

Secret Service

Miss Gamble may have been a bit young to display her cocky antics, but a PhD in biophysics together with a specialist certificate in guided missile operation is nothing to shake a stick at. Today she was wearing a white lab coat and black net stockings when I entered the special equipment facility at MI-6. This, together with her bright blue eyes, striking, red mane of hair, and impossibly freckled face made her a sight to look forward to every time. I was sure she had chosen today's outfit to impress me, as she always seemed to dress in an extra provocative manner when she knew I would be seeing her.

"So, what do you have for me today?" I said and sat down on a black leather stool near her desk, which was loaded with gadgetry and screens.

"The duck's nuts," she stated with a hint of a southern US accent, and looked at me over the rim of her glasses, waving a pile of printouts suggestively. I noticed she had opened a few more of her lab coat's buttons than absolutely necessary, which gave me some welcome insights. Her breasts were of a calibre that made guys do double takes. "Molecular reconstructive live modelling – MoRe LiMo, we abbreviate it. Unbelievable, really. We call it the Transmogriifier for lack of a better word. We are going to subject you to it for your next mission. A whole string of missions, actually. On your long list of special competences, one is 'getting women into bed and making them talk.'" She rolled her eyes in a manner that was somewhere between disapproving and longing, it seemed. "Now, I think you'll be pleased to hear that that is what's coming up. But it's not just about going in for a screw and hoping for some pillow intel. We want to maximize the likelihood of success, and we have been sexually profiling your targets extensively. Now we know exactly what kind of penis they prefer, and we have the technology to make sure you have that penis, every time. Shall we take a look, please?" Clearly, she had been dreaming about this for a long time. I briefly contemplated the possibility that this was a trick, but put it aside with an internal grin and complied.

"OK," she said, trying to contain her excitement, "I did have the data on you, but... um, very well. Exceptional equipment. Everything is as my records state," she said and struggled to return to her usual, professional self, but did manage to knock over an empty coffee cup trying to locate a place for the printouts on her desk. "Please do leave it out, we will proceed straight to the procedure, Charles."

Without much further ado, she turned on a large screen displaying some CAD images and a live image of my penis as it must have looked from the vantage point of the monitor camera. Before I knew what was happening, she had pushed a button, and my penis was changing before my very eyes. About half of the foreskin simply vanished, revealing the tip of the glans.

"Your first target's ideal penis," Miss Gamble explained. "Her thing are partially circumcised penises. They drive her crazy." Miss Gamble swivelled around on her chair and took my changed penis in her slightly trembling hand. "A common, European semi circumcision," she announced, "with pronounced suture marks and frenulum removed. You will find that the remaining skin will flip back on itself as erection builds... like now..." She massaged the glans with the shortened foreskin until the glans outgrew it and the skin rolled back, inverting as it went and forming a tyre-like ring of shiny, inner skin behind the corona. It felt like flipping an eyelid inside out.

"As men tend to have about eight erections a day, it will do this by itself all the time in your trousers, all day long and all night long" she explained with a slightly quavering voice, "so better get used to it. There is one perhaps freaky aspect to this you may find amusing," she said and, incredibly, pulled the foreskin back all the way to the very base of the penis, "you can actually make it look like a

horse's penis. Like this. That's because the frenulum is gone, so the remaining skin can stretch all the way back. When you let go, it will slide forward again and partly cover the glans. This also means you get, um, masturbatory advantages you may find novel. You can push about a centimetre of skin onto the glans when erect, like... so." She visibly had to stop herself from continuing as I gave her a questioning glance; she blushed, pulled herself together, and continued, "A word about maintenance: By the end of the day, you will always have a lot of textile fibres accumulated around the exposed part of the glans because the shortened foreskin gathers them as it rolls back and forth, and you better make sure your pubic hair is trimmed, as it will otherwise get jammed between the glans and the foreskin. That hurts because it pulls on the hair. I know, partial circumcisions are not the recommended standard, but the mission requires one. Your glans will be halfway out at all times except for erections; that may feel unpleasant, but there's nothing you can do about it. Apologies for the inconvenience, and good luck."

The target turned out to be quite a catch. Going by a high-flying, aristocratic German title and residing at a mansion with horse stables in the wide open countryside near Hannover, she was also tall, blonde, and beautiful, as well as single. She could have been the prototype of a trophy wife. Things went quite smoothly for me as I managed to make an entrance one evening as a Russian oligarch's son, lost while driving around on a hunting trip in Europe with a St. Petersburg registered, black Mercedes G 500. Getting into character with the image of Rasputin on my mind, I entered the property.

Finding her in one of the stables with an easel, doing an oil painting of an Arab stallion, I introduced myself as Yuri, remarking offhandedly how I liked the house and wondered if it might be for sale. She saw the car with the Russian registration through the open stable door, eyed me up and down, and smiled. The way she looked at me told me she was ready to go to bed with me already, practically devouring me with her eyes as I came closer.

"Good technique for capturing the sheen on a rabicano's mane," I said with my best Russian accent, lifting an eyebrow while picking up a brush absentmindedly. "Faber Castell; I use Roubloffs..." She seemed on the verge of fainting. A rich Russian who could paint! My department really had done their homework on her. I was her dream man. And I knew horses.

"I am fascinated by their bodies," she said and tried to put on some composure while returning to her painting. "All that muscle, and the shiny fur...and the genitalia of the males." I remarked that she had indeed painted the latter aspect very clearly, and wondered aloud if perhaps she had even exaggerated it a bit. "You bet I have," she said and laughed, got up and invited me to stay for dinner.

Later, as we settled into the outdoor hot tub in the nude with a bottle of champagne, I caught her staring at my penis while I was hanging up my bath robe. By now, there was something predatory in her eyes, and she reached right for it when I sat down on the ledge of the tub. "Semi circ," she almost whispered to herself, her head at the same height as my penis because she was already in the water; she ran her index finger along the suture marks, counting them. "14," she proclaimed at last, holding it up so that it pointed at her face. My penis was beginning to respond with an erection, which she acknowledged with a smile. "I love it how the foreskin rolls back all by itself on those," she confessed and moved her hand along with the foreskin as it fell into place behind the corona. "No fren," she stated matter-of-factly after casting a glance at the underside, and rose up out of the water, bringing her breasts closer. "The main thing I love about this type of cut is how far back you can pull the skin. There, all the way to the base... and the entire shaft is now shiny, inner foreskin. And all the way back at the base, you get this bunching of shaft skin. I want you to keep it like that

for me. Here, put on this cock ring now.” Her voice had taken on a softly dominant tone as she positioned a shiny chrome cock ring on me. “Let’s pull all the shaft skin through it, so that it is kept back. Now it looks very much like a stallion’s...” She pulled me into the water and wrapped her legs around me, pulling herself onto me. It felt incredible. I had never experienced a more sensational penetration. The ring and the bunched up shaft skin at the penis base also did their magic for her, and together with the general situation, she ended up climaxing in the extreme, multiple times. First in the tub, later in her bedroom. By the time I finally sneaked away through the open French doors in the early morning hours, I had made her come so often and so wildly that she eventually fell into an exhausted slumber, and had told me everything we needed to know.

“So,” Miss Gamble said and tried her best to maintain a professional demeanour as she examined my penis a few days later in London, “I hear the mission has been a success. Seems like you did a good job keeping the tip clean, too by the way... I know you’ll probably want your foreskin restored to you now, but I have here the specifications for your next assignment, which requires permanent glans exposure to, um, satisfy the next target.” She flipped the switch of her machine, and the foreskin remnant began to disappear, revealing the glans entirely. Then the shaft skin began to tighten. She stopped the machine. “Very good,” she said and put her palm under the newly denuded glans, “now we only need to see if it is too tight, which we wouldn’t want. There, let’s build a nice, firm erection, shall we...?” This time, she had clearly opened her top buttons for effect. One of these days, I was going to grab those amazing boobs of hers... “There,” she said, apparently very pleased with herself, “now hold that erection, please. Yes, we still have a centimetre or so of movement there; hold on, I’ll tighten that up.” The machine clicked, and the shaft skin tightened noticeably, beginning to pull on the scrotal skin. “There, now we’re done. This is what is called a low and tight circumcision. Also quite common in Europe. You’ll notice how there is no inner skin behind the glans at all now. And it gets drum tight when erect, so, my apologies, difficult to masturbate now, for novices. But you shouldn’t have to anyway. For this job, you cannot wear any underwear, and you will need to put these on.” She gave me a pair of fashionably torn jeans with one rip dangerously high up on the front of one of the legs. “Make sure you wear your thing down the other leg when you walk around Paris if you don’t want any trouble. Sorry for the rough fabric on the glans, can’t help that. Better only wear them on the day of the encounter to reduce the risk of cum stains.” She blew a bubble gum at me like a naughty teenager.

The new target sat at a table in a Brasserie in Montparnasse when I took a seat not far from her, wearing a black turtleneck and the required, ripped jeans, as well as polished oxfords. She had a thing for tango, and I was in character as Fernando, an exiled writer from Mendoza, Argentina. I ordered a glass of Malbec and began to spread papers around my table, scribbling intently into a bright red diary as I sipped my wine. I clearly had her full attention. My department had profiled her to the T.

She was Mediterranean in appearance, perhaps Moroccan or Algerian, with amazing, long, wild, black hair and an instantly kissable face. Her eyes were framed by a pair of round Ray Bans, and she was wearing a turtlenecked, black wool dress that went all the way down to her ankles. She, too was drinking a glass of Malbec, and scribbled into a diary – hers was mauve. Abruptly, she picked up her glass of wine and came over to me. I pretended to be surprised. “Excusez-moi,” she said in perfect Parisienne French, “I don’t usually do this, but I just have to talk to you.” Of course she did. How can you ignore the man of your dreams. A few hours and a few glasses of Malbec later, I knew she was obsessed with Houellebecq and the desert, among many other things, and we found ourselves in a tight embrace at a tango club near Les Pyramides by midnight. I could feel through her dress that she was not wearing anything underneath. Clearly, this was another thing we both “agreed on.”

By about 2am, we sat in my assigned 1971 Citroen SM, which I had parked in a deserted side street, ready to drive to her place, when she put her hand up the rip in my jeans. "No underwear," she whispered more to herself, and slowly pulled out my penis through the rip, saying "I've been waiting to do this all evening..." I was bone hard; she was easy to like. She attempted to pump the shaft skin, but it was too tight; she leaned over for a closer look. In the orange light that fell through the rain blind windows, I saw her slender fingers caress the corona. Then, without a word, she kissed it and gave me the most amazing blowjob I had ever had. "You are circumcised in a way that drives me crazy," she finally said and ran her index finger nail gently around the coronary sulcus. "It embodies the very essence of strictly localised pleasure. The glans as a sole, designated pleasure point – and right behind it, business as usual. And the way it looks...! I need you to do me. Now."

Large old Citroens with their soft seats make excellent sex cars. Her elegant, stretchy black wool dress was the perfect car sex clothing item, and the low and tight circumcised penis made sure she was able to release all her pent up horniness and the names of some highly wanted and presumably similarly circumcised terrorists within a few hours of intense car sex.

"Congratulations on another job well done," Miss Gamble greeted me at her London office. Today she was wearing argyle stockings and Lolita braids, and looked, for all intents and purposes, like a 1970s porn model. "Dick out, please," she said and popped another chewing gum bubble. "Is that circumcision bothering you? I know it is quite tight, even flaccid, as now." Sitting on her leather stool, legs wide apart, she pensively rubbed her index finger over the circumcision scar, turned the penis over and ran her fingers along the underside of the glans. She had girly, pink glitter nail polish on today. I could see her panties. They had a light blue floral pattern.

I assured her it was all very comfortable.

"You know," she said, "the next job will be even more glans exposure. The target is this little circumsexual nympho from Georgia, and we'll need to turn you into an all-American boy for this one. Jiffy though." She hit the button of her system, and transmogrified my appendage into an aggressively circumcised, American porn star penis. As she leaned forward, her boobs came close to drooping out of her dress. She knew it, and kept talking hypnotically as my erection kept building to alarming levels in her hands. "American circs look like that because they're done with clamps, and as the kid grows up, the skin pulls tight. That's why you have a scar ring at half mast now. Gives you two-tone look, too! This one is a picture book American dick now. Light, inner skin stretched back all the way to the scar, which is totally circular, then... savannah. People talk a lot about inner foreskin sensitivity, of which you should now have plenty... but I think the main attraction is still the glans though, and directly behind it. Isn't it?" Her panties had somehow started sliding down to the floor. She wiggled her upper body, and out came one breast, then the other. She opened her hair.

"So, who's the circumsexual Georgia nympho then?" I asked, close to orgasm, and trying to keep things professional as she kept running her finger around my corona. She grinned. "I am. And if you ever want to reverse that circumcision, you better make me talk."

There's really nothing like a proper de-briefing.