

# Hans and Gregor and the Bear-Ogre Klaus

## *Bearhemoth Tale #4*

Lived and Recorded by Bearhemoth

The original tale of Hansel and Gretel is thought to be a tale of a young boy and girl who, due to a famine, were sent on a one-way trip into the forest by their stepmother. They encounter a gingerbread house and a witch who tries to roast them in her large people-sized oven, but the children push her in instead, where the witch is burned alive. The children take lots of the witch's food stores back to their family where they find their stepmother has died and they live happily ever after with their father.

It has been theorized that it is an even darker tale than that – the children overheard their parents planning to eat them (the suggestion coming from their mother), so they fled into the forest where they lived off nuts and berries. Weeks later their father finally found them and told the children that their mother had died of a famine-related sickness, and they returned to live with their now single father and lived off the roast made from their mother's corpse until the famine ended.

However, that's not at all how the story *really* went.

In the true story, it was a large male half bear, half ogre that lived in the woods, not an old witch woman. (The antagonist was changed to an old witch woman later, due to misogyny.)

The bear-ogre's name was Klaus. He was eight feet tall with a solid muscular frame, huge hands, thighs like tree trunks, an immense backside, and an impressive round belly that was almost never full. He lived in a small hut in the middle of a vast forest, with several cows, some chickens, and a goat named Balthazar. The hut had a large basement kitchen with several

stone food preparation tables, a walk-in oven, and several teen-sized cages. Behind the hut was a natural cavern pit filled with carnivorous spiders.

He would never have cooked his food before eating it, as the story is told. He used his kitchen for the following: making giant sheets of gingerbread, tree-sized peppermint poles, cherry-flavored hard candy roofing shingles, spun-sugar windowpanes, and slabs of chocolate, for the front door and shutters.

Bear-ogres from Klaus' lineage, in addition to their tremendous size and strength, also secrete a pheromone that, when combined with sugar, is irresistible to plump teens. Klaus thought it would be less questionable if he used the resulting candy-attractant to augment his existing hut, rather than leaving a tempting but highly suspicious basket of goodies out in the middle of the supposedly unoccupied forest.

The bear-ogre also used his kitchen to butter and season the boys he found before swallowing them whole. If he discovered any girls on his patrols, he tossed them in the pit of spiders behind his hut and continued merrily on his way. Girls were too gangly and hairy for his delicate taste buds, and to him they smelled and tasted like asparagus, broccoli, and eggplants, all things Klaus hated.

Boys on the other hand were strong and virile, and tasted of fresh clover and honey, apple cider, and beer-soaked Oktoberfest sausages, all things Klaus loved.

Hans was a young, muscular man who lived near the forest with his equally muscular twin brother Gregor and their burly lumberjack father, Heinrich. Hans didn't pay much attention to the whispered tales of a mean ogre living there. Hans didn't believe in such fantastical things – he was studying to be a scientist of ores and metals. His brother, Gregor, was also

studying to be a different kind of scientist – a herbalist. The boys often went a little way into the forest together: Hans, to find ore and soil samples, and Gregor, to find various plants and medicinals he could use in his concoctions for the townsfolk of their little village.

They had, on a whim before breakfast, decided to make another such quick trip into the forest to gather new materials, but this time, Hans's makeshift Brunton compass wasn't calibrated properly and led them in the wrong direction, so they got a bit lost. Hans gave up using the compass and had started using the sun to navigate, but a storm sprung up out of nowhere and the light was completely obscured by the dark clouds, rain, and wind, and Hans and Gregor stumbled about in the middle of the great old trees, in the direction they thought led back to their home.

Unfortunately for them they were headed deeper and deeper into the forest. When the storm cleared and the setting sun came out to shine on the dripping trees the boys were hopelessly lost, soaking wet, and quite hungry, for they hadn't planned to be in the forest very long and had not brought any food with them.

Which was a good thing for the bear-ogre, as he heard the two strong, beefy teens clomping around in the forest long before he saw them. Klaus was happy at the approaching meal, for his last feast hadn't been for quite some time. He prepared the butter and herbs and spices he'd need for the boys and waited patiently inside the hut for them to arrive.

As the sun went down and the moon came up, Hans and Gregor came upon the bear-ogre's clearing and found a most curious sight – a hut covered in what appeared to be delicious confections, moistened and freshened by the recent rain. The scent of sugar and cinnamon and cherries was almost overpowering, as well as that something extra – the sweetened bear-ogre pheromones, doing their work and leading the boys to him.

They were quite ravenous from their trek through the woods, and even though Gregor was studying to be an herbalist, he couldn't identify things very well, and mis-identified everything as a particularly malevolent type of poison mushroom so the boys hadn't eaten anything all day.

They smelled the delicious mixture of sugar, chocolate, cherry, and ginger (and bear-ogre pheromones), and were overcome with hunger. The pheromones caused their reason to fly to the wind – somewhere in the back of their minds they knew this wasn't a typical structure to find in the middle of an unpopulated forest, but they dismissed the thoughts as a minor nothing. They began greedily stuffing themselves, tearing off chunks of the freshly baked gingerbread siding the bear-ogre had put up just a few days ago.

The boys ate and ate and ate. They had never been so ravenous, so intent on stuffing themselves with food, their logic and reason long subdued to the strength of the bear-ogre pheromones. It was a numbing feeling, but an intensely pleasurable one. The need to fill their bellies with as many sweets as possible was overpowering. It subdued any logic or instinct that might have warned the boys they were in extreme danger.

After several hours, Hans's stomach was distended from eating, and Gregor had to remove his belt to allow for his even larger stomach. It got darker and darker outside, the only light from a cold sliver of moon shining overhead, just enough for the boys to see the delicious confections before them as they ripped the tasty siding from the walls and broke off pieces of the cherry-flavored roof shingles to devour.

Eventually they couldn't eat any more and lay down against the walls of the hut, their bellies bloated and overfull, both the twins groaning in pleasure from all the delicious treats they'd eaten.

That was when Klaus (who was himself getting worked up and salivating at the thought of his upcoming feast) opened the door, leaned outside, and scooped the confused and sleepy boys up, one in each hand.

“Hullo there, boys! It’s my house you’ve been eating. I hope you’re prepared to pay the price for your meal.”

He took them both into the hut and down into the basement, where he stripped off their clothing, set them up against the far wall behind one of the stone tables, then shut and locked the door with a plain-looking iron key he wore on a chain around his neck. He turned back to Hans and Gregor.

The twins watched him with a detached curiosity. They were too full to move or even scream for help (not that they anyone would have heard them, so far into the forest, and so far into the bear-ogre’s den, they were).

Klaus stripped off his clothing, exposing his giant, erect cock to the boys. The twins both gasped at the sight and the overwhelming feeling of arousal that overcame their bodies, stirring their loins to immediate action. They both were now rock hard at the at the sight of the giant mass before them, although their own cocks paled in comparison to the majesty of the bear-ogre.

“You know, I had just planned on buttering and seasoning you and then slurping you down whole, but seeing you both so handsome and so aroused... I think we’re going to have some fun, first,” Klaus said.

He started with Hans first. He picked the twin up and kissed him, then licked his neck and all over his muscular, beefy torso, his large tongue swirling around the young man’s cock and then down and over his legs and around back to his plump bubble butt where he ate his ass with gusto. Hans tasted amazing, a combination of the sweetness of the confections he had just devoured, and the mossy scent of the woods drenched by the rain.

"You like that, don't you boy? Me salivating all over you, getting you ready to be my next meal?" Klaus said, moving around to the other side and focusing his tongue on Hans's straining cock.

Hans's scientific knowledge had flown out of his mind a while ago and the only thing he could think of now was his lust and the pleasure as the bear-ogre's tongue stimulated his every pore and made his cock throb even harder, leaking precum that mixed with the saliva as Klaus gave him a proper tongue bath. The feeling of the tongue against his hard cock was especially mind-numbing – waves of intense feelings coursed through his body, bringing him to the point of orgasm.

"Oh, god, I can't stop..." the young man groaned.

His cock spurted an incredible load, surprising even the bear-ogre, who got a good face full of it. Klaus licked his lips, tasting the boy's delicious sperm on them. The cum started forming a pool on the basement floor.

He smirked. "Guess you did like that, huh?" He stuck a hand into a large clay bowl and rubbed butter all over the boy, leaving him glistening and shining, and then the bear-ogre reached into another bowl and dusted him with dried basil and marjoram, two savory spices Klaus especially enjoyed.

"You know I'm going to eat you after I finish fucking you. I hope you're enjoying your last moments before you're added to this gut." Klaus patted his huge belly.

Maybe it was the aphrodisiac qualities of the chocolate and gingerbread, or maybe it was a special ingredient the bear-ogre had mixed in, or maybe it was the taunting, but Hans was already hard again, his cock begging to be once more to be released, his balls already achingly full.

That was when Klaus flipped the boy over on the stone table, grabbed his giant cock, and slid it all the way inside Hans's bubble butt in one long stroke, filling the boy full and somehow beyond full, his cock pushing in so deep, Hans saw stars. The pain was even somehow pleasurable, and it turned into pure pleasure as the huge cock pushed past Hans's second sphincter, filling him utterly and completely. It rubbed against the boy's prostate, stimulating the release of another massive load of cum.

The bear-ogre moaned in pleasure as Hans' asshole clenched and tightened from the orgasm. He started moving his cock in and out slowly, giving Hans time to adjust to the feel of the tremendous cock inside him. The pace of thrusts increased, with Klaus grabbing a handful of cum from the pool growing beneath them and using it to lubricate his throbbing member as it slid in and out of the boy.

Klaus kept thrusting. Hans stayed rock hard, leaking cum at each thrust, mentally lost to the pleasure that overtook his entire body each time the bear-ogre pushed his powerful hips forward into the boy. He shifted, lifting his huge belly and resting it on Hans' back, the weight of it pushing the boy down and keeping him from moving around too much while he moaned and squirmed.

Reaching out a giant hand, his monster cock still deep inside Hans, the bear-ogre picked up the unresisting Gregor and kissed him hard on the lips. He licked his neck and proceeded to lick him all over, the same way he had his brother.

Gregor's senses were afire; each pass of the bear-ogre's tongue over his naked body sent shivers down his spine. His cock had become almost painfully hard, leaking to the point where it seemed as if he were already having an orgasm, the precum adding to the pool beneath the stone table.

The bear-ogre groaned. Each thrust into the boy caused his cock to swell, bringing him closer and closer to the point of no return. The sensation caused by Hans' unresisting ass as Klaus' cock slid in and out, deeper into the boy with every push.

Hans could feel the bear-ogre's cock growing inside him. Realizing what it meant, he gripped the table edges and held on as tightly as he could. Klaus let out a tremendous moan of pleasure and shoved his cock in so far Hans had the sensation of it ruining what was left of his insides as they began to be flooded with cum.

For what seemed like an eternity, Klaus shot stream after stream of cum into Hans, the bear-ogre's giant balls so loaded with sperm that Hans started tasting it in the back of his throat. The boy's belly swelled as the cum filled his entire body, stretching and distending his stomach in an almost obscene manner. Hans swallowed repeatedly but the cum started pouring out of his mouth onto the table, dripping onto the floor below and adding even more to the collective, ever-growing pool of semen. He couldn't breathe – there was just too much flowing into him.

Klaus's rapturous moans subsided as his balls emptied into the boy with one of the most intense orgasms he had experienced in his long life. Hans was able to breathe again as the cum stopped filling his insides. The bear-ogre's giant cock, still hard, slowly slid out of his destroyed ass. The boy could feel the sperm suffusing every cell of his body and his belly was almost fully round, packed solid with cum. He lay there, useless and bloated beyond what should be humanly possible, feeling a peculiar sensation of floating, though his body remained firmly on top of the stone table.

The bear-ogre pushed Hans to one side. "More," he said, flipping Gregor over on the stone table. Gregor wrapped his muscular legs around the sides of the bear-ogre's giant belly and held onto the sides of the table



as Klaus' still hard, cum-lubricated cock slowly slid into him. Drunk from the pheromones permeating the area and now being delivered in high doses directly through his bubble butt, Gregor gasped and arched his back, giving Klaus full access to use his body as he wished. He'd never felt such bliss. Every pore was afire with lust and desire.

"Give me more of your cock, please, mister bear-ogre. I need it!" Gregor groaned, loving the feeling of being so full of cock he couldn't move, the pleasure radiating through his body. "Are you going to eat us, sir?" he asked.



*Fig. 1. Hans is devoured while his brother is filled with bear-ogre cream.*

The bear-ogre chuckled, still thrusting deeper and deeper into Gregor with each push. "You can count on it, my beautiful meals," he said. "As a matter of fact, I love to eat while I'm fucking. Gives me more cum to unload into you and turn you into my little human éclairs."

Hans was still within reach, leaning against the stone table, lost in a cloud of delight at the amount of pheromone-laced cum still moving throughout his body and on his body. He rubbed some of it into his skin, loving the feel and feeling his cock stiffen again at the thought of what he knew was about to happen.

Klaus winked at the twins and stretched out a hand, picking Hans back up off the floor, the boy's stomach still so full of sperm there was a sloshing sound from the movement. The bear-ogre gave the boy a good once-over lick, tasting his own cum mixed with the boy's multiple loads. He opened his mouth wide, wider than what should have been possible and pushed the boy's feet into his mouth. The bear-ogre gave a mighty swallow.

Hans immediately sank in up to his knees, his body pulled down into the cavernous maw. He felt the ridges of the throat and the smooth lining of the esophagus that led directly to Klaus' giant belly. For the first time he felt afraid, fear somehow breaking through the powerful hold of the pheromones. But the pheromone-intoxication kept him from doing anything except admire the size and splendor of the beast that was devouring him. He wondered what it would be like to be turned into belly fat, becoming part of the giant, fueling the cum production in his balls, indirectly helping him devour more and more humans.

"Hrumgh. Ungh!" Klaus mumbled with his mouth full, thrusting into Gregor with a huge amount of force, penetrating the boy's second sphincter and pushing his intestines into his stomach. Gregor's cock

twitched and exploded, shooting multiple streams of cum that drenched the stone table beneath him and dripped over the edges to be added to the larger pool of sperm below.

The bear-ogre swallowed again, pulling Hans in further, up to his waist. Hans could feel his feet hit liquid and a curious numbing sensation began to overtake his toes and ankles. The bear-ogre's rough tongue licked the boy's plump ass; Hans shuddered with delight as the tongue massaged his hole. Between that and the thought that he was already being digested by the bear-ogre, Hans let loose with a third orgasm, his untouched cock spraying cum wildly over his torso, which was slowly disappearing into the giant's body.

Klaus licked the boy's shooting cock as it moved past his tongue, savoring the kind of taste that could only come from the boys who lived around the forest. It was some combination of the trees, atmosphere, soil and filtered sunlight that gave the nearby humans their delicious earthy, testosterone-laden flavor.

Another swallow. Hans sank in up to his elbows, his hands still free, idly playing with the bear-ogre's wavy brown hair. The numbing feeling had climbed to his waist and he could feel the insides of the bear-ogre's stomach against his knees, feeling soft and luxurious, like a warm cocoon of comfort.

"Mmph, mmmore!" the bear-ogre groaned, giving one huge final thrust into Gregor and unleashing his orgasm, even more powerfully than before. As he began filling Gregor with his sperm, he swallowed one last time, and Hans disappeared from the world with a "Eep!", sliding down the rest of the way into Klaus' giant stomach, causing it to stretch and bulge obscenely and push down hard on Gregor's thighs.

Gregor's own stomach bulged as it became the bear-ogre's latest cum receptacle. Already full of gingerbread and chocolate, his belly stretched humongously full. Cum began spilling out of the sides of mouth just as it had with Hans.

"Unfghh" he grunted as the sexual pressure built to a crescendo, and his cock spasmed and shot from the joy of being used for the bear-ogre's lust and gratification, sperm pouring forth unceasing from the turgid member for almost a minute. All of which was added to the now large white pool below them.

Klaus groaned again, feeling Hans moving around weakly inside him, the bear-ogre's powerful stomach acids already turning him into mush, cum, and fat, enough to get the bear-ogre through the approaching winter. But he needed another – once he started eating humans he just wanted to eat more and more, becoming an unstoppable devouring killing machine, and would do so until he was stopped, either by lack of available food or when he got too sleepy from the energy required to process his meals into belly fat. Luckily for the nearby villages the bear-ogre got sleepy fast, after slurping down a few humans.

The bear-ogre patted his full, gently moving belly and smirked hungrily down at Gregor. "Your brother was delicious as an appetizer," he panted, shuddering involuntarily as his cock finished unloading into Gregor, "but I think you're going to be the best thing I've eaten in a long time. The main course." Gregor's eyes widened.

With a loud roar and surge of strength from the Hans-fuel, he pulled his massive, still-hard cock out of Gregor, dipped the dazed boy in the butter and herb mixture one last time, and swallowed him whole, headfirst, in one mighty, satisfying gulp. Gregor's surprised face disappeared into the

bear-ogre's maw and the rest of his body followed to join his brother in the cramped cavern of the bear-ogre's stomach.

Klaus turned around and leaned back on the table, his belly engorged to double its previous size, slowly moving from the inside as Gregor and Hans adjusted to the space, the twins returning to the way they came into the world, hugging each other as they both swiftly dissolved into fuel and fat, shuddering as they both orgasmed together, their bodies numb with pleasure and their minds resigned to their shared fate.

The bear-ogre felt the rumbling in his belly grow to a crescendo and opened his mouth wide to let loose a long, colossal belch, the sound and force of it rattling the sugarcane windows, the testosterone-filled taste of the boys adding to his delicious delirium of hunger and lust. His huge, hard cock shot once more, semen shooting in a series of seven long, pleasurable streams, hitting the ceiling and then the walls where it splattered and dripped down the masonry, joining the pool that now spread across most of the basement floor.

Klaus sighed in drowsy contentment and patted his belly, saying in a low voice: "Glad to have you for dinner, boys. We're going to be together forever." A small weak kick and pushing sensation from deep inside his belly made him grin as he lay back against the stone table and fell asleep, letting his body do its work.

