

The Castle (revised version 20<sup>th</sup> August 21)

By Gareth Walton

I just don't know why I thought that night would be any different. I'd regretted making the same mistake so many times before, but there I was with a Sunday night horn, telling myself that it only needed one "right" person there to make it worth the trip. To The Castle, this is - the only gay bar in my part of London. Whenever I'd gone on Sunday evenings before, it had always been empty and kind of sad and, of course, it was no different that time either. There were just two older men there, sitting on stools at the bar and chatting to the bartender. They barely even looked up as I got my pint and certainly made no move when I ventured into the dark room, vainly hoping for something interesting. After a dismal half hour flicking through the gay papers, I gave in, resolving never to make the same mistake again - until the next time, of course.

I kicked myself when I got to the tube and saw them pulling the gates shut - I'd forgotten just how much earlier the last train was on Sundays. Great. It was a warm night though, so I reckoned I might as well walk home rather than wait for a night bus. It isn't so far if you cut the corner off by going across the common, but I did think twice as you sometimes heard about muggings. The trouble is, there's very little lighting on the path once you get away from the road - just the one by the café half way across, in fact - but there was a bit of a moon, so I decided to risk it.

There were a couple of dog walkers sticking close to the road, but otherwise I was glad to see no one after a lone cyclist overtook me early on. I was starting to relax and actually quite enjoying the quietness, but I got a bit of a surprise as I reached the café. It was his bike I saw first, then him. He wasn't directly under the one street lamp, but leaning on the café wall a few yards from it in the half light. I took him in, wondering if I was up shit creek and about to get mugged, but some instinct told me that things were OK. Perhaps a little more than OK, even? Tall, and thin. Full cycling gear and, from what I could tell, looking good in it. He was just staring straight ahead as if I wasn't there, but he would, wouldn't he. I slowed my pace imperceptibly, my cruiser's instincts suddenly honed. As I leveled with him, he turned to make eye contact for just a split second. Tidy beard, good looking, dirty blonde. I saw his hand go up to his nips, brushing them almost as if accidentally. Almost. He was not looking at me not looking at him. I could see him a bit better now. He was a little older than me, but in good shape - the lycra did nothing to hide that. I stopped. Of course I did.

I moved towards him, but slowly. I could, just, have misunderstood the situation, but his face moved for mine as I got close. He brushed his beard on my cheek and I could smell his cologne. We kissed. He pulled my arms down towards his arse - firm and tight under the lycra. Somehow, the feeling of the material so taut around his body was exciting, like a sleek and shiny second skin. I explored. He made a soft sound in the back of his throat as my hand went to his nipples. They were big and hard, inviting attention that I was glad to give. Then I felt his thighs, really muscular in a way that a serious cyclist's would be. I made myself wait but, finally, I felt for his crotch. I expected there would be padding there as I'd seen other cyclists wearing that kind of gear, but there wasn't. The material was as thin and taut there as it was across the rest of him. I'd never groped a guy in cycling kit before, but the content inside his was just the type I liked to find. I made out the bulk of his balls, then found the stalk of his cock, hard and thick. Slowly, I worked my way down it, wondering just how far it would go on. Then, when I finally reached the end of it, I felt the shape. Different. Not what I was expecting. Somehow, he must have sensed my moment's unspoken puzzlement. He spoke. Just one word:

“Circumcised.”

Then he was kissing me again, his hands all over me this time - at my nipples, reaching urgently for my crotch. A moment later, he was on his knees, fingers at my zip. I expected him to take my cock in his mouth as soon as he had released it, but he didn't. Instead, his tongue worked expertly up and down the whole length of the shaft, then over my balls. Then he nibbled gently on the end of my foreskin in a way no one had ever done to me before. Then he stopped.

“Someone's coming,” he said. “Bike lights.” His voice was confident - classy sounding. “I'm staying just over there on Commonside Road. Would you like...”

I looked both ways along the path. I couldn't actually see any lights, but I didn't want him to be anxious and for that to make him feel inhibited. So off we set. It can be a bit weird talking to someone with whom you've just been very intimate but know nothing else about. Very often, on the way to wherever it is where you are heading to become even more intimate, their chat has been enough to make me think that I've perhaps made a mistake, but he was different. I took to him straight away. I didn't have to pretend to be interested in his holiday plans or how he'd been decorating the living room and, for once, it just felt very natural. He said his name was Lachlan, even though he didn't have a drop of Irish blood in him, that he was staying in his Airbnb for one more night before heading home, and that he hated the Tube, which was why he always brought his bike down with him. But that was about all I'd learnt about him by the time we'd reached the road.

Inside, it was just what you'd expect from an upmarket business let - shiny, uncluttered, and blandly tasteful. There wasn't more than a moment to take it all in though before we found ourselves kissing again. I liked that - no rush, time to explore, find out how the other responds, relax into it a bit before anything more. I was glad to see him properly now. He was more good-looking than I'd thought. Very well groomed. Perfect teeth. Good haircut. He didn't rush to take off his Lycra, and I was glad. I've never really been into gear, but he did look very sexy in his kit and I wanted to enjoy that for a bit. I explored his firm body more, enjoying that he was a hand taller than me and just a little more muscular. I explored his crotch again, and the way the material clung round his cock and balls felt very erotic. I've often wondered about cycling guys and how they have to show exactly what they've got, especially how insecure guys who aren't packing so much might feel, but this man had nothing to be embarrassed about. His balls were clearly hefty, and the shape of the cock held firmly in place down one thigh was mouthwatering. I explored it again - the thick shaft, then that intriguing shape at the end. I could feel the outline of his glans through the material, and it was obviously fine and big. He hadn't said anything since we'd got back, but as my fingers ran around the outline of his helmet, he said it again. Just that one word:

“Circumcised.”

Perhaps, I thought, he was warning me, so that there was no surprise when the moment came. I'd only been with a circumcised man once before - well, there just aren't many around are there. I must admit I'd been surprised when I'd finally seen that one guy's cock - you just assume that everyone has a skin, don't you. It had been a bit puzzling - kind of weird trying to figure out how it all worked, but it hadn't mattered much as he'd been so keen to fuck me. That bloke hadn't had much idea about my foreskin either, being rough with it, yanking it back too hard - perhaps just wanting to get it out of the way so he could ignore it. Somehow, I didn't think Lachlan was going to be like that. He was more the sort to enjoy taking his time and wanting it to be good for us both, but I worried for a second that it might just turn out to be awkward. We'd seemed so much in tune with each other so far, but if he had subtler pleasures in mind rather than just wanting to get inside me, perhaps our

different kind of cocks might mean that it got tricky if we just didn't "get" how the others' worked. A moment later, he started unbuttoning my shirt. I picked up on his lead and made to start undressing, but he grasped my hand gently.

"Let me do it," he said, smiling. "Please."

Somehow, he made undressing me seem incredibly erotic. He took his time and pleased every new bit of me that he exposed. Finally, I was naked. He knelt again. Once more, he nibbled the bud on my foreskin and it was mind blowing. I'd just never realized how amazing that could feel, and I groaned with pleasure as he did it. Then, very gently, he retracted my hood. I was expecting him to suck me once he'd exposed the head, but he didn't. Surprisingly, his tongue made for my frenulum and just licked it slowly. I'd been preparing to flinch as I was sure it would be too intense to be enjoyable, but it wasn't. I'd never really thought about my fren before – it was just sort of "there." I certainly hadn't thought it had much going for it, but I was amazed as he worked it, coaxing such intense new sensations from it. Then, oh so gently, he nibbled that too, and it felt electric. After just a few seconds, I had to put my hand down to warn him to stop as I knew I was close to cumming.

"God," I said. "That's just incredible – no one's ever done that before."

"Yes," he said, smiling "there are some parts of a man that everyone just takes for granted, aren't there. You don't realise the pleasure they can give, not until you don't have them anymore."

Then he kissed me again, his fingers working the bud of my foreskin as he did so, gently squeezing it, rolling it between my fingers, gently stretching it out, then sliding a finger up inside it and rolling it around over my helmet. It was amazing that a man without a foreskin of his own could know how to coax such delight from one. Suddenly, it was if we both came up for air at the same time. He smiled at me again, ruffling my hair.

"You're lovely," he said. "Every bit of you."

"Thanks, and it's mutual," I said, "I'd love to undress you too, but I've just no idea how cycling gear works, so I doubt I could make it very erotic if I'm trying to puzzle it all out."

He just laughed, and opened the zip over his top. His chest was almost hairless, his nipples big and very erect. I wasn't surprised that he liked them worked so much. Then he started pulling his cycling shorts down, taking his time as if teasing me, and I was pleased to see that his pubes were smooth. Then, finally, the top of his thick shaft came into view. As the shorts kept moving down over his cock, I could see a faint line round it, the skin on either side of slightly different tones. The circumcised guy I'd been with before hadn't looked like that, but I'd once seen a bloke at the gym who did. It was starting to seem as if the shorts would never be clear of what was a very long cock but, finally, it was free, and it sprang up on its release. The helmet was beautiful, but it looked rugged somehow, not pink and shiny like my own head when I skinned back. He stepped out of the shorts and, finally, he was as naked as me. He looked incredible. Without saying a word, he sat down on the sofa and leaned back, legs invitingly a little apart as, silently, he sought my gaze. I needed no second invitation, and knelt down - just admiring him for a moment to start with, my hand going involuntarily to my cock. I rubbed his nipples first, gently to start with, then harder, then took each in turn into my mouth, making him moan softly as I nibbled them. My hands explored his tight body, willing myself not to rush for his cock. Eventually, I just had to. Following his lead, I explored first with my tongue. I licked his long shaft, feeling the slight ridge at the place where his skin seemed to change. Then I licked right round behind the deep ridge of his glans, amazed at how it felt to be able to get at it all so easily with no foreskin in the way. Hoping to have the skill to return at least some of the amazing sensations

he'd drawn out of my frenulum, I got a bit of a surprise when my tongue reached his underside. There was nothing there. Nothing at all. Just a groove. Empty. Again, he must have sensed my moment's surprise. I heard him laugh quietly, then he spoke. Again, just the one word:

"Circumcised."

My tongue explored inside the empty cleft and I felt his back arch. Hearing him moan softly, I was pleased that he could still get at least some pleasure from there. Then, at last, I took his helmet into my mouth. The texture of it was a shock under my tongue - rough almost. It was the most extraordinary sensation and unlike sucking any cock I'd had before. Just that big head in my mouth. Nothing around it. No buffer. Pure penis. I latched my lips tight behind his rim, blown away by how different it felt from other guys. As I lapped on him, taking him deep down my throat, it seemed incredible that nothing moved on his shaft. Everything was just tight and firmly in place, nothing moving under my tongue, his sleek cock just sliding between my lips, everything just firm and hard - almost like a living dildo. A minute later, his hand was gently on my head.

"That's amazing he said, "but I think you'd better stop for a bit. You've got me so close, but I just don't want this to end too soon. Just hold me tight for a bit, OK?"

We nuzzled tight on the sofa for a long while, and it was nice. We both lost our erections and I took the opportunity to look at his soft cock. He'd lost a fair bit of size, but it amazed me that his helmet was still totally uncovered. Somehow, it was a shock to realise that he must be bare the whole time as there was just nothing spare on his shaft to go anywhere near his helmet. Somehow, I'd just never thought before that that's what it's like for circumcised guys. I looked down at my own cock in a new light, the head nestled back inside its cover. I wondered what it must be like for cut guys to feel so exposed as, when I was soft, I'd always rather liked my helmet being safely tucked away so I could forget about it until it came back to life again. I was embarrassed when, after a moment, he caught me looking, lost in thought. Luckily he just laughed and stroked my hair some more.

"I want to take you to bed, and then take our time seeing what happens," he said. "Go through, and I'll get us something to drink. Beer OK?"

I was on the bed when he came back in, lying on top of the covers. I noticed with pleasure how his long cock swung as he walked, his smooth nads hanging low and heavy under it. I wasn't at all sure if he was going to fuck me, or me him, or neither. I knew I was going to be good, whatever happened but, at the back of my mind, the thought of trying to take that big bare mushroom was as exciting as it was scary. He smiled, shyly somehow, and I realized just how handsome he was.

"Sorry," he said as he gave me a beer, "I'm going home tomorrow, and this is all there is left - some local artisan stuff the landlord left in the fridge. I think I'm supposed to be impressed by it, but I think it tastes a bit strange to be honest."

"It's OK," I said, "It's not the beer I'm here for," but my first sip proved that he was right. We lay talking for a bit as we finished our drinks, wrapped round each other, fingers casually exploring as we chatted. I really liked him, I decided, apart from thinking he was one of the sexiest men I'd met.

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I felt totally disorientated, aware that I'd been in and out of sleep a few times already but without really coming to. My head was thick and, for a moment, I wasn't sure where I was. I reached across and the bed was empty. I'd felt the heavy thud in my head as soon as I woke, but it took a moment more to realise that I was hurting somewhere else too. I struggled to get my thoughts together, trying to remember exactly what we'd done the previous night that might have caused the heavy, dull ache coming from my cock, but the last thing I could recall was cuddling up to him and drinking beer. It was only when I managed to sit up that I noticed that there was a piece of paper pinned onto the duvet, halfway down, placed right above my crotch:

*"On no account try to remove it yourself. Even attempting to do so could have very serious consequences. Ring 0207 989 4949 for a taxi to take you to A&E."*

I ripped back the duvet in panic. For a moment, I thought he'd left me in some kind of chastity device - one made of white plastic rather than metal. But it wasn't. It was fitted far too tightly round my cock for that, my foreskin somehow trapped inside. When I reached down and touched it, the hairs on the back of my neck stood up. I could feel nothing at all.

If I hadn't been too freaked to care, I'd have been very embarrassed getting into the cab. There was no way that my trousers would do up over the thing that was fixed on to my cock and I had no coat with me, so I'd had to wrap a bath towel round me to hide it. The flat had been empty, of course, stripped back to the mere fixtures with no sign at all that anyone had been staying there. It took some explaining when I got to A&E. The man on triage found it hard to grasp what I was telling him until, in the end, I just opened the towel and showed him. His face fell, and he picked up the phone straight away.

I'm sure they see everything go through there and I'm sure they thought it was some kind of S&M scene gone wrong, but it was so far from that. Ketamine. That's what I'd been doped with, the doctor told me. And it was called a Tara clamp - unusual in the UK, but of course anyone can get anything on the internet. The doctor said that at least some care had been taken putting it on me as the skin was level on both sides, but that a hell of a lot of it had been pulled through. So much, he said, that I'd end up with a very radical circumcision and that they'd have to cut a long way back on my shaft. He confirmed that if I had somehow managed to break it open, then the consequences might have been life-threatening. So I was lucky, he said. Some kind of luck, I thought. It didn't take them long to finish the inevitable, then there I was in another taxi. But as a circumcised man this time.

Later that evening, the police rang to say that they'd drawn a blank. The Airbnb account was a fake one and he'd used an un-traceable pre-paid credit card for the booking. They'd wiped the place for prints, but he wasn't on their database. So that was that.

A week later, I felt as if I'd been punched in the guts when the dressing came off. It looked so different that it was hard to believe it was actually my cock. In the weeks after, it tormented me - the way I could feel every movement, the head rubbing without mercy on my clothes and everything pulled so unbelievably tight when I got hard. Still worse was seeing the looks on the faces when I finally made myself go back to the gym - shock, curiosity, embarrassment. And pity.

It was six months later when I got the email. I suppose he'd been through my wallet that night whilst I was out of it, or got into my phone somehow.

*From: lachlan@lachlan.com*

*Subject: Circumcised*

*I've left this long enough for you to have come to terms with your new reality. By now you will have found out what it's like to be a circumcised man. As I said before, you only really appreciate some of your body when it just isn't there anymore, but there is so much more to it than that - for some of us at least. I genuinely hope you don't hate it, and hate me too of course, but you might well. Or perhaps, now you are used to it, you've come to think that it's neither better or worse - just different. Perhaps, though, you just might think something else?*

My cock was very hard as I clicked on "reply." The message was short, but it was all that was needed. Somehow, I knew he'd understand.

*From: rj382@hotmail.com*

*Subject: re Circumcised*

*You are right when you say that you only really appreciate some of your body when it just isn't there anymore. But I still have a frenulum. I need you to make me really appreciate that too.*