

# BORROMEAN BEARS



CHEZZER

1

# The Borromean Bears

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One causal conversation

Two hours

Three bears

Four rounds of beer



## Chapter 1

*Salut i Força al Canut!*

# Salut i Força al Canut!

- Butch: What time do you call this, Harry? Which part of meeting 5 o'clock at the Crown & Anchor don't you understand?
- Harry: Give me a break, Butch. It's not as if you've never been late in your life.
- Butch: Dix and I've been waiting for ages, if not for all the hairy eye candy around, we would be bored to death.
- Dix: Just ignore him, Harry. It's not as if you are meeting the Queen for tea. Actually, we've only sat down a few minutes ago.
- Harry: Nice to see you, Dix. It certainly felt like it sometimes. Believe me, I tried to get here as quickly as humanly possible after the plumber has left. I swear, he was deliberately taking his sweet time finishing the job, so he could ask for more money.
- Dix: That always happens when they charge by the hour.
- Butch: Just like an escort! I hope he's worth the money. So what's up with your plumbing?
- Harry: Honestly, I've no idea what's the going rate, but I bet plumbers charge a hell of a lot more than rent boys these days. To cut a long story short, the boiler started playing up a few days ago and left us with no hot water. Thankfully, everything is now working again, and the boiler should last a few more years, so I suppose you can say that's money well spent.
- Dix: Glad to hear it's all fixed now. Replacing a boiler is a big job and ridiculously expensive too. You should have asked for a complimentary blowjob in return for the small fortune you've forked out.
- Harry: And make you guys wait even longer? Regardless, there's no way he's getting anywhere close to my cock, god knows what has been in his mouth!
- Butch: It's not like you turning down a quick suck. I'm sure you've stuck your cock inside worse places before. Well, you can make up for being late by buying the first round. That's two beers and whatever you are drinking. Chop-chop!
- Harry: What's the rush? At least, let me catch my breath first. It's been a complete nightmare not having hot water for the last few days.
- Butch: You'll be in hot water if my beer doesn't show up soon! Better go while the bar is still quiet before the office crowd shows up. You can tell us all about the plumber and the size of his spanner when you are back with our beers.
- Harry: If I don't know you any better, I would have thought you've a drinking problem.
- Butch: In fact, I do have a drinking problem, it's called the "lack of beer".
- Harry: Trust me, you are getting an AA membership this Christmas, and not the motoring kind. Oh well, don't move a muscle; I'll be right back with your drinks, my Master!
- Dix: Thank you, Harry. I'll buy the next round. You know, sometimes, I've no idea how you guys can be friends for so long.
- Harry: God knows. Trust me, I've stopped taking him seriously a long time ago. Just don't let him bully you while I'm at the bar.
- Dix: Don't worry. Slim chance of that.
- Butch: I'm a big and fluffy teddy bear, really. So, are you still giving the new barman the eye, Dix? He's way out of your league.

Dix: Maybe, but I could be his type for all you know.

Butch: There's only one way to find out. By the way, did Harry tell you anything about his plumbing problem?

Dix: He'll probably turn to you about his "plumbing problem" before me. And no, he didn't mention there was anything wrong with the boiler when we spoke earlier on in the week. I remember once Ian complained about Harry talking too long in the shower and there's no hot water left when it's his turn.

Butch: Oh, the joy of married life! I think that was when they were on holiday in the Alps and stayed in a pretty basic chalet, and I mean cavemen basic.

Dix: I can imagine the last few days must be an absolute torture for Harry, considering how he enjoys long hot showers.

Butch: A bit too suspiciously long, if you know what I mean. I just hope it's all sorted now. It's a pain when I had a new bathroom installed a few years ago.

Dix: I'm sure. So, did you wash at all? I bet you smelled pretty bad after a few short days.

Butch: And I thought you like your men a bit ripe? Actually, I ended up showering at the gym every day for over a week. In a way, I suppose that's an added benefit.

Dix: Oh, do tell. How many guys volunteered to scrub your big hairy back for you?

Butch: Big fat zero! Honestly, I yet to come across a single guy who's my type at that gym. I only use it because it's close to my home. With the shower out of commission at home, it's a great incentive for me to get out of bed and hit the weights before breakfast, so I can forget about it for the rest of the day.

Dix: I can't believe there wasn't a single chubby guy trying to tone up and lose a few pounds.

Butch: Maybe, at least none when I was there. Like most gyms, there are a few muscle Marys who are utterly obsessed with their perfect hair and big muscles. It's so annoying the way they have to stop every few minutes, pose for a selfie in front of the mirror, and share it instantly with the whole wide world in the hope to receive a few likes from their followers.

Dix: Are you jealous, or just want them to pay you some attention?

Butch: You must be kidding, they don't do anything for me at all. You should know that by now. Given the choice, I'd rather play with their stocky overweight dads instead. Who needs a six-pack when you can have a full keg?

Dix: Like this one? Ha ha ha!

Harry: What's so funny, guys? Here are your beers, gentlemen. Guess what? I was served by the new barman as soon as I reached the bar. He's certainly easy on the eye, isn't he? And that husky baritone voice! No wonder he got the job after Big Andy left. Has either of you got his number yet?

Butch: Dix has already been checking him out before you arrived. I bet it's only a matter of time before we'll get all the gory details of their bedroom gymnastic routines.

Dix: Who do you take me for? I'm not the kiss and tell type. Well, unless it's someone really special.

Butch: Are you sure? You've no problem spilling all the saucy ins and outs of your last daddy bear trick just a few weeks ago.

Dix: Which one do you mean? Regardless, he must be a special one.

Butch: Have there been that many you can't even remember? Actually, don't tell me, I don't want to know.

Dix: I suppose I set the bar pretty low, and I'm easily pleased. Anyway, judging from my past experiences, all you will hear is our new barman's "brush off" of the day.

Harry: Never mind. Plenty of fish in the sea. Actually, plenty of bears in the forest is probably more appropriate. Now, before our beer go flat, what should we drink to today?

Dix: Remember what the big Spanish bear Carlos we met in Sitges taught us to say in Catalan?

Butch: Sure. Something like "*Salut i força al canut*", isn't it?

Harry: That's right. *Salut i força al canut!*

Dix: *Salut i força al canut!*

Butch: *Salut i força al canut!* That's a fun holiday, wasn't it? I can't wait to go back again.

Harry: So would I in a heartbeat. Sun, sea, and big hairy men everywhere, it's like I died and went to bear heaven.

Dix: You can say that again, we should do it again next summer. Before I forget, tell us about the plumber, Harry. Was he big, hairy, and looked like the centrefold of a bear magazine?

Harry: I wish. At least that would make up for him being slow and expensive. I was desperate to get the boiler fixed, but unfortunately my usual guy wasn't available till next week because he's in the middle of a big job. Honestly, I have always hated cold showers.

Butch: Yeah, we were just talking about how you like to take your time in the shower. So the plumber didn't show you his large tool then?

Harry: No, Butch. You obviously watch way too much porn. As you well know, sexy horned up plumbers only appear in porn. Trust me, I've never met one in real life. The guy this afternoon was your typical middle age overweight tattooed blue collar kind.

Butch: He's right up your street then. Though you like a bit of rough trade.

Harry: Please, I do have some standards and chubby guys are more your type anyway. By the way, his breath smelled of stale cigarettes, and he revealed way too much of his furry arse cheeks when he bent down. Judging from the rate he charged, I would have thought he could afford some decent underwear instead of going commando.

Butch: Well, apart from the chimney breath, he actually sounds quite hot. There's nothing wrong with showing a bit of builder's crack, in my book.

Dix: Can I have his number? I think my pipe work needs some servicing too.

Harry: You're incorrigible! Trust me, you can do so much better than this plumber. I'm sure eventually you will find a nice daddy bear to take care of all your needs one day.

Dix: Hope so, and in the meantime, I just have to audition as many sexy eligible candidates as possible who cross my path and have fun doing it.

Harry: Quick, lock away all your bears and daddies! Dix is on the prowl.

Dix: Very funny! As if, chance would be a fine thing. After all, I'm not that predatory.

Butch: Stop teasing him, Harry. That's my job!

Harry: True. And you do it so well. So how's life treating you, Butch?

Butch: Same old, same old. The software our team have been working on a big update, so we have been testing and debugging like mad. I'll sleep easy when it's released and without any major disasters. Enough about work, so what else have I done since we last met? I had

tickets to watch rugby last Saturday. It wasn't the most entertaining game, England beat Italy convincingly, no surprise there. But if there is a prize for best-looking players, Italy will win hands down. Their props are like sex on tree trunk legs.

Dix: I'm jealous. It's been ages since I've been to a rugby match. Did I tell you guys I used to played prop in my school first XV team? It was fun while it lasted, but I certainly don't miss feeling like being I've been ran over repeatedly by a tractor the day after every match.

Harry: Really? That's news to me. I can just imagine you buried in the bottom of a heap of sweaty bodies and enjoying every minute of it.

Butch: And probably do it all over again in the changing room afterwards.

Dix: Come on, guys, be serious. Both of you really need to ease off all the gay porn, or do I need to do an intervention? Honestly, all I could remember was collapsing on the bench in the changing room after a game, barely able to move a muscle, and everything hurt.

Butch: But surely being surrounded by all those testosterone filled guys in different state of undress would lift your spirit, if not something else?

Dix: You would think, wouldn't you? But, not to me, they don't do anything for me at all. The guys in the team were good friends and that's about it. Even at that age, I already knew I was only attracted to older men like our coach; I won't say no to him.

Harry: Oh, sounded like you had a major school boy crush on your coach. What's he like?

Dix: I won't say it's a crush. Mr Martins was probably in his late 50s back then and still tough as nails despite his age. We used to call him "knuckles" behind his back because he loved to gesture with his big meaty fists whenever he lectured us.

Butch: That reminds me of someone I once knew from the gym. What else can you remember?

Dix: Hmm... He wasn't too tall but solidly built with a big back, thick arms, hairy forearms, and massive hands. Surprisingly, he could move like a flash for someone his size. Come to think of it, he's exactly the kind of muscle daddy bear wet dreams are made of. I wonder what happened to him? He must be retired by now and no doubt teaching his grandkids the right way to pass a rugby ball.

Butch: So like me in ten years' time then? But no grandkids, obviously!

Harry: You wish! This Mr Martins must be a real hunk of a man. I'm surprised you didn't ask him for any special one-on-one coaching after school. Not sure if I've ever ask, were you out back at school?

Dix: Out? Not really. I knew I was different to the other boys since I wasn't attracted to girls sexually, but didn't spend too much time dwelling on it. There were a lot of talks in the locker room about doing this and that with girls, but mostly just talk. I generally stayed out of them. I think a couple of my closer friends probably guessed, but I wasn't bothered.

Butch: I bet loads of girls were after you, thinking you were playing hard to get.

Dix: I doubt it. If there were, I didn't notice. Everything changed when I left home and started uni when I had opportunities to act on my urges. Once I've turned to the dark side, nothing can keep me in the closet, even if you put chains on the doors. Well, you can guess the rest.

Butch: Yes, wish you can tone "your urges" down a bit sometimes, it's embarrassing. Did I tell you I had a girlfriend for a couple of years at my old school? We never got further than holding hands, but it was convenient having someone as my beck and call. After school, we went to different universities and eventually lost touch. I could just picture her married with kids and tidying after them all day. Harry, weren't you outed at school and had a tough time?

Harry: Yeah, wasn't the favourite time of my life, but it's all in the past. In a way, it's why I asked.

Dix: I'm sorry to hear it. You don't have to say any more if you're uncomfortable.

Harry: It's OK, I've put it behind me a long time ago. Like the old saying, what doesn't kill you makes you stronger. You see, a couple of times after class, I let this guy in the year above suck me off on the roof of the school. I was horny, and he was willing, so why not? A few weeks later, somehow words got out, and I was called every name you can think of. I was really pissed off, but it's like opening Pandora's box, nothing can be done.

Butch: That's not what you told me. I thought you did do something about it.

Harry: Well, OK, I'm not proud of this. When one of the school bullies picked on me again, I had enough and just snapped. I punched him so hard, he was taken to the nurse with a bloody broken nose. Unsurprisingly, the name-calling mostly stopped afterwards.

Dix: Oh my god! I've no idea you're such a badass. Remind me not to mess with you.

Harry: I'm not sure about badass. I was called to see the headmaster and was given some pointless punishment I could no longer remember. Soon after, I came to terms with being gay and got on with school life. Frankly, teenagers will tease and bully anyone for simply being tall, short, fat, thin, smart, stupid, rich, poor, different shade of skin colour, or sexual orientation. The list is endless.

Dix: Absolutely. I had my share of bullying too, since I've always been big-boned.

Harry: I read somewhere, bullies will pick on anyone remotely different in a desperate, yet ultimately futile, attempt to reinforce their dominance. Deep down, they are the vulnerable ones.

Butch: I can't put it any better. There were a few at my school too, but they had the good sense of leaving me alone.

Harry: One silver lining to it all was when I reached uni, I became an active member in the LGBT society and helped a number of guys struggling with their sexuality.

Butch: That's why we like you, you're such a saint. Have you ever considered becoming a counsellor? One way or another, I suppose you're still saving lives every day.

Harry: Thanks, but I'm no saint! I love my job as a paramedic, saving lives is just part of it.

Dix: What made you choose to be a paramedic?

Harry: That's a story for another time. Actually, wouldn't it be fun if we all go to a rugby game? Even though contact sports are not normally my thing, but I've no problem watching thirty beefy guys getting physical together. Do they still rip each other's clothes off on the pitch?

Butch: Come on, it's a serious sport. I must admit, it's not uncommon to see flashes of flesh and even glimpses of firm round butt cheeks whenever some player has his shorts pulled down. It's nearly the end of the season, but I can check if any upcoming fixtures are still available.

Dix: That'll be great, thanks for looking. It's been ages since I've been to a rugby game.

Butch: Do you know there are now many gay rugby clubs around the country and world? They even have international tournaments. Have you considered signing up and playing again?

Dix: Of course I'm aware of it, but are you serious? I'm not sure my knees and body can take the punishments any more. Frankly, I could do without showing up to work aching and covered in bruises all over. They probably thought I've got into a fight or something. Nowadays, I'm happy with lifting weights a few times a week to keep fit.



Butch: Just think how many bears you will attract wearing tight rugby shorts around those thick thighs and showing off your big bubble butt?

Dix: I can do that anyway without the threat of being tackled by guys twice my size.

Harry: But you'll miss out on all the actions on and off the pitch. Oh, how come my glass is the only empty one? Since I bought the last round, so whose turn is it now?

Butch: You've necked your beer quickly! You must be thirsty after the mad rush getting here.

Dix: I'll get this round, same again?

Butch: Yes, please. Why do I sense you have some ulterior motive, volunteering to go to the bar?

Harry: If you want to go and chat up the new barman, just say so, we won't get in your way and talk among ourselves. Another beer for me will be great, thanks.

Dix: You guys are terrible. Three beers are coming right up.

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Harry: Hey Butch, see how Dix has puffed up his chest and walked towards the bar as if he's John Wayne. He's so transparent.

Butch: I've noticed. We've all done that before one time or another, haven't we? Good luck to him with the new barman. By the way, how's Ian? How come he's not joining us today?

Harry: Ian's fine, busy teaching as usual. On top of that, the amateur dramatics group he's involved with for several years has started rehearsing for an all male version of The Pirates of Penzance, so I doubt you will see much of him until the show's run is over.

Butch: Typical Ian, where do you find a multi-talented husband like him? What role is he playing?

Harry: Not a lead role this time. He's just one of the pirates in the chorus, but he enjoys taking part, which is the most important thing. Apparently, they are going to make him wear this big handle bar moustache to go with his beard, it'll be hilarious. I'm not sure Gilbert & Sullivan is your thing, but surely Ian is more than happy to find you a ticket.

Butch: You're right. All the singing and dancing is not normally my thing, but an all male version sounds like a laugh. Do keep me posted closer to the performance dates, I'd love to see Ian on stage again. So, what is it like being married to a pirate? Arrrg!!!

Harry: Very funny! Married for over 4 years already, can you believe it? Did I tell you Ian surprised me with a long weekend in Cornwall to celebrate our anniversary last month?

Butch: No, you didn't. Where did you go in Cornwall? Don't tell me, it's labelled with a big black cross on the map, and you spent the whole weekend digging up treasures. Arrrg!!!

Harry: No treasures, but we did pillage a few villages for gold and rape their virgins. Seriously, we stay in a nice little B&B about 10 miles from St Ives by the coast. It was something we've talked about doing for some time, but I've no clue Ian has secretly organised it for the occasion.

Butch: That's very sneaky of him, but kind of sweet too. So, did you see any of the sights or spent all weekend admiring the ceiling pattern in the hotel room? I hope that B&B gave you a bed solid enough to withstand all the abuse you guys gave it.

Harry: Well, the bed did creak a bit, but thankfully it survived our assaults. I admit we're both chunky guys, but we'll probably look tiny compared to some of the walruses you had corrupted through the years.



Butch: That's not very nice, calling people walruses. Does Ian know you have a mean streak? There's nothing wrong with appreciating the fuller figure. I have enough muscles for two anyway.

Harry: I was just kidding. I think some chubby guys are really sexy, too. As it turns out, that B&B was run by an older gay couple. They were very friendly, and I doubt there's nothing they haven't seen before. Every morning, they prepared huge platefuls of full English breakfast for us as if we were staving children.

Butch: I love a big cooked breakfast, really set you up for the rest of the day.

Harry: Exactly. When we checked in, Ian briefly mentioned it was our anniversary and I couldn't believe they surprised us with a couple glasses of champagne to wash down our breakfast.

Butch: How classy and generous of them! It's the little things like that those soulless large hotel chains lack.

Harry: I agree. But we hardly spent any time at the B&B. There's so much to see and do in Cornwall, we could spend a week there and still just scratching the surface. Have you ever been?

Butch: Not yet, but it's definitely in my "to visit" list. I know there are some stunning bike rides along the coastline I'd love to try out.

Dix: Excuse me. One frothing pint for you. And one for you.

Butch: Hmm... You've gone a long time. I bet you've been chatting up the new barman. What's he like? Have you got his number?

Dix: You're nosy, aren't you? Well, he's called Trevor. He moved here from Scotland a few weeks ago when his husband got a job here in the city. Tell me, why are all the sexy ones already taken? It's so unfair!

Butch: Such is life, better luck next time. Talking about marriage, Harry was just telling me about his anniversary trip to Cornwall with Ian.

Dix: Oh, fantastic! I love Cornwall. Used to visit when I was young with my mother. Beautiful cliffs and beaches there. Did you try the Cornish clotted cream tea during your trip?

Harry: Definitely. I know those scones and cream are full of calories, but they were so good, we just couldn't help ourselves and ordered seconds.

Dix: Easily done, and I doubt you were the only ones. Hopefully you spread the jam on the scones before adding a big spoonful of cream.

Harry: Of course, Ian insisted we had to follow the Cornish tradition.

Butch: I always do it the other way around. Really, what difference does it make? They all ended up in the same place anyway, namely my stomach!

Harry: You're such a philistine! Wars have been fought over whether it is jam first or cream first.

Dix: You'll be alright if you are in Devon, since they put cream first. The locals in both counties are very fussy about it. By the way, Harry, did you visit the Eden Project? It's somewhere I definitely like to see when I go back.

Harry: Yes, we did. It was one of the highlights. It's enormous, and plant lovers like you will be in your elements there.

Dix: Tell me about it. Unfortunately, it wasn't opened to the public yet last time I was there. I've always found botany fascinating, and it's my favourite course at uni. Obviously, I now have professional interest too, since I run a garden nursery.

Butch: You and your green fingers. It's a shame, I don't have a garden, otherwise I'll be picking your brain all the time. Anyway, cheers everyone. *Salut i força al canut!*

Harry: *Salut i força al canut!*

Dix: *Salut i força al canut!* That's a thought, maybe I should give Trevor my business card, just in case he and his husband needed help with their gardening needs. Or any other needs!

Harry: Is any man safe from you?

Dix: You never know where new clients might come from these days. If after planting, they ask me in for a cup of tea and fool around, who am I to say no?

Butch: This sounds suspiciously like another corny porn plot line, the dirty sweaty gardener got lucky.

Harry: I think I've seen that one, is it "The Naked Gardener", or "From Flowerbed to My Bed"?

Dix: If only. In all my years in the gardening business, nothing of the sort ever happened, but one can dream.

Butch: I can just picture you gardening in the buff, getting all muddy and sweaty.

Dix: I've no problem being naked, but there is no way I'm getting my dangling bits anywhere close to those stinging leaves, thorny branches, and nasty biting insects. It's bad enough sometimes it looks like I have been self harming simply after clearing brambles.

Butch: I forget you're so vanilla, I read somewhere there are guys who get a kick from being flogged with nettles and love rubbing the leaves to their private parts.

Dix: Ouch, ouch, ouch! Do they really? I never weed nettles unless I have my thick gloves on. Can you imagine the pain? I can already feel that burning sensation at the thought of it.

Butch: Don't knock it until you've tried it.

Dix: No, thank you. I'm no masochist. Go try it yourself! I'll even provide the nettles.

Harry: No doubt there are guys who like that sort of things. Like you, I'm not into pain either. Talking about nettles, I once had nettle sorbet at a posh restaurant, and it even had little pieces of the leaves mixed in. It was surprising refreshing, sweet and a little herby.

Dix: Interesting, haven't heard that one before, but it is well-known nettles have been used to make tea, or even to flavour beer.

Butch: Is that right? I won't mind trying nettle beer myself. Aren't you a walking Wikipedia on all things plant related?

Dix: That's my job, literally. I'll buy you a bottle if I come across it in the shops. And one for you too, Harry?

Harry: Sure, love to try anything new. Well, that's apart from getting nettles anywhere close to my genitals.

Butch: Actually, it's not my thing either, but I'm happy to administer it to those who are more – should I say – "unconventional and adventurous".

Dix: I know you love being the dom master, but I've no idea you're a sadist too!

Harry: I think Butch was only kidding, I won't take him seriously. Talking about trying new things, while you were busy getting beers and chatting up the barman, I was telling Butch my Ian has just started rehearsals for a new all male version of *The Pirates of Penzance*. I'm not sure whether you like musicals, but if you want to see Ian prancing around on stage dressed as a pirate, I can ask him to get you a ticket.

Dix: Thanks. Musicals are not normally my forte, but I'd be happy to make an exception just to watch Ian performs again. He was really funny when he played the guy who turned into a donkey last year. I was laughing so much I nearly fell off my seat.

Butch: Yeah, I remember their take on A Midsummer Night's Dream received rave reviews in the local newspapers. Ian was so good playing Bottom.

Harry: Trust me, he has plenty of practice playing "bottom"! Can you believe one night after the run, I found him waiting for me in bed wearing that silly looking papier-mâché donkey head! He nearly gave me a heart attack.

Dix: For real? How did you react?

Butch: If you ask me, I would just mount his hairy arse and give him the ride of his life. Seriously, Harry, I didn't know you guys are so kinky! I'm impressed.

Harry: We are not! Well, after I picked my jaw up from the floor, I told him he can play Bottom in bed any time, but I'm no fairy and certainly not into bestiality. He chuckled a bit and as if by magic, he was transformed back to his beary self in a flash and showed me how good a bottom he was.

Dix: Lucky you. So, what happened to the head?

Harry: Ian couldn't face throwing it away, since he loved playing that role. I believe it's been safely stored away somewhere in our garage for prosperity.

Butch: I suppose that's a change from all these puppy play all the rage these days. I know there are those into equine play too, but donkey play is definitely new to me.

Dix: You can be an ass when you put your mind to it. Does that count?

Butch: I'll show you how big an ass I could be if you don't watch your tongue.

Harry: Easy children. Butch, out of curiosity, have you done any of these pretend animal play business with your fuck buddies?

Butch: Since you ask, you know I've no problem with role playing, but somehow the whole doggy thing does nothing for me. So, not really. I rather play with a real wooper. For the guys who are into being treated like an animal, good for them.

Dix: Personally, thinking about it, I don't get the whole submissive thing either. I already get enough from demanding clients at work, don't need more during my private time.

Harry: I understand. It seemed to be popular among many CEOs, or men in position of power, but obviously with plenty of exceptions. I reckon after bossing people around all day, they like to be on the receiving end and following orders. Funny world, isn't it?

Butch: I've met few guys like that, mostly overweight businessmen. All expensive suits and ties during the day and wanted to be treated like dirt at night. They see my size and suddenly eager to serve me on their hands and knees. I guess in their fantasy I'm a builder or something, little do they know I too sit in an office in front of the computer all day.

Dix: Whatever float their boat. People do say the most important sex organ is the brain. Then again, I don't blame them, I won't like to mess with you if we cross in a dark alley.

Butch: Do you think I look that scary?

Harry: You do build like a brick shit house, but we know you are a pussycat deep down. It could be something to do with your thick beard and bushy eyebrows.

Butch: I don't have bushy eyebrows! Well, perhaps a little. I get it from my old man, and it's just going to get more out of control from here. It's not my fault I have hair sprouting all over the place.

Harry: Don't complain, lots of guys will be jealous of that thick carpet of hair and wish they are a fur ball like you.

Dix: I for one, but doubt there are many outside the bear community. I kept seeing hair removal adverts all over the gay media, which surely means the smooth hairless look still dominates the gay world.

Butch: There's not enough wax in the world to rid me off my body hair!

Dix: Waxing always sounds like some medieval torture to me. Can you imagine having all the hair on your balls or butt crack yanked out? I've no idea how women shave and wax all the time. They must have a very high pain tolerance level.

Harry: And higher vanity level too. I can't believe they are now making their men shaving everything off too. I really can't stomach the all smooth preadolescent look.

Dix: Tell me about it. Between you and Ian, you must shed enough hair to stuff a few cushions every month.

Harry: You don't say, and the plug hole in our bath is constantly blocked, but I'm not complaining.

Butch: Oh, gross! Can you please warn me before you overshare next time, so I can cover my ears?

Harry: What, those hairy ears? I bet it's just as bad for you, if not worse.

Butch: Maybe, but I don't tell everyone about it.

Dix: It's only natural and one of the curse of being a hairy bear. I like my men furry, so won't have it any other way.

Butch: Talking about the curse of being hairy, it takes forever to dry after a shower. It's like trying to dry a towel with another towel. They should invent a full-body hair dryer for hairy men like me.

Harry: Now that's a thought, I think you're onto a winner there. I'll be the first in line to buy one, imagine all the time I'll save in the morning.

Dix: I don't know why you're moaning about being hairy, I wish I'm as hairy as either of you.

Harry: Give it time, you might do, but you look good as you are.

Butch: I agree with Harry. Do you know I was quite hairy already in the last year of school and was called a gorilla, yeti, or missing link? It's not very nice, but thankfully I'm not that insecure like some others. In return, I just called them immature little boys with tiny balls. That normally shut them up.

Dix: Surely your size helped too.

Butch: I wasn't small back then, but not as big as I am now.

Harry: You've certainly bulked out a lot since we first met all those years ago.

Dix: I'd love to see a photo of you in your schoolboy days. It'll be fun to do one of those "Before and After" recreation of old photos to show the difference.

Butch: Not sure any of my old photos have survived after all these years. There weren't that many to start with, since taking photos is nothing as ubiquitous as today.

Harry: I think my old film SLR from my youth is still somewhere in the house. Those were the days, constantly worrying about running out of film, waiting for the half-taken roll to finish before eventually taking it to be developed. I kind of miss the excitement of opening the envelope sleeve and flicking through the photos finally for the first time.

Butch: Just to find most of the shots were actually rubbish! At least no taking endless selfies in those days. Thank god.

Harry: No, I can't stand people stop in the middle of the street out-of-the-blue posing for some pointless selfies. People seemed to pay more attention to taking photographs in the good old days than causally snapping away.

Butch: Yeah. Also, since most people depended on photo shops to develop their photos, virtually no one has any naked pics of themselves unless they owned a Polaroid.

Dix: True, times has certainly changed. I won't know what to do without my camera phone. How do I document my every move and instantly share them with all my followers?

Butch: I didn't realise you are one of these "influencers"! I thought you only take pics of your cock, or arse, and send them to potential tricks.

Dix: I have you know my photos of exotic plants get plenty of likes.

Harry: Don't you two start again. Nature calls. Are you guys ready for another beer? I can get them on my way back.

Dix: Thanks, Harry. Same again, please.

Butch: Me too. Thank you very much. I promise I'll be on my best behaviour in your absence. By the way, don't forget to take your phone with you in case you like to take a few selfies of you pissing and show us when you come back.

Harry: So that's one pint of beer for Dix and nothing for Butch.

Butch: Come on, lighten up! I was just kidding, Harry.

Harry: I know. Better go, or you'll be watching a live show of me pissing all over your shoes.

Butch: Go, go, go!

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Dix: Oh Butch, before I forget, I really appreciate your help fixing my laptop the other night. I didn't mean to call after dark, but I didn't know what to do and thought you were the best guy to call for help.

Butch: No problem, I was having a quiet evening. To be honest, it wasn't that serious. Your laptop was just infected with a common virus, that's all. It could be a lot worse, have you heard of ransomware? They could be very nasty, and even big companies with sophisticated security protocols had fallen victims to them.

Dix: Yes, it was all over the news. If it was ransomware, I won't have the money to pay these scum of the earth criminals in order to retrieve all my data.

Butch: Yeah. Well, I reckon you've opened some infected email attachment files, and it corrupted your spreadsheet programme. It happens a lot, especially with older systems.

Dix: Beats me, and I thought it's might be from some dodgy porn sites. I'm normally fairly careful with junk emails, it could be something sent by a client, I suppose.

Butch: That would do it. It only takes one. At least your computer is now virus free.

Dix: Thanks to you. I've installed the internet security package you recommended, and the whole computer is being backed up automatically all the time.

Butch: That's good. You're lucky that some applications do routine backup these days, so you shouldn't lose too much of your work this time.

Dix: No, about an hour's worth of data entry was gone, but didn't take me long to type them in again. It'll be a nightmare if I lost the lot.

Butch: Definitely. Thinking about it, a word of caution, I would keep work and personal use separate. Instead of keeping two computers, it's a good idea to set up a different personas or profiles just for work. You'll be surprised how many people got into trouble having their work files in the same place as their massive porn collection.

Dix: I don't have a massive porn collection! Well, no more than any other guys. I bet you probably have more than I do, just look at those bulging forearms.

Butch: What if I do? It's nothing personal, and I'm not judging, just something for you to think about. It's not hard to set up, but if you need help, I will be happy to walk you through it. By the way, I work my forearms doing grip exercises.

Dix: Is that a euphemism for masturbation? If you ever have any plant emergencies, feel free to call me. Actually, next time you swing past my shop, let me help you pick a plant, and you can have it for free on me. I bet your flat could do with something green.

Butch: That's very kind of you, but I'm a serial plant killer. Even fake plastic ones! If there's a law against killing plants, I'll be locked up for life.

Dix: You can't be that hopeless. There are some very hardy ones even you couldn't kill.

Butch: We will see. Then again, if you have a money tree, I would gladly have a few of those.

Dix: Don't we all? Unfortunately, no such thing exist. We do sell the Chinese Money Plant. It meant to bring wealth and good fortune, and it's pretty low maintenance, too.

Butch: Maybe I should give that a try. If it helps me win the lottery, I'll give you half of it.

Dix: Deal. Where's our refill? Do you think Harry has cornered some poor vulnerable bear trying to take a piss?

Butch: Well, it won't surprise me if it's a few years ago before he's married. In fact, I saw him at the bar earlier on, so shouldn't be long. This place has really filled up now the office crowds are here. Speaking of the hairy devil, here he comes.

Dix: You're right, where did these guys come from? It's getting busy in here.

Harry: Sorry for the wait, here's your beer. The bar is packed. It's at least 3 to 4 deep, as if they are giving away beer for free.

Butch: Don't worry about it, just give us more time to talk about you.

Harry: Only good things, I hope.

Dix: Depends on your definition of good. Anyway, before my pint warms up. *Salut i força al canut!*

Harry: *Salut i força al canut!*

Butch: *Salut i força al canut!* If you really want to know, Dix was telling me about some "Chinese Fortune Tree".

Dix: Chinese Money Plant. It's only the size of your average pot plants, and not a tree at all.

Harry: So, what's special about this plant? Does it sprout money instead of leaves? I'd like to see one of it does.

Butch: Can you imagine what you can do with a limitless supply of money?

Harry: I have no idea, but you know what they say, money can't buy love or happiness.

Dix: Or a hairy chest.

Butch: Maybe rubbing one of those leaves on your chest will make it grow more hair, just like eating bread crust.

Harry: My old man forever made me eat the crust when I was a boy, probably explains for this thick carpet on my chest.

Dix: It obviously worked for you, but I doubt even eating a ton of bread crusts will make any difference for me.

Butch: They used to say the same thing about chilly sauce and black coffee to kids. Have you tried those? Frankly, you have a nice chest, just the right amount of hair. Not everyone is attracted to fur balls like Harry or me.

Dix: I know. Like everything in life, people always want more, whether it is bigger muscle, larger cock, or in my case more body hair.

Harry: That's true. When Ian and I first met, he was pretty self-conscious about his receding hairline and kept talking about getting a hair transplant if he can afford it. He's most probably influenced by those film stars and footballers desperately trying to reclaim their youth.

Butch: See? Maybe in the future, money can buy you a hairy chest after all. If you ask me, I think Ian looks hotter with the shaved head he has now.

Harry: I think he does, too.

Dix: I don't recall ever seeing Ian with a full head of hair. When did he decide to shave it all off?

Harry: It was a number of years ago, definitely before we got married. We booked a week-long beach holiday in Gran Canaria, and for a laugh he shaved his head just before we left. During that week, noticeably more guys than usual tried to hit on him on the beach, and even some leather men who don't normally showed any interests were offering him beer at the bars. Since then, he has kept it shaved and not a word about hair transplant any more.

Butch: Oh, that's why. I only remember one time we met up, and all his hair was gone.

Dix: I guess he looks very different with hair.

Harry: I think it suits him and certainly very butch, but I'm biased.

Butch: I always say it doesn't matter how one look, confidence is more attractive than having a full head of hair or built like a muscle god.

Dix: It's easy for you to say, since you're seriously beefy and hardly follicly challenged. I would be if I look like you too. So, Harry, will Ian wear a long dreadlocks wig as part of his pirate role?

Harry: No, just a bandana to complete the look, but he'll be sporting a big moustache matching his big beard.

Dix: Cool. Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum! Why don't we all go together to see him on stage?

Harry: Sure. If you guys come up with a date, I will ask him for tickets.

Butch: Sounds good to me. You should ask him to keep the costumes after the run is over. Picture this, being captured and tied up by the notorious pirate, so he could force himself on you over and over again, until you reveal the secret location of your treasures.

Dix: Just like in the Butt Pirates of the Caribbean.



Harry: See who has been watching too much porn? If he tries anything of the sort, I won't be the one who's tied up and got rogered.

Dix: Too much information. I wonder what being a pirate is actually like? Out at sea for months on end, hard physical work all day every day, and sleeping in close quarters with all the smelly sweaty men. I bet there were a lot of buggering went on unsaid onboard the ships to ease their sexual tension and to relieve boredom.

Butch: Probably, it always sounds like a fun fantasy. I bet it is absolute hell in real life.

Harry: That's why it has been used so many times in gay porn. I don't think I can cope with the complete lack of privacy, and of course the forced labour, obviously. It might be different if I'm the captain.

Dix: I'll stick to working with plants on terra firma, I'm not the most seaworthy person.

Butch: You're missing out. I've been sailing before, and it was a lot of fun. I love all kinds of water sports, especially on a hot sunny day. Shame we don't get many of those in the UK.

Dix: I'm not surprised you are into water sports. You probably get lots of guys requesting it.

Harry: Don't you start, Dix. It's not like you to lower to the tone of the conversation.

Butch: Since you ask, I actually don't mind a bit of water sports. I aim to please! Now you mentioned it, my bladder can do with emptying. You want to come and sample my recycled beer?

Dix: That's very kind of you to offer, but I will pass. Call me vanilla, but it's not my thing.

Butch: It's you who brought it up. You can have it fresh and warm, straight from the tap.

Harry: Now, who's gross?

Dix: I like my beer cold and not recycled. Thanks, but no thanks!

Butch: It's your loss. Be right back.

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Harry: You guys can be a handful together.

Dix: It's nothing, we both know it's just harmless banter. I like Butch's company, it's like being with the big brother I never have.

Harry: That's sweet. As you know, Butch and I go back a long way, seen the best and worse in each other. He's one of very few people I'll trust with my life.

Dix: I reckon he feels the same way too. Growing up, I had a few close friends, but lost touch with them now. It's hard when they started dating, got married and settled down while I was still negotiating the giant maze of gay life. We used to exchange Christmas cards, but it reached a stage I have nothing to contribute when all they talked about were things like picking school for their kids.

Harry: Thought you are popular with many guys around.

Dix: Sure, I've met lots of people since I moved here, but they are mostly "acquaintances". None as close as you guys with a shared history and all that.

Harry: I count myself very lucky. I think Butch was the first person I told about Ian, and it was funny thinking how protective Butch was initially. You know you can count on us whenever, and Ian too.

Dix: Thanks. That means a lot to me.

Harry: So have you been seeing anyone lately?

Dix: Nobody special. Met a few guys for one-off fun and that's about it. I think a couple of them might be married and just playing on the side when their wife were out shopping. You would have thought, with the internet and dating apps, it's easy to find someone. It's not! All they want is a quick shag and get back to their own lives.

Harry: Something doesn't change. I still log on to these gay sites or apps now and then, just curious if there is fresh meat around. Don't get me wrong, I'm very happy with Ian and not looking to change that. I know he does the same, we're completely open with each other.

Dix: That reminds me of a funny joke I heard recently; Online dating is like finding a parking space, all the good ones are taken, and the rest are either handicapped or too far away.

Harry: Ha ha ha. So true, have to tell Ian later when I'm home, think he'll find it amusing too.

Butch: What have I missed? What's so funny? I was standing at the urinal and just kept pissing and pissing, felt like it'll never stop. I've no idea where all the fluids came from, I haven't even finished my third pint. Sorry, you guys probably don't want to know that.

Dix: No, not really, Butch. Nobody here wants to hear about the details of your bodily functions. You should keep it for your admirers who are into water sports.

Harry: Dix, tell Butch the joke, he'll probably relate.

Dix: OK. Why online dating is like finding a parking space?

Butch: Why?

Dix: All the good ones are taken. The rest are either handicapped or too far away.

Butch: That's pretty funny, did you come up with it? It's not far from reality. Sometimes, I'm glad I'm happily single and not playing that tedious dating game desperately searching for "the one". Have you heard of this joke? What do you do when you see a space man?

Harry: Park in it. Everybody knows that one.

Dix: Park what? Oh, not the "take me to your leader" kind of spaceman! That's truly awful.

Harry: It's from an old sitcom Christmas special. Maybe you were too young to remember it.

Dix: I'm only a few years younger than you guys. I probably just missed it.

Harry: Anyway, Dix was just telling me about all the horny men he has been playing with recently.

Butch: Oh, do I want to know? Don't tell me, they were big, hairy, old and married.

Dix: No, not all of them, but unfortunately not far off. Am I that predictable?

Butch: I just know your type. Judging from your track record, you seem to have a thing for daddy bears, and as a rule of thumb, they are likely already married to either a man, or worse a woman.

Harry: Yeah, you do know how to pick them sometimes. If you ever want to find someone long term, you need to avoid these unavailable ones.

Dix: You think I don't know that, but until I meet that special guy, I'll continue to have fun looking.

Butch: I'm not judging, some daddy bears could be a lot of fun. Round and furry in the middle, like pounding a big soft fluffy pillow. Not to mention, they are usually extremely experienced and always eager to please.

Dix: I didn't think they are your type, but you are right. Somehow I'm just drawn to them, Freud probably explained it as some kind of Santa Claus fixation from a young age.

Butch: It's true they are not my typical "type" but age is never an issue as long as they have a healthy amount of meat on them, hairy definitely is a plus too.

Harry: And don't forget the lard. Ideally, a big chunky guy with a little wobble will have you drooling all over.

Butch: Just a little wobble? I'd have him shaking like a blancmange when I'm giving him the ride of his life. As usual, you know me too well.

Dix: Even I know what you like, you're an open book when it comes to men. Given the chance, I bet you will do the Michelin man, or the marshmallow man from Ghostbusters, or both together.

Harry: Yeah, sandwiched between them is probably your idea of heaven.

Butch: Don't you side with Dix and gang up on me. Actually, that would be rather fun thinking about it. There's nothing wrong with liking guys who are a bit chubby and overweight. I can't explain it, but I honestly don't really find other muscular guys a turn on.

Harry: Not ganging up, it's just the truth. Like you, I'm not attracted to these gym rats with veins popping up all over the body, either. Their over the top muscle-bound zero body fat bodies do not look natural at all to me. Maybe deep down, I'm just jealous.

Dix: Many guys push themselves very hard to look like that, perhaps girls like it, but never been my thing. Too many of these fitness magazines promote that look, and guys bought into it.

Butch: Yeah. There are a few of those meatheads in the gym I go to. No matter how much muscle mass they put on, they're never big enough in their mind. There is even a word for it these days. It's called bigorexia.

Dix: "Big O" what? Not a word I've come across.

Butch: Bigorexia. It's like anorexia but instead of trying to be thin, they wanted to be big and muscular, and just as unhealthy. Many even go to the extent of using steroids to boost their size.

Harry: I've read in the news, steroid abuse is escalating out of control in parts of the country, and many guys will suffer the consequences in years to come. Have you thought about juicing?

Butch: Of course it's tempting, but it's not in my nature to take shortcuts. It's true, anabolic steroids can help to put on muscle mass quickly, but at what costs? I can do without mood swings, painful acne, growing breasts and shrinking balls.

Harry: And cardiac problems after prolonged use. I've seen a few examples in recent years. Heart attacks used to be exclusively an old man disease, but increasingly I've been called out to cases of men in their 20s and 30s suffering heart attacks. It's unbelievable, they're built like a Greek statue but inside their hearts were worn out like an old man. It's so sad.

Dix: Personally, I'm not a fan of these quick gains, no matter how tempting it might sound. It won't surprise me, some peacock-like guys in my gym could be doing steroids.

Harry: If properly used, steroids are useful for treating some illnesses, but there's no way I would ever inject something bought online, probably come from a dodgy factory in China, into my veins. And that accounts for all kinds of illegal drugs, not just steroids.

Butch: I agree. Unfortunately, there are loads of young people who fall for it.

Harry: Not just young people, it's also big in the gay clubbing culture too. You must have heard about these chemsex parties. Scary.

Dix: Of course, they're even advertised in all the hookup apps. It's impossible to avoid these days. I've my drug of choice right here and don't need to use anything else. Actually, it would be if my glass is not empty. So whose round is it now?

Butch: It's my round, since I haven't bought one yet today. Beer for everyone?

Dix: I'll have the same again. Thanks, Butch.

Harry: Yes, please, but it'll be my last.

Butch: Already? That's not like you. Anyway, wish me luck getting through the crowds to the bar.

Dix: You'll be fine, just put on your mean face and the crowd will part like the Red Sea for you.

Butch: Do you want your beer or not? I don't have a mean face, it's just how I look.

Harry: Go, while the bar is quieter and you two can be at each other's neck after I have my top-up.

Butch: Sir. Yes, Sir!

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Dix: Actually, I'll call it a day after this pint as well.

Harry: How come? Thought you're not working till tomorrow afternoon.

Dix: Yeah, got the morning off, but I've arranged to meet someone tonight. He's from up north and will be in town for the next few days. It'll be great to finally meet in person instead of messaging back and forth. Before your imagination runs wild, we're just going to have a quiet drink. He appears to be a decent guy – at least judging from his messages – you can never tell until meeting someone face to face.

Harry: True, but go for it. It must be refreshing for you, not hooking up just for sex. I hope he turns out “exactly what it says on the tin” and you guys will have a good time together.

Dix: It's not always just about sex. After all, we've a number of things in common, and I feel he's genuinely looking for a friend rather than simply meaningless sex. Then again, if he offers, I doubt I'll say no.

Harry: Especially after a few drinks, I bet you won't be able to resist. I suppose there's only one way to find out. So what does your hot date look like?

Dix: He's called Barry; must be in his late 50s or early 60s with rather rugged manly features. Despite his age he still has a full head of short cropped light-brown hair to go with his thick bushy beard even though there's plenty of grey in both. There's a nice covering of fur all over his stocky body, but he probably likes his food a little too much.

Harry: Very much your classic daddy bear type, then. Is he in town for fun or work?

Dix: A bit of both. He said he worked in product design most of his life and now semi-retired working as a freelance consultant. He's meeting a new client here on Monday, so decided to travel down early and spend the weekend looking around.

Harry: That's if he's not naked with you in his hotel room all weekend. Maybe he can even give you some tips on the design of your company's merchandise between sex.

Dix: He did offer.

Harry: What? Sex, or design advice?

Dix: Advice obviously. Apparently, he owns a small allotment and grow his own veg in his free time, so we'll have loads to talk about. He's a dog lover too and has a German shepherd.

Harry: Great. Sounds like a man after your own heart.

Dix: Yeah, but as usual, he lives miles away. I'm not a fan of long-distance relationships and not planning on moving away any time soon.

Harry: Exactly like your parking joke earlier on. At least there's no harm in making a friend.

Dix: We'll see after we actually spend some time in each other's company instead of texting back and forth.

Harry: I'm sure you'll tell me all about it in due course.

Butch: Tell you what? Here are your beer, gentlemen. This new barman Trevor is definitely a keeper. He can pour drinks like a demon, and I got served in no time.

Dix: Is that right? Quite a change from Big Andy. I hope you tipped him well. Did he ask about Harry? I'm sure I caught him staring in our direction periodically. I think he's been checking Harry out.

Harry: Really? I haven't noticed.

Butch: No, he didn't ask anything. Are you sure it's Harry, and not me, he's looking at?

Harry: Not everyone is into muscle bears. Maybe I should go to the bar for a package of peanuts and let him has a better look.

Dix: That's so lame. Aren't you taken already?

Harry: Sure. I'm already off the market, but what's the harm in appreciating attentions, especially from other sexy men? He could be just staring into blank space for all you know. For your information, Ian actually is worse than I am! He has always been a big flirt.

Butch: I don't know how you put up with your husband sometimes, he can be a real embarrassment at parties.

Harry: He's just an extrovert, and it's one of the things I like about him.

Dix: That's so sweet, you're making me sick. Anyway, my beer is not going to drink itself. *Salut i força al canut!*

Harry: Thanks for the beer, Butch. *Salut i força al canut!*

Butch: Nice to see you guys as usual. *Salut i força al canut!*

Dix: Since you mentioned Big Andy, do either of you know what he's been doing since he left the Crown & Anchor?

Harry: I'm not totally sure so don't quote me on it, but the rumour is he has won the lottery, or came into some money, and moved to the south coast for an early retirement.

Butch: I think I've heard something of the sort, too. He's definitely living down the coast now. Good for him.

Dix: Ok, I've no idea. It's a shame I missed his farewell party and I didn't have a chance to see him before he left. He has always been kind to me since I started drinking here.

Butch: That's Big Andy for you, he's like a big warm teddy bear and everyone likes him.

Harry: Yeah, Big Andy has indeed left big shoes to fill.

Dix: Literally, but looks like Trevor will do just fine. Of course, it's early days and time will tell.

Butch: So, Harry, what's Dix going to tell you? Is it a secret? Don't tell me, is he madly in love with me but won't admit it to himself?

Dix: You wish! It's no secret, I was just telling Harry about a guy I have been chatting online for a while. He's in town this weekend, and I'm going to meet him for a drink later.

Butch: Oh, we're not good enough for you? That really hurt!

Dix: I'm only being nice since he doesn't know anyone here. And no, it's not a sex date, we're meeting for a civilised conversation.

Butch: So Harry and I are not civilised enough for you? Now you're going to make me cry!

Dix: Of course not, you know what I mean.

Harry: Ignore him. He's just trying to wind you up.

Butch: Honestly, I'm sure your mysterious tourist will enjoy your company. What time are you meeting him? Hopefully you'll have time to shower and make yourself presentable.

Dix: There should be plenty of time, Barry suggests meeting about 9-ish. I'll grab a quick bite on my way home to change. He's staying at a posh hotel, so I better look the part.

Butch: Yeah, it won't hurt putting on a tight-fitting pair of trousers and clean underwear. You'll never know. Also, make sure you take one of those little fancy hotel soap as a souvenir.

Dix: I'm not the trophy collecting type. I reckon we'll probably spend the whole evening discussing the finer points of protecting plants from winter frost. You see, he's into gardening and grows his own vegetables in an allotment.

Butch: So he has green fingers like you. I can just picture you guys getting sweaty and muddy together. Has he showed you photos of his big aubergine, or his furry peach?

Harry: That's quite enough, Butch! Leave the poor lad alone. From what Dix said, this Barry guy sounds like a decent man and a sex addict like you.

Butch: Me? The poster boy for innocence and chastity?

Dix: That'll be the day! A poster boy for a sex club, maybe?

Butch: Seriously? I'll be honoured if asked, I think? I could be a very private person, you know.

Harry: So you kept telling us. What really bugs me about the gay chat apps, are those guys starting a chat by sending me pics of their limp cock or dirty asshole spread open wide without even a "hi" or "how are you". If that's their best quality, what does it say about the rest of them?

Butch: I get plenty of those, and I just block them. Frankly, it felt like a meeting a stranger and the first thing he does is drop his pants. Absolute time wasters.

Dix: Me too. There seems to be a trend with people having completely blank profile in hook up apps nowadays and first thing they send is a cock pic. I found there's no point being polite and reply, they took any response as a sign of interest in having sex, instant delete!

Butch: And there are the ones who bombard you with tonnes of messages saying how desperately they wanted to meet up – when you eventually agreed to – he immediately made excuses.

Dix: Of course, and there are the "no show" type, which is the absolute worst.

Harry: Not compared to the "catfish". It's just impossible to tell if their pics are actually the person one's chatting to. I thought these apps meant to make dating easier.

Dix: I've read about people get robbed or beaten up as well, all for the promise of a quick hand job or blow job. Or it could turn out to be a serial killer.

Harry: Don't forget those "soldiers posted overseas" scam. Just who will fall for their schemes?

Butch: You'll be surprised. There are plenty of lonely and gullible people out there, and it's not exclusively to gay men. Apparently happens to many middle age women seeking romance and ended up with empty bank accounts.

Dix: Thank my lucky star, I haven't encountered many of these unsavoury characters, apart from being stood up a couple of times. Fingers crossed Barry tonight is none of the above.

Harry: Not to worry, just enjoy yourself.

Butch: That's right. In fact, he could be thinking you are a homicidal murderer right this minute, too. You could look very menacing when holding a garden trowel.

Dix: Me, menacing? Not a chance! At least I'll keep my hands free of bloodstains if I wear my trusty gardening gloves.

Butch: You'll be wearing gloves? How kinky! I bet he's turned on by tatty old work gloves.

Harry: Don't you have a pair of black leather gloves to go with your leather outfit, Butch?

Butch: I do, but I also own a pair of bright yellow thick rubber washing up gloves, if you prefer.

Dix: When did gloves become a fetish thing? It's beyond me. Anyway, I'm bursting here, so it's my turn to go for a slash.

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Butch: Talking about gloves, one time at a club, I saw a guy pull one of these latex surgical glove over his head all the way down covering his nose. He then tried to inflate the glove through his nose and eventually bursting it to a round of applause. It's a neat trick, but not sure if I like to try it, probably won't find a glove that will stretch over my big head. Actually, was it a glove or a condom? I can no longer remember.

Harry: Probably a condom, I think I've seen a video of it on the web before. What wouldn't they dream of next to attract attention? The only person I've seen destroying a glove was Big Andy, one of those yellow rubber ones.

Butch: Really? Did he blow into the glove like a balloon and burst it? I can just picture him doing it for a laugh.

Harry: No, he simply tried to put it on. The glove must be too small for his fat fingers, it just popped and fell apart into shreds like the Incredible Hulk's shirts. It happened after a BBQ we had a couple of years ago, surely you were there.

Butch: Probably, as you know, I never turn down a free meal. I remember Big Andy was at a few of them, but I don't recall him turning green and ripping off his clothes. Now, that would be an incredible and unforgettable party trick.

Harry: I think he showed up in a wife beater vest and shorts that time. Either the vest is a size too small or he has grown bigger since he bought it, it was stretched across his big man boobs and belly, certainly turning a few heads all afternoon.

Butch: Now you mentioned it, I was definitely there. That worn cotton vest barely covered his prominent large bullet-like nipples, probably the result of a lifetime of rubbing and rough play.

Harry: Won't surprise me. It's funny how tiny details got etched into your mind.

Butch: There's nothing tiny about his nipples or his chest. It's possible I left early after the BBQ and missed Big Andy doing the Hulk impression.

Harry: Come to think of it, it happened after the BBQ when he offered to help us tidy up. Most guys have left by then.

Butch: Don't I normally stayed and helped to clear up? I must have a good excuse for leaving you guys with the dishes.

Harry: It was probably a hot booty call you couldn't say no to.



Butch: That's a good reason as any.

Harry: Just between you and me, I don't think I've ever told you what happened afterwards.

Butch: Oh, yeah? What did I miss?

Harry: Would you believe, I was out in the patio collecting the last few bits of rubbish and when I walked backed into the kitchen, Ian had his cock out and Andy was giving it a damn good polishing.

Butch: No way! That's going a bit far when it comes to cleaning up, isn't it? It's one hell of a way to thank the hosts. Did it cause an unpleasant domestic?

Harry: Well, for a split second, I was taken aback by the shock of seeing Big Andy on his knees, but surprisingly I wasn't angry. After all, it's only a blowjob, not a marriage proposal. On top of it, my inhibition was practically non-existent after drinking all afternoon, so I put everything down and joined in.

Butch: You dog! Now I wish I've stayed, it's like something taken directly from porn.

Harry: I don't think anyone wants to see us big guys going at it, but we were in the moment and couldn't care less. After helping Andy out of his tight vest and shorts, it was my turn to be serviced. He duly switched between sucking my cock and Ian's, even tried putting both in his mouth, but the geometry was all wrong with chunky guys like us.

Butch: I bet Big Andy was in bear cock heaven.

Harry: He's got his mouth full and certainly wasn't complaining. After a while we left the kitchen and all three of us were naked on the sofa negotiating different configurations. Eventually, we settled on Big Andy being split roasted between Ian and me. We took turns at each end while Andy feverishly played with his nipples and cock.

Butch: Sounds like it wasn't your first ménage à trois.

Harry: Of course not, but that's another story best saved for a rainy day. After giving Andy some hard pounding and watching him feeding on Ian's hard cock, I couldn't hold back any longer and shoot my load deep inside Andy's hot wet hole. He loved it and swiftly manoeuvred himself to suck out the remaining drops. I took the opportunity to work his big nipples and his cock stood right up. At the sight of Big Andy's chubby leaky hard cock, Ian immediately mounted and rode it like a cowboy.

Butch: Typical Ian! In this case, he's more like a cow "bear" instead if a cowboy. If you kept squeezing and pinching Andy's nipples, you would make him cum.

Harry: That's exactly what I did. Was it a good guess or experience talk?

Butch: Won't you want to know? Why don't you finish your story first? And I will tell you mine.

Harry: Deal. Just as you said, I kept flicking and twisting Andy's nipples, and I noticed his breath quickening. Since his tight ball sac was just within easy reach, I gave it a few light tabs and Shazam! Big Andy immediately breed Ian's hungry hole repeatedly with his penned up bear juice.

Butch: Knowing Ian, I'm sure he was loving every second of it.

Harry: Yeah. Right on cue, Ian furiously pulled his foreskin back a few more times, and unloaded all over Big Andy's furry chest and belly. Ian's thick cum even got as far as Andy's long frizzy beard. Without thinking, Andy scooped up some up from his chest and tasted it as if it was cake frosting, while Ian caught his breath.

Butch: Amazing! You should have filmed it. Lots of bear lovers will pay good money to watch you guys in action.

Harry: Spare me. It was noisy and messy. Us three collapsed in a sticky mess on the sofa for a long time to recuperate afterwards. It was dark when Andy eventually cleaned himself up and left us. Ian and I just lazed in front of the TV for the rest of the evening and took care of the rest of the dishes the day after.

Butch: Well, the dishes weren't going anywhere.

Harry: I can't believe I've just told you this. It must be the effect of the alcohol. Anyway, here ends my Big Andy story. it's unexpected and a lot of fun, but probably nothing special to you.

Butch: I had a few threesomes before, but it's never been my favourite thing, as you well know. I found most of the time one guy always get left out. One on one is my usual preference.

Harry: Of course, I do. So how come you know Big Andy's nipples are wired to his cock?

Butch: A lot of guys love nipple play, so it is hardly surprising Big Andy is one of them. Just look at those big perky nipples of his, he must have spent decades working on them. But as you suspected, we did fool around once.

Harry: You have kept that quiet! Now, it would be a surprise if you guys have never done anything. After all, Big Andy is very much your chubby bear type.

Butch: He definitely is. Obviously, we see each other all the time here, and have a quick chat across the bar when convenient, but little else beyond that.

Harry: Sure. I found it's nearly impossible to chat properly over the bar, too. So what happened?

Butch: One Saturday a few years ago, I ran into Big Andy in the Basement, that dingy adult store a couple of blocks away from here. You know the one? As I was about to pay for a large bottle of lube, I saw him checking out something massive and black in the dildo section. Instead of dying from sheer embarrassment, he came up to me and said hi while holding a huge silicone penis that would make my normally impressively sized cock look tiny.

Harry: What a small world! I can just picture him doing that with a big smile on his face.

Butch: It's awkward meeting people in porn stores anyway, let alone holding something like that. Andy didn't seem to care, so we exchanged a few polite words while I paid for the lube. I left shortly afterwards, and Big Andy followed me out empty-handed. Since I was free that afternoon, I suggested going for a coffee together.

Harry: That's nice of you, but I hardly called that empty-handed. He has his big paws on you!

Butch: Ha ha ha! I'm not that easy. Although I can show him a better time than any big dildos!

Harry: I'm sure you can. You have plenty of practice.

Butch: Anyway, it was great getting to know him better, rather than just the barman who serve me beer. Over coffee, I found out he's a like-minded huge sci-fi fan and has accumulated a collection of rare memorabilia.

Harry: Don't tell me, you invited yourself back to his place to check out his "private" collection.

Butch: It was his idea, so who am I to say no. I followed him back to his flat and soon after the front door was shut, he gave me a big kiss. He was so horny, he practically ripped my clothes off on our way to his bedroom and stripped off what he was wearing in a flash. We started exploring each other's naked body on his extra big bed, it's surprisingly refreshing not having discussed exactly what the other is into sexually in graphic details beforehand.

Harry: True. If I get a pound every time some random guy online asking me what I'm into, I'll be a rich man. I think it's part of the fun finding out what makes the other person tick together without any preconceptions.

Butch: Tell me about it. Since you've played with Big Andy before, you could probably work out the rest. After I fucked his big hairy arse royally in various positions, he wanted to taste my cum, so I just laid back and let him get to work. Obviously, he has plenty of oral experience, and it wasn't long before I fed him a creamy load. The taste of my cum made his rock-hard bear cock twitch, so I roughly pinched and worked his nipples. That just tipped him over the threshold and ropes of thick cum spurted out of his big shiny mushroom head hands-free all over his thick curly pubes.

Harry: Nice. He has surely benefited from your depth of expertise too.

Butch: I always try my best. Well, he did show me a number of his treasured items after we had cleaned ourselves up.

Harry: I thought you've already seen and played with his family jewels by then.

Butch: Ha ha ha! That's true, those too!

Dix: What are you two snickering about? You sounded like a couple of school boys flicking through a porn mag behind the bike shed.

Butch: Never you mind. We were just swapping stories. Is it my imagination, or you have gone a long time? Were you hanging around the glory hole waiting for a willing volunteer?

Dix: What glory hole? You know full well there are no glory holes here and even if there is, I don't need to use it. If you really have to know, Trevor came into the gents when I was squeezing out the last few drops.

Harry: I hope you didn't stand there massaging your cock while watching him piss.

Dix: Come on, I'm not that much of a pervert. I swiftly zipped up and proceeded to wash my hands. He walked up to the sinks after finishing his business and smiled at me. I smiled back and we chatted a little. I even passed him my business card with my freshly cleaned hands, which he slipped in his pocket and thanked me appreciably.

Butch: Was that your gardening business card or your rent boy one?

Dix: Just why am I telling you anything, all I get is abuse? Although I'm honoured you think I qualify as a rent boy and people will pay me for sex.

Harry: Don't take any notice of him. You know he loves winding you up.

Butch: There's anything wrong with getting paid for sex if it's consensual. You know, it's the oldest profession known to man. Even though it's never been my thing, but you'll be surprised how many are doing it these days, especially using these online pay to view channels.

Dix: I know. Don't get me wrong, if someone wants to make a living or extra cash using their body, that's up to them. After all, aren't we all basically prostitutes in one way or another in this capitalist society?

Harry: When did you become so philosophical? I, too, have come across a number of bears doing little homemade "show and tease" videos from their bedrooms to subsidise their beer tokens. I bet the ones with lots of followers can make serious money, not mentioning those who have done a few porn films before.

Dix: Yeah, there's a documentary on TV about it recently, focusing on students paying their way through university by exactly that way. It started off as a little bit of fun, then quickly took over, I think one from the programme even dropped out of studying altogether and went into porn full time.

Butch: A couple of my fuck buddies have suggested I should post a few flexing clips online and see if I find any generous "sponsors". Deep down, it just felt like hard work to me, constantly

trying to keep all the fickle subscribers entertained. There's always someone new who's fitter, sexier, or willing to go further. It's bad enough in my IT field, users are forever after new features, upgrades, and happy to change allegiance to the competitors at a heartbeat.

Dix: That's similar in the music industry, too. Just how many musicians have the staying power that span decades? At least plants hardly change, and new ones are hard to come by. It's only people's tastes or market trends that change quickly.

Harry: And you forget there are more choices now than ever before. Oh well, don't we sound like a bunch of whinging dinosaurs!

Butch: Just older and wiser, that's all.

Dix: Speak for yourself, I'm not that old.

Harry: But you like someone older and wiser in bed.

Dix: You have a point.

Butch: Talking about that, shouldn't you sip up and get yourself tarted up for your sugar daddy bear?

Dix: Barry is no sugar daddy. For your information, I'm not after one either, but I should get going soon. I hate being late, it doesn't leave a good first impression.

Harry: I'm sure you guys will get on famously.

Butch: And we would love to hear all about of your rendezvous.

Dix: I doubt there will be anything saucy. So, how many fuck buddies have you lined up for this weekend? Or do you have a weekend pass at the gay sauna?

Butch: Weekend pass? I don't think any saunas do that. No, nothing special in my diary. I might have a lie in for a change and of course hitting the gym as usual. That's a thought, I could use the little sauna at the gym afterwards, haven't done that in ages. On Sunday, I hope to take my bike to the woods and do some off-road riding, or a trip to the cinema if it is wet, that's unless one of my fuck buddies wanted to meet up for some recreational time.

Harry: Just don't end up watching porn and wanking all weekend. I've read a good review for a new alien invasion film, is that the one are you thinking about going to see?

Butch: Do I ever? Life's too short for beating my big sausage alone, and I rather save myself for proper actions. Yeah, that's the movie, I love a bit of alien bashing. Apparently there's some clever twist in the ending.

Harry: I'd love to know what you think of it, but please no spoilers. Ian and I are thinking about going to see it when we have a free night together. Some of these big effect movies just don't look the same on the small screen.

Butch: No problem. How about you two lovebirds, anything interesting planned?

Harry: Ian has more rehearsals on Sunday, but no matter, since I'll be working anyway. We do have tickets for a renaissance sculpture exhibition on Saturday and probably spend the rest of the day doing things around the house.

Butch: How domestic of you! I hope the exhibition is good.

Dix: Will there be statues of naked men on show?

Harry: Of course, it's the renaissance, so probably lots. Obviously, that's not the reason why we are going to see it.

Butch: It's so funny when people try their best not to stare at all the cocks and balls on show a moment too long.

Harry: I know, but it's impossible not to when the statues' crotches are directly at eye level.

Butch: Someone at the gallery definitely has a sense of humour. Just make sure you don't get your eyes poked out by all the long, pointy phalluses.

Harry: It's the renaissance, so as a rule of thumb they will be all soft and tiny instead, unlike say exhibitions of drawings by Tom of Finland.

Dix: I'd definitely go to see that if it's on. Big Tom of Finland fan here.

Butch: Aren't we all.

Harry: I've been to one before. Well worth it if you've only seen them in books or online.

Dix: Hopefully one day. Right, and on that note, I better go. Thanks for the beer and see you guys soon.

Harry: Nice to see you too, Dix. Let me know when you're free, and we'll try to get together again.

Butch: Yeah. Always a pleasure catching up. Don't do anything that I wouldn't do.

Dix: Yes, dad! Till next time. Bye.

Harry: So, Butch, are you hungry? Fancy a bowl of pasta or pizza?

Butch: Definitely. You know me, always hungry.

Harry: Let's go then. Would you like to come back for a night cap after food? Ian won't be back till late, unfortunately.

Butch: Why not? I have a free evening. Someone has to help you drink up those expensive single malts.

Harry: You'll be lucky.