

USA Adventure: Part 2 – Fitting In

“Damn it!” the door slamming behind him.

Benoît was sick of it, every single time. Why were they so fucking bothered? It was just a little flap of skin. Claudia had been so into him, he’d thought it was a sure thing.

Ever since his parents had moved him from Paris to the States for his final year of high school he had experienced it. Back in Paris it had never been an issue, he got head all the time, but here there was nothing, zilch, nada. You’d think American girls were allergic to foreskins.

He stripped off his shirt to reveal his carpet of hair running from neck down, ripping a button off in his frustration. Dropping his pants and underwear in a heap on the floor he flopped onto the bed, his annoyance growing along with his long dick.

Since his father had been given the promotion at work and moved the family Missouri, the home of the company’s largest factory, he had endured a lack of action. Whenever he had gotten to the stage where his dick came out to play his conquest would either remember something urgent that necessitated a hasty exit or just give him a lacklustre handjob. Never, since arriving here, had he managed to enjoy a warm mouth around his dick.

He knew that Frenchmen had a stereotype of being less than spotlessly clean so he went out of his way to shower every day. His dense dark chest hair was shampooed and conditioned to within an inch of its life, under his foreskin had special attention paid to it in the shower and to top it all off he wore the best French fragrances, but it didn’t do the trick.

He had hoped that his first night on campus would have been a fresh start with girls throwing themselves at his alluring French accent but another night of porn it would be! He opened his iPad to watch some action. The hot blonde girls devouring a thick foreskinned latino cock made him rock hard. He jerked himself off in anger, why would those girls suck an uncut cock but not the girls here on campus nor at his high school back in Missouri. He moved the long thin skin up and down, never revealing the head of the penis, just savouring the sensations the moving skin made.

It didn’t take long until he shot his load, the thick goo oozing out of the tip of the foreskin snout all over his dense pubes. He grabbed his used underwear from the floor, gave himself a quick wipe before rolling over to grab some sleep.

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Following the party last night Benoît would have loved a relaxing day but it wasn’t to be as he needed to get things done ready for the start of classes and more importantly so that he could start training. He could feel himself tiring after all the running around; from a visit to the admin building where he was told he was missing some forms, to the orientation meeting, then back to his room to find the missing forms, then back to the admin building to deliver the forms then over to the doctor’s office for his physical he was exhausted. He was happy to just lie back on the bed in the doctor’s office to relax.

The physical had gone well so far with only his minor allergies anything of note, hopefully just a few more minutes then he could escape and get something to eat. It was 15:30 and he hadn’t eaten all day.

“Wow, I’ve never seen that before.” exclaimed the doctor.

“That’s not something a patient likes to hear doc, especially not when you’re looking down there.” said Benoît with a nod to where the doctor was looking.

“I’ve said before, call me Matt. Don’t worry, it’s nothing too bad. It’s just I’ve never seen such a long foreskin before. It must cause you problems?”

“That’s an understatement!” stated Benoît forgetting that he wasn’t speaking to his friends.

The doctor raised an inquisitive eyebrow, “go on.”

“It’s not a physical problem, it’s just the girls here don’t like it. That’s all.”

“Ah, I get it. I get lots of foreign students in here with a similar issue. Some come in at the start of their course and others drift in part way through, but they all want the same thing - action.”

“Why do they come to you though?”

“Why do you think?”

Benoît seemed confused.

Matt would need to spell it out, “well if the girls don’t like the foreskin, but you want the action, you’ve got two choices: go to a country where girls like foreskin, but that will be after your course has finished or alternatively lose the foreskin. It’s simple, if you want to wait for 3 years to finish your course to get some action you keep the foreskin but if you want 3 years of action with all the other students you lose the foreskin. That’s why many of the foreign students come to me. They want 3 years of action and to be able to compete with the local guys.”

Benoît nodded, the logic made sense.

“It’s a 30-45 minute procedure, with a few weeks to heal then you can have as much action as you can handle. Have a think about it.” Matt knew what he was doing and as much as he would like to guarantee another foreskin to his collection it was always better to have a guy willingly give it as it created less risk. He could see that this guy had a problem and he could solve it, he just needed to handle the situation well.

“OK, everything is fine, and I will sign your paperwork for the coach but i did notice an unpleasant odour from under your foreskin; possibly due to recent activity. I’m sorry, I know it is unavoidable with such a long prepuce but that could be a reason why the girls here aren’t interested. Just keep on top of your hygiene and I will see you again in a few weeks to see how that new allergy medication is working.”

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“Poutain!” He exclaimed as he threw his head back onto his pillow. Benoît had opened tinder hoping to find a message from the girl he’d been speaking to just the night before. When she’d gone quiet, he’d hoped she’d fell asleep mid-conversation, but he had a feeling she was just ghosting him. If she’d accidentally fell asleep she’d have messaged him this morning, but his inbox was empty.

This wasn’t the first time this has happened. Normally as soon as it started getting saucy and after a picture or two had been shared, the girl behind the photo would go quiet and then disappear. He recognised the pattern, as soon as he mentioned that he was uncut, or he sent them a spicy picture it was game over.

His balls were full and his hand wasn't cutting it. He needed a mouth, momentarily he queried how flexible he was, before remembering he'd tried that as a horny teenager back in France with no success except for pulling a muscle in his neck when he tried to bend himself in two. What could he do?

He forced himself out from the warm bed and into the shower. As the warm flow of water cascaded over him he was stumped. He couldn't think of anything to do to get action.

Eventually he gave up and headed to training.

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A few days later, Benoît was enjoying the party at the frat house, so much more lively than house parties back in France.

As he looked around everyone had a bit of a buzz. There was a good mix of guys from the sports' teams and a few of the girls from the gymnastics squad. Perhaps tonight could be his lucky night.

"Let's play never have I ever!" Exclaimed Brad, one of the soccer players who seemed to have taken an instant dislike to Benoît. Probably because Benoît often got picked for the starting lineup instead of him.

The girls squealed with excitement.

"I'll go first," exclaimed a pretty blonde, "never have I ever gone all the way on a first date."

The guys looked around in anticipation. After a moment's hesitation half the girls took a drink and the room erupted in applause.

"Me next, never have I ever swallowed." Proclaimed a preened brunette.

"Boooooooo" said the guys as a handful of girls took a drink before the boos turned to cheers.

Benoît was not used to such openness.

Randy, one of the football players went next. "Never have I ever been in a different country." And with that about a third of the group took a drink, including Benoît.

The questions kept coming, and Benoît kept drinking. He seemed to be drinking more than the other guys and needed to find a way to get them to catch up. At his turn he struggled to think of something fun that would make the guys drink. The drink was making him bolder, eventually he stood up opened his shirt and stated, "never have I ever shaved my chest."

The guys all groaned and took a drink. Benoît was by far the hairiest guy on the team and his thought that they wouldn't all be naturally smooth paid off.

Brad whispered into the ear of a cute redhead he had his arm around. She smiled, "I've got one. Never have I ever sucked an uncut guy."

The group was silent, not one of the girls took a drink.

"Me next." Brad said with a smile, "never have I ever had dick cheese." He glared at Benoît.

Benoît felt his face flush.

"Hi Benoît, you forgot to take a drink. You're an anteater, don't you guys get it all the time?"

Benoît could feel everyone looking at him. “No, not at all.” He didn’t take a drink but the damage was done, they all now knew he was uncut.

After a few more questions Benoît made his excuses and went back to the dorm, alone.

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“Hi Benoît, how’s it going.”

“All good doctor.”

“Matt, please. So I can see from your notes that we are to review your allergies and the effect the new medication has had. Have you noticed a difference?”

“Much better, the runny eyes have almost completely gone.”

“Have you noticed any side effects?”

“None.”

“Perfect, that was easy. We can keep you on the new medication going forwards, just let me know if anything changes.” Matt slowly closed the file in front of him, ready to broach his next and more delicate subject. “And how is your other problem?”

Benoît thought for a second, before the doctor gave a slight nod downwards. “Oh that. Just the same.”

“Did you have a think about your options? The ones I mentioned on your last visit.”

“A little, but I like my foreskin.” Benoît was torn; he liked his foreskin but it appeared that nobody else did.

“The choice is yours and yours alone to make; do you want to enjoy the college experience for the next 3 years or do you wait for 3 years to enjoy yourself, assuming you don’t carry on with more studies.”

Benoît pondered on the options. “What would it entail?”

“Well like I’ve said before, it is a quick procedure. You would just come here, I would trim the problematic skin, apply some stitches and then you would heal back at your dorm and before long it will be business as usual; or hopefully not like usual, hopefully a lot busier for you.” he said with a wink.

“So you just trim the end?”

“Yes, just the foreskin. Don’t worry it’s just the redundant foreskin that goes.” The doctor was choosing his words carefully. Knowing that English was Benoît’s second language he was counting on him not picking up on the subtle nuances of what he was saying, or not saying.

“Ok, I like my foreskin so I wouldn’t want to lose too much. Just enough so that I could say I was cut and get some action.”

“That’s fine, if you want to go ahead, I can make it so that you can say that you’re cut. Don’t worry, I’ll just take the redundant foreskin and send you on your way.”

Matt looked at the bearded Frenchman in front of him. He could see the cogs turning. “How about I pencil in a date for the procedure so that we don’t forget about it. It’s a very easy one and won’t take

too much time. You can go away and think about it, and if you decide it's not for you just ring up reception and cancel. At least that way you will make a decision, how does that sound?"

"That's a good idea, that way I can think about it and let you know."

"I'll ask reception to send you a date."

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Later in the semester Benoît and his friend Jason flopped down onto the sofas in the coffee shop.

"Coach was in a foul mood today, I've never trained so hard. I won't be able to walk tomorrow." Said Jason as he sipped his latte.

"Me neither. I have a feeling my ankle will be sore too. Brad did a couple of nasty tackles when nobody was watching."

"Why does he have it in for you?"

"He just doesn't like me being his direct competition, we both play the same position so it's always him or me," explained Benoît. "He's just trying to break me; either my bones or my will. He's always got a snide comment ready"

"Just ignore him. How's everything else going? Have you had any action lately?"

"No, I've not had time with classes & training." Said Benoît knowing full well he'd been trying to get action, but every time he'd been unsuccessful.

"You need to get your head out of the books. It's true what they say, college girls are easy! A couple of compliments, a flash of a smile and they're on their knees."

Benoît gave a reluctant half smile before changing the subject. "What are you planning to do for Thanksgiving?"

"I'm heading home for it, you?"

"I'm just relaxing here. My parents are visiting my grandmother in France so there's no point heading back to Missouri and there's not enough time to go to France & back."

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The squad was on their 15th lap of the field and still hadn't finished the warmup part of their final training session before breaking up for Thanksgiving. 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!"

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

“As Benoît ran he wondered what the follow up was with the doctor, he had already had a follow up about his allergy medication so he wondered what it could be.”

“Faster, faster. This isn’t kindergarten,” boomed the coach and with that the pace picked up and Benoît lost track of his thoughts.

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As he entered the clinic, he had convinced himself this was just another appointment so that the doctor could claim a fee from his insurance company, so American he thought.

As always, the receptionist shoved a stack of paperwork in front of him to sign. “Here! Here! Here!” she barked as he quickly autographed each page.

“Hi Benoît, right on time. come through. We’re in room 2 today, I’ve got someone in room 1 who needs a little time.”

Benoît looked around the office and noticed a neatly folded gown on the bed.

“So, if you can disrobe and put on the gown, I’ll just be a minute.”

Benoît threw his bag into the corner with a thud, why all this fuss? His joints were already aching from the training, and he could do without this but he didn’t have the strength to argue over the unnecessary change of outfit. If he just got on with this he could be out of there quicker. “So, is this another full physical doc?”

“Very funny!”

“What do you mean?” asked Benoît genuinely puzzled as he lay back on the bed ready for his follow up.

“We’re here to sort out your little problem, you don’t need a full physical for that. You were checked recently so unless you’ve had any significant changes to your health, we’re good to go.”

“My little problem?”

“Your circumcision.”

“Today?”

“Yes, why else would you be here?”

“I didn’t know.”

“Well, we discussed it on your last visit, we agreed to pencil in the date, and you would think about it and cancel if you decided against it. You didn’t cancel the appointment so here we are.”

“I didn’t get the appointment; I forgot about it.” said Benoît starting to panic.

“Well, we sent out the appointment letter, perhaps you misplaced it or forgot about it?” Matt knew full well that the appointment letter only hit the post yesterday afternoon, guaranteeing that it wouldn’t have arrived to Benoît in advance to remind him to cancel his appointment. His call to the coach this morning to ask for Benoît and Danny to be sent over guaranteed his attendance.

“Has the problem solved itself?” Matt gently probed.

“Well no,” Benoît admitted begrudgingly.

“Ok, so the question is still the same; do you want to wait until after college to move somewhere where your foreskin won’t stop you getting what you want or do you want to get the problem sorted now so that you can enjoy yourself?”

Benoît pursed his lips in thought and Matt took his chance. “Like I said last time, this is a quick and easy procedure. If we get started now you can be on your way in 30 to 40 minutes, and then it won’t be long until you’re enjoying yourself.”

Benoît gave a half nod, confirming understanding but not quite a full nod to confirm the doctor could go ahead.

“If you don’t want it, you can leave but as you’ve attended the appointment, I would need to bill you and as the procedure wasn’t completed the insurance wouldn’t cover the costs.

I’ve got everything ready; the nurse is just outside ready to help and your paperwork is done. Like we discussed last time, I can just remove the redundant skin so that you can tell your conquests that you’re cut. If you agree you can be relaxing back in your dorm in less than an hour.”

Benoît gave it some more thought. He hadn’t got the money to pay a medical bill and a call to his father asking for money would necessitate explaining his problem; a conversation he would avoid if it all possible. The doctor was right, he wanted to enjoy himself and this was the best option. At least this way he would just loose the tip, or the redundant skin as the doctor called it.

“Fine, let’s do it.”

“Ok, so reviewing the paperwork I can see that you want the redundant skin removing as you mentioned last time and we will remove the frenulum underneath so that it doesn’t pull after the healing. I can see that you’ve signed everything so we’re good to go.” The doctor placed a screen over Benoît’s stomach to obscure the area to be operated on. “I’ll give you a local anaesthetic for the procedure and you may feel a little scratch but that will be the worst of it.”

A few minutes later the doctor got to work, assisted by the nurse, chatting with Benoît about Paris and France and soccer while he went about his work.

First things first, Matt set about shaving the patient. The thick dense bush of dark hair was soon shorn and the safety razor finished the job. A quick clean of the area and he was ready to go.

Matt’s hands moved as though on autopilot with muscle memory from all the times he had performed this surgery before. As his nurse passed him the forceps and scalpels he quickly got to work. With the foreskin tightly clamped by the forceps the nurse pulled forward with quite some force to stretch the skin tightly beyond the glans. Just minutes later the outer skin had been cut just behind where the glans ridge could be seen through the skin and as the final cut was made to separate the shaft skin from the foreskin the shaft skin moved back with the raw edges now sitting about 20mm behind the glans.

The nurse adeptly adjusted the forceps, and Matt went to work on the remaining foreskin. With a just a few strokes of the scalpel the foreskin was almost fully separated. He carved out the frenulum to completely detach the foreskin and all that was left behind the glans was a small tassel of inner skin

beneath the glans, no more than 3mm. That should be almost invisible when stitched and healed the doctor thought as he admired his handiwork.

A ring of stitches pulled the two raw edges of skin together tightly, stretching the skin on the top of the shaft especially tightly. A protective wrap was applied and the screen removed.

Benoît looked down at his mummified member. “Is that it?”

“Yes, all done. I told you it was a quick and easy procedure. It’s all up to you now. Don’t disturb it for the next two days, then you can bathe and remove the gauze. Then keep it clean and I’ll see you again next week to make sure everything is healing well.”

Benoît looked from the doctor to the nurse to his groin. “So that’s it?”

Matt chuckled, once he healed he wouldn’t be saying ‘so that’s it’. “Yes, you can get dressed and go, but i do recommend walking slowly back to your dorms, now is not the time for a jog.”

While Benoît dressed himself Matt went over his paperwork. “Full circumcision,” “removal of redundant foreskin” “excision of frenulum,” all clearly stated and signed by the patient. His plan had come to fruition and Benoît hadn’t realised exactly what he had signed away. The minimisation of the term “redundant foreskin”, the term “trim” rather than “remove”, the pencilling in of the appointment, it had all come together as he hoped, but definitely not as Benoît hoped, as he would soon find out.

This Thanksgiving Matt would be grateful that both Danny & Benoît would start back after the break without any remnant of a foreskin.