

q life: with GABRIEL TABASCO

The Greek Ambassador's Son Chapter 12: Shake What Your Mamacita Gave You

I had wanted to be a stripper from as long as I could remember. I instantly fell in love with the Chippendales when I first saw them in my teens. I loved their muscles, oiled torsos, slicked-back gelled hair, white teeth and cheesy smiles and their bow ties. I loved how they flexed their round buttocks in their black thongs that made the ladies scream. Not only was I attracted to these men but I also loved how comfortable they were in their naked bodies. They were likable and confident, sexy and silly at the same time and were able to be professional while not taking themselves too seriously.

From the strip shows I saw the strippers were muscled, oiled-up men in a skimpy costume who proceeded to take off what little of a costume they had until they were down to their G-string or better yet, naked and waving their cock around. The women in the audience screamed as the stripper approached them and after putting whipped cream on his cock the woman closest to him would gladly take it as far as it would go, licking every piece of the cream off the stripper's cock.

In my late teens I went to a gay strip club in downtown Athens with a couple of gay friends. There, the DJ announced that the barman, a slim but toned man, would strip for the audience. To the cheers of the crowd, he jumped on the bar shirtless, gyrated for five minutes then dropped his trousers. He moved around a little longer in his white Calvins before ending his impromptu act and returning to work serving the crowd drinks.

I enjoyed the spectacle but the whole time while the barman was dancing on stage all I could feel was envy. Pure, angry, envy.

'Why was I not on stage doing that?' I asked myself. As much as I liked looking at strippers, I wanted to be one.

At university I wanted to be a stripper after seeing a friend, the son of a Polish diplomat, strip with other boys at a friend's party. A girl in the class two years above me was celebrating her 21st birthday with a party at her home. It was May and we were dancing on the balcony when someone decided to play the song 'You Can Leave Your Hat On'.

Some of the older boys in their final year, decided to take the title literally and while gyrating, stripped to their underwear. Much to our amusement they were dancing around us in nothing but their boxer shorts. The lights on the balcony were dim and so we only saw their bodies in shades of light and dark blue. I could make out their bodies, their muscles as they flexed them stripper-style. By the end of the song Arek, of medium build and height, wearing glasses and thought to be a 'good boy' at school, turned towards us and pulled open his boxer shorts revealing the goods inside. For a few shocking moments we saw his penis that was, after gyrating around half-naked with his friends, in a state of semi-erection. His pubic hair was long and untrimmed but soft and fluffy the way it is when it was never touched by a razor. Upon exposing his member some of the girls gasped in shock at the sight. Some boys laughed. I found it delightful. I loved how unabashed he was during his spontaneous strip. He was the only one to do the Full Monty and I enjoyed it even more as he remained in his boxer shorts for the remainder of the night, though sadly with his penis covered up inside his boxers.

I met Mamacita in the trashy gay club I stripped in. Mamacita was Lebanese, in his mid-40s and as fat and jolly as Santa Claus. He was nicknamed Mamacita because he was like a big Italian mama: loud and demanding. After he was fired from his job in a logistics company, for watching gay-porn at work he decided to do what he loved best: boss male strippers around and so became the manager of the bar I worked at.

'It's like people never tried cum-swap before,' he laughed, talking of the porn film that cost him his job. I, who had tried many things, had never heard of, let alone tried cum-swap, and I was shocked to discover what it was when I googled it.

'Why are you not drinking?' asked Mamacita as I was finishing my dance act.

'I don't want to drink tonight.'

'Why?' he asked.

'Because I don't want to become dizzy tonight, especially while dancing.'

'You have to drink. I have bills to pay. I have electricity bills. I have the rent to pay. I have rent-boys to pay. Now have a drink,' he ordered me forgetting that it was the customer who made the orders.

'But I don't want one.'

'Then buy a drink and don't drink it.'

'Look. I don't want a drink. Do you want me to leave?'

'No. Not yet anyway. At least stay here and look marginally pretty while you dance. Tell you what, I'm going to give you a drink on the house if you show me your dick.'

I pulled down my shorts and Mamacita peered over to take a good look.

'Not too bad. Could be bigger,' he sniggered. 'Is a Vodka Red Bull ok love?'

Mamacita could see that I enjoyed dancing at the club and came up with an idea for me to do private strip shows and he would be my manager. It seemed a little silly to me but I accepted.

The first thing I did was put together a webpage but I needed a theme.

'What should I call it?' I asked Mamacita one afternoon when we went for coffee to discuss our 'stripping strategy' (his words not mine).

He thought for a moment. He tilted his head left then right then said 'well... I am not sure. I used to know a stripper who called himself the Ruler because his dick was so big he would measure it during his acts. But we can't use that name because of copyright.

Plus your dick is not big enough for a name like that! He started laughing. I stared at him not knowing if I should take offence or not. I decided not to. Such comments were typical of Mamacita.

'You have big balls. How about you call yourself Great Balls of Fire?'

'Would I need to have fire in my show? Isn't that a bit like a circus?' I asked.

'I guess you're right. Well... you look like a swimmer, you like swimming... How about you call yourself Poolboy. You know, maybe the Poolboy?'

Website: www.ThePoolBoy.com.gr

Does Your Pool Need Cleaning? Then call The Poolboy!

The Strip Show

The strip begins with dance. A range of costumes can be used and they include: Boxer, Businessman, Butler, Runner, Sports Guy and of course The Poolboy. Anything else of your preference can be included so the theme can be tailored to the theme of your party.

The show includes a dance to various songs for up to 30 to 40 minutes. By the end of the dance I will be dancing fully naked and erect. Following that, the intensity of the show depends on you.

The strip can end there, there can be games or it can include a jerk off show. A jerk off show is additional and optional after the strip.

Games

Throwing rings on the penis of the stripper.

Putting a condom on the stripper blindfolded.

Touching the stripper and guessing the part of the body, blindfolded.

Conditions

This is a strip show. It is not to have sex.

You must remain clothed.

Touching is permitted.

Notes: Please confirm beforehand on the type of audience. This is to tailor the experience to what you would like but also men, women or mixed groups have different expectations and would not want any members to be offended. Click on the Speedos below for further images.

As part of our strategy we opted for a broad client-base and so catered to both men and women. That would increase exposure and of course more cash. With Mamacita it was all about the cash. He wanted 40 percent of royalties. We haggled until we agreed that he would receive 28 percent of my earnings, not including tips.

To me that seemed like an extortionate amount but Mamacita was surprisingly good at arranging parties and finding clients, mostly tourists or horny guys. At one point I was striping at a private event once a week and dancing as a go-go-boy or at least two nights a week in his seedy club. That was on top of my escorting job for which I earned every penny and on top of my actual job at the law firm I worked at.

The parties Mamacita arranged were usually single-sex events, which was preferable because that way I could tailor the act to each sex. Women preferred more entertainment such banter and jokes, a dance, and a little silliness alongside the sexiness. Occasionally some women requested that I did not get completely naked but most times I did and I wrapped up the show after showing them my bouncing boner for a bit. There would be the occasional husband or boyfriend among the gaggle of ladies who would make the occasional comment to hide his discomfort and was always about my cock.

'What? Not showing your dick?' said one man at a party where the host requested I would not get naked.

At another party the only man present said 'my dick's bigger than that! I should be a stripper,' to which one lady replied 'well you got a big belly. Can you even see it?' When straight men made comments about me, no matter how derogatory, I felt my dick stiffen even more.

Gay men were a different kettle of fish and the most appreciative audience were older gay men who were more relaxed and open about things and less concerned about seeming cool. They were not afraid (in the following order) to: stare, comment or touch. I always hoped the men requesting a strip show would be older men. They enjoyed seeing 'a young thing in a G-string' as one older man put it, dancing in front of them. After all, they had more life experiences, they were secure in themselves and were not embarrassed of enjoying watching a man with an erection gyrate on their living room's coffee table in front of them on all fours. In fact, they actively encouraged my erect penis to be merely inches away from their faces. At times I could see that they restrained themselves from swallowing it whole, like an ice-lolly left in the sun a few moments too long, and was about to melt. The fact that they were happy with the spectacle of me, as a stripper, making a spectacle of myself, meant that I, as an erotic dancer, grew in confidence.

For older gay men to see a young man dance naked in front of them reminded them of their sexual experiences when they were younger. Such nostalgia either made them happy or bitter. A bitter and nostalgic queen watching a young stripper dance was like mixing drugs and alcohol: it never ended well. During one such case, one older man kept making comments that I had to dance through. He made comments like 'he's not very big is he?' to which others laughed.

I enjoyed stripping because I knew full well that youth was not infinite. I wanted to make the most of my 20s. Youth, according to some, is a gift wasted on the young. How could young people not know that a slender waistline, flawless skin, a capacity to drink and eat and smoke anything will have little to no impact on the body only during the years of youthfulness? With that in mind I stripped and performed, all in an effort to preserve the present moment, to win admirers and ride the wave of lust that I was feeling at that moment.

The best parties I stripped at were the ones where the hosts and guests had fun rather than acting embarrassed or pretending to be shocked at watching a man get naked in their living room. Getting naked was not the part that frightened me. What worried me was actually entertaining. Getting undressed takes a minute; I had to turn a dance into a 40-minute act?

By contrast stripping for younger men was intimidating. Men in their 20s were men of my age group. Our bodies were comparable and comments like: too skinny, too tall, too lanky, too small, were easily thrown about as I danced in front of them.

While working in the bar one night I witnessed one scene where Sakis was dancing naked and holding his hard-on. The boys who were watching him were making comments to which Sakis got irritated and shouted out 'what do you want?' At that they all burst out laughing, continued making comments and sipped their drinks as Sakis had to retain his composure and continue dancing and holding his waning hard-on.

At least those boys were engaged in the act. There is nothing worse than dancing naked for an uncomfortable crowd. At one mixed-sex party the guests stood along the wall, as if they were a captured audience. Some of them had a curl by their mouth, feeling disgusted or frightened or slightly aroused. I danced in a G-string seemingly uncaring about their discomfort but I was secretly embarrassed for them, which in turn was embarrassing for me. No one wants to watch an uncomfortable stripper dance so I pressed on shaking my ass, to comments and occasional bursts of laughter and side-glances. The show had to go on.

Mamacita was certainly ambitious with the club he managed and the shows he staged. For a dirty dive bar for daddies there was no expense spared.

'His G-string was designed by a famous fashion designer, I forget which. He paid a lot for it. It's a famous cut,' said Mamacita one night to me.

'How can it be a famous cut? It's a piece of cloth going through his ass,' I responded.

The guys I worked with were friendly but they were not the brightest of disco lights. We were a walking cliché of strippers and the full act included a dance by men dressed as a policeman, a fireman and a caveman. One Greek man dressed as a Scotsman, complete with a brown hairy chest was an instant success as he played the bagpipe and then slowly stripped to reveal that he wore nothing under his kilt.

One of my favourite costumes was the waiter costume. For that I wore a bowtie and black socks pulled up tight and polished leather shoes. I wore a black thong, which I would then peel off to reveal my G-string. That too would eventually come off to reveal everything else. One stripper I knew even used to shave his pubic hair into the shape of a bowtie.

Another costume, which mostly older gay men liked, was dressed as a trashy twink. The costume was put together with a trucker's cap turned slightly to the left, a plastic golden watch, real silver chains, acid blue trainers and a fluorescent green thong. If the fluorescent green thong was in the wash then I would wear a leopard-print thong until the moment came where I would rip it off to reveal everything else; crack included, much to the pleasure of the crowd.

**Trashy stripper boys are nothing but cheap toys
In dirty dives you dance on a stage
With no decorum and lack of poise
You shake your asses, releasing your pent-up rage**

