

q life: with GABRIEL TABASCO

Gabriel Tabasco: The Greek Ambassador's Son Chapter 13: A G-String Full of Dollars

Question: How did I wind up bending over wearing only a G-String for a group of men in an apartment in Beirut? Answer: Read on.

Mamacita was going to visit family in Beirut and invited Mike and I to join him. Beirut was the most liberal city of all the Arab countries, but still a lot of the decadence and partying were mostly covert. There were no strip clubs in the city, so Mamacita took advantage of that and arranged to put together a strip show for a small group of Lebanese men at an apartment belonging to Ralph, a friend of Mamacita's, which had stunning views of the Corniche and of the Mediterranean Sea.

'Your payment for the one-hour show would be \$1000,' Mamacita announced with glee.

It was a generous amount considering it was for an hour, but I knew that Mamacita was getting a lot more than that and I was concerned that he had some tricks hidden up his sleeves. My estimate was that Mamacita would be getting at least 40 percent of the revenue.

My reasoning was this: I was going to perform for five wealthy Lebanese men (not counting Mamacita and Sakis, who would also be present). My estimate was that Mamacita was charging each of them around \$300 to \$400 bringing the full amount to \$1500 or \$2000. It was a large amount for a person to pay but it was not an unreasonable amount considering that we were in a conservative country where gay events are few and far between and we were putting on an exclusive show.

We took a taxi from our hotel to Ralph's apartment although we could have easily walked. When I pointed that out to Mamacita he screeched and said: 'walk in the heat? What will people think?.'

Also, I don't want you to get hot and sweaty before we even show up.. Mamacita had a point; it was warm outside. 'The last thing anyone wanted was a stripper with a sweaty ass... before he even spreads it open.' He then chuckled at his own joke.

We paid the taxi driver and were buzzed in by the porter in the lobby who directed us to the penthouse. Moments later the lift opened up into the apartment. Standing there was the host and two men with beards wearing flowery shirts. Their shirts' top buttons were undone exposing the thick curls of their chest hair. As we stepped into Ralph's home they turned to look at us curiously with a soft smile dancing on their lips.

I was escorted by one of Ralph's servants into one of the bedrooms where I proceeded to get ready. I was told I would begin my performance at 9pm, roughly in half an hour's time. I sat on the bed and tried to stop my hands from shaking. Why was I so nervous?

As I spied the guests arriving and greeting each other in Arabic my suspicions of Mamacita's duplicity was confirmed. There were more than five guests already present. I was sure Mamacita skimmed for more cash. I should have negotiated harder but when I asked to see a written agreement of the cost Mamacita waved me away, as if I was an irritation, and said that it has all been taken care of.

'In Lebanon, we agree with a handshake, not with a contract.'

I did not dispute this but what was agreed? He never said. When I pressed the matter

further he said 'do you want this or not? Yalla boy! I pay you for an hour to dance naked, and the hotel and food and the flights. I know you're a rich brat but you're not that hot. I could get a better stripper.'

I said nothing. I wanted the experience and the cash but I also did not want to be taken for a fool. It felt odd being in that room alone. I could hear Mamacita's laughter. I could hear Saki's deep voice. I heard some men clink glasses and toast. Gentle conversation and laughter followed. This was no nightclub of trashy men with funky haircuts. They sounded like a refined group of men in their 40s with professional jobs, a mortgage and, with it being Lebanon, a partner who was their 'best friend' or 'holiday buddy'. The more I waited the more intimidated I began feeling.

'Why nervous?' I asked myself. 'I have stripped so many times.' I wish I had a drink. When I started stripping I used to have a shot of vodka or whiskey before going on stage. It took the edge off. I seldom drank before a strip. I felt it put me off balance but in Beirut it felt different.

I looked in my backpack and looked for my emergency stash: a miniature bottle of vodka. I did not find anything. As if on cue Mamacita came in carrying a drink.

'I thought you might like a Cuba Libre' said Mamacita, handing me the drink.

I was so grateful and took a large gulp. It tasted different but nevertheless I continued drinking it until it was gone. Mamacita watched me.

'Wow. You needed that,' he said. Making his way to the living area he said 'we're beginning as soon as I play the music.'

He closed the door and in less than a minute the music began. It was a cheesy '80s song that Mamacita was so fond of, a kind of power ballad that allowed me to slowly strut out.

In a loud voice and clearly already tipsy Mamacita introduced me as Baby-Businessman. It would have been a ridiculous name had I not been dressed as a businessman in a suit and bowtie. Mamacita insisted I wore that costume, as it would draw out the show. Taking off a suit took much longer than say a pair of shorts and t-shirt, which was what I normally wore on stage when my act only lasted for 20 minutes. Tonight my show was meant to last at least an hour.

Stripping is basically undressing. Imagine undressing and then gyrating for an hour? The first half involved me interacting with the guests, dry humping them and revealing my body bit by bit. The second half of the act involved dancing naked and 'a little bit more' as Mamacita put it 'the usual whore-y stuff you like to do'.

As the song played on I began to emerge from the bedroom. There were seven guests, not including Ralph and my two friends. As I walked out I could feel the eyes of the men sizing me up and wondering what I would do. As always with such parties some men were more forthcoming and enjoyed it more while others preferred to observe on the sidelines.

Some men cheered and smiled as they watched me undress and they liked it when I gyrated against them. With just a little interaction I could sense who was more into touching me and more open to a lap-dance than others. Two of the five men were not that comfortable and I kept a safe distance from them not to make them feel even more uncomfortable.

I thought that not being able to understand Arabic would make me feel less comfortable but in fact I felt fine not understanding what was said nor understanding why they were clinking glasses every so often or laughing at someone's comment and smirking. However from their facial expressions I could tell what they were thinking at certain moments such

as when I was in my G-string and bending over.

At that moment, more than half way through my act, showing my ass, two of the men looked at my hole that was barely covered by the thin piece of string. They nudged each other and looked at each other and smiled. I had two thoughts at that moment. One: that they were enjoying it. Two: what a whore I was.

Getting fully into the rhythm I undressed completely wearing only my black shoes, black socks, bow tie and the sleeve-ends that strippers wear. I felt like I was in a trance when I somehow found myself on Ralph's glass coffee table in a doggy style position.

I could hear Mamacita's comment quietly 'the yoga paid off, from Downward Dog he easily manages to get into doggy'.

'Doggy position like a bitch,' one man said in English and the others lightly laughed. At one point the man who was facing my buttocks lightly slapped my ass and moved the G-string to the side to reveal my butthole. He said something in Arabic and two others peered over to take a look. I made my hole twitch on purpose for them. They chuckled.

'Want a tip?' he asked.

'Sure' I said smiling.

From his wallet he took out his AmEx card and as if it was a card machine, swiped it through my oiled-up butt cheeks. The whole room exploded in laughter. Even Sakis, who was usually surly, could not hold back the laughter.

The man with the credit card then dipped his finger in his whiskey. He then proceeded, ever so slightly, to lightly finger me. He chuckled in pleasure as my hole contracted.

'Look, it's winking at me,' he said. 'His hole is happy with the tip.'

Mamacita then said 'shake that ass Gabriel'. That was the code to begin the jerk-off show.

After dancing naked for the good part of an hour I was so horny that I did not feel the cold of the glass table against my smooth skin I laid down on it. Taking my member in my hands I slowly began the jerk-off performance. I needed to time it well for these men to get their money's worth. Lying down I began fingering my hole and touching my balls which had already tightened up. From the men present, one was sitting back sipping a whiskey, another few were watching and making occasional comments. One or two leaned over and occasionally touched my ass or dick while some men smoked.

I got into various positions and moved across the glass table to give everyone a view or chance to participate. Once I had exhausted all positions and moves and coming to the penultimate song on the playlist Mamacita announced 'and now for the grand finale'. Some men positioned themselves forwards to get a better look while others reclined and continued smoking. I sped up my hand movements until I groaned. Arching my back and exposing my hole I came all over my chest with some of my cum hitting my chin, lips and forehead. Some of the men smiled and laughed or clapped.

I laid on the table for a moment. It was always the seconds after coming that I felt most like a whore, cheap and disposable. I let the sensation pass over me and then got up. Sakis handed me a towel that I wrapped around my waist, as if needing to preserve some modesty. I took a bow as the men clapped and I left for the bedroom to take a shower in the adjoining guest bathroom.

As I prepared the water Mamacita came in.

'Babe... you were brilliant. They loved you over there,' he gushed.

'I was crazy today. I don't know what came over me,' I said a little dazed.
'Oh baby. Sweet, naïve baby. I put a little something in your drink,' he said.
'What?' You spiked my drink?' I said loudly coming towards him.
'Don't get all aggressive, baby. I needed to make sure you didn't flake out. Mamacita knows best after all,' he said, still gleeful, drunk on booze and thinking of his fat commission.

There was no point getting angry with Mamacita. I should have guessed as much. I showered and washed the sperm and the shame off me and joined the group I ejaculated just a quarter of an hour ago.

Three of the men had left citing dinner plans while the host and the other guests remained. Standing around in my y-fronts, I had a couple of glasses of champagne and made some polite conversation. I chatted for a while with Ralph.

'I didn't know you were a lawyer,' said Ralph. 'You're intelligent. I thought you were a stupid escort'.

'Well... you're slightly mistaken on both counts,' I said, trying to be charming. 'I have a degree in Law and work in a dull job in a law firm and I sometimes escort.'
'But I'm right about you being intelligent,' he said.

We flirted back and forth but of course this flirting would go nowhere; we would be leaving the next day, but it was fun and I was obliged to be pleasant as a guest in someone's house. A little later on the remaining members of the party went to a bar that was popular among gay men.

There we saw the men that left right after the show. They were with another group of men who kept turning around to look at me. Obviously they must have told them what I did a few hours ago and were curious about me.

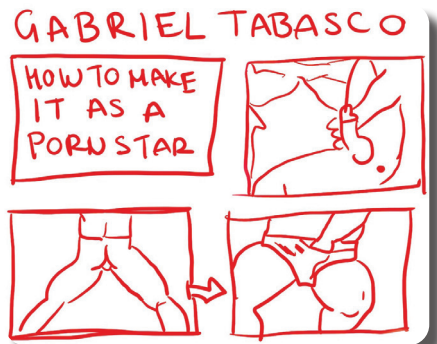
Ralph approached me for a second time that night and said 'can I ask you something?' He was a little drunk. Perhaps that's what gave him the courage to ask me what he shouldn't ask but wanted to know.

I hated when people asked me if they could ask me something. It meant they would ask something rude or offensive. At least the question prepared me for what was coming.

'Sure. Go ahead,' I said, assuming he wanted to ask to sleep with me.
'Aren't you embarrassed showing your cock and hole to strangers?' he said.

My memory took me back to earlier that night when I was on the glass table fingering my hole. I remembered how shocked Ralph was to see that.

'To be honest, no. I don't feel embarrassed at all. Actually, it feels quite good. I love holding your gaze and your attention,' I said to him over the loud music.
'You're a narcissistic whore who shames the gay community,' he said in judgement.
'And yet on all fours I completely had your attention. Don't pretend you don't love it.'



**Gabriel, Gabriel, shake that ass
Pretend you're nothing but cheap trailer-trash
Give the commission to cunning Mamacita
And count the pennies, pretending you're getting richer**

