

A CHECK-UP TO REMEMBER

Annual check-ups for my younger brother and me were generally routine. But there was one I'll never forget, and neither will he.

Every time he looks at his cock, with its tightly pulled-back skin and dark ring almost half-way up the shaft, he will be reminded of it.

My brother and I were always very close. We enjoyed the same sports, movies and jokes. We had everything in common, except one thing. When I was born, my mother made sure that I was circumcised. My dad was cut, and so were my mother's brothers. So I was done as a matter of course. But in the two years between my birth and that of my brother, my mother had climbed on the anti-circ bandwagon. She was now convinced that circumcision was unnecessary and possibly harmful. It was hypocritical of her. She wouldn't dream of sex with an uncut male, which she thought distasteful and unhygienic. But she had no reservations about inflicting an uncut son on the next generation of women.

So, when my brother was born, his foreskin was spared the scalpel. We grew up together in great intimacy, sleeping in the same bedroom and often sharing the same bath. Almost the only distinction between us, except for the slight difference in age, was our cocks. Mine was round-headed, with a dark ring about a third of the way up the shaft. His had a long, wrinkled point. He was fascinated by my big, flared head. I liked to grab the tip of his skin and see how far I could pull it. He longed to expose his head, and have his cock look like mine. But no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't do it. The tight, wrinkled point always jutted forward, with its tightly closed lip.

When I was fifteen, and he was thirteen, we had our annual check-up. Our old doctor had retired and we were introduced to a new physician, Dr. Komensky, a woman about thirty five years old. She was very attractive with chestnut-brown hair, graceful figure and elegant bearing. She spoke with a calm, well-modulated voice. As she did so, she looked squarely at you with kindly, intelligent eyes. At our first appointment with Doctor Komensky, my brother and I were told to strip down to our shorts. As we waited in her examining room, dressed only in the tight, gleaming-white jockies which our mother had bought specially for the occasion, we both leaned against the examining table, silent and absorbed in our own thoughts. We were both nervous and puzzled at the prospect of seeing a woman doctor. Suddenly I became uncomfortably aware of my body, and especially its masculine attributes. Never, since puberty, had they exposed to the view of a woman. I was very conscious of the my adolescent cock, obscenely large as compared to my slender fifteen year-old body, filling the tight, fresh briefs, projecting outwards with an outrageously self-assertive prominence, and seemingly dominating the whole lower part of my body. I was overcome with fear that she, a woman, would laugh at my absurd proportions.

Then I peered at my brother's groin. Newly pubescent, he presented a similar spectacle. He was skinnier than I, but with a comparably generous bulge pushing his briefs forward. There was, however, one difference between us. Whereas my bulge culminated with a well-rounded crown, which pressed against the snowy cotton with a clearly circular shape, his mound came to a sharp point, which jutted out in front of him, like the tip of a finger.

Dr. Komensky started with me. She proceeded through the steps of her examination with routine thoroughness: eyes, ears, throat, reflexes. Then she came to the stage that I had been anticipating with excited curiosity. Would she check my groin, as the former doctor had? Or, because she was a woman, would she omit it?

"Have you had any problems with your penis?" she asked. "Any pain during erection?" "No" I replied with a forthrightness which surprised even myself. Far from being embarrassed, I was enjoying it. "Have you been circumcised?" I could not help answering guardedly: "Yes," I said. I did not know whether she would approve or not. Her face showed a discrete smile of approval. She gently pulled my briefs half-way down my thighs. My thick, adolescent cock dangled before her, hanging from its dense, black bush of pubic hair. She took what little loose skin I had and pulled it back. The darker skin on the upper shaft was separated from a two-inch band of lighter, more sensitive skin, by a dark ring. "You've had a nice, tight circumcision." she said. "They've stripped it back properly, but have left a generous amount of sensitive skin. You have the maximum of cleanliness and convenience mixed with the maximum of pleasure." She smiled at me. I was surprised by her frankness. But I realized that she was speaking to me in a way she considered appropriate for my age, and the realities of my life. I appreciated it, and I felt proud that she approved of my cock. Then she took it gently in her hand and inspected the underside of it. "The frenulum has been removed, too". "The what?" I asked, with a bold, even brazen, forthrightness. "The frenulum. It's a band of skin which attaches the foreskin to the underside of the penis. Some men like it. Some don't." Then she looked at me straight in the eye. Did Dr. Traupman talk to you about these things? "No," I replied. I was grateful, and a little turned on, that she was talking to me about manly things. "Ok," she said, "everything looks fine. You can relax"

I pulled up my briefs, then sat in a chair, ready to enjoy the spectacle of my brother's examination. As Dr. Komensky went through the routine things, I wondered how his genitals would fare under her close examination.

My brother, being two years younger, had a more delicate physique than I. He was also fairer. I wondered what the doctor would make of that other distinction between his body and mine. The bulge in his underwear, in comparison to his slender, just developing body, seemed particularly large and ponderous. As he got more nervous, I saw not only the goose bumps on his arms, but also the long lip of his cock-skin get more pointed and pronounced. "Have you had an ejaculation?" she asked. My brother turned as red as a beat. He could barely get out "yes" through his stammering. "Any pain during erection? Or during masturbation?" His eyes darted back and forth between her and me. I smiled, enjoying his embarrassment. "Go ahead," I said, "be a man and tell her everything. I did." He stammered, "Yes, a little pain."

"Are you circumcised?" "No," he replied. Dr. Komensky looked surprised. She had assumed that, because I was circumcised, so he would be too. She gently pulled down his briefs, letting them fall between his ankles. "You can step out of them," she said. "Awkwardly and obediently, he freed his ankles from the snowy cotton underwear. He stood before her and me as naked as the day he was born. His newly pubescent cock dominated his groin with its disproportionate size and pendulousness. And whereas my round head, with its flared rim, hung free and exposed, his was covered by a layer of smooth skin which jutted forward with its long wrinkled lip. "Have you ever been able to pull your foreskin back? Have you ever been able to see the glans underneath?" "The what?" "The head. Like your brother's. His is always exposed. Have you ever been able to uncover it?" "No. Never." "That might be a health hazard" she said with a serious tone. "I will need to examine it more closely." My brother gave me a nervous glance. Dr. Komensky placed her thumb and index finger on his shaft and gently pulled the skin. But, as the shaft-skin was pulled taut, the long, wrinkled lip which jutted out in front resisted all attempts to be drawn back. Instead of opening to expose the head, it sat stubbornly in a tight knot out in front. "Hmmm," the doctor intoned. "It is very constricted. I should see your penis erect. Can you show me your erection?" "Uh," my brother

stammered, his face flushed with a deep shade of purple. "I'll try." "I'll just leave you alone for a moment," she said. "You can show me when I come back." When she left, my brother gave me a perplexed glance. "That's OK, Danny," I said laughing. "It's for science." He began pumping his cock with his hand, moving the skin over his head. "I can't just get a hard-on on demand. This office isn't very sexy." "Think of Ginnie's boobs!" I advised, "You'll get hard then!" He closed his eyes and continued to pump as I described the girl whom I knew he liked. I didn't actually know what her boobs looked like. I just guessed. I described the large round aureolae, and her tall, erect nipples. I then described her slender waste, and her dark, curly beaver, with her pretty, pouting labia. By the time I had finished we were both erect, a fact which Dr. Komensky noticed immediately upon returning. "Now, let's see," she said. She took my brother's stiff shaft in her hand-- which made his whole body go tense with excitement. His foreskin still enveloped his swollen head with taut skin. The lips of the foreskin stood straight up above the head. Gently, Dr. Komensky tried to draw it back. "Ouch!" my brother blurted. The doctor shook her head. She was unable to retract the skin. "When you get an erection, the skin should pull back and completely expose the head. Your penis should look just like your brother's. Danny looked inquisitively at my groin, which was completely swollen and stiff, pushing my underwear forward obscenely. "Would you mind showing Danny?" she asked.

I pulled down the elastic waist band beneath my balls. My skinned cock, with its flared head and smooth shaft without a trace of the frenulum, only a dark ring almost half-way to the base, looked denuded, stream-lined and efficient. "Your brother has a beautifully circumcised penis." she said and, turning to me, "Has it ever given you any pain or discomfort." "Never" I declared triumphantly. Danny gave me a disgruntled look. Dr. Komensky ignored him.

"You're still maturing," she said. "We shall see if, by next year, you can pull back your foreskin. It is very unhealthy to have a foreskin which cannot be retracted. In the meantime, see if you can train it. When you bathe, lather it up with lots of soap and try to pull it back. Don't try to pull it back all at once. Just a little at a time. Pull it back a quarter of an inch, then half an inch, and so on until you can pull it back all the way. If, after a year, there is no change, we will think about the possibility of having you circumcised."

For six months my brother tugged, pulled and twisted his foreskin, but to no avail. He tried lubricating it with soap, baby oil, corn oil, lanoline, you name it. That wrinkled tube of skin always jutted out in front. In the sauna together, He would stare at my bare nob, sitting atop my stream-lined shaft, and then start pulling again. I said, "Surely, when you get erect, you can pull it back." He would work up a hard-on and then yank, but without retracting the skin. I examined the skin myself. I could feel the tumescent glans beneath the, but I could not succeed in exposing it. When he peed, the skin would balloon slightly, then the pee would drip out as from a leaking water main.. He was envious of the steady, well aimed stream that I peed. I guess that, when you have grown up with a thick wad of skin covering your dick, and you have never known anything else, you are used to it. But there was one thing that finally broke my brother's reluctance to shed his skin and liberate his head. Just after his fourteenth birthday, my brother had his first sexual encounter. It was the same Ginnie whom Danny had always fantasized about. It turned out that she was as attracted to him as he was to her. At a weekend picnic, she lured him into a lonely wood, where she challenged him to prove his manhood. She kissed him and stroked his groin. His penis responded immediately. Feeling the rigid shaft beneath his pants, she quickly unbuttoned him and released his stiff tool from its confines. When she saw it, she was taken aback.

"My God, what's that?" she exclaimed. "What is all that skin?" My brother just stammered. She began to stroke it awkwardly. She was perplexed as to how to handle a cock wrapped in a sheath of almost immobile skin. My brother began to pant and sigh. In a moment he came copiously. "My,

God," Elizabeth said, "what kind of cock do you have? It doesn't shoot, it just oozes." My brother was completely mortified and furious.

The next day, when we were in the sauna together, Danny told me about his encounter with Elizabeth and complained of her reaction to his foreskin. He insisted that I check out his cock and show him mine. "How does a circumcised guy come? Show me! Show me the difference!" He whipped out his hard-on and began to pump it. I carefully observed the mechanics of his foreskin in action. When he came, the cum did not shoot out. It just seeped out from among the labyrinthine folds of his puckered foreskin. I said, "Danny, you have to do better than that!" Seeing bro' working his tool had excited me. I withdrew my towel and exposed my rigid cut dick and began to stroke it. As I climaxed, Danny was astonished to see thick streams of cum that fired like missiles, well clear of my skinned dick. "Oh my God," he exclaimed, "I didn't know it could be like that!"

He begged me to help him skin back his cock. The hot steam of the sauna having failed to loosen it up sufficiently, I applied oils and moisturizers, but without success. I tried stretching the skin in different ways, drawing apart the lips of the foreskin, or pulling it forward as far as I could in hopes of breaking some adhesion. But Danny only yelled in pain. I even took a metal rod and tried to probe the voluminous pleats and flaps of his skin, attempting to release the hood from its moorings.

"I want to have a straight shooter like yours," Danny exclaimed, his whole body trembling with excitement. "I'm going to pee straight and come straight if it's the last thing I do! I want a skinned dick like yours. I can't stand mine anymore. I want it skinned back as far as it will go. I want the scar as far back as my balls!"

It was Danny, not mom, who phoned Dr. Komensky and asked for an appointment. "I know you said wait a year, but I've waited six months, and I can't wait any longer." She was delighted, and referred Danny to a urologist. I went with him to the appointment. The urologist, Dr. Fyles, was a tall, handsome man, like Dr. Komensky, in his thirties. "I want mine like Anthony's, only tighter." "Well, I can appreciate the way you feel," said Dr. Fyles, but Anthony's is pretty tight. I will do yours exactly the same. If it's not tight enough, well, we can talk about it some more later on." "I want the head completely out, and the skin pulled back, with the ring half way up my shaft." "Are you sure? There are different styles. You can keep more skin." Dr. Fyles showed him several pictures and diagrams. But Danny's mind was made up. "I don't want any skin. If you're going to do it, do it right. Scalp me!"

The operation took a half an hour. As Danny lay there he repeated, "Take it all off, Dock. I hate it. Don't leave a millimetre. Take off all the skin!" At the end of it, Danny's huge wad of foreskin was sitting in a jar. It completely filled the container. I couldn't believe how much there was.

After that, Danny was so thrilled with his new dick, he could barely keep it in his pants. He embraced every opportunity to let it hang out: camping trips, saunas, nude beaches, you name it. He loved to compare it to mine, boasting that his cut was even tighter than mine was. He would jack off in front of me, showing off how straight and far he could shoot.

And it was a proud moment came when he returned to Dr. Komensky. He was now fully healed. When he went into her examination room, he stripped off every last stitch of clothing. When she entered, he was leaning against the table, his arms folded, and his pelvis slightly thrust forward. His huge adolescent dick, with its flaring head, thick shaft and dark, brown ring, exactly half way up, just as he had requested, hung from its thick, curly bush. He beamed triumphantly at the doctor. When she asked for a urine sample he said, "Right away, Doc. No, don't leave. I want to show you how cured I am." He took the jar, aimed his cock at it, and with a powerful, perfectly straight, focused stream, he filled it. "And now," he exclaimed, "do you want to see me shoot it?" That's OK, said the

beautiful doctor, "maybe some other time." "No really, Doc! Watch me!! I can shoot it as straight and clear as anything." He began pumping it. "Oh my God," said Dr. Kommensky. "I've created a monster." But happiest of all was Ginnie. When she first his newly cut dick, with its flaring head, stream-lined, denuded shaft, and bright red scar, she nearly fainted with excitement. "I did it for you," he told her. She loved to hold it, and to admire it for hours on end. She cherished it, calling it her "custom cut dick" and her own "special made to order penis." She still says it was the nicest thing a guy has ever done for her.