

# BORROMEAN BEARS



CHEZZER

4

# The Borromean Bears

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One causal conversation

Two hours

Three bears

Four rounds of beer



## Chapter 4

*Ball Belly Bears*

# Ball Belly Bears

Harry: Hey, look who's early for a change?

Butch: Hi Harry. Don't worry, I won't make a habit of it. I took the afternoon off because I've things to do in town today, that's why. So, how is it going?

Harry: Better now I'm out of the rain. I think it's going to be wet all night.

Butch: Yeah, looks like it. I was browsing in the bookshop down the road when it started raining, so I thought I might as well come early to the Crown & Anchor, and wait for you guys to show up.

Harry: I don't blame you. Is that the latest issue of gay rag you've got there? Can I have a flick through?

Butch: Sure, be my guest. I've been slipping my beer and checking out its coverage of all the Pride celebrations last week. There is a load of photos of the parade as usual.

Harry: I thought the organisers have really out done themselves this year, haven't they? Even though my legs were a bit wobbly on Sunday after marching in the parade and standing for the rest of the time socialising.

Butch: I'm not surprised. I hope Ian gave you a good leg massage afterwards.

Harry: I wish, but he did make me a big cook breakfast in bed, which always helps.

Butch: Your husband really knows how to spoil you, doesn't he?

Harry: I count my blessing every day. So, what did you get up to after the street party?

Butch: Haven't I told you already? Nothing too exciting, really. I went for dinner with a group of guys at this cheap and cheerful Chinese buffet. The manager has this worried look when he saw over half a dozen of hungry bears walked through the door, and he was right to do so since we nearly demolished everything on offer. After we were fed, we descended into one of the couple's place and ended up watching The Rocky Horror Picture Show to finish the night off. Anyway, it was great catching up with loads of guys I haven't seen for ages.

Harry: Sounds like fun. It's been years since I watched Rocky Horror. It's one of Ian's favourite films, and he can sing all the songs backward in his sleep.

Butch: I'm sure he knows all the moves, too.

Harry: Well, I came straight home after leaving the street party. I was so knackered after the long day, Ian came home from the theatre around midnight to find me nodded off on the sofa and took me to bed.

Butch: That's sweet. Oh, before I forget, I thought you looked really smart in your paramedic uniform during the parade.

Harry: Well, thank you very much. I thought you were too busy checking out all the hunky men on show. Although it got a bit hot and sweaty towards the end of the parade.

Butch: Don't complain. Just look outside the window, hot sunny weather like that doesn't last long in this country, so enjoy it while it lasts.

Harry: I know. It looks like the rain outside is even heavier now. It's incredible the difference a few days can make.

Butch: I hope Dix doesn't get too wet getting here.

Harry: He did message me earlier on saying he's on his way but might be a little late. Something about he's got to deal with a late delivery before the end of the workday.

Butch: I know I make fun of him all the time, but deep down I'm happy that all the hard work he put into building his gardening business has paid off.

Harry: Talk of the devil. Here he comes and he's soaking wet.

Dix: Hi guys. Who left the tap opened in the sky? I couldn't believe just a few days ago we were basking in glorious sunshine, drinking beer alfresco with thousands of sexy men.

Butch: Shouldn't you be used to our crazy weather in your line of work? I hope you're not working on someone's garden in the next few days.

Dix: Thank god, no! It'll be like working in a swamp if it keeps raining like this.

Harry: Dry yourself off a bit while I get you a beer, you'll feel better with a pint in hand.

Dix: Thanks, Harry, you're a good man.

Butch: How's work, Dix? Harry said you had some problem at the shop earlier on today. I hope it's nothing serious.

Dix: Oh no, it's all sorted now. Thanks for asking. A shipment of bedding plants was delayed and finally arrived late afternoon today. Luckily, because of the weather the shop wasn't busy, so we managed to unpack everything and get them ready for sale in the morning.

Butch: That's good. I doubt many people will be doing any planting when it's pouring with rain.

Dix: True, but at least they're ready for sale when the weather improves. So, how about you? What's new in the world of tech? It felt like it's only yesterday since I last saw you.

Butch: Yeah, meeting any more and people will start talking. Anyway, I'm good. Not much has happened outside working and lifting since our trip to the theatre a couple of nights ago. I'm glad we finally get to watch Ian performing in *The Pirates of Penzance*.

Dix: Me too. The all male cast idea was genius, and Ian made a pretty convincing pirate.

Butch: Yeah, there's a glowing review of the show in this week's gay rag, and Ian even appears in one of the photos.

Dix: Let me see? Don't you think he looked so different with all the makeup and that big fake moustache?

Butch: Definitely, and I thought the handlebar moustache really suits him. Harry should encourage him to grow one to go with his beard. The magazine also has pages after pages of photos from the Pride weekend in this issue.

Dix: I can see. These pics of the colourful floats absolutely summed up the party atmosphere of the day. Oh, did you remember this group of young guys wearing nothing but skimpy silver speedos? I can't imagine dancing non-stop throughout the entire parade like them.

Butch: Tell me about it. Just where do they get their energy from? I recognised a few of the drag queens in the pictures too. It must be hell walking for hours in their punishingly high heels.

Dix: Rather them than me, but I bet they loved every minute of it. Look, there are some shots of leather guys, they always look so macho and sexy.

Butch: You know, they might look sexy, but not sure how macho some of them actually are. Trust me, I've met enough leather men to know. Regardless, they must have been sweating like pigs wearing full leather uniform on a hot summer day.

Dix: I doubt they cared, and there were definitely a few good piggies among them. The smell of leather and sweat together can be a real turn on for some. That reminds me, have you heard some people are trying to ban leather or other kinky gears in the Pride parade?

Butch: Of course. It's been going on and off for years, unfortunately. There are a bunch of killjoys in our community who want to sanitise all Pride events, so they are more "acceptable" and don't offend those uptight conservative prudes who probably won't be there anyway.

Dix: Yeah. It's not like men were whipping each other or having sex in public. Those must be the same type of people who oppose to drag queens years ago, but now since drag has gone mainstream, they are going after somebody else which don't fit into their narrow-minded social norm.

Butch: Personally, I think "kink" is central to the sexual expression for many gay men, and telling them not to wear their leather or similar gears is like trying to stop the drag queens turning up in shiny sequin dresses.

Dix: I won't dare crossing any drag queens, there will be hell to pay! As usual, one of those uptight people's favourite arguments is about protecting children.

Butch: God forbid, their little Timothy or Benjamin will one day gets turn on by a bit of leather and love to be spanked.

Dix: Or even puppy play! Well, I sincerely hope their kids will grow up embracing what make them happy instead of leading a miserable life denying their true nature.

Butch: Talk about a happy life, you won't find anybody happier than those bears in this photo posing with their beer in hand.

Dix: I think it must be taken at the street party outside this pub, I vaguely remember seeing them from a distance. Check out how this daddy bear has perfectly balanced his pint on his big belly, hands-free. I won't mind giving that belly a good long rub any day.

Butch: I thought you'd like him. He's very much your type.

Dix: Well, given the chance, I won't say no! He looks so sexy in his sunglasses.

Butch: Tell me about it. Even though he is a bit old for me, he's welcomed to rest his big round ball gut on my stomach and ride me like a cheap pony.

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

Butch: Thanks, Harry.

Dix: Thank you very much. Have you seen the photos from the pride weekend in this magazine? As the drag queens will tell you, "they're absolutely fabulous, honey!"

Harry: Ha ha ha. Are they that good? No, I haven't got that far. Let's have a look. You're right, they are brilliant pics of the parade. It's a shame I was marching with my fellow paramedics and missed out seeing the other groups.

Dix: Never mind, I bet you've seen it all before, and it's definitely more meaningful participating in the parade. In any case, you had a big smile on your face when you went past us, but I guess your arms must be aching from constantly waving at the crowds.

Harry: Actually, my arms were OK afterwards, it's my legs that were not used to walking that kind of distance. By the way, I like the shot of this bear with his beer rested on his stomach. His belly is so round, his T-shirt could barely stretch over it.

Butch: We were just talking about him. It's not often both Dix and I fancy the same guy.

Harry: I don't blame you, he's definitely easy on the eye. I seldom go for bears with a belly that big, but I would make an exception for him.

Dix: Not you too. In that case, let's raise our glasses to all the sexy ball belly bears like him!

Butch: Sure. To big ball belly bears!

Harry: You guys are so odd, but why not? To all ball belly bears! He looked so relaxed and content with his pint in hand, I wonder if he knew some reporter took his photo?

Butch: Who knows? He must have lots of practice resting his beers there. I would probably do likewise if I ever stop lifting and gain a gut his size. It could be my new party trick.

Harry: I would love to see that if you do. Personally, I don't think I would like to get that big, can you imagine looking down and couldn't see your own cock?

Butch: Well, that will take some getting used to, but it has to be one huge belly to hide my big cock.

Dix: Modesty isn't your strong suit, is it? I've played with daddy bears with big ball bellies before, and it's like riding a space hopper when you're on top.

Butch: I can just picture you bobbing up and down on one. That reminds me of a few chubby cubs I know. They have a nice soft furry cushion to rest your head on when sucking them off.

Harry: You two are incorrigible.

Butch: I bet Ian love playing with your hairy belly.

Harry: He does give good belly rubs, but don't tell him I said it.

Dix: Who doesn't like a belly rub? Even my neighbour's dog loves getting his furry tummy rubbed. You know, I've a real weakness for a nice round bear belly, and nearly impossible to keep my hands off one. The six-pack flat stomach look is so overrated.

Harry: That's something we, bear lovers, can agree with. Obviously, the paramedic inside me knows it's unhealthy carrying a large excess of body fat, especially around the waist for men, but I can't help being attracted to guys with a fuller figure.

Butch: Just like Ian, then? In fact, he appeared in one of the pics in the Pirates of Penzance review.

Harry: Really? I've got to see that. Oh, I think it must be taken during one of the big chorus numbers. OK, I'm biased, but Ian is definitely the best-looking one in the ensemble.

Dix: He does make one sexy pirate. I know that huge moustache is fake, but it really suits him.

Butch: Yeah, you should ask him to grow one.

Harry: I don't think it will take a lot of persuasion. He does like growing his beard, if I don't remind him to trim it now and then, he would end up looking like a member of ZZ Top.

Dix: Now won't that be something. At least he can grow one, I doubt I can grow a big thick beard like his.

Harry: Give it time, you may do. Anyway, there's nothing wrong with your goatee.

Butch: I agree with Harry. Long beards need a lot of looking after, just like long hair. Short ones like mine are much easier to manage from day to day.

Dix: At least you have the option.

Butch: I thought one of the daddy bears you introduced us to after the parade has an impressive white beard. He would make a convincing Santa Claus come Christmas.

Dix: Do you mean Norman? In fact, he told me kids often stared at him, thinking he was Santa.

Harry: I'm not surprised. It's a pleasure meeting them, they're a friendly couple. I wonder what Ian and I will be like when we reach their age. Norman is the shorter, older one, isn't he?

Dix: Yeah. Norman is a few years older than Kev, who is the taller ex-fireman with the salt and pepper beard.

Butch: Kev is in pretty good shape for someone in his 60s. I won't complain if I'm looking that fit when I reach his age.

Dix: Don't we all! You should see him with his clothes off. Can you imagine my surprise when I received a message from him out of the blue? I thought I was either dreaming or it was a scam. Anyway, we met up for some fun on several occasions before he introduced me to Norman. Not sure whether they mentioned it, but they have just celebrated 40 years of living together.

Harry: That's remarkable. No wonder they acted like a couple of brothers. Judging from Norman's age, he probably remembers a time when gay sex was still illegal.

Dix: Oh, he certainly does. He loves to tell me all his early sordid escapades. It sounds like, despite it was against the law, he had just as much sex with men before it was legalised as after the law was changed.

Butch: Good for him. Can you remind me what he does for a living?

Dix: He started life as a professional pianist and used to play with jazz bands. Eventually, he gave that up and turned to teaching piano lessons instead. Of course, he has been retired for years now, but still kept up playing almost every day.

Harry: He must have strong fingers.

Dix: Oh, yes, and he gives fantastic massages. One time when we met up, my shoulders were really tense and achy after a long day at work. Norman immediately worked his magic fingers on them, and the stiffness was loosened up and vanished in seconds.

Butch: But I bet you were getting stiff somewhere else in your body. He must use those strong fingers to work all the sensitive spots during sex like playing keys on a piano.

Dix: He sure knows his way around the body, but it's to be expected since he has decades of practice. Kev is indeed a lucky man having Norman as a partner and husband.

Harry: They are both lucky. Did they tell you how they meet?

Dix: Kev told me it was back in the days when he was training to be a fireman, even though homosexual acts had been decriminalised by then, the only way most men can find sex with other men was still through cruising popular gay spots.

Butch: I know it's not that long ago, but it's hard to imagine what's life's like without all the gay hook-up sites and apps at one's fingertips like one giant shopping catalogue.

Harry: It's definitely more convenient nowadays, but I doubt gay men are having any more sex now than before.

Dix: Who knows? Anyway, Kev first met Norman in a public park frequented by "queers". Dressed in a smart jacket and tie, Norman approached Kev and asked for the time, which apparently in those days was one of the common unsaid signals between gay men. The two then went for a beer, shortly before ended up naked in Norman's tiny flat.

Harry: It's funny, after all these years, some things haven't changed.

Dix: Why change a winning formula? Norman said unlike many of the men he had met before who were only after a quick shag and swiftly disappeared, Kev was in no rush. After they

had sex, the two talked until daybreak and by the time Kev eventually had to go, Norman felt there's undeniably strong chemistry between them.

Butch: Let's face it, having a body to die for helped too. I can imagine Kev has an amazing physique like a Greek god in those days from all the demanding fireman training.

Dix: You bet. I've seen old photos of him when he was clean shaved but with the same rugged good look, and honestly, he could have made a serious fortune in porn. It's no surprise, their meetings became more frequent, and eventually Norman asked Kev to move in with him. It's funny, they used saving on rent as an excuse whenever someone asked.

Butch: Really? Did people actually believe them? A pianist and a fireman, what a combination!

Dix: I don't think they cared, as they were happy living together. It turned out they both shared a similar sense of humour and their personalities complimented the other. Through thick and thin, they have overcome all the challenge life has thrown at them through the decades and finally got married after spending over forty years together.

Harry: That's incredible! Hopefully, Ian and I will have many happy years together ahead of us, just like them.

Dix: I'm sure you guys will do.

Butch: Do you think they ever got bored with having sex with the same guy after so many years?

Dix: I doubt it. I don't know all the details, but I think they always have what we now called an "open relationship". I think Kev probably have more sex outside their relationship, especially when Norman got older and wasn't performing as well and often as he liked to.

Harry: That's to be expected, time is a cruel mistress. None of us are spring chickens any more.

Butch: Speak for yourself, I still have the stamina of a twenty-something year old.

Dix: Must be all the cum in your diet, but age will eventually catch up with the best of us. I hope I'm not oversharing, Kev loves to bottom, so it was tough for Norman when he couldn't give Kev what he wanted all the time. Of course, it all changed with the help of the little blue pills.

Butch: God bless the pharmaceutical companies. Luckily, I don't need to use them yet, but I won't think twice if, or when, that day comes.

Harry: Unfortunately, many healthy youngsters abuse and take it with their party drugs, which can be very dangerous.

Butch: I can imagine, but I won't know, drugs have never been my thing. I once read in the news some guy overdosed on these pills and suffered painful erections which won't go down, ultimately had his penis amputated.

Dix: No way! Is that right? I thought it's an urban myth.

Harry: The doctors called that priapism. From what I've learned, it does happen, but it's very rare, so I won't worry too much about it. But on a number of occasions in the past few years, I did attend older men who needed medical help after taking the pill and overworked their heart. Fortunately, they all recovered after some rest.

Dix: It must be really embarrassing for them because everyone knows what they have been up to. Thankfully, Norman suffered no bad side effects from these blue tabs, unless you count twisting his elbow once when messing around with Kev in the kitchen.

Butch: These things happens. It's nice to hear they are still having fun together.



Dix: There is no stopping them, I think now with a little assistance from advances in modern medicine, they're fucking like rabbits just like they used to when they first met. Norman might look like Santa, but his hefty daddy cock gets very thick and veiny when he's excited, and he knows how to use it.

Butch: I see you have first-hand experience, and probably first-mouth experience too.

Harry: I wish I didn't know that. I don't think I can look him straight in the eyes next time if we ever meet again.

Dix: You'll be OK as long as you don't stare at his crotch for too long. It was fun having Norman join Kev and me in bed, but I enjoy one-on-one time with Kev as well. Kev knows exactly what to do to get me close to the edge repeatedly and suddenly released all the built-up energy like a massive firework going off.

Butch: Sounded like he's an expert in edging. He might be more muscular than most of the chunky guys I usually go for, but I won't say no to a bit of naked wrestling with him.

Dix: Well, as far as I know, he does have a range of types he likes, so you'll never know.

Butch: You should ask them to join us for beer in the future.

Dix: I have before. I think they would like to, but unfortunately, they live quite far away from town and only comes in for special occasions.

Harry: That's understandable. It's so easy to settled into married life and stop going out as much.

Butch: Maybe, I won't know. Anyway, looks like we're all ready for a top-up. I'll get this round.

Dix: That's very kind of you. I'll buy the next one.

Harry: Thanks, I'll have another beer too.

Butch: No problem.

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Dix: Harry, I can't remember if I've thanked you for the Pirates of Penzance ticket. They're great seats, I could practically see the sweat dripping off the actors. You know, I don't normally like musicals, but I thoroughly enjoyed it. It's a shame Ian didn't have a bigger role.

Harry: Don't mention it. Ian just like getting involved, and actually, the ticket is all his doing. I suppose, it's always better for the company playing to a packed house than an empty one.

Dix: True, but I doubt they'll have problem selling tickets, especially with the raving reviews.

Harry: No, Ian said the whole run is mostly sold out already. Apparently, they are contemplating extending it for an extra week, so no one is disappointed.

Dix: Why not? Since they have already done all the hard work putting it on stage. So, how are things with you? Have you been saving lives by the dozen as usual?

Harry: I don't keep track, but certainly helped a fair few in serious distress. I've already done a couple of long shifts since I last saw you and will be working all weekend too.

Dix: That's tough. I've no idea when do you find time for Ian?

Harry: He's just as busy with work, and recently with the theatre as well, but we manage. There are days we hardly see each other, so we always try to make the most of our time together.

Dix: You know what you need is a holiday or a long weekend away.

Harry: Funny enough, we talked about going on a short trip just the other night over dinner. Hopefully, after Pirates of Penzance has finished.

Dix: Great. Where are you guys thinking about going to? Didn't you say you had a fantastic time in Cornwall not long ago, will you go back there again?

Harry: Yes, we really enjoyed Cornwall, but we would like to go somewhere different. Scotland is high on the list at the moment.

Dix: I love Scotland. Anywhere in particular?

Harry: We're not sure yet. We have both been to Edinburgh before, but not together, so it's a possibility. Otherwise, we thought about hiking through some scenic countryside around one of the lochs.

Dix: Both sound good to me. Just make sure you avoid the midges season if you go walking. They are a real pest, if you pardon my pun.

Harry: Glad you reminded me, we should definitely take that into consideration. Being bitten to death by those tiny flying nightmares is not my idea of a good holiday.

Dix: There are plenty of helpful advice online to help you avoid them. Frankly, I won't go walking in the countryside without bug spray anyway. They love sucking my blood.

Harry: That's because you're so sweet.

Dix: Yeah right! I'm not sure about sweet, more of an easy target. Just make sure you bring back a bottle of single malt or two, if you're going.

Harry: That'll go without saying. If there is time, we would like to visit at least one distillery and sample their products.

Dix: You must do. I've done that before, and it's really worth doing. Then again, one time I did get a little tipsy after trying all the free whisky tasters on offer.

Harry: I doubt you're the only one.

Butch: The only one, what? Here are your beers, guys.

Dix: Thanks, Butch. We were just talking about getting drunk during one of those whisky distillery tours. Do you know Harry and Ian are thinking about taking a trip to Scotland?

Harry: We're still planning, but hopefully, we'll find time to go after Ian finishes with the show.

Butch: Nice one. I must give you my shopping list before you go. There's this brand of shortbread biscuit that's impossible to find outside Scotland. They're to die for! And obviously a bottle of single malt. I always have fun there and come home with a full suitcase of goodies.

Harry: And empty balls! Don't you go to some bear event in Scotland every year? Do your own shopping next time you're up there.

Butch: Yeah, the one in Edinburgh. I found the Scots are such a friendly bunch and always enjoy a good laugh. It's not surprising, there's normally a lot of eating and drinking involved.

Dix: Not mentioning loads of sex as well! Everyone I know who has been before has only good things to say about it. I'll have to see what's all the fuss is about one day.

Butch: You'll be in your elements. I bet those Scottish daddy bears will be all over you.

Dix: Don't tempt me! Big bears in kilts so hot, especially the ones with a big, round gut.

Harry: What? Like that big bear in the magazine you were drooling over earlier on?

Dix: Yeah, just like him. Love to see him wearing nothing but a kilt.

Harry: And a fumble under it. Anyway, to all the sexy ball belly bears; in and out of their kilts.

Dix: Hear, hear! To ball belly bears! Especially, those showing off their tree trunk legs in kilts.

Butch: To ball belly bears! And, as they say in Scotland, *slàinte mhath*. You know, there must be something in the Scottish water, all their men have massive legs. At least, the ones I've met.

Harry: Lucky you. I think kilts are perfect for those with thick thighs and calves. If we decided to spend a few days in Scotland, I'd love to get one made for Ian. He'll look so sexy in it.

Butch: Definitely, and you should buy one for yourself, too. Possibly, a matching one will be even better, so you two can go around mooning people together after a gutful of beer.

Harry: There aren't enough beer in the world for me to do that. Anyway, I don't have the body or legs for it.

Dix: Are you kidding me? Of course, you do. I bet you'll have to constantly keeping guys from checking if you're not wearing any underwear like a true Scots man.

Harry: Isn't that sexual harassment? If not, it should be. It must take some getting used to feeling cool breeze against one's dangling balls when wearing a kilt. Aren't they pretty expensive?

Dix: It'll be worth the money. Maybe they'll give you a discount for buying a matching pair.

Harry: As if, it's not like bargaining at a flea market. Anyway, Ian and I are not the matching clothes wearing type, with the only exception on our wedding day.

Butch: I didn't say anything back then, but now you mention it, those dark matching suits made you two looked like a couple of bouncers, in a sexy but "don't mess with us" way. All you were missing is a high-tech earpiece each to complete the look.

Harry: Is that right? I'd take it as a compliment. At the wedding, one of our friends turned up in his full Scottish regalia – kilt, sporran, the whole works down to the little dagger kilt pin. Honestly, I'm surprised you haven't got yourself a kilt after all the trips to Scotland.

Butch: Actually, I've long thought about getting a kilt myself. Surely, if I look far enough back in my family tree, there must be someone with Scottish blood, so I can adopt their family tartan. You'll never know, I could even belong to a powerful clan, or relate to royalty.

Dix: You? A royalty? Dream on! I bet you fancy yourself as a rebel leader, like William Wallace.

Butch: Freeedommm! Freeedommm!

Harry: You do know most of the film was made up? Come to think of it, I can just picture you dressed in a tartan kilt tossing the caber, or doing the hammer throw, against all the big hunky Scottish men in the Highland Games.

Butch: Really? Given the opportunity, I'd love to have a go at them or any of the other events. After all, I've plenty of practice at tossing my caber already.

Harry: We can always count on you to lower the tone of the conversation.

Butch: What's wrong with that? You know, I've tossed a fair few thick Scottish logs during my past visits to the bear events there.

Dix: What, just a few? No one is going to believe that.

Butch: I try not to boast, but did I tell you one year, I got a bit tipsy during the bear event and ended up in the hotel room of this kilt-wearing Scottish bear? Don't ask me for the details, since they were kind of hazy, but we had lots of fun together before passing out in bed.

Dix: I thought that's practically routine for you. So, was there anything special about this guy?

Butch: Not really, some guys are just more memorable than others. I must admit, I had plenty of companies in bed every time I was there, and it could be a bit of a blur after a while.

Dix: You mean you don't keep a shag diary? He could be under "bear with the big furry sporran".

Butch: Very funny. Anyway, I'm quite sure he's called Callum, and he spoke with a thick Highlands accent. We got chatting in a pub, and he was full of funny stories about his life in some remote part of Scotland. Round about closing time, he insisted I had to try this limited edition whisky he had brought with him back in his hotel room.

Harry: Now, how can anyone turn down an offer like that? Knowing you, you would have gone even if there's no free whisky.

Butch: Oh, definitely. You would have too. Even before the hotel room door was shut, he was already sticking his tongue in my mouth, nearly all the way to my tonsil. Well, I'm hardly going to resist. Once we were in the room, I quickly threw off my clothes and helped him out of his t-shirt and kilt. He has a big Celtic knot tattoo across his big hairy chest and another bear claw shape one on his left butt cheek. I don't usually like tattoos, but maybe because I had a lot to drink, they didn't bother me and looked rather good on him.

Dix: I know plenty of guys with tattoos. They don't bother me, but obviously some looks better than others.

Butch: Me too, but I've no interest in getting inked. So, there I was standing butt-naked in Callum's hotel room, and he started to work his mouth from my neck slowly down passing my hairy pecs, furry stomach, all the way to my meat. After plenty of oral actions, he left my huge boner dripping with his saliva and pulled me towards the bed. He threw back the cover, jumped on, and got on all four with his round butt cheeks facing me.

Dix: Nice one. It doesn't take a mind reader to work out what he wanted.

Butch: Oh no! I couldn't help spreading his lightly furred butt cheeks and bury my face between them. He made this deep grunting sound every time I forced open his hungry pink hole with my tongue, and before long begged me to fuck his big Scottish arse.

Dix: How predictable!

Butch: It did take a few tries before I managed to squeeze the head of my cock inside his tight hole, and that's even after applying a generous amount of lube and spit. Once the mushroom head fully disappeared into his arsehole, the rest of the shaft slid in easily.

Harry: I hope you didn't hurt him with that pretty substantial third leg of yours.

Butch: I doubt it, he might be a bit out of practice, that's all. Well, he soon enjoyed having my thick cock filling his rectum, judging from all his moaning. Time and time again, his big dangling balls would bash against mine, as he fucked himself like there's no tomorrow.

Dix: I know that feeling, can't beat it. Heavy, low hangers are so much fun.

Butch: Definitely. Now and then, I'd pull out completely just to plunge straight back into him. You know, he loved it so much, his bear cock was rock-hard and leaking precum continuously.

Dix: I bet you were making him squeal like a little piggy.

Butch: I don't recall any squealing, but he was talking dirty to me in his broad Scottish accent the whole time. After a while, Callum got a bit stiff being on all four and laid down on the bed face down, spread-eagle, showing me his wet gaping hole. I couldn't help throwing myself on top of him, and nailing his hairy arse to finish off what I started.

Dix: Wish I could be a fly on the wall and watch him squashed underneath you.

Butch: It must look like I was lying on a big bear skin rug and grinding away like my life depended on it. After a few strokes, I heard him said, "Yeah, right there. That's the spot." Without any further instructions, I doubled down on my efforts, quickening my rhythm and before long he tensed up and said, "You are going to make me cum." Sure enough, he

started shaking from wave after wave of anal orgasm and pumped his Scottish bear seeds all over the sheet without even touching his cock.

Harry: I do pity the housekeeping finding the mess and having to clean after you guys.

Butch: I very much doubt we are the only one leaving cum stained sheets behind. I agree, it's not pleasant, but they have probably seen a lot worse. Anyway, where was I? Oh, as Callum was cumming, his arse sphincter contracted repeatedly around my cock and kicked started my own orgasm. It felt great filling his hungry hole with my load while lying on his hairy back and holding him firmly in my arms. After his arse has milked me dry, I kissed his neck and we both passed out from exhaustion on the cum soaked sheet.

Harry: Sounded like you both can do with some rest after all the heavy physical exercise. By the way, did he actually offer you any whisky?

Butch: Thinking about it, no, but the sex more than made up for it, so I won't hold it against him.

Dix: Maybe there wasn't any whisky in the first place, it's just a bait to lure you into bed.

Butch: I doubt it, he was probably just too busy licking my body to remember the whiskey.

Dix: So did you disappear after getting your rocks off?

Butch: Not this time. I seriously doubt I was in any fit state to find my way back to my hotel anyway. Just as well, since I was woken up in the early morning by something hard poking at my butt hole. It dawned on me that I haven't paid much attention to Callum's cock the night before, and it was looking for some seriously overdue action.

Dix: That's one bonus about sleeping over. I love playing with morning woods.

Butch: Don't we all. Talking about wood, his cock was one thick log with a slight upward curve with a couple of egg-size testicles dangling below.

Dix: They must be a serious mouthful. Who doesn't like Scotch eggs?

Butch: Yeah, even if they were covered in hair instead of breadcrumbs. He was so turned on, his thick foreskin was pulled right back, revealing the shiny pink helmet wet with precum. Without any prompting, I wrapped my mouth around that irresistible veiny cock and stroked its sensitive underside with my tongue. Callum let out a loud groan and held my head in place with his thick hands, so he can feed me the whole thing.

Harry: I thought you are usually the dominant one.

Butch: Normally, but nothing is set in stone. It's rude to refuse that nice Scottish bear sausage.

Dix: So how did he rate your oral skills?

Butch: Let's just say he was "agreeing" with what I was doing, a lot. After some intense sucking, I thought it would be fun to turn things up and jammed a couple of my fingers inside his used hole and started rubbing his rock-hard prostate. Immediately, more of his salty precum gushes out like a leaky tap.

Harry: I bet you were working him like a glove puppet.

Butch: Sort of, more like finger puppet, since I doubt he was into fisting. His normally saggy ball sac began to pull tight towards his body, and I knew he was getting close. While keeping up the prostate massage, I moved my attention to his big balls and started sucking them one at a time. It turned out exactly to be the stimulation he needed to push him over the edge. "That's it, that's it! You're making me cum!" he yelled and grabbed his throbbing cock, with a few quick jerks, thick cum shot out landing all over his hairy body with some even reaching his beard.

Dix: Wow. I'd love to see that in slow motion. You should have filmed it.

Butch: Yeah, I guess it would make a hot clip, but we weren't making porn. It's go without saying, I was hard all the time while I was servicing Callum, and seeing him cum was just the final straw. I quickly manoeuvred my cock next to his and started rubbing them together. They were way too thick for me to grip at the same time, luckily trickles of his cum were still leaking from his cock which made sliding our cocks together easier, and in no time I shot my load, adding to Callum's own sticky mess.

Harry: That's typical of you making a mess everywhere you go.

Butch: And your point is? He loved it so much, he rubbed our cum all over his hairy body, before pulled me on top of him and gave me a big wet kiss. We both fell asleep again, just to be woken up by his alarm, but by then our cum has dried and glued our hairy bodies together. It was hilarious when we tried to pry us apart carefully without tearing too many hair off.

Dix: Don't you just hate that? Actually, it has happened to me before and left a little bald patch. I can't imagine why women will voluntarily torture themselves with waxing.

Butch: No, neither can I. We eventually cleaned up, and he treated me to breakfast at the hotel. We both got a big plateful of bacon, eggs, sausages, baked beans, but instead of haggis, I had black pudding. He teased me about eating haggis will put hair on my chest, which I replied I don't need any more hair on my chest. Unwilling to concede, he said at least it will help to grow back the chest hair I lost when we tried to free each other. We both laughed out loud while the hungover people from the next table gave us death stares.

Harry: What's not to like about haggis? You should try covering it in brown sauce.

Butch: I'll bear that in mind next time someone serves me haggis. I suppose, everything taste better covered in brown sauce or ketchup, even offal stuffed in sheep stomach!

Dix: For sure. So, did you see him around during the rest of the bear event?

Butch: I did once, but he was chatting with his friends and I didn't want to intrude, so I just smile and waved. He waved back, and the guys he was with gave me a knowing look from head to toes before resuming their conversation. I can't help but think if Callum had told them about what we got up to.

Dix: Surely, he would have given you a 5 stars review to your performance.

Butch: Honestly, I couldn't care less. I thoroughly enjoyed myself.

Dix: I must see if I've enough holidays, so I can go and check it for myself. Out of curiosity, are you going this year?

Butch: You won't regret it. I've no solid plans yet, but since I missed last year's event, I'll be very much like to make an appearance again and restock my whisky supply.

Harry: Face it, you just can't get enough of those chunky Scots. Maybe I can twist Ian's arm and come along with you guys. I wonder if we'll know anybody else there.

Butch: I'm sure you'll do. I bumped into so many guys I know every time I went, it's practically like Who's Who of the bear world.

Dix: That's because you are so popular.

Butch: Are you implying I'm a tart? I've just been around longer.

Dix: Those are your words, not mine. Anyway, are you guys ready for another beer? Feels like I'm no longer pitching a tent in my jeans, so I better go to the bar before one of you start reminiscing another one of your raunchy adventures and gets me excited all over again.

Butch: Just admit it, you love my stories. Yes, thanks. I need a beer after all that talking.

Harry: I can do with another one too. Thank you, Dix.

Dix: Sure, I'll be right back with our beer.

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Butch: Looks like it's still pouring outside. Is it ever going to stop?

Harry: The forecast said it's going to be wet all weekend, so no. Typical! But since I'll be working, it doesn't really bother me. We were so fortunate with the fine weather last weekend.

Butch: Yes, indeed. I think I even got a little colour after spending the whole afternoon outside drinking and mingling.

Harry: Lucky you. Good thing, Ian reminded me to put on some sunblock before leaving the house. Otherwise, I'd be all red like a lobster after roasting under the sun for the entire day.

Butch: He's a good husband. Although, I don't think you'll need any sunblock this weekend, unless Ian wants to rub his cream all over you before you head off to work.

Harry: Well, I won't say no, but my colleagues would probably object to the spunky smell! Moving swiftly on, apparently, there was a record-breaking turnout for the parade this year. I think many people decided to join in the festivities because of the brilliant weather.

Butch: It did seem more packed than usual. Did you bump into many guys you know?

Harry: Quite a few. Every time I went to the bar for a refill, I ended up stopping and saying hello to guys I've met before.

Butch: Same here. By the way, did I tell you I saw Tim from a distance at the street party?

Harry: Which Tim?

Butch: Tim. TJ, one of your ex from many years ago.

Harry: Oh TJ. Yes, of course, I also ran into him myself. We had a brief chat before he was dragged away by his mates and vanished back into the crowd.

Butch: Honestly, I can't remember if you two are still in speaking terms.

Harry: We've been for a while. After all, we parted ways amicably, and it was a long time ago. We've both moved on.

Butch: Yeah, still. I'm glad to hear you are friends now. So, what is he doing these days?

Harry: Not sure if I would go as far as friends. Work-wise, I believe he's still with the same fund management firm and making big money as before.

Butch: Good for him. I bet he's spending his money as quickly as he's making it.

Harry: Probably, some things don't change. He did gain a bit of weight and was looking older. There was definitely more grey in his hair and beard than before.

Butch: It's only natural. I'm sure he thought the same thing about you too. It was years since you guys were an item.

Harry: Tell me about it. It must be 12, or even 14 years ago. How time flies! It was fun while it lasted.

Butch: I seem to recall you and TJ couldn't take your hands off each other while you were going out, much more than you are doing with Ian.

Harry: Ian may be an extrovert, but he's not much of a touchy-feely type, at least in public. TJ was the opposite, he loved constant physical contacts even when it was wholly inappropriate. It still amazed me how I put up with him for a whole year.

Butch: I know what you mean. Personally, I like Ian a lot more, not just because you guys are married, but I warmed to Ian as soon as you first introduced us.

Harry: I've definitely won the jackpot when I met Ian, but I've to admit sex with TJ was something else. Maybe I had less to compare it with back in the days, but we did enjoy screwing each other's brain out every chance we got. At least when we first started dating.

Butch: Yeah, you kept telling me how hot the sex was in those days.

Dix: Excuse me, Butch. Here's a beer for you. And here's one for you, Harry. So, who are you guys talking about? Someone big and hairy like those bears in the magazine?

Butch: Noisy, aren't you? I don't think you know TJ, Harry's ex from a long time ago.

Harry: Butch saw him at the street party and asked me if I have spoken to him, that's all. I haven't seen him for a few years, I can't believe how big his belly has become. His top could barely stretch over his huge hairy gut.

Dix: Nope, doesn't ring a bell. Anyway, before my beer warms up, a toast to all the sexy ball belly bears in impossibly tight t-shirts!

Harry: Yeah, to ball belly bears!

Butch: Ball belly bears! If TJ gets any bigger, he could be chubby enough to be my type of men.

Harry: Seriously? I won't go there. Don't you have enough chubby fuck buddies already?

Butch: I'm just kidding. Won't touch him with a barge pole! Actually, if you keep feeding Ian with your gourmet cooking, he could soon be as hefty as TJ these days.

Harry: I'm no feeder. Ian may have a big build, but he's far too active to gain that much weight. In fact, if I'm not careful, I'll be the one ends up with a huge belly.

Dix: Now you mention it, Harry, you haven't talked much about your ex-boyfriends before. Was it nice to see your old flame? Is this TJ guy still hot after all these years?

Harry: I'm not sure about hot. He's still a good-looking man, apart from starting to show his age.

Dix: Happens to the best of us. I hope you're not holding a torch for him still.

Harry: God no! We were done and dusted when we split up. We didn't see each other for a couple of years after that and when we eventually came across one another again, all the feelings were gone.

Butch: I think you stopped loving him even before you guys officially split up.

Harry: Looking back, you're probably right. It did take me a couple of months to readjust to single life afterwards, but having good friends like you around obviously helped.

Butch: Don't mention it. That's what friends are for.

Dix: I hope you don't mind talking about him. I'm just curious, that's all.

Harry: Not at all. It's no secret, all ancient history anyway. What else do you want to know?

Dix: Well, if it's not too personal, why did you guys split up? Did he cheat on you, and you threw him out?

Harry: Oh, nothing of the sort. It's complicated, but the biggest problem was we are simply very different individuals, and the only thing held us together during that year was sex. When the sex started to wane, it was tough to stay as a couple.



Dix: I see. What's he like?

Harry: He's your typical stocky blonde bear with piercing blue eyes. Kind of the ones you would often see in bear porn.

Butch: It's true, he's pretty beary and does have nice eyes, but not sure if I want to see him naked. There's something about him, I ain't keen on.

Dix: Is that right? He sounds pretty hot to me. So, Harry, did you meet him online, or he's a friend of a friend?

Harry: Nope. Don't judge me, but we met in the Man Cave's darkroom. It was nothing like what it's nowadays. Back then, the darkroom would make Sodom and Gomorrah look like a children's playground.

Butch: Oh! Those were the days. Besides the slings, at one time, there was even a huge trough for those into "water sport". Can you imagine how the Man Cave's clientele these days will react? Anyway, thinking about water sport, I'm off for a nice long piss before my bladder starts to burst. Feel free to carry on with the story, Harry. I know most of it already.

Harry: Just make sure you aim at the urinal, not everyone is into water sport.

Butch: Yes, dad!

Dix: Sounded like the darkroom in those days would have been a real eye-opener. Wish I've seen it for myself.

Harry: You would be eaten alive! It's so vanilla these days in comparison. You'll be glad to know I was nowhere close to the trough when I met TJ. Like today, that huge area was partitioned into a simple labyrinth dimly lit by a handful of red lights with plenty of dark corners for people to engage in some old fashion sweaty naked fun.

Dix: I've only gone inside a few times myself, but that's roughly how I remember it. Oh, and a strong musky men smell throughout.

Harry: Some things doesn't change, I suppose. That night I was cruising the corridors with my top off trying not walking into guys sucking each other off in the shadows when this chunky guy came towards me and reached out his hand to rub the hair on my gut.

Dix: Did he really? That's one hell of a hello, or some will call it sexual harassment!

Harry: Yeah, but it wasn't a big deal back in those days. It was pretty common having one's nipples pinched or butt felt too. All I could make out in the darkness was the outline of his square bearded face and big lightly furred chests framed by his fully unbuttoned checked shirt. We stepped aside, and he told me I have a sexy body. I thanked him for the compliment, which he took it as an invitation for playing with my nipples. I thought why not and in return kissed his hairy lips.

Dix: It doesn't sound like you at all. You're not normally so forward.

Harry: That's because you've only known me as a married man. I could be real predatory when I put my mine to it, and give Butch a run for his money.

Dix: I've no idea. Sorry, is this your bag I just kicked over?

Harry: No, it's not mine, it could be Butch's. Ask him when he's back.

Dix: I hope there's nothing fragile inside. So, you were saying you started kissing him.

Harry: That's right, with TJ pinned to the wall in a shady section, we let our hands did all the talking and explored the other's hairy body. I loosen his trousers and started feeling his

meaty arse, he reciprocated and slowly undid my jeans, releasing my uncomfortably trapped erection. He wasted no time, got down, and started sucking my hard cock.

Dix: Nice one. Not sure whether I'm comfortable getting a blowjob in the open like that.

Harry: Everybody else were doing it, so who cares? For a while, I stood there facing the wall, legs spread with my jeans hanging halfway down my butt cheeks, enjoying his warm mouth servicing my cock, until some random guy came up and wanted to join in the fun. We tried to ignore him, but he won't take no for an answer, in the end we zipped up and left the darkroom, so he would bother somebody else.

Dix: Don't you just hate that. Like people say these days, "no means no". How can anyone be so thick-skinned and spoils someone else's fun.

Harry: I agree. But if not for the annoying stranger, I would probably let TJ finish sucking me off and never see him again. It's only after leaving the darkroom into the bar area I could see clearly what a handsome bear TJ was, so without thinking twice I asked him back to my place to continue our unfinished business. He immediately accepted the offer, collected his stuff from the cloakroom, jumped in a taxi with me, and the rest is history.

Dix: If he's that good-looking and sounded like the sex was great, why did you break up?

Harry: Like I said, it's complicated, like all relationships. It was funny, when I left the Man Cave with him, I was convinced he was a builder or in some other blue-collar job. You can imagine my shock when he told me he is a high-flying fund manager working in the city.

Dix: I'm not surprised with his beard and checked shirt look. I suppose it's impossible judging a book by its cover.

Harry: Definitely not. In fact, he cleaned up pretty well and is like a different person when in dressed in a tailored suit with a silk tie. That's obviously not why we didn't last, but we are just too different people.

Dix: How come? In what way?

Harry: We didn't really get much sleep that night after leaving the Man Cave, and we started meeting each other more and more in the coming weeks. Before we knew it, we were going out. The first 5 to 6 months was wonderful, we spent most of our free time together. He took me shopping at designer shops and treated me to posh restaurants, while I brought him to the theatre and art galleries. Needless to say, we had a lot of sex too and just couldn't get enough of the other's body.

Dix: Sounded like you two got on like a house on fire.

Harry: Yes, we did. Unfortunately, it was too much of a good thing. The honeymoon period soon expired and instead of enjoying doing all the new things, it turned into hard work instead. Just when did you hear me talk about clothes shopping or fine dining? He very quickly got bored by the arts I like so much as well. It was only the shagging which held us together in the last months. We started seeing the other less and less, one night after dinner and sex, we decided to call it a day because it just wasn't working any more.

Dix: Oh, I see.

Butch: That's much better. More room for beer now. So, Harry, have you finished telling Dix about TJ?

Harry: More or less. Not much to tell, really. We met, hit it off, had lots of sex, eventually got tired of the other, and no longer together.

Butch: Sounds about right. That's roughly how I remember your time with him. Did you mention TJ was incredibly insecure?

Harry: No, obviously that didn't help either. I didn't notice it in the beginning, but gradually he started asking more and more questions whenever I was out with my workmates or friends without him.

Butch: I definitely saw a lot less of you that year. I know it's natural since you have just started seeing someone new and screwing each other all the time, but something just wasn't right.

Harry: Hindsight is 20/20. TJ did eventually admit it has something to do with his father leaving his mother for another woman while he was young, and his mother single-handedly brought him up. I did feel sorry for him when he told me he often felt he wasn't good enough and found it hard fully trusting someone else.

Dix: That's very sad.

Harry: It was something he alone can work through, and there was nothing I could do to help.

Butch: Not really. We all learn something new after every relationship.

Harry: That's one way of looking at it. Hopefully, the cumulative lessons are paying off finally.

Dix: I'm sure you're doing all the right things with Ian. He loves you so much, he married you, didn't he? Out of curiosity, did TJ find someone special eventually?

Harry: During our brief chat, he said he's again between boyfriends at the moment, so no.

Butch: Which means he's on the prowl for his next ex-boyfriend.

Harry: That's a bit harsh, but sadly, I think you're right. At least he looked happy when I saw him hanging out with his groupie.

Dix: He might be still secretly in love with you after all these years, and get your old underwear out for a good sniff whenever he thought of you.

Harry: Aren't you the comedian today? If he kept a pair of underwear from every boyfriend he had, he would need a big wardrobe to keep them all.

Butch: Dix has a point. I reckon after sniffing your used underwear, he would probably rub one out on them too.

Harry: You guys can be really gross sometimes. I suppose, after so many years, that poor pair of boxers will be stiff as a board by now. As far as I know, he had found a rebound very soon after we had split up.

Dix: Not because I'm your friend, but it's his loss. By the way, Butch, is this your bag? I kicked it over earlier on, I hope there's nothing expensive inside.

Butch: Don't worry, it was only a few things I picked up at Chaps' annual Pride sale.

Dix: Oh, what did you buy? Did you get a good bargain?

Butch: You want to see? I was thinking about getting a new harness, but there's none on sale in my size, so I thought I'll stick to my trusty old one for now. Then again, I did find this nice black neoprene arm band with blue piping and a thick silicone ball stretcher both at half price. I would prefer one with ball splitter, but it was already sold out. Since I was there, I bought a big bottle of lube too, for good measure.

Harry: Don't you have enough gadgets and toys already?

Butch: Never! It's fun to spice things up now and then. Have to keep it fresh for my fuck buddies.

Dix: I should go before the sale ends to see if there's something I like at a good price. Do they have any underwear on sale?

Butch: Oh, yes! There were racks and racks of them, but I wasn't really interested since mine never stay on for very long, so it's pointless buying expensive ones even with discounts.

Dix: I don't care much about the designer brands, but some do fit me better than others.

Harry: Ian does like some expensive designer ones, and I think he looks good in them. I'm like you Butch, one second I'm dressed and naked the next, no one is going to see or pay attention to my underwear.

Dix: You might laugh, but I think some daddy bears looked very sexy in their traditional white Y fronts tucked under their beer bellies.

Butch: You're not the only one. There are many guys into that look. I've no idea why. After all, it's what inside the underwear that counts.

Dix: Of course. So, do you mean underwear is basically like a kind of gift wrapping paper?

Butch: Yeah, not a bad way of putting it. I do appreciate a nicely wrapped present and imagine what inside from its size and shape, but only for a moment before I rip all the wrapping off.

Harry: I think the anticipation is part of the fun about receiving presents, maybe that's why the sale of designer underwear is going through the roof.

Butch: People are easily taken in by the sexy underwear models, expecting to look just like them when wearing the underwear. How delusional are they? I'd rather spend my money on something that doesn't get discarded at a heartbeat, like a leather harness when I found one I like and fits my big chest.

Dix: Such a hard life living with all your big bulging muscles! It's a shame Chaps is in a part of town off the beacon track for me and have to make a special effort to get there.

Harry: Me too, but I guess they picked the location because the rent is cheaper. By the way, Butch, it's not like you, making a pilgrim there just for a bottle of lube and a couple of toys. Can't you just order them online like you normally do?

Butch: Of course. Actually, I had an appointment this afternoon at the sexual health clinic a couple of blocks away from Chaps, so I thought I would kill two birds with one stone.

Dix: Oh, are you OK? Have you finally caught something from playing with all the dirty men? Frankly, you don't look sick to me.

Butch: I'm fine, it was just a routine check up. I go every few months just to make sure I haven't picked up anything nasty, that's all.

Dix: I see. It's been a while since I have a full screen myself, then again I always play safe.

Harry: Glad to hear it, but it's good to make sure, since no protection is 100% safe.

Butch: Harry's right. Even though I also wear a condom whenever I have any butt fun, but just how many gay men you know do that when it comes to oral.

Dix: Nearly none. I know I don't.

Harry: And there are some diseases, even wearing a condom won't help.

Dix: Tell me about it. I hope you guys are not squeamish, a few years ago I caught crabs after playing with a big hairy daddy bear. Thankfully, the doctor gave me some cream which killed them all within days.

Butch: You must be really unlucky. I read crabs are pretty rare these days.

Harry: Yeah. The medics think it's down to the trend of women, and now men, shaving their pubes, so the pubic lice have nowhere to live or spread.

Butch: I know. I still remember when I was growing up, both men and women in porn mags are hairy between their legs. Then it all quickly changed when porn makers decided to show penetration in close up without anything obstructing the view, so the pubes had to go.

Harry: Don't forget, most guys' cock looked longer too when not buried in a thick growth of pubic hair. This is another classic example of porn leads and the rest of society follows.

Dix: Honestly, I haven't given pubic hair, or the lack of it, much thought. I was just glad those tiny blood sucking critters were easily dealt with. It's funny how porn can have an unexpected consequence of bringing down the spread of crabs.

Butch: Butterfly effect in action. That's what interesting about life. Personally, I can't stand the pre-pubescent shaved pubes look at all. There is nothing wrong with a big bush of pubic hair, even it does get stuck in your teeth once in a while.

Harry: You're so gross. I know it happens to all of us, but you don't have to spell it out.

Dix: I like the natural look too, a hairy bear with shaved crotch just looks wrong to me.

Harry: Completely! Ian is not allowed to shave anywhere beneath his neck.

Butch: Quite right, too.

Harry: Did you see my friend Rafa when you were at the clinic this afternoon?

Butch: No, it might be his day off. I missed getting all the latest gossips from him.

Harry: He knows everyone. Don't quote me on this, but apparently he has a new boyfriend.

Butch: Is that right? Good for him, love to see what the boyfriend is like. Anyway, I'm ready for more beer, are you guys staying for another.

Dix: Why not? Twist my arm. Same again, please.

Harry: Me too. It's still pissing it down outside, so hopefully it'll ease a bit after another pint.

Butch: I'll be right back.

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Dix: Who's Rafa, Harry? Should I know him?

Harry: Not sure. Rafa is a sexual health nurse working at that clinic. If you've been before, you'll have seen him. Beefy Hispanic cub with a dark goatee and cheeky smile. Hard to miss.

Dix: I might have. Normally, I try to keep my head down, stare at my phone, and avoid eye contacts with anyone whenever I'm there like most people.

Harry: There's nothing to be ashamed of. Sex is part of life and unfortunately so is sexually transmitted diseases. He's probably too young for you, so doesn't register on your gaydar.

Dix: Maybe? I'll look out for him next time I'm there for a check-up.

Harry: He's a really nice guy and have been working at that clinic for a long time. You'll like him. You know, some of the things he has seen will put anyone off sex for life.

Dix: I'm not surprised. Not sure if I want to look at spotty dicks and leaky arseholes all day.

Harry: You get used to it, much like looking at bleeding wounds and broken bones for me.

Dix: That's true. Or handling creepy crawlies for me.

Harry: Oh god, yeah! Rather you than me, I gladly let Ian deals with all the bugs at home.

Dix: You do know, they are mostly harmless. So, did you meet Rafa during training?

Harry: Not really. I actually met him because of Ian. Rafa always takes good care of Ian every time Ian has his blood test there, and we started chatting as you do. Gradually, we got to know each other pretty well.

Dix: OK. I'm surprised, Ian doesn't strike me as someone who sleeps around a lot.

Harry: He doesn't. Don't you know Ian is HIV positive? Those tests are just routine to make sure he's fit and healthy.

Dix: Oh. I've no idea. I don't know what to say.

Harry: I thought we've told you before. It's no big deal. Thanks to the miracle of modern medicine, as long as he takes a pill once a day and the virus remains undetectable, he'll probably out live me.

Dix: I remember a few of my daddy bear friends telling me horror stories from the early days of the AIDS pandemic, when gay men were dropping like flies. It's a scandal how it wasn't taken seriously until so many of their friends were lost.

Harry: I agree. Nearly a whole generation of gay men were wiped out just like that. It was indeed a dark time for the gay community, but thanks to their efforts and persistence, these days being positive is no longer a death sentence for Ian and many others.

Dix: Yes, I know. Are you positive too? Oh, sorry, I don't mean to ask something so personal.

Harry: It's OK. No, I'm not. Looking back, maybe being a top helped, but it's all down to trying to not take unnecessary risks and simply sheer dumb luck.

Dix: I'm relieved to hear it. Of course, it doesn't make any difference to me whether you are positive or negative.

Harry: Ian told me he's positive when we first met. Frankly, I've enough medical background to know it's not an issue if we take precautions. Nowadays, research has shown men like Ian with undetectable viral load can't pass on the virus anyway, which helps to remove any trace of subconscious worries we feel whenever we have sex.

Dix: I can imagine. All you guys have to worry about are the cum strains left around your house. But seriously, I've seen it advertised in the gay mags, and some guys even put U=U in their profiles.

Harry: I hope the message is slowly getting across. Also, for guys like us who are negative, these days we have the option to take PrEP to keep us from getting infected.

Dix: You know? I've thought about that before. Some of the daddies I've played with are already on PrEP, but still, I insisted on wearing a condom whenever I play with them. They might be protected from HIV, but there are plenty of horrible diseases one can catch from raw bareback sex.

Harry: Yes, but thankfully, most of them are treatable. Obviously, it's best not catching them in the first place. On top of it, now and then, I read about the odd drug resistance strains, which can be pretty scary.

Dix: It's unbelievable how guys like your friend Rafa still have sex.

Harry: Why not? I see people breaking bones from playing sports all the time, and it doesn't put me off doing it myself. Just have to be careful, that's all.

Dix: That's true. Is it just me or Butch has gone to the bar for a long time?

Harry: It looks pretty busy to me. Don't worry, he won't get lost. Spoke too soon, here he comes.

Butch: Looks like the wet weather isn't putting people off coming here for beer. The bar was so crowded, all the barmen were like headless chicken serving customer after customer.

Dix: Thanks for buying the beer. I can imagine, it has really filled up since we got here.

Butch: There was this group of bears standing behind me at the bar just now, they were so tightly packed together, I could barely squeeze past them without spilling beers all over their big bellies.

Dix: Where are they? Oh, I see them. Beautiful arse on the one in the olive green shirt, but bears like them are usually out of my league.

Harry: Aren't they too young for you, too? But Butch, I thought they would be your type. Did you get a little hard rubbing past them? I'm surprised you haven't got their numbers already.

Butch: I might have said hi if I wasn't carrying three full pints of beers, fighting my way through a solid wall of thirsty bears. I admit, a couple of them are nice and chunky. I guess they are tourists since they don't look familiar, most probably Americans.

Harry: There's nothing wrong with Americans, I've met many friendly and sexy American bears. Anyway, cheers! To the big ball belly bears, even if they are American tourists!

Dix: Cheers! To American ball belly bears!

Butch: To ball belly bears! I just wish their big bellies weren't in my way just now.

Harry: Just admit it, you love being squashed in the centre of them.

Butch: Given the right circumstances, I could be easily persuaded.

Dix: I can just picture you being the centre of their attention. That reminds me, have you seen these bird's-eye view photos of several big hairy bellies pushed together?

Butch: Of course I have. There's something mesmerising about them.

Dix: An American polar bear told me he and a few friends took a pic just like that during a pool party, and it has gone viral.

Harry: Is that right? It could be one I've seen before. It's a shame we don't have the weather for holding pool parties, and only the super rich can afford pools in this country.

Butch: Yeah. I'm not the jealous type, but wish I've a private pool and can invite all my friends around for "clothing optional" parties whenever it's hot and sunny.

Dix: Yeah, don't we all. Even that polar bear I met told me he has one, and I don't think he was particularly well-off.

Harry: Is this American guy one of your many tricks?

Dix: Well, I was just helping with the Anglo-American relationship. He's called Patrick from Palm Springs and I met him when he was visiting relatives here for a few days before joining one of those guided tours in Italy.

Butch: He's a long way from home. Easy prey for you, then. What's he like?

Dix: I'm sure he can fend of himself. Patrick was your typical granddad next door type, he could be a dead ringer for Hemingway, if you know what I mean. He has a prominent nose with deep set eyes, even though he was in only his mid-60s he looked older because of wrinkled features, bald head and white beard. You can tell he used to work out by his broad chest and back, but he also has a nice round belly these days.

Harry: Sounds like a pretty sexy combination to me. I bet Ian will look like that one day.

Butch: No doubt about it, but not for a very long time.

Dix: Like most polar bears, Patrick was really hairy, apart from a few strands of rich chestnut brown colour hair, his chest was mostly covered in white fur.

Butch: That will be me soon. You can see my chest hair has gone a bit salt and pepper already. Maybe I should start dyeing it.

Dix: Are you serious? Where? A couple of white chest hair doesn't make you a polar bear.

Harry: Yeah, it'll be decades before you turn into a proper polar bear. So, Dix, did you make the first move? I know how predatory you are when it comes to daddy bears.

Dix: Me, predatory? You must be confusing me with Butch. Well, at least not this time.

Butch: Hey, don't drag me into it. Come on, let's have the gory details, then.

Dix: If you insist. One night I was checking who was online nearby and came across a polar bear I didn't recognise. His pics were pretty hot, but I quickly moved on to others, as you do. A minute or two later, I received a message from him unexpectedly, saying he's in town for a short visit and would like some company without any expectations.

Harry: Not another one looking for a bit of holiday NSA fun! I bet you couldn't say no.

Dix: It's rude not to. I quickly changed and showed up at his holiday flat in no time. Patrick opened the door in a skimpy dressing gown and invited me in with a big grin on his face. He got me a beer, and we sat down on a leather sofa in front of the TV showing some action movie. We had the usual small talk, and it turned out he was on his first trip after his recent retirement.

Butch: I can't wait till I'm retired and spend my time travelling. There are so many places in my bucket list I would like to see and sample the local talents.

Dix: That's what he said, too. We continued chatting, but whatever it was showing on the TV was too distracting. He asked if I would like some music instead, or be interested in a video of a pool party a friend of his made. Of course, I opted for the pool video, and it was playing soon after he expertly plugged his laptop to the TV.

Butch: Sounds like he knows how to work tech as well as I do. Was the pool packed full of bears?

Dix: What else? The video showed about 30 bears socialising and playing in a decent size pool, with Patrick among them. At one stage, a ginger bear dived into the pool and lost his swimming trunks, which naturally made everyone laugh. It soon followed by more guys having their speedos mysteriously "stolen" or "missing", and quickly descended into absolute carnage, but all in good humour and nothing too sexual, just guys having fun.

Harry: Cool. That's the sort of party I'd love to be invited to.

Dix: So would I. I asked if he has any more videos like that, but he said that was the only one of a pool party, then again there was this other one he thought I'd definitely like.

Harry: I hope he didn't start showing you a video of endless holiday clips. I easily get tired of watching scenes after scenes of other people on vacation.

Dix: Don't we all? As it turned out, his friend who took the pool party video worked for a bear porn studio and persuaded Patrick to star in one of the films.

Butch: OMG. I don't believe it. You didn't mention he was a porn star.

Dix: He wasn't a star. He only did one for fun. Apparently, the studio required an older daddy bear for a particular scene, and obviously, Patrick fitted the bill perfectly.

Butch: Still, it must be very flattering featuring in a porno. What was the story?



Dix: There wasn't really much of a story. As far as I remember, a big grizzly bear was having a wank in bed when his older partner caught him in the act, and they ended up having sex.

Harry: That's so corny, I've seen hundreds of porn like that before. Well, maybe not literally hundreds. I suppose there are only so many scenarios they can come up with.

Dix: Don't worry, we don't think you need an intervention for your porn addiction. Anyway, Patrick's acting was quite convincing. Also, the grizzly bear co-star has a big thick cock, so who cares?

Butch: Exactly. It's porn, not Hollywood! So, you just sat next to this polar bear while watching a video of him having sex? I must say I've never done that.

Dix: I was at the beginning, but soon Patrick's dressing gown started to undo itself, gradually showing off more and more his hairy body. By the time the grizzly bear was sucking Patrick's chubby cock in the video, my head was already resting on his soft furry stomach with my top off. After playing with my nipples and smoothing my chest for a bit, he causally undid my jeans, out popped a rock-hard erection.

Harry: I bet he's been waiting all night to get his hands on it, but it's refreshing when people don't rush when having sex.

Butch: A long session is good, but so is a quickie when that's all one has time for. It all depends on the situation. Sounds like your polar bear is built for comfort and not for speed.

Dix: Yeah. As you can imagine between Patrick's soft touch and watching him on screen licking the grizzly bear's extremely hairy butt crack, my cock was at full mast with my foreskin tightly stretched over the swollen head, demanding attention. He slowly pulled the skin all the way down with a firm grip, completely exposing my mushroom head, before pushing back up to full coverage again. He did that repeatedly until beads of clear precum started to leak out and proceeded to it as lube to rub the rim of my sensitive fleshy helmet.

Butch: It must be a novelty for him playing with someone uncut. I hope you didn't cum too soon.

Dix: No, he intuitively sensed when to stop, let go of my cock, wait and start all over again. He kept this edging routine up all through the scenes of him pounding the grizzly bear meaty arse from behind with his thick cut daddy cock. It was unreal to see the same cock poking out of his dressing gown and pointing right at me. I couldn't help but get my hands on it.

Harry: Not sure if I like to watch myself have sex on screen. I know even some famous actors who can't stand watching themselves act.

Butch: You should have a go with Ian, maybe you'll surprise yourself. For your information, I don't have any problem watching me going at it with a hottie.

Harry: Why doesn't that surprise me? You're such a show-off. I bet many of your fuck buddies will pay good money to watch you in action.

Butch: I doubt it, but who knows? So, Dix, did your polar bear give you a good rogering like he did to the grizzly bear porn partner too?

Dix: I wish he did, but he didn't. The grizzly bear was ready for his money shot after the fuck scenes were over, and I was also desperate to blow my load. Patrick suddenly speeded up the jerking motion on my cock, while the grizzly bear on TV moaned loudly and started shooting his cum all over his hairy gut. That was just too much for me, and I couldn't stop my cock spurting ropes of thick cream out, coating Patrick's fingers like a sugar glaze.

Harry: I don't blame you. It's a wonder you could hold it in for so long.

Dix: The orgasm literally lasted for an eternity. Eventually, he lifted his hand to his mouth and tasted my cum before using the rest as lube to jerk his thick, hard cock. As if it's planned,

the Patrick in the video was also fiercely rubbing his cock and almost down to the second both Patrick, on- and off-screen, reached orgasm at the same time. As his load shot out covering the grizzly bear's face on TV, I could feel his hot cum landing on mine and sticking to my goatee.

Butch: Now that's something. That's the kind of 4D experience I would love to try.

Dix: What do you mean?

Butch: Oh, it's just a gimmick Hollywood dreamt up where one watches a movie but also feel the same physical effects at the same time. Like the floor shaking during an earthquake scene.

Dix: Never heard of it before, but if that's what it is, I definitely had a front-row seat to this 4D thing with Patrick.

Harry: I'm sure he enjoyed it as much as you did.

Dix: I hope so, after we recovered our breath, he fetched a towel from nowhere as if by magic and wiped both of us clean.

Butch: That's probably a used cum towel. I make sure there's always one within easy reach around my place, too. You'll never know when it's needed.

Harry: You're such a pig. Not everyone is like you.

Butch: There is nothing wrong with being practical. We all have our favourite wanking spots.

Dix: In that case, do warn me where they are if you ever invite me around to your place. I don't want to accidentally sit on your DNA.

Butch: Many of my fuck buddies would be honoured to have my DNA on them, or better still, in them. So, was that the end of your rendezvous with this sexy polar bear porn star?

Dix: Well, I was ready to put my clothes on when Patrick asked me to stay over since he said missed cuddling someone in bed. I told him I had work in the morning, but he insisted, and I found it impossible to say no. We went to the bedroom and his hairy arm held me close while we both drifted off to sleep.

Harry: Nice. I do miss it whenever I was sleeping alone during the day after a night shift and Ian was at work.

Butch: I wouldn't mind having someone to hold in bed either, but have to find someone who doesn't complain about my thunder-like loud snoring first.

Dix: That's what ear plugs are for. It was a wonderful snuggling up to him all night, but when I woke up in the morning, I found I was alone in his bed. There were some rackets outside the bedroom, and it turned out Patrick was making me a cup of coffee. He walked back in butt naked apart from a mug of coffee in each hand.

Butch: That's the kind of service all bed and breakfast should do.

Dix: Yeah. I still remember he jokingly asked me if I like cream in my coffee. Before I could answer, he dangled his cock above my cup and started milking it. I laughed and said I rather have the cream straight from the source and gave his cock a quick suck. I wish I could stay in bed all day with him, but no such luck. After I finished my coffee, we jumped into the showers together and started to rub soap on the other's body. Needless to say we both got hard, unfortunately the shower wasn't designed for two bears, in the end all I could do was getting down on my knees and suck his meaty cock while masturbating mine. Under the hot steamy shower, we both cummed quickly, and I eventually left for work unwillingly.

Harry: That's not a bad way to say goodbye. Did you hear from him after that?

Dix: We exchanged a few messages after our meeting, and he kindly offered to put me up whenever I visit Palm Springs. He did send me a few photos of him in Italy, but I suppose normal life resumed once he was back home.

Butch: At least you had a memorable time with him. Did you look up the video he appeared in?

Dix: I tried but couldn't find it, I think he must have used an alias like many of the porn stars.

Butch: What like "Randy Harddick", "Gruff McBalls", or "Sid Cumalot"?

Dix: Ha ha ha. Something like that. Oh look, the rain has finally stopped.

Butch: It's stopped for a while. You've just been too busy telling us your polar bear story to notice.

Harry: Since it's dry now, I better call it a night before it starts pouring again. I've an early shift tomorrow, and trust me, I'm not looking forward to it.

Dix: Are you going already? I bet you rather snuggle up to Ian in bed all day. Well, it's good seeing you as usual. Let's meet up again when we are all free in the next week or two.

Harry: Sure, we'll arrange something. What plans do you guys have tonight? Any hot dates lined up?

Butch: Not tonight. I've to give my balls a break now and then to refuel. I've thought about going to the cinema to see the new detective comedy came out this week. One of my colleague has seen it and say it was hilarious, plus it has this chunky bear actor Nick something in it.

Dix: I've heard of it, too. I presumed I'll be drinking all night with you guys, so didn't make any plans. Do you fancy some company at the movie, Butch?

Butch: Of course, as long as you buy your own popcorn and leave mine alone.

Dix: Don't you worry. I'm not a big fan of popcorn anyway. I'd rather have ice-cream.

Butch: So, what time is it? I think there is a showing in half an hour's time. If we go now, we should be able to catch it.

Dix: Sounds like a plan.

Harry: Let me know what the film is like. Maybe I'll drag Ian to see it sometime. It's been ages since we have a movie date night since he has been so busy with all the rehearsals.

Butch: Well, my glass is empty, so I'm ready when you are.

Dix: In which case, I better drain my bladder before leaving. Should I see you outside, Butch?

Butch: Sure, but do it quickly, I hate to miss the trailers.

Harry: Actually now you mention it, I need to go too. It must be contagious.

Butch: Good to see you, Harry; and remember to say to hi Ian for me. I will see you outside, Dix. Just make sure you leave Harry's cock alone. Don't you start playing with it and keep me waiting? I know what you are like.

Dix: Who do you take me for? But I'm sure you have a nice cock, Harry.

Harry: Oh, thank you. You are welcomed to hold it for me while I'm having a piss any time.

Butch: You guys! And I thought I'm the comedian here. Tick-tock, tick-tock!

Dix: Yeah, yeah. Don't get your jockstrap in a twist. I won't be long.