

q life: with GABRIEL TABASCO

Sex and the Sauna

I was visiting some friends in Chicago and on my last day there I decided to call my friend Alon. Alon was 6 feet, 6.5 inches. That's two different measurements. He was broad-shouldered, with strong arms and curly hair and glasses. Alon put on fire shows at festivals where he played with fire shirtless. For that reason he was smooth, having shaved all his body hair off, in case it caught on fire during his performances.

Alon recommended that we see Boystown, Chicago's gay neighbourhood. We went for drinks and on a whim decided to go into some sex shops that were still open. I was taking a look at the thongs, jockstraps and G-strings when Alon found the paddles.

'Hey, come over here,' said Alon.

I put down the thong I was holding up and walked over towards the paddles located in a corner of the sex shop, away from the cashier.

'Check them out,' he said. 'Maybe I should buy one.'

'Why not try it?'

Acting coy Alon asked 'try on whom?'

'On me,' I said. I turned around and bent over a little.

Alon took the paddle and gave me a little whack.

'Not bad,' I said. 'Try again.'

Once more, Alon extended the paddle and spanked my ass.

'I'm not feeling it enough. Let me try this,' I said. Standing in the shop's corner, I pulled down my shorts to reveal my small, smooth bottom. I bent down a little further to extend my buttocks towards him. My ass opened up a little more. Excitedly Alon stooped over for a moment to try and see into my ass. He caught a glimpse of my hole but as my ass was not open enough he didn't get the clearest view of my hole.

Alon pulled the paddle back and whack, gave me a spank. It was not hard enough for me to fly forward, nor was it loud enough to elicit a reaction from the shop assistant but it was hard enough for me to stumble forward a little. I was surprised how much it hurt.

'Give up?' teased Alon.

'Not at all,' I said. 'Give it another spank. I dare you.'

Alon lifted the paddle a little louder and whacked me. This time I went flying forward.

'Can I help you?' asked a voice. Upon hearing the unmistakable noise of someone getting spanked the shop assistant approached us. I pulled up my shorts and pretended to be looking at the merchandise. I stroked my ass because the last spank hurt a lot.

'All ok,' said Alon putting away the paddle.

We left the sex shop. 'Let me show you the sauna.'

'Cool. I have never been to one before,' I said. 'Will we relax much?'

Having drunk alcohol and having been spanked by Alon in a sex shop I was feeling horny. We paid the sauna's \$15 entrance fee and entered. The sauna smelt of condoms, lubricant and bleach.

'At least it's clean,' I thought to himself. We walked over to the changing rooms where we undressed until we were naked. I noticed that Alon, though a big man, was quite muscular. He shaved off his chest hair as well as his pubic hair but left untouched the sparse hair on his legs. Despite his vast size, or maybe because of Alon's broadness, his penis was smaller than expected, just over 6 inches. But thick.



I allowed Alon to take the lead and we made our way over to the steam room. We rested there for a quarter of an hour. I got hard and stayed hard. I saw that Alon was staring. He smirked and said: 'your penis, once it's up, it stays up'.

'Yeah. It needs to be pumped to deflate.'

'I can help...'

'Not now. Instead why don't we get out of here and cool off? Where else can we go in this sauna?'

'Follow me,' said Alon. We took our towels and made our way up two flights of stairs. Passing a row of rooms that must have been sex rooms we entered a large gym.

'There is a gym in here?' I said surprised. Alon nodded. We were the only ones in there so had the place to ourselves. Still naked and hard I began a mock work out. I went over to the weight machines then posed in front of the mirrors for a moment before running on the treadmill, my erection bouncing up and down. I was horny so my balls were tight. Alon sat down on a bench, covered up, and observed my small plump ass and my bouncing boner.

'Come on, let's go back downstairs,' said Alon. I complied. A few minutes later we were in a warm pool of dark tiles. There was one more man in the pool, a burly African-American man in his 40s, strong and well-built.

Alon sat in a corner of the pool as I sat on him, allowing Alon's cock to touch my ass. He held me in his strong arms. While the burly man watched, I got into different position where I floated on my stomach in the water, pushing my ass towards Alon, which allowed him a perfect view of my ass and crack. Alon gently fingered it as well as touching my balls and taking an occasional underwater fondle of my cock.

'Don't...' I said.

'You don't want to come?'

'Yes... but... not now.'

'Come on. Let's get out,' I said. We made our way to the steam room. Being filled with steam we could not see clearly, but there was a red light somewhere for ambience giving the room a neon pink glow. We walked through the steam, past the men who sat there, and after finding a free space Alon sat down. I sat on his lap.

'Now you can jerk me off,' I said.

Alon put his hands on my dick and began to slowly massage my cock.

'Your dick has been hard since the beginning. You're going to come very soon if I jerk you off,' said Alon.

'So jerk me off slowly.'

Eventually the sex act caught the attention of other men in the steam room. One by one the men walked over to where we sat. One man began caressing my waxed torso. Another reached under to feel my ass. Two men joined Alon's act of jerking me off. My cock got lost between three pairs of hands. And soon my breathing grew faster and faster.

'He's going to come,' said one man.

'Yeah. Do it,' said another, as if I needed any encouragement.

I felt it shot up through my cock. Not being able to hold it anymore I let it go. The warm, sticky liquid ran down my dick and on the hands of the men who were jerking me. I sat on Alon panting. After a few moments of rest I hopped off Alon's strong, hairy thighs, up and walked to the showers. Alon lathered me up. Both of us went into the changing rooms, got dressed and left. We walked out into the warm Chicago streets.

'You were crazy in there, walking around naked, jerking off, letting other guys touch you,' said Alon. 'Usually guys just go in, have sex and leave.'

'You mean people don't parade around naked?'

'

Not like you did. But it was great,' he added.