

# q life: with GABRIEL TABASCO

## The Perks of Being a Poolboy - Part II

In Q Magazine's August 2020's article I wrote about getting a job as a poolboy a few summers ago in a nudist colony in Crete. My work was going well, until I received odd feedback from Jörn, the colony's General Manager.

'We've had some complaints,' said Jörn, with a stern look.

'What happened?' I asked. 'I'm sorry if I used too much chlorine in the pool.'

'It's not that,' he snapped. 'Some guests feel uncomfortable with you being fully clothed,' he explained.

'But I'm not fully clothed. I mean, all I'm wearing is a speedo,' I said pointing down to my tight, blue speedos.

'That's the problem. This is a nudist colony and the guests would like you to take the speedos off.'

I did not know what to say. It sounded like a bizarre request and something that was not really a problem.

'I see you are having issues grasping the concept of this,' said Jörn in his usual, sour way. He walked towards me as if coming closer would make me see sense. 'This is a nudist colony, and people do not feel comfortable with the staff being clothed.'

'Well you're clothed,' I said.

'I am the General Manager; I run the errands. I see the guests. Manage the taxi drivers. I cannot do that naked. Don't you agree?' he said.

'I do.'

'Well then. Please disrobe.'

'Right now?'

'There is no better time than the present,' he said and motioned with his hand to my speedos, indicating to take them off.

I put down my mop and bucket, that I did not realise I was holding throughout our conversation, and went to remove my speedos.

'Come on, we don't have all day,' said Jörn.

With a swipe I removed them and set the blue speedos on the table of his office.

'You can collect them later from here,' said Jörn, and then looked down at my penis. 'A semi-erection already. Typical of non-nudists. You can stay in here a moment and calm down before going out again. Not everyone needs to see your willy,' and then as an afterthought added, 'though it might help with the tips depending on its length,' he said laughing.

I blushed as he gave me instructions to the day's work.

'... and finally I need you to mow the lawn, then de-weed the area by the trees.'

'But naked?'

'But of course,' he said.

'But the stinging nettles might...'

'Might stick your white buttocks? I'm sure it has been stung by things other than nettles. Wear gloves and you'll be fine.' Then he looked down. 'It seems you now have a full erection. I take it you agree with me,' and he chuckled as he left the room, with a hurried air, clutching a file of papers.

If I didn't know Jörn better his comments would have bothered me. But knowing his sour sense of humour I knew he was joking. His comments had fully aroused me and my boner would not subside. There was nothing to do but jerk off. I took a look around and noticed there was no one coming so I sat down on his old pleather chair, that faced his desk and those old school PC Monitors, ones like big boxes that are no longer used, and began to jerk myself off. I figured the best way to get back to work, and not risk



getting a public erection was for a quick wank. I felt bad, doing that on the job, but it would not have been more than 10 minutes and I could dock the time from my break.

I was close to coming when I heard some footsteps. I turned around and two of the guests, older gentlemen in their 50s from Denmark, had spotted me. They chuckled and waved right at the point that I was coming. Unable to stop, they witnessed my cum shoot all over my chest. Once I was done, gasping for breath, they smiled and walked away as I heaved with a sigh of relief. I did not have time to clean up my mess, and ask them not to say anything to any of the other guests and especially not to Jörn. I did not want to think what he would make of my white ass on his pleather office chair.

But from the titters of light laughter that I heard as I went about my pool duties I could tell they told the other guests what happened. A couple even raised their beers at me as I walked by. One man asked for a cocktail, emphasising the cock. I did not want to think of Jörn's reaction. Surely he would fire me so I might as well get through the day with dignity and by doing a good job and then accept my marching orders.

I did as instructed and cleaned the poo, careful not to spill the chlorine on any sensitive areas. I mowed the lawn and pushed the heavy lawn mower hard as my dick flopped in the air. Then on all fours I had to crouch under the cypress trees and de-weed the plants and clear the weeds and leaves up. My dick and balls were dangling freely as I crouched on all fours, wearing gloves, a baseball bat and sandals. I was conscious of the guest lingering who could surely see my hole through my ass cheeks. I hope it did not flex as they watched but could feel my sweat from the summer sun beat down on me.

'A dip in the pool would be nice,' I thought to myself and then thought maybe Jörn would not allow me to stay on.

When I had finished I put all the tools away in the shed, tidied up the pool area, waved goodbye to the naked barman (a man as hunky as he was beautiful) and went to tell Jörn I was done for the day. I hoped I'd still have my job.

'I'm off from the day.'

'Ok. See you tomorrow,' he said.

'That's it?'

'Yes. What else do you want?'

'I still have my job?'

'Why wouldn't you have your job? Ah... because you were having fun at my desk.' So he knew. 'Yes it is all the guests could talk about today. I heard it. Well at least you did it in here. And they spent more at the bar as they looked at you and drank. So yes, I suppose you can stay,' he said jokingly.

I exhaled a sigh of relief.

'Ok, now leave please before you get another erection.'

I did as was told, grabbed my blue speedo that was still on his desk, put my clothes on and made my way out of the hotel. I was stopped just as I was leaving. I hated it when that happened. A guest motioned over to me and was sitting with two of his friends. He was a hunky American man in his late forties.

'I wanted to ask if there is any fresh milk around here?' he said.

'I can check with the bar staff. Do you prefer full fat, skimmed, almond or soya?'

'Actually, I'd like your milk. I'd like to milk you.'

To be continued...

