

q life: with GABRIEL TABASCO

Gay Bar Nude Oil Wrestling

Continued from the previous month...

Only online had I seen any nude public wrestling events. They were either of men in costume at Burning Man or semi-improvised pornos, where the winner would top the loser and have sex in front of the audience. But it was not until I saw it live that I realised how excited I was by it. By chance I was in a gay club in Manchester, on a night know as Wrestling Wednesdays where men oil wrestled each other in the club.

The rules were as follows: two men would step into the giant pool, followed by other men a few minutes later until the pool reached maximum capacity of seven men. Each man wore thin, disposable y-fronts, that were as durable as candy floss. The aim was to tear off the underwear of any opponent. From then on the men could wrestle naked providing entertainment for the audience.

While sipping our drinks we watched the men who entered the giant inflatable pool that was filled with a dozen bottles of industrial-sized barrels of baby oil. One of the wrestlers was a budding porn star. He was so nervous he only gave one-word answers when my friend Rex spoke with him.

'He has the look of a rabbit caught in the headlights' said Rex irritated, who always wanted to have sex with a porn-star.

The DJ announced that the wrestling was about to begin and everyone's attention turned to the inflatable pool. The crowd was made up of mostly gay men who huddled around the wrestling area; a handful of their giggling straight female friends; and lesbians who occupied the balconies above the dance floor and looked down upon the wrestling match.

Within 10 minutes all seven men were in the inflatable pool including Nick, my colleague from the gay bar I worked at. It wasn't long before a couple of the men were already naked. Their 'everything' was visible to everyone. Two guys, who were colluding, ambushed one particular man, tore off his underwear, and threw it into at the audience, narrowly avoiding hitting a lady in the face as she sipped her Rum and Cola. The now-nude man tried to lunge at his two opponents but he slipped in the oil, allowing his two opponents to grab his legs and spread them apart which prompted the crowd to cheer; the butch lesbians laughing and cheering the loudest, the gay men staring as if mesmerised; as his hole was on full display. There was a difference in how men and women enjoyed the event. While it was erotic for men to watch other men wrestle naked covered in baby oil, to women, it was something to be laughed at.

'They all look so silly' said one lady. *'And are they really all so little?'* she chuckled.

My friends and I ignored her; engrossed as we were in watching the men hold each other down, their dicks flopping against their legs as they slipped in the oil. I spotted Nick, sporting a semi-erection, willingly being wrestled by a hunk. They seemed oblivious to us as we sipped on our drinks, watched and commented.

Half-tipsily, half-lustfully I decided there and then that I would join the next wrestling match. That whole week I was nervous and horny for the upcoming event. When it was finally time to catch the bus to the club I was shacking with nerves. I arrived at the club, had a couple of drinks, which did nothing to calm me, and announced myself as a participant to the organiser.

Nick had told our colleagues that I would be participating that night and a couple had come to 'see how I measured up' as they put it. When our colleagues at the gay bar heard I saw Nick wrestle, Bill our alcoholic manager asked me, in front of customers and staff 'how big is his willy?' Nick looked on nervously, awaiting my response.



'It's big!' I said stretching the truth by at least 35 per cent, making Nick look good. Everyone seemed disappointed at my answer, as if they wanted to hear Nick, who was almost metres tall, was short downstairs.

Back to the club: 'Looks like we'll be wrestling each other mate' said one good-looking man in his 40s as we waited backstage before the start of the match.

'Who do you think will win?' I asked him.

'Me. But I think you'll enjoy that mate' he said with a chuckle. As if giving an example of what was to come, he playfully slapped my ass. All contestants posed for some photos. I found some boxing shorts and wore that for the photoshoot. We were called to get in line by the nightclub director; a bitchy man, who clutched his clipboard and spoke into his headpiece as if he were presenting a talent show. In a way he was.

After the announcement from the DJ, the drumroll and flashing lights we emerged wearing only our tidy whities. It was scary standing in public, almost starkers, in front of a drunk audience. We could hear the odd word emanating from the crowd: semi-stiffy, low-hangers, grower. We wondered 'is it me?' they are talking about.

The match kicked off when an older man and a twink got into the inflatable pool. They squirmed around over each other, laughing before the twink seemingly allowed his contestant to rip off his y-fronts. I was fourth in the line and was paired with a stocky man. The DJ touted our fight as a Soccer Player vs. a Rugby Player. My opponent was stronger but I was more agile. I ducked and dipped beneath his legs, rolling over him and slapping his butt for what felt like an hour, (just three minutes), before he pinned me down and ripped off my underwear. He held it up as if it were a trophy. The crowd cheered and then he threw it at them. Gay men tried to catch it, covering their drinks so as not to spill it when they jumped up. The lesbians ducked away from it and straight women giggled.

As I writhed on the oily plastic tub I felt something slowly spring into motion. 'Not now!' I said to myself. I felt an erection coming on. I lay in the oily mat for a moment, to let it subside, but I was having too much fun and it wouldn't budge. To divert the situation I wrestled my competitor with new vigour but it was futile. I could not hide it. I heard some sniggering from the audience. They had spotted it and pointed laughing.

'How can he get horny while being wrestled by five men? And in public?' one lady asked.

'It's probably because he's being wrestled by five men and in public' one man responded.

By then there were six of us in the tub. It was next to impossible to hide my erection and was even harder wrestling with it. My competitors were delightfully surprised but weren't sure how to combat my weapon. The half-hour wrestling match felt like it was over in a heartbeat. Backstage, after wiping off the oil and putting on our clothes we got drinks. Some people approached me to chat. Others threw me side-glances and a chuckle. I felt like a D-list, budget soft porn actor, basking in neon lights with my 15 minutes of fame. I was definitely going back the following week.



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