

q life: with GABRIEL TABASCO

The Greek Ambassador's Son: Chapter 1: Summertime

It was summer and I was 21. I had moved back to Greece a few months earlier for university. My father was the Greek ambassador to a Latin American country and returned to Greece in the summer too. In order to get around Athens my father hired a driver for all of us. When he wasn't driving my father around town, I asked the driver Stavros to take me to the beach or the pool.

Stavros was in his mid-30s, tall and well-built. He enjoyed his mother's cooking and the many meals she cooked for him led him to have a slight belly. He wore Ray-Bans and was covered in thick hair all over his body. I always wondered if he didn't feel hot with so much body hair. Stavros always had different girlfriends and he would drive them to the beach or to the hairdresser's before beginning his shift with us. Occasionally I would see him kissing his girlfriend as she got out of the car. He would playfully slap her ass as she walked away.

Stavros' sole responsibility was to chauffeur us around Athens. He chauffeured my stepmother to the shops, to brunches, lunches and beauty therapists. He chauffeured my brothers to basketball practice, football games, fancy clubs filled with girls in tight skirts. Stavros chauffeured me to the swimming club or to a coffee shop I liked to go to (which I only went to as it was near the gay nude beach of Limanakia). I could never tell if he knew where I was going when I got out of the car but I always felt as if I was being watched.

Though I never cruised anyone on the nude beach, I wanted the experience of being wanted but my teenage timidity kept me at bay for any such fun. In retrospect many of the men on the beach were young and not interested in someone younger than them and were not willing to approach someone who was legally a minor.

My summer passed by with me being driven to the beach and back home again. I hated sitting on the back and since I liked taking in Stavros' manliness I sat in the front seat next to him. I liked how his thick thighs filled out his shorts. How black leg hair escaped from them. I liked looking at his strong arms and how his medallion nestled in his chest. From the corner of my eye I observed him, seeing if he was looking back at me but he never was. He always kept his eye on the road.

One day he said 'I will pick you up at five.'
'But that's too early.'
'Your father said that dinner is early tonight.'
'But..' I began to protest."



'These are your father's orders,' he interrupted me. 'I don't make the rules, I just follow them so please argue with him and don't argue with me.'

'Fair enough,' I said and walked in the direction of the coffee shop and then turned towards the beach once Stavros had driven away.

'How was the coffee shop?' Stavros asked me when he came to pick me up early that day.

'Fine. I had a lot of coffee.'

'Ah you went to the beach, right?' he said, catching me out.

I gave him a quizzical look trying to hide the truth.

'Well... because you are covered in salt it seems. And your clothes are wet,' he explained.

'Yes... well... I got hot... so I went for a dip in the sea' I said, wondering what excuse I could come up with.

'Which beach?'

'The one opposite the coffee shop' I said.

'The gay one?' he asked.

'Is it gay? I didn't notice,' I said, feeling my voice rise and throat constrict.

'You didn't notice?' he laughed. 'I guess you fell asleep and didn't see all the nude men there' he chuckled.

'I mostly read my book,' I said.

'I don't mind if you went there. I go there sometimes by myself... with some friends... after a football match on a Sunday... you know... all the other beaches were full and it was quieter there.'

'Sure,' I said as my heart beat faster, not sure what to say.

We drove in silence for a while as both of us looked outside the window trying not to feel uncomfortable. After a while he broke the silence.

'Man it's so damn hot,' he said.

'So wind the windows up and put the AC on,' I replied.

I liked the heat and Stavros liked smoking, (something he never did in front of my other family members) so with me he drove with the windows down smoking and I leaned outside the window.

'I can wind the windows up but that won't help,' he said. 'I'm just so uncomfortable in these tight shorts. Good job your dad lets me wear them. Some drivers have to wear a whole suit.'

'That must be tough,' I said sarcastically but also not sure what to say.

'It sure is man. Especially when you got a boner.'

His words lingered in the air waiting for me to eat them up. I pretended I did not hear what he said but I was determined not to be overcome by my nervousness.

Trying to keep my voice steady I asked him 'is there anything I can do to help?'

He laughed. He was a little surprised. It was not what he expected to hear. I don't think he knew what to expect.

'Whatever you can think of that would help,' he said, tossing the ball back to my side of the court.

With my heart racing but feeling brave I reached over and felt his cock. Through the light fabric I felt the length and thickness of his penis. It throbbed as I touched it.

'Take us somewhere,' I said and then realised he had diverted from our usual route and was driving somewhere secluded.

Ten minutes later he stopped by a clearing next to a building site on the outskirts of a new suburb. We got out of the car. He looked around making sure no one was able to see us. He walked to the front of the car and leaned back on the car bonnet. I yanked his shorts down his hairy legs to his ankles. His erect penis pointed in the air. I stood opposite him, still wearing my shorts and trainers. I took his penis in my hand and began jerking him off. By the sounds of his groans I could tell he was enjoying it. After playing with his cock, which by then was rock hard, I knelt down on the ground.

The dirt stuck to my knees. I took his penis in my mouth. Encased in his underwear, in the heat it had a musky, male smell. It tasted salty. I tried all sorts of techniques I saw from porn films thinking they would make a better blowjob or would show how experienced I was for someone with no experience.

He tilted his head back and licked his lips. His groans were growing louder. I smiled as he enjoyed it. He began panting and let out a grunt as a warm, white liquid streamed from his dick into my mouth. For some reason I did not expect it to be warm. I expected that the liquid would be cool like lemonade and not as sticky. I was unsure of what to do. Would spitting it out have been rude? Was it ok to swallow? But swallow it I did. He smiled at that and kept his penis in my mouth until it completely deflated. He sat on the car bonnet a few moments longer exhaling as his hairy buttocks were warmed on the car's metal. I withdrew and let his cock swing in the air.

'Man. That was great,' he said. 'Better than when a woman does it. Who knew you had such talent. Where did you learn that technique? From pornos or by blowing lots of men?' he asked 'I mean... you're too young to have much practice unless you're already a little whore.'

'Umm...' I began not knowing what to say.

'If you suck other guys like that you're going to be a little whore.'

We dusted ourselves off, got in the car and drove back to the city. I got home at quarter past six, late for dinner.

'Sorry I am late,' I told my stepmother.

'Late for what dear?' she asked. 'Dinner is at the same time every night, at half past seven.'

'Oh but I thought that...' but then stopped myself.

It dawned on me that Stavros had planned the whole thing. The excuse of an early dinner was to have a long enough buffer for our time together.

That whole summer Stavros and I retreated to a quiet place where I could suck him off. I blew him in the changing rooms by the beach, in the car, in an abandoned parking lot or at one of Athens' many building sites. We never fooled around in my neighbourhood or in any area where someone might know us.

It was always me who blew him. Occasionally we wanked off together and he liked to feel my hole as I sucked him but he never blew me nor touched my penis. He refused to do so. He said that he was not comfortable sucking another man or kissing him. On another occasion when I insisted we kissed he said that that would make him gay. I was infatuated with him and I succumbed to whatever he asked me. When I asked him to fuck me he refused.

'You're my boss' son. I can't fuck my boss' son.'

'But I have been sucking your dick all summer,' I said.

'Yeah, that's different. It's two friends playing when there are no women around. Right?'

'Right,' I said and did not push the subject. In a few years I would understand that Stavros was confused about his sexuality and I was his only outlet.

After he made his feelings clear that he would not have sex with me I slowly began distancing myself from him, taking the bus to the beach and avoided seeking him out when I needed to go somewhere. He must have grasped that and left me alone. Our hormones cooled as the summer faded and by September I was back at university.

***Well look here, Gabriel tried his very first dick
With an appetite like that he'll soon be turning tricks
This story is about a skinny boy turned sexual maverick
Bedding all types of men, the smart, the hunky, the rich and the thick***

