



KAM:

How do you suddenly stop it all? How do you stop all the adventures, all the hot fucks, all the party and play?

(BEA T)

How? The sexy fuckers that arrive on your doorstep in the middle of the night. The men from out of town and their hotel meets before check out. The gay couples getting you in to liven up their dull Ikea bedrooms. The horny popstastic students who've just arrived on Canal Street and want a queer as folk fuck. The twinks that neck your G and curl up to you wanting a kiss from Daddy. The filthy tattooed guy from Eccles that we've all had...or the Jock Nights where every type of gay guy is ass out, off their tits and horny as hell...

Wake up and smell the poppers, Simon. We're all addicts now...and everything in our shiny, sequined, sleazy gay world is a trigger.

It doesn't matter if you were in Birmingham or if were slutting you arse out in Sachas - the point is, Ben doesn't know. So don't forget your head - or your friends. Take your PrEP. I forgot my head a long time ago - and lost my friends - and my heart. I might be undetectable and fucking fabulous now but I've had times when...

(BEA T)

Bloody gays. I need a drink and a dancefloor.