

q life: with GABRIEL TABASCO

Wankster - Part One: Private Cam Shows

Camming: verb - to perform a sex act to one of a group of people through a web-platform or phone camera.

Wankster: noun – a men who performs on camera.

I began jerking off on camera in my early 20s. It all began when I was the rebound guy for one man who was still getting over his ex and he wanted to show his ex off to me. Talking online, the ex-boyfriend sent an image of himself. He was the bath, his erect penis poking through the bubbles. I was jealous. I wanted to have the confidence to send naked photos to whoever asked, to show off so effortlessly. It turns out I did... I just did not realise how addictive it would be.

And so I began performing (if jerking off can be called a performance) for friends or strangers through online camming sites, Skype and phone apps. I performed for Faris in Beirut and his Swedish friend who was visiting him. Faris slapped his leg in excitement as I jerked off. Their smiles grew as my balls tightened and my rhythm quickened. There was Manu, the firefighter from Peru who looked on with his colleagues. 'Que feo,' how ugly, he said before clicking off. Steve, a lawyer in the UK, watched me perform as he was on client calls. When it was his turn to speak on the call I would try to do something to make him laugh or distract him. Steve understood my strategy and muted the call.

'Want to watch?' I asked him one day while horny after a workout and wanting to perform.

'Why? Don't you have anyone else to admire you?' asked Steve.

There were some funny albeit embarrassing incidents. I performed for my friend Sanjay who watched me from an internet café. He was so engrossed in my performance the he did not see the manager appear behind him at a crucial moment as I wanked off. Sanjay, feeling a tap on his shoulder, jumped up from his seat. The manager pointed to the screen, obviously telling Sanjay that porn, especially live shows, was not allowed. I noticed that the manager glanced surreptitiously towards the screen, taking me in as Sanjay scrambled to switch off the transmission.

I used to perform for an Italian ambassador to a small European country who used to sit back on his leather chair, drinking wine and smoke cigars as I flexed my buttocks for him. 'Bravo' and 'che bello' he would say. Once, while watching, his maid brought him his dinner on a tray. He made no attempt to switch off the screen as she arranged the tray of food for him. She must have seen everything. She was so nonchalant about it I could only assume that she had seen such a spectacle before.

One German man in his fifties watched me perform but only until his banker husband arrived home.

'Why not let him watch?' I asked.

He tentatively complied. As his husband walked in home I could hear them talk, then after a moment he turned his laptop towards his husband. The tall, overweight German husband took one look at me performing and burst out into deep, hearty laughter.

I met Freddie when I was 18 when I visited Las Vegas. Over the years we kept in touch often talking on Skype. One evening I was sitting on my sofa when he dialled in.

'What are you doing?' Freddie asked.

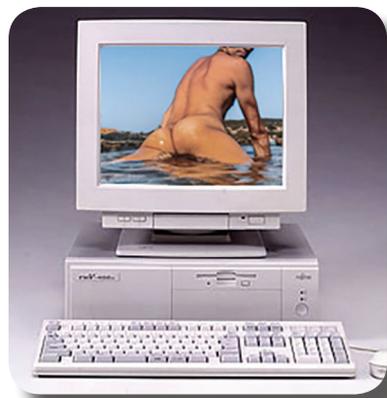
'To be honest... I was going to watch a porno.'

'Shall I call back?'

Feeling bold I asked him if he wanted to watch. He agreed so I slipped off my underwear. He chuckled when my erection popped out. I made myself comfortable and began. After a moment I spotted someone hovering in the background.

'Oh that's Julie. She's my roommate,' said Freddie. 'She heard our conversation and wanted to watch. Is that ok?' I hadn't expected to jerk off to an audience but then again, why not? I agreed and got back into my rhythm.

'Are you enjoying this?' Freddie asked Julie. She nodded.



'Oh, that's my boyfriend Craig.' He then turned to Craig and then said 'come over and see my friend Gabriel jerk off.'

Craig approached the screen. 'Hey' he said disinterested. He went to the fridge, got a drink then returned to peer at the screen only to walk away again.

'His balls are tight. I think he's going to come,' said Freddie to his housemates. Craig approached to see and even Julie took a step closer. I groaned, arched my back exposing my perineum and released my cum which came out in long streams.

As the internet became more sophisticated, Skype calls from internet cafés moved onto smartphone apps in bedrooms or living rooms. Nicholas from Germany enjoyed watching me jerk off, sipping wine as I did so. I was on vacation, day-drunk, tanned and horny and thought to call him.

'I'd love to' he responded 'but I'm with friends at a pub. Is that ok with you?'

Of course it was. Moments later, on screen, appeared Nicholas surrounded by his friends who all peered into the screen.

'Er wichest,' he wanks, said one man, as I sat on my large hotel bed, wanking and showing off my tan lines.

'Er spitzt noch?' said another asking if I was about to come as he sipped his beer. Soon after I did, to a round of cheers. 'Prost,' they said.

I had a similar experience with my friend Mika and his friends. Mika was a fun, open-minded guy who ran his own business. Despite the years and the distances between us, we kept in touch. It was Sunday morning in Australia when it was Saturday night in the UK and Mika was out clubbing. I texted him to see how he was and asked me to send him nudes.

'I just showed my mates' he texted back.

'Want me to show you more?' I asked. He said yes.

A few minutes later I was sitting on the bed performing for Mika and his group of good-looking friends: one with a trimmed beard wearing a baseball cap, one with a cute face and another had curly hair and bright eyes who appeared on my screen shouting 'hey' but it sounded more like 'ho' and for a moment, as I wanked off for them I thought 'well... guess I am'.

'Bend over' said Mika. 'Look at his little ass' he told his friends as I did.

Maybe it was the fact that they were out drinking, or in a public place and watching me naked, or that they were so good-looking but it didn't take me long to get to the grand finale.

After coming, as the screen went blank, I lay on the bed shaking. The fear and excitement I had released adrenaline. I felt oddly empowering holding everyone's attention as I performed for them. It was only a matter of time before I took my performance public.



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