

## The Exchange Student

“Shit, I’m late!” thought Sam as he pedaled furiously on his bike to get to the water park in time. He had only flown home the day before and, feeling very jet-lagged after his long flight, he was rather regretting saying that he’d take on the afternoon shift as a lifeguard at the local pool. As a water polo player, it was a job that he enjoyed under normal circumstances. He’d worked there on and off since he’d turned 18 three years back and had been thankful for jobs like it. He’d learned at a very young age that he would have to try and support himself as best he could as his single mum’s salary was only just enough to provide the basics for him and his younger sister. At least, he thought, it would be his last time doing it, now that he no longer needed to worry quite so much about money.

He picked up the small bag containing his uniform and whistle at the reception and quickly made his way to the locker room. In no time, Sam was naked under one of the jets in the large open shower room. Two younger guys he used to train with were taking showers too, and they nodded to greet each other. As he turned around to wash his back, Sam got the feeling that the two guys he was sharing the shower room with were flustered about something. It took a moment for him to realize that their eyes kept wandering to his crotch.

Sam didn’t linger long under the shower. He was short on time anyway, but being looked at like that was unsettling and didn’t encourage him to want to hang about. He grabbed his towel and made it for the short passageway between the showers and the pool to get changed into his uniform. There, as he was confronted by his image in the large full-length mirror, it suddenly dawned on him why the two guys had been looking at him so strangely moments earlier.

Eight months earlier, it was three weeks before Christmas when Sam had arrived at the dorm where he would be living for his semester abroad. Most of the other international students wouldn’t be arriving until January, not that he expected that there would be many of them as the Emirate wasn’t a hugely popular destination amongst Western students. Mostly sex-segregated and with alcohol prohibited, it didn’t seem to be a great place to hang out for their time studying abroad to many of his age. Sam had gone there for only two reasons: The Emirate had managed to get hold of the best water polo coach’s money could buy, AND they offered generous scholarships to anyone wanting to spend a semester there.

Sam had just finished his first laps in the Emirati swimming center when he joined the other swimmers in the showers. By the look of them, they all seemed to be locals, with their olive skin and black hair. He looked around, suddenly embarrassed, and blushed a little before taking one of the free showers. He was a jock and had been using communal showers his whole life, so being nude with other guys was not new to him. Besides, being an athlete at 6’2 feet and with a ripped body, he knew he did not have anything to be ashamed of, but, as Sam’s eyes wandered from cock to cock, he realized the two things that made him different from everyone else in the room. All of them had shaved crotches and tightly circumcised cocks, and most of them with “born-foreskin-free” looks that Sam would only later learn were called low cuts.

A couple of minutes later, Philipp entered the room, a red-headed 21-year-old exchange student who Sam had met at his dorm the night before. He was greeted by some of the locals before he noticed Sam and took the shower head next to him. Philipp, like Sam, was a water polo player and had a great body and a defined speedo tan. Sam could not help but notice that Philipp had, like the locals, completely shaved off his pubic hair. Something not unusual amongst swimmers, the only reason Sam had not yet shaved his in preparation for training was because he had just run out of time to do it before leaving home. As he looked further south, Sam’s eyes widened. There was one more thing where Philipp had evidently taken a cue from the locals. Philipp had, like Sam, a long

white shaft, but whereas Sam's cock head was covered by a fairly long, loose foreskin, Philipp sported a thick, red and rather raw-looking scar halfway back on his shaft. His shaft skin now had two colors; the upper half was white whereas the lower half was pinkish-red - and his rather large cockhead was completely exposed for everyone to see! Sam was shocked, as it was obvious Philipp had only been recently circumcised.

Philipp was not the first European Sam had seen with a circumcised cock. None of his close friends were circumcised, in fact no one in his small town's team was, but as he had moved away to a larger town for university, he had spotted some guys with cut cocks in the showers at the gym. He had always assumed only children get circumcised but, well, that was evidently wrong, Sam thought as he said goodbye to Philipp and made his way out.

That evening, Sam met Philipp in the dorm's kitchen. They were the only ones on their floor, as theirs was the dorm for the international students, most of whom had yet to arrive.

"You seem to have gone native. What happened to your cock mate?"- Sam asked trying to appear as cool as possible in an attempt to hide how he actually felt about approaching the subject.

"Yeah – Philipp said grinning sheepishly and blushing a little, obviously as uncomfortable as Sam in talking about it. – They got me. I don't mind. It takes some getting used to, but I like the way it looks now. Besides, it is supposed to have all these health benefits and so on, and I have also gotten a lot more of respect from the other guys in the team because of it. I think it was a plus point in allowing me to join, which allowed me to get into their long-term scholarship program. I haven't been able to drive-test it yet, if you know what I mean. It's still too raw, and with this country been sex-segregated an all, it will be nearly impossible to get laid"

"Tell me about it," Sam thought. He had only been there a day and already had a bad case of blue balls.

"What scholarship are you talking about?" Sam asked, "I mean, I got one to get here. I couldn't have afforded to come otherwise", Sam admitted. Normally, he avoided talking about his financial situation with his friends. He hated that he felt so ashamed about it all, but somehow, although Phillip was a stranger, he was a stranger with whom Sam felt strangely comfortable, even to the extent of being able to raise the subject of something as taboo as circumcision.

"This country is loaded, but they have bad press in the West, what with the whole oppression of women thing, and quasi slave labor too. Anyway, that is why they sponsor guys like us. We are good PR and don't hurt their sensitivities", Philipp said.

"If you excel either academically or you make it into one of their sports teams then you are guaranteed a 3-year financial supplement when you go back home!" Philipp continued, excitedly.

"I don't know about you, but I could use the money. The doc at the entrance physical told me these people really appreciate it if you adopt some of their culture. After hearing that, getting cut didn't seem like such a bad deal. Three years worth of money in exchange for just a small bit of skin", Philipp finished before saying goodbye and going to bed.

That night, Sam did some research into what Philipp had been talking about. Sam had gotten a scholarship to come study in the Emirate, but what Philipp had referred to was something far more generous. It would more than enough to cover his expenses back home, and he might even be able

to help out his mom and younger sister from time to time too. Sam understood quickly that his way to the scholarship was through making it into the water polo team, whatever it took.

“It is a shame Philipp has already gone to sleep”, Sam thought as he started to do some more research, this time on the subject of circumcision. He had never really given much thought to his foreskin, as it had never given him any trouble. He enjoyed sliding it over his sensitive glans while jerking off, and nobody had minded it when he had had sex. A funny thing started to happen as he looked at all the pictures of cocks with exposed glans that he had brought up on his screen, his cock started to harden inside his boxer briefs. Sam did not know whether it was the horniness of having spent some days without jacking off, or whether it was the pictures of so many cocks that had turned him on. Even though he was straight, he had to admit that those cocks looked really good. He kind of liked the fact that they seemed “always ready to go”. More manly, somehow?

He got into the shower in his room to get his pubes shaved and by the time he had lathered himself up his cock was at its full 7.5 inches. He pulled back his foreskin and started to jack off on his freed glans, as if he was circumcised, something he’d never done before. His soaped hand felt so rough on his glans that he had to stop doing it after a couple of strokes and went back to jerking off the way he usually did. He kept remembering the scene earlier that day in the shower room. All the circumcised cocks with their cock heads exposed at all times. He pictured himself as one of them. Like Philipp. Somehow, that thought turned him even more, making him shoot rope after rope of cum onto the glass shower door.

The next morning, Sam had his entrance physical at the university’s infirmary. As a jock, he had had his fair share of physicals in his life and had no issues spending the good part of half an hour in his boxer briefs. The doctor was only 10 years older than him, and a Westerner too. After a while he asked Sam to drop his pants so that he could check if everything was ok beneath them.

Sam knew he had nothing to be ashamed of down there. His cock was about 5 inches flaccid and 7.5 inches hard. He had fully shaved his crotch the night before and, as he glanced down at it, he couldn’t help but be pleased to see that it looked even bigger than normal without pubic hair around it. Still, he was nervous, especially after his conversation with Philipp the night before.

Sam expected to be asked if he wanted to get circumcised. He was expecting that after talking to Phillip, but he was still on the fence on the subject. Losing his foreskin was a big deal. But the money could really help him and his family. He had been surprised by how good he thought the cut guys looked and by how much it had turned him on to think of himself with his mushroom exposed at all times.

The doctor ran each testicle between his fingers, probing for any abnormality. He then picked up Sam’s cock, pulling the foreskin over his head to see if it moved freely. It did, of course, but Sam had to do his best not to jump when the doctor retracted him, and he blushed as he fought hard not to get an erection.

“Everything seems fine”- the doctor said looking straight into Sam’s brown eyes.

Sam pulled up his boxer briefs and was getting ready to put on his T-shirt and jeans on when the doctor said.: “Sam, I noticed you are not circumcised”

There. It had happened. The doctor had said the word which Sam had dreaded him saying, yet which part of his somehow so wanted him to say.

“No, I’m not” – Sam answered, clearly embarrassed – “It is unusual where I come from, and I have never had any issues with my foreskin”

“I see”, the doctor answered, “If you haven’t already, you will pretty soon notice all local men are circumcised here. They get done as children. Circumcision has a high degree of cultural significance here. Besides, it has significant health benefits. It reduces the chances of getting and transmitting S.T.D.s, even HIV, as well as reducing your chances of getting penile cancer”

The doctor wasn’t telling Sam anything he already did not know from his research the night before. He knew certain religions circumcised their boys. He had seen some circumcised boys in the showers growing up, but he had never really thought much about it. It just didn’t seem anything with any relevance to him as he had a long, loose foreskin, which had never caused him any problems.

“Getting circumcised is seeing here as a sign of becoming a man”, the doctor continued, “and it is also very much seen by many as a sign of integration when Westerners adopt the practice. From your file I see you are a water polo player. Competition to join the university squad is fierce, especially among the foreigners. Showing some willingness to adopt some local values would go a long way to improve your chances”

That got Sam’s attention. Could that be true? He did not doubt his athletic abilities. He knew he was one of the best, but that was back home. Here, it would be different as all the students would be the best back home too. Besides, he knew that it never hurt to have a little edge over your competitors.

“It is a remarkably simple procedure. In fact, I got circumcised myself a couple of days after arriving here a couple of years ago. They really value it here. Soon after they promoted me to department head, so I know what I’m talking about”, the doctor continued.

“Was he being serious?”, Sam thought as he was listening to the man.

The doctor knew he had gotten Sam’s attention. In his experience, the foreign students who came here were either too dumb to get a place anywhere else or just needed the money. Those too dumb would have already walked away, but those for whom the money was important, for whatever reason, would stay and listen to his pitch.

“I could do you right away. That way, you’d be good to go before the tryouts in January. Or if you want to think about it, I could do it later, but I’m flying out over Christmas, so it would have to be after New Year”, the doctor said, looking at his watch.

Sam had to think fast on his feet. If he was going to do it, he could not afford to wait, but he still had lots of questions. What about sex? Would it hurt? What would the folks back home say? Would he have to explain it to his teammates? Would his family find out?

The doctor kept looking meaningfully between the boy and his watch, slowly increasing the pressure on him to make a decision.

“What would sex be like?” Sam blurted out, with a frankness that surprised even himself.

“I won’t lie to you. It will be different. Having your cockhead exposed at all times will harden it up and reduce sensitivity. This is what improves your hygiene though. Unlike the locals though, which get most of their inner foreskin removed, I tend to remove most of the outer foreskin, leaving you

with some sensitive skin to play with”, the doctor said, trying to hide the hard-on forming under his pants.

“Like Philipp”, Sam thought. It was a tough choice. He felt helpless. Why on earth would someone agree to such a thorough modification? Would it really increase his chances, as both Philipp and the doctor said? Was it worth it? Sacrifice some skin now in order to get the chance of a lifetime? Sam’s dad had left the family shortly after the birth of his younger sister. His mother worked as a cashier at the local supermarket. Money was always tight. His mom was already having nightmares about how she was going to finance two kids in college, now that her daughter was also about to finish school. Sam getting this scholarship would go a long way to reduce their financial problems. And it could not be that bad, could it? If it was, the doctor and Philipp would not have got it done. And losing some sensitivity might not be such a bad thing either, as he sometimes felt, he came too quickly. Sam thought quickly about all the implications as he continued to try to rationalize such a decision.

Finally, Sam took a deep breath and said:

“Fine. Let’s do it”

The doctor did his best to try to hide his smile as he asked Sam to sign the paperwork that would lead to his foreskin being taken from him. He then told Sam to take off his underwear and lie on the examination table at the other side of the room.

“They are all so easy to convince”, the doctor thought as he made his way to gather his equipment. With Sam and Philipp, he would again fill his quota for the year. He was more than certain to get a generous bonus for that.

Sam was lost in thought as the doctor gathered together the tools he needed to perform a circumcision. There was still time to tell the man that he’d changed his mind. Embarrassing though it would be, he could still leave the room with his perfect foreskin intact if he acted fast. Was it worth it? Would he regret it? How would he feel if he went through with it and lost his perfect skin but still did not get the scholarship? He remembered the last time he had been at his mom’s. He could clearly see his 15- year old sister had been crying. When he asked her why, she told him it was nothing, but when he insisted, she told him it was because they weren’t able to afford to replace her old worn out ballet shoes, which were now full of holes. Sam thought of her. His little sister crying. And by the time the doctor arrived, he knew what he had to do.

The doctor approached Sam and started by disinfecting his crotch, making sure to remove any potential sources of infection. When Sam saw the large needle for the anesthetic, he started to get nervous. As if he was reading his thoughts, the doctor said:

“Just calm down, this is going to hurt a bit, but afterwards you will feel nothing”

The doctor gave Sam two shots at the base of his penis, which hurt like hell. Sam was beginning to wonder what he had gotten himself into. After some minutes, the doctor started to pinch Sam’s foreskin, asking him if he felt anything. He couldn’t feel a thing, and the weirdness of it freaked him.

“Great, let’s start”, the doctor said as made the first vertical cut on the young man’s foreskin with some surgical scissors. This cut was not meant to circumcise him but was just to allow the doctor to place the bell of the gomco clamp over Sam’s glans.

Sam tried to look away as some blood started to ooze out of his now partially cut foreskin but could not. He was somehow fascinated by what was happening to him, and the fact that he felt no pain, but just some slight discomfort. The doctor pulled the foreskin tightly over the bell and worked Sam's shaft skin so that about half of it was through the clamp.

"Jesus, doc, do you have to pull that much skin through?" Sam asked incredulously as he saw how much skin the doctor was pulling from his groin.

"Don't worry, the skin will stretch over time", the doctor answered as he tightened the clamp, crushing Sam's doomed foreskin.

The doctor left the clamp in place for a couple of minutes. Although Sam could not feel anything due to the anesthesia, he still somehow felt his foreskin slowly dying, its blood flow cut off forever.

"Get ready to say goodbye to your foreskin", the doctor said as he picked up a scalpel and started to cut around Sam's penis. Sam felt a slight discomfort as his skin was pulled, but no pain. In no time, the doctor had removed both Sam's foreskin and the clamp on his penis. It was then when he saw for the first time what would now be his permanently exposed glans. Liberated from his foreskin, it looked gigantic. His whole cock was red and bleeding, but it was still not over.

"Just hold on one second. I'm going to remove your frenulum now", the doctor said, as he started to excise the whole of Sam's frenulum with a series of small cuts.

"Shit", Sam could not help but let out, once the doctor started, and he had to fight the urge to move, but the doctor was a pro and he was done in no time. No time to protest either. Sam had read about the frenulum in his research last night. He knew it was one of the most sensitive parts of his cock but although he had understood that it was removed during most circumcisions, he had hoped he would get to keep his. The doctor knew there was no medical reason to remove the frenulum as thoroughly as he had just done. He just found the empty look of the underside of the glans more aesthetically appealing. The doctor finished stitching up Sam and put a bandage around his newly circumcised cock.

"Please change your bandage daily", the doctor said as Sam was getting dressed up again, "and come back next week. One of the male nurses will do a checkup, but the stiches should dissolve by themselves"

Sam was tired and still trying to figure out what had just happened. Less than a week ago he was swimming at the local pool back home with a perfectly working intact foreskin, but now he had just willingly let another man remove it forever? He felt a bit sick but could not really tell if it was because of the pain he was starting to feel or because of the thought of having made a bad choice.

Philipp knew right away what had happened when he saw the odd way Sam was walking in the hall. He let out a chuckle before giving his new friend a high five. It is not an exaggeration to say that that Sam would not have really made it through the recovery time and those first weeks alone in a foreign country without Philipp. By nature and being the older brother in a single-mother household, Sam was more the responsible, serious type. Philipp, by contrast, was the youngest of 5 siblings. His family came from a rural background and were by no means rich, but not dirt poor either. Unlike Sam, he was used to being more of a class clown and an optimist by nature.

By Christmas, the worst of the healing was behind Sam. They had taken off his bandage and his cock has started to look good as the wound had begun to settle down. Sam was happy with what he saw,

that big mushroom exposed, but was going crazy with the sensations he was getting from his still oversensitive glans. Needless to say, he was horny all the time and desperately needed a wank. Sam had carefully tried to jerk off but it had been painful. Not having a foreskin to glide over his cockhead meant every touch felt too rough. He was in his room trying to jerk off when unexpectedly Philipp stormed into the room.

“Dude you have to check this...”, Philipp was saying before he realized he had interrupted Sam during some intimate time alone.

Sam’s face went red and he immediately tried to cover himself, while Philipp immediately retreated. Sam could have killed Philipp then. I mean he was a great guy and they had grown closer together as they were the only ones in their dorm that month. Philipp had helped Sam a lot during his recovery, giving him many tips, but he knew no boundaries! It wasn’t the first time he had stormed into his room without knocking. A couple of minutes later Sam heard a timid knock on the door.

“Come in”, Sam said, as he had already pulled up his boxer briefs and his erection had mostly subsided because of the shock. He was surprised by a stark-naked Philip, carrying a small plastic bottle in his hand.

“What are you doing?”, Sam said startled by his friend’s unexpected nakedness.

Philipp said nothing, but just grinned as he poured out some of the contents of the bottle on the palm of his free hand before throwing it to Sam.

“Quid pro quo”, he said with a devilish smile, “You’re going to need to learn how to use this stuff”, he said as he sat down on a chair next to him.

Sam looked at the bottle he had barely managed to catch and smiled. It was lube. He had read that some people used it in situations where there wasn’t enough natural lubrication available. He realized that with his new cock, he was now in that kind of situation when it came to jerking off. Philipp had already started to stroke his tightly circumcised cock, which had now reached its full mast at 7 inches. He was massaging his glans slowly spreading the lube over it and, from the look on his face, was clearly enjoying the sensation. Being in the same room as another man wanking was something new for Sam. Normally, it would have freaked him out, but he had been horny as hell for weeks now and was desperately looking for release, so it felt as if the usual rules didn’t apply somehow, and he found himself pulling down his underwear, liberating his now rock hard cock. He poured some lube into his right palm and started to stroke his cock in the same way he had seen Philipp doing. He kept looking at his cock, surprised how much it excited him to see the view of his engorged cock head without its foreskin covering in the way. Sam could not help but take a look at his friend sitting next to him stroking his cock. To his surprise, Philipp had lifted his right foot onto the chair and had begun to rub the entrance to his shaved pink asshole. To Sam’s surprise, this turned him on even more. Phillip started to moan as he eased one finger in.

“You should try it. It feels really good”, he said before getting a second finger in.

“Was Philipp gay?”, Sam thought for a moment. Not that it mattered. Especially not at that moment. Sam had read somewhere that stimulating your prostate could feel really good but had never dared too and it had always seemed impractical. He’d never thought that lube would help, but he’d never had any to hand anyway. Besides, he had never really needed to do anything extra, as jerking off with a foreskin had always given him more than enough pleasure.

“It is now or never”, Sam thought as he imitated his friend and lifted his right leg before rubbing the entrance of his tight hole with his left index finger. He was curious. The hole felt so tightly puckered that it didn’t seem possible that he could get his finger in there at all, let alone that doing so could give him any pleasure. He couldn’t help thinking with amazement of the guys who seemed to actually enjoy taking something as big as a cock up there, and he wondered how they actually did it, but suddenly he felt his hole relax a little – almost encouraging to try a little more. He did not know what to expect as he pushed his finger in. It felt warm and tight. It was that idea more than anything especially pleasurable, that was turning him on and he thought about the times he had entered his girlfriends and what it must have been like for them to be penetrated by his big cock. Somehow, the thought that the next time he did that, it would be with a tightly circumcised penis excited him. He looked down, and his cock was as big as he had ever remembered it. His mushroomed head was fully engorged and leaking pre cum down past the brown gomco ring on the tight skin on his shaft, and he imagined what it would be pushing it hard and deep into a woman’s pussy. Phillip now had two fingers deep inside his hole, his other hand working the inner skin on his tightly circumcised shaft intently as he moaned quietly. He kept looking across at Sam, who was wondering if he was getting off on being watched as he pleased himself. It was a new and strange situation for Sam, but he couldn’t help wondering if Phillip had ever done anything like it before.

For Sam it was a significantly different feeling jerking off with lube and without a foreskin, let alone with a finger up his ass. He slowly started to get the familiar feeling of an orgasm building up, but somehow it was taking longer than usual. Before his circumcision, he had always come almost immediately after feeling his orgasm approaching, but now it seemed as if it was taking a while, from the time he felt he wanted to cum to actually shooting a load. Suddenly, he squirmed with pleasure as his fingers found the special spot deep inside his hole.

“Fuck, this feels good”, Sam thought as he started massaging it. He was embarrassed that he could not help himself but moan loudly in pleasure. Sam had never expected his ass could make him feel as good as that. The waves of pleasure he was getting from deep inside him started to overwhelm him and rope after rope of white cum shot out of his piss slit hitting his abs, chest and even his chin in one of the most intense orgasms he had ever experienced. Phillip came seconds after him, and Sam wondered again, slightly unsettled, if sharing a wank with another man had been part of the pleasure for him, not sure how he’d feel if Phillip ever suggested doing it again.

“Sounds like you enjoyed your first cut wank”, Philipp said smiling.

“Wow! I’m not sure what I was expecting, but well, thank you”, Sam said, throwing the bottle back at Philipp and heading for the shower.

By January, Sam was more than ready for tryouts. He was pleased with how it all went and had given it his best shot, and he knew he definitely had to be one of the top candidates. It was a special day in more ways than one, though, and Sam never forgot what it was like entering the shower room after he had finished his last round. Phillip pulled down his speedos and made his way to the shower room without a care in the world, but Sam followed him sheepishly, feeling suddenly much more aware of his circumcision than he had done for days. The scar halfway about his cock was still a little raw after his circumcision, his huge still-pink glans now proudly on display. It felt a momentous moment, knowing his new cock was about to be seen in public for the first time and he was extra-aware of just how visible his bare cock head now was, totally on view to everyone instead of being modestly covered by foreskin. He shrugged and, bracing himself, he entered the shower room along with the local students. No one said anything, of course, but Sam didn’t think it was just his embarrassment that made him think that every eye in the room was quick to notice his new cock.



Taking a shower was the current team captain, a hunk, olive skinned and with a clearly defined speedo tan, shaved crotch and cut cock. He turned around to ask Sam his name and congratulate him, giving him a pat on his back as he made his way past.

It was July when Sam got back home. By then, he had gotten used to his new cock and was actually finding it hard to remember what it was like having a foreskin. Since, for the last few months, he had basically seen only cut cocks every day, he had come to assume them to be the most natural thing in the world. He had made it into the team, and had also gotten the coveted scholarship, which was a huge relief for Sam as it meant that he could now focus properly on his studies and water polo without having to worry about money. There would be the odd invitation to this or the other event where he would be expected to sing the praises of the Emirate and its rulers, but that – and his foreskin- was a price he had been willing to pay. A friend had asked him to take the afternoon shift as lifeguard at their local water park, knowing Sam always welcomed extra money he could earn, not knowing that he didn't need it quite so badly now. Even so, Sam was someone who was always happy to help a friend out.

Having finished taking his shower in the water park's locker room, Sam was standing in the pathway naked, his long white cock hung between his legs, although it was no longer as white as it had been the last time he was in this pool – now the whiteness was interrupted around halfway by a fine brown line where the gomco clamp had bitten his skin, below it his pink inner foreskin exposed as it never had been before. His large mushroom glans hung below, now looking grayish rather than pink, with the bulk of it seeming to pull down his whole cock. Sam pulled on his uniform, a pair of yellow speedos. He had no issues wearing speedos since he was well used to them and knew he looked good in them, but this were a very snug fit and left little to the imagination with his cock head showing clearly through the fabric! He put the chain with the whistle around his neck and a red cap over his brown hair before stepping out into the pool area, trying to ignore the fact that anyone who wanted to, could clearly make out the shape of his cock in his swimwear. He just hoped he would not meet anyone who knew him.

He had been doing his rounds for about half-an-hour when he heard a familiar voice yell:

"Sam! Is that really you? Great to see you! I was going to drop by your place tomorrow!" Laura, his best childhood friend said, while rushing to him to give him a hug.

"He keeps getting better looking", she thought as she took a good look at the smiling tall, bearded hunk. All the training of the past few months had really paid off. With his 3-day beard, Laura thought Sam had never looked better. His muscles were clearly defined, from his wide shoulders to his prominent biceps, round pecs and six-pack abs. She just couldn't stop herself from taking a look at his crotch, which looked really appetizing through his tight speedos.

Suddenly, she blushed. "Wait, could it be?" she thought.

They had known each other forever, and their relationship was more platonic than anything else. But they were both very athletic and good-looking, so that they drew attention wherever they were. As he gave her a bear hug, she could not help but feel a tingle, feeling his strong muscles on her body. As they both had been part of the same swim club, Laura had seen Sam many times in his speedos and even once naked, so she knew that he was well endowed. What surprised her today was that she could clearly identify the shape of Sam's cockhead through his swimwear.

"He wouldn't have, would he?", she thought.

“Hi, I’m Tom”, Tom, Laura’s new boyfriend, interrupted her train of thought as he came up and offered Sam his hand. They had met at college and had only been dating for a couple of months. At 6’ feet tall, Tom was slightly shorter than Sam but, because he was a rugby player more muscular and a little bit more thick-set. At 22, he was a year older than Sam and Laura and, like most other men his age at the pool, was wearing swim trunks.

Seeing Tom in his loose shorts made Sam suddenly feel self-conscious and deeply aware of just how revealing his uniform was. Tom was also feeling uncomfortable too, but for a different reason as he was not really sure what the relationship between Sam and Laura had been. Had they ever been more than just friends? They were so natural around each other, and in a way that he felt Laura never was around him, and he was starting to feel insecure about it. Furthermore, Laura had been trying to get him to try wearing speedos, and looking at how revealing they were on Sam, he felt relieved he had resisted. Sam was starting to feel uncomfortable as he found he was having to fight off an erection. It was strange how erotic he was finding it to know just how exposed his parts were through his tight speedos, but to see Laura and Tom so obviously having noticed made it all the more so. After some small talk, catching up on what they had been up to over the last few months, Laura had, to Sam’s amazement, just gathered enough courage to ask him whether he had gotten circumcised since she had seen him last when they heard someone calling their names:

“Sam! Laura! Thank God you are both here. I need your help!”

For Sam, his salvation came in the form of Herb, a 50-year-old lifeguard who usually took care of the sauna area. He did not look happy and soon they found out why - his wife had fallen down some stairs at home and had had to be taken to hospital. He needed to go to be by her side and needed to find someone to cover the rest of his shift.

“Sure. I can take over Sam’s shift here” said Laura, as she took Herb’s cap and whistle. “Sam can cover the sauna”

It had all happened so fast that Sam had no choice but to go along with things. Laura’s quick thinking had all been so fast that Sam didn’t really have any other option but to take over Herb’s shift. Relieved that he could go to his wife, Herb left quickly, and Sam started making his way to take over from him. Herb always worked in the Wellbeing Oasis, a separate part of the complex with its own pool and access to a private outdoor lake as well as saunas, steam rooms and cabins to relax or even sleep in. Most customers opted to have one of the massages on offer too and, with facilities like that making it pricey, most of them were older than those in the main complex. Sam knew that the work there would be easy compared to being on duty in the main pool, but something was making him feel uneasy – the Wellbeing Oasis had a mandatory nudity policy, and that included the lifeguards!

On the one hand, Sam was relieved not to have to be with Laura and Tom anymore. On the other hand, though, he was nervous. This was Herb’s turf, and since this was the most exclusive part of the center, he had seldom been there. To enter it, you had to go through a small patio with some open showers, lockers and towel racks where you could undress and take a shower. Sam peeled his speedo off, revealing his large shaved circumcised cock. His scar had completely healed by now, but was clearly recognizable, because of the two skin tones on his shaft that met at the thick circumcision line. Not since his early days as a circumcised man in the Emirate had he felt quite so bare and vulnerable in his new state. Sam did his best to try to remain cool as he started making his rounds, but the feel of his flaccid sausage flopping between his legs was hard to ignore. He nodded to some people he knew from the neighborhood and noticed how they gave his cock a second look as he passed by. A couple of hours went by uneventfully until he saw someone who knew him very well and he froze on the spot.

Mrs. Klause was a nurse in her early 60s and had been Sam's family's neighbor for many years. She had taken care of him and his small sister since they were babies as, with no children of her own, she liked to help her single-mother neighbor out, and, to her, Sam almost felt like the son she'd never had. At first, she was surprised to see the tall young man with the red hat. She had been having a spa day with her girlfriends but was done for the day and had wrapped herself in a towel when she found herself face to face with the handsome naked lifeguard. Sam had to fight the urge to cover himself up too as he saw her approaching him. His face turned red. It was one thing to be naked in front of his teammates or strangers, but Mrs. Klause was almost his mother!

"Sam, my boy! Lovely to see you! Your mom told me you had just flown back", Mrs. Klause said, giving him a hug.

She could not help giving him the once over. Of course she expected him to look very athletic - in fact, she had been to some of his competitions and already knew what he looked like in his speedos, but she had not seen him naked since he was a little boy who needed help taking a bath. She couldn't help herself as she took a quick glance at the 21-year-old's fully shaved crotch. She did not understand the fashion these days for young men to shave their pubes, but that was nothing compared to the slap in the face she got when she saw the obviously recently circumcised cock. As a nurse, she had an eye for these things. She wondered what had happened and thought it most likely Sam had had some issues with his foreskin being too tight, or perhaps he'd had some issue with cleanliness when he was in such a hot country as the Emirate. Anyway, there wasn't time to think about it too much as she was in a hurry to meet her husband for dinner and she just gave Sam a kiss on the cheek and said goodbye. Sam was mortified. Mrs. Klause had seen him naked. He felt especially exposed now because he was the only guy he had seen that afternoon with a cut cock. He had soon noticed how people turned back to give his cock a second look. He had done his best to ignore it, but it was a deeply uncomfortable feeling and Sam just wanted the day to be over.

At 10 pm, the park closed its doors. Most of the guests had already left or were in the process of doing so. Sam was tired as it had been a really long day for him, and he was still fighting his jet-lag. His mind had started running on autopilot and he just really wanted to be done and get a good night's sleep at home. He started tidying up, pulling the loungers together, picking up towels forgotten by guests and he was just so tired that it didn't occur to him that perhaps he should put his uniform back on. Once he had finished, he sat on one of the water beds in the lounge area and promptly fell asleep.

It was close to midnight, and Laura, Tom and the few remaining staff had been looking everywhere for Sam. It was Laura who found him sleeping on the waterbed. Sam looked so peaceful lying on his stomach. Laura did not immediately wake him up but took her time to admire her childhood friend. She hoped she'd manage to have a photographic memory of a moment that she didn't expect to be repeated any time soon. Her eyes wandered from his wide shoulders to his strong back and muscular butt, clearly defined by the singular tan lines left by his speedos.

Suddenly, Sam turned around in his sleep. Laura's eyes went wide as she saw her friend's 7.5-inch erection. She knew Sam was packing from the many times she had been able to ogle his package, but his was the first time she had seen it hard. Any doubts Laura might have had about Sam's circumcision status were gone. She could clearly see her friend's two-tone cock with a white shaft skin interrupted mid-way by a light brown line where the gomco clamp had made its mark, followed by some pinkish inner foreskin. It was all crowned by a huge mushroom cock head. She could have stayed there for hours looking at that piece of meat, but she heard some voices in the distance and did not want Sam to be more embarrassed than she knew he was going to be already.

“Hey buddy, wake up”, she said as she gave him a gentle pat on his shoulder.

At first, Sam did not know where he was. Then he recognized Laura’s voice. And then, to his horror, he realized he was completely naked and with a raging hard on! He immediately covered his cock with both hands and Laura could not help but giggle as she saw Sam’s face turn red.

“Sam, don’t worry. You have nothing to be ashamed of”, Laura said, trying to lighten the mood and throwing him a towel so he could cover himself up.

“How come you got circumcised?”, Laura asked.

Sam took a deep breath. He’d been dreading someone asking, and it was even worse that it was Laura who had done it.

“Let me get changed and I’ll tell you all about it on the way home,” he said, embarrassed, but somehow relieved by the idea of having to tell her about it.

“OK,” said Laura, and left to tell Tom she would meet him tomorrow as she wanted to catch up with Sam. Sam made his way to the locker room and put his clothes on. When he took out his phone, he saw his mom had called him a couple of times and sent him a text too. He groaned inside as he read it.

“Hey Sam. Just saw Mrs. Klause in the parking lot. We need to talk when you get back home”

“I guess I’ve got some explaining to do later,” Sam thought as he made his way towards the exit.