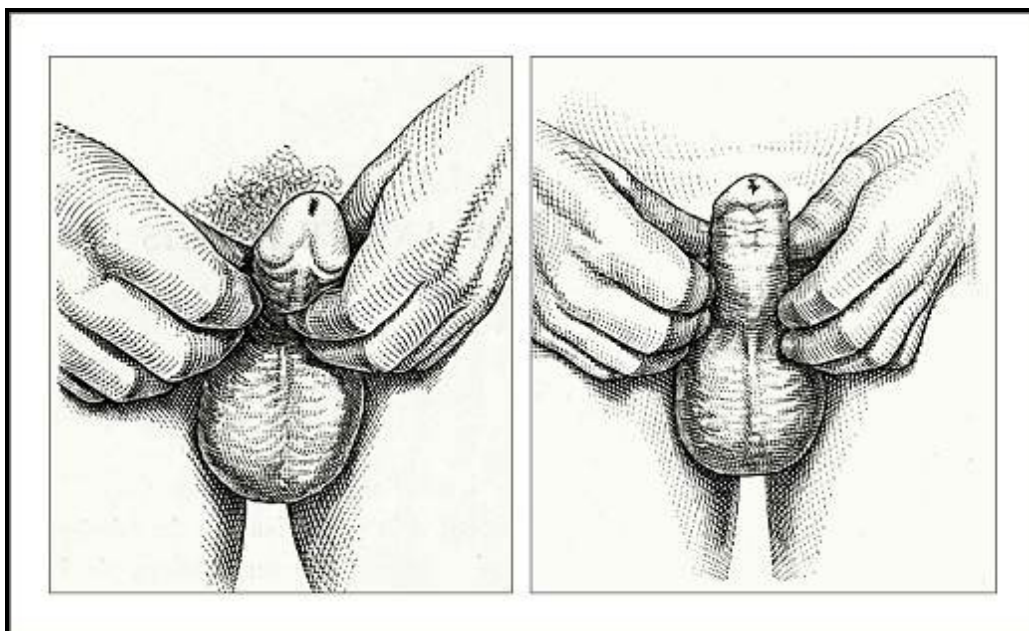


My Foreskin Restoration

by Frank



My mother told me the doctor circumcised me when I was nine days old, before I was able to consent, refuse, or even understand why the doctor was hurting my penis. We were Catholic, so it wasn't done for religious reasons. In 1938 it was standard to keep mothers in the hospital for ten days, and to circumcise boys at about a week. After taking me home, my parents heard me crying that night, and they found my penis bleeding. The doctor came and put stitches into the frenular area, and the marks are visible today.

Unlike today, doctors did not inject local anesthesia for newborn circumcisions. Mercifully, I have no memory of having been held down, struggling and crying, and I don't remember the burning pain of the scalpel severing my foreskin, nor the snipping away of my inner lining and frenulum. I don't remember the post-operative pain, bleeding, nor the sting of the needle inserting stitches. Nor do I remember the liquid fire of hot urine hitting the raw red glans and the open wound, the inevitable consequence of circumcision during infancy.

Why me? Why was I part of the unlucky 50% of boys that year in New York City circumcised at birth? Because I was part of the unlucky half, this unnecessary mutilation affected my entire life, and I grieved for my lost foreskin, eventually having it reconstructed by plastic surgery. I didn't know if I'd been born with a short or long one. I was tempted to think that I'd been born with a long, rubbery, nipped hood, generously proportioned to allow for erection and growth, but I would never know because my intact penis hadn't been photographed.

Nude photographs of me at two months show me supine with my tightly-cut cock pointing in the air, curving towards my knees. It appears to be about two inches long, with the head at least as wide as the shaft, its rim rising above the neck. My mother told me that my "pee-pee" had been cut to make it cleaner. This had terrified me, and I anxiously compared my tiny trimmed weenie with my father's thick Italian sausage and saw that I lacked the prominent sleeve of thick skin over the tip. When I saw him urinate, I noted how he pulled the hood back to let the stream flow neatly and unobstructed from his tip.

I repeatedly tried to stretch my shaft-skin over the glans, to see what my penis would have looked like if it had not been cut. I'd pull my shaft-skin forward and it would bunch up to cover the head. The core of my cock would retract into my abdomen, leaving only a stubby end covered with skin. The instant I let go, it always snapped back hard to bare the glans totally, to my intense frustration. Covering the head with skin was possible only when my penis was soft; with erection the slack disappeared, and the skin would only cover the rim when I tugged hard.

When I was five, I first saw a neighbor's teen-age boy jerk off. His uncircumcised erection was at about my eye level, and I saw that the thick foreskin went right to the end, concealing the head. He used a forward stroke, jiggling his long foreskin to stimulate the rim and frenulum, and never bared the head. Through the opening in his foreskin, I was just able to see the vertical slit in his cock-head. After awhile, his body became rigid and his breathing deepened, and he stopped stroking as the slot in his foreskin suddenly fill with thick white fluid. He didn't shoot jets; the juice dribbled from his orifice onto the floor.

He treated me to this spectacle repeatedly over the next several weeks. I watched avidly, anticipating the moment when the foreskin slot would drip thick white fluid. I'd tried to imitate him, but could only jiggle my tight shaft-skin ineptly, and my penis never even got hard. I saw a couple of older uncircumcised boys masturbate, but was unable to duplicate what they did at that time. I envied their ability to shoot white jets from their cocks as they skinned back during orgasm.

Psychological Reactions

All during my childhood I never let on to anyone how much I grieved for my lost foreskin because I was too embarrassed to discuss my loss. Each time I saw a normal penis, it reminded me of what I'd lost even more vividly than the sight of the scar on mine.

To console myself, I developed a theory that my foreskin would grow back later, based on my observation that all older boys I'd seen had foreskins. I almost convinced myself this was true, as I'd seen many other features, such as facial hair and deepening of the voice, that appeared with maturity. At that early age, it was too frightening for me to accept that I'd been marked for life, and that my penis would never be whole again.

Never having been a conformist, I was not consoled because others were circumcised as well, and I wished for a normal, untrimmed penis. The sight of the irregular brown scar ring behind my naked glans was a constant reminder of my violated body every time I urinated, undressed, or bathed. Early Sexual Feelings.

I enjoyed touching my penis, and soon learned the pleasures of making it grow hard. I didn't play with it as much as I might have, because despite the pleasant feelings, I didn't come. Also, I'd only seen uncircumcised boys shoot, and thought I could never do it.

One night, at age ten, I had a very stiff erection, and I began rubbing the dry head. I was very aroused, and felt my sensations mount. To get more stimulation I began rubbing the head with the rough wool blanket. Concentrating on the rim, I was enthralled by the compelling sensations, rubbing the delicate tissue almost raw in my desire. I almost had my first climax that night, but the dry friction on my desensitized glans proved inadequate. With 20/20 hindsight, I know that I almost climaxed that night, and that if I'd been using lubricant, I might have succeeded. If I'd had a foreskin to stimulate the sensitive tip I would have definitely enjoyed my first orgasm then.

At this time I met Danny, a year older than I. He had some genital hair, unlike my bald pubes, and a foreskin that just reached the end of his glans, leaving the pee-slit visible. I saw him make good use of his unspoiled gift from nature, because he proudly and joyfully masturbated in front of me several times. I tried to imitate him, but without foreskin, I was unable even to make a start. I asked him why I couldn't do what he did. He inspected my penis and replied; "Yours has been cut." Apparently that was his entire knowledge about circumcision and its effects. It left me again lamenting my butchered penis, and I despaired of ever ejaculating.

Learning Different Strokes

My first successful masturbation was at age 12, bumping my corona with the tight shaft skin, and this reassured me that I could do what I'd seen older boys do. It took me a long time to come, as my glans was dry and desensitized. With pubertal growth, my shaft-skin became tighter as the core of my cock outgrew it, and eventually became drumhead tight with erection. In effect, I had less skin to work with as I matured, and found it increasingly difficult to pull the skin up over my rim, which was why I turned to lubricants. Massaging my lubricated penis was superior to bumping the rim with my shaft-skin, which often left my penis red and irritated from the dry friction.

Soap tended to be irritating, leaving my penis reddened long after climax. Vaseline didn't irritate my tender tissues, but its heavy body didn't let me feel the finer sensations as a thinner lubricant did. My desensitized penis still felt the skin ridges of my palm and fingers, but thick lubricant masked these sensations. Eventually, I found baby oil or cooking oil the most satisfying because these were thin enough to give me good sensation and did not dry as did saliva or K-Y.

I used lubricated condoms to try to obtain the feeling of stimulating my glans with a foreskin, and found this very satisfying. They also caught my ejaculations, allowing me to masturbate in bed at night, without worrying about messing the sheets.

By the time I was 16, my erect penis was about six inches. I'd never been dissatisfied with what nature had given me, as I felt my dick's only deficiency was lack of a foreskin. When I thought of what had been done to it without my consent, I felt that I'd been violated and abused, a feeling I later found was common among males who resented having been circumcised.

I felt that I had a handsome, well-proportioned penis, and I'd heard admiring comments from a couple of other boys. Mine had a straight shaft and a large, helmet shaped glans that was very attractive. The pee-slit, normally closed, pouted to form a well-proportioned teardrop when my glans swelled with erection. It was obvious that my penis functioned, but I knew it didn't work as well as intact ones. I repeatedly wondered what it would feel like to have a snug sleeve of skin to run up and down my glans to bring orgasm as I'd seen natural boys do.

My tip was rim-sensitive instead of having the hot button underneath. Perhaps this was because my frenulum had been amputated at birth, unlike some circumcised boys who had a thick strip of tissue running from the groove under the glans to meet the shaft-skin farther back, evidence that they hadn't been butchered as badly. I'd also noticed that my brown scar ring was jagged and lopsided, more skin having been removed on the left side. Unlike some cut cocks I'd seen, mine had little or no inner lining left between the rim and the scar, only granular scar tissue that had filled the area where my nerve-rich inner lining had been removed. Despite this, the area between my rim and scar was very sensitive.

I'd read that removing the foreskin made the glans grow and its rim flare. While seeming logical, the notion that a glans freed from its tight hood at birth grew more than one that remained shrouded did not survive a casual survey of circumcised penises. I'd noticed many circumcised males with small tips, and intact dicks with large heads and flaring rims showing clearly through their fleshy shrouds. This proved that my glans contours had been genetically determined, not surgically defined.

Seeking Restoration

My envy of intact males became more intense, and every time I saw one, my wish for a foreskin increased. I'd read that several plastic surgeons had replaced foreskins for circumcised males. One had been done by a South African plastic surgeon, according to a 1963 article in the British Journal of Plastic Surgery. I didn't have the money to fly to South Africa, so this prospect was tantalizingly out of reach. It's important to note that at the time, restoration by stretching the remaining skin was unknown, at least to me, and I thought plastic surgery was the only way to do it. Today, I would not make the same choice.

When I was 43 I discovered that a few restorations had been performed in the United States, and found a plastic surgeon who had done five others before I met him. A man who'd had a surgical restoration by this surgeon lived near me. I went to visit him and he showed me his restored penis, a thick, tight tube of "foreskin" fashioned from scrotal skin extending beyond his glans. He'd wanted an overhanging foreskin, but to his dismay, his hood had ended up not only long, but tight and unretractable. He lent me copies of a publication put out by the Uncircumcised Society of America.

Having just seen tangible proof that my mutilation was not necessarily for life, and partly reversible, I began reading how other males had suffered from loss of their foreskins, or had enjoyed remaining intact. The accounts were very explicit, and soon I felt the familiar tickling in my urethra that told me I was seeping pre-coital fluid. A wet spot showed on my pants.

I was so aroused I headed for the bathroom, one of the magazines in my hand. My seepage was so heavy I needed no baby oil or artificial lubricant to stroke myself. My

prick was hard and throbbing, aching for orgasm, and I pumped myself to climax as I read the inspiring words.

After shooting my juice I dressed again and continued to read. Soon I was aroused again, and I returned to the bathroom. Again, a copious flow of natural lubricant eased the way for me as I stroked my hard shaft and glans, massaging my nerve endings to climax. Once more relieved, I returned to my chair to continue reading.

The graphic descriptions of how natural men handled their foreskins and derived pleasure from them started me seeping again after a short recovery period. I again had an irresistible drive to stroke my turgid prick to orgasm. I saw clear drops oozing from my tear-drop shaped orifice, and as I began massaging the slippery fluid into the glans I knew I needed another release.

Returning to the bathroom, I took long, stimulating strokes on my penis, not trying to make it last. I urgently wanted to shoot my load, to watch the hot jets blasting from my prick as they slammed through the lips of my orifice. It didn't take long, hot as I was, to bring on climax, and I stood shuddering in front of the toilet as my hard cock spit jet after hot jet into the cold water. Squeezing out the last drops, I watched my prick become soft again. I finished reading the material that night, and went to bed, sleeping an exhausted and restful sleep.

During my quest, I encountered others who resented their circumcisions. Those who felt strongly enough to seek restoration were very intense, and had harsh words about the doctors who had mutilated them. Several described their feelings as "rage," and I could easily sympathize with this. The Surgery

I had plastic surgery to rebuild my foreskin when I was 43 years old. Using general anesthesia, the surgeon cut a ring of shaft-skin free a couple of inches behind the head, inverting it over the glans to form the inner lining. This skin tube remained attached to my penis behind the glans to form the preputial sac. He then put the re-covered glans into a slit in my scrotum, as his plan was to use scrotal skin to form the outer covering. He stitched it to the shaft-skin where he'd cut free the inner hood, and to the end of the inverted lining. This left the end of my penis buried in my scrotum, making me unable to have a full erection. He had done a poor job of suturing, leaving a gap at the cut line on my shaft. When I pointed this out to him, he said it would heal by granulation.

He'd also made the orifice too tight, and when I told him of this, he said he'd correct it later. This left a very small orifice for urination, and I was forced to sit down and dab the orifice with toilet paper afterward. This inconvenience was to continue and I began to feel that he wasn't as competent as I'd hoped.

More Complications

Three months after the first operation, the surgeon cut loose most of the scrotal skin, leaving my penis attached to my scrotum by a strip of skin about 1/4 inch thick. He did not tie off the bleeders adequately, and the operative site was seeping blood after he'd finished. A massive hematoma resulted, and the consequent scar contraction had made the orifice phimosed and my new hood totally unretractable. Another complication was that healing formed adhesions between the inner and outer layers, preventing full retraction until I'd worked them loose.

I sought to widen my hood's orifice to let it slip back easily over my glans, even with full erection. This is important for sex because bare-glans contact during coital thrusting is much more satisfying than thrusting into a tight hood. I had to do a lot of stretching because of my large glans.

Hot baths helped, as the heat relaxed the scrotal graft covering the end of my penis, and helped me insert small segments of plastic tubing into the orifice and taping them in place as "spacers" to stretch my orifice. The main task was to insert the spacer, then tape it in place. Once the spacer was in place, it didn't matter if the hood tightened again. In fact it helped, as the spacer would stretch the ring muscle when it was fully contracted.

Eventually, I was able to use a 35mm plastic film container as the orifice widened. That was about as large as I needed, and masturbation loosened my hood further. It took years until my new hood was fully retractable during erection, forcing me to use what I called a "forward stroke." My fingers compressed the rim as I slid the skin back and forth, but the foreskin remained mostly over the glans, stimulating the entire head and giving me a bonus in sensation. Meanwhile, I still sat down to urinate, and often the orifice was so contracted that the hood ballooned out under the pressure of retained urine. Even after loosening my foreskin's orifice, I had to be careful urinating. Previously, I'd stood and relaxed my muscles to start the flow, but now I found this wasn't adequate. Unless I retracted my hood to expose the orifice, the stream would splatter uncontrollably.

After this second operation and its problems, I decided not to allow this surgeon to continue with his program of further surgery to "touch up" my penis, especially as he'd said it would take three more operations to complete the task. I'd had enough and was unwilling to take further risks.

The outer layer of my new foreskin was made of scrotal skin, with a pebbly texture and darker color than my shaft-skin, and its hairs continued to grow. I'd heard that electrolysis would remove these, but I'd never met anyone who'd had this done, which is why I didn't try it. Instead, I used an electric shaver, a simple and safe method. I never found any solution to the sharp contrast in skin tone and texture between my shaft-skin and the graft, although one person suggested tattooing the shaft-skin to match the graft.

The new hood remained insensitive for a couple of years, as nerves regenerate slowly. Eventually, I experienced sensation in my "foreskin," but it was not as sensitive or erotic as a natural foreskin would have been.

An additional problem was that my new hood did not produce smegma, because my original inner lining, with its smegma-producing glands, had been completely removed. I used cocoa butter to lubricate the hood and prevent irritation. I never overcame this deficiency, and today I still have to use lubricant to keep my penis-sleeve lubricated.

Trying to produce smegma, I once stopped using cocoa butter, and didn't skin back in the shower. After two days, small white flecks collected behind the corona. These were obviously cells sloughing off the surfaces, but not true smegma, and it didn't lubricate my glans. After sex, I'd also get white flecks, but these were merely semen residue. Rewards

Sensitivity returned quickly because I had complete glans coverage. Other patients had told me that sensitivity improves once the glans is re-hooded, but I was skeptical because I knew that much sexual "sensitivity" is in the brain. About three months after surgery, I turned over in bed one night, half-awake, and end of my penis pushed from its shroud to touch the sheet, producing a feeling of tenderness in the glans. I realized then that the sensitivity was real, as this had not been a sexual setting.

Later, I encountered other evidence of increased glandular sensitivity by comparing my experiences with others. Before restoration, I'd never felt irritation in my glans from contact with clothing. An uncut friend of mine had told me that when he had tried keeping his foreskin back, friction from clothing on his naked glans was unbearable. When I tried it, the feel of clothing against the head was uncomfortable.

My satisfaction with the novel sensations provided by my new hood was profound. I enjoyed touching my penis, even in non-sexual situations, feeling the delicious sensations of sliding tissue, and watching the glans emerge as I skinned back.

One bonus was size. The scrotal graft was thicker than my shaft-skin, and the front part of my penis bulged because of my prominent glans. When I retracted it during erection, the thick hood locked back behind the flaring corona, filling the groove and forming a bulging collar around the shaft. On the negative side, I'd lost a lot of scrotal skin, and my balls were now tight against my body, instead of hanging freely as they had before. This worried me, because it sometimes appeared that I had no testicles at all, but eventually my scrotum stretched somewhat. My Sexual Re-Birth

Restoration gave me a sexual re-birth, a profound physical and psychological experience, and I felt an urgent need to masturbate to catch up on sensations denied me during my early years. Post-operative soreness after the hematoma had healed was erotic, making me more aware of my penis between sexual episodes, and I greatly enjoyed my new consciousness. Every time I touched my penis I felt a twinge of pain as the scar tissue stretched, reminding me of my reshaped state.

With more sensitivity, I enjoyed a new dimension in sex. For decades, I'd had to tighten my crotch muscles during stimulation, straining to catch the orgasm. I could now relax because my newly increased sensitivity allowed me to stimulate my penis gently, and let the fulfilling sensations of orgasm come to me. Erotic Urination

Even urination took new dimensions, at times giving me new pleasures and sensations. I'd partly retract my foreskin to free my pee-hole to let the stream gush neatly. I discovered that I could skin back to pee two ways, one with the foreskin lodged behind the corona, the "full-cock" position. For a quick pee, I'd retract it to a "half-cock" position, with the tight orifice catching behind the bulging lobes under the glans. I often retracted it fully because I enjoyed looking at my tender, glossy glans.

I knew it would never again have the dry, grainy, and grayish look I disliked. Before my restoration, every time I'd seen my cock the brown scar ring had reminded me of my loss. Now, the healthy pink-purple surface of my glans showed me what I'd regained.

I'd pee without retracting in the shower, enjoying the pleasant rush of hot fluid under my foreskin, and the swirling feeling around the glans. Sometimes I'd pinch the

orifice shut, making the hood bulge with fluid until it became uncomfortable, then let go and watch the gush pouring from the hood.

A problem was that now that I was older, my stream wasn't as strong, especially near the end. If cold, my hood would tighten and constrict my penis, slowing the flow. Then, I had to milk down my urethra carefully to eject every drop. Otherwise, residual drops would collect under my foreskin, at times wetting my underwear. Whenever I could, I'd milk my prick and rinse the glans with water before zipping up again. If I couldn't do that, I'd dab the last drops with toilet paper, or shake them off.

Experimenting With Lubricants

I tried other lubricants, including Vitamin E oil and K-Y jelly thinned with water. I liked the wet, slippery sensations of K-Y best, because I enjoyed the feeling of my copiously lubricated glans slipping around inside my foreskin whenever I moved. This gentle wet friction heightened my awareness of my masculine organ. However, because K-Y was water-based, it tended to absorb residual urine and quickly developed an unpleasant odor. Still, various lubricants enabled me to try different sensations.

Natural lubricant would come during fantasizing. Although I'd rarely attain erection, after some minutes I'd feel the light tickle of droplets seeping up my tube, making my glans wet and slippery.

As each drop of clear lubricant appeared at the elegant, tear-drop shaped meatus, I spread it over the head's swollen contours. Then, I began stroking it lightly with lubricated finger. This stimulation was be as light or as intense as I wish, and I brought myself to a long, slow peak, then paused to prolong the delicious sensations.

Today I use Astroglide to lubricate my foreskin, adding a drop after each shower. The glycerin produces a pleasant warm feeling in my glans, and the soluble Astroglide rinses off easily. Seeking New Sensations

I discovered new dimensions to my sexuality as I learned to produce new sensations. Squeezing the glans through the foreskin produced the bulbo-cavernosal reflex, a pleasurable spasm in my cock-root, which would make my dick fully hard without stroking the foreskin.

Moving my foreskin would produce the subtle delights of new sensations. I'd grasp it at about the middle of the glans, and as I eased it back gently my fingers would compress my corona. The tight orifice would compress the tender surface of the glans as it slipped back. For a few years, internal adhesions kept me from baring the glans totally during erection. Persistent exercise loosened my foreskin to let me enjoy the slow, languid sensations of stripping it back to expose the glans and deep groove behind it. Pushing the hood forward again stimulated this sensitive area and gently compressed the corona, enhancing my sensations.

Working my way slowly towards climax allowed me time to observe every nuance of my body's reactions. For example, I became more aware of how my glans swelled and became darker with the congestion of blood near the end, aching for relief. It was always erotic to watch the rim's sexy flare swell even more, and my tear-drop shaped hole pout, eager to gush its white jets. I also learned to bring on this congestion by squeezing the base of my shaft to compress the veins, making the glans

bulge and swell. Often simply pressing a finger into my dorsal vein produced the extra hardness I sought. At this point, my turgid penis craved release, and it took very little to push me over the edge. Strumming the ridge with my thumb would send me into the free-fall of orgasm.

Enhancing Orgasm

Masturbating helped me discover a new range of sensations. I began experimenting, finding that my orgasms became more intense the longer I waited between them. With an intense orgasm, I feel like I am dissolving into sensation. My state of consciousness changes drastically as orgasm approaches. The closer to climax, the less aware I become of my surroundings. My whole world centers in my cock. My consciousness dims to a dazed, mindless enjoyment of the bliss overwhelming me. I gladly let it happen, because I want to be overpowered, dazed, and shattered by the sweet, helpless agony of orgasm.

Visual stimulation is important to me. This is why I avidly watch my swollen glans harden, become shiny, and turn deeper purple during the build-up. I feel a great sense of pride in what nature gave me, as my glans is one of the most beautiful I've ever seen.

I also discovered that my time-sense is distorted when I come. I'd always thought my climax lasted four to six seconds, but when I videotaped myself masturbating, playback showed that from the first spurt to the last dribble took about 40 seconds.

Another variant I've discovered is to pump my foreskin slowly until I reach the plateau, then retract it completely behind the rim. Lodged behind the corona, it acts as a tourniquet, constricting return blood flow.

I've also noticed something about my penis one uncircumcised male had described happened to him. He could bring on erection just by retracting his foreskin, and suppress it by re-covering his glans. Experimenting, I found that retraction always made my glans swell, without necessarily bring erection, the tight foreskin acting as a tourniquet behind the glans.

My friend Jim told me he tries to restrict himself to one climax per week. The longer build-up of semen increases the intensity of orgasm for me too, and I become aroused faster. It takes lighter, slower touches to bring release. I also feel sensations more acutely, such as the burning feeling in my urethra as the hot lava boils up my penis. I also feel more subtle sensations, such as the sharp tickle as each jet rounds the upward bend of the urethra in my glans and a sharper pang as the hot flood slams through the lips of my meatus.

Another improvement was to control the urge to stroke faster as climax approached. I re-discovered that keeping my muscles relaxed produced the feeling that I had to pee as climax approached, as it had the first few times I'd masturbated at age 12. This was very pleasant, as the feeling of urgency was never followed by a stream of urine, but built up to the hot pangs of orgasm.

Prolonging orgasm required one more step. Making every effort to relax, I'd slowly stroke my penis, moving the hood back and forth over the glans, until the tingling feeling filled my glans. As I felt its onset, I'd slow my pace even more, to avoid losing control. The lubricant flowing from my cock-eye became cloudy, as a small amount

of my pent-up sperm leaked through the valves. When I'd feel the first deep spasm I'd stop stroking and watch the first milky drop roll from my opening.

At this point, my glans was always hot and tingly. I'd want to prolong the delicious feeling of anticipation, and force myself to be a passive spectator to my receding orgasm.

The rushing feeling would subside and I'd resume, stroking very slowly to bring me to the peak again. My cock-root muscles would tighten involuntarily, and more drops would roll out of my orifice. I enjoyed the shattering tickle as juice spurted into my urethra. Caught in the frenzy, I'd begin stroking in earnest, racing the jets that burned their way up my urethra before spurting from my swollen tip.

Several years after my restoration, I found that at times my glans would become super-sensitive during climax, forcing me to stop stroking. This happened only during especially intense sex.

I'd sometimes masturbate right after a hot bath, which relaxed the scrotal muscles, making my new hood loose and floppy. Having the hood loose softened my sensations better for prolonged play. This allowed me to work the supple sleeve back for extra stimulation to my corona and its backface, studded with delicate spiculae of sensation.

Comparing Foreskins

In 1987, I visited Pat, who'd restored his foreskin by stretching. He'd done a splendid job of stretching his tightly-cut shaft skin to a long, thick sleeve of foreskin completely covering his glans. Inspecting my prick, he rubbed his finger lightly over my glans, saying that it was definitely glossy, unlike the dry, leathery surface of the circumcised tip. Mine was pink around the hole, changing subtly to purple towards the rim. The back face of the corona was a dark, dramatic purple, even without erection.

Pat told me about Retin-A cream, a prescription cream used for mild chemical abrasion. The mucous surface of the circumcised glans thickens as it dries, and becomes ten times thicker. I used Retin-A to remove the outer hardened layers, dead cells that masked my sensations. This also freshened the inverted shaft-skin that made up the inner surface of my hood. I saw the surface of my glans becoming smoother and glossier after several treatments. After washing my tip, I'd rinse off the soap, and found my glans remained slippery, with a glassy-smooth surface.

In 1988, I linked up with Mike, who had been subjected to a dorsal slit, not a full circumcision, as a baby. He'd stretched his foreskin back over the glans and had had a urologist suture the slit together. We met to compare notes in a show and tell session. His cock was much like mine, with straight shaft, big purple helmet, and a full foreskin that totally covered the head. Comparing our equipment got us very aroused, and we stroked each other to intense orgasms. Mike's prick throbbed in my hand as I stroked his long foreskin over the hard, swollen head, and he let go with moans of joy. Then he did me, and brought me to a shattering climax that left me drained.

More Sexual Discoveries

My sex drive had begun to slacken, and I was no longer able to have four orgasms in a day, as I'd done once at age 16 to test my limits. Estimating conservatively that I'd had only three climaxes per week since age 12, by age 42 I'd had 4680. I felt, however, that my orgasms seemed to be more intense and prolonged, although less frequent. They'd become more intense partly because I'd experienced thousands, and had perfected my technique. I'd learned to relax and enjoy the enthralling feelings, and to let myself go as waves of bliss washed over me.

Orgasm now felt as if I were dissolving into mindless sensation. I found that I was shooting heavier jets, and more of them per climax. This made up, I thought, for the lesser frequency of climax. Each throbbing, gasping, blasting, mind-blowing climax would leave me relaxed, exhausted, and ready for sleep.

Changes

By my fifties, sex had changed for me. I'd found that worry or fatigue degraded my response to stimulation. I strove for a long, slow build-up to create the best and most intense possible sexual sensations. The perfect session used natural lubrication to help my foreskin slide smoothly from start to finish.

At times, I may begin by lightly touching my pubic hairs with my fingertips. This is arousing and brings on erection, although I have never brought myself to climax by this alone. I'll stroke the head, twist the skin, tickle the groove gently with a fingertip, etc.

I then move the hood slowly over the head, sometimes just jiggling it, and at other times using a longer stroke to uncover the glans. After a long while, I feel a tickling sensation in my head. Sometimes, it feels like an urge to pee. I also get a gentle tickle or thrill deep inside when I release a drop of pre-cum, which I can feel flowing slowly up my urethra. The feel of each drop of fluid as it parts the lips of my meatus is very pleasurable.

I'll dip a finger into the viscous droplet and spread it into the deep triangle under the glans, caressing the eaves of my twin lobes, then follow one of them up to the corona on top. I may pick up the next drop and rub it in small circular motions around the pee-hole. More often, I just let my foreskin spread the thick, slippery liquid over the glans.

If I don't pause when I reach the plateau, the tickling becomes more intense. The head swells and hardens, and the rim stands out more. Its purple color deepens, the tickling becomes a hot tingle, and I know that I'm close. If I've taken my time, I have a heavy seepage of pre-cum before climax. A hot tingle begins deep inside, and fluid flows from the hole without shooting. The heavy pounding begins in my cock-root and the hot jets erupt.

An ordinary orgasm results in drops of juice flowing out, but a really hot one makes me shoot several inches. When I was a teen-ager I often shot three feet, but I think that today my orgasms feel more intense, anyway. I always have at least half a dozen major spasms, and another half- dozen minor ones. I shoot profusely during the major ones, and seep a drop or two during the rest.

Frenular Sensations

I'd long thought that there was one sensation I could never have; erotic tension on the frenulum. The tense intact frenulum would tug at its attachment point, the vee-groove under the glans, and pull the head down. I experimented and found that I could cause my glans to dip slightly by pulling hard at the skin under the shaft. However, this did not produce the intense erotic sensations I'd read that an intact frenulum produced. However, I continued to experiment and found that if I pumped my hood against the rim, then pulled back hard on the shaft skin just before orgasm, this would often produce enough erotic sensation to send me over the edge. Tension on the inner scar tissue proved quite erotic, and combining hard tugging with bumping the corona was a winning combination.

Pat had suggested a way to rebuild the frenulum by snipping a diamond-shaped wedge out of the skin under the glans. As this involved removing tissue and cutting nerves, I didn't like it.

Conventional wisdom is that the penis, having no muscles, does not increase in size through exercise. Although I'd never taken measurements to confirm this, I had the impression my glans had increased in size over the years, perhaps from its tissues being repeatedly distended by blood during erections and vacuum-pump treatments. My glans, never small, now seemed bigger, and during erection the flaring rim stood high above the neck. The thick foreskin filled the groove on top, but underneath I had less tissue, and the twin lobes stood out prominently.

During this time, I still experimented with stretching methods, in the hope of stretching my shaft- skin enough to cover the glans completely and allow me to have the unsightly and hairy scrotal graft removed. However, I never found a surgeon I trusted to do this. I did obtain more foreskin length, and eventually the foreskin formed a long thick nipple in front of the glans.

More Urination Experiences

One day when I was 56 I had to urinate. I hadn't had an orgasm for at least a week, an unusual situation because at that time I usually had one every several days. After peeing I still felt a sensation of fullness in my urethra. I tightened my crotch muscles to force out the last drops, then milked my urethra. A tingly feeling filled my cock-root. To my surprise, a gush of thick, clear mucus came out, which I blotted with toilet paper.

My first thought was "gonorrhea," but I hadn't had any sexual contact with a new sex partner in years, and had no burning feeling in my urethra. I squeezed again, and another small gush emerged. I milked yet another large drop from my penis, realizing that I'd secreted pre-cum juice. I finally concluded that pre-coital lubricant accumulates, just as semen does, and eventually comes out if not released otherwise.

Summing Up

I am more or less happy with what I have, based on the idea that half a loaf is better than none. I cannot get back all the nerve endings lost when the doctor cut off my foreskin and frenulum, but my glans is more sensitive than before, and sex is much more enjoyable now.

Would I do it over again? Yes, but not by surgery, which was very unsatisfactory because of the complications and because it left scars. A doctor had caused the

original problem, and putting myself and my penis in the hands of another doctor was foolish. Instead, I would do it by stretching, as many have done since I had my surgery.

- Anonymous -