

Adam

or “An everyday story of circumcised folk”.

High standards of personal hygiene weren't really an option in Africa. I reckon it was the heat and lack of proper showers that finally did for my foreskin. It was the fourth bout of infection under there that finally decided me that it just had to go, not that I was exactly broken hearted about that! I'm fact, it had always been somewhere in the back of my mind that I might get circumcised one day. I'd always been a bit scared about the idea of actually going for it in case the reality didn't live up to my expectation but those infections were just unbearable. In a way, it was good to have something happen to force me into a decision. I might have dithered for years otherwise and, come to think of it, I'm sure sensible old Ian would have talked me out of it if I'd still had my skin when we got it together. Anyway, I've not had a second's regret about being done and going for that snip was one of the best things I've ever done, let alone being one of the horniest!

I'd been fascinated by circs since boarding school really. All those bare knobs in the changing rooms really fascinated me as a new kid there, and I reckon I was appalled and intrigued in equal measure when I found out why so many of the boys looked so different to me. As I got older they really started to get me going and I began to harbour a secret desire to join their special club and find out what it was like to go about exposed all the time. It was just such an amazing thought, just having to walk round with everyone able to see your most intimate part with all chances of modesty having been taken away from you. John, my dad, was cut, and I expect he would have wanted to get me done as a baby to match him but anyone who knows my A Grade earth mother mum Jennifer could see how she would have fought tooth and nail to keep her new little boy in pristine condition. I'm pretty sure that Brian, my step dad is cut too – I got a quick look in the gents at the Bull one night soon after I got back from Africa, but I'm damned sure he would be very careful to avoid standing next to me in a public bog now he knows I'm gay! So this branch of the family is definitely a skin free zone now. My sister married a black South African bloke a couple of years back. I've not met him yet, but from his picture Lucas is a very sexy guy. I'd just love to know what he's got tucked inside his trousers, and it looks like plenty, regardless of whether it includes a skin or not. I'm not sure how I'm going to find that out but I suspect from his background that he might be a bare boy too. Hope so, for Kate's sake!

So, going back to Africa, after finishing that last course of anti-biotics I took a ride in the land rover to the VSO Medical Centre in the next village and off it came. It was as simple as that, no questions asked, and I've never regretted it for as second since. It had been very tempting to head off to the local elders to book myself in for a ritual job with the next batch of young lads from the village, but I'd seen some being done once with a razor blade and a piece of wood as a glans protector was just that bit to scary even for me, even though I must say his results were pretty impressive and seeing them get done, all lined up together, was a real perv-out. My doc did a good job though – luckily he was a very cute American guy so I expect he had had a bit of practice at snipping before heading off to the bush. I read a posting on a circ-perv site on the Internet a while back saying something like “redheads always take a good circumcision” and I think he was right! If I may say so, my inner skin looks really good, and he left me plenty of that, with a nice obvious colour change on my shaft, so I reckon I'm a lucky boy!

I got to fool around a bit at school with a couple of the boys. It's true what they say about life in the dorms and I suppose it is inevitable with a whole gang of raging-hormoned adolescents cooped up together with no girl around. I loved feeling the cut lad's dicks and I think I knew even then that I'd have loved that tight feeling for my dick too. Most of them had really low circs, some of then not too neatly done either, so I'm really pleased that I ended up neatly high and tighted –American input there I think, not that I knew when he started cutting what I was going to end up with. One of my schoolmates got carted off to the doctors one night when his skin, which had always looked rather phimotic, got stuck behind his rim after a particularly frantic bout of wanking. It must have been so embarrassing for him to have to go off to matron and explain what was wrong, and he hobbled back to the dorm a couple of days later looking a bit battered. He was very coy about what had happened, but a of them quickly de-bagged the poor sod and quickly

discovered his new open-top model. I'm ashamed to say I joined in the ritual teasing, but I've always wondered if I was the only one who was turned on by it all too!

Back in the village for holidays, sexual antics were sadly always in short supply. I got to fool around a bit with my cousin John one summer – classic stuff of fantasy, playing “you show me yours and I'll show you mine” on top of a hay bale in a barn with a really good looking, well hung lad. Mmmm. Unlike me, he had an enormous amount of skin and I wanked off so many times imagining what he would look like if he had it cut off. It was long enough to have problem potential but I never knew if he ever had to lose it or not, and I never will now as he died very tragically a few years back. Such a loss in all sorts of ways. His brother Tom is cute too, but I get the impression that he isn't so talented in the trouser department and I reckon he is very unliely to be trimmed. Kirsty his girlfriend is the sort who might just let some details slip after a few drinks if I can get her alone and work my usual trick of working “the” subject into the conversation – I love finding out about guys like that!

There was a surprising amount other talent in the village when I came back from Africa. Ed and Jazzer – I bet they did their fair share of fooling around when they were younger. They are just the sort of horny bastards who would have got up on anything that moved and not been too choosy about the details, but I doubt that they would care to be reminded about those days now! Roy Tucker too, he'd be worth checking out. He goes in for rather tight jeans when he's dressed up for a night out and he looks good with the hint of a nice packet tucked down his leg. Lucky Hayley! I wouldn't mind a bit more investigation there but I hardly think that's on the cards. Christopher Carter, he's still a bit young but I reckon he might turn out into something worth ogling too in a couple of years. Shame the kids go in for such baggy jeans these days. Its such a pity too that we don't have communal showers for the cricket team, but I live in hope of an away match one day to somewhere with better facilities than we have here. Nice idea, strutting round bollock naked with all the team with all my privacy taken away and getting to see if anyone else has had the little snip to do the same to them. Even the older guys might hold some surprises – David, Alistair, Robert – who know who might have had a tight skin that needed a little adjustment.

Ian, my lovely partner, was really sweet about my cock when we first got together. Coming from the back of beyonds in Northern Ireland, I was a bit worried that he might never even have seen a cut dick before and be freaked by my carved knob. That wonderful first night, finally getting enough nerve to snog him in the strawberry field polytunnel was amazing. When he dropped his hand and felt the tent in my trousers he can't have failed to feel the bare ridge of my head through the material. When we finally got down to the real business I was waiting for him to freak, but he didn't, bless him! It turned out that one of his brothers had ended up getting done as a teenager. He wasn't sure why, just a tight skin I expect, but at least. after having shared a bedroom with his brother he was well used to seeing de-foreskined meat Ian said his dad had asked at the time if he wanted to get done too to avoid the possibility of problems in the future (I suspect he was just worried that the brother would appreciate not being the only bare boy in the area) but Ian had said a very definite no. He knows my little kink, and its nice to tease him too, telling him I'll tie him up one day and set to work with one of his kitchen knives to make a real man of him, holding his skin right back to see how it would look, even marking the cut line on his shaft with a felt pen. He indulges my little fantasies, even joins in sometimes. So who know, perhaps one day. Now that would be a major perv out! Sometimes as we make love I think about driving him to the cutter, helping him change his dressing and waiting for him to heal up enough for that first tentative wank after his skin had come off, helping him re-learn how it all works without a skin and seeing him find out how wonderful it feels. Mmmmmmmmm, nice dream. Even so, wanking off with him is so great, holding both our dicks together in my hand and seeing just how different they look side by side. If he did ever go for it, I reckon I'd show solidarity with him and book myself in to have my fren taken out so we could both experience the thrill of remodeled dick together, but in a way it would be a shame to lose it as I love it when Ian works it between his finger and thumb.

Before I met Ian I went to the gay bar in Felpersham a few times. Its hardly Amsterdam, but it has its moments. I had one amazing night there. It was getting really late, I was dead horny but there just wasn't anyone around I liked the look of. By the time it got to 2 in the morning with chucking-out time approaching I'd got into “any port in a storm” desperation. I went back to a guy's place without much hope of anything other than a quick shag before finding a taxi back to Home Farm. He must have been on the wrong side of

40, a bit chubby and no Adonis, but the was a nice guy at least. When he got his drawers off, I was more than pleasantly surprised – talk about the proverbial baby’s arm! I was a bit put off by the huge wad of skin he had, definite smeg potential there by the look of it, but the thing was he was another total circ perv. Now, what’s the likelihood of that in a small provincial market town! He gave me the most amazing working over. I’ve found that your typical British bloke has no idea of how to work a cut cock. They just start rubbing away on your shaft as if you still had a skin, even when your shaft skin is as tight as mine and it just doesn’t move at all. More than that, they just don’t touch your bell end, cos their own are too sensitive to take much handling I suppose. This guy was different though – he really knew what to do. When the old Liquid Silk came out I knew I’d struck lucky and we had a great lubed up wank. He got so turned on hearing about my circ, and I’ve often wondered since if he’d done what he told me he was planning and booked in for a trip down to Luton for a pleasant life changing afternoon with doc da Silva.

I’m off to the pub with Ian this evening. Fallon has arranged some music evening at The Bull Upstairs – not really my scene, and all those kids can be a bit of a pain, but I heard Fallon telling her mum about the guy who is DJ ing. She was saying that the bar through his eyebrow wasn’t the only piercing he had, and that he even had one through somewhere much more interesting! It was just too much information for Jolene, but I reckon that lad must have a positive attitude to body mods so there is the makings of an interesting evening there if I ply him with a couple of Alco pops!

++++++

P.S. Sorry, but this story won’t have made much sense to you unless you are a keen BBC Radio 4 listener!