

# q life: with GABRIEL TABASCO

## Gabriel Tabasco: The Greek Ambassador's Son Chapter 15: The Casting Couch

It was so hot it felt as if the pavements were melting while indoors, the AC was cranked so high I was wearing a light jacket. What was it with Americans having the air-conditioning on at full blast? I was sitting on a plastic sofa with cracks through the fabric and foam spilling out through the tears. I was in the Valley, a part of Los Angeles known for being the centre of the porn industry, waiting to meet Scott for my audition. Through the paper-thin walls of the casting room I could make out muffled voices.

'Ok. You have two minutes to get rock hard,' said the voice who I assumed was Scott. 'Take off your Calvins and get going.'

'Sure,' said the slightly high-pitched and eager voice. Most likely a twink. I could hear something falling to the floor (his belt?) and then the squeak of the couch's spring. I wondered if it was as ratty as the one I was sitting on.

'Right now you are sitting in my office with a limp dick, so work hard to get hard now,' said the voice of the casting director. 'Your asshole looks used. Have you been fucked much?' asked the man.

'Not more than anyone else,' said the twink.

'Not more than any other bottom. I'm a top, so my hole definitely is not used,' he replied. 'Don't categorise us all as hungry bottoms, you hear that boy?'

'Sure,' said the twink.

'You fuck well?'

'Most guys say so,' replied the twink.

'Well I'm not most guys. I'm a porn director and I produce quality videos. If you're good, you're in. If you're bad you're out. So show me what you got,' said Scott.

I heard them moving across the room. The voices died down so I could not follow the conversation. I assumed they moved over to the couch where the twink would do all sorts of entertaining things for his audition. I tried to concentrate on my book 'How to Make Love Like a Porn Star,' by Jenna Jameson but I could not get into it. I was too intrigued to hear what was going on in the room next door.

Around 15 minutes later the door opened abruptly and a short man with blond hair walked out. Indeed, just as I thought, he was a cute twink.

'I'll be in touch,' said the man, roughly shaking the twink's hand.

'Sure. Thanks,' said the twink who gave me a sidelong glance and left stepping out into the LA heat.

'You Gabriel?' said the man.

'I am. Good to meet you Sir,' I replied, standing up and shaking his hand as if I was going to offer legal advice.

'I'm Scott. Come in.'

The room resembled a detective's office with files on the floor, papers on the desk and pens with chewed caps. His camera and PC were state of the art. He seemed disorganised but professional. On the wall he had images of naked men. He saw me looking at them.

'Those are all the guys I cast or auditioned,' Scott began, 'some really nice guys. Those guys kissing, they came in for an audition and did not make it. Bad attitude. But you seem to have a good one,' he said. 'I can tell from the beginning what type of guy I'm dealing with. Take a seat,' said Scott. 'What I am going to do is talk to you and film you at the same time and I want to see what you got. You can do whatever you like. Imagine it's a solo shoot for a porno. Ok? But first tell me about yourself. Any previous experience?'

'I have a degree in Shipping Law and I graduated top five of my class. I speak fluent Spanish and German along with...

Scott interrupted me. 'I mean any experience in the industry. You know the porn industry,' he said, lifting his eyebrows. Clearly these guys didn't care about my academic credentials.

So I explained the escorting, the strip shows, the men, and how I got to the porn audition.

'Well you definitely got lots of experience with sex and with people,' he said. 'That's good. You need that in porn.'

'Why do you want to do porn?'

'I like sex. And I want a career change.'

'You're going to pay your bills by bending over?'

'I already have been.'

'Let's see what you're made of.'

I made my way over to the casting couch and began undressing.

'Keep your pants on, move it down slowly. This is a job interview not a fuck session.' I did as instructed and then turned around, showed him my ass that was still in my underwear.

'Do you feel degraded by me telling you to strip?' asked Scott.

I thought of everything I did; the oligarch, the strip show for the Lebanese men, getting fucked by the Bull, the Shipping Magnet and the Fireman at the same time. I didn't feel bad. It made me feel sexy.

'Not really,' I responded.

'Ok! Good!' said Scott speaking in superlatives. 'Drop your underwear and lie on the couch,' Scott barked.

I pulled down my underwear and revealed my ass to him.

'Nice small ass,' he said. 'No need to stick it out like that. Your hole doesn't need to wink at me. I don't want to see my lunch.'

Was I sensitive or was Scott a jerk?

I sat down on the couch and opened my legs slightly as my dick grew hard.

'You're going to keep your socks on?' he asked me

'It's cold in here.'

'I guess we can also target the sock-fetish market,' he mused.

I got comfortable as I auditioned for Scott. All my previous experience of pretending to be comfortable when I wasn't, meant I had little difficulty with this audition. I knew how to move from one position to the next without too much fuss, what angles made me look better and how to show off my cock and ass. Then I came. My cum splattered on my green and white t-shirt. Show over.

'So soon,' he chuckled as I dressed. 'I'll be in touch,' said Scott, handing me his hand to shake before withdrawing realising that I had just jerked off.

It was not until after the audition, when I walked to the parking lot to get into my rental car that I realised that porn couch must have been host to so many men auditioning. What man-made designs would I find if I took a neon light to it? How many butts sat down on that fabric? How many drops of cum on it?

I got into my rental car, took out my phone and looked at the map of LA to find the apartment I was renting for the week I was there. As I was about to leave the car park my mobile rang. I pulled to the side of the road to take the call. It was an American number. It was Scott.

'Hey, good news buddy,' he said. 'You got the job. Five films with us, shooting this summer.'

'Cool,' I said, a little less excited than I thought I would be. 'I'm really excited to begin,' I responded, forcing a smile.

'Shooting starts next week. I will mail over the details.'

As I drove off home that afternoon I wondered 'what am I doing in LA doing porn?'

Scott's films bordered on the outlandish and I questioned who bought them. I learnt anything about being an escort was that the buffet of sexual tastes was vast. From the uber-polished porn stars with big hair and big dicks to grainy, homemade porn, there was a market for every niche and therefore money to be made.

Scott liked taking the themes of films and loosely keeping to the original plot turned them into porn films. How he was not sued for copyright I never knew, though we all wondered. We guessed that no studio took porn that serious enough despite it being a multi-billion dollar industry. Or perhaps they never sued because it enhanced their brand.

The films he wanted me to star in were the following:

'Riding Red Hood', where a twink in red shorts is caught in the woods and fucked by a hairy man.

'Peter Paddled', where a man wearing green shorts gets caught by pirates and is spanked.

'Lord of the Ring', which was all about rimming.

'Blazing Assholes', which was about a bunch of bottom guys playing together.

'Reservoir Doggy Style', where a bunch of us were on all fours getting fucking by men in suits and sunglasses and who moaned sexually in fake Brooklyn accents.

Among those, Scott explained to me that he also had films in process for porn films called 'Gaybusters', 'Raging Balls', and 'When Harry Fucked Barry'.

'What do you think?' he said on the first day of shooting 'Riding Red Hood.'

'Erm... well... I guess...' I began.

'Sounds good to me,' Scott said. 'Not put on your red cape and hat and get on top of that gay bear and let him pound you. Let's start filming.'



**Look at you, taking the back route to stardom  
Posing naked and showing off your hard-on  
Soon you'll be the next big thing  
Providing you swallow and can do everything**