

# q life: with GABRIEL TABASCO

## Fingered on all Fours

I met Will on a camming website. As I performed online, and as he watched me jerk off and play with my hole, he told me about his sexual likes and dislikes. As we talked he went on to say that he had a special fetish: to milk and finger men's holes, who are on all fours, on his glass kitchen table.

I had never had that experience before and since it sounded horny, I agreed to meet him. He told me to go over during a time when his husband was out.

One weekday afternoon, when he was alone in the house, I walked down his well-manicured lawn and knocked on the door of his home. Moments later the large door swung open and, in the entrance, stood a strong man wearing round glasses. He was around 50 years old, hunky, hairy with a well-trimmed white beard.

'Come in,' he welcomed me. I stepped in his hallway and we made small talk for a few minutes talking about what sports he liked to play and where he was planning on going on vacation.

We spoke a bit about him liking my cam shows and commented on my cock and its size on how my balls swung up and down as I wanked. 'Very big balls,' he said laughing. 'More than a mouthful. Speaking of mouthful, let's go to the kitchen... and I can show you the table.'

He led me into the kitchen and offered me something to drink. I was planning on going for a run after our... wank-on-the-table-top (?), fingering-on-all-fours (?) (whatever you might call the session), so I asked only for a glass of water instead of anything alcoholic. 'So are you looking forward to getting fingered on all fours on my kitchen table?' he asked, cutting straight to the chase.

I was a little taken aback by his directness, but I said I was.

'Well then better get to it, shouldn't we?' he said and with his hand outstretched light pointed over to the area where the kitchen and living area connected.

There, in the middle of it, loomed a large, frosted-glass table. It was big, seating 12 people and above it hung a chandelier.

'Soon your balls will be hanging below the chandelier that is hanging over the table,' said Will, as if reading my thoughts. I lightly chuckled slightly amazed by how direct this guy was. 'And I will have your balls and cock in my hands and gently wank you off,' he said. He sounded a little intense and I was slightly worried... but really, I think he just enjoyed the power play.

'Well, let's get to it, then,' he said. 'Let me see your little, round ass and dick.'  
I lowered my jeans and he gestured me over to get onto the table.  
'On all fours please Gabriel, like a little doggy,' he ordered me lightly laughing.

I took off my t-shirt and he pulled my jeans down fully and yanked them off as I tried to get on his large, glass table. He pushed the small of my back down gently, implying I get into doggy position. I was on all fours on his kitchen table.



It was not particularly comfortable. To begin with it was cold and uncomfortable on my knees. In a way I wish I wore knee pads. The chandelier was not low, but being on all fours below it, every time I had a spasm, as I would soon find out, when his finger was in my ass, I would bump into it from below, which meant all the little glass beads would bang against each other, making clinking sounds. Having me in doggy position, Will began with an exploration of my ass and balls. He began rubbing my ass with his large hands, lightly touching my hole, balls and dick.

'So many toys to play with on a man's body,' he said as his hand made his way from the small of my back down and around my ass cheeks. From there I felt his large hands move inwards and lightly caress my balls before he took hold of them in his hands.

'Very big pair of balls,' he said, giving a running commentary. 'Real low-hangers,' he went on lightly tugging them. It felt good and it was obvious he did that before.

'Are you enjoying that?' he asked. I nodded that I did.

He then put his right index finger in my mouth and then he pushes it gently but deep into my hole.

'Nice smooth hole you have. Tight,' he said, his commentary continuing.

I gasped in pleasure.

'Clearly you are a bottom and like being fucked. . . but from its tightness I can see you do not get fucked often enough. Am I correct?' he said, as if psychoanalyzing me.

I nodded.

'And because you do not get fucked enough you think you are not a slut. But really you are. I mean, what else are you when you are like a little dog on my table, with your balls in one of my hands and my finger in your ass.' At that he chuckled. 'You like that?' he asked.

I nodded.

In that case you will like this a lot.' And with that he grabbed my dick and gently began rubbing it, taking the precum that had seeped out and dangled towards the table and using it as lubricant on my cock.

He began rubbing away at it, massaging it in his hands; twiddling with it between his fingers; and pulling the shaft back completely. He took his thumb and gently massaged my heads. He sent me into spasms of horniness which made him chuckle. At that he pushed his finger even deeper into my hole. . . before adding a second one.

'I think your tight little hole and handle two of my thick fingers, don't you agree?'

Gasping in horniness I barely nodded saying 'yes! It could.' That only encouraged him further.

'Look at that,' he said. 'A grown man, with hair on his chest, on all fours, on my table, sticking out his asshole like a little dog. Completely submissive to me and wanting to be dominated but a big Alpha male. If only people can see you now and what a little submissive man-slut you are. Not even subs behave this way,' he said laughing.

As he went on with his monologue he jerked me off harder and faster, his fingers pushing in deeper and deep into my hole. . . and then pulled them out. It felt good so I wondered what he was doing. Then moments later I felt his lips on my ass and tongue in my hole, seemingly going further and further in. With one big push and lick of his tongue and one strong yank of his hands, pulling my shaft back, I curved my back, stuck out my ass and came in large straight lines all over his table, moaning loudly.

I stayed on the table a little while longer panting. Will then peered and looked through my legs.

'Look at all your joy-juice on my beautiful green, frosted glass table,' he said. 'Who knew your little rocket had such an engine to shoot so far. You must be very proud,' he said sarcastically and chuckled.

I could not tell if he was role playing, or if he was serious but that was hot. I collected my breath, and thoughts, and slowly made my way off the table.

'Let me help you clear up,' I said referring to my cum on the table.

'No need. . . I want to look at it. . . after you leave, he said. 'Maybe even show my husband and give my feedback on you.'

'Where is your husband anyway?' I asked.

'At trombone practice,' Will replied. 'He is in an orchestra and plays the trombone,' he explained.

'Well, it seemed you had quite a trombone practice yourself,' I joked.

It took him a moment to get it, but then he chuckled getting the joke. When a man is rimmed and wanked off it's called tromboning, as I was on all fours like a doggy at his glass kitchen table.