

Some guys got opinions  
 about everything,  
 but sometimes their mouths  
 write checks their butts  
 can't cash...

## DOWN 'N' DIRTY

### FURR

I like bikers. Not the dot-com scum in a suit scooting to work on a little rice-grinder, but the kind of bikers that revolt citizens: dirty, leather, hawg bikers. Of course, the most outlaw thing most of them have done is to trade or sell a little grass to their bros, something half the techies on bikes are guilty of as well. I like “whassup” in the biker lifestyle that sends upstanding citizens into a tailspin.

Of course, there's more than admiration for political individuality here. I'm unabashedly gay, and bikers flat-out turn me on. The sight of a long-haired, long-bearded male in greasy 501's and worn leathers straddling a big hawg gives me a hardon in a flash. My gay friends buy gay skin rags to jerk off over. I buy biker rags, ink out the titty girls, and stroke off over the combustion-engine men.

Some time ago, I stole a hot nearly-new Low Rider with a flawless two-tone dark red paint job from some silly fool who was going to get a rice-grinder that wouldn't “vibrate” so much. I've spent the last couple years slowly customizing the bike, wearing in my leathers, and letting one particular pair of jeans go so unwashed they stand up by themselves in the corner.

A couple months ago, I saw the sign, “Teddy B'ar,” over

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[HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE FROM THIS BOOK](#)

a run-down little tavern on the bad, bad, bad side of town, with nothing in front but scoots, mostly hawgs with a few Brit machines mixed in. I was taking a roundabout putt to the parts shop to pick up my new custom saddlebags. As the gray-bearded bro behind the counter rang up my purchase, I asked him what he knew about the Teddy B'ar.

“The Ted? Nice little biker bar. Windows out front so you can keep an eye on your scoot, though you hardly need to. Any of the Teddy bros would yell if anyone started fuckin’ with a ride. Gets good and rowdy, but brawls are rare. A real nice place to party. But, hey, if you’re looking for scooter babes, forget it. The Ted’s got a rep as the place to go when a brother slags out with bros. Here y’go. These bags will dress your bike real fine. You sure are one of our best customers. Y’all come back.”

“Soon as I decide what I can afford next.”

What the hell! I putted off to the Ted to check out the scene. I damn near popped a hardon strollin’ into the place. The air was funky with sweat and leather cured in motor oil, beer, and cigar smoke. Looking casual, I surveyed the snug bar. Being this was a Saturday afternoon, the place was pretty busy with the genuine article. I could have stroked off to a scooter mag picture of most of them.

I stepped up to the bar to get a better look at the fuckin’ huge bartender. The man, stripped to the waist, was at least 6-8 if he was an inch. His shoulders and back and chest were thick and covered with tattoos shagged with hair. His thick brown beard came down to his nipples. A long braid hung down his back. A half-smoked cigar sat fat between his teeth. No wonder no brawls!

His threat softened when he pulled the stogie out of his mouth. He looked sweet as a bear who’s stumbled onto a honey-pot with no bees. His upper-body muscles rippled as he leaned forward so he could hear me over the jukebox that was pounding out the Allman Brothers.

“Welcome to the Teddy B’ar. What can I get ya.”

“Teddy,” I joked.

“I’m Teddy.” He rose full size.

It was a Kodiak moment. Yes. *Kodiak*.

“Just kidding.” I backed off wondering why I could never leave my gay sense of humor in the closet. Some day it was gonna get my fresh lip in trouble. “Gimme a draft, and a light.” I was sheepish. “Please. *Bitte. Por favor.*” I couldn’t stop. Teddy, face and chest and belly, was so attractive he unnerved me. I pulled a long cigar from my vest pocket.

Teddy smacked my shoulder like I was a long lost relative reunited on Ricky Lake. “Comin’ up.” He lit his lighter. “Smokin’ like a man.” He passed me my beer and took my money. “Y’know, a bunch of bros who like stogies hang here ever’ so often. When they get goin’ and I get my own seegar fired up, I gotta turn off the damn smoke alarm.” He planted his butt back in his gorgeous teeth. “Enjoy your brew!”

I started hittin’ the Ted more often to enjoy the company of men who shared my interest in hawgs. Most of the time, I kicked back at a table in the rear, sipping my beer, smoking my cigars, and enjoying my hardon watching the bikers. Soon enough I recognized the cigar crowd Teddy had told me about. I overheard most of them lived together in a house one of them rented and the rest of them squatted. Once in a blue moon, they’d come to the bar and damn near empty the joint with an announcement they were having a party.

One mellow evening, a guy from the cigar crowd came over to me and sat down at my table. He was one of my favorites to watch: copper hair and beard, both long and groomed. Whoops. Danger. Maybe my eyeballing him was too obvious.

“Hey, man. The brothers and I were wondering why

you never show up at any of our parties?”

“Like, uh, I don’t force myself on people?”

“You might try.”

“Huh?”

“Word is,” he said, “that you’re good people. So you come to the next party, okay?” He put out his mitt. “Hey, they call me *Rusty*, but I ain’t!”

Rusty looked like a fucker; but while the prospect of likely having to compete with a bunch of biker chicks on some level for the men didn’t thrill me, I didn’t want to be a dick. “Thanks for the invite.”

“See ya.” I could swear one of his booted feet slid over to nudge my boot. When he stood up, he had a hardon in his greasy black jeans. He saw my surprise and winked.

Two weeks later, hoping against hope the cigar crowd was as progressive as Rusty, I was already celebrating. I was taking a month off with pay. So I was really up when Rusty and a couple of his buddies roared up to the Ted announcing one of their parties.

“Dammit, Rusty!” Teddy couldn’t hide he liked the idea of a private party. “You’re bad for business.”

“Yeah, yeah, Teddy,” Rusty said. “You always show up after you close this dump.”

“Zip it, Rusty, or I’ll fuck you over about 2:30.”

The whole lot of us hopped on our bikes and followed Rusty and his buddies back to a big run-down house with no neighbors. Everyone hustled inside, but Rusty’s side stand had gotten jammed. I pried it loose, falling conveniently to my knees between his legs, while he held the bike up.

“I like that,” Rusty said. “Your fixin’ my stand. Come on.” He led me up onto the enclosed porch that was dark and empty. He grabbed me behind the neck and tongued me a big wet one that left me gasping for breath and hardon in my pants.

“You passed your final!” he said. “Except for the prostate exam.”

I picked the little sucker up. He was about six inches shorter than me. I shoved my tongue into his face. When I finished pumping my spit down his throat, he was the one gasping.

“Rusty, tell me what the flyin’ fuck is goin’ down here.”

Inside the curtains facing the porch, shadows of bikers were doing all manner of sleaze.

“Some of those bros have ol’ ladies,” I said. “I’ve seen ’em. Most of ’em brag about nailin’ pussy. Wassup?”

“Bikers will fuck anything with a hole.”

“Yeah?”

“Only rule? No fights.”

Why ask if the scene was gay, bi, or boy-was-I-drunk? Labels fuck everything. Wasn’t I on the run from gay mags and gay bars and gay whatever?

“Blame Teddy. His bar is a recruiting office.”

“Like the Marines?”

“Like *Fight Club*. But with sex. No fights.”

“Cool.” Outlaw shit. The way gay life was outlaw before liberation ruined underground sex with workshops.

Rusty led me through the house filled with dudes ripped from the pages of biker magazines. I pitied the owner. The house was a toilet. Upstairs were the bedrooms where the men lived. The kitchen was a bar. The back porch was cranked. The main level of living rooms and dining room was a fuckfloor of broken furniture, cum slicks, grease, and bodies. The basement was set up for kinky and messy scenes.

The place rocked!

The scene swept me up. I popped my fly, flipped out my dick, stretched my pissy foreskin back, and pushed Rusty’s head down for a cockcheese snack. This was a house of rough sex. I choked Rusty till I almost came. I

fit right in. I hadn't showered in a week. I unplugged my dick from his face.

"I don't wanna be cuming off before I see what's going on."

Rusty stood up with his own hard cock curious to hunt room to room. "Later," he said. He was so cool.

A beer. Some prowling. Checking the action. Woo-ee! I had to piss out some of my Teddy B'ar piss. The toilet was strictly piss pigs. So I waded on in. I nearly drowned a particularly well-built urinal with a honey-blond beard, who was also sucking my cock, when piss started heating up my own butt. Over my shoulder I saw a regular from the Ted named Mick who was all shits and giggles behind his midnight black beard pissing all over my butt.

"I waited," Mick said, "a long time to do that, bro!"

I pulled out of Honey-Beard's mouth, and turned face to face to Mick. "Shit, if I'd known, you wouldn't have had to wait!" I dropped to my knees and inhaled his cock.

He grabbed my head.

"Whoa, boy. My tank's nowhere near empty." Mick forced piss into my mouth.

I gulped mouthfuls and guided his hot stream all over me. Honey-Beard moved in behind me and pissed all over my shoulders. I sucked Mick's cock back in my mouth and drank him to the last drop. Mick was still dry, so I wrestled him down into the pools of fresh piss, where he gladly let me wipe the floor with him.

The three of us crawled out of the toilet and collapsed together on a funky old mattress. Mick knew Honey-Beard and called him "Reb" who was quick to swing across my hips and thread himself on my hard cock. Mick mounted my face and spread his furry ass over my mouth.

Did I say I love fuckin' butt? Oh, yeah! Especially one as tight, hairy, and blond as Reb's. But eating ass! That's my specialty. I pulled Mick's black-furred buns apart and

drove my tongue right up his Irish hole.

I was the bottom leg of a sex triangle with them two at the apex sucking face. They jerked each other off while the blond Reb fucked his hole on my dick and the dark Mick rimmed his butt all over my face. That's the geometry of sex.

Mick suddenly blasted across Reb's chest. His cum dripped off Reb onto my belly. Mick's hole spasmed shut, trapping my tongue inside. *Ouch!* Reb and I shot off like perfectly timed twins. Reb dumped cum in the mess in my chest fur, while I pumped my load up his ass. The sexquake sent Mick sliding off to the side. Reb set his cum-dripping butt on my face and I got to taste my own jizz sliming out of his hole. By the time I cleaned out his fuckpit, to my surprise, we both were roaring hard.

"Jeez, Reb! Here we go again."

"Go, buddy. Get the next one off as good as you did me and Mick. I'm gonna wake Mickey up and go get something to drink."

As I moved away, the grunts and thumps behind me told me that Reb figured the best way to wake Mick was to throw his butt a good hard fuck.

I slammed three cans of brew in the kitchen and started buzzing the house. The night was late, must have been after 2:30, because Teddy the Bartender had become Teddy the Action Figure. My dick tented at the sight of Rusty with his legs locked around Teddy's muscular waist. Teddy held Rusty under the armpits, and bounced him up and down on his cock, strutting around the room! Teddy's stogie, clenched between his teeth, dropped ashes on Rusty's fur. A nimbus of seegar smoke haloed them under the red light screwed into the ceiling toward which Rusty was howling.

Teddy had ripped open the ass-end of Rusty's jeans to get at his fuckhole. Rusty's cock was sticking out through

his button fly. Roaring with the fuck, Rusty's head dropped back. His dick blew sperm all over the red fur on his chest. "Shit! Shit! Shit!" Teddy said. His big biceps and forearms lifted Rusty off his dick. Teddy tossed him like a rag doll into a chair with three legs, spilling him in a big laugh to the floor. The crowd watching hooted.

"I ain't got off!" Teddy yelled. "I need me another hole!"

Faster than a rapper sliding under a ho, I slid on my knees across the slimy floor, landing with my tongue under Teddy's foreskin. I yanked down one leg of my jeans over my boot. Teddy slammed me on my back. I hooked my legs around Teddy's muscular waist. A can of lube materialized out of the crowd and a stranger's hand reached in to grease me up.

Teddy puffed his cigar butt, blew the smoke in my face, and punctured my butt with the tip end of his dick and held it like the Shuttle ready for launch to deep space.

"Wanna bust you!"

"Call me Buster!" I said. With both hands, I pulled my cheeks open to a perfect target. Teddy leaned into a slow sliding swan dive into my hole.

*Yeah, baby, he hurt. You know what I'm sayin'?*

I liked his hairy muscular hips grinding my ass. I liked his big beard that grew almost down to his tits. On both sides of my head, his massive arms supported his big pecs and wide shoulders. His armpits smelled like fuck.

Teddy rocked.

"Dig my smell, bro?" He slow-pumped his dick. "Ain't had nothin but a biker bath in six months." Pumping my asshole. "I promise if you don't get yer gun..." Pumping to the rhythm of his words. "... till I get mine, you can..." Pumping like a heavy freight train starting up. "...give me a tongue bath." Taking awhile to get up to speed. "You tonguing Teddy B'ar." But once it's rollin', it's damn near unstoppable.



With Teddy's fuckrod pistoning me, I saw the same stars Rusty saw going glassy eyed with fuck under that red light glowing on Teddy's huge body. Some friendly flight attendant put a full inhaler of amyl in my hand. A couple long hits sent my brain on vacation and my butt took over. Heavy crystal drops of sweat formed on Teddy's beard, mustache, and forehead. Sweat streamed out of his armpits. He was wettin' me and he was buckin' my ass back to meet his strokes. The look of bliss on his face when I started meeting him halfway was fuckin' wild.

I was so focused on Teddy's eyes I didn't notice his tongue workin' in his mouth until he hawked a big mouthful of spit all over my face. I gasped, and my mouth fell open to receive the next three goobs of thick, cum-like spit, tasting like the pungent flavor of the cigar he had been smokin'. After blasting the last goob full force into my mouth, Teddy chased the goob with his tongue all the way to the back of my throat.

I sucked on Teddy's tongue. His fuck picked up tempo. His growling peaked. He inhaled the amyl I offered for the longest moment and whispered, "You better be ready to get your butt pumped full, 'cause I'm gonna shoot!" He thrust, *blam blam*, and his breathing caught for a moment in his throat behind his beard.

He yelled out an endless stream of *fucks* and *shits* and *yeah, yeah, yeah!*

His big train was charging into the tunnel full speed. His sweat was raining down. He let go with great goobs of spit into my face. My tunnel swallowed his train and in the ensuing wreck, I blasted my load up along his furry chest to splatter all over his beard that hung down to the tits on his hairy chest.

The room called out for more.

He slowly lowered himself down onto my body, but kept his dick in my hole. He gave me a long, gentle, tender

kiss. “Gonna piss, bro!”

“Is it rank?”

“Ain’t pissed since noon. Up your butt? Or all over ya?”

“Got enough for both jobs?”

“You’re a sick fucker. I like that.”

Teddy gave me a piss enema direct from his hose into my holding tank. He boiled up a gutbuster inside me. When he pulled out, I clamped shut, but he kept squirting on my legs and boots. I flipped around and drank the last drops off his cock. With a gallon of his piss in my belly and up my hole, I wanted Teddy’s full monty. He knew my tongue was ready to lick his filthy skin. He stood and stretched and ran his big paws over his hairy belly, chest, and shoulders. His fur was soaking wet. I chewed into his beard and groomed his chest with my teeth, swiped my tongue across his nipples, and ate out his armpits. My eyes were watering with his stench, but my nose and tongue were in ecstasy.

My butt hole was in constant demand. The whole while I licked Teddy B’ar, a line of half a dozen bikers marched up to my butt, plugged their hoses into my hole, and used me like the urinal I always wanted to be. By the time I spit-shined Teddy’s huge upper body, I had cum so much with my dick, my tongue, and my head, I was played out. The smorgasbord of Teddy’s lower body waited. Teddy expected full service. I collapsed across his chest. My butt tank was about six gallons full of biker piss.

“Ain’t you forgot somethin’, bro?”

““Um, yeah. Ted, I’d never want it said I passed up a funky crotch, but my tongue feels like it’s been sandblasted after suckin’ your fur. How about next time around? I gotta admit I’m lookin’ forward to havin’ you sit that hairy butt of yours down on my face!”

“Maybe you need to go dump all that piss you’ve collected!”

“This is only my first party,” I said.

“Wait till party number two.” Teddy pushed my dripping ass toward the door to the back yard.

I ran for it. My gut was bursting. The plug in my asshole was ready to blow. I was gonna lose it. I ran into the yard. The full moon lit pairs and threeways of guys fucking on the lawn. I looked for a bush, but right there, right then, my dam burst. I shit a hundred gallons of piss. The partygoers hardly noticed except for one who ran over, yelled “Far out” and rolled like a dog in the pissy mud around my boots. He looked up at me and said words I’ll never forget: “You fuckin’ dirty biker. I love your dirty biker hawg piss.”

I won.

I passed.

I had turned into a fucking satyr riding a fucking hawg.

In the moonlight, with Teddy on my tongue, and a dirty biker worshipping me as a dirty biker, I passed from fantasy to reality.

For a long time I stood under what I felt was a Biker’s Moon feeling my hot leathers cool, smoking a big cigar, feeling Teddy still rasping on my tongue.

I could say I went back into the house and sucked endless cock all night long, and I did for an hour, until Rusty came to claim me for himself in what turned into an intense spitting contest between the two of us drooling into each other’s mouths and on our body fur, and cuming one last time.

But together.

On the filthy broken couch, we slept like cubbies. In the morning, Teddy B’ar woke us with a spray of his morning pisshard. Reb cooked up a breakfast fit for a biker gang, and I figured the adventure was perfect.

Teddy firing up a big stogie, ring size 64, kind of hinted

I could crash in one of the upstairs bedrooms.

So seductive.

Big-Time breakfast.

Big-Time cigars.

Big-Time bikers.

Big-Time whatever.

Later that night, home alone, I was strokin' to the fantasy that Teddy really meant it when he asked me to move into the house, and that all the bikers had gathered around me and offered to help move me in, which was good, but, I confess, I had to shower, clean up, and go back to work to make the payments on my condo, my Volvo, and like...you know.



Dave Gold, *Dave Gold's Gym Workout*  
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