

USA Adventure - Part 6 - Back to Analogue

The redhead's face was covered in hot spunk. He licked his lips to get as much of the taste in his mouth as possible. "I love it when you wake up horny." he gave Matt a beaming smile.

"You won't be saying that in a second," teased the doctor as he slowly stroked his husband's rippling abs as he lay there helpless. "I have a feeling i'm going to be horny later too and i can't risk you shooting your load without me."

The redhead tugged at the ropes holding his hands and feet to the corners of the bed. "No way. You can't do that!" His muscles tensed as he struggled to break free.

Matt grabbed the paddle that had been discarded on the bed during their earlier session. With a resounding thud he struck his own hand with the paddle, "I've already made your cheeks a nice red for the day, do you really want me to make it so you can't sit down?"

"No Sir," although his ramrod straight cock indicated the opposite.

"You knew you would be punished when you shot your load without permission last night."

The redhead flashed Matt his puppy dog eyes in the hope of eliciting some form of sympathy but it didn't work. "How long will you be today?" Matt gave the redhead's pert nipples a firm tweak. "How long will you be today Sir?" His restrained husband corrected himself.

"That's better. It could be a late one. I'm in the hospital doing some small surgeries today but there was a cyber attack on the hospital system yesterday and if they haven't fixed it everything's going to take longer." While talking, Matt reached into the bedside drawer and pulled out a small black cage that appeared way too small for the redhead's big cock. "Don't worry though, you can still have fun without me, just not with your cock." and he gave wink.

Matt scooped some ice-cubes from a glass of water on the bedside table and rubbed them on the redhead's cock until it shrunk before applying a quick rub of lube then encasing the cock in its snug home for the day. Matt leaned over and planted a long kiss on his husband. "Before i forget, i think this will finish your outfit off for the day." He then reached in his bedside drawer this time to pull out a small length of chain and padlock that he applied to his husband's neck. "That way you can't be accused of false advertising if you go to the park later." He laughed.

"You love to see me frustrated, don't you?"

"I know that whenever you can't play with your cock, you put extra effort in with your 'other skills' and i enjoy that. Do you not think I deserve some extra attention after working all day?"

"Hmmm" the redhead was already feeling horny. This day was going to drag! "I hope you can get away early and release me. Is there anything I can do to get an early release?"

"Well you can always send me hot pics through the day to give me some gentle encouragement." said Matt as he finally undid the restraints around his husband's wrists and ankles.

"Yes Sir."

20 minutes later and Matt was out the door and on his way to the hospital.

“Ok everyone. The system is still down. We’ve got IT working on it, but for now we’re going analogue. Note everything in the files and we’ll update the digital records when we can.” Boomed the hospital administrator. “All office based staff are on the wards today. They will be supporting where needed. Keep talking to each other and keep checking the boards. Emergencies have been diverted so there should be nothing major today. Let’s just keep working through the appointments for today and hopefully by early afternoon we will be back to normal.”

Matt looked around at the other doctors and nurses, none of whom looked happy. In the corner were a group of office staff looking like deer in headlights, he didn’t think they had been under this type of pressure before but for him it made the day somewhat different and a little exciting. “Hank, you’re with me” he shouted over at a group of nurses.

Hank tentatively walked over looking as though Matt had made a mistake calling his name.

“You can help me today” he said in a friendly tone. “I’ve got a few small surgeries today, nothing major. If you can follow me for the morning to keep everything flowing that would be great.” Matt liked Hank, although he knew he wasn’t the brightest. In reality, he didn’t need much help but having a ‘gopher’ in this situation would help. “While I get ready, can you get me the files for the first six surgeries, in order and note them on the board so that everyone can start getting prepped.” and off Hank went like a puppy eager to please.

Ten minutes later and the board was updated. 3 mole removals, a circumcision and 2 cyst removals. Matt never understood why some doctors referred men to the hospital for circumcisions when they were so easy to do in the office. Matt scanned the patient files, everything seemed routine but one name jumped out at him, “Sander Johansen”. He had examined Sander when he had first joined the college on a golf scholarship, 6’0, lean, smooth and with the lightest blue eyes that almost appeared grey. If he remembered correctly he was Norwegian; he’d only seen him the once but he could still remember the long slender Scandinavian cock encased in a thick sheath of skin. How he would have loved to remove that skin and add Sander to the list of cut guys on campus, but unfortunately he was unable to make it happen.

After scanning the remaining files Matt was trying to suppress a smile. He pondered for a moment before he looked over to Hank, “right, i’m going to do the circumcision first, followed by the cysts then the moles.”

“Sure Doc. I’ll let the orderlies know to bring the patient through.”

“No problem, i’ll do that. Can you be ready to get started with the paperwork so the anaesthesiologist can get started, i want to get going ASAP.” said Matt with a smile as he walked over to the nurses’ station and asked on of the orderlies. “Hi, can you bring Mr Johansen in Bed 2 through first.”

A few minutes later and Sander was on the bed in the anti-room to the surgery with the anaesthesiologist applying some drugs through his cannula. “OK, can you confirm your date of birth?”

“12/07/2007” Stated Sander.

“Perfect.” The anaesthesiologist ticked his checklist. “And your name is Xander Johnson?”

Sander was already starting to feel a little tired. It always annoyed him how people could never pronounce his name correctly, but he was feeling too tired to pull the anaesthesiologist up on it. “Yes”

“Great, You’ll wake up in recovery in no time Mr Johnson” said the anaesthesiologist with a kind smile before pushing him into the main operating theatre.

The nurse to his side read the notes, “OK, we’ve got Mr Xander Johnson. Adult circumcision for recurrent balanitis,”

“A nice easy one to start with,” Matt smiled and got to work. It was always easier, although not quite as much fun when the patient was under general anaesthetic. He quickly cut around the outer layer of skin and then the inner skin, just 3mm from the glans. A swoosh of his scalpel and the frenulum was carved out. Matt’s cock was straining for release as he thought about the improvements he’d made to this Norwegian student. The girls, or guys, back in Norway would enjoy his taut shaft skin upon his return.

A few minutes later and Sander was stitched tightly and bandaged then deposited in recovery to come round. The team then decamped to the scrub area to change and reclean before moving into the second operating room for the next procedure.

Fully scrubbed and prepped the team surrounded the man on the operating table in front of them. The nurse read from the file, “OK, we’ve got Sander Johansen. Cyst removal from the perineum.”

Matt positioned the man’s legs in stirrups to give him access and visibility of the cyst. He poked and prodded around under the guy’s rather large testicles but couldn’t see the cyst. “I’m struggling to find it. Do the notes have any other information?”

“No doctor.”

Matt made a show of looking again, noting that hanging above the bulbous balls was an angry looking uncut penis. He frequently shook his head and repositioned himself as though looking in detail. “Still can’t find the cyst. Let’s go back to basics, double check patient identifiers.”

Hank took the patient’s wrist and looked at the scrawled wrist identifier, different to the normally printed and barcoded ones. “We’ve got Xander Johnson, date of birth 7th December 2007.”

The nurse with the file chipped in, “No, this should be Sander Johansen, date of birth 12th July 2007.”

“Fuck!” exclaimed Matt in fake frustration, “Full stop. Take this patient through to recovery, we need to investigate what’s happened.”

The theatre was silent, each person looking to Matt for guidance.

“I want the Hospital administrator informed of an erroneous operation and everyone present is to scrub out and meet in the admin area in 15 minutes.”

By the time everyone cleaned themselves and congregated in the admin area Matt had read the files, although he knew exactly what had happened, and he had the hospital administrator by his side.

“Apologies, I have reviewed the files and it appears that without the barcode identification tags to scan two patients were mixed up with a young gentleman receiving a circumcision when he should have had a cyst removed.”

“How on earth can a mixup like that happen?” Questioned the hospital administrator.

“Well, if it wasn’t so serious you’d think it a comedy.” said Matt carefully measuring his tone. “We have two patients called Sander Johansen and Xander Johnson, and when said the names are very similar.

They're also the same age. Normally the difference would be picked up when the date of birth check is done, but it wasn't."

"You mean we didn't check the date of birth?" questioned the administrator with a tone of annoyance.

"No, the date of birth check was done with Sander," explained Matt gently but firmly. "The team did their check. They said the name and the patient confirmed that it was his name. The issue is that Sander was born on the 12th July 2007 and Xander was born on the 7th December 2007." Everyone in the room looked blank. "Xander would have said '12/07/2007' as that is the American date format of month, day, year for the 7th December 2007 but i'm guessing Sander would have said '12/07/2007' in the European format of day, month, year for 12th July 2007 instead of 07/12/2007 in the US format."

Each person looked from one to the other, struggling to get their head around the mess.

"Basically, the date of birth test failed as we assumed they would both say the date in the same format. The paperwork asks for them to confirm their date of birth, not to confirm their date of birth in a specific format." explained Matt.

"Fuck." said the administrator as he took off his glasses and rubbed his temple. "I'm going to notify legal, Matt can you explain the situation to the patient, in the loosest possible terms when he comes round and i'll follow up with him later. All surgeries are cancelled until the IT fuck up is fixed." He then left the group muttering to himself about 'fucking computers.'

30 minutes later and Matt was beside Sander as he slowly came around from the anaesthetic. "How are you feeling?"

"OK," said Sander slowly.

"Good." Matt looked at the handsome guy in front of him, knowing that he had managed to play the system and get his foreskin after all. "I'm afraid there was a problem in the theater earlier."

"OK. What kind of problem." Said Sander as his eyelids slowly drooped.

"Well, while you were under, a circumcision was performed." Matt was keeping the details very loose, let the lawyers get into specifics. "The operation went well and your result will be good. We will organise a follow up appointment with me in a few days and the nurses will give you instructions for the next couple of days."

"Huh." Mumbled Sander

"While you were under we didn't perform your cyst removal, we performed a circumcision," explained Matt slowly. "You said your date of birth incorrectly so we thought you were someone else."

"Ok." Sander's eyes were still struggling to focus. "Everything went well?"

"It was a perfect result. I'm sure you'll like it." Explained Matt suppressing a slight smile. He decided to leave it at that. He could tell the administrator he had told the patient and he was sure that Sander would struggle to remember their conversation anyway. The on duty doctor could answer any other questions later when Sander full woke up.

As he looked down at his patient he thought back to earlier in the day, he had been so fortuitous. Two patients with almost identical names, similar birthdays and and the biggest IT fuck up the hospital had ever seen. All he had needed to do was ask the orderly to bring the patient through from Bed 2 instead

of Bed 4 first and then hope for the best. If the error had been spotted with the anaesthesiologist then the system had worked and if not, it would be too late for Sander and the issue would be with the team checking the patient details not him. With virtually no chance of being caught it was worth chancing it, and his risk paid off.

Matt had luck on his side as in all the chaos the team had forgotten to read the wrist bands. Normally the wrist bands were scanned and checked by a computer but with the IT problems the team forgot to just use their eyes. It couldn't have worked out better for Matt, or worse for Sander.

Matt felt a vibration in his pocket. "Please hurry, i'm so fucking horny!" said the message with a picture of his husband with a fat butt plug stretching his hole.

"I'll be home in 30," typed Matt as he adjusted his straining bulge. "I want you kneeling on the porch ready for me."

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After a short drive Matt turned into his driveway, spotting the redhead in the distance. He hadn't needed to give details, his husband knew the routine; he was kneeling naked by the door, head bowed with only his chastity cage to give him any coverage.

"Fuck! Am I glad to see you!" said Matt as he stepped onto the porch. As he circled his husband he could see the sweat glisten on his muscular physique. "Did you miss me?"

"Yes Sir." Said the redhead without lifting his head. "You're home earlier than I expected Sir".

"Long story, I'll give you the details later. Did you go out today?"

"Just the gym Sir."

"I hope you showered there. Let the guys see that your cock belongs to me."

"Yes Sir. I showered and a couple of guys saw my cage." The redhead's shoulders lowered momentarily as he remembered the exhilaration he felt when the guys made eye contact with him under the hot showers. His cock had strained in his cage, but he'd had no way to deal with his arousal. "I'm so horny Sir."

"You're always horny." Matt lowered his waistband and thrust his hard cock into his husband's mouth. "mmmmmm". He could feel the tongue lapping around his helmet sending ripples of pleasure through him. "Slow down. Making me cum quickly won't help you."

The redhead slowed, caressing the rigid cock with his tongue, tracing the edge of his husband's glans.

"Inside!" Commanded Matt. "I want to enjoy your hole."

Moments later and they were passionately kissing on the bed. Matt's strong grip around his husband's wrists keeping him pinned down while he controlled the situation.

"Please Daddy, let me cum." Pleaded the redhead, knowing how much role-play turned his husband on. "I've been a good boy."

"I doubt that." Matt smiled knowingly how naughty his husband could be. "If you want to cum, you need to follow Daddy's instructions."

"Yes Sir."

“Ok. You know the rules. If you cum without permission you will be punished.” Matt caught the smile that was trying to escape from his husband. “You know the position.”

“Yes Daddy.” The redhead positioned himself spread eagles on the bed while Matt pulled out the rope and cuffs from their permanent home underneath the mattress. Moments later the redhead was immobilised, just as his husband liked him.

Matt’s hand slowly glided up and down his husband’s shaft; the sound of lube squelching with each pump. It was like jerking off steel.

The redhead pleaded for release but the more he begged the slower Matt went and the looser his grip. He told his husband about his day and how he had been able to take another foreskin. How he had manipulated the situation to his advantage.

The redhead had been with Matt for long enough for his kinks to rub off on him. The idea of his husband having so much control over other guys and their potential future pleasure turned him on immensely. “I hope you left the poor guy something to play with,” he said although he knew his husband well enough to know that wouldn’t be the case.

“I made sure to strip every shred of sensitive skin from the guy. When he gets back to Norway he could ski naked on the coldest day of the year and he still wouldn’t have any skin bunching up.” He maintained a steady rhythm pumping his husband’s cock. “It got me thinking, I think it’s time I tightened your circumcision.”

“FUCK!” The redhead erupted without warning. His cum hitting Matt in the face, covering his beard. The thought of his husband tightening his skin sent him over the edge

Matt’s face beamed. “You didn’t ask for permission to shoot boy. AGAIN! I think a recircumcision will be the perfect punishment for you seeing as this is becoming a regular occurrence.”