

TWINS

I couldn't believe my luck! I should explain. I am a male nurse and I work in a rather expensive Harley Street Clinic. I won't say which one, but you'd have heard of it. We make a lot of our money from the Arabs, of course, but they aren't our only patients, far from it. Actually, I prefer to deal with our European clients. I only deal with guys, of course, which suits me fine.

Now you understand that we are very expensive indeed, which means that we really only get the rich, and mostly for quite important stuff. That's nice from the point of view of the money, but it does mean that a lot of them are fat old blokes with ulcers or heart trouble. Which explains why since I started to work there, I had never once seen my favourite operation performed. Which one's that? Circumcision.

I get a real kick out of seeing some gorgeous hunk fast asleep on the bench having his dick cut. Even better if he's only had a local and is watching it happen. So, what about me, do I hear you ask? I've kept my foreskin, so far, but one day, maybe....

Anyhow, if I have it done, ever, it'll be here, for free. After all, who's going to pay our prices for a circumcision? Only the Arabs could afford it, and they've all been done already. So, I've just had to promise myself I'll get a job moonlighting somewhere a bit less exclusive where I can arrange to watch one. At least, that's what I thought until very recently.

Now, I'm not sure what it was I said, but somehow one of our senior consultants sussed out what I was interested in. You know, they rely on us a lot. It's no good them being whiz-kids if the nursing care is ropy. The patients, well, ours anyway, just don't come back. So, my boss makes sure he knows his staff, takes us out for a drink on the firm occasionally, and so on. One time he did that, there were four of us, plus him, and circumcision certainly got mentioned in the conversation. He must have registered that, because one day he called me in to his office.

"I've got a surprise for you, Chris," he said. "I think you might be interested. We're going to do a circumcision, but not an ordinary one. I want you to be in charge in the theatre."

"Right you are," I said. "But how do you mean, not an ordinary one?"

"Well, we wouldn't touch an ordinary one, because there's no profit in them, but this one is, well, a bit different. You'll see what I mean, later. In fact, it's different enough that we aren't going to charge for it, but don't tell anyone that. You'd better hang around while I interview the patients." I raised my eyebrows when he said that.

"Yes, patients, in the plural. Someone I know, a GP, knows I have a mild interest in the operation, and he passed them on to me. You sit over there and keep out of the way."

He buzzed on the intercom, and the receptionist showed in the patients. They were two of the best-looking guys I've seen for ages, and it was very obvious that they were identical twins. They were even dressed almost identically. They were tall, I should think they were about twenty-four, they were blond, and they were hunky, and I nearly wet myself, just looking at them. My boss introduced himself and asked them to sit down.

"Now," he said, "one of you is Mr Peter Adams, and one of you is Mr Steven Adams. Which is which?" The one on the left turned out to be Steven. "I understand that you have a rather unusual problem. Steven, perhaps you would explain it to me."

"Well," said Steven, "it's like this. My brother and I lost our parents very young. As you can see, we are identical twins, and naturally we didn't want to be separated, but unfortunately none of our family could look after either of us. We were fostered, and eventually we finished up in a Home."

He paused. I was sitting where I could see his face, at least in profile. He did not look as if he had enjoyed the experience.

"Some of those places are all right, but the one we were in was not. In fact, the two couples who ran it were very strange indeed."

At that, Peter looked up. "You can say that again," he said. "They were some sort of extreme religious fundamentalists. They hated children, and they really hated sex. In fact, that was our problem."

"Yes," continued Steven, "you see they caught Peter masturbating when we were about eleven or twelve. Tell him what they did to you, Peter."

"They held me down and one of the guys circumcised me. Just like that, on the kitchen table. No doctor, no anaesthetic, no nothing."

I looked at him, trying to imagine what it had been like. My boss spoke. "I expect that must have been painful," he said, sounding as if he quite liked the idea.

"Well, just a bit," said Peter, "but you see, the pain wasn't the worst of it."

"The worst thing," said his twin, "was that we weren't the same anymore. We had been almost completely indistinguishable, and now Peter was cut, and I wasn't. Of course, it wasn't someone that anyone else was likely to know, but we did, and it rankled. It still does. Anyway, not long after, there was a big scandal, and the Council found out about it and closed the Home. Then not long after that the family found enough money so we could move in with an aunt of ours. And here you see us."

I wondered what the payoff line was. After all, if it was just a question of cutting Steven to match him back to Peter, why come to us? My boss spoke.

"So far, so good," he said, "now, what can we do for you?"

"It's a little embarrassing," said Peter. You see, we grew up each wanting to be like the other. Steven wanted to be circumcised so he could look like me. I wished I hadn't been, I think it looks horrible, and besides, it's what stopped me looking like him. You see the problem?"

"I think I begin to."

"We're twins," said Steven. I want to be circumcised. Peter wants his foreskin back. He can't have it, but he could have mine. We want you to circumcise me and give it to him."

Now I could see why my boss thought it would be interesting. Because they were twins, he could graft from one to the other. No-one had ever done that, not with a foreskin. I hoped to hell he would say yes. He thought for a moment, then he spoke.

"Hmmm - well," he said. "I think it could be done. I'd certainly be happy to try. Let me warn you that I don't know of anyone who has tried before, so if it isn't one hundred per cent successful, well, that's a risk you'll have to take."

"We'll take the risk," said Steven.

"Yes," said my boss, "but actually it's not you that takes it. I mean, you get circumcised, but that's the easy bit. An amateur can do that. The tricky bit is the graft of your foreskin on to Peter's penis. Still, it shouldn't be a major problem, but I'm not promising anything. Anyway, I'd better take a look."

I'd been hoping he was going to say that. Those two big guys must be well hung, I thought, and I could hardly wait to get an eyeful. And was I right? Was I ever! Of course, they were very much alike, and the result was that when Steven came out from behind the screen, I had a moment to speculate what his brother was going to look like. Steven's was terrific, a cock in a million. I mean, you understand we come across a lot of them in my line of work. It takes a whopper to impress me, and that's what he had. I guess that just talking about circumcision had given him a bit of a hard-on. His magnificent weapon hung just a little bit clear of his balls. They were great, too. His uncut foreskin showed just a little of the glans, not enough to see the eye from where I was sitting. I was sure my boss would soon have that back to see how tight it was. I couldn't think why the owner of a prick that looked so good wanted to have it cut, but I could see he was going to. Once he saw that, my boss wouldn't pass up the chance.

Meanwhile Peter came out from behind the screen. He too was hung like a horse, and even more excited than his brother, for his erection was very noticeable.

"Don't worry about that," said my boss, "it usually happens." The guys grinned, a bit shame-facedly. It doesn't usually happen, of course, but it's nice when it does. And if a doctor says that to you, it means he has drawn attention to the fact he has noticed it, and how about making it a bit harder! Which is what happened. As soon as he drew

attention to Peter, Steven got really quite hard, and this in turn made Peter come up even more. Me too, if it comes to that.

"Now," said the boss, "let's start with a look at Steven."

As I'd hoped, he made him stand by the table where I could see him. Then he gently retracted that beautiful foreskin. It clung to the glans, but it wasn't tight, even as it rolled over the crest. Instead, it fitted absolutely perfectly, like a glove. The boss pushed it further and further, till it was right back. I could see the frenulum, taut against the underside of the shaft, pulling the cock-eye down and closed. He took the glans between thumb and forefinger and pulled the cock-eye open. It was big, in fact it was huge, and I wondered if it was really that size by nature, or if it had been enlarged artificially. By now both guys had a raging hard-on and I was having difficulty not showing that so had I.

"Now Peter, please." Peter too stepped forward. His cock was at attention, straight forward with the tip pointing a little upward. Amateur his circumcision may have been, but it had been well done. It was neat, with no loose skin. The boss massaged the shaft-skin gently to and fro to check how much was there and seemed satisfied with the result. He opened Peter's cock-eye, too. From the fact that it was just as big as his twin's, I guessed they were both naturally open. Peter was now showing what looked to me like better than ten inches of beautiful, well-cut cock. The boss examined the scar, which straight and not ragged, as it often is even after a professional job, especially it is done after puberty.

"OK, get your pants back on, we'd better establish the ground-rules."

When the guys had got dressed again, the boss explained to them what he would do.

"First, I shall give you both a suitable local anaesthetic. Then I shall open Peter's scar, and adjust it slightly. Then I will circumcise Steven. You understand that the foreskin needs a constant blood-supply, so I shall have to stop as soon as I have removed it, and immediately attempt to attach it to Peter. That's the tricky bit. Then when it's done, I shall come back and complete Steven's circumcision." He paused. "If we are successful, the graft will take, and in about a month, Peter will have a complete new foreskin to replace the one he lost. If not, I will remove any traces, and make it pretty much as if was before. That way Steven will be happy, and Peter won't be any worse off. OK?"

They agreed, and I took them off to fix up the appointment. We had to go down in the lift. As the doors closed, they turned to me. Peter reached forward, grabbed my still-hard cock and gave it a quick feel. I nearly hit the roof, then I went as red as a beetroot, but he laughed and said, "Thought so!"

"Yes," said his twin, "we saw you watching. But we don't mind. We like it that this excites you as much as it does us." He grinned. "Well, you saw that!" Then the lift stopped and we all got out.

When I got back to the consulting room I gave the boss the date of the appointment. I told him I'd made sure I would be free to assist him that day.

"Yes," he said, "I thought you might be interested. You know, it's a bit of a hobby of mine, circumcising young men, but I've never done anything quite like this." He looked serious. "It's not as easy as I made it sound, but they really want it, so I decided to have a go."

"How do you mean, not as easy?"

"Well, for starters, Peter's been cut just a little bit tight." He laughed. "It's actually just the way I'd have done it myself, but I'm going to need to adjust the scar anyway, and we're a bit short of skin. Then again, Steven's skin isn't tight at all, but it is close-fitting. Peter hasn't had that pressure on his glans, so it's a little bit larger. So I shall have to cut Steven a bit tighter than maybe he realises. Bad luck, really."

"For Steven, anyhow."

He laughed, "Well, yes, for Steven. I'm going to take his frenulum out, too."

"Is that necessary?"

"Probably not, no. Did you notice Peter had kept his? Incidentally, that was very nice work for an amateur. Anyway, I don't usually cut it out, and I expect Steven would be better off keeping it. It's a very American thing to do. They're mostly cut, of course, and they always seem to lose the frenulum, which is why Americans' dicks tend to seem all alike, and all a bit bland. But it gives me just a little extra skin to play with, and I really want Peter to look good. If it works!"

"So, what are the chances of it all working okay?"

I could see him weighing it up, but I got the feeling he'd go ahead, anyhow. Then he shrugged. "Steven will be happy, and he'll look good, that I can promise. Peter? I'll do my best. I think it's about fifty-fifty that he likes it when it's done. After all, it's the first time I've ever tried this one."

Well, the great day dawned.

"We'll have them in early," said the boss. "They can sit around and think about it." So, we called them for eight-thirty and booked the theatre for twelve. Usually, they'd have been put in what we call "Damnation Alley", the row of beds off a corridor that day-surgery patients have, my boss pulled strings, and we fixed a room with two beds for them. I don't know what sort of deal he did with the accountants. Whatever it was, Peter was

going to have to stay in till the graft of his twin's foreskin healed a bit, a day or too at least,

maybe more. When I went to see them, about half ten or so, they both looked really strung up with anticipation. I wondered if I envied them, and decided I did. I made them strip and put on surgical gowns, which usually open at the back, but in this case had to be worn back-to-front. As they changed, it was obvious that Steven was beginning to get a slight hard.

"Hey," I said, "what's this? If you get a hard-on after the op you'll bust your stitches. You ought to do something about that." I twitched Peter's gown open, and as I expected, he too was becoming excited. "Christ, it'd be bad enough for Steven, but it would be a disaster for you!"

Peter grinned. "Why don't you do something about it, then?" he asked. I had hoped he might. I locked the door and covered the Judas-window. Then the twins, two fabulous, muscular hunks of manhood, dropped their flimsy cotton gowns on the bed and stood revealed in all their glory, with ten inches or more apiece, standing straight and proud, one circumcised, one uncircumcised, both about to be changed for good. What a choice! Still, as I say, I'm uncut myself so I went for the uncut one first. I'd get other chances to suck an uncut cock that was going to be cut, but not the other way. I wanted the more interesting one second.

I knelt before them. The thought that this was the last time either of them would have sex in quite the same way, the last time before the cutting and uncutting, had made both the twins sexually high as kites. There was pressure behind Steven's cock that would drive a power-station. I knelt in front of him and nibbled gently at his foreskin. It slipped a little forward, and I ran my tongue inside it and probed into Steven's cock-eye with the tip. I caressed it and teased it and took more and more of the head and shaft into my mouth, pressing with my lips so his foreskin slid back over the rim. I applied my tongue with care to the exposed glans. After the circumcision it would never be as sensitive again. Then he leant forward, and I took the shaft deep down my throat. It was far too huge for me to take it all, but I eased it back and sucked hard on the cock-head.

"Oh God, that's wonderful," Steven cried. "More, more.....".

Then he gave a great gasp, and I felt my mouth fill with the salt-sweet taste of cum. It felt as if he had shot a pint into me, for his spasms and gasps went on for almost a minute. Then I let his cock-head slip from my mouth and stood up.

"Christ, you little cocksucker, you really know what you're doing, don't you!" he gasped. I smiled, because he was right. Meanwhile Peter was becoming impatient.

"Come on, don't make a meal of it," he groaned. The pressure in his testicles had built up as he watched me sucking his brother's cock, and he was almost ready to explode. I

didn't want that quite yet, though. Carefully I licked the shaft of his circumcised weapon. His excitement grew, but I would not give him release. I licked his balls, which seemed to pulse and throb with their load. Slowly, lovingly, tantalisingly I teased them with my lips, then gently nibbled the shaft of his penis. At last I reached the head. I tickled the frenulum lightly with my tongue, then kissing the naked glans; I sucked it into my mouth. I could tell that I must make the most of the very few seconds remaining, as Peter was now shivering and groaning with excitement. I parted the lips of the cock-eye with my tongue and slipped the tip of it into the piss-tube. I felt the salt taste of piss and cum on my tongue. I had seen that the meatus was big, but I had never expected to get the soft tip of my tongue so far into the channel. It must have been the trigger. Peter gave a deep, convulsive shudder, and I took his mighty shaft deep, deep into my throat. A tidal wave of semen coursed into my mouth as I rocked to his shuddering thrusts.

You can imagine that by that time I too was erect, my cock held fast in the tightness of my briefs. The twins looked at the bulge where it strained to burst through the fabric of my pants, then without a word they both

reached for my zip. I moved away.

I wanted to keep my excitement pure for the operations I would see later. They must be drained of sex in case they were damaged by their uncontrollable randiness. I could enjoy watching the double operation as I stifled the pressure in my groin. Later I would unloose the flood.

So the twins got back into their surgical gowns, ready for the healing knife, and I made them ready. I shaved them absolutely clean round the genitals and gave them the tablets prescribed by my boss, to calm them before the procedure. Then I called the orderlies to wheel them to the theatre. They lay there on the tables, which we had placed parallel to each other and close together so my boss could turn from one to the other as fast as possible. I stood by him with needles and scalpels and other instruments ready to hand to him. I gave him a loaded hypodermic, and he slowly, carefully found the nerves at the base of Steven's penis, blocking them off with the anaesthetic till he was numb from root to glans.

A second hypo was meant for Peter. My boss took it in his hand, then gave it back to me.

"Tissue," he said. I could see that a tiny dribble of cum had formed at the tip of Peter's cock. The boss wiped it away and as he turned and gave me the tissue to dispose of, he raised one eyebrow at me. I think I blushed. I could see that Peter did! Then the needle did its work, and when Peter too was numb, the boss began his work.

It was Peter he began with.

The site of the new foreskin had to be cleaned, with great care. Then the boss opened up the scarline of the old circumcision. At the first cut my own cock twitched. The boss explained things as he went along.

"I have to use the site of the old scar, because it's neater if only one scar is visible. It'll show up quite a lot at first, but it should fade away, fairly soon. Can you feel that at all?"

Peter shook his head.

"No, but Chris can," he said, and grinned.

"Well, that's as may be," I replied. But he was right.

The boss was cutting through the skin with great care, at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

"We have to be sure we are binding to a layer of skin with a lot of nerves and blood-vessels, so the graft takes and you get good sensation."

By following the original scar and holding the shaft skin away with forceps, he slit through the skin on the top surface straight across the shaft, but beneath he cut forwards towards the tip, leaving a triangle of skin with its apex pointed towards the frenulum. He slit the frenulum, parting it from below the skin but leaving it in place.

"We'll just let that settle for a moment." The cut ends bled a little, but he had been careful to avoid the veins, which I could see exposed.

"Now for Steven. New scalpel, please, Chris. In an ordinary circumcision there are several places you can make the cut, closer or further from the head, further would be my choice. This time, though, it has to be just right, because it has to match Peter, so you have to trust my eye." He laughed.

"You two are lucky. You're practically the same size. That's one place where some twins can be different."

Of course, his eye was perfect. He picked up the shaft skin with the forceps and slipped the point of the blade below the skin. The need to make Steven's severed foreskin match Peter's circumcision scar meant that the cut on the top surface was straight as a ruler, while beneath he had to slit forwards again.

"I'm sorry, but I have to take out your frenulum so I can give Peter just a little bit of extra play in his foreskin. So I'm leaving this little triangular flap to match up just beneath the glans where I removed it."

"Fine by me," said Steven. "Just try and leave me enough slack so I can enjoy myself! You know it feels very strange. I can feel the pull on my skin, but I can't feel the cut at all."

"Do you want to?"

"No way!"

"Thought not."

"I felt it," said Peter. "When they did it to me it hurt like buggery."

"I'll tell you something," the boss said. "I have done it without anaesthetic, once in a while, and it always seems to be putting in the sutures that hurts the most."

By now he was making the second cut, to free the front of the skin.

"If I was doing this in the ordinary way," he said, "I'd make several cuts, to get each one right for the edges to match. I can't do that here, because it damages the foreskin. Of course, usually that doesn't matter, because we would be throwing it away, but today it does! Anyhow, it means your scar may not look absolutely perfect, but if so, we'll fix it later, when it heals. Now, it's just the cut around the shaft..." he performed it as he spoke "...and the cuts underneath to free the frenulum."

Above the shaft he had made the cut in exactly the same place as Peter's, perhaps three-quarters of an inch behind the cock-head. Beneath, he drew the razor-sharp blade close to the glans and right up into the triangle beneath the cock-eye, slitting the frenulum carefully away. One nick, right at the point beneath the meatus, and the foreskin came away in a single piece. He pulled it free and held it up in a pair of forceps, showing it to Steven, to Peter and to me. Then I held out a bowl and he placed it inside.

"OK, time to work fast," said the boss. He spent a moment or two checking the bleeding points on Steven's newly circumcised penis, then turned back to Peter, leaving Steven unsutured. The remaining shaft-skin had slipped back and exposed the shining red shaft inside.

"This is the tricky bit," he went on, "so all of you, give a little prayer!" With thin, precise fingers, he fitted Steven's foreskin to Peter's penis, matching the cut edges carefully. I handed him coarse sutures, each with its attached needle, and he tacked the skin neatly into place. Then I handed him finer ones for the real work.

He is an artist, the boss, there is no doubt about it. His stitches were as fine as embroidery, and in less than a minute he had fixed the back of Peter's new foreskin.

"Not too tight, or we cut off too much of the blood-supply, not too loose, or the scar won't join up and heal nicely.

"What happens then?" It was Steven who asked, concerned about the fate of the foreskin which had been part of him.

"Then it probably falls off, and we have to re-circumcise Peter to tidy him up. Of course this is the easy one of the two joins, but it's the bit which is going to be visible, so I do it first to make sure it's right." He completed the last knot of the sutures.

"Now the inner join, this needs to be the finest sutures we have." I handed them to him. He started by carefully matching the tip of what had been Steven's frenulum to the slit he had made in Peter's to receive it. The two rows of stitches, which held it in place, were almost invisibly fine. Then, with the utmost care and precision, he sutured the two cut edges.

"You know, I couldn't have attempted this if your skin had been even a fraction tighter," he said. "As it is you'll have to pray it doesn't bruise too much, or you won't be able to bear the first couple of days." He continued his stitching, sliding the needle in and out of the skin, knotting the sutures together, holding Peter's shaft-skin where it would mate with his twin's unwanted prepuce. When he had inserted the last suture, the boss stood up straight, then leant down again. The skin had been retracted, to allow him to work on the exposed inner side. With a single movement he rolled it forward. Peter had been de-circumcised!

Steven needed far fewer stitches to fix the cut edges of his newly circumcised cock-skin together, but they were inserted as carefully as his brother's. All the money in the world can't buy the sort of attention to detail the boss can bring to his work.

"Right," he said, "I think we've done it, but we shan't be sure for at least forty-eight hours. During that time, you are both going to be very sore indeed. Peter has to stay still. Steven can get up and move around. We'll give you a loose dressing gown. Take care."

He grinned, and I knew what he meant. You can't imagine how tender a new circumcision can make a guy until you've seen him hobbling carefully around, not daring to enter a crowded lift, not even daring to sit down too quickly.

"Peter has to stay immobile for twenty-four hours at least. You have to keep the foreskin back for that time, too, to start the healing properly. I'll give you a strong sedative as well, because if you get an erection, you'll pull the stitches and I'll have been wasting my time. Chris will look after you. Wheel 'em away, Chris."

I called the orderlies, and we gently took them back to their own room.

We watched them carefully for several days. By that time Steven had left the hospital, in fact he was only in for one night. Peter, of course, was on various drugs to keep him sedated and dopey for a couple of days, after which he started to move around, very, very carefully. At the end of four days, it was obvious that the graft was taking. His twin's foreskin was growing as naturally into place as if it had always been there. The boss sent him home, warning against sex and alcohol, and the other good things in life. It was about six weeks before I saw them again. The boss called me to his office.

"Peter and Steven are in the waiting-room," he said. "I thought that since you saw the op, you might like to see how they've done. I'm very pleased with the result."

And when I saw it, so was I. Of course, Steven's had been, more or less, an ordinary circumcision, and you'd expect that to look good. After all, the boss is a fine surgeon. A neat scar ran round the shaft of his penis where the knife had been, and a few tiny marks showed the site of the stitches, but these were already fading. The only way you would have guessed that his was a recent circumcision was the colour of the glans. It was still the soft purple colour it had been when it was covered, rather than the rougher pinker surface that you get if you are done as a kid. Where the frenulum had been, there was a little knot of skin, where the boss had needed to put a suture to hold the little triangle of shaft-skin he'd created to replace the frenulum and fix it to the cock-head, and this pulled the meatus down and a little open. The meatus had been large before, and now it looked sensational.

"How do you feel about it, Steven?" asked the boss.

"It's terrific," he replied. "It's just what I've always wanted. I even think the head has grown a little already." He was smiling broadly and blushing a little. "Of course, it was a bit uncomfortable at first."

"But worth it?"

"Every time!" He stood there, looking down at his penis. I've seen it before, the look of pride some guys get after they've been circumcised. Every time I see it, I wonder if it would work for me.

"Good," said the boss. "Because I don't think we could put it back again. Now what about you, Peter?"

It was Peter I was really interested in, and obviously so was the boss. After all, you don't get a chance like that more than once in a lifetime. His twin brother's foreskin was now growing at the end of his cock. I could see it had attached itself and settled down. You could still see the scar on the outside, probably you always would be able to tell where it was, but it had already faded and the skin was smooth, smoother than most circumcision scars, I thought. I wondered what the scar on the inside looked like.

"It's terrific," he said. "You just can't know how it feels to have it back!"

"Well, no," said the boss, "obviously I can't, quite. Anyhow, you're happy with it? No discomfort?"

"Not now." Peter grinned. "It was bloody agony at first, when the drugs wore off, even with that spray you gave us. But now, it's brilliant!!"

"Well, I'm very relieved," said the boss. "You knew we were taking a risk, but it seems to have paid off. And you like it, which is the main thing. Only one question left for both of you, in fact. Does it work?"

"We haven't liked to try," said Peter.

"Not without your say-so," added Steven.

"Six weeks? Oh, I should think so." The boss looked very hard at me. "I don't have another appointment this afternoon, so I must be off. You won't mind if I leave you in Chris's capable hands. That's OK, Chris, isn't it?"

Wasn't it just! He was hardly out the room before the door was locked and we were all three stark bollock naked.

"Be gentle," Steven said.

"Yes, it might be a bit tender. It hasn't been used since the last time you saw it!" added Peter. I did not speak but dropped to my knees. First in front of Steven, the beautiful uncovered glans of his virgin circumcision right before my eyes. I put my lips to it. The cushion of flesh was still sensitive, I could tell, and I teased it with my tongue, then ran my tongue-tip round his scar. Steven groaned softly in pleasure. Is there anything more sensitive than a just-healed circumcision? I took the little knot of skin where his frenulum had been between my teeth and nibbled it gently. It was too much, and I had only a second or two before he cried:

"Oh God, Oh God, aaaaahhh, no, no, yes, yeeesss!" The wave of cum he had suppressed for so long filled my mouth with its salty, bitter wonderful taste. He clutched his testicles and moaned, as his unused nuts regained their feeling and took their revenge.

"Now me, now me," cried Peter. "Oh God, I need this. Suck me, suck me."

I turned to him, and in an instant, he was on me. He stuffed his cock into my mouth, and as I tried to clamp my lips shut on it, he began to mouth-fuck me. After a few strokes, I could take no more and pulled my head away. In front of my face was the rarest sight in the world, a man whose cock carried his own twin-brother's foreskin. It fitted tightly, but I stretched it back and it rolled over the glans, back and back till it would go no further. The scar had healed perfectly inside and I ran my tongue along it, It was smooth as silk, and because it had been kept moist beneath the foreskin, it was even more sensitive than Steven's. Peter swayed, and I thought he was going to pass out with the intensity of the sensation. His cock was like a ramrod, and the head looked almost as if it would burst under the pressure. I took the shaft in my mouth again, and pulled at the skin with my lips until it covered the head. I felt it with my tongue. It projected a little, and I nibbled the little rose that formed at the end, then bit it, gently at first, then, as Peter cried "More, more," harder and harder. One last sharp bite, and Peter gave a great rending cry and buried his cock-head deep in my throat. As he did so the pent-up cum gushed from his penis, pints and pints of it, or so it felt, straight down my throat. The agonising pleasure in Peter's groin forced one more short, hoarse cry out of him, then he collapsed on the couch, almost fainting. I too was so high with excitement, that when

Steven reached forward, roughly grabbing my cock, it needed only a few short strokes and my own cum covered Peter's prostrate body.

They looked at me.

"Well, Chris," said Steven. "Last and first. And I hope many other times, too."