

# q life: with GABRIEL TABASCO

## The Greek Ambassador's Son: Chapter 7: The Shipping Magnate

I met Aristo, who I nicknamed the Shipping Magnate, through Gary, the Fireman on the gay beach. That day he asked for my number. I gave it to him and forgot about it. He called me a few weeks after I met him and we agreed to meet up for drinks at one of the hotels in Faliro, near my house and more importantly away from his wife, neighbourhood and workplace. We began casually dating.

Even though he had a family and was married I liked him, but what I liked most was that it was an adventure.

When I first began dating him, meaning that we had a couple of dinners before we had sex, he would tell me about meetings with the Prime Minister or the Minister of Commerce. Initially I thought he was just lying and was trying to show off to impress me so I did not take much notice.

However it was me who was shocked one Saturday morning when I spotted him on the front page of a newspaper standing beside our Prime Minister and then in the society pages standing next to his wife at the opera. Over the course of the summer, through various society pages or business magazines I read that he vacationed with the Minister of Public Affairs in Poros and went to university with the President's wife.

Finally I understood that what he was telling me over dinner were not feeble attempts to impress me but actual talk about his day. When a man's workplace events and vacation plans end up as headlines in a major national newspaper or in a gossip column then that man is important. Aristos was nothing if not important. In public I called him Aristos but in private I referred to him as the Shipping Magnate, something he liked, especially when I called him that in bed, especially when he had his cock in my ass.

The Shipping Magnate was clean cut, always with trimmed hair and a goatee that he kept in perfect condition and was always well dressed. He was around 180cm in height, 5cm shorter than me, and packed around 75 kg in weight. He was not fat but nor did he have the slenderness of youngsters. His lifestyle allowed him to exercise and keep in shape, so his stomach was flat and firm. His chest was muscled with a sprinkling of dirty blond hair. He had brown hair and blue eyes.

The Shipping Magnate was like red wine: he aged well, which contrasted to most Greek men who could be compared to grapes; leave them out in the sun too long and they dry up. I did not tell



about who my father was but after picking me up a couple of times from my neighbourhood and hearing stories of my family I assumed he worked it out. As he was married with two daughters and had a son my age, he had more at stake than I did, so being discreet was extremely important to him. The reason he favoured me above other boys who were more attractive than me came down to discretion.

He liked spending time with me as we had a lot to talk about and had similar interests. Without meaning to sound snobbish we were part of the same social circle. We went to the same school and studied the same subject: Shipping Law, so we had a lot of common ground to build up a friendship and a relationship that went beyond the confines of a platonic nature.

Initially when Aristo called to ask me out to dinner I was sceptical. I was not enamoured with his social circle, which ironically was my social circle. To be clear, these people were the parents of friends from school and friends of my family. They worked hard to do well but after work all they did was spend money on their appearance. It was full of men who were balding and got hair transplants, the women got nose jobs and walked around town with Cavalli handbags slung casually over their bony shoulders.

People from our social scene would almost always be married but sleep with each other's spouses before roaming further afield; to cheaper venues they frequented where not only could they buy everyone and everything on the menu including the venue itself. Men would seduce their wives' best friends while the wives slept with their sons' best friends. Their kids would sleep with whomever they wanted to, including multiple partners a night, separately or together. It was sex a la carte. If I was completely honest with myself I should have accepted that I was part of this spoilt, superficial clan. If not, then why did I feel so comfortable around the Shipping Magnate and his wealth?

Our relationship was sexual and based on an older-man-younger-man scenario. I did not need his money (which reached me in the currency of expensive gifts). I was not a gold-digger and so he had no problem spoiling me, as he knew I was not with him to take advantage of him. It was almost like reverse psychology. The fewer gifts I wanted, the more he gave me. Still, I never turned down the expensive Gucci shoes (€1,500), the Armani Backpack (€800), the Versace Tuxedo (€2,000), the week travelling around the Ionian island on his yacht (€10,000) and the countless dinners, impromptu shopping trips and weekend getaways either to nearby Greek islands or European cities. If he wasn't going to spend it on me then some other boy, (a narcissistic gold-digger), would come along and gobble it all up without knowing the true value of a Versace suit.

I fell in love with his yacht. The moment I saw it on the first date I wanted to go out to sea and have sex with him on it. On our third date, on a trip to Spetses we did just that. He informed his wife that he was going to be entertaining some Russian investors on his yacht for the weekend. She was fine with it and went to Rome and Paris for a shopping trip the remainder of the month. On Friday afternoon we set sail.

The Shipping Magnate was steering the yacht out of the marina wearing a captain's hat, blue shorts and nothing else. His curly chest hair glistened in the sun. In the warm afternoon sun, we were sailing through the Saronic Gulf towards Spetses. I approached him as he stood by the wheel. He smiled at me. To surprise him I yanked down his shorts. They were untied so they slipped easily to his feet. His penis, not expecting the surprise, was soft. Feeling the sea breeze caress it, it soon stood to full mast. I gently put his pulsating cock in my mouth. The Shipping Magnate had a hard time concentrating on steering the yacht but he did not complain. Made horny by the heat, the yacht and being naked on board, I sucked the Shipping Magnate dry. His penis was smaller than the Bull's (see chapter 7 of September 2024's Q Magazine's edition), at least a third smaller and much thinner so it was easy to deep throat him.

As he groaned in pleasure he swayed and so the boat did too. Water sprayed up from the sea as he momentarily lost control of the steering wheel when he came. I felt the warm, salty liquid squirt out in streams in my mouth and the Shipping Magnate lightly groaned, his hands on the steering wheel, steadying his shaking legs. I did not usually swallow but when I did he loved it

A couple of hours later we docked at Spetses and went to explore the island on foot, as cars are illegal on the island (save only for an ambulance and fire engine). Locals get around by bike or donkey. On our first evening there we had dinner in a picturesque bay and then fell asleep naked, in each other's arms, under the stars on the deck of the yacht. In the morning I woke up around early, refreshed up, making sure I had washed out my mouth with mint. As the Shipping Magnate was still drowsy I began to suck on his dick. The morning horn ensured his cock was erect. I licked and sucked it and he groaned in his sleep. He awakened further when I stuck my finger in his buttole that was surrounded by light, thin hairs.

Pushing my finger further up his ass I sucked harder and he awoke completely moments before coming in my mouth again, with a loud gasp. He had a cute 'oh' face that I wish I captured by camera for our holiday snaps. Or perhaps I could have printed them and sold them as postcards for tourists. His o-face being sent around the world. It must have been the heat and the glamour of the yacht but that weekend I got fucked by the Shipping Magnate in every position in every part of the yacht: starboard, portside, stern and bow.

I rode reverse cowboy (a position he loved putting me in) on the deck more times than I could count. We had brunch in the small town of Spetses before returning to the boat and doing it doggy style on the lounge-chairs. We went for a swim, which I needed as I was covered in his cum, and then began another sexual round by getting into the 69-position at the hull of the yacht.

'Your ass is still so white,' he joked as he fingered my ass before licking it. I went back to sucking his cock. After that we did the reverse amazon position: the Shipping Magnate lying back with his legs open exposing his asshole as I sat on his cock. In the evening we went into town for drinks and dinner, which we both needed as we were tired and sunburnt from spending the day having sex in the sun.

After dinner we went back to his yacht and I got into the lap dancer position and then into the missionary to finish off our day of full-time, full on fucking.



**A Sugar Daddy if there ever was one  
He's only with you because of your small, waxed bum  
Don't get excited Gabriel, for you he won't leave his wife  
He's just enjoying fucking you, he doesn't want a new life**