

USA Adventure: Part 1 – Welcome to College

Danny slowly stripped out of the clothes he had worn for so long. His suitcase & rucksack on the floor next to him with all his possessions for the next year crammed inside. He looked to the shower and then to the small single bed, a shower would have to wait until he could unpack and find his toiletries & towels.

As he flopped onto the single bed, the sun shining brightly through the window, he breathed a sigh of relief. He'd finally done it; he'd made the move. All the training sessions, all the early morning coaching sessions, all the missed parties were worth it. All he had to do now was keep his grades up and play well for the next three years to maintain his full scholarship.

Lay on the bed, he would just have a minute before unpacking. The beam of light through the window warming his skin. In 48 hours, he'd packed his belongings back home in Abu Dhabi, flew to New York, switched flights, flew to Williamsport and then he'd taken a taxi to the college dorms. Adrenaline had kept him awake but now it was all catching up with him; the exhaustion of the last few days washed over him, his eyes struggled to stay open.

A knock on his door brought him round, but everything was dark. He opened the door, rubbing his eyes.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to wake you."

"No problem. I wasn't meant to be asleep, I must have dozed off."

"I'm your neighbour, Randy. I just wanted to say hi and introduce myself."

"Oh, hi. It's nice to meet you. I'm Danny." He said, his northern English accent being particularly strong in his half-asleep state.

"I'm guessing you're not a local," said Randy with a smile.

"What gave it away, my dapper fashion sense?" He said with a chuckle as he pointed towards his brightly coloured boxer shorts. "I'm originally from England, but I moved around a bit with my family over the years; they're in Abu Dhabi now."

"Scholarship?" Enquired Randy.

"Got it in one. They wanted my skills for the football team, sorry i mean soccer team. I'm majoring in business. You?"

"Scholarship too. Majoring in political science."

Danny looked Randy up and down: at least 6ft 2, huge shoulders and pecs, thick thighs and a narrow waist. There was no doubting what scholarship Randy had got, "I'm guessing a dance scholarship, possibly ballet?" He said all while maintaining a straight face.

Randy took a quizzical look, then a second later he got the joke and they both started laughing. "Got it in one! Like you they wanted my talented feet only for me it is for the football team," he said with a smile. "I'm not as exotic as you though, i'm just from upstate, i don't even own a passport. I was surprised to see your room taken, I thought I would be the only person here with classes only starting next week?"

"If i'd waited until next week my flight would have been double the price and i'd rather put that money towards something fun, plus it lets me ease into college life. I'm guessing it will be a bit more raucous here than in Abu Dhabi."

"I'm sure it will be! And Uncle Randy will make sure you have fun," he said with a big cheesy grin that indicated that he already had ideas.

"How come you're here ahead of classes starting?"

"My brother was only able to drive me down here a couple of days ago. My only other alternative would have been to take the bus and i'd rather avoid that with all my crap."

"Well it's good news for me." Danny said with a grateful smile, "I'm starving, do you fancy showing me the best places to eat round here?"

"Do you like to eat a nice big sausage?" Randy enquired.

Danny hesitated, his face flushing "yes," he said nervously.

"Ok," Randy's eyebrow rising in a knowing way. He could see his new friend feeling uncomfortable.

"That's good to know! 'Cos I know the best hotdog place in town. Grab your stuff, let's go."

A short while later, as they chomped down on their hotdogs the freshmen got acquainted. "So it's just you and your folks back home?" enquired Randy.

"And my brother Alfie. He's still at home in Abu Dhabi but he's trying to get a scholarship to the states too."

"You guys close?"

"Yeah, he's like my shadow. It's going to be strange without him."

"Don't worry, you won't have time to miss him here. Uncle Randy is going to make sure of that. I have a feeling that between training and partying you'll not have much time for anything else."

"Didn't you forget studying?"

"Nope, didn't forget it." Randy gave a wink, "I don't expect that to take up much time."

"You're going to lead me astray aren't you."

"Hell yeah."

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"I hope it gets a bit more lively when term officially starts," said Danny looking out over the quiet street from behind his RayBans before taking a gulp of his iced latte.

"It should. It's just not everyone is as dedicated, or as crazy, as us." said Randy with a wink before taking a massive bite out of his sandwich. "At least we can get ahead of the rest with training. I've already spoken with Coach and we can use the gym whenever we want."

"Great, it's only a few days' head start but every little helps. I want to make a good impression."

"When we've finished here let's pick up our stuff and go to the gym?" Randy tilted his head, "do you wrestle?"

“Like WWE?”

“No, proper wrestling. I was on the wrestling team at high school and although I won’t be competing here it’s a good workout. If you’re up for it I can show you the basics, it’s better than just lifting.”

“I’ll give it a go, but go easy on me.” He tried to look confident, but he had a feeling he would be broken in two by this guy with ease.

“Have you booked in with the doc yet?”

“No, why?”

“Well you need to be registered with a family doctor in case you need any treatment while you’re here and you also need to have your certification signed to say you’re fit & healthy to play sports. Did they not tell you that when you did all your paperwork?”

“To be honest my dad helped me with all that type of stuff in the past. He probably mentioned that I would need to do it and I probably forgot. When I saw the admissions person the other day they gave me a mountain of forms and letters, it’s probably in there somewhere.”

“Don’t worry, you’ll be fine. The doc is a decent guy, I know a guy in the year above us and he said the doc was good. I’ve got my appointment with him in the morning so wish me luck!”

As Randy drank the last of his smoothie he stood up, “let’s go, i’m in the mood to wrestle,” he said with a wicked look in his eyes.

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As Danny & Randy made their way through the sports building to the changing room Danny couldn’t help but notice that everything was spotless, nothing was broken, not even chipped, there was even a little sparkle to the place; better than Danny had expected. Back at his school in Abu Dhabi the facilities had been good but there had been some wear & tear but here it looked like nothing was more than a couple of years old.

In the changing room, or locker room as Randy called it, Danny was lifting his shorts and t-shirt out of his bag onto the bench when, “heads up” was heard and then he had a face full of spandex.

“Sorry bro, couldn’t resist.” Said Randy laughing at Danny’s shocked expression. “I didn’t think you would have the right gear so I brought a spare singlet for you.”

“Oh, thanks.” He looked at the small bundle of material wondering why he couldn’t just wear his normal gym gear but rather than look uneducated he just stripped to his boxers and started to pull on the singlet.

“No man, not like that. There’s regulations to follow. You only wear the singlet, nothing else.”

Danny looked over to see Randy completely naked pulling the tight spandex up and over his tree trunk thighs then stretching the material over his boulderous shoulders. He couldn’t help but notice the obscene bulge now visible in the taut material.

Although not shy after years of changing with his soccer team it was a little less comfortable one on one, but he bit the bullet and lost the boxers before pulling on the singlet. It wasn’t as tight as Randy’s but it felt good and nicely showed off his lean and muscular physique.

Out in the training area and after just 15 minutes it was clear that Randy was going easy on him, just showing him the moves. Danny could feel his chest heaving as sweat dripped down his body. This was a lot more physically intense than it looked.

What Danny hadn't thought about when agreeing to this session was the intimacy of it. He could feel himself stiffen when Randy pinned him down, their bodies against each other. He hoped Randy hadn't noticed.

After an hour they hit the showers. The strong jets of water from the shower heads along the open wall felt great against their tense muscles.

Looking down he saw his own equipment; reasonably long, very pale and with a pink tipped foreskin coming to a point at the end, very different to Randy. Danny stole a sideways look at his new friend; bulky, hairy and well hung with a large bare bellend unencumbered by a foreskin.

The difference in equipment didn't go unnoticed by Randy, but Randy wasn't brought up with English sensibilities and a sense of appropriateness. "So you're an anteater then. How come?"

The colour went straight to Danny's cheeks. "An anteater?" He had an idea what Randy was implying, he just couldn't believe he would be so bold as to ask.

"Still got skin" he said with a nod of his head towards the area of interest.

"Yeah. I don't know why, it's just how they are."

"Not here it's not. You'll see. I bet you'll be one of the few guys with skin. Back home there were only two guys with skin when we started high school, both were born to European parents."

"I'd never really thought about it much. I know the locals back in Abu Dhabi were circumcised but that was a religious thing. A few other guys in my class were circumcised too, but it was an international school so probably was normal where they were from."

"I'd keep it quiet that you're an anteater here if you want any action."

"Why?"

"The girls don't like it, you'll never get head if they know in advance. At least if they don't know they may be too polite to stop when they're faced with it, but if they know in advance you'll not even get your zipper down."

Danny pondered on this comment. He had never had head, but he did want to try it, although not from a girl. He wondered if the guys here had similar feelings to the girls, surely not. Thinking of the limited porn he had been able to access in the UAE almost all of it featured cut guys and he did find it hot. His mind was whirling.

Between the thoughts of dicks, seeing Randy naked next to him and thinking of getting head he could feel the blood flow straight to his dick so made a quick exit to the locker room to get dressed.

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A couple of days later, jogging into the reception area all hot and sweaty he scanned for where to go. He walked up to the receptionist, trying to catch his breath. "I have an appointment with the doctor,

sorry i got a bit lost.” He decided to lie as it sounded better than he had overslept and he’d had to jump straight out of bed and sprint the whole way across town to the doctor’s office.

“Danny?” the receptionist questioned with a smile. He nodded. “Don’t worry, just take a seat and fill out these forms and you will be called in shortly.”

Danny took a seat and took some deep breaths, trying to compose himself. He had hoped to have had a shower this morning, then take a leisurely stroll through town on the way here but he looked a mess. He had just grabbed the nearest clothes he could find and shot out the door. He gave himself a quick smell, it seemed ok smell-wise, but the crumpled fabric was not a good look.

As he finished completing his paperwork, he heard his name being called. He looked up to see a handsome man in a white jacket with a clipboard scanning the room. “Here.” said Danny as he stood up and crossed the room. “Hi, I’m Danny” he said as he stretched out his hand for a handshake.

“Hi Danny, I’m Matt.”

Danny couldn’t help but take in the handsome doctor as he asked him about his medical history and took his vitals. He guessed the doctor was mid-thirties, he looked like he worked out although not bulky, and he had a thick brown well-tended beard. He was wondering what he would look like without the white jacket, and without the shirt when he heard “Danny, are you there?”

“Sorry Doc, I was miles away.”

“Not a problem, I was just saying can you disrobe, put on the gown from the side table and move over to the bed for me for the last part of your physical. Once we have finished this I can complete the paperwork for your coach and send it over to the college.”

Danny looked for a changing room but soon figured out he was expected to change right there. Well, the doctor would see everything anyway so he quickly changed and mounted the bed.

After a few pokes and prods the doctor moved down, “just lower your briefs for me and we can finish the examination.”

The doctor made his checks and everything was going fine until he pulled back Danny’s foreskin. He scrunched his nose and looked from the bared glans to Danny’s face. “You really need to pay more attention to personal hygiene; this is why we normally remove the foreskin. It avoids these types of problems.”

Danny went beetroot red. He prided himself on his appearance and hygiene; his hair was always styled, a different aftershave every day and clothes always neatly pressed. Trust it to be today that everything went wrong. “I’m sorry,” he muttered.

The doctor continued to investigate, pulling the skin forwards and backwards to assess the problematic area. “You have a lot of redundant skin here, i’m surprised other doctors haven’t dealt with it. I can see on your notes that you have been living in the UAE for the last few years, I would have thought that the doctors there would have recommended its removal, not only for the practical benefits but also culturally.”

“They never checked,” said Danny, trying to stop himself from getting hard in the doctor’s hands. “I never had a full physical there, just a couple of trips to the hospital when I hurt my ankle and wrist.”

“Hmm” the doctor didn’t sound impressed. “Well, we are much more thorough here. As part of your scholarship contract with the college you must pass a physical at the start of each year to maintain your place. I need to ensure that you will be fit to play in all the matches, and I need to sign to say that there should be no issues.”

Danny just nodded slowly.

“Are you sexually active?”

Danny shook his head slowly, feeling embarrassed.

The doctor raised a single eyebrow, a hint of surprise that this attractive young man had no experience.

“Ok, but you have used it on your own?” Danny slowly nodded, “and do you have any problems?”
Danny shook his head.

“My recommendation would be to remove the redundant tissue before it becomes more problematic and at a time when it is convenient, and not urgent. It’s a small procedure but with a lifetime of benefits. OK, get dressed. We will send over your paperwork to the sports faculty. I can see that you’ve already signed the paperwork giving them access to all your medical notes so there’s no issues there.”

As Danny was about to leave, relieved that the experience was almost over, the doctor gave him a final message, “In other places medicine is seen as a remedy to fix problems, but here I focus on prevention, especially with the athletes. I will organise an appointment with you for a follow up in a few weeks. I’ll have reception send over the details nearer the time.”

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As he sat on the grass under the shade of a tree he scrolled through a myriad of pages about circumcision on his phone. He’d never given it any real thought before, although he had understood in general terms what it meant. Now he found himself reading up about how common it was in the USA and other locations, how there were different styles, and what the change meant for the owner of a circumcised member.

Knowing that the doctor was keen on hygiene and as he would have a follow up appointment with him he wanted to learn about it. If nothing else he wanted to know what to do so that the doctor would be happy at his follow up, he didn’t fancy another lecture on hygiene.

The more he read about the subject the more he wanted to know. How did doctors know how much skin to remove? How long did it take to heal? Did it affect pleasure? Who was circumcised that he may know back in England?

As he read more, he got to thinking about his own foreskin and how good it felt when he moved the skin over his glans; thinking about how sensitive it was when he rubbed his frenulum, a new word that he had just learnt, and how many times that it was stimulation of his frenulum that pushed him over the edge. As hot as he found the idea of a guy being permanently modified, and how attractive he found the dildo like tightness of a circumcised guys’ shaft skin, ultimately, he was happy to be uncut.

He was brought out of his thoughts when his alarm went off to remind him that he was to meet Randy over at the coffee shop.

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“So how was the medical?” asked Randy between bites of his massive pastrami sandwich.

“All good, but he was very thorough. More so than the doctors I’ve seen back home.”

“Hmph” mumbled Randy as he gulped his food. “With me too, everything was checked from tip to toe. He said I need to go back for a follow up in a few weeks as I have mole on my back that he wants to keep an eye on. He said something about prevention being better than fixing, or something like that.”

That sounded familiar to Danny. He felt a little lighter hearing that Randy had been given similar comments, it must be the doctor’s usual spiel.

“Did you have a mountain of paperwork to sign too?” Randy asked.

“Oh yeah. I had cramp in my hand by the end. Back in England there’s no paperwork and in Abu Dhabi there’s not much really. Once, my younger brother needed to go into hospital and my dad just showed a card and signed a form, that was it. The receptionist here just kept pushing forms in front of me to sign, i couldn’t read half of them she was moving that fast. She gave me a mountain of copies as I left and said to keep them safe.”

“Welcome to the US, healthcare is big business here. Everything needs to be documented. 9 times out of 10 you won’t need the paperwork; they will just be needed if there are any issues with your insurance company. You can put them in a drawer just in case and if nobody asks for them in the next 12 months you can throw them in the trash.” explained Randy. “So most guys will arrive over the next couple of days and then we’ve got classes, are you ready?”

“Yeah, I’m over the jet lag, my room is unpacked, the doc has said I can play. I’d say I’m good to go,” answered Danny with a hint of excitement.

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As the squad stood around listening to the assistant coach bark instructions Danny looked around. As fit as everyone had appeared at the start of the session, he now doubted if any of the freshmen would get a spot on the starting team. Every one of them was panting, hands on their hips as they tried to catch their breath.

“OK, today was the warmup. I hope you’re ready for a full practice tomorrow,” yelled the assistant coach. “I want you all warmed up and out here ready to start at 07:00 tomorrow. Right, get lost!”

As Danny slowly made his way through the locker room, dripping with sweat, craving a long shower to revive his muscles, he jumped.

“Danny, in here now.” boomed the coach’s voice.

Fighting against the tide of other players heading to the showers he made his way into the office adjoining the locker room where he could smell something, something that oozed masculinity, it was a musky smell, and he liked it. “Yes Coach.”

“I’ve had your medical reports through, I thought you would have mentioned your issue?” His look implied that Danny should know what he meant.

“My issue?”

"I can see that Doc mentioned it to you during your physical." Danny still looked perplexed, "your redundant foreskin boy."

"Oh, that. Yes, he did mention that. It's normal where I'm from to have it."

"Well not here boy. We can't risk you being out of commission, so we need to make sure you're always fit to play. The doctor will make sure there's no issues."

Danny just nodded knowing that the doctor had said he would follow up and keep an eye on him.

"While you're here we can get your paperwork sorted. I can see your admissions paperwork is up to date, your student visa is fine, we just need to sign your sports insurance forms so that you will be covered when you play in case of an accident, U.S. Soccer licensing, and for the league registration and a few other bits. Just sign where you see the 'x.'" and with that sheets were flashed in front of Danny, and he quickly signed them before the coach slid them into his file.

"Ok, hit the showers, I've got things to do."

He quickly stripped and joined the other guys in the showers. The quietness in the crowded showers mirrored the exhaustion they all felt. The coaching team had really put them through their paces for their first training session; a couple of guys had even thrown up midway through.

Danny took the opportunity to check out the talent, and he didn't mean the soccer skills. Discreetly he looked and saw what Randy had previously mentioned, practically every other guy was circumcised. He had found that there was only him and a guy from France on the soccer team that were uncut.

He was fascinated by the cut dicks as he now knew more about them, so smooth looking when compared to his wrinkly foreskin with its long overhang. This was nothing like back in England where there wasn't a single cut guy in his year at school. In Abu Dhabi there were a few as it was an international school, but uncut had still been the majority. As he felt himself start to harden he decided to force himself away from the powerful streams of water, but he kept thinking of all the equipment he had just seen.

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"Hey, what do you think of question 1?" asked Randy as they sat in the dorm.

"I think the professor wants to find out what we already know and he's using that question to probe. I'd go all in with a good answer as he's made it really wide ranging whereas the others just need a short focused response."

"I'm so happy that we ended up in a couple of the same classes. You can be the brains, and I can be the looks in this partnership," he said with a cheeky smile.

"Fuck you! I'm the brains and the beauty in this partnership, you're just the sidekick," responded Danny with a chuckle.

Danny and Randy had become firm friends in their first couple of weeks on campus. When not in classes they were either at the gym or studying. They had both realised quickly that to keep their scholarships they would need to work hard, the coaching staff had made it perfectly clear what was expected of them and Randy's plans to focus on parties had been curtailed, but only slightly.

Danny quickly realised that Randy was a bit of an extrovert - polar opposite to his introverted nature. After their first party on campus Randy had decided to do a nudie run from the party to the dorms, something that Danny was not comfortable with. Hell, even during the party it had got a bit quiet at one stage and Randy grabbed a beer bottle, jumped on a chair and belted out a song making the whole room join in.

Together they made a good pair with Danny getting more comfortable in big groups due to Randy's outgoing nature and Randy was learning that he couldn't be at 120% all of the time and that sometimes he needed to just knuckle down in a corner.

"So you had any action yet?"

Danny nearly choked on his water. This was typical of Randy, not thinking of appropriateness before opening his mouth. "No, I've not had any time."

"Bullshit. You've had plenty of time." He gave Danny a side eye. "You and I have the same number of classes and do the same amount of training, and I've had four blowjobs. You've no excuse."

"Four?" Danny asked incredulously.

"Yeah, that girl at the party the other night, a girl from my politics class, an online hookup and a guy I met in the library."

"Really?" asked Danny incredulously.

"Yes, really! I do know where the library is, i'm not an idiot!" clarified Randy, his face poker straight. A second later they both burst out laughing, both knowing that the most surprising thing in his statement was that he was in the library and not that he could find someone to give him a blowjob nor that he was bi.

Danny had never thought that Randy would be anything other than 100% straight, it just hadn't occurred to him. If anything, being bi just made Randy even hotter to him, especially with his nonchalant nature when disclosing it.

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The first few weeks of classes had gone well, but training had been more intense than he had imagined. Every spare minute was either in the gym building his speed and stamina or on the pitch practicing his technique. The positive had been that he had been eating like a horse without gaining weight, he had just been toning up - he had never had such lean but defined muscles.

Taking advantage of a free afternoon, he decided to go and explore the town so he packed a rucksack with snacks and water and headed out. After browsing the town centre, he headed away from the centre to explore. As he left the town, he spotted a Dunkin' Donuts, it was too tempting to resist. He grabbed a couple of donuts then continued on his way heading towards the river. After a short while he spotted a park area, as good a spot as any to enjoy his treat.

Relaxing on a bench beside one of the pathways he watched the people meandering about while he enjoyed his treat. It was a pleasant spot for his break, the sounds of the river in the background and surrounded by grass, bushes and trees he felt like he was away from the hustle and bustle of both the town and college for the first time in a while.

After polishing off his second donut he looked around and realised that the only people he had seen in the park were guys, some of them seemed to just be walking around slowly doing laps of the park.

A few of the guys made eye contact, often giving a little smile or a nod. Everyone seems friendly he thought.

There was one guy that really caught his attention. Not overly tall, but with broad shoulders, narrow waist, a handsome face finished off with red hair, possibly nudging towards strawberry blond. As the guy walked past he looked over his shoulder to Danny giving him a little smile while he slowed his gait. A few moments later as he walked towards the woods he gave Danny another backwards glance.

Danny felt himself flush. The guy seemed to have noticed him, but moments later he disappeared along one of the pathways into an area of more dense foliage.

A few minutes later the guy passed again, and again he caught Danny's eye, but then he vanished again.

A few minutes later he passed again but this time when he caught Danny's eye he made a definite nod towards the direction he was walking. Danny wasn't sure what the guy meant with his nod but he was hooked and decided to follow the handsome guy. He followed the path the man had taken into the wooded area, enjoying the dappled shade of the tree canopy. After a while he couldn't see the guy anymore so he stopped to get his bearings, it was then that he caught a glimpse of the red hair through some shrubbery. He couldn't see a defined path to the red hair, but there was a small gap between the bushes and the grass had been flattened underfoot, he decided to investigate.

It was a tight squeeze through the bushes and he had to stoop, but he made it out the other side with just a couple of leaves trapped in his hair. As he stood up straight he looked around and gasped. He didn't know what he had been expecting to find, but it wasn't the hot redhead shirtless with his shorts unzipped and him stroking his thick cock. The guy gave him a cheeky smile.

Danny was transfixed, his eyes glued to the hand gliding up and down the thick pole and over the large glans. Each stroke slow and smooth, with the hand giving a slight twisting motion over the bare glans. Eventually his gaze moved upwards, taking in the rippling abs, the large pecs and small tuft of auburn hair nestled between them before looking into the mesmerising blue eyes of the redhead.

The guy motioned for him to come closer. Danny slowly approached, unable to break the gaze. When near enough the redhead gently reached out, took Danny's hand and placed it on his cock.

Danny was electrified, this was the first dick that he had touched that wasn't his own. He slowly moved his hand up and down, his hand sliding freely up and down the rigid pole. It wasn't like his own, there was no skin to move, the skin on the shaft was completely immovable. The guy must have applied some lube or spit before Danny had emerged from the bush as his hand glided easily up and down.

He was transfixed then the hot redhead gently pushed his shoulders, making Danny go down and onto his knees. Never once did his eyes move focus from the big bulbous head.

As the guy looked down at Danny he saw him lick his lips subconsciously, the look of lust clear. He slowly pushed his hips forward and instinctively Danny opened his mouth to take the cock into its warm embrace.

Danny's heart was pounding, his dick straining in his underwear for escape. After a moment he got used to the warm yet rigid feeling in his mouth, then he started sucking. He was a natural, in just minutes the redhead had grabbed his head and was face-fucking him yet Danny didn't gag. When the guy was ready to shoot he didn't give any warning, he just held Danny's head firmly then pushed his dick balls deep before unleashing his spunk directly down Danny's throat, keeping Danny's head immobile.

Danny's eyes were like side plates, he hadn't thought about the cum. Would he spit? Would he swallow? He wasn't given a choice as it bypassed his mouth and went straight down his throat.

When the redheaded guy had fully emptied his nuts he pulled out, tucked his dick back in his shorts, grabbed his t-shirt out of his waistband then started to walk away. "Thanks kid" he said with a look over his shoulder as he walked away leaving Danny still on his knees breathing heavily.

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That night he lay there on his small single bed, reliving every moment of his encounter with the hot guy. Every part of the guy had been hard, hard pecs, hard abs and a very hard dick. As he stroked, moving his skin to and fro he thought of the guy and how his cock felt different. He didn't know how to explain it, it just felt manly.

As he exposed and then recovered his glans, he could feel himself getting close. The thought that the hot redhead couldn't enjoy the movement of skin over his bellend got Danny excited, the idea that he had something that gave him so much pleasure, yet the redhead didn't have it seemed so erotic to him.

He pulled his long skin back tightly, exposing the glans, then he tried stroking with the other hand, but it wasn't the same. With his foreskin tightly held in place he could only rub his glans with his dry palm, not enjoyable at all. With each stroke upwards he could feel his hand graze the ridge at the bottom of his glans and with each downstroke it just felt like he was tugging on an immovable object. After a few minutes he went back to his normal stroke, savouring the velvet caress of his skin as it covered and uncovered his glans.

He didn't want to shoot but he kept thinking of how the hot redhead looked down at him as he fucked his mouth and shot his load directly down his throat, he could feel his nuts tighten.

He hadn't been expecting to have his first sexual experience that day but now that he had, he knew that he wanted it again. He decided that he would visit that woodland area again, hopefully that guy would be there. As he thought of exploring the chiselled redhead's body more, he lost control and shot his load all over his chest, face and into his hair.

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Following his first sexual experience the week before Danny had been feeling hyper-aware of cock. In class he found himself daydreaming of his hunky TA and what he may look like naked. In the showers after soccer practice, he couldn't resist sneaking a look at the other players' cocks even though he had practically memorised every detail of them.

Even when he was hanging out with Randy and some of the other football players, he found himself thinking about their bulges. It was torture; his dick was almost always semi-hard.

One evening a few of the soccer players and some of the football players had been watching some wrestling matches, between their college team and another local college. It had been a friendly event, and everyone was having fun cheering on the players but Danny was finding it difficult. Danny was mesmerised, all he could focus on was the obscene bulges of the wrestlers.

From his front row seat he could make out the outlines of their equipment in the tight lycra. Each bulge showing pronounced ridges emphasised by the thin material's cling. Danny decided that wrestling was now his second favourite sport after soccer.

As the days passed by he eventually found some free time to go back to the park near to the river; he hoped to see the hot redhead again. He found a spot on a bench where he could eye the guys as they meandered around. There were old guys, there were tall guys, there were married guys, but he couldn't see his redhead.

A few of the guys made eye contact and he had learnt the language. He now understood what the glances meant and when one of them wanted him to follow them. Even though his cock was hard, he was still nervous. He knew the redhead and that he seemed ok, he didn't quite feel ready to try somebody else.

As the sun started to lower, he decided to cut his losses and leave, but as he was getting ready to stand up he saw a flash of red in the distance. His hot redhead was walking towards him. He felt his heart pound. He was hotter than he remembered.

It looked like the guy had been out for a run, his vest and shorts were damp with sweat and his red hair clinged to his forehead in a sexy way. As he walked past, he was less subtle than last time as he gave Danny a wink and a nod of the head.

Danny waited for him to get a few steps ahead before following him into the clearing in the bushes.

As Danny exited the bush into the clearing and straightened up the guy was waiting and primed, he just smiled and then leant in giving Danny a deep kiss, their tongues entwining. Danny couldn't catch his breath.

The guy pulled his vest up and put the front behind his head to expose his magnificent pecs then yanked his shorts down to reveal a well-worn jock. "Do you rim?"

Danny just stuttered.

"Do you know what eating ass is?"

Danny slowly nodded.

"Then dinner is served, go for it." And with that the redhead bent over a fallen tree trunk.

Danny hadn't expected this, was this normal? It must be, he thought. The guy mentioned it so nonchalantly it must be normal. The guy was over the thick trunk and Danny saw two globes of meat with a hairless hole and he knew he wanted it. He ate like he was starving and the redhead sounded like he appreciated the effort, the taste of fresh sweat was Danny's new favourite flavour.

After a while the redhead turned around and presented Danny with his thick cock to devour and devour it he did. A couple of times the guy had to slow him down to stop himself from shooting. Danny tried to maintain eye contact, but he kept getting distracted by the guy's abs and well-rounded pecs,

he just wanted to lick them but couldn't tear himself away from the cock filling his mouth. Eventually the redhead smiled and shot straight down Danny's throat, no warning given. "My turn," he said as he then knelt down in front of Danny.

Danny looked down and could see the guy was excited to unwrap his present. Danny hadn't even had time to get his own cock out. He could feel his heart race, this was going to be his first time receiving a blowjob.

The guy lowered Danny's shorts and he could see the decent 7" that he was packing with his long tapering hood protruding over the end. The redhead let out a little moan as he pulled the skin back then all of a sudden, he jumped up. They both heard the rustling of the bushes nearby and rapidly made themselves decent.

The redhead seemed spooked, "gotta go man!" and in a flash he had disappeared.

A moment later another guy entered the clearing where Danny was stood but Danny just bolted out of there and headed back to the dorms, his heart racing. The adrenaline kicking in had made him bolt from the clearing, but thinking back rationally the guy wasn't bad looking and Danny would have enjoyed playing with him. This world of fun was still so new to him, he was learning on his feet.

The whole way home Danny was thinking of the different guys he had seen around the park, imagining what each of them would be packing. As he neared the campus he heard "on your right!" as Randy appeared out of nowhere, covered in sweat.

"Where've you been?"

"Just out for a walk," he lied. "Have you not done enough training today?" As he looked at Randy in his obscenely short running shorts.

"There's no such thing. I'm just doing some cardio before hitting the weights. Why don't you join me, i need some company."

"Sure, i'll grab my kit and see you there in 10. I could do with working on my legs and glutes." Again, Danny lied to his friend, his muscles were fine, he just wanted another opportunity to ogle his friend in the showers after a workout.

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The squad was on their 15th lap of the field and still hadn't finished the warmup part of the training session. The joking and jostling of the first few laps had made way to quiet focus for the players, each just keeping a steady pace.

"Danny! Benoît!" boomed the coach as the team kept looping around the pitch.

The two men jogged over, their wet shorts clinging to their lean torsos. The doc's office has sent a message that your follow up appointments are scheduled for today. "Danny, you hit the showers now and head over to the doc's office, you're due there in 30 minutes. Benoît, you can rejoin the team but grab a shower after the next block of run throughs; you're due at the doc's office in an hour and 30 minutes." The guys just stood there. "Go!" Boomed the coach.

With that Danny jogged to the locker room to get ready and Benoît rejoined the rest of the team.

Danny had forgotten all about the follow up with the doctor, but it was actually a help that it was today as he was feeling a little delicate following some over-exuberance at a party the night before and a break from doing laps would be heaven.

Upon entering the doctor's office, the friendly receptionist welcomed him with a stack of paperwork to sign, was her annual bonus based on the amount of signatures she collected he thought.

"Just there" she said as she pointed to a line at the bottom of the first page. Danny signed. "And there" as she quickly took the top piece to reveal the document below and again, he signed. "And there," as she picked up the pace. In 1 minute, he must have signed 8 pieces of paper.

"Can I just ask..." he began.

"Hi Danny, come on through." said the doctor as he approached his side. His green-brown eyes catching the light as he smiled at Danny. "How's the training going? I bet John, I mean Coach, is working you all hard?"

"Oh yes, it's non-stop," he said as they entered the doctor's room.

"Thanks for coming in today, I was hoping to follow up with you a bit sooner but it's been busy. Right, if you can change into that gown and then get on the bed we'll get to it so you can be on your way as soon as possible."

Danny looked at the gown, remembering the last visit and having to wear the same gown. Hopefully this time it would be a quicker appointment.

"So how are you settling in? Making lots of friends?" asked the doctor in a friendly way. Danny nodded. "Don't worry, you'll be out of here in no time," he said after seeing Danny looking up at the clock on the wall. "I've done this hundreds of times, and getting faster with each patient."

Danny felt the cold pleather on his back as he lay down, the bright light above making him squint. The doctor was pottering around, he could hear metal clinking and then the sound of the door opening.

"Perfect timing Nurse," said the doctor, "we're just ready to start. Danny, you're going to feel a little scratch on your arm."

With that Danny felt a prick in his upper arm, something he hadn't had on his last visit.

"Ok, you just close your eyes and relax, and we'll be done in no time."

Danny's eyes grew heavy, it was an effort to keep them open, but he could still hear the muffled voices of the doctor and nurse. Moments later he felt a series of small scratches around his penis, what was the doctor doing?

He could feel movement, tugging even, but he just couldn't seem to string the words together to ask the doctor what he was doing. He could pick up bits of the conversation, but nothing made sense.

"A bit more, keep going. "

"As near to the glans as possible."

"That can go too."

"Almost done."

“That looks good.”

“Right Danny, you just relax there for a bit. I’ll be back in a bit.”

Danny enjoyed the quiet and the warmth, it seemed so tranquil to him now that the movement had stopped.

After what seemed like a long time, although only about 30 minutes, he could hear the clicking of keys on a keyboard. He started to come round. “Doc?”

“Hi Danny, I’ve told you before, call me Matt. How are you feeling?”

“Woozy. What happened?”

“We fixed your redundant foreskin for you so once you’ve healed there will be no risk of you missing matches when you’re needed. Coach doesn’t want you missing a vital match or a tournament.”

“What do you mean fixed?” Danny was still feeling a bit slow to pull his thoughts together.

“Circumcised of course. Do you not remember why you came here?”

Suddenly Danny was feeling more alert. “I came here for a follow up. Coach told me to come here for a follow up, not for a circumcision.”

“What did you think the follow up entailed? I recommended a circumcision during your initial physical. It was noted in all your paperwork. I’m sorry that there was a miscommunication, but you signed the paperwork for the circumcision when you arrived. Why do you think I asked you to put the gown on?”

“I don’t know, I didn’t read what I signed,” Danny exclaimed, as though it would change the outcome.

“You should never sign something without reading it Danny, there can be dire consequences when you sign things without reading it,” he said with a hint of a smirk just out of Danny’s eye-line knowing full well that the boy would not have read all the small print on the authorisation form that he had made sure was deep in a thick pile of paperwork that would need signing - this wasn’t his first rodeo! “At least you’ve had it done, there hasn’t been any complications, and you will be back to normal in no time at all. You will just need to abstain from any sexual activity for the next four to six weeks while the stitches heal, and I’ve already discussed it with Coach and you will not be training for the next two weeks; then it will be no contact training for two weeks then you should be fine to train as normal.” Matt’s tone was very matter-of-fact, like reading instructions for a new gadget.

Danny’s mind was whirling, just minutes ago he had a foreskin, and now he doesn’t. He lifted the gown to have a look but his equipment was wrapped up snugly with just his glans peaking out of the top with no covering at all. He could feel his heartbeat racing.

“If you’re feeling OK you can get dressed and go home and relax for the rest of the day. You can still attend classes from tomorrow onwards, it’s not like you’ve had a big procedure, just nothing too strenuous while you’re healing. You shouldn’t need it, but if there is any discomfort you can take a Tylenol. I also recommend avoiding a shower for the next 48 hours then you’ll be fine and can remove the dressings.”

Danny was struggling to take everything in. “But I don’t want to be circumcised.”

“Well, you are and there’s no changing that.” Matt’s tone was not harsh, just practical. “You should be happy; just think of all the health benefits, and it’s not like everyone else is uncut. You’re in the majority now.”

Danny slowly got dressed, feeling no discomfort due to the local anaesthetic and the lingering effects of the relaxant that the doctor had given him.

“I’ll see you again next week to make sure everything is healing well.”

Danny gingerly made his way back to his dorm room whilst trying to walk normally. As he entered his room and lay down the events of the day caught up with him. Moments later he was fast asleep.

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“Ah, fuck!” exclaimed Danny as he abruptly woke up. The sharp pain in his crotch making him jolt upright. Everything came flooding back to him, he’d been circumcised. The local anaesthetic must be wearing off. He rummaged through a drawer, digging out a foil of paracetamol before downing two tablets.

As he lay back down his mind raced. What would his dick look like when it healed? How would it work? Could he wank? The more he thought about the more he realised that it was just a waiting game; until everything healed, he wouldn’t know.

His mind drifted to thoughts about his teammates and how their cocks looked. Surely everything would be fine? All the other guys seemed happy to be cut. Unfortunately, these thoughts only succeeded in making Danny horny and he could feel the stitches pulling even more tightly.

Eventually he drifted back off to sleep.