

## Penis Goals

I hadn't seen Kyungeun since high school, and there she was, pressed right up against me on a Seoul city bus packed with commuters at rush hour on a hot evening. She had not changed at all, although she was now wearing a tomboyish outfit with a baseball cap instead of a school uniform.

"You also haven't changed," she said, "you were the only uncircumcised guy in class, haha! You should come by some day. I am running a penis gym now." And she used to be the one who never wore panties under her school uniform, driving all the boys crazy, I remembered.

Apparently, a penis gym was a novel sort of establishment the likes of which popped up all over Seoul all the time, dedicated to *Making the Best of the Male Member*, her business card read. "Massages, various treatments, jelqing, circumcision, masturbation training sessions, you name it, I do it" she said. "I simply decided I like penises, so why not work with them. The next stop is mine. See you."

Then she stepped off the bus. All of this had happened in seconds.

The encounter had revved me up to the point where I couldn't think of anything but paying Kyungeun's penis gym a visit. But I didn't want to appear desperate. That's never a good bargaining position to be in. So I made myself wait one entire weekend before finally giving in to the urge.

*Kyungeun's Penis Gym* was hidden away in a remote corner of the basement level of a shopping mall at the fringes of Seoul's vast subway system. It took nearly an hour to get there, and the entire area seemed quite deserted. A comically styled, pink neon penis sign was flashing over the entrance of her shop, whose front wasn't much wider than the door. *Come to be all you can be*, a slogan in bolted-on, white letters proclaimed, somewhat as a pun, I thought or hoped.

She was sitting in a large armchair with ottoman, wearing a cut-off T-shirt and a red-and-white chequered miniskirt, leafing through a magazine.

"There you are!" she said brightly in recognition, "that didn't take too long! Here, take a seat!" Pointing to another armchair, she got up to dispense some hot water into two tea cups before handing me one and sitting back down, this time cross-legged. I could see immediately she was still doing the no-underwear thing. "Yeah, company policy," she said, noticing my look, touching herself absentminded while taking a sip of tea. That one seemed too well-practiced not to be company policy as well, I thought by myself.

"So, what are your penis goals then?" she asked. I had no idea. I didn't even know you could have penis goals, and told her so. She laughed at my innocence and put down her tea cup to be able to use her hands to count them out for me: "Well, there's so much to aspire to! You could for example want to achieve stronger and longer erections, or train up to take longer before you ejaculate, learn new masturbatory techniques, or simply have some aesthetic goals like achieving total skin smoothness... and usually, it's good to prioritise. Some things are more important than others, so we do them first. We always do an initial evaluation of your penis to see what should be done first. Just sit back, and we'll begin." She pushed her ottoman over to my armchair with one foot and sat on it, leaning forward. Her T-shirt read "Go Gomco" in bright pink letters. I found that very frightening. I knew what a Gomco clamp was.

My penis made her laugh out loud. "Sorry," she said and giggled a little more, I just think the uncircumcised ones always look so funny. I only ever get to see them in Chinese clients, you're the first Korean one I see. Well, let's take a look then. Good size, normal curvature... very strong

erection..." she paused for a while, seemingly carried off to some place else by her thoughts while holding it at the base, "but does it actually... work?" She slowly pulled back the foreskin, observing very closely how it made its way behind the corona. Then she gently pulled forward on the shaft skin, covering the glans again. "Oops," she said and took to her forearm with a paper tissue, "you do go off easily, don't you? Well, the priority is clear already. Before we can do anything else, that foreskin has to go. Have you ever practised being circumcised, by keeping your glans exposed? We may begin there."

With that and a wink, she skilfully performed the old Japanese foreskin trick, which meant she one-handedly retracted my foreskin in my pant leg and folded it in on itself in such a way that it was impossible for it to slide forward again.

Over the following hours, I tried in vain to free the foreskin again, but it stayed behind the glans, apparently tightened behind the corona by being in some sort of knot under the frenulum. I couldn't imagine how she had done this. The friction of the glans against the fabric was quite uncomfortable at first, but became bearable a few hours on, when it had dried.

The next day, when I still hadn't succeeded in releasing the foreskin, I decided to pay Kyungeun a visit to get her help. Some way of drumming up business, the girl had.

"That didn't take you long," she smirked when I walked in. She was wearing a maintenance man type overall and a baseball cap with a Hollister logo. "Nice touch, eh?" she asked, pointing at the logo, "in commemoration of one of America's greatest gadgets, the Plastibell. So how does it feel, all uncovered? Ha, I think I can already see precum through your shorts. Seems like you'll be having some fun getting used to a circumcision. Sure you're man enough to have that glans out all the time? Let's see here..." We had sat down on a sofa, and she easily pulled up the leg of my wide, elastic shorts, fully exposing my penis, which promptly stood up to greet her. "Wow, it does get big!" she exclaimed. "I don't think the 30 millimetre bell will fit. But cleanly shaven already, good," she said. "Look at that shiny, deep purple glans... I bet that has never been out much before, has it? Still a bit... touchy then, is it...?" and she dabbed it lightly with her index finger, which made me flinch, but actually, it didn't feel bad at all anymore. "Would you like me to release the foreskin, or do you want me to put a drop of super glue on the knot as it is now, to make the experience last a few days before you come back for the circumcision? That way, you could get used to the sensation... you've probably already found out that that hypersensitivity is only on the surface. It goes away within hours, once the glans is dry. It isn't exactly the same as being properly circumcised, I should add, because right now, you have all that skin bunched up against the back of the corona, which causes pressure and heat build-up; whereas a real circumcision will give you a feeling of freedom and airiness around the exposed neck of the glans. It will feel lighter, more agile. And there would be some tension, as well, as the shaft skin is stretched backward. So, right now, all you get is an exposed glans. Wanna try that a little longer, or would you like to go for a full circumcision today? I think you should." And she playfully moved the skin up and down, with a facial expression like a kitten. The manipulative little weasel.

I decided to go for the full circumcision, because it was time anyway, plus she was hot and I felt she would be able to do a great job.

"Very well then," she said and released the foreskin with a practiced motion. "Here it comes, covering the glans again... you seem to be relieved? Or is that just horniness? Feels like a woman's lips gliding over the surface, doesn't it? Well, let's see how long it is. Hm... this is a very long foreskin. It easily stretches an inch forward of the glans... and in the opposite direction, it seems like you can

pull it really far back, too. Good. It's this ridge here we want to expose, the corona. I always cut the skin in such a way that the neck of the penis head stays fully exposed. Some give it a bit of slack... I don't. I use only one tool, a Chinese LangHe Circumstapler. You put a plunger inside the skin, pull the skin over it, clamp it shut, pull the lever... pow! All done, perfectly circular cut and staple sutures in one go. It just does the one style, but it's very good. Kyungeun's Standard Circ, if you will, haha! Here, this is it."

She showed me a shiny white plastic device with two handles.

"Shall we see if it fits?" she said, and without waiting for my reply, gently began to apply lubricant to the glans and the area behind it. "This needs to go on first," she explained, "to ensure everything stretches out fully. Here we go, around and around... my, that was a lot of cum you just shot out! Uncircumcised ones sure don't last long, my word. Well, that's good, now you won't be as hard, and the bell will fit better." She pushed a plastic bell with a stem into the foreskin until it sat on the glans. "Lean forward a bit," she said. "See, that way, I can pull much more skin over the bell; put a little clip in place, so that the foreskin doesn't slide back... now we put the device on..." She effortlessly positioned the opening of the device over the bell under the foreskin and clicked it in place. "Done!" she said and grinned, pulling the device away. "I have actually just circumcised you. Great little trick, isn't it?" As I sat up, I noticed that a ring of small staples now went around my penis shaft, about one third of the way up. Strangely, they barely hurt. The skin was drum tight.

"We'll remove the staples in five days," she said. "Until then, don't move the shaft skin. You can jerk off though – just make sure it's only by touching the glans and area directly behind it. There are no sutures or anything there, so you can do there whatever you like. You could even have sex, as long as you don't go all the way in, because you have a good two inches of inner skin there before you touch the cut line. That should be safe enough."

It worked perfectly well, and five days later, I was back. As I entered, Kyungeun was sitting on her sofa in wide, floral panties and a cut-off, grey T-shirt, bringing herself to orgasm with her fingers through the fabric. "Thank god you're here," she said, I get so horny sometimes. Let's take out your staples." Using a small implement, she quickly removed a surprisingly large number of small, u-shaped staples from along the cut line. They hadn't been particularly sore, but it was good to have them out.

"Now look at that big, circumcised thing," she said and applied a lotion to the area where she had just removed the staples. "This is one of the highest cuts I've ever done. They get higher when I pull more skin through. Hm, I think this penis is perfectly ready." With that, she took it into her mouth and gently but thoroughly moistened it. Then she sat on my lap and took me inside her.

It's good to follow company policy.