

Brandon

"Tell It to the Sarge" (Foreskin Quarterly ["FQ"], Vol.II, No 5, pp 14-16, Spring 1986)

From the anonymous author of "The Circumcision Ship" fantasy (FQ4) . . . We are now taken back in time a few months to our first meeting with the Sarge:

Day after day, one young fresh-faced Naval recruit after another was led to the hospital's unique circumcision auditorium, secured face down on the circumcision board overhead and his set of genitals descended through the hole in the ceiling over the heads of the audience. One by one, one Navy penis after another was circumcised during a demonstration of the Laser Circumcision tool while visiting medics, military brass and allied officials watched.

The tool was almost perfected, but it still was too slow a process to rid Arabia of all those unwanted foreskins on allied troops stationed on the Arabian desert battlefield. The Arabs were getting impatient and threatened to withdraw funds from the project. Hospital officials didn't want to lose that money, of course, but then another problem was developing. The Navy was running out of uncut recruits.

The governor, hearing about the crisis, offered to send us the state's park rangers to circumcise. Our inspectors were quickly dispatched to the local parks where wary rangers obediently allowed their genitals to be studied. Sure enough, at least fifty of them still had foreskin on their cocks and the program was saved for another few weeks. But after "ranger month" where will the next supply of uncircumcised penises come from?

Meanwhile I was attending to my routine hospital chores. While using the new x-ray scanner on a patient with a broken jaw, I got bored and decided to strike up a conversation. "Where are you stationed?" I asked, just to be friendly.

The old leatherneck grumbled through his broken jaw, "At the brig on Goat Island."

I was startled! I didn't know the Marines had an installation on Goat Island. Upon questioning further, my patient said, "Hell, yes, we've got the dregs locked up there. Bunch of asshole punks getting kicked out of the Corps and the like. Corps doesn't publicize the place 'cause they don't want those fuckin' peace freaks raising a fuss about it. I'm a drill sergeant on the island, see. We march the fucking hell out of the prisoners so they're too tired to screw around at night, if you catch my drift."

Thinking that the brig might be a good supply of foreskin when the hospital had gone through the rangers, I asked, "How many men are in the brig?"

"Who in the shit knows? Thousand or so," Sarge shrugged his shoulder.

I wondered if our commanding officer in charge of the circumcision program knew about that brig? Wanting to get more information from my patient, I said, "I'd hate to see the fellow who broke your jaw, Sarge. How'd it happen?"

"I was marchin' this platoon of shit and heard giggling behind my back, see. Then I realized it was one punk acting real cutelike, mocking me or something. I ordered him front and center and told him he was acting like a pussy and that real Marines were men. Then the bastard had the audacity to reach for his crotch and offered to show me how much of a man he was. Well, I called his bluff and ordered him to pull out his short arm, if he had one, and show it to the platoon. Damned if the goddamned punk didn't reach into his fly and pull out his joint.

"That's the kind of thing I have to put up with in the brig! Well, I took one look at the kid's dick and I knew I had him! He was a goddamn fuckin' skinhead, for chrissake! I ordered the men to take a good look at the punk's dick and told them to observe all the baby fat still hanging on it. I shouted to the men, 'Is that a man's dick or not?', and the men shouted back, 'No, Sir!' Well, I noticed the punk's smirk began to fade when I told him to scat back and show the men his cheese. Shit, he came at me like a bullet and decked me cold. Damned punk skinhead. Jesus, do I hate skinheads!"

I was fascinated by Sarge's story but was somewhat taken aback by his vehemence concerning uncircumcised men. Anyway, I thought this was my chance and asked, "Are there many skinheads on Goat Island?"

"Shiit, yes! The Corps is full of them. We get the goddamn dregs. Trash! No one took care of them when they were kids and now they swing those filthy skins around the barracks as if they were normal. Beats me why the medics don't round them up and give them what they've got coming! I always said you can't make a Marine out of a skinhead and I mean it! Jeezus, do I hate skinheads!"

Wow, I thought, this old buzzard is a true prepucephobe. Well, the hell with him, I'm going to keep my mouth shut about all those foreskins on Goat Island. Let the Marines keep their rolls.

Later that day a new patient came to my lab with a broken wrist. He was a good-looking fellow, sort of cherublike baby face, clean-cut type who'd be pretty if he wasn't so husky. Huge arms, covered with soft, blond hair. He had a great smile and his blue eyes twinkled. Probably about twenty. I was surprised when I learned he was a prisoner at the brig.

A guard was stationed outside the lab door. I asked the patient who the guard was and he said, "Just some queer who wants to eat my meat. I am so cute he follows me around everywhere."

I said, "C'mon, man, you're putting me on. Who is he really?"

"Well, if'n you got to know the truth, my daddy is President of the good, ole USA and he's my personal CIA man," the blond Marine said with a huge smile.

I decided to shut up, this kid was a smart-ass.

The guard stuck his head in the door and asked, "Everything all right in there? If the prisoner gives you any trouble give me a call. Bastard struck an officer."

Somewhat shaken to realize I was working on a prisoner, I decided to keep quiet. Then the young Marine said, "Want to see it?"

I spontaneously asked, "See what?"

"You know," he said, "my weenie. My meat roll. Everyone wants to see Brandon's dick. That's my name, Brandon James. Jesse James is my ancestor. Yep. My rod shoots the same seeds that Jesse's shot. Ain't that somethin'? Wouldn't you like to see a historical piece of American manhood?"

I ignored him. This guy is too much! Then it hit me. I put two and two together and realized that this was the Marine who broke

Sarge's jaw. Hey, wait a minute. Sarge said he's a skinhead. I'd never pass an opportunity to look at an uncircumcised penis on a patient, so I decided to take a chance. I walked to the door and asked the guard to go and get some more x-ray film.

When I returned to the patient he said, "I know why you did that!" He reached down and began fumbling around for his penis. "Git ready for a real treat," he grinned as he slowly pulled his cock out of his pajamas. Well, Brandon's penis was one hell of a voluptuous meat and it was covered with thick folds of cascading foreskin that flowed to a fat, rounded tip and a good inch of overhang. I stood there transfixed.

"how's that for a piece of American history," Brandon smiled as he waved it at me. "Want to touch it?"

"Yes." I brought my hand down on it quickly and slowly began to retract the foreskin.

"Stop! Don't push it back!" Brandon protested softly.

I continued to push, but just as I was about to unveil his cockhead, he yelled, "That's enough! Let it go!"

I continued to push and just about cleared his pisshole when he jumped up and yelled, "Didn't you hear me? Stop skinnin' my dick. No one sees inside my dick, understand? That's private in there."

I wasn't about to give up and continued to slide his foreskin back when he shouted, "Queer!" and decked me out cold.

I was flat out on the floor when I came to. The guard was running in and the prisoner was yelling, "Queer! Queer!" as he was tugging his foreskin forward and in ran my commanding officer shouting, "What's going on here?"

I was furious! However, when I told my commanding officer about the supply of foreskin on Goat Island, he suddenly forgot about my problem and said, "You have saved our circumcision program. I shall see to it that you get a medal!"

After I left his office I entered the room in which Sarge was recovering.

"Well, shiit,! Who'n hell gave you that shiner? He roared. I told him about Brandon and he growled, "Why that fuckin' no-good skinhead punk bastard asshole. I'll skin him alive."

That gave me an idea. I said, "Sarge, why don't you skin Brandon Alive?"

His eyes narrowed and he said, "What'n hell do you mean?"

"Well, you told me how much you hated skinheads and we both have a score to settle with the bastard," I continued. "Why don't we meet in this room about midnight and go to Brandon's room and circumcise him?"

"Shiit, I ain't no doctor," the Sarge growled. Then I told him about the Laser Circumcision tool.

His eyes widened and then narrowed, "Git me one of them tools! I've got more than one score to settle back at the Island."

"Okay, Sarge, but first we get Brandon. I'll be here at midnight with the tool."

I couldn't believe I was doing this, but I was so mad I didn't give a damn if we got caught. The Sarge and I were sneaking through the empty hospital corridors with the laser beam circumcision tool I had stolen from the supply room. We entered the prison wing of the hospital which was entirely empty except for Brandon. We knew no one would hear him yell!

Before entering his room, we went into a closet, turned on the lights and read the instructions that came with the tool, "Quick Removal of the Prepuce in Six Easy Steps."

"Shit! This thing's a cinch," Sarge smirked and we returned to the hallway and found the right room. I had stolen the key to Brandon's room and quietly opened the door.

"Okay, you bastard," I thought to myself. "Whatever you've got hidden inside that foreskin isn't going to be secret anymore. After tonight, Brandon James, you won't have an inside, it's all going to be outside!"

We locked the door behind us. In the dim light we could see Brandon's muscular hulk sprawled out stark naked; he was sleeping like a baby. I focused the flashlight on what we came for. . . his penis. It was half erect but still encased in folds of skin. It really was a beauty; too bad it hung on such an asshole!

Sarge quickly grabbed Brandon's ankles and yanked him to the foot of the cot. I grabbed his arms and shackled them over his head, while the Sarge tied his ankles to the legs of the cot. Brandon's legs were spread wide over the edge of the cot and his fat genitals were dangling over the edge waiting for their fate.

"Hey, what the fuck?" Brandon stammered as he came out of his groggy sleep. "Wha . . . what the shit?" I put the flashlight directly in his face and he squinted his eyes and strained at his bonds as he tried to see us.

"Who's there?" He began to struggle and said, "Ouch. Don't you know I've got a broken wrist?"

Then Sarge broke our silence and said in a low, husky voice, "Yea, pig shit. How'd you git it?"

Brandon's eyes widened and his mouth dropped open, "Er . . . is that you Sarge?"

"Yea. It's me," Sarge calmly replied.

"Well, what are you doing here?" Brandon asked like a puzzled little kid.

"I've come to take care of you," Sarge growled as he pushed his face right into the boyish blond Marine's baby face.

"Wha . . . What do you mean, Sarge?" Brandon's voice was getting high-pitched.

The Sarge put his fist up in front of Brandon's blue eyes and said, "See this here fist? This fist is going to skin you, James! It's going to skin you alive. Ready to have your manhood skinned, leatherneck?"

Brandon was obviously puzzled, "Huh? My manhood, Sir? I don't . . . OH! Oh, no! You mean you are going to scat back my short arm and look inside it, Sir?"

"Well, yea," Sarge smiled, "for starters we're going to take a look inside your dick."

"Please, Sir, I am sorry I broke your jaw. It's just that I can't stand havin' people lookin' inside my dick, Sir. Please don't look, Sir. Don't. . ." His voice faded as he watched Sarge's fist move down his rippled stomach and reach down for his fat, limp cock. The Sarge lifted it into his huge palm, tightened his biceps, slowly brought his five fingers into a tight grip around the skin-draped shaft. I held the flashlight steady as the fist brought the captive up into the light and slowly the skin began to retreat.

"Oh, no! Sir!" Brandon was almost whimpering.

Gradually, a perfectly clean, well shaped and boyishly tender cockhead was revealed as the fist shoved the skin down to Brandon's huge ball sack. Sarge's fist held steady at the base of the penis and it responded by stiffening out as all eyes studied its newly exposed parts.

"Shit!" the Sarge growled. "There ain't nothing hidden here! Ain't nothing inside this dick but what you'd expect to find in it." Firmly keeping the shaft skin tautly pushed to the bottom of the pole with one hand, the Sarge opened his other palm and with a great swipe he made a ferocious slap at Brandon's tender glans. WHACK!

""What the fuck's wrong with you, James? Ain't nothing inside your foreskin but what every man's got. Are you ashamed of it or something?"

Brandon, almost hypnotized by the sight of his penis caught in the grip of his drill sergeant's fist, murmured, "You wouldn't understand, Sir. It's too personal, Sir."

That enraged Sarge and his face reddened as he took another swipe. WHACK! By this time the exposed glans was flaring out as if to make itself an easier target. WHACK!

"Goddam. I hate skinheads!" Sarge suddenly bellowed into the face of the startled Marine. WHACK! "Jeeze, what an ugly dick!" WHACK! "How come you've got this skinhead cock, James?" WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! Both Brandon and I were spellbound at the sight of this prepucephobe venting his hatred onto a poor, defenseless penis. What had I done? What had I released? What was going to happen to Brandon James' beautiful uncircumcised manhood?

The whacks suddenly stopped. Almost foaming at the mouth, Sarge released his stranglehold on the penis and we all watched, with some relief, as the foreskin crawled back up the shaft and swallowed the victimized glans as if to protect it from further insult. Once the foreskin had slithered back into place, the fist returned to the now skin-encased shaft and began to masturbate it.

"I'm going to beat the shit out of your meat, James, and if you crack your nuts into my face I'm going to rip that filthy skin off your dick." He began a furious jack-off on Brandon's poor, doomed foreskin. Brandon began to pant heavily as he watched transfixed.

"Understand, James? If you shoot this thing off I'm going to circumcise it!" Sarge shouted into Brandon's face. The boy's expression didn't change, his eyes were set on his penis. His panting got heavier. The Sarge screamed, "Don't you understand me, you stupid punk? As soon as you pop your nuts I'm going to skin your cock. I'm taking you right back to the balls! Don't you know what I'm saying? You are about to get circumcised!"

Suddenly, Brandon must have realized what the Sarge was trying to tell him and he shouted, "Let go of my dick! Sir! I don't want to pop off. I don't want to get circled. . .er, circum. . . er, clipped or whatever you call it. Please, Sir! I'll tell you why I don't want people looking inside my dick. I'll tell! Please don't circle me, Sir!"

The Sarge abruptly stopped pumping. "Okay, mister, let's hear it. It had better be good!"

"You were right, Sir," Brandon was almost crying, "I am ashamed of it. My cockhead is so small and soft and pink. All the other leathernecks have fat, tough ones on their dicks. I'm glad I have enough foreskin to cover it. Please don't take it off, Sir!"

The Sarge stopped dead in his tracks. He quietly pondered Brandon's admission as he continued to hold the penis in his fist. He slowly looked up at me and raised his eyebrows as if to say, "Is that ALL that was bothering this guy?"

With sudden compassion, Sarge said quietly to Brandon, "Son, there is something no one bothered to tell you. Your cockhead is soft and pink because you are still uncircumcised. You just wait, after I take care of your skin tonight, your cockhead will get fat and tough and it will stand up to any cockhead in the Corps."

"Huh?" Brandon responded quietly, "You sure, Sir?"

"Hell, yes, I'm sure. How in hell did you expect your meat to get tough while it's all wrapped up in its baby fat just like it was still in the womb," Sarge slowly began to pump the skin on Brandon's dick again.

"You sure, Sir?" Brandon questioned just like a little boy.

"I am going to circumcise this for you tonight, son, and you will soon be damned proud of your Marine dick. It will be clean cut, tough and streamlined. . . just the way all Corps meat should be!" Sarge began pumping faster.

"Well, Sir, I am not sure." Brandon was becoming putty in the Sarge's fist.

"Yes, you are, James!" Sarge began slamming away even faster. Brandon's dick was stretching out to a rigid, pulsating piece of man-meat and Sarge was beating on it so fast the foreskin began to snap.

"Oooh, Sarge, Sir, that feels good!" Brandon purred.

"Brandon, son, I am doing this for you because it will be the last time you will have the feel of skin rolling up and down your rod. You ought to thank me; hell, the Corps medics would just cut it off and you'd never have your last beat-off with skin. Yeah, mister, now you want me to cut off your foreskin, don't you?"

"Well. . .oh. . . I'm not sure. . . ooohh. . . " Brandon was obviously enjoying having his drill sergeant pump his foreskin, but he wasn't too sure about the circumcision.

Then Sarge made a mistake. "Don't you want good ol' American meat between your legs, James?"

"WAIT! STOP! My daddy said all of Jameses have dicks just like my ancestor and all the James dicks I have seen have long skins on them. Oh, no, Sir! Thanks anyway but I have got to be like my ancestor. You can stop pumping now, Sir!"

Sarge, who hadn't heard the bit about Jesse James before, looked up at me as if to say, "What in hell is he talking about?"

I had to think quickly and make up some American history. "Why Brandon, didn't you read about your ancestor getting caught by Indians in New Mexico? I read in a history museum how the James boys were taken prisoner and tied to stakes and the Indians circumcised them. Their gang freed them before they got scalped, though. So, Brandon, you are not like your ancestor when he died with his boots on because he had a circumcised penis by then."

After a long, long silence Brandon murmured suspiciously, "You sure?" Sarge resumed his pumping slowly and then Brandon raised his thighs into the air and said, "Oh, all right, Sarge, he's all yours to circle!"

"What do you want the ol' Sarge to do with your dick, James?" the victorious prepucephobe gloated as he pumped Brandon's skin faster than ever.

"Oooohhh, Sarge . . . I want you to . . . uh. . . circle it. I mean circum . . . whatever it's called, just skin it, Sir!"

Sarge stopped pumping and said, "The word is circumcise, mister. Circumcise." He motioned for me to give him the circumcision tool.

Brandon's eyes widened in surprise, "Sir! I haven't popped my nuts yet! You promised that I could crack 'em, so dammit don't stop pumping it . . .oh, Sir! Excuse me, Sir!"

"Shiit, Marine, you don't want to shoot your seeds through a skinhead cock ever again. As soon as we are finished you are going to pump them right through a circumcised Marine dick. Understand?" Sarge retorted.

"Okay! Okay!" Brandon panted heavily, his eyes transfixed on his tall, stiff pole. He was now excitedly anticipating his circumcision. He wanted it! His muscles were tense, his fists clenched, his balls tight, his penis quivering. He was about to watch the Marine drill sergeant make a Marine out of him.

I held the flashlight close to the penis. "How far back?" Sarge asked me.

"Ask the owner," I suggested.

"Okay, Brandon James, where do you want to see your circumcision ring?" Sarge asked the spellbound boy. Sarge began to run the laser tool down the erect penis and suddenly Brandon shouted. "THERE!"

"Fuck, man, that's nothing!" Sarge growled, and he kept running the tool further down the shaft. He was at least three-fourths down the shaft before he stopped and said, "HERE! Here's the place, son. This will give you the cleanest, slickest, most tightly skinned dick in the Corps. Okay, James? Let's start peeling . . ."

The Sarge ran the laser tool around Brandon's shaft at the designated place like a pro, around and around.

"Ooooooh, fuck . . . I mean, Sarge . . . I can feel it, Sir . . . you are skinning my manhood like you said. Hurry Sir, TAKE OFF THAT SKIN! PEEL ME OFF, MAN! HURRY, I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER, SIR!"

Not wanting to get Brandon's nuts spilled all over the new tool, Sarge quickly finished the job and ended up with the tool in one hand and a wad of James' history in the other. WHEW!

Brandon James was no longer a skinhead! Sarge handed me everything and then said to the young Marine, "Mister, let an old hand at beating circumcised dicks show you how to do it!" He began to pump on the freshly skinned penis.

"HOLY TOLEDO, SIR. HERE I COME OVER THE TOP . . . SIR . . . Aaawww." The kid was wiped out. He fell sound asleep. We untied him, pulled him back up on his cot and left Brandon just the half hard-on we found him with . . . except now it no longer had an inside.

The next afternoon one of my fellow Corpsmen stopped me in the corridor and said, "Did you hear what happened at the circumcision demonstration this morning? Well, you know that blond Marine who took a swing at you?" OOOPPPS! My friend continued, "He was supposed to be the one to donate his foreskin to the program and when he was brought in and his penis came through the ceiling/circumcision bench they were surprised to see that he was already circumcised. He said that he had been circumcised during a dream. Ha. Ha. Ever hear of anything so stupid? They really have some dumbbells in the Corps these days."

I laughed in relief. Poor Brandon, such a big, beautiful dumb Marine. I hope his cockhead gets fat and tough so he can show it off proudly, but I'll never forget that beautiful, long foreskin he used to have. Fuckin' old prepucephobe! Wish I didn't give him the laser tool to take back to the brig with him. He said he had a few more scores to settle with it! The world won't be safe any more for skinheads, as long as the Sarge has that damned laser beam.