

# q life: with GABRIEL TABASCO

Gabriel Tabasco: The Greek Ambassador's Son  
Chapter 8: Three Daddies and a Twink

**The recipe for the perfect spit roast includes:**

**One younger man**

**Three daddies of varying tastes: savoury, spicy and sweet**

**Plenty of sizzling hormones**

**Some alcohol for lubrication of the sense**

**Some lubricant for lubrication of the hole**

**Allow the event to simmer on a hot summer evening of at least 37 degrees centigrade**

**Add a generous sprinkling of saucy fantasies**

**Ensure to cook with vigorous gyrating and thrusting motion from all participants involved**

**And do not forget to include a fair amount of lubricant**

**Et voila! You will have prepared a perfect spit roast! Make sure to share the recipe!**

I spent most of my summer with the Shipping Magnate, having sex with him and travelling around the Greek islands. But I saw less and less of the Bull, who I enjoyed having sex with, as usual, on a chair, in the middle of the kitchen. During those sessions I could feel every movement of the Bull's penis in me and I came in buckets with him. This was a feeling I did not often have with the Shipping Magnate. The Bull knew this and liked to be reminded of it, especially as he fucked me.

'How big is his cock?' the Bull would ask me, biting on my ear. 'Not as big as yours,' I would gasp. 'Is mine the biggest?' he would say, speeding up the pace of his thrust. 'Yes,' I would add, biting his shoulder.



'His cock is not as big as mine, is it?' he asked as he drilled hard into me. I would moan 'no'. He then, not only wanted me to continue saying how big his dick was but also make comments about the Shipping Magnate's. I couldn't tell if talking about other men's dick turned him on or if it was because he wanted to hear how big he was in comparison to his perceived competitors.

'I'm nine inches. How big is he?' he would ask gasping, fucking me.

'Smaller.'

'How much?' he would thrust.

'Like five inches.'

'Ha ha,' he would say, pushing harder into me, making me moan.

'How's his girth? Thin?'

'Yes. By half your size.'

'Oooh....'

After I would talk about all the measurements and sizes he would ram it in further causing me to ejaculate. After our hot session he would become another bulky, hairy Greek man to whom I had little to say. Over time, he realised that I was closer to the Shipping Magnate and resented my friendship with him. He knew we were spending time together and felt a little jealous, assuming I was with him for the money.

The Fireman also left slighted by his friend the Shipping Magnate, especially since he introduced him to me, but it was too delicate a subject to broach. It was obvious that I had more in common with the Shipping Magnate than with either the Fireman or the Bull. One day, dazed by too much champagne I brought up the option of a threesome to the Shipping Magnate.

'But who do you know who is interested?' he asked.

'I think I can put something together,' I said.

A week later I had somehow arranged for a sex session with Aristo the Shipping Magnate, Gary the Fireman and Yianno the Bull, the latter of the three arrived at my apartment dressed in a black leather jacket having arrived on his motorbike. No doubt he wanted to act like the Alpha Male.

Until then Yianno had not met the other two men so at first the situation felt a little awkward. Conversation over drinks: (beer, the Fireman; champagne, the Shipping Magnate; and whiskey, the Bull) was stilted and uncomfortable, filled with long silences and fake smiles. Initially I began to regret bringing the Bull into the sexual circle. Compared to the Shipping Magnate he seemed tougher and rougher. The phrase "like a bull in a china shop" sprang to mind. By contrast the Shipping Magnate seemed like the evident loser if a fight of fists ever broke out with any of the men.

It felt like the clash of Titans with each man trying to exert his own domination on the situation; the Bull with his hairy, hulking manliness, the Fireman with his sporty, save-the-world attitude and the Shipping Magnate with his suave, gentleman finesse. What did that make me? The barely-there bottom? The piggy in the middle about to be spit-roasted?

After our third round of drinks which we sipped on the balcony, the Shipping Magnate decided to get things started and started touching my ass. We all went upstairs and undressed. The Bull stood there with his penis that was soft but huge; the Fireman stood beside him with his toned frame and penis that was already erect as was the Shipping Magnate's, which pointed upwards like a small tower block amid skyscrapers. In comparison to the other two men, the Shipping Magnate had the smallest penis but trimmest physique. Hours with a personal trainer made a big impact but he could not change the shape of things that mattered most. He realised this when glancing at the Fireman and especially at the Bull, who was larger than him with a flaccid penis than the Shipping Magnate was with an erect penis.

I suggested getting into the train position, where one man fucks the man in front of him. It was then that we realised that all three daddies were tops. Standing there naked it looked like a comedy sketch: three naked men in their 40s towering above a 20-something man discussing who should

go where and in which order. So it was decided: we would try double penetration, the Fireman and the Shipping Magnate would fuck me simultaneously as I would suck the Bull's cock.

'It's a DPSR,' said the Bull.

'What?' said the Shipping Magnate who was used to acronyms, which were common in his line or work. However a DPSR was something new to him.

'A Double Penetration Spit Roast,' clarified the Bull. 'A double penetration is...'

'I know what that is,' said the Shipping Magnate, 'but a spit roast? What's that?'

'It's what we'll do to Gabriel now. He will get fucked through the ass and suck on my cock. Like a pig on a spit roast,' laughed the Bull.

As that ridiculous conversation raged on, the Fireman was on the bed having made himself comfortable amid the bed's many pillows. I laid on top of him and gently eased his penis into my hole. By then the Bull was fully erect and the Shipping Magnate was ready to go. The Fireman was firmly inside me, confirming it by thrusting a few times. The Shipping Magnate then, laying on top of me began to make his way into my hole. It took longer than expected. I was tighter than I thought I was. I imagined that the Bull had enabled me to be able to take a larger-than-average penis, but one big penis is different from one average and one small penis inside me at the same time.

The Shipping Magnate, leaning over me, kissed me in an attempt to relax me as he pushed his cock into my hole. The initial moment of penetration was the hardest and the fact that we were wearing condoms did not make it easier. With patience and lube and with the encouragement of the Bull who spanked the Shipping Magnate on the ass a couple of times teasingly, (or in order to show who was boss), finally got fully inside of me.

'I can see your little hole from here,' the Bull said only half in jest to the Shipping Magnate, as he peered over at the sexual sandwich.

'Bet it's not hairy as yours,' said the Shipping Magnate to the Bull, already getting into position over my ass.

'Yours definitely isn't a hairy ass mate,' the Bull said. 'You got a twink ass for a daddy. Mine's a man's ass,' and flexed it for good measure.

The Shipping Magnate lent a few thrusts into me and slowly got the engine going before the Bull knelt at the head of the bed. Now, having taken his time, his cock fully erect entered my month.

'Your balls are dangling on my head,' said the Fireman to the Bull, 'and I can see your asshole man,' he said in irritation.

'And that turns you on right?' said the Bull as I sucked on his dick.

'Come on Gary,' said the Shipping Magnate now beginning to thrust. 'Start fucking him too.'

The Fireman was still uncomfortable about the Bull's hole inches above his head but began getting into the rhythm. He seemed to forget that he was inside me since he was within easy sight of a butch man's large buttocks, which he did not find attractive. Snapping out of his irritation he began thrusting harder and harder until the Shipping Magnate and the Fireman found their rhythm and began fucking me in unison. Random moans emanated from them every so often. At times it seemed as if they were trying to outdo each other with the sounds they made.

I sucked on the Bull's large cock with the same rhythm as I was being fucked. All four of us worked as one machine. It seemed that the men let go of their rivalry and enjoyed the act, which lasted over an hour. All of us wanted to prolong the end of the event but at one point, as all our balls tightened we had to let go.

First to come was the Fireman who broke off from our uniform rhythm and raced ahead pumping fast. A few moments later the Shipping Magnate was inspired by him and started pumping away. They both came seconds from each other and there was a crossover moment where both were moaning loudly as they came into their condoms.

'So soon?' said the Bull, with a laugh, again only half joking.

The Shipping Magnate took his dick out of my ass first and then gently helped me get off the



Fireman's dick. They trotted off together, going off to the bathroom to clean themselves up.

The Bull then put on one of his extra-large condoms. I got into all fours as he mounted me ready to be spit-roasted in the reverse order. I was going to get fucked by the Bull while I would suck the Shipping Magnate's and the Fireman's cocks; either both in my mouth or one after the other. Having two penises in me already made it a lot easier for the Bull to put his huge, fat penis inside. We were already beginning our session of sex as the Shipping Magnate and the Fireman came back in.

'Wait for us,' the Shipping Magnate said, more out of rivalry than fearing he would miss out. He clambered on the bed in front of me. Like the previous session with their cocks in my ass, now the Shipping Magnate and the Fireman had their cocks in my mouth. Another hour and the two of them had come once again in my mouth, as did the Bull, in my ass.

That summer we had a few more sex sessions, either the four of us together or in various formats such as with the Fireman and the Shipping Magnate and I on the yacht (the Shipping Magnate fucking me and me sucking the Fireman off). I occasionally met the Bull for a mad sex session but our relationship did not develop a deeper friendship.

By the end of the summer I wanted to concentrate on my last year in school and on finding a boyfriend while the Shipping Magnate had to focus on his law firm expanding in other markets. The Fireman went back to Wales and I saw him less and less while the Bull wanted to meet other boys and chose to drill into them instead.

It was fun while it lasted, the perfect summer escapism, but as the French say "toutes les bonnes choses ont une fin".

**Three daddies, wow! Wasn't one enough**  
**From the spit-roasting it's evident you like it rough**  
**You'll act like a whore, letting them use you like a toy**  
**You got in every position, from doggy, to missionary and reverse cowboy**

