



Fore

Would the feeling be very different? Visually I find it more pleasant and they say the glans is much more sensitive when it's covered. That's the question that randomly pops in my head while I'm caressing myself. My arm goes up and down making my hand run through the thick trunk, I feel the texture of the veins and the hair of my pubis tickling my wrist as I touch myself.

It's an enviable 8 inches cock, white and with a bulging pink head, of course circumcised; Every time I see the tip uncovered I wonder the same thing. Through my hands, mouth and ass many dicks have passed and I have become familiar with the different sensations offered by a variety of colors, sizes, shapes, thicknesses... But nothing causes me the same excitement as a dark cock, intact, with its skin still protecting the head, so sensitive by its lack of contact with the fabrics of the underwear. I usually give foreplay the importance it needs, and that includes giving the best of myself to worship the skin that ignites my lust, either in a caress with my hands or retracting and stretching it with my mouth.

Having it back to enjoy such a sensation on my own flesh would be something I would be willing to pay for, regardless of the price...

Now I'm alone, my date didn't arrive but that won't ruin my night, enjoying and fantasizing with my own body also fills me with pleasure. A few clear drops run from the tip lubricating this hard piece of meat, my heart beats fast while my imagination is carried away. Am I confusing reality with fantasy?

A tingle runs through my back as my penis becomes more sensitive, I open my eyes and look below, it seems that my skin stretches stimulated with my touch, a wrinkled crease makes a lump under my glans. I move my fist up and down clenching the limb and the transparent thread of abundant precum lowers, I feel the friction and my body becomes warm.

I press firmly, I go up and down again, I'm masturbating aroused with a smooth rhythm, decided, the lump under my glans manages to rise, the folds make wrinkles that I try to stretch, almost half of my glans is covered now, the feeling is more intense than I can stand, I accelerate my caresses feeling close to climax. I don't contain my moans, I let out all my breath while a thick white jet stains my abdomen, my chest, my bed...

I sleep lost in my fantasies...

Hours later I wake up, the first sunrays of the morning allows me to see my naked crotch; my penis, shrunk by the cold. After the orgasm my thoughts are clarified, I notice

that it actually happened, a hood made of skin barely covers half my glans. Before such vision my body reacts and the dick slowly hardens and I watch fascinated as that skin begins to retract itself discovering the head completely.

I think about it and I think I can still make another effort. I take the trunk firmly and start again, move my wrist up and down stretching upward gently, a pleasant pain and a slight pressure pull the foreskin forward covering already more than half of the glans; another effort and a pull and it's covered completely. I drop a little thread of saliva on the tip and start to masturbate again excited, feeling my new foreskin caressing soft and naturally the most sensitive part of my cock, each pull, however stretches and covers it more.

I came so hard, loads of semen escaped as it could between my fingers and the small hole that had remained in the tip, I went too far without realizing, and the glans looked tight inside his skin prison. I tried to retract down but the pain made it impossible. I didn't measure my words when I thought I was willing to pay any price. Immersed in the pleasure of feeling my penis differently I took things too far.

I got up to the bathroom in a hurry, it was impossible to lower my foreskin again without feeling a burning pain. The skin I had longed to recover and feel had now become a prison. I went into the shower hoping that the water could lubricate enough to calm this pressure but I was unsuccessful.

I came out still wet and I layed back in the bed, the change in me was minimal but I can't help feeling completely different, after the initial shock I started thinking about the things I would have to do differently as the sexual aspect of my life was a very important one for me, this process was so unreal that everything was so difficult to assimilate. I kept pondering the thought that a minimal change in someone's life can bring profound and significant consequences, I was terrified with my conclusion though it seemed superficial.

I let the water dry itself in my body, I felt myself on autopilot, I went out to make my life thinking that the decisions I must make should not be based on a momentary impulse.