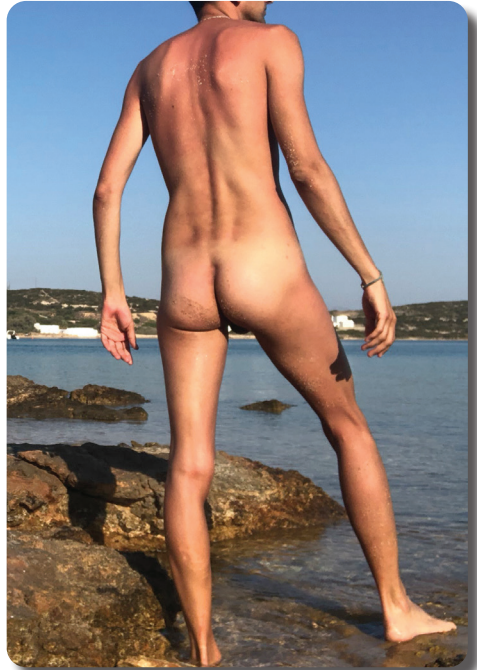


q life: with GABRIEL TABASCO

I Dream of Daddies

I always have a fantasy of asking all my sexy friends and fuck buddies to move to an exotic island under the sun and just lay in a bed on a giant bed on the beach fucking each other. Like a harem of men, and we'd spend days playing with each other, getting to know each other's bodies, and sharing fantasies and orgasms. Sucking, kissing, and rimming each other. From the hair on their chests, to the inside of the hairy or smooth thighs and smell of their freshly waxed buttocks we'd know each other's bodies, tastes and sexual preferences. Imagine all these hot men, buck naked, hot, and sweaty with juices and imagination flowing; all other on a vast bed, enjoying themselves and each other and creating pleasure.

The first man on my list would be the Bull. He is a hunky man, with a hairy chest with curls on them, and fluff on his thick legs and hard buttocks, he drives a motorbike wears leather and does not say much. The Bull does not suck cock, does not kiss. Though he has turned his head away from the many times I tried to give him a peck on the lips, he loves a good rimming session. He is well-endowed with a long and thick penis that be fucks hard with. He is a man of few words, but he showed affection when he had extra food and brought it over for after out sex session. He fucked me hard as I was bent over the windowsill, looking over at my friend's house and one of the best sex sessions I had was while sitting on him, facing him on as he sat on a chair. The movement of the chair, moved by him fucking me, caused marks on the floor. It helped that he lived on my street and when I needed a good pounding, I had to walk a few metres to his home.



Next up would be the Barman. I call him that because he managed several high-profile bars and clubs. Like the Bull he is tall, broad-shouldered and dark. However, unlike the Bull, the Barman is smooth all over, as he waxes his chest, legs and even though he is a top, his buttocks and hole. Unlike the Bull, he is not well endowed with his pecker measuring four inches. Perhaps five inches if he tries hard. It is the perfect size for something that would fit in just right with minimal effort.

'I can't wait for you to fuck me with your big cock,' I once texted him. 'It's not that big,' he replied. I thought he was being modest but was only being truthful. Given his stature you wouldn't have guessed it was small from when you first meet him, but men come in all different shapes and sizes. We hooked up on the beach and, with the sun, sand and sexiness of the situation, his little wonder slid in perfectly, with little fuss and delivered us a powerful and pleasurable afternoon. He is considerate and fun and is a great kisser.

When I'm horny and want to daydream, I imagine myself nestled in between the Bull and his chest of hair curls and thick cock and the Barman, with his smooth skin and his erect little wonder. We'd be on a bed of white linen on a sandy beach, under some palm trees, kissing and gently enjoying each other's bodies because being pounded by them, one after another or in double penetration mode.

Also, on the team of men that I'd invite to the bed would be the Rapper; an awful twink I dated. He was and most likely still is an annoying and spoilt brat who liked nothing more than to give sloppy blowjobs and get fucked. He once wanted to be a rapper but is now a lawyer in London and from his twitter feed is as annoying as ever. His attitude was so awful that the sex was great. Or come to think of it... perhaps I'd not include him... with him I'm indecisive.

I'd also invite two friends of mine: Greg and Mario. Greg used to date the guy whose house I could see when getting fucked at the windowsill by the Bull. Greg is of medium build, with designer stubbled on sweet round face. He has a kind voice and talks in a gentle melodic tone. Given these attributes of course he'd be a vet. He enjoys good sex and good-looking men. I never did hook up with him though we did hang out naked several times on the beach.

Naked at a pool with Greg was where I met Mario, who is like Greg in character and temperament. However, Mario is an exhibitionist who loves nothing more than to get naked in public: at the pool, on the beach, at the camping site. Whereas I rode the Bull fully naked, Mario once rode a rodeo bull simulator in just his underwear. The game master was not impressed and speed up the machine so he could fall off it. Much the same way I almost fell off the Bull when riding him on the chair.

I almost hooked up with Mario. Once he pulled back when I was interested, and I pulled back when he was interested. A shame since the sex would have been good. I think now we'd rather have been pulling out of each other. Maybe we still can...

So, we have the Bull, the Barman, the Rapper (maybe), Greg, Mario, and me. Seems like we need one more. In that case I'd invite the Accountant. He is a kind-hearted man with a nice smile, who was upset when our relationship did not progress (I was immature and horny). He's ambitious, smart and being in shape I spent several afternoons in his bedroom getting fucked by him as we stared into the mirror and moaning in pleasure the neighbours could hear. Like the Bull he is well-endowed with a long penis, girth-y, though it is not as thick as the Bull's.

Together, in our harem on an exotic Caribbean island under the palm trees we can all sleep under the start together, wake up, fuck each other, have a dip in the sea and wash off, eat fruit, drink coffee or wine and with different partners fuck each other again. We can have all sorts of grouping. A circle jerk. Me being double penetrated by the Bull and the Accountant. Fucking only with the Barman with my legs in the air and taking in his long passionate kisses. Me pounding the Rapper and then asking him to leave. Greg, Mario and I in a blowjob circle. Or we could pair up: me fucked by the Bull. Greg fucked by the Barman. Mario fucked by the Accountant. It would be so hot, so horny, we could charge tickets. We could make a porno out of it.

This may sound like fantasy, but I bet if I asked them, and pitched this idea to them, they might just agree and join in. All men together.

