**The Cannery: a Trilogy**

**Part 3**

*The following account is entirely fictional. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is completely coincidental.*

Travis continued to settle into life in ‘C’ barracks, becoming a great asset to Sarge. Sarge had a soft spot for Travis, having seen him abused in ‘B’ barracks, and offering him protection. Sarge also reminisced of the release of fear and pain when he took Travis’ foreskin. Most men grit and grunt through it, but with Travis it was more of a surrender. That was what Sarge wanted.

Travis enjoyed a privileged life under Sarge, or at least as much as possible, given this was a probation work camp. But the group was tight-knit, and everything had an order and purpose. Travis was glad to have some purpose here. He become Sarge’s assistant, helping with scheduling, reports, and other duties.

One day Travis had a few deliveries for Sarge, a small box and a few envelopes. He made his way over to Sarge’s private quarters and went in. He calls for Sarge, but there was no answer. He went around to leave the delivery on Sarge’s personal desk when heard the sound of the shower running fromhis adjoin private quarters. The desk was near the hallway leading to the bathroom. As he left the mail on the desk, he could see into the shower, as the door was left slightly ajar. Like the rest of the buildings, there was an institutional architecture, leaving the shower as an open stall with no curtain. Travis’ eyes followed along from the floor to the dam at the bottom of the shower stall, and then continued up to see Sarge’s thick hairy legs, and muscular backside. As Sarge turned around, Travis got a full view of Sarge. A pair of large furry balls that hung down low in his nutsack, and a thick veiny cock… *with a very long foreskin!* Travis was stunned at the length of it. It had to be at least an inch past his cockhead, dribbling off its fleshy spout the suds that ran down from Sarge’s soapy torso.

Travis gasped sharply at the sight of it. A sudden wave of rage came over him. He had lost his most precious part of him at the hand of Sarge, and now he saw that Sarge was still intact. He felt the injustice of him losing the ultimate pleasure of a foreskin gliding over his cock, while Sarge still had his…

Travis remained transfixed at the doorway, watching Sarge as he lathered up his big, lean, muscular body. He was mesmerized at the long foreskin hanging on Sarge’s cock, the wrinkled skin dangling past the end of the bulbous cockhead. It was far longer than the foreskin Travis used to have. For a moment he reminisced about his own long gone foreskin, recalling the similar manner in which the bulge of his glans could be seen through the tender membrane.

Sarge continued to lather up, and was diligent about keeping his foreskin clean. But it was too long to simply slide back, even though his flaccid length was impressive. Instead, he inserted both index fingers and pulled his foreskin inside out back over his shaft, and proceeded to lather up the end of his dick. It took a few seconds for his foreskin to relax and unfurl again over his cockhead, and he milked his foreskin down, spewing soapsuds out of the tip. He then stretched it open again with his index fingers and held it under the stream of the shower, filling his foreskin with warm water, making it swell like a small balloon. He pinched the end closed and shook it around, swishing the water within for a good rinse.

All this manipulation made Sarge a little excited, and with no one around (it seemed), decided to pleasure himself. With one hand he slid his shaft skin down to take up some foreskin slack, and with the other, he proceeded to jerk himself off. There was still enough foreskin to cover the head, and he began gliding his foreskin back and forth over his shiny pink glans, growing harder with every stroke. It wasn’t long before Sarge was grunting and stroking faster, bringing himself to orgasm. Ropy strands of jizz fell to the shower floor, but some was still trapped inside his long foreskin. Sarge then had to clean his cockhead all over again.

Travis quietly sneaked out and pondered the situation. He sat on the edge of his bunk and thought through all his emotions: anger, loss, betrayal,….revenge. In that instant, Travis decided that he would make Sarge pay for stealing his foreskin from him.

Just then, Roland walked into the bunk room. Things were always uneasy between them, but now it was different. They had a common rage pointed at one man. Travis called out to Roland, ”Hey, you and I need to talk…”After a brief reconciliation, Roland agreed to help and exact revenge on the man who ruined his dick.

The day came to put the plan into action. Roland swiped some sleep medication from the infirmary while he was mopping the floor, and Travis made sure there was a healthy dose in Sarge’s dinner. By the time Sarge went to bed, everyone else would be too, and no one would try to look for him. The deep sleep he would be in allowed the plan to continue. At midnight, Roland and Travis crept into Sarge’s bedroom and proceeded to hog tie him, leaving him until morning.

When Sarge awoke, Travis and Roland were there. Groggy and confused, Sarge grew irritated when he noticed he was tied up. “What the fuck is going on?!?” Travis just smiled and said, “Payback.” Sarge realized he was also naked with a raging hard-on. “I gotta piss! Untie me, you little shit!” Travis was unfazed. “Go ahead and piss…” Sarge’s woody was pointing up towards his belly, and even though his dick reached a full 9 inches when hard, he still had a half inch of foreskin hanging off the end.

Travis and Roland shuffled a few things around the room, getting Sarge ready. He had to pee so badly, he couldn’t hold it anymore, and he let loose a stream of hot piss as he lay there. The long foreskin overhang caused the stream to spray everywhere, giving Sarge’s chest, neck and face a bath in his own urine. Roland wiped up the pee from his cock and balls, while Travis sat on the side of the bed.

Travis knew what he wanted to do, but didn’t have the courage or training to use the filet knife or the Gomco. But he did plan on something that he could manage: one of Sarge’s cigar cutters. The sliding blade within the housing would do the trick, the perfect foreskin guillotine!

Travis placed the ring against the end of Sarge’s cock, and pulled the long, loose foreskin through the cutter. He locked eyes with Sarge. Sarge had a look of anger, his eyes narrow and his brow furrowed. He mouthed the word, almost whispered: “Don’t.”

Without a word, Travis swiftly squeezed the thumbgrip, sliding the blade through the ring and severing Sarge’s foreskin from him. Sarge beared down and watched his foreskin being separated from his cock.

Roland hastily bandaged Sarge’s freshly cut cock, while Travis explained to Sarge how there would be no repercussions from this little encounter. Travis was being released today and would be on the next bus to the airstrip. Any attempt by Sarge to impede his exit would result in in a report to the state commissioner and the undue treatment from Sarge over the years. This would launch an investigation most certain to end his career, reputation, and most importantly, his healthy state pension.

So Travis walked out, and checked out at the Captains’ office, retrieving all the personal effects he arrived with. Except his foreskin….