

The Barber's Chair: The Depot

by Gareth Walton

Part One

Chapter 1: Les

Les really loved his wife. He loved her right up until the day she told him she was leaving him for the travel rep on their last holiday in Lanzarote. After she'd gone, he'd never really bothered to look for another woman. In fact, it was the company of other men that he'd found he craved more. He often thought back fondly to his time in the Military Police and the blokey companionship of the others he'd found there - never having to explain "man stuff" to a woman, no fuss about a bit of clutter round the place, being able to walk around in just a pair of pants or nothing at all when you wanted, just rubbing out a quick guilt-free wank when the urge struck – all of that seemed to him to be much more appealing than the thought of another marriage.

For Les, the sort of easy-going kinship he'd enjoyed in the Military Police had been at its best in the communal showers they always took in the evenings. The men were always at their most relaxed there, sharing experiences of their days, chatting about anything and everything, and unconcerned by their shared nakedness. There was, of course, that one time in particular. It had been during his basic training when he and the other new recruits had been sent out to different bases for a couple of week's field exercises with the "real" army. He'd come back on his third evening there, tired and muddy and longing for a long, hot shower. The latrine block was empty apart from just one bloke, already naked and lathered up under the warm water. Les smiled as he joined him under the jets, exchanging the obligatory "all right?" As he looked for something else to say, Les might have followed it up with something like "know the cricket score?" or even just "been a hot one today." Instead, though, he'd heard himself say something rather different: "that'll be me this time next week, mate."

"What's that, fella?" the man had replied, clearly puzzled.

"Sorry pal," Les replied, instantly feeling awkward, "just that I couldn't help noticing - it's on me mind at the moment. I've just been booked in for a circumcision, so I'll be on your team too by this time next week."

"Ah, I see!" the man replied. To Les's relief, he was smiling. "Well, that will be me doing it for you then, mate. I'm the duty M.O. next week. Pleased to meet you, pal. The name's Greg, by the way."

Greg looked across, taking in Les's thick cock. Its equally thick foreskin extended a little past the end of the head, yet looked loose enough to roll back with no problem at all.

"Good to make your acquaintance, Greg," Les replied, "And now too, rather than when you've got me todger in one hand and a knife in the other, eh!"

"That's true, fella," said Greg, laughing. "You're a form 281c job then I assume? Might your C.O. be Commander Perkins by any chance?"

"Yeah, that's him," said Les, wondering how the man knew. "Once he saw the report from my medical, old Perky explained it all to me – nice of him to take so much time over it. He said it weren't no big deal."

"It aint," said Greg. "We're doing blokes all the time."

"Perky said I'd be in and out double quick, and that I'd just wish I'd had it sooner once it's all settled down," Les continued. "Even so... bit funny thinking of having no wrapper on me sweetie anymore."

Greg saw the man's face suddenly cloud.

“Shit mate,” Les said, his tone less cheery than before, “I know it comes with the territory being an MP, so many of ‘em done, like, but to be honest, I can’t say I’m looking forward to it much.”

“Don’t worry, pal,” said Greg. “That’s only natural. But it’s easier than many a trip to the dentist, and he was right about you wishing you’d had it done sooner – that’s what they all say after.”

Greg knew “Perky” Perkins of old. Despite their difference in rank, they were mates, and mates of a very particular kind too. They’d been so for a while since discovering their mutual interest. They’d always had to be very careful, though. At first, Greg had wondered how old Perky had managed to get away with it all for so long. Later though, the penny had dropped and he’d twigged that there had to be an equally like-minded officer higher up the pecking order turning a blind eye, perhaps even helping things along a little.

It was lucky that Commander Perkins was the sort of bloke you never thought to question. Form 281c had actually been obsolete for many years and he’d been relying on issuing increasingly faded, un-official photocopies for a while now, making sure they went straight into Greg’s in tray without anyone else seeing them. Not so long back, it had been the norm for officers to require new recruits to the M.P. to get circumcised. In fact, it had been a kind of “thing” amongst them – their circumcisions a band of brotherhood and a badge of pride - but not now. Not for a long time. Yet Perky somehow still managed to get more than just the naïve ones to sign the form that no longer really existed that requested an elective circumcision, and Greg wasn’t going to question the orders of a senior officer, was he, and especially when it came to circumcisions - he was just going to do what he was told. Perky always had very particular orders too, with his penchant for knowing his lads were particularly tightly circumcised and in as low a style as possible.

“Well, seeing as we’ve met, come here and let the dog see the rabbit then,” Greg said to Les. “It’ll save a bit of time on the day if I know what I’m up against in advance.”

Greg was amazed at how convincing he had managed to sound. He hoped that the guy was going to buy his line, and he did. He did his usual, taking a close look and making sure he blinded Les with enough science, adding just enough details about what would be involved without actually freaking him out. Then, when he felt he’d softened the man up enough to win his trust, he risked making the move.

“You mind if I take a look see how you work, mate? We’re all made that bit different.” he said. “We don’t often get time to do designer jobs if there’s a batch of squaddies to do, so you’ve struck lucky. Most blokes just get a chop job if we’ve got to get through ‘em all quickly, but if I can do some donkey work now and see exactly how you’re put together, then I can make sure you’ll get top of the range work on the day and give you a real designer job.”

Greg sensed that he had the man eating out of the palm of his hand and that he could enjoy taking his time. He reached out and took hold of Les’s cock, then retracted him. Slowly. Very slowly. The foreskin was perfect. It would never have given him any trouble, but Les wasn’t to know that. Most men just had no idea what a foreskin was really supposed to be like or how it should work, so few knew if what they had was “right” or not. Lucky that, thought Greg.

“Yeah, I can see why they recommended you go for it, mate,” Greg lied. “You’ll be way better off without it. You’re lucky that they picked it up early before the problems kicked off, ‘cos it’s so much better done sooner rather than later if it’s gonna have to come off eventually - like yours.”

“Yeah?” said Les, wide eyed.

Greg could tell by the look on his face that he’d struck lucky. The man had taken the bait – hook, line and sinker. Greg had him fully retracted now. It would have been uncomfortable for many men to be pulled back quiet so hard, but Les’s fren was long and loose enough for it to cause him no discomfort. It really was the ideal kind of foreskin, Greg thought. Just the kind he’d want if he had to have one himself. In fact, just the kind he actually once had himself. The wide band of inner skin was laid out flat with no problem, and Greg could see just how much of it he was going to be able to take off. Perky would enjoy hearing about this one for sure. Greg could just imagine how quickly his hand would be down inside his fatigues when he told him about it, especially if he was able to keep the severed foreskin to show him too.

“Yup,” Greg continued, “good to get a plan, and we’ll get you nicely sorted out no prob. You’ll just be in and out like Perky said, and all nice and neat and trouble free after.”

“You’ll have no regrets,” he added, managing to sound convincing as he wondered if the man actually would.” And your missus will be writing to thank me, of course,” he threw in for good measure – he had learnt long ago that the straight ones always liked to hear that.

“Yeah?” said Les again, wide-eyed and listening intently.

“But I bet you are wondering what it’s gonna feel like with the wrapper off though, aren’t you?” Greg went on. “It’s only natural – everyone does.”

Without waiting for a reply and with one hand still holding Les’s foreskin back at maximum stretch, Greg reached out with his other hand for his bar of Lifebuoy, lathering up his fingers with it and wrapped them round Les’s cock. Les had already chubbed up a little as Greg had made his show of investigating the mechanics of his foreskin – most men would, however straight – but now he went instantly rigid. Greg saw the man’s eyes close as, gently and expertly, he worked the inner foreskin with his thumb and first finger, taking care not to overwhelm the man by making it too intense. Some lube would have been better of course, but needs must, and the soap was doing the job well enough.

“Feels good, dunnit,” said Greg. “That’s just a taste of what you’ve got to come, mate” he lied, knowing that he’d soon be cutting every bit of that inner skin out.

“Fuck,” said Les. “That’s just...”

“Talk to me!” said Greg. “What you’re feeling now is what most men never get to experience - the poor sods who are stuck with their skins that is. If they only knew, then, well... they’d all want rid of ‘em. So count yourself lucky mate. I mean, if it hadn’t come up in your medical that it needed to come off, then you’d have just been stuck with second best, eh?”

“Yeah,” said Les. “I mean, I never thought it could actually be better. I just thought, well... you never think, do you? Just accept what you’ve got, like.”

There was silence for a long moment. Greg sensed that it was wise to leave Les to his thoughts for a while rather than push him any further. In the end, it was Les who spoke next, indecision clear in his voice.

“Listen mate,” he said. “Look, this isn’t gay or anything – just wondering, like. Say no of course, but could I – like - have a feel of yours? Just to know what mine’s gonna be like afterwards?”

Chapter 2: Scrubbing Up

Even though it wasn't yet 7 o'clock, it was already getting hot as Les headed across the parade ground to the Medical Centre. He'd been a bit surprised to be called so early, and on Sunday morning too. This, though, he reckoned, was the army, and things were different there. From what Greg had said, he'd thought that there was going to be a group of them there for circumcisions, so he was surprised again when he arrived and found the place deserted. Eventually, he came across Greg in the mess room, mug in hand.

"Morning mate," Greg said, smiling. "Hope you're ready for the big day. I've got news for you though - some bad, some good."

"Go on, mate," said Les, a series of extra worries instantly flashing through his head in addition to the many already there.

"Well, I thought I was gonna have to cancel on you 'cos the duty nurse rang in sick earlier. I rang Commander Perkins on the off chance to see if he had anyone spare to stand in, and he said not, but it's all turned out OK - he called back a bit later and said he'd just had a meeting cancelled, so he could step in himself. Nice of him, eh?"

As he'd expected, Greg could see the confusion on Les's face. He quickly made to re-assure him.

"Don't worry mate! He was a medic himself early on," Greg lied. "He likes to keep his hand and do a turn every now and then, so he'll be down in a bit. Fancy a brew while we wait?"

Greg made sure there had been a bit more casual chat between them before he added his next news.

"Oh, I forgot," he lied again. "The other bummer about this morning - the soddin' A.C. in the theatre's packed up yet again. They won't come out to look at it of a Sunday, so I warn you - it'll get bloody tropical in there. It'll be even worse for Perky and me of course, what with wearing bloody full scrubs and that."

He paused, trying to look as if the thought had only just struck him.

"Unless...," he added.

"What that's, mate?" Les asked.

"Well, it's a bit non-standard, so only if you're OK with it of course, but it would make things a lot more comfortable for all of us. Thing is, if we all make sure we're extra well-scrubbed up, then it's a lot easier in there with no kit on when the A.C.'s down. Gown and masks of course, but it's a lot more comfortable not wearing anything else. Apart from boots, that is - we don't want to be stepping on any dropped needles, and old Perky is very hot on the old health and safety."

Les laughed slightly uneasily. Somehow, the idea of a senior officer being there as he was circumcised, possibly seeing him being less than comfortable about the whole proceedings, was strange enough, but everyone being bollock naked as well was a weird extra. The whole of the morning ahead had been worrying him enough without all that on top.

"OK, fine with me, I suppose," he said, trying to sound happier about it than he felt. "You're the pro here, and I certainly want you to be able to concentrate on what you're doing to me crown jewels."

"No problem there, man," Greg replied. "We'll do a good job for you regardless, but nicer not to have to work with sweat running down our faces, eh."

When Commander Perkins arrived, Les was surprised to see him in smart chinos, polo shirt and Timberlands rather than fatigues. Over his shoulder, he carried an expensive looking leather backpack. His manner was friendly enough, but he clearly wasn't in the mood for chat and just suggested that they "scrub up and crack on." It was only later that it struck Les as strange that Perkins had just assumed that things were going to be done in rather less than full clothing.

Although he had only showered an hour ago, Les found it clear from their manner that the other two took “scrubbing up properly” to involve further showers for them all. As a military man, Les was well used to showering with others, but heading with the other two into poky facilities in the Medical Centre somehow felt a bit awkward. Unlike the latrines, the Centre’s showers were clearly intended for just one, perhaps two, users at a time, and it was an uncomfortably tight fit in the changing area as they undressed. Top of his mind was a strange awareness that these two men would be the last ones ever to see him with a foreskin. Les knew, of course, that Greg was circumcised, but he wondered idly about Perkins though as they started to strip off, curious of late about every man’s status in a way that would have seemed weird to him just weeks before.

Perkin’s cock turned out to be the longest of the three of them by far. As he dropped his boxers, the glans was exposed for sure, but Les wasn’t actually sure if he was circumcised or not. There was a bit of a ruffle of skin sitting behind the rim so perhaps, he thought, his CO was another of the odd few men he’d come across who just chose to keep their foreskins pushed back for some reason. Out of curiosity, he’d tried doing the same himself once or twice, but his had never stayed back for more than a few minutes. Being reminded of that now was an unwelcome thought; he hadn’t enjoyed the feeling of exposure nor the irritating rubbing on his head, but perhaps, Les thought, clutching at a straw, it somehow felt different to that when your foreskin had been taken away completely.

Rather bizarrely, Perkins was very insistent that Les put his boots back on as soon as he was out of the shower. He was talking about it before Les was even dry, even picking up his boots and passing them to him, holding them for a moment and commenting on how admirably smart and shiny they were before he handed them over. Greg booted up too, and Perkins reached into his backpack and taken out a pair as well. Strange, Les thought; surely his Timberlands would have done the job of protecting his feet well enough? He noticed too the way that the man almost caressed his pair for a moment before he put them on, his finger tips running lightly across the smooth, highly polished leather.

Once in the theatre, Les just sat on the operating table and tried to relax as the other two donned aprons, hair nets and masks. He smiled to himself at the incongruity of their cocks showing through the thin plastic aprons as they busied themselves getting things set up. Perkins, he noticed, seemed to need to be told exactly what needed doing, which seemed strange for someone who had been a medic.

Normally, Les would have had his foreskin back for no longer than it took to wash under it, but he had consciously left it back after drying himself. It somehow felt weird being naked apart from his boots, and he felt anxiously extra-nude too with his glans unnecessarily and unusually exposed. That, he thought, was something he was just going to have to get used to. As he sat there waiting while the other two prepped up, he became aware of a feeling of cool air blowing across his exposed bell end. He looked up to see where the draft was coming from. There was an A.C. vent right about him and, despite what Greg had said, it did in fact seem to be working. Perhaps it was an intermittent fault, he thought.

Les fought back a moment of panic when Greg finally approached him with a hypodermic in hand. He was doing the right thing, wasn’t he? Like they’d both said, it was going to be better for him having sorted out his future problems before they really set in, wasn’t it? He wondered again what his wife would say when he was next on leave. He’d explained it all to her, but somehow she didn’t seem to really understand what it was all about. Not having slept with anyone apart from him, Les wondered if she’d ever actually seen a circumcised penis before. He wondered if she was going to like his when it was done, or if in fact it would actually make any difference to her. He’d heard talk amongst the other men about their wives’ reaction, but he’d never really listened and wished now that he had. Then, circumcision hadn’t seemed to be anything that he’d ever need to even think about - some men were circumcised and some men weren’t, and that was about that; it was nothing that was ever going to have anything to do with him. Now though, it all seemed rather different.

Les just stared at a spot on the ceiling as the needle went in. He’d thought it would just be the one jab as he was to be done under local, so he’d had enough by the time Greg had done the third one. Again, he was surprised that Perkins seemed unsure about what he was supposed to be doing with the various phials, even sensing a little irritation from Greg that he was needing to offer so many instructions to his CO about what he needed next.

“Right mate,” said Greg. “That’s the nastiest bit all over, I promise you. Now you just need to lay back for a bit whilst you numb up, then we’ll get started. I’ll just check out how you work while you do to make sure you get a top-notch job, eh.”

Les was a bit surprised. Greg had said that was what he was doing the previous week in the showers, but best for him to be sure, he thought. Perhaps he'd done a few other circumcisions since and needed reminding. There was, after all, that batch of guys booked in for it that he'd mentioned – perhaps they'd all been done earlier in the week.

Greg did much the same as before with Les's cock, but this time he was amazed how little he felt as the man pulled his foreskin right forward, then as far back as it would go – further back, in fact, that would have been comfortable had he still been able to feel it fully. Next, he lifted the cock and had a good look at the underside before pulling hard at the fren between a thumb and finger in a way that would have made Les flinch only a few minutes earlier. When he seemed to have finished, Les was a bit surprised when Greg stood aside and turned to Perkins.

"I know what I think, Sir," he said, "but I'd value your opinion."

Perkins' fingers were less assured than Greg's. It was hard to know through the increasing numbness, but Les was pretty sure his hands were shaking as he repeated what Greg had just done. Les felt his foreskin being pulled forward to an extent that alarmed him, even through the increasing numbness. When it came to retracting him though, Perkins really seemed to be taking his time. Les wasn't sure, as he was pretty numb by then, but he got the impression that Perky was exploring very thoroughly in the area behind his helmet, and he hoped that the man hadn't found some extra complication to whatever the problem was that had come to light in his medical.

"Fren out, then low?" said Greg to Perkins.

"Just what I was going to say," Perkins replied. "Good we've got to him before the trouble sets in, eh Corporal?"

"Oh yes Sir, most definitely," Greg replied.

From their tone, Les had the strange impression that there was some hidden meaning there. It worried him. Perhaps his problem was worse than they'd let on, and he wished he was sitting up so he could see their expressions. Strangely though, he was starting to feel a bit sleepy. He was aware of the men as they started work on him, but surprised to find that he suddenly felt too tired to do anything other than lay back and let them get on with it. He was vaguely aware of sounds of metal on metal as they worked, and of their touch on his cock, but only seemed to be a minute or two later when he felt someone talking to him and shaking his arm.

"All done," said Greg. "All neat and tidy now. You must have been over-doing it mate – you actually dozed off there! Shows it was no big deal, eh!"

Les pulled himself awake, amazed that he had actually nodded off. As he sat up, he realised that he must have been asleep for quite a while as Greg had already cleared away and had his uniform back on. There was no sign at all of Commander Perkins. He looked down and saw the neat bandage round his cock, the newly-bare head of it poking surreally from the end.

"It all went well," said Greg. "All came off nice and neat, and you'll never have no problems with it now. Just be sure to leave it well alone for a month, however horny you get. But then – well, enjoy mate!"

Slightly unsteadily, Les made his way back to the shower room. He sat down to take off his boots so he could put his fatigues back on, but noticed that something seemed odd with one of them. The cap of the right one somehow looked different to the left, and certainly not as shiny as when Perky had admired them earlier. It looked as if something had perhaps been smeared across it and wiped off rather carelessly. Puzzled, he looked closer and saw that a bit of whatever it must have been was still there – something white and sticky stuck in the welt between the sole and the upper. Curious, Les put the boot to his nose. The smell seemed familiar somehow. If it hadn't been such a ridiculous idea, he would have sworn it was cum.

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Part Two

Chapter 1: The Depot

These days he was called an Environmental Cleansing Operative, but Les was old-school enough to think of himself as just a plain dustman. He'd taken the job simply as a stop gap when he'd first got his MP's pension, planning on staying just a month or two whilst he figured out what he was going to do for the rest of his life, but he'd found though that he actually liked it "out on the bins." Being on the road with no real responsibilities suited him and, although some of the other men at the Brightwick Council depot were a bit rough, he liked their easy-going companionship and the way the blokey atmosphere felt comfortingly like life in the forces. The work was hard, but Les had long come to look forward to the end of the shifts in more ways than one. Rather like his days in uniform, that was when the mood amongst the crews was at its most relaxed.

When they got back to the yard after their long rounds, they were all always "busting for a slash," and their trips to the urinal somehow offered the same sort of opportunity for a shared moment of relaxation and companionable chat as the showers had in the forces. The urinal at the Brightwick Depot was basic in the extreme. Its long, steel trough offered no privacy at all, and it always intrigued Les to see the line of cocks flopped out unconcernedly as they chatted whilst emptying out. He'd seen all shapes and sizes over the years amongst the different crews but, apart from all that variety, it fascinated him to see how differently they all did the business - foreskins of all lengths pulled back to different extents or not pulled back at all, long ones peed through like hosepipes and then perhaps milked extravagantly afterwards or just quickly shaken and re-stowed. There were the short-skinned men too who sometimes retracted and shook too, even if their hoods offered nowhere near enough coverage to have got in the way of their flow.

There was always a bit of joshing when they were standing together at the trough. Both the hung and small men were particularly likely to have to put up with a bit of good-natured teasing, but Les's average size made him immune from all that. It had, though, always somehow disappointed him that his lack of foreskin had never been commented on. He'd often wondered if they even noticed the difference of which he himself was always so aware. Had they never actually seen anyone like him before and just didn't realise what they were seeing? Or perhaps they thought he had a particularly short skin and retracted fully to pee? Or, he sometimes wondered, might it even be that no one wanted to comment on what they saw as his misfortune in not having a foreskin - that it was just "not kind" to mention that he was missing something that everyone else took to be a good thing to have?

Soon after his own circumcision, Les had come to realise that, outside of the Forces at least, most men thought that circumcision wasn't anything that might have been done to a "regular bloke" like him, and it never occurred to them that they might actually know someone who didn't have a foreskin. Somehow, being teased about it would actually have been a relief for him. He'd rather have known the worst about what the other lads on the crew made of him, and something inside him even craved to have his rare status be noticed and acknowledged, however negative their comments might be. What made all especially annoying was that one of the guys, Mikey Norris, was regularly teased for the very opposite reason. Mikey was a good-looking bloke in his forties. An inveterate man spreader, he seemed constantly and unconsciously to be scratching at the sizeable lump in his jeans that was impossible to miss whenever he sat down, legs always apart. Having a particularly long, thick foreskin on his long, thick cock, Les was always fascinated to see him at the stall. Apart having probably the biggest cock that Les had seen amongst the crews over the years, Mikey had long been nicknamed Nozzer Norris because of the long, nozzley hosepipe that hung conspicuously off the end of it. The teasing never bothered him though, and he actually seemed particularly proud of what he called his "extra portion." Les could never remember having seen him retract to pee, and what intrigued him most was that Mikey seemed to actually to do the opposite and stretch his skin forward before he started. His snout somehow seemed to take on a life of its own as he unloaded, firming up when it filled with piss and wriggling around like a worm on a fisherman's hook. After he'd emptied out, Nozzer always followed up with a long, conspicuous,

thorough shaking and milking until his overhang returned to a long, empty, floppy teat. Until, that is, the day that things changed.

Nozzer hadn't turned up for his shift on the Monday. In fact, it was the end of the week before he re-appeared. When he did, he was un-characteristically quiet. He was somehow "off" during the shift too, hanging back and not pulling his weight with the heavy work. They'd got back to the depot, parked up the truck and were right outside the urinal before he spoke - almost the first time that day.

"Look guys," he said, sounding uncharacteristically embarrassed, "I may as well tell you now as you'll all bloody see soon enough anyway, you nosey bastards. The thing is, I had to have me'self fuckin' circumcised last week."

As soon as they reached the stall, they had of course all gathered round for a good gawp. It didn't look good. The suture marks were red and raw, his whole cock bloated and inflamed. Les was fascinated though. Despite all of the battering, he could tell that the man's circumcision was very different to his own - whereas Les's scar was directly behind his helmet, Nozzer had a wide band of different coloured flesh for a good inch behind his. Reluctantly, Nozzer told them his story. He'd been out for a few pints with his brother when, a bit the worse for wear, he had caught his nozzle in the zip of his jeans whilst getting rid of his first three pints in the gents. He told them how he'd had to sit in agony on the bus all the way home, a copy of The Metro held over his crotch to hide the big flap of skin that poked out surreally through his zip. His wife had "had a go at it" when he got home, but she'd only made things worse. She'd ended up driving him to A&E where, to his relief, they hadn't turned a hair when he'd told them what had happened. He hadn't liked the sound of either of the options they'd offered him though - either to have the whole thing off, or to keep a lop-sided bit of it which, they'd said, would probably only get in the way and serve no real purpose. He'd said straight away that he wanted to keep what he could, but his wife had said in no uncertain terms that she wasn't going to put up with him looking "all untidy" and that it was all to come off.

Les was sorry for the bloke. He remembered all too clearly how mangled his own freshly-circumcised cock had felt for the first few weeks. There had been the shock of having his sensitive glans suddenly bared too, so he felt for Mikey for the rubbing that heavy work overalls must have put it through that day. Nozzer got a total teasing from the crew of course - from "no more bacon sandwiches for you then" to "no more knocking a sly one out for you now, mate." The only positive thing anyone seemed to find to say about his new, unwanted status was the lame joke that he could get back to his pint a few seconds quicker in the pub, no longer having to waste time in the gents with all that milking. Les didn't venture to express an opinion but, overall, the general feeling was "mate, rather you than me, you poor bastard."

Despite the teasing, Nozzer's progress became the subject of genuine fascination amongst the crew. He soon seemed to find a kind of re-assurance in telling them how he was getting on, and Les thought that perhaps he was even getting to enjoy the attention. As it settled down, his cock started to look less battered and, by the end of the next week, he had stopped wincing as he worked on the cart and when taking it out and putting it away at the urinal.

After a couple of weeks came Nozzer's description of how it had felt so different when he'd finally risked looking at some porn whilst his missus was out shopping - how everything now pulled so tight as he boned and how, with his balls so blue after three weeks "off", he'd spunked spectacularly and hands-free all over the settee. A week still later came a vivid description of his first, tentative wank - how he'd panicked at first when he found there was no longer anything that moved, and how he'd thought that he'd never be able to do it again, then his relief when he'd tried using a dollop of his wife's face cream after which, to his amazement, it felt "fuckin' awesome." By the end of the month, he was smiling all over his face when he told them that he'd finally been able to give his wife "a good seeing to," and that she'd told it felt even better up inside her "with no loose bits on it."

By the end of the next month, Nozzer was regularly and proudly saying how "he'd bloody worn her indoors out last night." He reckoned he could now be "at her" for far longer than he'd ever been able to before he'd "been done," and that she was now "gagging for it every night." By then, he'd long lost any embarrassment at the stall. Actually, it was rather the opposite and it had even become a bit of a joke amongst the others. Les, in fact, was wondering if he was actually getting off on letting them see his new cock. He'd always considered Nozzer to be a man in the "large portion" bracket, but now he wondered if Mikey was actually chubbing up a bit these days when he had his cock so proudly out on show. It had certainly started to look good in its new format. The circumcision was neat and

regular and, with all signs of bruising gone, it had taken on almost an American porn star quality, with its high, tight cut.

Les had always thought that Nozzer had no idea that he too was circumcised, but one day he'd just come out with it as the crew stood as usual at the stall:

"I reckon Les and I are the lucky ones," he'd said, out of the blue. "You blokes wiv' skins just don't know what you are missing. My boy's thinking about getting his done too since he's seen mine, and you should too, lads. Take it from one who knows - you and your birds would just fuckin' wished you'd just done it sooner."

The reaction amongst the crew was instant and ribald, and universally still of the "no way, not for me, mate" kind. Les, though, just happened to notice something interesting out of the corner of his eye. Andrzej, the quiet Polish bloke on the team, was fumbling at his fly, urgently trying to hide a cock that had suddenly got very hard indeed.

Chapter 2: Skinhead Spike

The following Monday, Les woke up before the alarm went off. He was lucky with the buses too, so he reached work much far earlier than normal. The yard was empty and there was no sign of life anywhere. With the canteen still shut, as much for something to do as anything else, he headed to the urinal. He was daydreaming as he went in but stopped dead in his tracks at the door, puzzled. There were two men at the stall. Nobody had gone in or out since he'd arrived, so they'd clearly been in there some time. One of them was Nozzer. He was looking straight ahead of him as if he was alone and lost in his thoughts as he pissed, but Les saw that his cock was hard in his hand. The other man, standing far closer to him than would have been normal at an otherwise empty trough, was Andrzej. He was equally erect, just standing there too, but, unlike Nozzer, very clearly wanking. His other hand was holding his foreskin right back tight, his gaze firmly fixed on Nozzer's erection. Les froze. They hadn't heard him, so he wasn't all sure what to do. After a moment, he just turned silently and backed out, surprised to find his own cock suddenly hard under his overalls.

It was later that week that "Skinhead Spike" joined the crew. Cropped, thick-set and with two broken front teeth, he was a sullen bloke in his twenties with an air of resentment about him. They'd had his type on the crews a few times before and it had never ended well so, although he'd pulled his weight on the shift, they were all instinctively wary of him - experience had shown that it was best to leave his sort alone, at least until they'd had time to suss them out properly. They were all in the urinal as usual after Spike's first shift when Nozzer said it:

"I think we need to have a word with your mummy, eh Spike."

"What that, pal?" Spike replied.

"Your skin, mate. With one like yours, we need to tell her to give you a nice wash under there when you get home - make sure you keep nice and fresh, like."

The atmosphere suddenly froze. Hearts sank in disbelief that Nozzer had been so stupid, wondering what was about to unfold. They were all well used to Nozzer's cock talk by then. It had become a bit of a standing joke between them, but this was something different – saying something like that to any new man on the team would have been rash, but with someone like Spike it was plain foolhardy. Les felt the hair on the back of his neck stand up, the tension in the air palpable. Nevertheless, he couldn't stop himself taking a look over at Spike's cock. He was a big lad for sure – Les had suspected that from the big bulge he'd noticed in his tight bleachers when he'd taken off his overalls, the material faded over a sizeable lump that was conspicuously packed down his right thigh. What Les saw straight away though was that the foreskin was tight. Very tight, in fact. He had a short, narrow overhang with an opening constricted to pin hole size, and angrily red too. The head of his penis looked very uncomfortably forced into an arrow shape inside it. The silence was intense, and Les reckoned he wasn't the only one desperately trying but failing to think of something to say that might defuse the situation as they waited with dread for Spike's reaction. Then, without saying a word, Spike just put his cock away, buttoned up his bleachers and left.

As he passed by later on the way to the bus stop a few minutes later, Les happened to see Spike sitting in the MacDonalds round the corner from the yard. His first instinct had been to keep his head down and keep going but, after a few steps, he turned back and went in. A few words, he'd reckoned, might well save a lot of unpleasantness the next day.

"I'm sorry about Nozzer, mate," he said as he sat down.

"Fuck mate," Spike replied. "Is he always that much of a gob-shite?"

"Nah," said Les. "He's OK. Just that he's – well, he's bloody cock-fixated these days, and he's got a big gob on him that opens without him thinking. But he's a diamond geezer really, and he don't mean nothing by it."

"The thing is," Spike interrupted, "I know."

"Sorry, know what?" asked Les, puzzled.

"Like, - what he said," said Spike.

Spike stopped, and Les sensed his confusion. "Go on mate," he said.

"I know it needs sorting out," Spike continued, "but - look, the thing is, I'm funny about it. Phobic, they call it. Medics - the whole lot of 'em. I just can't go near 'em. I mean, I ain't never been to the doctors in years. I tried going up the dentists three times to get me teeth sorted after they was smashed, but I bottled it every time. The last time I made it to the waiting room, but when she came out wiv' that white coat on her- fuck, I nearly cacked me'self and I was out the door. And if anyone ever tried comin' at me wiv a needle in their hand, shit mate... I'd be out cold on the floor. So, I fuckin' well know me cock needs sorting out like he said, but..."

As soon as he'd started, Les realised that the man really needed someone to talk to.

"Look mate," he said, "we can't really talk proper here. Wanna get a couple of cans and come back to my gaff?"

Later, Spike told him his history. He was an only child and his dad had left when he was small, so there was a lot of "man" stuff that he'd only learnt about through playground talk at school. He'd heard the other boys talking about their helmets, but he was at a loss to know what one was. Later, he'd learnt that something was supposed move on the end of his cock to reveal whatever one was, but he'd been puzzled. He'd tried, but there just wasn't anything there on his cock that seemed to budge. In the end, he'd finally picked up courage to ask his best mate to take a look, but he'd been stumped too. "Boys with big un's like yours must be different," he'd said. Spike had been amazed to see how easily his mate could peel back when he'd shown him, and couldn't believe that he himself had anything like the acorn that his friend revealed.

"So I knew something wasn't right," Spike said, "but the thing was, apart from all the doctor stuff, I'd got into some dodgy company when in me teens - NF stuff, like. I ain't got no time for any of that bollocks now, but when you've got a load of mates all going on about all that Jews and Muslims crap, well - you can see, where I'm going, mate, can't you, not that I'd have been able to face going up the docs anyway. And you musn't never tell no one, but I've never had a fuck. Not never. I mean, it's just too embarrassing to...., well - you get it mate?"

"I get you," said Les kindly, truly feeling for the man. "That's tough. Can you...like? I mean, can you rub one out OK?"

"Yeah, just about," Spike replied, "But it gets so fuckin' sore, and I know it just aint right. I mean, when I see blokes in porn at it, or some bird pushing back their skins and noshing 'em, well - it just all looks so easy for 'em. I couldn't never ask anyone to do that on me, could I."

Somehow, despite his tough looks and skinhead gear, the man suddenly looked like a sad little boy. His plight moved Les. In a parallel universe, he thought, this could have been his own son, if he'd ever had one. And, of course, if he hadn't been lucky enough for his own potential problem to have been picked up and solved in the M.P.'s, then he might have had to go through something similar himself.

"You don't have no trouble with yours then?" Spike asked.

"Well no," said Les, slowly. "But the thing is - actually, I don't have one."

"Fuck, no way!" said Spike, looking genuinely astonished. He stopped himself. "Sorry mate, it's just I - well, you don't think of normal blokes being like that, do you. You Jewish or something then?"

Les laughed. On the very rare occasions anyone had ever said anything to him about his missing foreskin, it was always that.

"No, not me mate - not that there's anything wrong with being Jewish. I lost mine when I was in the forces. They said I'd be better off without it, so..." Les, came to a halt, not quite sure what to say, or what he actually thought.

"Fuck," said Spike, slowly. "So was it tight or something then?"

"No, not really," said Les. "Not yet, anyway. But they said..."

“So why you want it done then, mate?” Spike interrupted, rather to Les’s relief.

Les hesitated again, his thoughts confused and at a loss about what to say.

“It’s just different in the forces, mate” he said finally, choosing to keep things simple. “You just do what you’re told, end of.”

“Fuck,” said Spike again, equally expressively. “So what’s it like without one then? I aint never known anyone what’s had it done.”

“Well...” said Les, gathering his thoughts, but Spike interrupted him again.

“I never seen one for real – only in porn. Look, can I... no way this is gay or anything..... but can I, like, see yours? Just to see what one’s really like – on a normal bloke.”

Les was amazed to find that he didn’t actually need to think about that. He sensed the man’s need for help so strongly that it seemed only a small thing to do to help him. He just stood up, unbuttoned his shorts and pulled down his trunks. Spike stayed sitting on the couch but moved in closer. The astonished look on his face made Les smile.

“Fuck,” said Spike yet again. “That’s – well, that’s incredible. There’s, like, nothing there. In porn you expect them to be pulled back, but – fuck mate, you just aint got nothing to pull back anyway. It’s just – well – all gone. It’s just pure cock, like.”

To his horror, Les felt his cock start to bulk up a little.

“It’s just so fuckin’ bare, man,” said Spike. “And I aint never seen a bell end close up like that. It’s...., well”

Words failed him, and he just sat there with astonishment written all over him. A second later, he moved. He dropped to his knees in front of the couch, his face now inches from Les’s cock. To his embarrassment, Les felt himself start to really erect.

“Look, sorry mate,” Les said, mortified. “I’ve no idea why....”.

“No worries man, and I need to see what it’s like when you bone up, in case I ever” he paused. “Look,” he said finally. “Say no – I’d totally get it – but can I, well – can I cop a feel of it mate? Just to know, like?”

His flushed face was looking up at Les. Again, he looked very young and uncertain of himself. Slowly, Les just nodded.

Spike reached out gingerly, and Les noticed that his hand was shaking. As if handling something precious and fragile, he tentatively rested his fingers on Les’s helmet. A moment later, he moved to feel the ridge of his glans. Although his fingers were rough and calloused, his touch was far gentler than Les would ever have expected. Closing his hand round the whole cock, gently again, he moved it slowly backwards and forwards in a wanking motion.”

“Fuck!” he said again. “Nothing moves. Just nothing. It’s....”

Spike moved so fast that Les was taken completely unawares. In a second, Spike had his cock in his mouth. The sensation was so strong that Les’s head swam for a moment. He was completely taken aback. If he’d had any idea that it was going to happen then he just wouldn’t have dropped his shorts, yet all he could do for a moment was to go with the over-powering sensation of his cock between Spike’s lips. His wife had always been coy in bed, anything other than missionary position very rare and clearly not enjoyed. Les had wondered hopefully in the days after his circumcision if his new status might have made her less reluctant to suck him, but nothing had changed. Overall, and rather frustratingly, she’d said almost nothing either way about his new cock, and it had puzzled him that it seemed to be a matter of such indifference to her. After a moment or two, he pulled himself together.

“Mate,” he said as he gently backed away, “no offence, but it’s really not for me.”

“Fuck, sorry,” said Spike, mortified. “Sorry, I aint never done that before - I don’t know what came over me, just that...”

“No harm done, mate” said Les, smiling, wanting to make sure that Spike could see he wasn’t offended. He almost added that it had felt good. It certainly had, but he stopped himself saying so. Part of him was wondering why he’d actually backed off. He was, of course, a single man, and no one thought anything about that kind of stuff between blokes these days, did they? It didn’t have to mean you were gay. He instinctively reached down to pull up his trunks and shorts, but for some reason hesitated. Instead, he sat down next to Spike on the couch with them still around his ankles. He looked down at his cock, still slightly chubbed up, and seeing as if in a new light - almost as if for the first time. The head did indeed look very bare and conspicuous. He wondered what it must be like for Spike never actually having seen the most important part of his own cock.

“Look,” Les said, wanting to re-assure Spike that all was well. “I showed you mine, so are you OK with showing me yours – only if you want, eh? Just so I can.....” He wasn’t actually sure what he meant, or why he actually did want to see.

“Hope you’ve got a strong stomach, mate,” said Spike, smiling as he reached for the buttons on his bleachers. “Actually, I need to hear the worst from someone who aint just gonna ... well, you know – like, tell me what I already know. I know it’s a fuckin’ mess. And you’re a good bloke, so....”

Les had got a pretty good impression earlier, but he took in Spike’s problem properly now that there was no need to pretend not to be looking. The cock looked thick and hefty as it hung from Spike’s fly. It might have been handsome had it not been for a foreskin that clearly hadn’t kept pace with the rest of it as it grew.

“OK, I can see the problem alright,” Les said. “So can you really not get it back at all?”

“Look,” said Spike, reaching down. He tugged hard in both directions – very hard. The most he could achieve was to make a tiny amount of piss slit visible inside the ring of skin that just refused to even begin to slide back over his head, and doing even that was clearly hurting him.

“So the skin’s not fixed to the helmet or anything then?” Les asked, curious. “I mean, it does seem to move over it OK.”

“Yeah,” said Spike. “That’s how I’m able to wank, and thank fuck for that at least. Look.”

The man fisted his whole cock and started to slide the sheath backwards and forwards. Les was transfixed by the way it looked, the head clearly visible inside as Spike stretched the skin to the limits at the end of each stroke.

“Blimey,” said Les. That’s....” He was a little alarmed that Spike seemed to be thickening up a little, but he supposed that any man would.

“Yeah, it does feel good, but I know it has to be a whole lot better if you can do it proper,” Spike said.

The man had shown Les enough for him to get the idea and it would have been the natural time to stop, but he didn’t. There was no doubt about it now - he was erecting. As his cock grew, there was clearly plenty of slack on the shaft behind the helmet. It struck Les that Spike might, with a different throw of the dice – perhaps even as little as having had a dad around at the right time to teach him how to retract – have had as much of an overhang as Nozzer. There was a whole lot of skin there for sure, and it all moved freely and easily, just that the tightness at the end prevented the head from pushing through it.

“So, how do you do it yourself then?” Spike asked. “You just aint got nothing to use.”

There was no doubt about it, Spike was hard now – the cock impressively thick and long in his hand. “I just can’t get my head round what it must be like for guys like you,” he continued. “I mean, nothing to move at all. Like, the total opposite to me - being circumcised, like.”

That word. Les had been dreading him saying it. It had been a long time coming, but now it had. He instantly felt his cock start to rise at the sound of it.

Somehow, it seemed easiest to show him, and Les fought down the realisation that he actually wanted to. He spat on his hand and fisted his cock, rarely so aware of the tightness on his own shaft as he looked across at the generous flesh that was moving so easily up and down on Spike’s. Unusually, Les felt a pang of loss for the feeling of

his sheath sliding over his glans that he had last had all those years ago during his first shower on that Sunday morning just before he was circumcised. As usual, Les's finger tips sought the empty groove on the underside of his head where once his thick frenulum had been, then for the slight ridge of the scar line just a couple of millimetres behind his glans. He looked across at Spike, who was showing no sign of stopping his own manipulations. Somehow, Les couldn't stop himself. He spat on his hand again, fisted his glans and began to rub hard.

* * * * *

"Look, I'm gonna have a word with Nozzer," said Les ten minutes later as he ripped off a wodge of kitchen roll for Spike then did the same for himself. "He's a mate of mine, kind of."

Spike looked uncertain. "You sure that aint just gonna make things worse?" he asked, looking uneasy as he started to mop up. Les could tell that that was going to be a much more involved job for him that it was for himself, and wondered about the day-to-day practicalities of having a foreskin like Spike's.

"Trust me, mate," Les said. "He's a good bloke really. He wouldn't want anyone feel awkward. He just don't think before he speaks sometimes. I'll make sure he lays off you, but I doubt I'll get him to shut up talking about his cock, so don't expect that – he's obsessed! You'll just have to dish it out back to him – that would teach him, the dirty bugger!"

Chapter 3: Nozzer

Les set the alarm for half an hour earlier than normal. He wanted to make sure he got into work in time to have a chat with Nozzer before anyone else was around. He'd lain awake for a long time in the night, thinking hard about exactly what he might say to him to help the situation. It was whilst he was doing that that another idea had struck him – one that might actually solve Spike's problem.

The yard was empty when Les got in but, as he had half expected, he saw Nozzer's car already in the car park. He made for the urinal, but this time pretended to be having a loud conversation on his phone as he crossed the yard and, for good measure, faked a coughing fit as he neared the door. As he went in, he wasn't particularly surprised to pass a red-faced Andrzej coming in the other direction and to find Nozzer making a big deal of washing his hands at the sink.

"Oi oi, Nozzer," he said cheerily. "Glad to catch you, mate. Can I have a word - on the QT, like?"

Twenty minutes later, Les was sitting in the canteen over a mug of tea. He'd chosen a seat by the window as he wanted to see what panned out. It looked promising out there, with Nozzer perched on a pallet by the gate, ostensibly looking at his phone. After a while, Les saw Spike turn in and Nozzer stand up and approach him. Les crossed his fingers as they spoke for some minutes. Then, to his relief, they shook hands. Then, to his total amazement, they hugged.

It had been a bit of a tricky chat with Nozzer earlier. At first, Nozzer just didn't seem to get it, saying it was just a bit of harmless joshing. The thing that had seemed to turn things around was when Les had said to him that Spike wasn't that much older than Nozzer's lad Craig. He'd asked him how he'd have felt if it had been Craig suffering with a cock that wasn't able to give him much fun, and if he'd like the idea of him being teased about it.

"So far so good," Les said to himself as he put down his tea and headed for his truck, wondering again about the idea that had struck him in the night. More particularly, he hoped he still had the SIM card somewhere that would have the number on it that might just make things work.

Things went far better that day than Les had dared hope. A couple of the crew even remarked that Nozzer and Spike suddenly seemed like best buds, wondering what on earth was going on there after the previous night's debacle. Les said nothing, and just smiled at one man's suggestion that Spike must have threatened to send his mates round to sort Nozzer out.

That evening, Les tried three old SIMs before he found what he was looking for. It struck him as he dialled the number that it might of course have been re-allocated long ago, but it rang, and he recognised the voice as soon as it was answered.

"Hi Greg," Les said. "Blast from the past here. Les Jones. MP's. Blenford Barracks, more years ago than I care to remember. Ring any bells? ...No? Perky Perkins was my C.O. Ah! – I thought that bit might do the trick!"

Chapter 4: The Thing

Jago Walsh could have been the first in his family to go to university. He'd got both the grades and the place, but the summer job he'd taken after his A levels had somehow turned into a gap-year job, then the promotion they offered had become more alluring than the thought of essays and loans. Years later, there he still was. The career ladder on which he'd unwittingly found himself had led to a place very pleasingly high up in the management hierarchy, and with a salary to match. He relished his hand-made suits as much as having a car that was always the newest in the work car park, and he still got a buzz every time he pressed the fob to open the gates to the Kent Quays Village complex - even if his apartment there was actually only a studio flat which, rather than having a view out over the Thames, looked out over the council estate where he'd grown up. Seeing that reminder of his past was just about bearable, but it was a relief to him that a new apartment block had been built over the old Travellers' site next to it, meaning that he didn't have to look at the place where his grandparents had pitched their mobile home after finally giving up life on the road. Somehow though, despite all his successes, the moments when he didn't feel "right" in the echelon in which he seemed on the surface to move so easily had never gone away. The nagging feeling that he was an impostor was always there, and it had got worse as his position had become more and more senior.

When he had that uneasy feeling, Jago had always had the thing that he knew made him special to reassure him. He'd become aware that he was special very early on - very special, in fact. Although he knew it was just down to luck and his genes, it had always comforted him - the knowledge that, in that one way at least, he would never have to compete for his place in that particular pecking order. There were very few others could come even close to equalling him, and he knew it made them envy and admire him. Whenever he'd had the bad feeling as a youngster, he'd needed to actually hold the thing that made him special to make the feeling go away - that touch, however fleeting, gave him the tangible reassurance that it was still there and still making him special. As a man, he'd liked to know that there was a hint of it showing through the carefully fitted hand-made suits that he wore, sending out a signal to anyone who cared to look that he was special and getting the reassurance of seeing them notice. Recently, though, all the comfort and re-assurance of the thing that made him special had been taken from him - the confidence and self-esteem it had given him pulled from under his feet by just a few chance words.

It had happened after he'd been talking to a man he saw on and off at the gym. He was a posh, fit, successful, city suit of just the type that Jago aspired to be, and finding that the man seemed to welcome his friendship had done a lot to help keep the feeling at bay. They'd chatted about other sports facilities in the area, and the man had told him that he'd recently joined a new Country Club near Downborough, just out into the Kent countryside. If rather pricey, it was very exclusive - exclusive enough, in fact, for membership to be by recommendation only. Jago, then, was delighted when the man asked him if he wanted to be put forward as a member, inviting him there as his guest to try it out first.

They'd gone the following weekend, and Jago loved the place. The facilities were excellent but, more than that, the other members were of exactly the social strata amongst whom he longed to move. They two of them had played badminton, then worked out together in the gym before his new friend said he had to go, but that it was fine for Jago to stay on as long as he liked. Jago spent an hour in the sauna and was feeling happy and relaxed - smug almost - when he finally headed for the changing rooms. There were two others in there when he went in, chatting away as they undressed - obviously friends, and clearly upper class.

Unlike many men, open changing rooms held no fear for Jago. It was quite the opposite in fact, thanks to the thing that made him special, as seeing others notice that thing always made him feel good. As he showered, he saw the two friends glancing repeatedly across at him, but that was par for the course. He'd dressed and packed his bag and was barely out of the door when he realised that he'd left his hair gel by the drier. As he turned back to collect it, he overheard them:

"Fuck, did you see that?" one of them was saying.

"Shit, impossible to miss, I'd say. He could take someone's eye out with that thing."

"Bludgeon someone to death with it more like! It was like a club, and about as subtle."

“Well he can’t exactly help having one like that, can he.”

“No, the poor sod, but he could have the decency to get it tidied up a bit before inflicting it on anyone else. I’d be ashamed enough having a caveman cock like that, but the least he could do would be to get rid of all that junk on the end of it. I mean, uncut ones are gross enough at the best of times, but it looked like a load of offal hanging off the end of his.”

Chapter 5: The Railway Tavern

He felt it might be wise to let things settle down for a bit first, so Les had decided to wait a while before speaking more to Nozzer. He knew that he sometimes went for a pint in The Railway Tavern after work so, after a few uneventful days had passed, Les started looking in there on the way home on the off chance of catching him alone. At the third try, Les found him sitting by himself at a table in the beer garden out the back. They chatted for a bit about nothing special, Les not wanting to be too obvious and hoping that Nozzer might actually raise the subject of Spike himself and, fairly inevitably, he got round to the elephant in the room soon enough. Les wasn't sure how much Spike might have told him, and it turned out to be very little, so he filled him in on the details as the man listened intently.

"Must be awful, putting up with that," Les said as he finished his narrative, meaning it.

"Fuck yeah," said Nozzer, scratching at his bulge. "All that extra stuff on the end - if it all works proper then that's one thing, but if it don't, then it must be a total bummer. it's just so much better with it all gone, even if it works OK. I mean, I never had no reason to think about it before me accident, but I wouldn't never wanna go back now. I don't know why they just don't do everyone a favour and get rid of it for lads straight off, even if it's all working."

Les smiled to himself, thinking of the irony of all the "extra stuff" that Nozzer had been so proud of until so recently, and what a total convert he had become. "Well," he said, "I reckon we two know who the lucky ones are," aware that he perhaps wasn't quite so sure about that as he sounded, but knowing that that was what Nozzer would want to hear.

"So the thing is," Les continued after a moment, "I've thought of a way that might help Spike get his sorted out. I remembered an old army mate of mine - he was only a Medical Orderly, but he had specialist training in doing.., well, you know...."

As usual, Les found it hard to say the word.

"So, what I reckoned was," he continued, "perhaps I could talk my mate into doing the job on Spike - but without a white coat in sight, like."

"How do you mean?" said Nozzer, confused.

Well," said Les, "I reckoned that my mate might perhaps be up for doing Spike somewhere that's not going to freak him out - somewhere not medical, like. I wondered if he might even come to the depot after work one day? Familiar surroundings, no white coats, no medical stuff around? That way, we could be there for Spike too - his mates there to support him. I reckoned we could use the canteen for it if we slipped whoever was on security a few quid to look the other way. What d'ya think?"

"Sounds like a plan," said Nozzer. "I'd be there for Spike if your mate's onboard - help him through it, like. But I'm not so sure about seeing him.....well, seeing it actually cut off, like."

Nozzer was quiet as they both took a few more draws at their pints. Looking at his thoughtful face, Les wondered what was going on for him. After a while, Les continued, weighing his words carefully.

"I aint sure of course," he said, "but I reckon there might be another one of the lads up for getting his done too - whilst my mate's at it, like. Make it worth his while turning out."

"Yeah?" said Nozzer, clearly intrigued. "Who's that then?"

"Well, I'm sure you won't have noticed," Les lied, "but that Andrzej..."

He looked intently to see if there was any reaction from Nozzer. There was none, and Les admired his poker face. "Well, I reckon he likes taking a good gawp at yours since you was"

"No way!" said Nozzer. "The pervy bastard!"

Les nearly laughed out loud at the man's fake surprise.

“Bugger me,” Nozzer went on, “I aint never noticed that. But if he wants in too, then the man’s got sense. You gonna have a word with him then?”

“Oh I think that might be better coming from you,” said Les. “But wait ‘til I got it all fixed up first, eh?”

“Sure,” said Nozzer. “I wonder if there might be any others. Like, now they’ve seen mine?”

That, thought Les, was an idea that Nozzer clearly relished.

“Could be,” Les said, doubting it. “Actually, I was wondering – weren’t you saying about your lad?”

Les was amazed. Nozzer’s jaw just dropped. He looked like he’d just been slapped, something like a look of complete shock on his flushed face.

“Fuck,” said Nozzer. “My Craig. Yeah, he wants in for sure since he saw mine, but... shit mate - fuck!”

“Well, I’ll leave that ball in your court, mate,” said Les, sensing Nozzer’s confusion and aware that he’d inadvertently thrown something of a bombshell of an idea at him.

There was a long silence. Nozzer seemed very pre-occupied. Les wasn’t sure what else there was to say so, draining the last of his pint, he looked conspicuously at his watch and said that he needed to get going.

“Yeah, I should too,” said Nozzer, standing up. Les couldn’t help noticing that the bulge in his jeans seemed even more pronounced than normal.

They crossed the garden together and went through the door into the long corridor that led back to the bar. They’d got half way along it and were outside the door of the gents when Les sensed a hesitation from Nozzer. Perhaps, Les thought, he’d had second thoughts and was going to say he wanted out of the plan. He wouldn’t have blamed him if he did.

“I reckon I’d better nip in here,” was what Nozzer actually said, angling his head at the gents. “You too I bet.”

It was a strange thing to say, and somehow it didn’t seem to be a question. Puzzled, Les didn’t reply, and there was tension in the silence.

“Aw mate, come on,” said Nozzer finally, almost pleadingly. “Fuck, I need it bad.”

Somehow, Les knew that he didn’t mean a piss. Even before they’d reached the stall, Nozzer had his cock out. It was already rigid. Getting a clear view of it erect for the first time, Les was surprised at just how big it was. Unsure what was panning out, he fumbled with his own zip and made a show of trying to piss once his cock was out.

“Fuck mate,” Nozzer said, turning to face Les full on. “I want you to look at my cock. Look at it and tell me how fuckin’ bare it is.”

He was already wanking. Les was amazed how hard he was rubbing, especially as he was working dry. Despite his confusion, Les couldn’t help taking in that, unlike on his own, Nozzer seemed to have some movement in the skin on his shaft.

“I need you to see how bare it I am,” Nozzer said as he wanked. “Tell me what you see, mate. Please?”

Les found that his own cock was hard too. He couldn’t stop himself from spitting on his hand and closing it round his erection.

“Look at my cock,” Nozzer said, “then look me in the eye and tell me you can see I’m totally fuckin’ bare,” his voice shaking.

Les did look. He took in the long, thick shaft, seeing it now close up - the cut line way back, a wide band of pink skin that lay behind the helmet making it look so different from his own outcome. Nozzer spat on his hand too and moaned quietly as he ran his moistened fingers round the inner skin, stimulating it with his fingertips, running his thumb from side to side across the wide band. Seeing him do that, Les suddenly had a flashback. In his mind, he was back in the showers in the barracks when Greg had done exactly that to him. His recall of the moment was as clear as if it was actually happening and he was feeling it all over again - that amazing, powerful, intense sensation of purer

erotic power that had blown him away then, but which he'd never felt since - the feeling that Greg had promised him he'd have to enjoy as the reward for losing his foreskin but which he'd never experienced since. Les looked down at his cock, his own scar line a bare millimetre behind the helmet. Now, there wasn't a hint of anything behind his glans that might offer him the kind of pleasure that he'd had then, and that Nozzer was getting now.

"Oh that just feels so fuckin' good," Nozzer moaned, head back and eyes closed. His fist was round his cock now, rubbing at the shaft behind his head.

Suddenly, Les felt like he'd been punched in the stomach. Instantly, it was all totally clear to him for the first time. In that moment of revelation, he realised with total clarity that he'd been completely and totally fucked over all those years ago. To his amazement, it wasn't anger that he felt but an intense arousal deep within him that he'd never experienced before. Unlike Nozzer, nothing at all moved under his hand as he mimicked the man's action. The feeling from his own shaft was clearly nothing like that which Nozzer was getting. All he could feel was the rim of his glans under his fingers and the tough, leathery inertness of a helmet that had offered him so little sensation since it had been left permanently exposed. Then came another mental punch, and an even stronger epiphany this time. Suddenly, he just knew that he hadn't needed a circumcision at all. He couldn't think how he had been so stupid not to have realised it before. His foreskin had been perfect. It had never given him a moment's trouble before it was all cut away, and it never would have. All that stuff about solving a problem before it started was just a lie. To his amazement, the new knowledge just made him need to grind his cock even harder - harder than he could ever remember, his climax already starting to build. It usually took him a long period of hard rubbing to get off, but what was going on in his mind had got him there far quicker than usual.

His orgasm caught him unawares. The power of it made him double over, almost in pain. Spunk was all over his hand and dripping onto the floor, but Nozzer was so lost in his own thoughts that he didn't seem to notice.

"And Spike wants to be bare too," he was saying. "He wants it all cut off to make his bare like mine."

So lost in the intensity of it all was he that he almost sounded as if he was going to cry.

"And my Craig wants it too," he went on. "He wants his made like his dad's. He wants his as bare as mine too. Oh holy fuckin' shit. My Craigy, my lovely Craigy..."

Nozzer suddenly turned towards the stall. His orgasm was so forceful that Les could hear the sound of his first ropes of thick cum hitting the stainless-steel wall of the urinal.

Chapter 6: Plans

“So this phobic bloke, what do you reckon his pain threshold’s going to be like?” Greg asked. “You know I won’t be able to knock him out for it, don’t’ you.”

“Mate, I reckon he’d deck you if you even came near him with a needle in your hand anyway,” Les replied, “Even if you just wore any gown or anything. He looks at tough as they come, but something tells me he’ll be in real wuss territory. Is there any way you could just numb him up a bit?”

“Well I could try and call in a favour -ask my mate who works up the hospital if he could liberate a bit of Lidocaine from the stores,” Greg said, “Tell the other bloke to bring a whole box of Panadol with him though – most blokes are fine with that.”

“Will do,” said Les. “So the one thing we’ve not discussed yet is your fee. What’s the bottom line gonna be then?”

“Well mate, this one’s on me,” Greg said. “Be different if there was ever a second time, but sounds like this guy needs the kind of helping hand he’s not gonna get the normal way, poor sod. Apart from that,....”

There was a long hesitation, and Les was puzzled.

“Actually,” Greg continued finally, “actually, I think I owe you one, mate.”

Les didn’t rush to reply. He weighed his words before he spoke.

“Well,” Les said at last, “If you mean what I think you mean, then that’s all water under the bridge, mate. There’s no going back, is there, so no point dwelling on it. Once it’s gone it’s gone - for whatever reason. Or...,” he continued slowly, not able to stop himself, “it’s just as gone even when there was no reason for it to go at all.”

There was silence for a long moment.

“Mate,” said Greg, finally. “You know what it’s like in the forces. Orders is orders. But, even so, I....”

“Like I said,” Les interrupted, having heard all that he needed to hear from the man’s tone, “all water under the bridge now. What’s done is done, good or bad. So I’ll ring you again when we’ve got a date and let you know if the other bloke is in too. Oh, nearly forgot – it’s supposed to be a really hot one next week. There’s A.C. in the canteen, but I suppose it’s always possible it might not be working, isn’t it, or I suppose someone could always just happen to take the fuse out?”

“Sorry?” said Greg. “What’s that?”

Les just waited, smiling to himself. Finally, he heard Greg laugh.

“Sorry mate,” he said. “I was a bit slow off the mark there! I like your thinking, but I’ll leave that one with you! Very pleased to hear that it sounds like there really has been a bit of water under that bridge then!”

Chapter 7: Mehmet

The next morning, Les sneaked a look at the rota on the security desk when no one was around. He was checking for the days when Mehmet was going to be on the night shift, as he knew he was the most promising guard with whom to do the sort of business he had in mind.

“Mate, I’ve got a proposition for you,” he said when he managed to catch the man alone a few minutes later. “Some of the lads is planning a bit of a do next week and we’re looking for a nice quiet venue, so we was wondering about using the canteen for it. I see you’re on next Tuesday night, so what do you reckon?”

“Well,” Mehmet replied, seeing the folded £50 note that Les held meaningfully in his hand, “after the cleaners have gone then there’s never no one around, and I’m sure I could manage to be looking the other way if a few of you happened to creep in. What you got going on then? Doesn’t sound like it’s just a poker night – you got a stripper booked or something?”

“Yeah, mate, something like that!” Les replied, laughing to himself.

“But not for the kind of stripping you’re thinking about,” he thought as he headed off to ring Greg.

“So, all set then?” said Les a minute or two later after he’d rung Greg to firm up the date.

“Cushty,” Greg replied. “All good. Just one thing I wanted to run past you though. I’ll be bringing my mate Paul along to help - makes it much easier with two pairs of hands, and he knows the ropes - but I’d like to bring someone else along too – just to watch, like. He won’t get in the way, just that he don’t get out much these days and it’s his kind of thing, so what do you reckon?”

Les was surprised by the request, wondering what possible interest it could be to anyone else, but he supposed there didn’t seem to be any harm in it. Greg was doing it as a freebie after all, so the least he deserved was a favour in return.

“Thanks,” said Greg when Les agreed, “but perhaps I should just warn you...”

“Bugger, sorry mate,” said Les, “I’ve got to go.”

They were already late leaving for their round, and Nozzer was hooting the horn and waving at him impatiently from the driver’s seat of the truck.

“Sure, bring whoever – fine with me. See you Tuesday then. Text when you get here.”

Chapter 8: Horse

It had been a bad day from the off. He'd had a morning appointment near Gatwick with a potential new supplier but had banked on being back in the office by early afternoon in order to prepare for an all-important meeting that evening - his first after a recent, longed for promotion which meant he was finally part of the Senior Management Team. His new contact, however, had insisted on taking him out for lunch. Even though there was nothing he had wanted less, Jago sensed that the man was going to be offended if he refused. When he'd finally got back on the road, the traffic had been terrible all the way. To make matters worse, the man had insisted on them having a couple of pints, and Jago had been badly wanting to pee before he'd even reached the motorway. By the time he'd reached Streatham, it was getting serious and Jago knew he wasn't going to make it back to the office without finding somewhere to empty his bladder. As he turned off the A23 and drove along the side of the Common, he was desperate enough to be considering going into the woods there and finding a quiet spot. Then, though, he saw the playground with a kid's paddling pool alongside the road. He remembered going there as a child with his gran. There had been a café there too where they got ice cream and, then, at least, there had been public toilets behind it. He pulled off the road and parked up, wondering if they were still there or, if, like so many others these days, they'd been boarded up. To his relief, they were still open, although looking rather dingy.

The inside was no more alluring than the out but, with massive relief, he unzipped and began to piss against the stone wall of the urinal. After two pints, it wasn't a quick job. As he unloaded, his mind drifted back to his presentation for that evening's meeting. Then, suddenly, he felt a sharp shove in his back. He staggered, panicking. Urine splashed his suit as he tried to regain his balance, looking round to see what was up. There were three of them there, all in tracksuits and baseball caps, and one brandishing a dangerous looking knife.

"OK mate," knife man said, "Wallet, watch, phone. Let's keep it simple, then we're all on our way safe and sound, eh."

Jago's mind raced. "They're all in the car," he said, thinking fast.

"Yeah, course they are, mate. I can see your Rolex from here, so cut the crap before we have to get serious."

Jago flinched as the man flourished the knife close to his face, clearly enjoying the power trip of it all.

"Yeah, wouldn't be nice, would it, "he said. "Your handsome face all mucked up. Or," he continued meaningfully, "perhaps another part of you instead?"

Jago saw the look of astonishment on the man's face as he looked down to make his meaning clear. It was a look he'd seen so many times before when others saw the thing that made him special.

"Fuck, look at this, Horse," knife man said, "He even beats your stonker, and that's saying something."

The man put the flat of the blade under Jago's cock and lifted it up on it. When he let it drop again, it swung from side to side.

"Fuck he said, that's a heavy piece of meat there to be carrying round. Perhaps we'd be doing you a favour if we helped you lose a little bit of weight. Lighten your load a bit, like?"

Full of adrenaline, Jago's mind was running in overdrive. Two of them were clearly dangerous, but he somehow sensed something he couldn't make out from the man who had to be Horse. He, he thought, might perhaps be a weak link he could exploit. For a split second, the two of them made eye contact and there was an un-readable look on his face, but when Horse's eyes dipped away from his, there was no mistaking where his gaze fell instead. When Jago risked looking the man back in the crotch, he took in an unmistakably bulky bulge there behind his loose trackies.

"Perhaps we could just take a bit off it?" knife man was saying, resting the dull side of the blade on Jago's long overhang and smiling as he slowly rocked the knife from side to side on it in an arc. "A pound of flesh, wasn't it? Perhaps just take some off the end - bit by bit, until you see sense?"

"Come on, Lee. Stop fuckin' around. This is taking too long," said the one who wasn't Horse.

“I mean,” knife man said, ignoring him, “some blokes actually think it’s better with the cover taken off, don’t they. I’m not sure. I mean – always having your bell end out on show? All exposed, rubbing on your pants the whole time. Who’d want that? Who’d actually prefer being circumcised?”

To his horror, Jago felt his cock stir.

“Oh look at this lads,” said knife man, feigning shock, “I think he quite likes that idea, the filthy perv! But I don’t think he’d like the way I’d do it for him too much.”

“Lee – come on mate.” It was Horse who spoke this time, his voice anxious.

Suddenly, there was the sound of loud voices on the road outside. Jago grabbed the moment of surprise. Instantly, he was 13 again - on the way home from school, cornered by the other boys. “Pikey.” “Didicoy.” “Gyppo.” He could still hear their voices in his head. Some kind of anger-fuelled instinct kicked in. Now he could hear his grandad’s voice too, saying how you must never show weakness and fight fire with fire. Instantly, he’d kneed one of them in the balls and elbowed knife man hard in the stomach. Horse was backing off, his hands raised in submission. Jago pushed past him and sprinted, his heart pounding. It was only when he was nearly back to his car and saw a passing man’s look of astonishment that he realised that his cock was still hanging loose from his fly, swinging from side to side as he ran.

Chapter 9: The Stripper

One of the lads had managed to pocket some of his mum's Prozac for him, and Nozzer had taken him to the Railway Tavern for several whiskies on top of it, so Spike was far more relaxed than Les had dared hope when the pair of them arrived. Looking white faced and anxious, it was actually Andrzej who worried him more. A couple of others were there too to support them both – Kayonne, a young mixed-race man who had become a drinking buddy of Spike's, and Andrzej's mate Kacper, who had arrived with some boxes of beers.

When Greg's text came saying he was outside, Les went down to open the depot gate. There were two others with him as he'd expected. The younger one, carrying a leather attaché case, had to be Paul. The other man was elderly but stood straight and tall, his white hair cropped short. It was the incongruity of his shiny, black Doc Martens that Les noticed first, followed a moment later by complete astonishment when he realised who it was.

"Well Commander Perkins, as I live and breathe," Les said, greeting the man, grim faced. "Well aren't you a turn up for the books. I really don't know whether I should salute you, shake your hand, or punch you in the gob."

There was tension for a second, and Greg wondered if he'd made a very bad call. Finally, and without smiling, Les extended his hand.

Once inside, Greg and Paul wasted no time in unpacking their kit, laying things out on a trolley that was normally used for collecting dirty crockery. Les was glad to see them cover everything over with a cloth, tactfully hiding it from Spike's view. Greg decided that the canteen's serving hatch would be an idea place to work – the counter was stainless steel and easily wiped down, the lights over it were strong and, with his punters sitting on it, their crotches would be at just the right height for him to be able to work easily.

There didn't seem to be any question that Spike would go first, but Les couldn't help wondering if seeing Spike being circumcised might cause Andrzej to bottle out. He was looking agitated, sitting in a huddle with Jacper. The two of them talking quietly and rapidly in Polish and, to Les's surprise, holding hands. Les didn't know much about Jacper. He wasn't with them on the bins but worked for the street sweeping team. Somehow, the solitary nature of that job seemed to fit with his reserved, slightly strange personality. Les had only ever seen him in overalls before but, now in jeans and tee shirt, he was surprised by his muscular build and heavy covering of tattoos. Spike was huddled too – sitting with Nozzer, who was chatting away to him. For such a usually insensitive man, Nozzer seemed to be doing a good job of keeping Spike distracted and relaxed. As dealing with one nervous person was probably enough, Les was relieved that Nozzer's Craig wasn't there to be circumcised that night too. Nozzer had asked him, he'd said, but his son had decided against as he was off travelling the next week and, in Nozzer's words, had decided he didn't want anything to stop him "shagging his way round Australia." He had, though, asked his dad to get Greg's number for when he got back.

Les was taking pains to keep out of Perkins' way. Rather surprisingly for two men with apparently so little in common, Perkins was talking intently with Kayonne, both of them with bottles of beer on the go. When Greg said they were ready to crack on, Les saw a sudden expression of pure panic on Spike's face that didn't bode well. Just as he looked as if he was about to get up and flee, Nozzer was in there quickly, putting his arm round him and hugging him tight.

"OK mate," Greg said to Spike, "up you get then and let the dog see the rabbit."

"Well I've seen far worse than yours end up looking really handsome," he said once Spike had stripped off and was sitting on the counter with Nozzer's arm still round him. "We'll soon have you sorted out, but you've got a choice to make. Quickest and easiest would be if I just gave you what they call a dorsal slit. Your skin would be loose, you'd keep it all, and it would work OK -sort of."

"Nah. Just get rid of it, mate," said Spike, sounding remarkably resolute.

Les was pleased that his plan for a familiar and un-threatening setting for Spike's circumcision seemed to be doing the trick - so far at least. He was aware, though, that Spike hadn't seen any of Greg's tools of the trade yet. When he did, that might be the moment the trouble started.

“Your call, and I think you’re wise to be honest,” Greg replied. “So if it’s all coming off, how do you want it to look then? You could either...”

“Like Nozzer’s” came his reply, before Greg had even finished explaining. Les noticed the beam of pure pride that spread across Nozzer’s face.

“What’s that like then, mate?” Greg asked, turning to Nozzer. “How did they do you?”

Nozzer looked rather lost for words. To him, a circumcision was a circumcision.

“Well, I aint got no skin no more,” he replied, looking perplexed “And the end – well, it’s bare.”

Greg laughed. “They all are mate – that’s kind of the idea! Look, we’re all blokes here –it’d be easiest if you just showed me, eh?”

Nozzer needed no persuasion; he had his cock out within seconds. Perkins, who had been sitting quietly at the sidelines so far, moved forward for a better view as soon as the unbuttoning started. Nozzer’s cock looked particularly bulky as it lay thick and heavy across his palm, making Les wonder if it might have chubbed up a bit at the attention and appreciation it was getting.

“That’s high and tight then,” Greg said. “Nice work there whoever did yours, mate. You struck lucky.”

Nozzer beamed again. There was no question now – he was a good bit more than flaccid.

“I want you to be sure,” Greg said, turning back to Spike, “so Les, would you mind showing him yours too, so he sees the other extreme?”

Les was a bit taken aback, not least to hear his own circumcision described as being extreme. Somehow, it had never occurred to him that it might be. Slightly reluctantly, he unzipped his jeans. He felt a bit insecure about revealing his own average dimensions, especially when in such clinical, side-by-side comparison with Nozzer and Spike, both of whom were very sizeably hung men. As well as that, he felt somehow awkward and resentful about Perkins seeing his cock, but it was hard to do anything about that without potentially causing unpleasantness. Looking down as he took out his cock and then back at Nozzer’s, he could understand what Greg meant – they did indeed look very different and he could see why Greg wanted Spike to understand that. Out of the corner of his eye noticed to his alarm that, uninvited by Greg, Perkins’ hand was also at the fly of his new, black 501s. As the man unbuttoned them and opened them wide, Les was surprised that he clearly had nothing on underneath. He was even more taken aback to see that his pubes were shaved completely smooth, and that he wore a thick leather strap wrapped tightly round his equally smooth balls. The occasion wasn’t supposed to be anything other than a way of helping Spike out and would be tricky enough without any gay stuff kicking off to complicate things, so Les had his mouth open so say something. Then, though, he didn’t know what to say and just kept quiet, amazed that nobody else seemed to be bothered.

“Or,” Greg was saying as Les recovered from his surprise, you could go between the two, like mine.” His hand was at the buttons on his own shorts as he spoke.

Les was relieved when Greg’s cock came out. He was bigger than many for sure, but Les was glad to see that at least he himself wasn’t the only man in the room who wasn’t in the seriously hung bracket. He saw that Greg’s circumcision style was indeed halfway between his and Nozzer’s – there was a different coloured band between his helmet and the very obvious scar line, but only a centimetre or so of it. Spike glanced quickly at the two new cocks, but he clearly wasn’t over-interested.

“Mates,” he said, “no offence to you two, but I just want it like Nozzer’s, yeah?”

Nozzer punched Spike playfully on the shoulder, clearly feeling very pleased with himself.

“OK,” said Greg, “no probs, but that means I’ll have to take your fren out. That OK?”

“Mate,” said Spike, smiling, “I don’t even know what that is, but if that’s what Nozzer’s got, then just do it.”

“OK, all set then,” said Greg. “We’ve got a plan - high and tight, fren out.”

Les reached down to put his cock away, then hesitated. He'd noticed that none of the others had moved to do the same and, seeing their cocks still hanging from their flies, he somehow felt awkward about putting his back so just left it loose too. Perkins, in fact, had his cock in his hand now, almost absent mindedly rubbing at the inner skin with his thumb. Les hoped again that the unwelcome visitor wasn't going to be the cause of any trouble. This wasn't how he'd expected things to be. He'd expected it all to be quick and simple, and he was annoyed with Perkins for interloping and bringing his own agenda with him. It was "each to his own" with Les, and he had no issue with gays at all, but he also knew that not everyone on the crews felt that way.

Despite his worries, Les allowed himself to look more closely at Perkins' cock. It was a very long time since he'd seen it that day in the Medical Centre on camp, but he had the impression that it looked different now than it had back then. Before, he'd actually not been sure if Perkins was circumcised or not, wondering if he just had the skin pushed back. Previously there had seemed to be a bunch of skin sitting behind his helmet then, but now everything looked pulled as tight and sleek as Nozzer's.

"I'm just gonna clean you up," Greg was saying to Spike, "then I'll rub this cream in so you don't feel nothing."

Spike flinched as soon as Greg touched him, even though it was just with a medical wipe. Nozzer, though, was holding him tight and reassuring him—like he might an anxious child.

"It's OK, mate, just relax," Greg said. "I reckon that if someone had been around to pop the head out for you at the right moment then you'd have been fine, but I think you just missed the boat," he continued, chatting away in an attempt to distract Spike from what he was doing.

With the antiseptic wipes away and the Lidocaine applied, Greg gently worked Spike's foreskin enough to be sure that it was never going to go back over the glans. Spike's head was resting on Nozzer's chest, his eyes tight shut, Nozzer rocking him a little and talking softly to him as if he were a baby. Les was really surprised to see such a gentle side to the burly man.

"OK, I'll just need to see how your skin works whilst you numb up," said Greg. "It might feel a bit funny, but not to worry, eh. I'll warn you before anything serious is gonna happen."

As Greg spoke, he winked ostentatiously at the others, conspiratorially putting a finger to his lips as he took the scalpel that Paul was already proffering. Les was glad that the two of them had obviously discussed how it was all going to be done to make things as easy for Spike as possible. Nozzer had Spike's head in his arms now, his hand covering his eyes and looking even more like a proud father with his new-born child. The site of one big, rough looking man holding another equally burly one that way seemed to Les to be as touching as it was surreal.

"Right, I'm just going to pull you back a little bit. It might just sting for a second, but that's all. Just stay relaxed, eh," said Greg. "Like I say, I'll warn you before it gets serious."

Winking again as he spoke, he eased the tip of the blade into the tight opening of Spike's foreskin. Then, without ceremony, he pushed it deep into the flesh and slid it backwards. Spike flinched a little, but Nozzer instinctively held him tighter, whispering to him as he enveloped him even closer in his arms. Spike was muttering and, although he wasn't sure, Les thought to his amazement that he heard Spike say "thank you daddy." Paul was ready with a clamp, and Greg had it in place in seconds.

"You're doing great, mate," Greg said. "Just stay relaxed, and I'll warn you before any of the nasty stuff starts."

Paul reached in with a swab, but it was surprising how little blood there was for him to mop up. Les glanced across at Nozzer. He was staring intently at what Greg was doing, but looking decidedly green-faced. When Les looked back to see where Greg had got to, he'd already run the scalpel round the clamp and had what seemed like a massive amount of flesh hanging over the top of the blade. A second later, it was all off. Paul had a plastic bag ready, and Greg dropped into it what had, only moments before, been Spike's foreskin.

With Paul clearing the clamp and scalpel back out of sight as Greg dabbed at the wound, Les took the opportunity to look round the room. He'd been so focused on what Greg was doing that he hadn't noticed that Perkins had moved in even closer. His cock was hard in his hand, his fist grinding at the leathery-looking glans. Kayonne was standing a little way off, necking a beer. Les wondered if he was feeling squeamish too, and he didn't blame him.

Kayonne's other hand was deep in the pocket of his trousers, perhaps, Les thought, instinctively protecting his foreskin. Andrezy had stripped off ready for his turn and, wearing just socks, had moved to sit alongside Spike on the counter. Les was surprised that he'd chosen to be completely naked for it, but it surprised him even more was that Jacper had stripped too for some reason, and that his cock was rampantly erect. A hint of metal peeped through the end of his overhang, his foreskin distended by the shape of the rest of the metal ring threaded through his piss lips, and the tattoos that covered most of his body continued down onto the shaft of his cock in a vivid flame design. To his surprise and embarrassment, Les found his cock starting to stiffen at the sight, but no one else seemed to be remotely bothered in the strange new environment he seemed unwittingly to have created. More amazement came when he glanced to the other side of the room. There he saw Perkins now sitting back in his chair drinking beer, with Kayonne's hand wrapped round his cock, clearly trying to puzzle out how a cock with no foreskin might be pleased. Seeing that, Les somehow gave up on worrying about what was panning out. If no one else was feeling uneasy about it all, why should he be bothered?

Andrezy was looking wide eyed at the surgery going on next to him, the expression on his face un-readable. He seemed to be taking no notice of Jacper, who had taken a pair of latex gloves from Greg's box and, with his friend's foreskin fully retracted, was carefully mopping round the glans with one of the antiseptic wipes with Paul looking on and supervising.

"There we go mate," said Greg, nudging Spike on the shoulder. "You did great. All over. You're all circumcised up! Just got to tidy things up now and get it all dressed nice and neat."

"Fuck! No way," said Spike, clearly amazed. "I thought you was still getting ready to do it!"

He freed himself from Nozzer's bear hug and started to sit up. Then, suddenly, he froze and shut his eyes tight.

"There aint no knives and stuff around, are there?" he asked, cautiously.

Paul had been doing a good job of keeping the equipment out of the way but, even so, Les was alarmed and wished that Greg had kept quiet until the job was completely finished. It had all gone so well so far and it would be awful if Spike saw the state of his cock and freaked out at what was clearly a critical moment. His wound was still wide open, and it would have been the worst of times for him to start panicking.

"Spike, mate," Les said, "I really don't think you should look. Greg's still got stuff to do, and it don't look too tidy yet, so I'd hang on a bit longer 'til it's all bandaged up, eh?"

"Nah, I wanna see. I don't mind blood, as long as there's no knives or stuff," said Spike. "Shit, I was expecting it'd be much worse than that when it come off."

As he sat up and looked down at his crotch, a big smile spread across face despite the gore. His liberated helmet looked handsome. It was a huge mushroom for sure, and Les wasn't surprised that its skin had never managed to slide over it.

"Fuck!" Spike said, "That's awesome, mate. So there was a helmet under all that junk! And it's fuckin' massive too – even bigger than yours eh, Nozzer!"

Nozzer wasn't actually looking so good. It was as if he somehow just couldn't draw his gaze away from what Greg was doing but was aghast at what he was seeing - his face even greener than before. Things did indeed look decidedly gory. There was a wide band of very pink looking skin between the glans ridge and the neat, red-raw line where Greg had cut that was slowly oozing blood. Les wasn't squeamish, but seeing Greg, glue in hand, pulling and twisting at the sleeve of skin that covered the base of his Spike's cock to line it up neatly with the band of inner skin was a bit much even for him. To Les's amazement, Spike seemed not to care in the least. Nozzer, though, was clearly finding it tough going.

"Sorry Spike," he said, "but I ain't feeling so good, mate."

Five minutes later, Spike was glued up and had on the jock strap that Greg had recommended for whilst he was healing. To Les's amazement and delight, Spike didn't seem the least troubled by what he'd just been through. He had, in fact, somehow swapped roles with Nozzer. He'd found a bucket for him in the cleaning cupboard in case he puked and, holding him tight, it was now he that was doing the gentle reassuring that everything would be OK.

As he had watched every step of Spike's so intently, Les was surprised when Andrezy announced that he didn't want to see his own procedure being done. Because of that, Greg suggested that he lay down flat instead of sitting up. With Greg lining up his tools on one side of him, Jacper was on the opposite side of the counter holding Andrezy's hand. Whereas Jacper was still very erect, Andrezy, who was never big at the best of times, had, in complete contrast, shrivelled away to almost nothing, with not much more than a ruffled bunch of foreskin showing.

"Right then matey," Greg said to him. "What can I do you for then?"

Jacper cut in just as Andrezy opened his mouth to speak: "He wants low and tight," he said. "Very low, very tight. Frenulum out."

"You sure, mate?" Greg asked, looking straight at Andrey. "You need to go careful there. I know it looks neat that way, but ..." He paused, suddenly very aware of Les listening intently. "Well," he continued, weighing his words, "it'll feel very different low and tight. In fact, you might not feel much at all. It could take you a good while to – well – get anywhere when you're on the job if I do you that way. And, no offence, but, by the look of you now, with one like yours you'd only have an acorn showing when you're soft, especially when it's brass-monkey weather."

"That what he wants," said Jacper. Then, turning to Andrezy, "Isn't it."

Somehow, it wasn't a question. Andrezy just nodded.

"Well, your cock, your call," said Greg. "Sounds like you've thought it though, otherwise I'd be reluctant to....." he tailed off, not able to stop himself glancing at Les.

As Greg started work on Anrezy, Jacper held him tight, whispering to him in Polish. With no Lidocaine to help, the man was clearly feeling it all very intently. Les did wonder for a moment if he had actually taken the Panadol that Greg had advised, or if perhaps Jacper had had his say there too. He'd remembered something Greg had told him about some blokes needing to feel it all, and he hoped that Jacper hadn't talked Andrezy into thinking that. Certainly, the man was flinching surprisingly badly at every move Greg made. As Greg fitted the clamp, Jacper took Andrezy's hand and guided it to his own erection, firmly folding what seemed like slightly reluctant fingers around it. Then, heedless of the onlookers, he moved in began to tongue Andrezy long and hard.

"OK mate, I'm good to go," said Greg, ignoring what was going on between the two men as if it were an everyday occurrence. "Get nice and comfy, take a deep breath and hold it. I'll count down from five, then let it all out hard when I get to zero, yeah?"

Again, Andrezy just nodded, his face whiter than ever. As Greg started to count, Jacper moved and, by the time Greg had reached three, had his cock buried deep in Andrezy's mouth. Greg, flustered for a moment, stopped counting, not sure what to do. Then, he seized the moment and just pushed down hard into Andrezy's foreskin with the scalpel. The man yelped loudly despite the cock in his mouth but, in seconds, Greg had run the blade round the clamp. As Greg lifted the severed foreskin away, Jacper pulled his cock roughly from Andrezy's mouth and, without evening touching it, ejaculated fiercely all over his face. Les was astonished to the core but, with Andrezy starting to lick at the heavy load of cum running down his face, also very aware of just how hard his own cock was.

Aware of movement behind him, Les turned to see what was going on. Kayonne, now naked too, had got up on the end of the counter. With one of Greg's wipes in his hand, he had the long, loose foreskin on his thick cock pulled back hard and began mopping around his helmet. Greg looked up at him as he picked up the glue to start work on Andrezy and smiled.

"Blimey, are you in too then, mate?" he asked.

"Fuck, yeah – but shit knows why," Kayonne replied, "Just get it off me quick before I see sense and change my mind, yeah?"

With Greg occupied closing Andrezy's wound, Paul found the right bell for Kayonne and started assembling the rest of the clamp on him. This was the first time a gomco had appeared, and the others gathered round, fascinated by it. The mood had changed in the room somehow, and even Les found his hand went to his cock as he saw just how much of Kayonne's skin Paul pulled managed to pull in front on the gomco bell. Paul, he noticed, had obviously boned

inside his combat shorts and Les couldn't help wondering if he was already circumcised, or if perhaps part of the deal on this weird evening was that he would be getting done later as well.

"Fuck bro, cut my fuckin' boy skin off," said Kayonne, his eyes closed as he wanked. One hand was behind the gomco and sliding over the skin around the base of his long, hard shaft whilst the fingers of the other worked at the big bud of foreskin puckered up in front of the bell. The metal of the clamp banged loud and rhythmically against the steel counter as he jerked frantically.

"Just get it off quick before I stop wanting it, yeah?"

"OK mate," said Greg, laughing. "But keep cool there - I aint gonna be able to do you with a boner on you, so chill for a bit and have a beer 'til you get it tamed, eh? I reckon we could all do with a bit of a break anyway."

Five minutes later, all of them were sitting round a table, beers in hand. Nozzer had recovered enough to join them, and Spike, wearing just his trainers and jock strap, seemed much more concerned with looking after his mate than he was by his new cock. Jacper and Andrey, newly circumcised and looking rather stunned, were still naked. Kayonne was too, the gomco still fitted loose around him as he looked constantly down at the surreal sight of it fixed on his penis as if he couldn't quite take it all in. None of the others had had made any move to re-stow, and it struck Les how weird it was that it seemed perfectly natural for them to be talking with beers in one hand and cocks in the other.

"Fuckin' hell, lads," what's going on here then?"

It was Mehmet. He was standing in the doorway, a look of complete astonishment on his face.

Chapter 10: Africa

“Well, we was all supposed to be going back to our village in Turkey for me and my cousin to get done,” Mehmet was saying, “but then bloody 9/11 happened and all the flights was cancelled, so we never went. Every year after, I reckoned it was finally gonna happen, but they never got round to it. The funny thing was, they got my little brother done a few years later, so it’s always felt, well – dunno really. I mean, it has to be best, dunnit, otherwise they just wouldn’t do it, would they?”

He'd joined them at the table and reached for a beer. Les had panicked when he'd shown up, expecting the shit to hit the fan in a big way. Perkins, though, had stepped in and somehow saved the day. Seeing the stunned looks on the others' faces, he'd spoken up. With authoritarian bearing coming through, he explained things to Mehmet in such a confident tone that it somehow brooked no disagreement and actually seemed to make it all sound perfectly reasonable anyway. To Les's massive relief, the man had turned out to be remarkably relaxed about it all.

“So,” Mehmet continued, turning to Greg as he reached for another beer, “you gonna have time to do me too, then?”

“Sure mate. I reckon I can fake a nice Muslim job for you, but there's a bit of queue forming actually!” said Greg, nodding his head at Kayonne, “If this one aint changed his mind yet, that is. And I'm not sure about Jacper here.”

“Should I?” said Kayonne, laughing as his hand absent mindedly fiddled at the metal clamped loosely round his foreskin. “It's like my English half knows I'm fuckin' mad, but my African half... I know my dad wants me to be like him, but he never says nothing 'cos he knows my mum would kick off bad if he did. My cousins back home too - they think it's really weird to have one, and Richard was telling me about it earlier about how he got his done in Africa.”

Les wondered for a second who Richard was, then realised it had to be Perkins. The idea of him being on first name terms with someone like Kayonne somehow amused him, but the whole evening had already turned so many of his pre-conceptions on their heads that anything now seemed possible.

“It's all becoming a man stuff over there,” Kayonne was saying. “Like, skins are only for kids, and if you gonna have sex, then you need rid of it. Not just for you, but for the women you're gonna fuck too.”

“Yeah mate,” said Nozzer. “I can't argue there. I mean, I never thought about it before 'cos it was all good and my missus never had no complaints, but it's just so much better for both of us now. Just feeling it slide in her bare is so good, then all tight as you push up inside - gets her screaming every time. And she's always gagging to go down on me these days, and when she does – fuck mate, you not gonna believe how good it is. Like I told my Craig, it was like eating sweets with wrappers on before, so I reckon all lads should just have it done, straight off.”

Nozzer's hand had gone to his cock as soon as soon as he starting describing how much he liked being circumcised, his fingers feeling for the emptiness where his long “extra portion” had once been. Kayonne's hand was back on his cock too as he listened to him intently, his eyes wide, the gomco banging on the chair now as he wanked. Seeing his long, loose, stretchy hood move so easily, Les had a momentary urge to tell him to think hard about what he was getting in to. It was one thing getting caught up in the heat of the moment, but getting circumcised would change the rest of his life. Somehow, Les was only just starting to understand just how much it had changed his.

“So Richard,” asked Paul, turning to Perkins, “you got done in Africa then? How come?”

“Well I was out there with UNICEF for a bit,” he replied. “I got matey with a group of local lads my age, and it turned out the time for their circumcisions was coming up. Their tribe did the full coming of age stuff – no sex allowed with a skin, off into the bush for a bit to bond with the other guys before it comes off, take it like a man with no screaming etc, etc.”

“I've got cousins back home done like that,” said Kayonne. “It's a big deal for them, all that bonding stuff. Sounds a bit gay to me though.”

“Well,” Perkins continued, choosing to ignore his implication, “they asked me straight out if I was up for it too. I was a bit gob smacked to tell you the truth. Anyway, someone told me it was a huge honour for an outsider to be invited and it might cause big offence if I said no, so I reckoned I’d better ask my CO how to get out of it gracefully. When I asked him what he reckoned I should do, I was gobsmacked again – he basically asked me why in God’s name I still had such a useless thing stuck on the end of my todger so, long story short, I’m a fully-fledged official member of the Xntose tribe!”

“Well rather you than me,” said Paul. “Don’t they just use the sharp edge of a tin can and a bit of wood or something?”

“Well, not quite that basic,” Perkins replied, smiling, “but only one step up. And it’s just a tug and chop job - not like the expert stuff Greg’s doing here. The results were very variable I have to say, and mine wasn’t the best, to be honest. So, once I was back home, I spun the local quack some yarn about needing doing out there in an emergency and asked him to tidy it up a bit. Even after that I still wasn’t really happy though. It was still loose, and it was a bit the worst of all worlds. I rather missed my foreskin, and I reckoned I’d be better off with none at all than a bit of one that wasn’t as good as what I’d had before. Anyway, to cut another long story short, thanks to Greg here.....”

As he spoke, he pointed down at his neat, tight, sleekly cut cock that was very erect.

“Looks really handsome, mate,” said Nozzer. Probably because it looked so very like his own, Les thought.

So Jacper, you in the queue too?” asked Greg. “Looked earlier as if you might quite like the idea?”

“No,” was all he replied.

“OK mate, just asking,” Greg replied, slightly non-plussed. He turned to Kayoone. “So what’s your verdict then mate?”

There was silence for a second then, with a grin on his face, Kayonne just reached down and started turning the screw on the gomco.

“Now or never, I reckon” he said. “Wiv you blokes around and kind of sharing it, like, I reckon this is as close as I’m ever gonna get to what I’d have got back home.”

“Honoured, mate,” said Greg. “I reckon we all are. Hop up on the counter then. You gonna get Mehmet prepped up then, Paul?”

Chapter 11: The Bad Feeling

Jago had the bad feeling particularly strongly during that evening's Senior Management Team meeting. He'd yearned for the status of being there for so long yet, although it had all gone well, he still felt badly "wrong" when, late into the evening, the meeting had finally closed. His mood was made even worse when he reached into his pocket and found just his car keys there. Instantly, he remembered that he'd put his flat keys on their cherished gate fob in the draw of his desk when he'd taken off his jacket to try and sponge off the urine that he'd splashed over himself during his unpleasant afternoon encounter.

On the drive back to the department building to retrieve his keys, Jago felt a sudden yearning for the different atmosphere there on his home patch – the respect had from his workers amongst whom he was unquestionably the alpha, the easy way he knew he had in dealing with them, the way he always knew how that kind of person thought and, unlike when he was with the Senior Management Team, just how everything "worked" without having to consider every move to avoid doing or saying the wrong thing. Had he, he wondered in a moment of real self-doubt, perhaps taken a wrong turning in his life and ended up having to work too hard to fit in where he just didn't belong?

It should have been deserted at that hour, but as soon as he turned into the car park he saw that some of the lights were on in the department building. Keying in the code to open the main doors, he heard voices too – real ones, not coming from the television that he pretended not to know that the night security guard watched when things went quiet. Ahead of him, he noticed that the security desk was un-manned. He heard the voices again and followed them, keen to find out what was going on.

Chapter 12: Boots

Perkins was quite brazenly working his cock as he stood over Greg and Kayonne, looking down intently at the clamp work going on. Nozzer, now feeling much better, couldn't help himself closing in for a look too, one of his hands working absent-mindedly at his cock with Spike still holding the other. Luckily, Kayonne seemed not to mind the attention at all. Greg had begun re-fitting the gomco on him and had pulled what seemed to Les to be an inordinate amount of skin through it. When Greg had asked him, Kayonne said that he wanted it all off tight, looking up enquiringly at Perkins as he spoke and getting a silent nod of approval in return. Jacper was looking closely too, his hands on the back of Andrezy's head as he knelt in front of him with Jacper pulling him down so far onto his cock that he was gagging. Only Paul seemed oblivious, concentrating on Mehmet, who was sitting next to Kayonne on the counter and also watching what Greg was doing with fascination. The short foreskin on Mehmet's small cock was tight and, ironically, probably one that would have been best discarded long ago regardless of the man's religion. When Paul finished cleaning it up, he started searching through the kit for a small sized bell for him and jumped in surprise when Jacper roughly took Andrezy's hand and put it onto the obvious lump in Paul's shorts. Within seconds, his zip was somehow open, and Jacper had roughly guided Andrezy's mouth onto Paul's long erection.

"Mate, look – I don't..." Paul said, shocked, then stopped and gave in to it. His astonished gaze alternated between the gomco bell in his hand and the sight of his cock going in and out of Andrezy's mouth.

As soon as Greg started to screw down the gomco on him, Kayonne put his hand out to stop him.

"Second thoughts?" Greg asked. "It's not too late – just about – and no shame in backing out mate. You really need to be totally sure, yeah?"

"Fuck no," said Kayonne. "Not that. I want it bad, just that I want to do it for myself – tighten it, like. So that I..." he tailed off, unable to find the words to express what he was feeling.

Greg shrugged, smiling. "Your cock mate, your circ. It's a one off, so you do what you need to do, eh."

Kayonne started turning the screw, looking round into the eyes of the group that had all stopped what they were doing and surrounded him as he sat naked on the steel counter. Somehow, he seemed to need them with him - alongside him as he started on his one-way journey. He took his time, turning the screw cautiously. It was a moment or two before they saw him flinch for the first time, then he stopped.

"Mates, he said. "I want you all to do the rest for me. Really be a part of it, like?"

Les wasn't surprised that Perkins was in with no hesitation as soon as Greg had shrugged his consent. Perkins looked Kayonne straight in the eye as he turned the screw with total assurance.

"I'm honoured," he said. "You're doing the right thing - for you, and to respect your heritage. 'Kasso min getanzi si buolo,' as the Xntose's say – 'may you become through it a man of true honour'."

Spike reached in next. "Good on you, buddy," he said. "We'll always know we was done at the same time - blood brothers, kind of. Like your bro's in Africa. I was dead chuffed you was gonna be here for me, but I had no idea that we'd, like, be sharing it. I won't never forget that, matey."

When he'd given the clamp a turn, Spike looked expectantly at Nozzer, whose eyes ran round the rest of the assembled men before he moved, almost as if seeking their approval. Finally, he gave the clamp a rather ginger turn."

"Good luck, pal," he said. "I fuckin' love it bare, so I know you will too mate. Not to mention all the grateful birds who are gonna love you poking them with it after, eh!"

Jacper said nothing as he gave the gomco a perfunctory turn. As he finished, he grabbed Andrezy's hand and directed it roughly on to the clamp.

"Mam nadzieje, ze postapilismy slusznie" Andrezy said as he turned it, slightly grim faced.

Jacper laughed, sardonically. "I hope we did the right thing," he translated, sneerily. Turning and speaking to Andrezy, "Well, too late for that," he said. "It's what you need and it's done now, so you'll just have to live with it."

"Enjoy mate," said Paul, his cock still glistening from Andrezy's oral attention as he made his turn on the clamp. "I know Greg's gonna do you proud, like he did me."

"Cheers mate," Mehmet said as he took his turn. "Bit of a night tonight, eh. But our families will be pleased we done it. Better late than never."

Only Les was left, and he was reluctant. He'd been wondering what to say to get him out of it, but it was awkward. After all, the evening has been his idea, but if he hadn't organised it, then Kayonne might never have even thought about losing a foreskin that was clearly a handsome one that, like his, would never have given him any trouble. Mehmet was perhaps a bit different, but Les knew that there was no getting away from the fact that he was going to be responsible for four men's circumcisions. Of all of them, Kayonne – a young and impressionable man with clear issues over his identity – was the one worried him the most. What if he hated it afterwards? How would he ever be able to look him in the eye? In the end, with everyone looking hard at him and waiting, it was just too difficult to dodge the situation. He could, he reasoned, just give the clamp a token turn. With a feeling of dread, he reached down. Taking the screw in his hand, he felt first the cool of the steel then, seconds later, became aware of the heavy bulk of the man's cock clamped within it. He saw the deep indent that the plate was digging into the foreskin and the way the inch or more of flesh trapped in front of it had already changed colour as the life was crushed out of it. It was, he knew then, already too late. Even if he said something to try to make Kayonne think again - perhaps realise that he'd made a decision in the heat of a heady moment and that he might think differently in the morning - the thing that had once been his foreskin was dead. It would have to come off now anyway, even if he changed his mind.

"Sorry mate," he said. "I can only hope you like it."

Then, reluctantly, he turned the screw. Just a little. It was already screwed down quite far and hard to turn, but he somehow still sensed the spongy resistance of the flesh as the plates moved closer together. To his amazement, he felt his cock harden. Then he turned it again, and Kayonne squirmed a little. Then again, a larger turn this time.

"Fuck!" Kayonne shouted loudly, bucking on the steel counter.

"Steady there, man" Perkins said. "Remember your fellow countrymen – just take it. No screaming. Keep it inside you. Go with it and learn from it. It'll make a man of you – a true African man. You can do it, son."

To Les's surprise, he found himself turning the screw yet again. Something about knowing he was responsible for making Kayonne choose to lose his foreskin suddenly felt empowering rather than daunting – the way he'd made the man want it for himself, not have it forced on him like his own circumcision had been. And then there was Spike and Mehmet too – neither of those would have been able to agree to it had he not set things up the way he had, but he had empowered them to get what they had wanted all along. He thought then of the urinals the next week, the circumcised men finally equal to the others and all down to him, and turned the screw again. It was almost at the bottom of the thread now and he saw Kayonne's cock twist as he turned it, the pain making his body squirm in a way that somehow mirrored the movement of his twisting cock. His own now rampant, he took the man's long thick penis in his hand and steadied it as he turned more and more until finally, and to his regret, it would turn no more.

"Cut him, mate," he said forcefully, turning to Greg. "Cut him tight, just like you fuckin' cut me. He don't need it no more than I did, but do him anyway - like you did me. Take all his fuckin' foreskin off him. Leave him bare. Strip him right back, like you did to me."

More aroused than he could ever remember, he turned away, leaving Greg open mouthed and staring at the scalpel he held in his hand. He moved over to where Perkins was standing, unconcerned now about anyone seeing his brazen erection.

"Look at this, sir," he said, a sneer clear in his voice as he stood just inches from Perkins, staring him straight in the face. "Look at my fuckin' cock and see what you did to it, sir, you bastard. See how you made me, and see what you made me into 'cos of it. See how fuckin' hard it gets me, thanks to you - damn you and what you did. This is for you, sir - what you deserve."

Les spat in his face. Then, before the man had had a chance to react, knelt down at his feet. In one movement, he took the full length of Perkin's erection in his mouth. Then, with just one frantic tug on his own cock, he ejaculated full and hard over the shiny black toe caps of the man's leather boots.

Chapter 13: Big Baby

“Well, we’ve obviously got something of a situation here.”

For the second time that evening, the voice came from the doorway. He’d been standing there some time, but they had all been too wrapped up in what was unfolding to notice. There was a long silence as the man took in more of the scene in front of him. Once again, the others in the room were frozen in stunned silence, knowing neither what to do or say. This time, even Perkins, with Les still on his knees in front of him, was silent.

“So,” Jago Walsh continued after what seemed like an eternity, “I’m going to make sure I’ve really understood exactly what’s going on here before I decide how to proceed. It looks to me as if we have several very serious protocol breaches going on - unauthorised use of Council premises, alcohol consumption on said premises, un-vetted non-employees in the building, and that’s just for starters. Any of those would be grounds for serious reprimand at a level that could lead to termination of employment. As if that wasn’t enough, I can’t believe I’ve walked in on a whole lot of men in a state of undress and engaging in sexual activity totally against safeguarding rules, let alone that I’ve stumbled across what looks very much like a medical procedure being carried out in a situation that I very seriously doubt would meet any of the requirements of the Area Health Board. Leaving all that aside, as to the idea of grown men actually wanting other grown men to witness.....”

He stopped, the look on his face unreadable.

“So,” he went on finally, after what seemed like a very long time, “before I decide on my next move, there are two important things I need to ascertain. I expect nothing less than the courtesy of honest answers to both my questions.”

He paused again, the silence in the room leaden. When he finally spoke, he sounded as if he had been weighing his words very carefully.

“My first question is, are there any of those beers left, and the second ... ”

He paused again as he reached down and unzipped his suit trousers, releasing from his fly the longest, thickest penis that any of them had ever seen. Its foreskin more than covered the glans and continued into much more than an inch of untidy-looking overhang. It swung slightly under its own weight as he just let it hang long and low in the silence.

“The second is,” he repeated finally, turning to speak directly to Greg as he pointed to his hardening cock, “do you reckon you’ve got something in your kit that’s man enough to deal with this big baby?”

* * * * *

With many thanks to Mick and CJ for coming up with Les and Jago, and for their invaluable ideas for the story. Comments and suggestions welcome, especially as there is more to come about Jago. gareth.walton@talk21.com