

BORROMEAN BEARS



CHEZZER

2

The Borromean Bears

One causal conversation

Two hours

Three bears

Four rounds of beer



Chapter 2

Hirsutus Gluteus Maximus

Hirsutus Gluteus Maximus

Harry: Over here, Butch.

Butch: Hi Harry, that's where you are hiding. You're early as usual. How's it going?

Harry: I'm fine. Literally just got here myself after being stuck at home all afternoon waiting for a delivery. As usual, it showed up when I finally gave up waiting and step out of the house.

Butch: That's just typical! I don't mind shopping online but hate hanging around for delivery. What did you buy? Something nice and shiny?

Harry: I wish. It's just a book. It's the large hardback catalogue of the renaissance sculpture exhibition Ian and I went to see last week. You must have seen it advertised around town.

Butch: Of course, it's hard to miss. What did you think of the exhibition? Was it that good, you have to buy the book? Or you just want to wank over the naked statue pictures?

Harry: Why would I fork out a fortune when I can find free bear porn online? The exhibition was actually one of the better ones we've seen recently. I thought the catalogue will make a nice surprise present for Ian, so I ordered a copy online when I got home. Just as well, since it weighs a ton.

Butch: You're too good to your husband. I'm sure he'll show you his huge "gratitude" in return.

Harry: That's not the intention, but I won't turn him down either.

Butch: Anyway, it should look good on your coffee table, that's if you can see it among your junk.

Harry: Knowing Ian, I think he'll probably keep it on our bookshelf together with all his art books.

Butch: He's so organised. By the way, how's his rehearsal for the Pirates of Penzance going?

Harry: I think it's going well. I've heard him practising some of the songs from the show in the shower. They sounded pretty good, at least to my tone-deaf ears.

Butch: Can't wait to watch him performing them on stage. What time is it? No sign of Dix yet?

Harry: Not yet, but he should be arriving soon. I guess he's probably got held up by some demanding customers. Speak of the devil, guess who's walking through the door?

Butch: There he is! It's about time you show up. Nice to see you, Dix.

Dix: Hey, Butch, Harry. Nice to see you guys, too. I'm not late, am I?

Harry: Hi Dix. Just good timing, Butch and I were a few minutes early, that's all.

Butch: Long enough for Harry to tell me how he's been detained by a delivery man all afternoon.

Dix: Oh, is that right? Is he one of those delivery men who always ring twice? Did he have a large package for you and took his time "delivering" it?

Harry: As a matter of fact, it was pretty big, and thick too. Although I doubt you'll be interested, it's only a book.

Dix: Why not? I read, but usually plenty of colourful pictures helps. So, what are you guys drinking? Let me buy the first round today.

Harry: Now that you're offering, I can do with a cold beer after rushing here just now.

Dix: Sounds like you needed one badly. And what are you drinking, Butch?

Butch: Is it just me, or someone is in an unusually good mood today?

Dix: I'll tell you all about it after I've been to the bar.

Butch: In that case, since you're buying, I'll have a beer too. Thank you very much.

Dix: Sure, two beers coming right up.

Butch: I wonder what's new with Dix? I haven't seen him this jolly for some time.

Harry: Maybe a nice daddy bear has been playing with his big dipper all afternoon.

Butch: It's more likely the other way around. I'm sure he'll tell us all about it once he's back with our beer.

Harry: I bet. He looks so excited, I hope he doesn't spill them on the way back from the bar. And how about you? What have you been up to?

Butch: Just working and training at the gym as usual. I actually thought about going to see that sculpture exhibition this coming weekend. Do you think I will enjoy it?

Harry: I think so. Most of the displays are casts rather than originals, but they're so well replicated, they might as well be the genuine pieces by Michelangelo, Giambologna and contemporaries.

Butch: I see. There's nothing wrong with casts, I wouldn't be able to tell the difference anyway.

Harry: Those sculptures are so lifelike, one just wants to reach out and touch them. There are lots of naked statues of perfectly smooth athletic bodies with their big pecs, flat stomachs, and perky bottoms, but I think you'll be more attracted to the ones of Hercules and the likes.

Butch: Of course, who wouldn't. Don't get me wrong, I appreciate the Adonis physique, but they all looked the same after a while. Real rugged mature bodies are so much more interesting. Tell me, why so many of them have big curly beards but completely smooth chests and bodies? It's a bit odd, isn't it?

Harry: You've a point. It has never occurred to me before. I suppose it's hard to show body hair using marble, or the smooth look was all the rage back in those days. Just when's the last time you meet an Italian guy without a healthy covering of body hair?

Butch: Almost never, unless they have freshly shaved their bodies. I do love a chunky Mediterranean guy with bronze-coloured skin and a deep dark hairy arse to match.

Harry: Oh, I know! Don't we all? I could bury my face in his furry butt crack for ages.

Dix: Excuse me, Harry, one cold beer for you. And Butch, here's one for you too. So what's up?

Butch: Thanks, Dix. Harry was telling me about the renaissance sculpture exhibition they have been to see and all the perfect naked bodies on display.

Harry: Cheers for the beer. Yes, I enjoyed the exhibition, it's rare seeing a comprehensive list of famous works from that period in one place, naked or not. Somehow, Butch was somehow more interested in their lack of body hair.

Butch: I wasn't. I was only saying hairy bodies and butts will be more realistic and attractive, at least to me, that's all.

Dix: You'll like mine, then.

Butch: I'll be the judge of that if you'll show it to me.

Dix: Haven't you seen enough of my naked body during our holiday in Sitges? You want another peek again?

Butch: Why not? I never say no to a cheap thrill.

Harry: Please keep your clothes on! I know it's nice and hairy, but do it in your own time and not in a pub. I'm here to drink beer and not watch a strip show. So what should we drink to?

Dix: I know, big hairy arse!

Butch: Or *hirsutus gluteus maximus*, as they used to say in renaissance Italy.

Harry: That makes no sense! Are you just making things up again? Your Italian teacher would be turning in his grave. It's so ridiculous, it's actually kind of fun, to *hirsutus gluteus maximus*!

Dix: *Hirsutus gluteus maximus*!

Butch: *Hirsutus gluteus maximus* to you too! For your information, I've never done Italian or any other foreign languages in my life.

Harry: No kidding? You can fool me!

Dix: Neither have I, so I'm none the wiser. It sounds like Italian to me.

Butch: You know, after a few beers, I sometime struggle with speaking English too.

Dix: But you'll be fluent in "drunkenese".

Harry: Aren't we all? Do you guys remember "*scorchio*" and "*nimbo cumulos*" from the Fast Show?

Butch: Of course. I think that was one of the funniest 90s sketch shows. Believe it or not, I actually said "*scorchio*" to a Spanish guy once on a hot summer day, and he looked at me as if I was from a different planet.

Harry: I think you have that effect on loads of people.

Dix: What are you guys talking about? It must be something way before my time.

Harry: Ouch, we're not that old! You're really missing out. You should watch it if it's ever repeated. The humour is probably a bit dated and certainly not politically correct, but it's hilarious. Anyway, what's the big news you are dying to tell us?

Butch: Yeah, we thought you must have been playing with a big daddy bear before meeting us.

Dix: I should be so lucky. My company has finally signed a supply deal with a famous garden designer this afternoon, so for the next 3 years, we'll be providing plants for some of their projects.

Harry: Congratulations! No wonder you look like you've just won the lottery when you came through the door. Here's to a bigger and brighter future for your business!

Butch: Hear, hear!

Dix: Thanks, guys. We've been negotiating for months now and glad it's all agreed. Not sure if you've heard of the designer Robert Armstrong, but he has been responsible for some high-profile projects in recent years and also regularly exhibited at the Chelsea Flower Show.

Butch: I don't know anything about gardening, but even I have heard of the Chelsea Flower Show. He must be really famous, well done in securing a deal with him.

Dix: We're not the only company he's working with, but I'm not complaining. Hopefully, it'll help with my business by association. Robert not only has good eyes for transforming a blank space into a spectacular garden, he's kind of a hot daddy bear too.

Butch: Oh yeah? So we were right about you spending the afternoon with a daddy bear after all. Did you sweeten the deal with a little of sexual favours on the side?

Dix: What? Like a handjob every Tuesday and blowjobs on Friday? Of course not! Everything's done by the book. I don't think he knows or cares about my personal life, just the quality of my plants.

Butch: So you weren't wearing your "I'm a big gay bottom" or "I love daddy bears" T-shirt when you talked business with him then?

Harry: Leave him alone. Dix works hard for his business and this is a big step forward. I'm very happy for you.

Dix: Thanks, Harry. You know me, I'm out at work, but I don't see the need to wave rainbow flags at every client I meet.

Butch: I feel the same way about my sexuality too, who and how I have sex with is really nobody else's business but mine alone. Anyway, I'm glad your company is doing well.

Dix: You know, ironically, Robert Armstrong is actually openly gay himself. He came out late in life after his two sons have grown up. It was a big thing a while back among the horticulture circle, but not sure whether it's that newsworthy. Apparently his wife had known for a while and the separation was amicable. They remained friends afterwards, and could still be seen together in public events these days.

Harry: Interesting. It's good that he feels comfortable coming out despite his fame and didn't fall out with his family. With the increased acceptance of LGBT people in our society, there seemed to be more people of all ages coming out after living in the closet all their lives, but the fight goes on. I couldn't imagine what torture it must have been leading a double life.

Dix: Me neither. It would be hell having to lie and conceal part of my life around the clock. I don't think I can ignore my desires for a nice hairy cock, or arse.

Butch: I'd love to see you try. I can't see you ever denying your sexual urges. So what does this daddy bear Armstrong look like?

Dix: He's in his early 60s, with deep blue eyes and a bushy goatee in contrast to his balding head. He has a large built but still keeps in pretty good shape. I remember when we first met, he gave me a firm handshake with his big hands and I could feel the calluses from years of hard manual labour. You know, if I come across Robert in a bar or dark room, I wouldn't say no.

Harry: Sounds like he's really made an impression on you.

Dix: Absolutely. He's actually a little larger in real life than I imagined, but very friendly and down to earth. I was quite nervous before our first meeting, but he quickly put me at ease.

Butch: I'm surprised you didn't make any moves. He's very much your dream daddy bear type.

Dix: Somehow, I've a feeling he's already taken – like all the good ones. On top of that, I always believe it's unprofessional, crossing the boundary between work and private life.

Butch: Aren't they all? At least you have secured his business for the next few years, which is all that matters. You'll never know, you might run into each other in a dimly lit sauna somewhere and give each other a quick handjob.

Harry: Why is it always you who lowers the tone of the conversation? But now that you mention it, I'm curious to know if he cums like a garden water fountain.

Dix: Very funny! Not you too, Harry. Chance would be a fine thing. Recently, I've been so tired after full days at work, it's way too much effort looking for any meaningless quickie.

Butch: What's a shame? Those poor horny daddy bears with no-one to service them. You must have a bad case of blue balls by now. Do you want me to relieve the strain for you?

Dix: No way! You're not getting anywhere close to my balls, regardless of their colour. I suppose one blessing about the internet is the endless supply of porn when I've the need to rub a swift one out.

Harry: Too much information. I honestly don't want to know what you do in your private time.

Dix: Come on, I bet you enjoy watching porn as much as the rest of us and probably have an extensive collection of bear porn at home.

Harry: Well, guilty as charged. I must admit, I have some. Don't get me wrong, I've nothing against porn, it's just not something I like to discuss in polite company.

Butch: You're seriously mistaken if you think we are "polite" company. I, for one, love watching porn. It's so quick and easy finding something that will guarantee to make me hard. Gone are the days, even downloading a single naked pic from the internet took forever.

Harry: True, but not sure that it's a good thing with porn so easily accessible via social media or the web. I remember when I first had dial up internet service, I'd click on a thumbnail, then go make myself a cup of tea and by the time I returned, a blocky low res image of a naked man would be on my computer screen. One had to be really selective about which pic to download, since it was a big investment of time and bandwidth. Obviously no chance of videos, but those fussy pics more than satisfied my needs back then.

Butch: You have a point, but the ease of uploading and sharing porn have resulted in lots of poor quality, pointless sex clips littering cyberspace these days.

Harry: You'll be surprised the distance one will go for any visual simulation when feeling desperately horny.

Dix: I don't know if I've the patience. Frankly, I didn't bother with porn when I was growing up. Occasionally, one would see a cock or two in porn mags passed around at school, but straight sex is definitely not a turn on for me. And all the gay porn available for sale in those days only showed fit young porn stars with not a single hair on their bodies. Unsurprisingly, they didn't appeal to me at all. Thinking back, I did save a few underwear packaging with pictures of hunky mature men with a decent size bulge, but that's about it. I mostly had to rely on my imagination.

Butch: I can imagine you had dreamt up countless sexy daddy bears doing naughty things to you all through your tender years.

Dix: Well, a few older men I've seen naked in the gym changing room frequently popped into my fantasies in those days. And my hunky rugby coach did appear in some of them as well.

Butch: I bet you were dreaming about them popping their thick veiny cock into you too.

Dix: Or even the other way around. I can't remember exactly when I discovered bear porn, but I know I've been hooked since.

Butch: I don't blame you. I was the same during my teenage years. I know I'm attracted to the male body, but the gay porn in the shops back then just didn't cut it. It's fun looking at naked men showing off their big cock and balls in various poses, but not really very sexually stimulating. It all changed after my first trip to New York, as a gutsy early twenty-something, I ventured into a gay porn store in Greenwich Village and my eyes were opened to all the hardcore porn available. Needless to say, I left with a few mags, which led to my discovery of the bear and leather scene.

Harry: I don't think young guys these days even know what softcore porn means, with the endless hardcore ones at the click of a button. If you had kept those porn mags, they might be worth something to collectors.

Butch: I doubt it. It's not like you can advertise them on eBay!

Dix: Yeah, just who would pay good money for worn out magazines with pages stuck together?

Butch: Give me some credit, they might be a bit worn after all the "reading", I actually tried to take good care of them. Since none of those bear porn mags were available in this country,

I used to spend a fortune and had them sent from America. It started with magazines and then DVDs, obviously.

Harry: I remember you've shown them to me before, back in the days. It was so hot watching two big bears going at it on a TV screen rather than looking at tiny pixelated gif video clips which only lasted a few seconds. You can even see all the sweat dripping from their fur.

Dix: God bless internet porn. Better change the subject before I get too excited. By the way, whose round is it this time?

Butch: Thought I'm the only one developing a chub with all this talk about gay porn. I'll get this round, but I hope nobody will notice the boner in my jeans.

Harry: Since you're offering, same again, please. I bet many guys will probably enjoy watching you walking around with what looks like a big banana stuffed down your pants anyway.

Dix: Yeah, no one will complain about seeing big bulges in this place. Beer for me too, thanks.

Butch: OK, just let me do a quick adjustment... Much better now. I'll be back with your beers in a jiffy.

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Dix: Hey Harry, have you noticed those jeans Butch's wearing today? They are so tight, they might as well be painted on.

Harry: Now you mentioned it, they kind of remind me of what the men wore in the Tom of Finland drawings. See how they accentuate his beefy legs and backside? Maybe he has a hot date tonight.

Dix: Or some sleazy rendezvous with one of his muscle worshipping fuck buddies. The lucky guy will probably cum in his pants while peeling those impossibly tight jeans off his thighs.

Harry: I thought they're not meant to cum until they have permission to.

Dix: You're talking to the wrong guy, since don't know much about the whole S&M thing. Where's Butch when we need an experienced dom master?

Harry: I bet you'll look good in a pair of skinny jeans. Lots of guys are wearing nowadays.

Dix: You must be kidding. Even though my leg are pretty chunky from all the lifting, I don't think I've the guts to wear something fitting that snug.

Harry: You should give them a try and show off your bubble butt to all your daddy bears.

Dix: Nah. It would be a huge embarrassment if they accidentally split when I was simply bending down to pick something up.

Harry: In that case, better make sure you wear clean, expensive underwear and no going commando.

Dix: Going commando is not really my thing. Can you imagine getting your foreskin caught in the zip? Ouch!

Harry: You'll be surprise how often that happens. When I signed up to be a paramedic, I never would have thought I would be freeing trapped foreskins. I think I've done that twice so far in my career. It usually looks scary and much worse than it actually is, in most cases it causes no lasting damage. Do you know, given the choice, I prefer button flies any day?

Dix: Do you? I've never tried button flies. The closest I've used are those buttoned up rugby shorts back in my school days. Isn't it a bit fiddly?

Harry: Not really. Just something one gets used to. It takes just as long doing up as zips once you have some practice, but it makes taking pants off a breeze. One pull and it is undone.

Dix: Hmm... I'm not convinced, but willing to give it a go some day if I find a pair of jeans with button flies that fits around my big fat belly.

Butch: Here are your beers, gentlemen. Is our new barman checking out my butt as I walked away from the bar?

Dix: You mean Trevor? How should we know? We were chatting and didn't pay any attention, but he could be – and probably not the only one.

Butch: That's right, Trevor. He made a comment about my jeans while he was pouring our pints, that's all.

Harry: Well, they are pretty tight and don't leave much to the imagination. Are you trying to impress a date later?

Butch: Yeah right. The truth is I have run out of clean jeans this morning and had to put on this old pair I found. I think they are a few years old, and my legs have bulked up a bit since I bought them. Oh god, I've worn them at work all day, what would my colleagues think?

Harry: I'm sure they know you well enough not to care. Anyway, at least your big hairy arse looks good in them. Here's a toast to your *hirsutus gluteus maximus!*

Dix: Yeah. To your big *hirsutus gluteus maximus!*

Butch: Can't you leave my arse alone. You guys are terrible. *Hirsutus gluteus maximus* to you too!

Harry: Maybe you should keep hold of those jeans for going on the pull at the clubs in the future.

Butch: Seriously? I think my clubbing days are long behind me. Been there, done that, and lost the T-shirt in the darkroom.

Dix: Come on, you sound like an old man. We should all go clubbing some time. It's more fun going in a group.

Harry: You've never mentioned you like clubbing. Just have to find a weekend we can all make, I suppose. Honestly, it felt like a lifetime since Ian and I have been to a club. We used to go dancing all the time when we first start going out.

Butch: That's married life for you, but I guess it won't take a lot of persuading to get Ian to put his dancing shoes on.

Dix: Are there any decent gay clubs in town these days?

Butch: You're asking the wrong person. I'm a bit out of the loop. I don't really mind as long as we're going to a men-only club or better still a bear club. These days, I don't have the patience dealing with all the attitude from twinkies and drunk hens parties trying to feel up my chest.

Harry: No, that's not a combination of a good night out. Remember how much fun it was rubbing up against all the sweaty, hairy bodies on the dance floor? Those were the days.

Dix: You're making me jealous. Love to have been there, even though I can't dance to save my life. I've only been clubbing a few times when I got dragged along. All I remember was the beautiful people there, which made me felt really self-conscious about my own body.

Butch: Well, that's why I prefer going to a bear club. There's little judgement on body size, and I can happily take my top off without worrying about not having a six-pack.

Dix: But you have a great body. Frankly, I'd rather have a six-pack of beer.

Harry: Me too. I feel a lot more comfortable in the relaxed atmosphere of a bear club, and nobody would care how my gut jiggles with I try to dance. It's also a bonus if one's hairy all over.

Dix: Sounds like I've been missing out.

Butch: It would be even better if the clubs were drugs free, but that's asking a bit much.

Harry: I think most of the clubs have a "no drug policy", but it's nearly impossible to police. There have been many times when I worked nights, I had to attend to drugged out idiots coming out of clubs. If that doesn't put anyone off drugs, I don't know what will.

Butch: Of course, I feel sorry for you having to deal with them.

Harry: It's part of life for paramedics these days, unfortunately. It's bad enough we have to bandage up all the cuts and bruises from legless drunks, depending on what drugs were taken, it could be life or death if not treated appropriately.

Dix: Yes, Dr Harry! I can imagine. Thankfully, drugs have zero appeal to me.

Harry: Don't get me started about drugs, otherwise we'll be here all night.

Butch: That's why I always say you're my hero. I won't have the patience dealing with druggies, especially the ones who are abusive, when you only have their best interests at heart.

Harry: You're right. The ones who've passed out are comparatively easier to deal with, just like treating a piece of dead wood, but the violent ones are the worst, which is why many of us are issued body cams nowadays.

Dix: I doubt many people will give you grief and pick a fight with a big, stocky guy like you.

Harry: You've no idea. They're not thinking rationally, and just thought you are trying to spoil their fun or whatever trip they are on.

Dix: I guess you'd rather treat trapped foreskins any day.

Butch: What? Trapped foreskins? Now, that's a huge tangent! How did you come up with that?

Harry: Oh. While you were getting beers, Dix and I were discussing the merits of button and zip flies, that's all. By the way, do you have a preference?

Butch: Of all topics, how you ended up talking about flies? I've no idea. Personally, it makes no difference to me, I can happily work both.

Dix: I've always used zip, but willing to give button ones a go. Do you know Harry has treated guys with their foreskin caught in the zip before?

Butch: Isn't he a just wealth of experience when it comes to medical emergencies. Thinking about it, years ago back at school, a boy did nick his cock with the zip after gym class. There were a few of us left in the changing room and out of the blue there was a scream, turned out he was zipping up his school pants so quickly and a bit of skin was trapped in the zipper. One of us ran to find the school nurse, and she came back with some oil and freed his foreskin in no time.

Harry: Ooh, Matron! Who would any boys get through school without them?

Butch: Definitely. It wouldn't surprise me, she had probably dealt with it many times before. The boy in question was lucky, since the few of us who were there only gave him a hard time for a week or so but didn't spread it around the school, so his reputation was left intact.

Harry: And his foreskin too. He was lucky. School kids can be very cruel.

Dix: Don't I know it? I would have died of shame if it happened to me and the whole school knew about it.

Harry: Like I said. It's actually pretty common, but probably nearly unheard of in America, where most boys and men are cut.

Butch: Or the Middle East, or parts of Africa.

Dix: Although I don't think that's the reason why they're cut! Can you imagine being cut? I can't. Oh, no offence if either of you are circumcised.

Butch: That's a very personal question, but you should know the answer, since you've seen us both naked before on the beach in Sitges. I'll be happy to show you my big uncut cock again if you follow me to the gents.

Dix: Of course. I wasn't thinking, that's all. And, thanks for the offer, but you can show off your long foreskin to someone else. I've one of my own.

Butch: Well, in that case do you fancy some docking fun later, mine is very accommodating.

Harry: Can you two grow up? I can't believe we're talking about foreskin and docking now!

Butch: What's wrong with foreskin and docking? I'm sure you're familiar with both.

Dix: Docking? What's that?

Harry: Haven't you heard of it before? Docking is when you put your cock into someone else's foreskin and vice versa.

Dix: Really? Is that a thing?

Butch: It sure is, next time you're playing with a daddy bear with long stretchy foreskin, surely he'll be happy to show you.

Dix: Just how do you find out about these things? Well, learn something new every day. I must give it a go next time the opportunity presents itself.

Butch: I expect a full report afterwards. Just make sure you find a guy with enough foreskin and not too tight, otherwise it won't work.

Harry: That's enough docking tips, Butch. Not sure if I want to listen any more. I guess there are plenty of docking videos online if you're really interested.

Dix: Again, god bless internet porn. I'll make sure I search for it later, for educational purposes, obviously.

Butch: Tell me another one! If your porn addiction gets any worse, Harry and I would have to do an intervention.

Dix: I don't have an addiction. Actually, it's funny you've reminded me once I hooked up with a guy with really tight foreskin, it was kind of awkward since I've never come across it before him.

Harry: It's not uncommon. I think the medical term is phimosis. I hope you didn't hurt him.

Dix: No, I seem to recall he was a charming older man, not really a bear but nice enough. He has one of those upwardly curved cock with a thick base, but the opening of his foreskin barely stretched pass his piss hole. It's nearly impossible getting my little finger inside, let alone my tongue.

Butch: That's a tight one. Was it cheesy inside?

Harry: Ugh! You can be really disgusting, you know?

Butch: Not as disgusting as cheesy foreskin, but apparently it's a kink for some guys.

Dix: Thankfully, it wasn't cheesy as far as I can remember, otherwise I would be out of the door in a flash. I think he had the good sense of cleaning it thoroughly before I arrived.

Butch: So what did you do with it?

Dix: Well, after sucking it for a while, he asked me to finish him off using my hands. With a firm grip and trying not to pull too vigorously, it wasn't long before thick cum oozed out of the

little opening all over his shaft and ran down to his balls. I must have done a fine job, judging from the noises he made, but there was little chemistry between us, and we never saw each other again.

Butch: So he was just another notch on your bedpost then. At this rate, you'll need another bed to keep score.

Dix: If we're comparing numbers, I doubt I'll come anywhere close to all your conquests.

Butch: I do have some standards and don't drop my pants for anyone remotely interested.

Harry: Between the two of you, is there anyone in town you don't know in the biblical sense?

Butch: You're one to talk. Before going steady with Ian, you had your share of nocturnal adventures with most big hairy men who crossed your path.

Harry: What do you mean by "most"? Back in the days of my prime, it would've been selfish of me not to share my gifts with all the horny and willing bears.

Dix: I've no idea you're that predatory. By the way, you're still in your prime. As you know, bears get better with age anyway.

Harry: That's very nice of you to say so, but I'm fighting a losing battle trying to stay in shape these days.

Butch: For once, I agree with Dix, plenty of guys would love to get their hands on you. I think given the chance, the new barman, Trevor wouldn't say no.

Harry: I doubt it, but I appreciate you guys trying to boost my ego. Lucky for me, Ian likes this battered old bear, so I can care less what other guys think.

Butch: You are selling yourself short again! Ian is the lucky one.

Harry: The jury is still out on that one. Well, at the end of the day, I suppose we are both lucky finding what the other was looking for.

Dix: That's so sweet.

Harry: Mind you, we have on rare occasions played both together and separately with other guys for a bit of no strings attached fun.

Butch: Glad the open relationship thing is working out for you guys. It's not for all couples.

Harry: I know. Well, looks like both your glasses need topping up. I think this is my round, would you like the same again?

Dix: Yes, please. Thanks, Harry.

Butch: Same here. If I didn't know you any better, I would have thought you are making an excuse to talk to Trevor at the bar.

Harry: Well, I admit he is easy on the eye. Ten years ago, I probably would've put in more effort but not these days. Gentlemen, I'll be back in a bit with your beer.

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Butch: Not sure whether you know, Harry was a real catch when I first met him years ago and still is, obviously. Back in the day, plenty of guys chased after him relentlessly.

Dix: It's not surprising. He's a handsome bear with a great personality to match. Ian and him make a great couple. I don't think he has ever told me how they met?

Butch: They are. If you don't know the story, you should ask him one day.

Dix: I will do. So, how are things in Butch's world?

Butch: Same old. Our team just released a new version of an app and luckily there wasn't any major bugs, so we've started working on the next one. Outside work, still hitting the gym as usual and also have some fun with my fuck buddies when I feel the need.

Dix: Congrats with the release. I'm glad it went without a hitch. So how many fuck buddies do you have on speed dial at the moment?

Butch: Nosy, aren't you? Not as many as you think! Don't get me wrong, it's exciting playing with fresh meat, but it can't compare to someone who's familiar and sexually compatible.

Dix: What, like a pair of boots? At least you know they are not time wasters. There's also no fear of being robbed or beaten up by some psycho nutcase.

Butch: Definitely, but I doubt anyone will pick a fight with someone my size. I guess stranger things have happened.

Dix: So, did your fuck buddies show you a good time?

Butch: No complaint. Well, if you really want to know, one of them messaged me a few days ago looking to meet after work. He said he had been a bad boy and needed some much-needed discipline. Naturally, I ended up spending a couple of hours giving him what he deserved.

Dix: Nice one. I'm sure he's well punished by the time you're done. What's this guy like?

Butch: Your typical cub basically, probably a size or two larger than you. He has a big bushy beard and probably hoping to turn into a bear in a few years' time. Needless to say, a total sub.

Dix: Of course, aren't they all? He sounds like your textbook type.

Butch: Oh, yeah. Very much so. Anyway, I went home after work, grabbed a few toys, put on a pair of heavy boots, and made my way to his house. When I got there, the door was unlocked and inside I found him blindfolded and naked, ready for action.

Dix: It's lucky you're not a burglar, then.

Butch: No, but he's got one big butt burglar instead! Maybe I should tie him up next time, he would've enjoyed that. Anyway, he was made to lick my boots clean, suck my cock and arse, before I opened his tight hairy hole with one toy after another. Once his hungry hole was suitably relaxed, I proceeded to administer a good old heavy pounding. He loved being nailed by my muscular body so much, his little cubby cock kept leaking precum.

Dix: I bet he was moaning like a cheap rent boy too.

Butch: He was a moaner alright, and a loud one. Only after I dumped a couple of loads inside him, was he allowed to touch his rock hard erection. As soon as I jammed my thumb into his now well-used hole, he shot uncontrollably all over his belly and fat tits. Even though he was all spent by then, my work was not done until I gave his sensitive mushroom head a good polishing and squeezed out the last few drops of cum. Before I left, I gave him a big hug for a job well done and went home for a big piece of steak to recuperate my energy.

Dix: You can be a real devil when you put your mind to it, but I bet he was expecting nothing less. Some guys will pay good money for treatment like that.

Butch: I don't need the money and had fun doing it, so why not. Mind you, not all my fuck buddies are submissive like him. It's nice to have variety.

Dix: Sure, like people say, variety is the spice of life. Well, sex life, in your case. Out of curiosity, have you ever thought about concentrating all your efforts on just one guy and eventually settle down like Harry?

Butch: For the time being, I love living my life without having to be accountable to anybody else but to myself, and I'm also having all the sex I wanted. That said, never say never.

Dix: Lucky you. Personally, I wouldn't mind finding a nice daddy bear to call my own, but happy to wait until meeting the right one.

Butch: I'm sure you will do. Hey, Harry, you've gone for a long time.

Harry: Tell me about it, when did all these people show up? The bar was packed. Here is your beer, gentlemen.

Dix: Thanks, Harry. Butch was just telling me about all the sex he's been having.

Harry: Really? Have I been at the bar for that long? Don't tell me, he had been giving it to some furry Buddha lookalike guys?

Butch: No, he wasn't bald, but not far off. Am I that predictable in my old age? Anyway, thank you very much for getting the beer. Was it sexy Trevor who served you?

Harry: Unfortunately not. Simon served me. Trevor was busy at the other end of the bar taking orders from a big group of bears, and one of them have a very nice arse.

Dix: Oh yeah? You have to point him out later. Anyway, let's raise our pints to all the bears with *hirsutus gluteus maximus* here!

Harry: Yeah, to all those peachy *hirsutus gluteus maximus*!

Butch: And to the ones with big round fuckable *hirsutus gluteus maximus*! So, how's the silver fox, Simon, today?

Harry: Alright, I suppose, he was too busy for conversation.

Dix: Do you know he has a new tattoo? He showed it to me earlier on when I was at the bar.

Harry: No, I don't. What did he get this time?

Dix: A snake going around one of his thighs.

Butch: Is it a snake biting its tail?

Dix: Yes, that's the one. How do you know?

Butch: Well, it's the ouroboros symbol. Ouroboros has been used in a number of ancient civilisations to signify the cycle of life, and also popular with alchemists too.

Dix: Cool, that's new to me.

Butch: You'll probably have come across it before without knowing. It's widely used in popular culture, especially in the sci-fi genre.

Dix: No wonder you know about it.

Harry: I'm surprised you haven't heard of it before, it's frequently used in art too. Sometimes can be drawn as the infinity symbol like the figure eight instead of a circle.

Dix: Doesn't ring a bell, but I'll know what it means next time I see it.

Butch: I wonder if it has anything to do with losing his older partner Warren a few months ago?

Harry: Could be. They had been together forever. I was really sad when I found out he had terminal cancer with only months left.

Butch: Yeah, Simon held together pretty well considering. I bet he was probably in pieces inside. I can't imagine losing someone after spending over forty years together. They were effectively inseparable.

Dix: I remember seeing Warren propping up the bar near closing time many evenings, but I've no idea he had been with Simon for that long.

Harry: Warren was a quiet man. We had spoken a few times, but can't say I knew him well. He reminded me of someone's grandpa.

Butch: He could be, I think Simon once said Warren was married before they met and had one or two children. Can you imagine, it was still illegal to have sex with another man back then?

Dix: No, I suppose we don't know how good we have it until you meet someone who has lived through it.

Harry: Simon never said how they met, but it was not long after Warren's divorce and during the early days after gay sex was legalised.

Butch: I'm having a hard time picturing Simon as a toy boy. No doubt the silver fox was a handsome man back in the day, as he is now. Minus a few wrinkles, I guess?

Harry: It'll be hard not to like his cheeky smile and sunny disposition to life.

Dix: I wish I knew more about what they'd been through all those years. Must have many interesting stories. Well, this is to Warren and Simon.

Harry: Warren and Simon.

Butch: Warren and Simon. Maybe one night, when the bar is quiet, Simon could recount some of their adventures.

Harry: Yeah, I'd love to hear them, too. Hopefully, Ian and I will follow their example in the years to come.

Dix: It must have been so hard looking for sex decades ago without hookup apps, mobile phones, or the internet.

Butch: You'd be surprised, I'm sure they managed just fine. I still remember learning the hanky codes when I first explored the gay scene. How about you, Harry?

Harry: Of course. In a way, the chase was more fun without these technological advances. It felt like being part of a secret society with all the code words, signs and signals.

Dix: I've heard of the hanky thing too, but never got to grips with it. It's too easy checking out someone's profile and finding out the whole laundry list of what he's into and not.

Butch: The young people these days! I think you should hang a dark green hanky on your right pocket. Actually, also a red one and a brown in that pocket for good measures.

Harry: You're terrible, Butch! Don't listen to him, Dix.

Dix: Now I've got to look it up.

Harry: Oh, you can do it later. Mind you, I think you can still see people sporting coloured hankies in some leather bars and clubs, but it's a dying tradition.

Butch: Now you mentioned it, it has been a while since I've seen guys with them. Used to be more common.

Harry: Have you used them before?

Butch: No, not really. If the other guy doesn't have the balls to come up to talk to me, I doubt I would be interested. I'm fairly flexible as to what I like to do and willing to try, apart from a few red lines, obviously.

Harry: Same here, but probably a lot more vanilla compared to you.

Butch: There's nothing wrong with vanilla as long as you both enjoy yourselves.

Dix: I think most guys are vanilla compared to you, Butch. Personally, I don't find bondage, or the master slave thing a turn on.

Butch: Each to their own, but you should give it a go, maybe a cigar smoking big daddy bear will show you the way one day. Honestly, it's not full on leather and whips all the time with me, either. Believe it or not, I do enjoy conventional one on one naked fun too. It all depends on whom I'm with and my mood that day.

Dix: We'll see. One thing I wouldn't mind trying is sex in the great outdoors.

Harry: Really, Dix? I've no idea you're a closet dogging exhibitionist.

Dix: I'm not, and I don't mean doing it as a show like these dogging enthusiasts. Just maybe in a secluded place, somewhere quiet and off the beaten track. It must be marvellous wrapped in the arms of a nice big bear while feeling the hot sun on our bare skin.

Butch: Aren't you full of surprises? I've always known you're a big exhibitionist fairy. You'll be in your elements at a clothing optional gay camping grounds in America, literally.

Dix: Who are you calling a fairy? If anyone is a fairy here, that's you.

Harry: Neither of you are fairies, immature children may be. Actually, someday Ian and I'd love to pay those campsites a visit too.

Butch: I'll be happy to join you guys if I'm invited, as long as you provide bug spray.

Dix: Me too, and you can leave the bug spray to me. I know the best ones.

Harry: Of course you guys are welcomed. It's a shame, to my knowledge there aren't any places like that in this country apart from a few nude beaches, but they are not the same thing.

Butch: True. When it comes to gay nude beaches, I'd rather go to Sitges or even Gran Canaria. Didn't we have fun last year in Sitges? My fuck buddies were really impressed with my all-over tan after the holiday, and probably a bit jealous too.

Harry: You did spend a lot of time walking up and down the beach, showing off your naked body like a stag in heat.

Butch: Did I? It certainly wasn't intentional, and I don't recall challenging other alpha bears for a rut. I was surprised there were so many guys I know there. I ended up stopping every few yards for a chat, and it took forever trying to get from one end of the beach to another.

Dix: Don't complain about being popular.

Butch: I'm not, but they're mostly bears who had messaged me online before, only a handful of them I personally know well.

Harry: Ian and I just enjoyed doing nothing apart from people watching and going for a dip when we got too hot. The sea was beautiful, no wonder so many guys were mingling with their mates while bobbing along the gentle waves.

Butch: Yeah. I spent my share of time in the water, too. Mind you, the guys floating nearby were definitely doing more than just mingling in the water.

Dix: With so many bears in the sea, it's hard to avoid them, but it was fun watching couples and groups getting frisky with each other.

Harry: We're all consenting adults, so why not? Ian and I had our share of fumbling in the sea too.

Butch: I noticed. And I think you had also picked up a few hotties to join in now and then.

Harry: Honestly, I've no idea from which direction they drifted in, but we're not going to say no when they're irresistibly sexy and horny.

Dix: You guys were in one of the groups? No one told me. I'm so envious.

Harry: How come? Both Ian and I caught glimpses of you in the sea being very friendly with a number of daddy bears yourself.

Butch: That's right, I once saw you with a polar bear. It looked like you were trying to eat him alive.

Dix: Oh, you did? I thought we were quite discreet. He was a good kisser and has lovely big nipples to chew on. He couldn't keep his hands off my cock underwater, it was hard trying not to cum too quickly.

Butch: Good for you. And knowing you, he wasn't the only who one fell victim to your charms.

Dix: Well, there were a few over the holiday, but I won't complain if there were more.

Harry: Glad you enjoyed yourself. Don't want you feeling left out.

Dix: I'm not sure if I would go on a holiday like that by myself. It's nice having my alone time, but also not looking like a Billy no-mates at restaurants or bars.

Butch: Luckily, you're pretty low maintenance. Otherwise, that'll be the last time you come on holiday with us.

Dix: Is that a compliment? I would definitely love to join you again if I'm invited.

Harry: You know, you're more than welcomed.

Butch: Yeah. All this talk about the sea has triggered my bladder. I'll be back in a bit.

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Dix: It's funny watching Butch trying to push his way through the crowd.

Harry: I know. The Crown and Anchor is not really designed for guys of his build. Can someone explain to me why so many bear pubs are unbelievably tiny?

Dix: Ironic, isn't it? I suppose these traditional pubs were built at a time when people are of a smaller stature. It doesn't bother me much, but I do wish there's more room in the toilet.

Harry: Tell me about it! Those urinals are so close to each other, I'm practically rubbing shoulders with the guy next to me whenever I try to take a piss. And I'm by no means the biggest guy here.

Dix: Yeah, whoever's standing at the next urinal can easily reach out and hold my cock for me.

Harry: I'm sure you wouldn't complain if some bearded mature daddy offered his assistance, but I doubt that's what the architect had in mind when he drew up the plans.

Dix: That daddy better be absolutely stunning. Still, it's not my idea of an introduction. I was told it was very common decades ago, when cruising at the public urinals was many gay men's favourite pastime. I think it's so funny the Americans call them "tearooms".

Harry: Just like we have "cottages" here, and I believe cottaging still happens nowadays. Some of those old Victorian toilets are infamous.

Dix: Life must've been tough being gay back in those days.

Harry: Definitely, but I bet they had their share of fun too. Maybe even more than we do.

Dix: It's incredible the progress gay rights have made in the last few decades, but there is still more to be done.

Harry: Do you know even after homosexual acts had been decriminalised in 67, many gay men were still arrested for "gross indecency" at public toilets for years afterwards? Given the same situation, I would most probably be in trouble too. It's nearly impossible not to check out all the cocks on show.

Dix: It's only natural, I suppose. I'm the same, just like on the nude beach in Sitges. It's fascinating how cocks come in different size, shape, and colour.

Harry: And it's nice to see not all men are horse-hung like most porn stars. These giant hot dog size penises might turn the size queens on, but they don't do much for me. Personally, a nice short and thick "fireplug" shaped one suits me just fine.

Dix: Now you are talking! I think those freakishly large cocks are really more of a curiosity. There's nothing wrong with an average size one, but a big mushroom head won't hurt.

Harry: Well, unless it's jammed inside you too quickly!

Dix: Is that speaking from your own personal experience? Talking about big cocks, here comes Butch in his obscenely tight jeans.

Butch: Why are you staring at me like that? Are you talking about me behind my back again? It's my jeans, isn't it?

Dix: Of course we were talking about you, what else?

Harry: I do think you have outgrown those jeans. I can clearly see your bulging wallet, or are you just happy to see me?

Butch: OK, OK. I got the message, these jeans are going into the charity shop pile.

Dix: Or you can sell them online, together with your used underpants. I bet there are guys who will pay good money for them.

Butch: You must be kidding. I've seen guys advertise their cum-stained jockstraps in online auction sites, but I doubt anyone would want my hand-me-downs.

Harry: You'll never know. You can always personalise them with some of your DNA, maybe even take a video of you doing it to show its authenticity.

Butch: If only I were a famous porn star.

Dix: These days anyone can be famous, just look at those good for nothing influencers.

Butch: Spare me, I'm not that self obsessed.

Dix: I know, but the whole social media thing is quite addictive. I only use it to keep track of exotic plants I come across and share little gardening tips, but it still feels good getting "Likes" and people leaving positive comments.

Butch: Sure, as long as you don't take it too seriously. After being in the IT business for so many years for my sins, I just know too many pitfalls from cyberstalking to trolling. There are lots of complete nutters out there.

Harry: I don't get it when there's an accident or something. We paramedics are trying to do our job saving lives and the passer-by insisted on getting in the way taking videos, so they can share them with all their followers. Crazy world!

Butch: It sure is. So, have you saved anyone recently, Harry? Are you working this weekend?

Harry: No more than usual and I've a long shift taking up most of the weekend, at least I get a few days off next week.

Butch: That's good. You deserve it, do you have any plans for your days off?

Harry: Not really. Ian will be working, so I probably end up doing a few things around the house and catching up with some reading.

Dix: Maybe you can pop around my garden centre for a few new plants for your home, and we can go for a coffee afterwards.

Harry: Thanks, Dix. That's not a bad idea. I'll drop you a text when I'm free in town next week.

Dix: Great, I look forward to it. I can do with the distraction from shuffling paperwork. Anyway, it must be infectious, it's now my turn to empty my bladder. What do you guys want to drink? I'll get them on my way back.

Butch: Thanks, Dix. Another beer for me, please.

Harry: Same again, thanks. See if you get to flirt with Trevor this time round at the bar.

Dix: Doubt it, he looks busy.

Harry: Just put on your best smile and don't forget to leave him a generous tip.

Dix: I'm not that desperate. Well, apart from desperate for a piss. Be right back with your beers.

Butch: Go, and I expect a full report when you return.

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Harry: So what are you doing this weekend, Butch? Not working again, I hope.

Butch: No, thank god. Life is finally back to its normal pace now the new software update is released. My place is an absolute tip at the moment since I didn't have time to tidy up with the deadline hanging over my head the last couple of weeks. I really have to make a start cleaning this weekend, otherwise I feel bad asking any of my tricks back to mine in its current state. What will they think of me? A complete pig?

Harry: You said it, not me. I doubt they'll pay much attention to your pile of washing up and dirty laundry everywhere. They just want your body and porky sausage.

Butch: But still, I'd like to leave a good impression.

Harry: I'm surprised you cared. I suppose smelly cum towels and used condoms littered all over the place might put your more uptight gentlemen callers off a return visit.

Butch: Ha ha ha. I'm not that much of a pig. Well, in the majority of times anyway. Maybe, I could tell my visitors it's a piece of art installation like the unmade bed by some woman artist.

Harry: Oh, that pile of rubbish? Literally! I don't see the fascination about it at all. I'm no art connoisseur, but it does nothing for me. Tell me, is it really art? I'd rather look at a nice landscape painting.

Butch: It's art if the artist say it's art, I guess. If a urinal on its side or a neatly packed pile of bricks can be art, who am I to argue?

Harry: I know. I've seen them both before, but I think I'll stick to classical sculptures of naked men.

Butch: I've an open mind and don't mind being challenged, but so much contemporary art these days needs at least an art degree to appreciate.

Harry: Yeah. And have you seen the ridiculous amount of money they sell for? I like some of them, but the rest just look pretentious to me.

Butch: Mind you, I'd pay good money for decent gay art, especially ones showing real manly men rather than perfectly built young men with immaculate hair and plucked eyebrows.

Harry: Same here, but men like us are in the minority. Have you thought about investing in the niche market of "bear art"? Did I tell you, a few years ago, a photographer friend of ours asked Ian and I to pose by for a naked bear calendar he was putting together? We seriously thought about doing it for a laugh but chickened out in the end.

Butch: Is that right? You've never mentioned it. Why not? Imagine, you two will be immortalized in print forever.

Harry: Come on, you know, Ian and I are not that vain.

Butch: I won't mind one to put up on my wall, especially if the rest of the models are hot too.

Harry: What? For darts practice? I don't think Ian and I are the right wanking materials for you. I doubt you could get it up if you saw us naked.

Butch: OK, you might not be my classic type, but don't undersell yourself. I bet your photographer friend would bring out the best in you guys.

Harry: Well, I don't think any amount of "Photoshop" will help. Regardless, the finished calendar was very professionally and tastefully done. We bought one, and hung it in our bedroom.

Butch: Did you regret turning your friend down? You guys should have done it. I would.

Harry: Of course, you would. All your time spent in the gym has really paid off.

Butch: Thanks. It could be better. I just enjoy keeping fit, which helps to balance out my love of eating. Why don't you fix me up for a photoshoot with him one day?

Harry: Darren is always looking for new models for his photography projects, so I doubt he'll say no. He's a really nice guy, you'll like him.

Butch: Sounds good to me. What's this Darren guy like? How did you meet him?

Harry: Oh, Darren did some photoshoots years ago for the amateur drama group Ian is involved in. I suppose he hit it off with Ian, and we all met up for a coffee a few times. He's a nice cubby guy, probably similar age to Dix. I haven't seen him for a while, maybe Ian has.

Butch: So he does professional work as well as taking photos of naked bears in his spare time.

Harry: That's right. Most of them do these days. The bear thing is only a side project, I think.

Butch: Do you think he has sex with his models before or after the photoshoot? Or both?

Harry: How would I know? I bet he wouldn't say no if there's chemistry with the model. I know you see that in porn all the time, but being a serious photographer, he's probably more interested in getting the right angle and lighting than having sex.

Butch: Mmm. I should volunteer as a model and go undercover to do some investigation.

Harry: Ha ha ha. Surely he'll find you to be a very photogenic subject.

Butch: It's about time I update my profile with new pics anyway.

Harry: I'll look up his online portfolio and message it to you. He's probably easily found in most social media platforms.

Butch: Yes, please. Maybe I can exchange sexual favours in return for the photoshoot.

Harry: I don't think he charges a lot because he treats it as a hobby. Anyway, don't you have enough sex already with your huge harem of fuck buddies?

Butch: Well, if we get on, what's wrong with one more? It's like the old saying, if you don't use it, you lose it, and I'm using it as often as I can. Even better if I've a set of new photos to show for it.

Harry: You're incorrigible! But I'm curious to see how he captures your look and body.

Butch: Who knows? Only one way to find out. Anyway, haven't you seen enough of me in my birthday suit? I just hope the photos don't end up all over the internet. It's impossible to remove once something is uploaded.

Harry: Darren is a professional and does everything by the letter of the law. You'll probably have to sign a model release form before he can use any of your photos.

Butch: That's good. There's been creeps stealing my profile photos before and posting them all over the internet. One time, someone claiming to be from America even created a fake profile using my photos. Luckily, a mate of mine noticed and told me about it. I immediately got that profile taken down, but who knows if there are others out there?

Harry: Yeah. I don't get this whole "catfish" phenomenon. I doubt anyone will use my photos.

Butch: You will be surprised. Did you read about this average looking middle age gay man had his photos used in numerous online dating scam targeted at vulnerable women? He was only alerted to it when strange women tried to contact him online. Apparently, over half a dozen women had fallen victim to it.

Harry: That's news to me. He must be a real catch, but gay men do look after themselves better, so I'm not surprised. I do feel sorry for the poor women. I suppose it's easy to do since we all have tonnes of everyday photos posted online these days. It just shows one has no idea who they are chatting to behind a computer screen or messaging on a phone.

Butch: I agree. That's why I usually try to keep my chat messages generic with anyone new, and don't agree to doing anything before actually meeting in person. I'm not saying everyone who contacts you online are crooks but can't be too careful these days.

Harry: Thankfully, since meeting Ian, I seldom have the need to go on hookup sites or apps any more. Oh, Dix, that's quick of you.

Dix: Beer for you, Harry. And one for you, Butch. The toilet wasn't busy for a change and I got served not long after I got to the bar, so no complaints.

Butch: Thanks, Dix. Did Trevor serve you this time? Have you told him you have a massive crush on him yet?

Dix: Yes, and he wanted to marry me! Obviously not! I'm not some lovesick teenager. I happened to catch his eyes when I reached the bar and was served immediately. Trevor sounded a bit tired, happy hour was pretty busy today, I suppose.

Harry: Thanks for the beer, Dix. It must be the good weather, everyone decides to have a few beers after work before going home.

Dix: You're probably right. His T-shirt was all sweaty and clinging to his body. I think he must have been changing beer barrels or doing something equally physical. It's funny, you can see the sweat marks just under his chest and nipples.

Butch: I bet you wish you can see his sweaty furry butt crack too. Here's to Trevor's *hirsutus gluteus maximus*!

Dix: You have a one track mind. To Trevor's *hirsutus gluteus maximus*!

Harry: Trevor's *hirsutus gluteus maximus*!

Butch: You know, I get similar sweat marks like that every time after I've been to the gym. It's a sign of a good session. I've no idea how some guys' T-shirt can stay dry after exercising.

Dix: I know the feeling, so is my top after hours of planting in some client's garden. In fact, some days it's absolutely dredged, it looked like I've been wearing it in the shower. I hate that clammy feeling when I sit down and press up against a chair.

Harry: I hate that too, but wait until you have to wear a uniform for hours on a hot summer day. No amount of deodorant can disguise the smell. I pity the patients having to put up with it.

Dix: Well, I think they're probably more worried about their injuries and in too much pain to notice how ripe your body reeked.

Harry: That's true. Still, I don't want to give the impression of not having showered for a week.

Butch: I've met many guys who love strong body odour, especially sweaty armpits and crotch.

Harry: I bet you have. Don't get me wrong, I prefer natural smelling guys too. I only wear deodorant when I'm at work, since I'm in close contact with people all the time. Wouldn't it be great if I can save money on deodorant and spend it on something else, like beer?

Butch: Don't we all? A couple of my fuck buddies love to meet me after I've been to the gym and specifically ask me not to shower before showing up. Apparently, my musky pheromones are better than any aphrodisiac and drive them crazy for cock.

Dix: You're not the only one, it has happened to me before too. Once the guys heard I've a physical job, they want me to turn up all smelly and sweaty in my overalls, and they would spend ages sniffing and licking my sweaty pits and balls.

Harry: I suppose deep down we are all just animals driven by our basic animal instincts.

Butch: And ripe hairy armpits.

Dix: Speak for yourself.

Butch: I can't help it if my fuck buddies find my sweaty armpits irresistible, well among other body parts, obviously.

Harry: I don't want to know. If you start to stink like a school boy changing room, you can drink by yourself on another table far away from me.

Dix: Ah, the combination of muddy kits, sweaty socks, and cheap body sprays bring back fond memories.

Harry: Good for you. I was never that sporty at school, so the changing room was just a necessary evil to me. It's somewhere to quickly change clothes before and after gym class without lingering a second too long and attracting any unwanted attention.

Butch: School and especially the locker room could be a cruel place for many. Personally, I rather enjoy all the locker room banter and chasing each other around partly dressed.

Dix: You would! I was never one of those guys, but there's something unforgettable about bonding with the rest of the team after a game, whether it is celebration over victory or commiseration in defeat.

Harry: It must be. Personally, I'm just thankful it was a long time ago. It's funny to think, back in my school days, I would never imagine enjoying myself stark bollocks naked all day on a nude beach with hundreds of sexy men.

Dix: Me too. I never thought any guy would find my body attractive when I was young. I didn't have the best body among my classmates, but luckily no one dared to give me grief since I was big for my age and played for the school rugby team.

Butch: We've all felt like that before. I think being part of the non-judgemental bear community helped many guys struggling with self-image and self-esteem.

Harry: That's true. Even for a big ugly ogre like me.

Dix: Are you kidding? How many times do we have to repeat ourselves? You're one sexy bear, and I don't say it because I'm your friend. Your husband will agree with us.

Harry: He has to, he's married to me! Talking about Ian, he wasn't needed in the latter half of the play rehearsal tonight, so he should be back around dinner time.

Butch: Great. I suppose with you working shifts, you don't get many quality meal times together.

Harry: We make do. Last weekend we made a large pot of lamb curry, and we're going to warm up the leftovers tonight, so no need to cook or wait for takeaway.

Butch: Very nice. Is there enough for one more?

Harry: I doubt it. Plenty for two big bears, but not three, especially when one of them is a bottomless pit like you. Maybe next time.

Butch: Deal. I'll hold you to it. You know I love your cooking and never say no to free food.

Dix: I've no idea where you put all that food you eat, there's hardly an ounce of fat on you.

Butch: It could be just down to good genes, and as you all know, I work out a lot.

Harry: In fact, if I want to make dinnertime, I should go after this pint.

Butch: Are you sure you don't have time for one more? Go on, you know you want to.

Harry: It's tempting, but I really shouldn't. And I'm feeling quite peckish already.

Butch: Now that you mention it, I can do with some feeding too. What dinner plans do you have Dix?

Dix: Nothing, but it has to be a quick meal since I haven't worked weekend mornings recently, so I said I'll be in bright and early tomorrow.

Butch: What good is being the boss if you can't avoid working the antisocial hours, and you've just secured a big deal for the business.

Dix: If only I were a CEO of a huge cooperation. Mine's only a small business, and I'm more of a hands-on person anyway.

Harry: I think you have done very well in a short amount of time. All your hard work speaks for itself. Well, do excuse me guys, the beer is going right through me and I doubt I can hold it in till I get home.

Butch: You better go and drain your bladder instead of being caught short on the way. We don't want any accidents now, do we?

Harry: Yes, DAD. Be right back.

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Butch: So Dix, apart from work, are you up to anything interesting over the weekend? Maybe a hot daddy bear or two lined up?

Dix: I wish. Lately, all I've been thinking about is securing this deal, and haven't really looked. Now that it's finally signed, I'll probably spend more time online and see if anyone fancies hooking up for some fun. Failing that, there is a garden show in town. It's running for the rest of the month, so there will be plenty of opportunities to visit. These shows are good for getting new ideas and finding out what the competitors are doing.

Butch: Surely there will plenty of horny guys looking for a little stress relief after the show. Maybe you'll even run into another sexy garden designer.

Dix: Slim chance of that. As usual there will be lots of families and couples with the odd tradesman mixed in.

Butch: Surely some of the men would have been dragged along just for the ride, bored stiff aimlessly following their wives or partners, longing for some distractions.

Dix: That's true sometimes, but that's more for flower shows. Lots of men are really into their gardening. I suppose it's one of the few macho physical pastimes in this age of office cubicle drones.

Butch: Tell me about it. I'm one of them. If only I had the patience and the space. I'll settle for lifting heavy weights to maintain my alpha male status.

Dix: And you do that in spades. Wish I were as well-built as you are.

Butch: Don't be, you look good as you are. I'm happy to show you a few routines at the gym to tone up a bit if you want to.

Dix: Maybe I'll take you up on it one day. I mostly do cardio at the gym and only occasionally lift a dumbbell or two. It's probably down to lack of motivation, so I suppose a gym partner would help.

Butch: Yeah, very often the case. I've trained with several gym partners before, but these days I'm happy just with working out alone to music.

Dix: I understand. I often see people chat more than work out at the gym I go to.

Butch: Don't I know it? So many of them have no idea about proper gym etiquettes. That's why I work out at a bodybuilding gym, people there tend to be a bit more focused.

Dix: I bet. Are there many gay men at your gym?

Butch: How should I know? As long as they don't interrupt my routine and tidy after themselves, I couldn't care less who they fuck. Also, beefcakes are not really my type. Why do you ask? It's not a gay gym, if that's what you're thinking.

Dix: Just curious, that's all. I've this image of bodybuilding gyms full of muscle Marys who get up to no good with each other in the shower or changing room.

Butch: That only happens in gay porn. It wouldn't surprise me if a few guys all pumped full of testosterone after a serious session have to jerk off in the bathroom to release the tension – but nothing in public. There had been times after a punishing upper body workout, I could barely take my top off, let alone having a wank.

Dix: I've seen videos of these musclemen film themselves lifting massive weights then jerk off in the changing room before posting it online to show off.

Butch: OK, there is that. It's not exclusive to us gays, most bodybuilders are natural exhibitionists.

Dix: If you've got it, might as well flaunt it.

Butch: Ha ha ha. So true.

Harry: What's so funny?

Butch: Nothing. We are just discussing muscle Marys in the gym. That was quick, no queue at the gents?

Harry: Interesting, I don't think either of you are into muscle Marys. If you really want to know, all the urinals were taken. Luckily, a cubicle just became free, and I made a beeline for it, so I could piss comfortably without being elbowed from both sides.

Dix: Just like we were saying earlier on, it's ridiculous how cramped it gets in there some time.

Butch: No shit! It's often awkward trying to fit my shoulders between the guys on both sides and still aim my cock at the urinal.

Dix: Such a hard life being a muscle bear.

Butch: You've no idea. It's also a nightmare whenever I fly. Those seats are definitely not made for big guys like me.

Dix: I sympathise. I've read some airlines are trying to make obese passengers purchase two instead of one seat. Not saying you are obese, obviously, but more room would be nice.

Butch: A few chubby guys, I've played with before, most likely have to do that whenever they fly. Well, I just pity the people sitting next to me.

Harry: You were fidgeting a lot on the flight to Spain. It's like sitting next to a giant wiggly worm.

Butch: It's just hard to get comfortable flying in cattle class. One time my company flew me in business class to America for a conference, and now that was something else.

Dix: I can only imagine. I've never flown business class, let alone first class. Would be nice to try one day.

Harry: As long as it gets me from A to B, I can put up with several hours of discomfort. A handsome beary steward serving me would help to ease the pain.

Butch: Are you thinking about joining the mile high club? I've only encountered dolled up stewardesses or really camp stewards. I'm not trying to stereotype them. It's just my experience.

Harry: I've met a couple of hunky pilots through the years and maybe a steward too.

Dix: Oh, bears in uniform? Nice. Can you imagine flying and sowing one's wild oats all over the world?

Harry: I don't recall the exact details now, apart from one of the pilots was African American with a big, hearty laugh. He yelled so loudly when he orgasmed, I thought he was having a heart attack. Well, sorry to disappoint you, none of them show up in uniform. Even if they did, their uniform wouldn't stay on for very long.

Butch: Sounds about right, knowing you. It could be fun sampling the local cuisines at all the stops, I suppose, but I don't think I can do a job that involves waking up in a different time zone every day.

Harry: You don't have a problem with waking up in a different bed every day! Well, flying is not a glamorous job, but someone's got to do it. I think it would be an experience to fly a plane – I don't mean a passenger jet – just a small light aircraft freely circling the sky like a bird.

Butch: How dare you, calling me a slut? You are no angel yourself! By the way, I'm more than happy paying someone else to fly me around.

Dix: Personally, not sure if I'll be able to fly even if I have wings, better to lose a few pounds first. Can you picture me in the sky? Talking about a flying pig!

Harry: You're not that fat. As you know, many guys find a nice little chunky guy like you very attractive. Have you scored recently?

Dix: Butch just asked me that. Why are you guys so interested in my sex life? Surely Butch's is immensely more colourful than mine. Have I scored recently? In a word, no. The deal I completed today has been keeping me busy, so no time for random hook-ups.

Butch: What happened with that tourist you told us about during our last drinking session?

Dix: Do you mean Barry from up north?

Harry: That's the one. How did the date go? Was he good in bed?

Dix: I was a bit apprehensive meeting someone for the first time after chatting online for some time, but he turned out to be a nice, genuine daddy bear. Very down to earth and easy to get on with.

Butch: Just your type, then. Go on, spill the beans, did you have sex with him?

Dix: No, well, not at first anyway.

Butch: I knew it.

Dix: If you really want to know, I met Barry at his posh hotel bar as planned and before long we were chatting like a couple of old friends. He was a bit tired after all the travelling, so I left

after a few drinks and let him get a good night's sleep. I volunteered to show him around town in the morning, and he gladly accepted.

Harry: You're such a good boy scout.

Dix: It's the least I can do. I picked him up the next day at his hotel and spent a couple of hours wandering around, seeing the popular sights. We eventually reached the riverbank and ended up having sandwiches for lunch on a bench overlooking the river.

Harry: And a romantic too. Did you show him the gay cruising grounds too?

Dix: Why would I? I did point out a gay sauna when we happened to walk past. Since I had to work in the afternoon, I left him to explore the city alone. Before I left, he offered to buy me dinner as a way to say thank you. How could I turn that down?

Butch: Definitely, never refuse free food. So did he offer anything apart from dinner? Maybe his body too?

Dix: It's like a corny romcom. After an expensive meal, we went back to his hotel bar for a night cap and one thing led to another, I found myself naked in bed with him.

Butch: You dog! How was the sex?

Dix: In short, we had fun together. He was very oral and loved sucking my cock, before long we were 69ing each other. His big bushy beard felt great brushing against my balls when he was bobbing up and down on my rock hard cock. After a while, I shifted forward and started rimming his hairy hole. He loved it so much, I could hear him moaning between swallowing my cock deep down his tight throat. I really tried to hold on for as long as I could manage, but ultimately it felt too good, and I shot my thick load straight into his stomach.

Butch: Now that's one tasty dessert.

Harry: I hope you finished him off too before cleaning up and leaving.

Dix: Of course I did. After he licked up the remaining drops of my cum, I turned my focus from eating his soft pink hole to his tight ball sac. I sucked one ball after another, and watched his precum-dripping cock throbbed wildly, demanding release. Naturally, he grabbed it with only a few firm squeezes, and his daddy cream was sprayed all over my chest and sheets.

Harry: Not that's a happy ending! But I feel sorry for the housekeeping staff cleaning after you.

Dix: I'm sure we weren't the only one leaving cum stained sheets behind, they're probably used to it. Normally that's my cue to go after we've cleaned ourselves up, but to my surprise, Barry asked me to stay over. Maybe it was the alcohol, or the sex, but I slept like a baby wrapped in his big arms against his warm hairy body all night.

Harry: You know? That's one of my favourite things. It's like sleeping with a warm furry hot water bottle.

Dix: Exactly. It's a shame, I rarely spent the night with my hook-ups. Believe it or not, I was eventually woken up by an unusual sensation. It turned out Barry was servicing my morning wood, and we went for round two unsurprisingly.

Butch: Got to love playing with morning wood. I do miss waking up to someone sucking me off.

Harry: Who doesn't? So, did you guys spend the rest of the day having sex?

Dix: Unfortunately not. After we were all cummed out, we tidied ourselves up, and went for a late breakfast. I said goodbye afterwards and left him to prepare for his meeting the following day.

Harry: Glad to hear you both had fun. It's no big secret, Ian frequently pitches a big tent in the morning, and what am I supposed to do but to give him a helping hand?

Dix: Lucky you. I wish I could wake up next to a nice bear every day, too.

Butch: You will do. I'm happy to hear it turned out to be a memorable date. Have you heard from him since? Is he likely to come back any time soon?

Dix: Yes, apparently the meeting went well and if he gets the contract, he could be down more often.

Butch: Cool. Wait and see. You'll never know, he could be the one.

Dix: Who knows? We've only met once, but we did get on well and have plenty in common. The sex was good too. Hopefully, if there's a next time, he would give my arse a good seeing to with his big daddy cock.

Harry: Can't wait to hear all about it. Well, my beer is all gone, so it's probably time for me to go home and have dinner with Ian. Maybe he'll give me a good seeing to after dinner, like your daddy bear.

Butch: Just undo a few buttons on your shirt and show some of your thick chest hair, I promise Ian won't be able to keep his hands off you. Anyway, have a fun night with Ian, and thanks for the beer. It's good to see you, let's meet up again for a beer before pride.

Harry: Is it time for pride already? Yeah, should be good. Message me, and we'll find a day we're all free.

Dix: Good idea. Great to see you as usual, Harry. Say hi to Ian for me and see you soon.

Harry: Later, guys. Bye.

Butch: Bye, Harry.

Dix: Butch, are you still on for some food?

Butch: Sure, I'm actually quite hungry now. Let's drink up and go. What do you fancy eating?

Dix: One more sip and I'll be ready. No idea why, but I feel like Thai green curry and satay.

Butch: Sounds like a grand idea. It's been a while since I've Thai food. How about the one we've been to before for Harry's birthday some time ago?

Dix: That'll do, and it's not far from here.

Butch: Well, I'm ready when you are.

Dix: I'm done. Let's go then, the satays are not going to eat themselves and I can't get enough of their special peanut sauce.

Butch: Yeah, I love meat on a stick. Whoever first thought of it must be a genius. Do you think my meat would taste good coated in peanut sauce too?

Dix: Probably? Everything taste better covered in peanut sauce, but I'll keep to the chicken meat variety if you don't mind. You can always experiment with one of your fuck buddies, I'm sure they won't say no.

Butch: That's a thought. Actually, I could spice things up with a bottle of hot chilli sauce instead and, hey presto, I've turned their little sausage into a chilli hot dog.

Dix: Ouch! I hate to know what goes through that dirty and devilish mind of yours.

Butch: Trust me, it's better that way.