

q life: with GABRIEL TABASCO

The Greek Ambassador's Son: Chapter 2: Sex and Strangers

In my late teens I lost my virginity to a guy called Sakis, who was a DJ at beach clubs. We met online, went for drinks and then he took me to his house. He still lived with his parents. We walked into the living room where they were watching TV. Sakis introduced me as a friend from the football club. They nodded at me disinterestedly. We went to his room where I gave him a blowjob on the ugly beige couch next to his bed.

'I put it there because the bed is too noisy,' he said.

He came in five minutes. I remember feeling so proud that I made him come so fast. I kept replaying the event over in my head during the days afterwards. I remembered how I pulled down his y-fronts and how his semi-boner bounced out of his y-fronts like a Jack-in-the-Box. It was not very big. It was short but thick but Sakis was so proud of it. He said it was the only reason his ex-boyfriend stayed with him.

A week later we met up again to have sex. For the event we went to his room where he sat on his couch. I sat on his cock with my back facing him in a reverse cowboy position. We used a condom but no lubricant. I was surprised it did not hurt me more than it should have. After five minutes we stopped. Sakis said he could not get into it. I went home. He never called me again. I saw him once at a club DJ-ing and I haven't seen him since. The music he played was as bad as he was in bed.



The next man I hooked up with was a hunky man called Pieris. We met online and agreed to meet for sex. He was in his early 40s, a full head taller than me, with broad shoulders, thick thighs and a strong chest. He had long curly hair. He resembled an actor from a 1980s B-list action film. Pieris worked as a cook in one of the cargo ships that docked in Piraeus so he was often away at sea.

He picked me up at the kiosk close to my apartment building and drove me to his apartment. In the car he revealed two things: that he was divorced with kids and that he was deaf in one ear. He pulled back his long, curly hair to reveal a hearing aid in his left ear. He asked if it bothered me. It didn't.

His apartment was in a lower-income area of Piraeus, an area that was untidy and dirty. He lived in a dilapidated building that was initially built to be a mall but due to the financial crisis those plans were shelved and the building became one-bedroom apartments.

He parked in a large underground parking that housed hardly any cars as few people rented apartments there. It was creepy hearing our footsteps echo in such a vast place. Pieris ushered me to the exit. We rode up the lift silently with one of his neighbours who gave us odd looks. Surely he must have known the nature of our relationship and pursed his thin lips in disapproval.

His living room contained only a sofa, a coffee table and a large TV, which I assumed he spent a lot of time in front of. What I did not assume was the amount of porn he watched. His collection included blue movies from twinks, to interracial sex and leather daddies. He was quite the porn connoisseur.

I stripped him as soon as we entered. His penis was huge. It was so big I was worried that it would not fit when he penetrated me. The penises of the previous men were nothing special, but his penis was so big it needed its own postal code. I sucked him off as he lay on the sofa. His penis had a distinct taste, different, but not unpleasant. After sucking him off for a while, he said he was close to climax so we went over into the bedroom to have sex. His body was large but firm and hairless. He even had a smooth ass.

It took us about 15 minutes for him to be fully inside me because I was so tight and he was so large. My wincing turned him on even more.

'I like skinny, smooth guys like you,' he said. 'Tiny, tight asses to fuck,' he repeated as he gently thrust his dick inside me.

I wanted to thank him for the compliment but I was in too much pain to be able to speak. After a half-hour of trying various positions he pulled out of my ass and ejaculated what seemed to be gallons of sperm all over my chest.

That night, back at my apartment, having a beer while sitting on the cool marble floor of the balcony, I let my mind wander back to the events of the day. What stood out was Pieris' curly hair, the car park, the man's disapproving look, his huge penis, its taste, and how he held me after we had sex. It felt nice to be held like that.

We met a few more times, always at his apartment, to have sex, jack over together to his porn collection and sometimes have a drink. He told me about his life, about his ex-wife and his kids, about falling in love with another sailor on the boat and about a divorced lady, also with kids, who cleaned his apartment once a week. In return for money she asked him to have sex with her.

'I offered to pay her,' he told me 'but she said "money is fine, so what am I going to do about sex?" So that day we had sex three times,' he said chuckling to himself. I was strangely intrigued, turned on and jealous and not quite sure why he was telling me that story. I liked Pieris a lot but we had little in common. I also felt slightly bad for him in that apartment inside that big, empty building where the only sounds were from people's footsteps that echoed along the hallways. We kept meeting on and off until he was called to one of the ships for work. He was away for months and by the time he returned we had completely lost contact. From time to time, while sitting on my balcony floor having a beer I wondered what he was up to and if he was fucking skinny, little twinks in the various ports around the world.

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The next guy I had sex with was Andreas; in his early 30s and in typical Greek fashion he still lived with his parents so we drove around in his car in order to look for a place to have sex. After 45 with his parents so we drove around in his car in order to look for a place to have sex. After 45

minutes we found ourselves on the outskirts of the southern suburbs, past the coast town of Voula towards the tip of the Attica region. I spotted a building site.

'There,' I said.

'There what?' he asked.

'We will have sex there.'

'But it's a building site,' he said.

'And I see a bulldozer,' I said.

Ten minutes later we were on the bulldozer wearing nothing but the safety hats the builders have to wear. Like all men I had sex with he wore protection on his penis. Andreas was sitting in the driver's seat and I was sitting on his cock facing him.

'Wow, you're hairy,' I said as he was pumping away at me. I was holding onto him and could feel hair on his back as well as his chest, legs, groin and buttocks. The caveman look suited him well. He fucked hard like a caveman, with hurried thrusts and grunts. Not long after we began, with one loud grunt and a forceful thrust he came quickly.

It then took us 45 minutes to get back to the city. We drove around an hour and a half for 15 minutes of sex. I would have invited him over to my house had I known it would have taken so long to find a place to have sex. But then again having sex on a bulldozer was worth it.

When I started discovering sex it was mostly with men my age who did not yet have a place of their own yet or with married men who wanted a decent blowjob. The type of blowjobs their wives did not provide because as one married man told me, and I quote 'she said fellatios are yucky.' I have never heard a grown man use the word 'yukky' before but like losing your virginity there is a first time for everything.

I had a jerk off session with a beefy taxi driver in the back seat of his cab. I had sex with a man in my house that had no bedside manners and ejaculated all over my sheets. I made a point of stripping the bed in front of him. I got an amazing blowjob from a man who said he was straight but that he only gave blowjobs. He was disappointed that I came in less than five minutes but he was making so much eye contact as he sucked me that it was beginning to feel scary, so I just left as quickly as I came, quite literally.

I went on a date with a sweet and plump computer programmer. We jerked off in his car but I did not want to repeat it so he stalked me until I agreed to sleep with him. I pretended to give in to his demands, while in reality I was just horny. He fucked me in the boot of his car.

I met one hunky, married man who had a bodybuilder's build and the rough face of a wrestler. I could tell he was married from the family wagon he drove and the fact that he was picking me up from a street corner, as if I were a prostitute. I did not want to ask if he had children but I glanced at the back seats of his car and saw balloons from McDonald's. He must have been married with children and I was his Happy Meal. It took him a while to get hard but I sucked him for 10 minutes and he finally did. I assumed that at 40 years old, married with kids and meals at McDonald's would mean requiring more time to get hard. Glancing around his car I saw papers from his office scattered on the floor of his car. The logo on the paper's letterhead was the law-firm that my father used to work for before he became an ambassador. It was highly likely that he knew my father. I did not mention anything, for his privacy as well as mine. The last thing he needs to know is that his former colleague's son is blowing him.

If I was not having sex then I was thinking about it. I lusted after my classmates and looked at men's asses as they walked by. I purposely walked behind them just for the view. I remembered which one man had a round bubble butt, which one needed toning, which were small and pert or larger and robust. If I was bored during class I gazed outside the window at the builders and imagined having a gang-bang with them there at the building site.

I lusted after everyone. The AC repair man, the two barista's who worked at my local coffee shop, both the slim and lean one and the plump one. As they made my coffee I imagined spending the rest of that Saturday afternoon in bed with them, kissing, licking, and fucking. But instead they served me my Frappuccino with a smile. I sat out in the sun where I watched the local and foreign men wander by and I would place them in various fantasies, in various positions with me. But why did this have to stay a fantasy? Why not make it real? In the following few years I did just that.

Gabriel, Gabriel, isn't that nice
Before jumping in bed with a stranger
You don't need to think twice
You let them fuck you and rim your hole
Allowing them to take over
As you lose control



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