

At School

I started at my secondary school when I was ten, shortly after I discovered circumcision and found it exciting. Listening to chat between classes it seemed that the boarders, those who lived at school, thought circumcised was best. This was based upon masturbation sessions held after lights out. The behaviour was not really gay, just normal for a bunch of boys locked up together and in need of release from the sexual tensions of puberty and adolescence. There was no question of anal intercourse or kissing. There was an unwritten rule that day-boys could not indulge in mutual masturbation with boarders. Also I discovered that the boarder's "code" required that there should be no private masturbation between them. However, by all accounts it was arranged that the dorm leader could select a candidate and a "wanker" whose job was to handle the candidate who would be obliged to submit to masturbation until he reached an orgasm. The rest of the dorm could watch and wank themselves dry. As I was a day pupil I was excluded from the organized masturbation. But it was fun hearing about it during class.

Then one day my father announced that as he and my mother would be away for a while on a trip, I was to board for two weeks. I had just turned 13 and I greeted the news with arousal at maybe getting to join in a session, whilst concerned that my still growing penis could be the subject of some amusement from the better equipped boys. Also I was uncircumcised but fascinated by the comparison I had heard of the benefits of circumcision. There was a great preference for those who had been circumcised. In my circle of contacts the word was that circumcised was best. In particular Adrian was seen to be the ideal male, having a small flaccid cock which grew to be a monster upon erection and was difficult to "wank" as his skin was so tight. Perhaps I would get to see one in action, maybe hold a tightly cut erection in my hand.

Anyway, I decide to try and be brave and indulge if I could. The first night at school I lay after lights out hoping for some action, but nothing happened and I quietly pulled at my erection and masturbated before sleeping. The second night it seemed that I had been noticed. The dorm leader called me over after my shower and grasped me by my balls, then invited me to join their club and be wanked by another boy, whilst the rest watched. He told me that they knew I was interested in their discussions about circumcised penises and as I was uncut had asked a circumcised boy to deal with me. The chosen wanker was no other than Adrian, who was quite helpful, took my growing penis in his hand and asked if I enjoyed wanking, to which I nodded yes. He said he was circumcised and allowed me to look at his tightly cut penis, but of course not to touch it. He asked if I wanted to be cut and I grew very hard as he pulled my foreskin back and rolled it up and down my throbbing cock. I came with a decent glob of semen but was so excited that my dick stayed hard. This caused some interest and whilst my wanker wrapped his fingers around his own cock and pulled at the tight skin, another boy took over and brought me to a second climax. Around us the other boys in the dorm were pulling at their dicks and cleaning up after they came.

What happened next took the dorm by surprise, as the housemaster responsible for us caught us in the act. We were told to see him in the morning and I slept badly, expecting trouble to come next day. Five of us reported to him at eight sharp and he gave us a homily about the perils of masturbation and mutual sexual activity. He was stern but seemed to be holding back in some way. He then told me to report to matron at 4pm that day to discuss what would happen to me. Matron was a lady in her late twenties and quite good looking, so I turned up

acutely embarrassed at the appointed time. She talked for a while, then said that she had to check if there was any physical reason why I masturbated, instructing me to undress and slip into a gown kept in the sanatorium, which I did. When she came back she told me that she needed to check my penis and testicles. I stood in front of her and she gently grasped by balls, feeling to make sure they were OK and that the pipework was not swollen or knotted. Then she took my flaccid penis, rolled my foreskin down and grasped my glans, pulling it away from me as tight as it would go. She checked that my foreskin and glans were clean inside, then put my foreskin back into its usual place. She said that I was normal, with a foreskin that was neat and loose enough to be of no trouble. So far so good I thought, maybe I can get away with this. She said that many young men had my problem of needing any sort of arousal at the time when my hormones had kicked in and she understood how tough it was being away from home.

Then I turned cold as she said that masturbation amongst schoolboys was not easy to tolerate and that the old way of making it more difficult to masturbate was to circumcise tightly so that the skin was not there to ease the masturbation. In effect it was simple. I could be sent home with a black mark on my character, or I could be circumcised. She explained what this entailed and I eventually agreed that it might be for the best, especially as I was fascinated by the idea of being cut. What made matters worse was that at the word circumcised I grew hard – she had taken my penis into her hand and started to explain what circumcision meant – my foreskin to be cut away to leave me nothing to wank, pointing to where the foreskin would be taken and how she would recommend that the skin bridge of my frenum would be taken too. She seemed interested and not in the least concerned that I was now rock hard in her hand. She then rolled my foreskin back over my glans and disappeared for a few moments, leaving it there and returning with a lady who I knew to be Rosalinda, the school doctor. Rosalinda asked if she could inspect me to check on what matron had said. She went through much the same routine, except that she kept throwing the word circumcision and so I remained rock hard as she gently rolled my young soft foreskin up and down to reveal my glans. She said that my penis was still growing and it was a good time to be circumcised – moreover if my penis turned out to be not too big it would help me a lot with girls if I had been cut as all females loved a cut penis. She said that circumcising a boy made him look bigger, feel better inside a girl and generally made intercourse last longer. At last a medical opinion to support what the boys in school thought to be the case.

Matron came back in and asked me to lie down on the couch, drawing the curtains around the three of us. The doctor said that in their opinion masturbation was not cured by circumcision, but the school still believed it did – in any case if I agreed to be cut I would be home by the time I could start over. Moreover the example would be good in making the boys more careful, whilst the two of them wanted to help as many as possible of the uncut boys to get circumcised. So the option was repeated, be cut or go home in disgrace. I asked if they could explain it a bit more to me. Matron gathered that I was getting cheeky but played along, rolling her finger tips inside my foreskin before pulling my penis to full length and explaining what the doctor would do. It sounded OK and I agreed that they could circumcise me the next day. She went on to say that she would wish to offer circumcision to any of the other uncut boys in the group caught with me, but that it was to be all of us or none. The others were called, of whom three were already circumcised and two not. The cut boys were asked if they could masturbate easily and they said no, it was much tougher with no foreskin, but more fun when hard.. The two with foreskins were slightly aroused at the discussion and based upon everything they had heard agreed to be cut.

We all left with instructions to be showered and ready at 4:00pm the next day. Rosalinda said that we should try to be unexcited because otherwise they may have to deal with any erections before the operations. We were all aroused but concerned by what had happened and went to bed that night thinking about what was to come. The housemaster, a friend of the school doctor – they married later – came in at lights out and told us that as we were to be treated the next day, it was up to us what we did that night. We settled for a rule breaking communal wanking session and I was allowed to bring Adrian to an orgasm, realizing as I pulled at his tight skin that it was not at all bad to be circumcised.

We awoke early and could not concentrate on the lessons. Finally the time came and we went to the sanatorium where Dr Rosalinda was waiting. She was ready in a surgical gown and asked each of us to strip. She started with me, washing each of our penises in turn. My penis tried to hide and the others found it funny seeing my cock so shriveled and tiny. The others were getting excited and Dr Rosalinda said that this was no good as this was meant to be an important day and she could hardly circumcise me if my dick was in hiding. To break the ice and get me back to normal she talked about how she enjoyed circumcising her charges and how it would make me a better lover and much more sexy. I rose to this and the others were amused as

I stood there with an erection so hard that she had to ask Matron to deal with me. This she did by masturbating me until I came and she then cleaned up, leaving me with a normal flaccid cock. The other two were still hard and she decided to wait to see how they were when she cut my foreskin off. Dr Rosalinda pulled at my penis, dragging it out to full length and marking where she would cut. Then she gave me a painful injection at the base of my penis and some more less painful ones around my doomed foreskin. I was told to lie down and Matron rolled my foreskin back, brought up forceps clamps and rolled my foreskin over them, then clamped them to hold it. The doctor took scissors and split my foreskin open from the tip, then simply cut around to sever it, finally snipping at my frenum so that my foreskin came off in one piece. Finally, she closed the scissors over my frenum and removed it. As Matron was stitching me back together, I noticed that the doctor was already circumcising Vaughan on the next bed. I had been mightily impressed by his penis in showers, although had always felt it would look better without that long foreskin. I had never seen his glans and watched fascinated as it came into view, once the doctor had split it open. I was told to get down and stood naked but circumcised as James took my place, his penis hard and excited. Matron came to him and touched him, he ejaculated at once and once cleaned up the procedure was repeated. We were bandaged, told to keep unexcited for a few days and sent to dorm to sleep.

We went as a group back each day to be checked out, and one week later the stitches were removed. Dr Rosalinda asked if we were OK as a group and then told us how much fun it had been making men of us. She lifted Vaughan's massive penis and told him that he looked so much better now, then oiled his shaft and brought him to a powerful orgasm. She then inspected James and said it looked good, he was not hard at all. Finally, she cupped my penis and told me that I was now a man and should never be concerned that I was a bit small, as so many girls loved a circumcised penis like mine. She seemed to be really enjoying herself as I hardened, and she oiled her hands to bring me to orgasm.

In dorm after lights out, we were celebrities and I guess quite a few other boys jerked off to the stories of our experience.