

q life: with GABRIEL TABASCO

The Daddies of the Suburbs

How different are the men that live in the suburbs from the ones in the city centre. For starters, the men who live in the city are trendier, more woke and creative. They tend to be single and a large proportion of them are gay.

By contrast the men in the suburbs are usually men married to women, who only ever venture into the city to work in their lofty offices in the CBD. If they are gay they are usually closeted. The only out, gay men living in the suburbs are flashy real estate agents with personalised number-plates on their cars. The closed, supposedly-straight men usually have an account on gay dating apps where they would never share a photo other than their badly-taken dick pics. Being bored, horny, husbands such men spend an inordinate amount of time on apps looking for men in their suburb to hook up with. The suburban man, either straight or gay usually falls into the following categories.

One: The Daddy

Usually a gay man who may have once been a twink, who evolved into a jock, and is now, with his rugged looks, a Daddy in his early 40s. These men market well their George Clooney good looks and pumped-up hairy chest. They are like nectar to bottom twinkerbells who are looking for a suburban hunk to top them.

The Daddies are usually gay, who keep fit by doing a tougher sport than cycling (see MAMILs). They enjoy working out at the gym and go swimming where they get to show off their package in tiny budgie-smugglers, or they strut around in wife-beaters wearing flashy sports-sunglasses.

Known for their cut-and-dry comments on Grindr, they are direct with what they want and block any twink not willing to go round to their sleek, suburban home, at that very minute, and bounce on their dick for half an afternoon on the garden sunbed. Such Daddies appreciate a good blow job, a skilled hand job or any job where they don't have to work too hard themselves... because well... they had a lot of jobs to do at work that day...

Two: The DILF

Short for a 'Dad I'd Like to Fuck,' these men are similar to Daddies with the main difference being that DILFs have kids. DILFs enjoy running errands, so they can check their gay app messages. Depending on the suburb they either have a white SUV and a jet ski or a ute and a kayak.

The younger DILFs look fitter compared to older DILFs who have grown bigger around the middle and have a gruffer look. DILFs, wanting to do every sex act their wife won't do, like nothing more than doing it doggy style as they grunt like a warthog, while topping the neighbourhood stud. Their hips thrusting hard, their ass in the air spread open revealing their fluffy, tight hole that contracts open and closed, as it does during doggy.

The DILFs with smaller, perhaps thicker, dicks make sure their cock does not pop out of their bottom's bottom. By contrast the big-cocked DILFs, feeling young and virile, despite their expanding belly, thrust hard as it they want to make a dent in their stomach of the man they're topping.

Traditionally DILFs are exclusively straight but succumb to the temptations offered by men, knowing full well that their wives cannot fully please them. Difficult to get hold of for a quickie, in case the wife finds out, they are fickle. However they are a grateful when they can go over to their hook-up's house where they get to empty their balls out with a pert twink or sporty jock.



Three: The Buff Businessman

Like a classic that never goes out of style, dressed smartly and eloquently-spoken, there are a few Buff Businessman (BBMs) in every suburb. A BBM is a business-daddy who, after making money and buys a yacht, enjoys the finer things in life, which invariably include younger men.

A few years ago in my early 20s I met one BBM in my suburb at 2am. Without sending a picture, the only way to recognise him was for him to put on the lights of his SUV. I expected a cocky, plump, middle-aged middle manager working in IT or in an accounting firm. Instead I opened the car door to see a fit, strong-jawed man. I got into his vast SUV. As we made small talk I wondered if he had kids. I didn't want to ask.

True to our ages, I was hard immediately while he needed a moment, or two... or three to rise to the occasion. He slapped my ass and kept saying: 'you're as hard as a rock'. Finally, like his yacht's sails catching the wind and he was at full-mast ready to plough the waves. The fooling around could begin.

Throughout our fondling he kept looking around in case any neighbour spotted us through his car's tinted windows. He did not need to be worried. There is never anyone one is out in the suburbs past 10pm. I on the other hand, looked around his plush car that was larger than my guest bathroom. I spotted two balloons, answering the question I didn't want to know. It felt a little gross.

When we finished we made small talk and he mentioned where he worked. It was the same company as my father. No doubt he knew him. Also gross. It's a small world out there and the suburbs are even smaller.



Four: The MAMIL

Short for a 'Middle Aged Men In Lycra,' usually older than DILFs, these men are the most common breed of daddies found in the suburbs, namely because they can afford the exorbitant house prices. The cycle in packs and behave as if they are Tour de France bikers. They zip around on their expensive bikes in their suburban neighbourhoods, usually around 6am before jetting off to their office jobs in the CBD.

I was on an early morning run when I spotted numerous packs of MAMILs riding around. It was the closest thing the suburbs had to a traffic jam. Occasionally, in smaller groups, of no more than three, I'd spot, fit, young daddies in Lycra, on bikes whizzing past. They wore Lycra but were no MAMILs. What I usually encountered were caravans of plump men with bellies, squeezed into Lycra, resembling sausages on wheels. Within such groups, usually comprising of more than 10 men, the fittest can be found at the helm of the pack, with the plumpest trailing at the end, huffing and puffing and out of breath. I always wondered what they were like in bed. Could the ones at the head of the pack ride you as confidently as they rode their bike? Did the ones at the end of the pack huff and puff and try hard to keep up? Was their love making as mediocre as their cycling skills?

One day as I exercised in the park, a couple of them shouted out at me to 'work harder'. Was I really being yelled at by plump men in Lycra cycling downhill? Why do middle-aged men love cycling? Some people say that for men of a certain age running is too tough on the knees and cycling eliminates any pressure on their joints. Also, cycling in a group of men allows them to bond with men like themselves and escape their wife for a bit.

But what's with the Lycra? It must be a fetish. I imagine that the y-fronts their wives buy them do not suffice their sexual moods. What they really want to wear are jock-straps. Unable to wear them for fear of wifey-interrogation they settle for Lycra under the guise of cycling which is easier to justify due to their sport. I can imagine them shopping online for all their Lycra-trends and padded pants and telling their wives: 'but all my mates are wearing it. I can't be the odd one out'. The one benefit of middle-aged men in Lycra is that we can see the outline of their willies and allow us to compare.

Do they wear anything under it? How easy is it to take off? It's something I never tried: wearing Lycra or undressing a daddy in Lycra. I bet he'd love the sensation, feeling the skin-tight material peel off his body and then, sweaty and horny, jumping on the bed and pounding a bottom hard on the frilly bed and heavy-draped room his wife designed years ago that is so dated it should be in a museum.

I should find a 50-year old MAMIL to enact the above line, but I can't keep up with them as they cycle downhill and if they are not cycling together, most likely they are cycling towards whatever hobbies they do, most likely doing it in their jockstraps, and I'd hate to disturb them.