

## 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 searched 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.



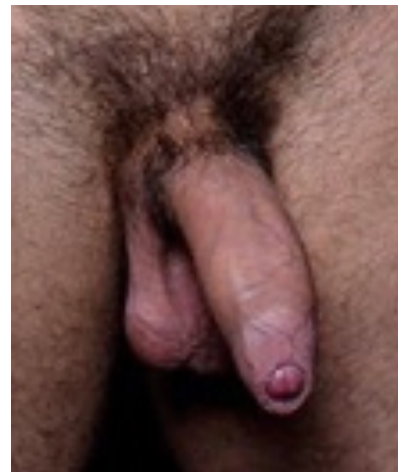
The reason I advanced so quickly was because I was super talented and quick with my knife. The Head Chef noticed how I chopped efficiently and made the vegetables all equal size.

Also, when asked to cut the tomatoes “paper thin” - I was the best.

But not only was I an amazing cook at one of the few 5-star restaurants in the city, but I was also an ex-Marine and he liked that.

I did a bit of modeling to put myself through culinary school and some tuition was

paid by the Military Assistant program. I guess I could have continued modeling but it was just not my scene. Too many drugs.



My soon to be Daddy was very smitten by me. I could tell from the way he wrote long emails to me and was looking forward to the day he and I would meet. He said that I was the perfect “boi” because I had foreskin. He address me as “Sonny.”



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



Unfortunately, my future Daddy did not send me a picture of his face. The salt and pepper beard was the most I received.

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. What I did NOT know was that it was my future daddy that would

come to the restaurant and wanted the specials cooked 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 lots of mushrooms. I love mushrooms. They remind of all those poor men that have never had foreskin with their cock heads flaring out like that.

The top of the Ratatouille was served with a beautiful seared baby bella mushroom on top. Almost like a small erection on his meal.

I think that was the day he knew he really wanted to be my daddy - no more playing around with email message. 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. Curious about that.

“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 orders were 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...”

“Don't stand there with your mouth open like that unless you put it to good use,” he said with a grin. I closed my mouth and swallowed hard.

“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.

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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.

Half a year went by and I brought it up again.

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

I argued, “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.

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The following morning I made him his favorite breakfast. Crepes with fresh blueberry compote. I even wore only an apron while making breakfast as a sort of peace offering for Daddy.



But he ignored me and 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. It was curt and a little mean.

“1 guest for din 2 nite. Clean ur dick, not ass. Wear the tape only, bitch.”

Daddy rarely had just one guest over and he never ever called me “bitch.”

At times 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.

Daddy without even looking at me commanded: “I said tape only. Take off the jock and the bow tie.”

I did as instructed and stood there with my dick taped up. Sometimes Daddy wanted me to tape up my foreskin to prevent me from cumming. He looked me once over. So far I did everything he asked me to do but he was still clearly angry with me.



I 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.

Also as I was serving dinner, Daddy and his guest used words I had never heard before. I was getting used to the usual buzz words in Daddy's business but these were different words: Gomco, Tara Clamp, Forceps Method, Plastibell. I innocently thought they were a new set of business prospects that Daddy was venturing into.

After I cleared the main dinner course, I served dessert. Daddy's favorite: chocolate lava cake. It was perfect. Yet he was still very angry with me. He told me to go to the play room, put on my black dog collar and wait standing at attention.

I waited at attention, something easy for me after my Marine training. I waited for a very long time. I didn't know what was in store for me but I suspect I was going to get a good flogging before I was accepted back into his good graces.

Finally, Daddy and his guest walked in and they proceeded to tie me to the point that I could not budge an inch. I was tied firmly to the edge of a workout bench with my legs spread. My arms and hands very tight behind my back.

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."

"When I went to the office today I came very close to throwing you out of my house. I've done just that on six other occasions with six other bitch boi bottoms that didn't know their place in my house. I have a security service that will come in here throw you out, change all the locks, change all the security pass-codes and I would never see you again. And good riddance. But you are different from the other bottom bois I've had around. I have never experienced anyone with

your intelligence and kindness. Also, your talent in the kitchen is amazing. Your cooking has had a profound effect on my life and for that I am willing to make a small compromise. Do you understand?"

"I think I do. So I can stay?"

After a pause, Daddy said, "yes, you can stay on one condition." And then he 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 boi to serve my needs. And you will be welcome to fuck him as well whenever you want. We will share the bottom. You got that? And you can continue to keep my stomach and taste buds happy."

"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.

"Well, Sonny? 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 choose. My box cutter is here to cut you loose. And if I cut you loose, then you leave tonight, with your foreskin intact, and I never EVER want to see your face again and that disgusting foreskin of yours. Robert here, with the scalpel in his hand, is here to cut you loose in a very different way. He is a circumciser. A very good one. Sonny, if you want to stay, you’re getting 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 you...”

“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.

In a flash, I thought about how nice a home Daddy 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 it would come to this.

I then thought about that time when I was in Iraq and my Captain asked for five soldiers to volunteer for a potentially dangerous reconnaissance mission. I remember agreeing to volunteer knowing that I may get killed or mutilated. I remember that day, and how I felt that I was outside my body when I stepped forward. This was the same feeling.

“Stop! Okay. I want to stay.”

“You mean it, Sonny?”

I swallowed hard. I could not believe the words that came out of my mouth as if I was not there. I was not present when I said the words: “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.”

With a shallow breath and a dry mouth, I spoke the words, “Yes, Sir!” and returned 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 please with me.

"You have made a very wise choice, Sonny." Then Daddy gave me a loving kiss on my forehead.

"Thank you, sir."

"Robert and I will try and make this experience as quick and painless as possible."

"Thank you."

Knowing that I was pleasing him made me less afraid of what I knew what 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.

"The last time I came was with Daddy ... when you let me masturbate."

Daddy interjected, "That was about ten days ago."

Robert explained to Daddy that no masturbation was allowed while healing.

"Too bad." Daddy Craig said. "You're going to have to deal with it. If you want to be a man then forget your foreskin was ever there."

"Sorry, kid. I tried to give you one last pull with your uncut cock. I guess that's not in the cards for you." Robert looked at me with a sad "I'm sorry" kind of smile.

Daddy looked at me with a huge smile on his face.

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

“All right, Boy, you’re ready. Look at me and 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 the water of 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 the cutting.”

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, sat right on the bench behind 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. But I will more than likely call you by your name. Daniel."

"All right, Craig." I said to him with a smile. "But can I still call you Daddy sometimes?"

"Of course you can."

"My real father before he died used to call me Sunshine."

"May I call you Sunshine?"

"I would love that, Daddy Craig."

He smiled and kissed me again.

"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, Sunshine. 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 really hurt and my breathing started getting a little shallow. I was instructed not to look at what Robert was doing. Craig was giving me his full attention. He was gently cradling my head. He kissed me again.

“Breathe. It’s going to hurt a little bit at first.”

Then Robert said, “what you feel is a clamp that is pressing very firmly on to your foreskin. It is slowly cutting off the blood flow to the foreskin which is slowly dying.”

After a few moments, Robert could tell I was in pain. “It is merely a crushing the foreskin and preparing for the cutting. Breathe. You will begin to get used to it.”

My foreskin was beginning to really hurt but Daddy Craig’s stroking my hair and face calmed me down a little bit.

“I’m ready.” Robert announced.

I started to breathe shallowly.

“Breathe, Sonny. Breathe, my sunny Sunshine. Robert, how long will the cutting take you this time. Give me a conservative estimate.”

Robert answered, “Well, Sonny is behaving beautifully and is being very brave. If he maintains his calm, I can work very quickly and finish the full cut in less than 90 seconds.”

“Did you hear that, Sunshine?” I nodded an affirmation because I couldn’t speak with that rubber bite in my mouth.. “Okay. Now listen very carefully Sunshine. I’m holding you in my arms. I want you to take three very deep breaths and let them out very slowly. And on your third breath, Robert will cut you. All right?”

I nodded again.

“Once Robert starts cutting I will begin counting until 90. Like this: one one-thousand, two one-thousand, and so forth until he’s done. Are your ready, Sunshine?”

I nodded once more.

“Good boy. Here we go. Breathe in on one.”

I breathed very deep. I filled my lungs with as much oxygen as I could. And let it out slowly. Daddy Craig held me tight and the ropes held me tighter. With a free hand he pet my hair and stroked my face very gently.

“You’re doing great, Sunshine. Now...two.”

I breathed in a second deep breath and very slowly let it out. I could feel Robert’s cold blade pressing against my foreskin. I knew exactly where the first cut was going to be.

“Welcome to manhood, Sunshine. Three.”

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

The pain was excruciating. Daddy Craig was slowly whispering in my ear the count up to 90. By the time he got to number six or seven, I knew this was going to be a long and very painful experience. Daddy Craig held me tight and continued with the counting. His deep voice while he counted kept me focused on releasing my pain. I tried to release into the pain. Imagining blue skies.

Daddy Craig’s soft voice said “30 one-thousand.” I felt the hot tears pouring down my face. My screams were muffled because I bit down hard on the soft rubber in my mouth.

“62 one-thousand. 63 one-thousand.” His soft deep voice in my ear.

“Done” Robert announced.

It was a welcome surprise that he had finished at 63 seconds but my dick was in so much pain.

“Here it is.” Robert held up before my eyes the amputated foreskin from my body. It looked like a bloody shriveled up piece of poop. And then one drop of blood fell from it on to the floor and that was when I passed out.

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## ONE YEAR LATER

I'm still cooking and living with Craig. He's sponsoring me to open my own restaurant. We're going to call it "Daddy's Place."

Craig and I have gone through a few bottom dudes. What is the matter with these guys? They should know their place. They are made to service me and Daddy. That's it. And they need to keep their mouths shut except when they're sucking cock and keep their foreskins out of my sight.

Since I'm so good with my knife, I may ask Robert to teach me his art. I am planning on accompanying him the next time he performs a cutting.

Meanwhile...

...I've been fucking as a cut guy for about a year now. Regrets? None.

