

# BORROMEAN BEARS



CHEZZER

3

# The Borromean Bears

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One causal conversation

Two hours

Three bears

Four rounds of beer



## Chapter 3

*Pride Not Prejudice*

# Pride Not Prejudice

- Dix: Afternoon guys. I'm surprised to see you two walking through the door together. Are you in some dirty secret rendezvous I don't know about?
- Butch: What? Harry and me? As if! He'll be lucky. I just ran into him out in the street, that's all.
- Harry: Yeah? Honestly, I'd rather get rogered by a group of randy gorillas. You know, Dix, Butch nearly scared the living daylight out of me. I was minding my own business listening to music on my way here, and suddenly I felt a tap on my shoulder. I paused to look around when this massive fur ball wrapped its body around me.
- Butch: I was just giving you a friendly hug.
- Harry: In the middle of a busy street? The passers-by probably think I'm having my life squeezed out of me by a big yeti.
- Butch: Don't complain! I can imagine worse ways to go. Anyway, nice to see you, Dix, have you been waiting long?
- Dix: No, not really. The garden shop has been quiet all afternoon, so I finished everything I wanted to do and decided to knock off earlier, leaving the others to close up. What have you guys been up to apart from making a scene in public?
- Harry: Same old, same old. I worked a few long shifts this week, and I swear I'll lose it if I've to bandage up one more drunken idiot. Thank god, I've the next few days off. I'm looking forward to unwinding with my feet up at home with Ian.
- Butch: Unwind? Surely, you haven't forgotten we are in Pride week and the Pride parade on Saturday? So, there will be no rest for the wicked.
- Harry: You don't have to remind me. In fact, I'll be marching with the paramedics in the parade again, like last year. There are about thirty of us going, and we all have matching whistles and rainbow hats ready. Are you guys coming to the parade this year?
- Dix: Of course, won't miss it for the world. Apparently, the weather is going to be beautiful this weekend, so I expect all the sexy guys will have their tops off.
- Harry: That's good to know. I bet all the bears will be exposing their big hairy bodies as well.
- Butch: I'm counting on it. A couple of years ago, it was really wet and all I could see was a wall of rainbow umbrellas. Needless to say, not even a hint of flesh in sight.
- Harry: Let's hope there will be plenty of furry chests on display. We should definitely meet up after the parade for a beer. Talking about beer, what are you guys drinking?
- Butch: Beer for me as usual. Thanks, Harry.
- Dix: Same here, thanks. I'll buy the next round.
- Harry: No problem. Two beers, coming right up.
- Butch: That reminds me, I better bring my shades. Got to look my best for the guys, also handy for checking out any potential preys.
- Dix: You're such a poser! You'll need them since the weather forecast predicts wall-to-wall sunshine with a light breeze, so perfect weather for the parade. Who said god doesn't like the gays?
- Butch: Indeed. By the way, I went out this lunchtime and bought this T-shirt from the Gentlemen's Closet especially for the weekend. What do you think?

Dix: That's one sexy red T-shirt, but isn't "Pride And Prejudice" more appropriate for a literary festival? I've no idea you're a Jane Austin fan.

Butch: I'm not. I think I spent more time wanking during my school days than reading classic literature. Go, take another look.

Dix: Oh, hang on, my mistake. "Pride Not Prejudice", that's really clever.

Butch: Yeah, I thought so too.

Dix: I bet it'll attract a lot of attention – not if you need any more. Are you sure you've bought the right size? It looks a bit small for you.

Butch: That's the largest one they have in stock, but it'll stretch. Don't you know, tight-fitting tops are all the rage these days?

Dix: It's all right for muscular guys like you, even a dirty tea towel will look good stretched across that chest. I don't wear anything tight because of this big, fat gut here.

Butch: Are you serious? I've eaten watermelon bigger than that sorry excuse for a belly. Frankly, who cares? There's absolutely nothing wrong with your build. As you know, there are many guys who fancy chunkier men. I, for one, can't get enough of the fuller figure, the fuller, the better.

Dix: I know. I'm just thankful for being part of the bear community, so I don't need to diet constantly to fit in. I think I'll be wearing one of my comfy check shirts and jeans to the parade as usual.

Butch: I doubt you'll be the only one dressed that way, it's practically the bear dress code if there's one. Trust me, you'll turn plenty of heads if you put on a nice tank top, or just a leather waistcoat, with a pair of well fitting jeans.

Dix: You think? I'd consider a tank top if I found one I like, but I'm not really the leather wearing type.

Butch: In that case, you should check out those adorable cartoon bear T-shirts. They come in tank tops too, and the Gents Closet has quite a big range. Do you know the ones?

Dix: Of course, they are everywhere. In fact, a guy standing at the bar earlier on was wearing one. I won't mind one for myself. Are they expensive?

Butch: I'm sure you can afford a different one for each day of the week, if you're feeling rich.

Harry: Excuse me. Here are your beers, gentlemen.

Butch: Thank you very much, Harry.

Dix: Thanks. Guess what? Butch has been giving me fashion advice.

Harry: Oh really? I've no idea that's one of his talents. He sure hides it well, judging from what he normally wears.

Dix: Show Harry your new T-shirt, Butch.

Butch: What do you think, Harry? I'm going to wear it to the parade.

Harry: Oh, yes. "Pride Not Prejudice". How appropriate, but are you sure you can fit into it?

Butch: Yeah, yeah. I know it's a bit tight, but it'll be fine as long as I don't flex my arms too much. The curse of having big bulging muscles, it's impossible to find clothes off the rack to fit.

Harry: Don't you start, most guys would pay good money for arms and pecs like yours.

Dix: I'm one of them. You won't believe the fortune I pay my gym every year. Well, my beer is getting warm. Let's drink to "Pride Not Prejudice" and a fun weekend!

Butch: Definitely, Pride Not Prejudice!

Harry: Pride Not Prejudice, everyone! Hopefully, slogans like this will be redundant one day, when nobody will be stigmatised for who they love and have sex with any more.

Butch: Hear, hear! I can't wait.

Dix: Did I tell you, to celebrate Pride this year, I thought for the first time it would be fun to do something special at my shop?

Harry: Oh yeah? What did you do? Putting rainbows and pink unicorns everywhere?

Dix: Come on, give me more credits. It's nothing outrageous, we planted hundreds of little brightly coloured pansies making up the word "Pride" by the shop entrance. It took us a couple of hours to arrange all of them in place, but the result speaks for itself. Here are a few pics of it.

Harry: Cool. I love the design, and it's huge. I bet you can see it from space!

Dix: It's not that big in real life, but we're really proud of it. Unsurprisingly, many of our customers have been taking pics and some of them has even gone viral.

Butch: Nice one. Never say no to free advertisement.

Dix: That's not the intension, but I wouldn't argue if they want to tag my shop to the pics.

Butch: I know you didn't, but have you noticed these days a lot of shops have jumped on the LGBT bandwagon and put rainbows all over their windows just because it's Pride.

Harry: It is not a bad thing as long as they actually support the LGBT community and not just use it as a promotional stunt to make money. Don't they call it "pinkwashing" nowadays?

Butch: That's the key, isn't it? I found the whole "rainbow capitalism" thing really offensive. It's easy displaying a rainbow flag during Pride week, but do they actually care about their LGBT employees and wider LGBT issues all year around, instead of making money?

Dix: I agree. Lip service without action is pointless. Hopefully, things will quickly improve now more managers and other people in positions of power have come out of the closet.

Harry: Don't you know, there are a number of openly gay big corporation CEOs these days; most of them are big supporters of the Pride movement, obviously.

Butch: True, but I read there are plenty of businesses use Pride as a marketing ploy while still heavily donate money to anti-LGBT politicians, organisations and religious groups. How double standard is that?

Harry: Is that right? They should be publicly named and shamed.

Dix: Yeah. Even though LGBT movement has come a long way in the last decades, there is still some distance to go.

Butch: By the way, I like your choice of flowers for your display. Pansy is a brilliant idea, but I wonder if anybody taking pics of your pride design has made the not so subtle connection?

Dix: Glad you noticed. Personally, I couldn't care less if anyone else gets it or not. After all, calling gay men "pansy" is a bit dated. Regardless, pansy is a fantastic bedding plants, and we sell a truckload of them every year. Do you know those delicate flowers are edible too?

Butch: Really? I won't mind eating a pansy or two for breakfast, especially if they are big and round.

Harry: Don't be crass! I've tried them before, but it's a bit of a disappointment since they don't taste of much. That didn't stop fancy chefs using them to add a bit of colour to their dishes.

Butch: Maybe I should ask for pansy with my beef burger instead of lettuce next time.

Harry: I'd love to see the expression of your waiter if you do. Come to think of it, have either of you heard of the Pansy Project?

Dix: No, what is that?

Harry: Some years ago, a gay artist suffered a horrific homophobic attack, and come up with the idea of planting pansy at sites where anti-LGBT attacks took place around the world. He photographs each flower to memorialise the abuse victim and raise awareness about homophobic hate crime. Gradually it turns into the Pansy Project.

Dix: I've never heard of it, but it's genius. Wish I've thought of it.

Butch: That's new to me too. It sounds like a really worthwhile project. Too often, homophobic attacks are ignored and forgotten. Thankfully, I haven't experienced homophobic abuse much. Nothing physical anyway.

Harry: Count yourself lucky. I doubt anyone would be crazy enough to take on someone your size.

Butch: You'll be surprised what some idiots would do after a few beers. Once I was leaving a gay club with a few mates, a random drunken bloke came up to us and shut something resembling "you fucking faggots" and "it's unnatural". Before any of us could raise our arms, he turned and ran away, tripping over himself a couple of times before disappearing into a side street. We looked at each other in disbelief and burst out laughing.

Dix: What a sad loser! Personally, the name-calling has never bothered me, it just shows their ignorance and intolerance.

Butch: Yeah. Sticks and stones, and all that. Mind you, even repeated harmless name-calling could cumulate to serious harm for someone more sensitive, like a form of Chinese water torture.

Harry: I know the feeling. I've been on the receiving end of it and more during my school days. If I get a pound everything someone called me a pansy, fag, or queer, I'll be a millionaire. I still hear "pansy" used these days, but mostly when I watch old comedies. I must confess I love some of them, even though they do have the worse gay stereotypes.

Butch: Tell me about it. I grew up watching them, too. Some are ridiculously funny, but I've never identified with any of those feminine "queer" men on TV. Just because I like sex with men doesn't automatically mean I want to be a woman or act like one.

Dix: Definitely. I kind of wish those supposedly gay characters were shown in a better light rather than just being there for laughs and always ending up in a typically sad, tragic life.

Butch: Yeah, these days some extreme gay activists take real offence at them and want them banned. Do you think those TV programmes should never be shown again?

Harry: I don't think so, people's attitudes might have changed for the better nowadays, but we shouldn't forget what it used to be like. We can't just try to erase history and pretend it has never happened. On top of that, many of those comedies are absolute classics.

Dix: I understand, and I agree "cancelling" them is the wrong way to go about it. I think as long as people watch them these days with the hindsight of knowing that was how poorly gay men were perceived in those days, and stop perpetuating the negative stereotype.

Harry: These programmes all now have warnings like "the shows' content reflects the standards, language, and attitudes of its times, some viewers may find this content offensive".

Butch: They are just there to cover their legal arses.

Harry: Of course. Then again, there are still plenty of old queens around, acting like one of those characters has just walked off the screen.

Dix: And don't forget all the young camp guys too, but I don't judge as long as they are happy in their own skin. It's funny to remember when I was growing up, I used to think only camp, feminine men are gay. Since I wasn't camp at all, I can't be gay! How naive was that?

Butch: So what's changed? My young padawan. When I was first exploring the gay scene, my friends back then used to refer to me as "the butch guy" and eventually just Butch. It sort of stuck since, but I quite like it. Butch by name and butch by nature. Ha ha ha.

Harry: You don't say. Someday, I'd love to see you get a drag makeover. You could do it for charity or something.

Butch: Are you serious? I'd make one ugly drag queen.

Dix: I can just picture you in a tiny sparkly red sequin dress, wobbling on high heels.

Butch: You would have to raise a lot of money before seeing me dressed like that. Just how do women balance themselves on those pointy stiletto heels? I've no idea. I'd fall on my face and break my ankles in a heartbeat.

Harry: They manage, then again, I've patched up enough of girls on drunken nights out during my night shifts. By the way, do you guys know Ian can really camp it up when he wants to? He normally puts it on when socialising with his fellow thespian.

Dix: Really? Ian doesn't come across as camp to me ever. You guys are like a couple of... what's butch? Rugby players, or lumberjacks?

Butch: Is that the best you can come up with? Surely, even you would know this: "I'm a lumberjack, and I'm OK. I sleep all night and I work all day. I cut down trees, I skip and jump. I like to press wild flowers. I put on women's clothing and hang around in bars."

Harry: "I'm a lumberjack, and I'm OK. I sleep all night and I work all day. I cut down trees, I wear high heels. Suspenders and a bra. I wish I'd been a girlie, just like my dear Papa."

Dix: Ok, ok, very funny guys. It's not the best example, but you know what I mean.

Harry: We're just winding you up.

Butch: I love the lumberjack sketch, actually everything Monty Python did.

Harry: So do I. Back to what we were talking about just now, I bet some thought-police nowadays would probably take offence at the Python's sense of humour and try to have it taken off the air.

Butch: What a bunch of killjoys. They need a lesson in the meaning of satire.

Harry: Well, it's nothing new, The Life of Brian has been banned from public screening for years.

Dix: I'm sure there are many things we routinely think and do these days that would be unacceptable to future generations.

Butch: It's like the old Chinese tradition of women binding their feet. It's the fashionable thing to do a century ago, but we now think it's barbaric and ridiculous.

Dix: Interesting comparison. I hadn't thought of that before. Then again, women these days still torture their feet with ridiculously expensive designer shoes.

Harry: Well, we don't need to go back that far, no doubt over the Pride weekend we'll see lots of guys and girls covered in glitter, but the scientists now tell us glitter is actually very bad for the environment.

Butch: Banning glitter is fine with me, can't stand the stuff.

Dix: Tell me about it, I'm still finding bits of glitter at home left over from Christmas cards.

Harry: That also reminds me, when Ian and I got married, we told everyone not to bother with confetti. Another seemingly done thing for decades now frowned upon.

Butch: I remember reading that in your invitation, which is fine by me, I'd rather spend the money on beer instead.

Harry: And not on our wedding gift? You are not getting anything more than a six-pack of beer when you get married.

Butch: Just as well, I'm not planning on getting hitched any time soon, and I love beer.

Dix: At least gay marriage is now legal, so you can when you find someone who is willing to put up with you. Back when I first realised I was gay, I never imagined I would ever marry the man I love.

Harry: Same here, but look at me, married to Ian for four years already.

Butch: Really? It doesn't feel like it's four years ago. I still remember the huge spread you guys ordered for the reception. It's not very often I've eaten so much, I couldn't physically stuff any more food in my mouth.

Dix: Sounded like I've really missed out. What was the wedding like? I've only seen photos.

Harry: It wasn't grand or extravagant. Neither Ian nor I wanted to make a big deal out of it. After all, the main reason to get married is having protection in the eye of the law. We don't need a piece of paper to tell how we feel about each other.

Butch: Also an excuse to have a party with all your friends.

Harry: That's true, Ian never says no to throwing a party.

Dix: I bet he did a great job.

Harry: Of course he did. I sorted out most of the official stuff, and he was in charge of the fun things. Looking back, I don't think there were any major hiccups. The formal wedding ceremony was pretty standard, and it was followed by a small reception. Ian must have ordered enough food for a starving battalion.

Butch: He sure did, and the food was very tasty too.

Harry: Ian has good taste and loves eating, which partly explains for our waistlines. Surprisingly, the final bill didn't blow our budget, to our relief.

Butch: Apart from the food, I remember Ian's speech was hilarious and literally left me in tears.

Dix: I'd expect nothing less. You both looked very smart and happy in your matching suits.

Harry: All the photos were taken by a professional photographer friend of ours. We were super impressed with the results, and he didn't even charge us a penny, saying it was his gift to us.

Dix: Wow! It normally costs a fortune hiring a wedding photographer. Talking about wedding expenses, did you hire a band for the reception?

Harry: Seriously? We can't stand the cheesy wedding music. We did ask one of the Man Cave DJs if he'd be interested in DJing, but he suggested why not just show up at the club instead. I've known the club owner for years and when we approached him, he offered to put the whole wedding party on the free entry list.

Dix: Great. That's incredibly generous of him.

Butch: And makes good business sense, since probably half of the guys at the reception are regulars at the Man Cave anyway. He probably makes the money back from the alcohol sales alone.



Harry: Maybe, but it's an offer we couldn't resist. I thought everyone had fun at the club. Even some of our straight workmates came along, and it actually turned out pretty well.

Dix: That sounds like one hell of a party, much better than some of the weddings I've been to. Looks like all our glasses can do with a top-up, same again?

Butch: Yes, please.

Harry: Me too, thanks.

Dix: No problem. Be right back.

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Harry: So, Butch, when was the last time you went clubbing at the Man Cave?

Butch: Search me? It's been a while, I don't go clubbing much these days, as you know. How about you?

Harry: Same here. Ian and I haven't been for some time. Last time we were there, we felt the atmosphere had changed. It's still probably the best bear club in town, but there are fewer bears and more muscle Marys. The crowd felt younger than it used to be, too.

Butch: God forbid! Are we turning into a bunch of old farts? Actually, I've noticed that as well, especially in the last year or two. I think the Man Cave is slowly turning into a refuge for the clientele from numerous now defunct gay clubs in the city. Frankly, the dwindling number of options is becoming uncomfortably limited.

Harry: You're probably right, I can't believe many clubs that have been going forever have shutdown in the last couple of years. Of course, a few new ones have started up to take their place, but who knows if they will stand the test of time.

Butch: Who knows? I've read an article about how the gay scene is shrinking dramatically in recent years.

Harry: Let's hope ours is like a phoenix and will reinvent itself in the near future.

Butch: Fingers crossed. You'll surely recall when we first came out the main ways of meeting men was either at the bars, clubs, or saunas. These days it's too easy hooking up online from just about anywhere, no wonder the traditional gay establishments are struggling.

Harry: Oh, the good old days! It's so much simpler, no catfish, no bots. Well, we're all guilty of it, I suppose. It's so convenient checking out who is horny and available from the sofa, or even in bed, why make any effort to go out.

Butch: Yeah, and the choice is endless. At least so it appears, in reality it's always the same few faces looking for sex, only now and then is there some fresh meat.

Harry: Personally, I think messaging or sexting back and forth can't compare to real physical interaction. Also, with the amount of desperate men on offer, there is always a sexier guy only a click away, so we end up in a cycle of endlessly chasing after the "one".

Butch: Sure, and Mr Perfect is bound to live half a world away, married, a psycho, or worse a scammer. It's why I have more luck with meeting people at pubs like the Crown and Anchor here.

Harry: I thank my lucky star every day for finding Ian and no longer desperately looking for sex around the clock. Actually, I never did even when I was single, there was too much going on in my life.

Butch: I know what you mean. It's fun to look now and then to see who's new on the scene, but I tend to play mostly with my fuck buddies.

Harry: With the number of fuck buddies you have, I've no idea how you find time for work or anything else.

Butch: I don't have that many, to be honest. It's quality, not quantity, but it's true there are a few chubby guys around who can't get enough of playtime with me.

Harry: As long as you're happy.

Butch: Oh, I am, and not looking to change that any time soon. See who's back with our beer?

Harry: Thanks for the beer, Dix.

Dix: No problem. Here's one for you, Butch.

Butch: Thank you. I see you've been chatting up Trevor at the bar again. Have you fixed up a date with him yet?

Dix: It's not going to happen. I don't think I'm his type, and he's also married.

Butch: When did that ever stop gay men from hooking up?

Dix: He's just telling me it's his first year serving beer during Pride, and he's not looking forward to working like a dog all weekend.

Butch: Is that a new form of puppy play? I guess we will see a few masters with their puppies collared and following obediently on a leash throughout the weekend as usual.

Harry: You really have a one-track mind. Seriously, I do sympathise with all the barmen, even if Pride is only once a year. Anyway, Pride Not Prejudice, everyone!

Dix: Pride Not Prejudice! And a fun weekend to all.

Butch: Let's hope lots of sexy guys are out and about. Pride Not Prejudice!

Harry: Normally, it gets very busy anyway and this year with the good weather, it'll be packed.

Butch: At least all the pubs and bars will make a killing. I'd hate to see another gay business go under.

Harry: Definitely. Oh Dix, while you were at the bar, we've just been talking about the number of gay business that have dropped in recent years.

Dix: Now you mention it, there are definitely fewer gay bars these days compared to when I first ventured onto the scene. Some long-running clubs and saunas have disappeared too.

Butch: Even though I work in IT, I do blame the internet for changing people's behaviour, thus negatively affecting the gay scene.

Dix: True, it's so easy finding sex and dates online, but I also think that the advance in the LGBT equality movement has an impact too.

Harry: How come? Surely it's a good thing.

Dix: It is, but since it's illegal to discriminate against the LGBT community and there's more acceptance of people like us, a lot of the younger generation can be themselves anywhere they go. Specialist venues like gay bars and clubs have become redundant.

Harry: You've got a point. I think ten years ago I'd probably think twice before kissing or holding hands with my date in public except in a gay venue. These days, I've no problem kissing or holding hands with anywhere we go.

Butch: It's like a double-edged sword, I suppose. For so long, we wanted acceptance and be included in society, but when it's within reach, we missed being part of an exclusive club.

Harry: Can't have the cake and eat it. There's still something special and reassuring being surrounded by like-minded people in a place like this.

Dix: Yeah. I agree. It helps if they're good-looking and sexy, too.

Butch: And naked is even better. Did you hear another branch of Dominion sauna has closed?

Dix: Not another one! I don't go to the gay saunas much, so I haven't been keeping tabs.

Harry: Which one is it? Not the big one by the cinema? I used to go there before I was married. It's always immaculately clean, despite being busy most of the time.

Butch: That's the one. I was surprised to see it reported in our local gay magazine. Apparently, the owner had been struggling to break even for some years and out of the blue the landlord demanded a big increase in rent. That was the last straw.

Dix: That's really sad – I haven't even been once.

Harry: It's been years since I last visited, but I recall there was normally a good mix of guys from all walks of life. They also did a Bear Day every Wednesday, which was a big hit for guys like me.

Butch: Oh, I remember Bear Day. A few of my fuck buddies are regulars since many bigger guys are usually too shy to go on an ordinary day, but they're in their element mixing with all the other bears.

Dix: Sounds like I've been missing out. Do you have any special memories of the place?

Butch: I've only been a few times myself. I seemed to attract all the wrong people when I was there. The ones I like were too scared to even look my way, with a few exceptions I suppose. Harry, you went more than I, surely you've a story or two to tell.

Harry: No, nothing stood out in my mind. There was a lot of hanging and wandering around, with the occasional fondle. Very much what you would expect at a gay sauna.

Butch: Ha! Nothing stood out at a place with countless hard throbbing penises craving attention?

Dix: Come on, Harry, there must be something fun you're dying to share.

Harry: Let me think, well, there was this one time, I was sitting in the sauna with a few other guys, watching a couple playing each other's cocks. It was pretty boring, so after a while I decided to go for a walk to cool down. A polar bear followed me out of the sauna and after making a few turns in that endless rabbit warren, I realised he was still behind me. He was easy on the eyes and I thought to myself there's nothing to lose by saying hi. So I did.

Butch: I think you've told me about this before, years ago – but go on.

Harry: Most probably, knowing me. Well, after we exchanged a few polite words, the polar bear led me to an area with a sling and swiftly climbed into it.

Dix: Now that's an invitation. I like men who are direct. Out of curiosity, what did he look like?

Harry: My memory of his face is a bit fuzzy, but he was short and bald, with a well-groomed thick white beard. Salt and pepper hair all over his chest and ball belly. Just your classic polar bear.

Dix: Nice. I wouldn't say no to him, either, but I do have a thing for daddy bears. So what happened next?

Harry: Obviously, I went over to the sling, started kissing him and stroking his fur. His chubby cock immediately poked out of his round body, it was so thick I could barely get my hand around it. He spared no time wrapping his lips around my hard cock, getting his tongue inside my foreskin, and licking my mushroom head.

Dix: Sounds like the polar bear was hungry for your cock.

Harry: You guessed it. He soon moved my hand toward his hairy hole. It was tight but slowly relaxed at my touch and light massaging. He loved it and begged me to fuck him. As soon as his soft hole felt pressure from my cock head, it opened up and took the whole shaft in one move, all the way down to my balls. I could tell that wasn't his first time and definitely a pro bottom.

Dix: I bet he loved feeling you inside him.

Harry: I think so, at least he was giving me all the right encouragements between moans. I kept pounding his fat arse and the sling rocked along synchronously. My gut was resting on his hairy ball gut, and I could feel his rock-hard cock was pressing between us, continuously milked by each stroke I made. Not sure how long it went on for before I noticed a dark beefy bear standing in a corner rubbing his big bulge under his towel.

Butch: Didn't you tell me he was Greek or some Mediterranean bear?

Harry: Yes, I wasn't entirely sure, but certainly looked like he was from that part of the world. He had short cropped hair, full goatee and thick dark hair all over his body. He could've been in his 40s, or younger, but it doesn't matter. I signalled him over and asked if he would like to tag team the polar bear.

Dix: Who wouldn't?

Harry: Exactly! The polar bear was literally in fuck heaven now, having not one but two tops servicing his greedy hole. The Greek bear dropped his towel and his fully erect dark meat bounced right up, nearly smacking his hairy solid stomach. The polar bear immediately put his mouth to work on that dark, meaty sausage, making it all wet and ready for action.

Butch: Didn't you say that Greek guy was hung like a horse before?

Harry: Mmm... like most gay men, I might have exaggerated a bit. Anyway, I slipped my reluctant cock out and let the Greek bear have his go. The polar bear was having the time of his life – or day – oblivious to whose rock hard cock was sliding in and out of his hole.

Dix: Did you just watch while they were going at it?

Harry: Of course not! Instead of standing idly by, I pressed my body against the Greek bear's furry back and reached my arms around his muscular chest, so my fingers could play with his tiny perky nipples. His firm hairy butt crack was brushing up against my cock and I thought it would be fun to force it inside to make a Greek bear sandwich. But before I got the chance, he turned around, kissed me deeply, and guided my throbbing cock back inside the polar bear's well-used hole.

Butch: I'd tell the Greek bear it's actually his turn to feel what my cock feels like inside his arse. Ops, sorry, I interrupted.

Harry: As I was saying, I was back pounding the polar bear while he in turn was playing with the Greek bear's cock and body. After a while, the Greek bear disappeared behind me, and unexpectedly I felt his hands on my balls. He proceeded to pull and play with them, and that just tipped me over the edge. I shot so hard deep inside the polar bear, he could probably taste my cum in his mouth.

Dix: Ha ha ha. Who doesn't like having their balls played with? Did the polar bear cum too?

Harry: No, not yet. When I pulled out of that warm arse, without a word, the Greek bear immediately sucked out the last few drops of my cum from my still hard cock before swiftly taking his turn at the polar bear's sloppy hole. He doubled down on his efforts, and the sling was shaking so much I thought it might collapse.

Butch: Now that would be funny – definitely one to remember.

Dix: Since you have shot your load, did you leave them to it?

Harry: There's no way I'm missing the grand finale. With one hand, I began playing with the Greek bear's nipple, while the other massaged the polar bear's meaty mushroom head. It wasn't long when I noticed the Greek bear's breathing quickened, and I knew he was ready to cum, so I increased the jacking rhythm of the polar bear's cock. Instead of more moaning, the polar bear suddenly begged, "No, not so fast. Not yet. Not yet! NOT YET!", but it was too late, my fingers could feel his cock was already pulsating and pumping thick hot pent-up cum all over my hand dripping down to his big hairy balls.

Butch: What? He didn't shoot all over his furry chest and even reaching his beard?

Harry: He could have? It was dark and by then my attention was with the Greek bear. Feeling his cock squeezed every time the polar bear spasmed and pumped more cum out, the Greek bear grabbed the polar bear's thick ankles and proceeded to uncontrollably thrust load after load of his semen into that big belly.

Dix: The polar bear must be exhausted after all the heavy pounding.

Harry: So was the Greek bear. It took a while before he came to himself and slowly eased his cock out of the well-worn fuck hole. He scooped up a big dollop of the polar bear's freshly milked cum and tasted it before licking clean the rest off the polar bear's sensitive cock. Breathlessly, the polar bear said, "Oh fuck, that was wonderful. I needed that so badly. Thank you, guys." Both the Greek bear and I gave the polar bear a long wet kiss, and we walked off in opposite directions, leaving the exhausted but satisfied polar bear recovering in the sling.

Dix: Wow! The poor guy probably couldn't walk properly for days after all the abuse.

Harry: I doubt it. I don't think that was his first time getting royally serviced by more than one guy. Anyway, I did see him at the sauna again during subsequent visits, but never the Greek bear.

Dix: Did you play with him again? Wish I could be a fly on the wall and watch that polar bear being used.

Harry: Nothing like that anyway, it's a one-off. I've a feeling that polar bear was married and possibly have a family. He probably just goes to the gay sauna to play with other guy's hard cocks, get his fat arse pounded and go home to his wife.

Dix: I know what you mean. I've hooked up with plenty of closeted daddy bears before. It's sad that some of them are trapped in sexless marriages and only find relief in the arms of strangers.

Butch: I'm sure not what I would have done if I was born and grew up in an age when sex with men was illegal. Probably would have ended up living a double life, just like many of them.

Harry: Not sure if I can picture you as a family man. For me, I think I'd turn into one of those "confirmed bachelors" that my friends and family would make it their mission to find me a wife and set me up on dates with any available females they come across.

Butch: Sounds like a nightmare to me! Thank god for the drag queens who put the Pride movement on the map, so I don't have to live a lie. Well, nature calls. Also, it's my round this time, isn't it? I'll get it now since I'm getting up.

Dix: Thanks, Butch. Same again.

Butch: How about you, Harry? I see you are not quite ready yet.

Harry: Obviously, I was talking too much for once and not drinking at my usual pace. Don't you worry? My glass will be emptied by the time you are back.

Butch: Sure. Beers for everyone are coming right up.

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Harry: So, Dix, can you imagine living in a time when homosexuality is outlawed?

Dix: Not really. I can't believe doing something so natural to me used to be against the law only a few generations ago.

Harry: But it did happen, and there are still men and women in parts of the world who are jailed or even killed for loving someone of the same sex.

Dix: I know. Not sure what I would do if I were in that situation. Probably continue fornicating with men until they lock me away. Even then, there'll be plenty of opportunities for more gay sex in prison.

Harry: Not saying it doesn't happen, but I doubt sex in prison is as much fun as it's in porn.

Dix: No, but what else is there to do in prison when surrounded by other sex-starved men 24/7? Even the straight ones need to do something before their cum-filled balls burst.

Harry: I've no desire to find out. There are certainly a lot of prison sex themed gay porn out there.

Dix: Yeah. Cell-mates going at it with each other, the guards catching them with their trousers down and demanding sexual favours to keep quiet, the warden secretly watching the guards and prisoners banging on CCTV, just to be found out – and the whole prison ends up in one huge orgy. The possibilities are endless.

Harry: Either you've an overactive imagination or watched way too much porn.

Dix: Probably a bit of both.

Harry: There's nothing wrong with indulging in a bit of fantasy, but I don't think I'd last long behind bars in real life.

Dix: Same here. I will be like a lamb in a wolves' den. It's only fair if I have committed a crime, but I wouldn't like to be locked up just because I was born different.

Harry: Future generations of gay men should never forget that many of the rights they freely enjoy have been hard fought by countless men and women in past decades. It's too easy to use Pride as an excuse for a big party and disregard what it stands for.

Dix: That's true, but we should also celebrate how far the LBGT community has progressed.

Harry: Sure. Which is why I'll be marching and waving rainbow flags on Saturday again in the Pride parade.

Dix: Good for you. I wonder what will the bear group do this year during the parade? I thought the bathroom idea last year was brilliant.

Harry: Yeah. You can't beat two dozens or so bears covered in bubbles, wearing nothing apart from a towel and a big grin, dancing in unison to Cher and Kylie.

Dix: I reckon it would be fun to join them one year, but I won't know who to approach.

Harry: I'm not sure, maybe Butch can help, I think he knows a few of them. Come to think of it, he might have actually been on a bear float before in the distant past?

Dix: Sounds like the sort of thing he would do. No doubt they like having a big muscle bear like Butch as their poster boy.

Harry: Or poster bear. You should ask him when he gets back. So will you be watching the parade again this year?

Dix: Definitely, wouldn't miss it. I'll be waving when you file past. This year, for a change, a couple of daddy bears I'm friendly with asked me to go with them, so it should be more fun than going on my own.

Harry: Of course. So, is "friendly with" a euphemism "had sex with"?

Dix: Hmm... how do you guess? Am I that transparent? I met one of them online, and we played with each other on several occasions when his husband was away. Some time later he introduced me to his husband who actually wanted to share part of the action and I thought why not, the more, the merrier.

Harry: Ooh, I love a threesome! Lucky you. There's been times Ian and I play with a third, too. Then again, it doesn't happen very often, since it's rare finding someone we both like and who in turn likes the both of us.

Dix: I'm not sure if I like to be in an open relationship – I'll have to find a partner first!

Harry: In my experience, it works for some but not others.

Dix: That's what the two daddy bears said, too. Apparently, they have been together forever. It wouldn't surprise me if it was still illegal when they first started having sex together.

Harry: Good for them. They must have some stories to tell.

Dix: They told me they were both in tears of joy when gay civil partnership was first legalised. Of course, it was followed by the introduction of gay marriage, and they decided to finally make their lifelong relationship official. Can you believe they used to tell people they live together to save on rent – but no longer.

Harry: That's great. I'm very happy for them. Like your friends, I feel very fortunate to be able to marry Ian.

Butch: Hey guys, here are your beers, what have I missed?

Dix: Thanks, Butch.

Harry: Thank you very much. Not a lot, we're still talking about the advances the LGBT moment has made, and Dix was telling me about this daddy bear couple he's been having sex with.

Butch: Oh yeah? You're not satisfied with one daddy bear – now playing with two? I hope their bed is big and strong enough for everything the three of you get up to.

Dix: We manage, don't you worry. They're decent people, and I'll be watching the parade with them on Saturday. Maybe I can persuade them to stay for a beer afterwards so you guys can meet them. I presume we're still meeting for beer in the afternoon as before.

Butch: Sounds like a plan to me. I just hope I won't scare them off.

Harry: You probably will if you turn up wearing your full leather gear. I'll be there, but it'll take some time to finish the entire route, so I'll show up when I show up.

Dix: No problem. We'll slowly get pissed, mingling with the bears and watching all the beautiful people pass by while waiting for you.

Butch: There'll be plenty of those. Anyway, to Pride Not Prejudice!

Dix: Pride Not Prejudice! And another fun-filled Pride weekend, everyone.

Harry: Oh, sure, but I also look forward to the day when we have nothing left to fight for. To Pride Not Prejudice!

Butch: Won't that be something? Unfortunately, I don't see it happening any time soon. This country may be more progressive than others, but there are still plenty of LGBT hate crimes here, from everyday gay insults all the way to fatal physical assaults.

Dix: That's a sobering thought. It's easy to forget, since we've come a long way. Also, like Harry said earlier on, many countries in the world are still persecuting the LGBT community.

Butch: Yes, I know. I remember the Pride parades I went to years ago used to be a lot more political than ones today.

Harry: That's right. Less commercial, or focused on partying, and trying to advocate real positive changes. It might be wishful thinking, but I think the message is slowly getting through.

Butch: I've seen glaciers move faster. Certainly there have been big steps forward such as equal rights, anti-discrimination, and of course gay marriage. All unimaginable a decade or two ago.

Dix: That's what Harry and I have been saying. The daddy bears I told you about have lived through all those changes and more, can you imagine the stories they can tell?

Butch: Sure. It'll be interesting to meet them if they decided to hang around after the parade.

Dix: We'll see. That reminds me, Harry said you might know someone involved in organising the bear float in the parade. Is that right?

Butch: Yeah. I used to be pretty friendly with a few of them years ago. I'm not sure if they still have anything to do with it these days, but I can find out. Why?

Dix: I was saying, maybe instead of watching the parade, I could actually be part of it in the future. The bears on the float always appeared so happy, dancing and waving flags.

Butch: It's a hoot. I'm sure they are constantly looking for new blood to join in.

Harry: Weren't you part of the bear float one year?

Butch: Believe it or not, yes! My mates had drafted me into the bear float once many years ago, I'm surprised you still remembered.

Harry: That's a relief, I thought my mind was playing tricks on me. Weren't you dressed up for it? As a cowboy?

Butch: OMG. Don't remind me. The theme for the float that year was the Village People, and all they had me wear was a cowboy hat, one of those cowboy tie necklace, jeans and boots. Naturally, photos of my naked hairy chest appeared in all the gay mags the week after.

Dix: Now I've got to examine the evidence. Have you kept any copies?

Butch: Are you kidding me? It's so embarrassing. I wish I could burn them all!

Harry: Don't listen to him. He loved his fifteen minutes of fame and relishes all the celebrity-like attentions he received. I can see them going viral if social media existed in those days.

Butch: Thank god, it wasn't. Otherwise, those photos would be in the public domain forever, and I'll never live it down.

Harry: I'll have to see if I have kept a copy somewhere.

Butch: But Harry, didn't you also appear in some magazine's Pride photos one year too?

Harry: Yes, I sure did, but I was marching in my full uniform and not posing bare chested and tits out to the cameras.

Butch: You win. Moving swiftly on, Dix, do you know Harry and I first met at a Pride parade many, many moons ago?



Dix: No, did you really? I know you guys have been friends for a long time, but you never said how you guys met. So were you both marching in the parade together?

Harry: Not quite, that's way before the paramedics were part of the parade. It wasn't long after I qualified as a paramedic, and I was on duty on parade day. I'm not absolutely sure any more, but I recall I was bandaging some guy and Butch came to help. Something like that?

Butch: Aren't you a bit young to suffer from dementia? It's like this, I was watching the parade filing past like everyone else when I heard a sharp squeal not far from me. I fought my way through the crowd to look and found this pathetic looking tall twinkie dressed in pink t-shirt, shorts, and impossibly high heels laying on the floor in tears. The people around him just stood back, not knowing what to do, so I scoped him off the floor and carried him to a quiet side road when you appeared out of nowhere with your first aid bag in hand.

Harry: Now I remember. I also heard the scream and immediately made a beeline to it to see if I could be of help. When I got close, all I could see was a gorilla-like guy picking up something pink, lanky, and limp, speeding away from the crowds. It could easily be a scene from the King Kong movies.

Butch: Who's gorilla-like?

Harry: Well, it's a compliment. Anyway, I reached them as the big guy put the young man who was wallowing in pain down gently against a wall. After brief examination, it's obvious the twinkie fell over his high heels, twisted his ankle, and got a few superficial scrapes, nothing serious. So I quickly cleaned the wounds and bandaged him up. Before I could thank the good Samaritan, he had disappeared back into the crowd.

Butch: I saw no reason to stay since he was obviously in good hands.

Harry: Not long after, friends of the injured guy turned up and helped him away. I wrote a short report for reference and continued with my patrol.

Dix: And you didn't even get each other's names. So is that it?

Butch: Obviously not. Later that evening, I was drinking here with a few mates, but they didn't stay long – probably heading to a club or some party. I didn't feel like going home yet, so I stayed for another beer and at the bar I happened to stand next to this guy who looked somewhat familiar but for the life of me can't put the face to a name.

Harry: That's because we hadn't met properly yet. After being on duty for hours, I went home, changed out of my uniform and thought I would go out for a beer after the long day. The Crown & Anchor was still busy, so I wormed my way to the bar and eventually ended up standing next to this massive guy. He stared at me intensely for a long time, and suddenly we both clicked who the other guy was.

Dix: What are the chances of that?

Butch: Yeah, took me a while to recognise you not in your uniform.

Harry: And it took me by surprise seeing you at a gay bar. Honestly, it had never crossed my mind you're gay when I saw you carrying the injured twinkie earlier that day.

Butch: I get that a lot and still do. People say I don't give off any gay vibe, whatever that means.

Dix: But you do give off some strong sweaty odour! I reckon it's probably your size and attitude. They don't really fit into the gay stereotypes.

Butch: Be honest, you can't get enough of my stench. Surely, you know that's just the way I am. Anyway, Harry told me the twinkie wasn't badly hurt, and we ended up chatting and drinking together for the rest of the night.

Harry: In those days, most of my gay friends weren't bears or into bears, so it was nice meeting someone with similar tastes in men.

Butch: I felt the same way, the bear movement had barely started in this country back then, so it was refreshing talking to someone who was also into big hairy men instead of young slim guys, muscle Marys or clones.

Harry: You gave me your number before I left, and like they say, the rest is history.

Dix: What are the chances you guys met through sheer coincidence? You have that twinkie to thank for it. I always assume it was through friends or even online.

Harry: That's how I met many others, including Ian, but that's a story for another time.

Butch: Now that you mention Ian, are we going to see him this weekend after the parade? It's been ages since we all had a beer together.

Harry: I know, he should be making an appearance, but he won't be drinking and has to leave early since he has to be back for the evening performance of *The Pirates of Penzance*.

Dix: It's good timing opening on Pride week, I bet lots of guys are going to see it because it's an all male version.

Harry: I think that's the idea. He told me the run is mostly sold out already, which is great.

Butch: Have you been to see it yet? I'm looking forward to seeing Ian singing and dancing on stage dressed as a pirate.

Dix: Same here. By the way, thanks for getting us tickets for next Tuesday. I can't wait!

Harry: You're welcomed. I was at the dress rehearsal, and it left me it stitches. Even though Ian doesn't have a big part, still it's great to finally see it all come together. I've read a few positive reviews, and it looks like the show is fairly well received overall.

Dix: There is always one critic who complains about every minute detail.

Harry: That's their job, I suppose, but I doubt most causal theatregoers like me will know any better. People just want to be entertained.

Butch: Same here. After all, it's only Gilbert and Sullivan, not Shakespeare, or Chekhov.

Dix: It should be a fun night out. Why don't we have dinner beforehand and go to the theatre together afterwards?

Harry: Sounds like a plan. Luckily, it happens to be my afternoon off. Ian has found a new Italian bistro near the theatre. He said it was pretty good and reasonably priced.

Dix: That works for me. Always happy to try something new, and I love Italian food.

Butch: Count me in too. As you know, I'm always hungry.

Harry: Cool. I'll let you know where and when to meet after I've reserved a table.

Dix: Thanks, Harry.

Harry: By the way, there'll be a charity collection after the show, so make sure you have some loose change with you.

Butch: I better get some cash out then. I use cards to pay for nearly everything these days.

Dix: What's the charity?

Harry: It's one that supports homeless LGBT kids who have been kicked out of their home for being gay.

Dix: That sounds like a really worthy cause! I better prepare more than loose change. It's unbelievable this week we are all celebrating the positive changes the LGBT moment have made, and there are still families disowning their children just because of their sexuality. It's too sad for words.

Butch: I agree. Regardless, it's motivated by misguided orthodox religious beliefs, archaic traditions, or plain homophobia, how can they deny their own flesh and blood? It's beyond me! Any charities who help these poor kids get off the streets and give them hope for a better life have my full support.

Harry: Me too. It's heartbreaking learning some of them end up mixing with criminals or turn to prostitution simply to survive. God knows where I'd end up if that happened to me when I came out to my family all these years ago.

Butch: Definitely, and you came out while you were still at school, didn't you?

Harry: Yeah, thankfully my parents were very understanding and supportive, which made a huge difference. The school bullies did give me a hard time when they found out I'm gay, but luckily, it didn't last long before they moved on to harass somebody else.

Dix: It couldn't be easy for you still. My mother wasn't surprised at all when I told her I am gay. She said she had known for a long time, and it made no difference to her whether I fancy a girl or a bloke.

Harry: That's great. She must be a wonderful mother.

Dix: Yeah, I love her to bits. She told me one of her best friend was gay, and he was the nicest and funniest person she knew. Sadly, I've never met him because he died young.

Butch: Oh, that's a shame. You guys are lucky having such families. It was a huge shock to my parents when I came out. You see, I had girlfriends at school and when I eventually told them I'm actually attracted to men, it took them a long time to adjust. I think they were banking on me giving them a few grandkids to play with. How wrong were they?

Dix: I can just picture you chasing after a few mini Butches.

Butch: No such luck unless I start selling my sperm. I think after all these years they have finally accepted that it's not just a phase, but I don't think they'll be very pleased meeting my partner – if I have one – let alone having us sleeping together under their roof.

Harry: Well, at least we should be thankful none of us are sleeping on the streets just because we fancy someone of the same sex. Sorry, I don't mean to dampen the mood, I think more beers will cheer us up.

Dix: It's not you, but the state of the world we live in. I'm happy to get this round. Same again everyone?

Butch: Why not? Thanks.

Harry: Thank you, Dix. You're a good man.

Dix: It's nothing. I won't be long.

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Butch: What's the time? I think I'll have one more beer and go.

Harry: Already? It's still early. Do you have a hot date later?

Butch: Yeah, one of my fuck buddies is free tonight and wants to meet.

Harry: How you keep track, I'll never know? At least, I'm happy to hear you won't be sitting at home wanking to internet porn.

Butch: No chance of that. There's nothing wrong with a nice long wank to hot chunky guys humping each other, but obviously nothing compared to the real thing.

Harry: So, is he someone new, or one of your old favourites I've heard all about before?

Butch: I don't think I've mentioned Samson before. We've only met a few times, and it already felt like we've known each other for ages.

Harry: Is that right? What does he look like? Don't tell me, he's big and chunky.

Butch: Of course, he's big. As you know, I have nothing against slim or muscular guys, but they just don't do it for me sexually. Anyway, Samson is in his 30s, a little shorter than I am and just as wide. He used to take part in strongman competitions, but gave it up after an injury. Although the intense trainings have stopped, his eating habit hasn't, so he now looks like a bodybuilder who has gone to seed. He still has a pretty formidable build and now works as a bouncer. It's his night off tonight, and he fancied some Butch's quality time.

Harry: I get the picture, he must be quite a hottie. I bet no one will mess with a bouncer like him. You couldn't imagine how often I lust after big, hairy bouncers.

Butch: Sorry to disappoint you, he's no fur ball like you or me. Samson is black, second generation Jamaican, born locally, so apart from a good covering of jet black wiry chest hair, his dark skin is pretty smooth everywhere else. He kept his hair cropped short and has a bushy goatee.

Harry: He still sounds pretty sexy, although I thought you usually go for chubby white meat.

Butch: What made you say that? Skin colour doesn't really make any difference to me, but I seem to attract more fat and hairy Caucasian bears, that's all.

Harry: I know what you mean. Just look around this pub, I can count all the non-Caucasians with one hand. So is he hung like those porn stars from the Caribbean you see online?

Butch: I've no idea where people's obsession with BBC comes from, and I don't mean the TV channel. The size of someone's cock is probably the last thing I care about. Well, if you really have to know, Samson's cock is as substantial as mine, apart from he is cut. Just imagine a thick black rod topped with a deep pink mushroom cap permanently on show. It would look seriously impressive if it's not framed by his massive thighs.

Harry: I'm just curious, that's all. You know me, I'm no size queen. Since you guys seem to have good chemistry, are you going to keep him as one of your fuck buddies, or could there be something more?

Butch: No, don't get me wrong, Samson is a great guy, but unfortunately not really boyfriend material for me.

Harry: Why do you say that? I thought you said you two are getting on well, and surely the sex is amazing.

Butch: It's complicated. You see, he only come out about a year ago and still trying to find his way through his new identity.

Harry: I see. It's never easy, especially considering his cultural background.

Butch: Exactly. You see, until a year ago he had a long-term girlfriend, and she stumbled across loads of gay porn on his computer, together with clips of him fucking other men. Naturally, she dumped him and outed him to everyone.

Harry: Ah. That's terrible, but probably happens a lot these days. Like we just talked about, even though it is easier being gay nowadays, many people still choose to stay in the closet for one reason or another.

Butch: Yes, I agree. Samson is one of them, and spent years trying to keep up a macho appearance to his peers. Well, at least now the cat is out of the bag, so he doesn't have to deceive himself and lie to everyone around him any more.

Harry: So how did you meet him?

Butch: What do you think? He messaged me via a gay hookup app, like so many these days. At first, I wasn't going to reply since he didn't post any picture of himself, but after reading his profile, I gave him the benefit of the doubt.

Harry: That's very generous of you. I generally ignore people without pics or a face pic.

Butch: He did send me a face pic without any prompting after the initial greeting.

Harry: Good for him. Don't you hate people who start a chat with a cock pic, or worse, a pic of his hole spread wide opened.

Butch: Tell me about it. I immediately block them. If that's their best feature, I don't want to know.

Harry: I gather it didn't take you long to meet up for sex, then? Is he a good lay?

Butch: Hmm... Honestly, I've had better. Most of his gay sexual experiences tended to be quick anonymous sessions, so he still has a lot to learn. He told me the men he met were mostly after hung black guys and all they wanted was to suck his big cock or roughly take it up their arse, so he usually didn't have to do a lot besides getting hard and shooting his load.

Harry: Really? That's awful, he's a human being, and not just a sex object!

Butch: Indeed. There's a lot more to him than meets the eye. One time after sex, while still stark bollocks naked, he picked up his guitar and started singing "Sittin' on The Dock of the Bay". He has a deep baritone singing voice, and it was amazing watching his meaty fingers working the strings.

Harry: Wow. I can't remember anyone serenading me after sex before! You must've showed him what he has been missing all these years.

Butch: I try my best. He's a lot better at giving blowjobs now after some pointers. He has also discovered nipple play. The first time I worked on his nipples, he was so turned on by the novel sensation, he even shot his load without touching his cock. He was really surprised because he has never experienced a hands-free orgasm before.

Harry: You are a pro, that's why. Sounds like he has a lot to learn still.

Butch: It was fun showing him new things. Last time we met up, he said he's ready and would like to try to bottom.

Harry: I hope you'll be gentle with him, your big cock could put him off anal sex forever!

Butch: Don't you worry, it's not my first rodeo, and I'll guarantee he'll be coming back for more.

Harry: Such modesty! Ha ha ha.

Dix: What so funny? What have I missed? Here is your beer.

Butch: You've gone a long time. Were you chatting Trevor up at the bar again?

Dix: No, not this time, Simon poured these pints. I had to make a detour for a quick piss before I went to the bar to relieve the pressure building up in my bladder, that's all.

Butch: I hope you washed your hands after touching your cock.

Dix: Who do think I am? Anyway, you must've had plenty of dirty cocks in your mouth before.

Harry: Don't you guys start. Well, Dix, thanks for getting the beer. Here's to Pride Not Prejudice and a weekend fully of sexy men!

Butch: Absolutely, Pride Not Prejudice! And thanks for the beer, Dix.

Dix: You're welcome. To Pride Not Prejudice! It's good seeing you guys as usual. So what are you guys laughing about?

Harry: Butch was just telling me about his hot date tonight.

Dix: Oh yeah? Do tell. Any leather, ropes, or handcuffs involved?

Butch: Only if you're my date. It's not all about kinky sex with me, you know, I can do vanilla too.

Dix: That's not what I've heard.

Harry: The lucky guy tonight is a little inexperienced, so Butch is taking him under his wings and showing him the tricks of the trade, as it were.

Dix: Oh, if you're giving lessons, maybe I should enrol too.

Butch: I doubt there's anything I can teach you that you don't know already. Surely, you've learned plenty from playing with all your daddy bears.

Dix: I did pick up a thing or two from a number of experienced daddies I've met, but like they said, "When you stop learning, you stop growing". Come on, what's your date tonight like?

Butch: He's called Samson, about your age, beefy and black. He works as a bouncer and came out not long ago, so still exploring his sexuality.

Dix: I see. He's fortunate finding a nice guy like you to show him the ropes. Believe it or not, I can't recall ever having sex with a black guy. I've seen pics of a few hot black daddy bears online, but never met one in real life. Actually, the majority of the daddies I've played with are white, plus a few Hispanic ones too – and that's about it.

Harry: It's not uncommon, I felt the same way too. You know me, I like everyone, but sexually there are definitely some shapes, sizes, and colours I prefer more than others.

Butch: I understand. We all have our preferences, like I'm into chunky bears. Ironically, Samson told me he fancies white guys more than his fellow black men. It's funny how some guys like clones of themselves and other ones like their opposites.

Harry: That makes life more interesting. It'll be very boring if everyone goes after the same type of guys.

Dix: Exactly. Variety is the spice of life.

Harry: Aren't you full of clever proverbs today, Dix? I do draw a line with it comes to straight sex. It does nothing for me.

Butch: Me too. My cock must be sexist since it stays asleep no matter how hard a woman plays with it, but fully erect and throbbing simply in the presence of a naked chubby bear.

Dix: Not sure whether I want to picture that, you're putting me off my beer.

Harry: Talking about bears from other parts of the world, many years ago, I did play with a hairy Japanese bear who was visiting.

Butch: Did you? They're a rare breed indeed. There are plenty of self-confessed Japanese bears online, but nearly all are as smooth as a baby's bottom. A few do have a few strands of hair between their pecs and around their nipples. I had more body hair than that when I was a teenager.

Harry: It's all down to the genes. Many guys love the delicately smooth Japanese and Asian men.

Butch: Is it wrong, finding some sumo wrestlers sexy? Especially if they're covered in fur, I wouldn't say no, given the chance.

Dix: Why doesn't that surprise me at all?

Harry: This guy I met was no sumo wrestler, but quite stocky with rounded features. He has a full beard with fine dark hair covering his chest and gut. Apparently, he's from an island called Okinawa where many men are hairy as opposed to the rest of Japan.

Dix: Is that right? I didn't know that. All the men in Japanese gay porn looked smooth to me.

Harry: It's why he was stuck in my mind, and the sex was a lot of fun too. Although his cock was modest in size, his enthusiasm more than made up for it. He told me Japanese men have very dirty minds and love trying anything kinky.

Dix: Yeah, some of their gay porn did look pretty extreme, and not really my thing.

Butch: On the contrary, they sound like my kind of men. It's a shame none of them have crossed my radar so far. If you ever come across a big hairy Japanese sumo wrestler into kink, do point him my way.

Harry: You're terrible. Do you know sumo wrestlers are considered sex symbols in Japan?

Dix: Are you kidding? Maybe I should get fatter and take up sumo wrestling.

Butch: I bet you'll be pretty good at it. All the pushing and shoving can't be far off from playing prop during a rugby game, apart from wearing nothing except a skimpy jockstrap.

Harry: It's not a jockstrap, you philistine! It's a kind of belt called *Mawashi* similar to the idea of *Fundoshi*, the traditional underwear Japanese men wear.

Butch: Aren't you a walking encyclopaedia of knowledge? Remind me not to play Trivial Pursuit against you, ever!

Harry: It's just because I've always had a fascination about Japanese culture, that's all. Hopefully one day I'll visit Japan and experience it in person.

Butch: Really? And I thought I know you well. Talking about Japan, I could do with a big bowl of chicken ramen with a few gyozas right now.

Dix: How come you are hungry all the time? I'm curious about what it's like wearing those loin cloth things. Must be a pain to take off when one is bursting for a piss.

Harry: I'm not sure, never worn one before.

Butch: You should try it, Dix. I think you'll look quite sexy in it, showing off your meaty arse and big bulge.

Dix: Thanks, is that a compliment from you? It must be my special day. I better mark it down in my diary.

Butch: Don't worry, I won't make a habit of it.

Harry: If you're interested, there is a video online by this sexy bear couple teaching men how to put on a *fundoshi*.

Dix: Yeah? Send me the link. I'll have to check it out, purely for educational purposes, obviously.

Butch: I think I've seen it before, it's really hot. Even though those bears are not my classic type, I wouldn't mind a play date with either of them any day.

Dix: So what lesson are you going to give your sexy bouncer date tonight?

Butch: You are nosy tonight, aren't you? He told me the guys he's met before usually took one look at him and presumed he's a total top, so he's never taken a cock up his arse before. Last time we met, he said he would love to try to see what the fuss is all about.

Dix: You must feel privileged being the first guy penetrating that tight virgin butt hole.

Butch: I suppose, if you put it that way. A couple of my fuck buddies bottom so often, their holes simply open up effortlessly at the touch of the tip of my cock.

Dix: I know what you mean. A number of the daddy bears I've played with before were so experienced in being fucked, with a single thrust my cock was already balls deep inside their hairy arse. But I'm not complaining.

Butch: Now, that's something we have in common.

Harry: Well, it's my turn to drain my full bladder while you guys compare notes about loose butt holes. I've already heard too much.

Butch: Go, I know you're an expert with all things butt related anyway.

Harry: I don't know what you mean. God knows how we stayed friend all these years? I'll be right back.

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Dix: Well, Butch, I hope you'll bring plenty of lubes for your eager student tonight.

Butch: There's no need. He's cut, so naturally he has a large supply of lube ready for action.

Dix: Good. It's been so long since my first time, I can barely remember the details any more.

Butch: I'm sure you do, no one forgets their first time. You must recall something.

Dix: If you insist, it was with this guy – I suppose these days – we would call friend with benefit. That was way back when I was at uni and just started experimenting, but till then never got further than handjobs or blowjobs.

Butch: I can relate to that. It's a big step, at least it used to be in my book. I found the present generation of gay men are so influenced by all the easily accessible hardcore internet porn, anal sex is practically mundane for them.

Dix: Yeah, you've a point. Actually, a few polar bears I've played with won't do any penetrations at all. They told me it's just never been part of their sex life.

Butch: I understand. Believe me, I enjoy topping a nice fat arse, but it's not essential to a good time. So what happened with your "friend with benefit"?

Dix: You see, there was only one gay bar within a convenient distance from my uni, and it had a good mix of students, factory workers, white collar guys, and retirees. Naturally, I was drawn towards the more mature men there and became friendly with one especially.

Butch: I know you always like your older daddy bears.

Dix: That's right. Of course, I don't really know the concept of bears back then, but in retrospect, Robert was definitely a bear by all standards. He was over my age when we first met, so that'll make him in his mid-50s. He wore a pair of classic horn-rimmed glasses above his greying dark brown beard, and was always smartly dressed with a collared shirt stretched over his belly with the top buttons undone, showing off his long chest hair.

Butch: Just your type, then.

Dix: Very much so, but I didn't really have a type back in those days. I was young, always horny, and would probably play with anyone interested. I have to say, there weren't many, though. Anyway, I saw Robert frequently at the bar, and we gradually became good friends. He knew I was into botany and handy with the garden, so one weekend in Spring, he asked me to give him a hand with digging up a couple of dead shrubs in his garden, so he could replace them with new plants.



Butch: I can see where this is going. You got sweaty, took your top off, he offered you a cold drink and one thing led to another, you were naked in bed with him. This storyline is used in porn so often, it's literally a cliché.

Dix: That's simply a case of fiction reflecting real life. In fact, that's not what happened, but I will spare you the details, and yes we ended up naked, sucking each other's cock like there's no tomorrow.

Butch: So predictable.

Dix: Now, thinking back, it's kind of corny. Until then, none of the guys at uni I'd played with knew how to give oral sex as well as Robert, so it wasn't long until I couldn't hold back and let him suck and swallow all I had to offer. Although it took me a couple of minutes to catch my breath, but my cock stayed hard.

Butch: Sounds like your balls weren't completely emptied yet.

Dix: It didn't help that he kept playing with it. After a while he reached over, found a bottle of lube and generously applied it to my rock-hard cock. I thought he was going to jerk me off, but I was wrong. Like a gymnast, Robert stood above me, squatted down, impaled himself on my erect penis and took it all the way inside him.

Butch: Not his first time, then.

Dix: Obviously not, but it was mine. His warm wet hole felt so wonderful and every time he fucked himself on my cock, his furry butt would brush against my cock shaft, sending shivers all over my body. He was loving the sensation of my young hard cock stimulating his prostate. And needless to say, the feeling was mutual. I think I lasted longer this time since I already came once, but the excitement and pleasurable sensation was ultimately too much. I firmly grabbed hold of his waist and proceeded to pump my second load deep inside his gut. He must have been a psychic because the moment I started to orgasm, he too shot a big load of white cum all over my body.

Butch: What I would give to be that age again, cumming time after time and still not enough.

Dix: Well, we cuddled for a long time in our sticky mess afterwards, and that concluded my first time.

Butch: Oh, is that it? He didn't top you in return? I thought you were telling me your first anal sex experience.

Dix: Yeah, that was my first time pounding a nice hairy arse. It was some time after that when I eventually tried to bottom, but I don't think there's enough beer in me to talk about that.

Butch: OK, I'll hold you to it. What happened between you and Robert afterwards?

Dix: Neither of us were after a relationship, so we stayed friends and had sex once in a while. I moved away after uni, but we stayed in touch for years and met up for a beer when possible. Sadly, he suffered a heart attack and passed away a few years ago.

Butch: I'm sorry to hear it. He sounded like a good friend and undoubtedly value your friendship.

Dix: I certainly benefited from his experience, both inside and outside the bedroom, and I remember him fondly to this day. That's enough about me. I'm sure your fuck buddy Samson will have a memorable time tonight.

Butch: We'll see. I'm not going to rush him. You know my cock is well above average in size and the last thing I want to do is to hurt him and put him off ever trying again.

Dix: That's very considerate of you. Hey, Harry, we're still talking about butt sex, so you haven't missed a thing.

Harry: And I thought I was gone for a long time. There was a queue for the urinals and the cubical was occupied. I had a feeling a couple of guys were making out inside – can't they just find a room? Anyway, much better now and ready for more beer.

Butch: Inconsiderate guys like that really piss me off. As I was saying, tonight I'll let Samson take charge as to how far he wants to go. I've a feeling he will be nervous and tense, so naturally clinching his hole tightly shut.

Dix: You'll never know! He might have been practising with a big dildo, and you'll have no problem sticking your big cock in.

Butch: Judging from my experience, practising by oneself and doing it with someone else can be very different. It's always a good idea to see how he handles a finger or two first.

Harry: That's what I'd do, too. Some guys find poppers help to relax their sphincter muscle, getting ready for action.

Butch: I've already bought a new bottle especially for the occasion, in case he wants to try some.

Dix: It's not unusual to see my daddy bear hook-ups with bottles of poppers on their bedside tables. A few of them even displayed dildos of various shapes and sizes next to their beds like ornaments.

Harry: Are you serious? Better than rolls of girlie dolls, I suppose. Just who would have sex toys on display?

Dix: Since a lot of them live alone, so why not have your toys handy when you have the need?

Butch: I'm like Harry. Even though I don't have many visitors, but there are things best kept out of sight.

Dix: With the amount of gears you own, you'll probably need a huge trunk or a spare room to hide them all.

Butch: It's true, I have accumulated a few through the years. I just like gadgets. Look at the time! I should drink up, go home for some food, and head to Samson's.

Harry: If you're still hungry after your dinner, you can eat Samson's arse for pudding.

Butch: Mmm... I love chocolate pudding. Now that's a thought. I'm not sure if he has ever been rimmed before.

Dix: That's another thing you can show him and have him practise on you in return. It's a win-win situation.

Butch: You've a point. I can imagine his goatee feels great scratching against my hole.

Dix: It's been a while since someone chowed down on mine.

Harry: I think that's enough talking about eating arseholes.

Butch: Well, you started it. I bet Ian loves licking your hairy hole out.

Harry: Even if he does, it's none of your business. He is pretty good with his tongue, though.

Dix: I'm so jealous. You're a lucky man.

Harry: I know. So Dix, since Butch has a hot sex date lined up tonight, if you've no plans, fancy having a few more drinks and keeping me company?

Dix: Normally I would, but I'm hoping to have an early night and hit the gym in the morning. I just want to look my best, just in case my shirt comes off at some stage after the parade.

Harry: You know you look good as you are, but I won't force you to stay. Sounds like I better call it a night as well after this pint.

Butch: I'd kept you company usually, but no can do tonight. Booty call. So, what time will Ian be back?

Harry: He won't be home until the performance is over, at least it'll give me time to make sure my uniform is pressed and ready to wear for the parade.

Dix: I'm sure you'll look very smart as usual. Lots of guys love a man in uniform!

Harry: Isn't that mostly armed forces uniform? I'm not sure about paramedic ones. Regardless, it's the person wearing it that counts.

Butch: You'll never know! There is bound to be someone into medical play, and dying to have his balls and prostate checked.

Harry: I'm not that kind of doctor, but I'll be happy to give you a full examination any time. So, have you decided where are you going to watch the parade this year?

Butch: Normal place – close to the start I think. After the parade has all gone past, I'm going to get some food, and it should be about the right time to meet you guys here after I've eaten.

Dix: Cool. I can imagine the entire area be packed because of the good weather. You'll probably find me on the street with my pint outside the Crown & Anchor after the parade.

Butch: Don't you worry, I've your number, just in case I couldn't see you. Right, my beer is gone and, I'm off, see you this weekend.

Harry: Have a fun time tonight, Butch.

Dix: Bye Butch. See you at the street party.

Butch: Bye, guys.

Dix: Harry, I'm going too. Hope you don't mind.

Harry: Of course not. No doubt there will be plenty of drinking over the weekend.

Dix: Yeah, I've taken the whole weekend off, just in case I've a massive hangover on Sunday.

Harry: I like your forward planning. But if you're lucky, you could find yourself waking up with a daddy bear by your side Sunday morning. Every year, many horny daddy bears are coming out of the woodwork during the Pride weekend and looking for a nice cub like you to play with.

Dix: One can only hope. But to me, Pride is not just about sex, it's the acknowledgment that sexual relationships are not exclusively between a man and a woman. Also, gender is a spectrum rather than an absolute.

Harry: I absolutely agree with you. Just when did you become such an intellectual?

Dix: What? No one's ever called me that before! I must be rubbing off you and Butch like some kind of psychic osmosis.

Harry: I doubt it. You're more likely to pick up bad habits from Butch. We do enjoy chatting over a few beers with you.

Dix: I appreciate that. Anyway, I better be off. Have a good night and say hi to your sexy husband for me.

Harry: Will do. Be good and see you after the parade.