

Metamorphosis by Ricardo Boca

It took months before I actually got to meet my “Daddy.”

I was looking for a generous older guy that wanted to support a young guy like myself. I looked for “Daddy” in a personal on-line dating site.

I wasn't looking for a short time thing. I wanted a real sugar daddy to support me, a real commitment. In exchange I would, of course, supply him with plenty of sex. But also, I would cook amazing meals. I described to him that I had graduated



from a top culinary school and I was practicing as a Sous Chef at Le Petite Versailles right in the middle of the business district. I didn't want to work in the restaurant business anymore. But not only was I an amazing cook at one of the fanciest restaurants in the city, but I was also an ex-Marine. I did a bit of modeling to put myself through culinary school. I guess I could have continued modeling but it was just not my scene. Too many drugs.



I was very impressed with my daddy's torso and amazing cock. His hairy salt and pepper chest hair was super hot which led down like a trail of hair pointing to his 8 ½ inch cock.

He had a huge big mushroom head with a dark and very prominent circumcised scar. The colors of his skin on his cock were distinctly two different shades and a sharp cut line where the foreskin was removed. I also loved the Prince Albert piercing.

Unfortunately, my future Daddy did not send me a picture of his face.

What I didn't know was that my future daddy would come to the restaurant and wanted the specials cooked by me. One day the Head Chef suggested a competition in the kitchen so that one of the four Sous Chefs would be chosen to cover for the Head Chef when he went on vacation.

My future daddy liked my meals the best. Some of the other Sous Chef won from other customers. I did not win the completion but my future daddy requested that his meals be made by me.

To this day I don't know if he did that because he knew I was the "Sonny" on the on-line dating service. We had been sending messages to each other for months.

Well, one day he showed up at the restaurant and asked me if I could make a Ratatouille without the squash vegetable. I thought it was odd but I did it anyway. I used a little more eggplant and substituted mushrooms. I think that was the day he knew he wanted to be my daddy because he ask the Head Chef that he'd like to meet me.

I changed my apron and put on a bright white clean one and a crisp new chef hat in order to enter the dining room. The Head Chef told us we must always change into new clean uniforms if we are ever invited to meet patrons. As I entered the dining area, I had forgotten how cool the restaurant can be where the guests eat. I approached the table.

"How do you do, Sir."

He looked at me with a half smile of gleaming white teeth. He looked like he was in his 50s with salt and pepper hair. Real handsome face. I looked at that chin and salt and pepper beard.

"Your ratatouille is delicious."

"Thank you, Sir. It's good to finally meet you." I said in all earnestness.

"Meet me?"

"Yes. All the other times the order was put in by the waiter for you, I did not get to meet who I was preparing the meal for but I knew you were the regular that liked my cooking."

"OH! That's what you mean. I thought you meant the other thing."

I was very confused and had no idea what he was talking about. "What other thing, Sir?"

“I am your future Daddy. The one you’ve been corresponding with all these months.”

I was stunned. I stood there with my mouth agape and my cock got a little hard.
“Um, um. I...I...”

“Relax. Thank you for the meal. Now that you know who I am, would you like to get together after work. You only work the lunch shift today, right.”

“That’s right.”

“Oh, you disappoint me, Sonny. You were calling me Sir all that time and now you stop?”

“But...”

“From now on you call me ‘Daddy’ or ‘Sir.’ Go back to the kitchen so I can see your tight ass in those chef pants.”

“Yes, sir.” I turned and returned to the kitchen.

And that was that.

Within the month I quit my job at the restaurant and I lived with my sugar Daddy. He fucked me often and regularly but I was growing very tired of always being the bottom. I wanted to fuck him sometimes but he would not have it.

Several months passed and my ass was always getting the pounding. To be honest I liked getting fucked but I also liked fucking.

“You are a bottom. End of discussion. Only one of us is a real top in this household and that is me.”

“Not true. I fucked lots of guys and they liked getting fucked by me.”

“What?”

“Daddy!”

“That’s right. Strip.”

“No, Sir. Please, I can’t get fucked right now. Please, Sir.”

“Sonny, I’m not going to repeat myself. I - SAID - STRIP!”

I quickly removed my clothes and stood before him. Then he pointed to my cock.

“Sonny, that dick of yours is not top material. Do you know why, Sonny?”

“No, why, Daddy.”

“Because Tops don’t have foreskin.”

I was shocked at his comment. I thought he picked me because I had foreskin. Or maybe that’s exactly why he picked me because in Daddy’s mind all bottoms have foreskin. I swallowed hard.

“But, Sir...”

“Shut up. Turn around and bend over.”

Daddy was very angry. He gave a painful hate fuck.

The following morning I made him his favorite breakfast. Crepes with fresh blueberry compote.

He left in huff. He didn’t even want his usual morning blow job. I guess I’m going to have to go back to the restaurant business.

I went about the day making sure the bed was made and that the kitchen was immaculate. He texted me around noon telling me that I should plan on making a dinner for him and a guest.

Daddy rarely had just one guest over. When he did plan for me to cook for more than him, he would have a group of men over. I would have to serve dinner in a

black jock and bowtie. After dinner the guests would be invited to fuck me before the dessert course.

I was considered the palate cleanser.

I can't count the times I served my homemade lavender creme brûlée to the guests while cum was dripping out of my ass.

But this night was different. It was unusual because only one guest was invited.

I waited by the door with my usual black jock and black bowtie as Daddy and guest arrived.

The guest was tall and muscular, with jet black and piercing blue eyes.

"Sonny, today it's different. Take off the jock."

I took off the jock immediately and asked Daddy and his guest if they'd like a cocktail.

Throughout all the courses of the dinner, the two of them discussed how unappetizing the sight of foreskin was. They used words like: revolting and disgusting.

After I cleared the main dinner course, Daddy told me to go to the play room and remove my bowtie and put on my black dog collar instead.

I waited at attention for what seemed like an eternity.

Finally, Daddy and his guest walked in and they proceeded to tie me up on my knees to the point that I could not budge an inch.

And then the bombshell came.

"Sonny?"

"Yes, Sir."

"So you want to fuck me?"

“Yes, Sir.”

“That is never going to happen. You got that?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“But your cooking has had a profound effect on my life and I’m willing to make a small compromise.”

After a pause, Daddy prompted me to thank him.

“Thank you, Sir.”

“This is what I’m going to do. I’m in the process of finding another bottom bitch boi to serve my needs. And you will be welcome to fuck him as well. We will share the bottom. You got that?”

“Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir.”

“And I may fuck you on a rare occasion. Okay, Sonny?”

“Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir.”

“So now you are at a fork in the road of your life, Sonny.”

This is when it got very scary. Daddy took out a very sharp box cutter and held it in his hand. And the handsome guest with the blue eyes opened a box and held a small knife in his hand. It looked like one of those knives used for surgery.

I swallowed hard. I couldn’t move and there in front of me were two men with sharp cutting instruments in their hands.

“Sonny, you are welcome to stay and I will support you. And you are welcome to be the top you want to be with the bottom boi that will be here within a week.”

I breathed in relieved that he wasn’t going to kill me.

“So the choice is yours.” He and the handsome guest looked down at me for along time.

Finally, Daddy said, “Well?”

“I don’t understand, Sir. Why are you and your guest standing there with knives?”

“Ah! Perhaps you need a little reminder. Do you remember what I told you last night? Why you are a bottom?”

My heart began to pound.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Tell me why you are a bottom.”

“Because I am not circumcised, Sir.”

“That’s right.” And then he started raising his voice and yelling at me. “BECAUSE YOU HAVE FILTHY DISGUSTING BAGGAGE AND SMELLY SKIN ON YOUR DICK!!!!!!”

There was a quiet in the room. All I could hear was my own heart beat.

“So the choice is yours. My knife is here to cut you loose. And if I cut you loose, then you leave tonight and I never EVER want to see your face again. Robert here, with the scalpel in his hand, is here to cut you loose in a very different way. He is a circumciser. Sonny, if you want to stay, you’re get your dick cut. But if you want to keep that lame, stinky excuse for a penis between your legs that you looks like a misshaped turd, then you leave tonight. Well?”

“Sir, please don’t do this...”

“I see.” He interrupted me and approached me with his knife. “I’m gonna cut the ropes that bind y...”

“No! No! Please. Can’t we talk about this?”

“No, Sonny. I’m done talking.”

He put the sharp box cutter under a rope with the intent to free me.

I thought about how nice a home he provided for me. I enjoyed the expensive wines in his cellar. Daily swims in his pool were luxurious. And I had an expense account. And, most of all, I enjoyed what I loved most: cooking exquisite meals using the finest ingredients available. But never in my wildest dreams had a thought that...

“Stop! Okay. I want to stay.”

“You mean it, Sonny?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Robert?”

Robert, the handsome dinner guest with the jet black hair and icy blue eyes, looked at me. He gave me a bone chilling stare. I looked down.

“Don’t look away from me, Boy.”

“Yes, Sir.” And I swallowed and returned to his stare. Somehow his face softened and he smiled.

“I will circumcise you, Boy. Beg for it. Don’t look away. Say it directly to me.”

His eyes penetrated my soul.

“Um...um. Please, Sir.”

“Please, Sir, what.”

“Do it. Please, Sir.”

“Do WHAT!? What is it that you want me to do?”

It was probably the most memorable, horrifying and most difficult words that came out of my mouth in my life up to that point. I looked deep into his eyes.

“Please, Sir. Circumcise me.”

Robert smiled. He approached me with his scalpel and the box that he brought with him. He opened the box and I looked at the shiny instruments. I had never seen such things!

Daddy was looking at me the entire time. He was not saying a word but I could tell by the look on his face that he was very pleased with me. Knowing that I was pleasing him made me less afraid of what I knew was to come, of what I had just asked Robert to do, of the life change I had made for myself at an instant.

“When was the last time you came?” Robert asked.

“When Daddy jerked me off while he was fucking me.”

Daddy interjected, “That was about ten days ago.”

Robert explained to Daddy that it was a little unfair for me to get cut without cumming. He convinced Daddy that I should be jerked off because it would probably be a whole month or longer before I could successfully masturbate. No masturbation was allowed while healing.

“I’m going to jack you off, Boy. I want you to feel your foreskin for the last time.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

While Robert was jerking me off, he made certain that the foreskin completely covered my cockhead. Robert was being kind.

When I came, Daddy looked at me with a huge smile on his face.

Robert cleaned up the cum. Then, he went to the sink and washed and scrubbed his hands and then put on medical rubber gloves. He then knelt down next to me and began washing my penis, pulling back the foreskin, washing it carefully.

“All right, Boy, you’re ready. Beg for it. Look at me when you say it.”

“Please. Please, Sir. Circumcise me.”

The second time was much easier than the first time. Robert’s eyes were no longer icy blue. They were blue like a warm tropical beach. Daddy had a twinkle

in his eye that I had never seen before. It was almost as though he was saying that I was going to be his equal.

My metamorphosis from intact cock to circumcised was rapidly approaching. I had never in my wildest dreams imagined that I would be circumcised. I had been with many guys who were cut and had grown to like circumcised cocks but never thought I would cross that bridge.

Daddy's metamorphosis was subtle but he had changed, too. Knowing that I had made this sacrifice for him softened him. He was glowing with kindness.

"I'm going to pull on your foreskin a little bit. It may feel a little uncomfortable."

"Sir, aren't you going to numb it or anything?"

"No. You're going to feel it."

That really terrified me and my heart started beating fast again. I think both Robert and Daddy noticed the shift in me.

Daddy came to me and caressed my head, pet my hair, and lovingly stroked my ears and neck. These are things he had never done to me before. "It's okay, Sonny. Robert will be very quick. I've seen him do this before."

"Take a deep breath." I followed Robert's instruction. "Again." And I did so.

And then he told me for the third and last time, "Look at me. Beg for what you want to be. Beg for what you want to become."

I was very calm at this point. I wasn't scared. I knew the pain would be extreme but I didn't fear it. I knew, somehow, that I would be well taken care of.

I smiled and looked at Robert, who was only inches away from my face. "I want to be circumcised, Robert." I called him Robert. I didn't not call him 'sir.' "I want to be a circumcised man, Robert. So please cut the boy from me and make me a man...like my Daddy."

Those words were probably the most potent I spoke because Daddy kissed me on the mouth, something he had never done to me before. He had told me when

I first moved in with him that kissing was for lovers, not for bottoms. All those times he fucked me, he never kissed me once.

He looked at me and said, "I am no longer your Daddy. You may call me Craig. But you will always be my Sonny. Because you shine like the sun."

"All right, Craig." I said to him with a smile.

"Open your mouth and bite down on this." Robert offered me a hard rubber mouth piece. "It will help with the pain and I don't want you to chip a tooth."

I did as instructed.

"Look at me, Sonny. This will be over before you know it."

I looked deep into Craig's eyes, my former Daddy - soon to be his almost equal.

I could feel Robert doing something to my penis. It was beginning to sting a little. But I did not want to look at what Robert was doing. Craig was giving me his full attention. He was gently cradling my head. He kissed me again.

"Ready." Robert announced.

I started to breathe shallowly.

"Breathe, Sonny. Breathe, my sunny Sonny. Take three very deep breaths and let them out very slowly. And on your third breath, Robert will cut you."

I nodded because I couldn't speak with that rubber bite in my mouth.

"One."

I breathed very deep. I filled my lungs with as much oxygen as I could. And let it out slowly.

"You're doing great, Sonny. Now...two."

I breathed in a second deep breath and very slowly let it out.

"Three."

I took in my last and final deepest breath as an uncircumcised male.

“Welcome to manhood.”