Fair Exchange

I couldn't believe my luck! I should explain. I am a
male nurse and I work in a rather expensive Harley Street Clinic.
I won't say which one, but you'd have heard of it. We make a lot
of our money from the Arabs, of course, but they aren't our only
patients, far from it. Actually I prefer to deal with our
European clients. I only deal with guys, of course, which suits
me fine.

Now you understand that we are very expensive indeed,
which means that we really only get the rich, and mostly for quite
important stuff. That's nice from the point of view of the money,
but it does mean that a lot of them are fat old blokes with ulcers
or heart trouble. Which explains why since I started to work
there, I had never once seen my favourite operation performed.
Which one's that? Circumcision. I get a real kick out of seeing
some gorgeous hunk fast asleep on the bench having his dick cut.
Even better if he's only had a local and is watching it happen.
So what about me, do I hear you ask? I've kept my foreskin, so
far, but one day, maybe.....

Anyhow, if I have it done, ever, it'll be here, for free.
After all, who's going to pay our prices for a circumcision? Only
the Arabs could afford it, and they've all been done already. So
I've just had to promise myself I'll get a job moonlighting
somewhere a bit less exclusive where I can arrange to watch one.
At least, that's what I thought until very recently.

Now, I'm not sure what it was I said, but somehow one of
our senior consultants sussed out what I was interested in. You
know, they rely on us a lot. It's no good them being whizz-kids
if the nursing care is ropey. The patients, well, ours anyway,
just don't come back. So my boss makes sure he knows his staff,
takes us out for a drink on the firm occasionally, and so on. One
time he did that there were four of us, plus him, and circumcision
certainly got mentioned in the conversation. He must have
registered that, because one day he called me in to his office.

"I've got a surprise for you, Chris," he said. "I think
you might be interested. We're going to do a circumcision, but
not an ordinary one. I want you to be in charge in the theatre."

"Right you are," I said. "But how do you mean, not an
ordinary one?"

"Well, we wouldn't touch an ordinary one, because there's
no profit in them, but this one is, well, different. You'll see
what I mean, later. In fact, it's different enough that we aren't
going to charge for it, but don't tell anyone that. You'd better
hang around while I interview the patients." I raised my eyebrows
when he said that. "Yes, patients, in the plural. Someone I
know, a GP, knows I have a mild interest in the operation, and he
passed them on to me. You sit over there and keep out of the
way."

He buzzed on the intercom, and the receptionist showed in
the patients. They were two of the best-looking guys I've seen
for ages, and it was very obvious that they were identical twins.
They were even dressed almost identically. They were tall, I
should think they were about twenty-four, they were blond and they
were hunky, and I nearly wet myself, just looking at them.

My boss introduced himself, and asked them to sit down.
"Now," he said, "one of you is Mr Peter Adams, and one of you is
Mr Steven Adams. Which is which?" The one on the left turned out
to be Steven. "I understand that you have a rather unusual
problem. Steven, perhaps you would explain it to me."

"Well," said Steven, "it's like this. My brother and I
lost our parents very young. As you can see, we are identical
twins, and naturally we didn't want to be separated, but
unfortunately none of our family could look after either of us.
We were fostered, and eventually we finished up in a Home." He
paused. I was sitting where I could see his face, at least in
profile. He did not look as if he had enjoyed the experience.
"Some of those places are all right, but the one we were in was
not. In fact the two couples who ran it were very strange
indeed."

At that, Peter looked up. "You can say that again," he
said. "They were some sort of extreme religious fundamentalists.
They hated children, and they really hated sex. In fact, that was
our problem."

"Yes," continued Steven, "you see they caught Peter
masturbating when we were about eleven or twelve. Tell him what
they did to you, Peter."

"They held me down and one of the guys circumcised me.
Just like that, on the kitchen table. No doctor, no anaesthetic,
no nothing."

I looked at him, trying to imagine what it had been like.
My boss spoke. "I imagine that must have been painful," he said,
sounding as if he quite liked the idea.

"Well, just a bit," said Peter, "but you see, the pain
wasn't the worst of it."

"The worst thing," said his twin, "was that we weren't the
same any more. We had been almost completely indistinguishable,
and now Peter was cut, and I wasn't. Of course, it wasn't someone
that anyone else was likely to know, but we did, and it rankled.
It still does. Anyway, not long after, there was a big scandal,
and the Council found out about it and closed the Home. Then not
long after that the family found enough money so we could move in
with an aunt of ours. And here you see us.

I wondered what the payoff line was. After all, if it was
just a question of cutting Steven to match him back to Peter, why
come to us? My boss spoke. "So far, so good," he said, "now,
what can we do for you?"

"It's a little embarrassing," said Peter. You see, we
grew up each wanting to be like the other. Steven wanted to be
circumcised so he could look like me. I wished I hadn't been, I
think it looks horrible, and besides, it's what stopped me looking
like him. You see the problem?"

"I think I begin to."

"We're twins," said Steven. I want to be circumcised.
Peter wants his foreskin back. He can't have it, but he could
have mine. We want you to circumcise me and give it to him."

Now I could see why my boss thought it would be
interesting. Because they were twins he could graft from one to
the other. No-one had ever done that, not with a foreskin. I
hoped to hell he would say yes. He thought for a moment, then he
spoke. "Hmmm - well," he said. "I think it could be done. I'd
certainly be happy to try. Let me warn you that I don't know of
anyone who has tried before, so if it isn't one hundred per cent
successful, well, that's a risk you'll have to take."

"We'll take the risk" said Steven.

"Yes," said my boss, "but actually it's not you that takes
it. I mean, you get circumcised, but that's the easy bit. An
amateur can do that. The tricky bit is the graft of your foreskin
on to Peter's penis. Still, it shouldn't be a major problem, but
I'm not promising anything. Anyway, I'd better take a look."

I'd been hoping he was going to say that. Those two big
guys must be well hung, I thought, and I could hardly wait to get
an eyeful.

And was I right? Was I ever! Of course, they were very
much alike, and the result was that when Steven came out from
behind the screen I had a moment to speculate what his brother was
going to look like. Steven's was terrific, a cock in a million.
I mean, you understand we come across a lot of them in my line of
work. It takes a whopper to impress me, and that's what he had.
I guess that just talking about circumcision had given him a bit
of a hard-on. His magnificent weapon hung just a little bit clear
of his balls They were great, too. His uncut foreskin showed just
a little of the glans, not enough to see the eye from where I was
sitting. I was sure my boss would soon have that back to see how
tight it was. I couldn't think why the owner of a prick that
looked so good wanted to have it cut, but I could see he was going
to. Once he saw that, my boss wouldn't pass up the chance.

Meanwhile Peter came out from behind the screen. He too
was hung like a horse, and even more excited than his brother, for
his erection was very noticeable. "Don't worry about that," said
my boss, "it usually happens." The guys grinned, a bit
shame-facedly. It doesn't usually happen, of course, but it's
nice when it does. And if a doctor says that to you, it means he
has drawn attention to the fact he has noticed it, and how about
making it a bit harder! Which is what happened. As soon as he
drew attention to Peter, Steven got really quite hard, and this in
turn made Peter come up even more.

Me too, if it comes to that. "Now," said the boss, "let's
start with a look at Steven." As I'd hoped, he made him stand by
the table where I could see him. Then he gently retracted that
beautiful foreskin. It clung to the glans, but it wasn't tight,
even as it rolled over the crest. Instead, it fitted absolutely
perfectly, like a glove. The boss pushed it further and further,
till it was right back. I could see the frenum, taut against the
underside of the shaft, pulling the cock-eye down and closed. He
took the glans between thumb and forefinger and pulled the
cock-eye open. It was big, in fact it was huge, and I wondered if
it was really that size by nature, or if it had been enlarged
artificially. By now both guys had a raging hard-on and I was
having difficulty not showing that so had I.

"Now Peter, please." Peter too stepped forward. His cock
was at attention, straight forward with the tip pointing a little
upward. Amateur his circumcision may have been, but it had been
well done. It was neat, with no loose skin. The boss massaged
the shaft-skin gently to and fro to check how much was there, and
seemed satisfied with the result. He opened Peter's cock-eye,
too. From the fact that it was just as big as his twin's, I
guessed they were both naturally open. Peter was now showing what
looked to me like better than ten inches of beautiful, well-cut
cock. The boss examined the scar, which straight and not ragged,
as it often is even after a professional job, especially it is
done after puberty.

"OK, get your pants back on, we'd better establish the
ground-rules."

When the guys had got dressed again, the boss explained to
them what he would do. "First, I shall give you both a suitable
local anaesthetic. Then I shall open Peter's scar, and adjust it
slightly. Then I will circumcise Steven. You understand that the
foreskin needs a constant blood-supply, so I shall have to stop as
soon as I have removed it, and immediately attempt to attach it to
Peter. That's the tricky bit. Then when it's done, I shall come
back and complete Steven's circumcision." He paused. "If we are
successful, the graft will take, and in about a month, Peter will
have a complete new foreskin to replace the one he lost. If not,
I will remove any traces, and make it pretty much as if was
before. That way Steven will be happy, and Peter won't be any
worse off. OK?"

They agreed, and I took them off to fix up the
appointment. We had to go down in the lift. As the doors closed
they turned to me. Peter reached forward, grabbed my still-hard
cock and gave it a quick feel. I nearly hit the roof, then I went
as red as a beetroot, but he laughed and said "Thought so!"

"Yes," said his twin, "we saw you watching. But we don't
mind. This excites us as much as it does you. Maybe more." He
grinned. "Well, you saw that!" Then the lift stopped and we all
got out.

When I got back to the consulting room I gave the boss the
date of the appointment. I'd made sure I would be free to assist
him that day. "Yes," he said, "I thought you might be interested.
You know, it's a bit of a hobby of mine, circumcising young men,
but I've never done anything quite like this." He looked serious.
"It's not as easy as I made it sound, but they really want it, so
I decided to have a go."

"How do you mean, not as easy?"

"Well, for starters, Peter's been cut just a little bit tight."
He laughed. "It's actually just the way I'd have done it myself,
but I'm going to need to adjust the scar anyway, and we're a bit
short of skin. Then again, Steven's skin isn't tight at all, but
it is close-fitting. Peter hasn't had that pressure on his glans,
so it's a little bit larger. So I shall have to cut Steven a bit
tighter than maybe he realises. Bad luck, really."

"For Steven, anyhow." He laughed, "Well, yes, for Steven.
I'm going to take his frenum out, too."

"Is that necessary?"

"Probably not, no. Did you notice Peter had kept his?
Incidentally, that was very nice work for an amateur. Anyway, I
don't usually cut it out, and I expect Steven would be better off
keeping it. It's a very American thing to do. They're mostly
cut, of course, and they always seem to lose the frenum, which is
why Americans' dicks tend too seem all alike, and all a bit bland.
But it gives me just a little extra skin to play with, and I
really want Peter to look good. If it works!"

"So what are the chances? Of it all working OK?" I could
see him weighing it up, but I got the feeling he'd go ahead,
anyhow. Then he shrugged. "Steven will be happy, and he'll look
good, that I can promise. Peter? I'll do my best. I think it's
about fifty-fifty that he likes it when it's done. After all,
it's the first time I've ever tried this one."

Well, the great day dawned. "We'll have them in early,"
said the boss. "They can sit around and think about it." So we
called them for eight-thirty and booked the theatre for twelve.
Usually they'd have been put in what we call "Damnation Alley",
the row of beds in a corridor that day-surgery patients have, My
boss pulled strings, and we fixed a room with two beds for them.
I don't know what sort of deal he did with the accountants.
Whatever it was, Peter was going to have to stay in till the graft
of his twin's foreskin healed a bit, a day or too at least, maybe
more. When I went to see them, about half ten or so, they both
looked really strung up with anticipation. I wondered if I envied
them, and decided I did. I made them strip and put on surgical
gowns, which usually open at the back, but in this case had to be
worn back-to-front. As they changed, it was obvious that Steven
was beginning to get a slight hard.

"Hey," I said, "what's this? If you get a hard-on after
the op you'll bust your stitches. You ought to do something about
that." I twitched Peter's gown open, and as I expected, he too
was becoming excited. "Christ, it'd be bad enough for Steven, but
it would be a disaster for you!"

Peter grinned. "Why don't you do something about it,
then?" he asked. I had hoped he might. I locked the door and
covered the judas-window. Then the twins, two fabulous, muscular
hunks of manhood, dropped their flimsy cotton gowns on the bed and
stood revealed in all their glory, with ten inches or more apiece,
standing straight and proud, one circumcised, one uncircumcised,
both about to be changed for good. What a choice! Still, as I
say, I'm uncut myself so I went for the uncut one first. I'd get
other chances to suck an uncut cock that was going to be cut, but
not the other way. I wanted the more interesting one second. I
knelt before them. The thought that this was the last time either
of them would have sex in quite the same way, the last time before
the cutting and uncutting, had made both the twins sexually high
as kites. There was pressure behind Steven's cock that would
drive a power-station. I knelt in front of him and nibbled gently
at his foreskin. It slipped a little forward, and I ran my tongue
inside it and probed into Steven's cock-eye with the tip. I
caressed it and teased it, and took more and more of the head and
shaft into my mouth, pressing with my lips so his foreskin slid
back over the rim. I applied my tongue with care to the exposed
glans. After the circumcision it would never be as sensitive
again. Then he leant forward, and I took the shaft deep down my
throat. It was far too huge for me to take it all, but I eased it
back and sucked hard on the cock-head.

"Oh God, that's wonderful," Steven cried. "More,
more......". Then he gave a great gasp, and I felt my mouth fill
with the salt-sweet taste of cum. It felt as if he had shot a
pint into me, for his spasms and gasps went on for almost a
minute. Then I let his cock-head slip from my mouth and stood up.
"Christ, you little cock-sucker, you really know what you're
doing, don't you!" he gasped. I smiled.

Meanwhile Peter was becoming impatient. "Come on, don't
make a meal of it," he groaned. The pressure in his testicles had
built up as he watched me sucking his brother's cock, and he was
almost ready to explode. I didn't want that quite yet, though.
Carefully I licked the shaft of his circumcised weapon. His
excitement grew, but I would not give him release. I licked his
balls, which seemed to pulse and throb with their load. Slowly,
lovingly, tantalisingly I teased them with my lips, them gently
nibbled the shaft of his penis. At last I reached the head. I
tickled the frenum lightly with my tongue, then kissing the naked
glans, I sucked it into my mouth. I could tell that I must make
the most of the very few seconds remaining, as Peter was now
shivering and groaning with excitement. I parted the lips of the
cock-eye with my tongue and slipped the tip of it into the
piss-tube. I felt the salt taste of piss and cum on my tongue. I
had seen that the meatus was big, but I had never expected to get
the soft tip of my tongue so far into the channel. It must have
been the trigger. Peter gave a deep, convulsive shudder, and I
took his mighty shaft deep, deep into my throat. A tidal wave of
semen coursed into my mouth as I rocked to his shuddering thrusts.

You can imagine that by that time I too was erect, my cock
held fast in the tightness of my briefs. The twins looked at the
bulge where it strained to burst through the fabric of my pants,
then without a word they both reached for my zip. I moved away.
I wanted to keep my excitement pure for the operations I would see
later. They must be drained of sex in case they were damaged by
their uncontrollable randiness. I could enjoy watching the double
operation as I stifled the pressure in my groin. Later I would
unloose the flood.

So the twins got back into their surgical gowns, ready for
the healing knife, and I made them ready. I shaved them
absolutely clean round the genitals and gave them the tablets
prescribed by my boss, to calm them before the procedure.

Then I called the orderlies to wheel them to the theatre.
They lay their on the tables, which we had placed parallel to each
other and close together so my boss could turn from one to the
other as fast as possible. I stood by him with needles and
scalpels and other instruments ready to hand to him. I gave him a
loaded hypodermic, and he slowly, carefully found the nerves at
the base of Steven's member, blocking them off with the
anaesthetic till he was numb from root to glans.

A second hypo was meant for Peter. My boss took it in his hand,
then gave it back to me. "Tissue," he said. I could see that a
tiny dribble of cum had formed at the tip of Peter's cock. The
boss wiped it away and as he turned and gave me the tissue to
dispose of, he raised one eyebrow at me. I think I blushed. I
could see that Peter did! Then the needle did its work, and when
Peter too was numb, the boss began his work.

It was Peter he began with. The site of the new foreskin
had to be cleaned, with great care. Then the boss opened up the
scarline of the old circumcision. At the first cut my own cock
twitched. The boss explained things as he went along. "I have to
use the site of the old scar, because it's neater if only one scar
is visible. It'll show up quite a lot at first, but it should
fade away fairly soon. Can you feel that at all?" Peter shook
his head. "No, but Chris can," he said, and grinned. "Well,
that's as may be," I replied. The boss was cutting through the
skin with great care, at an angle of about forty-five degrees.
"We have to be sure we are binding to a layer of skin with a lot
of nerves and blood-vessels, so the graft takes and you get good
sensation." By following the original scar and holding the shaft
skin away with forceps, he slit through the skin on the top
surface straight across the shaft, but beneath he cut forwards
towards the tip, leaving a triangle of skin with its apex pointed
towards the frenum. He slit the frenum, parting it from below the
skin but leaving it in place. "We'll, just let that settle for a
moment." The cut ends bled a little, but he had been careful to
avoid the veins, which I could see exposed.

"Now for Steven. New scalpel please, Chris. In an
ordinary circumcision there are several places you can make the
cut, closer or further from the head would be my choice. This
time, though, it has to be just right, because it has to match
Peter, so you have to trust my eye." He laughed. You two are
lucky. You're practically the same size. That's one place where
some twins can be different."

Of course his eye was perfect. He picked up the shaft
skin with the forceps and slipped the point of the blade below the
skin. The need to make Steven's severed foreskin match Peter's
circumcision scar meant that the cut on the top surface was
straight as a ruler, while beneath he had to slit forwards again.

"I'm sorry, but I have to take out your frenum so I can
give Peter just a little bit of extra play in his foreskin. So
I'm leaving this little triangular flap to match up just beneath
the glans where I removed it."

"Fine by me," said Steven. "Just try and leave me enough
slack so I can enjoy myself! You know it feels very strange. I
can fell the pull on my skin, but I can't feel the cut at all."

"Do you want to?" "No way!" "Thought not."

"I felt it," said Peter. "When they did it to me it hurt
like buggery."

"I'll tell you something," the boss said. "I have done it
without anaesthetics, once in a while, and it always seems to be
putting in the sutures that hurts the most."

By now he was making the second cut, to free the front of
the skin. "If I was doing this in the ordinary way," he said,
"I'd make several cuts, to get each one right for the edges to
match. I can't do that here, because it damages the foreskin. Of
course usually that doesn't matter, because we would be throwing
it away, but today it does! Anyhow, it means your scar may not
look absolutely perfect, but if so, we'll fix it later, when it
heals. Now, it's just the cut around the shaft...." he performed
it as he spoke "....and the cuts underneath to free the frenum."
Above the shaft he had made the cut in exactly the same place as
Peter's, perhaps three-quarters of an inch behind the cock-head.
Beneath, he drew the razor-sharp blade close to the glans and
right up into the the trianglebeneath the cock-eye, slitting the
frenum carefully away. One nick, right at the point beneath the
meatus, and the foreskin came away in a single piece. He pulled
it free and held it up in a pair of forceps, showing it to Steven,
to Peter and to me. Then I help out a bowl and he placed it
inside.

"OK, time to work fast," said the boss. He spent a moment
or two checking the bleeding points on Steven's newly circumcised
penis, then turned back to Peter, leaving Steven unsutured. The
remaining shaft-skin had slipped back and exposed the shining red
shaft inside. "This is the tricky bit," he went on, "so all of
you, give a little prayer!" With thin, precise fingers, he fitted
Steven's foreskin to Peter's penis, matching the cut ends
carefully. I handed him coarse sutures, each with its attached
needle, and he tacked the skin neatly into place. Then I handed
him finer ones for the real work.

He is an artist, the boss, there is no doubt about it.
His stitches were as fine as embroidery, and in less than a minute
he had fixed the back of Peter's new foreskin. "Not too tight, or
we cut off too much of the blood-supply, not too loose, or the
scar won't join up and heal nicely.

"What happens then?" It was Steven who asked, concerned
about the fate of the foreskin which had been part of him.

"Then it probably falls off, and we have to re-circumcise
Peter to tidy him up. Of course this is the easy one of the two
joins, but it's the bit which is going to be visible, so I do it
first to make sure it's right." He completed the last knot of the
sutures.

"Now the inner join, this needs to be the finest sutures
we have." I handed them to him. He started by carefully matching
the tip of what had been Steven's frenum to the slit he had made
in Peter's to receive it. The two rows of stitches which held it
in place were almost invisibly fine. Then, with the utmost care
and precision, he sutured the two cut edges. "You know, I
couldn't have attempted this if your skin had been even a fraction
tighter," he said. "As it is you'll have to pray it doesn't
bruise too much, or you won't be able to bear the first couple of
days." He continued his stitching, sliding the needle in and out
of the skin, knotting the sutures together, holding Peter's
shaft-skin where it would mate with his twin's unwanted prepuce.
When he had inserted the last suture, the boss stood up straight,
then leant down again. The skin had been retracted, to allow him
to work on the exposed inner side. With a single movement he
rolled it forward. Peter had been de-circumcised!

Steven need far fewer stiches to fix the cut edges of his
newly circumcised cock-skin together, but they were inserted as
carefully as his brother's. All the money in the world can't buy
the sort of attention to detail the boss can bring to his work.
"Right," he said, "I think we've done it, but we shan't be sure
for at least forty-eight hours. During that time you are both
going to be very sore indeed. Steven can get up and move around.
We'll give you a loose dressing-gown. Take care." He grinned,
and I new what he meant. You can't imagine how tender a new
circumcision can make a guy until you've seen him hobbling
carefully around, not daring to enter a crowded lift, not even
daring to sit down too quickly. "Peter has to stay immobile for
twenty four hours at least. You have to keep the foreskin back
for that time, too, to start the healing properly. I'll give you
a strong sedative as well, because if you get an erection you'll
pull the stitches and I'll have been wasting my time. Chris will
look after you. Wheel 'em away, Chris." I called the orderlies,
and we gently took them back to their own room.

We watched them carefully for several days. By that time
Steven had left the hospital, in fact he was only in for one
night. Peter, of course, was on various drugs to keep him sedated
and dopey for a couple of days, after which he started to move
around, very, very carefully. At the end of four days it was
obvious that the graft was taking. His twin's foreskin was
growing as naturally into place as if it had always been there.
The boss sent him home, warning against sex and alcohol, and the
other good things in life. It was about six weeks before I saw
them again. The boss called me to his office. "Peter and Steven
are in the waiting-room," he said. "I thought that since you saw
the op, you might like to see how they've done. I'm very pleased
with the result."

And when I saw it, so was I. Of course, Steven's had been
more or less an ordinary circumcision, and you'd expect that to
look good. After all, the boss is a fine surgeon. A neat scar
ran round the shaft of his penis where the knife had been, and a
few tiny marksshowed the site of the stitches, but these were
already fading. The only way you would have guessed that his was
a recent circumcision was the colour of the glans. It was still
the soft purple colour it had been when it was covered, rather
than the rougher pinker surface that you get if you are done as a
child. Where the frenum had been, there was a little know of
skin, where the boss had needed to put a suture to hold the little
triangle of shaft-skin he'd created to replace the frenum and fix
it to the cock-head, and this pulled the meatus down and a little
open. The meatus had been large before, and now it looked
sensational.

"How do you feel about it, Steven?" asked the boss.

"It's terrific," he replied. "It's just what I've always
wanted. I even think the head has grown a little already." He
was smiling broadly, and blushing a little. "Of course, it was a
bit uncomfortable at first."

"But worth it?"

"Every time!!" He stood there, looking down at his penis.
I've seen it before, the look of pride some guys get after they've
been circumcised. Every time I see it, I wonder if it would work
for me.

"Good," said the boss. "Because I don't think we could
put it back again. Now what about you, Peter?"

It was Peter I was really interested in, and obviously so
was the boss. After all, you don't get a chance like that more
than once in a lifetime. His twin brother's foreskin was now
growing at the end of his cock. I could see it had attached
itself and settled down. You could still see the scar on the
outside, probably you always would be able to tell where it was,
but it had already faded and the skin was smooth, smoother than
most circumcision scars, I thought. I wondered what the scar on
the inside looked like.

"It's terrific," he said. You just can't know how it
feels to have iot back!"

"Well, no," said the boss, obviously I can't, quite.
Anyhow, you're happy with it? No discomfort?"

"Not now." He grinned. "It was bloody agony at first,
when the drugs wore off, even with that spray you gave us. But
now, it's brilliant!!"

"Well, I'm very relieved," said the boss. "You know, we
were taking a risk, but it seems to have paid off. And you like
it, which is the main thing. Only one question left for both of
you, in fact. Does it work?"

"We haven't liked to try," said Peter.

"Not without your say-so," added Steven.

"Oh, I should think so." The boss looked very hard at me.
"I don't have another appointment this afternoon, so I must be
off. You won't mind if I leave you in Chris's capable hands.
That's OK, Chris, isn't it?"

Wasn't it just! He was hardly out the room before the
door was locked and we were all three stark bollock naked.

"Be gentle" Steven said. "Yes, it might be a bit tender.

It hasn't been used since the last time you saw it!" added Peter.
I did not speak but dropped to my knees. First in front of
Steven, the beautiful uncovered glans of his virgin circumcision
right before my eyes. I put my lips to it. The cushion of flesh
was still sensitive, I could tell, and I teased it with my tongue,
then ran my tongue-tip round his scar. Steven groaned softly in
pleasure. Is there anything more sensitive than a just-healed
circumcision? I took the little not of skin where his frenum had
been between my teeth, and nibbled it gently. It was too much,
and I had only a second or two before he cried "Oh God, Oh God,
aaaaahhh, no, no!" The wave of cum he had suppressed for so long
filled my mouth with its salty, bitter wonderful taste. He
clutched his testicles and moaned, as his unused nuts regained
their feeling and took their revenge.

"Now me, now me," cried Peter. "Oh God, I need this.
Suck me, suck me."

I turned to him, and in an instant he was on me. He
stuffed his cock into my mouth, and as I tried to clamp my lips
shut on it, he began to mouth-fuck me. After a few strokes I
could take no more and pulled my head away. In front of my face
was the rarest sight in the world, a man whose cock carried his
own twin-brother's foreskin. It fitted tightly, but I stretched
it back and it rolled over the glans, back and back till it would
go no further. The scar had healed perfectly inside and I ran my
tongue along it, It was smooth as silk, and because it had been
kept moist beneath the foreskin, it was even more sensitive than
Steven's. Peter swayed, and I thought he was going to pass out
with the intensity of the sensation. His cock was like a ramrod,
and the head looked almost as if it would burst under the
pressure. I took the shaft in my mouth again, and pulled at the
skin with my lips until it covered the head. I felt it with my
tongue. It projected a little, and I nibbled the little rose that
formed at the end, then bit it, gently at first, then, as Peter
cried "More, more," harder and harder. One last sharp bite, and
Peter gave a great rending cry and buried his cock-head deep in my
throat. As he did so the pent-up cumgushed from his penis, pints
and pints of it, or so it felt, straight down my throat. The
agonising pleasure in Peter's groin forced one more short, hoarse
cry out of him, then he collapsed on the couch, almost fainting.
I too was so high with excitement, that when Steven reached
forward, roughly grabbing my cock, it needed only a few short
strokes and my own cum covered Peter's prostrate body.

They looked at me. "Well, Chris," said Steven. "Last and
first. And I hope many other times, too."