

Goldilocks and the Three Bears (Redux)

Once upon a time, a woman of middle age and low morals lived in *Tragendorf*, a small village situated deep in the Brown Forest of Prussia in 1837. Ill-tempered, strong-boned, one hundred kilograms and almost two meters tall, she could better most men at hunting, timbering, farming hard soils, and drinking, if the truth be known. In winter times, she worked as a black-smith full-time, but reduced her hours during spring and summer.

She'd married and been widowed five times, burying each husband, each younger than the last. Heart attacks, the villagers whispered. None could keep pace with her sexual appetite which matched her girth—as large as the prodigious brown bears which frequented the forest. Never one for much mourning and heeding even less the sanctity of marriage, the widowed adulterous would soon stalk for male prey.

In today's vernacular, she was a "man-eating cougar". Our husbands were all doomed, wives murmured, but no one spoke their gossipy misgivings to her face—none wanted to bear her bearish wrath. Wives locked their doors for fear of her barging in and raping an unsuspecting mate. If she believed her fleshly desires could be met...well she was too muscular to argue with or fight off. As a woman, she'd never been satisfied, often mumbling to herself, she'd been cursed for being cavernous in her nether region.

Her sleeveless yellow house dress fell to just above her knees; its color matched her wavy flaxen hair. Distinctive from other women, she wore leather boots which covered her thick calves; these never were removed, inside or out, nor during intimate encounters. She believed if she kept her feet warm, the rest of her would maintain a body temperature which was "just right".

Over the years, the true story of "Goldilocks and the Three Bears" has been perverted by childish mutations. Letters and other written documents were recently found in the attic of a Wolfgang Haftmeister which recorded his great-great-great grandmother's dealings with this light-haired, fair-skinned she-devil.

One winter afternoon, Goldilocks sought male companionship. She mistakenly entered and took mostly by force, but partially by seduction, the husband of the local village witch—*Hexe* Hilda Haftmeister. She'd been absent her premises while rummaging for eye of newt and tongue of squirrel in the nearby woods.

"*Frau* Goldilocks. Get off my husband before you crush him," Hilda commanded in a scratchy voice, typical of sorcerers of the period. She had walked in on the two while Goldilocks was rocking back and forth on his pelvis.

"You can have him for what good he might do you," she answered, "He wasn't worth the effort." She hopped off and straightened her dress. (She never

wore undergarments because the plus-size women's store was several hundred kilometers distant).

"How dare you say anything bad about my poor Johan," she went to the bed and comforted her worn spouse. He labored breathing; his chest cavity indented; and he appeared to be in no small amount of pain.

"I'll shoe a horse of yours free of charge for his effort," Goldilocks said, "I'm many bad things but not a thief nor a moocher."

"You'll do no such thing. We need none of your charity. I make a good living teaching witch craft, grades kinder to six, though lately the Lutherans have started complaining."

"You want more freedom? Journey to the United States. I understand Salem, Massachusetts would welcome you with open arms," Goldilocks shot back, throwing on her black bear-skinned over coat.

"You're a mean, shrew of a woman, *Frau* Goldilocks, you are. My Johan will be the last man you ever have carnal relations with." Hilda Haftmeister, aka Hilda the *Hexe*, placed a curse on Goldilocks but she didn't heed its message.

"I'm shaking in my leather boots," Goldilocks ridiculed, "Was that a threat or a promise."

"Neither you selfish brute of a woman."

"You're a *hexe* and you're calling me names? Like the pot calling the kettle black. Put that in your cauldron and boil it." With those words, Goldilocks opened the door and trudged out into a heavy winter snow storm. She hadn't planned on this weather. The village meteorologist had predicted milder temperatures. As always, as tough as she was mean, she'd make the best of increasingly inclement weather.

Curtains of white flakes disoriented her sense of direction. She found herself lost, cold, but unafraid. She labored onward in the blizzard until she eyed in the distance a log cabin with smoke spewing from its chimney. She reached its welcome door and shoved it open with her shoulder. Thanks to a dwindling fire, the house was warm and appeared to be absent any inhabitants for now.

She walked to the fireplace and placed her hands over it, warming them. She removed her bearskin coat and threw it over a chair. It appeared the fire would be in need of more wood soon. She wondered whether the home's inhabitants had left to fetch some. She threw the remaining logs in the fireplace and watched its flames rise and dance.

She smelled pungent odor of meat and followed her nose to the dining room where three plates of bratwurst and sauerkraut had been set on the table. She chomped on one piece of meat—it was too hot; the second piece was too cold; the third piece tasted “just right”...and she sucked on it awhile before swallowing it whole.

She was thirsty and three beer mugs had been poured and set at each plate. Her tongue lapped at one—it was too warm. The second one was a tad cooler but still inadequate. The third beer she sampled tasted nice and cold—“just right” and she chugged it down, suds and all.

It had been a long day. After the meal and dark beer, she decided to look for a place to nap. She found three beds in separate rooms. The first one was too small and soft for her. The second one too large and hard. She stretched comfortably in the third bed as it was “just right” and she fell fast asleep.

Soon after she was deep into dreaming of her next sexual encounter, three brown bears entered, carrying cords of wood in their arms and slung to their backs. Papa Fritz and his two sons, Kleister the eldest and Weister the youngest. They had departed earlier, as Goldilocks had guessed, and returned with plenty of wood for the fire. When they arrived, they noted how the few logs they had left were magically burnt; the fire had almost extinguished itself for lack of fuel. Their first priority was getting it to flame bright. In no time it roared again.

Papa Fritz noticed the black bear-skinned jacket flung over one chair. “Looks like we’ve had company, *jungen*.” He despised black bears for one very personal reason—his wife, Zelda, ran off with a black bear from Alsace-Lorraine.

“I’ll say Papa,” Kleister said, “Come quick into the dining room.”

They stood in front of their dining room table, hands in the pockets of their overalls, bewildered at whomever had consumed their food and drafts.

“I knew we should have eaten first, and then searched for the logs,” Kleister said.

“We tried to collect wood at dusk, but didn’t figure the snow storm,” Weister said.

“We need to hire another “weather- bear”—the one the tribe has now never gets any forecasts correct,” Kleister said.

“Let’s discuss that subject another time. Someone ate some of my sausage and drank some of my beer,” Weister said.

“Someone chewed on some of my bratwurst and tasted some of my beer,” Kleister said.

"Well, *jungen*, someone ate my whole wiener and swallowed all of my suds," Papa Fritz said. He then put his finger to his lips. They could hear someone snoring away. The three tip-pawed over to each bedroom.

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed," Kleister said.

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed," Weister said.

"Not only has someone slept in my bed, but there she is—a *blondine*," Papa Fritz said. He'd spoken in a hushed tone. The frau didn't awaken. They neared the bed.

"What should we do Papa?" Weister asked.

"She can't stay. We can't have villagers living with us. Our reputation with the rest of our bear tribe in the forest will be ruined. Go get her coat. She has to go."

Weister, the youngest bear, retrieved her jacket and brought it to the bed. Papa Fritz shook Goldilocks on the shoulder. She turned to her side away from him. She was in a deep sleep. He tapped her harder this time. Still nothing. A third time he tried and it worked—she awoke and saw three brown bears staring at her. She rubbed her eyes and sat up.

"*Verdammt!* I'm not dreaming," she said.

"No you're not," Papa Fritz said, "You broke into our home. Ate our supper and drank our beer. Slept in our beds."

"*Schon gut*," Goldilocks said, not exhibiting any fear, "Give me my jacket and I'll be on my way." She arose (never having removed her boots), and made her way to the door. "When the weather clears, I will return and bring you a pot of stew, replacing what I took. I'm many bad things, but not a thief or a moocher. I don't think I slept long here, and I did sleep atop the covers not soiling anything."

The three bears looked at her in wonderment, not quite knowing what to do or say. After several awkward moments, Papa Fritz said, "Fine. You owe us nothing. If you want to stay the night until the the storm passes, you can. I can sleep on the couch."

"No. I've a sorry enough reputation in the village. Next they'll gossip I slept with bears. I'll be on my way. *Danke sehr*." With her closing words, she bundled herself in her coat, opened the door, and again braved the frigid weather without turning to look back at the home's occupants.

The winter storm, still in full force, witnessed a snow which fell deeper and heavier like a white blanket over her eyes. Goldilocks pulled her collar up around her neck and trudged far from the bears' house looking for her own cottage. At least she thought she'd walked towards her home. In fact she'd circled her tracks without realizing her

error. Exhausted and dazed, she found a half hollowed-out tree, took cover inside it, curled up and fell asleep again.

Since the three bears were in hibernation, they slept through morning, only stirring by late afternoon. The snowflakes had stopped falling, and the trio departed their cabin to look for wood, berries, and honey—their daily routine. However, today there would be an interruption which would forever change their lives.

Weister shouted to the other two, “Papa, Kleister, you’ve got to see this.”

They lumbered over to him. He stood next to a huge oak tree. Protruding from its trunk were two leather boots and a dress. They perceived, by all appearances, that the motionless footwear and woman’s outer garment were none other connected to the *blondine* they’d encountered last night in their home.

Papa Fritz poked one leg with a stick and Goldilocks rolled clumsily from her side to her back. She looked up and saw the inside of a tree. Like a crab, she slid out from under it and found last night’s three bears staring at her. She wasn’t dreaming. She yawned and blinked.

Goldilocks took notice of herself. She first recognized her hands or better said what had been her hands had become paws. Blonde fur covered them and her limbs. Her fingernails were now long claws. She touched her face and felt her cheeks and chin. More fur. She looked down at her two legs and saw each thickly matted with smooth golden hairs. She felt her feet ache because now they were stuffed inside her heretofore inseparable leather boots. She unlaced them, yanked them off, and tossed them aside. But her former toes weren’t cold at all. In fact, her fur mail warmed her entire body like natural thermal heat. She didn’t need her bear skin coat any longer.

“That *verdammt hexe*,” Goldilocks growled, “I’ll have her for breakfast.” She immediately realized Hilda Haftmeister had cast this spell upon her and for the immediate future—she would exist as a bear—a golden bear.

Weister said, “I’ve never seen a bear her color before.”

Papa Fritz said, “Truth be told, me neither. We’re brown bears. I’m familiar with black bear tribes. And in the arctic, I’ve read about white polar bears, but...”

“The witch. The *verdammt hexe*. She did this to me,” Goldilocks affirmed, rolling out from under the tree’s hollow. Her dress, stuffed with fur, burst its seams. She ripped it off of her bear body, laying on the forest’s floor in front of the three in her birthday suit. But, covered by fur, she felt neither embarrassed nor naked. Her breasts were now the size of honeydew melons.

She attempted to get upright but fell back on all fours. Her breasts weighed her down, and her the leaves tickled her tits. This would be a new experience to walk along on all fours.

“Let’s go up to our cabin,” Papa Fritz said, “We can sort things out there.”

They walked in front of Goldilocks, as they ambled in the snow to their log cabin. The four sat around the fire to discuss various alternatives. Papa Fritz took the lead.

“You can’t go back to the village like you are. They could shoot you for sport or capture you and put you in a circus,” he said.

“That *hexe* said I’d never fornicate another man. I’d never thought I’d become a bear,” she said, fuming on her insides at the witch and thinking of ways to exact her revenge.

“Not just any bear. You’re distinctive. Your color is unusual, not encountered in this forest,” Papa Fritz said, adding, “You’ll need to be careful when you’re outside. Hunters are everywhere.”

“I don’t know how long this spell could last,” Goldilocks said, “Could be one day or forever.”

“You can stay with us awhile,” Papa Fritz said, “As long as you’re a bear, our tribe will accept you. We’ll say you’re a long-lost cousin from far north.”

“You’re most kind. But I don’t even know your names,” she said, as she began to understand the complete dynamics of her personal transformation, “And I’m known as Goldilocks in the village.”

“I’m Fritz, and these are my two *jungen*—Kleister, the eldest son and Weister the youngest.”

“And there isn’t a jealous *frau* somewhere?” Goldilocks asked with a smile.

Papa Fritz frowned, “She ran off with a black bear, *verdammte* French.”

“I’m sorry,” she said, and then, attempting to make the best of the situation, inquired, “You bears have any more beer?” It sounded funny the way she asked.

“You didn’t finish it all last night,” Papa Fritz said, “Bears and beer. We’re Prussian. Of course, we have more. And in case you hadn’t noticed, you’re one of us now.” He told Weister to go outside and pull a six-pack from the ice chest where they kept food and drinks cold in the winter.

Goldilocks asked, “So what do you bears do during the day?”

“Most times, in the winter, we sleep quite a bit. Late in the afternoon—like today—we’ll hunt for wood, honey, and berries, have supper, then go back to sleep.”

Goldilocks chugged a bottle of Michelob and popped open another. She allowed her eyes to drop below the tummies of the *jungen*. They were standing to one side of where she was seated on the sofa and she couldn’t help but notice their substantial male appendages. She drank another bottle of beer and then another. Her lustful mind wandered. *What the heck, I should make the best of this situation. I am a bear now like Papa Fritz said and I can well attest.*

For their part, the bears were all amazed at her drinking ability. But for them, after a few bottles, this was “hibernation time”, and they were all ready to go to bed...and sleep.

Papa Fritz said, “Goldilocks— this has been an experience but we’re tired. We didn’t get much sleep last night. Tomorrow we can continue discussing different options if you haven’t changed back into a *frau*.”

“But I should thank you for all you’ve done for me,” she said looking wistfully at their cocks.

Papa Fritz looked at Goldilocks who’d been transformed into “Goldibear” and he thought— a rather attractive and voluptuous bear, she was. He hadn’t had any sexual relations since Mama Bear had run off months ago, remaining celibate since. But now—this was an opportunity which seemed quite alright. Seemed natural. Besides, she did want to repay them for their kindness. And she was a grown bear after all. Consenting adults. But Papa Fritz decided he was really tired and drowsy from the beer, so he said, “It’s getting late. Weister and Kleister go to your rooms. I’ll sleep on the couch. *Frau* Goldilocks you take my bed for this evening.”

Goldilocks frowned, as did the *jungen*, but all three did as Papa Fritz had ordered. He retrieved a blanket for himself from the closet and went to sleep on the couch. The *jungen* within minutes were fast asleep. Only Goldilocks tossed and turned. She closed her eyes, then opened them and stared at the ceiling. With thick fur covering her entire body, she felt clothed. She rolled off the bed, and took account of herself in the mirror. A bare bear stared back at bare her.

Strange—but covered in blonde hair from head to paw— she didn’t feel out of place. That witch, she thought to herself, maybe didn’t do me such a disservice—changing me into a bear and placing me in a house of three apparently healthy and virile male bears. They slept quite a bit though. She silently giggled and reminded herself of how the *jungen* had looked at her. Then she touched herself very carefully because she didn’t want to injure her private parts with her claws. She rubbed the backs of her paws between her thighs and brought them to her snout. She believed she was more than ready for a few intimate, “bearable” explorations. She had made her decision. She

opened the door to her room and tip-pawed to Weister's bedroom. Taking a deep breath, she opened and closed his door with nary a sound being made.

He was sprawled on his back in his own dream world. She pulled back his blanket, exposing a lifeless worm between two round nuts. Goldilocks unfurled her tongue, finding its footlong length to her liking. She placed the tip of her tongue on its tip and massaged and licked his nuts. His penis slowly extended itself in his mouth, but surprisingly she found its length to be the length of a baby banana. **"Too small"** she thought to herself, as he squirted in her mouth, almost immediately after she had caressed it with her lips.

Unsatisfied, Goldilocks, on all fours, cautiously entered Kleister's bedroom. He must have been having a wet dream because his "bearhood" was as erect as a tall brown oak. She marveled at his size—*he is big enough*—no question she said to herself. She didn't wake him because he already had a smile on his face. Instead she mounted him and rocked herself back and forth. Within less than a minute, he came inside her. Though he had plenty of quantity, there wasn't any quality. **"Too fast"**, she thought to herself as she left him to his imaginary world.

Disappointed twice, Goldilocks walked into the living room where Papa Fritz was asleep on the sofa. He snored so loudly, she second-guessed herself and thought, maybe I shouldn't wake him. But then she saw his penis—larger than Kleister's—much larger than anything she'd ever had inside her. She decided she would take matters into her own paws, literally and figuratively. Her furry lips tickled and nibbled on his ear causing his brown eyes to open wide. Her hairy blonde breasts with distended tits confronted his face. His pupils dilated. With her paw on his penis, she led him to his bedroom. But then he stopped and shook his head.

"No, my bed won't hold both of us. It'll break," Papa Fritz said.

"Where then?" Goldilocks implored, afraid he'd change his mind.

"Come," he ordered. He took her paw and led her outside, behind their cabin, and he flopped on his back in the snowy blanket. Goldilocks discovered she wasn't cold at all. She centered herself over Papa Fritz's penis and eased down on it. She couldn't move for an instant—feeling for the first time the pleasure of her vagina's wall tendered by an organ of more than suitable length and size. A bear's organ. She was no longer a "man-eating cougar". She'd become a bear-eating bear. She rocked back and forth while Papa Fritz moved inside her as well, lifting his pelvis from the melting snow. He knew what to do as she drew him further in, deeper still. His paws on her shoulders, a kiss on her snout from his, as he stared at Ursa Major and Ursa Minor. Goldilocks arched backwards as she hit one orgasm after another, turning her head skyward as

well. She'd become his she-bear. No question. Forever. They were "*just right*" for each other.

From that night onward, Goldilocks would remain in the house of the three bears. She never again would be intimate with anyone but Papa Fritz, he being "*jenau richtig*"—she had no desire to ever stray to have relations with other bears—brown, black, white, or even blonde. She became a mother to the *jungen* until they found female bears, married, and left to have families of their own. Never again did she wear leather boots (or need to) or ever blacksmith (bears don't ride horses). Every year they journeyed to shop at the distant plus-size women's clothing store, purchasing conservative dresses befitting a matronly mama she-bear.

They all lived happily ever after.

One final item was discovered in this story from the Haftmeister documents. One day, years later, Witch Hilda ventured into the Brown Forest. She was very old then, became disoriented, and searched for the pathway to return to *Hildadorf*. (After the people learned Hilda rid them of Goldilocks, they renamed the village after her). She wandered, hopelessly lost. But an aged golden bear called out to Hilda to follow her. Goldilocks, herself renamed Goldibear, led Hilda to the main road, which she then followed back to her village. It was the *blondine's* way of saying *danke sehr*.

The End