

Two Plus Two

As he got out of the taxi at the hotel it was an assault on his senses. Despite it just being a 4.5 hour flight from Manchester this was a different world. The constant humdrum of people, taxis beeping their horns in their own secret language and voices speaking a mix of French and Arabic this was definitely not England, not at all like the green fields back home in Cheshire.

It had been a few years since Steve had been to Marrakech and it was as though it was his first visit. His last visit was when he was 12 and the family had come over to see his stepdad's family and to introduce his new baby brother Sam, or Samir as he was called by his Moroccan family, but now Steve was 17 and seeing everything in a different way.

His mum, his stepbrother Mehdi, his brother Joe, his half brother Sam and his stepdad Ali had all come over to spend some time with Ali's family. The thought was that next year Steve & Mehdi would be off to university and would not want to come so this would probably be their last holiday as a family.

Walking into the plush marble laden lobby of their hotel Steve was reminded how lucky he was as his stepfather Ali was very successful and could afford for them to stay in nice hotels where they could enjoy the pools and spas when not exploring the city. The sumptuous surroundings would be their base for the next few days in Marrakech before driving to Ali's home town about 6 hours inland.

Unlike the rest of his family, Mehdi was not enjoying himself. A few weeks earlier his girlfriend had dumped him, and it was the day after they had first slept together so not great for his self esteem. Their first time had been ok, neither too quick nor too slow and she had seemed to enjoy herself although he had had to explain to her how to handle his circumcised cock as she had never seen one before but once she stopped trying to yank on his non-existent foreskin things moved along nicely. After the main event as they together he wasn't too happy when she said that she preferred uncut guys as there was "more to play with," but she was the hottest girl in his year at college so he would live with it. The next day she dumped him and he had been in a foul mood ever since.

Their time in the hustle and bustle of Marrakech was intoxicating for Steve; seeing all the young Moroccan men walking around in very western grey jogging bottoms, their equipment clearly outlined and swinging as they walked. The young men were so handsome and Steve had to be careful that he wasn't caught staring, luckily his Ray Bans had mirrored lenses to help him out. It wasn't just the young men that were catching his eye, there were lots of hot older guys with thick dark beards and traditional white robes that made his heart race too, he was a sucker for big hairy guy.

Steve could feel his cock start to get hard but he wouldn't have an opportunity to ease his horniness as he would be sharing a room with Mehdi in Marrakech and with Mehdi & Sam later in the trip. Although they shared a room back home there was lots of times when they were out of the house at different times giving each other some privacy but here they would be together 24/7 so his balls would have to wait for release until they were back in the UK. Steve's twice a day masturbation habit had ended the second they all left the UK and he was counting the minutes to when he could next unload his heavy balls.

As the family relaxed by the pool surrounded by palm trees, Ali was pacing around having an animated conversation into his AirPods with another director at the multinational company he worked for. Part of Ali's success was due to his inability to sit still and relax.

Waiters came to and fro with drinks and snacks, each one more handsome than the last in and Steve couldn't help but pay attention to them. It wasn't just the locals that had grabbed his attention, he had been admiring his stepbrother too as he swam and lay by the pool. Mehdi was oblivious to the obscene bulge on display due to his rather snug Speedos not leaving anything to the imagination but was enjoying the attention he was receiving from the girls on the sun loungers opposite. Luckily, he hadn't noticed that Steve had also been admiring him from behind his sunglasses.

Steve & Mehdi we're almost twins in many ways but also opposites. Both 6ft, both with lean swimmer's builds, both relatively smooth, both near the top of the class academically, both funny with a good circle of friends but the difference was that Steve was blonde & blue eyed with fair skin whereas Mehdi was dark haired, brown eyed and with skin the colour of a latte.

Unfortunately, Mehdi had been in a bad mood ever since they had arrived, but Steve had borne the brunt of it as they had been sharing a room. He didn't know why but Steve felt that Mehdi was being particularly off with him. There was no joking around like back at home, Mehdi's answers were monosyllabic and there was just a general feeling of annoyance that Steve was picking up on. As Steve and Mehdi jostled for space in front of the mirror or as they decided who would get their shower first tempers we're starting to fray. As they had been given a deadline to meet everyone else in reception, they were in a rush to get ready so were both in the small bathroom vying for space. After sharing a room for years they were comfortable being naked in front of each other so both young men were used to being naked as they jumped in and out of the showers.

"What's your fuckin' problem?" Demanded Mehdi as Steve accidentally knocked shoulders with him as they moved around.

"Nothing, what's your problem?"

"You at the moment."

"What the fuck have I done?"

"You know."

"Oh, for fuck's sake. Either tell me what your problem is or fuck off." Stated Steve in frustration.

"Don't play coy, you know." Said Mehdi authoritatively before adding in a stage whisper, "doggy dick."

"And what do you mean by that? Are you in year 6 or something. Grow up."

Like most brothers do, Steve and Mehdi had fallen out many times over the years for many reasons; once because Mehdi was chosen to play the turtle in the primary school play while Steve had wanted to be the turtle but was chosen to be the giraffe instead resulting in Steve not speaking to his brother for a week; another time Steve was chosen to captain the school football team while Mehdi thought it should have been him, this resulted in 2 games where neither brother passed to each other during the match. In all their years of bickering they had neither gone so low as to make fun of each other's tackle, that was somehow a topic normally below the belt.

Both guys had decent equipment and had nothing to be ashamed about, but they had to admit that they were different. Mehdi had been circumcised as a baby due to his religion, but Steve still had his long loose foreskin. In fact, Steve was the only uncircumcised guy at home as Ali and Sam were circumcised as children, and when he was about 9 Joe had multiple infections and needed a medical circumcision.

Ali had asked Steve if he had wanted to be circumcised at the same time as Joe and offered to pay for it but as Steve was 12 at the time, he didn't fancy it and Ali never pushed. What he hadn't admitted to Ali at the time was that he had just discovered masturbation and he could think of nothing worse than an operation that would stop his multiple daily wanks.

The reason that Mehdi was furious with Steve was that just before they left for Morocco he had spotted his ex-girlfriend kissing Steve, but he wanted Steve to be a man and admit what he had done. Until Steve confessed, Mehdi was determined to be angry with him and the longer Steve didn't confess the angrier Mehdi became.

Dinner that evening was tense as neither Steve nor Mehdi was in the mood for small talk, so it was down to everyone else to keep the conversation flowing. Luckily Steve's mum Debbie was talking enough for everyone that evening.

"I don't believe you Ali, how could you? Do you not know how to say no? You know I don't speak the language and you're going to leave me with your family for days on end."

"I'm sorry but it's an emergency and I must go and see the client. My boss made it clear when he "asked" that it was an order. Luckily, they are in Nice and I've managed to get a direct flight so I'll be gone for the least time possible. I'll go on Tuesday and be back Thursday. I'll take you to the family, have a few days with you then I'll drive back to Marrakech for the flight then when I've had the meeting I'll fly back and drive back to you for the last couple of days. Mehdi will help you with the language, he can act as translator for you. Finally, all those hours playing computer games online with his cousins & screaming orders and talking about tactics in Arabic will pay off. Don't forget that my mother loves you so she will just spend a few days serving you sweet treats and tea."

Debbie gave the slightest hint of a smile; she did love Ali's mum and even though they couldn't communicate well they spoiled each other when they visited. Last time Ali's mum had visited them in Cheshire Debbie had embroidered some handkerchiefs with flowers for her and her mother-in-law had treated them like priceless artefacts. Debbie had also baked for Ali's mother during her last visit, this is the woman that can burn water, but the boys did suspect she had some help from Mr Marks & Mr Spencer with the "homemade" cakes as they spotted a few cake wrappers in the bin the following day.

Eventually Debbie ran out of steam and begrudgingly accepted the situation, probably helped by Ali promising to bring back a little something in a Tiffany blue box as an apology. Over the years Ali's senior role at his company meant he often had to go away at short notice, so this wasn't that unusual.

-

The journey from Marrakech to Ali's hometown had been long, but not too uncomfortable in the 7 seater luxury van that Ali had hired for them - thank god for comfortable seats, tinted glass and air conditioning. It was just a shame that Ali then drove straight back to Marrakech in the minivan leaving them with just his family's small car should they need it whilst he was away.

While Ali was gone he had asked his nephew to keep the boys occupied and out of their mother's hair. Hassan was a nice guy, 19 years old but his English was basic to say the least. In such a small town there was little to do so he gave the boys a quick tour around then they had a kick around with a football for a while but with the midday sun even that wasn't as much fun as they all hoped. Eventually Hassan had to leave them as he had to run an errand for his father delivering some orders to the surrounding towns and villages. With nothing better to do Steve, Mehdi & Joe asked to come along to pass the time.

They all piled into the small rickety van, loaded with wooden crates. As it was just a two-seater and there were 4 of them Steve and Joe climbed into the back and sat on some of the boxes.

"I'll go in the front with Hassan on the next leg. This box is not comfy, I'm going to have splinters in my arse." Said Steve.

"No, traitors can stay in the back." Snapped Mehdi.

"What is it with you? What's your problem?"

"You know." Said Mehdi before pointedly starting a conversation in Arabic with Hassan who hadn't followed the interaction in English between the two of them.

Steve looked to Joe for support but he had his AirPods in as he watched the world go by out of the window. Steve sat there fuming at his stepbrother as the van careered around the dusty roads towards a nearby town.

All of a sudden, they heard a crack as the van hit a pothole and shot off the road headfirst into a ditch.

-

The crash could have been worse, particularly if another vehicle had been involved but luckily, they had just gone into a ditch although with quite some force. Joe had sprained his wrist when he braced himself for impact, Mehdi & Hassan just had a few scrapes, but Steve was the worst of the bunch with a concussion and a heavily bruised abdomen & a deep cut from where he crashed into one of the boxes.

Luckily the town where they crashed had a small hospital and a local had helped to take them to get help. The doctor had thoroughly checked each of them from top to toe, looking for any cut, scrape, bruise, or any form of injury, he was very thorough.

Hassan was first to be given the all clear swiftly followed by Joe so they left to go and tell Debbie and the rest of the family what had happened. This left Mehdi to act as translator for Steve as the doctor spoke only Arabic & French.

Mehdi was quickly discharged but the doctor asked Mehdi to help him with the other older boy, Steve due to the language barrier. Due to the injuries, the doctor had given him an injection to ease the pain, but it had also made him a little drowsy. He had Steve on a bed with just a sheet covering his lower half but then he pulled the sheet back. He pointed and explained that the cut Steve had received ran from his thigh, through his groin, then up to his stomach and he had been very lucky that it had missed the femoral artery. As he assumed that the box making the cut would not have been sterile and due to the deepness of the cut he would need to thoroughly clean the wound and stitch it up. He went on to explain that he couldn't administer a general anaesthetic but would give him a local anaesthetic while he sorted him out.

Mehdi explained this to a woozy Steve who nodded, still concussed and not fully with it.

"Do you think he knows how to sew? Could he mend my t-shirt too?" Mumbled Steve looking at the blood-soaked t-shirt hanging over the foot of the bed.

Mehdi tried to get him to understand the situation for a couple of minutes but with no success.

"What is he asking?" asked the doctor in Arabic.

"Nothing really," replied Mehdi before spotting his opportunity. "Well, it's a bit embarrassing Doctor."

"I'm a doctor. Nothing embarrasses me. Spit it out."

Thinking on his feet and in his best Arabic he explained, "Well you may have noticed that the rest of my family are proper men, but Steve here is still a boy." Casting his eyes towards the end of the deep cut that ended just where Steve's foreskin was sat in the groove between his thigh & his hip. "He was asking if you could fix that while you were fixing his cut."

"Really, it's such a small procedure! He could get that done at any time."

Mehdi turned back to Steve and started to speak in English again. "Would you like an ice-cream? A big one with sprinkles and a shake on the side. I know that's your favourite treat," he said in a serious tone defying the inconsequential nature of the question posed to his stepbrother.

"Yes, I'd love one. When can I get it?" Mumbled Steve as he nodded eagerly.

Mehdi flipped back to Arabic, "you see doctor he really wants the operation, now if possible. What it is, he was scared when our younger brother, the other blonde boy from our group, was done and now he's embarrassed about it. We share a room back home and he has confided in me before that he wants to be like me and his brothers but is too embarrassed to ask my father to arrange it."

"I can easily do it when I am down there if he's sure, it will only take a few moments. Just check again that he is absolutely sure."

Flipping again to English and facing Steve, "the doctor is happy to give you a treat once your operation is over but he's not sure that you really want one. Can you ask him nicely for a treat and see if that convinces him." Mehdi knew he was taking a risk as the doctor had said he didn't speak English, but he didn't know when he would have the chance again. He just hoped the doctor didn't know a few words in English or he could come unstuck. "Go on Steve. Show him how much you want one."

It would have been comical if not for the setting, Steve gave the doctor puppy dog eyes, a pleading look and begged "please doctor. I want one. Please can you give it to me." The pain relief was working wonders and Steve was on cloud 9, not understanding the real situation he was in.

The doctor nodded to Mehdi, seeing that the boy agreed despite not understanding what was being said. He filled out some paperwork and put it in front of Steve who scrawled something in the signature section.

The doctor then gave him an injection in his arm to relax him even more then put up a small screen over Steve's waist and gave him some shots near to his cut and around the base of his penis.

"Don't worry Steve, the doctor is going to clean and stitch your cut. You just lie back and relax while he fixes you."

Steve had his eyes closed and just gave a half nod.

Mehdi then positioned himself so that he could see both Steve and what the doctor was doing on the other side of the screen. Mehdi felt great, he would make his stepbrother pay for stealing his girlfriend, it didn't matter to him that they had already broken up before he saw Steve with her.

The doctor started with the cut from the accident, and it took a while as the doctor washed it first with saline then some other liquid before suturing the wound. He then moved down to start the circumcision.

"Is it almost done? What's he doing?" mumbled Steve.

"He's fixing you. Stay still, don't rush him or he'll make a mistake." demanded Mehdi in English. "You want him to do a proper job don't you. You want the doctor to make sure the stitches are done nice and tight, a proper job."

“Yes, make sure he does them tight. Don’t want them coming undone on the way home.”
Mumbled Steve.

“Is everything OK?” asked the doctor, not understanding if Steve was saying something about pain or discomfort.

Mehdi then explained to the doctor that Steve had just asked to make sure it would be a tight circumcision, he wanted it doing properly.

The doctor looked down at where he had positioned the forceps to give him a line to cut along, gave a “hmmm” as though he wasn’t happy being told what to do, then released the forceps and gave the foreskin a good yank pulling almost the same amount of skin through the clamp again before closing the arms around the doomed skin.

Mehdi winced, that was a lot of skin on the wrong side of the forceps, but before he had time to think the scalpel separated the foreskin from the penis. The shaft skin retracted backwards and the doctor folded the inner skin back but the two edges didn’t quite meet, leaving a gap between them. Another quick cut by the doctor and the frenulum was excised.

The doctor then tugged on the two cut edges and brought them together to stitch them. Even Mehdi without any medical training could see that the doctor was struggling. In his annoyance at being told what to do he had yanked a bit too much skin through and now he was struggling to connect the two ends. Ultimately, he had to put extra stitches in so that the tension wouldn’t tear the skin.

“All done,” explained the doctor in Arabic as he dressed both areas and gave Mehdi the follow up instructions, “your brother can be happy now that he’s a man.”

“Thanks Doctor.”

“He is still concussed so he can stay here tonight, and you can collect him in the morning.”

“If you don’t mind, I will stay with him so that I can help with any questions when he comes around.”

Shortly after Debbie arrived with Hassan so Mehdi explained to her how Steve had received a cut across his midriff during the accident, including the tip of his foreskin but that the doctor had been able to fix everything easily. He gave a quick overview of how the wound across the stomach was cleaned and stitched and how the cut to the foreskin necessitated a circumcision but he explained how he had spoken to Steve to explain the procedure, even explaining how Steve had joked about how he wanted the doctor to make sure the stitches were tight enough. He told her that he would stay with Steve so that if he woke during the night, he could help him with any language barriers.

He hoped that he had covered his tracks enough; it was just starting to dawn on him what he actually done.

Debbie was relieved that Steve would be OK. It seemed that the doctor had taken care of everything thanks to Mehdi helping with the language barrier. It never even crossed her mind that the circumcision was a major change for Steve. She had her youngest son, Sam, done at

birth so that he would be like his father and that was a very minor procedure; her middle son Joe was done at age 9 due to infections and that hadn't been too bad as he had been young, and Ali had never said anything bad about his circumcision. If anything, she thought it a positive as her ex-husband, Steve & Joe's father, had been uncut and she much preferred Ali's cut member to her ex's; hopefully Steve's future wife would like it. What she hadn't considered was the change of sensation her son would experience, nor the shock that his most private part was no exposed to the world and not through his own choice.

Debbie thanked Mehdi for his help then gave both boys a quick kiss to the forehead before leaving with Hassan.

As he opened his eyes, the morning sun streaming through the windows, the scent of cumin in the air, Steve could see Mehdi in a chair by the bed. "Hey, what happened?"

Mehdi opened his eyes. "Sleeping beauty is finally awake. How are you feeling?"

"Like I've been hit by a bus." Steve then remembered something about a crash. "We weren't hit by a bus, were we? Is everyone ok?"

Phew, this would be easier than he expected thought Mehdi. He explained to Steve about the accident and how he had received a deep cut that needed treatment, explaining that whatever had caused the wound must have originally pierced the tip of his foreskin before going into the groin and up his stomach. He stressed how lucky he was that it had missed an artery. "So as we discussed last night, the doctor needed to remove the damaged skin and then stitch up your stomach." The lies flowing easily as Mehdi tried to cover his tracks.

"What do you mean remove?" Probed Steve, not quite sure what the doctor could have removed.

"You remember, we discussed it last night." Mehdi stated, keeping a straight face. "You needed a circumcision to remove all the damaged foreskin, the damaged skin couldn't be repaired. We spoke with you, and you agreed it was the right thing to do. You even signed the paperwork and joked about the doctor making sure his stitches were tight."

Something came back to him; he remembered something about "make them tight". It was all a bit hazy, but it seemed like it should be right, like a half-remembered dream.

"Don't worry bro, you did bang your head so maybe you're still a bit shook up. The good news is you're still here and the doc said you should be able to go home later."

"Ok. Maybe I'll just rest my eyes for a bit." And with that Steve dozed back off.

On the journey back to his grandmother's house the full realisation of what he had done hit Mehdi. He had decided to get his revenge on Steve for stealing his girlfriend in the heat of the moment, he hadn't thought it through but now he had time to think. What if Steve started asking questions? Or worse, what if his dad started asking questions when he got back from Nice?

Could he blame it on a mistranslation? No way, one conversation between his dad and the doctor would expose him in minutes. He could feel himself starting to panic.

“Do you think it will work ok?” Asked Steve from beside him and ripping him from his thoughts.

“Will what work?”

“You know.” Responded Steve with a nod downwards.

“Of course. It will just be like mine, and Joe’s, and Dad’s. It was only a circumcision, it’s no big deal.”

“It might not be a big deal to you, but it is to me. I happened to like having some skin to play with.” He said with a hint of playful smile, trying to mask his true nervousness about the outcome.

Hassan called over from the front, “I forgot to mention that Uncle Ali got in touch. His flight from Nice to Marrakech was cancelled but he managed to get on another flight. Due to the delay getting back he will just drive down here; pick you guys up then take you straight back to Marrakech to get your return flights. It’s the only way you won’t miss them.”

“What did he say about the accident?” Probed Mehdi.

“Nothing. Debbie didn’t want to worry him. She said she would tell him face to face.”

Perhaps he could get away with this thought Mehdi, his heart pumping heavily. If his dad was only picking them up he may not get chance to drive over to the next town and quiz the doctor.

As the plane touched down in Manchester Mehdi could feel a sense of relief wash over him. He had gotten away with it, but mainly by luck: his dad’s cancelled flight, Steve’s hazy memory, and the chaos of getting them all in the minivan to go back to Marrakech meant that Debbie only gave her husband a cliff notes version of the accident as everyone was loading the van. The circumcision was first explained after about 30 minutes of driving in the opposite direction to the hospital, Steve feeling very uncomfortable as everyone around him discussed his most private parts.

Neither Mehdi nor Steve contributed much to the conversation, mainly because Steve could only remember fragments of that night and didn’t want to admit so and Mehdi because he didn’t want to incriminate himself.

Considering he wasn’t overly religious, he ate pork, drank, and had the occasional bet on the Grand National, Ali was actually happy that Steve had been snipped and that finally all his boys now matched. Ali had always wanted Steve to be done but he had never wanted to put any pressure on the boy but now he was done it made him feel proud.

Back in their room at home while unpacking Mehdi started to feel bad, despite still being annoyed with Steve. Perhaps he had overreacted in Morocco? But it was just a circumcision so nothing he hadn’t had himself, so it wasn’t really a bad thing for Steve, was it?

With cases everywhere and Mehdi sorting his dirty clothes from his remaining clean clothes Steve exited the shower in their ensuite and then asked Mehdi to help him. He gingerly opened his towel and asked his stepbrother if he thought his circumcision looked "right". Mehdi had to suppress his urge to gasp. Where before Steve's cock had been a decent size hanging down over his balls and ending in a tapered foreskin now his cock didn't quite hang down on the balls but pointed outwards slightly and it was about a third shorter than before. The doctor really had made it tight.

"It looks fine. It always looks worse before it looks better" lied Mehdi, "once the swelling goes down it will be fine. I'm sure you'll enjoy it once you start playing with it," trying to make light of the situation.

Steve raised a lone eyebrow, he wasn't convinced.

"As the doctor said, keep it clean and the stitches should dissolve over the next couple of weeks but no playing with it for a month." His anger with his stepbrother was growing again. He wondered what Steve's new girlfriend would think of his modified equipment when she saw it.

Steve sighed, his balls already aching, but inside Mehdi was secretly enjoying his stepbrother's suffering.

A few days later, the bag hit the floor and Mehdi jumped on his bed, a big goofy smile on his face. His first day back at college since the holiday had gone well.

Steve just looked up briefly from his side of their shared bedroom before burying his head back in his textbook.

"Are you throwing yourself into your books now that Hannah's dumped you? I saw her making out with a guy from the rugby team earlier," sneered Mehdi.

"What are you on about? How could Hannah dump me, we've never dated."

"Pull the other one. I saw her kiss you the day before we went to Morocco. Don't tell me I didn't 'cos I saw you."

Steve was puzzled, then the penny dropped, "Do you mean in the corridor near the library at college?"

"So, you admit it?"

"You really are stupider than you look. Yes, she kissed me - on the cheek. Her gran was sick, and I noticed that she was upset so I tried to cheer her up. At the end of my "I'm sure your gran is in the best possible hands" pep talk she gave me a hug and a kiss on the cheek. Is that why you've been in a bad mood with me?"

Mehdi looked sheepish. He had put two & two together and got 27. He had assumed that Hannah had chosen Steve over him as he was uncut. Damn, in his anger he had thought that if

Steve was cut like him Hannah would dump him and then he would have a chance to get back with her.

“So that’s why you’ve been an arse with me since Morocco. I’d never do something like steal your girlfriend, that’s not what brothers do,” stated Steve; although if Mehdi had a hot boyfriend, he would not be so sure he could keep his hands off them, but that was a conversation for another time.

“I’m sorry.” Said Mehdi guiltily knowing that Steve would never understand exactly what Mehdi was apologising for.

They had been back from Morocco for almost 4 weeks and Steve was desperate. He had been horny even before the accident and now it was almost 5 weeks since he had emptied his balls. Everything made him horny at the moment but there was nothing he could do about it. The stitches had dissolved but the edges were still knitting together, and it was so tight, tight all the time, but almost unbearable when he got hard.

He had thrown himself into exercise to keep him distracted but even that backfired yesterday. Ali had said he would join him as he needed to watch his waistline so off, they went to the gym where they did some cardio and then weights together before hitting the showers and that was when the problems started.

Steve had never been self-conscious of his body before, but this would be the first time his stepfather would see his modified equipment. As they entered the open showers, they lathered up side by side and out of the corner of his eye Steve could see Ali’s thick bulbous cock swinging on top of his pendulous balls. He could feel his cock starting to respond.

He turned around with his back to the shower head, letting the hot jet relax his shoulders while he closed his eyes and thought of his times tables to distract himself.

What Steve didn’t see was that Ali was paying particularly close attention to his stepson’s new equipment. He had spoken to Mehdi to understand exactly what had happened, so he knew how the operation was a necessity and Mehdi had explained how due to the damage to the foreskin the doctor had to do quite a radical procedure, Mehdi had tried to cover himself as much as possible while explaining the accident and its aftermath to his father. Ali had expected a tight cut much like his own but what Steve had was so much tighter than he even thought possible.

With his fully shaved pubic area it was alien to Ali to see how Steve had hair growing from the lower half of the shaft. It looked as though his pubic area was being stretched almost to the scar line. After a moment he realised he was staring and had to make himself turn away. “The poor sod” he thought to himself. “That’s going to take some adjusting to. The doctor really didn’t leave anything to play with.”

As they drove home from the gym the car was quiet, both men alone with their thoughts, both thinking of the other’s cock but for very different reasons.

Luckily, Ali just dropped his stepson off at home before going to the office to do some work and Steve realised, he had the house to himself. He couldn’t take it anymore, he needed to empty his aching balls. He ran upstairs, tugged his shorts to his thighs and grabbed his

painfully tight shaft thinking of his stepfather's cock bobbing up and down in the gym showers and imagining it hard. He tried to slowly & gently move the skin up and down but just a couple of millimetres of movement pulled the scar edges painfully. He changed his approach and with one hand he pulled the shaft away from his body to ease the tension on the scar and then with some spit on his fingers he used his other hand to massage the throbbing glans. Immediately he could feel himself getting close, he was almost at the point of no return and then just as he could feel himself start to erupt, "Damn, sorry." exclaimed Mehdi as he bounded through the door.

Steve simultaneously jumped in surprise, shot his load up over his stomach, tried to roll over to cover his modesty and managed to fall off the bed.

Mehdi couldn't stop laughing at Steve in a heap on the floor with his bare arse pointing upwards as he struggled to get his shorts back up.

Once Steve had managed to make himself decent again, and once Mehdi stopped ribbing him, he tried to distract himself by throwing himself into his studies. Despite actually emptying his balls he hadn't really enjoyed it with his fist orgasm as a cut man ruined at the worst possible moment.

A few days later and Steve again was desperate. He had decided that during a free period at college he would solve his problem like he often had done in the past. With each period being 40 minutes, he would have plenty of time to do what he needed.

Like in the past, he found a toilet in a quiet corner of the library and got comfy in a stall. With his cock in hand, he started to pump away, like in the past, but very quickly his cock felt sore so again he pulled the shaft skin away from the pubis and used some spit to help him polish the glans, after a few minutes he realised it wasn't working unlike his first post circumcision wank so he changed his style. He knew from looking online that lubrication was needed so he used plenty of spit to lube the shaft.

Steve kept pumping the shaft, adding more spit, adjusting his technique but all that was happening was his cock was getting more and more sore. A quick glance at his watch confirmed his worry that it was almost the end of the period, and he would need to go to his next class. He added one last glob of spit, gritted his teeth, and pumped his shaft like his life depended on it and just as the bell rang for the next class, he finally shot his load - it had only taken him 40 minutes and resulted in a very sore todger. He felt exhausted and with the chafed skin on his cock it would be a few days before he could attempt another wank.

Little did Steve know that going forwards that it would only get more & more difficult to empty his balls As his glans got tougher & tougher!