

CIRCUMCISED SUCKING, HAWAII STYLE

Samoans, stocky and circumcised have fewer hang-ups and no foreskin, unlike their Polynesian counterparts

I had been living for several years in Hawaii. My favourite public restroom was in Aloha Tower in Downtown Honolulu (Where all the tourists pull in on cruise ships). I greatly enjoyed the middle-class middle-aged white men who would display their fat, circumcised cocks to me while going on and off their cruise ships. I particularly remember one middle aged businessman who barged in while I was in the process of blowing a local boy. Hawaiian boys are almost always a mix of Polynesian, Asian and Samoan. All I knew was that they were dark brown, stocky and invariably had been circumcised (figure that out). The bald, pudgy newcomer was obviously used to receiving immediate attention. He took in the scene, walked right up to me and asked me in a low, guttural voice if I swallowed. I answered "of course I swallow" and kept up my attempts to take more and more of the local boy's long, skinless brown dick.

His time was obviously valuable, as he left right away after hearing what he wanted to hear. He was obviously keeping an eye on the restroom, though, because the minute I was sitting alone with four empty stalls he came barging back in, immediately flopping out a fat veiny cock with a very large, pink glans. I sucked his fat cock for a full minute before he asked me again, " You do swallow, right?" I was enjoying his daddy dick so much that I made no verbal response, nodding my head vigorously while I stroked the shaft with my lips, touching the slight ridge in the flesh of the shaft where the mark of his circumcision showed all neat and round. This reassured him, and he relaxed and let me go to work. He was at least fifty years old, pot-bellied and bald with black horn-rimmed glasses and a smouldering cigar stub in his lips. After two more straight minutes with no interruptions, my haole john was on the verge of coming. I gradually went into acquisition mode, increasing the pressure of my mouth and lips, slowing my stroke on his cut cock, drawing out his cum through the bursting corona spurt by thick spurt. He left without a word but with a smile on his face. He had found somebody who swallowed. But the particular experience I want to relate took place with a huge Samoan man. For those of you who have never encountered Hawaiian culture, Samoans and "haoles" (white boys) have never gotten along and never will. Before the restroom in the underground parking garage closed down, I spent many enjoyable hours blowing Samoan and local men. Most of them ejaculated seconds after my lips slid over their thick rounded dickheads, they were so jazzed at the idea of a haole boy sucking their thin brown dicks. I had come to consider myself as an ambassador of good will from the mainland. One thing I would like to make clear before we begin; Hawaiians of mixed Polynesian-Portuguese heritage invariably had long, thin dicks. But Samoan men were built completely differently. Short and stockier.. But like all local men (except for Chinese and Japanese) they were tightly circumcised.

One afternoon, I was sitting in the very first stall (very unusual for me) when an enormous, mean-looking Samoan man walked in. He was wearing a tank top, shorts and flip flops, and his hair was cut as short as a marine, except for a foot-long tail of straight black hair down his back. Since He obviously had nothing to do with law enforcement, I was in my standard 'come hither' stance, tank top removed and hung on a hook, shorts down around my ankles, semi-hard dick drooping down into the bowl in full view. I had faced many dangerous situations in the past (someday I'll tell you how I sucked off the leader of a Mexican gang in San Diego while the other gang members watched) and had made it through all of them without a scratch simply by adopting the same 'come hither' stance I was currently in. It was probably his first good look at a white cock. With naked aggression still on his face, he took the stall next to mine, Taking a noisy piss. While he pissed, I peeked farther and farther around the edge of the stall, finally meeting his dark, scarred face at the halfway point. I went into immediate slut mode, staring hungrily at the short, fat, incredibly dark, circumcised cock busily unloading a thick yellow stream into the toilet. I spent a good ten seconds sharing my attention between eye contact and staring dreamily at a slowly expanding example of tight circumcision that we both knew was about to be shared. He shook the last dozen drops from his semihard cock and stepped back, and I immediately dropped to

my knees. With our eyes locked, he swung a huge brown thigh around the side of the stall, and in half a second was looming over me, completely trapping me in the stall with his enormous body.

I mean to say, this man was huge. The giant Samoan was most likely in his early thirties, a scowl etched into his face—the same scowl he put on whenever he was in the presence of haoles. And now, the opportunity to do the unthinkable to a muscular, green-eyed haole in his early thirties who was for all intents and purposes, naked on his knees, overcame this nut-brown Samoan man.

He completely filled the entrance to the stall. None of the stalls had doors, by the way. No glory holes, but contact in this restroom was always up-close and personal. Like now. This huge brown man with his brightly flowered shorts around his ankles all but blocked out all the light from the restroom. His blunt, bulbously circumcised dickhead bobbed up and down in front of me in time with the slow pulsing of his shaft. He couldn't have been more than six inches long, but his dick was extremely thick, at least two and a half inches. His shiny corona glistening with precum was at least an inch thicker. I engulfed his hot brown cockhead and he moaned loudly with pleasure.

I prefer to do my own thing, and this giant Samoan let me indulge myself. He stood perfectly still, staring down at me with bulging eyes. I choke on large penises, and this local man had the time of his life choking me with his cut beauty. As the tears ran down my face each time I tried to swallow his fat cock, he ceased to give a fuck.

We were interrupted at least three times. Each time he grew more belligerent, yelling at the locals who were fascinated at the site of seeing a pair of huge brown tree-trunk thighs, with enormous cellulite-filled butt cheeks clenching and unclenching, and a pair of milky white legs kneeling in front of him on the floor of the filthy stall. I loved an audience, having always found that this was the best way to line up several new customers, but my giant partner would have no part of it, yelling violent threats in pidgin until the door would slam as the intruder left. Many of them returned after he had stormed out, and enjoyed the experience as much as he did.

Each time we were interrupted by an explosive opening of the noisy wooden door, I would involuntarily draw back in fear, exposing his huge blunt cock, throbbing, purplish black and shiny. Samoan men were invariably circumcised and this cock was no exception. This was probably why he lasted a good ten minutes. Possibly the most enjoyable ten minutes of my life. His rock-hard cock grew at least an inch in length during this ten minutes, which made it even easier for me to voluntarily choke myself on it. As he saw me choking, minute after wonderful minute, his eyes grew dreamy and clouded over.

The third time we were interrupted, I drew back once again but this time a huge thick rope of cum came after me, streaking out of the wide slit gaping in his circumcised head and splatting across my face leaving a foot-long cum rope on the wall. The look of disappointment on his face at seeing me draw back was obvious. I'm sure he thought he was going to force his cum down my throat by surprising me—many local boys thought that drinking their cum was such a disgusting act that no white boy would ever voluntarily submit. But I surprised and pleased my new Samoan friend. Purely by reflex, I dove halfway down his pulsing cock, my lips clamping down on his straining shaft. His next shot was accompanied by a guttural grunt as he stared down at me, assuring himself that his entire fantasy was coming true. I gulped down his second cum rope in a noisy swallow, taking the third, fourth and fifth with additional swallows. After that he began to run dry. But it took him a long time. This was a difference between Samoans and other Polynesians. They came with huge, slow loads, delivering much more cum than most men gave me. Other Polynesians came with thick, rapid spurts, coming as fast as they could as if they were afraid I would pull away. But the Samoan men were happy to drain their big circumcised cockheads in the mouth and even enjoyed the added stimulation of having a tongue run gently round the edge of the corona as they milked their last drops through the head...

After a full minute of mouthing and worshipping his fat rubbery dick, milking him dry, he cupped my chin in a huge hand, uttered his first and last words to me, "tanks bruddah". and I never saw him again. But I'm sure we still remember each other.