

A New Job

John and Jaime were so alike even their mother had trouble telling them apart. From the day they were born the Taylor brothers were inseparable.

Not only did they go to the same college and the same university they even took the same courses. At their graduation they both received a 1st class honours degree in marine biology.

Although both brothers had lived at home with their parents and spoke every day, even if some days the conversation was by message, they hadn't seen much of each other recently. Both had jobs during the summer to give them some disposable income and John had a girlfriend. John had been staying over at his girlfriend's house most nights to make the most of the time before he would leave for his new job.

They both were recruited by the same company to work on research vessels investigating the environmental impact of plastic on the oceans.

Their jobs, although the same role, were on different ships so John would be going into the centre of the Atlantic whereas Jaime was heading to the Pacific, about half way between Australia & South America. Both assignments were for five months at sea before returning back to land.

As they would be away from medical support for a long time the company required detailed physical checks as it would be incredibly expensive if they had to be evacuated from their ship due to something preventable. Both of the brothers had attended their initial consultations but both required small procedures before the doctor would sign off the paperwork approving them for their assignment. Appointments were made at a local clinic with different doctors for the follow up appointments. It was at a clinic they hadn't used before and it was about 30 minutes from their home but that relatively short journey was worth it for the job of their dreams.

John, as sensible as ever had arrived very early for his appointment and when he walked into the surgery, he went straight over to the reception desk on the left. He announced himself to the pretty girl behind the counter with a cheeky smile, "Taylor, Jay" using his nickname to sound more charming.

"Yes. J. Taylor. All the paperwork is in order. If you can go through to room B the nurse is waiting for you."

John was happy, it looked like he would be finished sooner than he thought he would be. Upon entering the room the male nurse asked him to undress and put on a gown then lie on the bed. "I've not been looking forward to this. I'm very squeamish" he announced to the nurse. "I have a tendency to pass out with things like this. The sight of blood and I'm normally flat on the floor passed out." He remembered the time as a boy when he fell playing football on the street and cut open his knee, the cut wasn't much more than a scrape but it was the stitches he needed on his head after he fainted and hit his head on the tarmac that were worse.

"Not many people look forward to it, but if you're that bad I can ask the doc to give you something before he starts."

"That would be great."

While he waited, he was thinking about his afternoon as he would need to take it easy so a Netflix marathon seemed like a sensible plan. The raised mole in the crease of his groin had bothered him for a long time, constantly rubbing on his underwear, sometimes even bleeding if he had done lots of exercise and had forgotten to swap his briefs for boxers. He would be happy once it had been removed.

15 minutes later John was half dozing on the bed while the doctor put his screen up then got to work.

Outside of the room Jaime ran into reception not even slowing down as he went through the main doors. Realising he had overshot he looked around and spotted the desk at the back of the room on the right.

As always, Jaime was last minute and today he was having a particularly bad day. He had overslept then after he had run out of the house, he had realised he had forgotten his phone when the bus got stuck in traffic he thought that he would miss his appointment hence the sprint into the clinic.

Trying to sound apologetic and formal to make a good impression he announced himself to the man behind reception. "Mr Taylor. Sorry I'm late."

"No problem, the doctor is running a little behind today so he'll see you in a few minutes."

After being called by a nurse he was prepped and lay on the bed waiting for the doctor. After 15 minutes the doctor entered. The standard pleasantries were exchanged then the doctor started his examination.

"Mr Taylor, can you show me where the problem mole is as I can't seem to locate it?"

Jaime was confused, why was he looking for a mole when his problem was his foreskin. Jaime has endured countless infections – his foreskin was always dry and sore and when he had seen the doctor last time they had agreed to remove it and solve the issue. He had done his research online and called ahead to request a thorough cut to ensure there would be no issues in the future.

After a quick explanation it was clear that there had been a mix up with the rooms. The doctor was due to see a John Taylor to cut out a mole from the groin area and Jaime should be seeing another doctor across the hall.

The brothers hadn't realised their appointments were at virtually the same time and with doctors working from the same clinic.

In the other room John was feeling a bit more lifelike. The doctor had just finished stitching and was prepping the site to wrap it in bandages. "Did you get it doc?"

"Yes, I took it all as per your request. It won't be causing you any problems any more, but to be honest it didn't look problematic to start with."

"It was mainly when I run the elastic rubbed it and made it irritated and bleed."

"Your foreskin was long Mr. Taylor but it shouldn't have caught in your elastic. "

"Foreskin? You mean mole?" It was at this point that the doctor was moving the screen away and when John saw his bruised and bloody penis fresh from the surgery then everything went black.

After Jaime had taken his brother home, they had a chat. Jaime had been too embarrassed to tell his brother that he was having problems with his foreskin. As he had been identical to his brother for so long, he was worried about them being different.

This problem seemed to have solved itself as John had been so early the reception thought he was Jaime and Jaime was so late they thought he was John.

Jaime had to attend another appointment the following day for his circumcision and an investigation would be launched in the surgery to allocate blame, but this was no help to John.

It was a couple of weeks later that they both found out the doctor had been ruthless with them both. All inner skin, the frenulum and a large amount of inner skin had been removed.

They both unwrapped their new penises the day they embarked on their assignments at sea. What neither found out until it was too late, was that they don't stock lube on research vessels and you can't wank a radically circumcised penis without lube. At the end of the five-month assignment they both had incredibly heavy and sore balls.