

USA Adventure - Part 7 - Luck of the Irish

"It's silly season again Matt," said the receptionist as Matt picked up his files. "Two weeks of new patients, check ups and all that paperwork."

"We can't complain, it keeps us in business." Said the doctor with a smile. "It's my favourite time of the year."

"Well I hope you had a good breakfast as I doubt you'll have time for lunch. You've got the new assistant coach first thing, he needs a full check up and fitness to work certificate. Then you've got three new patients so just their initial check ups, then a few follow ups with existing patients. I can go through the afternoon appointments with you later."

"Sounds like a busy day. Thanks." As Matt walked over towards his office he spotted his first patient. He didn't like to stereotype people but looking at the lean, pale and red-headed guy sat in the waiting area he was pretty sure this would be the new assistant coach, "Shamus O'Reilly?"

"Yes. That's me." Said the tall and wiry 23 year old as he stood up.

"Come through," said Matt as they moved into his office. "I understand that Coach recruited you from Dublin and you've moved over here especially for the job."

"Yes, Coach scouted me. I can't play professionally due to a problem wit' me knee but I'm a good coach and fit as a butcher's dog, even if I say so myself. Still run 5 miles a day, just can't do quick changes of direction."

"Impressive. It says here that the college requires a full check up and a fitness to work certificate for you." Said Matt as he scanned the notes, although the Coach had fully briefed him about Shamus beforehand.

"That's right. The college has been great, they organised my flights, arranged accommodation on campus and did it all in less than two weeks. I should have had my medical back in Dublin but with the rush to get here ready for the start of the semester it was a bit manic."

"Don't worry, I'm sure everything will be fine. First I'd like to start with your history.

"Sure. Well I'm 23, born and raised in Ireland. This is my first time abroad. My parents didn't have a pot to piss in you see so we never had fancy holidays. My plan was to make lots of money with the football but due to my knee it never happened. That's why it was great when Coach scouted me and arranged everything; I couldn't have afforded to get her otherwise. They were great; the college paid for my flight and first month's rent up front along with the deposit and will then deduct it from my wages when I start getting paid."

Shamus was like a steam train plowing onwards and Matt had to raise his hand to get him to stop. "I meant your medical history. Any conditions, asthma, any family problems?"

"Ah, well me Da' only has one foot." Explained Shamus.

"Oh, was that genetic? Or maybe a complication of diabetes?" Enquired Matt.

"No, him and my uncle got pissed and took a steam roller for a joyride. They'd been putting new tarmac on the road and some ejit left the keys in it overnight. Long story short, my uncle ran over me Da's foot, crushed it, so the local doc had to remove it."

Matt had to stifle a smile, this guy was a real character. "Anything else I should know about?"

"No, we're pretty standard really."

"I can see you've completed our questionnaire so we can move onto the physical examination. Please remove your clothes for me." While Shamus was getting undressed Matt busied himself with the papers in front of him but when he looked up he gave a little gasp. "When I said undressed I meant down to your underwear."

Shamus was stood directly facing to doctor without a stitch of clothing on his pale body, "ah well, you're going to see everything anyway so no bother. I'm just a step ahead."

Matt had to force himself to look Shamus in the eye, his dense bush of fire red pubes was almost hypnotic for Matt as he had never seen such a mass or such deeply red pubes before. He thought of his husband and his pubes; they were red, but a much lighter shade than Shamus' and his husband's were much more trimmed. Matt felt his cock stiffen at the thought. "Ok then. Let's begin," and quickly Shamus had his height, weight, reflexes and his mass of freckles checked. "You have a lot of freckles and moles Shamus. If it's ok with you I want to do a full photographic map of them so that we can track any changes in the future."

"Sure thing. Just make sure you capture me from my best side." Said shamus with a wink.

Matt couldn't help but like the new assistant coach. He just couldn't decide if he was just incredibly laid back or if he was oblivious to what was happening around him. Either way he seemed a genuinely nice guy. Matt photographed Shamus's body from his untameable red hair to his large feet. He captured the thousands of freckles & moles and while he didn't take any direct photos of Shamus' long slender penis, he did make sure it was in shot when he photographed him from the side and captured to the side of other shots. These images wouldn't be added to his file in the office, but he would save a personal copy to enjoy later.

Matt placed his camera on his desk. "Now that we've mapped your freckles I just need to check your testes for lumps."

"Don't forget to warm your hands there doc." Again Shamus gave a little wink.

Matt gently rolled the bulbous low hanging testicles between his fingers checking for lumps. "All fine there. Now I will check your foreskin."

"All good there doc. No need to waste your time."

Matt sensed that something wasn't right. This was the first time that that Shamus seemed slightly hesitant.

"It's not a waste of time." Matt took shamus' long penis in hand and started to retract the long protruding snout. Almost instantly he felt tension and Shamus began to squirm. "Can you retract your foreskin?"

"It's not a problem. I can clean under it with the water from the shower head."

"That wasn't what I asked," stated Matt with a tone of formality. "When could you last fully retract it?"

Shamus was quiet for a moment. "Well, I've never retracted it. It just doesn't go back."

Matt looked up from the penis to Shamus' beetroot coloured face. "Don't worry, we can easily fix it. Why haven't you seen a doctor about this before?"

"Me Ma took me to see the doctor when I was about 9 or 10 and he checked me. He said I would grow out of it. Then it was never mentioned again."

"It's a shame the doctor didn't think to follow up with you. If he had followed up you wouldn't have this issue now. Well the good news for you is that we are much more proactive here. We'll have your penis in full working order in no time. You can get dressed now."

Once both men were seated either side of the desk Matt scanned his notes before addressing Shamus. "The good news is that you are generally in good working order. The only bad news is that I can't sign your fit for work form and that's due to your foreskin issues."

Before Matt could continue Shamus interjected, "but that doesn't stop me from working. It's not an issue."

"It's not an issue now, but it can become a problem, especially as you can't retract to inspect underneath the skin. Anything could be happening under there and you won't know about it until it is a serious issue." Matt could see that Shamus' breathing was getting quicker.

"I understand that without my signature the Coach can't let you start working, and without work you can't pay for your flights or accommodation." Shamus nodded, "Don't worry. I have a plan and we can have the forms signed by the end of the week."

"Really!" Said shamus with a big smile forming. "I'll take any medication or apply any cream needed. I just need this job Doc."

"It's easier than that. There's no need to spend months applying creams. Just come here tomorrow afternoon and I can remove the tight skin. By tomorrow evening you will be able to see your glans and your problem will be fixed."

"What do you mean?" Said Shamus with a slightly puzzled look.

"I will preform a circumcision to remove the phimotic band that is preventing the skin from retracting." Matt looked over at the befuddled Shamus. "You do know what circumcision is?"

"Sorry doc. I've heard it mentioned in the bible but never thought to ask what it actually is. If I'm honest our local priest is about 90 and he drones on at the pulpit so I'm normally having a nap when he reads the bible verses."

"Don't worry Shamus, it's just a small procedure that will solve your problem. You will come here and I will do the procedure in this room, it will take about 30 minutes and you can go back home straight afterwards."

"Oh, so you will just cut through the tight skin to loosen it?"

"I will cut away the tight skin. It's very common over here. When you start training with the team and hit the showers you will see that virtually all Americans have had the procedure."

"Cut away! I'm not sure Doc. I don't want to lose any skin."

"Do you know what a circumcised penis looks like Shamus?"

“Well no...”

“Have you seen porn?” Said Matt bluntly.

Shamus reluctantly nodded.

“Well I’m sure some of it is American. Have you ever noticed that some of the men don’t have a foreskin?”

“Yes but I thought that was just what it looked like when they retracted it.”

The corners of Matt’s mouth twitched into a slight smile, this guy was naive. “No, that’s what a circumcised penis looks like, what your penis will look like when I’ve performed your circumcision.” Beneath the desk Matt’s cock was stiff and straining to escape his jock.

Shamus’s head was spinning. He’d never considered a circumcision before. He’d known that his skin should really retract but he’d always been too embarrassed to speak to his old family GP about it.

Matt gave him a few moments to process what was happening. He knew that often silence created a pressure to make a quick decision and often the path of least resistance was to just follow the doctor’s orders.

“So should I pencil in an appointment for the circumcision? I can do it here in this very office.”

“No thanks. I’d rather not. I want to keep my skin.”

“OK Shamus. It’s not a problem. I’ll just give Coach a call and let him know that I can’t certify you for work without the procedure.” Shamus had gone even paler than his normal ashen colour. “You can go and have a chat with him to discuss your options.”

“Options?” Shamus sounded a little more hopeful.

“Of course, they won’t expect you to pay pack your flight, deposit and first month’s rent straight away. I’m sure they can work out a payment plan. They may even help you find another job around the campus to help you, seeing as you won’t be able to be in the sport department. I know they are always looking for landscapers to help keep the campus up to scratch.”

“I thought you meant instead of the circumcision.”

“No, my recommendation is circumcision and without that I won’t be able to sign your forms. If you had your medical back in Ireland this would have been picked up in advance but as you’ve come here first you’ve incurred the costs and therefore you’re liable for them.”

Shamus was fidgeting, “but I don’t want my foreskin cutting off.” He was almost muttering to himself. “It won’t be the same if it’s gone.”

“No, it won’t be the same.” Said Matt with a hint of glee seeing the Irishman backed into a corner. “It will be improved.”

Shamus raised an unconvinced eyebrow in the doctor’s direction.

“Look, what I’ll do is pencil in your procedure for the end of the day tomorrow so that you have time to decide if you want to keep the problematic foreskin and pay the college back for their investment or if you decide to go ahead with it so that you can be our new assistant coach and we can get it done quickly for you. Just call the receptionist tomorrow if you want to cancel it.”

“OK Doc.” And a couple of minutes later Shamus had left and Matt had his phone in his hand.

“Hi Coach. How’s it going?”

“How’s it going? How’s it going! I’m ready to burst. Is there any way you’ll let me out of this chastity cage early. I need to shoot. Please Matt.”

“Both you and my husband both got a bit too excited and shot your loads without permission. It wouldn’t be fair if I released you early and not him.” Matt waited while Coach pleaded his case.

“I’ll make you a deal,” said Matt, “your new Assistant Coach is on his way over to you and he has a certain appendage that he needs to lose. He’s not too keen on letting me take it and I need you to convince him to come and visit me tomorrow so that I can sort him out. If you can convince him, I will let you out of your cage early.”

“Deal!” Said coach without a moments hesitation. “Any particular reason I should give?”

“Well I’ve explained that I can’t sign his fit for work paperwork until the procedure is done. It’s up to you what you do with that information.”

“Yes Sir. Leave it with me.” Then the line went silent and Matt adjusted his hard cock in his tight briefs.

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Knock. Knock.

“Come in,” boomed Coach.

The door opened and Shamus’ bright red hair peaked around the door before his face was visible. “Got a minute Coach?”

“Sure thing. I’m guessing you’ve come to give me all your signed paperwork from the doctor. Keen to get started?”

“Hum, well,” Shamus cowered slightly as he looked at the brute of a coach behind his desk.

“Did you miss your appointment?” Asked coach knowing full well that he hadn’t. “I need you running drills at the end of the week so you’d better make sure your paperwork is signed ASAP.”

“It’s just that,” shamus was caught in a stare off with the coach, neither blinking. “I saw the doctor and.”

“Hand over the paperwork then. I’ve not got all day.” Demanded the coach.

“He didn’t sign my forms. He said I needed an operation first before he would sign them.”

“Ok. When is he doing the operation and when can you get started coaching?” Coach’s deep voice booming through the enclosed office.

“I’m not sure I’m going to have it.”

“Sit.” Ordered the coach pointing to the seat in front of his desk. “Let me make this clear, our doctor is first class. He knows what he is doing and I trust him not only with my team’s and my staff’s health but I also trust him with mine. If he says you need an operation then you need an operation.” Shamus opened his mouth to speak but before he could get a word out, Coach continued, “I don’t know what operation you need but I strongly recommend you have it and have it quickly. Ultimately it’s

your choice, but if you decide to go against the doctor's orders I will have admin prepare the bill for the costs incurred getting you over here. They will retain your passport until the balance is paid in full along with the costs of recruiting your replacement."

Shamus gulped, he'd forgotten that he'd given his passport to the administrator when he was signing his contract and he'd never got it back. He'd had an idea on the way over but the plan of fleeing back to Motherland was now scuppered.

"What is the operation anyway?"

"The doctor said I needed a circumcision but that won't affect me coaching."

"Fuck! Is that all it is. I thought it was something serious." Coach's face was getting redder. "If that's all it is, you can get that done in your lunch hour"

"But I just don't want my foreskin removed," Blurted out Shamus. "Nobody back home is circumcised. I don't want to be different."

"Well you're not 'back home', you're here and here everyone is circumcised as it's healthier. Did Doc say when he could circumcise you?"

"Yes, he said he could do it tomorrow."

"That's easy then. You see Doc tomorrow and drop your signed form off with me the following morning or I'll have admin prepare your invoice."

Shamus' mouth fell open. "Is there another option?"

"No third option. Take the doctor's advice or pay back the money you've cost us for wasting our time. The choice is yours."

As Shamus started to open his mouth the phone on Coach's desk began to ring. "Bring me your signed paperwork or bring your cheque book." As he raised the phone to his ear he pointed to the exit, "close the door on your way out."

As the door clicked closed behind him Shamus felt a tear roll down his cheek. It hadn't really sunk in until a moment ago that circumcision was a real possibility. Hell, a day ago he hadn't even known what it was.

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As Shamus dawdled outside the doctor's office he was still trying to decide if he would go ahead with the operation. He knew that his foreskin wasn't as it should be, but it wasn't causing any real issues for him. That was a lie, what he wouldn't admit even to himself is that he was still a virgin at 23 as he was scared of someone being too vigorous with him and potentially ripping his foreskin.

He thought back to last night when he'd watched some porn on his phone and focused on the bared glans of the guys on screen. He thought it looked okay, but having never seen a circumcised cock in real life he was still unsure of how it would look on him in reality.

He'd done a rough calculation of how much he may owe the college if he didn't get his paperwork signed. It was more than he could pay back now and he knew his family back in Ireland didn't have anywhere near that amount of money available and even if they did he wouldn't ask them.

As he looked down at his watch he knew it was crunch time. He took a deep breath, stepped forward and opened the door to the doctor's office.

The receptionist flung a ream of paper at him, pointing at where he needed to sign. The amount of papers he had to sign would give him repetitive strain injury.

"Hi Shamus, come on through." Said Matt from across the room. As Matt watched Shamus walk into his consultation room he could see him trembling. "Take a seat." He offered softly.

Shamus was fidgeting again and looking anywhere but at the doctor.

"I'm glad you decided to come back. It's for the best."

"Didn't have much choice." A tone of annoyance crept into his voice.

Matt chose to ignore the comment. As a doctor he knew how to adapt and read a patient's mood.

"Would you like to discuss the procedure or do you just want to get it over and done with?"

"Let's get it over with."

"Sure thing. If you disrobe and get on the bed I'll get started." Matt fiddled with his phone and a local radio channel started playing from his Bluetooth speakers. "Something to take your mind off things."

A few minutes later and Shamus was naked on the bed with a small screen obscuring his view of his crotch.

"You're going to feel three small injections and then the anaesthetic will take hold." Shamus gave a little nod. "Once you're numb I'll get going and I'll let you know when I'm done."

"Ok"

Once Shamus was numb Matt got to work. Firstly the hum of the clippers made Shamus' eyes pop as he realised his wiry red bush was about to be trimmed. Before he had a chance to speak Matt swept the clippers through the mighty red bush of pubes.

Shamus was fighting back a sense of panic as he lay there.

Matt's cock was straining in his jock, hidden beneath his doctor's attire. The thought of taking this Irish foreskin excited him, even more so knowing the owner really didn't want to give it up.

In silence Matt deftly cut away all the inner skin, ensuring maximum loss of sensitivity for the Irishman. He took a fair amount of outer skin too to ensure that even on the coldest of days Shamus wouldn't have any loose skin. His final move was to carve out every remnant of his sensitive frenulum.

As Matt stitched the taut skin together he admired his handiwork. What had started as a cock with a long tapering snout now resembled a button mushroom. If only Shamus could see this now thought Matt. The thought that he had control over this man's future sexual enjoyment excited him, especially as the man prone on the bed in front of him hadn't actually realised that he'd handed over so much power and control of his future sensations to the doc.

Matt tightly wrapped the newly shorn penis before removing the screen allowing Shamus his first look at his newly modified cock. "See. A few minutes, no pain and now everything's better."

Shamus gave a little smile. "I could feel some movement but no pain. It wasn't as bad as I was expecting." He looked to see a mass of bandages with his very pink glans just sticking out of the top.

“Keep the bandage on for 48 hours then you can take it off in the bath. Soak it off. Then take it easy for a couple of weeks while everything knits together. You’ll find the sensations very different now that the head is exposed but they will settle down eventually.”

“Ok doc.” Shamus’ face flushed. “Uh, how long before I can...” he nodded towards his groin.

“Before what?” Matt was going to make him say it out loud. He enjoyed the humiliation.

“Before I can use it again.” The colour flushed Shamus’ face even more than before.

“You can urinate now without a problem. Just keep the dressing dry.” Matt looked down to read some notes, enjoying making his patient spell out his question.

“I mean for other things.” His voice barely a whisper.

Matt looked up with a slightly befuddled look.

“Masturbation.” Blurted out Shamus.

“Ah. Six weeks should be fine.” Said Matt in the same casual way he would ask for a glass of water.

“Fleck! I’ll never last six weeks.” Shamus realised how much information he had divulged the second he said it.

“Well how often do you normally do it?” Matt took the opening to further and deepen the poor guy’s embarrassment.

“A few times a week.” He said meekly as Matt raised a single questioning eyebrow. “Well daily.” Clarified Shamus.

“And how many times per day?” Delved the doctor.

At this point Shamus had no dignity left. “Two or three times.”

Matt thought that Shamus may have been enjoying himself two or three times a day before but he won’t have the time for that frequency when he’d healed. The desensitisation of his cock would mean it would take so long for him to ejaculate he won’t have the time. Matt gave a smile. “Well just think of all the time you’ll save while you heal. You’ll be fine. I’ll see you back here next week for a follow up.”

A few minutes later and Shamus had left, Matt sat back in his large swivel chair thinking about just how much he had modified Shamus. He gave his straining cock a little squeeze before typing out a message to Coach on his phone, “Be at my place at 7 tonight. You’ve earned an early release. You’d better be naked when I open the door.”