

# BORROMEAN BEARS



CHEZZER



# The Borromean Bears

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One causal conversation

Two hours

Three bears

Four rounds of beer

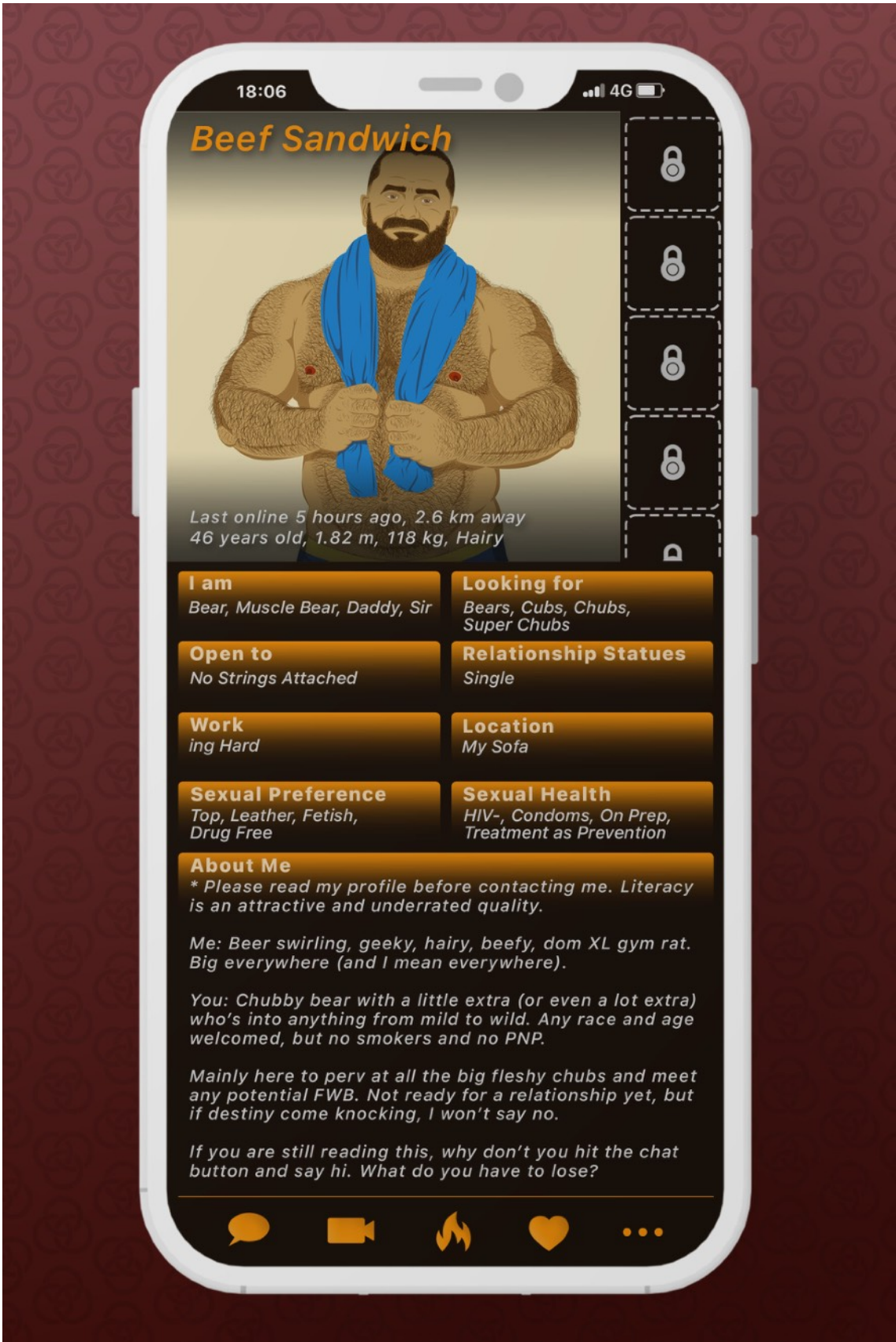
## Preface

Butch, Harry, and Dix love to chat about life, the universe, and everything big 'n' hairy regularly over a few beers. They are a permanent fixture at the Crown & Anchor, a traditional British pub in the heart of the city, popular with the bear crowd. Do check out their online profiles in the next few pages to see what make them tick.

Borromean Bears is the serialised recounts of their regular drinking sessions. Among the rambling banter, they do talk about a variety of issues facing the bear community and beyond. Hopefully, through their conversations, you will find out more about the three friends. Who knows, one of these days, you might run into Butch, Harry, and Dix, or their doppelgängers in your favourite watering hole.

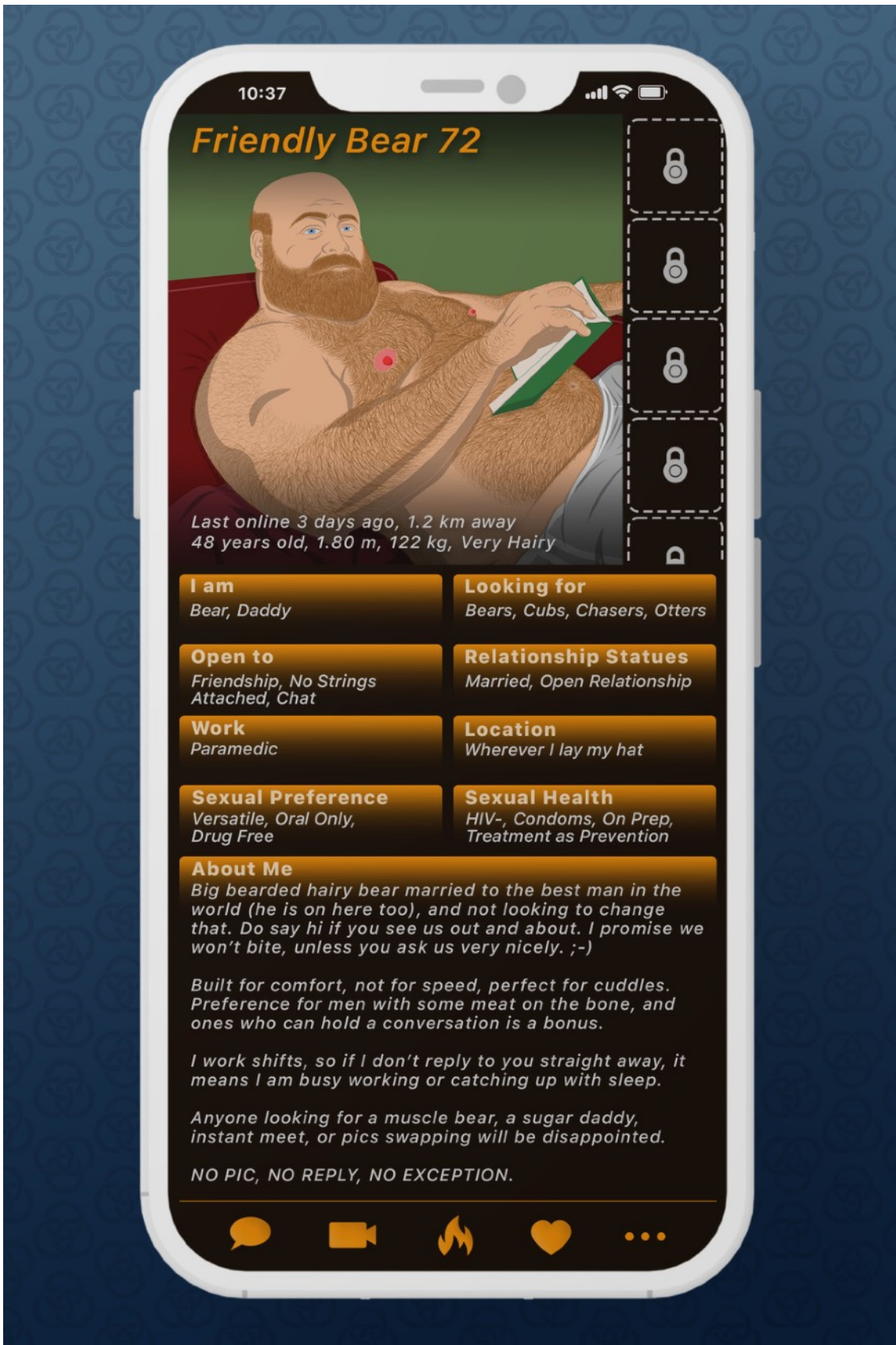
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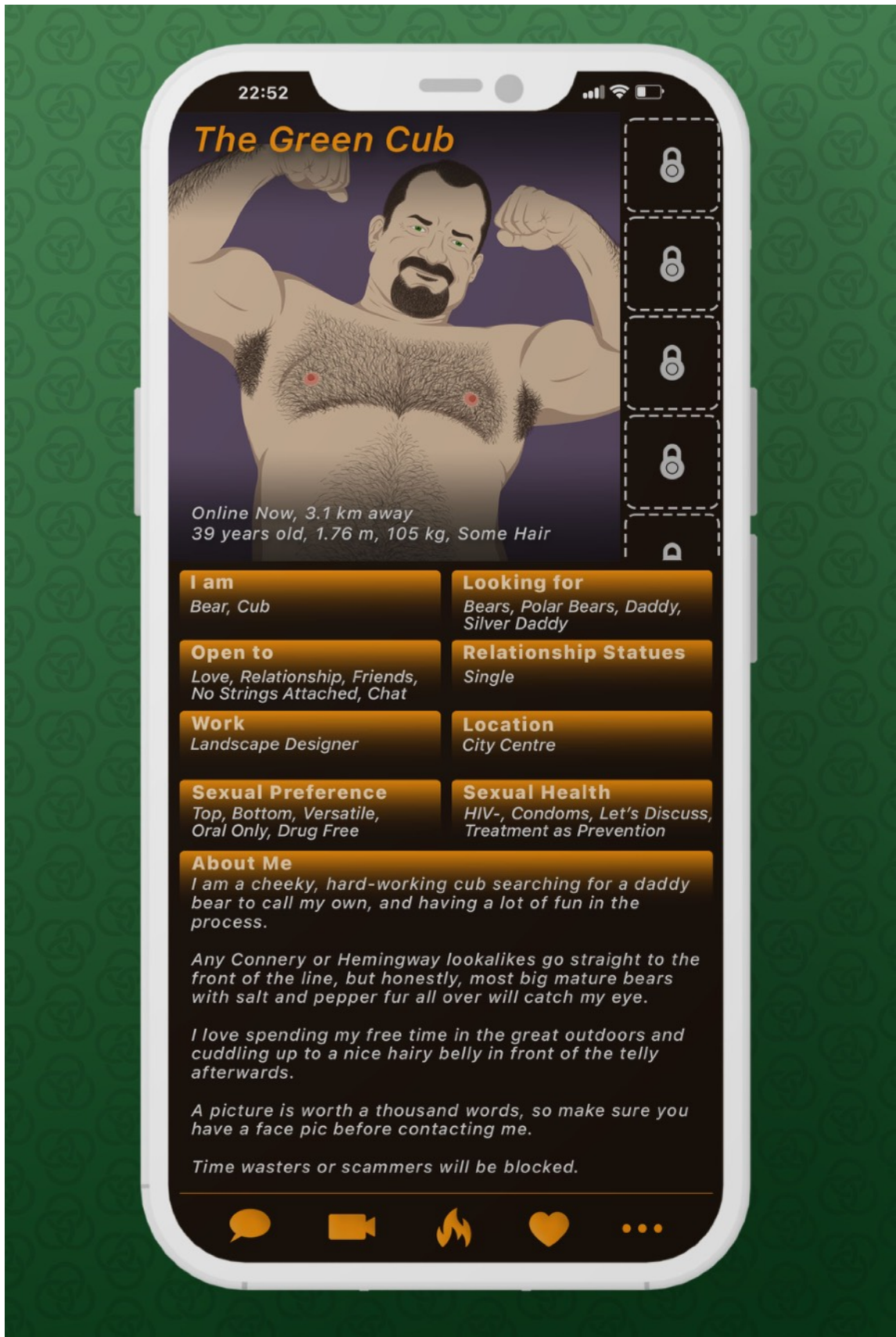


Butch's (Steve Coby) profile





Harry's (Harris Bell) profile



Dix's (Luke Dickinson) profile

# 1. Salut i Força al Canut!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dix: I'm sure it was. So, did you wash at all? I guess you must smell pretty bad after a few short days.

Butch: And I thought you like your men a bit ripe? Actually, I ended up showering at the gym every day for over a week, which in a way, has its own benefit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dix: Like this one? Ha ha ha!

Harry: What's so funny, guys? Here are your beers, gentlemen. By the way, have you guys seen the new barman? He's certainly easy on the eye, isn't he? And that husky baritone voice! No wonder he got the job after Big Andy left. Has either of you got his number yet?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dix: *Salut i força al canut!*

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

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

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

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

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

Harry: No, Butch. Watching all those bear porn must have warped your mind! As you know, sexy horned up plumbers only appear in fantasies. Trust me, I've never met one in real life. If you really have to know, the guy this afternoon was your typical middle age overweight tattooed blue collar kind.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Butch: Same old, same old. Our team has been working on a big software update, so we have been testing and debugging like mad. I'll sleep easy when it's released and without any major disasters. Enough about work, so what else have I done since we last met? I had tickets to watch rugby last Saturday. It wasn't the most entertaining game, England beat



Italy convincingly, no surprise there. But if there is a prize for best-looking players, Italy will win hands down. Their props are like sex on tree trunk legs.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Harry: In your dreams, Butch! This Mr Martins must be a real hunk of a man. I'm surprised you didn't ask him for any special one-on-one coaching after school. Not sure if I've ever ask, did you come out during your school days?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dix: What made you choose to be a paramedic?

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

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

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

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

Dix: Of course I'm aware of it, but are you serious? I'm not sure my knees and body can take the punishments any more. Believe me, I could do without showing up to work aching and

covering in bruises all over. They probably thought I've got into a fight or something. Nowadays, I'm happy with lifting weights a few times a week to stay in shape.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dix: You guys are terrible. I'm not that desperate. Three beers are coming right up.

•••••

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Harry: Of course, Ian insisted we had to follow tradition and do it the Cornish way.

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

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

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

Harry: Yes, we spent a whole day there, and definitely one of the highlights of our trip. It's absolutely enormous, plant lovers like you will be in your elements there.



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

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

Harry: *Salut i força al canut!*

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

Harry: Is any man safe from you?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Harry: I think Butch was only kidding, I won't take him seriously. Talking about trying new things, while you were busy getting beers and chatting up the barman, I was telling Butch my Ian

has just started rehearsals for a new all male version of *The Pirates of Penzance*. I'm not sure whether you like musicals, but if you want to see Ian prancing around on stage dressed as a pirate, I can ask him to get you a ticket.

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

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

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

Dix: For real? How did you react?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Butch: Do you think I look that scary?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dix: Surely your size helped too.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dix: Thanks, Harry. Same again, please.

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

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

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

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

Butch: Go, go, go!

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

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

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

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

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

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



Dix: Thanks to you. I've installed the internet security package you recommended, and the whole computer is being backed up automatically in case of any disasters.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Butch: Thanks for the offer, but I'm a serial plant killer. Even fake plastic ones! If there's a law against killing plants, I'll be locked up for life.

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

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

Dix: Don't we all? I can do with a couple, too. We do sell the Chinese Money Plant. It meant to bring wealth and good fortune, and it's pretty low maintenance, too.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Harry: Only good things, I hope.

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

Harry: *Salut i força al canut!*

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

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

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

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

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

Dix: Or a hairy chest.

Butch: Maybe there are special leaves you can rub on your chest to make it grow more hair, just like eating bread crust.

Harry: You're more likely to get a rash and end up in A&E. My old man forever made me eat the crust when I was a boy, probably explains for this thick carpet on my chest.

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

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

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

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

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

Harry: I think he does, too.

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

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

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

Dix: I guess he looks very different with hair.

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

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

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

Harry: I don't think so, but he did mention something about a big fake moustache and a bandana.

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

Harry: Sure. If you guys come up with a date, I'm sure he'll be happy to arrange the tickets.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Harry: Now, who's gross?

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

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

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Harry: You guys can be a handful together.

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

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

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

Harry: Thought you are popular with many guys around.

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

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

Dix: Thanks. That means a lot to me.

Harry: So have you been seeing anyone lately?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Butch: Why?

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

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

Harry: Park in it. Everybody knows that one.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Butch: Sir. Yes, Sir!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dix: He did offer.

Harry: What? Sex, or design advice?

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

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

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

Harry: Exactly like your parking joke earlier on. At least he's in the same country and continent. There's no harm in making a friend in my book.

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

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

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

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

Harry: Really? I haven't noticed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Harry: That's quite enough, Butch! Leave the poor lad alone. From what Dix said, this Barry guy sounds like a decent man and not a sex addict like you.

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

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

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

Harry: So you kept telling us, but you've no problem posting pics of you in some seriously compromising positions under your many gay profiles.

Butch: What you call compromising, I call artistic. My fans can't get enough of them.

Harry: I know art, and you're really pushing the limit of the word. What really bugs me these days about the gay apps, are those guys with completely blank profiles who start a chat by sending me pics of their limp cock or dirty asshole spread open wide without even a "hi" or "how are you". If that's their best quality, what does it say about the rest of them?

Butch: I get plenty of those as well. I just block them. Some days, it seems all I do when I'm on these apps is blocking people. Can you imagine a meeting a stranger and the first thing he does is drop his pants?

Dix: Me too. I guess it takes all sorts to make a world. Obviously, it works on some horny guys who don't care who they are sexting with, otherwise no-one will do it any more.

Harry: Maybe, but leave me out of it. I often found there's no point being polite and reply, they took any response as a sign of interest in having sex, so instant delete! I even clearly state in my profile no face pic, no chat, but some people just don't bother reading these days.

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

Dix: Talking about time wasters, the “no show” type has to be the absolute worst.

Harry: Not compared to the “catfish”. It’s just impossible to tell if their pics are actually the person one’s chatting to. I thought these apps meant to make dating easier, I’m just glad I’m no longer looking.

Dix: When it comes to bad meets, have you read about people get robbed or beaten up? All for the promise of a quick hand job or blow job. The guy could even turn out to be a serial killer!

Harry: Don’t forget those “soldiers posted overseas” scam. Just who will fall for their schemes?

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

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

Harry: Not to worry, just enjoy yourself.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Harry: Probably a condom, I think I’ve seen a video of it on the web before. What wouldn’t they dream of next to attract attention? That reminds me, I saw Big Andy once destroyed a pair of those virtually indestructible yellow rubber glove without even trying.

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

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

Butch: Most likely. As you know, I never turn down a free meal. I remember Big Andy was at a few of them, but I don’t recall him turning green and ripping off his clothes. Now, that would be one incredible party trick, hard to forget.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Butch: That's a good reason as any.

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

Butch: Oh, yeah? What did I miss?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Butch: Typical Ian! He's definitely more a cow "bear" than a cowboy. I bet it didn't take Andy long to cum, given you were squeezing and pinching his sensitive nipples.

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

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

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

Butch: Surely, Ian was loving every second of it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Harry: What a small world! I can just picture Andy doing that with a big smile on his face. Thankfully, I haven't run into anyone I know there before.

Butch: It's awkward meeting people in porn stores anyway, let alone holding something like that. Andy didn't seem to care, so we exchanged a few polite words while I paid for the lube. I



left shortly afterwards, and Big Andy followed me out empty-handed. Since I was free that afternoon, I suggested going for a coffee together.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Butch: There's anything wrong with getting paid for sex if it's consensual. You know, it's the oldest profession known to man. You'll be surprise how many are doing it these days, especially using these online pay to view channels.

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

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

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

Butch: A couple of my fuck buddies have suggested I should post a few flexing clips online and see if I find any generous "sponsors". Deep down, it just felt like hard work to me, constantly trying to keep all the fickle subscribers entertained. There's always someone new who's fitter, sexier, or willing to go further. It's bad enough in my IT field, users are forever after new features, upgrades, and happy to change allegiance to the competitors at a heartbeat.

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

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

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

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

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

Dix: You have a point.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Butch: Aren't we all.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Butch: Definitely. You know me, always hungry.

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

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

Harry: You'll be lucky.

## 2. Hirsutus Gluteus Maximus

Harry: Over here, Butch.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dix: Sure, two beers coming right up.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dix: You'll like mine, then.

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

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

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

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

Dix: I know, big hairy arse!

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

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

Dix: *Hirsutus gluteus maximus*!

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

Harry: No kidding? You can fool me!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Butch: Hear, hear!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dix: Sounds like I've been missing out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dix: Docking? What's that?

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

Dix: Really? Is that a thing?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Butch: So what did you do with it?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dix: That's so sweet.

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

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

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

Dix: Yes, please. Thanks, Harry.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dix: A snake going around one of his thighs.

Butch: Is it a snake biting its tail?

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

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

Dix: Cool, that's new to me.

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

Dix: No wonder you know about it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Harry: Warren and Simon.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Harry: Have you used them before?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dix: Don't complain about being popular.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Butch: If only I were a famous porn star.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dix: Doubt it, he looks busy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Butch: It's about time I update my profile with new pics anyway.

Harry: I'll look up his online portfolio and message it to you. He's probably easily found in most social media platforms.

Butch: Yes, please. Maybe I can exchange sexual favours in return for the photoshoot.

Harry: I don't think he charges a lot because he treats it as a hobby. Anyway, don't you have enough sex already with your huge harem of fuck buddies?

Butch: Well, if we get on, what's wrong with one more? It's like the old saying, if you don't use it, you lose it, and I'm using it as often as I can. Even better if I've a set of new photos to show for it.

Harry: You're incorrigible! But I'm curious to see how he captures your look and body.

Butch: Who knows? Only one way to find out. Anyway, haven't you seen enough of me in my birthday suit? I just hope the photos don't end up all over the internet. It's impossible to remove once something is uploaded.

Harry: Darren is a professional and does everything by the letter of the law. You'll probably have to sign a model release form before he can use any of your photos.

Butch: That's good. There's been creeps stealing my profile photos before and posting them all over the internet. One time, someone claiming to be from America even created a fake profile using my photos. Luckily, a mate of mine noticed and told me about it. I immediately got that profile taken down, but who knows if there are others out there?

Harry: Yeah. I don't get this whole "catfish" phenomenon. I doubt anyone will use my photos.

Butch: You will be surprised. Did you read about this average looking middle age gay man had his photos used in numerous online dating scam targeted at vulnerable women? He was only alerted to it when strange women tried to contact him online. Apparently, over half a dozen women had fallen victim to it.

Harry: That's news to me. He must be a real catch, but gay men do look after themselves better, so I'm not surprised. I do feel sorry for the poor women. I suppose it's easy to do since we all have tonnes of everyday photos posted online these days. It just shows one has no idea who they are chatting to behind a computer screen or messaging on a phone.

Butch: I agree. That's why I usually try to keep my chat messages generic with anyone new, and don't agree to doing anything before actually meeting in person. I'm not saying everyone who contacts you online are crooks but can't be too careful these days.

Harry: Thankfully, since meeting Ian, I seldom have the need to go on hookup sites or apps any more. Oh, Dix, that's quick of you.

Dix: Beer for you, Harry. And one for you, Butch. The toilet wasn't busy for a change and I got served not long after I got to the bar, so no complaints.

Butch: Thanks, Dix. Did Trevor serve you this time? Have you told him you have a massive crush on him yet?

Dix: Yes, and he wanted to marry me! Obviously not! I'm not some lovesick teenager. I happened to catch his eyes when I reached the bar and was served immediately. Trevor sounded a bit tired, happy hour was pretty busy today, I suppose.

Harry: Thanks for the beer, Dix. It must be the good weather, everyone decides to have a few beers after work before going home.

Dix: You're probably right. His T-shirt was all sweaty and clinging to his body. I think he must have been changing beer barrels or doing something equally physical. It's funny, you can see the sweat marks just under his chest and nipples.

Butch: I bet you wish you can see his sweaty furry butt crack too. Here's to Trevor's *hirsutus gluteus maximus*!

Dix: You have a one track mind. To Trevor's *hirsutus gluteus maximus*!

Harry: Trevor's *hirsutus gluteus maximus*!

Butch: You know, I get similar sweat marks like that every time after I've been to the gym. It's a sign of a good session. I've no idea how some guys' T-shirt can stay dry after exercising.

Dix: I know the feeling, so is my top after hours of planting in some client's garden. In fact, some days it's absolutely dredged, it looked like I've been wearing it in the shower. I hate that clammy feeling when I sit down and press up against a chair.

Harry: I hate that too, but wait until you have to wear a uniform for hours on a hot summer day. No amount of deodorant can disguise the smell. I pity the patients having to put up with it.

Dix: Well, I think they're probably more worried about their injuries and in too much pain to notice how ripe your body reeked.

Harry: That's true. Still, I don't want to give the impression of not having showered for a week.



Butch: I've met many guys who love strong body odour, especially sweaty armpits and crotch.

Harry: I bet you have. Don't get me wrong, I prefer natural smelling guys too. I only wear deodorant when I'm at work, since I'm in close contact with people all the time. Wouldn't it be great if I can save money on deodorant and spend it on something else, like beer?

Butch: Don't we all? A couple of my fuck buddies love to meet me after I've been to the gym and specifically ask me not to shower before showing up. Apparently, my musky pheromones are better than any aphrodisiac and drive them crazy for cock.

Dix: You're not the only one, it has happened to me before too. Once the guys heard I've a physical job, they want me to turn up all smelly and sweaty in my overalls, and they would spend ages sniffing and licking my sweaty pits and balls.

Harry: I suppose deep down we are all just animals driven by our basic animal instincts.

Butch: And ripe hairy armpits.

Dix: Speak for yourself.

Butch: I can't help it if my fuck buddies find my sweaty armpits irresistible, well among other body parts, obviously.

Harry: I don't want to know. If you start to stink like a school boy changing room, you can drink by yourself on another table far away from me.

Dix: Ah, the combination of muddy kits, sweaty socks, and cheap body sprays bring back fond memories.

Harry: Good for you. I was never that sporty at school, so the changing room was just a necessary evil to me. It's somewhere to quickly change clothes before and after gym class without lingering a second too long and attracting any unwanted attention.

Butch: School and especially the locker room could be a cruel place for many. Personally, I rather enjoy all the locker room banter and chasing each other around partly dressed.

Dix: You would! I was never one of those guys, but there's something unforgettable about bonding with the rest of the team after a game, whether it is celebration over victory or commiseration in defeat.

Harry: It must be. Personally, I'm just thankful it was a long time ago. It's funny to think, back in my school days, I would never imagine enjoying myself stark bollocks naked all day on a nude beach with hundreds of sexy men.

Dix: Me too. I never thought any guy would find my body attractive when I was young. I didn't have the best body among my classmates, but luckily no one dared to give me grief since I was big for my age and played for the school rugby team.

Butch: We've all felt like that before. I think being part of the non-judgemental bear community helped many guys struggling with self-image and self-esteem.

Harry: That's true. Even for a big ugly ogre like me.

Dix: Are you kidding? How many times do we have to repeat ourselves? You're one sexy bear, and I don't say it because I'm your friend. Your husband will agree with us.

Harry: He has to, he's married to me! Talking about Ian, he wasn't needed in the latter half of the play rehearsal tonight, so he should be back around dinner time.

Butch: Great. I suppose with you working shifts, you don't get many quality meal times together.

Harry: We make do. Last weekend we made a large pot of lamb curry, and we're going to warm up the leftovers tonight, so no need to cook or wait for takeaway.

Butch: Very nice. Is there enough for one more?

Harry: I doubt it. Plenty for two big bears, but not three, especially when one of them is a bottomless pit like you. Maybe next time.

Butch: Deal. I'll hold you to it. You know I love your cooking and never say no to free food.

Dix: I've no idea where you put all that food you eat, there's hardly an ounce of fat on you.

Butch: It could be just down to good genes, and as you all know, I work out a lot.

Harry: In fact, if I want to make dinnertime, I should go after this pint.

Butch: Are you sure you don't have time for one more? Go on, you know you want to.

Harry: It's tempting, but I really shouldn't. And I'm feeling quite peckish already.

Butch: Now that you mention it, I can do with some feeding too. What dinner plans do you have Dix?

Dix: Nothing, but it has to be a quick meal since I haven't worked weekend mornings recently, so I said I'll be in bright and early tomorrow.

Butch: What good is being the boss if you can't avoid working the antisocial hours, and you've just secured a big deal for the business.

Dix: If only I were a CEO of a huge cooperation. Mine's only a small business, and I'm more of a hands-on person anyway.

Harry: I think you have done very well in a short amount of time. All your hard work speaks for itself. Well, do excuse me guys, the beer is going right through me and I doubt I can hold it in till I get home.

Butch: You better go and drain your bladder instead of being caught short on the way. We don't want any accidents now, do we?

Harry: Yes, DAD. Be right back.

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Butch: So Dix, apart from work, are you up to anything interesting over the weekend? Maybe a hot daddy bear or two lined up?

Dix: I wish. Lately, all I've been thinking about is securing this deal, and haven't really looked. Now that it's finally signed, I'll probably spend more time online and see if anyone fancies hooking up for some fun. Failing that, there is a garden show in town. It's running for the rest of the month, so there will be plenty of opportunities to visit. These shows are good for getting new ideas and finding out what the competitors are doing.

Butch: Surely there will plenty of horny guys looking for a little stress relief after the show. Maybe you'll even run into another sexy garden designer.

Dix: Slim chance of that. As usual there will be lots of families and couples with the odd tradesman mixed in.

Butch: Surely some of the men would have been dragged along just for the ride, bored stiff aimlessly following their wives or partners, longing for some distractions.

Dix: That's true sometimes, but that's more for flower shows. Lots of men are really into their gardening. I suppose it's one of the few macho physical pastimes in this age of office cubicle drones.

Butch: Tell me about it. I'm one of them. If only I had the patience and the space. I'll settle for lifting heavy weights to maintain my alpha male status.

Dix: And you do that in spades. Wish I were as well-built as you are.

Butch: Don't be, you look good as you are. I'm happy to show you a few routines at the gym to tone up a bit if you want to.

Dix: Maybe I'll take you up on it one day. I mostly do cardio at the gym and only occasionally lift a dumbbell or two. It's probably down to lack of motivation, so I suppose a gym partner would help.

Butch: Yeah, very often the case. I've trained with several gym partners before, but these days I'm happy just with working out alone to music.

Dix: I understand. I often see people chat more than work out at the gym I go to.

Butch: Don't I know it? So many of them have no idea about proper gym etiquettes. That's why I work out at a bodybuilding gym, people there tend to be a bit more focused.

Dix: I bet. Are there many gay men at your gym?

Butch: How should I know? As long as they don't interrupt my routine and tidy after themselves, I couldn't care less who they fuck. Also, beefcakes are not really my type. Why do you ask? It's not a gay gym, if that's what you're thinking.

Dix: Just curious, that's all. I've this image of bodybuilding gyms full of muscle Marys who get up to no good with each other in the shower or changing room.

Butch: That only happens in gay porn. It wouldn't surprise me if a few guys all pumped full of testosterone after a serious session have to jerk off in the bathroom to release the tension – but nothing in public. There had been times after a punishing upper body workout, I could barely take my top off, let alone having a wank.

Dix: I've seen videos of these musclemen film themselves lifting massive weights then jerk off in the changing room before posting it online to show off.

Butch: OK, there is that. It's not exclusive to us gays, most bodybuilders are natural exhibitionists.

Dix: If you've got it, might as well flaunt it.

Butch: Ha ha ha. So true.

Harry: What's so funny?

Butch: Nothing. We are just discussing muscle Marys in the gym. That was quick, no queue at the gents?

Harry: Interesting, I don't think either of you are into muscle Marys. If you really want to know, all the urinals were taken. Luckily, a cubicle just became free, and I made a beeline for it, so I could piss comfortably without being elbowed from both sides.

Dix: Just like we were saying earlier on, it's ridiculous how cramped it gets in there some time.

Butch: No shit! It's often awkward trying to fit my shoulders between the guys on both sides and still aim my cock at the urinal.

Dix: Such a hard life being a muscle bear.

Butch: You've no idea. It's also a nightmare whenever I fly. Those seats are definitely not made for big guys like me.

Dix: I sympathise. I've read some airlines are trying to make obese passengers purchase two instead of one seat. Not saying you are obese, obviously, but more room would be nice.

Butch: A few chubby guys, I've played with before, most likely have to do that whenever they fly. Well, I just pity the people sitting next to me.

Harry: You were fidgeting a lot on the flight to Spain. It's like sitting next to a giant wiggly worm.

Butch: It's just hard to get comfortable flying in cattle class. One time my company flew me in business class to America for a conference, and now that was something else.

Dix: I can only imagine. I've never flown business class, let alone first class. Would be nice to try one day.

Harry: As long as it gets me from A to B, I can put up with several hours of discomfort. A handsome beary steward serving me would help to ease the pain.

Butch: Are you thinking about joining the mile high club? I've only encountered dolled up stewardesses or really camp stewards. I'm not trying to stereotype them. It's just my experience.

Harry: I've met a couple of hunky pilots through the years and maybe a steward too.

Dix: Oh, bears in uniform? Nice. Can you imagine flying and sowing one's wild oats all over the world?

Harry: I don't recall the exact details now, apart from one of the pilots was African American with a big, hearty laugh. He yelled so loudly when he orgasmed, I thought he was having a heart attack. Well, sorry to disappoint you, none of them show up in uniform. Even if they did, their uniform wouldn't stay on for very long.

Butch: Sounds about right, knowing you. It could be fun sampling the local cuisines at all the stops, I suppose, but I don't think I can do a job that involves waking up in a different time zone every day.

Harry: You don't have a problem with waking up in a different bed every day! Well, flying is not a glamorous job, but someone's got to do it. I think it would be an experience to fly a plane – I don't mean a passenger jet – just a small light aircraft freely circling the sky like a bird.

Butch: How dare you, calling me a slut? You are no angel yourself! By the way, I'm more than happy paying someone else to fly me around.

Dix: Personally, not sure if I'll be able to fly even if I have wings, better to lose a few pounds first. Can you picture me in the sky? Talking about a flying pig!

Harry: You're not that fat. As you know, many guys find a nice little chunky guy like you very attractive. Have you scored recently?

Dix: Butch just asked me that. Why are you guys so interested in my sex life? Surely Butch's is immensely more colourful than mine. Have I scored recently? In a word, no. The deal I completed today has been keeping me busy, so no time for random hook-ups.

Butch: What happened with that tourist you told us about during our last drinking session?

Dix: Do you mean Barry from up north?

Harry: That's the one. How did the date go? Was he good in bed?

Dix: I was a bit apprehensive meeting someone for the first time after chatting online for some time, but he turned out to be a nice, genuine daddy bear. Very down to earth and easy to get on with.

Butch: Just your type, then. Go on, spill the beans, did you have sex with him?

Dix: No, well, not at first anyway.

Butch: I knew it.

Dix: If you really want to know, I met Barry at his posh hotel bar as planned and before long we were chatting like a couple of old friends. He was a bit tired after all the travelling, so I left

after a few drinks and let him get a good night's sleep. I volunteered to show him around town in the morning, and he gladly accepted.

Harry: You're such a good boy scout.

Dix: It's the least I can do. I picked him up the next day at his hotel and spent a couple of hours wandering around, seeing the popular sights. We eventually reached the riverbank and ended up having sandwiches for lunch on a bench overlooking the river.

Harry: And a romantic too. Did you show him the gay cruising grounds too?

Dix: Why would I? I did point out a gay sauna when we happened to walk past. Since I had to work in the afternoon, I left him to explore the city alone. Before I left, he offered to buy me dinner as a way to say thank you. How could I turn that down?

Butch: Definitely, never refuse free food. So did he offer anything apart from dinner? Maybe his body too?

Dix: It's like a corny romcom. After an expensive meal, we went back to his hotel bar for a night cap and one thing led to another, I found myself naked in bed with him.

Butch: You dog! How was the sex?

Dix: In short, we had fun together. He was very oral and loved sucking my cock, before long we were 69ing each other. His big bushy beard felt great brushing against my balls when he was bobbing up and down on my rock hard cock. After a while, I shifted forward and started rimming his hairy hole. He loved it so much, I could hear him moaning between swallowing my cock deep down his tight throat. I really tried to hold on for as long as I could manage, but ultimately it felt too good, and I shot my thick load straight into his stomach.

Butch: Now that's one tasty dessert.

Harry: I hope you finished him off too before cleaning up and leaving.

Dix: Of course I did. After he licked up the remaining drops of my cum, I turned my focus from eating his soft pink hole to his tight ball sac. I sucked one ball after another, and watched his precum-dripping cock throbbed wildly, demanding release. Naturally, he grabbed it with only a few firm squeezes, and his daddy cream was sprayed all over my chest and sheets.

Harry: Not that's a happy ending! But I feel sorry for the housekeeping staff cleaning after you.

Dix: I'm sure we weren't the only one leaving cum stained sheets behind, they're probably used to it. Normally that's my cue to go after we've cleaned ourselves up, but to my surprise, Barry asked me to stay over. Maybe it was the alcohol, or the sex, but I slept like a baby wrapped in his big arms against his warm hairy body all night.

Harry: You know? That's one of my favourite things. It's like sleeping with a warm furry hot water bottle.

Dix: Exactly. It's a shame, I rarely spent the night with my hook-ups. Believe it or not, I was eventually woken up by an unusual sensation. It turned out Barry was servicing my morning wood, and we went for round two unsurprisingly.

Butch: Got to love playing with morning wood. I do miss waking up to someone sucking me off.

Harry: Who doesn't? So, did you guys spend the rest of the day having sex?

Dix: Unfortunately not. After we were all cummed out, we tidied ourselves up, and went for a late breakfast. I said goodbye afterwards and left him to prepare for his meeting the following day.

Harry: Glad to hear you both had fun. It's no big secret, Ian frequently pitches a big tent in the morning, and what am I supposed to do but to give him a helping hand?

Dix: Lucky you. I wish I could wake up next to a nice bear every day, too.

Butch: You will do. I'm happy to hear it turned out to be a memorable date. Have you heard from him since? Is he likely to come back any time soon?

Dix: Yes, apparently the meeting went well and if he gets the contract, he could be down more often.

Butch: Cool. Wait and see. You'll never know, he could be the one.

Dix: Who knows? We've only met once, but we did get on well and have plenty in common. The sex was good too. Hopefully, if there's a next time, he would give my arse a good seeing to with his big daddy cock.

Harry: Can't wait to hear all about it. Well, my beer is all gone, so it's probably time for me to go home and have dinner with Ian. Maybe he'll give me a good seeing to after dinner, like your daddy bear.

Butch: Just undo a few buttons on your shirt and show some of your thick chest hair, I promise Ian won't be able to keep his hands off you. Anyway, have a fun night with Ian, and thanks for the beer. It's good to see you, let's meet up again for a beer before pride.

Harry: Is it time for pride already? Yeah, should be good. Message me, and we'll find a day we're all free.

Dix: Good idea. Great to see you as usual, Harry. Say hi to Ian for me and see you soon.

Harry: Later, guys. Bye.

Butch: Bye, Harry.

Dix: Butch, are you still on for some food?

Butch: Sure, I'm actually quite hungry now. Let's drink up and go. What do you fancy eating?

Dix: One more sip and I'll be ready. No idea why, but I feel like Thai green curry and satay.

Butch: Sounds like a grand idea. It's been a while since I've Thai food. How about the one we've been to before for Harry's birthday some time ago?

Dix: That'll do, and it's not far from here.

Butch: Well, I'm ready when you are.

Dix: I'm done. Let's go then, the satays are not going to eat themselves and I can't get enough of their special peanut sauce.

Butch: Yeah, I love meat on a stick. Whoever first thought of it must be a genius. Do you think my meat would taste good coated in peanut sauce too?

Dix: Probably? Everything taste better covered in peanut sauce, but I'll keep to the chicken meat variety if you don't mind. You can always experiment with one of your fuck buddies, I'm sure they won't say no.

Butch: That's a thought. Actually, I could spice things up with a bottle of hot chilli sauce instead and, hey presto, I've turned their little sausage into a chilli hot dog.

Dix: Ouch! I hate to know what goes through that dirty and devilish mind of yours.

Butch: Trust me, it's better that way.

### 3. Pride Not Prejudice

- Dix: Afternoon guys. I'm surprised to see you two walking through the door together. Are you in some dirty secret rendezvous I don't know about?
- Butch: What? Harry and me? As if! He'll be lucky. I just ran into him out in the street, that's all.
- Harry: Yeah? Honestly, I'd rather get rogered by a group of randy gorillas. You know, Dix, Butch nearly scared the living daylight out of me. I was minding my own business listening to music on my way here, and suddenly I felt a tap on my shoulder. I paused to look around when this massive fur ball wrapped its body around me.
- Butch: I was just giving you a friendly hug.
- Harry: In the middle of a busy street? The passers-by probably think I'm having my life squeezed out of me by a big yeti.
- Butch: Don't complain! I can imagine worse ways to go. Anyway, nice to see you, Dix, have you been waiting long?
- Dix: No, not really. The garden shop has been quiet all afternoon, so I finished everything I wanted to do and decided to knock off earlier, leaving the others to close up. What have you guys been up to apart from making a scene in public?
- Harry: Same old, same old. I worked a few long shifts this week, and I swear I'll lose it if I've to bandage up one more drunken idiot. Thank god, I've the next few days off. I'm looking forward to unwinding with my feet up at home with Ian.
- Butch: Unwind? Surely, you haven't forgotten we are in Pride week and the Pride parade on Saturday? So, there will be no rest for the wicked.
- Harry: You don't have to remind me. In fact, I'll be marching with the paramedics in the parade again, like last year. There are about thirty of us going, and we all have matching whistles and rainbow hats ready. Are you guys coming to the parade this year?
- Dix: Of course, won't miss it for the world. Apparently, the weather is going to be beautiful this weekend, so I expect all the sexy guys will have their tops off.
- Harry: That's good to know. I bet all the bears will be exposing their big hairy bodies as well.
- Butch: I'm counting on it. A couple of years ago, it was really wet and all I could see was a wall of rainbow umbrellas. Needless to say, not even a hint of flesh in sight.
- Harry: Let's hope there will be plenty of furry chests on display. We should definitely meet up after the parade for a beer. Talking about beer, what are you guys drinking?
- Butch: Beer for me as usual. Thanks, Harry.
- Dix: Same here, thanks. I'll buy the next round.
- Harry: No problem. Two beers, coming right up.
- Butch: That reminds me, I better bring my shades. Got to look my best for the guys, also handy for checking out any potential preys.
- Dix: You're such a poser! You'll need them since the weather forecast predicts wall-to-wall sunshine with a light breeze, so perfect weather for the parade. Who said god doesn't like the gays?
- Butch: Indeed. By the way, I went out this lunchtime and bought this T-shirt from the Gentlemen's Closet especially for the weekend. What do you think?

Dix: That's one sexy red T-shirt, but isn't "Pride And Prejudice" more appropriate for a literary festival? I've no idea you're a Jane Austin fan.

Butch: I'm not. I think I spent more time wanking during my school days than reading classic literature. Go, take another look.

Dix: Oh, hang on, my mistake. "Pride Not Prejudice", that's really clever.

Butch: Yeah, I thought so too.

Dix: I bet it'll attract a lot of attention – not if you need any more. Are you sure you've bought the right size? It looks a bit small for you.

Butch: That's the largest one they have in stock, but it'll stretch. Don't you know, tight-fitting tops are all the rage these days?

Dix: It's all right for muscular guys like you, even a dirty tea towel will look good stretched across that chest. I don't wear anything tight because of this big, fat gut here.

Butch: Are you serious? I've eaten watermelon bigger than that sorry excuse for a belly. Frankly, who cares? There's absolutely nothing wrong with your build. As you know, there are many guys who fancy chunkier men. I, for one, can't get enough of the fuller figure, the fuller, the better.

Dix: I know. I'm just thankful for being part of the bear community, so I don't need to diet constantly to fit in. I think I'll be wearing one of my comfy check shirts and jeans to the parade as usual.

Butch: I doubt you'll be the only one dressed that way, it's practically the bear dress code if there's one. Trust me, you'll turn plenty of heads if you put on a nice tank top, or just a leather waistcoat, with a pair of well fitting jeans.

Dix: You think? I'd consider a tank top if I found one I like, but I'm not really the leather wearing type.

Butch: In that case, you should check out those adorable cartoon bear T-shirts. They come in tank tops too, and the Gents Closet has quite a big range. Do you know the ones?

Dix: Of course, they are everywhere. In fact, a guy standing at the bar earlier on was wearing one. I won't mind one for myself. Are they expensive?

Butch: I'm sure you can afford a different one for each day of the week, if you're feeling rich.

Harry: Excuse me. Here are your beers, gentlemen.

Butch: Thank you very much, Harry.

Dix: Thanks. Guess what? Butch has been giving me fashion advice.

Harry: Oh really? I've no idea that's one of his talents. He sure hides it well, judging from what he normally wears.

Dix: Show Harry your new T-shirt, Butch.

Butch: What do you think, Harry? I'm going to wear it to the parade.

Harry: Oh, yes. "Pride Not Prejudice". How appropriate, but are you sure you can fit into it?

Butch: Yeah, yeah. I know it's a bit tight, but it'll be fine as long as I don't flex my arms too much. The curse of having big bulging muscles, it's impossible to find clothes off the rack to fit.

Harry: Don't you start, most guys would pay good money for arms and pecs like yours.

Dix: I'm one of them. You won't believe the fortune I pay my gym every year. Well, my beer is getting warm. Let's drink to "Pride Not Prejudice" and a fun weekend!



Butch: Definitely, Pride Not Prejudice!

Harry: Pride Not Prejudice, everyone! Hopefully, slogans like this will be redundant one day, when nobody will be stigmatised for who they love and have sex with any more.

Butch: Hear, hear! I can't wait.

Dix: Did I tell you, to celebrate Pride this year, I thought for the first time it would be fun to do something special at my shop?

Harry: Oh yeah? What did you do? Putting rainbows and pink unicorns everywhere?

Dix: Come on, give me more credits. It's nothing outrageous, we planted hundreds of little brightly coloured pansies making up the word "Pride" by the shop entrance. It took us a couple of hours to arrange all of them in place, but the result speaks for itself. Here are a few pics of it.

Harry: Cool. I love the design, and it's huge. I bet you can see it from space!

Dix: It's not that big in real life, but we're really proud of it. Unsurprisingly, many of our customers have been taking pics and some of them has even gone viral.

Butch: Nice one. Never say no to free advertisement.

Dix: That's not the intension, but I wouldn't argue if they want to tag my shop to the pics.

Butch: I know you didn't, but have you noticed these days a lot of shops have jumped on the LGBT bandwagon and put rainbows all over their windows just because it's Pride.

Harry: It is not a bad thing as long as they actually support the LGBT community and not just use it as a promotional stunt to make money. Don't they call it "pinkwashing" nowadays?

Butch: That's the key, isn't it? I found the whole "rainbow capitalism" thing really offensive. It's easy displaying a rainbow flag during Pride week, but do they actually care about their LGBT employees and wider LGBT issues all year around, instead of making money?

Dix: I agree. Lip service without action is pointless. Hopefully, things will quickly improve now more managers and other people in positions of power have come out of the closet.

Harry: Don't you know, there are a number of openly gay big corporation CEOs these days; most of them are big supporters of the Pride movement, obviously.

Butch: True, but I read there are plenty of businesses use Pride as a marketing ploy while still heavily donate money to anti-LGBT politicians, organisations and religious groups. How double standard is that?

Harry: Is that right? They should be publicly named and shamed.

Dix: Yeah. Even though LGBT movement has come a long way in the last decades, there is still some distance to go.

Butch: By the way, I like your choice of flowers for your display. Pansy is a brilliant idea, but I wonder if anybody taking pics of your pride design has made the not so subtle connection?

Dix: Glad you noticed. Personally, I couldn't care less if anyone else gets it or not. After all, calling gay men "pansy" is a bit dated. Regardless, pansy is a fantastic bedding plants, and we sell a truckload of them every year. Do you know those delicate flowers are edible too?

Butch: Really? I won't mind eating a pansy or two for breakfast, especially if they are big and round.

Harry: Don't be crass! I've tried them before, but it's a bit of a disappointment since they don't taste of much. That didn't stop fancy chefs using them to add a bit of colour to their dishes.

Butch: Maybe I should ask for pansy with my beef burger instead of lettuce next time.

Harry: I'd love to see the expression of your waiter if you do. Come to think of it, have either of you heard of the Pansy Project?

Dix: No, what is that?

Harry: Some years ago, a gay artist suffered a horrific homophobic attack, and come up with the idea of planting pansy at sites where anti-LGBT attacks took place around the world. He photographs each flower to memorialise the abuse victim and raise awareness about homophobic hate crime. Gradually it turns into the Pansy Project.

Dix: I've never heard of it, but it's genius. Wish I've thought of it.

Butch: That's new to me too. It sounds like a really worthwhile project. Too often, homophobic attacks are ignored and forgotten. Thankfully, I haven't experienced homophobic abuse much. Nothing physical anyway.

Harry: Count yourself lucky. I doubt anyone would be crazy enough to take on someone your size.

Butch: You'll be surprised what some idiots would do after a few beers. Once I was leaving a gay club with a few mates, a random drunken bloke came up to us and shut something resembling "you fucking faggots" and "it's unnatural". Before any of us could raise our arms, he turned and ran away, tripping over himself a couple of times before disappearing into a side street. We looked at each other in disbelief and burst out laughing.

Dix: What a sad loser! Personally, the name-calling has never bothered me, it just shows their ignorance and intolerance.

Butch: Yeah. Sticks and stones, and all that. Mind you, even repeated harmless name-calling could cumulate to serious harm for someone more sensitive, like a form of Chinese water torture.

Harry: I know the feeling. I've been on the receiving end of it and more during my school days. If I get a pound everything someone called me a pansy, fag, or queer, I'll be a millionaire. I still hear "pansy" used these days, but mostly when I watch old comedies. I must confess I love some of them, even though they do have the worse gay stereotypes.

Butch: Tell me about it. I grew up watching them, too. Some are ridiculously funny, but I've never identified with any of those feminine "queer" men on TV. Just because I like sex with men doesn't automatically mean I want to be a woman or act like one.

Dix: Definitely. I kind of wish those supposedly gay characters were shown in a better light rather than just being there for laughs and always ending up in a typically sad, tragic life.

Butch: Yeah, these days some extreme gay activists take real offence at them and want them banned. Do you think those TV programmes should never be shown again?

Harry: I don't think so, people's attitudes might have changed for the better nowadays, but we shouldn't forget what it used to be like. We can't just try to erase history and pretend it has never happened. On top of that, many of those comedies are absolute classics.

Dix: I understand, and I agree "cancelling" them is the wrong way to go about it. I think as long as people watch them these days with the hindsight of knowing that was how poorly gay men were perceived in those days, and stop perpetuating the negative stereotype.

Harry: These programmes all now have warnings like "the shows' content reflects the standards, language, and attitudes of its times, some viewers may find this content offensive".

Butch: They are just there to cover their legal arses.

Harry: Of course. Then again, there are still plenty of old queens around, acting like one of those characters has just walked off the screen.

Dix: And don't forget all the young camp guys too, but I don't judge as long as they are happy in their own skin. It's funny to remember when I was growing up, I used to think only camp, feminine men are gay. Since I wasn't camp at all, I can't be gay! How naive was that?

Butch: So what's changed? My young padawan. When I was first exploring the gay scene, my friends back then used to refer to me as "the butch guy" and eventually just Butch. It sort of stuck since, but I quite like it. Butch by name and butch by nature. Ha ha ha.

Harry: You don't say. Someday, I'd love to see you get a drag makeover. You could do it for charity or something.

Butch: Are you serious? I'd make one ugly drag queen.

Dix: I can just picture you in a tiny sparkly red sequin dress, wobbling on high heels.

Butch: You would have to raise a lot of money before seeing me dressed like that. Just how do women balance themselves on those pointy stiletto heels? I've no idea. I'd fall on my face and break my ankles in a heartbeat.

Harry: They manage, then again, I've patched up enough of girls on drunken nights out during my night shifts. By the way, do you guys know Ian can really camp it up when he wants to? He normally puts it on when socialising with his fellow thespian.

Dix: Really? Ian doesn't come across as camp to me ever. You guys are like a couple of... what's butch? Rugby players, or lumberjacks?

Butch: Is that the best you can come up with? Surely, even you would know this: "I'm a lumberjack, and I'm OK. I sleep all night and I work all day. I cut down trees, I skip and jump. I like to press wild flowers. I put on women's clothing and hang around in bars."

Harry: "I'm a lumberjack, and I'm OK. I sleep all night and I work all day. I cut down trees, I wear high heels. Suspenders and a bra. I wish I'd been a girlie, just like my dear Papa."

Dix: Ok, ok, very funny guys. It's not the best example, but you know what I mean.

Harry: We're just winding you up.

Butch: I love the lumberjack sketch, actually everything Monty Python did.

Harry: So do I. Back to what we were talking about just now, I bet some thought-police nowadays would probably take offence at the Python's sense of humour and try to have it taken off the air.

Butch: What a bunch of killjoys. They need a lesson in the meaning of satire.

Harry: Well, it's nothing new, The Life of Brian has been banned from public screening for years.

Dix: I'm sure there are many things we routinely think and do these days that would be unacceptable to future generations.

Butch: It's like the old Chinese tradition of women binding their feet. It's the fashionable thing to do a century ago, but we now think it's barbaric and ridiculous.

Dix: Interesting comparison. I hadn't thought of that before. Then again, women these days still torture their feet with ridiculously expensive designer shoes.

Harry: Well, we don't need to go back that far, no doubt over the Pride weekend we'll see lots of guys and girls covered in glitter, but the scientists now tell us glitter is actually very bad for the environment.

Butch: Banning glitter is fine with me, can't stand the stuff.

Dix: Tell me about it, I'm still finding bits of glitter at home left over from Christmas cards.

Harry: That also reminds me, when Ian and I got married, we told everyone not to bother with confetti. Another seemingly done thing for decades now frowned upon.

Butch: I remember reading that in your invitation, which is fine by me, I'd rather spend the money on beer instead.

Harry: And not on our wedding gift? You are not getting anything more than a six-pack of beer when you get married.

Butch: Just as well, I'm not planning on getting hitched any time soon, and I love beer.

Dix: At least gay marriage is now legal, so you can when you find someone who is willing to put up with you. Back when I first realised I was gay, I never imagined I would ever marry the man I love.

Harry: Same here, but look at me, married to Ian for four years already.

Butch: Really? It doesn't feel like it's four years ago. I still remember the huge spread you guys ordered for the reception. It's not very often I've eaten so much, I couldn't physically stuff any more food in my mouth.

Dix: Sounded like I've really missed out. What was the wedding like? I've only seen photos.

Harry: It wasn't grand or extravagant. Neither Ian nor I wanted to make a big deal out of it. After all, the main reason to get married is having protection in the eye of the law. We don't need a piece of paper to tell how we feel about each other.

Butch: Also an excuse to have a party with all your friends.

Harry: That's true, Ian never says no to throwing a party.

Dix: I bet he did a great job.

Harry: Of course he did. I sorted out most of the official stuff, and he was in charge of the fun things. Looking back, I don't think there were any major hiccups. The formal wedding ceremony was pretty standard, and it was followed by a small reception. Ian must have ordered enough food for a starving battalion.

Butch: He sure did, and the food was very tasty too.

Harry: Ian has good taste and loves eating, which partly explains for our waistlines. Surprisingly, the final bill didn't blow our budget, to our relief.

Butch: Apart from the food, I remember Ian's speech was hilarious and literally left me in tears.

Dix: I'd expect nothing less. You both looked very smart and happy in your matching suits.

Harry: All the photos were taken by a professional photographer friend of ours. We were super impressed with the results, and he didn't even charge us a penny, saying it was his gift to us.

Dix: Wow! It normally costs a fortune hiring a wedding photographer. Talking about wedding expenses, did you hire a band for the reception?

Harry: Seriously? We can't stand the cheesy wedding music. We did ask one of the Man Cave DJs if he'd be interested in DJing, but he suggested why not just show up at the club instead. I've known the club owner for years and when we approached him, he offered to put the whole wedding party on the free entry list.

Dix: Great. That's incredibly generous of him.

Butch: And makes good business sense, since probably half of the guys at the reception are regulars at the Man Cave anyway. He probably makes the money back from the alcohol sales alone.

Harry: Maybe, but it's an offer we couldn't resist. I thought everyone had fun at the club. Even some of our straight workmates came along, and it actually turned out pretty well.

Dix: That sounds like one hell of a party, much better than some of the weddings I've been to. Looks like all our glasses can do with a top-up, same again?

Butch: Yes, please.

Harry: Me too, thanks.

Dix: No problem. Be right back.

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Harry: So, Butch, when was the last time you went clubbing at the Man Cave?

Butch: Search me? It's been a while, I don't go clubbing much these days, as you know. How about you?

Harry: Same here. Ian and I haven't been for some time. Last time we were there, we felt the atmosphere had changed. It's still probably the best bear club in town, but there are fewer bears and more muscle Marys. The crowd felt younger than it used to be, too.

Butch: God forbid! Are we turning into a bunch of old farts? Actually, I've noticed that as well, especially in the last year or two. I think the Man Cave is slowly turning into a refuge for the clientele from numerous now defunct gay clubs in the city. Frankly, the dwindling number of options is becoming uncomfortably limited.

Harry: You're probably right, I can't believe many clubs that have been going forever have shutdown in the last couple of years. Of course, a few new ones have started up to take their place, but who knows if they will stand the test of time.

Butch: Who knows? I've read an article about how the gay scene is shrinking dramatically in recent years.

Harry: Let's hope ours is like a phoenix and will reinvent itself in the near future.

Butch: Fingers crossed. You'll surely recall when we first came out the main ways of meeting men was either at the bars, clubs, or saunas. These days it's too easy hooking up online from just about anywhere, no wonder the traditional gay establishments are struggling.

Harry: Oh, the good old days! It's so much simpler, no catfish, no bots. Well, we're all guilty of it, I suppose. It's so convenient checking out who is horny and available from the sofa, or even in bed, why make any effort to go out.

Butch: Yeah, and the choice is endless. At least so it appears, in reality it's always the same few faces looking for sex, only now and then is there some fresh meat.

Harry: Personally, I think messaging or sexting back and forth can't compare to real physical interaction. Also, with the amount of desperate men on offer, there is always a sexier guy only a click away, so we end up in a cycle of endlessly chasing after the "one".

Butch: Sure, and Mr Perfect is bound to live half a world away, married, a psycho, or worse a scammer. It's why I have more luck with meeting people at pubs like the Crown and Anchor here.

Harry: I thank my lucky star every day for finding Ian and no longer desperately looking for sex around the clock. Actually, I never did even when I was single, there was too much going on in my life.

Butch: I know what you mean. It's fun to look now and then to see who's new on the scene, but I tend to play mostly with my fuck buddies.

Harry: With the number of fuck buddies you have, I've no idea how you find time for work or anything else.

Butch: I don't have that many, to be honest. It's quality, not quantity, but it's true there are a few chubby guys around who can't get enough of playtime with me.

Harry: As long as you're happy.

Butch: Oh, I am, and not looking to change that any time soon. See who's back with our beer?

Harry: Thanks for the beer, Dix.

Dix: No problem. Here's one for you, Butch.

Butch: Thank you. I see you've been chatting up Trevor at the bar again. Have you fixed up a date with him yet?

Dix: It's not going to happen. I don't think I'm his type, and he's also married.

Butch: When did that ever stop gay men from hooking up?

Dix: He's just telling me it's his first year serving beer during Pride, and he's not looking forward to working like a dog all weekend.

Butch: Is that a new form of puppy play? I guess we will see a few masters with their puppies collared and following obediently on a leash throughout the weekend as usual.

Harry: You really have a one-track mind. Seriously, I do sympathise with all the barmen, even if Pride is only once a year. Anyway, Pride Not Prejudice, everyone!

Dix: Pride Not Prejudice! And a fun weekend to all.

Butch: Let's hope lots of sexy guys are out and about. Pride Not Prejudice!

Harry: Normally, it gets very busy anyway and this year with the good weather, it'll be packed.

Butch: At least all the pubs and bars will make a killing. I'd hate to see another gay business go under.

Harry: Definitely. Oh Dix, while you were at the bar, we've just been talking about the number of gay business that have dropped in recent years.

Dix: Now you mention it, there are definitely fewer gay bars these days compared to when I first ventured onto the scene. Some long-running clubs and saunas have disappeared too.

Butch: Even though I work in IT, I do blame the internet for changing people's behaviour, thus negatively affecting the gay scene.

Dix: True, it's so easy finding sex and dates online, but I also think that the advance in the LGBT equality movement has an impact too.

Harry: How come? Surely it's a good thing.

Dix: It is, but since it's illegal to discriminate against the LGBT community and there's more acceptance of people like us, a lot of the younger generation can be themselves anywhere they go. Specialist venues like gay bars and clubs have become redundant.

Harry: You've got a point. I think ten years ago I'd probably think twice before kissing or holding hands with my date in public except in a gay venue. These days, I've no problem kissing or holding hands with anywhere we go.

Butch: It's like a double-edged sword, I suppose. For so long, we wanted acceptance and be included in society, but when it's within reach, we missed being part of an exclusive club.

Harry: Can't have the cake and eat it. There's still something special and reassuring being surrounded by like-minded people in a place like this.

Dix: Yeah. I agree. It helps if they're good-looking and sexy, too.

Butch: And naked is even better. Did you hear another branch of Dominion sauna has closed?

Dix: Not another one! I don't go to the gay saunas much, so I haven't been keeping tabs.

Harry: Which one is it? Not the big one by the cinema? I used to go there before I was married. It's always immaculately clean, despite being busy most of the time.

Butch: That's the one. I was surprised to see it reported in our local gay magazine. Apparently, the owner had been struggling to break even for some years and out of the blue the landlord demanded a big increase in rent. That was the last straw.

Dix: That's really sad – I haven't even been once.

Harry: It's been years since I last visited, but I recall there was normally a good mix of guys from all walks of life. They also did a Bear Day every Wednesday, which was a big hit for guys like me.

Butch: Oh, I remember Bear Day. A few of my fuck buddies are regulars since many bigger guys are usually too shy to go on an ordinary day, but they're in their element mixing with all the other bears.

Dix: Sounds like I've been missing out. Do you have any special memories of the place?

Butch: I've only been a few times myself. I seemed to attract all the wrong people when I was there. The ones I like were too scared to even look my way, with a few exceptions I suppose. Harry, you went more than I, surely you've a story or two to tell.

Harry: No, nothing stood out in my mind. There was a lot of hanging and wandering around, with the occasional fondle. Very much what you would expect at a gay sauna.

Butch: Ha! Nothing stood out at a place with countless hard throbbing penises craving attention?

Dix: Come on, Harry, there must be something fun you're dying to share.

Harry: Let me think, well, there was this one time, I was sitting in the sauna with a few other guys, watching a couple playing each other's cocks. It was pretty boring, so after a while I decided to go for a walk to cool down. A polar bear followed me out of the sauna and after making a few turns in that endless rabbit warren, I realised he was still behind me. He was easy on the eyes and I thought to myself there's nothing to lose by saying hi. So I did.

Butch: I think you've told me about this before, years ago – but go on.

Harry: Most probably, knowing me. Well, after we exchanged a few polite words, the polar bear led me to an area with a sling and swiftly climbed into it.

Dix: Now that's an invitation. I like men who are direct. Out of curiosity, what did he look like?

Harry: My memory of his face is a bit fuzzy, but he was short and bald, with a well-groomed thick white beard. Salt and pepper hair all over his chest and ball belly. Just your classic polar bear.

Dix: Nice. I wouldn't say no to him, either, but I do have a thing for daddy bears. So what happened next?

Harry: Obviously, I went over to the sling, started kissing him and stroking his fur. His chubby cock immediately poked out of his round body, it was so thick I could barely get my hand around it. He spared no time wrapping his lips around my hard cock, getting his tongue inside my foreskin, and licking my mushroom head.

Dix: Sounds like the polar bear was hungry for your cock.

Harry: You guessed it. He soon moved my hand toward his hairy hole. It was tight but slowly relaxed at my touch and light massaging. He loved it and begged me to fuck him. As soon as his soft hole felt pressure from my cock head, it opened up and took the whole shaft in one move, all the way down to my balls. I could tell that wasn't his first time and definitely a pro bottom.

Dix: I bet he loved feeling you inside him.

Harry: I think so, at least he was giving me all the right encouragements between moans. I kept pounding his fat arse and the sling rocked along synchronously. My gut was resting on his hairy ball gut, and I could feel his rock-hard cock was pressing between us, continuously milked by each stroke I made. Not sure how long it went on for before I noticed a dark beefy bear standing in a corner rubbing his big bulge under his towel.

Butch: Didn't you tell me he was Greek or some Mediterranean bear?

Harry: Yes, I wasn't entirely sure, but certainly looked like he was from that part of the world. He had short cropped hair, full goatee and thick dark hair all over his body. He could've been in his 40s, or younger, but it doesn't matter. I signalled him over and asked if he would like to tag team the polar bear.

Dix: Who wouldn't?

Harry: Exactly! The polar bear was literally in fuck heaven now, having not one but two tops servicing his greedy hole. The Greek bear dropped his towel and his fully erect dark meat bounced right up, nearly smacking his hairy solid stomach. The polar bear immediately put his mouth to work on that dark, meaty sausage, making it all wet and ready for action.

Butch: Didn't you say that Greek guy was hung like a horse before?

Harry: Mmm... like most gay men, I might have exaggerated a bit. Anyway, I slipped my reluctant cock out and let the Greek bear have his go. The polar bear was having the time of his life – or day – oblivious to whose rock hard cock was sliding in and out of his hole.

Dix: Did you just watch while they were going at it?

Harry: Of course not! Instead of standing idly by, I pressed my body against the Greek bear's furry back and reached my arms around his muscular chest, so my fingers could play with his tiny perky nipples. His firm hairy butt crack was brushing up against my cock and I thought it would be fun to force it inside to make a Greek bear sandwich. But before I got the chance, he turned around, kissed me deeply, and guided my throbbing cock back inside the polar bear's well-used hole.

Butch: I'd tell the Greek bear it's actually his turn to feel what my cock feels like inside his arse. Ops, sorry, I interrupted.

Harry: As I was saying, I was back pounding the polar bear while he in turn was playing with the Greek bear's cock and body. After a while, the Greek bear disappeared behind me, and unexpectedly I felt his hands on my balls. He proceeded to pull and play with them, and that just tipped me over the edge. I shot so hard deep inside the polar bear, he could probably taste my cum in his mouth.

Dix: Ha ha ha. Who doesn't like having their balls played with? Did the polar bear cum too?

Harry: No, not yet. When I pulled out of that warm arse, without a word, the Greek bear immediately sucked out the last few drops of my cum from my still hard cock before swiftly taking his turn at the polar bear's sloppy hole. He doubled down on his efforts, and the sling was shaking so much I thought it might collapse.



Butch: Now that would be funny – definitely one to remember.

Dix: Since you have shot your load, did you leave them to it?

Harry: There's no way I'm missing the grand finale. With one hand, I began playing with the Greek bear's nipple, while the other massaged the polar bear's meaty mushroom head. It wasn't long when I noticed the Greek bear's breathing quickened, and I knew he was ready to cum, so I increased the jacking rhythm of the polar bear's cock. Instead of more moaning, the polar bear suddenly begged, "No, not so fast. Not yet. Not yet! NOT YET!", but it was too late, my fingers could feel his cock was already pulsating and pumping thick hot pent-up cum all over my hand dripping down to his big hairy balls.

Butch: What? He didn't shoot all over his furry chest and even reaching his beard?

Harry: He could have? It was dark and by then my attention was with the Greek bear. Feeling his cock squeezed every time the polar bear spasmed and pumped more cum out, the Greek bear grabbed the polar bear's thick ankles and proceeded to uncontrollably thrust load after load of his semen into that big belly.

Dix: The polar bear must be exhausted after all the heavy pounding.

Harry: So was the Greek bear. It took a while before he came to himself and slowly eased his cock out of the well-worn fuck hole. He scooped up a big dollop of the polar bear's freshly milked cum and tasted it before licking clean the rest off the polar bear's sensitive cock. Breathlessly, the polar bear said, "Oh fuck, that was wonderful. I needed that so badly. Thank you, guys." Both the Greek bear and I gave the polar bear a long wet kiss, and we walked off in opposite directions, leaving the exhausted but satisfied polar bear recovering in the sling.

Dix: Wow! The poor guy probably couldn't walk properly for days after all the abuse.

Harry: I doubt it. I don't think that was his first time getting royally serviced by more than one guy. Anyway, I did see him at the sauna again during subsequent visits, but never the Greek bear.

Dix: Did you play with him again? Wish I could be a fly on the wall and watch that polar bear being used.

Harry: Nothing like that anyway, it's a one-off. I've a feeling that polar bear was married and possibly have a family. He probably just goes to the gay sauna to play with other guy's hard cocks, get his fat arse pounded and go home to his wife.

Dix: I know what you mean. I've hooked up with plenty of closeted daddy bears before. It's sad that some of them are trapped in sexless marriages and only find relief in the arms of strangers.

Butch: I'm sure not what I would have done if I was born and grew up in an age when sex with men was illegal. Probably would have ended up living a double life, just like many of them.

Harry: Not sure if I can picture you as a family man. For me, I think I'd turn into one of those "confirmed bachelors" that my friends and family would make it their mission to find me a wife and set me up on dates with any available females they come across.

Butch: Sounds like a nightmare to me! Thank god for the drag queens who put the Pride movement on the map, so I don't have to live a lie. Well, nature calls. Also, it's my round this time, isn't it? I'll get it now since I'm getting up.

Dix: Thanks, Butch. Same again.

Butch: How about you, Harry? I see you are not quite ready yet.

Harry: Obviously, I was talking too much for once and not drinking at my usual pace. Don't you worry? My glass will be emptied by the time you are back.

Butch: Sure. Beers for everyone are coming right up.

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Harry: So, Dix, can you imagine living in a time when homosexuality is outlawed?

Dix: Not really. I can't believe doing something so natural to me used to be against the law only a few generations ago.

Harry: But it did happen, and there are still men and women in parts of the world who are jailed or even killed for loving someone of the same sex.

Dix: I know. Not sure what I would do if I were in that situation. Probably continue fornicating with men until they lock me away. Even then, there'll be plenty of opportunities for more gay sex in prison.

Harry: Not saying it doesn't happen, but I doubt sex in prison is as much fun as it's in porn.

Dix: No, but what else is there to do in prison when surrounded by other sex-starved men 24/7? Even the straight ones need to do something before their cum-filled balls burst.

Harry: I've no desire to find out. There are certainly a lot of prison sex themed gay porn out there.

Dix: Yeah. Cell-mates going at it with each other, the guards catching them with their trousers down and demanding sexual favours to keep quiet, the warden secretly watching the guards and prisoners banging on CCTV, just to be found out – and the whole prison ends up in one huge orgy. The possibilities are endless.

Harry: Either you've an overactive imagination or watched way too much porn.

Dix: Probably a bit of both.

Harry: There's nothing wrong with indulging in a bit of fantasy, but I don't think I'd last long behind bars in real life.

Dix: Same here. I will be like a lamb in a wolves' den. It's only fair if I have committed a crime, but I wouldn't like to be locked up just because I was born different.

Harry: Future generations of gay men should never forget that many of the rights they freely enjoy have been hard fought by countless men and women in past decades. It's too easy to use Pride as an excuse for a big party and disregard what it stands for.

Dix: That's true, but we should also celebrate how far the LBGT community has progressed.

Harry: Sure. Which is why I'll be marching and waving rainbow flags on Saturday again in the Pride parade.

Dix: Good for you. I wonder what will the bear group do this year during the parade? I thought the bathroom idea last year was brilliant.

Harry: Yeah. You can't beat two dozens or so bears covered in bubbles, wearing nothing apart from a towel and a big grin, dancing in unison to Cher and Kylie.

Dix: I reckon it would be fun to join them one year, but I won't know who to approach.

Harry: I'm not sure, maybe Butch can help, I think he knows a few of them. Come to think of it, he might have actually been on a bear float before in the distant past?

Dix: Sounds like the sort of thing he would do. No doubt they like having a big muscle bear like Butch as their poster boy.

Harry: Or poster bear. You should ask him when he gets back. So will you be watching the parade again this year?

Dix: Definitely, wouldn't miss it. I'll be waving when you file past. This year, for a change, a couple of daddy bears I'm friendly with asked me to go with them, so it should be more fun than going on my own.

Harry: Of course. So, is "friendly with" a euphemism "had sex with"?

Dix: Hmm... how do you guess? Am I that transparent? I met one of them online, and we played with each other on several occasions when his husband was away. Some time later he introduced me to his husband who actually wanted to share part of the action and I thought why not, the more, the merrier.

Harry: Ooh, I love a threesome! Lucky you. There's been times Ian and I play with a third, too. Then again, it doesn't happen very often, since it's rare finding someone we both like and who in turn likes the both of us.

Dix: I'm not sure if I like to be in an open relationship – I'll have to find a partner first!

Harry: In my experience, it works for some but not others.

Dix: That's what the two daddy bears said, too. Apparently, they have been together forever. It wouldn't surprise me if it was still illegal when they first started having sex together.

Harry: Good for them. They must have some stories to tell.

Dix: They told me they were both in tears of joy when gay civil partnership was first legalised. Of course, it was followed by the introduction of gay marriage, and they decided to finally make their lifelong relationship official. Can you believe they used to tell people they live together to save on rent – but no longer.

Harry: That's great. I'm very happy for them. Like your friends, I feel very fortunate to be able to marry Ian.

Butch: Hey guys, here are your beers, what have I missed?

Dix: Thanks, Butch.

Harry: Thank you very much. Not a lot, we're still talking about the advances the LGBT moment has made, and Dix was telling me about this daddy bear couple he's been having sex with.

Butch: Oh yeah? You're not satisfied with one daddy bear – now playing with two? I hope their bed is big and strong enough for everything the three of you get up to.

Dix: We manage, don't you worry. They're decent people, and I'll be watching the parade with them on Saturday. Maybe I can persuade them to stay for a beer afterwards so you guys can meet them. I presume we're still meeting for beer in the afternoon as before.

Butch: Sounds like a plan to me. I just hope I won't scare them off.

Harry: You probably will if you turn up wearing your full leather gear. I'll be there, but it'll take some time to finish the entire route, so I'll show up when I show up.

Dix: No problem. We'll slowly get pissed, mingling with the bears and watching all the beautiful people pass by while waiting for you.

Butch: There'll be plenty of those. Anyway, to Pride Not Prejudice!

Dix: Pride Not Prejudice! And another fun-filled Pride weekend, everyone.

Harry: Oh, sure, but I also look forward to the day when we have nothing left to fight for. To Pride Not Prejudice!

Butch: Won't that be something? Unfortunately, I don't see it happening any time soon. This country may be more progressive than others, but there are still plenty of LBGT hate crimes here, from everyday gay insults all the way to fatal physical assaults.

Dix: That's a sobering thought. It's easy to forget, since we've come a long way. Also, like Harry said earlier on, many countries in the world are still persecuting the LGBT community.

Butch: Yes, I know. I remember the Pride parades I went to years ago used to be a lot more political than ones today.

Harry: That's right. Less commercial, or focused on partying, and trying to advocate real positive changes. It might be wishful thinking, but I think the message is slowly getting through.

Butch: I've seen glaciers move faster. Certainly there have been big steps forward such as equal rights, anti-discrimination, and of course gay marriage. All unimaginable a decade or two ago.

Dix: That's what Harry and I have been saying. The daddy bears I told you about have lived through all those changes and more, can you imagine the stories they can tell?

Butch: Sure. It'll be interesting to meet them if they decided to hang around after the parade.

Dix: We'll see. That reminds me, Harry said you might know someone involved in organising the bear float in the parade. Is that right?

Butch: Yeah. I used to be pretty friendly with a few of them years ago. I'm not sure if they still have anything to do with it these days, but I can find out. Why?

Dix: I was saying, maybe instead of watching the parade, I could actually be part of it in the future. The bears on the float always appeared so happy, dancing and waving flags.

Butch: It's a hoot. I'm sure they are constantly looking for new blood to join in.

Harry: Weren't you part of the bear float one year?

Butch: Believe it or not, yes! My mates had drafted me into the bear float once many years ago, I'm surprised you still remembered.

Harry: That's a relief, I thought my mind was playing tricks on me. Weren't you dressed up for it? As a cowboy?

Butch: OMG. Don't remind me. The theme for the float that year was the Village People, and all they had me wear was a cowboy hat, one of those cowboy tie necklace, jeans and boots. Naturally, photos of my naked hairy chest appeared in all the gay mags the week after.

Dix: Now I've got to examine the evidence. Have you kept any copies?

Butch: Are you kidding me? It's so embarrassing. I wish I could burn them all!

Harry: Don't listen to him. He loved his fifteen minutes of fame and relishes all the celebrity-like attentions he received. I can see them going viral if social media existed in those days.

Butch: Thank god, it wasn't. Otherwise, those photos would be in the public domain forever, and I'll never live it down.

Harry: I'll have to see if I have kept a copy somewhere.

Butch: But Harry, didn't you also appear in some magazine's Pride photos one year too?

Harry: Yes, I sure did, but I was marching in my full uniform and not posing bare chested and tits out to the cameras.

Butch: You win. Moving swiftly on, Dix, do you know Harry and I first met at a Pride parade many, many moons ago?

Dix: No, did you really? I know you guys have been friends for a long time, but you never said how you guys met. So were you both marching in the parade together?

Harry: Not quite, that's way before the paramedics were part of the parade. It wasn't long after I qualified as a paramedic, and I was on duty on parade day. I'm not absolutely sure any more, but I recall I was bandaging some guy and Butch came to help. Something like that?

Butch: Aren't you a bit young to suffer from dementia? It's like this, I was watching the parade filing past like everyone else when I heard a sharp squeal not far from me. I fought my way through the crowd to look and found this pathetic looking tall twinkie dressed in pink t-shirt, shorts, and impossibly high heels laying on the floor in tears. The people around him just stood back, not knowing what to do, so I scooped him off the floor and carried him to a quiet side road when you appeared out of nowhere with your first aid bag in hand.

Harry: Now I remember. I also heard the scream and immediately made a beeline to it to see if I could be of help. When I got close, all I could see was a gorilla-like guy picking up something pink, lanky, and limp, speeding away from the crowds. It could easily be a scene from the King Kong movies.

Butch: Who's gorilla-like?

Harry: Well, it's a compliment. Anyway, I reached them as the big guy put the young man who was wallowing in pain down gently against a wall. After brief examination, it's obvious the twinkie fell over his high heels, twisted his ankle, and got a few superficial scrapes, nothing serious. So I quickly cleaned the wounds and bandaged him up. Before I could thank the good Samaritan, he had disappeared back into the crowd.

Butch: I saw no reason to stay since he was obviously in good hands.

Harry: Not long after, friends of the injured guy turned up and helped him away. I wrote a short report for reference and continued with my patrol.

Dix: And you didn't even get each other's names. So is that it?

Butch: Obviously not. Later that evening, I was drinking here with a few mates, but they didn't stay long – probably heading to a club or some party. I didn't feel like going home yet, so I stayed for another beer and at the bar I happened to stand next to this guy who looked somewhat familiar but for the life of me can't put the face to a name.

Harry: That's because we hadn't met properly yet. After being on duty for hours, I went home, changed out of my uniform and thought I would go out for a beer after the long day. The Crown & Anchor was still busy, so I wormed my way to the bar and eventually ended up standing next to this massive guy. He stared at me intensely for a long time, and suddenly we both clicked who the other guy was.

Dix: What are the chances of that?

Butch: Yeah, took me a while to recognise you not in your uniform.

Harry: And it took me by surprise seeing you at a gay bar. Honestly, it had never crossed my mind you're gay when I saw you carrying the injured twinkie earlier that day.

Butch: I get that a lot and still do. People say I don't give off any gay vibe, whatever that means.

Dix: But you do give off some strong sweaty odour! I reckon it's probably your size and attitude. They don't really fit into the gay stereotypes.

Butch: Be honest, you can't get enough of my stench. Surely, you know that's just the way I am. Anyway, Harry told me the twinkie wasn't badly hurt, and we ended up chatting and drinking together for the rest of the night.

Harry: In those days, most of my gay friends weren't bears or into bears, so it was nice meeting someone with similar tastes in men.

Butch: I felt the same way, the bear movement had barely started in this country back then, so it was refreshing talking to someone who was also into big hairy men instead of young slim guys, muscle Marys or clones.

Harry: You gave me your number before I left, and like they say, the rest is history.

Dix: What are the chances you guys met through sheer coincidence? You have that twinkie to thank for it. I always assume it was through friends or even online.

Harry: That's how I met many others, including Ian, but that's a story for another time.

Butch: Now that you mention Ian, are we going to see him this weekend after the parade? It's been ages since we all had a beer together.

Harry: I know, he should be making an appearance, but he won't be drinking and has to leave early since he has to be back for the evening performance of *The Pirates of Penzance*.

Dix: It's good timing opening on Pride week, I bet lots of guys are going to see it because it's an all male version.

Harry: I think that's the idea. He told me the run is mostly sold out already, which is great.

Butch: Have you been to see it yet? I'm looking forward to seeing Ian singing and dancing on stage dressed as a pirate.

Dix: Same here. By the way, thanks for getting us tickets for next Tuesday. I can't wait!

Harry: You're welcomed. I was at the dress rehearsal, and it left me it stitches. Even though Ian doesn't have a big part, still it's great to finally see it all come together. I've read a few positive reviews, and it looks like the show is fairly well received overall.

Dix: There is always one critic who complains about every minute detail.

Harry: That's their job, I suppose, but I doubt most causal theatregoers like me will know any better. People just want to be entertained.

Butch: Same here. After all, it's only Gilbert and Sullivan, not Shakespeare, or Chekhov.

Dix: It should be a fun night out. Why don't we have dinner beforehand and go to the theatre together afterwards?

Harry: Sounds like a plan. Luckily, it happens to be my afternoon off. Ian has found a new Italian bistro near the theatre. He said it was pretty good and reasonably priced.

Dix: That works for me. Always happy to try something new, and I love Italian food.

Butch: Count me in too. As you know, I'm always hungry.

Harry: Cool. I'll let you know where and when to meet after I've reserved a table.

Dix: Thanks, Harry.

Harry: By the way, there'll be a charity collection after the show, so make sure you have some loose change with you.

Butch: I better get some cash out then. I use cards to pay for nearly everything these days.

Dix: What's the charity?

Harry: It's one that supports homeless LGBT kids who have been kicked out of their home for being gay.

Dix: That sounds like a really worthy cause! I better prepare more than loose change. It's unbelievable this week we are all celebrating the positive changes the LGBT moment have made, and there are still families disowning their children just because of their sexuality. It's too sad for words.

Butch: I agree. Regardless, it's motivated by misguided orthodox religious beliefs, archaic traditions, or plain homophobia, how can they deny their own flesh and blood? It's beyond me! Any charities who help these poor kids get off the streets and give them hope for a better life have my full support.

Harry: Me too. It's heartbreaking learning some of them end up mixing with criminals or turn to prostitution simply to survive. God knows where I'd end up if that happened to me when I came out to my family all these years ago.

Butch: Definitely, and you came out while you were still at school, didn't you?

Harry: Yeah, thankfully my parents were very understanding and supportive, which made a huge difference. The school bullies did give me a hard time when they found out I'm gay, but luckily, it didn't last long before they moved on to harass somebody else.

Dix: It couldn't be easy for you still. My mother wasn't surprised at all when I told her I am gay. She said she had known for a long time, and it made no difference to her whether I fancy a girl or a bloke.

Harry: That's great. She must be a wonderful mother.

Dix: Yeah, I love her to bits. She told me one of her best friend was gay, and he was the nicest and funniest person she knew. Sadly, I've never met him because he died young.

Butch: Oh, that's a shame. You guys are lucky having such families. It was a huge shock to my parents when I came out. You see, I had girlfriends at school and when I eventually told them I'm actually attracted to men, it took them a long time to adjust. I think they were banking on me giving them a few grandkids to play with. How wrong were they?

Dix: I can just picture you chasing after a few mini Butches.

Butch: No such luck unless I start selling my sperm. I think after all these years they have finally accepted that it's not just a phase, but I don't think they'll be very pleased meeting my partner – if I have one – let alone having us sleeping together under their roof.

Harry: Well, at least we should be thankful none of us are sleeping on the streets just because we fancy someone of the same sex. Sorry, I don't mean to dampen the mood, I think more beers will cheer us up.

Dix: It's not you, but the state of the world we live in. I'm happy to get this round. Same again everyone?

Butch: Why not? Thanks.

Harry: Thank you, Dix. You're a good man.

Dix: It's nothing. I won't be long.

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Butch: What's the time? I think I'll have one more beer and go.

Harry: Already? It's still early. Do you have a hot date later?

Butch: Yeah, one of my fuck buddies is free tonight and wants to meet.

Harry: How you keep track, I'll never know? At least, I'm happy to hear you won't be sitting at home wanking to internet porn.

Butch: No chance of that. There's nothing wrong with a nice long wank to hot chunky guys humping each other, but obviously nothing compared to the real thing.

Harry: So, is he someone new, or one of your old favourites I've heard all about before?

Butch: I don't think I've mentioned Samson before. We've only met a few times, and it already felt like we've known each other for ages.

Harry: Is that right? What does he look like? Don't tell me, he's big and chunky.

Butch: Of course, he's big. As you know, I have nothing against slim or muscular guys, but they just don't do it for me sexually. Anyway, Samson is in his 30s, a little shorter than I am and just as wide. He used to take part in strongman competitions, but gave it up after an injury. Although the intense trainings have stopped, his eating habit hasn't, so he now looks like a bodybuilder who has gone to seed. He still has a pretty formidable build and now works as a bouncer. It's his night off tonight, and he fancied some Butch's quality time.

Harry: I get the picture, he must be quite a hottie. I bet no one will mess with a bouncer like him. You couldn't imagine how often I lust after big, hairy bouncers.

Butch: Sorry to disappoint you, he's no fur ball like you or me. Samson is black, second generation Jamaican, born locally, so apart from a good covering of jet black wiry chest hair, his dark skin is pretty smooth everywhere else. He kept his hair cropped short and has a bushy goatee.

Harry: He still sounds pretty sexy, although I thought you usually go for chubby white meat.

Butch: What made you say that? Skin colour doesn't really make any difference to me, but I seem to attract more fat and hairy Caucasian bears, that's all.

Harry: I know what you mean. Just look around this pub, I can count all the non-Caucasians with one hand. So is he hung like those porn stars from the Caribbean you see online?

Butch: I've no idea where people's obsession with BBC comes from, and I don't mean the TV channel. The size of someone's cock is probably the last thing I care about. Well, if you really have to know, Samson's cock is as substantial as mine, apart from he is cut. Just imagine a thick black rod topped with a deep pink mushroom cap permanently on show. It would look seriously impressive if it's not framed by his massive thighs.

Harry: I'm just curious, that's all. You know me, I'm no size queen. Since you guys seem to have good chemistry, are you going to keep him as one of your fuck buddies, or could there be something more?

Butch: No, don't get me wrong, Samson is a great guy, but unfortunately not really boyfriend material for me.

Harry: Why do you say that? I thought you said you two are getting on well, and surely the sex is amazing.

Butch: It's complicated. You see, he only come out about a year ago and still trying to find his way through his new identity.

Harry: I see. It's never easy, especially considering his cultural background.

Butch: Exactly. You see, until a year ago he had a long-term girlfriend, and she stumbled across loads of gay porn on his computer, together with clips of him fucking other men. Naturally, she dumped him and outed him to everyone.

Harry: Ah. That's terrible, but probably happens a lot these days. Like we just talked about, even though it is easier being gay nowadays, many people still choose to stay in the closet for one reason or another.



Butch: Yes, I agree. Samson is one of them, and spent years trying to keep up a macho appearance to his peers. Well, at least now the cat is out of the bag, so he doesn't have to deceive himself and lie to everyone around him any more.

Harry: So how did you meet him?

Butch: What do you think? He messaged me via a gay hookup app, like so many these days. At first, I wasn't going to reply since he didn't post any picture of himself, but after reading his profile, I gave him the benefit of the doubt.

Harry: That's very generous of you. I generally ignore people without pics or a face pic.

Butch: He did send me a face pic without any prompting after the initial greeting.

Harry: Good for him. Don't you hate people who start a chat with a cock pic, or worse, a pic of his hole spread wide opened.

Butch: Tell me about it. I immediately block them. If that's their best feature, I don't want to know.

Harry: I gather it didn't take you long to meet up for sex, then? Is he a good lay?

Butch: Hmm... Honestly, I've had better. Most of his gay sexual experiences tended to be quick anonymous sessions, so he still has a lot to learn. He told me the men he met were mostly after hung black guys and all they wanted was to suck his big cock or roughly take it up their arse, so he usually didn't have to do a lot besides getting hard and shooting his load.

Harry: Really? That's awful, he's a human being, and not just a sex object!

Butch: Indeed. There's a lot more to him than meets the eye. One time after sex, while still stark bollocks naked, he picked up his guitar and started singing "Sittin' on The Dock of the Bay". He has a deep baritone singing voice, and it was amazing watching his meaty fingers working the strings.

Harry: Wow. I can't remember anyone serenading me after sex before! You must've showed him what he has been missing all these years.

Butch: I try my best. He's a lot better at giving blowjobs now after some pointers. He has also discovered nipple play. The first time I worked on his nipples, he was so turned on by the novel sensation, he even shot his load without touching his cock. He was really surprised because he has never experienced a hands-free orgasm before.

Harry: You are a pro, that's why. Sounds like he has a lot to learn still.

Butch: It was fun showing him new things. Last time we met up, he said he's ready and would like to try to bottom.

Harry: I hope you'll be gentle with him, your big cock could put him off anal sex forever!

Butch: Don't you worry, it's not my first rodeo, and I'll guarantee he'll be coming back for more.

Harry: Such modesty! Ha ha ha.

Dix: What so funny? What have I missed? Here is your beer.

Butch: You've gone a long time. Were you chatting Trevor up at the bar again?

Dix: No, not this time, Simon poured these pints. I had to make a detour for a quick piss before I went to the bar to relieve the pressure building up in my bladder, that's all.

Butch: I hope you washed your hands after touching your cock.

Dix: Who do think I am? Anyway, you must've had plenty of dirty cocks in your mouth before.

Harry: Don't you guys start. Well, Dix, thanks for getting the beer. Here's to Pride Not Prejudice and a weekend fully of sexy men!

Butch: Absolutely, Pride Not Prejudice! And thanks for the beer, Dix.

Dix: You're welcome. To Pride Not Prejudice! It's good seeing you guys as usual. So what are you guys laughing about?

Harry: Butch was just telling me about his hot date tonight.

Dix: Oh yeah? Do tell. Any leather, ropes, or handcuffs involved?

Butch: Only if you're my date. It's not all about kinky sex with me, you know, I can do vanilla too.

Dix: That's not what I've heard.

Harry: The lucky guy tonight is a little inexperienced, so Butch is taking him under his wings and showing him the tricks of the trade, as it were.

Dix: Oh, if you're giving lessons, maybe I should enrol too.

Butch: I doubt there's anything I can teach you that you don't know already. Surely, you've learned plenty from playing with all your daddy bears.

Dix: I did pick up a thing or two from a number of experienced daddies I've met, but like they said, "When you stop learning, you stop growing". Come on, what's your date tonight like?

Butch: He's called Samson, about your age, beefy and black. He works as a bouncer and came out not long ago, so still exploring his sexuality.

Dix: I see. He's fortunate finding a nice guy like you to show him the ropes. Believe it or not, I can't recall ever having sex with a black guy. I've seen pics of a few hot black daddy bears online, but never met one in real life. Actually, the majority of the daddies I've played with are white, plus a few Hispanic ones too – and that's about it.

Harry: It's not uncommon, I felt the same way too. You know me, I like everyone, but sexually there are definitely some shapes, sizes, and colours I prefer more than others.

Butch: I understand. We all have our preferences, like I'm into chunky bears. Ironically, Samson told me he fancies white guys more than his fellow black men. It's funny how some guys like clones of themselves and other ones like their opposites.

Harry: That makes life more interesting. It'll be very boring if everyone goes after the same type of guys.

Dix: Exactly. Variety is the spice of life.

Harry: Aren't you full of clever proverbs today, Dix? I do draw a line with it comes to straight sex. It does nothing for me.

Butch: Me too. My cock must be sexist since it stays asleep no matter how hard a woman plays with it, but fully erect and throbbing simply in the presence of a naked chubby bear.

Dix: Not sure whether I want to picture that, you're putting me off my beer.

Harry: Talking about bears from other parts of the world, many years ago, I did play with a hairy Japanese bear who was visiting.

Butch: Did you? They're a rare breed indeed. There are plenty of self-confessed Japanese bears online, but nearly all are as smooth as a baby's bottom. A few do have a few strands of hair between their pecs and around their nipples. I had more body hair than that when I was a teenager.

Harry: It's all down to the genes. Many guys love the delicately smooth Japanese and Asian men.

Butch: Is it wrong, finding some sumo wrestlers sexy? Especially if they're covered in fur, I wouldn't say no, given the chance.

Dix: Why doesn't that surprise me at all?

Harry: This guy I met was no sumo wrestler, but quite stocky with rounded features. He has a full beard with fine dark hair covering his chest and gut. Apparently, he's from an island called Okinawa where many men are hairy as opposed to the rest of Japan.

Dix: Is that right? I didn't know that. All the men in Japanese gay porn looked smooth to me.

Harry: It's why he was stuck in my mind, and the sex was a lot of fun too. Although his cock was modest in size, his enthusiasm more than made up for it. He told me Japanese men have very dirty minds and love trying anything kinky.

Dix: Yeah, some of their gay porn did look pretty extreme, and not really my thing.

Butch: On the contrary, they sound like my kind of men. It's a shame none of them have crossed my radar so far. If you ever come across a big hairy Japanese sumo wrestler into kink, do point him my way.

Harry: You're terrible. Do you know sumo wrestlers are considered sex symbols in Japan?

Dix: Are you kidding? Maybe I should get fatter and take up sumo wrestling.

Butch: I bet you'll be pretty good at it. All the pushing and shoving can't be far off from playing prop during a rugby game, apart from wearing nothing except a skimpy jockstrap.

Harry: It's not a jockstrap, you philistine! It's a kind of belt called *Mawashi* similar to the idea of *Fundoshi*, the traditional underwear Japanese men wear.

Butch: Aren't you a walking encyclopaedia of knowledge? Remind me not to play Trivial Pursuit against you, ever!

Harry: It's just because I've always had a fascination about Japanese culture, that's all. Hopefully one day I'll visit Japan and experience it in person.

Butch: Really? And I thought I know you well. Talking about Japan, I could do with a big bowl of chicken ramen with a few gyozas right now.

Dix: How come you are hungry all the time? I'm curious about what it's like wearing those loin cloth things. Must be a pain to take off when one is bursting for a piss.

Harry: I'm not sure, never worn one before.

Butch: You should try it, Dix. I think you'll look quite sexy in it, showing off your meaty arse and big bulge.

Dix: Thanks, is that a compliment from you? It must be my special day. I better mark it down in my diary.

Butch: Don't worry, I won't make a habit of it.

Harry: If you're interested, there is a video online by this sexy bear couple teaching men how to put on a *fundoshi*.

Dix: Yeah? Send me the link. I'll have to check it out, purely for educational purposes, obviously.

Butch: I think I've seen it before, it's really hot. Even though those bears are not my classic type, I wouldn't mind a play date with either of them any day.

Dix: So what lesson are you going to give your sexy bouncer date tonight?

Butch: You are nosy tonight, aren't you? He told me the guys he's met before usually took one look at him and presumed he's a total top, so he's never taken a cock up his arse before. Last time we met, he said he would love to try to see what the fuss is all about.

Dix: You must feel privileged being the first guy penetrating that tight virgin butt hole.

Butch: I suppose, if you put it that way. A couple of my fuck buddies bottom so often, their holes simply open up effortlessly at the touch of the tip of my cock.

Dix: I know what you mean. A number of the daddy bears I've played with before were so experienced in being fucked, with a single thrust my cock was already balls deep inside their hairy arse. But I'm not complaining.

Butch: Now, that's something we have in common.

Harry: Well, it's my turn to drain my full bladder while you guys compare notes about loose butt holes. I've already heard too much.

Butch: Go, I know you're an expert with all things butt related anyway.

Harry: I don't know what you mean. God knows how we stayed friend all these years? I'll be right back.

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Dix: Well, Butch, I hope you'll bring plenty of lubes for your eager student tonight.

Butch: There's no need. He's cut, so naturally he has a large supply of lube ready for action.

Dix: Good. It's been so long since my first time, I can barely remember the details any more.

Butch: I'm sure you do, no one forgets their first time. You must recall something.

Dix: If you insist, it was with this guy – I suppose these days – we would call friend with benefit. That was way back when I was at uni and just started experimenting, but till then never got further than handjobs or blowjobs.

Butch: I can relate to that. It's a big step, at least it used to be in my book. I found the present generation of gay men are so influenced by all the easily accessible hardcore internet porn, anal sex is practically mundane for them.

Dix: Yeah, you've a point. Actually, a few polar bears I've played with won't do any penetrations at all. They told me it's just never been part of their sex life.

Butch: I understand. Believe me, I enjoy topping a nice fat arse, but it's not essential to a good time. So what happened with your "friend with benefit"?

Dix: You see, there was only one gay bar within a convenient distance from my uni, and it had a good mix of students, factory workers, white collar guys, and retirees. Naturally, I was drawn towards the more mature men there and became friendly with one especially.

Butch: I know you always like your older daddy bears.

Dix: That's right. Of course, I don't really know the concept of bears back then, but in retrospect, Robert was definitely a bear by all standards. He was over my age when we first met, so that'll make him in his mid-50s. He wore a pair of classic horn-rimmed glasses above his greying dark brown beard, and was always smartly dressed with a collared shirt stretched over his belly with the top buttons undone, showing off his long chest hair.

Butch: Just your type, then.

Dix: Very much so, but I didn't really have a type back in those days. I was young, always horny, and would probably play with anyone interested. I have to say, there weren't many, though. Anyway, I saw Robert frequently at the bar, and we gradually became good friends. He knew I was into botany and handy with the garden, so one weekend in Spring, he asked me to give him a hand with digging up a couple of dead shrubs in his garden, so he could replace them with new plants.

Butch: I can see where this is going. You got sweaty, took your top off, he offered you a cold drink and one thing led to another, you were naked in bed with him. This storyline is used in porn so often, it's literally a cliché.

Dix: That's simply a case of fiction reflecting real life. In fact, that's not what happened, but I will spare you the details, and yes we ended up naked, sucking each other's cock like there's no tomorrow.

Butch: So predictable.

Dix: Now, thinking back, it's kind of corny. Until then, none of the guys at uni I'd played with knew how to give oral sex as well as Robert, so it wasn't long until I couldn't hold back and let him suck and swallow all I had to offer. Although it took me a couple of minutes to catch my breath, but my cock stayed hard.

Butch: Sounds like your balls weren't completely emptied yet.

Dix: It didn't help that he kept playing with it. After a while he reached over, found a bottle of lube and generously applied it to my rock-hard cock. I thought he was going to jerk me off, but I was wrong. Like a gymnast, Robert stood above me, squatted down, impaled himself on my erect penis and took it all the way inside him.

Butch: Not his first time, then.

Dix: Obviously not, but it was mine. His warm wet hole felt so wonderful and every time he fucked himself on my cock, his furry butt would brush against my cock shaft, sending shivers all over my body. He was loving the sensation of my young hard cock stimulating his prostate. And needless to say, the feeling was mutual. I think I lasted longer this time since I already came once, but the excitement and pleasurable sensation was ultimately too much. I firmly grabbed hold of his waist and proceeded to pump my second load deep inside his gut. He must have been a psychic because the moment I started to orgasm, he too shot a big load of white cum all over my body.

Butch: What I would give to be that age again, cumming time after time and still not enough.

Dix: Well, we cuddled for a long time in our sticky mess afterwards, and that concluded my first time.

Butch: Oh, is that it? He didn't top you in return? I thought you were telling me your first anal sex experience.

Dix: Yeah, that was my first time pounding a nice hairy arse. It was some time after that when I eventually tried to bottom, but I don't think there's enough beer in me to talk about that.

Butch: OK, I'll hold you to it. What happened between you and Robert afterwards?

Dix: Neither of us were after a relationship, so we stayed friends and had sex once in a while. I moved away after uni, but we stayed in touch for years and met up for a beer when possible. Sadly, he suffered a heart attack and passed away a few years ago.

Butch: I'm sorry to hear it. He sounded like a good friend and undoubtedly value your friendship.

Dix: I certainly benefited from his experience, both inside and outside the bedroom, and I remember him fondly to this day. That's enough about me. I'm sure your fuck buddy Samson will have a memorable time tonight.

Butch: We'll see. I'm not going to rush him. You know my cock is well above average in size and the last thing I want to do is to hurt him and put him off ever trying again.

Dix: That's very considerate of you. Hey, Harry, we're still talking about butt sex, so you haven't missed a thing.

Harry: And I thought I was gone for a long time. There was a queue for the urinals and the cubical was occupied. I had a feeling a couple of guys were making out inside – can't they just find a room? Anyway, much better now and ready for more beer.

Butch: Inconsiderate guys like that really piss me off. As I was saying, tonight I'll let Samson take charge as to how far he wants to go. I've a feeling he will be nervous and tense, so naturally clinching his hole tightly shut.

Dix: You'll never know! He might have been practising with a big dildo, and you'll have no problem sticking your big cock in.

Butch: Judging from my experience, practising by oneself and doing it with someone else can be very different. It's always a good idea to see how he handles a finger or two first.

Harry: That's what I'd do, too. Some guys find poppers help to relax their sphincter muscle, getting ready for action.

Butch: I've already bought a new bottle especially for the occasion, in case he wants to try some.

Dix: It's not unusual to see my daddy bear hook-ups with bottles of poppers on their bedside tables. A few of them even displayed dildos of various shapes and sizes next to their beds like ornaments.

Harry: Are you serious? Better than rolls of girlie dolls, I suppose. Just who would have sex toys on display?

Dix: Since a lot of them live alone, so why not have your toys handy when you have the need?

Butch: I'm like Harry. Even though I don't have many visitors, but there are things best kept out of sight.

Dix: With the amount of gears you own, you'll probably need a huge trunk or a spare room to hide them all.

Butch: It's true, I have accumulated a few through the years. I just like gadgets. Look at the time! I should drink up, go home for some food, and head to Samson's.

Harry: If you're still hungry after your dinner, you can eat Samson's arse for pudding.

Butch: Mmm... I love chocolate pudding. Now that's a thought. I'm not sure if he has ever been rimmed before.

Dix: That's another thing you can show him and have him practise on you in return. It's a win-win situation.

Butch: You've a point. I can imagine his goatee feels great scratching against my hole.

Dix: It's been a while since someone chowed down on mine.

Harry: I think that's enough talking about eating arseholes.

Butch: Well, you started it. I bet Ian loves licking your hairy hole out.

Harry: Even if he does, it's none of your business. He is pretty good with his tongue, though.

Dix: I'm so jealous. You're a lucky man.

Harry: I know. So Dix, since Butch has a hot sex date lined up tonight, if you've no plans, fancy having a few more drinks and keeping me company?

Dix: Normally I would, but I'm hoping to have an early night and hit the gym in the morning. I just want to look my best, just in case my shirt comes off at some stage after the parade.

Harry: You know you look good as you are, but I won't force you to stay. Sounds like I better call it a night as well after this pint.

Butch: I'd kept you company usually, but no can do tonight. Booty call. So, what time will Ian be back?

Harry: He won't be home until the performance is over, at least it'll give me time to make sure my uniform is pressed and ready to wear for the parade.

Dix: I'm sure you'll look very smart as usual. Lots of guys love a man in uniform!

Harry: Isn't that mostly armed forces uniform? I'm not sure about paramedic ones. Regardless, it's the person wearing it that counts.

Butch: You'll never know! There is bound to be someone into medical play, and dying to have his balls and prostate checked.

Harry: I'm not that kind of doctor, but I'll be happy to give you a full examination any time. So, have you decided where are you going to watch the parade this year?

Butch: Normal place – close to the start I think. After the parade has all gone past, I'm going to get some food, and it should be about the right time to meet you guys here after I've eaten.

Dix: Cool. I can imagine the entire area be packed because of the good weather. You'll probably find me on the street with my pint outside the Crown & Anchor after the parade.

Butch: Don't you worry, I've your number, just in case I couldn't see you. Right, my beer is gone and, I'm off, see you this weekend.

Harry: Have a fun time tonight, Butch.

Dix: Bye Butch. See you at the street party.

Butch: Bye, guys.

Dix: Harry, I'm going too. Hope you don't mind.

Harry: Of course not. No doubt there will be plenty of drinking over the weekend.

Dix: Yeah, I've taken the whole weekend off, just in case I've a massive hangover on Sunday.

Harry: I like your forward planning. But if you're lucky, you could find yourself waking up with a daddy bear by your side Sunday morning. Every year, many horny daddy bears are coming out of the woodwork during the Pride weekend and looking for a nice cub like you to play with.

Dix: One can only hope. But to me, Pride is not just about sex, it's the acknowledgment that sexual relationships are not exclusively between a man and a woman. Also, gender is a spectrum rather than an absolute.

Harry: I absolutely agree with you. Just when did you become such an intellectual?

Dix: What? No one's ever called me that before! I must be rubbing off you and Butch like some kind of psychic osmosis.

Harry: I doubt it. You're more likely to pick up bad habits from Butch. We do enjoy chatting over a few beers with you.

Dix: I appreciate that. Anyway, I better be off. Have a good night and say hi to your sexy husband for me.

Harry: Will do. Be good and see you after the parade.

## 4. 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 went 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.

Dix: I see there are pages after pages of photos from the Pride weekend as well. I think these pics of the colourful floats absolutely summed up the party atmosphere of the day. Oh, do 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 all 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 are 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 either, 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, 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 so loudly, 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 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 again, 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 colleagues 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.



## 5. 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.