

q life: with GABRIEL TABASCO

The Greek Ambassador's Son: Chapter 4: Three Types of Threesomes

Threesome #1: The Accidental Threesome

I met a guy online and he suggested I join him for a drink at his house. I was bored and had nothing to do that night, so I went over to his apartment. I was not intending to have sex with him but just to have a drink with him and pass the evening. Marios was in his mid-30s, with a head that he shaved (as he was balding). He lived above the Bulgarian he worked at as a sous-chef.

With him in his apartment was his best friend Klitos was sitting on the sofa bed watching the football. Panathinaikos was playing Olympiacos in such an important football match that even the gays were watching it.

I sat on the left corner of the couch with Marios next to me and with Klitos slouching on the far right of the couch, half listening to our conversation, smoking, drinking a beer and watching the TV. The man was quite the multi-tasker.

We made small talk as Marios was telling me all about Bulgarian cuisine, which he knew little about, as he had only been in that job for less than a month.

'Do you want to do something together?' he asked, trying to be nonchalant. 'You know... you and I?' he clarified.

'Sure,' I said, as if he asked me if I wanted to order a pizza. 'Now?' That took him aback. 'But Klitos is here. We have to go to the bathroom.' 'I can blow you here,' I said. 'I don't mind if he watches.'

There was a moment's pause and then I moved forward and touched Marios' crotch. As I guessed: he was hard. I unzipped his white H&M jeans and yanked them down to his knees. I pulled back his y-front. His erect dick jutted out. His was a nice size, a good above average and thick. It was the size that would make any woman happy. His balls and pubic area were shaved.

I bent over and sucked him. He exhaled and sat back, shutting his eyes to enjoy the blowjob. Klitos next to him tried to concentrate on the football but it was hard to pay attention to a hunky and overpaid man kicking a ball around a pitch on a small screen while someone is being sucked off right next to you. Overcome with jealousy and hormones Klitos occasionally glanced over to us before looking away as if he was giving up privacy. From time to time our eyes met me. As if challenging him I held them for a moment too long.



'Let's have sex' I said to Marios as he was tensing up.

'Here?' he said.

'Sure. Klitos doesn't mind. Do you?'

He shrugged. He was clearly jealous.

Marios brought out the condoms and lube. We undressed and I laid down, this time with my head near Klitos' lap. Marios laid on top of me naked and proceeded to enter me. It was painful. I was not completely relaxed but soon Marios was in.

'How is it?' asked Klitos, looking down at me in his lap and taking a sip of his now-warm beer.

'Man, he is so tight, even I am in pain,' said Marios.

'Want to join?' I asked and motioned to Klitos to unzip his jeans. Ignoring the football he did as told. His penis was smaller than Marios and thinner. I sucked him as Marios fucked me. What followed was a rushed threesome on a sofa bed. It was so small we kept sliding off it. The whole act lasted less than 15 minutes but we all came within a minute of each other. Marios came first, then I did almost at the same time while Marios was shouting out 'I'm coming' loudly. Klitos came at the same moment that Panathinaikos scored the winning goal. We were all winners in that studio apartment.

Threesome #2: The Annoying Man and the Teddy Bear

I met Marino at a beach party. He had just moved back to Greece from the US.

'From Michigan... or Minnesota... or somewhere' he said clearly drunk. 'Shit man... I can't even remember where I used to live' he laughed to himself.

The signs were there but it was not until the second time I hooked up with him that I realised he was an alcoholic. He drank vodka drink after vodka drink. Even I, who enjoyed drinking, could not keep up with him.

In fact months later, I would be in a club with my friend Matthew, when Marino showed up and spoke to him but did not acknowledge me (for reasons I will soon reveal). After he left I asked Matthew how he knew Marino.

'We met up one night for drinks and then I went over to his house' Matthew recounted. 'Marino said he was going into the bedroom for a minute but five minutes later he still was not back. I went to see if he was ok and it turned out that he was asleep on the bed. So I left and know he wants me back!'

Back to my story with Marino...

After we had sex for the first time he floated the idea of a threesome. I agreed and we arranged it for the coming week. As Marino was dating me I assumed he had good taste so I did not ask to see what the third man would look like. In fact I completely forgot about our arranged threesome until he texted me about it. That Saturday night I went to Marino's apartment and was met with a techno-nerd. I immediately forgot his name so let us call him Teddy because that is what he reminded me of. He was a stocky 25-year-old with thick-rimmed glasses and a build that would seem fat when he was wearing clothes but was well put together in the nude. Still, there was little attraction between us. We sat on the couch silently sipping red wine (red wine! As if it were a poetry reading). Sitting in silence we could hear the crickets outside and the hum of the fridge (stocked with Marino's vodka). Regardless of the lack of attraction we still proceeded with the threesome.

The threesome was clunky. The whole atmosphere was slow. There was more action in a library. Foreplay seemed endless. It reminded me of Maths class at middle school. It was like waiting for the bus. In fact, I heard the bus go by.

'If I hurry I can catch the next one' I thought to myself. And so I did.

'Hey, Marino,' I said as he was kissing the guy's big, fluffy thighs.

'Hmmm?' he responded, continuing to kiss and looking up at me.

'I'm not in the mood tonight, I think I'm going to go,' I whispered, feeling as if I was interrupting an important business meeting.

'Hmmm... ok... bye,' he said continuing his foreplay making his way up Teddy's thighs. It was so slow, it seemed more like the foreplay to foreplay.

I got dressed. Went home. Had a shower. And went clubbing.

'No more threesomes,' I said to myself. And I stuck to that. Until one day my date turned into sex that turned into a threesome that turned into a foursome.

Threesome #3: Champagne Celebrations

Though it was still hot, the summer was over. September in Greece, as everywhere, heralded a time for new beginnings. People returned to work after their sun-soaked days on the beach and kids going back to school. 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.

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

Ali was from Jordan, a few years older than me, at least a head shorter but with nice arms that he displayed in his cut-off t-shirt. He was with Imad, who, from their distant body language, I assumed him to be Ali's friend. We 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 gay guys by the dumpsters behind the gallery having decided that a gay party amid other people's rubbish was better than a pretentious posse of ladies in fake fur wanting to get into cheap magazines and gossip blogs. By the end of the night as Imad was talking to one man I kissed Ali next to the bin for recycling paper but not plastic. By the end of the night it turned out that Ali and Imad were a couple but had a very open relationship. They owned and managed a PR agency in Amman called Champagne Celebrations.

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 we would end up in bed together. Back at the 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 Imad. 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 Imad's phone beeped.

'It's that guy from yesterday?' said Imad. 'He says if he can come over for sex.'

'Sure, fuck him if you want but I'm not interested so much,' said Ali.

Around 15 minutes later, as I was sitting on the balcony with Ali sharing a bottle of champagne as Imad 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. Erriko was a tall, likeable man who worked in a bank. I went to his house with Mike for drinks. He did not recognize me.

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

'My name is Imad,' said Ali, trying not to snicker. That obliged Imad to call himself Ali. I used my actual name to see if he recognised me but he did not.

'I don't like that guy,' said Ali as we spoke on a balcony a little later. 'It's one thing wanting to get fucked but it's another thing looking like you want to get fucked.'

Ali sat outside smoking while I, who was ambivalent about Imad and not particularly attracted to Erriko, somehow ended up in bed with them. The sex was fine. Ali was right; Erriko was a big bottom who spread his legs for Imad as soon as he sat on the bed. Imad should have named his business Quick Champagne Celebrations because he uncorked his champagne bottle in less than three

minutes of sex. Erriko's hole still had not got his fill so I plugged in. Pumping away at Erriko, Imad slapped my ass as I fucked Erriko and kept saying 'go Gabriel, fuck him'. 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.

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

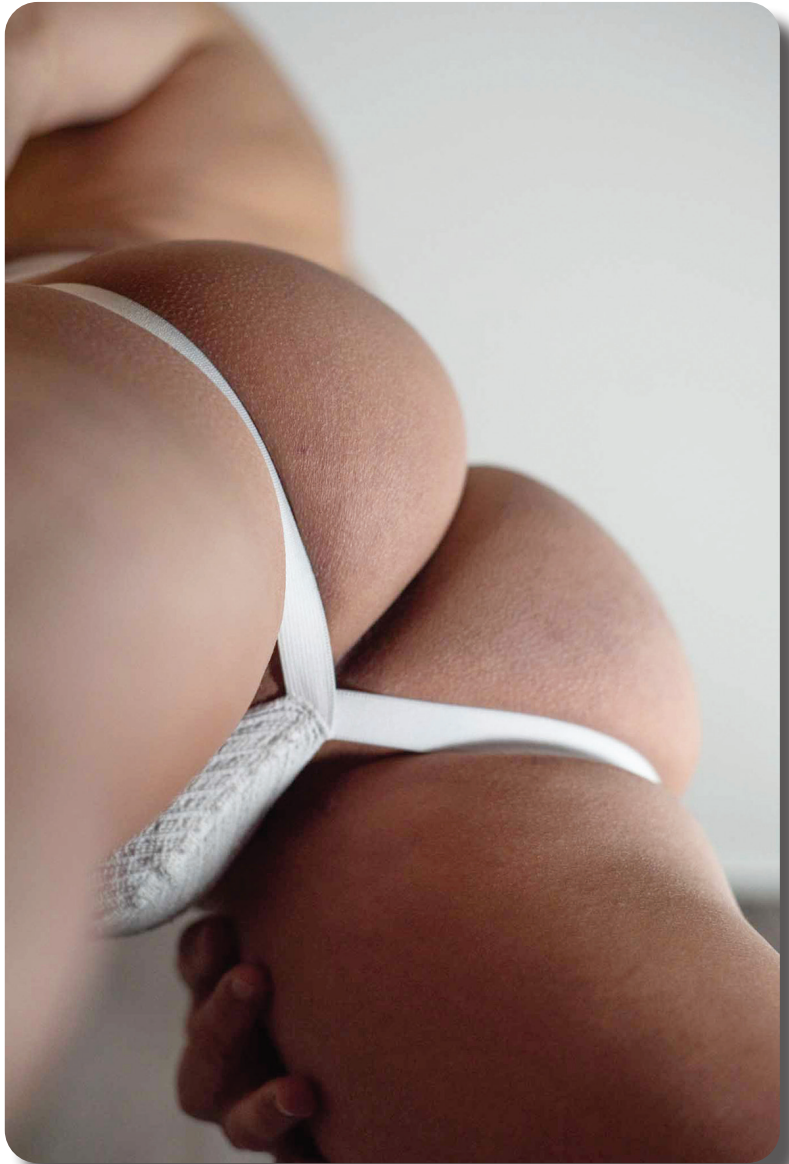
'Well, I was avoiding coming to see what I would find,' he said, 'but I might as well come in and watch.'

So Ali came in, holding his cigarette to watch Imad wank himself off as he cupped my balls, as I was about to come in Erriko's ass and for Erriko to shoot 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 judgement 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 Imad and Ali but I often wondered how they were doing.



*Were there not enough bubbles in your champagne?
You'd have ditched those losers if you had half a brain
But then you are a desperate little whore
Chasing cheap men for sex, always wanting more*