

q life: with GABRIEL TABASCO

The Greek Ambassador's Son: Chapter 6: The Bull

Yianno was a well-built, hairy hunk. I nicknamed him the Bull. From his tight t-shirts it was evident he liked working out but his belly meant he enjoyed food a little too much. His balding scalp meant that he was not the obvious gay sex idol. Trashy women with bleached hair and too much makeup swooned over him. Young men with daddy-issues, coming into their sexuality would have been attracted to him and repulsed by him at the same time. I did not find him attractive but I had nothing the Sunday afternoon we met. I was hungover from partying the night before and so I decided to meet him anyway.

We went for a walk on the beach. It was November and the weather was chilly and windy. He tried to impress me by telling me he had a threesome the night before with two men my age. Unless he paid them I did not believe him. He told me that he was 45, divorced and worked in a bank. That, I could believe.

He looked strangely familiar and had a face that I had seen from somewhere else. It was one of those cases of placing a person I knew from another context into the context I currently was in; like seeing a teacher in the supermarket. It was a little shocking as I always expected them to always remain behind their desk in the classroom.

It was not until he opened his wallet to pay for cigarettes that I spotted the photo of a man I knew. The man was Petro and he went to my school. We used to play basketball after school on Wednesdays. So that's where I knew this guy! I saw him picking Petro up on his motorbike after school. Yianno was Petro's uncle! I remember Petro telling me about his favourite uncle Yianno and how he was going through a divorce.

Recognising Yianno I could even see the mannerisms he shared with Petro: the heavy walk, the kind smile, and the easy-going nature. They even had the same body type: hairy and stocky.

After I found out he was my friend's uncle I could not wait to have sex with him. Having sex with one of my friend's uncles was a fantasy. A real notch on the bedpost. What a sexual accomplishment. I did not mention that I went to school with his son. I never found out if he knew but I supposed that he must have guessed at some point. I also justified my decision not to say anything but reasoning that saying something would complicate the matter and perhaps even embarrass him. Our relationship was not meant to be complicated. It was meant to be easy and fun. It never occurred to me that perhaps Yianno recognised me as one of his nephew's classmates and that maybe I was serving a fantasy for him too.

We met spontaneously the following week. I went out with friends and returned home at 3am. Drunk and horny I could not sleep so I texted Yianno to come over. Roughly 15 minutes later he was ringing the doorbell of my apartment. Drunk and semi-asleep I opened the door naked with an erection. The lights were off in the apartment and the hall, so he only saw my silhouette, which was illuminated by streetlights coming in from the window. He looked at me, his eyes adjusting to the darkness and smiled as he noticed my erection.

'What is this?' he said, taking my boner into his hand. 'What a surprise,' he said gently, tender with someone younger than him. He slowly turned me around and cupped my buttocks. 'Small ass. Just the way I like them,' he whispered leaning in. I leaned in to kiss him. He leaned away from me. 'I don't like kissing. It's... it's...,' he said, his voice trailing off.

In silence I led him to the bedroom. He kept his leather jacket on. I knelt, unzipped his fly and took out his penis. As I expected: it was huge. Even though it was flaccid it was huge. I began to lick it, encouraging it to grow. Approximately 15 minutes later I was still doing that: encouraging it to grow. The night was not going well

'You know... I'm getting tired of trying to make you have an erection,' I said.

'I'm sorry... it's just... this is all so new to me.'

'So what do you want to do?'

'Ummm...'

'If you want to leave it's fine. I won't be offended.'

'I don't want to leave. I... I...like you,' he said slowly.

'Ok. So...take your jacket off and make yourself comfortable,' I ordered gently.

He took it off but remained clothed. He laid on the bed and I laid on top of him naked. We got into the 69-position. He spread my butt cheeks open and began to rim me. He was great at it, which I assumed made sense as he was married for decades to a woman. I guessed that was what he learnt being a straight man. As he rimmed me his erection came through. So buttholes were the secret for his arousal. His penis grew and grew and grew to a full nine inches. It was a tower block. Taking it out of his jeans I devoured it. I licked his dick and balls then lightly touched his hole.

'Don't put your finger in,' he warned me. 'I like being the man.'

I did not know what he meant by that at that moment. I did not care to ask. I was having too much fun.

We met up repeatedly over the following months, usually once every two weeks. Eventually we got to know each other well enough for him to be comfortable having sex. By then his penis did not take half an hour to get erect and my hole become comfortable to him fucking me. One of our hottest sessions was having sex on a chair in the middle of my kitchen on a Saturday afternoon. He sat on the chair and I sat on him, facing him. Gradually I eased myself on his penis. Inch by inch I made my way down that tower. He thrust gently, a little harder each time, so I could get used to him inside of me.

'I'm in,' he said. 'Your ass has covered my cock,' he said.

I leaned a little back and I felt his balls come right up to my hole. He was right, all nine inches of him were inside me. Moment to moment his thrusting got stronger and stronger until I was moaning in pleasure.

'Bounce on my dick boy. Keep bouncing on it boy. Fuck this is good,' he said as he fucked me. I bit his shoulder to keep from crying out too loud. Fucking on the chair became our favourite position. 'You have a huge cock, big balls, a furry chest... and legs... and ass...' I told him one day after sex. 'You're a bull,' I continued and nicknamed him that. He chuckled. 'What do you like most about when we hook up?' I asked him.

'The way you enjoy sucking my cock. Like you are hungry for it. Like you can never get enough.'

'That bike of yours,' I asked him one day 'did you ever have sex on it?'

He gave me a strange look. 'No.'

'I want to sit on that bike naked in front of you as you wear your leather gear and fuck me on it. Ok?'

'Ok,' he said with a smirk but not taking me seriously though not ruling it out either.

I finally managed to arrange the event. The Bull came to pick me up around 4am one Saturday morning as most people would be asleep. Careful not to let my neighbours notice me for fear of gossip I met the Bull downstairs only wearing my tiny gym shorts. He approached, roaring on his bike, holding two helmets.

'This is going to be harder than I expected,' I said, slightly intimidated by his bike

'Well boy,' he said smirking, 'it's your fantasy.'

I stepped out of the streetlight and proceeded to take my shorts off. Emerging from the light I was naked and already hard.

'You're going to get us in trouble,' he said. 'Put your shorts on now,' he ordered. Then he quickly made way and I sat in front of him, wearing only my shorts as he wore his leather gear.

We drove around for a quarter of an hour not really knowing what to do or where to go. I wanted to get naked and be driven around by a leather-clan man on a bike. The Bull just wanted to fuck me whether it was on the bike or the bed. Athens was not the easiest city to navigate semi-naked on a motorbike. Finally we found a small forest near the coast. It was a public park but it was not maintained. The weeds and plants were overgrown turning it into a small forest. It was a spot of dusty, dishevelled trees in the middle of a sea of concrete.

I undressed despite his protestations. I was so horny that I was determined to have this crazy experience. We were both still sitting on the bike, me now naked at the helm and the Bull behind me still clothed in his leather gear. He took out his cock. At that moment it was nothing but a large lump of flesh. I forgot that it took him at least a good quarter of an hour to get that thing to full mast. 'Was it because it was so large that he needed more blood pumping into it?' I wondered.



He began masturbating me with one hand as he cupped my ass with his other. I held on to the motorbike.

'I'm about. To. Come,' I said as fluid gushed out of me. I was hornier than I thought I was and not the experienced lover I perceived myself to be.

'No. Not on the bike,' he said and stopped. But it was already too late. The black fabric was covered with my cum. I got off the bike and put my shorts back.

'I'm so sorry,' I said feeling bad about the situation. 'It come clean off,' I said, though I was not sure how. It was not like he could take the motorbike to be dry-cleaned. 'Surely it's not the first time that a bike like this has semen on the seat,' I joked.

The Bull did not find that funny but he had a kind heart and forgave me. He drove me home. Having allowed me my fun he now wanted his.

With time our relationship waned. As a divorced man, living in his one-bedroom bachelor pad, he had no woman to cook for him so he ate at his mother's. He occasionally brought over her cooking when he came over to play. I could see that he wanted to reach out to someone and I was the only physical outlet and companionship he had. As much as I enjoyed the sex it would not go any further. We had nothing in common other than Saturday afternoons in the kitchen.

*A real man, he's hot and hairy
Built like a house, to some he's scary
Not to you Gabriel, even if you play the bottom role
He can eat you up, swallow you whole*

