

## 1437

1

The heavy, black glass vial at the back of a cellar shelf of the antiques store in Stockholm's old town district caught my eye only on second glance. It looked voluptuous in a suggestive sort of way that almost reminded me of the Venus of Willendorf. But it was actually aesthetic, and quite heavy as I carefully extracted it from between various other items. It was no bigger than a bottle of scotch, sealed with a tarry, black mass at the top.

I brushed off some dust. The figure "1437" was faintly discernible across what might have been the chest area if one were to view the shape as the body of a woman.

I wondered briefly if it was an Eau de Cologne, like the German brand 4711.

"No," said Pelle Henriksson, the bespectacled, tweed clad little owner of the store who had come up behind me inaudibly, "it's not what you are thinking. We believe that this vial has made its way from Tehran to London in the 19th century, and then on to Gothenburg, where we acquired it a while ago. The use of Arabic ciphers may indicate an origin west of Iran. The glass was blown in the Venetian fashion, so there may well have been some Byzantine influence. We don't know what it is, how old it is, what's inside, or what the numbers mean. All we know is that legend says it 'reveals the man inside', whatever that may mean. You can have it for 500 Swedish Crowns if you like."

At home, I put the vial on my desk, with a view over the harbour and Riddarholmen. It looked amazing, and had a riveting presence that really added to the room. I was very pleased with myself to have bought it.

As I poured myself a tumbler of single malt whiskey, a drop accidentally spilled onto the black seal of the vial. To my surprise and alarm, it seemed to eat into the tarry mass immediately, leaving a small hole the size of a drop of whisky. After a short hesitation, I couldn't resist the urge to sniff at it. How dangerous could it be, with an object that old? Surely, if something aggressive were inside, it would have dissipated or broken down over the centuries.

It smelled a little of myrrh.

Perhaps that's what was inside, I thought. I finished my whiskey.

During the night, I had the most vivid, erotic dream. A beautiful, Middle Eastern woman sat on my bed and smiled warmly. She had amazing, long, black hair, and wore a tiara and an elaborate necklace, and not much else. Then she slowly began to move closer in that irresistibly kitten-like manner cute women sometimes use. Her full, naked bronze breasts swung freely as she made her way toward me across the bed, looking at me intently with skilfully mascara enhanced, brown eyes.

"Someone is up" she said in what might have been Farsi accented, but otherwise perfectly good Swedish. "Or should we say... some... thing is up...?" Clearly, some... thing was up, too. It was straining hard against the underside of the blanket. "I think it's pointing at me," she said with a grin, and peeled the bedding aside. "Look at that!" she said, fixing her gaze onto my penis. "What a big penis you have. And is that a foreskin? It's very long!" And she looked at me in a way that seemed to give that aspect central importance. Then she proceeded to pull on it playfully, trying to see how far

it would stretch forward. Her hands were soft and slender. She even attempted to make a knot in the foreskin before letting go, shaking her head, sitting up in a lotus seat position.

Her pubic hair was shaved leaving one sharp, narrow, vertical line of hair standing from her clitoris upwards, like a visual extension of her vaginal slit. "And we know, don't we, that circumcision talk gets you off, doesn't it?" she said. "Every time you jerk off or have sex, you are imagining situations to do with circumcision. You just can't get off without it. Well; now that I am here, we can begin to reveal the man inside. Pull it back." I slowly retracted my foreskin, revealing more and more of the shiny, purple glans as she looked on in a commanding pose, with a neutral expression on her face, until the end of the foreskin came to rest behind the rim of the glans.

"There," she said, "that's what we are talking about." She extended a toe toward me, touching the glans, which made me flinch back a little. "Sensitive", she said with a grin. "You don't let it out much, do you? Glistens like a cherry. Typical uncircumcised guy's glans. And now the skin wants to slide forward again, do you see?" It did indeed. It always did that if I didn't hold it back. Then she asked me to pleasure myself for her, to which I complied by doing it in my usual way, using the foreskin to massage the glans. At the end, I held the foreskin closed tightly to contain the semen, a trick I had become used to over the years, and which made things much easier to clean up.

She pulled up an eyebrow, and it seemed that a cynical, little smile played around her lips before she faded into thin air.

2

The following night, she was back, sitting on my bed again.

Absentmindedly kneading her nipples, looking at me with an inquisitive smile. Then she lowered her gaze: "Feeling anything different?" she asked, cocking her head slightly to the side. I did, but wasn't sure what. Then she pulled away my quilt, making my penis bounce up. "I think it recognises me," she laughed; "oh, look, it's curious!" I took a closer look. The foreskin had slipped back a little, uncharacteristically for me, revealing about one third of the glans. I did a double take. The edge of the skin seemed unusually thick. This wasn't just a retracted foreskin. Instead, it looked a little like it did when I pushed it forward and it doubled over. Only that it hadn't done that; examining it carefully, I realised that it couldn't be pushed any further forward. The tip of the glans kept showing.

"A semitic circumcision," she said, "as they used to be done thousands of years ago. Very simple to do. Just holding the overhanging foreskin between the tip of the thumb and the second phalanx of the circumciser's index finger, and a sharp blade run flat along the thumb nail. And whoopdeedoo... always a bit of the tip out. Much cleaner already, as you can imagine. And still comfortable enough. Garments were of a rough weave back then, and people walked far."

I stared at her, and her boobs, not sure what to think.

"I'm Shirazad. You have called me here, even though you may not be aware. I bring out the best in men, in seven steps, 143 nights at a time. Every night you don't have someone else with you, I will come back and tell you something about circumcision, until you cum." I glanced over to the black vial. The tarry seal had broken off in a manner that seemed to imply that something had slipped out from the inside. Was she a genie?

“Let’s see what you can do with a little less skin,” she said, wiggling her breasts suggestively. She made me cum for her again, like the night before. It went perfectly well, even though the final skin pinching trick failed. When I came, there was no holding it back, and a generous sprinkling went right toward her.

“A small snip for me, one giant leap for the man”, she winked, wiping at the sperm that had gone straight onto her breasts. Then she vanished into thin air.

One well-read genie, clearly.

The new penis turned out to be easy to get used to. Flaccid, the shortened skin covered the glans fully. Only erections reminded me of the altered state. That was when the small bit of the glans poking out made contact with my trunks. A problem I remedied by switching to boxer shorts.

“Trying to keep it pulled forward, are we?” asked Shirazad the next evening. “We find that that’s typical for this type of circumcision. Minimally circumcised men always try to keep that little bit of glans covered. They are more uncomfortable with exposure than all the other circumcision styles. Well, you’ll have it for another 142 nights. Let’s make the best of it, shall we?”

And she kept her word.

3

I woke up with a start. Something felt strange. As I turned on the light, there was Shirazad, in all her naked glory.

“143 days,” she said. “Time for the next level. Welcome to having a moderate Periah style circumcision now. It’s a little less foreskin than before, and the frenulum has now been detached.”

I looked at it more closely. It was indeed possible to push the shortened foreskin over much of the glans, but when I let go, it rolled back, forming a plump, pink roll of skin behind the glans.

“Looks a bit like an acorn, doesn’t it? Very pretty. Obvious, too. This style became popular when Jews in Greece started using a ‘kynodesme’ foreskin string to keep the glans covered. The Greeks thought that it was really naughty to show even the tiniest bit of glans, so circumcised guys living there tried to blend in by pulling their foreskin forward and tying it in place whenever they were naked in public.” She rolled her eyes. “Soo silly. Needless to say, when that came to the attention of the circumcisers, they frowned upon it, and made it harder to hide the glans by cutting off a little more skin, and also severing the frenulum from the glans. That way, it would sit back by default, like yours does now. Still very easy to jerk off with. Give it a try, will you?”

I pushed the short foreskin onto the glans easily. Shirazad gently rested one foot against my testicles, and before I knew what was going on, I had ejaculated lavishly all the way up her belly and between her breasts. I noticed she had a gold navel ring. She pulled up one eyebrow. “Look how prolonged glans exposure stimulates your sperm production. This seems very impregnating.”

And she disappeared with a wink.

In the weeks that followed, my girlfriend Stella developed a conspicuous fixation on my penis. "I can't stop playing with it," she said, giving me Bambi eyes. "It's just so much fun to play with. Here comes the little skin cuff, woops, over the hump... back and forth... I've never noticed this before!"

And I had never received more hand jobs before.

4

"Beginning to wish for more blow jobs than hand jobs, are we?" asked Shirazad one night, lying on her belly, naked on my bed, her hands on her chin, and her feet up. Her shiny, black hair and deep bronze skin looked stunning. "Go ahead, take a look. You know what it means when I say that."

I pushed my quilt aside.

My penis had changed again. It now seemed sleeker, and the skin ended exactly where the glans began. There was only the slightest rim of pink, inner skin behind the glans.

"A classic, full circumcision," explained Shirazad. "Very popular in the Middle East and Europe. Carefully cut in such a way as to entirely free the glans, and it can never be covered. Elegant, isn't it? Now let's see you jerk off with that one." She assumed a pose that told me she expected me to find it a challenge.

I tried to push the skin onto the glans, but it stopped just short of it. Also, my hand kept making contact with the glans, which wasn't what I wanted. So I held onto the shaft skin a bit further back, and found that I could get it to bunch up against the glans from behind. "Diabolical, isn't it?" said Shirazad, "just as you get a full erection, the skin moves away from the glans. As if they don't want you to succeed. Now just keep going. It's the same sort of movement you are used to, just a little higher up. Stimulation comes from bumping the back of the glans with the shaft skin. Welcome to the way a large part of the world has been jerking off for thousands of years."

She was watching intently as I tried to climax with the new type of circumcision. It was hard not to touch the glans. "This is so pitiful to watch," said Shirazad and slid closer in a snake like fashion, blinking her eyes innocently. "Such a nice, large, clean glans, and no skin to engulf it with... you must be so horny. Let's improvise..." She extended her tongue, curved it upward, and touched the underside of the glans with it. That was all it took to get me off. I unloaded immensely right at her.

"You'll get used to it" said Shirazad, licked her lips with a wink, and disappeared.

Stella noticed the difference in the appearance of my penis, and took it as a compliment: "Look how stiff you are! I can't even push any skin onto the glans!" And she began to take a liking to using her lips on it instead.

I realised I could never tell her about Shirazad.

5

In my dream, Shirazad was pulling back on my shaft skin, tightly against the penis base, until I came. I awoke to the realisation that I had actually come, formidably, into my bedding.

“Pretty tight,” said Shirazad from the end of my bed. “That’ll get you off just from getting a stiffy. A proper low and tight circumcision, like the ancient Egyptians used to do them. The idea was to make the penis perfectly clean, with all wrinkles pulled smooth, and the cut line hidden in the sulcus. When it gets stiff, the balls are pulled forward a little. It provides an intensity of stimulation that makes women scream with pleasure, while making the man last longer due to reduced stimulation area. Masturbate now.”

I tried, but it was impossible.

“All you can do is touch the glans,” said Shirazad. “Carefully. All sensation is concentrated there now. Or you get someone to do it the Egyptian way for you.” She opened a small vessel on her necklace, and put her index finger into it. It glistened of a fatty substance, which she rubbed all over her beautiful, big breasts. Then she moved closer across the bed, on her knees, and plunged my penis in between her breasts. I understood what she meant. There was full skin-on-skin movement, without any slack. Within a few minutes, I came so violently that I momentarily passed out, my glans throbbing.

When I came to, Shirazad had vanished again.

During the weeks that followed, Stella developed a whole new regard for me, regularly passing out during sex with multiple orgasms. She thought my penis had become even stiffer now, unable to move its skin at all.

6

“You thought we were done by now, didn’t you?” said Shirazad from the far end of my bed. “Ever wonder what a typical Middle Eastern tug-and-chop job looked like through the ages? A high and loose circumcision. It’s yours to enjoy for another 143 days.”

I took a look. The shaft skin was slack, but changed colour about two thirds down its length.

“That first bit after the glans is all inner foreskin,” explained Shirazad, “pulled back by the severely shortened shaft skin. That’s what happens when they simply pull the foreskin forward tightly and chop it off in front of the glans with a knife. The shaft skin slips back a good way up the shaft, they fold back the inner skin, and the two fuse together as it heals. Keeps the glans free, as demanded by scripture. Go on, have a wank.” She leaned back, playing with herself. Her nipples stood quite upright as she massaged herself, looking at me expectantly.

I found the high and loose circumcision easy to stimulate myself with, pushing the roll of inner foreskin up against the glans. But I quickly realised that I couldn’t do it for very long before my sweaty hands were beginning to get sticky on the folded back, inner foreskin, which felt a bit unpleasant.

“Not easy, is it?” grinned Shirazad and straddled me, sliding me right inside her. “This sort of penis is more for intercourse than anything else. Impregnation, not masturbation,” she explained before

riding me to a deeply satisfying orgasm that had her tightly clasp her nipples and roll back her eyes until only the white showed.

Stella surely also saw it that way during the weeks that followed.

7

“Seven times 143 nights,” said Shirazad, “almost there.” I had awoken with the biggest urge ever to get off, and came directly upon seeing her amazing body and aspect.

“Oops,” she said and uncovered my penis with a knowing smile, “now here’s one aroused looking member. Look at that! The inner foreskin stretched halfway back the shaft, and not one bit of movement possible. Drum tight! How naughty that ever looks, and so confidence inspiring that it will be entirely clean. “This is how Middle Eastern tug and chop jobs can also look like, if the circumcision was done in cold weather, with the penis all small and wrinkled up. Aaall the shaft skin gets pulled forward, and snip! The result is a very high and tight cut. You know where that leads.”

Without a further word, she took me deep into her mouth. It was the most exquisite sensation, revving me up to the point where I could think of nothing else but to have sex with her for hours.

And we did.

And thus eventually concluded 1001 nights of circ talk.