

This story stands alone, but follows on from the end of  
“The Depot” episode in The Barber’s Chair series:

### *The Depot, Chapter 13: Big Baby*

*“Well, we’ve obviously got something of a situation here.”*

*For the second time that evening, the voice came from the doorway. He’d been standing there some time, but they had all been too wrapped up in what was unfolding to notice. There was a long silence as the man took in more of the scene in front of him. Once again, the others in the room were frozen in stunned silence, knowing neither what to do or say. This time, even Perkins, with Les still on his knees in front of him, was silent.*

*“So,” Jago Walsh continued after what seemed like an eternity, “I’m going to make sure I’ve really understood exactly what’s going on here before I decide how to proceed. It looks to me as if we have several very serious protocol breaches going on - unauthorised use of Council premises, alcohol consumption on said premises, un-vetted non-employees in the building, and that’s just for starters. Any of those would be grounds for serious reprimand at a level that could lead to termination of employment. As if that wasn’t enough, I can’t believe I’ve walked in on a whole lot of men in a state of undress and engaging in sexual activity totally against safeguarding rules, let alone that I’ve stumbled across what looks very much like a medical procedure being carried out in a situation that I very seriously doubt would meet any of the requirements of the Area Health Board. Leaving all that aside, as to the idea of grown men actually wanting other grown men to witness.....”*

*He stopped, the look on his face unreadable.*

*“So,” he went on finally, after what seemed like a very long time, “before I decide on my next move, there are two important things I need to ascertain. I expect nothing less than the courtesy of honest answers to both my questions.”*

*He paused again, the silence in the room leaden. When he finally spoke, he sounded as if he had been weighing his words very carefully.*

*“My first question is, are there any of those beers left, and the second ... ”*

*He paused again as he reached down and unzipped his suit trousers, releasing from his fly the longest, thickest penis that any of them had ever seen. Its foreskin more than covered the glans and continued into much more than an inch of untidy-looking overhang. It swung slightly under its own weight as he just let it hang long and low in the silence.*

*“The second is,” he repeated finally, turning to speak directly to Greg as he pointed to his hardening cock, “do you reckon you’ve got something in your kit that’s man enough to deal with this big baby?”*

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*Briseann an dúchas trí shúile an chait.*

A cat's breeding always shows in its eyes. (Old Irish proverb)

## The Cat's Eyes

by Gareth Walton

### Prologue

County Waterford, Ireland. 8<sup>th</sup> June 1892.

"Tis on today's Chronicle about your man Walsh," Flurry Goggan announced. "Listen here:

*Many townsfolk will be eagerly anticipating the arrival next week of Mr O'Driscoll and his travelling fair, whose visits have delighted young and old of the parish for many years now. In addition to the calliope rides and sideshows which always please, Mr O'Driscoll informs us of a special attraction this year in the form of Mr Cornelius Walsh. Famed in these lands as a bareknuckle fighter of renown, Mr Walsh will be demonstrating his art to all, with a handsome prize of 1 shilling to any gentleman who might last five minutes in the ring with him. In addition, although low born of gypsy blood and unable to read nor write, Mr Walsh is renown as a man of learning and, on payment of thruppence for a private tete-a-tete, will be pleased to discuss any topic put before him."*

"Any topic indeed!" he sneered as he put down the newspaper. "From what I hear, t'isn't any learned talk that most will be wanting for their money."

"Wha'?" his drinking companion replied, looking blank.

"His bliúcán, you gombeen! 'Tis seeing that they'll all be wanting," Flurry replied. "By all accounts, your bucko Walsh will give you a look of his if you cross his palm with a thruppenny piece."

"Jaysus, pay thruppence just to a man's little feller! Couldn't I be seeing my own for nothing."

"Well, they say his is a fierce wondrous sight altogether. Monstrous long by all accounts, and t'icker than the arm of any infant."

"Between us and all harm, that's some mighty size then, to be sure!"

"Indeed, and didn't Bridget tell of how the very womb inside her turned over when she beheld it, and now isn't she the mother of t'ree after being as barren before as the Mother Superior herself."

"Imagine! Having the like of that hanging from you, and then the using of it - sweet Jaysus!"

"To be sure. They say he wagers any man a golden guinea that they won't be the equal of him, and that no money has ever had to leave his pocket on account of being beaten."

# Chapter One

London, 2024

At first, the early mornings had been no fun at all. He'd been woken every day by the dull, throbbing ache from his wound, his erection pulling uncomfortably on the raw scar line. Later, as things began to settle down, there had been added the torment of a near-unbearable itchiness that made his full month of enforced abstinence even harder to bear. Now, though, six weeks without a foreskin, things were very different. These days, he loved waking to the un-bridled eroticism of his bare glans sliding across his expensive satin bed sheets as his cock came to life in its morning erection, his hands always quickly under the bedclothes to savour again the exciting novelty of his cock in its newly-honed form. He sometimes almost found it hard to believe it was his own cock that he was holding - that he, Jago Walsh, was now a circumcised man. Almost as if to make sure, he always ran a finger right round behind the deep ridge of his helmet. The new emptiness he found there said it all, he thought: the uncompromising, total exposure of his most male part.

During his morning explorations, he loved to think of what a self-made man he was in every way. He hadn't just risen above his background, taking charge of his life and making it into the kind to which so many just aspired, but taken charge of his body too - and perfected it. For him, the neat scar on his shaft was a badge of honour - visible proof that the thing that had always made him special had been made more special by the removal of a part of it. He loved feeling the new, rougher texture of his glans that would make him into an ever more virile lover as it toughened still more over time, making him able to take his pleasure from others harder and harder and for longer and longer. He often thought how many men with foreskins were shyly reluctant even to reveal their glanses, let alone find any pleasure in that exposure, whereas he relished the now-permanent, brazen nakedness of his. He thought too about the circumcised men who felt ambivalent about their status. So many of them seemed to wish that they were one of the crowd - anxious not to be seen to be as different even if they actually believed that what they had was better - but how proud he was to embrace that difference with complete certainty of his superiority. He often wished that the upper-class men in the locker room of the exclusive sports club he'd visited so few weeks previously who had mocked him for his foreskin could see him now, now that he was their equal. They had been right to mock him, of course, and he thanked them for it. A lesser man would have shied away from the new understanding they'd given him, he thought, but he'd been wise enough to learn from it, and then to act.

It seemed to him that fate had taken a hand when, so soon after the scales had so abruptly fallen from his eyes in that locker room, he'd been offered an opportunity that he'd grasped without hesitation. Most men walking in unexpectedly on others being bettered by the act of circumcision would have ducked making an instant decision when the implications of it were so life-changing and irreversible, but he hadn't. He was strong enough to have seized the moment, insisting that he be bettered too. Fate offered everyone chances, he thought, but it took a special kind of man to have grasped that particular one as confidently and assertively as he had. It was made it all the more satisfying for him to know that seven of his subordinates had witnessed him acting the way he had. As a result, he was now circumcised - the way that those like him were surely meant to be. Rugged, assertively masculine and overtly sexual - for him, that's how his penis was now, reflecting exactly the kind of man he was.

## Chapter Two

13<sup>th</sup> September 1885

Gaunt and Wilkes, Booksellers,  
12 Grosvenor Street,  
London E,

Dear Sir Arthur,

*We have recently had come into our possession a collection of three dozen daguerreotypes, Morrocco bound, quarto. We beg to suggest that they would be an invaluable addition to your collection, viz depictions of young English gentlemen in Arabic dress; some astride horses, others "at ease" with each other in the souk. Each gentleman displays considerable endowment, with some following the lead of His Majesty in sporting the dressing ring that has found such favour amongst many of our leading families. Others of the gentlemen, particularly those who have served Her Majesty in the Afghanistan campaign, show too that they have undergone the delicate act. The concluding series of prints are of a gentleman of aristocratic birth undergoing the act itself, offering a learned connoisseur such as yourself a rare chance to compare before and after the performance thereof.*

*Should it prove to be of interest to your good self, we will be honoured to dispatch said volume by return.*

*I remain, Sir, your humble servant,*

*Josiah Wilkes, prop.*

## Chapter Three

To: jago.walsh@brightwick.gov.uk

From: simonwalsh@irts.ac

Subject: Our Family History

He deleted the email without opening it. It was an instinctive act of self-protection. Having worked so hard to jettison his family from the new life he'd made for himself, just seeing a message from one of them in his inbox was enough to bring on his "bad feeling." It was, though, only as he felt its unwelcome niggles return that he realised just how free from it he'd been in the weeks since his circumcision.

Later, with the bad feeling back under control, curiosity got the better of him. He couldn't stop himself going back into his junk folder. He vaguely remembered a younger cousin called Simon, but it was actually the ".ac" on his email address that made him want to retrieve the message - intrigued to see, after his own near miss, that at least one member of his dissolute family seemed to have actually made it to university.

The IRTS turned out to be The Institute of Romany and Traveller Studies at Lichfield University, where Simon was a PhD student. He wrote that he was compiling a family history as part of his research and had traced the family tree back to mid-19<sup>th</sup> century Ireland. Wanting to include some information about the lives of their more-recent relatives, he'd tracked Jago down to see if he could help. He went on to say that most of their family history was routine stuff, but that they did actually have one ancestor who was far more noteworthy, having had dealings with the highest echelons of Victorian aristocracy. It was, though, only when Simon added jokily that much of the material he'd unearthed about the man read like Victorian fetish porn that Jago felt a flicker of interest.

Although still slightly against his better judgement, Jago considered his reply. Not wanting to risk getting sucked back into the family he'd taken such pains to shed, he chose his words carefully, offering just enough scraps of information to justify asking Simon more about their one intriguing shared forebear. Simon wrote straight back, saying that he'd be in London the next weekend and that it would be great if they could meet. He could tell Jago more about their interesting ancestor then, he said, or, if he wanted to read it all for himself, then the material he'd found was in the Anglo-Irish Section of the British Library in a box of documents relating to the affairs of Sir Arthur Apsley. Jago laughed out loud when he read Simon's closing sentence: "Either way, I hope you're not easily shocked!"

"Yeah, easily shocked – that's me!" Jago thought as he started his second reply, agreeing to Simon's suggestion that they meet in a pub in Camden the next Saturday evening. He reckoned though that he'd call in at the British Library on the way there and take a quick look at the stuff. In that way, if it turned out to be as dull as he expected, then he'd just text Simon and cancel, saying something had cropped up at the last-minute.

## Chapter Four

*From a letter to The London Journal of Medicine, November 1880:*

*".....The prepuce is a mere appendix to the male member, the use and object of which it is surely hard to divine. Rather than being of use, its presence leads only to inconvenience and misery; other races do well in removing it to render themselves free from one of the ills of humanity. The superfluous flesh acts merely as a reservoir for the collection of filth, particularly amongst those individuals inattentive to cleanliness. Sparing the male race from that alone makes the removal of the prepuce of worth, aside from the undoubted benefit to moral and bodily wellbeing in rendering of no pleasure those acts of self-degradation that, for those of weak will and low moral compass, the unnecessary flesh invites. Yet, despite the true corporal and moral value to the male species that the act of circumcision bestows, the man of medicine must be wary of those few individuals who invite the removal of the prepuce for reasons other than for the benefit of their temporal and eternal well-being; those men who are of such corrupted and depraved mind that they somehow find some base pleasure in the state attained through removal of the redundant flesh, believing it to be an improvement which only adds to their carnal delight in performing the most vile and degenerate of acts...."*

## Chapter Five

The day, Jago decided, had finally come - the day to retrieve from his bedside draw the cock ring that, when he had a foreskin, he'd worn as routinely as shoes and socks. Always there under his tightly-tailored work suits as well as his casual clothes, he'd even insisted that it stayed on whilst Greg circumcised him. In the discomfort of the days after his circumcision though, he'd reluctantly accepted that he'd have to abandon it while he healed. That morning, as his fingers reached into the draw and made contact with the slight coldness of metal, he realised just how much he was looking forward to having it back on again - the extra awareness of his masculinity it gave him again, the intensity it added to his erections and, not least, how it added even more prominence to the hefty bulge that always showed in his trousers. He stiffened just from feeling its familiar, hefty weight in his hand again, but then seeing the shiny, hard steel up against his newly-bare glans reminded him so much of the Gomco that had changed him forever that he'd had to reach back into the draw for some lube. It was only after he'd shot full and heavy over his ring that he managed to stay soft for long enough to actually get it on.

Being comfortably cock-ringed again seemed to Jago to be the confirmation he needed that he was finally ready to get back into the game. He was expecting to cancel that evening's meeting with Simon after finding his trip to the British Library nothing more than a dull waste of time, planning instead to head to The Vault - his favourite sex club. He longed to be back there again, now as a circumcised man. Despite having just cum, the prospect of that aroused him so deeply that he'd had to reach for the lube again. Imagining the responses he was sure he'd get to his newly-perfected penis, his second wank was made all the more intense by his cock ring - the already-taut skin on his shaft pulled even tighter by it, the deep ridge of his helmet feeling even more pronounced under his hand, his heavy bull balls lifted forward. His mind was full of the prospect of the evening ahead as he ground his glans in his fist - how it would feel to have someone grope him through his tight trousers and find there the shape of a big mushroom head so starkly obvious even through the cloth, then the astonished admiration he was sure he'd get when he finally released his cock. Next would come the intense pleasure of having another man's hand on it for the first time in its new form, the sensations as it was explored, and their delight in handling so massive and bare-headed that had no slack skin at all on its shaft. He didn't have time to get as far as relishing the idea of what it was going to be like to ease his new cock into a willing hole - the thought of what it was going to be like to feel willing lips close round his naked glans was more than enough to bring on his second orgasm.

## Chapter Six

*From the diary of Colonel Sir Arthur Apsley, 4<sup>th</sup> Leinster Cavalry:*

*Regimental Barracks, Cabul, Afghanistan, October 4<sup>th</sup> 1879*

*Keohane, my new batman, has proved so far to be an excellent fellow. I found him today, however, to be rather out of sorts. When he arrived for duty, I perceived him at once to be unusually cautious in his movements. When, later, he repeatedly winced whilst performing his tasks, I enquired of him if perhaps he had sustained in battle some injury that might need attention. The man was, at first, very cautious in his response. When, however, I demanded more of him, he finally revealed to me his story. The previous afternoon, that which he requested of the Regiment's physician had been summarily dismissed as something savage, heathen, and purely for the infidel. Such, however, had been his determination to attain the state that he desired that he had ventured to the mosque in the nearby village. There, he had sought out the Holy man in order to attain for himself that which, he ventured to say, he had observed and much admired in myself whilst assisting me with my toilet and dressing.*



## Chapter Seven

That afternoon, Jago found the British Library intimidating. He felt as if he was the only one who didn't know exactly how things "worked" there, and telling himself that he surely would have too if he'd actually taken up his own university place just wasn't enough to keep his bad feeling at bay. Relieved when the woman on the desk went to get the box of documents he requested without asking any difficult questions, he pretended to be scrolling casually at his phone whilst actually looking round to try and get the measure of the place. The researchers hunched over tatty looking books or staring at the microfiche machines seemed harmless enough. Most were middle aged or elderly, and he barely noticed the one younger, geeky-looking and scruffily dressed man standing at a bookshelf, deep in his thoughts.

When the woman returned carrying a cardboard box file, he took it to a desk in a quiet corner of the room before opening the lid. Lying loose on top of some bulky ledgers were a clipping from an old newspaper and a letter in an envelope addressed to a Sir Arthur Apsley of County Waterford. He skimmed the newspaper cutting, but it seemed only to be trivial stuff about some travelling circus. Wondering why anyone had bothered to keep it, he was about to put it aside until he happened to notice his family name "Walsh" there in the text. He re-read it with more care, unsurprised to learn that someone he assumed to be one of his and Simon's shared forebears had led such a low life as to be a bare-knuckle boxer in a fairground sideshow. Somehow depressed, he moved on to the envelope and took from it a sheet of thin, yellowed paper. It was from some London bookseller, euphemistically touting a collection of dirty photographs. Jago smiled as he read it, amused to by the thought of the Victorian porn trade as much as of men in frock coat and whiskers getting off on pictures of fit, hung, young men with PA's as much as he would himself. As to what "the delicate act" was that the letter said some of them had undergone, he had no idea. Carefully putting the letter back in its envelope, he moved on to the ledgers, which turned out to be Sir Arthur's diaries. He skimmed the first few pages, and it was all deadly dull stuff about business matters. Just as he was starting to think it was all a complete waste of time and that he'd text Simon and cancel, he noticed some clearly-new pieces of paper put between some of the latter pages. Turning to the first of the pages they bookmarked just in case they turned to be any more interesting, he saw the name Walsh there again:

*June 12th 1892:*

*I bade my groom deposit me at the far end of the field and made no delay in reaching the fair. Having donned a suit of clothes belonging to my head gardener and thus in the garb of a humble working man, I attracted no particular attention as I passed amongst the throng. I reached the ring just as Walsh was commencing his first bout of pugilism of the evening. He is indeed a striking figure of a man. Perhaps some 18 hands or so tall, his visage, although showing every sign of his gypsy stock, is striking if not handsome. His bearing is erect and his physique that of one used to hard manual labour. Bare chested, he wore his garb of pantaloons made of some purple stuff covering just his lower quarters well, and my initial view of him gave every indication that his muscular structure is well developed.*

*The callow youth that had foolishly ventured to accept the challenge of lasting five minutes with him in the boxing ring was summarily dismissed with one*

*upper cut. It was after that, when Walsh turned to salute the gathered throng, that I was able to assess him fully. Although the looseness of the pantaloons allowed for every decency, it was plain to my eye that the stories we hear of the man are indeed valid, and that, which on another man, the pantaloons would have shielded for propriety's sake was, in Walsh's case, clear to see. I have to say that most chancing to glance below his waist would surely assume that what they saw to be a mere fold of the garment or perhaps some foible of the tailor's art yet, to someone like myself with a practised eye in such matters, it was clear that what was contained within them was of truly remarkable dimensions. Apart from a girth far in excess of the proportions of a normal man, the pendulous nature of the appendage within was apparent. Sadly, I then had to depart the scene in order to be home to greet my dinner guests, but I will endeavour to return tomorrow to investigate this remarkable specimen further.*

That was more like it, Jago thought. Although not in his league, both his father and grandfather had been substantially hung men, so it sounded as if the “being special” gene might have been in the family gene pool for a while. Sir Arthur was obviously a size queen, but it had somehow never occurred to Jago that that might have been a “thing” back in those more prudish times. Curious now, he turned to the next entry.

*June 13<sup>th</sup> 1892:*

*To my annoyance, pressing business regarding the estate detained me until after dinner. It was thus late in the evening before I was able to regain the fair field. As it happens, good fortune shined on me, however. I arrived just as Walsh, triumphant as usual, had completed the evening's last round in the ring. When his attendant proffered towel and water, I had ample opportunity to regard again that which was held within the same purple pantaloons that had been his garb on the previous evening. With his arms raised in the act of applying the towel to his face, the remarkable extent of the content therein, clearly un-restrained by any kind of drawers, was even clearer to my eye than had been the case yesterday. Again, it struck me that so very substantial are the dimensions that a casual beholder of the evidence before their eyes would, through lack of experience of anything of such large proportions, interpret the outline presented as something other than that which I truly believed it to be.*

Well, that seemed to settle it re Sir Arthur, Jago thought - he was clearly a crotch watcher. He thought of the looks he himself had got earlier when he was on the tube, sitting legs apart and enjoying seeing the big bulge between them getting noticed, and wondered if Sir Arthur would have enjoyed his display or considered it vulgar to be quite so brazen. Jago liked the idea that, like him again, Walsh went commando too, even if it was in baggy gear rather than the tight-fitting trousers that he always wore himself.

*It struck me for the first time that perhaps I was being naïve – over enthusiastic perhaps in my desire to believe – and that some artifice was at work here. The man is, of course, from amongst those whose standards and morals are very different from those of high birth and who, many would say, would be more inclined to commit acts of artifice and deception, albeit done for the intention of amusing those of the lower orders who are sadly unable to appreciate that which others of us, through the benefit of a proper education, may. Although my many exploits with my dear friend Felix have perhaps led me to a more thorough, even perhaps learned, perception in these matters, there was, I realised, but one way to resolve the issue to my satisfaction.*

*As Walsh was performing his ablutions, O'Driscoll, the proprietor of the fair, had begun what was clearly a well-practised turn as he addressed the gathered throng. Extolling first the virtues of Walsh as pugilist, he turned then to his other attributes – his learning despite his illiteracy, his interest in higher things despite his low birth, and his ability to discourse on all matters with those of quality. Having invited those that will to parley with him on whichever topic they choose to pursue at the cost of a mere thruppence, his further proclamation was, I have to say, admirably euphemistic. Although none of the gentler sex (and, indeed, many gentlemen too who had interests that ran no further than those of intellectual pursuits) would have been troubled or perplexed by what he said, the implication was clear - that a tete-a-tete with the man that would perhaps enlighten those whose interests, for whatever reason, extended to matters corporal rather than intellectual.*

*I took my place in the queue outside Walsh's caravan, which was freshly painted and his horse apparently well cared for. It was tiresome that two or three others were ahead of me, their speculations over their encounter ahead of them both banal and tiresome. Sadly, the banter of those around me and the intolerable noise of a barrel organ made it impossible to hear any of what might be being said within the caravan. When, finally, I attained the head of the queue and O'Driscoll began with me what the townspeople might term his "raimeis" – all of it intended to ease from my purse the thruppence that would allow the interview to happen. To foreshorten any further tiresome interaction with the man, I bade him hold his tongue, pressed half a crown into his palm and stated that I wished that my interview with Walsh to remain undisturbed for such time as I remained within. The astonished look on his face as he regarded the coin and the tug of the forelock that followed confirmed that I had indeed made the man comprehend my wishes.*

*Inside, the caravan was as tidy as the outside had suggested. Walsh rose to greet me and, now at close quarters, I realised, what exceptionally fine features he possesses. He bade me sit. His manner, despite the thickness of his brogue, was polite and civil. I suggested first that we conversed on some trivial matters, and his responses were perceptive and astute. Of the Holy Scriptures, for example, he showed the learning and understanding that one would only expect from someone of far higher breeding. I soon realised, however, the artifice that was at work, viz, that he had a knack of turning the topic proposed for discussion to one of which he was well-acquainted, this being done in a manner of which even I, had I been indulging in a tete-a-tete under more normal circumstances, might have been oblivious. When, for example, I raised the subject to that of Mr Darwin and his work, I found that,*

*without noticing the volte face, we were soon discussing the philosophers of ancient Rome. Similarly, when I spoke of the works of Mr Dickens, I found we were soon discussing those of Mr Thackery. Thus, I realised the artful nature of his undoubted intelligence!*

Jago was hooked now. He was delighted to hear one of his forebears thought of as both intelligent and civil by a member of the aristocracy, especially considering the lives of crime and low living led by so many of his more-recent ancestors. Cornelius was also clearly admirably street-wise and quick-witted too. He read on, keen now to learn more about the man.

*In failing to mention so far anything other than matters of social intercourse, let it not be thought that that was the extent of my observation of the man. As I entered his domain, it had disappointed me that his garb was habit like – a long, heavy gown of rough looking material that near reached the ground, gathered at the waist with a rope. Of what the garment covered, there was no hint. As he sat, though, the bench was low enough for his pose to necessitate his legs to be set wide apart, the loose folds of the robe falling between them. It was when we were discussing the life of St Thomas Aquinas that he moved his stance - unthinkingly I believe, as it was a subject where he had a very creditable knowledge and our discourse appeared of genuine interest to him – and the folds of his habit then somehow fell in a different manner. My gaze, hitherto darting between face and torso, then caught the suggestion of some very considerable content below. Practiced though I am to conducting such observations in a manner discrete enough to cause no offence, I fear that the look of surprise that the man must have caught on my visage must, on this occasion, have led him to realise my thoughts. I comfort myself, of course, by thinking that the man before me was no ordinary one but one whose occupation involved the display of his body, including those portions which would not normally be viewed in delicate society. Understanding that those desirous of further viewing of same may, for politeness and decorum's sake, be reluctant voice their want with a direct request, the man proved that he was accustomed to facilitating such by offering me a clear entrée.*

*"I understand from Mr O'Driscoll that you have been kind enough to cross, as they say, his palm with silver," he said, smiling. "So, Sir, I take it that your interest in our meeting goes further than those matters that may usually be spoken of aloud?"*

*"Well," I replied, smiling back, glad that my intention was clear to him and choosing my words with similar euphemistic care, "I hope indeed that certain other matters may indeed be discussed at length, and that perhaps "length" might indeed be a topic which would be key here, as length is a topic which interests me greatly. Especially, if I may say so, as I am a man of some considerable length myself."*

"Fuck," thought Jago, feeling his cock start to stir. "So Sir Arthur isn't just a size queen - he's packing something serious himself too!"

*"Indeed?" replied the man, smiling in a way that let me think that we were indeed attuned in our intentions. "Perhaps a many of quality such as yourself would not be interested in such matters, but are you cognisant of the wager that I offer with regards to matters of length of a certain kind?"*

*"I am indeed," I replied. "Yet monetary gain is not the reason for my visit, If, however, such a wager were to be in play, then let me say that I am confident of my success in such a matter."*

*"You, Sir, are then are also a man of, shall we say, substantial means in one particular respect?" he replied "Perhaps then we should compare our good fortune?"*

## Chapter Eight

Just feeling metal back under his tight chinos had been horny enough but, as Jago sat reading about his however-many-times-it-was great grandfather about to show what he was made of in a size-off with another heavily-hung man, his cock ring made him very aware of his growing erection. Intrigued as he was by the narrative, he had to fight the instinct to reach down to his crotch as he read:

*Walsh made no further delay. He arose and, with no ceremony, undid the rope at his waist. I had, I must vouchsafe, been prepared for some trickery to be at play, but there was none. The appendage revealed, even to experienced eyes such as my own, was of true magnificence. The organ, although completely un-tumescent, was of very considerable length indeed. I was, of course, not surprised to see a prepuce thereon which, although looking of the kind that would permit easy retraction, extended a good inch past the end of the glans penis. I was taken aback most, however, by the girth of the organ, it being of a most remarkable and even thickness from pelvic bone to meatus. Disguising my astonishment, I made no comment further than saying that it was indeed a handsome appendage of which any man would be proud.*

*"Indeed?" he replied. "So are you still confident, Sir, that you might be the winner in our little wager? Would you perhaps, do me the honour of allowing me to compare myself to the gift that God has bestowed on your good self?"*

*Surprised by this turn, I was yet taken with his forthrightness. It amused me to concur, wishing perhaps to see the look on his face when, to my sincere belief, he realised that he had indeed finally met his match -at least with regard to length if not girth. I arose, made to undo the buttons on my breeches and released for him my own organ, all the time regarding his visage in order to gauge his reaction. The language that escaped him was of a rather different kind than that which he had deployed during our more erudite conversazione and is not fit to be recorded.*

*"There," I vouchsafed. "I believe, Sir, that the wager is going to be very close to call."*

*"Indeed," he said, "Yours is indeed of remarkable stature, but I cannot but notice that your magnificent appendage is most strikingly unusual in a way other than its size. Forgive me Sir, but were you perhaps born with some unfortunate disfigurement?"*

*Despite my pleasure in him turning to a matter which, of course, I am always most desirous of pursuing further, I could not help but laugh aloud at the man's ignorance, although I know it is a lack of knowledge that is sadly prevalent amongst many in even the educated classes.*

*"My good man," I replied, "I consider that to which you surely allude as no misfortune, but rather the opposite, and indeed a true blessing! Have you not been*

*paying due attention to Holy Scripture whilst at worship, and on the first day of the year in particular – the feast of our good Lord's circumcision?"*

"Fuck, he's bloody well cut as well as hung!" Jago thought. He hadn't been expecting that at all. Seeing the word "circumcision" written in neat, Victorian copperplate somehow made it all the more arousing. Turning back to the ledger, he was so intent on what he was reading that he didn't realise that his hand had finally dropped to his crotch. Someone else had noticed though - the scruffy young man at the book shelf who had been finding it hard to keep his eyes away from the big packet he'd noticed in Jago's trousers from the moment he'd arrived. Oblivious for once to the glances of an admirer, the instinct that usually told Jago when he was being eyed up was, very unusually, over-ridden by his total absorption in what he was reading.

*I saw the confusion on the man's face. "You mean, Sir that our good Lord was like yourself?!" he replied, astonishment clear in his voice.*

*I made no reply, yet fully intending to return to the topic most of interest to me once the issue of mere dimensions had been resolved to our mutual satisfaction.*

*"That is perhaps a topic to which we might return," I said, fully intending to, "but before then, I think we are in need of an un-biased arbiter to settle the more pressing matter before us."*

*Having spoken, I reached into my waistcoat for the engraved silver measuring stick that my dear friend Felix has so kindly bestowed on me specifically for the purpose. It amused me again to think of the master cutler that he commissioned for the task and what he must have thought when instructed to craft a measure of some fourteen inches long, and with a garland of acorns engraved thereon that would mean nothing to the un-initiated. I extended the rule and held it against the man, then against myself.*

*"Sir, Walsh said," I believe I have the better of you by three eighths of an inch!"*

"Fuck, thought Jago again, savouring the idea of a guy taking a ruler to his own cock. "So, they're both massive, but just how big are they?" He really wanted to hear that his forefather was the bigger man of the two of them, but even more to know how he himself would have stacked up against them both. It frustrated him not to have the vital figure mentioned, but if Walsh was big enough to be in some sort of circus freak show on account of his size, then he had to be hanging something pretty remarkable. He read on, hoping that the big reveal would come soon.

*"I beg to disagree," I replied. "In my books, the surplus and redundant appendages of the male organ are of no worth – it is surely only the firm flesh of a man that counts. If you, Sir, would, kindly withdraw your prepuce, we will measure again."*

‘Surplus and redundant appendages.’ Reading that made Jago even harder. He thought again of the way his own cock had looked until so recently - how the loose, extra skin that, as he now knew but had somehow failed to realise for so long, had done nothing but mar the perfection of thing of which he was so proud. He regretted now that he’d lived with that imperfection for so long - that his hubris over his huge endowment had somehow prevented him from realising what now seemed so obvious. It seemed incredible that his circumcision had only been 6 weeks ago. The penis he now had seemed so much to be the real him that he couldn’t imagine how he’d lived with something second rate for so long, amazed that no one, perhaps so in awe of his massive size that nothing else mattered, had ever suggested to him that it could be honed into something even more handsome. His circumcision had really only come about by chance too - how could he have left things as they were for so long? Any man with a cock that was worth a second glance needed to be circumcised. Deserved to be circumcised. Should be circumcised. Even some country bumpkin Victorian aristocrat had known that.

*As I had anticipated, the glans penis was easily revealed, and it pleased me to see that what was beneath was spotlessly clean and of handsome appearance. This time, the contest was won on my part – and by a fraction more than the three eighths of which the man had been so proud! I sensed a discombobulation on his part, perhaps at long last having lost a wager which he was well accustomed to winning with ease.*

*“But Sir, he replied, a measure of desperation clear in his tone as he perhaps clutched at a straw, “you measure us when we are both in the natural state, but might it be that in the state of shameful excitement matters would be different?”*

‘Shameful excitement.’ Jago liked the sound of that - two massively hung men sharing their hefty bulk with each other, brazen in their erection, each hoping that he was the larger, if only by a fraction.

*“You indeed have a point, Sir” I replied. “We should indeed investigate further, but perhaps though, this is not the time nor place. Perhaps you would be good enough to call on me tomorrow after church so we might then settle the matter to our mutual satisfaction.”*

Trying to look casual, the scruffy guy had moved to a bookcase a bit closer to Jago’s desk. His research forgotten, he held a book in his hands just for show, his eyes latched firmly onto the big bulge between Jago’s legs. He sensed that his prey was so engrossed in what he was reading that he had no idea that he was being looked at or that his hand had dropped to his crotch. The guy had been a man-spreader from the start – not much choice with a package that size crammed between his legs, scruffy guy thought, and especially with trousers that tight – but it was frustrating that there was no way to get a clearer view with the desk in the way.



June 43<sup>th</sup> 1892:

*I was barely home Holy Communion when Walsh arrived from his Mass, dressed this time in a suit which, although made of inferior stuff, was well cut and gave, to my satisfaction, a pleasing hint of the bulk of that which was held within.*

So old Cornelius had a bit of style about him, Jago thought, and he went for clothes that showed what he was made of too then - like him again. He liked the idea of Sir Arthur having a good stare and hoped that Cornelius had clocked that he was being checked out.

*I wasted no time in pleasantries and, brandishing the measuring stick to make my meaning clear, suggested that we should endeavour to resolve forthwith the matter of our wager to our mutual satisfaction, this time with both daylight and time on our sides. I was pleased that the organ he revealed without delay was indeed as impressive as my recollection of it. To begin with, I let him have the satisfaction of again winning the contest by three eighths of an inch when his prepuce was included in the measurement. As before, I then suggested that we repeat the contest but with his foreskin this time withdrawn. Again, with the glans penis exposed, I had the better of him by a small degree. I allowed myself, though, to indulge in a minor deception to suit my own intentions and made a show of thinking that we were actually at a dead heat. With Walsh believing things at an impasse, I suggested that perhaps the way to clinch the matter of the golden guinea at stake was to repeat the contest but with us both, as he had put it the previous evening, "in a state of shameful excitement". I could tell from his visage that he was concerned about something in my suggestion. Perhaps, I wondered, I was the thought of showing himself to another man in a state of tumescence, or might it be the worry that, when in an inflamed state, he might still not be the victor and have to part with a not-inconsiderable sum of money for a man of his class. His next statement, however, disabused me of both worries and pleased me greatly to hear. "Sir," he enquired, "but how might that be achieved? T'would be easy enough for myself to bring such a state upon myself through the use of my own hand, but for yourself without all of the parts bestowed on you at your birth, how can it be done?" "Have no fear," I replied, "there are still many ways and means after the removal of the redundant part." Having been unable to prevent myself laugh aloud at his ignorance, I made to reassure him that his lack of knowledge over matters of onanism after having undergone the delicate act was far from unusual.*

Realisation dawned. The delicate act: so that's what it meant! He was amazed by the term. That particular act hadn't seemed so delicate when he had undergone it himself 6 weeks ago in a Council depot canteen with nine men watching, his skin clamped down and severed, the man cutting him having to push so hard to force the scalpel down through the unusual thickness of his foreskin. "Ways and means" too. He thought of how he'd wondered so much about that during his long month of abstinence, longing to explore what it might be like to pleasure himself without a foreskin, worrying if there would actually still be enjoyment in it or if the loss of that particular form of pleasure would be the price he'd paid for the transformation of his penis into something even more impressive than before. Every day, as his cock recovered from the brutal shock of what had been done to it, he'd looked at the new version of himself, seeing it take a daily step closer towards how it would be for the rest of

his life, longing to explore its new form. He knew he was going to enjoy the head fuck of seeing the reactions he got from others when he released it from his fly, now – so brazenly sexual in the new, bare exposure of the huge helmet that had been restrained so unnecessarily for so long by what he knew now was such an ugly foreskin. He knew he'd enjoy too how wonderful it would surely feel to have someone's lips close round the new, sleek tightness on the shaft or to feel it slide it up a tight, hungry hole, but a small part of him had worried about what self-pleasure might be like in future. How differently it might have to be done, or would he actually be able to do it at all? Might not being able to have a proper wank be the one thing he'd regret about no longer having a foreskin?

*I had given no little prior consideration over how to proceed during my intercourse with the man. My impression that Walsh was a man of some honour and intelligence had been confirmed, yet the difference in our stations clearly renders any direct interaction between ourselves out of the question. I did, therefore, what I had planned and rang for Keohane, my butler to act, as it were, as our intermediary.*

*I had earlier briefed Keohane, my butler, regarding the nature of Walsh's visit and re-assured him that it was my wish to have such a man admitted to the house. A loyal, trusted member of my domestic staff since being my batman during the '78 campaign in Afghanistan, Keohan is a man of like mind to myself with regard to the activities and interests I pursue and, on entering the room, his visage thus showed no surprise on finding that my visitor and I were both "revealed." It amused me nevertheless to see how his eyes widened on seeing that, for once, I was very well matched by my guest in matters of proportion! Whenever Keohane is summoned and finds me in a state of revelation, only a small nod of the head is necessary to prompt him to assume the position I require of him. When he did so, it was this time Walsh's eyes I saw widen as my man knelt before me and took my member between his lips with no ado. With Keohane so well skilled in the art of fellation, it was a matter of moments (encouraged, I must admit, by my being observed, and observed too by another man of such equally substantial endowment as myself) before I had assumed full tumescence.*

Jago knew just what Sir Arthur meant. For him, it was exciting enough to have someone just go down on him without saying a word, but even better to know they were being looked at whilst doing it, imagining the observers' thoughts about both what it must be like to possess such a massive cock, as well as what it was like having your throat stuffed with it.

*Seeing this unfold before him, Walsh looked at first both panic-stricken and horrified; I truly believe that such a practice had previously been entirely beyond his ken. It was rewarding, though, to see the effect it had on him, perhaps once he realised that the act was actually pleasurable both to myself and, perhaps particularly so, also for Keohane. It was a matter of moments before Walsh's own tumescence began, and only moments more before, shyly at first, he could not prevent himself from starting to engage in onanism, working his copious prepuce back and forth over his glans penis in the way of most un-improved men. The size he*

*shortly attained was indeed as remarkable as, with all due modesty, I have long known my own tumescence to be. Indeed, it did occur to me for a moment that I might yet be hoist by my own petard and actually lose the wager! Having realised that Keohane had engorged my own organ to the maximum state and sensing that, if matters proceeded much further, Walsh might ejaculate before the business in hand had concluded, I bade Walsh approach me. I reached into my waistcoat pocket for the measuring stick and, holding it against him once more, saw that good fortune was on my side! Although his prepuce still covered him fully when in a state of full torpidity, it no longer extended further than the end of the glans penis. Thus, even without bidding him to withdraw the redundant flesh, I had the better of him to the extent of a quarter inch! I must confess, however, that, had the contest been over circumference rather than length, he would have yet had the better of me as the thickness of his engorged organ and the rigidity he attained were indeed something quite remarkable to behold.*

Jago felt disappointed. It would have made him so proud if Cornelius had come out on top, even if only by a small amount. It was just so frustrating too not to hear just how massive either of them actually was. He looked down at his crotch, wondering again if either of them would have matched him. He was pleased to see the outline of his cock showing clearly so far down the left leg of his chinos, the shape of his glans now much clearer than when it had been shrouded by a foreskin, but he got an un-expected surprise - there was a damp patch way down his thigh. Somehow, it had never occurred to him before that his copious pre-cum had previously been held in by the folds of skin. Now, there was just nothing to contain it.

*I was at first perplexed by the man's reaction to the evidence that the measuring stick provided. Then, however, realisation dawned on me that his evident disquiet was on two counts. Firstly, I realised that he was understandably discombobulated by having been beaten - that he had at last met his match in matters of size. As someone who would be unlikely ever to find himself in such a situation, I can indeed understand his feelings. Secondly, I realised that, for a man of honour and of limited means, the matter of the golden guinea at stake was of no little consideration to him. On the former matter, I resolved to take my time in discussing this with him. On the latter, and I must confess, for rather selfish reasons, having no wish for a trifling sum of money to cloud what might perhaps lie ahead if events are to unfold in the way I hope, I made to reassure him. I merely said to him that the ruler cannot lie, and that I was the bigger man of the pair of us, albeit by a small amount as we were both clearly very substantially endowed and would truly be considered as equals by all men of more normal dimensions, and that the closeness of the call was very pleasing to me. His relief was palpable when I then made plain to him that the financial reward was of no significance to myself and that I would gladly waive receiving the guinea if, perhaps, if a little further mutual interaction between ourselves would be acceptable to him in lieu of monetary payment. That, I said, would be reward enough for me, and that my earnest hope was that he too might find it of reward. His acquiescence was instant, with him saying, to my delight, that more intercourse between us on all the matters of the morning would be both a pleasure and honour for him.*

*With things resolved so satisfactorily, I said to Walsh that I had noted his surprise at the particular service that my man Keohane had just rendered to me, and I ventured to suggest that he might perhaps like to experience Keohane's service for himself. At this, his confusion and anxiety were clear. He made, however, no effort to stop Keohane who, on a nod from me, made to kneel down before him. Within seconds, they had fully engaged. Although observing all due propriety, Keohane was clearly relishing the task in hand – a challenge, one might say, rather than a mere task, as the man's enormous girth stretched his orifice to the maximum degree in accepting it. The look on Walsh's face was as enraptured as you might expect from a first experience of the art of fellatio, especially when performed by one as expert in its delivery as Keohane.*

*Whilst Keohane was eagerly at his exercise, I could see Walsh's glancing across at myself, keenly observing my own manipulations in pleasuring myself as I watched the fellation in progress. Walsh was understandably puzzled, I supposed, as to how such an act might be performed on an organ after performance of the delicate act thereupon. I had, of course, reached for the jar of petroleum jelly which I keep at all times in my desk drawer, and I had made sure the man saw me apply it to myself generously. I could see his fascination – his gaze alternating between the act of onanism which I was performing on myself and that of the fellatio Keohane was performing on him. Catching Walsh's eye, I ventured to tell him how lubrication most gratifying renders the foreskin totally superfluous and makes the sensations far superior to those ever attained from that which nature provides. The prepuce, I continued to tell him, is redundant in our modern age and a mere remnant of our savage past, that continuing to endow men with such a useless and tiresome vestige is one of nature's foibles that is best corrected if full satisfaction and enjoyment is to be attained, let alone attaining a standard of cleanliness that would surely be next to Godliness.*

Jago was interested that Sir Arthur was lubing up, especially as he couldn't imagine Vaseline being much use for the job. During his interminable, blue-balled month of abstinence, he'd done some shopping in eager anticipation, buying several types of lube ready for his first circumcised wank. He knew that he would need lube after such an extra-tight cut - so tight, in fact, that Greg had felt he had to warn him that the extreme amount of foreskin that Jago was egging him into pulling through the clamp would mean it would be essential for it in future. Always having been a wank-with-the-skin man before his circumcision, it was lucky that he'd found from the off that he loved the silky-smooth feeling of lube, and the intense eroticism of sliding up and down the sleekness of a long, tight, hard shaft where nothing at all now moved under his hand, especially with his usual bottle off poppers held to his nose.

*Venturing to express to Walsh my wish that he might perhaps get as close a taste of the improved state as it is possible for an un-improved man to experience, I rang the bell to summon Liam, my stable boy, who I had earlier instructed to attend outside the drawing room. (Liam is a fine young lad of some nineteen summers lately entered into my service. He had proved himself, upon my usual examination when selecting my servants from the ranks of the town's orphanage, to be of very satisfactorily substantially proportioned, my examination justified through my expression of desire to ensure that my staff are free of any congenital disease. He has proved himself to be a loyal, able and willing worker, both with the horses and in the*

*other, more particular ways that I demand of my staff. His prepuce was unusually long and, although perfectly loose, he has been pleasingly vocal in his appreciation of his improvement when, as usual when new men enter my service, I arranged for the bestowing upon him of the blessing of the delicate act.)*

*The lad had been well briefed by the excellent Keohane and understood well what he was to do. I could, though, see him momentarily perturbed upon seeing the enormous proportion of the organ involved, realising perhaps that he was to need both his hands for the task which he knew he was to perform. After Keohane had released Walsh's appendage from his lips, the lad firmly retracted the redundant flesh upon it to the fullest extent possible and made to anchor same firmly back with his two hands. As Keohane resumed, I had my eyes on Walsh's face, wishing to see the effect the sensations that fellatio bestowed upon him when experienced for the first time without the incumbrance of a cover over the glans penis. Refined though Walsh is for a man of his breeding, I have to say that the language that escaped him did him no credit, but I understood and allowed him that lapse!*

*Both Liam and Keohane were valiant in their allotted tasks. Walsh bucked like one of my un-broken stallions when first wearing a saddle, his organ plunging in and out of my man's mouth, Liam struggling to maintain his grip and keep the redundant flesh retracted. It was a matter of moments before I beheld Walsh's testicles (which, I have so far failed to mention and are of a kind which truly match his organ and which would not look out of place on a prize bullock) and saw they had drawn up considerably. Suddenly withdrawing his manhood, Walsh cursed loudly as he reached his moment of coition and ejaculated ferociously and copiously over Keohane's face. On seeing this, I crossed to them and, knowing this is a reward that he greatly appreciates, added my own ejaculation to Walsh's upon Keohane's eager visage.*

Fuck, though Jago – bukkake! He liked a bit of that himself. He wondered if either of them had cum as hard and heavily as he did when he was really horned up, especially after a good, long, popper-fuelled edge. Suddenly, it felt like it had been a very long time since he'd done that. He realised just how much he was longing to see a willing partner's face coated in his cum, emerging now directly from the blunt end of his circumcised penis rather than through a nozzle of foreskin, wondering too if it might perhaps mean he could aim better when his bottoms had their mouths wide open and eagerly ready for his loads.

*With Keohane and Liam having both offered such exemplary service, it felt churlish to dismiss them without some recompense for their labours and without allowing them to release that which must surely have built within them. As well as to reward my loyal staff, I wished of course to see Walsh's reaction to what I intended to permit to occur between my men, hoping that that too might interest him. I first offered Liam a reward that I have granted him on occasion and which has always been to his great delight - I proffered to him the jar of petroleum jelly and bade him make use of it, wishing to see his enjoyment again in using a substance bespoke for the task and far superior to the rendered lard that I instruct cook to keep on hand for the staff for the purposes of their self-gratification. I bade Walsh sit on*

*the chaise long, his softening organ hanging most pleasingly below the level of the seat as Liam revealed himself and began his manipulations, clearly relishing the pleasure that the petroleum jelly provides. As is usually the case with young lads, Keohane did not have to wait long before he received from Liam a further handsome amount of semen over his face. This having been achieved, and seeing that Walsh was transfixed yet not horrified and that his organ was already again in a state of excitement at what had unfolded before his eyes, I said to Keohane that his own release and reward, in addition to the gifts already bestowed upon his visage, was well due to him. With this, I rang the bell to summon Molly, my parlour maid and then passed the jelly to Keohane to facilitate the act to come.*

*To Walsh's clear astonishment, I bade Liam disrobe from his breeches as we waited and to assume the position on the occasional table that I keep for the purpose so that Keohane, after applying petroleum jelly to himself to facilitate the task, might perform the act of sodomy upon him. Molly, although un-educated, is a handsome young woman and, like Liam, a trustworthy, intelligent hard-working servant who has always been quick to realise what is required of her. On entering the room, she needed no instruction. She was quick to assume the position that she has often adopted before. Hoisting up her skirts that all present might see clearly, she stood over the recumbent Liam and then squatted down over his face that he might perform cunnilingus upon her parts. With Keohane now also revealed and, although a man of merely average endowment, I heard Walsh's astonished exclamation as he beheld both my man and Liam's organs clearly for the first time:*

*"Jesus, Mary and Joseph," he said in amazement, "aren't each of their spears made as bare as the other, and both of them mere common men like myself!"*

*To Molly's clear delight, Liam was already at his exercise; her fingers worked at her clitoris as the young man's tongue lapped eagerly at her labia. How rewarding it is to know that the gentler sex can enjoy practices which go beyond that of mere penetration, and how wanting is our society to so often consider such things heathen and savage. Liam was, of course, making full use of the pleasure that petroleum jelly can render, and I encouraged Keohane to proceed without delay with his buggery lest the younger man achieved coition too soon. At my prompting, Keohane aligned his organ and entered Liam with no difficulty, the lad being well practiced in such matters. He bucked hard at the penetration, moaning incoherently, his mouth yet more eagerly engaged on his cunnilingus. With Molly squatting down yet further in her pleasure from it, I observed Walsh, his flushed face a picture of astonishment, his organ again at full erection in his hand as he watched, transfixed by that which was unfolding before him.*

*With matters concluded, Molly, Liam and Keohane having all attained a state of satisfaction, and all to Walsh's obvious intrigue, there was barely time for the under maid to bring soap and water before the luncheon gong sounded. I bade Walsh go with the servants to the kitchen for some repast, inviting him to re-join me afterwards.*

## Chapter Nine

Scruffy Guy prided himself on his instincts when it came to men and public toilets. Even so, he made himself wait when the heavily-hung man he'd been observing so closely suddenly got up and made for the gents in the corner of the reading room. The big lump showing in the man's tight trousers made it seem seriously unlikely that it was his bladder that was taking him there but, in such an unlikely setting as the British Library, it seemed wise to leave it long enough for his prey to have emptied out and zipped back up just in case he really had only gone to pee.

Scruffy trod gently when he finally followed the man in, taking pains to make sure that the door didn't bang behind him. With his cruiser's gaydar working in overdrive, he took a moment to assess the situation to avoid making an embarrassing mistake. His target was still at the urinal, long after any man would have finished peeing, and clearly not having noticed anyone else come in. Then, in the intense silence in the room when the air conditioning suddenly cut out, the unmistakable fapping sound of a man wanking hard settled the matter, and Scruffy wasted no time in making for the urinal bowl two along from him.

Jago was so lost in his thoughts that it took him a moment to realise that he was no longer alone. Although always a confident cottager, a library toilet was rather different setting from normal and he panicked for a moment. With his cock so erect that he knew it was hopeless to even try and get it back in his trousers, he just forced it down and moved closer to the bowl to shield its hardness from the new arrival. It was as he was staring straight ahead and willing his erection to subside that he noticed in his peripheral vision that the newcomer was perhaps standing a bit further back from the urinal than most men would, let alone that he'd chosen to stand rather close to him at an otherwise empty row. A second later, he sensed movement at the man's crotch level which wasn't of the kind that might be made if he was just shaking himself dry, his hand moving at that special speed that could really only mean one thing. Jago, with his cock still in full erection but still bent painfully down just in case, allowed himself a sideways glance to check if he was right. There was no doubt about it - the scruffy bloke two urinals along from him was wanking.

Sensing that he'd been noticed, Scruffy Guy sent out a tentative signal by edging a half step even further back. Jago instantly picked up on the unspoken invitation to look across openly. He was only able to see the newcomer's thick root, the man's hand clearly working at the part of his cock still hidden by the urinal bowl. With the gloves now so obviously off, Jago stepped right back himself, releasing his cock so it sprang up in full, brazen display. As he did so, his eyes were fixed on the man's face, ready to enjoy the gratifying look of astonishment he was so used to when someone saw for the first time just how very heavily-hung he was. This time, though, the expression on the man's face was puzzlingly different from usual. A moment later, he understood why: as Scruffy Guy stepped back and turned to face him full on, Jago saw that the cock in his hand was just as big as his own.

Rarely used to coming across anyone else even remotely in his league, Jago was thrown for a moment. As he took in the huge length and girth of Scruffy Guy's cock, it struck Jago instantly that their cocks really were very similar. Even when it came to the one glaring difference between them, the long, veiny snout of overhang that more than covered the man's bell end looked very much like the one he'd had himself until so recently. With the wanking man's eyes pleasingly fixed on his cock, Jago spat on his palm and began working too. His gaze flipped back and forth between the man's foreskin-covered bell end and his own bare one as he rubbed on his wide band of exposed inner skin and ground at his helmet, aroused to have a man with a foreskin see him treat his cock in a way that

few would find pleasurable unless circumcision had dampened their sensitivity. Jago always wanted others to take a good look at his cock and admire it but, at that moment, what he wanted more than anything was for this man to realise just how very thoroughly it had been changed by its circumcision.

After a moment, Jago closed right in on the man. As he lined their cocks up alongside each other, he wondered if Cornelius and Sir Arthur had perhaps done the same - two other hugely-endowed men comparing, one circumcised and one with a foreskin. With their cocks now side by side, Jago was struck again by how unusually alike they were - their length, girth and shape were near identical. He fisted both cocks, his hand barely able to fully close around their joint thickness. As he slid along their full length, he was deeply horned by what he felt - the skin on the other man's giving easily with each stroke, but everything on his own shaft pulled so tight by his circumcision that nothing at all moved under his hand. When he cupped both glanses in his hand and frothed them together, he was aroused at first to feel the soft, moist squish of a covering that he no longer had rubbing on his bare, dry helmet, but then, suddenly, he felt almost angry that the man was keeping something back from him that he himself had no choice but to show.

"Pull your skin back," he whispered.

Scruffy Guy seemed a bit surprised by the command, but he obliged, easing the skin back with a finger and thumb round his sulcus. Jago looked closely as the slackness in the foreskin was gradually taken up and the tightness at the end of the overhang started to widen. He was very struck by the way the man's skin was retracting. Iris-like, the complex bud of skin at the end of it was "corkscrewing" as it unfurled, very much like the way his own foreskin had. Seeing the complexity of it brought home to him of the huge change he'd so willingly embraced in having his cock made into something now so brutally stark and uncomplicated in comparison. With the bud now fully opened, the man's skin gave easily as it finally began to withdraw over the helmet, but he stopped once it had slid back just far enough to reveal a long, wide piss slit that - again - was very like Jago's.

"More. Pull it back more," Jago said, frustrated by the man's slow reveal.

Scruffy obliged again. When his skin had finally bunched back fully behind the corona, seeing the man's large mushroom helmet properly revealed gave Jago a jolt. Again, its shape and size were very much like his, but it was the shiny, fresh pinkness of it that shocked him, making him realise just how much his glans had changed since his circumcision without him having noticed it, his darker-hued now, the texture of the flesh there already starting to toughen and leather up from even just a few weeks of constant exposure.

"More," he whispered again. "Pull it right back tight."

Scruffy Guy was a bit puzzled. It wasn't something he was used to doing and he wondered why anyone might actually want him to do it. Rather cautiously, he eased back a little more. The foreskin retracted enough for an inch or so to flatten out immediately behind the head, but it wasn't enough for Jago; he wanted to see it all pulled back flat on the shaft, giving an impression of what the man might look like after a circumcision as tight and thorough as his own. Suddenly he was annoyed by the man's caution. He felt a sharp scrape on his bare glans when it slid across the arse of the man's Levis as he moved behind him and pulled him in tight to him, then reached round and grabbed his cock. As his fist closed around it, he was amazed how familiar it felt - the same length, girth, shape and rigidity as his own. The man struggled to adjust under his tight grasp and, his grip loosening for a moment, Jago felt the movement of loose skin over hard shaft then, the slide of the foreskin as it reformed itself over the glans. He sometimes still got an edgy jolt of surprise when he fisted his erection, his circumcision so recent that his muscle memory had yet to fully adapt to it, but the pure shock of



feeling on Scruffy Guy what had been normal for him too until so recently felt like a sudden, hard punch in the guts. Feeling the slide of a foreskin again, he was surprised to feel a sudden, intense and overwhelming pang of loss. It was too much for him to process. He needed the man's skin back out of the way so he could ignore it, making it irrelevant, saving him for having to think about the implications of the irreversible change he'd brought upon himself. Suddenly, Jago yanked the man's skin back far more brutally tight than he ever had his own, holding it firmly at full retraction. Scruffy gasped at the sudden, severe stretch on his frenulum, his skin pulled back hard enough for it to flatten out completely. With the inner skin now totally exposed, laid out flat and smooth on the shaft, Jago saw him looking down at it with an expression of amazement on his face, almost as if he'd never seen his cock look that way before. Jago's hand was already moving towards it, but Scruffy's own got there first.

"Wank it bare! Rub it. Rub it hard!" Jago whispered into his ear, willing the man to do what he had been about to do to it himself.

Scruffy was so used to the soft, fleshy give of his foreskin that the sleek tightness under such extreme retraction felt totally alien. He winced as he followed Jago's command and rubbed himself, the intensity of it as much pain as pleasure. Jago sensed that he wasn't enjoying it much, aroused to think that he would have felt exactly the same way himself until so recently. He really wanted the man to know the starkness of the difference between them – to make him aware of what it was like not to have a foreskin, to show him what it was like to only know permanent, total exposure, to have no choice but to pleasure yourself without the mitigation of flesh between hand and shaft, to know just what it was like to be circumcised. After a moment, Scruffy started to ease off, the strong sensations quickly too much for him to take. Frustrated, Jago spat on his palm, pushed the man's hand out of the way and grabbed his cock again. Very aroused, he started working the guy hard, pleasuring him in the way that he pleased himself since his circumcision. He wasn't surprised to feel the man squirm as he ground the glans hard in his fist, then repeatedly and mercilessly slid his hand up and down the whole length of the long shaft from pink, bare glans, over the flattened-out the inner skin, and back to the thick root. Jago just didn't care if the man was enjoying it or not, he somehow just needed him to know what it was like to be wanked like a circumcised man.

Scruffy Guy took it all for a while, his body twisting from the intense, edgy and unaccustomed sensations of being worked bare headed and with his inner skin pulled ruthlessly tight. Then, suddenly, he was unable to take it any longer, he fought himself free of Jago's tight grasp. In a second, he was on his knees looking up wantonly, his eyes fixed on Jago's cock, his mouth open and ready to receive. Jago, his twitching erection inches from the man's mouth, prepared for the thrill of feeling lips close around his cock for the first time since his circumcision. He looked down at Scruffy Guy, knowing that seeing a foreskin as he was sucked for the first time as a circumcised man would make the moment all the more powerful. To his amazement though, there was no foreskin to be seen. One of the man's hands was at his root, holding his skin back right back tight, his exposed helmet appearing and disappearing from the tightly clenched fist of the other. Jago felt his balls tighten at the sight. He couldn't stop himself - he shot hands free, full and hard, right across the man's face.

By the time Scruffy Guy had managed to clean up enough to go back into the reading room, there was no sign of his prey. The desk where he had been sitting was empty, the documents he'd been reading back in their box on the reception desk.

## Chapter Ten

"Hi Jago." Scruffy Guy's tone was flat, no hint of a smile on his face.

Scruffy had seen Jago do a double take as he'd come through the pub door and had the shock of seeing him sitting there – someone he'd assumed was just a casual pick-up who he'd never come across again. When that seemingly casual pick-up had then addressed him by name, Jago's initial look of astonishment had quickly been replaced by one of total confusion.

"Serves the bugger right for doing a runner on me," Scruffy Guy thought to himself as Jago sat down opposite him looking, to his satisfaction, embarrassed to the core.

"Yup, it's me. I'm Simon. Nice to meet you again after all these years," Scruffy Guy said, his voice still grim. "Oh, but then I forgot," he added, sarcastically, "we have met recently though, haven't we!"

Jago bumbled something, for once in his life lost for a smart reply as realisation dawned over who Scruffy Guy actually was. Finally, after waiting for as long as he dared, Simon smiled broadly and extended his hand.

"The look on your face!" he said. "Sorry cous', I just couldn't resist winding you up there! Don't worry - it's all cool. Great to meet you properly, and boy was that some sesh earlier, eh!"

"Look, I'm so sorry," Jago replied, red in the face as he tried hard to make sense of what was feeling like a very random turn of events and struggling to regain the upper hand that he always liked to have. "When I came out, there was some security guard standing there looking hard at me and I freaked. That place - it made me....., I didn't feel ....."

"He'd probably been eyeing up your big packet in those fuck-tight chinos, same as I had," Simon interrupted, "then seen the fresh cum stain on them when you came out. You do know it's still there, by the way?" he added, smiling as he nodded towards Jago's crotch.

"Shit!" said Jago, "I thought I'd got it all off. Actually, now you mention it, either you've been a bit heavy with the gel, or you've still got some of my spunk in your hair."

Suddenly, in unison, they both laughed aloud. It was going to be OK.

"Bugger - I was too busy trying to get it all off my face to check up there," said Simon. "Wow - that was some load! Blimey mate, do you always jizz that much?"

"Well, how hard I spunk rather depends on the company I'm keeping," Jago replied, smiling, "so I'd take that as a compliment if I was you!"

"Well thanks, and luckily I'm not actually averse to a good face-full," said Simon. "Mind you, it's a bit weird thinking of getting one from your cousin, even if he is as fit as fuck!"

"Well, thanks for the compliment too, and I don't think it's actually incest!" said Jago.

"Wow though," said Simon. "That really was pretty amazing earlier, and in the British Library of all places! Not somewhere you'd expect to get any action, let alone anything as damn horny as that."

"Yeah," said Jago. "I mean, I'd got so horned up reading all that stuff, then chancing on a cute guy like you just as I really needed to rub one out, well....!"

"Well, the pleasure was all mine," said Simon.

"I can see what you mean about it being like fetish porn, by the way," Jago said. "Those up-tight Victorians getting down and dirty gives it a bit of an edge for sure, but do you think it's all for real? Not just Sir Arthur getting his rocks off making stuff up?"

"Oh, it's all kosher for sure," Simon replied. "I've cross referenced the sources, and they all tally."

"There speaks the academic - fact checking porn!" said Jago. "So, how did you know it was me when I got here then, by the way?" he continued, genuinely intrigued now that the tension between them was broken.

"Well, after I realised you'd done a runner on me, I saw that the stuff you'd been reading was still on the desk, so I took a peek to see what it was," Simon explained. "I reckoned there weren't going to be too many people interested in Sir Arthur, so that confirmed my suspicions."

"Suspensions?" Jago asked, curious.

"Yeah," said Simon, "Actually, I'd been wondering earlier if it might have been you, even before I saw what you'd been reading."

"Why?" Jago asked, intrigued. "I mean, we don't look alike at all."

"Well....no," Simon said slowly. "But do you remember our Auntie Eileen's favourite saying? 'Briseann an dúchas trí shúile an chait,' - something like 'breeding beats feeding'. It's true we don't look alike - at least not in the face, but.....?"

"Go on!" said Jago, grinning.

"Well," said Simon, grinning back, "I don't know how far down that box of docs you got, but do you reckon we might have both inherited a few of old Cornelius's genes down where it counts?"

"I was hoping that's what you meant!" said Jago, smiling. "Yeah, I couldn't believe it when I saw just how much you're packing. I mean, I'm just not used to seeing guys anywhere near as big as me, let alone one that's actually the same size!"

"Yeah, lucky boys, aren't we!" said Simon.

"But it wasn't just the matching length that struck me," Jago continued. "Same thickness too, same shape, same snouty foreskins, and the same way they kind of twist open when you pull them back."

"Sorry?" said Simon.

It took Jago a second to realise why Simon looked so puzzled. When the penny dropped, he was surprised that he was embarrassed. That wasn't an emotion he'd expected to feel about his circumcision - quite the opposite in fact. He'd prided himself on adjusting to it so quickly, so fully embracing his new status that it was a shock to find that there was still a part of him that clearly didn't yet think of himself as being circumcised.

"Sorry, the same kind of foreskin I used to have," he corrected, feeling his face go red.

"Well, our cock genes can't be totally the same then," Simon said. "I'm lucky - my skin's never given me any probs. Must be no joke having to get circumcised."

Seeing a sudden uncomfortable look cross Jago's face, Simon realised that he must somehow have touched a raw nerve. They'd been getting on so well too, and he really didn't want to have blown things so early on. He made himself carry on talking, hoping he could ease his way out of what seemed to have been a faux pas. "Especially at school, with boys being boys. I mean - they can be cruel bastards in the P.E. showers," he continued, aware that he was in danger of burbling as he tried to find things to say to distance himself from whatever he'd said that had put his foot in it. "Must have been even worse for you, with so many of the buggers looking for anything to give a Traveller a hard time about."

Jago squirmed inside. It had been bad enough when Simon mentioned their Auntie Eileen, someone who he really wouldn't care to have to acknowledge as a relative, but hearing himself referred to as a Traveller was enough to cause a wave of his bad feeling. "Actually, I missed all that," he said as he pulled himself together, "though those bastards at school could certainly dish it out about my size."

"Same here too, even though they were all actually jealous, of course," Simon said. "So when did you need to get cut then?" he added, grabbing again at the first thing that came into his head to keep the chat moving along, then instantly regretting what it had been.

Cut. Jago liked hearing that word. He'd been cut. He was cut. Someone had cut him. As he wondered for a moment what to say, he was suddenly very aware of the bareness of his glans against his trousers.

"Last month," he said finally, trying to sound casual, not sure if it was wise to tell the truth but not knowing what else to say. It was a situation, he realised, that somehow he hadn't been prepared for.

"Wow! I wasn't expecting that. That's..... Well, I can see why you can remember what your foreskin was like then!" Simon said, open mouthed. "I mean, you look really good," he added quickly, suddenly anxious that he might have caused more unintended offence.

"Do I sense a 'but' coming on?" Jago asked, making sure he smiled, but surprised how anxious he was about the reply he might be about to get.

"Look, I'm sorry - I really hope I haven't offended you," Simon said. "Yours really does look great - just that, well...."

Not sure what to say next, he grabbed again for something to say to try and divert the conversation back to safer territory: "So, you gathered that Sir Arthur was cut too?" he asked.

"Yeah, but it took me a while to puzzle out what the delicate act was - coy or what!" Jago replied, going with the flow, but slightly perturbed by the quick swerve of the conversation away from Simon's opinion of his circumcision.

"Yeah, I think it was a bit of a thing for the Victorians – all that anti wanking bollocks, and how circumcision was a cure," Simon replied, hoping again that they were back on slightly more neutral ground.

"Yeah, as if being circumcised ever stopped that!" Jago said, "From what I read, though, I don't think Sir Arthur would have wanted to discourage any kind of sex, the old perv. I mean, even in the bits I read, we got through size play, wanking, buggery, bukkake, oral, cunnilingus, bi-sexuality and group sex – and all before Sunday lunch!"

"True, but I reckon old Arthur actually got off as much on being cut as he was on being mega-hung though," Simon said, glad that the awkward moment seemed to have passed, his guard over his choice of topics dropping. "You might not believe this," he added, "but when I started doing my research, I found out that some guys actually just want to be circumcised. It can actually even be a bit of a thing for some of them - even today, I mean, not just back then. It's hard to credit, but it turns out there are some blokes who just....."

He broke off suddenly. There was silence for a long moment, Simon totally at a loss as to what to say.

"I just wanted it gone," Jago said finally, answering the un-asked question that hung in the air. As he spoke, he felt the root of his erection pushing hard against his cock ring.

"So your foreskin was OK, but you still got rid of it?" Simon asked, almost in disbelief, his face flushed. "Like - you just chose to get cut?" he continued, "When you didn't need it or anything?"

"Yup. Some of us just know how we need to be," Jago said, suddenly remembering a phrase that Greg had used whilst he was circumcising him.

"Fuck," said Simon. "And they'll actually do it to you, even if you don't need it doing? And you...?"

"They will, and I did," Jago said, not sure if he should say more or not.

There was more silence. Then, suddenly, Jago's hand was underneath the table, reaching quickly across for Simon's crotch before he had a chance to react.

"Thought so!" Jago said as he felt the unmistakeable hardness inside Simon's jeans. "Busted!"

## Chapter Eleven

“So what’s it to be first then?” Jago asked, breaking off from tonguing Simon whilst groping him hard. “Letter or lust?”

Their doorstep hug, when Simon had arrived at Jago’s flat the next afternoon, had very quickly escalated. The moment had come when they either needed to stop or to accept that they were going to go the whole way.

“Oooh, tricky one!” Simon replied, laughing. “But I do hope we might perhaps find time to squeeze in both!”

The previous evening in the pub, Simon had become mysterious after being “busted.” All he’d said was that there was a letter of Sir Arthur’s that he really thought Jago needed to read before they talked any more about it and, to Jago’s frustration, had refused point blank to be drawn any further on the subject. Instead, he’d just got out a pile of old family photos, saying teasingly that if Jago went through them with him and helped put some names to faces, then he’d make sure that got his reward for it the next time they met.

“OK, let’s get the letter out of the way then,” Jago said, making a show of slowly returning Simon’s half-open zip to the top then playfully patting the big bulge under it. “You’ve got me so intrigued that I won’t be able to concentrate on what I’m planning on doing to you until I know what this bloody letter is all in aid of.”

As they sat down with bottles of beer, Simon opened the folder he’d brought with him and took out a photocopy of the letter.

“It’s from Sir Arthur then?” Jago said, recognising the handwriting from the previous day as Simon handed it all across.

“Yup,” said Simon. “It’s a follow-up. He must have already written to - well, you’ll see who to in a minute - to tell him about Cornelius and the stuff that happened that you read about in his diary.”

The first sheet was a copy of the envelope.

“Wow, is this for real?” Jago said as he saw the address written on it: “HRH Prince Felix, Buckingham Palace, London.”

“Yup, I reckon so. I’ve cross referenced the sources, and it seems very plausible,” Simon replied as Jago turned to the next sheet.

*Knockcrea House,  
County Waterford,  
June 14<sup>th</sup> 1892*

*Dearest Felix,*

"So who's this Prince Felix guy, then? Jago asked. "Can't say I've ever heard of him."

"He was Victoria and Albert's second youngest," Simon replied. "Bit of a hazy figure. Not quite airbrushed out of history but.... well, perhaps you'll see why they side-lined him as much as they could when you've read a bit more."

"Sounds like he and Sir Arthur were dead matey anyway - no 'Your Highness' stuff or anything. Amazing that Arthur wrote to a royal about our however-many-greats-he-is grandad!" Jago said, feeling rather pleased about it.

"Oh, the two of them must have been very much into the same kind of stuff," Simon said. "I'd love to find out how they became friends, but I think we might be able to guess what got them matey - you'll see!"

*I trust that mine of yesterday lunchtime has already reached you, and I write again now as there is more of great interest to report. With luncheon cleared away, I rang for Walsh to return. So much was it we discussed that I forbear from writing of it all in full. Suffice to say that we began with a discussion of the morning's activities, and I was pleasantly surprised to find Walsh open minded over that which had happened, that it had been gratifying as well as educational to him, and that he was keen to learn more of matters heretofore beyond his experience. Indeed, he replied appreciatively when I suggested to him that I might perhaps assume the role of something of a mentor to him during the rest of his sojourn in the town.*

"Sounds like Arthur really wanted to get his claws into Cornelius then, the old perv. I don't suppose many bits of really-seriously hung meat came his way out there in the sticks, so I can see why he'd want to make the most of him," Jago commented.

*Suffice to mention now that we discussed the matter of proportions at first. It amused me when Walsh said that he had never expected a man of quality such as myself to be "cursed" with an organ of such large dimensions as my own, and that he had felt before that such a "savage" appendage might only be found amongst the lower orders such his. Knowing my tastes as well as you do, dear friend, you can imagine how much this delighted me to hear! He was astounded when I vouchsafed to him that men blessed with such attributes were to be found amongst all classes in our great nation, that I found it no curse but a true blessing to be so endowed myself, and that (and rest assured that I proffered no further details as to whom it might be) there were indeed those of very prodigious endowment indeed amongst the very highest of our nation's families.*

"Fuck!" said Jago, so was old Prince Felix was mega-hung too? Don't suppose there are any cock pics of him?" Jago asked, hopefully.

"Well, if there ever were any, I reckon they'd have been burnt after he'd died," said Simon. "Portrait painters would have toned his bulge for protocol, but there are some family photos that show him with a big old packet though. Looks like he was a 'hanging down one side' guy - a bit like someone else I can think of, actually!"

"Best way to stow it!" said Jago, smiling as he ostentatiously patted the big bulge pressed up against his left thigh inside his tight chinos. "Much easier when you keep it all to one side. But did Prince Felix have a Prince Albert like his dad? Would kind of make sense for him to have a dressing ring if he was that hung - must have been awkward having a really big 'un flopping round loose inside that baggy gear they wore."

"Well, you'll have to wait and see, won't you!" said Simon. As he grinned teasingly, Jago thought again how very sexy he was, despite all the nerdy scruffiness. For a moment, he was tempted to put the letter down and go over and tongue him but, intrigued by the contents, he stopped himself and read on instead.

*We discussed too the many practicalities of being so blessed, starting with moments of intimacy and the problem of having such a member accommodated and giving pleasure rather than discomfort with it whilst taking one's own carnal reward. Walsh expressed amazement that the male of the species might find accommodating a member of any size to be of pleasure, let alone ones of such substantial length and girth as our own, but that he had seen with his own eyes that very morning that that can well be the case.*

"Well, we know all about that, don't we!" said Jago, smiling again. "Or do we?" he added more uncertainly a moment later, after looking enquiringly across at Simon who, to his surprise, had made no response. Suddenly, it occurred to Jago that perhaps his cousin wasn't as experienced as he'd assumed. That idea aroused him somehow, especially that he might possibly be the one to change things. He let the question drop, though, and carried on reading.

*We next discussed the issue of apparel and how a member of prodigious size might be contained within it in a manner that is both comfortable and, when the need arises, sufficiently decent. I explained to him, though, that it is a particular delight of mine when men dress so as to reveal that they are of especial endowment. Walsh replied that O'Driscoll, the proprietor of his travelling fair, bids him ensure that his organ is never to be seen through his boxing pantaloons, business being better served by making the curious to pay to satisfy their curiosity. When he told me that, although keen to oblige his master in the matter, this is particularly hard for him to achieve, it led me to ask if he had heard of the gentleman's dressing ring which your dear father has blessed you with too and done so much to bring into favour amongst polite society.*

"Fuck - there we are then! So Albert did get Felix PA'd too then! Good on him! Sir Arthur obviously liked the idea of Cornelius getting one as well, so did he?"

Simon smiled again. "Well, that's for me to know and you to find out again," he replied, enjoying how engrossed Jago was becoming in the narrative.

*I was not surprised to hear that talk of such thing had yet to reach his ears in this backward province, and explained to his evident interest that a dressing ring was something that might be of particular worth for him. From there, talk moved to the subject as dear to your own heart as it is to my own - that of the delicate act.*

"Ah, here we go then!" said Jago. "The good old delicate act!"



"I thought you'd like this bit," said Simon. "And it's what I really wanted you to read before we talked more about it."

*Walsh revealed to me his astonishment at seeing for the first time the previous day an organ on which the blessing of the delicate act has been performed, and his amazement that such a thing may be done in a Godfearing county rather than amongst just the savage races. He vouchsafed that the reality of it was far from that which he had imagined, and a far more thorough transformation than he had ever expected, yet he spoke, to my great pleasure, of his new understanding that it might perhaps be thought to bring perfection to that which nature provides.*

Simon was looking hard at Jago, expecting him to say something. But, to his surprise, he didn't. His face looked empty somehow, and he made no eye contact but just kept reading. Somehow, Jago was finding it hard to know what he wanted to say about circumcision. Not to Simon. Not yet. The right time would come.

*I took pains to explain to him why any man would surely find the act to be a true improvement, and he listened with apparent understanding and interest. He said that he was particularly surprised that common men such as my butler and stable lad might also have been made like myself, and that it was not a thing solely for those of quality.*

"Yeah, funny that - you think of it just being posh totty that's cut," Jago said, leaving Simon interested to ponder the implications of what that meant Jago thought about his own status in life.

*I explained that undergoing the act was something that many of quality chose to undergo for the many benefits it bestows, but that they were also keen for those benefits to be universally attained by all those of the male of the species. He expressed surprise to hear me explain that I expect all of my staff to submit to the delicate act upon entering my employ as I always wish to act both to ensure their best interests and promote the highest standards of cleanliness amongst them.*

"Bugger me!" said Jago, "So Sir Arthur had all his lackeys snipped! Can you imagine that these days! I'm surprised they agreed to it, but perhaps if it was a toss-up between losing your foreskin or the workhouse...."

"Or just a case of doing as you're told by your so-called betters," Simon said. "Most of them probably had no idea what it actually meant until it was too late anyway. I think circumcision was just a word in a bible reading that came up once a year for them, and I bet most wouldn't have had a clue what it actually meant. I mean, it's the kind of a thing you just couldn't make up, isn't it - getting bits snipped off your willy, let alone thinking it's actually better when you have."

"Yeah, true," said Jago. "I mean, like - who'd ever think anyone would actually choose to get the end of their dick lopped off, let alone that it's SO amazingly better afterwards!"

Jago waited for a reaction, but Simon just smiled. "OK," Jago continued eventually, smiling too. "We'll come back to that one then! Perhaps I'll have proved it to you by then by example anyway," he added as he went back to the text.

*On noticing the hour, I told Walsh that I had an appointment which I must keep, this being a visit from the town's horse doctor. As you will soon ascertain, I had, for my own reasons, a wish*

*that Walsh should be present at this appointment and I bade him come with me. As I suspected from a man of his stock, he expressed interest in seeing my horses and, on our walk to the stables, our conversations turned for a moment from male flesh that equine, Walsh proving himself to be admirably knowledgeable on the subject. I explained to him that James Kingston, our local man, is an excellent fellow, both scientific and modern in his approach, and that I expected that much might be learnt from seeing him at his work.*

“OK, nice that Arthur realised that Cornelius knew a bit, but boring stuff now then,” said Jago, putting down the paper, his thoughts turning to discovering what his tightly-cut cock would feel like in Simon’s hands and mouth, perhaps somewhere else too.

“Yeah? You reckon?” said Simon. “Keep going!”

“OK, just for you,” said Jago. “I’ll give it two more pages, and if it doesn’t horn up a bit, then I’m over there on that settee with you to start showing you just how good it is being cut.”

*On reaching the stables, Kingston was already in attendance. Being correct in my assumption that Walsh would have no knowledge of such a new innovation in horse husbandry, I told him of the wonderful new discovery of spirits of nitrated amyl which Kingston would deploy during his task ahead – that of gelding my new stallion, Joxer, a fine but very frisky beast.*

“Fuck! Poppers? And for nutting a horse!” said Jago. “That’s SO kinky!”

“Not so boring now then, is it!” said Simon, smiling. “Read on - it gets worse!”

*When Kingston soaked a rag in a bucket of the spirits ...*

Jago broke off. “Fuck, a whole bucket full of poppers! Imagine that - bliss!”

*....and held it under Joxer’s muzzle, the animal at first staggered and rolled its eyes. At this, and to his credit, Walsh was alarmed for the beast’s wellbeing, but Kingston was quick to assure him that this was merely the spirits doing their remarkable work. As, momentarily, Joxer became, both calm and compliant, meekly lying down upon his side in the straw, Kingston bade Walsh watch out for the unusual side effect of the spirits – that of causing the beast’s member to erect.*

“Bloody hell, Simon! Poppering up a horse so it’s off his tits enough to take his bollocks off! I can really see what you meant about the fetish porn stuff!”

“Well,” said Simon, “I recon it was all quite progressive actually. Very early days with anaesthetics – even for humans, let alone poor animals.”

*Walsh watched fascinated as Kingston then performed the gelding, the animal far more concerned to nuzzle deeper and deeper into the soaked rag still at its nostrils rather than give any heed to that which was being done to him. With the gelding complete and the beast stitched up and the wound coated in tar, still at happy repose in the straw, I told Kingston that I had a further task for him. At this, I called for Seamus, my new stable boy.*

“Oh my God, what’s coming!” said Jago. “I’m not sure I want to read this, but I know I’m going to have to.”

*A lean, lanky young man of the pale, red-headed complexion so common in these parts, Seamus is another I recruited from the local orphanage, selecting him from the three contenders who had attained the age of 18 years recommended to me by the Superintendent as being of willing and obliging nature and good behaviour. Performing my usual inspection on the pretext of avoiding those afflicted with congenital disease, I found him, although not to the degree that I prefer amongst my staff, to be the best endowed of the three candidates. Under normal circumstances, in fact, I might have rejected all three of them on that account, had the need for a new stable lad not been pressing. I explained to Kingston that I wished the bestowing of the delicate act on the lad, a service at which he has been adept at providing before.*

"No!" said Jago "Not there in the stable! And by a vet! God, that's pure nasty."

As soon as he'd spoken, it struck Jago that his own circumcision – in a works canteen, being cut by a man with only very basic medical qualifications at best, and watched by a crowd of onlookers – perhaps wasn't actually so different.

*Seamus, who is always shy and rather uneasy when in the presence of quality, was nervous when I instructed him to remove his breeches. I made, though, to re-assure him of the worth of that which I was about to be done to him and that he should welcome it with joy. On mentioning the circumcision of our dear Lord and how honoured he should feel to be made the same himself, his face was blank, confirming my suspicions that his learning was limited and that he would have little understanding of the service about to be rendered to him.*

"The poor bugger," said Jago, with sadness in his voice. "He just had no idea, did he." At least, he thought, he himself had actually know what circumcision was and understood all the implications of his spur of the moment decision to lose his foreskin, and that it had all been done with his total consent.

"No, doesn't sound like he had a clue, poor sod," said Simon.

*Stepping out of his breeches, Seamus cupped his private parts modestly with his hands. I re-assured him that all present were of his gender, and that which he hid would be of no surprise to us, whatever our rank and station. Bright red in the face, he finally revealed an organ that would be considered large by many, if not excessively so. The prepuce thereon more than covered the glans with a considerable amount of redundant flesh, culminating in a tightly-budded closure. When, pointing at the un-necessary flesh with my riding crop and explaining to him that Kingston was going to remove that surplus part of him through performing the act of circumcision upon it, Seamus looked as blank as before. "Please retract your prepuce," I instructed him, speaking gently to re-assure him. Still met with a blank stare in return, I tried to make my meaning plain in the language of a simple man: "Pull back your skin to uncover yourself," I said, yet still with no sign of comprehension. "Your foreskin," I tried again, struggling to find language that the youth might comprehend, "pull it back to show your helmet – your almond, your knob, your spear, the end of your bliúcán" I tried in desperation, even resorting so low as to use the local brogue, yet to no avail. It was only then that realisation struck me – being a simple lad raised in a particularly God-fearing home in his early years, he had listened well to the words of his priest and dutifully never touched that part of him considered by many of his creed to be sinful and shameful. He had, I*

*realised, no idea that the redundant flesh there may be withdrawn, let alone any conception that there lay below it a part of himself that he had yet ever to behold.*

“God image that,” said Jago. “Can you imagine not having worked all that out.”

“More innocent times then,” said Simon. “I reckon it they all had the fear of eternal damnation put into them if they as much as touched it, and you just didn’t question what a priest said back then.”

*On seeing the young man’s increasing disquiet and distress, Kingston ventured to interject. “Might it not be a moment to call on science for its assistance here?” he said, indicating the bucket of nitrated amyl that he had just used so successfully to calm the stallion. Thinking this to be an excellent suggestion, I bade him soak the rag anew and apply it to the youth. It took but a few moments for the spirits to again do their remarkable work and for the young man to lose his agitation. With him sitting calmly now on a bale of straw and inhaling deeply and willingly of the spirits, I watched with interest to see if the same curious side effect that they have on a beast might affect a man in the same way. It was indeed a matter of moments before my speculation was proved to be correct and the lad began to attain torpidity. To my surprise, it was to a very remarkable degree too. Although, as I have said, he was of un-remarkable dimensions when at rest, his organ proved itself to be of the kind that gains most considerably when in a state of excitement. I was very pleased by this turn of events, allowing myself to indulge the fancy that I had perhaps had some form of instinct when selecting him for my employ from amongst the three seemingly unexceptional candidates!*

*Seeing the young man with an organ now very considerably larger in its dimensions than might be expected on such a slight youth was a rewarding sight to myself, and I ascertained that this might equally the case for the other two witnessing it also. With Kingston’s interest in the matter being clearly shown by a distention in his breeches, he further ventured to suggest that we might, both on account of the vexing nature of the exchange with the lad and in the interests both of furthering our scientific knowledge, perhaps also partake of the spirits of nitrated amyl ourselves, finding it himself, as he put it, to have “a remarkably relaxing yet invigorating effect on the system.” Thinking this to be an excellent suggestion, I bade him fetch fresh rags for the three of us and soak them with no delay. The man was indeed correct in his description of the spirits’ beneficial effects, and the same side effect which had earlier come over both Joxer and Seamus was soon to affect the others of us present.*

“Fuck, now they’re all bloody huffing, the horny sods!” said Jago. “Relaxing yet invigorating – that sounds about right to me though. Talking of which, fancy a snort? Seems appropriate somehow.”

“Just in the interests of furthering your scientific knowledge?” Simon said, smiling.

“Nah! Just ‘cos this stuff is getting me damn horny!” Jago said, reaching under a cushion on the settee for the bottle he always kept there for his nightly porn viewing on the huge state-of-the-art TV that dominated one wall of his apartment. Since his circumcision, there had always been a tube of lube there too. He proffered the bottle at Simon.

“After you,” said Simon, who had very rarely snorted before. He wasn’t sure if he even liked the feeling of it, but didn’t want to let on.

Jago unscrewed the cap, somehow imbuing the act with significance and ceremony. He looked Simon straight in the eye as he held the bottle under one nostril, covered the other and began to huff. Simon was amazed how long and deep he snorted before finally changing sides.

“Fuck, that’s good,” Jago said as he finally let out his breath. He lent back on the settee and sighed, his hand dropping to his crotch and feeling for the outline of his helmet through his trousers. “Mmmm, that’s better. Helps make it more real somehow too - like we’re there with them, feeling what they felt. I bet it was top quality shit in that bucket too.”

He held out the bottle again to Simon, who took it rather gingerly. Reluctantly, he unscrewed the cap and snorted, trying to look as if he was inhaling more deeply than he actually was. He was very aware of Jago looking at him, perhaps wanting him to enjoy it as much as he had himself. Suddenly, he felt the hit. He looked back at Jago, almost in panic as his brain began to feel as if it was pushing hard against his skull. It was, though, as much the sight of Jago’s burgeoning erection so obviously pushing its way down the leg of his tight trousers as the hit of amyl that made his own cock stir too. As he turned back to the letter, Jago was rubbing his crotch and Simon, his head swimming, couldn’t stop himself from doing the same.

*Noticing that Walsh, like myself, was now finding the confines of his closely-tailored apparel uncomfortably constricting as a result of his torpidity, I suggested that perhaps we might find ourselves more at ease and able to better concentrate on the difficulties of the matter in hand if we were all to adjust our dress and free ourselves from irritating and distracting restraint. Walsh seemed pleased by my suggestion and made no delay in following my lead and releasing himself.*

“Ooh here we go - cocks out time! Fuck, I’d love to see them both popped up with their huge boners sticking out of those formal suits,” Jago said, thinking of the many times he’d done just that when he’d gone to The Vault directly from an evening business meeting. “I know what they mean though – things can get a bit constricting for us big boys when we harden up. Perhaps we should get more comfortable too, eh?”

Without waiting for a reply, he started at the fly of his tight, Levi’s XX chinos. His eyes locked onto Simon’s as he opened the buttons one by one, again managing to bring a sense a ceremony to the action. When he got on to the third button, his eyebrow arched enquiringly towards Simon, who read the unspoken hint and started to ease down his zip of his jeans. Suddenly, Jago ripped his remaining buttons open with a flourish and, commando as usual, had his cock out in seconds.

“Wow, quick work there, cous’! Simon said, smiling, still struggling to free his own hardness from the confines of his trunks. “No pants then? You old slapper!”

“Nah, haven’t worn ‘em since I was kid,” Jago replied. “Don’t see the point – much better to let the beast roam free.”

He lay back on the settee, brazen in his huge erection, looking down at it and then across at Simon, who was lying back and mirroring Jago’s pose, his own beast finally free too. The one glaring difference aside, it struck both men again just how very much alike their cocks were.

“Mmm,” said Jago, looking at Simon as he reached again for the little brown bottle. “I like what I see, but it would look even better without all that junk hanging off the end of it, of course.”

"Junk? You reckon? "Surplus and redundant flesh, like Sir Arthur said?" Simon said, teasingly taking hold of the teat of his overhang and stretching it out fully. "You make it sound like it's just offal!"

Jago took another deep huff as he watched Simon stretch out his hood, something he had so often done himself when he still had a foreskin, aroused to think that he would never be able to do so again.

"Fuck," said Jago as the hit came. "I'm so tempted to come over there and show you just how good it will feel - when you're circumcised too, I mean."

"Yeah, like that's ever gonna happen!" said Simon, smiling as he pulled more at his skin, now twirling the overhang between thumb and finger. Despite what he'd said, something had just twisted inside him - something he'd never felt before, something he'd just never thought about. Much though he loved his long, stretchy skin and the pleasure it gave him, it struck him that he could get circumcised if he wanted. Jago had after all. No man had to have a foreskin - he'd learnt that during his research. Most men never gave a second's thought to theirs; it just never crossed their minds that they didn't actually have to have them. So many men round the world were permanently bare headed. All those American porn stars, for example. He'd looked at them so often without even really noticing that they were all circumcised, and it had certainly never occurred to him that someone had made a positive decision to take their skins from them. He'd thought too that it was something that could only be done to you when you were a kid, naively assuming that it was too big a change for anyone to undergo after they'd known what it was like to be have a foreskin, the removal made before a boy was even aware that he had been born with a covering over the end of his cock. Yet Jago had made that change, so he could too - not that he any reason or desire to do so. Or had he? Surprised at himself, he reached out for the bottle of poppers on the table in front of him, his need to feel the hit of them again suddenly urgent. This time, he wasn't tentative; he huffed long and deep, his head full of amyl as well as his new, edgy realisation.

"Yes," Jago was saying, his voice muffled slightly as he took the bottle from Simon and snorted as he spoke, "I'll show you how much better it is later, but do us a favour now and get that skin back out of the way so I can try and ignore it, yeah?"

Smiling, Simon complied - both amused and aroused. His long, supple snout pulled back easily, his helmet appearing. There had always been something really intimate for him about revealing his glans to another man and he wondered what it must be like for someone circumcised to have his most private, almost mysterious, part always exposed to view - no modesty or mystique possible, no feeling of a big reveal when the time was right. Sensing what Jago would want to see, he held his skin back tight at full retraction, feeling the stretch on his wide frenulum as everything became smooth and sleek along the shaft. Now, with the skin stretched back flat, apart from Jago's neat scar, their two cocks really did look the same.

"Mmm, that's so much better. Fuck, our cocks really will be identical when you're circumcised." Jago said teasingly, taking yet another snort before he returned to his reading.

*To my surprise, Kingston, although clad in loose fitting riding britches, made to follow suit and release himself too. I was pleased at this turn of events, the loose-fitting attire that wore for his work never having allowed me more than a hint of what lay within, but such fleeting impressions that I had managed to gain having held the possibility that he too was a man of endowment. What he revealed was indeed very pleasingly substantial in both length and girth, if not in the league of Walsh and myself, yet, for once it was not the dimensions of that which was revealed*

*that were my main interest. To my amazement, I saw that the organ was fitted within a contraption: around the base of the shaft and under the testes was a thick, leather strap.*

“Oh holy shit. A cock strap!” said Jago. “God, you just couldn’t make this stuff up, could you!”

“Oh, there’s more!” Simon said. “Carry on!”

*Attached to this were four thin lengths of leather which ran along the shaft and attached at the glans end to a metal ring which sat in the sulcus behind the corona of the glans penis, this being held completely exposed as a result of the ring holding back the redundant flesh of the foreskin. On seeing this remarkable sight, I must admit that the language that escaped my lips was hardly more decorous than the oath mouthed by Walsh!*

“God, what’s he doing to himself there then?” said Jago. “That’s like some really hard-core stuff on Recon!”

“Well, you’ll see!” said Simon. “Read on – but you might not like it much!”

*Seeing our astonishment, Kingston made to explain. His father having died when he was a small boy, his mother had re-married when he was some sixteen years old. His step-father, The Rev Septimus Kingston of the Bethel Dissenters Chapel, was a severe, God-fearing man who preached at length about the sins of the flesh and the eternal damnation that would surely befall those who engaged in the practice of self-abuse. Shortly after the marriage, the man chanced upon his step son engaged in that very act, and was apoplectic in his rage. The next day, he came to the unfortunate youth and bade him reveal himself. Ordering the youth to withdraw the redundant flesh, he took from his waistcoat a length of thin silver wire and, to the lad’s dismay, wound it tightly several times around his glans penis.*

“Fuck, the cruel bastard. I’d have decked the sod if he’d tried to do that to me,” said Jago.

“From what I’ve read, that kind of stuff wasn’t that uncommon,” Simon said. “They were just so freaked by the idea of lads wanking. They had such weird ideas about the harm it did, so there were lots of really pervy bits of kit around to try and stop it.”

“Yeah, like we’ve all been SO fucked up by having a wank!” said Jago. “I reckon a lad would be much more fucked up by not being able to have one.”

“Well, it gets worse!” said Simon. “Get ready to be really glad that you were able to rub a sly one out whenever you wanted.”

*After pulling the prepuce forward over his work and with the end of the wire protruding from its opening, he wound more around the surplus flesh beyond the glans penis and secured it such that it was impossible for the misfortunate youth to withdraw his foreskin or, indeed, move it in any way. He told the lad that he would check daily that it remained in place and that, in the interests of ensuring his eternal soul, he would be in receipt of a severe thrashing should he see that any attempt had been made to remove it. It was, he said, to remain in place until he achieved the age*

*of majority, at which point the future of his soul would be in his own hands, or, should it happen before that day, when he entered into holy matrimony. With the wire in place, Kingston explained, even a small degree of engorgement was uncomfortable in the extreme, and any attempt at self-gratification such agony as to render it impossible to proceed.*

“Oh that’s nasty. Really nasty,” said Jago, wincing. “Imagine being a horned-up teen and never ever being able to knock one out, let alone being in pain every time you popped a stiffy.”

*When, some few years later, the good Rev dropped dead from a stroke, Kingston explained that he made no delay in removing that which had tormented him, vowing to himself that, once revealed, he would never ever allow his glans penis to be covered again. Being sadly unaware at that time of the delicate act, he designed for himself the device which we saw still upon him, fashioning it from pieces of a horse’s bridle in such a way as to retain the prepuce firmly retracted at all times, both when at rest and in an engorged state. He had, he continued, been amazed when he finally heard tell of the delicate act, hardly daring to believe that a thing of such benefit was possible. Although he has now performed the act on several others, he explained that he feels it unwise to attempt to perform the same upon himself but hopes one day to travel to Dublin or London to engage the service of one skilled in its execution. He does, though wonder if perhaps, after having lived with his organ so restrained for so long, he might perhaps feel strangely bereft without his contraption and his appendage hanging free and un-restrained.*

“I get that,” Jago said. “I really missed my cock ring. It felt kind of weird without it whilst...”

He tailed off. Somehow the “...I was healing” he was about to say felt a strange concept. He’d had to heal, of course. His cock had looked terrible for a week or so after his circumcision - battered, puffy and gory. Greg had warned him that it wouldn’t look pretty for a while, but there had been a couple of days when he’d really thought he’d made a terrible mistake. Perhaps, he’d thought, if he’d gone a proper clinic then it wouldn’t have looked quite that bad, despite the total head-fuck for him of being circumcised in front of a group of men who were all wanking hard as they saw his foreskin clamped and sliced off. The battered and bruised stage had passed though, but during that time it had been unthinkable to even try and wear his cock ring. He’d badly missed it - comfortably snug around him when he was soft, tantalising in its constriction when he started to erect – and he’d loved having the familiar feeling of it back since the previous day.

“Do you ever wear one?” he asked Simon. “One would look great on you.”

“No, never have” Simon replied. “Yours looks bloody horny, but isn’t it uncomfortable?”

“Well,” Jago replied, “seeing as we know we’re exactly the same size, I reckon I might just find a spare one for you to try later so you can find out for yourself - if you’re a good boy, of course!”

“Oh, I always am!” Simon laughed. He enjoyed the thought of Jago putting it on for him, his cousin’s hands on him, trusting him as he manipulated his cock and balls through the hard steel. Jago was having similar thoughts about doing just that, and huffed again over the idea as returned to the text:

*Throughout this fascinating disposition, the stable boy had remained so calm and quiet that we had all but forgotten that he was there! By the time our*



*attention returned to him, the effects of the nitrates upon him had proved to be quite extraordinary. His organ, to my surprise, proved itself to be of prodigious size when in a state of fullness, quite exceeding any expectation that might be given by seeing it in its resting state. Content merely to draw deep on the aroma from the rag he still clutched tightly to his nose, we witnessed his fingers exploring now the shape of his organ, yet in a way that suggested unfamiliarity with doing so, perhaps only newly-cogniscent of the reward that such an act can give. The prepuce, however, still seemed fixed fast over the glans penis, confirming my speculation that it had never yet been withdrawn. I bade Kingston adjust the lad ready for what was ahead. Although Seamus remained calm throughout Kingston's attempts to do so, it seemed as if it were to be a struggle to achieve. For some moments, the foreskin stretched greatly yet with the glans penis failing to emerge through its tight confines. Finally, when encouraged by myself to give a short, sharp tug thereupon as the only way to release the glans penis from its cover, Kingston at last prevailed. The lad started at the tug, but a handsome looking glans penis emerged. He looked down upon this newly-revealed part of himself with astonishment, as if amazed both by what he saw, and hardly able to comprehend that he had not been injured or unduly pained by the process of revelation.*

"Do you remember the first time you popped yours out?" Jago asked.

"Yeah," said Simon, smiling at the memory. "I was just like Seamus though - I couldn't believe it was actually supposed to do it, and that it didn't hurt. And that there'd been something hidden away under there that I just hadn't known about."

"Well it shouldn't be hidden away, should it," said Jago. "It's just so much bloody better when it's all properly out on show, as you'll discover when you're circumcised."

"So when did you first pop yours then?" Simon asked, hoping to divert the conversation away from Jago's obsession with the topic of his possible circumcision, the idea suddenly becoming slightly unsettling after his recent realisation.

"Well, there was this girl on the estate," Jago said. "She was always wanting to play Doctors and Nurses - basically as an excuse to have a good old rummage inside my pants, probably 'cos mine was the biggest one around."

"Yeah, and I bet you hated all that and all the attention that got you, didn't you!" Simon said, smiling.

"Pure public service!" Jago replied, grinning. "Anyway, her friend had just told her about boys being able to skin back, and she couldn't wait to tell me all about it. I didn't believe her, so I let her have a try on mine to prove she was wrong. Fuck, it hurt like buggery, but she wouldn't give up. It freaked the shit out of me enough seeing my helmet finally poke out, then even more when it took a good bit of coaxing to get it back in again - there's me thinking I'd broken it and was going to get told off when I got home!"

"Ouch!" said Simon, "Poor you. So did you try it again by yourself?"

"Fuck, yes!" said Jago. "Of course I did! I kept telling myself that I'd just do it one more time then leave it to 'get better', but I just couldn't stop. I mean, it felt so good pulling it backwards and forwards, and it soon got nice and easy to do."

"Yeah," same for me," said Simon. My mate Liam showed me how to do it, but his never went right back like mine did, and that kind of made me proud. I'll be interested to hear what you think about the next bit in the letter though."

*The bright pink, shiny quality it held again confirmed my suspicion that this was the first time his glans had seen the light of day. The lad's fingers moved to it cautiously, touching it in awe as if it were made of some fragile glass. He flinched hard at his first touch thereupon, drawing deeply on the rag for comfort as he did so.*

"So I know what that's like," said Simon after Jago had read. "I mean, when I first popped mine, I couldn't even touch it, and it's still – like....."

"Yeah," Jago interrupted, "I could see that yesterday, you poor bastard! You just don't know what you're missing."

"So, what's it like for you then?" Simon asked, genuinely curious. "Like – how do you stand being that way all the time? It would drive me insane, always having mine out, rubbing all the time."

Jago laughed, but said nothing. Instead, he put his fist round his helmet and started to grind it in his palm. The sensation was actually a bit strong for him, but he didn't want to let Simon see that and he brazened it out. The few circumcised men he'd been with had loved being worked hard, and he made a play of total bravura over doing it to himself to prove a point for Simon. Before he was circumcised, he'd been amazed that any man could actually enjoy having his head handled that roughly, but even in the short time since his own cut, he'd already lost so much sensitivity that he'd begun to find the pleasure in it.

"Shit!" said Simon, looking at the way Jago was working his head so hard, "there's no way that I could ever do that!"

"Well you will, and you'll love it too - when you've toughened up a bit after you've been circumcised" said Jago, grinning as he went back to reading, actually glad of the excuse to stop working his helmet quite so hard.

*Kingston expressed his opinion that it would prove impossible to perform the delicate act on an organ that was in such a state of excitement. It looked, he vouchsafed, as if the lad, who remained intent only on drawing deeply of the spirits, seemed to be unfamiliar with the process of attaining coition, and that we might perhaps do well to assist him in the matter in order that he might become flaccid enough for him to proceed with the task in hand. This I believed to be a wise suggestion....*

"I bet you did, mate!" said Jago, smiling.

*.... and it was fortuitous that I had happened to put the tub of petroleum jelly in my waistcoat pocket.*

"Yeah, pure chance of course, you dirty old sod!" he added.

*As propriety would not allow me to perform the deed myself, I passed the jelly to Kingston and bade him apply it. With this done, Kingston began his work. At the first touch, the youth bucked wildly and exclaimed aloud, confirming my opinion*

*that the sensations were new to him. Kingston, perhaps not realising after years with his glans exposed and proceeding much in the way of a man who has benefited from the act of circumcision, worked robustly upon the youth's glans penis, the lad squirming in discomfort as a result. Indeed, it took Walsh's assistance in holding him down for Kingston to be able to complete the job although, perhaps in view of the newness of the experience, this took but a few good, hard strokes. The youth ejaculated remarkably hard, drawing deep again at the rag as he did so, his emissions reaching a good yard in front on him on the stable floor. His astonishment at seeing his coition was remarkable, and the lad started to recite the Rosary as he drew anew on the rag. Kingston, speaking kindly to the youth, was quick to reassure him that it was nothing to concern himself about, and that the production of such fluids was nature's intent and quite natural.*

"So did you say the Rosary the first time you shot a wad then?" Simon asked, smiling.

"Of course," said Jago, "and a few Hail Mary's for good measure. Mind you, I think I got as much of a shock as that lad did back then."

*When the organ was again in a flaccid state, I spoke to the youth. "It is time," I told him, "for you to become a man, and to properly reveal that part which truly makes you so." At this, I nodded to Kingston who, after wiping on his apron the tools with which he had emasculated my steed, used them to free the lad from that which is surely truly superfluous upon any male. Kingston performed the act remarkably quickly and skilfully, the entire process finished before the lad had time to fully comprehend what was afoot, calling out to the Blessed Virgin just once as the knife made its first cut before drawing anew, deep and long on the rag.*

It was a pity, Jago thought, that he hadn't known he was going to be circumcised that night. If he had, he would have gone prepared and had a good snort as his foreskin come off too.

*The outcome seemed admirably thorough, although rather uneven with rather more flesh taken from one side than the other. Kingston then took a length of silk thread and set about closing the wound. This seemed to trouble the young man more than the act of severance itself. Despite Kingston soaking his rag anew and with the spirits to help him, Walsh was again needed to hold him fast as the work was done. Finally, Kingston sealed the wound with a small amount of the tar that he had used earlier on Joxer.*

"God, sounds liked they really fucked him over, the poor bastard," said Jago. He was pleased again that, despite his initial concerns, Greg had turned out to have been an expert cutter and given him a really good outcome - glad too of Greg's surgical glue and gauze dressing rather than needle, thread and tar.

*The task complete, I dismissed the young man but, on an afterthought, followed him outside. Calling him back, I said to him that he had proved himself well, and that he would soon come to be delighted with his improvement. I proffered the youth a florin as reward for his good behaviour and bade him to go to the kitchen and convey my instructions to cook that she was to provide him with tea and cake. He was duly appreciative of my offer, and I could only smile and concur when, tugging at his forelock, he shyly ventured to ask me if he might also be permitted to take with him the rag which had given him so much solace!*

"That's my boy!" said Jago. "Afternoon tea or a good snort – no contest, is it!"

*When I re-entered the stable, I saw Kingston and Walsh were deep in conversation. As I made to join them, I beheld Walsh take his rag and soak it anew in the bucket of nitrated amyl as Kingston again wiped the tools of trade upon his apron. Upon enquiring what was afoot, I was astonished to hear Kingston reply that Walsh had asked him if he might be so good as to perform the delicate act upon him too. You can imagine, dear friend, my discombobulation at this surprising turn of events! Since first meeting Walsh I had, of course, considered with relish the thought of him undergoing the act. My wish though – and perhaps my slyness here does me little credit - had been that I might edge the man towards that which I wished to see happen, having the hard-gained satisfaction of finally hearing Walsh ask with his own lips for me arrange for the delicate act to be performed upon him. On the one hand, I was delighted that his very limited exposure to the delights of the circumcised state and that which it bestows upon a man had so rapidly taken root so deeply within him, yet I was somehow disappointed that it might be attained with so little effort from myself, anticipating introducing him to more of the pleasures he had witnessed that morning to tempt him towards that which I so wished him to desire. Offering no explanation, I merely said with firmness that I would not permit such a thing to happen and, dismissing Kingston, said to Walsh that we would speak more of the matter later.*

*I end here, my dear friend, in order that I may catch the evening post, but be assured that I will write again soon!*

*Ever your affectionate friend,*

*Arthur*

## Chapter Twelve

There was so much in it that both of them wanted to discuss but, as Jago put down the letter and looked across at Simon, he sensed that both of them knew that it would have to wait. Although it might have been either of them that sent the signal that would confirm what they both knew was going to happen, it was Jago who set things off. All it took was for him to take his hand away from his erection. Simon instantly read the unspoken invitation and, without saying a word, got up and knelt down in front of him.

Jago gasped as Simon took the head of his cock into his mouth. His lips just locked round the deep ridge of the helmet for a moment, then his tongue began its work, sliding over the glans and licking the frenulum up and down. The feelings were exquisite and, as Jago basked in the sheer animalistic pleasure of a man's eager and skilful pleasuring of his cock, he reached for the bottle of poppers, snorted deeply, then lay back with his eyes closed. He was delighted when Simon's hands found his heavy bull balls and began to work them as he sucked. It was something he really enjoyed, yet it was rare for anyone to pay them any attention in their rush to explore the rare size and heft of his cock. When he'd huffed a second time, he had to work hard to resist the urge to push Simon down further onto his long shaft. His lips had moved further down, exploring Jago's inner skin, his tongue sliding over the slightly raised ridge of the scar line. All of it was everything and more that Jago had dared hoped from his first circumcised suck. That first time would have been mind-blowing enough, especially after such a long period of enforced celibacy, but Simon really knew what he was doing and wasn't, as was so often the case, just fixated on the challenge of cramming as much of a huge cock into his mouth as possible.

After a while, Simon changed tack. Finally, he took Jago deep down his throat, gagging slightly but managing far more of his long, thick shaft than most ever could. Instinctively, Jago began to buck, his hips lifting up and down off the settee and fucking Simon's mouth, aroused to see his lips stretched wide by the thickness of the root of his shaft. Simon took the full force of it, Jago's thrusting hard and urgent. After six weeks of pent-up sexual inactivity, it was only a few seconds before Jago realised that he was already close to orgasm. He usually prided himself on being slow to cum – someone always in control, always the last man standing - but part of him longed for the sensation of climax, desperate to feel his cum explode into Simon's mouth and for him then to lap the juice from his shaft, wondering just how that would feel now he had no foreskin. Another part of him didn't want things to end there. He wanted more. He wanted more sex, more exploration, more enjoyment and, most of all, more of the lovely, nerdy, sexy guy who he liked so much, despite being part of the family he had so thoroughly disowned. In an act of pure will power, he made himself stop. Gently, he put his hand on Simon's face and stilled him, letting his cock slip from his willing mouth.

Again, Simon read the situation and signalled his understanding with a smile. In a second, they were side by side on the settee and kissing intently. Simon, aware that he had to leave Jago's cock alone for a while, was pleased when Jago reached for his. He revelled in how it felt as Jago's fingers closed around it, Jago equally pleased by the rare feeling of having something as substantial in his hand as when he fisted his own cock. He was surprised by how familiar it felt, yet it horned him to think that his own cock now felt so different. Simon, moaning quietly, started fucking Jago's hand. Thrusting hard, his glans slid back and forth inside the foreskin that Jago held tightly closed around it inside his fist. Jago sensed how deeply aroused Simon was, wondering if he wanted to cum that way. Suddenly, though, Simon became still. When his fingers gently opened Jago's, peeling them away from his skin-

covered glans, Jago assumed that Simon too was needing to take a break, perhaps equally anxious not to end things too soon. Simon, though, pulled his foreskin right back, the head dipping down slightly as he reached the extreme of retraction, spat on his hand and spread it across his bared glans. He re-closed Jago's fingers round it, still silent, still looking Jago straight in the eye. His hand moved to the base of his shaft and pulled at his foreskin, holding it back taut. Within seconds, he was fist-fucking again - even more urgently now, moaning loudly as his exposed helmet slid back and forth inside Jago's tight grip. His explosion came within seconds, shooting hard and heavy high over his cousin's chest.

When it was over, they just held each other for a very long time. Finally, with one arm still holding Simon tight, Jago's reached under the pillow on the settee for his lube. As he flipped the lid of the tube, his erection was still strong and his need for relief urgent. He anticipated with relish the cool, silky sensation of his lubed hand sliding over his taut inner skin as he masturbated whilst Simon cuddled him. He'd upended the tube ready to coat his shaft but, before he could, Simon reached out and took it from him. Seeing Simon squeeze some lube onto his hand, Jago was pleased to think that he was about to get his first circumcised hand job, touched that Simon was concerned for his pleasure despite just having cum himself. He was wrong though. Instead, Simon reached between his legs and worked the lube inside himself. A moment later, he moved agilely to squat across him. After just a second, Jago felt Simon's hand on his cock to guide it, then heard him gasp as he lowered himself down onto it and felt the first push of its hardness against his sphincter.

A moment later, as Jago felt his glans begin to ease Simon open a little, his urge to thrust hard was nearly irresistible. He stopped himself though, very aware from experience just how hard it was for someone to take a cock of his huge size and of the pain he might cause by forcing things. After a second or two more, he sensed Simon relax a little, beginning to adjust to the intense, brutal stretch. Then, he began to lower himself down more, going very slowly, the expression on his face intent as, all the time, he looked Jago straight in the eye. Jago was expecting him to say at any moment that he was sorry but it was just too much, but he didn't. Very slowly, he just kept going.

Finally, Jago sensed more of Simon's tension go - knowing that he'd managed it, knowing that he'd actually managed to take the huge cock right inside him. A second later, Jago felt him start to flex his sphincter muscles, repeatedly gripping tight then relaxing, a look of intense pleasure on his face as he adjusted to the amazing feeling of fullness in having something so huge pushed deep inside him. Jago lent forward and kissed him, thinking again just how sexy he was. A moment later, Simon nodded in response to Jago's enquiring look. Finally ready, he braced for the intensity of the feeling of the first thrust that would push the massive cock in even deeper still.

## Chapter Thirteen

Later that evening they lay nestled in bed, both sated after Jago had taken Simon there and fucked him again, long and hard. That second time, lying face down over the edge of the bed, Simon had been ready for Jago's helmet pushing at him again but, to his amazement, he'd felt instead the softness of his tongue. As Jago began slowly and skilfully to eat him out, Simon reached for the bottle of poppers and snorted deep so that, this time, he was really ready, loose, relaxed and gaping when Jago's lubed cock entered him. Again, Jago went slowly at first, still very aware that a cock of his huge size was far from easy to take, but his strokes were soon long and forceful. With each thrust, he made sure to pull out far enough to see have the thrill of seeing his circumcision scar before pushing in again until his cock ring was up tight against Simon's body. He went at it hard until he felt the first signs of approaching orgasm, knowing exactly what he wanted to see as he came. Pulling out, he gently flipped Simon over onto his back so that he could look into his face as well as down at the equally huge penis on the sexy man he was fucking so ardently, deeply aroused that Simon was so willingly and wantonly taking a cock that was as big as his own. As he pushed back in again with him now on his back, Simon meeting each of his thrusts with a raise of his hips and willing him even deeper inside him, Jago was delighted to see that Simon, anticipating what he would want, was holding his foreskin back in tight retraction so that his top could see his bared head as he fucked.

When it was over, they cuddled and kissed. Then, after a while, their talk finally turned back to the letter, enjoying picking it all over, Jago full of questions.

"So have you found out when Sir Arthur got cut, then?" he asked.

"I've not found any clear reference to that in the sources," Simon replied, Jago smiling to hear the man that had just so wantonly enjoyed being fucked suddenly sound so much the academic, "but it does look like Prince Felix had a hand in it."

"And you reckon he had a hand inside Arthur's trousers too?" said Jago.

"Well, hard to image he didn't, isn't it!" Simon replied. "Nice to think of them buddying up, then finding that they were both really hung and enjoying sharing it. Or perhaps that's what drew them to each other in the first place."

"Yeah, each on the look-out for other well-stacked guys. Bulge spotting at some formal do at Buck House, realising they'd struck lucky when they clocked another bloke showing a real stonker of a packet," Jago said, thinking of what was so often in his own mind at business functions full of smart, well-dressed men.

"God, your imagination!" said Simon, laughing. "You'd find something filthy to perv over at a vicar's tea party!"

"Too kind!" said Jago. "Thanks for the compliment!"

"I'm not sure exactly when they got matey though," Simon said, ignoring him, pleased to be able to explore the story more, "but they certainly were by their early twenties. Felix would have been cut already, 'cos Victoria had all her sons done - she'd got it into her head about her family being

descended from King David or some total bollocks like that, so she got them done because of their so-called Semitic blood.”

“Yeah - as if, Vicky love!” Jago said. “But I’d love to know what Arthur made of it when Felix flopped a huge clipped one out. I wonder if he was already cut himself when he first got his mitts on the royal one. I bet he wanted the same himself straight off if he wasn’t, or perhaps he was a bit slow and needed Felix to show him just how amazingly better it is – a bit like someone else I know!”

Jago grinned as he pulled Simon’s foreskin back to full stretch yet again, frustrated that - like his own once had - it never stayed that way for more than a moment before automatically returning to its default setting with the overhang extending well past the end of the glans and closed in a tight bud.

“Well, the closest I’ve got to finding out what happened is only by reading between lines,” Simon said. “There’s a letter he wrote to Felix years later, reminiscing about the amazing evening when his life changed thanks to him - Felix slipping away from the Palace in disguise late one foggy night, meeting Arthur and taking him to Whitechapel in his carriage to visit some rabbi. Well, you can put two and two together there, can’t you!”

“Wow – real Jack the Ripper stuff! I hope that rabbi guy got off on clipping mega-hung gentiles, and especially posh-totty ones. Looks like Arthur was a wise man though - seeing the light and wanting the upgrade,” Jago said. “Like you will,” he added after a moment.

“Well, perhaps there was more to it than that,” Simon said, smiling as he chose to ignore what was becoming a regular theme with Jago. “It was the time when some medics were starting to view it as a good thing, but boy did they have some weird ideas - as Kingston the vet found out. So it’s possible that Sir Arthur was just being progressive, or perhaps he’d got a tight one, or.....”

“Nah!” Jago interrupted, “He was just really horned by it – you get that loud and clear from the letters and stuff. I reckon he just loved it when he saw what Felix had hanging and wanted his own made to look as good.”

“You really think it looks better?” Simon asked, sounding suddenly serious.

“I do,” Jago replied. “You?”

“Well, it can look good, sometimes,” Simon said, hesitantly. “I mean, yours look amazing, but then it would anyway. I always think it looks – well - rude somehow, like when you see cut guys strutting round in changing rooms, not caring that their business end’s all out on show. It always looks like they’re cruising for action.”

“Well, good for them, I’d say,” Jago replied. “You and I have got huge cocks – no point pretending otherwise – and there’s some say we should be embarrassed about that and keep them hidden away, but you don’t do that, do you.”

“Well no, but that’s different somehow - I’d feel dead embarrassed with my head out. Like, one step too nude; kind of vulnerable, even?” Simon said, trying to puzzle out exactly why he’d feel so awkward being that way in public.

“But all men have helmets, so why worry about showing then?” Jago continued.



"Yeah, but having your knob bare all the time?" Simon continued. "I mean, sometimes it can be hot to be skinned back when you're boned, but afterwards – when you've cum, having to put it back in your pants still bare. Then at work the next day, on the bus, at the supermarket – being bare then? I mean, why would you want to be? It would drive me mad, feeling it rubbing. Sometimes even I want to forget about sex for a bit, and I don't think I could if my head was always out. And for sex – I mean, it just feels so good wanking with your skin, doesn't it."

"I totally agree," said Jago, "wanking with your foreskin is amazing, but doing it without is just plain incredible. I'm not saying it doesn't need a bit of getting used to, but....well, it's like discovering wanking all over again, and so much more intense."

"Don't cut guys take ages to cum though?" Simon asked.

"And the problem with that is....?" Jago said smiling. "Yeah, perhaps. But we're all different, and I've been with uncut guys who take ages and cut ones who cum fast. True that if you are just into rubbing a sly one out quickly then perhaps skin is best, but if you want the full gourmet experience, taking your time, enjoying the build-up, then a really intense cum when you get there, then....well, skin-free wins every time for me."

"And what about all that stuff about it being cleaner and more hygienic?" Simon asked.

"It's total bollocks," Jago said, bluntly. "Have they never heard of soap and water?"

"Well, I just don't think it's for me," Simon said, suddenly resolute, surprised that he suddenly had so many questions about a topic that had barely even crossed his mind before the previous day, really wanting not to feel so interested in it now and feeling somehow un-settled that he was. When Jago spoke again, it was as if he had read his mind:

"Well," he said, "That's just because you've just never thought about it before. You've just assumed that what you've got is best. But now, now you've started thinking about it, now you realise you've got options and...."

He stopped, sensing somehow that the moment had come to leave Simon to his thoughts, that going any further might make him choose to be resolutely against the idea and shut down any further discussion. Changing tack, he went back to the letter instead. "One thing's been intriguing me," he asked. "Why didn't Arthur allow the vet to cut Cornelius that day? Surely he'd have been delighted by that, and actually seeing the skin come off him too?"

"Well, it's like he said in the letter," Simon said, glad of the sudden change of topic. "I reckon he was looking forward to getting some pervy pleasure by stringing it out a bit. Working on him, gradually softening him up, convincing him it was better, seeing him edge closer to it. I reckon he really wanted to finally hear Cornelius say un-prompted that he wanted to get circumcised – the idea coming from him, then asking Arthur to arrange it for him for him, almost begging perhaps. I think Arthur really wanted to be able to feel that he was responsible for Corney ending up cut."

As Simon spoke, Jago tried to look casual as he turned away from him, hoping that he hadn't notice his cock instantly erect because of what had just been said. All of it was exactly what he was thinking himself about Simon - his need to edge him towards circumcision, needing so badly to hear him say that he wanted to be circumcised, knowing he was responsible for him losing his perfect foreskin. As well as all that, he was aware that there would be a selfish pleasure for him in seeing Simon's cock made into a clone of his own so that he could then experience what it was like for others

when they were with him. He nudged away the fleeting thought that, just perhaps, he needed Simon to prefer being circumcised as some sort of conformation that he'd made the right choice in getting circumcised himself.

"I think it was a bit of a let-down for him when Corny rolled over so early," Simon was saying. "You didn't get to that bit, but Arthur wrote in his diary what he'd said to Cornelius after the vet had gone – playing to his vanity, saying that an organ of his true magnificence deserved only the best work. In other words, not just a hack job from a vet."

"So what happened then?" Jago asked, his mind running ahead, wondering if he'd just been lucky that his own circumcision from a near-amateur cutter had turned out so well, and if the same man might be trusted to circumcise Simon, or if he needed somehow to get him to a proper clinic to ensure a good result.

"Well," Simon said, "it sounds like Arthur was really determined to get his hooks into Cornelius because he offered him a job as his footman. A way of taking ownership of him I suppose - keeping him close at hand, getting a hold over him by making him an employee. I'd love to know what Keohane made of that though - a gypsy outsider, getting in there and queering his cosy pitch."

"That depends," Jago replied. "Could be that Keohane was delighted to have another huge cock around to fire big loads of spunk all over him. Or perhaps he was pleased that there'd be someone else to give him the odd night off from servicing Sir Arthur - I bet the boss was forever calling one of his lackeys in when got the urge for a download, and it might have all got a bit much."

"Perhaps," said Simon. "Hard to know. Anyway, Arthur told Cornelius that if he agreed to be his footman, then he'd take him to London with him on his next trip, and that he'd arrange for him to get a proper circumcision there."

"I suppose just getting to go to London would have been a huge deal for a country bumpkin like Cornelius," said Jago. "Perhaps he even thought that losing a useless bit of skin was a price worth paying for a trip to the smoke, even if he didn't actually want it gone."

"True," Simon said, "Seeing what a smart guy he was, he might only have agreed because he reckoned that Sir Arthur was a soft touch, just planning on working him for all he could get and using his monster cock and the possibility of getting it cut as bait."

"Well," said Jago, "If that was his plan, it would have kind of served Sir Arthur right. He had the upper hand, and he was certainly working Cornelius for his own ends too."

"He told Corney that he'd introduce him to London polite society," Simon continued, "or at least the not-quite-so-polite echelon of it. He told him he knew lots of gents, and ladies too actually, who would be 'most interested to make his acquaintance 'on account of both his learning and his proportions', as he put it."

"So, more life as an exhibit in a travelling freak show then," said Jago. "Just a different kind of punter – posh ones instead of hoi polloi, but still earning a living flashing his donkey dong around for them to perve over."

"Very true," said Simon. "At least that was a way of life he understood. But I don't think Corney was naïve, though. He might just have had pound signs flashing before his eyes, or perhaps he was

planning on doing a bunk once they got to London or something - doing a runner before they lopped off his precious foreskin off him."

"Nah!" said Jago. "He was a wise man. Whatever perks he might have been planning on screwing Sir Arthur for, he'd seen an upgraded cock and wanted the same for himself. He might just have been thinking he'd be even more of a prize exhibit back on the sideshows once he'd been clipped. I mean, a gypsy with a cock like the royals - I can imagine how they could spin that to the yokels at the fair."

"Well Arthur certainly dangled the carrot of Prince Felix," Simon said. "He told him he was sure that he'd want to meet him, probably even want to arrange a visit to 'a mohel of renown' for him to get a designer clip job. I bet the pair of them would want to be there to 'supervise' as he was done too - God, listen to me! I'm getting as bad as you!"

"Fuck yes!" said Jago. "Imagine that - Arthur and Felix there, monster cocks coated in Vaseline, rubbing one out side by side as our however-many-times great grandad got the skin taken off his plus-sized fuck piece by a guy in a skull cap! They'd have so loved that, the pervy sods."

Jago had turned back towards Simon now, no longer needing to hide his hard cock, stroking his inner skin as he imagined the scene, comparing it in his mind to his own circumcision with a group of substantially hung men standing over him and wanking hard as his foreskin had been sliced away.

"Anyway," Simon continued, amused again at Jago's surprising interest in it all as much as his vivid imagination, "Cornelius said he was up for becoming Arthur's footman, but that he'd have to finish the season with the travelling show first. Actually, we know exactly when he got back in Waterford 'cos Arthur wrote to Felix to tell him that he'd taken him to his tailor to get measured up for his footman's uniform. The thing was though - and I think you'll like this next bit, you total exhibitionist slapper you - he actually got two uniforms made up for him. One was a normal one for demure occasions, but the other was cut to be really figure-hugging where it counted."

"Fuck, I like the sound of that! I bet he looked amazing," Jago said, thinking of the very understanding gentlemen's outfitters in Jermyn Street that he went to for his own suits where they well understood exactly what he wanted, the cute young fitter always glad to get rewarded in the changing room by a mouthful of his cock after checking that they'd judged the cut of the cloth right to show off Jago's big packet to best advantage.

"And," Simon was saying, "he had them future-proofed! He had dressing rings sewn into the legs of them both, so he obviously had more plans for Corney's cock. He writes to Felix about how pleased he was that Corney didn't freak when he explained to him what they were for!"

"Nice! And did he ever get it pierced?" Jago asked, "I really hope so. I bet it would have looked awesome with a big thick ring in it."

"Not sure, to be honest," Simon replied, "but there's still a pile of sources I haven't gone through yet."

"Shit, I really hope you find out," Jago said. "Have you ever thought about getting a PA?"

"Kind of," Simon replied, smiling. "More just thought about what it must be like having one. You?"

"Kind of too," said Jago. "Do you think one would look good on me?"

"Kind of!" said Simon again, smiling. "But, I mean, you'd have to really brazen it out – like, with no foreskin to hide it inside when you're having a piss in public."

"And why would I want to do that?" said Jago, smiling back. He looked down at his cock, squeezing his helmet between thumb and forefinger to open up the wide piss slit. "Room in there for a nice big one I think, and you'd be the same of course. Well I'll get one if you will. I reckon we should go and get done together – only once you're circumcised, though. No point in getting one and then just hiding it away."

"Nice idea, but as there's no way I'm getting cut, that won't happen then!" said Simon, smiling.

"Yeah, so you say, but your cock's saying something different! Don't think I haven't noticed that you've just boned," Jago said, playfully pulling Simon's sudden erection down, then releasing it so it slapped back hard onto his stomach. "Talking of metal rings," he continued, "that reminds me."

He got out of bed, his own cock equally hard at the thought of it being pierced as well as circumcised, and rummaged in a box under the bedside cabinet. He came back with a cock ring in his hand, identical to the one he had on but less shiny, the plating worn away in places.

"My first one ever, and I've never had the heart to throw it away," Jago said, flourishing it at Simon. "And I can't think of anyone I'd rather see wearing it. You want to put it on, or....?"

"I think you'd better do it," said Simon, unsure how to get it on, as well as liking the idea of Jago's hands manipulating his cock. "I mean, how do you get it all through? Looks painful!"

"Nah," said Jago, "not once you've got the knack. You just have to try not to get hard – just imagine you're having a threesome with Liz Truss and Donald Trump."

He knelt on the bed next to Simon, who lay back propped up on his elbows with his flaccid cock presented ready for Jago's ministrations. Simon was surprised by the weight of the ring as it dropped over his shaft. He looked down fascinated as Jago pushed one nut through with ease, then stretched his sack out fully and worked the folds of loose scrotum skin through, tensing in anticipation of a hurt that never came as he finally eased the second nut through too.

"There!" Jago said, playfully patting Simon's balls, smug that he had been able to get the ring on so easily, surprised how much simpler it was to ring someone else than to do it for himself. "Looks really good on you, mate!"

Simon was already boning, aroused by the sight of the tight metal around his genitals as much the gentle constriction of it. He reached for his balls, exploring how it felt to have them lifted a little away from his body. After a moment, Jago closed in, pushing his crotch forward towards Simon's. They frothed, both of them enjoying the feeling of metal on metal and metal on flesh. Simon reached down and cupped their scrotums together, aroused by the new intensity that the ring gave. In seconds they were kissing again, still frothing hard. After a moment, Simon reached behind Jago's balls, just stroking his perinium at first, then pushing harder there after he sensed him enjoying it. Encouraged, he dared to find Jago's sphincter and gently brushed the lips of it with his finger. He felt it respond and loosen a little. Encouraged, his fingertip entered cautiously, stroking just inside, feeling Jago's back

arch in pleasure. He moaned as Simon pushed in a little further but, just as he felt for Jago's prostate, Simon sensed him tense.

"I'd really love to fuck you," Simon said hesitantly, puzzled, not sure how to read the signs, wanting to check that all was OK.

"Mmm I'd love that too – one day." Jago said, smiling as he stroked Simon's hair, the finger inside him motionless now. "But you don't really think I'm gonna let you fuck me with that thing, do you? he added, teasingly. "Not now, I mean - not with all that junk on the end of it. But once it's gone, then I will for sure. It'll be tough for me and I'm not sure I'll like it, but I promise I'll let you do it – once you're circumcised. In the meantime, you lovely sexy man, you'll have to make do with this."

Before Simon could say anything, Jago was nibbling gently on his hard nipples, his hand reaching for his ringed balls and rolling the nuts around in their sack. Then, he was at his cock, pulling the skin right back hard before taking it deep into his mouth, licking at the inner foreskin, running his tongue around the back of the rim of the helmet, determined to make it feel good for Simon without his foreskin being involved at all. After a moment, he stopped and reached for the tube of lube by the bed. Coating his palm and, holding Simon's skin back flat, he began to run his hand lightly up and down the shaft, brushing lightly in full, long strokes from root to glans. Gradually, he tightened his grip, focussing more and more on the inner skin, his thumb underneath on the fren, working harder and harder as Simon moaned more and more.

"This is just a taste of how good it will be for you when you don't have a foreskin," he whispered into Simon's ear. "When you're circumcised. When you get to fuck me with your bare-headed cock."

As he spoke, Jago felt Simon squirm, his cock-ringed balls pulling up tight. He held Simon's foreskin back harder still and concentrated on working the wide band of his inner skin.

"Yes, this is just how amazing it will be for you when your foreskin's gone," he said. "When you've had your circumcision. When you're circumcised."

"When you're just like me," he thought to himself, as Simon ejaculated explosively over his face.

## Chapter Fourteen

Jago met Simon off the train at Euston the next Saturday morning. He'd been pleased when Simon had rung to say he was coming up to London again as more material had arrived at the British Library, even more pleased when he'd asked if he could stay overnight.

"God, you're sexy," Jago whispered into Simon's ear as they hugged tight on the concourse, both instantly boned, their crotches pressed together as hard as they dared in public. "Ringed up?"

"I've had it on all week," Simon replied proudly, sounding rather like a child inviting praise. "I'd feel naked without it now."

"I knew you'd take to it!" said Jago. "Shit, I'd so love to fuck you right now."

"Mmmm, that would be very nice, wouldn't it," Simon said, his innocent tone at odds with his leery smile. "Fancy a coffee?" he added, in what seemed a rather random non-sequitur.

Before he could reply, Simon was off through the crowds with Jago following three steps behind him, puzzled. When he got out onto the forecourt, Simon headed towards the Costa. When Jago reached the door though, there was no sign of him in the queue at the counter. Puzzled, he looked around and saw him halfway up the stairs to an upper floor. He followed but, again, there was no sign of him up there. Then, through the glass panel in the door, Jago saw him lurking in the corridor that led to the gents.

The cubicle was tiny and, with Simon's rucksack in there as well, there was no room for them to do anything other than wank. Simon, working his glans inside his foreskin, came quickly and easily, but Jago, without any lube and working dry, really struggled. Although he didn't want to admit it even to himself, he was starting to get sore. Finally, he admitted defeat, claiming that he couldn't cum because he was getting anxious about being in the toilets for so long.

They listened carefully after Simon had mopped up, checking that nobody was around to witness their joint exit from the cubicle. All was silent but, just as they opened the door, the one in from the corridor opened too. Still wedged in the cubicle, they found themselves facing full on a shabby looking middle-aged man in overalls carrying a mop and bucket. All three of them just stood in silence, frozen in mutual surprise.

"I bet it was a tight fit, eh?" the man said finally, his eyes clearly scanning the big lump at Jago's crotch, his cock still semi-hard after his failed attempt to cum.

For just a moment, Jago thought it was Simon's arse he was talking about.

"You're better off in the Pret round the corner," the man added as he began mopping the floor. "Bigger cubicles there. Room for a proper fuck."

"So, still think being circumcised is always better then?" Simon said teasingly a minute later as they crossed Euston Road and headed towards Fitzrovia. "All that work on that big, bare, blunt thing of yours yet no happy ending, whereas ...."

"Just you wait until later!" Jago interrupted, laughing. "I'll be double-horny and double-loaded 'cos of just now, so prepare yourself for a long, hard fucking with a huge wad at the end of it."

"Mmm," said Simon. "Promises, promises!"

"Actually though," Jago continued. "I've invited my mate Sam round this evening. I really want the two of you to meet. I think you'll hit it off – good company, really sexy, a huge-cock-lover, and a skilled pair of lips. And, as you're going to have to wait for mine until you're circumcised, a very willing hole that can easily take a big one - perhaps even two, if we're lucky."

"Mmm," said Simon again. He loved the thought of double-dipping with Jago, although he seriously doubted that any man would actually be able to take two such huge cocks as theirs at the same time. "I've never gone in side by side before. So tell me more about this Sam then. Hung too?"

"Well, you'll just have to wait and see, won't you," Jago said, teasingly.

When they got to Bond Street, Jago made Simon spend far more than he ever had before on a smart pair of trousers and a shirt. After that, they stopped off at a sex shop in Soho where Simon bought a shiny new cock ring and some poppers, then next at Jago's favourite salon just off Piccadilly where, as they were worked on in adjacent chairs and to the complete puzzlement of their barbers, they had a jokey, euphemism filled chat about "getting a cut".

With Simon's shaggy mop replaced by a smart new style rather similar to Jago's, they grabbed a sandwich before parting company – Simon to the British Library, and Jago, very unusually for a weekend, to his office.

As Jago had hoped, the place was deserted when he got to the Depot. It wasn't work that took him there though, but something that he knew it would be easier to do with no one around. Instead of heading to his office, he opened the door to Human Resources and begun going through employee files, harvesting phone numbers. Relieved that no one from security had seen him, he made for his office and closed the door. Sitting at his desk, he got out his phone, looked at his list and decided who to ring first. On it were the names of the four other men who had also been circumcised that night at the Depot – Spike, Andrez, Kayonne and Mohamed. For good measure, he'd added Les and Nozzer too.

"Oh, hi Spike," he said as his first call answered. "Jago Walsh here. Sorry to ring you at the weekend, but it's actually nothing to do with work. Look, I was thinking –what would you reckon to a bit of a get together one night? See how we're doing, compare notes? Up for that?"

It was the only way to be sure, he'd realised. He was delighted with his own outcome, but seeing how the others had fared was the only way he could be sure that all of Greg's work was as good, and that he could be trusted to give Simon a circumcision as neat, tight and thoroughly radical as his own. He'd gladly pay to take Simon to a proper clinic somewhere – he'd googled them all, horned as he read the descriptions of what they offered as well as the glowing testimonials from men as delighted as he was himself to be rid of their foreskins - but it would be so frustrating to have to sit in some waiting room whilst Simon was circumcised. He wanted to be there to see it - to be part of it, like Prince Felix was for Arthur, and – he assumed and hoped – they both had been for Cornelius. He needed to see Simon place his beautiful cock in another man's hands – trusting him, willingly letting him take the perfect foreskin from it, allowing it to be made into something new, something that would so closely match his own. Greg, he knew, would understand all that.

## Chapter Fifteen

That evening again, Jago's front door was barely shut before they were kissing and groping. It wasn't long before Simon, his rucksack still on his back, had Jago's cock in his mouth. Again, though, it was Jago who realised that they needed to call a halt before things went past the point of no return.

"That feels so amazing," he said, ruffling Simon's smart new haircut, "but let's save it, eh. Come and grab a bite to eat before Sam gets here – you're going to need some energy for later, I promise you! So how did you get on at the library – anything juicy?"

"Yes - loads to tell you!" Simon said as they moved to the kitchen, eager to share his finds. "I nearly rang you, but I waited 'cos I really wanted to see your reaction."

"Oh, do go on," Jago said. "Cock-hardening stuff then?"

"As if yours needs any encouragement!" Simon replied. "Well, they'd tracked down more of Arthur's journals, and some letters too."

"More filth?" Jago asked.

"Well, yes, but Arthur's a bit more euphemistic in this batch though," Simon replied. "Most of it's about the big trip to London after Cornelius started working for him, but you have to read between the lines a bit. I reckon they'd got worried about stuff being seen by prying eyes at the Palace."

"Sounds like Arthur couldn't wait to get Corney to London to get him snipped then," said Jago.

"Yeah, and as you are always saying to me, that reminds me of someone!" Simon replied, smiling.

"Well at least Cornelius was quick on the uptake about realising how much better it is to be circumcised," Jago replied. "Bright lad, our Corney – quick to recognise a good thing when he sees it, unlike someone else I can think of too!"

"It looks like Corney was a bright lad alright," Simon replied, dodging Jago's repeating theme. "When they set off, Arthur gave Keohane the task of teaching him to read on the journey, and he was already up and running by the time they reached London."

"Good for him! Some serious brains in our family as well as some serious cock, for sure," said Jago, pleased again by the idea of Cornelius being smart.

"So, they stayed at Kensington Palace," Simon continued.

"Not at Buck House, then?" Jago asked, slightly disappointed.

"Well, there was probably a bit more privacy there than right under ma and pa's eyes," Simon said. "Sounds like Felix was as taken with Cornelius as Sir Arthur expected, so they'd have wanted to be somewhere where they could really get down and dirty."

"Mmm, well we love a bit of down and dirty, don't we," Jago said. "So what did they get up to then?"



"Well, from Arthur's hints, sounds like Felix really loved having a big cock stuck up his bum," Simon said, "and Corney was happy to oblige of course - sounds like he got quite a taste for it too, not just doing it on royal command."

"Fuck, imagine that! A bit of gypsy rough ploughing the willing princely arse with his horse dong," said Jago, "and not just any old bit of gypsy rough either, but one of our relatives!"

"Come come now! Traveller rough, please!" said Simon, jokingly prim, but pleasantly surprised to hear Jago for once acknowledging his roots. "But yes, a pretty amazing thought, isn't it. Our great, great, grandad shagging a royal. Hot to think of Felix being such a willing bottom too, even though he was hung so huge himself."

"Mmmm, well that reminds me of someone else yet again!" said Jago, smiling. "So Felix was a total bottom then, but what about Sir Arthur?" he continued, "I've been wondering about that."

"Sounds like he was actually more of a voyeur than anything," Simon replied. "What he liked most of all was Keohane sucking him off while he watched Corney giving Felix a good, hard banging."

"Mmmm, wouldn't have minded seeing that myself, but I'm gagging to know - did they actually get Corney clipped?" Jago asked, jumping ahead.

"Give me a chance!" Simon said, laughing. "Let me tell you things in order or I'll forget bits. So they did the rounds, the three of them - all that polite society stuff Arthur had promised Corney. They went to a few dens for like-minded gentlemen. One was the Glandem Society, for guys into promoting the benefits of circumcision. It was supposedly for preventing the evils of wanking, but clearly much more to it than that - pure circ fetish stuff I reckon. Corney had his todger out for them there, them discussing how 'savage' it looked, and how much it would benefit from being 'tamed' and 'improved'. Then he did the same again at some other club for blokes just into really hung meat pure and simple. They got Corney up on stage there, them saying how 'freakishly huge' it was as he did a turn for them - wanking off, then fucking a couple of volunteers from the audience as an encore."

"Mmmmm," I like the sound of that," said Jago, savouring the idea of being paraded himself and objectified for his dimensions before showing onlookers just what he could do with his huge cock.

"Another time, they went to an 'artistic magic lantern show' - basically a Victorian version of Pornhub," Simon continued. "And, - and it would just be so amazing if this had survived somewhere - they went back to the photographer's studio afterwards and Corney did a photo shoot for him! Wouldn't those pics be so good to see!"

"Fuck yes," said Jago. "I'd love to see what he looked like, let alone finally get to see just how big he actually was."

"Well there's something else that would be even better," Simon said. "You know those old 'what the butler saw' machines they used to have on the piers at the seaside? Well, another time, that photographer guy made one of those with Corney as the star - in his footman's kit, fucking the living daylights out of a girl in maid's uniform, then a stable lad in his breeches. God, I'd so love that to turn up in an antique dealer's one day so we could see him in action!"

Before Jago could reply, the doorbell rang. "That'll be Sam," he said, not bothering to put his cock back into his jeans as he got up and went to answer the door. When he had gone, Simon wondered what to do with his own erection. He'd hoped to please Jago by choosing his most tight-fitting jeans for the weekend, so he finally decided it would be easiest just to follow suit and leave it out rather than struggle to put it back inside them.

“Hi Simon, nice to meet you,” Sam said as the pair of them came back in. “And,” she added as her eyes dropped blatantly to his crotch, “I’m delighted to see that Jago wasn’t exaggerating about just how cute you are.”

## Chapter Sixteen

At first, Simon was so taken aback that that he just sat there watching the other two with a feeling of disbelief. Sam and Jago had quickly got down to business. After some fairly token kissing, they were soon naked with Jago's cock between Sam's breasts, him fucking hard there as she held them tightly closed round his erection. Simon started to think that perhaps he was there just as a patsy – only ever intended to be a voyeur, adding spice to their sex by having it witnessed. Perhaps, he wondered, that was something Sam enjoyed, or that Jago wanted to boost his ego by showing how versatile a lover he was, proving that he was actually more than “just” a gay man. Then, though, when Sam's hand reached out and grabbed Simon's cock, everything changed. At first, he was alarmed by the touch there from someone who didn't have a penis of their own, but within a moment, he realised that it actually felt good - amazed that a woman might understand so well how to pleasure a man.

Sensing that things had started to move, Jago pulled the two of them in closer to him, and Simon was pleased to find that he hadn't actually forgotten him. Sam eased back a little on the settee and Jago went to her pussy, massaging it in a circular motion with the flat of his hand. Simon saw her hard, engorged clitoris, amazed just how much like a little penis it looked. Penises were something he knew about, he told himself - something there was no need to be afraid of. Gingerly, he reached out for it. He was aroused to hear Sam's gasp as he began working it as he would a cock, surprised to find that it even seemed to have something like a foreskin. Suddenly, she was very wet, and it aroused him more to think that that it might have been down to him - that he might have given her pleasure, that he might actually have some transferable skills that a woman might enjoy as much as a man.

Jago moved again. His cock was now brushing at Sam's pussy, his free hand on her breasts and playing hard with her erect nipples. When Simon saw him begin to stroke her labia with his glans, he thought of the pleasure he got when Jago's cock teased at his hole while working his nipples, realising that perhaps things might actually not be so different for a woman. A moment later, Jago's cock was between her pussy lips, in just far enough for them to close over his helmet. Simon was blown away to see how, unlike his sphincter, she opened so easily to accept something so huge - really inviting it in somehow rather than there being any element of struggle, realising how a woman's body was actually designed for the job. With Sam working his cock very pleasingly, Simon found himself wondering how it might feel to have the moist grip of a woman's parts around his own glans instead. Her hand felt good, tight around it and rubbing the foreskin back and forth, but he was surprised that he found himself longing for her to retract his skin and pleasure him directly on his helmet and inner skin like Jago would have. He saw then that Jago had eased himself further into her, but that he was taking his time, making her wait for the full bulk of him inside. Again, Simon was amazed to see the way she stretched so easily to take something so massive. He smiled as he noticed what he suspected was a mind fuck for Jago as he carefully and repeatedly pushed in just as far as his circumcision scar, lining it up with her lips, before pulling out again. He wondered if this was the first time he'd made love to a woman since he had been circumcised and just how different it might be feeling for him, perhaps that he was exploring new sensations on his inner skin now that it was all pulled so taut.

Finally, Jago thrust, pushing the whole length of his cock deep into Sam in one go. She moaned loudly as she felt the sudden stretch of such a huge penis suddenly open her up. Seeing it happen, Simon wished that he was able to take one as quickly and easily himself rather than having to work so hard at it, almost willing it inside him. He wondered just how it felt for her. Did the challenge of a slow, gradual penetration mean that it was all the more rewarding once it was finally in, or was it an

instantly-overwhelming sensation to take a cock in one sudden go? Wondering if it felt equally incredible for Sam as for him to feel Jago inside her, he suddenly ached to feel the deep stretch of him in him, yearning for the intense fullness of it.

Suddenly not wanting to be left out, Simon reached for Jago's balls and worked them, squeezing the heavy nuts hard inside their sack as he started to hump. His other hand reached out blindly, found a nipple and pinched it tight, alarmed to realise after a second that it was actually Sam's rather than Jago's. Surprised that she hadn't flinched, he just kept going. He watched entranced as the thick piston of Jago's cock went so forcefully backwards and forwards inside her. His hand reached and felt the wide root of it, amazed to feel her lips stretched so wide and tight around it, her clitoris lying above it really bloated and erect. Fascinated, he reached for it. Sensing Sam respond to his touch, he felt proud that he was adding even more to the pleasure of the hard, deep fucking she was so enjoying, hoping that it was feeling as good for her as when he worked his cock whilst he was being fucked.

After a minute or so of intense fucking, Simon noticed Sam's body stiffen, sensing that she must be getting close to reaching orgasm. With Jago humping ever-harder, his eyes locked on Simon's as he worked, it was as if they tacitly agreed to work as a team - Simon rubbing at her clitoris as Jago thrust. Soon, she moaned loudly as wetness suddenly flooded from her, coating Simon's hand. Instantly, Jago had had his fingers in his grasp, eagerly licking her cum from them. He'd pulled out from her, his cock still rampantly hard. Gently, but clearly showing his intent, he took hold of Simon, grabbing the back of his head, guiding him face-first between Sam's legs.

Simon, caught off guard, was alarmed. With Sam's pussy rammed right up against his face, he expected from all the playground talk at school for there to be an unpleasant smell, but the aroma was just of pure sex, and it aroused him. Looking up - for guidance, encouragement or rescue, he just wasn't sure - he was amazed to see Jago squatting now over Sam's face, her tongue rimming at his sphincter, his heavy balls swinging as she worked. He'd learnt quickly enough that Jago's arse was pretty much a no-go area, but perhaps, he thought, things were different when attention there was without the threat of it being a precursor to penetration. As Sam moved to get deeper in to Jago, Simon's nose brushed against her clitoris. She moaned at the touch, so he made it happen again. Then again. Then, suddenly, he was away. His tongue went to her, carried away by the taboo eroticism of what he, a gay man, was doing, amazed at the wetness there and the creamy, slightly sweaty taste. He was amazed too by the texture of the clit on his tongue - just like the head of an uncut penis, not like the roughness of Jago's at all. He was so absorbed in what he was doing, fascinated by the complex folds of Sam's pussy, surprised that his tongue seemed to be finding layer after layer of it to explore, that he didn't realise that Jago had moved until, out of the blue, he felt a tongue on his sphincter. Within seconds, Jago was as intently eating him out as he was Sam.

After a moment, Simon felt Jago's hand on the back of his head, gently pushing him even deeper and deeper into Sam's pussy, her legs clamping tight round his face as if willing him in. Suddenly, it was all too much - claustrophobic and hard to breathe. Jago, sensing Simon's near panic, grabbed him by his hair, pulled him out, instantly kissing him hard once he had, relishing the taste of Sam from his mouth. As Simon's panic abated, he instantly missed the feeling and taste of Sam on his tongue. He looked across, wanting to be in there again, and saw the incredible sight of her abandoned pussy now open and gaping, her fingers working urgently at lips that were still bloated from the attention his tongue had given them. She saw the astonished look on his face and smiled, her fingers moving to pull herself wantonly apart for him, stretching her pussy lips brazenly wide, needing him to see it and to see inside her, aroused by his amazement at her gaping openness. His fingers went to it, feeling within her, stroking, exploring, daring to actually probe inside a woman, amazed by the way that the intimacy of the inside of her body was so easy to access and enjoy compared to a man's.

Fingering her aroused him enormously, but he knew what he really wanted. Craving for more pussy – the taste, the texture, loving the knowledge that he was giving it pleasure - his tongue was soon back there, his face pressed hard up against it and feeling the soft cushions of her lips on his face. Then he felt Jago's fingers at him, sliding a lubed finger right inside him, then two, easing him open, and then his cock, going slowly at first, but then pushed in hard and deep. He relished the feel of it, satisfied to finally feel himself filled so deep as he licked Sam, alternating between pushing back hard to meet Jago's thrusts and ever deeper into her open hole. Something about their unusual position as a threesome meant that Jago's helmet was aimed right at Simon's prostate, rubbing it hard as he thrust ferociously. The stimulation from it was overwhelmingly intense, Simon's arousal from it made even more powerful by the sensation of his tongue probing yet deeper inside Sam. Moments later, he'd felt Jago tense, then, with one last, brutal push, explode deep inside him. His last thrust tipped Simon over the edge and, hands free, he came equally hard in his first ever purely-prostate orgasm. As he shot rope after rope of cum over Sam, he felt her tense - suspended in that moment when orgasm is inevitable but not yet reached. Then, finally, it came. With a loud moan, she squirted hard all over his face. He thought that was it, and that was amazing enough, but after a second there was more as she erupted again and again. Simon was blown away by just how much of it there was, amazed that the physical manifestation of a woman's orgasm could be as blatant as a man's. As his tongue eagerly sought the salty juice of her running down his face, he felt Jago's lips at him, lapping just as eagerly at the heavy load of cum oozing from his sphincter.

## Chapter Seventeen

“God, your face – it was priceless!” Jago said as he came back in after seeing Sam safely into her Uber. “Talk about a rabbit in a car’s headlights!”

“You utter, total bastard! Simon said, laughing. “You SO set me up there!”

“Well, you never asked, did you!” Jago replied, smiling as he flopped down onto the settee next to him. “OK, so I might possibly have told you but – well, think of it as pay-back for you winding me up that first night in the pub. God, Is that really only three weeks ago? Feels like I’ve always known you. So, anyway, did you have a nice time then, once you were over the shock?”

“Wow!” said Simon. “Pretty incredible! She’s one amazing lady, but I can’t actually get my head around it all. I mean, did I actually do some of that stuff, let alone get so boned by it? Blimey - perhaps I’m not quite so gay as I thought!”

“Who cares what you are,” said Jago. “As long as you enjoyed it, there’s no need to label it. Good sex is good sex, and that sure was good sex!”

“Yes, I mean – I can see objectively that she’s really hot, but I can’t say I actually fancied her. Not fancy her like I would a cute guy,” Simon continued, rambling rather as he tried to get his thoughts in order. “But even so – there was something.....I mean, I wasn’t so convinced by the titty’s situation, but pussy! I mean, I’ve never even seen one up close, let alone....”

“Well, I think you discovered some hidden talents there!” said Jago.

“I’ve rimmed a few guys and didn’t particularly like it,” Simon said, “but that... well, that was something else entirely! I mean, cocks are dead hot of course, but once they’re hard they’re hard and that’s it, but a pussy – well, it’s like it’s alive – changing, responding, moulding, always something different about it to explore.”

“Well you certainly seemed to be a natural muff muncher – amongst other things!” Jago said. “You really got Sam going with your tongue working away at her like that, let alone....”

“Yes,” Simon interrupted, “and I loved it too – all of it, though I must admit that my poor old tongue’s feeling a bit weird after that work out.”

“I’m not surprised!” said Jago, “I mean, you were really giving it your all there, and she loved it. But forget your tongue, how’s your cock feeling?”

“A bit weird too, to be honest,” Simon replied. He looked down at it, still rather perplexed by what Sam had done to it, and the implications. “Actually, I’m looking forward to a nice long shower and getting it back to normal.”

After their first shuddering shared orgasms, they’d just rested, pleasantly wrapped around each other on the settee. After a while, Jago had suggested slightly surreally that they had a cup of tea before, as he put it, “round two.” Simon had been the one to go and put the kettle on and, when he came back, he found the other two looked slightly conspiratorial.

“You do trust us, don’t you?” said Jago, smiling at him.

“Err, well yes, but I suppose that depends. Should I?” he replied, amused but puzzled.

"We'll, we were just wondering if you'd like to try a little treat. It's something Sam's rather good at actually, but she doesn't get a chance to do it very often," Jago said.

"Ooooh that sounds interesting!" Simon said, his thoughts racing.

"Well come here then," Jago said, patting the empty space next to him on the settee, all thoughts of tea suddenly forgotten. "Lie down here like a good boy. It'll take a moment for Sam to set things up, but don't look and spoil the surprise. In fact, I think I'd better make sure that you don't."

Simon did as he was told, feeling rather like a small boy with an exciting treat in store. Jago held him as he lay on the settee, hands playfully over his eyes. He felt Sam lift his cock then retract his skin. Her fingers pushed it right back and held it there, just to the point of a pleasant feeling of tension. Then she was manipulating him somehow, giving him another feeling on his shaft that he couldn't quite pin down - not exactly uncomfortable, but certainly unusual. It felt perhaps as if she had made a ring of her thumb and forefinger round his shaft, but then there was something else - a slightly unpleasant sensation at the base of his inner skin just for a moment - a feeling there he really couldn't identify. There was no mistaking the next sensation though - he felt lips close over his helmet, and he was rigid within seconds. He moaned as she started work, his head spinning at the thought that he was being sucked by a woman and that he was actually enjoying it. It felt every bit as good as when Jago sucked him, and he was amazed that someone who had never experienced a cock sucking themselves would know how to do it so well. She seemed to understand just where the sweet spots were - her tongue working expertly at his fren, then round the rim of his helmet, then over the surface of his glans - and it all felt particularly intense for some reason. Then he was deep down her throat. He felt the urge to start bucking, but fought it back - he knew it would make him cum too soon if he did, and the sensations were just too good to have them end so soon. He deeply wanted to see his cock in her mouth though and made to sit up, but Jago had other ideas, gently but firmly holding him down.

"Ah, ah, ah - oh no you don't," he said, "Not yet. Just lie back and let Sam enjoy doing the work."

Simon was somehow loving being totally passive in his pleasure and played along, although longing to add to it by seeing as well as feeling. Then, he felt her give one long, slow suck along the whole length of his shaft, finally letting his cock pop from her mouth. It slapped back hard onto his stomach, but he quickly felt a hand round it, massaging the wetness from Sam's mouth over his helmet and inner skin. It was Jago's hand, he could tell, and it was good, but not as good - not nearly as good as Sam's lips. He sensed movement around him, feeling the cushions of the settee adjusting to someone changing their position. Then there was yet another sensation on his helmet, but a totally new one. Startling almost, something he'd just never felt before, something incredibly powerful. It was like his helmet was being sucked again yet, at the same time, nothing like being sucked. Then his cock was gradually being enveloped, gripped tight all round, stimulated in a way that it never had been before. He was being pleased from root to helmet - all in one and all at once, every bit of his cock caressed at the same time - and it was incredible. He couldn't help himself, some instinct deep in him kicking in: his hips lifted from the settee and started to thrust hard and repeatedly. He made to sit up again, longing to see, but Jago held him down.

"Fuck her," Jago whispered. "Fuck her hard. Push your cock really deep into her and enjoy it as much as she will."

That did it. Simon suddenly made sense of what he was feeling but, almost in disbelief, he had to see to really believe it, his head spinning trying to make sense of it all, especially that it felt so good. He wasn't taking no for an answer this time and sat up, firmly taking Jago's hands from his eyes. What

he saw almost made him cum, but he clenched hard and just managed to stop it. She saw him looking at the way they were connected, squatting across him, his cock buried right inside her with his cock ring pushed up hard against the folds of her labia. He felt her grip tight on his cock, then begin repeatedly to clench hard and then release, her hands at her clitoris and rubbing it frantically.

“Fuck me, Simon” she said simply, her eyes looking now directly into his.

She moaned as he pushed his hips forward, him wanting to know that every bit of him possible was deep inside her – buried inside a woman. The feeling was amazing for him, but he loved seeing how obviously he was giving pleasure as well as receiving. She lifted herself up a little, just the root of his cock coming into view, and he started thrusting. She was down low on him, so only small, gently strokes were possible, but feeling her grip on his helmet so deep within her was incredibly intense. Rubbing hard still at her clit, she raised herself a little higher after a moment so that Simon’s thrusts could become a little longer -enough for him to feel the rub of her lips on his inner skin. She lifted higher still, and Simon responded, able to withdraw a little further between thrusts now, starting to enjoying the feeling of pulling out more just in order to push back in hard and deep, savouring the amazing feeling of her opening so easily to take the fullness of him.

Simon had often wondered if he really was actually more of a bottom than a top, or if it was just practicalities that meant he usually ended up the one taking a cock. He’d always loved it when he got to fuck a man, but it was rare for him to be able to do it at all, let alone without having to worry about the potential his huge cock had for causing pain. Now, though, he was able to push just as deeply and strongly as he desired, knowing that thrusting right in deep and hard would only add to his partner’s pleasure. It was wonderful, liberating knowledge. His eyes closed with the pure pleasure of the freedom of it as she lifted herself further still, enjoying his cock pulling nearly out and slamming right back in to the hilt. She began to moan, her orgasm suddenly close. He wanted to see her cum, to see the visible evidence of the pleasure he’d given her. He opened his eyes and looked down, needing to see the whole length of his cock make the final thrust that would tip her over the edge and the wetness flood from her as a result. As pulled out as far as he dared, ready to please her by going back in as long and hard as he could manage, he struggled to comprehend what he saw. As his cock drew out of her, he saw that there was something round it. His mind struggled to make sense of it, but his body was working automatically, his instinct to fuck meaning that he just kept pistoning in and out of her despite his confusion. On the next withdrawal he saw it again for a second before he pushed back in, then again, then again. Then, with a loud moan, she came in a shuddering, overwhelming orgasm. Her hand went to her clitoris as wetness gushed from her, and his cock slipped from her pussy. Then he saw it properly - the neat circle of tape around the middle of his shaft, holding his foreskin firmly back in tight, flat retraction. He had no time to think before Jago’s hand was round him, his fist rubbing up and down on his inner skin, using Sam’s wetness as lube, the feeling overwhelmingly intense. Sam, still rubbing her clit, had recovered, and her hand went to him too, his mind reeling as two hands now around him, twisted, ground and slid along the whole length of his shaft and over his helmet. Sam lent in and added her tongue to the heady mix, licking at his fren. Then her finger was at his sphincter – a woman’s finger invading him. He was amazed how open he was, eager for her to probe inside him. She reached for his prostate and pushed at it, the intrusion every bit as good as when a man’s fingers did the same. Jago closed in too, kissing him intently as his fingers rubbed round behind the ridge of his helmet, exploring the unusual emptiness there. Simon was so close to orgasm, aroused beyond measure to have two people so eagerly focussed on his pleasure, yearning for the feel of climax yet not wanting things to end. His hand stilled theirs to stop them from tipping him over, but he kept kissing Jago as a sign that he didn’t want things to stop, only for the amazing moment to be prolonged.



Realising how close he was to cumming, Sam moved, breaking the intense mood. She lay flat on her back on the settee and pulled her legs up onto her chest, looking at Jago with her hand meaningfully reaching towards his cock. Jago lined it up with her gaping, swollen pussy, looking across to make sure that Simon was ready to see him penetrate her. Simon moved in, equally eager to see up close the way Jago's helmet slid so easily into her, thinking of how his had just done the same, thinking too of how much his own cock looked like Jago's with the skin held back to tautly by the tape. Jago started to thrust slowly, withdrawing enough between pushes to be able to go back in again with his whole length on the next. After a dozen or so slow, hard thrusts, he backed off and moved out of the way, his hand on Simon's arse, edging him in towards Sam. Somehow, it aroused Simon immensely when Jago took hold of his cock and guided its head into her. He looked Jago full in the face as he pushed right in, then began to thrust, aroused to think of himself as equally capable as Jago of being a total alpha, bi stud.

Almost as if they'd planned it, they took turns. Each of the men thrust for a minute or so before pulling out before orgasm hit, then swapping over for the other to take their place. With her eyes closed tight in obvious intense pleasure and her fingers rubbing hard at her clit, Simon wondered if Sam could actually tell which of them it was in her - with his foreskin taped back and irrelevant, their cocks must surely have felt identical.

Simon was sure that they'd cum that way, just not knowing whether he or Jago would finally have to give into orgasm first. He was surprised, then, when Jago broke the pattern, not moving in to replace him when he pulled out of Sam just before his orgasm became unstoppable. Simon wasn't sure what was going to happen when, instead, Jago gently manoeuvred Sam out of the way so he could lay down flat on his back on the settee himself in her place. Just for one moment, Simon wondered if Jago was actually going to allow him to fuck him. He'd made it plain before that he would one day, but only, he'd said, if Simon "got rid of all the junk hanging off the end" of his cock. Could it be possible that his taped back status counted as that - that Jago hadn't actually meant that it had to be removed by circumcision but only kept out of the way? It was an amazing thought, but one that soon passed when he saw that Sam seemed to know exactly what Jago's real intentions were. She straddled him as he lay flat on his back, sitting across him, facing away, with one leg either side of him. Her fingers soon found his cock and guided it into her. His hips instantly started thrusting upwards, making Simon think how intensely her prostate would be worked in that pose if she had one, feeling sorry for her that she'd never know the pleasure of it.

After a moment, Sam looked Simon straight in the eye as she leaned back as flat as she could on top of Jago, and realisation dawned for Simon. Suddenly, he knew what they wanted him to try and do. His mind reeled, not sure if it was actually possible for such a thing to happen. He knelt on the settee and, as they stilled themselves to help him, he carefully lined his cock up and prepared to push into Sam alongside Jago. He took his time, aware of how difficult it might be for her, looking into her face and prepared to stop instantly at any sign that it was too much, but there was none. He felt his shaft gripped incredibly tight as it began to go in. Jago's hand reached for his and held it tight, their fingers intertwined as he slid slowly along the length of the cock that was already in her until, finally, he felt their two bare helmets on top of each other. As they started to thrust in unison, the sensation was unbelievable. For Simon, Sam's pussy gripping so tight round him was amazing enough, but the arousal of feeling of Jago's cock rubbing against his own, knowing both of them were bare headed as they thrust, was even better.

## Chapter Seventeen

Simon had been at a conference in Brighton all day, so it was late before he finally got to Jago's the next Saturday evening. Jago eyed him up and down leerily as he stood on the doorstep, very much approving of what he saw. Simon had his new shirt and trousers on, the neatly-trimmed stubble on his face now looked "designer" rather than just "not bothered to shave" and, to Jago's amazement, he'd had highlights put into his new haircut.

"Mmmm, you're looking good enough to eat," Jago said as he broke off from tonguing him, "and that's exactly what I intend to do, followed by burying my cock deep inside you and then bumming you to within an inch of your life."

Taking him by the hand, he led Simon through to the bedroom and lay him down flat on the bed. Simon just lay back passively, smiling as Jago cupped approvingly the bulge that showed so much more clearly in his new, tailored trousers than in his usual loose jeans. Then, with ceremony, Jago began undoing the buckle of what looked like a new, smart, leather belt.

Jago's first surprise came when he opened the top button and began to pull down Simon's new trousers - he was wearing nothing under them. A moment later, his second was that Simon's cock ring rested now on neatly-manscaped pubes rather than nestled in a thick bush.

"Mmm," I'm liking what I see so far," Jago said. "Upgrades there for sure."

Suggestively licking his lips, Jago looked his smiling face as Simon lifted his hips off the bed so that Jago could slide his trousers down more easily.

"So kind of you to help," Jago said playfully. "There's SUCH a long way to pull these sexy new trousers down before you finally get to reveal the end of that cock of yours, but I'm nearly there now and when I do, then I'll .....oh my holy fucking shit!"

Simon laughed aloud as he saw the astonished look on Jago's face; he'd just got his third surprise. Simon's trousers were finally down low enough for the head of his cock to come into view, and Jago had seen that, grotesquely distended by it, all the glass covered over and just the screw cap poking out from the overhang that gripped it tightly, he had a bottle of poppers stuffed inside his foreskin.

"Oh my fuck!" said Jago, his eyes wide and his face red, blown away by the sight and reaching instinctively for his own cock.

"Handy place to keep a bottle, isn't it," Simon said in his most innocent tone. "Fancy a snort, by any chance?"

Jago, rock hard, said nothing. He just knelt down and grasped Simon's cock. Holding the foreskin just tight enough with one hand to stop the bottle turning inside it, he unscrewed the cap with the other. With the long cock connected to his nose, he snorted longer and harder from the bottle inside his foreskin than Simon had ever seen before. When he'd finished, he closed his eyes, letting Simon's cock rest on his face, feeling the weight of the glass-filled snout there for a long moment. Then, to Simon's surprise, he took just the foreskin into his mouth. He sucked hard on the bottle-filled skin, his tongue eagerly exploring the distorted shape of it all. A moment later, his teeth found the overhang, biting gently down through it onto the cap of the bottle. Simon squirmed in pleasure. As much as the

sensation itself, he savoured the fact that Jago was actually paying attention to his foreskin for once, delighted to feel him do something with it other than pull it back out of the way as if it was just a useless annoyance.

When Jago finally let the rigid cock slip from his mouth, it bobbed up and down, coming to rest at an unusual angle because to the weight of what was inside his skin. His hand moved to wank Simon, cupping his hand round his foreskin and moving the flesh backwards and forwards over the bottle with a grip just firm enough to avoid dislodging it. Simon was amazed to see him so intrigued by it all, amazed too that, after the surprise was over and perhaps after having had the token, jokey snort from it, Jago hadn't just pulled the bottle out and retracted him right back as usual. Instead, Jago seemed to be actually enjoying his foreskin for once – now working at the overhang, stretching it out, seeing just how far past the end of the bottle he could get it. The sensations were actually getting a bit uncomfortable for Simon, but he didn't want Jago to stop, loving that his foreskin was being acknowledged for once, loving the attention that he was finally giving it, pleased that he'd perhaps realised that it might even be used to give and get pleasure.

Immensely enjoyable and inventive that Simon's sex with his cousin had been, foreskin play was the one element that had been missing from it. Now though, Jago was going through all the possibilities - nibbling his stretched overhang, sliding his tongue around the inside, his hands even pulling it forward at full stretch for once rather than the usual hard tug back. Simon looked down at Jago's cock and thought again how basic and stark it looked compared to the complexity of his own – Jago's all sharp edges with everything blatantly exposed with no mystique at all, whereas everything on his own was soft and rounded, the complex folds of foreskin somehow inviting exploration and offering so much potential for enjoyment. How could being circumcised be better? How could taking the magic of something so special away from a man be an improvement? Suddenly though, he missed seeing his glans – a part of him that he'd never really even thought about before knowing Jago. Before, he'd rarely even seen his when he wasn't aroused - only when showering, when he'd retracted for just long enough to wash, then tucked it away again, hidden and ignored. When he was wanking – either by himself or whilst he was being fucked - his skin always more than covered his helmet even when he was fully erect, with more than enough skin to slide back and forth over the head without ever revealing it, giving such intense pleasure without his glans ever being exposed. When he was topping, it just didn't matter whether he had a foreskin or not. It didn't have to be like that though, he thought. He'd always just assumed that it did, but Jago had shown him that it was just a choice. He'd shown him that he had a glans, and the pleasure it could give if you didn't keep it hidden and neglected, almost as if you were scared of it. Some men just seemed confident enough to expose the part of them that really made them a man, some finding some sensuality and arousal in doing so too. Could he ever be like that? He knew he'd miss his foreskin in so many ways, but were there - just possibly - other compensations in not having one? He thought of Jago's cock and how good it felt as it entered him - a cock so like his own, apart from their one difference. Jago's somehow honed, brazenly sexualised, perfected for penetration and taking pleasure from doing so, the foreskin no part of that at all. Then there was the feeling of lips or a lubed hand stroking, sliding over the inner skin that he knew now, but somehow never had before, could give such intense pleasure. Redundant? Surplus? Unnecessary? Jago knew all that about foreskins. He'd had had one himself – a perfect one, just like his own - but now he didn't. He'd chosen not to have it any longer – to be freed from it. A positive choice, not one forced upon him. He'd opted to change, and he loved it so much now that his foreskin was gone, his glans liberated, proudly flaunted, relishing its bareness and what that gave him.

“Jago,” Simon said, suddenly, “fuck me. Put your big, bare cock deep inside me and fuck me hard.”

Jago looked surprised. Perhaps, Simon thought, even a little disappointed to be asked to stop what he was doing. He seemed, though, to sense the urgent need in Simon's voice. As Jago nuzzled the head of his cock at his hole, his hands reaching for the lube, Simon reached down to retract his foreskin and take the bottle from inside it, ready to pull the skin back tight in the way that he knew Jago liked to see as he fucked him - his glans exposed, the skin on his shaft held tightly back as if he were circumcised. To his surprise though, Jago reached out to stop him, gently moving Simon's hand away from his cock. That time, as he entered him, Jago didn't look Simon in the eye. Usually, he wanted to see his expression as he felt the huge cock push in deep. This time instead, his eyes seemed fixed on his bottle-filled foreskin.

After it was over, they lay there kissing and cuddling, holding each other tight, Simon's erection still intense.

"God," that was just amazing," Jago said. "Thank you, you lovely man. I'll sleep like a baby after that, but I don't think you will – not with a horn like that still on you."

Simon smiled at him, pleased that Jago was thinking of more than just his own needs. He usually brought himself off as Jago fucked him, judging things carefully so that they came together, but that time, with the bottle rather uncomfortably still inside his foreskin, he'd left his cock alone.

"I don't think it will take me long - not after that pounding," Simon said, "but I think it's time to take this thing out though."

He pulled his skin back and eased out the bottle, unscrewed the cap and took a deep snort from it.

"Mmm," that's extra good," he said, exhaling. "Perhaps 'cos it's been at body temperature for a while. I told you it was a good place for storage!"

His hand went to his cock. The foreskin felt particularly loose, supple and sensitive after its stretching by the bottle, then being worked so hard by Jago, then the hit of amyl.

"No, let me," Jago said, taking Simon's hand away from his cock for the second time. "Just lie back and enjoy it – you've earned it."

Simon did, lying back on the bed, closing his eyes and snorting again, anticipating the pleasure of letting another man retract his foreskin, sharing the trust of having his glans bared, exposed and vulnerable, feeling a lubed hand pleasuring his inner skin, feeling it slide over his naked helmet and round the bared ridge of his corona with the loose skin on his shaft held back tight. But it didn't happen. Instead, he felt Jago's hand fist his cock and start to slide his foreskin backwards and forwards over his glans. To his surprise, he was disappointed.

## Chapter Eighteen

They'd both slept long and deep, wrapped tight around each other all night. Simon was booked on an early-afternoon train back to Lichfield and it was already mid-morning when he kissed Jago awake.

"Morning, sleepy head," he said. "Sorry to disturb your beauty sleep, but it's getting late and I'm horny. Fancy one for the road?"

"God, how you work me!" Jago said jokily, his cock already hardening, "But OK. If I must, seeing as it's you. Let's get it over with then."

"You're getting past it, old man -needing to sleep that long after just one shag last night," Simon said. "I must have really worn you out, you poor old bugger, so you'd better just lie back now and let me do all the work."

"That's very thoughtful," Jago said, propping himself up on a pillow, hands behind his head. "Going to collect my pension for me before you go, too?"

Simon sucked hard at Jago's erection for a moment or two before reaching for the lube. He spread some inside himself, then more on Jago's cock, giving it a few long strokes from root to glans, amazed as ever by the way nothing at all moved on the shaft under his hand.

"Mmm," Simon said, "I've had this thing up me so much recently that I'm starting to feel really hollow when it's not in there."

"Yeah?" said Jago.

"God knows how I manage to get it all in me though," Simon continued, "I mean – fuck, look at the bloody size of it!"

"So what does it feel like then?" Jago asked, "When it goes into you?"

"Just amazing," Simon replied, simply. "I mean, it's not easy. Certainly not getting started – far from it. Dead uncomfortable sometimes, especially opening wide enough to get your big helmet inside."

"How about when it's gone in? When I start to push up inside you?" Jago asked, his hand now on his cock.

"Well, I can really feel you opening me right up - bit by bit as it slides, really stretching me out. I can feel every inch of it, and I really have to force myself to relax into it," Simon replied. "I mean, I'd never really snorted before I knew you, but it's a good thing you got me started on it otherwise I just don't think I'd have been able to manage it at all."

"Then how does it feel when it's actually all right inside you?" Jago asked, his hand working at his cock, not really having heard the last bit of what Simon had said,

"Well, once I've made myself relax round it, then it's really, really amazing. I mean, it's a huge stretch, but then – wow! It just feels like I'm totally filled up. Then, when you are right in, up to the hilt, when I feel your cock ring pressing on me and I feel you buried so deep up inside my guts, it's like nothing else. Like your cock's really taken possession of me."

"And what does it feel like when I actually start fucking you?" Jago said, rubbing seriously hard at his cock now.

"Well when I feel your head pushing on my prostate, it just drives me wild," Simon said, rather surprised at just how hard Jago was wanking. "I mean, that's a part that most guys' cocks don't even reach, let alone have the length to really rub hard on like yours does," he continued. He looked again at Jago, getting worried now that he might actually cum before having fucked him. "Then....."

He broke off suddenly, seeing the look on Jago's face, seeing how intently he was rubbing the cock in his hand and just how much pre-cum was oozing from the piss slit.

"You're really getting off on this, aren't you!" he said after a moment. His tone was jokey, but only just.

Jago smiled, still rubbing intensely at his cock. "Just curious," he said.

"God! That's why, isn't it," Simon continued, his tone now definitely not jokey. "Shit, I've only just realised. Why didn't I twig before? That's why you want me to get circumcised, isn't it, and why you said you'd let me fuck you if I was. You just want to know what it's like, don't you. Our cocks are so similar, but you want mine to be made even more like yours so that I can fuck you with it so that you get to know exactly how it feels for guys when you fuck them. Basically, you only want me circumcised so that my cock is even more like yours so that you can get off on knowing how totally, bloody wonderful it is to be fucked by Mister Jago bloody Walsh."

For a second, he saw a look of something unreadable on Jago's face.

"Yeah, dead right. Of course it is," Jago said, flatly. He was thinking fast about what to say. "Not that I totally love being circumcised," he continued. "Not that I know from experience that it's way better than having a foreskin. Not that I know it would be exactly as great for you because our cocks are so alike. Not that I just want the best for you because I care so much about you so much. Not that I don't want you stuck with second best when you don't have to be."

There was silence. In it, Jago thought that much of what he'd just said was actually true but, basically, he knew that Simon had hit the nail right on the head.

"Yeah, I know," Simon said finally, making sure he smiled - not actually sure that he did know any of that at all, but hoping that he did. "I was just teasing you, you old big head," he said, even though he actually hadn't been. "And a big head in more ways than one!" he added, cupping Jago's glans in his hand, hoping that his lame joke would help gloss over the awkward moment.

Jago ruffled Simon's hair, and he responded with a kiss, but slightly tentatively and, for once, just on the lips.

"Look, time's getting on," Simon said, trying to make things normal again, "and this arse won't fuck itself."

He looked around for the bottle of poppers that had been inside his foreskin the night before. When he couldn't see it, he turned instead and opened the bedside drawer where he knew Jago kept his stash.

"No, let me find ....." Jago said, his voice anxious, then he stopped. He'd seen Simon freeze as he rummaged in the draw. It was too late.

"God," Simon said. "What's the fuck?"

His face was ashen as he turned back to Jago. He held two identical popper bottles, one in each hand. Both were made of clear glass rather than the normal brown. It had taken him a second to realise what it was in one of them -it packed the bottle, lying shrivelled and grotesque in the amyl. Then, though, he'd seen the unmistakeable shape of the circle of dead flesh at one end of it, resting up against the glass rather like a fish's open mouth up against the side of an aquarium.

"It's your foreskin, isn't it," he said. It wasn't a question.

"Yes," said Jago. There didn't seem to be any point in trying to pretend otherwise.

"Fuck," said Simon, his tone flat.

There was silence for a second.

"There's just so much of it," Simon continued. "I mean, the bottle's full of it, for fuck's sake. And all that was part of you once, and now..." he stopped, suddenly struck by something.

"What's the other bottle for?" he asked, his voice serious.

"It's there ready for yours to go in," Jago said simply. Again, there seemed no point in lying.

"Fuck," Simon said again, his face pale.

In the silence, Simon suddenly became very aware that, despite the turn of events, Jago was still wanking hard, his eyes fixed on the empty popper bottle.

"Listen," Simon said, getting off the bed and reaching for his clothes, "I've just seen the time. I'd better make a move if I'm going to make my train."

## Chapter Nineteen

Jago had been fighting off the bad feeling all week. It had started at him ever since Simon had left so uneasily the previous Sunday. He'd texted him a couple of times and got replies, but things had very obviously changed between them. Jago had resigned himself to leaving well alone for a while, perhaps even to the fact that the special time they'd shared had been just that – just a passing episode of fun, excitement and top-quality sex. Much as he knew he'd miss the sex, he knew he'd miss Simon even more. Perhaps it served him right, he thought. He'd rejected his family, and now his family - or at least the one member of it who he'd found he actually wanted in his life - had rejected him in return.

In the small hours of Thursday morning, Jago finally gave in to the bad feeling. He reached for his phone, knowing that he could no longer stop himself doing what he was about to do but hating himself for it. When the call connected, there was silence at the other end. Jago knew from before not to say anything, just waiting for the answer to the question that he didn't need to ask. When, after a very long time, it finally came, the reply was just one word: "yes." Then the line went dead.

He pulled on jogging bottoms and a hoodie and went down to his car. It was only as he crossed Blackfriars Bridge that he realised with a sinking feeling that he was going to have to pass both the British Library and then the pub in Camden where, so recently, Simon had come into his life. When he reached Hampstead, he parked outside a large Georgian villa on the edge of the Heath. He pressed the entry phone on the gate and it clicked open instantly. The front door was on the latch and, once inside the antiques-filled hall, he put five £50 notes inside a seventeenth century Chinese vase before going into the drawing room.

The man – African, late 50's, tall, handsome and immaculately groomed – eyed him silently. He was sprawled back deep in a black, leather armchair, legs spread, and clearly naked under his exquisitely embroidered silk kimono. Drawing slow and deep on his cigar, he looked Jago up and down for a very long time. Finally, after blowing a smoke ring, he just nodded imperceptibly. Reading the signal and without saying a word, Jago knelt down in front of the man, his hands behind his back. The man drew again and exhaled, this time blowing the smoke very deliberately into Jago's face.

Slowly, the man opened his robe. Even though the cock was totally flaccid, it was grotesquely huge - a massive cylinder of dark brown flesh hanging freakishly long, and as thick as a man's forearm. Jago just knelt there, his gaze darting between a cock that was so very much bigger than even his own and the man's impassive face. The man took his time, drawing twice more on his cigar and savouring the smoke before, finally, he nodded again.

"Thank you, daddy," Jago said. He reached out and, almost reverently, took hold of the massive cock. His eyes closed as he felt the heavy weight of it laying spread across both his palms, still totally soft. He waited for the next nod before he took the head of it between his lips, feeling them stretch as they struggled to accommodate the enormous girth. Fighting the impulse to gag, he willed the cock deeper into his mouth. His hands fed it in urgently, his fingers tight around the thickness of the rest of a shaft that was just so long that it would never feel lips around it. As the man drew again deep on his cigar, Jago's tongue found the long, thick, dark-brown teat of the man's long foreskin and eagerly began to suckle on it.



“Not that you even come near to deserving it, but I suppose you want daddy’s to kiss your pathetic little-boy one better,” the man said after a while. Smoke drifted from his mouth as he spoke. His voice was low and rich, the accent impeccably upper class.

“Yes please, daddy. Thank you, daddy,” Jago replied.

“Yus playze daddoi, fank yoo daadoi,” the man said, grotesquely mocking Jago’s London twang. “Speak to me properly, you vulgar oik, or don’t speak to me at all.”

“Yes daddy, I’m sorry daddy, I will daddy,” Jago said, this time using the accent he was always sure to adopt in business meetings.

The man took his time with his cigar again before, finally, he just nodded once more.

“Thank you, daddy,” Jago said again. He took the man’s cock in one hand, a good third of it hanging over the side of his palm as it flopped down heavily under its own weight. With his other hand, he pushed down the front of his joggers and freed his own rigid cock. The man looked resolutely ahead, seemingly just regarding the painting on the wall in front of him. He didn’t even glance down as Jago lined up his glans with the snout of the man’s foreskin before looking expectantly back up into his face and waiting for the next nod. When, after a very long time, it finally came, Jago’s shaking hands connected their cocks, pushing his glans deep inside the folds of the man’s thick, brown foreskin. It covered way back along his shaft, far behind his circumcision scar.

Jago had to wait an agonisingly long time before the next nod, the man still having shown no interest at all in Jago’s cock or what he was doing with it, just staring ahead and drawing slowly on his cigar. When the nod finally came, Jago started, wanking the man’s foreskin over their glanses, both buried deep inside the one shared foreskin. Later, just as the skin ballooned with his heavy load of his cum, Jago knew better than to make any sound when the man’s knee came up hard into his balls.

“That’s what you actually deserve, you scum,” the man said. “What do you say?”

“Thank you very much, daddy,” Jago replied, trying to stop his voice shaking.

The knee came up again, even harder this time.

“That one,” the man said, “was for having had your sad little excuse for a cock messed up without asking for daddy’s permission. Now get out, you common, worthless piece of shit.”

## Chapter Twenty

Simon was the last person Jago expected to see on the screen when the entry phone buzzed. Their uneasy texts had continued for a while after his last visit, then reduced, then fizzled out completely after Simon had said he was off to Ireland on a research trip. He'd said that was going to be on a remote island off the West coast where there was no internet or mobile signal, and that he'd be in touch when he got back. That had been three weeks ago though. With no word from him at all since, Jago had resigned himself to thinking that it had just been a gentle way for Simon to ghost him, and that he'd never hear from him again.

This time, there was a long awkward moment when the two of them stood in the doorway, their previous kissing and groping there seeming like something from a previous life. In the end it was Simon who made the first move, opening his arms and pulling Jago in for a tight hug. This time, neither of them boned.

"How have you been?" Jago asked when Simon finally released him. "I've missed you."

"I'm good, thanks," Simon replied, "and I've missed you too. A lot. But... look, can we talk?"

Minutes later, Jago came back into the living room with bottles of beer, glad that Simon had chosen to sit in the armchair rather than on the settee and saved him from the awkwardness of deciding whether to sit down next to him or not. Simon clearly had things to say, and he dreaded what they might be.

"I lied to you," Simon said bluntly as Jago sat down. "I've not been in Ireland at all. I've been at home in Lichfield."

"OK," Jago replied, not sure what else to say, but realising that Simon was intent on doing the talking anyway.

"What happened the last time I was here....," Simon continued, "well, it gave me a bit of a shock to be honest. I needed time to..."

"Look, I'm really sorry..." Jago started, but Simon interrupted him. "No, let me say what I've got to say," he said. "The thing is," he continued, "that last time I was here, I didn't tell you, but I'd decided. I knew for sure, or at least I thought I did, but then all that stuff – the stuff with the bottle, then when I realised what was in it all for you - we'll, it brought me up short, and then I wasn't at all sure after all. I needed to know - away from all the excitement of sex with you, without you going on about it all the time, so, well...."

He broke off and, to Jago's amazement, his hands went to the buttons of his jeans. With the fly open, Simon pulled out his soft cock. It was taped up tightly, the foreskin held back neatly by a strip of tape high up on the shaft, a wide band of inner skin laid out flat below it, the glans kept totally bare.

"I've been like this for four weeks solid now," Simon said. "Just living with the reality of it. It was OK when I was horned up and with you, but I Just needed to see what it was like when I wasn't. Like, live with it for a while. Just in normal life. I made myself stick with it - no respite from being bare, even when it got uncomfortable, no wanking with my skin, living with it day in and day out. So, the thing is, I really do have to go to Ireland now, but when I get back, then.....well, I'm ready. I want to be circumcised."

## Chapter Twenty-one

Their sex that night was especially intense. It was partly because of their long separation, but mostly because the overwhelming power and significance of Simon's announcement was so much on both their minds. Seeing Simon make straight for the bedside drawer as they'd gone into the bedroom made Jago uneasy, though and, as Simon took from it the two matching popper bottles, he braced himself, wondering what was about to come. He was sure that Simon was going to insist that he get rid of them, or at least the empty one that had been there ready for his severed foreskin, perhaps, making some kind of statement by tossing it in the bin. He was fully expecting Simon to make it clear that things would be different from now on - that they had to start anew with a fresh agenda, and on his terms without any of Jago's baggage. He would have understood that, realising now that he'd made a mistake in pushing too hard and too fast, acting in a way that met his own needs rather than considering Simon's, seeing now just how wise Sir Arthur had been in the long game he'd played with Cornelious. Simon didn't say anything when he retrieved the bottles, though. Instead, there was a feeling of ceremony about the way he put both on top of the bedside cabinet, unscrewing the cap of the empty one and placing it alongside them.

"Right," he said, taking Jago's hand and guiding it to his taped-up cock. "The next time the cap goes back on that bottle, it will have my foreskin inside it. Now wank me. Wank me hard. Wank me like you will when my skin's in the bottle."

Jago was taken aback not only by the turn of events, but by just how hard Simon seemed to want him to work his glans. He knew that having his skin taped back for so many weeks meant it would have started to toughen, but it amazed him to think back to their first encounter so few weeks earlier in the British Library when Simon had squirmed at any touch there. As he wanked him, even harder that he would have wanked himself, he saw Simon's eyes fixed on the bottles and cap by the bedside. Perhaps, he thought, he was needing to look full in the face the reality of his coming circumcision - physically experiencing the extreme of the difference it would mean for him, mentally trying to get his head around his foreskin being separated from him and in a bottle rather than as a sentient, living part of his body.

Later, as Jago fucked him flat on his back, Simon's eyes again kept going to the un-capped bottle that now lay meaningfully between them on his stomach. It aroused Jago almost more than he could bear to look at it and think of Simon's skin in there, and that, however long it took for it to actually become a reality, they were now on a countdown of fucks to their first as both-circumcised lovers. After a while, Simon's hand reached out, taking the other, foreskin-filled bottle from the cabinet. He looked at it and what it contained intently as Jago fucked him, his face a mask. Perhaps, Jago thought again, it was something he needed to do to - to face up to the brutal reality of his choice, that his circumcision would mean the cutting away of living flesh. Once it was severed and separated from his body, that flesh would instantly look as grotesque and distorted as what was in the bottle - something ugly and dead that, up the moment that he allowed it to be cut away, had been a living, perfect, functioning part of his body. Then, to Jago's amazement, Simon opened the skin-filled bottle and snorted deep and long from it.

"Circumcised," he said softly as the aml hit. "I'm going to be circumcised. "Circumcision, circumcision, circumcision," he mumbled, repeating it almost like a mantra. "Circumcised. Make me circumcised. Bare and tight. Circumcision. Oh fuck, circumcise me. Make me exposed. Give me a

circumcision. Cut my perfect foreskin off me. Make me miss it so much. Cut me really tight. Take every bit off. Cut me so I'm really bare. Take every bit of skin you can from me. Make me really miss it. Totally exposed. Totally circumcised. So totally, fucking bare. Circumcision. Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck!"

As he came, hands free, heavily, and more explosively than Jago had ever seen before, his final word was a shout – animal like, almost like a cry of pain: "CIRCUMCISION!"

## Chapter Twenty-two

"I bet even a total, circumcised stud like you needs a rest sometimes, so do you want to hear the latest on Corney and Arthur before you fuck me again?" Simon asked later that night. They'd woken in the small hours and were cuddling under the covers after their second round of love making.

"Mmmm, yes please," Jago replied. "All nice, filthy stuff, I hope?"

"It is, and I've been missing your pervy commentary on it all," Simon replied.

"Well I was wondering how you'd been getting on with it all whilst...." He tailed off, not wanting to think about the previous weeks when he really thought he'd lost Simon.

"Well there's one really annoying thing, though" Simon said, deciding just to sidestep the issue of their uneasy separation. "There's one volume of Arthur's journal missing. I suspect I know why, but unless it ever turns up, we'll just have to try to piece some stuff together to fill in the gaps. I bet you'll have plenty of ideas there, though – you total deviant!"

"Too kind!" Jago said, smiling as he stroked Simon's hair. "Always pleased to help further the cause of academic research. "So, go on."

"Well, the main thing is" Simon said, "Cornelius definitely got circumcised whilst he was in London."

"Yes!" said Jago, triumphantly, punching the air. "God, it would have been such a let-down if he hadn't. So did Felix organise it for him, and were he and Arthur there for it too? And do you know who did him? And what style did he get?"

"Sorry, I just don't know the answers to any of that," Simon replied, laughing at Jago's enthusiastic rush of questions.

"Bugger! It would be so good to know exactly what happened. I just hope he got a good, neat, tight cut though," Jago said. "Like yours will be, when you're circumcised!" he added, old habits dying hard.

"There you go! Off again!" said Simon. "Look, I'm going to get circumcised. I promise. Done deal. No going back. It's gonna happen, so you just don't have to keep going on about it, OK?"

Despite what he said, Jago got the distinct feeling that Simon didn't quite mean it – that it was actually something he would want and need to talk a lot about, but perhaps just not yet - not until he'd really got his head round his momentous choice. Suddenly, as his bad feeling flickered, Jago really hoped that Simon actually felt as certain about it all as he was wanting to appear. For him, Simon not ending up circumcised would be as much of a let-down as it would have been with Cornelius. For a moment, he allowed himself to acknowledge just how hard he'd pushed Simon towards his decision. Had he set him up - craftily, many might say - just to think he wanted it? His judgement clouded by an older role model who was much more of an alpha, and who he held in some kind of awe? It would, he realised, be his responsibility if Simon did get circumcised and then regretted it. That would be awful. Wouldn't it? Much though he genuinely wanted him to like it, he only realised at that moment that a part of him would somehow find it really arousing if Simon did actually regret getting circumcised and just had to live with it. It was Simon's cock after all, he thought. His choice. He was an adult, far

from stupid, and, after all he'd told him about it and shown him then, if he hated it afterwards, then he'd only have himself to blame if he regretted his choice. Why was he bothering worrying about someone else's freely-made choice?

"Listen, are you really sure?" Jago said. After what he'd just realised, he now knew what he had to say to cover himself. "I know I go on, but I really do want you to do what's right for you," he continued, his tone as earnest as he could make it. "It's a big step with no going back and, much as I love it, I know it's not right for everyone," he made himself say, ensuring sure he had a suitably serious, concerned expression on his face. "You know I don't like them, but your foreskin is actually fine as they go, and ..."

"Look, said Simon, smiling. "I'm going to get circumcised. End of. Done deal. We can talk about the ins and outs of it as much as you like later, OK? Do you want to hear about Corney or not? If so, just shut up and listen, right?"

"OK, OK!" said Jago, delighted that they'd got out of the way the token chat that took care of things, absolving him of any responsibility. He made a play of running a finger across his lips as if to seal them and, as an afterthought, grinned leerily as he couldn't help following it with a matching play of running the same finger, scalpel-like, around Simon's glans.

"Right, now we've got all that out of the way," Simon continued, "the reason I think that missing volume of Arthur's journal got spirited away was because there must have been a lot of Prince Felix stuff in there - stuff that the Palace really wouldn't have wanted to get out."

"Oooh, extra-filthy stuff then, you reckon?" Jago said.

"So," said Simon, ignoring him, "you'll have to use your dirty, totally depraved but rather wonderful imagination to fill in some gaps for yourself. All I can tell you is that Felix obviously arranged for Corney to get done, and by the same rabbi guy who'd clipped Arthur."

"Nice! I'm pleased they got a tried and tested cutter for him so he was sure of a good result," Jago said, thinking straight away of the meeting he'd arranged with Spike and the others to check Simon would get a good result too if it all worked out for him to be cut by Greg in the kind of situation he'd long been imagining. He'd cancelled that meeting when he thought that Simon had gone from him, but he'd phone around again now and re-organise it. It was only then that he realised that Simon actually had no idea of the exact circumstances of his own circumcision, and that he might be appalled that anyone might allow themselves to be cut by anyone other than an experienced surgeon in a medical setting. His mind raced ahead, knowing that he'd somehow have to find a way to set Simon up to want Greg to cut him, edging him towards wanting it as much as he so did badly himself.

"I reckon it must have happened just before Arthur and his entourage headed back to Ireland," Simon was saying.

"Makes sense," Jago replied, forcing his focus back to Simon's narrative. "Felix would have wanted to have Corney still able to bang him up until the very last minute."

"I bet," Simon said. "When it gets interesting though is when they all got back to Waterford. Sounds like Corney and Molly got it together and became a proper item right after that, pretty much straight away - perhaps absence had made the heart grow fonder for them?"

"Or Corney was just gagging for a proper pussy to fuck after doing all that bumming in London?" Jago said.

"Oh, what an old romantic you are!" said Simon. "Anyway, seems like Arthur might have had a bit of a hissy fit when he found Corney and Molly had properly bunked up - all lovey-dovey, and banging away furiously too, of course."

"Good job old Corney was a bit of a stud," Jago said. "Like us, of course - it's in the genes, same as our massive cocks. I mean, he'd probably have gone up to Molly and give her a good seeing-to straight after having had to perform downstairs for his boss's entertainment."

"Yeah," said Simon. "It would certainly put a different spin on things in the household with Corney and Molly as a couple. For all of them, actually - Arthur included. Can't have been an easy set-up, perhaps least of all for Molly."

"Well, I'd love to know what she made of it when Corney came back from London minus his foreskin, though," Jago went on. "I wonder if she had any idea that it was on the cards, or if it was just a nice surprise for her when he got back. I bet that was what made her really fall for him, sensible girl - him flopping it out and her seeing it bared. I bet she was so wet when she saw that monster dong had been made hoodless. Probably couldn't wait for him to heal up so she could good get a good old go on it."

"So, it was the next August when the Royal visit to Waterford happened," said Simon, ignoring his flight of fancy and keen to get back to his story. "Sounds like old Felix was in London with his bags all packed, gagging for Arthur to write to him to say that Corney was healed up so he could head over to Ireland to get in on the act."

"Fuck yes, bet his eyes were like saucers when Felix finally saw the finished product," Jago said. "Even wider when he got to feel it slide up him with no skin on it to spoil things. So did they all get down and dirty?"

"Come on! What do you think?" said Simon, laughing. "Full on debauchery I reckon. Sounds like they covered all the bases several times over including - and this really amazed me - Felix having his first straight fuck!"

"NO!" said Jago. "The dirty old devil! Not with Molly?!"

"Yeah," Simon said. "I wish we knew exactly how it all panned out, but it seems like Arthur and Felix were getting off watching Corney bang her with his new open top model, when Felix suddenly chirped up and said that he'd like a go too."

"One wishes to fornicate," Jago said, adopting a mock-regal tone. "God! Imagine the looks on their faces!"

"Yes, but I'd love to know how it went down," Simon said. "Perhaps not too popular with Corney? Most of all, though, I just hope Molly was OK with it - certainly that she wasn't forced into it."

"Yes, you dread to think," said Jago. "I mean, pretty hard to say no to a royal, especially in those days. She wasn't exactly holding many of the cards in that situation - a serving wench versus a prince, poor girl. And Corney probably just having to stand and watch too, unless they were all actually getting off on it, of course - and they might have, knowing that lot."

"Well, I reckon it caused some kind of a rift for sure," Simon said. "I definitely got the impression that things weren't quite so idyllic in sunny Waterford after that."

"Well, I can see that," said Jago "I mean, if Corney and Molly were all loved up, then...."

"The thing is," Simon went interrupted, "not long after that, the pair of them just upped and offed."

"No! What was that all about then?"

"Well, a couple of months after Felix had gone back to London, Corney and Molly just vanished. One morning, they just weren't there - slipped away in the night, classic gypsy style. Arthur never found out why, or where they went."



## Chapter Twenty-three

“Right, I’ve got something for you, and it’s not a bottle of duty free either,” Simon said, opening his rucksack. “Get your cock out, and get it hard, OK”

He genuinely had been researching in Ireland this time, and gone straight to Jago’s from the airport when he got back.

“Ooh matron!” Jago said, laughing. “That’s very dom sounding for you! Going to help me with that then, are you?”

“Just think of sticking it between Sam’s tits,” Simon replied, smiling. “I know how much you love doing that.”

“Well, there’s somewhere else I’d much rather stick it, especially as I’ve missed you so much and you’re looking so extra sexy tonight.”

“Well I’ll enjoy that later, but there’s something we really need to do first,” Simon said as he dug into his bag. “I’ve broken every bloody rule here. I’ll have to take it back with me next time and hope nobody’s noticed it’s been missing, but I just couldn’t stop myself liberating it. It was right at the bottom of the very last box of Sir Arthur documents in Waterford County Archives.”

The thing that Simon passed to Jago was dark, battered-looking and obviously old. He turned it over in his hands, puzzled. Holding it up to the light to examine it more closely, realisation dawned: through the dark tarnishing, he saw first the scale marked along one side, then the engraved acorns.

“No way!” he said. “Not Sir Arthur’s measuring stick? Really? Fuck!”

“Has to be, doesn’t it,” Simon said.

“Wow, I can’t believe it’s actually turned up! To think this very thing has been in Sir Arthur’s hands, and held along Cornelius’s cock too,” Jago said, almost reverently, “It’s like a real link from us to them. Have you...?”

“No,” Simon interrupted, reading his thoughts. “I really wanted to, but I made myself wait until we could do it together.”

“Come on then, get over here and let’s get each other really hard for it,” Jago said, his hand already reaching for the lube. “I think they’d all want us to really do the job properly - Corney, Arthur and Felix. I hope they’re looking down on us now, all three of them boned rock hard in heaven – if that’s where they actually ended up after all that pervery!”

A few minutes later, they sat smiling. Passing the stick backwards and forwards, they’d checked, re-checked and checked again.

“OK,” you win!” said Simon, grudgingly. “But you can wipe that grin off your face, you smug git! it’s a very close call, you have to admit.”

“Really?” said Jago, feeling triumphant. “There’s many a man who would think an extra quarter of an inch where it counts was far from insignificant!”

“Well I’m bloody well going to try it again tomorrow,” Simon said. “I might be a bit longer when I’m not taped up so damn tight!”

“And very good you look that way too,” Jago said, taking Simon’s glans in his hand and stroking it, delighted to notice that he didn’t flinch at the touch. “Of course, you’ll look even better when you don’t need the tape to look that way – when you’re circumcised.”

“Actually, I’ve got something else to show you,” Simon said, ignoring him. Jago noted with pleasure how his previous “in your dreams” reply to that kind of comment was now so much a thing of the past.

“I thought I may as well be hung for a sheep as a goat,” Simon continued, “so I nicked this from the Archives too.”

Going back to his rucksack, he brought out a jiffy bag. Taking from it a tiny, tatty-looking notebook with marbled covers, he handed it over.

“That’s Sir Arthur’s writing, isn’t it?” Jago said as he opened it. Each page was ruled into three columns, all filled with spidery writing. The first of them was filled with what were clearly dates. Some of the middle columns read “anon,” but others had two capital letters there. In the third column, there were numbers.

“His record book,” Simon said. “I can’t think what else it can be.”

“Shit!” said Jago, “And is Cornelius....?”

“Find June 14<sup>th</sup> 1892,” Simon interrupted, impatiently. “I don’t know how I’ve managed it, but I’ve made myself not look. God, I so hope Sir Arthur actually wrote it down.”

Jago turned the pages eagerly. Simon, tight by him, looked intently over his shoulder as they scanned the list of dates. Finally, there it was. In the first column was “June 13<sup>th</sup> 1892”, the initials “CW” next to it in the second.

“Fuck!” they said in unison as they saw the number written in the third.

## Postscript

One month later.

"So what's got you so worked up then?" Jago asked. Simon, very unusually, had rung him at work.

"I've been at the Public Records Office in Dublin all day," he replied. "I hope you're sitting down for this - it's dynamite!"

"Go on then, I'm all ears!" Jago replied, amused by the excitement clear in Simon's voice.

"Well," said Simon, "a lot of records got destroyed in the Troubles so I'm not sure if they ever actually married, but I've spent hours checking right back through the censuses, and I'm certain now that Cornelius and Molly lived together for the rest of their lives after doing a runner on Sir Arthur."

"OK," said Jago, puzzled. "That's kind of sweet, but.....?"

"So then I went through the register of births next," Simon interrupted, "Corney and Molly definitely only ever registered the one kid – our great, great grandfather. The thing is - and this is the dynamite bit – it was March when they registered him!"

"OK, so....?" said Jago, still not understanding Simon's excitement.

"Think about it!" said Simon, trying hard not to get frustrated as it was all now so clear to him. "Molly had been the hottest virgin in town before Cornelius came along, but as soon he started working for Sir Arthur, the two of them were banging away on a regular basis for months on end, but it was exactly nine months after Felix had gone to Ireland to stay with Arthur to have a good old perv over Corney's new cirk and banged Molly too while he was there that..."

"Fuck!", said Jago, realisation dawning.

"Fuck indeed!" Simon said. "So it's fifty fifty at least, but as Corney and Molly never had any more kids, it could well be that Corney only fired blanks, and that would make it certain, wouldn't it - that....."

"Fuck!" said Jago again.

"We'll never know," Simon said, "not unless you fancy ringing the Palace and asking if one of them will do a DNA test for us, but..."

"Fuck!" said Jago, his cock, to his surprise, suddenly rigid. "I mean - like, REALLY fuck!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Author's note:

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were real, of course, but all of the other characters in the story are entirely fictional. Although often taken as a fact, it seems that Queen Victoria didn't actually believe herself to be of "Semitic blood" and, if they actually were circumcised, her sons were much more likely to have been done purely because of the prevailing fashion at the German court.

The true history of the "dressing ring" is hard to ascertain. It's possible that one was first used by Beau Brummel in the 1820's to maintain comfort and decency in the newly-fashionable tight-fitting britches, attaching the ring through his penis to another sown inside his trouser leg.

If there ever was a Prince Albert with an eponymous piercing though, it almost certainly wasn't the one married to Queen Victoria! It was, just possibly, the later Prince Albert – the one who was a son of Edward VII, who may or may not have enjoyed attending various nefarious, gentlemanly entertainments in London and who has been thought of by some as a possible contender for being Jack the Ripper.

The Afghanistan Campaign, fear of the evils of masturbation, belief that circumcision and various horrific contraptions and procedures (including the wiring of foreskins) would curb it, the use of silk thread and tar to close wounds were sadly real enough. The euphemistic term "the delicate act" was certainly widely used too. The British Library is a real place, but there is no Anglo-Irish collection there, nor toilets in the reading rooms!

Apart from the bit about "*men who are of such corrupted and depraved mind*", the doctor's letter in chapter 4 is closely based on the writings of Dr William Acton (1814-75) cited in "A Surgical Temptation: The Demonization of the Foreskin and the Rise of Circumcision in Britain" by Robert Darby (University of Chicago Press, 2005)

The group of compounds that we might think of collectively as "poppers" were known medically from the mid-nineteenth century as a treatment for angina, but they have never been used as an anaesthetic – either for animals or humans.

Enormous thanks are due to my anonymous collaborator, with whom it was a huge pleasure to develop both the characters and plot - the story owes much to his wonderful imagination. Our second Jago and Simon story is already underway. Any comments on this story and suggestions for anything you'd like to happen in the next would be very welcome.

Gareth Walton, London, December 2024

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