

The Halloween Party

By Gareth Walton and Jonny Preston

The first thing I noticed was a few giggly girls talking behind their hands. The thing is, I'm a burly bloke, and the Superman costume only came in one size, and it was such a tight fit that it felt really uncomfortable if well, it wasn't for the girls benefit, but I wasn't actually wearing anything underneath it. I saw some notice straight off, and a few even pointing it out to their mates, but it was a Halloween party and I wasn't going to go home and change just because of that, was I. After all, there were enough women there in costumes that put all their goods out on display and no one was complaining about that, so what the hell, I thought – serves them right for staring a guy in the crotch.

Later on, I was chatting with a group of guys when I realised that one of them wasn't actually looking at my face when I was talking. I suppose I should have known people were drinking enough for their tongues to be loosened, and that they might say the kind of thing that they'd normally only think.

"So, no one's mentioning the elephant in the room," he said when there was lull in the chat. "Or at least the elephant's trunk in the room. Jonny's already got his Christmas baubles on display, I see."

His mates made a show of looking where he was pointing, not liking to let on that they had all noticed anyway.

"Yeah – I though Superman wore his socks on his feet like everyone else, not stuffed into his undies," one of them said.

I laughed it off of course, but then I starting catching them staring - lingering glances now, no longer bothering to do it only when they thought I wasn't going to notice.

"Right guys" says the first bloke, clinking a spoon on his glass. "Silence please. It's party game time. Prize for who can guess what Jonny's got stuffed down his Lycra. We all know it can't be for real, so..."

Everyone gathered up close to me. Someone even got his phone out, shining the torch onto it, starting to get really close, then reaching out as if he was going to cop a grope."

"Ah, ah ah - no touching!" said clinking guy. "You got to guess."

I put my hands on my hips and pushed them forward, puffing out my chest, acting out the proper Superman pose. The guesses started - a courgette? Or a black pudding?

"It's got to be a carrot or a banana," another one said.

"Well it looks like a bloody marrow in there now!" someone else added.

Well, I'm gonna start to chub up a little, aren't I, being talked about like that. Well, I reckoned, if they are going to look, I might just as well give them something to look at. Let them stare, let them wonder, let them see it grow because their interest is so powerfully arousing, as if it's the most normal thing in the world to be showing a huge lump at your crotch.

"But that shape at the end...," someone said, "It's not a carrot – not unless he's started peeling it, or a banana - unless he half opened it up before he put it down there."

Ah! I thought to myself – that’s more like it. That was more the kind of thing I was hoping to hear. Being big is one thing, but there was a whole lot more to it than mere size for me. Much more.

"Shit!" someone said, "whatever it is, it’s starting to melt - something's leaking out!"

I start thrusting my hips back and forth slowly. The alcohol had let my libido run free, and the attention had me at full mast and starting to drip a little, especially since we had entered more interesting territory.

"OK, so we give in," said clinking guy. "Who's going to be brave and give it grope and give us a clue?"

Then, the mood was broken, damn it. The pizzas had arrived.

It was a good do and, after the pizzas, even I started to forget about the attention I’d had. But then, when it was getting late, three new blokes arrived. They were standing close to me as I was chatting to the host, and I reckon they thought I was engrossed enough not to be listening to what they were saying.

"I mean, no one really has one that big, do they?"

"Nah, not in real life."

"Yeah, it's some wind up. I mean, can you really imagine it being that big?"

The host had gone off to open another crate of beers, but I still pretend not to hear. I'm sat down, leaning back, relaxing. Legs spread wide, my drink resting on my thigh right next to "it".

"No, can't be. And if he was, he wouldn't wear tight Lycra, would he."

"I mean, it would be ... well, rude"

"Just too embarrassing."

"And anyway, it can't be his cock 'cos it's a funny shape"

"But if it isn't his cock, what is it?"

"Must be part of his costume. Like a foam insert or something?"

I'm listening hard, still feigning ignorance. I casually pull on the crotch of the costume and adjust myself – like it had just got a bit itchy. So it's now laying long and thick against my thigh, my big nads packed underneath it.

"Fuck, look now. You don't think it actually is, do you?"

I take a sup and put my glass down again, this time resting my drink right on the head so the condensation makes the Lycra wet. When I lift the glass again, the unmistakable shape of the tip of a penis shows through now - the classic mushroom. A very big mushroom. It’s that shape I really want them to notice, not the size.

"Fuck - you seen? It doesn't look like foam to me -not now."

"But look at the length of it – it's so far down his thigh"

I empty my glass and stand up to get another drink, intentionally walking past them.

"Holy shit! It bloody is!"

"Can you believe it? It has to be, doesn't it? Changing shape like that - foam don't do that."

I'd wondered earlier why blokes kept going out of the back door until I'd heard someone say that, with so many beer-drinking guys and only one bathroom, the host was fine with them pissing in the garden so long as they were discrete. So, I make sure the guys notice me as I head towards the back door. On the way, I pretended to stop and be very interested in a picture on the wall – close enough to them to hear what they were saying.

"Look guys, there's one way to find out. He's off for a piss."

"Yeah, let's see how he copes with having a slash with a black pudding stuffed down his cossie."

"I bet he's got a tiny one and he's just having a laugh. I mean, I can understand it - some poor shrimp-sized bloke getting off on letting on he's mega hung."

"Look - Lee, you go and stand next to him. That will teach him."

"Good idea - he's a lucky lad is Lee."

"Lucky? How do you mean?"

"Well, let's just say there'll be no complaints from the ladies for our Lee here!"

Interesting, I thought, even though I'd definitely got the impression that the ladies probably didn't get much of a look in when it came to Lee.

"Mmm, big sausage then?"

"Yeah, it's a seven isn't it, Lee?"

"Lucky lad indeed then, Lee!"

"Yeah, and he bloody knows it, cocky sod! We'll stand on the other side of you, Lee mate. Make sure you flop yours right out so he gets a good look - that will show him what a big cock really looks like."

"OK there, superman?" said Lee, a minute later.

The three of them had joined me behind the shed in the garden. I'm a little drunk, and of course my costume has no fly so I'm fighting my way out of the neck hole as they appear. Lee's OK though, he's got a fly on his costume so his is soon hanging out. Big, but not big like mine. More than that, though, his was nothing at all like mine where it counted – his had overhang. Lots of it.

"Fuck lads," I said, "not designed for taking a piss are they, these costumes, and I'm bloody busting. I'm a little stuck, lads. Gonna gimme a hand?"

"Course mate, you're right jammed in there alright," said Mick, one of the others.

"Yeah spandex was a dumb choice," I said.

"Yeah, gets tight and clingy doesn't it," says Stu, the third one.

"Yeah too tight. Kinda uncomfortable- in places," I said.

“Oh aye, big boy! Reckon you’re gonna have to get it right down,” said Mick.

“Fine with me,” I said. “I don't care – anything so long as I can have a bloody piss. Good job it’s dark out here.”

“Well, were all blokes together,” said Stu “Doubt you’ve got anything we haven't seen before, eh.”

Mmm, I thought to myself. I’m not so sure about that, mate.

I give up struggling and yank the rest of my costume down to my ankles, fully nude in front of them, semi hard, one hand on my hip as I pissed, the other holding my drink.

“Holy fuck mate! Is that thing for real?” said Mick. “It’s fucking HUGE!”

“Nah, it's one of those extender things,” I said.

“Ah! We thought it had to be a a wind up!” said Lee, laughing.

“It’s fancy dress tonight after all,” I said. “Touch it here - you can feel the clasp.”

I guide his fingers to it. He laughs again for a second – until he realises I'm joking.

“NO WAY!! Shit mate. Fuck lads – it’s for real!”

“Sure is,” I said.

“I never thought – I mean....”

“I thought Lee was big but...”

“What's it like - packing something like that? It's - like, so thick too.”

“God, does it go... I mean, can you actually get it up anywhere?”

“Yeah, how do you manage? On the job, like?”

“Patience, persistence, lubrication and a good, hard shove, mate,” I said. “That’s what it takes. I bet you could take it if you tried – or if I made it.”

“No way! It would split me open.”

“Fuck, must make their eyes water.”

“That's half the fun mate!” I said, enjoying the astonished faces as they considered just what it might be like being on the receiving end. By now, I was rock hard.

“So how does it feel when you are on the job? I mean, I can’t imagine what it would be like getting it pushed in.”

“Well that's why I’ve got such a big mushroom - it's designed to force its way inside,” I said.

“Yeah, that bell end - it’s just massive. Kinda blunt too.”

That was more like it! They’d noticed that much at least.

“Yeah, fuck mate, its - like – huge.”

“Well I suppose it’s the right shape for shoving that big one up inside. God, must feel..... I mean, taking that. Feeling it opening you right up, said Stu.”

I grabbed his hand and closed it into a loose fist. Then I put the tip of my dick against the opening of his clenched fingers and pushed my way between them, holding his fingers tight together.

“Well, it would feel something like that mate,” I told him. “But just imagine it's your bum hole, not your fingers.”

“Holy shit mate. I just can’t imagine... no way! It’s so fuckin’ thick.

“Ha ha, yeah - my little fatty. Like the idea of getting your guts stretched like that, then?” I ask him, grinning. I started sliding myself in and out of his grasp, but he was so fascinated that he either didn’t realise or just didn’t care.

“You really get guys that can take that thing?” he asks.

“Sure,” I say, still pushing.

“No way!”

Then, finally, I heard what I really wanted to hear.

“But shit - what you done with your foreskin?” said Mick.

That was more like it. We’d got there at last. Finally.

“I don't have one,” I said simply.

“You not just rolled it back?”

“No. Nothing to roll,” I said, waiting to see what would come next.

“I mean, how can you not have?”

“Well let me know if you find it – I never have,” I said.

“I mean, why not?” said Stu, looking gobsmacked.

“I point at my massive throbbing purple helmet. “Well, when I had one, it didn't fit over that thing, so it had to go. Simple as,” I said. As if it really was just that simple. There was just so much more to it than that. Stu was still looking stunned, lack of understanding written all over his face.

“He’s been circumcised, mate,” Lee explained.

There! We’d finally got there. My cock twitched hard at the mention of the word I’d been longing to hear.

“Fuck, I always known some men get circumcised,” said Stu, “but I never well... I’d never really thought that it meant no foreskin at all. Not all of it gone! Fuck!”

“I know, right,” I said, looking him full in the face. “An entire part of my penis is just missing. I’m a right freak, aren’t I.”

“But, how do you manage? Having it all bare the whole time, I mean,” he replied, as if he just couldn’t compute what it might be like.

"Well every time it rubs or touches something, I just get super fucking horny. No choice. Simple as that," I replied.

"Fuck mate, would drive me mad having my knob bare the whole time," he said.

"Yeah, I bet," I said. "You're lucky, I gotta live with this thing being 'on' the whole time."

"So how do you rub one out without one? Must be awful not being able to have a wank," he asked.

"Oh I can wank all right!" I said, laughing. "Takes a lot of work for sure, but needs must."

"But how do you do it? I mean- without..." Mick asked.

I spit in my hand and rub it all over my throbbing erection, taking time to make sure they see me coat my bell end.

"God, I couldn't do that to mine. I can't hardly touch it, not even when it's soft," said Lee.

Very slowly, I start to masturbate my tight, unmoving shaft. I make sure they see me grind my helmet hard.

"Fuck that's hot," said Mick.

"So what do you boys do to yours then?" I asked, all innocent. As if I didn't know.

"Well, dunno really - you just kind of move the skin, like everyone does. Can't imagine not having any skin to use"

"Show me," I said. Somehow, I knew they'd really wanted to, suddenly aware of a part of them that they'd always all just taken for granted. Almost as if they needed the reassurance of checking that they still had their skins.

"Well, you just kind of ... well,. do this," said Lee, wanking with his long nozzle, his head never emerging. "I can't imagine what it's like for you mate. Fuck, no skin - everything out on show the whole time too."

Out of the corner of my eye, I see Mick. He's slowly peeling his foreskin back, delicately touching the moist, sensitive head that was already shining with his pre-cum in the cold night air, exploring, almost as if he'd never done it before.

"That head," he says. "It looks kinda different. Not shiny. Like – leathery."

"Careful, if you keep talking about my helmet like that mate then it's gonna start squirting," I said. But it wasn't true. I knew all too well just how much hard work it takes to get that big thing to shoot.

Mick gingerly reaches out towards my helmet. "Can I?" he said, his voice cracking.

"Be my guest, mate," I say. "I doubt if I'll feel it though."

"Fuck, it feels like sandpaper," he said. "You got to have a feel, mates. It's amazing."

"Fuck yes."

Two sets of fingers on my glans now. Uncut men feeling up my circumcised bell end, both of them in disbelief - all I want out of life!

"Shit, it's like the inside of my old school satchel," said Mick. "Fuck Lee, imagine having that up inside you."

"You can rub as hard as you like lads, you won't hurt me," I said "I can hardly feel anything so far."

I moved so they could all reach me easily. Somehow, I knew that Stu really wanted to feel me too, but that it just wasn't what a straight man thinks he should do, so I wanted to make it easy for him. I took hold of the first two cocks, and I'm ever so slowly skinning them back and forth, intrigued by the mechanics and powerfully aroused by doing something that I'd just never known when, finally, there are three sets of fingers are grinding away at my helmet, all of them amazed that I'm not squirming.

"Feel here, lads - this is where they cut his skin off," said Stu. I was glad that I'd finally got his fingers on me too, but I really wanted him to say "foreskin." It was special skin that was taken from me, not just any old skin, and I wanted him to acknowledge that, and to use a word that just gets me so hard. That word is directly linked to my penis, which is ironic really, seeing that my penis has no foreskin linked to it. Hearing them say it would have made it perfect, but listening to guys talk about their hoods, playing with them as they talk about how mine was cut away was good enough.

"I can't believe that there's nothing to move on his shaft, and it's so fucking thick," said Stu. "I just can't believe how any guy could..."

Then, someone must have come out of the house next door. Their garden lights went on, and that was that.

Lee's was the first. I'd half expected to hear from him, but not that his text would come before I'd even reached home. I'd come across his type before - a man who thinks he's a real hung top stud who gets freaked when he sees a cock so much bigger than his own and can't cope with suddenly not being the alpha anymore, so all he can do is flip the other way and need to submit to someone who really is hung. Stu's message wasn't far behind - the straight guy who gets a couple of drinks in him and starts getting intrigued, trying to convince himself that it's just blokey stuff and not gay at all. Mick's came a bit later though, and his message was different from the other two. He'd been doing some thinking. The fact that he asked a question showed that. Even better, it was a question that had nothing to do with my size but about something much more important - something that Lee and Stu just hadn't mentioned. "What's it like when you're soft?" he'd asked. "Is your helmet still bare?" He couldn't get the leathery feeling out of his head, he said, and he'd never been with a cut guy before and would love to know more. Perhaps, he said, he might even be able to get me to cum - I must like it a bit rougher than normal guys, he reckoned. Hearing that made me think he might, just, get it all in a way that so few uncut guys do, and I liked the sound of that. I ignored Lee and Stu's texts - if they still felt the same way in a day or so and texted again, then, well - that was a different matter and I might, just, consider doing them a favour. But Mick though - well, texted him straight back.