

q life: with GABRIAL TABASCO

My Manscaping Misadventures

Manscaping: verb; the removal of unwanted body hair from a man's body.

It has always been important to me to be and feel smooth and so over the years I have spent an inordinate amount of time and money being waxed, shaved, trimmed or lasered. I've been plucked like chicken and zapped by a laser.

'Next time wear a g-string' said the beautician as she struggled to wax my inner thighs and to remove my bum-fluff. I'm a tall guy with long legs; the average time for a legs wax is 45 minutes. However one beautician, barely a beauty-school drop out, managed to break her own record of inefficiency by taking two hours and still not finishing to wax my legs. Our time ran over and she left me mid-wax to tend to another hairy man. In the end the surly receptionist was called in to finish my legs and had no time for my chest.

'You don't need to wax your chest' she said. *'ladies like their man with a sexy, hairy chest.'*

I ignored her. *'Can you also wax my buttocks?'* I asked.

'No. Sorry. My boyfriend does not approve of that' she responded. *'See you next time.'*

Next time? Really? Her professionalism was as bad as the décor (bright pink wallpaper and paintings of butterflies). As I was leaving she said *'for your next appointment be sure to have a facial. You really need it.'*



When I did have my intimate areas waxed by a female beautician I felt uncomfortable. When living in London I gave my custom to a male beautician who catered exclusively to men. Norman (not his real name) was big, hairy and socially awkward. He finished waxing my legs. For my butt wax he instructed me to get into all fours, *'as if you're getting into doggy style, but with your arse high in the air.'*

I did so, allowing Norman to apply the (surprisingly pleasantly) warm wax to my bottom. He then ripped it off with cruel efficiency. I yelped and jumped up, my balls swinging in the air.

'Stay still' he barked. It was strangely sexual being in such an exposed position in front of a clothed man. Despite the pain I got an erection.

'Straight men often get hard when they're in this position' said Norman after spotting me rising to the occasion. *'They're not used to ass play and enjoy it. It seems you are too,'* he chuckled before ripping off what felt like another layer of flesh. Cupping my balls he reminded me to keep still, to finish waxing my sack and crack. I lay back down in relief that the pain was over.

'It looks like you're ready to pop' he said standing over me.

'Erm... I guess...' I stammered, not knowing what to say as we both looked at my pulsing erection.

'Let me help with that' he said.

Needless to say I became a regular. Though Norman was good at his job he was abrupt and unsympathetic to the discomfort. As a man who was hairy he had never experienced torture by waxing. 'If you're providing a service, shouldn't you experience it too?' I wondered.

Norman wanted to further market his business. He set up a twitter account extolling the virtues of a hairless body, an Instagram feed showing half-naked hairless hunks, a Facebook page for waxing tips and tricks, and a snazzy website to boot.

While lying on my stomach waiting for Norman to wax my bump, I saw a flash go off.

'It's just for marketing content...' he said, camera in hand, as if quoting his marketing manager. Norman took a second and third photo of me. I didn't mind but he could have asked out of courtesy.

'If you want to make an impact you might as well have a live demonstration' I said.

'I'm listening...' he responded.

A month later I was in a bathrobe waiting to be called into Norman's living room where, for that evening, he had installed a low-level massage table. In the name of marketing, and in full view of Norman's top clients, I was to lie on my stomach and have my buttocks publically waxed.

A knock on the door was my cue to emerge. I downed my whiskey to calm my nerves and made my way to Norman's living room where I was greeted by half a dozen grinning men who were sipping wine, and looking at me expectantly.

'Please disrobe' said Norman sounding ridiculously formal. With all eyes on me I heard soft twitters from the audience as I removed my robe and positioned myself naked on the bed.

'Jake, hurry up and come and see this,' shouted one man.

Moments later, hurried footsteps could be heard and then someone, presumably Jake, said 'oh! Norman wasn't joking. He's really going to wax this guy's hole.'

As the men sipped their Proseco, Norman proceeded to wax my buttocks, artfully applying and removing the wax. He took a lot more care and time in front of an audience than in private. He was more conservative with the position I was in, preferring to spread my cheeks instead of having me on all fours, bum akimbo.

It became quiet for some moments; the only sound heard was the wax being torn off my skin, the clink of wineglasses, some whispers and the click of a camera from Norman's 'amateur photographer' friend. After 30 minutes the waxing demonstration was over. The party chatter resumed once more. The Proseco flowed. And my buttocks was freshly waxed and witnessed by a roomful of men.

I eventually moved away from London and began laser therapy, a more permanent hair-removal treatment. I lost touch with Norman though from what I see online, he is as busy keeping men smooth.



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