

BORROMEAN BEARS



CHEZZER

5

The Borromean Bears

One causal conversation

Two hours

Three bears

Four rounds of beer



Chapter 5

A Sweaty Night Of Debauchery

A Sweaty Night Of Debauchery

- Dix: Hi, Harry. You're early as usual. How's it going?
- Harry: Hey Dix. I'm good. Well, what's with the new look? Is "causal Fridays" a thing at your gardening shop now? I don't think I've ever seen you in a vest before. I know it's hot outside, but what will your customers think?
- Dix: Trust me, I didn't wear this to work this morning. You know, I was such a pillock, I spilt coffee all over myself when I was about to leave the shop. So, I quickly changed into whatever I had in the office before coming to meet you guys.
- Harry: It looks good on you, you should wear vests more often. Out of curiosity, do you normally keep a skimpy little vest at work just in case of any accidental spillage, or possibly a last minute hot date? It looks like the sort of thing Butch would wear when he's out clubbing.
- Dix: Of course, I don't! Funny you mentioned Butch because it's all his fault. He kept going on and on about how no self-respecting bear could live without a vest, so I finally bought one the other day, but left it at work unintentionally. Therefore, it's a toss up between my shiny new vest or a muddy overall. A no-brainer, really.
- Harry: At least, nobody will raise an eyebrow in the middle of a heatwave. The heat has been insufferable recently, I wish I didn't have to wear that thick paramedic uniform at work.
- Dix: I bet. How's work going? Were you busy as usual?
- Harry: Always. You have no idea, how relieved I was when my shift was finally over early this afternoon. Thankfully, no one died on my watch today, so I can't complain.
- Dix: That's good, you can relax with a few beers now.
- Butch: Afternoon Harry. Who's this hottie you're talking to? The Dix I know would never wear a tiny tank top like this, unless he's on the pull. What have you done to him?
- Dix: Nice to see you, too, Butch. Did you remember telling me I'd look good in a vest and I should try one? I took your advice and bought this when I saw it was reduced.
- Butch: If it's reduced any further, your little pointy nipples will be poking out.
- Harry: Just leave him alone. How can they charge more for a vest than a T-shirt, but with less fabric, I've no idea. Come to think of it, you did suggest he should wear vests more often.
- Butch: Really? I might have. Honestly, it suits you. You look like you are on a beach holiday, or off to a bear club.
- Dix: Thanks, glad you approve. Well, that's what I've in mind when I bought it.
- Harry: I don't know about you guys, but I can murder a cold beer. Beer anyone?
- Butch: Yes, please. I thought you'll never ask. An ice-cold beer will be great.
- Dix: Same here. I've been desperate for a refreshing pint of beer since lunchtime.
- Harry: OK, three beers coming right up.
- Butch: So, Dix, how's life treating you?
- Dix: I was having a good day until I poured coffee over myself this afternoon, that's why I'm wearing this vest now.
- Butch: Never mind. It actually shows off your body pretty well, and perfect for a hot summer day like today. I wish I can get away with wearing a tank top to work myself, but at least we don't have to wear a tie any more, so I'm thankful for the small mercies.

Dix: I can't imagine wearing a tie day in, day out, whatever the weather. Our heatwaves never last very long, anyway. Isn't there air conditioning in your office?

Butch: There's supposed to be, but never works very well. That's apart from the room where all the servers live, which is kept at a nice cool temperature around the clock. It would be nice working in there instead of sweating like a little piggy at my desk.

Dix: Don't complain, we only have a fan, and pigs don't really sweat much. It's not too bad when there's a draught blowing through the shop. On days like today, I wouldn't mind working with my top off, but it won't look very professional.

Butch: Not unless you're a builder, or a go-go boy, but I know what you mean. So, how's your business going?

Dix: Pretty steady, and obviously the hot weather helps. Everybody is inviting their friends and family around for barbecues, so naturally wanted the garden to look its best.

Butch: I can imagine, it must be a busy time for you. It's a shame I don't have a big garden like Harry and Ian. They really know how to throw great garden parties.

Dix: Yeah. It was my the first time last summer, and had a great time. I ate so much, I even had to loosen my belt by the end of the afternoon.

Butch: I know that feeling. They always prepare a lot of food just in case the bears are starving.

Dix: Who are you kidding? Bears are always starving! Are they doing one again this year?

Butch: Most probably. We should ask him when he's back. I have to make sure I'm free for it.

Dix: Yeah, I'd hate to miss it, too. I'm feeling hungry just thinking about all the yummy food.

Butch: If the weather is like today, you should wear this tank top to the party. No doubt you'll be turning heads left, right, and centre.

Dix: Are you sure? If I stuff my face with as much food as last time, I doubt the tank top will stretch enough to cover my huge, bulging belly.

Butch: Who cares? Most of the guys there will probably have their tops off with their big guts hanging out anyway.

Dix: Speak for yourself! That's just one of the many benefits about bear gatherings.

Butch: Wouldn't it be great if they lit up the fire pit and barbecue, so we can party into the night?

Dix: Definitely, I love barbecues! Believe it or not, I'm an expert at roasting marshmallows.

Butch: Is that right? I haven't had roasted marshmallows since I was a young kid. I used to make them myself whenever I went on camping trips.

Dix: You haven't tried mine yet. Crispy on the outside, but hot and gooey inside, a perfect combination.

Butch: Well, that brings back memories. It usually got so messy, I had to suck my sticky fingers clean thoroughly, one at a time. Thinking of it, I still do, and not just fingers, but nice cocks covered in thick cum too.

Dix: Why do you have to drag sex into everything? Actually, I used to do the same thing, too.

Butch: What? Licking your fingers, or sucking cocks? Or both? Oh, Harry, that's quick. Thanks for getting the beer.

Harry: You're welcomed. One for you too, Dix.

Dix: Thank you very much. I needed it.

Harry: What are you guys talking about? Why are you looking at me funny? Is there something on my face?

Dix: No, it's just Butch being crass as usual. Since you asked, we were just saying how much we love your garden parties. Are you having one this year?

Harry: Of course, but Ian and I haven't really talked about it yet. As you know, Ian has been busy with the Pirates of Penzance, now it is finished, we will start planning what we're doing this summer. Don't worry, you'll receive your invitation to the party once we've come up with a date.

Butch: Thanks. If this weather is anything to go by, I won't miss it for the world. Have you thought about firing up your barbecue and fire pit, keeping the party going after dark?

Harry: No, but I'll mention it to Ian. I doubt the old pyromaniac wouldn't say no to starting a fire.

Butch: I'm sure it'll be a fun and sweaty night of debauchery. And I'll drink to that!

Dix: Me too. To a sweaty night of debauchery! I can't wait.

Harry: A sweaty night of debauchery to you guys, too! I dread to think what our neighbours will think of us partying to the small hours of the night.

Butch: Just invite them along. You'll never know, they might enjoy themselves.

Harry: We normally do, and some of our neighbours have dropped in to our parties before. Most of them are really friendly, apart from this one family who we think is a bit homophobic.

Dix: Yeah? Why do you say that?

Harry: Just little things we noticed. Ian reckons they're afraid their two little boys will turn gay if they come near us.

Butch: That's ridiculous! I can't believe there are still people who think being gay is contagious.

Harry: Unfortunately so. Didn't you get the memo from our big gay brotherhood about the plan to corrupt all impressionable young men?

Butch: I must have missed it! I didn't know anyone who's gay when I was growing up, and still turned out to be a raving homosexual. How do they explain that?

Dix: Same here. So few people were out in those days, even if I've met any, I'm none the wiser. I do wish there was someone who would show me it was alright to be different back then.

Harry: Yeah. Positive gay role models kids can look up to were hard to come by when we were young. Well, time has changed. Now, prominent gay men and the wider LGBT community are everywhere. They're in showbiz, industries, even sports, so anyone struggling can be reassured they're not the only one and their sexuality won't hold them back in life.

Butch: Amen, to that! It makes a big difference to have high-profile swimmers, athletes, and even rugby players come out of the closet. I'd come out earlier if I had to do it all over again.

Dix: It's never too late. Many famous chefs, musicians, celebrities, even politicians are coming out of the closet every day. I read in the news that even a granddad in his 80s has come out after his wife of over 50 years had passed away.

Butch: Is he single and looking to hook up? Sounds like he's just right for you, Dix.

Dix: You're such a comedian, you should turn professional! It's no secret, I fancy older men, but half a century my senior is one serious generation gap.

Harry: I bet it was a huge relief, finally acknowledging his sexuality publicly, after living a double life for decades.

Dix: The article said his children and extended family have accepted his new life with open arms. I thought it's a beautiful story.

Butch: Definitely. It won't surprise me if he had many gay lovers, or at least encounters through the years. I wonder if his wife knew.

Dix: Apparently, he was deeply in love with another soldier who he served with during the WWII, but they went their separate ways after the fighting was over and led different lives.

Harry: That's so sad, but I'm sure it's not uncommon in those days.

Dix: He was really upset when he heard that soldier had died twenty-something years after they last saw each other, and confessed to his wife about being gay.

Butch: I think it's impossible for her not to suspect something after being married for so many years, but if he has been a good husband and father, does it matter?

Harry: It's funny how we see old people being all conservative and sexless, forgetting they too had been young once, and often are more open-minded than many people give them credit for.

Dix: Tell me about it. Most daddy bears I've played with are horny all the time, and a few are as kinky as Butch here.

Butch: Me, kinky? I'm an angel compared to many.

Harry: All your gears and toys will say otherwise. You're definitely more adventurous than most.

Butch: Take one to know one. We've known each other for a long time and there are things you have done, even I won't do.

Harry: Yeah, yeah. I'm no saint either, and never pretend to be one.

Dix: You might not be a saint behind closed doors, but definitely one at work. So, how many lives have you saved so far this week?

Harry: I don't keep track, but I did attend numerous heart attacks and strokes as usual, on top of all the minor injuries. But guess what? I even delivered a baby a couple of days ago.

Butch: No way? I've no idea midwifery is part of your job description. I'm not sure if I know what to do with a woman in labour.

Harry: It doesn't happen very often, but we are trained for it.

Dix: It must be magical, witnessing and helping the miracle of birth.

Harry: You would think so, but in reality it's really noisy and messy. I'm just thankful it's something I'll never go through myself.

Butch: Who knows? Judging by the amount of sex you have with Ian, I'm surprised you're not pregnant already!

Harry: Ha! Now that would take more than a miracle.

Butch: Seriously, I can tolerate a lot of pain, but childbirth is on a different level altogether. I suppose that's the price human beings pay for standing and walking upright.

Dix: I do like the idea of kids, but not sure if I like one of my own, though.

Butch: The feeling is mutual. I love my nieces and nephews to bits, but it's great handing them back after I've finished playing with them. Out of curiosity, Harry, have you and Ian thought about adopting or having a kid through surrogacy?

Harry: I think Ian would make a great father, but we discussed it before we got married, and neither of us wanted kids. It's especially true for Ian, who has plenty of experience as a teacher dealing with troubled children at his school.

Butch: What, you don't like the idea of a little Ian or Harry running around you?

Harry: It's hard enough having an adult Ian around some times, I don't think I can cope with a little one as well.

Dix: Maybe he or she will be more like you?

Harry: That's probably worse, my parents forever remind me what a handful I used to be.

Butch: You haven't changed that much, then. It's fortunate gay couples are allowed to adopt or have children by surrogate these days in many countries, including ours.

Harry: Yeah, it's nice to know we can if we decide that's the right thing for us. I know there are many gay couples who would make wonderful parents.

Dix: Sure. Nowadays, many shops even carry greeting cards for new gay dads and moms.

Butch: I can imagine you and Ian being great dads like the one in that Spanish film about a bear bringing up his nephew. What's it called now?

Harry: You mean, Bear Cub? We love that film. I wish there were more films like that out there. Isn't the daddy bear in it easy on the eye?

Butch: Oh, yes. I remember when it came out, all my friends were raving about it. There have been a few other bear themed movies released around that time, but it's a shame not many in the last few years to my knowledge.

Dix: I certainly haven't come across any. Won't it be refreshing to have something other than coming of age stories about confused young gay twinkies?

Butch: There are definitely a lot of those. If not, they'll be about the sad demise of a group of hedonistic, self-absorbed gay men lost in sex and drugs.

Harry: I've seen a couple of films like that too and really don't relate to them at all. I do enjoy the handful of political films about the LGBT movement, but none of them have bears in them. Where's our representation these days?

Butch: They should definitely make more films about the lives of big hairy bears.

Dix: I agree. Have you two heard of this popular online bear comedy series about three bears solving murder mysteries and getting into all kinds of compromising situations?

Butch: Of course. Wasn't I who introduced you to it? They're seriously hilarious, and all the bears on that show are damn sexy.

Harry: I've only seen clips, but still haven't got around to watching it properly.

Dix: You're missing out. You should binge-watch it with Ian one weekend. I guarantee you guys will be rolling around in stitches.

Harry: Maybe we'll when we're both at home and free. Unfortunately, that doesn't happen often.

Butch: It's tough working shifts, I suppose. I can lend you my uncut copy with all the rear nudity, if you want.

Harry: Yes, please. Always happy to see big bear butts, but no full-frontal, how disappointing?

Butch: Haven't you seen enough cocks and balls in porn already? Then again, some of the low-budget bear porn are practically comedies themselves.

Dix: As long as the bears are hot, who cares about the story?

Harry: I rather they don't pretend to have any story at all. Just get down to business and show me the money shot.

Dix: Can't argue with that, but now and then, I rather enjoy those unbelievably corny scenarios. Isn't porn all about selling fantasies, after all? So, it's nice to see some context before they get naked.

Butch: Personally, I can take it or leave it. It all depends on the quality of the porn. If it's well filmed, a bit of story is OK, otherwise just forget the dialogues and go straight to the good stuff. One thing that pisses me off all the time, is the annoying electronic background music. What's wrong with good old moaning and groaning, or other sex noises? I know for a fact, they can be a massive turn on for many guys.

Harry: What? You like all the "Yeah, yeah, right there"; "Fuck me, fuck me harder"; and "Don't stop, I'm cumming"?

Dix: A bit of verbal is fine with me, too. Who wants to hear romantic piano music when two sweaty muscle bears in leather are going at it like they are demolishing the room?

Harry: Well, anything is better than that groovy 70s porn soundtrack! Personally, instead of music, wouldn't it be funny to hear the director telling the porn stars where to put this and that?

Dix: I've seen a few behind the scene footage of porn shoots, and it's not as fun as one imagined. Sometime, a 15-minute scene can take a whole day of shooting to get right.

Harry: They must have one hell of stamina. I don't think I could stay hard for that long, regardless how smoking hot are my co-stars. Maybe a talented fluffer would help.

Butch: That's where cock rings and those little blue pills come to the rescue. Of course, unless one's 18 and gets an instant hard-on whenever someone mentions S E X.

Dix: Yeah, don't I know it when I was that age. I guess some porn stars naturally have the power to cum on demand, over and over again.

Harry: That's what they get paid for, I suppose. Didn't you mention something about playing with a bear porn star once?

Dix: You're right, I've nearly forgotten about it. You must have the memory of an elephant. Patrick is not really a porn star, just took part in a film for fun. He did tell me it was a big confidence booster for someone his age and size, but not something he chose to do again.

Butch: No doubt about it. It's easy to make a movie these days, anyone can do it, but producing a quality one is best left to the professionals.

Dix: All these talk about porn is making me thirsty. Are you guys ready for another beer?

Harry: Yes, please. I can do with another cold one.

Butch: Twist my arm. The same again will be great, thanks.

Dix: No problem, guys.

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Harry: So, what have you been up to this week, Butch?

Butch: Nothing out of the ordinary. You know me, working hard and playing harder as usual.

Harry: That's what I thought. Been hitting the gym too?

Butch: You bet. As if that's not enough punishment, I also played a game of tennis, making the most of the sunshine.

Harry: Tennis? You've never mentioned you can play tennis all these years. It beats lifting weights inside some sweltering, sweaty gym, I suppose.

Butch: What do you know? When was the last time you stepped foot in a gym? Anyhow, I'm obviously a man of mystery. It's true I don't play a lot of tennis these days, but I used to play in the school team many moons ago.

Harry: Really? I'm surprised you still remember how to serve. I could never get the hang of tennis, I was much better at squash myself in my prime. Well, I was carrying less padding back then, which helped. So, what drove you to dust off your tennis racket?

Butch: There's no dust, but I did find it stuck right in the back of a cupboard. Since you asked, one of my bosses challenged me to a game, that's all.

Harry: Oh really? Isn't that a little inappropriate? I hope you let him win.

Butch: It wasn't my idea! After all, it's only a game of tennis, not like we are sleeping together.

Harry: Not yet! But sounds like you have already thought about having your ways with him.

Butch: You're incorrigible! Jason joined the firm end of last year from America and doesn't know many people in this country yet. He was looking for someone to hit the ball with, and thought I came across more sporty than most in our IT office.

Harry: I see. Hopefully, you didn't disappoint.

Butch: You have to ask him, but I think he enjoyed it. The score was quite close in the end, but his skill and experience gave him the winning edge. I bet he must have been a pretty formidable opponent in his younger years.

Harry: Younger years! You didn't just get your arse whipped by a geriatric, did you?

Butch: Hardly! Jason must only be in his late fifties and built like an American football lineman. Despite his age, he moved around the court like an overgrown whippet, and he was really accurate with his shots. I can just about keep up with him, but couldn't return enough winners to get ahead.

Harry: That's probably for the best, since he's your boss. Do you think he would like to have a rematch and give you a chance to redeem yourself?

Butch: Oh yes, he already said he likes to make it a regular thing.

Harry: Is that so? You might not score enough to win on the court, but must have scored highly in his good books.

Butch: We'll see. After all, Jason is only one of the bosses and not someone I directly report to.

Harry: I understand, better that way. It must be awkward seeing your boss naked in the changing room after the game, I definitely wouldn't like to see mine naked.

Butch: That's what I thought too, but there's nowhere else to look in that tiny space. Between you and me, if we met under different circumstances, I would probably make a move on him.

Harry: Oh really? Don't tell me you have a crush on your chunky American boss.

Butch: God, no! It's hard to believe, but I've never thought of him in that way in the office before. As you can imagine, after playing for nearly two hours, we were both drenched with sweat. We swiftly stripped off once inside the locker room, and I followed Jason to the showers. Somehow, I just couldn't take my eyes off his big boss butt, wobbling at every step he took.

Harry: You're such a perv. I hope you didn't reach out and try to grab them.

Butch: I do have some self-control, as contrary to popular opinion. It's worse in the showers, under the gushing water, his wet dirty blond fur over his chest, belly, and back, formed some shifting pattern leading my eyes directly to his crotch and arse every time I happened to look in his direction.

Harry: Nice! Did you offer to wash his hairy back? Nothing beats a wet bear in my book. Hopefully, you weren't staring too intensely. He might get the wrong idea.

Butch: Of course not, but it was seriously difficult keeping blood from pumping into my cock.

Harry: I'm impressed you managed to keep that anaconda of yours under control. You'll never know, he could take it as a compliment, but your job could be on the line if he didn't.

Butch: Like you said, my job was on the line. If there's one thing really I wish I didn't see, it must be those enormous hairy balls of his, swinging loosely like a pendulum while he causally dried himself off. OK, that's literally two things, I suppose.

Harry: Oh well, there are things you just can't unsee. Typical straight men for you.

Butch: I would have already pranced on him if we were in a gay sauna. It was impossible to run into him around the office the last few days without picturing him naked.

Harry: Maybe he was picturing you in your birthday suit at the same time too.

Butch: That I won't mind, especially if it'll land me a promotion.

Dix: What's that about a promotion, Butch? Here's your beer. And one for you too, Harry.

Harry: Thanks, Dix.

Butch: Thanks for the beer. I was just kidding, there's no promotion. You see, I played a game of tennis against my boss, that's all. He won, fair and square, before you ask.

Harry: And he can't get the naked image of his sexy boss out of his head.

Dix: I see. From what I heard, office romance mostly ends in tears.

Butch: Don't you worry, I've no intension of it. More to the point, he could be happily married with kids, and sex with other men has never crossed his mind.

Harry: Something for you to find out after your next tennis game. Was the bar busy, Dix? You have been for a while.

Dix: It's starting to, there's a lot of hot, sweaty, and thirsty bears waiting to be served.

Butch: Just admit it, deep down you love being squashed between all those hot smelly bodies just like in the middle of a bear orgy.

Dix: I just want to get served, it's too early for "a sweaty night of debauchery".

Harry: Ha ha ha. Never too early for that, here's a toast to a sweaty night of debauchery!

Butch: To a sweaty night of debauchery! And no boss allowed, no matter how sexy he is.

Dix: A sweaty night of debauchery! Fingers crossed, the rest of this summer won't be a washed out, and we'll have more warm summer nights.

Harry: I hope so too, and we can see you in a vest more often.

Dix: Honestly, I'm still not totally comfortable in this skimpy thing, but Trevor at the bar did notice my vest and said it suits me.

Butch: What a smooth operator? I hope you gave him a big tip.

Dix: I always do anyway. Not because he gave me a compliment, but good barmen like him are hard to find.

Harry: Being easy on the eye, obviously helps. We all know you fancy the pants off him.

Dix: What if I do? Ironically, he's also wearing a vest today, and now that's how a vest should be worn. Somebody tell me, why all the sexy men are already taken?

Butch: You would say that even if he was wearing a tent. But I've to agree with you, that vest did make him look like he had just walked out of someone's wet dream or a porn shoot.

Harry: Isn't he on the small side for you, Butch?

Butch: Sure, but I can appreciate a sexy guy, whether he's my type or not.

Dix: When he was pouring our pints, I couldn't help, but fixated on that big tuft of chest hair sticking out of his vest and his deep hairy armpits.

Butch: I bet you'll love to bury your head in his sweaty pits and have a good sniff or lick.

Harry: Isn't that what you love to make your fuck buddies do?

Butch: Sometime, but only as a treat. They couldn't get enough whenever we meet after I've just been to the gym and haven't showered yet.

Dix: Ugh! No, thank you. A little fresh sweat is nice, but it could get overpowering very quickly.

Butch: So you wouldn't be smelling my used jockstrap as well, then?

Harry: You can be really disgusting when you put your mind to it.

Butch: I try my best. I, for one, love how my sweaty balls smell, and so do my fuck buddies.

Dix: Good for them. I'm surprised you haven't bottled your stench, and tried to sell it to your fans.

Butch: I should do. I can just picture it: Who needs poppers? "Odeur de Butch" - the instant aphrodisiac, gets you hard every time!

Harry: Are you serious? It'll probably sell better as tear gas or bear mace?

Butch: It'll be useless as bear mace. In my experience, it usually attracts bears instead of repels them, and leaves them all crazy horny. Seriously, all the celebrities are selling self-branded scents and fragrances these days. Why can't I get in on the action too?

Harry: I've no idea who buys them. They are made from essentially the same few ingredients found in other deodorants, but charged ten times the price by simply named after someone famous. It's not as if one will suddenly be as attractive as the celebrity after a few squirts.

Dix: But that's the illusion, same as designer clothes.

Butch: You can fool me. Just look at men's underwear, people only pay attention to the sexy model on the packaging, regardless of what's actually inside. The bigger the bulge, the better it sells.

Harry: How very cynical of you? But there are probably some truths to it. Don't forget, the expensive designer label must help, too.

Dix: We should start a line of underwear aimed at the bear market and using big hairy guys with nice hanging bellies to model them. All the bear designer speedos are already doing it.

Butch: Do I qualify as a model? Or am I too muscular and not beary enough?

Dix: Are you kidding? Your nice furry gut and substantial bulge will certainly boost sales.

Harry: Do you really think people are really that shallow?

Dix: Deep down, we are nothing more than animals.

Butch: Yep. And this animal needs a piss. I hope my sweaty BO doesn't attract too many unwanted attentions on my way to the gent.

Harry: Do you think you're some kind of bear pied piper? Obviously, Dix and I must be immune to your spell, or pheromones.

Dix: So it's actually you, I can smell? And I thought it was me!

Butch: Come closer and have a sniff to find out.

Harry: You better go. Otherwise, you'll be stinking of piss, too.

Butch: So what? Do you know, there are guys who love the smell of piss? I know a few.

Harry: Of course, you do, but we're not one of them.

Butch: You're so Vanilla! I'll be right back.

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Dix: You know, Harry, I wouldn't mind being as confident as Butch sometime.

Harry: Why? He just doesn't take life seriously. You're fine as you are, I'm sure Butch will agree.

Dix: You say all the right things, Harry. To be honest, I'm feeling a bit exposed wearing this vest, compared to my usual baggy clothes. It's as if everyone is looking and judging me.

Harry: I won't worry about it. You're just being overly self-conscious. Didn't even our sexy barman Trevor say you look good in it?

Dix: He did indeed. You might laugh about this, I caught a reflection of myself at the bar earlier on, and I'm pretty sure my armpits are not normally this hairy.

Harry: Seriously? You're probably just not used to seeing yourself in a vest.

Dix: Or any other clothing. Mirrors are not my friend. By the way, am I smelling badly today?

Harry: What? I haven't noticed. Who could tell in a room full of sweaty bears anyway? Even if you do, it's not in a bad way. Definitely, nothing compared to, say, Butch's ripe jockstraps.

Dix: You can say that again! Nothing in this world is as stinky as that.

Harry: Still, there are probably guys who will find it a huge turn on. Like you said, we're all animals deep down, and smell is more important than sight for many creatures.

Dix: Yeah. Judging from experience, I do prefer how one guy smells over another. It must be the same reason why animals like dogs sniff each other all the time.

Harry: Pheromones are very powerful, and we're all influenced by it consciously or subconsciously.

Dix: Maybe, but you wouldn't find me sniffing a complete stranger's crotch in public.

Harry: Me neither. Don't mind me overshare, but Ian often claims he can pick me out in a crowd just from my scent. I guess he must have been a Labrador, or of the kind, in his past life.

Dix: Can he? We should put that to the test one day. Out of curiosity, do you think men from different parts of the world smell differently?

Harry: I don't know. It's not something I've given much thought about. Why do you ask?

Dix: Just wondering. I reckon they do.

Harry: Well, I'm no dermatologist, but won't surprise me. I remember learning something about chemicals in sweat could vary with diet, and all the odour producing microbes living on our skin must vary a lot from place to place, so it's quite likely.

Dix: Or could be genetic? That reminds me, one time I played with a Middle Eastern, possibly Arab, daddy bear and I swear he smelled like freshly brewed coffee with a hint of balsamic vinegar.

Harry: Doesn't sound like a bad combination at all. Did you find him through some app?

Dix: Not this time. It happened a few years ago during a horticulture conference in Madrid.

Harry: I see. I believe many of them lived there, ever since Spain was conquered by the Moors from the Middle East once centuries ago, if I recall my history lessons correctly. That probably accounts for the dark, hairy features of their handsome men.

Dix: I don't know much about Spanish history, just their bears are to die for.

Harry: Aren't they just? Was the daddy bear a delegate at the conference?

Dix: No, it's a long story. There was a free afternoon during the conference and after visiting a few of the touristy sights, I thought I'll check out this gay sauna not far from my hotel, apparently very popular with bears.

Harry: Why not? I bet that's not in your everyday tourist guide, unless it's a copy of Spartacus.

Dix: Right. Even though I'm not normally a sauna person, I thought it would be a good way to get a flavour of the local bear scene.

Harry: And do a little "cultural exchange" with one or more hunky Spanish *papi*.

Dix: That wasn't my intension, but I wouldn't say no if the right one crossed by path.

Harry: This Arab daddy was obviously the right one then.

Butch: What's this about "Arab daddy"? I thought you only go for white meat.

Dix: You're back already? That's a quick piss.

Butch: There wasn't a queue, and I've strong bladder muscle. Imagine holding a fireman's hose on full pressure, so it doesn't take long to empty it.

Harry: I can do without the graphic details of your bodily function. Thank you.

Butch: So what have I missed?

Dix: Nothing much. I was just telling Harry about my trip to Madrid years ago for a conference before you rudely interrupted.

Butch: Oh, I'm sorry. Do carry on. I love Madrid, so many horny chubby Hispanic bears there.

Dix: You don't say. There were hairy eye candies everywhere I looked during my few short days there. One afternoon, I even ventured into a bear sauna and tried my luck at scoring one.

Butch: Was it the "Laguna Aruba"? The one with a big pool and a roof terrace?

Dix: It's been so long, I can't remember the name, but it did have a pool and private terrace.

Butch: Yeah, it must be the same one. It's where all the local bears go. Did you get gang banged by a group of hairy, well hung Spanish bears and left with a big grin on your face while their cum slowly leaked out of your well wrecked hole?

Dix: Was that what happened to you? That's definitely not my experience, I spent most of my time just quietly observing.

Harry: Just ignore him, he's being vulgar as usual. So, what's the sauna like? I've never been, unlike Butch, who seems to know every single bear hangouts in the world.

Dix: It was late afternoon when I got there and the pool was quite busy already with a few groups of bears having fun splashing around. Instead of getting in the middle of it, I went for a nice soaking in a hot tub. A few bears were relaxing in the bubbling water, and I sat down next to a friendly looking polar bear. He has bullet-sized nipples, each pierced with a heavy silver ring, resting idly on top of his big furry belly bobbing above the water. He smiled and I smiled back.

Harry: That's a promising start. By the way, how's your Spanish?

Dix: Non-existent! I can manage a few phrases, but that's about it. It's pretty obvious I'm a tourist from my pale skin, I might as well have the word "tourist" tattooed on my forehead.

Butch: Are you kidding? You're actually more tanned than many guys I know.

Dix: I suppose working outdoors most days helped, but I can never be as dark as the locals.

Harry: I don't think your Arab daddy would mind whatever shade you are. Possibly, even prefer it.

Dix: Oh no, that's not him in the tub, he's someone else entirely. Anyway, after a few minutes of awkward silence, the polar bear tried to make a little polite conversation using his best English and I mostly just nodded to whatever he said. Out of the blue, I felt his meaty paw on my thigh. Since I didn't show any objection to his advance, he started stroking it and kept on talking to me in broken English.

Butch: Sounded like you were enjoying it, too.

Dix: Honestly, I felt uneasy at first with other guys in the same hot tub. Soon enough, it's pretty clear they weren't at all interested at all, so I let the polar bear carry on. His hand gradually moved closer and closer to my loose balls and started massaging them before I knew it.

Harry: It must be fun having your balls played with underwater like that.

Butch: Yeah. And I bet your cock was like a fully extended a periscope peeking out of the water.

Dix: It's difficult not to. Thankfully, it was impossible to tell with all the bubbles. We kept chatting, and suddenly, he gave me a wink when his hand felt something rock hard. With a firm grip on the shaft, he pulled my foreskin all the way down, and started doing this corkscrew twisting thing over my now exposed and swollen mushroom head. I really had to bite my lip and not moan too loudly from the pain and pleasure he was giving me.

Butch: Not his first time giving handjobs, then. I do that to my fuck buddies sometime, especially after they have cummed and become really sensitive. I hope you didn't shoot your load in the hot tub and impregnate all the innocent bears inside.

Dix: Trust me, it was nearly impossible to hold back given his expert skills. All of a sudden, a friend of the polar bear, possibly his partner, called out to him and with simply a kiss and "Adiós", he jumped out of the tub and was gone.

Harry: What? He didn't finish you off? How inconsiderate of him!

Dix: That's what I thought. I sat there for ages afterwards, until my cock was soft enough, before I felt comfortable getting out of the water.

Butch: I doubt anyone there would care if even you walk around with a raging hard on.

Dix: Maybe for a show-off like you, but not me.

Harry: You must have a bad case of blue balls. Did you find someone else to relief the strain?

Dix: Not for a while, unfortunately. I thought I'd try my luck next in the open terrace, and at least dry off a bit under the warm late afternoon sun.

Butch: Didn't the architect do a good job with the terrace design? It wasn't overlooked, but still has a good view of the city skyline.

Dix: Yeah, it was absolutely perfect. Sadly, all the loungers were taken when I got there, and I ended up sitting on one of the empty benches by the wall, admiring the scenery.

Butch: When you say "scenery", you actually meant bears having sex, didn't you? At least that's what I did every time I was there.

Dix: Actually, most guys there were just enjoying the sunshine, but there were couples making out too. As far as I can recall, off to one side, there was a sexy silver fox laying on a

lounger having his big cock serviced by a rather hefty cub. To be honest, given the chance, I wouldn't mind playing with that silver fox too when the cub has finished.

Butch: Isn't it incredible being able to get an all over tan in the centre of the city, while watching a free live sex show, and even enjoy a hot blowjob at the same time?

Harry: I bet those loungers must be somehow reinforced to take all the punishments dished out by countless big bears having sex on them.

Butch: I wouldn't know, but people might think there's an earthquake if the lounger gave way when a couple of bears were humping each other on it.

Dix: Especially if they're the size of bears you normally go for. After people watching, and roasting under the hot sun for some time, I went back inside to rehydrate. The pool was still busy when I walked past, so I ventured into the cabins section for a quick look.

Butch: Just be honest, you were after a bit of spit-roasting by a couple of big local daddy bears.

Dix: I won't stop them if they try, but not speaking any Spanish made it extra difficult.

Harry: But I'm sure you're fluent enough in the language of love.

Dix: Speak for yourself! Down the corridor of cabins, all I could hear was a chorus of loud moaning and "*Si. Si. Si!*" from behind closed doors. I felt some doors were deliberately left ajar, in the hope of someone would watch, and possibly join in the action. A few doors were wide opened, mostly occupied by horny single guys waiting for someone to enter.

Butch: Yeah, and enter their well lubed up arseholes. You find that in gay saunas everywhere.

Dix: I'm obviously not as experienced with saunas and their etiquettes as you are.

Harry: Just ignore him, but Butch is right, the decorations and facilities might be different, but they are essentially the same, so are their clientele. Guys there are only after one thing.

Dix: Obviously, I wasn't that "one thing". None of the solitary bears in their little, dimly lit cabins showed me any interests.

Butch: People are picky and always in the hope someone hotter will walk past next, so ended up not getting any. It's the same with guys looking for sex online, I'm sure you know.

Dix: Of course. Well, I was about to give up and head back to the terrace when this big Arab looking bear with a huge black moustache lying on the makeshift bed in one of the last cabins gave me a once over and grinned.

Harry: Finally!

Dix: That's how I felt, too. He stopped playing with his nipples and waved, signalling me to join him. Frankly, I was surprised to get a positive response from him because normally sexy bears like him are way out of my league.

Butch: Maybe he wasn't wearing his glasses? But seriously, don't sell yourself short, you're no Quasimodo.

Dix: Is that a compliment I hear? By that time, my balls were aching so badly for release from the "desperately unfinished" handjob, on top of watching all the hot bear actions in the terrace, there's no way in hell I was going to turn him down.

Harry: Does he look like some wealthy sultan or a character from 1001 Nights?

Dix: It's hard to describe. Less of a sultan, but imagine a balding slightly overweight middle age Turkish oil wrestler with a thick carpet of dark body hair all over.

Harry: Sounded like you've struck gold with him, or even black gold in his case.

Dix: Sure thing. Even though he might not be my normal type, but there are always exceptions.

Butch: And you were dying for someone, or anyone, to play with your cock and make you cum.

Dix: There's that, too. Once I was in the tiny cabin, I was hit by his musky man smell, and got stronger as I got closer to him. It wasn't unpleasant, but unusual and rather intoxicating, kind of reminded me of roasted coffee and possibly with a balsamic vinegar undertone.

Butch: Nice, better than cheesy, used gym socks any day. I guess they eat a lot more exotic spices in Spain than we do, so it's no surprise if they smell differently.

Dix: That's what Harry said, too. Without getting up, the Arab bear pulled me towards him with one of his beefy hairy arms, and simultaneously undid my towel, leaving me standing naked in front of him with my cock hanging within touching distance of his face.

Butch: He knew what he was doing for sure. A man after my own heart.

Dix: I bet you have plenty of moves like that.

Butch: I've my moments. So, he was hungry for a bit of white sausage, then?

Dix: I guess so. He moved his prominent nose closer to my crotch and took a long sniff. "Sexy, *Habibi*" he said and started to nibble my foreskin before taking the rest of my cock in his mouth. His wet, meaty tongue tried to force its way inside the opening and began to lick the sensitive head within. Every second passed, more blood rushed inside my cock and in no time it was reaching all the way past his tonsils.

Harry: He must be one talented cocksucker.

Dix: Definitely, not his first time. Periodically, he even managed to force my mushroom head all the way down his throat for some deep throating.

Butch: Isn't that a wonderful feeling?

Dix: For him or me? I certainly wasn't complaining, and he seemed to enjoy himself, so much so his cock was pitching a big tent under his towel.

Harry: I hope you returned the favour and gave his cock a good sucking.

Dix: It was too difficult in that position, but he seemed happy just giving oral service instead of receiving any. I just let him get on with it.

Harry: Fair enough. Did he have a nice cock?

Dix: Good god, yes. I was amazed when his towel slid eventually off, to see hiding underneath was literally a beer can thick shaft tapering past the faint circumcision scar to a shiny deep pink cock head. It was nearly impossible to get my hand around it, and I reckon I would struggle to get its thickest part past my lips.

Harry: Wow! That's impressive! You don't see one like that every day.

Butch: Surely, you would love to take up the challenge. I know I would.

Dix: I was enjoying his oral skills too much to worry about doing anything else. The Arab bear was so good at sucking cock, he got me quite close to cumming only within minutes, but I wanted to hold out a bit longer, so I turned around and bent over showing him my butt. Without any hesitation, he duly buried his face in my arse, started licking away and sticking his tongue into my tight hole as far as it could reach. Whenever he shifted his head, his moustache and coarse stubbles would scratch and stimulate my hole, sensing shivers all over my body.

Butch: He must be seriously hungry. Hopefully, you have picked up some rimming tips from him.

Dix: I would need a lot more practice before getting as good as him. As if eating my arse was not enough, he also pulled my dangling balls back past my thighs and sucked on them too.

Harry: Sounds like he couldn't get enough of his mid-afternoon snack.

Dix: You don't say. I dare not touch my throbbing cock while he was servicing my arse, just in case I spontaneously shot my load prematurely. But I was fighting a losing battle, it was absolutely impossible to hold back much longer.

Butch: Hopefully, you didn't waste all his efforts and blow your jizz all over the floor instead of into his hungry mouth.

Dix: Oh no! I turned in the nick of time and managed to thrust my rock-hard cock back in his mouth. He obviously knew I was close and started rubbing the base of my mushroom head with his tongue. That's the last straw, he made me cummed so hard I was literally seeing stars. Eventually, he let go of my cock after lapping up and swallowing every last drop of cum I had to offer.

Harry: I bet he loved it as much as you did.

Dix: Judging from the amount of precum pouring out of his monster cock, he must have. Using it as lube, he jerked that beer can size cock feverishly, and started moaning in words I don't understand. I noticed his huge erect nipples were poking out of his dark carpet like chest hair, and couldn't help biting down on one while squeezing the other. As if I had pressed the right buttons, he immediately sprayed thick pearly white cum over his dark furry stomach and possibly some landed on my hair too.

Butch: Who needs hair gel when you can use bear cum?

Dix: Trust me, the stench of his cum mixed with his sweaty body odour was simply impossible to describe. My head remained rested on his hairy chest, inhaling this unique smell until he eventually recovered from his intense orgasm. Before I left him, he gave me a kiss tasting strongly of my own cum, before closing his eyes for a nap in that cosy cabin, possibly waiting for the next willing sperm donor to appear.

Butch: I'm glad to hear you got your money's worth at the sauna. Did you play with any other bears after him while you were there?

Dix: I did cruise around a little afterwards, but by then my balls were happily drained, and I started to feel hungry, so I left for some food.

Harry: Well, I know where Ian and I are going for our city break next time.

Butch: You two will have a great time in Madrid, so much to see and do, and I don't just mean the Spanish bears. So, is this my round? I should have it on my way back from the gents.

Dix: I won't worry about it, but I can do with another beer after talking so much. I hope my mini sauna adventure wasn't too boring for you.

Butch: There's nothing mini about it. It's always fun to hear other people's horny encounters.

Harry: Since you're offering, a cold beer will be most welcomed. Thanks, Butch.

Butch: No problem. I'll be right back with your beers.

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Dix: Talking about Ian, how come he's not here today now Pirates of Penzance has finished?

Harry: Oh, Ian is at his school's parent-teacher meeting as we speak. He sends his apology.

Dix: I understand. He's a busy man. I've no idea, when do you guys find time to spend together?

Harry: Trust me, it could be difficult some weeks, better now the show is over. He has been a bit stressed recently, so it's nice having quiet evenings with him whenever I'm not on duty.

Dix: Oh! What happened? Is he OK?

Harry: He's fine, it's just school stuff bothering him, that's all. You see, a couple of parents found out Ian is gay and worried about their kids being groomed or touched up, so complained to the headmaster.

Dix: How ignorant are some people still nowadays? It's really none of their business, and just because someone is gay doesn't immediately make him a paedophile.

Harry: Tell me about it, Ian was furious when he was told about the complaints, and so was I. Thankfully, the headmaster is very understanding and fully supports Ian.

Dix: That's good. These parents must be in the same league with your homophobic neighbour.

Harry: No doubt about that. It's terribly presumptuous for people like them to assume all gay men are automatically attracted to young men. I know for a fact Ian has only gone for men his age or older all his life, almost all of them are big hairy bears, and not a twink in sight.

Dix: Sure. I would feel pretty insulted, too. Like Ian, they do nothing for me either. It's the fathers they should be worried about!

Harry: You're not the only one. A couple of years ago, Ian came home one day after coaching the swimming team, and won't stop talking about how sexy was one of the boys' dad.

Dix: Cool. How come no one ever told me Ian coaches swimming? He's kept it quiet.

Harry: Probably, it just never came up in conversation. If you look at him today, you would never have thought he used to swim competitively for his county before.

Dix: No way! I need to see some proof.

Harry: There weren't many photos of him with a washboard stomach wearing a tiny pair of speedos, but he does have his medals tucked away somewhere to show for it.

Dix: Wow! I'd love to see them. He must be really good, so why did he stop?

Harry: According to Ian, the training schedule was ridiculously punishing. But in the end, he decided to concentrate on his studies instead, after losing his form following an injury.

Dix: What a shame? It must be hell spending hours in the pool most days, week in, week out.

Harry: I guess so. And he loves his food too much, so found it difficult keeping to a strict diet.

Dix: That I can sympathize. No wonder he's a great cook these days. So are you, obviously.

Harry: Thanks. We do like cooking and eating, a bit too much at times. Can't you tell?

Dix: Tell "this big belly here" about it! Does he still swim these days?

Harry: Only for fun. He kept telling me he looked like a walrus in the water nowadays.

Dix: That's a bit harsh. He's nowhere close to morbidly obese big.

Harry: Not yet, and I hope he'll never reach that size. Didn't you see him in the sea during our holiday in Sitges? He was doing laps back and forth in the sea at the speed of a torpedo.

Dix: No, I only knew he disappeared into the water and re-emerged some time later. I thought it's better not to ask what he was up to, just in case I caused him any embarrassments.

Harry: It's no secret Ian had his share of fun in the sea just like everybody else, and it wasn't the swimming kind. You were probably too busy checking out all the daddy bears to notice.

Dix: I'll pay more attention if we go together again, I really enjoyed myself last time.

Butch: Hey. I'm back, guys, and I'm bearing cold beers for everyone.

Dix: Great. Just what I need. Thanks, Butch.

Harry: Thank you very much. I was about to send a search party to look for you.

Butch: I haven't gone for that long. How hot does Trevor look in that muscle man tank top? Even if it's covered in big patches of sweat stains.

Dix: That's what I was saying earlier. I doubt he has stopped for a rest since our last round.

Butch: Well, his sexy arse is in for a long night, I don't see the temperature dropping much after sundown. So, I expect there will be plenty of sweaty, drunken bears in here tonight.

Dix: Yeah, I think so too. Well, guys, to a sweaty night of debauchery!

Harry: A sweaty night of debauchery to you, too!

Butch: Hear, hear. To a sweaty night of debauchery! It's days like this that make me wish I had a pool to cool down in.

Dix: We were just talking about our holiday in Sitges. I'm sure it was even hotter than this, but didn't feel like it.

Butch: The cool sea breeze helped. And when it gets too hot, one could just go for a dip in the sea.

Dix: By the way, did you know Ian was swimming laps in the sea during the holiday?

Butch: Of course, unless I've mistaken a nimble sea lion in the water for him. Why? Didn't you?

Dix: No, I must be looking in the wrong direction.

Butch: Yeah, in the direction of all those naked hairy bears. He told me he used to compete. Not if you can tell looking at him today, but he can still swim faster than most average Joe.

Dix: Harry just told me. I'm not the strongest swimmer, I can just about stay afloat in the water and that's about it, I'm more of a land animal really. Maybe Ian can give me a few pointers given the chance.

Butch: I'm sure you would manage perfectly well in the water if you're chasing after a sexy polar bear. So, Harry, what's Ian's excuse for his absence today?

Harry: I was just telling Dix, Ian has a parent-teacher meeting at his school this afternoon.

Butch: I can't think of anything more boring. Does he have to turn up to it?

Harry: Obviously! The clue is in the name of the meeting. But especially this time, because a couple of parents were making a fuss over a gay teacher, namely Ian, teaching their kids.

Butch: Are you serious? Which hole did they crawl out of? Can't believe there are homophobes like that around these days? Didn't we just celebrate Pride week not long ago?

Dix: Unfortunately, there is still plenty of homophobia out there, which means the fight is far from over. I feel sorry for Ian. He's one of the nicest guys I've met and won't hurt a fly.

Butch: Indeed. How's his school handling it?

Harry: He has full support from the headmaster. Don't they know, anyone working with kids these days has to be fully vetted? No surprise, there's never any problem with Ian's background.

Butch: So what are they complaining about?

Harry: It doesn't stop these ignorant, narrow-minded people from causing troubles.

Butch: Maybe those parents thought there was some secret gay agenda to recruit and convert boys into homosexuals. It's completely ridiculous.

Harry: You'll be surprised by how many gullible people will buy into these conspiracy theories.

Dix: Don't they know, it's impossible to turn someone gay? Or turn a gay person straight.

Butch: Just like me, I'm your classic hopeless case. I love cocks too much.

Harry: Tell us something we don't know. You're a hopeless case in more ways than one.

Butch: Am I now? Do tell?

Dix: I, for one, thought Ian would be a perfect gay role model for the students.

Harry: Me too. I wish I had a gay teacher like Ian when I was at school, maybe I wouldn't be bullied as much for being gay, at least there will be somebody to turn to who understands what it's like.

Butch: Yeah. Even though it's nice seeing celebrities coming out in the news, it means so much more when it's someone the kids know and respect, living life as a proud gay man.

Dix: Definitely. Knowing Ian, I bet he's very popular with his students.

Harry: If there is a prize for most popular teacher of the year, he'll surely be in the running. Popularity aside, his maths class always scored highly in their exams. He's great at making difficult subjects easy to understand and even fun according to some feedbacks.

Dix: Having a good teacher makes a big difference. I can remember my biology teacher to this day, he really brought the subject alive and is truly inspirational to me.

Harry: Not sure if I'll say Ian is inspirational, but his students are certainly appreciative of him. So, you can imagine what a slap in the face having parents questioning him as a teacher just because he prefers sex with men rather than women.

Butch: Yeah! No wonder he's pissed off. I would be too if I'm in his shoes.

Dix: By the way, is he out at school?

Harry: All the staff know we are married, and he's opened about it to his students whenever the subject comes up. Gone are the days of the Draconian Section 28 at schools, thankfully.

Dix: Yeah, we had sex ed at school, but not a hint of homosexuality was ever mentioned. I was none the wiser about this stupid law until it was finally abolished and came to the realization of its damaging effects on young people.

Harry: Ian would be in big trouble if it's still in effect.

Butch: How do Ian's students feel about him being gay?

Harry: I don't think it's an issue at all, if anything, they thought it's pretty cool to have a gay teacher. Now and then someone from his classes will crack a joke about gay people, you know what Ian is like, instead of taking it personally, he would come up with some witty rhetoric to shut them up or gross them out.

Butch: Typical Ian. Building like a big, formidable bear that can eat them for breakfast helped too.

Harry: Ian is not that scary, he's a sweet teddy bear really.

Butch: You would say that.

Dix: Most of my teachers were women, but regardless, I don't think I would dare talk to any of them about men or sex. It might be different if I had a teacher like Ian. Has any confused and questioning students ever turned to him for advice?

Harry: Not many, but he has only mentioned a small handful through the years. They mostly wanted someone to talk to and get some reassurance. For the serious cases, Ian just refers them to the school councillors.

Butch: They have councillors these days? I must be getting old, no such things in my school days.

Harry: Yeah, they do. You know, mental health is a big thing these days and I think most schools have them, which is not a bad thing.

Butch: I don't have kids, so am quite detached from it all.

Harry: I only know because of Ian.

Butch: You've to make sure he comes out drinking with us next time.

Dix: That's right. The last time I saw him must have been after the Pirates of Penzance, and he still had a bit of makeup on. Do you know what they are putting on next?

Harry: I've no idea. You've to ask him yourself when you see him, but I think the drama group are taking a break first.

Butch: They deserve a well earn rest after putting on such a brilliant show.

Harry: It'll be nice to see more of each other. It's tough some weeks when I'm working long shifts.

Dix: Sure. I bet Ian feels the same way as well. At least you guys got each other, some days I wish there was someone to go home to.

Harry: You'll do one day. Just have to keep looking.

Butch: Meanwhile, shagging as many randy daddy bears as possible.

Dix: Come on, it's not as if I'm going from one random hook up to another.

Butch: You should try getting to know them a little, before jumping into bed straight away.

Dix: I do sometime, but very often they're just after sex, since they're already married and only looking for a bit of fun on the side.

Harry: There's no harm in playing with guys like that, but it won't land you a partner.

Dix: Tell me about it. But I can't help it whenever I'm horny.

Butch: That's all the time, then. You have such a hard life. How do you keep up with the demand?

Dix: I don't. It's a shame all the available ones live far away, if not halfway across the world.

Harry: Always the case, which is why I count myself very lucky finding Ian.

Butch: I was so relieved when you did, rather than ended up like a sad old hermit.

Harry: No chance of that. I would just move in with you and annoy the hell out of you from dawn to dust.

Butch: What a lucky escape for me, then! Remind me to buy Ian a pint next time I see him for sparing me from that living nightmare.

Dix: You two living together will make one seriously amusing sitcom.

Harry: Or more likely a murder drama. Just who would like to watch two big, hairy guys constantly winding each other up?

Dix: I would! Especially if they're easy on the eye and show a bit of skin now and then.

Butch: What? Like that bear comedy series? It's so funny whenever they bicker, if only the chubby one would strip off more often. Trust me, Harry, you are missing out.

Harry: You're so predictable. I'll get around to it one day.

Dix: You definitely should! Now, tell me, is it wrong, whenever I watched those bears getting into all sorts of embarrassing situations, I ended up both laughing and getting an erection at the same time?

Butch: Of course not. It's only natural. Whenever I'm home alone, I rather like lazing on my sofa, butt naked watching TV with a cold beer in hand. If I get hard, I get hard, who cares?

Harry: Why doesn't that surprise me? You're such a pig! Won't it be better just watch porn?

Butch: I do that too. It was hilarious one time the pizza delivery man showed up early, so I quickly threw on a dressing gown to answer the door, but didn't notice my hard cock was poking straight out. The poor guy didn't know where to look and nearly dropped my pizza.

Dix: Are you sure it actually happened, and not in the porn you were watching?

Butch: If it was, he would have sucked me off before the pizza got cold, but no such luck.

Harry: I feel sorry for him, not everyone wants to see your big boner.

Butch: I beg to differ, judging from all the requests for cock pics around the clock.

Dix: What a popular guy, you are! I generally just ignore them, that's unless sex is on the cards.

Butch: I rarely share mine either, you never know where they will end up. There are too many pic collectors out there and reposting anything they can get their hands on online.

Harry: I think I've told you it had happened to me a long time ago. Once it's out there, there's no taking back. Anyway, it must be the weather, my glass is empty again. Who's around, is it?

Dix: Not sure, but I'm happy to get this one. Same again, Harry? You too, Butch?

Harry: Very kind of you to offer. Yes, please.

Butch: Yeah, that'll be great. You know, you don't need any excuse to chat up Trevor at the bar.

Dix: I'm not. Don't you know he's already taken, like most sexy men? I won't be long.

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Butch: Between you and me, I do hope Dix will eventually find a nice man to call his own.

Harry: Same here, but it's all down to the God of fate. It can't be rushed or forced.

Butch: Of course. You know, I was very happy for you when you and Ian got together.

Harry: It just happened. Honestly, I was convinced you'll be the one who got hitched first. Who would have thought?

Butch: As you'll remember, a couple of guys got close, but didn't work out in the end, which is probably for the best. I'm happy just being an alone wolf at the moment. Then again, never say never.

Harry: I know what you mean. Having a small army of horny men on speed dial must help.

Butch: True, I'm not complaining. So, what are you lovebirds doing this weekend?

Harry: Since the weather looks promising, we're going to tidy the garden. Ian bought chicken to make *coq au vin*, no doubt we'll wash it down with a nice bottle of dry French white.

Butch: When did you become so domestic? But it sounds like a nice way to spend the weekend.

Harry: This is probably the first weekend we're both at home since Pirates has finished, so we're making the most of it. How about you? What exciting plans do you have?

Butch: I was going to hit the gym as usual, but might go for a bike ride in the glorious sunshine instead. On Sunday, one of my fuck buddies has organized a naked get together at his house with some of the blokes he knew from a naturist group and asked me along, so I'll drop by to see what it's like.

Harry: Why not? Should be a nice day for it. Just when did you develop a taste for group sex?

Butch: You know me, it's not my thing. He has asked me a few times before, and I feel bad turning him down again, that's all. He's also preparing a lot of food for the party, it's rude not to go.

Harry: Let's face it, you're only going for the free food.

Butch: And what's wrong with that? He has a private garden, so worse comes to worst, I can spend the afternoon stuffing my face and get some colour on my skin.

Harry: Sure, just make sure you don't burn your little cocktail sausage.

Butch: There's nothing little about my sausage, but thanks for the reminder. I should definitely put some sunblock on my cock before going. I've burnt my foreskin once before, and that's once too many. You've no idea how much it hurts.

Harry: Ouch! I can imagine. It must be really painful.

Butch: It took ages to heal since the new skin kept tearing whenever I got hard, which was basically all the time.

Harry: Spare me the details, I really don't want to know. Best not get burnt in the first place.

Butch: Obviously. Maybe a nice chunky bear will rub cream on my cock for me at the party?

Harry: Just the one? I bet they'll be queuing up to do it, but take my word, bear cream won't provide any protection from the sun.

Butch: In that case, I'll just have to stick it somewhere moist, hairy and the sun don't shine.

Harry: Knowing you, you'll be doing that anyway at the first sight of a perky round arse.

Butch: I don't offer my service to just anyone. I've no idea what the men he has invited will be like, but I know from experience, my host does have a very fuckable backside himself.

Harry: By the law of probability, there's bound to be someone you'll like.

Butch: We'll see. It's nice socializing butt naked, people are somehow more friendly. There's also zero chance of getting food all over my clothes, and ends up looking like a pig.

Harry: That's what washing machines are for, but I agree, it's not necessarily all about sex.

Butch: I won't say no if someone I fancy wants to have a "row in the hay" as it were.

Harry: What? Not even a bit tempted to some group activities?

Butch: No, like I said, not really my style. It's just too confusing with all the arms, legs, cocks and arseholes everywhere. Frankly, I can just about manage a threesome at most.

Harry: And I thought you'll be good at multitasking. Back in my wild days, I loved getting in the middle of some good clean group fun, but only if I knew everyone involved. Call me fussy, but one bad experience with an uninvited guy spoiling it for everyone is more than enough.

Butch: I know what you mean, which is partly why I prefer one-on-one sessions with guys I trust.

Harry: I don't blame you.

Butch: So, would you turn down a group sex session if asked nowadays?

Harry: Seriously? Been there, done that, and got the t-shirt. I'm happy with Ian and the occasional distractions. The only group activities I'll participate in these days is with my book club.

Butch: Well, never say never. I just hope the party on Sunday won't descend into a mass orgy.

Dix: Your beers are here, gentlemen. What's this I hear about a mass orgy?

Harry: Thanks, Dix. Believe it or not, Butch is going to one of his fuck buddies' naked house party on Sunday.

Butch: Thanks for the beer. Before you get any ideas, I'm mostly there for the free food.

Dix: Yeah, tell me another one. Aren't you a "one at a time" guy? But I can just picture you getting all sweaty and stuck in the bottom of a heap of hairy, naked bodies.

Butch: Slim chance of that! Before my beer warms up. To a sweaty night of debauchery!

Harry: Let's hope so. To a sweaty night of debauchery!

Dix: A sweaty night of debauchery! You have to tell us all about the orgy next time we meet.

Butch: It'll most probably be an account of the number of burgers I ate and beers I drank.

Dix: And how many tasty hot dogs you got your hands on.

Butch: I doubt that. It's more like how many soft buns I got my jumbo hot dog into.

Dix: Oh yeah? Sounds like there will be plenty of cream pies, too.

Harry: Are we still talking about food here, or are you guys just trading euphemisms?

Butch: What's wrong with that? Don't you know, food and sex are the perfect combination?

Harry: If you mean they both trigger the same pleasure centre of the brain, then yes.

Butch: Exactly, doctor Harry. I just know they are both highly addictive.

Dix: Judging from the size of the guys you normally go for, they must like food as much as sex. Or is it the other way around?

Butch: So what? I'm not ashamed of finding bigger guys attractive, but I do draw a line with someone who's seriously obese. It's not much fun if all they can do is lie there and take it.

Harry: The super chubs do have a core of followers, and they deserve a sex life like everyone else.

Butch: Don't get me wrong, I've met some really attractive super chubs, but just not for me when it comes down to sex. God forbid, if I got too rough and gave them a heart attack.

Dix: With you, they'll surely die happy. Honestly, it must be tough being that big, I just hope they'll find happiness in life.

Harry: Through the years, I've attended many medical emergencies of extremely large patients, and it can take several of us just to turn or lift them. Life can be very tough being that big.

Butch: That must be hard work. I must admit, even I'll have difficulties lifting a few of my fuck buddies single-handedly.

Dix: Have you heard of these guys called feeders?

Butch: Of course, I've been accused of being one once. There are gainers too, it's a strange world.

Harry: Indeed. And there are guys who have a food fetish. That reminds me of something I saw in a travel program about Japan once. Apparently, rich businessmen can order a special sushi platter served not on a plate, but on a woman in the buff and eat off her.

Dix: No way? How bizarre is that?

Harry: I like sushi, but I don't think they'll taste any better even if it's served on Ian's naked body.

Butch: Why not? Provided he has showered and cleaned. But you might find the odd chest hair clinging to the rice, or even a loose pubic hair.

Harry: You have a sick mind, haven't you? Then again, Ian does like licking spilled ice cream or loose bits of chocolate off my chest, and got hair stuck between his teeth before.

Dix: Oh, please, no more oversharing! The things bear like us have to put up with.

Butch: Ian can eat off my hairy body any time, and I'll only charge him mate's rate.

Harry: Yeah, Right. In your dreams.

Dix: Ian can lick cream off my chest, too. All for free.

Harry: That's enough talk about my husband. Go find a guy of your own, Ian is all mine, and I'm not sharing him with either of you for all the money in the world.

Butch: Well, you started it. How about I let you watch?

Harry: If only you'll let me poke you with a sharp fork, too.

Butch: Ouch! When did you get into inflicting pain? I see your sadistic side is finally showing. I guess, you'll be telling me you enjoy administering corporal punishment next.

Harry: I'm not, but I'll make an exception, and give your arse a good slapping for being annoying.

Butch: Promises, promises. Me, annoying, never! All my fuck buddies think I'm really charming.

Harry: Really, have they met you before?

Dix: Come on, guys, you two really should be in a sitcom. It'll make big money, comedy double acts are really popular.

Harry: If only I can be the "straight man", Butch can be the "funny one".

Butch: That works for me, I love to be the "funny guy" any day.

Dix: See, the script is literally writing itself already.

Harry: Well, enough fooling around. How about you, Dix? Any plans for this weekend?

Dix: I'm working all Saturday and was going to put my feet up all Sunday, but not any more.

Harry: Yeah? What's changed? Have you arranged a last minute hot date?

Dix: No. When Trevor was pouring our pints just now, he mentioned his husband was looking for someone to give their overgrown garden a complete makeover, and asked if I can help.

Butch: Get in there! I expect a full report about what Trevor is like in bed.

Dix: As if. It's strictly business. He would like me to go around to their house and give them an idea of what can be done with their garden and give them an estimate for the works.

Harry: Well, sounds like you've just got yourself a new client.

Dix: I don't know what to expect, but will try my best to help them.

Butch: And you're going to meet his elusive husband. Make sure you ask for a tour around their house, particularly their bedroom, for inspiration to the landscape design, obviously.

Dix: You're incorrigible! I just hope their garden is not too much of a mess, but then again, there's nothing my team and I can't deal with.

Harry: I'm sure you'll do a good job.

Dix: Time will tell. So, that's basically my weekend. No rest for the wicked!

Butch: I'd make sure you wear a nice clean pair of underwear, just in case. You'll never know, this could be an excuse to lure you into their trap and have their ways with you.

Dix: Is that taken from some awful gay porn plot, from the likes of "The Lucky Gardener" or "Sweaty Garden Job"?

Harry: Don't listen to Butch. Trevor is lucky to have you transforming his garden.

Dix: We'll see. They might decide to go with another company.

Harry: That'll be their loss. I wonder what Trevor's husband is like.

Dix: Trevor said he works in the city for some big lawyer firm, that's all I know.

Butch: They can't be short of cash, then. On a different note, Harry, how about adding Trevor plus one to your summer garden party invitation list this year.

Harry: Sure, the more, the merrier. They can always say no. Thinking about it, we should send Andy an invitation too, since he always enjoyed himself at our garden parties.

Dix: Which Andy? Do you mean Big Andy, our old barman? Of course, you should. Don't get me wrong, I like Trevor, but the Crown & Anchor hasn't been the same since Big Andy retired.

Butch: Yeah. I miss Big Andy's cheery self too, but people move on, and he deserves a nice retirement doing the things he loves.

Harry: And doing the men he loves. I wonder how's he doing? I hope he's enjoying his retirement.

Dix: Me too. It'll be good to see him again.

Harry: Personally, I can't wait until my retirement and go travelling. There are still so many places I haven't been before. I think it'll be fun exploring all the different cultures in Asia with Ian.

Dix: Retirement, what's that? It's such a long way away for me. And you, Butch?

Butch: I don't honestly know, but will definitely go on more holidays too. Maybe I'll turn into a polar bear and have loads of sexy cubs will chase after me day and night.

Harry: Or you could fell head over heels for a big, chubby bear and build a love nest together in the suburbs.

Butch: Somehow I don't see that happening.

Dix: I wouldn't mind eventually settling down with a daddy bear and moving out of the city to somewhere I can grow my own vegetables in an allotment.

Harry: You'll have to ask us around when you do, and let us try your home-grown veggies.

Dix: Sure thing.

Harry: Is that the time? I better drink up and head home.

Butch: What's the rush?

Harry: I hope to be back before Ian, so he can tell me all about the parent-teacher meeting.

Butch: Oh, yeah. I forgot. Poor Ian. I still couldn't believe Ian got into hot water just for being gay these days. There are still too many ignorant bigots in the world.

Harry: Tell me about it. There are so many risks facing kids these days, and having a gay teacher is not one of them.

Dix: If you ask me, I think this generation of kids is more in danger from strangers they meet online via social media.

Harry: Definitely. At least all teachers and professionals who work with children are thoroughly checked, but kids could be chatting with virtually anyone online without a hint of scrutiny.

Butch: Why aren't parents paying more attention to their kids' internet activities, instead of picking on school teachers who happen to be gay and haven't done anything wrong?

Dix: No idea. I was a pretty curious kid. God knows what trouble I would have got myself into.

Butch: You still have plenty of time for that. Hopefully, you're not as trusting these days.

Dix: Well, not any more, but have to learn it the hard way. I wise up quickly after nearly got duped by one of these "catfish" once, so I'm wary of anyone I've only met online.

Butch: If I had a pound each time I block one of these time wasters, I'll be a rich man by now.

Harry: That makes the two of us. This is one reason why I'm thankful for Ian, and no more wasting hours trawling through all the dating apps or websites.

Butch: They could be fun sometime. I've met some hotties that way, but it's few and far between.

Harry: Don't get me wrong, as you know, I met Ian online. I suppose I hit the jackpot there.

Dix: You sure did. Before I forget, do say hi to Ian for me and tell him he should join us for a pint soon.

Butch: Yeah. Tell him to take it easy from me. It's not worth losing sleep over idiots.

Harry: Thanks, guys. I'll do. Anyway, what plans you two have tonight?

Dix: I'm working all day tomorrow, so not going to stay out late.

Butch: So no horny meet, then? That's a shame. Just make sure you don't wank yourself silly watching bear porn all night.

Dix: Don't you worry, I'm not a teenager any more. I might have a little "me time" before bed, but it's none of your business. Frankly, I'm a bit hungry now and should grab something to eat on my way home.

Butch: If you have no plans, do you fancy sharing some tapas with me? All the talks about Madrid this afternoon has made me craving something Spanish.

Dix: Great idea! It's been ages since I had tapas. Can we have *tortilla* and *chorizo*?

Butch: I bet you like to wrap your lips around a nice thick *chorizo*. Anyway, how about going to this little Spanish tapas bar, I've been with my colleagues before? It has a patio which is perfect for a warm evening like tonight, what do you say?

Dix: Sounds good to me.

Harry: That's you guys are sorted then, wish I can join you for some *patatas bravas*.

Butch: They do great salt cod croquettes and meatballs in spicy tomato sauce too. Those meatballs are about the size of my nuts and taste nearly as savoury.

Dix: Why can't you just say they are big and tasty? Now I won't be able to look at them without thinking about your hairy balls.

Butch: I guarantee you'll love the meatballs, and if you find any hair, it's not mine!

Harry: I've heard quite enough about balls, meat or otherwise. I'm all done, so better be off. You guys enjoy the tapas, and keep your hands off the sexy Spanish waiters.

Butch: You have a good night too, Harry. But I can't promise anything if the waiter is dark, round and hairy.

Dix: I'll try my best to keep Butch in check, that's unless I'm distracted by the mature daddy bear manager myself. Take care, Harry. Nice to see you.

Harry: Bye, guys.

Butch: Dix, let's go, too. I can hear the hot, sizzling *gambas* calling my name.

Dix: You must have good ears. Lead the way, Butch.