one on to avoid going home to the ever-lovely Mrs. Teddy. I alternately listened, stealing sideways glances at his hairy chest, and pretended to listen, the two of us looking not at each other but both ahead of us, in the way guys do shooting the shit. He and his old lady had no kids, I found out. "Shootin' blanks, but shootin'." He winked.

Why was he telling me this? I knew the only difference between a straight guy and a gay one is a six-pack. I decided to test the theory. Again.

I ordered us two more beers. He had a hollow leg.

After half the second bottle, Teddy said, "Sorry I can't buy you a beer, pal. I'm flat out broke tonight."

"Don't worry about it."

"I got some killer weed if you'd like to smoke."

When I grinned, Teddy tugged my sleeve and slugged down the rest of his beer. “We’ll take my Jeep and drive around.”

As we cruised around the neighborhood, we passed the joint back and forth. Aretha came on the radio and I mentioned I was from Detroit. We started talking about music. We bonded over 70s male-rock and Motown. We drove, smoking and yelling choruses to songs, around the small streets near the bar. My skin felt hot so I opened my shirt a button, feeling the late autumn breeze rustle through my chest pelt. My cock throbbed and nuts ached at the thought of getting into this sexy man’s pants.

Suddenly Teddy said, “Hey, Buck, this is your neck of the woods, right? Where’s your place?”

I realized he’d driven meandering through sidestreets less than two blocks from my house, even though he once bragged he knew where I lived.

“Down that street there.”

And down that street, there we went, Teddy cranking up the Motown to a volume where you can only be cool and bob your head to the music.

We pulled up, tires screeching, beside my house. I reached over and turned down the radio, inexplicably paranoid of alerting the neighbors. Usually I don’t give half a fuck who I drag home from the bar. Fuck the neighbors!

Teddy looked out the Jeep window. “Nice place.” He was out of the car, heading across the lawn, pulling at his jeans, yelling, “Let’s go inside, man. I gotta piss bad.”

Only a six-pack away.

At the front door, I asked him if he didn’t need to get home soon.

“Naw, she don’t care and I don’t gotta be at work until ten tomorrow.”

I let us in, pointed him to the bathroom, and put on a few CDs. I listened to him drain his bladder for what

seemed like five minutes. I resolved firmly, solemnly, to do nothing first. Unless he asked for it.

When Teddy stepped out he was zipping his fly.

“Want another beer?” I opened two. We stood in the kitchen. The cold bite of brew hit the back of my hot throat.

We moved to the living room. He plopped down on the couch and set down his beer. I sat at the other end of the couch. He pulled out a joint and said, “Great music, man. Let’s smoke another bone.”

I groaned, but he fired it up before I could move us on. I got an ashtray and sat within a long arm’s reach. He flicked a sliver of ash nearly in my hand.

We sat stoned, getting more stoned, and listened to the music. Teddy sank into the couch and played a little air guitar. Although I wasn’t looking at him and he was about three feet away, I imagined I felt his weight bearing down on me. Heat rose from my crotch. I sneaked a sideways glance and imagined I saw the mound in his pants grow. My bald spot was moist with sweat. I sat forward to drink more beer, hoping I’d cool down.

Teddy dragged at his beer and lit a cigarette. Marvin Gaye filled the room singing, “What’s Going On?”

We sat about two feet apart, both of us shortening the space between us.

Finally, he picked up his beer again and leaned forward next to me.

“Is this where...” He drained the bottle. “Is this the point where I turn to you and ask you if you wanna ‘get it on’ or not?”

I drew a breath. Whether from a surge of beer, pot, caution, or anticipation of sex, my mind went blank.

He put down the bottle. “Is this where....” He moved his face close to mine grinning his melting Irish grin! He mocked, as if I should have gotten it the first time, “You wanna get it on...or not?”

“Sure.” I exhaled in relief.

I felt the fast hot rush of Teddy climbing all over me. His mouth locked on mine. This guy’s straight and he likes to kiss? His arms and his legs entwined and covered me, Shirt buttons popped in our drop from couch to carpet. We raced to expose the other’s flesh first. I won. He wore no shorts and was hard in his pants. Teddy was not one of the Irish wee folk. His swollen dork was crowned with a fat juicy head I could have wrapped my throat around, except for the fact that he was intent on plugging my face with his tongue.

He soon caught up with me in the race to expose each other, hauling my meat out and roughly grabbing my nuts. Our tongues, thick with beer and pot, muffled each other’s moans. In no time we were completely exposed to each other on the floor, and Teddy rolled up on top of me, pulling his mouth away from mine long enough for us both to suck in a huge gasp of air. He plunged his tongue like an Irish Setter licking for a bone into the depths of my throat. Our combined pre-cum and ballsweat lubed us well. I took our matched meat together in my fist and pumped furiously.

Our tongues swam frantically around inside each other’s mouth. Teddy started fucking my fist cock. His ass was bucking out of control, which made his cock slip from my grasp. I grabbed his firm ass and jammed my thumb up his hairy hole. He yelled and drove his tongue deeper into my throat. I regripped our hard cocks, and worked them both up and down, concentrating on the sensitive cockheads oozing pre-cum out of our engorged piss-slits. I slabbed our fuckmeat. Our balls banged against each other and drew up, in preparation of our climax.

Another minute of moaning, tongue-jamming, and pud-pounding and I knew from the way his cock surged and throbbed against my own that we were racing to the

finish. Teddy grabbed my pecs by the fur. My thumb hit paydirt in his hole. We both yelled into each other's mouth. Our hot juices spurted and mixed into the fertile sweat pool on my hairy chest.

After a minute of heavy breathing, he pulled up, crouched over me. My cock continued oozing out a steady stream of spicy cum overflowing from my navel, running down my ribs in rivulets.

For the first time he smiled and looked directly at me. "Betcha weren't expecting that, were ya?"

Breathless, I couldn't answer.

"Neither was I, dude."

My skin peeled from his skin. I rose to get a hand towel. When I returned, he was blowing little smoke rings, which he interrupted to give me a moony grin. His pants were around his knees and his still-stiff cock was ringed with hair halfway up its length. I tossed him the cum rag.

I asked, "You done this before?"

"Not as a grown-up, man. Maybe I was drunk in high school or something."

"...or something." I could tell I wasn't his first, but I was satisfied with my conquest of yet another straight man, relatively sure it would lead nowhere.

I buttoned my fly and, shaking my head and smiling, I bent to the carpet to pick up the cum rag and a lone button from my shirt.

"I might wanna do this again sometime," Teddy said.

My cynical hopes did not rise, but soon enough, we balled again. Before long, we developed an irregular pattern. Every couple weeks he'd call, casually asking if I wanted to meet him for a beer. I'd head to the Hole and find Teddy already well-lubricated. We'd have a few more drinks, talking about only the most superficial of things. He never mentioned sex or flirted with me in the bar. After a few drinks, we shook hands and I'd walk out,



only to have him meet me at my home.

Privately he was a different animal altogether. We'd crack another couple beers or smoke a joint. If we hadn't already ripped off each other's clothes, we'd jump into bed and have frenetic sex. After cuming, we exchanged maybe fifty words of conversation and Teddy always beat a quick retreat out the door. He never invited me to his place. I never asked, nor did I ever call him.

As a lover, Teddy was awkward at first, but made up for his innocence with amazing passion. He was eager to learn, but he had the Irish curse for drink. Because he was a class-A studmuffin, I cut him a lot of slack. At first, at least.

Once, early on, I went down on Teddy's bushy cock only to look up and see him working his own nipples. Most straight men don't get that part of their anatomy. Either Teddy was a natural or he had more experience than he admitted.

In any case, sex with Teddy, though vanilla, was intense. The few times I tried to get him to screw me, he lost his hardon. Several times I tried to pop his cherry. Sometimes I'd insert several well-lubed fingers past his viselike sphincter. The feel and the idea drove him wild, but when I put my fat cockhead against his gorgeous ass, he'd clamp like a clam.

"Jesus, you're too fuckin' big," he cursed, squirming his ass away from my menacing hardon.

"No bigger than a turd, man." I considering forcing my way inside his tight shithole, figuring all his drink and drugs were his cover for wanting me to force myself into him in the first place.

"Maybe not bigger, but a whole lot harder," Teddy said.

I couldn't argue with that. In any case, when my dick neared his butt, his entire body stiffened to a point of maximum resistance. I couldn't enter him. So I rerouted

our respective orgasms.

In due time, however, my “straight” fuckbuddy became a more-than-capable cocksucker and seemed to enjoy it as much as I did. I loved watching him kneeling between my legs, my long cock lying on his tongue and framed by his handsome goatee, his muscular furry arms reaching up to tweak my tits, my right hand on the back of his head, a cold beer in my left hand.

*Yeah, I'd think, the irony! It's politically fashionable for women to hate their husbands on TV talk shows, and yet—wandering straight husbands are exactly the “bad boys” gay men prefer.*

Recently, though, it annoyed me that he'd always be drunk or stoned four sheets to the wind when he'd want to mess around. Twice in the previous month, Teddy called when I had a buddy or date at my house. I couldn't talk, let alone invite him over. He'd suggest I get rid of the other guy right away so I could meet him, or that he come over after I'd had sex with the other guy, or that he come over and have a three-way. The whole time I was saying *no* and squirming, and my date was looking at me wondering, “Who the hell's he talking to?” Finally, sounding wounded, Teddy agreed to leave me alone. Naturally, juggling a clinging straight fuckbuddy with other gay tricks and boyfriends was a strain on me, but hardly one on Teddy, whose passion and faithfulness proved resilient as a ruby.

This one time when Teddy called while Tony the Beast was over, I'd had about enough of Teddy's bad timing. I was standing in the kitchen, jiggling the low-hangers in Tony's pants while I listened to Teddy mumbling his somewhat misguided affectionate intentions. I was ready to tell him I was tired of his always calling at the wrong times, always interrupting my trysts, always half-wasted, and that I wished he'd leave me alone. It never works out with married men. Fuck 'em if they can't take a “Fuck off!”

As I was about to launch into a tirade at Teddy, Tony the Beast caught my eye. With his upturned eyebrows, his shaggy face, his lips slightly parted and his thick red tongue panting, he looked eager. “Invite him,” he mimed.

“Yeah, sure, Teddy. C’mon over, if you don’t mind some company. My friend Tony’s here.” If Teddy was sloshed and horny, I knew his answer in the long pause on the other end where laughter mixed with the clack-clack of pool-table balls.

“I’ll be right there,” Teddy said.

“Careful driving, man. Want you here in one piece, ready for action.” I hung up.

“Beast,” I said calmly. “We have a guest.”

Tony’s face lit up. “You know me,” he said. “I love to take turns, and I love to share.”

“That’s what makes you such a good playmate.”

When Teddy’s Jeep pulled up, the stage was set with Motown and candles.

“How utterly romantic,” Tony said. “How come I don’t get this treatment?”

“You got dinner, my shaggy punk, which is a whole helluva lot more hospitality than he gets. Get your ass upstairs like I told you. He’s here,” I hissed, and gave Tony the Beast a resounding smack on his voluptuous ass. He headed upstairs. A scene like this could turn difficult, and I wanted Teddy broken in right.

In the kitchen, I played at drying dishes. The knocker hit the front door. I banged dishes, ignoring the second knocking. I set two bottles of beer on the table. I walked to the door, unlocked it, and swung it wide open as Teddy was about to knock a third time. He looked sexy and silly, his denim jacket and shirt half-open to his hairy chest. His hand was poised about to knock.

“All right, already, get in here.” I let Teddy in and locked the door behind him, headed past him in to the

kitchen, where I opened the beers. Teddy's eyes looked stoned.

"Hey," he whimpered. "No sugar?"

"Sure sugar." I stepped up to him and grabbed his arms, feeling his biceps brace against me. I pressed my mouth to his and probed with my tongue. His mouth was a hole. His head was swimming inside. Adrift.

One sloppy fuck coming up.

The taste of his beer and cigarettes wasted my tongue. I lifted my beer and slugged a hit against his aftertaste. I handed him the other beer. He swigged the bottle high, exposing the stubble on his Adam's apple.

Teddy regarded me unsteadily. I squared my shoulders and rose up over him like a buck about to lock horns with another stud. Teddy gulped another drink. "Where's your buddy?"

"Upstairs, changing."

"Into what?"

"Shut up."

I led Teddy into the living room where I plopped down on the sofa. My legs spread wide. "Let's get busy." I palmed my hand into my shirt and played with my hairy nipples. Teddy watched my cock grow half-hard, snaking toward him. "My dick wants you real bad," I said. "It knows you know how to take care of it. Wanna take care of that cock, buddy? Huh? Get on it already."

Teddy was used to making the first move, used to me cutting him a lot of slack. He sensed a new tone of control in my voice. I was tripping on the scene.

"Shithead! What you waiting for?"

Teddy dropped to his knees watching a wet stain spreading at the tip of the bulge in my pants. My nickname "Buck" is short for "Buckets" of my famous pre-cum, cum, and post-cum.

I was so horny for Teddy's hot mouth around my meat

that I was producing steady ooze. My dick ached for his mouth. He rubbed my muscular thighs and squeezed. I unbuttoned my shirt to expose my hairy pecs and tight belly. Teddy looked at the hair blanketing my upper chest and followed its pattern down toward my crotch where he buried his nose in my crotch and smelled my sweaty nuts. His hand ran up my thigh and squeezed my cock. A drip wet my jeans. I grabbed the back of his hair to guide his mouth. He sucked juice out of the denim. His pink tongue protruded between his teeth while he unbelted and unbuttoned my jeans. The drugs had made him a passive buck, which was exactly how I wanted him.

I think he understood it was his night. He knew he was gonna get what he'd wanted all along from our sex sessions. Teddy was gonna become a real man's man, a real bear. No more "I'm not queer, but I mess around."

Our eyes locked. He pulled down my pants. My cock popped out pouched in my wet jock—so tented my nuts hung out. Teddy looked at my straining jockstrap with a mixture of lust, apprehension, and wonder. I visualized an X-ray picture of my balls stuffed inside Teddy's mouth with my cock sheated like a knife down a sword-swallower's throat.

I grabbed his hair. "Eat it, ya fucking cocksucker." He opened his mouth wide and, almost in slow-motion, his lips slid smoothly down the outside of my cockpouch.

Tony the Beast, with perfect timing, arrived silently at the bottom of the stairs with his playbag.

I wished Teddy could've seen the studly leatherbear approaching stealthily behind him. In the moment, he was not Tony, but something else entirely. He was totally Beast, animal testosterone, pure manfuckdrive. His hairy tool, tied off with a leather thong, stuck out almost ten inches. His Beastballs swung between his furry powerful thighs. He wore black-leather chaps and a studded

harness cinching his brawny torso and big arms. He exuded eros. In salute, my dick spurted cumjuice to the back of Teddy's tongue.

I let Teddy swallow and savor the sample of my semen before grabbing the short hairs on the back of his neck and tilting his head back off my dick, raising only my eyebrows to indicate for him to open wider.

"Nice adenoids." I pulled aside the jockpouch and let my equipment spring forward, free at last. My dripping dick drooled a thread of crystal pre-cum onto Teddy's lower lip. Juice ran down his moustache and into his goatee. I scooped up my ball sac and pushed forward, working both fat globes into his mouthhole. My cock bounced up, back and forth, right between his eyes. A web of cumstrands connected his forehead and cheeks to my belly. I thumbed into both sides of Teddy's mouth and pushed my balls further in, fucking his face.

Beast bent over toward us. I grasped Teddy's short-hairs with one hand and used the other to lock his lips around the base of my balls. As Beast was about to unbutton Teddy's shirt, I announced casually, "Oh, look. Beast is here. But don't get up, really."

Teddy's eyes widened, but he was in no position to turn. Beast quickly stripped Teddy from top to bottom. His juicy cock slapped his furry belly and his butt smelled of sweat and funk.

Beast's eyes lusted wild for butthole, and even before he had Teddy's pants off completely he was prying Teddy's well-furred buttcheeks apart and sniffing like a bear at a honeypot. Teddy's forehead crinkled in apprehension and anticipation, and I laughed, holding his chin firmly to my perineum. I'd never reamed Teddy out before but I knew that Tony was a master rimmer. Teddy was in for a mind-blowing assblow.

Beast placed his knees inside Teddy's and spread

the virgin legs wide. Beast's mushroom head brushed up against Teddy's behind and Teddy's eyes narrowed to the side as if he were touched by a burning branch on his backside. Beast crouched and blew air into Teddy's hole. Teddy tightened and relaxed. Beast's long tongue rimmed up into Teddy's hairy hole.

I had been holding Teddy's arms up to my chest, where he'd been thumbing my nipples, but Beast's initiation of his butt drove Teddy's hands to his dick. Beast pulled his arms back over his butt, snapped thumbcuffs on him, and chowed down on his manhole.

Did Teddy object?

Does the Pope shit in the woods?

Is a bear Catholic?

Without support of his arms, his head fell forward into my crotch. My nuts were already marinating in his mouth. My cock softened a bit. So I pried his lips wider, feeding my softer head and shaft past his goatee. I knew my equipment would fit in this condition and Teddy looked relieved. I leaned back and let him relax his lip-grip, adjusting his tongue to accommodate my full package. That was enough to harden me inside his face.

Beast's butt worship had gone where no one had gone in Teddy before. I knew Beast's rear-end skills. I stroked Teddy's lips and goatee, admiring the way they swallowed my cock and balls. It was such a hot sight that I could feel my balls and cock surge and stiffen.

I watched Teddy's eyes very carefully throughout all this. His mouth was too packed to let go of its contents. He couldn't help that my hairy tool was stretching out again, making way ever so slowly toward the back of Teddy's throat. His only option was to relax completely.

I looked down to find Beast parting Teddy's asscheeks with both hands, edging his fingers inside Teddy's sit-bones to pull them apart and give his tongue better access.

Beast's paws were like a speculum. He bored his tongue-depressor to inspect Teddy's innards.

I did what I could to make Teddy's mouthful enjoyable. I was drooling a steady drip of good-tasting cockmilk to keep his throat lubed. Teddy was making wonderfully pathetic, high little muffled *woof-grunts-hums*, I assumed, to pleasantly vibrate my cockhead and clear his throat to make more room for my telescoping length. If he panicked, he'd choke, because there really was no way I would take my cock out until I came.

I've said before several times, not to brag, but I am a huge cum-er. I am one hairy fucking cum-machine. So I considered the possibility that Teddy would either choke or drown as I snaked further down his windpipe.

To distract Teddy from major discomfort, I began working his wooly nipples. In sync, Beast wrapped his strong fist around Teddy's nuts, reached with his other hand into his bag of tricks, pulled out a leather ball-stretcher, and clamped it around Teddy's nutbag, never once removing his jaw from chewing Teddy's butt.

Beast pulled out one of those black "tuxedo" rubbers, slid it down the length of his meat, and squirted lube over the rubber. I had an idea where he intended to bury his big black bearcock. He increased his loud and lusty slurping, sucking, and spitting on Teddy's fuckhole.

My cock had gotten about as long as it gets. One big round tear rolled down from Teddy's eye into his goatee, and another. Both ran into his mouth. The third one I wiped from his cheek as I wiped sweat out of his eyes.

Beast suctioned his face out of Teddy's rear end. His beard was dripping with essential butt. Teddy so liked the big grizzly-tongue up his honeycomb he surged with lust, wanting more. His body arched up, pulling my butt up off the sofa. His mouth lifted me by the hook of my dick and balls like a heavy-equipment crane tilting a building by



pulling one central girder.

Beast got to his knees, His cock was sharp at the tip rising from the blunt base. Beast's eyes looked demented with lust. With both his big hands, he gave Teddy a half dozen resounding slaps on both his asscheeks. I don't know if he intended them to be hard as they sounded, but the slaps rumbled like a primal beat up through Teddy into his moaning throat and mouth wrapped around my dick and balls.

I got a foothold on the floor. Beast tore handfuls at Teddy's chest hair. I grabbed Teddy's ears. Was I losing it? Was Teddy? Who knew about Beast who positioned his condom-cock at the gate to Teddy's bottom.

Teddy whimpered like a lost mongrel chased from an Irish pub. I pinched his nose closed, forcing him to breathe through his only available orifice, his rectum, which Beast was pawing open for insertion.

Beast looked right at me with pure fucklust, and drew back his torso from Teddy's ass like an arrow in a bow. I released the hold on Teddy's nostrils. Beast plunged his dick like a beer can crushed into Teddy's virgin shitter. Teddy twisted his head back and forth around the fulcrum of my cock and started using his back-throat muscles to milk my rod.

Beast started drilling. I flashed on how fantastic Beast must have felt plucking Teddy's cherry out of his fresh-rimmed tight butt. I envied Beast tearing into Teddy's bottom, but I had Teddy's top, and got down to facefucking.

Beast pushed Teddy forward and grabbed him by the thighs. Quickly I inserted my hands into Teddy's funky armpits and together we hoisted Teddy up and started bouncing him back and forth between us like one of those clacking metal ball gadgets. Teddy's poor neglected dick dragged back and forth against the carpet. He was enjoying himself. He had wrapped his legs around Beast's waist

to help stay in position for the punishing fuck.

While we pingponged Teddy, Beast caught my eye, grinned, and heaved a loogie of thick spit into my face. I returned the volley, not missing a beat. We leaned in toward each other tongue-tied, swapping saliva, dripping drool that splattered on Teddy's cheeks.

At first Teddy's body was rigid against our alternating fuckpunches, but after some time he relaxed. The fear and pain in his eyes turned to a look of appreciation and desire, and his whining turned into pleasure. He loosened up his virgin-grip enough at both ends to give Beast and me some wiggle-room.

After we fucked and fucked and fucked for a good ten more minutes, there was a long pause while the CD changed disks. In the silence, flesh slapped flesh to the rhythm of animal grunts.

Beast was near the edge. Sweat poured from his beard onto Teddy's back. The hair on our bodies was completely matted down. Teddy was slick and slippery in the three-way sex slime.

Beast was ready to bust a gut. His face was turning beet red. He always had kind of a short fuse. I could have kept going. My flow of cockspit was foaming at the corners of Teddy's stretched lips.

We had to finish quickly.

We didn't want to kill Teddy.

Right before I cum, my cockhead swells to the size of an egg. When I start cuming, I spurt volume equivalent to a small frothy omelet. The timing was tricky. I matched my rhythm to Beast's.

After another minute of serious pounding, I slid my hands out from Teddy's arms and let my throbbler hold him up. I vise-gripped Beast's nipples and twisted about three-quarters around. That did the trick.

"Go, Beast, go! Let it rip!" My cum broke from a trot

into a gallop. My balls ascended. I backed out from Teddy's mouth about four inches. My cockhead inflated. The room was spinning around me. My toes curled. My cock spewed one cannonload after another into his face. The flow quickly filled his mouth and backed up over his tongue, lips, and chin. My clots dripped down my descending nut sac. I watched Beast climax.

Beast's face twisted into a stream of *motherfuckin Jesu sgoddamBuddaeatsshitHairyholeofGod'scrotchinheaven!*

As Beast approached the end of his religious organ recital, I released one of his hairy tits and reached under Teddy to free his balls from the stretcher. My hand brushed against the carpet and found a puddle. Under his stretched nuts, I felt a mix of pre-cum and piss. I un-snapped the ball-stretcher and dropped it. I scooped up a handful of the warm liquid and slathered it over Teddy's balls to soothe them. With another handful, I massaged his beautiful veiny cock still rigid with passion.

Beast opened his eyes, came to his senses, and let go of his grip on one of Teddy's thighs. Because they were both slick with sweat and lube, Teddy's legs slid down, even though he was skewered top and bottom by our softening dicks. Beast unlocked the thumbcuffs. Teddy's arms and legs collapsed beneath him so that he was splayed on his elbows and knees.

Beast steadily withdrew from Teddy's ass, making a soft-vacuum sucking sound until his cock exited on a rope of butt-drool. His black sheathed cock plopped against his flank. We turned Teddy over by squeezing his cock and laid him on his back on the carpet of piss, sweat, cum, lube, and drool below him. My dick stayed in Teddy's happy face, oozing post-cum, while Teddy made satisfied gurgles.

Beast was transforming back into Tony and tenderly suckled Teddy's balls. I put Teddy's hot cockhead in my mouth and jerked his shaft. With my other hand, I rubbed

Tony's hair. He looked up at me and winked. He opened his mouth real wide and swallowed both of Teddy's hairy balls in one gulp. Tony reached up to rub my neck. I released my handgrip and let Tony pull me slowly toward him, my mouth sliding like a glove all the way down Teddy's delicious thickness. When I finally reached Teddy's red-brown pubes, Tony was waiting for me to kiss him in Teddy's crotch while he gorged himself on Teddy's nuts.

Kissing Tony's masculine face was so hot that I almost forgot I had deep-throated Teddy's hard, pulsing bearcock. I rubbed my belly hair against Teddy's nipples and chest hair. Tony and I locked lips and eyes as best we could and braced ourselves.

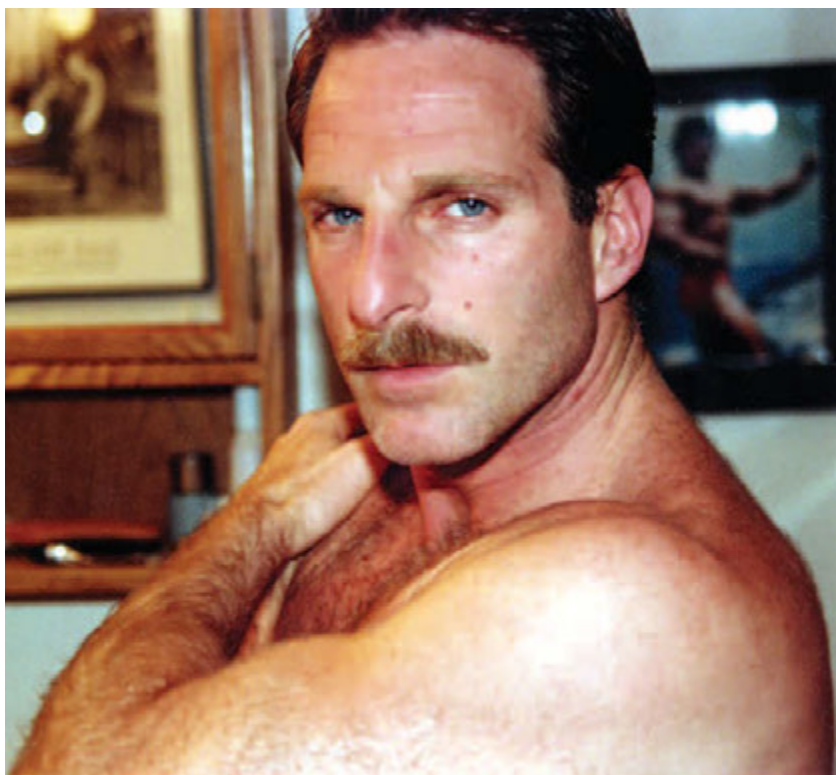
An ecstatic tremor ran through Teddy's body. I saw Tony's reaction from the sexquake hitting Teddy's balls a fraction of a second before I felt it ripple through the base of his cock, throwing multiple eruptions of his Irish spunk down the back of my relieved throat. Tony saw the thrill in my eyes and smiled. After Teddy's spasms subsided, we drew our mouths slowly off the satisfied ex-virgin. Teddy had passed out, happy at last, initiated as a bearman.

With our arms around each other, Tony and I drew together and kissed. I drooled down his throat the white hot nectar I had sucked out of the husbandly loins of Teddy, the young Irish bear.



Mike Snofield and Cub, *Bear on a Hot Tin Roof*

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Dave Gold, *Dave Gold's Gym Workout*  
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