

# Fore

## Second part

I wake up knowing that I am the same, the events of the previous hours are like mist in my mind and I think maybe it was a dream. Yeah, I'm the same. A pain, a pressure in my crotch, I look down to see my cock and I realize that it isn't really mine.

Maybe it is, I mean, it's stuck to me, to my being. I caress it for a moment and see how it "wakes up", the blood flows through it hardening the trunk and marking each vein, the glans reaches its maximum diameter but gets trapped under a new layer of skin, and this is what I feel foreign to me.

I look at my hands to make sure, I take my phone and on the screen I took a deep look to my face, my head... everything continues as it has always been. In my body every wrinkle, every mole, every hair seems to be in place and I wonder if I'm losing my mind. The desire on me was intense and it used to consume my most lustful thoughts, the foreskin I had lost was a part of me so important that I didn't get tired of worshipping it in others. But were my desires so great that my body simply decided to take it back? I imagine all the possibilities if it was like that... I imagine myself a few feet taller, growing a little wouldn't be so bad, I put all my strength in that, I strongly close my eyes, my breath is cutting and the effort makes my face blush in a deep red... Nothing, I'm still the same height. My weight, perhaps... I repeat the process, until the blood accumulates in my face heating it, I imagine myself a few pounds heavier... without results.

From time to time one covets a small physical change; be taller, fatter, thinner, maybe muscular, have another nose, more hair in their head or maybe in the body, another voice, a bigger dick, regrew the foreskin... A longing that does not always become so important, a simple unattainable desire. What motivates it? A distorted idea of ourselves, our own perception of beauty, perhaps vanity, or simply curiosity. No, none of that, in my case maybe it was nostalgia, maybe a dash of lust, that's more likely.

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## Second part

*I go out that day to continue with my life, my steps are the same, my movements did not change, my voice is still recognized by every neighbor I greet, my breath is so familiar, my eyes see as well as they did before and yet I recognize myself differently. I still do my daily activities with the same ease, I lock myself in my job's restroom, I'm still thinking I'm someone else, I pull down my pants and I see it again, the cause of this surge of emotions.*

*I take it firmly from the trunk that has hardened again with the contact, pull the skin down leaving free a pink and round head, a clear drop drips out lubricating, I pull it back up and the skin bulges wrinkled at the tip like a crown, then I pull down again and I feel an intense excitement like I've never felt before, at which point all the mess I had in my head just settled in. I felt myself again.*

*"I". It was weird using that pronoun, paying attention to it, understanding who it was really talking about. It was the first time in a long time that "I" really meant myself. For so long I had been longing for that piece of skin back, as if it were a vital organ I needed to live, now I realized that I felt whole again, that I felt like me and for me there was nothing more exciting than being myself at that moment.*

*I didn't care about the place, I had to feel it completely now that I was aware of it. I wouldn't know how to describe it, yes, I stroked my cock with rhythm but masturbating wasn't what gave me that pleasure, nor was the reason I was moaning in the bathrooms at work, neither was why I shot a spurt of sperm from the glans to my face; It was the feeling of being whole again that had me in ecstasy.*

*It was curious how an orgasm put everything in order, I felt my body, my steps, my breath, my vision and my heartbeat again but this time I felt like the true owner of everything.*

