

**When foreskins dock
through the Gloryhole of Love...**

I'm a Sucker for Uncut Dick

B-L-I-N-D M-E-A-T makes me crazy. I love big, thick, juicy, *uncut* dick. I love it clean and washed with the smell of fresh soap rinsed around the head under the big jacket of foreskin. I love it sweaty and cheesy with the honest smegma of a big working dick that hasn't had the time to strip its roll of lip back to wash its ring around the collar. I confess I spent half my time in high-school study hall flipping through my Funk & Wagnall's getting a hardon looking up words like *foreskin*, *smegma*, and *prepuce*. A barbaric word like *circumcision* gave an instant soft-on.

The other half of my time in high school I spent secretly cruising the locker room counting off my buddies who were cut and uncut. I saw a lot of "forbidden" meat in those sneak-n-peek days, and the most beautiful dicks I ever saw were the big, thick, chunky cocks that hung long and strong, with the heavy-veined shafts helmeted with a juicy fold of skin.

Any man who loves dick has a special place in his heart for the way a cock fills out a foreskin. An uncut dick rides different than a piece of meat that's been sliced. Uncut meat has secrets. Uncut meat doesn't show its crown right off. Uncut meat keeps its glistening wet head thick and full of jutting promise under cover of the rich roll of foreskin. Uncut meat looks different, smells different, and tastes of special secret man-flavors. Uncut meat feels like a full fucking handful when you grab ahold of it. Uncut meat offers that special little pucker right at the wet tip where the skin all folds down to a fleshy little iris that begins to open so easily, so smoothly, when coaxed by a hot and hungry tongue.

When that foreskin, lipped into foreplay, starts pulling back, as the ripe, juicy dickhead starts its launch out from its protective skin-sheath, some special kind of lube seems to sweeten the slick taste of the cock slipping out of all that uncut darkness into the light and air. Uncut meat juts out of its foreskin in a way that demands attention. And gets it. Check out any swimming-pool shower room. With all the cut meat scrubbing and soaping itself, what you see is what you get. A sexy guy scrubbing

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down his own crotch has to take a long deliberate time to wash his uncut meat inside and out. Under the thick foreskin that you see lies that super-sensitive prick that you might get a good gander at if you hang around long enough to watch him strip it slowly back with one hand while he soaps up the emerging head with the other. Guys with foreskins have special moves the way they lovingly take one finger, and lick it, and insert it under the fold of skin, and rub it gently around the hidden head of their sweet, moist meat.

Even when I watch a well-hung guy jerking off his own uncut rod, I notice a definite difference in the longer stroke he gets because of the extra skin that slides like a slick piece of heaven up and down his shaft. It's fucking magic to watch the appearance and disappearance of his dickhead in and out of his heavy-duty foreskin. Even the sound of uncut dick is different. A wet hand sounds wetter as the skin of the hand slaps the foreskin, itself like some kind of sexy chamois over the head, slipping back down the shaft of cock. Nothing looks better than light glistening through a big drop of clear seminal juice hanging right out of tongue's reach on the rich skinfold of a big, thick foreskin.

I've sucked a lot of dick. I believe in disconnected dick. I mean, I believe in dick for its own sake. I study dick. Who it's attached to can make a difference, for sure. But let's face it. There's probably hardly a man on earth who hasn't fallen on his knees at the sight of a big, healthy, juicy, uncut piece of hardening cock stuck frankly through a gloryhole. It's Seventh Heaven and Cloud Nine to grab ahold of a Ten like that and feel the thick shaft growing thicker, watching the head start to slip, marinated, in its own juices, out from its tight fold of foreskin. Any dick coming through a gloryhole is fine; but an uncut piece flopping manfully through and hanging expectantly while it begins its own hardening rise like some Titan missile rolling back its protective silo-covers is heaven on wheels.

Sometimes I feel like a Bounty Hunter trying to find uncut cock in an asswipe society that cuts the fringe benefits off most of its baby boys before they even get a chance to have any say about whether they want to keep their foreskin or not. Some uncut guys, while they're still real young, sort of feel out of place in school-gym showers; but after they gain a little outside sexual experience and find out how much cut guys prefer their humpy foreskins, they change their attitudes and start to flaunt the gift that was not cut away from them. I figure there's nothing hotter than a man with an uncut dick who likes to strut and swing his big, blind stuff!

Probably the most important and memorable experience I've ever had as a collector of uncut meat happened in an honest-to-god motel in

Oceanside, California, where a nineteen-year-old Okie Marine with *acne vulgaris* and the biggest piece of unsliced bologna I've ever unbuttoned, stood opposite me with his blind meat sticking out rock hard after his weeks of basic training at Camp Pendleton.

He had a great nine inches pointing right at me. Big length. Big circumference. Foreskin as heavy as wet dreams are made of. My own cut cock responded in kind: hardon and right at him. We stood facing each other: cut to uncut. He looked down at our two throbbing cocks, kind of smiled, and with his hands still waxed from his obstacle course rope drills, took hold of my dick, and aimed my cockhead straight at his folds of pink, blind foreskin.

I couldn't believe the fuck of what was happening!

With his other hand he fingered open ever so slightly his tight foreskin. But instead of stripping it back and pulling his own dick out, he guided the dry head of my cock straight on inside his hot, wet foreskin. I felt the warm fold of it wrap around my skinned dick. I felt uncircumcised inside his foreskin. He guided me in deeper. The generous lip of his tip was maybe a couple inches over the head of his nine-incher. Two inches of my dick were slipped by this young Marine into the inside interior of his dark, wet foreskin before the tip of my dick touched the hard crown of his cock.

Once we were docked, like two spaceships in midflight, he wrapped his hand tight around the connection and began a stroking motion with his hand and a fucking motion with his muscular hips. He watched intently what went on down below and between us. Only once did he look up to see in my face the reaction I must have been showing. He was a kid who knew the value of being thick and uncut. He was man enough to share back the incredible experience of having manskin folded like a holster over a hot gun. He massaged our two dicks together, head-to-head, inside his deep foreskin. He kept up his rhythmic cadence. The hand-pressure, the heat and juice and excitement of fucking up inside his uncut foreskin made me detonate my load buried in his slick-lubed tube. As soon as I started to shoot, he increased the rhythm of his hand on our paired cocks, and pumped his own load into the hot mix of our mutual jism blended in his deep foreskin.

So what more can I tell you about my dirty thoughts, except that in my dirty life, I've found that you have to be real careful what you hunt for, because sometimes you get what you're looking for and then some. I'm not exactly playing "Can You Top This?" But I can tell you for fucking sure that since then I've not looked at an uncut piece of fresh, blind meat

without thinking of fucking up inside that young Marine's tight, hot, wet, and juicy foreskin. *Semper Fidelis* to Uncut Meat!