

q life: with GABRIEL TABASCO

A Threesome: The Champagne Campaign

A few years ago I was in Greece for the European summer. Although it was September it was still hot. September in Greece, as everywhere in Europe, heralded a time for new beginnings. People returned to work after their sun-soaked days on the beach and students going back to university to resume their studies. The rush of Athens was on full throttle. There were some people who put up a resistance wanting to prolong their summer daze and arguing that if it is still hot then we can still party.

On one evening in early September one of my friends was managing a new gallery and invited me to its opening. Amid the glitterati and photographers from cheap tabloids I met Ali who was sipping champagne.

Ali came from Lebanon, was a few years older than me, and at least a head shorter but with nice arms that he displayed in his cut-off t-shirt. He was with Imran, who, from their body language, I assumed him to be Ali's friend.

Ali and I flirted over free flutes of champagne and art that was too hideous to put up and too expensive for us to buy. By the end of the night we ended up with a group of other guys by the dumpsters behind the gallery having decided that a gay party amid other people's rubbish was better than pretentious posse of people in fake fur wanting to get into cheap magazines and gossip blogs.

By the end of the night as Imran was talking to one man I kissed Ali next to the bin for recycling paper, but not plastic. By the end of the night I found out that Ali and Imran were a couple but had a very open relationship. They owned and managed a PR agency in Beirut called The Champagne Campaign.

We agreed to meet the following week at their resort in the southern tip of Attica. I drove down to their hotel where we had dinner and then walked to some bars for drinks. It was inevitable that the three of us would end up in bed together.

Back at their hotel room, still in our clothes, Ali and I sat on the bed kissing. I was still undecided if I wanted a threesome or just wanted Ali. I much preferred Ali to Imran. He was sexual and smart and had interesting things to say. I had more of a connection with him. So it was a relief when Imran's phone beeped.

'It's that guy from yesterday,' said Imran. 'He says if he can come over for sex.'
'Sure, fuck him if you want but I'm not interested so much,' said Ali in a directly, unconcerned way.

Around 15 minutes later, as I was sitting on the balcony with Ali sharing a bottle of champagne as Imran laid on the bed texting men when there was a knock at the door. It was the man who texted earlier on. Ali and I, a little drunk and giggly, went into the room to see what he looked like.

The door opened and I knew the man. He was a friend of Mike's. Eriko was a tall, broad-shouldered, likable man who worked as a consultant. I once went to his house with my friend Mike for drinks but he did not recognize me. Or at least did not seem to recognise me.



What's your names?' he said coming in. Ali said nothing and so it was left to Imran to make him feel comfortable.

'My name is Imran' said Ali, trying not to snicker. That obliged Imran to call himself Ali. They switched their names around. I used my actual name to see if he recognised me but he did not.

'I don't like that guy,' said Ali as he sat outside and made disparaging comments about Erriko. 'He looks like these big strong guys, with small dicks.'

Ali smoked while I, who was ambivalent about Imran and not particularly attracted to Erriko somehow ended up in bed with them. The sex was fine. Ali was right; Erriko was a bottom, and as Ali spied through the window he spread his legs for Imran as soon as he sat on the bed. Imran should have named his business Quick Champagne Campaign because he uncorked his champagne bottle in less than five minutes of sex with Erriko.

Erriko's hole still had not got his fill. Erriko and I being horny and a little drunk meant that I plugged in. Erriko was all too happy. Pumping away at Erriko, Imran slapped my ass as I fucked Erriko and kept saying 'go Gabriel, fuck him'. 'Go, go, go,' as if he was a sexual cheerlead. From time to time he would tug on my balls as they slapped up against Erriko. It was fun getting my ass fondled as I fucked a man though I wished he slapped me harder.

'Are you finished yet?' asked Ali from the balcony, who looked bored and sipped champagne.

'Not yet,' I said breathing heavily as I worked away on Erriko.

'Well, I was avoiding coming to see what I would find,' he said, 'but I might as well come in and watch'.

So Ali came in, holding his cigarette to watch Imran wank himself off as he cupped my balls, as I was about to come. Eventually Erriko, wanking his short, thick cock shot his load on his chest as he grunted like a warthog.

'Not bad,' said Ali, 'but not good either,' he said bitchily. 'I saw better threesomes in pornos'.

The look on Erriko's face showed he was satisfied and despite my better judgment I had a good time too.

I never saw Erriko again. He eventually got married, to a woman, when someone was going to expose him as gay to his family. I lost touch with Imran and Ali but I often wondered how they were doing.

