

### **USA Adventure - Part 3 - Getting Established**

The cursor flashed on the laptop screen, waiting for input that wasn't forthcoming. The flashing was slightly hypnotic with Danny just staring at the flashing line. Although not experiencing any pain he could feel constant stimulation of his exposed glans from his underwear ensuring his thoughts always drifted back to his experience with the doctor.

Danny's arms felt warm as the early morning light was streaming through the window as he sat thinking.

"Hi bud, you ok?" said Randy as he entered Danny's room.

"Oh, hi. I'm fine, you?"

"All good here. I thought you may have been ill or something. I didn't see you at dinner last night and I couldn't see you at the gym this morning?"

Danny's mind raced, what excuse could he give? He could think of nothing. What would explain going to classes but not to the gym nor training? "I saw the doctor yesterday and I can't train for a bit. That's all."

"What happened at the doc's?" There was Randy's lack of boundaries again.

"I just had to have a small procedure?"

"Oh, what did you have done?" He was like a dog with a bone.

Randy would see it anyway in the showers when he was back to training. "The doctor gave me a circumcision."

"Cool, you kept that one quiet." He said with a grin, "so you decided you wanted some action so you've gone for a new and improved model. I don't blame you, at least now you should be able to get some action." He chuckled.

"Something like that."

"When can you put it to use again?"

"Four to six weeks." he said glumly.

"Fuck me! Your nuts will be like grapefruits. I hope you drained them well before you had the snip." Randy jested.

If only Danny had known that he would be out of commission for so long he would have done something to drain them in preparation, hell he hadn't even known he'd be out of commission for even a minute, let alone weeks when he entered the doctors office. It had been a couple of days since he last shot his load and he could already feel the need to do something to empty them but he daren't risk doing any damage to his equipment.

"So you can't beat off until the new year?"

Again, Randy and his lack of boundaries or sense of appropriateness. "I guess so." Danny hadn't really thought of it like that, the new year sounded so far away. Perhaps he could try it nearer to the 4 week mark than the 6 week mark. Hopefully he could be back in business before Christmas.

"When will you be able to get back to training?"

"No contact training for 2 weeks, then back to full training with contact after the Christmas break."

"I bet coach is pissed at that."

"He's actually OK, the doctor spoke with him before hand. Coach approved the time off now, he wanted to make sure I would be available for important matches and tournaments."

Randy looked at his watch, "are you coming? We've got class in a few minutes."

-

Farther down the hall, Benoît stood in front of the mirror, his naked body reflecting back at him. He knew the doctor had said to wait a couple of days before removing the dressings but it was already hanging off, probably from his fitful sleep the night before.

He delicately unfurled the bandage to reveal his newly modified equipment. His gasp surprised himself with the volume. He hadn't known what to expect but it wasn't the scene that he was faced with.

Benoît had expected the tip of his glans to be visible but in the mirror his glans were fully visible, not only visible but fully exposed. He couldn't see any skin bunching behind the head, even with the swelling it looked as though the skin was taut on the shaft.

His breathing quickened. Surely it would be looser when it healed, it must loosen, he thought. Gingerly, he tried to move the skin from the shaft forwards but there was no give and it hurt like hell.

Benoît repeatedly tried to cover the glans, each time finding no movement in his remaining shaft skin. Eventually he realised his attempts were fruitless and decided to see the doctor, surely the doctor would explain what he was doing wrong. There must be a simple explanation that he hadn't thought of.

Benoît set off towards the doctor's office but after just a few paces he had to slow down to a snail's pace to reduce the excruciating sensations shooting from his glans. Every step caused his newly exposed glans to rub against his cotton boxers, going beyond the normal sensation of pleasure to something more painful.

After a slow waddle to the doctor's office Benoît tried to enter but was met with a firmly locked door. Looking at his watch he realised just how early he was. As he tried to

decide whether to wait where he was or risk a short waddle to the coffee shop he heard a voice behind him.

“Hey Benoît,” said the doctor cheerily.

“Hey doc.”

“I’ve told you, call me Matt. Is everything ok? I wasn’t expecting to see you until next week.” Said the doctor as he opened the door and led them both to his office.

“My bandage has come off and I don’t know what to do,” blurted out Benoît a little more bluntly than he had planned to.

“Jump on the bed and lower your trousers, I’m sure it’s fine. Bandages often fall off early, it’s not the easiest appendage to wrap.” Matt gave a friendly smile. “There hasn’t been any bleeding has there?”

“No. No bleeding.” Benoît climbed on the bed and lowered his trousers and boxers, “but i think too much skin was taken”.

“Ok, let’s take a look,” Matt gently moved the bruised and swollen appendage left to right to review the neat ring of stitches almost hidden in the groove behind the glans due to the swelling of the remaining skin. He lifted Benoît’s penis up to see the area where the frenulum had been carved out. “Looks great. Exactly as it should.” He said proudly. “You’ll be happy with the result once everything has settled down. You can pull your trousers up and I don’t need to see you until next week when.

Benoît slowly made himself presentable. “But when will the swelling go down and the skin go back over the head?” Probed Benoît nervously. “It’s so sensitive now, it’s rubbing on my clothes.”

“What do you mean go back over the head?”

“Well how long will it take for the swelling to go down so that the skin moves forward again? When will the head have some coverage?”

Matt could feel his cock stiffen beneath his dress trousers. He knew his plan had worked to perfection, and Benoît was only just realising what he had signed away. “Well the swelling will go down over the next month.”

Benoît gave a little smile.

“But the head will never be covered again. You’ve been circumcised so that means the head has been permanently bared, that’s what circumcision means.”

Benoît’s smile vanished.

“Don’t worry, millions of guys have been circumcised and their equipment all works fine. It will just take time for you to get used to it.”

Benoît opened his mouth to ask another question when there was a rap at the door and the receptionist entered. “Oh,” she said with a start, “apologies, I didn’t know you had someone in with you, only your first appointment is here.”

Matt gave her a big smile, “that’s fine, Benoît is just leaving. If you could see him out, and send the next patient in that would be great.”

Within a minute Benoît was out of the office, feeling shellshocked. ‘Permanently bared’ he thought, panic setting in again. He gingerly made his way back to the dorms.

-

As the evening sun sank behind the bare trees Danny’ was busy scrolling on his phone. The subject of his viewing was the same as every search he had done for the last two days since his operation, “circumcision”. In his searching he had made himself anxious about what he would find when he unwrapped his newly modified member.

When Matt had first mentioned circumcision during his initial exam it had piqued an interest in the subject. He had looked online for information about circumcision and despite learning a bit about the procedure he had spent more time looking at hot guys showing off their results after the scalpel had done its work than at medical information.

Now he was focusing more on functionality, healing, sensation. The more he read the more nervous he became about removing his bandages.

Danny stood, took a deep breath then grasped the bandage carefully. “Please be high and loose, please be high and loose” he whispered to himself. He had learned enough to want to have kept his sensitive inner skin and some slack so that he could enjoy himself.

As he unwrapped the bandage he looked down the shaft for the scar, looking closer and closer to his public region but all he saw was skin. His pulse jumped as it hit him, the reason he couldn’t see the scar on his shaft was because it was hidden under all the swelling, tucked just behind the glans. “Fuck” he said not so quietly.

Gingerly, he moved the swollen dick from left to right, rotating the tip so he could see what had happened. With a slight manipulation of the skin he could now see the ring of stitches almost at the glans ridge, tucked about 2mm from the head. Underneath there was just a scab where his sensitive frenulum had been. With each gentle tug of the skin all that he saw was his pubic skin move forward, there was no spare skin left on the shaft.

“Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.” Danny knew enough from his online research to know his cut was neither loose nor high. He sunk back onto his bed, thinking about how his equipment would look after it had more time to heal.

-

“That’s it” yelled the coach across the gym. “That’s it for today. Hit the showers.”

The sound of weights hitting the floor echoed as the players finished their workouts and headed to the locker room. At different ends of the gym both Benoît and Danny were hesitant to head to the locker room. This had been their first session in the gym since their minor procedures with the doctor.

Eventually there was no holding back and they made their way to the locker room and took the plunge.

Benoît slowly undressed, exposing not only the rather angry looking scar around his cock but also his shaven pubic area that hadn’t yet grown back to its former bushy glory. He was stoic, trying to appear nonchalant but inside his heart was pounding.

A few lockers along Danny was also struggling. He hated being the centre of attention at the best of times, but today he especially didn’t want his angry looking cock taking the spotlight. As he stripped he made sure to keep his towel in place to hide his modesty.

Both men reached the showers at the same time, an acknowledging nod was given before they each hung their towels, cupped themselves and entered the showers. Once they were under the warm jets of water, each facing the wall leaving their backsides exposed to the other players they relaxed a little.

As the soap suds covered their lean bodies they quickly washed themselves. As they twisted and turned to clean hard to reach places they inadvertently ended up facing each other with their modified equipment completely exposed.

Danny’s eyes bulged as he saw that Benoît had a red ring of healing scar tissue tucked in the groove of his glans, just like he had.

Apposite, Benoît was transfixed by the tightly stretched skin on Danny’s cock. He hadn’t been expecting to see that Danny had too been circumcised then it dawned on him that when they had both been given instructions to see the doctor they must both have received the same procedure.

They each quickly redirected their gaze and continued cleaning themselves. Danny surreptitiously sneaking look sat Benoît’s cock whenever he could without being too obvious. Did his cock look so radically modified he thought to himself.

As both Danny & Benoît exited the showers, their towels tightly wrapped around to keep their modesty, they navigated themselves through a group of chatting players to reach their lockers. All of a sudden “crack”, followed by a yelp then more sounds of a whipping towel.

Benoît tried to protect himself from his nemesis Brad, but to no avail. Before he realised what had happened his towel slipped to the floor as his arms were raised to block the onslaught from the towels.

“What the fuck dude!” Exclaimed Brad.

Benoît realised what Brad was looking at. He could feel his cheeks colour and his heart pound. He scrambled to regain some semblance of modesty.

“Decided to join the clean cock club then.” Brad’s cohorts chuckling at the scene before them as Benoît pushed his way through the crowd and over to his locker where he quickly got dressed whilst listening to the comments about him echoing against the bare walls.

Danny gave a sideways glance to Benoît, glad that it hadn’t been him exposed by Brad; although he did know that his new status would become common knowledge eventually. He quickly dressed and made a hasty exit dreading their next training sessions and the potential exposure it may bring.

-

As Danny looked at himself naked in the mirror he admired how his physique had changed over the last few months. The intense training sessions that Coach put them through were having an effect, he was leaner than ever and his cum gutters had never been so defined. His biggest change was not his musculature though, it was the change made just a month earlier; no longer enveloped by a foreskin his dick was now permanently bared and angry looking.

The fright that he had when he’d first removed the bandages had now subsided after the doctor reassured him that everything was healing well. He was now used to the red ring just behind his glans, and the swelling was going down day by day but he still struggled with the constant pulling of the skin. No matter what position he tucked himself in his underwear it always felt as though someone was pulling his foreskin back tightly. He instinctively gave it a tug, normally this would have just loosened the foreskin but now there was absolutely no movement.

He gave a sigh as he went back to packing for his Christmas trip to see family. He’d hoped to have been able to drain his balls before leaving but despite his gentle determination last night and again this morning he’d not been able to reach the desired outcome. He’d been firm but gentle, he’d focused on the glans rather than his previous technique of moving the shaft skin but all that happened was that he ended up hornier than ever. It had been 4 weeks, surely he’d be able to enjoy himself again soon.

As he threw his clothes in the bag he got angrier thinking of how he had to share a room with his brother on the trip, making it almost impossible to get any alone time for the next couple of weeks.

-

Danny walked through Heathrow with a smile, he had always loved airports. He had flown in directly from the States and met his parents and brother in Heathrow when their flight arrived from their home in Abu Dhabi. They all embraced in front of the large Christmas tree in the arrivals hall.

A few hours later and they had driven to their home for the next 10 days in the north of England, a nice hotel near to their family. Danny was happy to stay in a hotel rather than crammed in with his cousins, at least this option only meant he had to share a room with his brother Alfie, and not cousins too.

At the hotel the warm water felt great flowing over him in the spacious shower, waking him up as he prepared himself for a busy day. It was always manic when back in the U.K. as everyone wanted a piece of him and Christmas Day was the busiest.

As he climbed out of the shower pushing his hair off his face he bumped into Alfie who was gelling his hair. As they both steadied themselves Alfie's eyes looked down.

"What happened to you?" Said Alfie as he saw the angry red scar and bared head.

Like a thunderbolt Danny realised what his brother was looking at, "Nothing."

"Doesn't look like nothing."

"Nothing to do with you." Clarified Danny.

"Should I ask Dad then?"

The brothers locked eyes, Danny quickly thinking through his options. "Will you keep your mouth shut if I tell you?"

Alfie nodded keenly, eager to get the details.

Danny had to think how to frame this, he didn't want to sound like a weirdo. "Well in the States virtually everyone is circumcised and I wanted to fit in. That's all." Danny wouldn't admit that he hadn't really meant to get circumcised and that it was a mixup with communication and paperwork. He liked his brother idolising him and didn't want him to think less of him. Despite them being Irish twins, with only 11 months between their births, Danny still thought of Alfie as his little brother.

"Really? I thought that was just for Muslims and Jews." Alfie had a few Muslim friends at school so he knew what circumcision was.

"Not in the good old US of A. There, you'd be hard pressed to find an uncut guy." He could see Alfie's brain ticking. "What are you thinking?"

"Did it hurt? Does it still work? Who did it?"

“Whoa, if I tell you I don’t want Mum or Dad knowing any of this. Got it?” Alfie nodded.

“It didn’t hurt, I had an anaesthetic. Of course it still works, it’s better than ever. And it was the college doctor that did it. He just did it one day after training.” Danny didn’t have the heart to tell him that the nighttime erections after the op had hurt like hell or that he still couldn’t really use it properly. He’d tried of course, but it was very different and still tender. He was hoping that over the next few weeks everything would calm down.

“Anyway, shift. We need to get ready or Mum will get pissed that we’re late.”

-

Just across the English Channel in Paris, Danny’s teammate was relaxing in a luxurious hotel steam room, relaxing after a sumptuous Christmas lunch in the hotel restaurant consisting of foie gras followed by roast goose.

Benoît had been surprised by his parents with a trip to Paris to see his extended family. His father had booked them into an upmarket hotel with lots of amenities which Benoît intended on using as much as possible during their stay.

Although he hadn’t planned to come back to France for Christmas he was glad that they had. He was even happier that he had his own room away from his parents. Since his circumcision by the doctor back in Williamsport he hadn’t really been able to test drive his modified equipment so he was glad of some privacy to put it to the test.

The steam room was empty, so Benoît relaxed and allowed his mind to drift. It had only been a few weeks ago that he had unwrapped his newly trimmed dick to find that it hadn’t been trimmed, it had been severely cut. He had expected his foreskin to still cover about half of his glans, but even in its newly modified and swollen state there was no coverage of the glans. His heart had raced, it was not what he had wanted; all he wanted was to be able to say he was circumcised so that he could get some action. Looking down at the ring of stitches just behind his glans he couldn’t think how he would be able to enjoy himself ever again.

As he enjoyed the warmth of the steam he thought back to his discussion with the doctor during his follow up, when Matt couldn’t see a problem. At his 3-week check up, Benoît had explained that the doctor had taken too much skin, but following another examination the doctor explained that the result looked very good and was exactly what Benoît had agreed to when he signed the consent forms, and that Benoît could now accurately say that he was circumcised. Thinking back, if he knew what the result would have been he would not have agreed to the operation.

As he thought back to that day at the doctor’s office, just before Thanksgiving, he hadn’t expected a circumcision. When he’d had doubts he’d been faced with a dilemma; have the operation and have the medical bills covered by health insurance or not have the operation and then pay for the cancelled procedure himself. As he didn’t have the

money to cover the medical costs and as he wanted to avoid a difficult and personal conversation with his father he chose to go through with it. The thought of his father knowing that he was becoming “Americanised” and having his most intimate parts modified was mortifying to him.

He thought it was clear that he didn’t want much skin removing, but perhaps his English wasn’t quite as good as he had thought. Once the doctor talked him through the paperwork and explained how “redundant” meant anything not necessary and that “trim” was just another word for “cut” he could see where the misunderstanding had occurred. He had expected a small trim just so that girls wouldn’t pull their noses up at him. All he’d wanted was to empty his nuts in a nice American girl, but since the operation that hadn’t been possible.

Growing up everyone he knew was uncut: his dad, his cousins, his friends. He’d gone to a private school so it wasn’t the multicultural experience lots of people had at many French state schools with people from the former French colonies.

Thank god nobody from his younger days could see him now. He was now so, so un-French. He was now more American. To his French sensibilities it felt almost dirty. He had grown up with movies like American Pie and it had always seemed so far away from his family lunches where they sipped wine and discussed politics or literature.

As he sat alone in the hot and humid room he could feel his balls ache, he hadn’t shot a load since before the operation. As his cock started to harden he felt the tug on the stitch line. As he couldn’t do anything about his horniness in a public area he decided to shower and head back to his room to get ready for the evening’s drinks.

Upon entering the shower area he hung up his towel and small trunks before entering the showers. As he entered the open showers he noticed an athletic looking guy in his 30s switching off his shower head and moving towards the hanging towels. He noticed Benoît and gave a small nod of acknowledgement before Benoît spotted his gaze lower and his eyes widen. Benoît could feel the colour flush to his cheeks as he remembered that his equipment was still quite angry looking with a vibrant red scar encircling his shaft; just behind his glans, there was still some swelling too and it wasn’t helped by his pubes still being patchy as they grew back following the shaving the doctor had given him for the procedure.

He quickly positioned himself under a shower head and enjoyed the steaming hot jets on his hairy skin. As he rubbed shower gel over himself he jolted as he brushed over his now permanently bared glans, the sensitivity still new to him. He glanced down at his altered equipment. It still looked so alien to him.

Once he'd finished rising the soap suds off his lean and hairy torso he headed out to where his towel was hanging up. As he turned the corner his naked body collided with a bear of a man, with just a towel wrapped around his waist.

"Benoît."

"Papa."

Both men took stock of the situation and Benoît's father gasped. "You're circumcised."

Benoît was like a deer caught in headlights. "What are you doing here?" He said as he grabbed at his hanging towel, quickly wrapping it around his waist.

"I've been swimming. What are you doing here?"

"I've been in the steam room."

"You're circumcised." Repeated his father still in shock.

"Um, well, um, yes."

"Why?" Probed his father.

"That doesn't matter. See you later." Benoît hurried away, making it clear that the conversation was over.

As Benoît's father got under the shower he thought back to visits to the swimming pool years ago. Back then they both had long foreskins, father & son alike.

Benoît's father pondered when he had last seen his son naked. It was only last summer, they had been at the country club, he had been sat in the locker room changing his shoes following a round of golf when Benoît had sauntered in from the showers, not hiding himself behind a towel; the boy had never been modest. Back then his son had still had a foreskin so he calculated the change must have happened recently, explaining why he was still looked so red.

It was surprising the changes that could happen in just a few months he thought. Momentarily he got back to cleaning himself, paying particular attention to his well-hooded equipment.

-

As the rain attacked the windows and the cold of January was biting, Randy & Danny were catching up. "So how was Christmas? Everything OK with the folks?" enquired Randy.

"Yeah, It was great. Lot's of food, caught up with everyone. How was yours?"

"OK, but i'm glad to be back here. Not much happening back home."

“So you’ll be back to full training tomorrow. Have the guys been giving you a hard time?” he said with a look downwards.

“No, they’ve been good. They gave Benoît some stick, and it wasn’t all in good fun. They haven’t realised about me yet.” explained Danny.

“Why were they giving Benoît hassle? Other than he can be a bit stuck up sometimes.”

“Did I not tell you. He got a circumcision too, same day as me.”

“Was it buy one, get one free that day.” said Randy as he laughed at his own joke. “Why did he get done?”

“I don’t know. I didn’t ask.”

“Why not, I would have asked him.”

“I know you would. You want to know the ins and outs of everything.” said Danny with mock disapproval.

“Hey, i’ve been very good lately. I’ve not asked about your wedding tackle but seeing as we’re on that subject, is everything in working order? How’s jerking off now?” He looked at Danny with anticipation.

Danny’s eyebrows raised, “you couldn’t help yourself could you.”

“Hey, i’ve waited until now to ask. I’ve been wanting to know since before Christmas but seeing as you’re soooooo British I tried to hold off. But enough’s enough, spill the beans.”

Danny thought about how much to confide in Randy, but he was his best friend here. If he couldn’t speak to him, there was nobody else. “Well, i’ve managed to give it a, a test run twice now. It just takes ages and it’s not easy. Nothing moves like it did before.”

“Which lube are you using? If you use the wrong one that won’t help. Better go water based than oil based.”

“Lube?”

“Yes, which one?”

Danny just looked on blankly.

“Oh god, you’re really not using it are you?” With that he shot out of the lounge area and into his room, less than a minute later he was back with a small bottle. “Here, this will solve everything. Now fuck off to your room and I don’t want you back here for at least 5 minutes, 10 if you take your time.” he said with a cheeky wink.

Danny put two and two together, “I’m not going to do that now with you out here timing me.”

“Don’t say i’m not a good friend, i’m going to go to the library and leave you alone for a bit. Let’s just hope I don’t get struck down by the library gods when I pass the threshold. Make sure you give that a go.” He said with a nod towards the bottle clasped in Danny’s hand.

35 minutes later and Danny was on his bed, panting like a dog after a run on a hot day and with a grin from ear to ear; the bottle of lube strewn to the side having served its purpose. Danny had been a quick learner and the lube made the mechanics of jerking off much easier, but it still took longer than it had before the operation. He was just relieved that he could empty his nuts.

-

As the temperature warmed slightly, the late February sunshine broke through, it Danny stirred in his bed, finally it felt like Spring was on its way.

Danny had woke up hard as a rock, as he did most days. He’d tried to have a quick wank before class but as was now the norm it was never quick and eventually he had to stop or he’d miss his class.

Finally class was over so he headed into town to grab a coffee before heading to his final destination. “Double shot latte for Matt” called the barista. Danny looked over and noticed his doctor pick up his order from the counter, his shirt clinging nicely to his trim physique.

Danny’s thoughts immediately turned to what the doctor was packing and his eyes drifted downwards, but he was quickly brought back from his thoughts.

“Hi Danny, how are you?” asked Matt pleasantly as he took a sip from the green and white cup.

“All good thanks.” Danny could feel himself flushing, hoping the doctor hadn’t realised where his gaze had been.

“That’s good to hear. You’ll have to come to the office, i’m sure you’re due a follow up after your...” Matt just gave a downwards tilt of his head.

Danny just nodded.

“I’ll get reception to call and schedule it.”

“OK”

“Well it was nice seeing you but i’ve gotta go. See you soon.”

“Sure Doc.” Danny breathed a sign of relief. He had half expected the doctor to ask him for details about his healing right there in the middle of Starbucks.

As Danny made his way out of town and out towards the park his mind drifted back to the doctor. He imagined what he would look like without his white coat, and without anything else too. With his thick well groomed brown beard he imagined the doctor kissing him, the bristles rubbing against his face. He could feel himself harden. The whole way to the park he imagined Matt naked and what he would like the doctor to do to him. Matt's wife is a lucky woman thought Danny.

As he entered the park it was quiet, perhaps it was still too cold for the other horny men in town.

He did laps to keep warm, passing the bare trees time & again. As he meandered through the park all he passed was a woman jogging with her dog but as quickly as she'd appeared she was out of the other side of the park, heading off into the distance.

As he returned his gaze to where he was going he collided with a solid tree trunk of a man. As they both apologised they made eye contact. It was the hot redhead he had met before, only this time he had a few more layers.

"Look who it is! I'd hope I'd run into you again." Said the redhead with a big smile.

"Oh hello." Said Danny his accent seeming even stronger than normal.

"Mmmmmm, a Brit, that explains it."

Danny didn't understand what the guy meant but was too embarrassed to say anything.

"It's a bit chilly out here, come on." Said the redhead confidently as he led them over to a small toilet block.

The second they were inside the guys grabbed at each other, jackets unzipped, hands everywhere, their lips locked.

The redhead took control and in minutes Danny was on his knees savouring the hard meat being served to him. The redhead moaning appreciatively.

After a while they swapped positions, the redhead yanking down Danny's pants and boxers. "Hmmmmm. I could have sworn that you were uncut."

Danny flushed. "Well I, uh, well, actually, well I was, I got circumcised just before thanksgiving."

"Interesting, I love cut cocks but uncut cocks are a rare treat around here and I had been hoping to get my hands on yours." Danny was surprised at the admission, "It still looks good though; my husband would love it, he's got a thing for cut cocks, the tighter the better for him" and with that he enveloped Danny's cock in his warm mouth.

Danny's knees went weak and he grabbed the wall to stabilise himself. This felt amazing, the redhead knew what he was doing. Before long Danny shot a load like he'd

never done before. He hadn't even had time to warn the guy, but it hadn't been a problem as the redhead gulped down everything Danny gave him.

As Danny looked down he could see that the guy had shot his own load while sucking him.

Once they had both stood up and made themselves decent the redhead gave Danny a long kiss, the flavour of spunk on his lips. "Let's do that again." Then he was gone.

Danny couldn't believe that he'd just had his first blowjob.

He went into a cubicle to get some toilet paper to wipe himself down, and to give himself a moment to catch his breath. As he unrolled the toilet paper he noticed a hole in the wall between his and the adjacent cubicle. He had a closer look and it dawned on him what this could be used for. Again, he felt himself getting harder but a quick look at his watch and he knew he needed to head back to campus. He would have to come back another time to try this hole.

-

"You have an addiction." stated Danny as he saw Randy on his phone again.

"So, we're watching a movie and it's not the best so I'm multitasking. What's it to you?"

"Nothing, it's just that you're always on your phone. You got a new game?"

"No, just seeing who's about?"

"About where?"

"Take a look," said Randy as he patted the seat next to him and muted the TV. "These are guys locally, the more you scroll the farther away the guys are." He scrolled through the myriad of torsos, faces and blank profiles. "If you're horny, this is the place."

"Horny? Ohhhhhh."

"And the penny has dropped. You've got it." Randy smiled over at the blushing Danny.

"You really are fresh off the boat aren't you?"

"Well a lot of this type of stuff isn't available in the UAE. So they're all looking for...?"

"Yes, for you know what," said Randy in mock outrage. "Just think of it as dial a dick or as mouth on demand." At this point Danny was beet red.

The quiet became overwhelming as Danny kept looking at the small screen.

"Look, I get it, you're shy. If you're going to get any action this semester this could help."

Danny looked to his friend, his mouth opened ready to explain that he wasn't..., that it wasn't his type of app, but nothing came out. They'd never spoke about Danny's

sexuality, they'd skirted around his lack of any action, but they'd never discussed specifics. Randy sure, Danny had been given all the details of his female and his male conquests, but Danny had always been quiet.

"It's OK." said Randy softly, "I get it. I'm here if you want to talk. The app may help as you don't need to put a picture on it if you don't want to." Danny just gave a little nod. "All I ask is that i'm next door so i'll be showing as near you when you do get the app, so please don't be sending me dick pics." He said with a stern look. "You know i'm more of an ass man." he said with his face turning into a massive grin.

They both burst out laughing.

"Anyway, Uncle Randy's masterclass on getting action is over for today. Let's watch the end of this shitty movie."

As the movie came to a climactic conclusion Danny sat thinking about the app that Randy had shown him. Perhaps it could be a good option for him, to test the waters so to speak.

-

That weekend Benoît approached the frat house excited, hopefully he'd get to put his new equipment to the test. He said hi to classmates, team mates and guys from campus over the blaring music. With a beer in hand he made his way through the throngs, enjoying the view. The girls in Paris don't dress like this, he thought as he watched the groups of girls dance suggestively. He could feel himself harden in his tightly tailored European trousers.

As the night progressed and the beer count increased so did Benoit's confidence. All night he'd see a Latina looking at him from across the room and finally he decided to make a move.

"Hi. I'm Benoit."

"I know." She teased, flicking her long brunette tresses over her shoulder.

"Really?"

"Yes, we girls talk. You're the soccer player from France if I'm not wrong."

"You're not wrong. And who might you be?"

"Alicia." She said as she eyed him like a tiger eyes its prey. "You're pretty cute."

"Oh, thanks." He spluttered, her assertiveness throwing him off guard. "And you're very hot," he countered with, trying to reassert himself.

Benoît had to be careful, he could feel his eyes drifting down to her ample cleavage, fighting to escape their dress.

As the drinks flowed, the flirting intensified. Eventually Alicia led Benoit to one of the empty bedrooms. She adeptly removed his polo shirt and with a forceful shove Benoît splayed out on the bed gazing up as Alicia licked her lips. It was clear who was in charge, and Benoit liked it. Moments later and Benoît was devoid of his trousers.

Benoît was the hardest he'd ever been, his cock throbbing in his tight Tom Ford briefs.

Alicia mounted him, gently kissing from his lips down to his navel. Each time he tried to remove her clothing she brushed his hand away, she was in charge. "Tell me what you want?"

"I want you," he pleaded.

"And what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to suck me." He could feel the precum leaking.

"Mmmmmm, my favourite pastime. I hope you've got something nice for me in there."

"Oh yeah," Benoît was relieved that finally his foreskin wouldn't get in the way of some action. The circumcision would be worth it for a girl this hot.

She rubbed his briefs, feeling the hard cock beneath, kissing along stomach. "Where do you want to shoot?"

"In your mouth s'il vous plaît" Benoît's accent getting stronger by the minute.

"Well seeing as you asked so nicely, I'll let you." She gave him a cheeky smile.

His breathing deepened as her rubbing continued.

"I'd been hoping I'd run into you tonight. I've heard that you're my type of guy." And with that she pulled the briefs down. "What the fuck!" and with that she jumped up.

"What's the matter?" said a panicked Benoit

"They told me you were uncut."

"I was but I got circumcised."

"I don't do cut guys."

Benoit was confused. "What, I thought American girls only like cut guys."

"Who told you that? Lots of us are skin chasers." And with that she picked up her bag and walked out.

Benoit's head was spinning, what had he done.

-

That weekend the weather was dry and mild so Danny headed over to the park, keen to investigate the toilet block in more detail. As the sun was rising overhead and most people were just getting their first coffee of the day Danny strolled through the empty park and straight to the small building.

He hadn't noticed it last time, but there was a smell of stale urine in the air. He lowered his jogging pants and Calvin Kleins to his ankles and deposited himself on the cold metal seat, his dick already fully hard. He rubbed his hand over his neatly trimmed bush and up over his taut abs while he read the messages scribbled on the walls. Eventually his hands reached his tender nipples, hard like marbles and hardwired to his cock, he gave them a little squeeze and he let out a small moan.

He shifted his focus back to his tightly circumcised dick, trying to pull the skin up and down but with no success. He still hadn't developed a knack for jerking off without his skin. Each time he tried to pull upwards he only succeeded in stretching the skin from the pubic area outwards and when he pulled back it just yanked the scar a couple of millimetres behind the glans. His balls always seemed to ache for release now, perhaps that was why he was always so horny.

The door gave a slight squeak, followed by the sound of someone entering the stall beside him. Danny's stomach tightened, he stayed as still as possible while trying to take a discreet look through the hole, but he needn't have worried. After just a few moments Danny was presented with a fat cock pushed through the hole.

Whatever Danny had been expecting, he wasn't expecting something to happen so quickly. He was faced with a dick as thick as a soda can, almost eye to eye so to speak. Due to the size of the hole he couldn't determine anything about the guy as his cock took up the full hole. He didn't know if the guy was young or old, fat or thin, short or tall, all he knew was that the guy had a thick, tightly cut cock and the drop of precum oozing out of the tip indicated he was horny.

"Get to it," came a deep voice from the owner of the cock.

Danny's instincts kicked in and he licked it, savouring the slightly salty taste of the precum. Soon his nose was against the divider with the guys dick fully enveloped by his mouth. The sounds coming from the other side of the divider reassured Danny that he was doing a good job and before long he was rewarded with a mouthful of thick spunk.

Danny had barely swallowed the load given to him when he heard the door swing and the man was gone. Danny looked down and realised he had been so engrossed in sucking the guy he hadn't even touched his own cock.

As he sat there he imagined what the guy he had just sucked may look like. Could it have been a student at his college? Perhaps a teacher? It could have been anyone from the

town. He slowly tried to stroke his hard dick, but he didn't feel like he was close to shooting his load.

Again the door went and another guy came into the cubicle beside him. This time there was at least a pretence of the guy not just being there for action. Danny had a look through the hole and could see the guy from the waist down, with his pants unzipped and a long cock flopped out. The guy held the cock giving it a little jiggle every so often, Danny was hypnotised.

Danny watched as the long cock moved, the head completely bare. It was one of the biggest cocks he had ever seen and he had seen a lot in the showers after practice. Eventually the guy turned around and pushed his dick through the hole where Danny quickly started sucking, he was a natural.

Like before it didn't take long for the guy to shoot, and without warning. The guy's copious amount of spunk went straight down Danny's throat. Again, the guy was quickly out of there leaving Danny alone and horny.

Danny wanted to know who he had sucked so he straightened himself up and headed out into the park. He must have been in there longer than he thought as when he left the toilet block there were a few guys about. He had no idea who he had sucked as all he had seen was that the guy had dark pants on and as he scanned the park every guy had similar looking dark pants.

Danny, still with full balls, decided to have a wander. As he looped the park checking out the various guys milling about there were none that piqued his interest, but he was a teenage boy and he had needs. Eventually he decided to head back to his dorm to take matters into his own hands.

-

As Danny perused the million different types of protein bars on offer in the supermarket his mind drifted, an arm reached in front of him to grab a few bars. When Danny saw who the arm belonged to his face flushed. A big white smile flashed across the handsome guy's tanned face, it was the redhead from the park. There was a moment of acknowledgement between the two of them yet nothing was said.

As Danny watched him walk away his eyes were firmly fixed on the tight round ass bouncing up and down. As the redhead reached the end of the aisle he looked back over his shoulder and caught Danny looking, he gave a little chuckle followed by a tip of the head indicating for Danny to follow. They both made their way through the checkouts, the redhead with his protein bars and Danny with just some candy, they kept making eye contact. Eventually the redhead went into the bathroom, discreetly followed by Danny.

In the bathroom the redhead guided Danny into a stall, quickly manoeuvring him into position. With Danny bent forwards, hands pressed against the wall the redhead gave

one quick yank and Danny's pants and boxers were round his ankles, his ass exposed. Danny's eyes bulged as he felt the tongue at his hole, a sensation he'd never experienced. The guy's facial hair was tickling his hole while his tongue delved deep. It was amazing, his cock was rock hard.

Before he knew what was happening the guy had spit into his hand and reached through his legs to grab Danny's hard member, firmly stroking it while he feasted on his hole. It didn't take long for Danny to grunt and shoot the biggest load since he had been circumcised.

As he turned around he was presented with the redheads tasty dick and he went to town licking and sucking the bulbous head.

A phone pinged, "Sorry bud, need to go, my husband's waiting in the parking lot." and with that he extracted himself from Danny's eager mouth and straightened himself up. "Hey, give me your number and we can finish this some other time."

-

A couple of days later Danny's phone pinged. "Hi bud, guess who?" appeared in a message bubble, accompanied by a pic of the hot redhead, his abs rippling. The picture showed him with his jeans pulled down, his cock clearly hanging out of the open fly.

"Oh hi. How are you?"

"All good, just horny."

Danny caught the gist of what the redhead wanted and decided he knew new enough to play along. "Me too."

"Do you want to come over and play?" sent the redhead along with a location map. "I was telling my husband about you and if you're up for it he'd like to play too."

Danny reviewed the location, it was a bit out of town and difficult for him to get to.

"Sorry, I haven't got a car so I can't get to you."

"Damn, how about the park in 30 minutes?"

Danny's dick was now in control. "Sure."

"Wait in the cubicle, I'll give a double knock when I'm there."

Danny's dick was already hard thinking about playing with the redhead. He jogged through the town and towards the park, the stores starting to close as the day drew to a close. Within 30 minutes Danny was stood in the cubicle, still fully dressed but stroking himself through his jogging pants thinking about what the redhead's husband would look like.

Knock. Knock.

Danny tentatively opened the door to see the beaming smile of the redhead. Within seconds they were exploring each other's bodies with the redhead tightly gripping Danny's throbbing member. "I've got a present for you." explained the redhead, "I told my husband about your oral skills and he wanted to try them."

Danny looked a little puzzled, but then he heard the toilet block door swing closed and someone entered the adjacent cubicle. Danny looked from the hole in the divider to the redhead who gave a little nod, and said "Enjoy."

As Danny looked back to the hole a big erect dick appeared through the hole. Thick, tightly cut and ramrod straight it hypnotised him. He hadn't even realised he was licking his lips.

Danny dived onto the dick, sucking like his life depended upon it, before being joined by the redhead. "Don't be greedy, let me have some too," and together they teased and sucked the thick dick until the redhead could recognise from the heavy breathing that his husband was almost ready to shoot.

"Take it all." the redhead instructed Danny as he guided him to take the full length straight down his throat. Danny's nose pushed against the divider; he tried not to gag. He could feel the cock pulse but it took a few seconds for Danny to realise that the guy had shot his creamy load straight down his throat. The redhead grasped Danny's face and gave him a long kiss, tasting the remnants of the spunk on his breath.

"Thanks" came a familiar sounding voice over the divider, followed moments later by the sound of the door swinging shut.

"He's got to get to work so can't hang around," explained the redhead. "I didn't want him to miss out!" and with that he presented his hard dick for Danny to enjoy.

As Danny was savouring the taste of the redhead's precum he reached down to play with himself.

"Oh no, no need for that. You focus on the task in hand, or should that be the task in mouth," said the redhead with a smirk.

Danny continued to devour the redhead's cock with gusto. As he tasted the spunk erupting into his mouth he felt himself shoot his own load too.

The redhead looked down, beaming. "See, I knew it, you're a natural sub. We're going to have some fun with you."

"We?"

"After today's audition i'm sure my husband will want more too."

As Danny entered the now familiar examination room he was faced with the handsome doctor. "Hi Doc."

"Matt please. Take a seat." the doctor browsed his notes, "So I can see that it's now about 12 weeks since your circumcision so you're here for a follow up." Danny gave a little nod. "Well hop up onto the bed and lower your trousers and underwear."

The doctor took Danny's modified equipment in hand, turning it left and right, examining the scar in minute detail. With each movement the shaft skin pulled on the pubic skin but never bunched behind the glans nor covered them.

Danny could feel his heart race, the doctor's thick beard was just inches from his dick, he could feel Matt's breath across his bared head. As the blood rushed south, Danny's breathing quickened.

"It's healing well. The scar is still a little red but it is partially hidden by the glans ridge and will continue to lighten. I can see that there is no bunching of the shaft skin, a good sign that the glans will be permanently uncovered." Matt pushed the penis upwards to look beneath the head, "and underneath is fully healed, completely smooth with all remnants of the frenulum gone. You must be very happy with it."

"Hmmm." mumbled Danny, unconvincingly.

"That doesn't sound like a ringing endorsement?" a solitary eyebrow was raised.

"No, it's ok."

"Spill, I can tell there's something on your mind."

"It's just that it's so, so different. The skin doesn't move."

"Yes, that's a good thing. It means that you had a complete circumcision so it won't need to be tightened." Danny's eyes grew wide.

"Tightened."

"Yes, if not enough skin is removed then a redo is needed to make it tighter, but don't worry, yours looks perfect." Danny breathed out, "That is unless you would like it tighter?"

"Oh no, not tighter." said Danny quickly.

"Is that all, it's just that the skin doesn't move?"

"It's not just that the skin doesn't move, it's that things take longer now." he explained hesitantly.

"Such as?" the doctor played dumb, while he could feel himself getting excited.

At this point Danny was bright red, still prone on the bed with his dick exposed as the doctor quizzed him. "It just takes me longer, a lot longer to, ejaculate."

"Is this on your own? or with a partner?"

Danny squirmed, "on my own."

"So it doesn't take longer when you are with a partner?"

"Well I hadn't been with anyone before so i've nothing to compare it with."

"OK, but you have had a partner since?"

Danny wanted the ground to eat him up. He had received the appointment for his follow up and hoped he would be in and out in just a few minutes, he didn't expect the Spanish inquisition. "Yes."

"Just one partner?"

Danny thought about it, he didn't want to lie to the doctor, but didn't want to sound promiscuous. He decided to keep it vague, "no."

"Ok, i'm assuming sex is enjoyable?" Danny nodded, "Is time an issue when you are with a partner? Danny shook his head. "So it is just time that is the issue when you masturbate?" Danny felt silly when his problem was summarised so succinctly; he gave a small nod.

"Well, a loss of sensitivity is a potential side effect of a circumcision, but it sounds like you haven't got an issue with a partner. Can I ask if your sexual partners are male or female?"

"Male." Danny admitted reluctantly.

"OK, Well you are still in the healing phase so I would be hesitant to intervene yet while you are still adjusting. I recommend exploring with your partner the different ways to achieve orgasm; it could also be psychological so exploring what arouses you could help."

Danny looked a little puzzled. The doctor gave a gentle smile. "Find what turns you on, it's different for different people. The more turned on you are the more easily you will achieve orgasm. Some people like touch, other people are mentally stimulated, some like to be in charge, others like to not be in charge, some men achieve orgasm by focusing on their penises while others achieve it through anal stimulation." Danny gulped. "You just need to find what works for you."

Matt could feel himself getting harder the more his patient blushed. He also noticed that Danny was at full mast, something Danny himself hadn't even realised. "So do you

have any idea what interests you and what would help you achieve orgasm more quickly? Don't worry, i'm unshockable, i'm here to help so just spit it out."

"I like it when a guy takes control." Danny blurted out, instantly wanting to take it back. He waited for the doctor to tell him he was a pervert, but it never came.

"OK, that's quite common." Danny was surprised, "Many men like not being in control, it allows them to focus on other things. I'm not going to prescribe you any medicine, i'm going to give you homework. When you are having issues with time think about not being in control, see if that helps to speed things up. Also, explore your desires with your sexual partners as you may find that helps too. Now put that away before you poke someone's eye out." said the doctor with a nod to Danny's crotch.

Danny tried to cover himself quickly, now realising that his dick had been pointing skywards while he had spoken with the doctor.

As Matt showed Danny out the receptionist called over. "The Boss has been on the phone," she said with a smile, "wanting to make sure you hadn't forgotten you were meeting for lunch." She tapped her watch in the doctor's direction.

"Shit, I had. I'd better get going, I don't want to be in the bad books at home! I'll see you in a few weeks for a follow up Danny."

As Danny left the doctor's office he could hear Matt with a sense of urgency "let me grab a jacket, I daren't I be late again. Are you ok for an hour?" Danny quite enjoyed hearing the handsome doctor losing some of his normal poise, it proved that he was human too.

Danny strolled the short distance into town, thinking about what the doctor had said. Maybe it was psychological that it was taking him longer to shoot, not helped by his inexperience. Whenever he was alone it took a long time, but when he was enjoying himself at the park or in the toilets he always enjoyed himself and shot his load quickly. Sometimes he didn't even need to touch himself to shoot.

As Danny turned the corner he saw a car pull up to curb in the distance and the doctor jumped out. He jogged towards the coffee shop mouthing the word sorry to presumably "the boss". Just as Danny caught sight of the "the Boss" he felt his stomach tighten. The doctor planted a quick kiss on the lips of the hot redhead from the park before they went into the coffee shop.