

## The Barbers' Chair – Part Two

By Gareth Walton

### Peter

“Ah - got it!” said Paul. He'd robed up his next punter and gone through what he wanted done before the penny dropped. “I was sure I knew you from somewhere, and I've just remembered - you were playing the organ. The big church on Gander Green. Couple of weeks back - my neighbour's funeral.”

“That's me!” said the bloke.

“Well, you did a nice job – that last piece you played, I remember my nan always loved that that one.”

“Thanks,” said the bloke. “Always nice when I can use my organ to give pleasure to others.”

“Boom-boom!” said Paul, smiling. “Somehow, I don't think it's the first time you've used that line, is it!

“Well, the old ones are the old ones, they say.”

“So are you a pro musician then?”

“Well, not really, but I seem to be getting asked to do more stuff these days, and I've got press ganged into running the local choir since we lost our MD last year.”

“Sounds fun,” said Paul.

“Well, I enjoy it, and they seem to put up with me. They're a nice lot, and we've got a good social side going too. Some of the lads are coming over this weekend for a boys' day – a DVD, a few beers, have a sauna.”

“Wow, you've got your own sauna then?”

“Yes. I put it in myself. The lads seem to like it when they come round, but I expect I'm in for another bit of a ribbing this time.”

“Yeah? Why's that then?”

“Well, they always enjoy a good old tease when I've got a new piercing.”

“Blimey!” Paul was genuinely amazed, as this bloke didn't seem the type somehow. “I wasn't expecting that - you being a Christian, like,” he said.

The man laughed. “Oh you'd be surprised! I don't think there's anything in the ten commandments that says you can't have piercings! I'm sure a couple of the lads will want to have a good look.”

“So what you got then?” asked Paul, mostly just as something to say and as the bloke seemed keen to tell him.

"I've had an ampallang for a while - a bar through my helmet that is - a guiche, and a ring through my frenum, but I've just added four more rings through my foreskin."

"Blimey," said Paul again. "I bet you clank as you walk along with that lot!"

The bloke laughed. "Not quite, but I love the feel of them. You got any then?"

"No. I can just about imagine having a PA, but I don't think I cope with anything through me bellend. And ..." Paul hesitated... "and it's a bit too late for anything through my foreskin now."

"Yeah?" said the bloke, sounding interested.

Paul wondered if he should, but something in him wanted to talk about it in the same way that his punter wanted to talk about his jewellery. He liked this bloke too, and he seemed harmless enough.

"Well I got myself circumcised a while back," Paul said slightly warily, wondering what response he'd get and expecting it to be either along the "ouch" or "what the fuck for" lines. But he was mistaken.

"Nice one," said the bloke, "I've always wanted to get done. Has to be better, doesn't it."

"Well, I've no regrets, even though it took a bit of getting used to," said Paul, rather relieved at the man's reply. "So, well - yes, I suppose, it does."

"So what style did you get then," asked the bloke.

"Not sure how you'd describe it really. I mean, the guy that did me asked what I wanted, but I didn't really know there was that much too it at the time, so I just went with what he reckoned. He said he'd do it tightish, as that was best."

"Yeah, looks good when it's tight, doesn't it, said the bloke, "and must feel awesome with no moving parts. Did he do you high or low?"

Paul was amazed that a man like this knew so much about the details of circumcision - he was the last sort of person you'd expect to be into it. He realised that he hadn't been paying too much attention with what he was doing with the clippers and hoped that he hadn't taken too much off while he was distracted with such an unexpected chat. "Well, the line's an inch or so behind my bell end, whatever that is," he said.

"That's quite high then - that's what I reckon I'd want," said the bloke.

"So have you got a tight skin then?" asked Paul, intrigued, although he realised he might get a question in return about why he had got done himself and wasn't quite sure how he might safely reply.

"No, not at all. I just want rid of it - I've always just liked the look. The whole idea of it, in fact."

"So what's stopping you then?" asked Paul.

"Well - the gaffer really. She wasn't over keen when I just wanted to get pierced, but I talked her round. I said I could always just take it out again if she really didn't like it."

"But she was OK with it?"

“Well, she has a moan every now and then, but more for the sake of it I reckon. I don’t think it actually makes much difference to her, but she knows me well enough to put up with my little ways, bless her.”

“Good on her,” said Paul. “But she’s not keen on you getting a circumcision though? They always say it’s better for the ladies – mine’s had no complaints, bless her too.”

“Well she thinks it’s a bit drastic as it’s permanent, and she can’t see why I want it. I suppose it’s easier for a man to understand why you’d want it done – hard to explain to her really.”

“Yeah,” said Paul, wondering again exactly why he’d wanted it himself, especially as the idea had never entered his head until minutes before he’d agreed to his foreskin being removed. “Could you say... well, perhaps that it’s got uncomfortable or something? I mean, guys do get problems with them, don’t they, not that I ever did.”

“Mmm, interesting,” said the bloke. “Could be worth a try. I mean, my skin’s fine really. But I just know – well, I just know I’d just feel more comfortable without it, in my head as much as my todger somehow. I know my doctor won’t refer me as I’ve tried that, and if her indoors heard how much it would cost to go private.....! But more than anything, I just don’t want any hassle because of my piercings. I’ve heard that the rules say that it all has to come out for a circumcision, even though there’s no real need for it, and I don’t want to go through having my ampallang re-done – once was enough for that, thank you. So I just wish I could find somewhere to get done with no fuss - where they’d just get on with it.”

Paul weighed things up for a second before he spoke, wondering if he should go there. “Well,” he said finally, “I might just be able to help you out there. I’ve got a contact. I’ll run it past him – ask me next time you’re in, if you’ve got official permission from your missus, that is.”

A few weeks later, Paul ran into the bloke in Morrisons. They exchanged pleasantries for a bit, but both of them knew what they really wanted to be talking about. Finally, Peter, as he had introduced himself as, edged the conversation there.

“Thanks for your advice, by the way,” he said. “I tried it out on the gaffer, and I think it’s worked. I’ve been dropping comments that my skin’s starting to feel “funny,” and she seems to have bought it. Apart from anything else, she really doesn’t like my foreskin rings, so I think she’d agree to it just so there wasn’t anything there to have them in anymore.”

“Nice one!” said Paul, trying to imagine what quite so much metal in a cock would look like, and what a woman would make of it.

“So, you said you had a contact,” said Peter. “Tell me about him. Does he get good results? I mean, it’s a bit of a risk isn’t it, letting someone loose on your bits with a sharp knife. It’s tricky enough finding a good piercer.”

Paul hesitated for a second, then made up his mind. “Look, finish your shopping then meet me in the café.”

“So he’s an old mate from my army days,” said Paul later as they were sitting later over coffees. “He was a medical orderly - not a doc or anything, but he circumcised a load of squaddies under their supervision when we were out in the dessert, so he knows what he’s doing. He’s kept it up as a bit of a side line since, but it’s all strictly under the counter stuff though - just as a favour to mates, like. He’s done a lot of lads up the rugby club, my lad included. His and mine are the only two I’ve seen, but no complaints from either of us.”

There was silence for a moment. Both of the men deep were in thought, but for different reasons. Suddenly decisive, Paul spoke again.

“Look, knock back your coffee and I’ll show you – it’s the easiest way.”

Luckily, the gents was deserted. There was barely enough room at the small metal trough for them to stand side by side, and Paul felt decidedly awkward. Peter, though, seemed surprisingly un-phased by the situation. Without saying anything, Paul unzipped and reached inside his shorts for his penis. He was a bit taken aback when he saw Peter was doing the same, even though he realised after a moment that it might look strange if anyone came in and one of them wasn’t able to put on some pretences of peeing. Paul didn’t look across though – he just had no desire to see other men’s penises, let alone ones with metal through them. As he let his cock hang from his fly, he looked down at it as if through the eyes of someone seeing it, as Peter was, for the first time. As he took it in, it pleased him to see how good it looked now that it had really settled down. Although he was completely flaccid, the long shaft was sleek, the skin laid out flat and smooth. The brown line where the gomco had done its work was neat and regular, sitting behind an inch or more of inner skin, the big glans with its deep ridge looking handsome in its full, proud exposure.

“Looks good,” said Peter, “Just how I reckon a cock should be. Nice and neat, and I reckon that’s the perfect tightness there. It was a gomco job, wasn’t it?”

“Yeah,” said Paul, surprised that Peter knew about gomcos, but this bloke was a bit of a surprise all round. “It freaked me a bit when I saw it though – I’d thought it would just be a case of taking a knife to my snout without any of that clamping business.”

“Did he take your fren out too? I’m not sure if I want mine left or not – I kinda like my fren piercing.”

Paul just lifted his penis to show Peter the neat, empty slot on his underside where once a thick, tough band of flesh had lain.

“Tidy job there too – he knows what he’s doing alright, your mate,” said Peter.

Paul was alarmed to feel his cock start to stir. Somehow, he couldn’t help it; it was hearing his penis admired in its new form that did it.

Out of the corner of his eye, Paul sensed movement and caught a glimpse of shiny steel under Peter’s fingers. Against his better judgement, he couldn’t help but look across to see just what was in the man’s hand. It had been hard to imagine what so much metal in a cock would look like, and Paul was taken aback as he saw the metal bar, Frankenstein like, right through the meatus with large bells on each end, and he wondered both what it might feel like and what prompted a man to do something like that to himself. The bar stopped the foreskin short halfway across the helmet, and the texture of the glans in front of it looked like his own did now – drier and greyer, not pink and shiny like it was when it was nurtured by a foreskin rather than left exposed and unprotected as it had been since his

circumcision. Peter must have sensed him looking and moved his hand a little, letting Paul see the metal rings at the four compass points through his foreskin.

“Fuck,” said Paul, before he could stop himself. He felt his cock thicken in his hand.

There was no doubt that Peter was boning too. Slowly, he retracted. Fascinated, Paul couldn't help watch as the foreskin flattened out, the four rings coming to rest some way back on the erect shaft. Paul watched, mesmerised by the bizarre mix of soft flesh and steel.

“So how much skin did you have - before?” asked Peter.

Paul used his finger, holding it a good inch in front of the end of his glans to show how far his foreskin had once reached.

“Holy moley,” said Peter, “that was a lot! You had a right make-over then. Looks great now though.”

Paul didn't miss the unspoken implication that a cock with as much skin as his had once had was an ugly one, but he hardened even more at the man's approval. As his cock extended to its full length, he moved the finger that he still held in front of his glans forward in proportion, surprised that he was finding it hard to own just how different his penis had once been and how far his snout had once stretched out in front of his glans, however erect he was, until he had chosen to retract it. He had that choice no longer, and it already seemed hard to remember what it had once been like to have had it.

“That was SO much to come off,” said Peter. Paul was amazed how much it excited him to hear that said, but Peter's next words aroused him even more:

“I'd love to have seen you get circumcised.”

There was no pretence now, Peter was stroking his cock. “I'd so love mine to be like yours,” he said. “Tight. Neat. My bell end always out. Circumcised.”

Paul felt his cock twitch hard as Peter said the word, the word that somehow carried so much meaning. Circumcised. He was circumcised. He had been circumcised. He had had a circumcision. He was a circumcised man. Peter had gone beyond just stroking and was wanking now, making no attempt to hide it.

“Circumcised.”

Paul felt his balls move as Peter said the word again, but it was hearing something else that tipped him over the edge – as Peter started to work his foreskin urgently over his inner skin, the rings through it clinked audibly against each other and the ampallang. Seconds later, they both somehow managed to say the word in unison.

“Circumcised.”

Paul couldn't stop himself as he gave voice to the word, and shot hard and full against the back of the trough. As he watched his spunk start to run slowly down the stainless steel, Peter said the word one last time as he added a second rope of cum to Paul's.

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“So are you OK doing it with his piercings still in?” asked Paul. “He said they usually have to come out for it.” He’d shut up shop and was wiping down one of the chairs when Greg had arrived, briefcase in hand.

“Yeah, I reckon it’ll be OK,” he replied. “That’s just bloody medics being fussy. He sent me a pic, and I reckon I should be able to work round ‘em. I done a couple of blokes up the rugby club with PAs, and it was fine. By the way, you need to clean up both chairs, mate – he did tell you he’s bringing a mate with him to get done too, didn’t he?”

“No,” said Paul. “That’s news to me! What’s that all about then?”

“Well he said he was talking to a mate about it all, and turns out this guy always wanted it done too. A straightforward one -no metal work or nothing - so I said more the merrier. Hope that’s OK mate.”

Paul was a bit uneasy. It was one thing agreeing to the salon being used for a circumcision when it was someone you knew but, when it was all on the dodgy side anyway, this was a bit different. He wondered about Peter for a second. Was it some kind of set up? Was Peter’s “mate” going to turn out to be a policeman who was going to bust him for aiding and abetting an illegal act?

“Ah, there he is,” said Greg, looking out into the street. “Blimey. That’s not what I was expecting though.”

Paul looked up too. Peter was outside the salon window, helping a man out of a mobility scooter.

“Fuck,” he’s ancient,” said Paul. “That can’t be his mate, can it? Looks like his dad. What’s going on there then?”

Peter opened the salon door, the other man leaning heavily on his arm and slow on his feet as they made their way in.

“Hiya,” said Peter. “Greg, Paul – this is my friend Vernon.”

“Evening gents –very pleased to make your acquaintance,” said Vernon, “and I can’t tell you how much I appreciate this.”

His voice was weak and he sounded tired, the accent pure old-time south London. Paul looked him over. He was smartly turned out – collar and tie under his jacket, his shoes shining, but Vernon was clearly out of breath from just the few steps from the street. As Peter helped him onto the bench where customers waited, Paul took him in – worried and puzzled. He had to be into his eighties and looked frail. Paul couldn’t get his head round the idea that this man was there to be circumcised. Somehow, it just didn’t compute. He was worried too if the bloke was up to the stress of it all, and he didn’t really know what to say or do. His mind raced – if he really was there to be circumcised, what would happen if had had a stroke or something halfway through?

Greg spoke, his voice not displaying any of the concern Paul was feeling.

“Pleased to meet you too, Vernon. So how do you two know each other then?”

“Well,” Peter replied, “I do a bit of volunteering for the Brightwick Bereavement Project, and Vernon lost his partner last year so I visited him a few times through that, and we’ve become good mates since, haven’t we Vernon.”

“Yes,” replied the old man. “You’ve been a true friend, Peter. I wouldn’t have made it through without you. Losing my other half after 60 years together was, well.....”

“I’m very sorry for your loss,” said Paul. “That’s a real bummer. Had she been ill?”

“He,” said Vernon, without hesitation. “My Harry. We met in the forces – Burma. We were never apart after that, and he was the best mate any bloke could have. And yes – I nursed him through it for ten years, the poor bugger. Big C. Never a word of complaint from him though.”

There was silence for a moment.

“Tough,” said Greg, finally. “Sounds like he was lucky to have you, mate.”

“Not half as lucky as I was to have him,” said Vernon.

Paul was alarmed to see a tear rolling down the man’s cheek. “Look,” he said, “I’ll put the kettle on.”

“Good idea,” said Greg. “I’ll clean up the other chair and get set up. What was it they used to say in the old days? ‘Two chairs, no waiting?’!”

Paul was troubled as he brewed up. It clearly wasn’t a set up in the way he had feared, but he couldn’t for the life of him think why Vernon was there. A man that age? Why would he want to be circumcised? It was a bit late for that, wasn’t it? Why would anyone that old be bothered? When he went back into the salon with the tray of mugs, the mood in the room seemed lighter. Greg had pulled down the blinds and started to lay out his kit, and Paul and Vernon were sitting in the two barbers’ chairs. He was glad to hear that the three of them were having a joke about something – perhaps, he hoped, they’d found it was all some mix up and they were laughing about it. He was wrong.

“That was the thing,” Vernon was saying. “When I was a nipper, there was a lot more of it about. I reckon half the lads I knew had had it done, and I always looked at ‘em and knew that’s how I wanted to be too. I hated all the extra on mine and just wanted rid of it, but it never happened. Every now and then, I’d be up the public baths in Bermondsey on a Saturday night and I’d see another lad had got done, so I always reckoned my turn would come sooner or later, but it never did. Then when I was in uniform we was offered it on the troop ship – that’s when we first knew we’d been posted somewhere hot – but when I said to my Harry that I was going to sign up for it, and he hit the roof – I can honestly say it was one of the few times we ever had a ding-dong. He’d been done, see, when he was 14. ‘Topping and tailing’ they called it back then. His dad had been killed in the war, then his mum re-married, and when his step dad found out he hadn’t been done... Well, Harry had no idea it was going to happen – the quack just turned up the next week, and his stepdad and step brothers held him down on the kitchen table for it. He hated it after, and hated his step dad ‘cos of it too – they never spoke more than they needed to after that. So he just couldn’t bear the thought of me getting done. There was me, loving what he had and wanting the same, but I just couldn’t – knowing he didn’t want me to. All those years. But now he’s gone from me..... It feels disloyal somehow, but....”

“I get you,” said Greg. “I’m sure he wouldn’t mind. He’d just be glad you loved him enough not to do it before. Better late than never, eh mate.”

“Yes,” said Vernon. “Eighty-odd years of hating my ruddy skin, so I reckon I’ve earned it. When Peter here told me he was getting done – well, it brought it all back. Made me realise I still wanted it after all this time. It’d never gone away, I’d just given up on it. I could never afford it on my pension, private like, and I know the doc would think I was just being a stupid old bugger if I asked for it up the hospital, so I can’t say what it means to get what I’ve always wanted for whatever years I’ve got left.”

Paul was moved by the man’s dignity. He put out his hand for Vernon to shake. “Good on you mate. Let’s hope there’s many more years left for you to enjoy it,” he said as he passed him a mug of tea.

“Right,” we’d better crack on,” said Greg, “what with the two of you to sort out, like. First things first, I know Peter keeps smooth anyway, but Paul – you OK to give Vernon a bit of a shave, seeing as that’s in your line of work anyway?”

Paul’s heart sank. Much though he had warmed to Vernon, the idea of shaving an old man’s pubes didn’t much appeal. He was relieved when Peter chipped in.

“No need,” he said, “we sorted that out before we came, didn’t we Vernon.”

Greg saw the look of relief on Paul’s face, and winked as he caught his eye.

“I told you what a good friend he’s been to me, didn’t I,” said Vernon. “I can imagine what my carer would have said if I’d asked her to do that for me!”

“Great stuff,” said Greg. “Right, take your places gents, and let the dog see the rabbits, eh.”

Five minutes later, Paul was feeling a bit uneasy again – it was as if his domain had been taken over and he wasn’t sure he liked the lack of control. The only thing to do, he realised, was to go with it. Peter had surprised him enough when he had got up from the chair and stripped completely, but it amazed him even more when he saw that he had a wide, steel collar round the neck of his scrotum, pulling his balls down to what looked like a painful extent. Greg saw it too, and went over for a closer look, taking Peter’s cock in his hand and exploring the foreskin by working it back and forth a couple of times.

“Sorry mate,” he said, “the piercings are fine but I reckon you’d better take that thing off – it would be hard to judge the tightness right with it taking up so much slack on your sack.”

“I was wondering that,” said Peter. “I brought the key with me in case.”

He reached for his discarded trousers and took a bunch of keys out of the pocket, found the Allen key on the ring and set to work. Paul was amazed, wondering what he’d got himself into. The bloke had seemed so normal when they first started chatting. “Just goes to show,” he thought to himself, realising that lots of other blokes would have been equally amazed at what he had allowed to be done to himself in that very room so recently.

Vernon was in the second chair, and Paul was hoping that he wasn’t going to strip off too. To his relief, he just took off his shoes undid his braces and, struggling slightly, eased down his trousers. To Paul’s relief again, his Y-fronts were spotlessly white and new looking. When he had managed to get them off too, Paul made himself look below the shirt and tie and, to his amazement, saw that Vernon had one of the biggest penises he had ever seen.



“Well, lucky Harry!” he thought to himself before wondering idly, if theirs had been an old fashioned “Martha and Arthur” set up with Vernon as the Arthur, how a man could even take something that big, let alone enjoy it. It lay long and soft, the head resting between his thin thighs on the leather of the second barber’s chair, the foreskin covering his helmet but no more. Paul’s heart went out to the man again, seeing him sitting quietly and patiently for something that had meant so much to him yet had been such a long time coming. Paul still didn’t really understand why he himself had given in to be circumcised and, as it had felt like a whim for him which had luckily turned out to be OK, it was still hard to grasp how it could be a long-held need for others.

Peter had removed his ball weights and was back in the chair, he and Greg deep in discussion. Peter was obviously going over exactly how he wanted his circumcision to turn out, and Greg was pondering the way to achieve it whilst working round the metalwork. Paul had the definite impression that Peter was enjoying himself, and that perhaps Greg was too - perhaps even a little too much. Technical terms were certainly flying between them, and Paul was amazed again that there could be so much to just cutting through a man’s foreskin. Peter’s clearly wasn’t going to be a routine circumcision for Greg to perform and, confident though he sounded, Paul was hoping that he was up to the task. Again, the nagging thought came back into his mind that he might be in a shed load of trouble if, God forbid, anything went wrong with either of these two punters. After a moment, he realised that he had gone quiet and neglected Vernon.

“You OK there, matey?” he asked, turning to Vernon, who was staring ahead into the mirror, deep in thought.

“Doing well here, thank you muchly,” he replied, “And that was a fair old cup of tea. Funny to think that I’ll be circumcised when I get me next ‘un, and all the others after that too, come to think.”

Greg looked up from Peter, who was fiddling around at his crotch, looking like he was busy experimenting with something.

“All OK over there?” Greg said. “We’re nearly ready to go here I reckon. I’m gonna do him different to you, Paul. The Mogen will do the trick – fits on nicely in front of all his metal. But we’ll stick with the Gomco for Vernon.”

Paul just nodded, not really understanding.

“Could you do me a favour make a start on Vernon while I crack on with Peter?” asked Greg.

He laughed as he saw the appalled look on Paul’s face. “Calm down, dear,” he continued. “I just meant find the right sized bell for his helmet then put the rest on loosely, and I’ll sort it out proper before we get serious with it.”

“Me?” said Paul, freaked. “I dunno. I mean...”

“Oh the first bit’s easy. You saw how I did yours. Just don’t go turning that screw down any till I’ve checked it out – just save me a bit of time like, as old Pete’s is a bit more than just a whip it off job.”

Paul winced a bit inside at Greg’s choice of words, but Vernon was still deep in thought and didn’t seem to hear. He hardly seemed to notice even as Paul leaned across him to take, rather warily, the Gomco wallet that Greg was proffering.

“Vernon, mate,” said Paul gently, thinking how reluctant he was to handle someone else’s cock and hoping that he was right that such an old man’s wouldn’t spring to erection at his touch. “Can you skin back for us there?”

The old man pulled his foreskin back, and Greg wondered how he felt knowing that it would, after so many decades, probably be the last time he ever did. The thick hood went back easily onto the shaft, and the helmet that was revealed was big and shapely.

“Right, matey, we’ve just got to find the best fitting hat for your bellend,” said Paul, trying not to sound as anxious as he felt. There wasn’t much doubt in his mind that it would have to be the biggest one, the one that had been used on him when he had himself sat in that same chair.

Vernon didn’t flinch as Paul dropped the cold steel into place. The old man seemed to be in such a far-away place that Paul sensed he was just passively offering himself up to his circumcision. Unlike Peter, who seemed very keen to play an active in what was going to be done to him, Vernon somehow just had the acceptance and patience that came with old age. Paul braced himself to touch Vernon’s cock. Apart from anything else, he had a sudden anxiety that feeling a foreskin move under his fingers might suddenly make him miss his own. As he eased the hood forwards towards the Gomco dome, there was just a moment of slight resistance, then it slid by itself and covered it over comfortably, but Vernon wasn’t looking. He seemed to be staring at himself in the mirror, but Paul thought that he could take a guess at what, or rather whom, the old man was thinking about. He hoped that, in his mind, Vernon had made peace with his Harry about what was soon going to happen.

Paul’s hands shook slightly as he took up the rest of the Gomco. He spent a moment thinking through how it worked, drawing on the image of it in his mind of it fitted around his own penis. Suddenly decisive, he slid it into place on the big cock, which was mercifully showing no signs of life. He engaged the rod on the dome into the slot on the yoke, and gingerly turned the screw to take up just a little slack to prevent it falling off, stopping well before there was any chance of the plates biting into Vernon’s hood. There seemed to be an awful lot of foreskin in front of the plate, and Paul was suddenly concerned.

“Vernon, mate? You see where that thing is round there? Well where that’s where Greg will...well... cut. Are you sure that you want that much off?” Paul said gently, realising that he sounded as if he was checking with one of his customers that they really wanted so much off top.

“Yes, son,” said Vernon, quietly. “I’m sure. You been to that new Marks and Sparks down Earl’s Lane? They say it’s good stuff in there, but pricey.”

Paul was reassured. The man clearly wanted no further discussion. He knew his mind and, and who was Paul to judge? At least Vernon’s decision had come after years of wanting, not made on the spur of the moment like his own choice had been.

“How are you two getting on over there?” Greg asked.

“Well, I’ve done my best,” said Paul. “But it’s definitely over to you for the rest.”

“Good man,” said Greg. “We’re all set here, so let’s get Vernon screwed down for the clamp to do it’s stuff while I get going on Peter.”

When Greg asked him, Vernon said he had no opinion on how tight he wanted to be done, waving away his attempt to explain the options. All he said was that his Harry’s hadn’t moved much when he’d had a on him, and it would be nice to be done like that too, if that wasn’t too much trouble. He just sat there as Greg adjusted the amount of skin through the plates, still passive even as he

tightened the screw and the plates started to bite together. Seeing the screw turn, memories flooded back for Paul and, to his surprise, he felt his cock stir. Once Greg was back with Peter, he sat down and chatted to the old man, knowing exactly what he was experiencing and wanting to offer him some distraction.

Peter had not been idle whilst Greg had been working on Vernon. When Greg got back to him, he said rather proudly that he thought he'd got the Mogen set up.

"Good work there," said Greg. "You sure you want to be that tight though? Your call, of course."

Paul found he just couldn't stay in the room any longer and, more as an excuse than anything else, asked Vernon if he'd like another cup of tea. A minute or two later, as he was washing up the mugs, he winced as he heard a scream of "Holy fuck!" from the salon. Peter, he gathered, was now a circumcised man.

Later, with Peter and Vernon gone, Paul chatted to Greg as he brewed up for the third time. They both shared a smile over Vernon, Greg saying that it had been a new one on him to circumcise a man whilst he was drinking a cup of tea. They were, they agreed, both touched by his dignity.

"I'm glad he finally got what he always wanted," said Paul. "Thanks mate – you done good there."

"Well, nice to help," especially an old timer from the forces too. Peter though – some of that language! Bet he don't use that kind of talk in church! I told him he should have taken all those Panadols, but he was sure he'd be fine with the dose on the box."

"I couldn't believe it when he got that jar out though, could you?" said Paul.

"Nothing surprises me anymore, mate," said Greg. "Not when it comes to how blokes react to getting circumcised. Quite a little collection in that jar though, weren't it! His chords from his vasectomy, and now his foreskin too – with the bloody rings still in it! Wouldn't be surprised if that ends up on his mantelpiece - if his gaffer lets him!"

\* \* \* \*

"I knew something was wrong - he never went out in the evenings so I was worried when he didn't answer the phone, so I went round there to check up on him."

It was six months on. Greg had run into Peter in Morrisons again. He was pleased to hear how delighted he was with his circumcision and that "the gaffer" approved too, if only tacitly. He'd been distressed by what Peter had to tell him when he'd enquired after Vernon, though.

"There was no reply when I knocked, even though the lights were on," Peter continued, "I knew he kept a spare key under the window box, so I let myself in. And there he was, in his chair"

"Poor old devil," said Paul. "Had he been gone long, do you think?"

“No, thank God,” said Peter. “They reckoned it can only have been a little while – the oven was still a bit warm from his dinner. They said it was a massive heart attack. He’d have been gone before he even knew what hit him.”

“That’s one good thing then,” said Paul. “I hope that’s the way I go when my time comes. Good you got to him soon after too – be awful to think of him there in the chair for days. So what did you do then, call the police?”

“Yes,” said Peter, with a slight hesitation. “But, to be honest, I did a bit of ‘tidying up’ first.”

“Yeah?” said Paul. He had heard the quotation marks in Peter’s voice and was intrigued.

“Well, I knew I shouldn’t have, but it seemed the right thing to do,” said Peter. “The thing was, you see, he’d been on his laptop when he passed away.”

“Laptop? At his age? Not what you expect, is it,” said Paul.

“It was pretty ancient,” said Peter. His niece got it for him years ago so they could email – send him pics of her kids and stuff. He’d used a computer a bit when he worked in the office at Jonas and Higgs in the High Street, so he got the hang of it to give him his credit. But when I found him, well – I thought I’d better have a look at what he was up to on it as he’d obviously been – well – working on his own laptop too! His todger was out, and he had a tub of Vaseline open on the side table, so I reckon he’d been steaming up to a download - and I don’t mean one in an email! And as there was obviously no sign of foul play, I just thought ..... Well, I mean, would you want the police to come in and find you like that?”

“Hardly,” said Paul. “You wouldn’t want them sniggering over it back at the station.”

“So I had a peep at what he’d been looking at,” said Peter, grinning.

“And,” said Paul, pleased to see the smile. He might otherwise have been worried.

“Well, the saucy old devil! I think finally getting his circumcision had given him a bit of a new lease of life. When he passed, he been logged into a chat room. “XAT” or something - for blokes into circumcision, if you can believe such a thing exists. His profile name was “Hungcutgrandad,” and the chat he was having when he went – well, it made me blush!”

“The randy old sod!” said Paul, laughing. “Well, good on him, I say!”

“Agreed,” said Peter, “but there’s more! I thought I’d better have a click round to see what else was on the hard drive, and there was a whole lot of pics – and not of his nieces and nephews either! All taken in his flat, and he didn’t have a foreskin in any of them, so they had to be recent ones. I know he didn’t have a mobile or a digital camera, so someone else had had to have been there to take them, so it looks like he must have been doing some “entertaining” of late!”

“No!” said Paul, beaming.

“Yeah – having a fine old time of it too, by the look of some of them. I reckon losing his foreskin got his juices flowing again. You saw the size of his whatsit when we got our circs, and from the quick look I had at his emails, it turns out there’s a whole lot of blokes out there who were delighted to find a nice old gent with a real whopper who was pleased to share the joy. AND, from the look of it, it was a real plus for some of them that he’d chosen to get it clipped too. I mean – would you ever have imagined it?”

“Blimey, no!” said Paul, genuinely amazed. “So what did you do? Did you delete it all?”

“Well, no. I didn’t like to somehow. But then it struck me what to do. He hadn’t set a password on the laptop, so I reckoned if I put one on, then nobody would bother trying to get into it – I mean, would anyone go to the trouble of cracking open old boy’s ancient laptop that he only used for emailing his niece? I reckoned his secret was safe enough that way. So I did that, put his todger away, zipped him up, and then I rang the police. I left the Vaseline – I didn’t reckon anyone would look twice at that. Even if they did, who’d want to enquire too deeply about exactly what an old boy was using that for!

On his way home, Peter wondered if he had been right to tell Paul about his ‘tidying up’ and decided he was glad that he had. Somehow, he reckoned that Vernon would be pleased that word would get back to Greg about the pleasure and companionship that his circumcision had given him at the end of his life. He was glad, though, that he’d managed to stop himself revealing one intriguing detail: amongst the pictures on the laptop of Vernon’s “guests”, there was a face that he was pretty certain he recognised.

On his way home, Paul was feeling frustrated and hoping that he’d be able to find it if he googled it. “Exit?”, “Exact?” He just couldn’t remember the name of the chat room that Peter had mentioned.

## Denny

It was just too hot. Paul was sweating and hassled – his last customer had been late for his appointment, then the phone had rung just as he was locking up, and now it was 5.25. The garage shut at 5.30, and he really wanted to drop his car off ready for its service to save the hassle of going round there early the next morning. As he turned into Deermans Road, he cursed as he saw that the shutters were already down. As he got closer though, he noticed that the side door was open, so there had to be someone still there. All he needed to do was to park up, run in, and drop the keys off, and luckily there was an empty space on the road right outside.

Paul had been taking his cars to Fred and Ed for years. They were brothers; Ed was youngest, but the alpha of the two. As a young man, he had been strikingly good looking in a red-headed kind of way, whereas Fred had always somehow seemed to be the “spare.” As they had aged though, it had amused Paul to see how Ed had lost his looks and run to fat, whereas Fred had seemed to weather well and become really rather fine looking. As he went into the workshop, there was no sign of life, but then he heard laughter coming from the office at the rear. As he headed towards it, he saw there were four of them in there, – Ed, Fred and their two “lads”, gathered in a huddle and engrossed in something. Ed looked up as he realised they had company.

“Oh, Sorry mate,” he said, “Didn’t see you there. Denny here was just showing us his new toy.”

The four of them laughed, slightly awkwardly somehow. Denny looked embarrassed and seemed to be fumbling with the buttons on the front of his overalls.

“Yeah,” said Fred. “He couldn’t get a girlfriend before, but he’s got no chance now – not now he’s got a ring put through it. They’ll run even quicker than they did before when he goes at them with that thing, the daft fucker.”

“At least he might be able to find it a bit easier now,” said the other lad. “Must be easy to miss it when you got one that tiny.”

Denny said nothing, but he was smiling. Now recovered from his embarrassment, he was actually looking rather pleased with himself. When he caught his eye for a second, Paul looked away, blushing. Luckily, Ed spoke again.

“Just leave the keys on the side,” he said. “Drop by lunch time tomorrow and we’ll have her ready for you. Cash as usual, is it?”

Paul went back at lunchtime the next day, expecting to see his car parked somewhere on the road, job done and ready to collect, but it wasn’t. As he got closer, he saw that it was still in the workshop. Inside, the radio was blaring as usual, but again there was no sign of life. Heading towards the office to see if there was anyone in, he noticed a pair of grubby tracksuit-covered legs sticking out from under the bonnet. He waited a moment or two, not sure whether to call out or not. There was a sound of a spanner dropping, followed by a shout of “Ah, fuck the fuckin’ bastard thing” from under the car. Obviously, something was not going too smoothly with the service, and Paul started wondering if it was going to turn out to be an expensive one this time. As he looked, wondering again if he should announce his presence, the body slid further under the car, only somehow the tracksuit bottoms didn’t move in sync with it and they started to slide down the legs. With the start of the thick

bush of their owner's pubes suddenly revealed, Paul decided the time had come to make his presence known. Feeling a bit stupid and not knowing quite what to say, he finally just called out "hello."

It was Denny who emerged from under the car, covered in sweat. "Shit mate, you gave me a fright there. You're good at creeping up on people, ain't you!" he said.

"Sorry," said Paul, "Didn't mean to. And I'm sorry if I caught you on the hop last night too."

"No prob, chum," said Denny. "In fact, I think you arrived just in time to save me from a good teasing."

Paul couldn't help wondering if Denny would actually have minded that teasing too much. There was silence for just a moment too long before Denny re-directed the conversation.

"The others are round the caff," he said, "but I said I'd stay and finish yours off as you were coming in, but it's took a bit longer than what I thought. Bloody brakes on these ones are always a nightmare."

"Thanks mate. Appreciate it," said Paul.

There was silence again for a second. Somehow, a slightly awkward one.

"So you got a piercing then?" Paul continued, not quite sure why he was asking.

"Yeah," said Denny. Despite the one word reply, Paul somehow felt he was being expected to ask more.

"What did you get then?"

"PA," said Denny.

"Nice one," said Paul. He couldn't think what else to say, or stop his eyes dropping to Denny's crotch, although he wasn't sure what he expected to see. There was nothing visible through the loose trackies, but he noticed that Denny had made no attempt to hoik them up since he came out from under the car, and the start of his bush was still on show.

"You go up West to get that done then?" asked Paul. Not that he'd been looking out for one, he couldn't remember noticing any piercing parlours in Brightwick – it wasn't that kind of place these days.

"Nah," said Denny. "A mate done me. He used to work up Soho 'til he got the old heave-ho. He's ace at it, but he done a couple too many dodgy ones - not checking ID's too carefully, like. So he just does favours for mates now, on the quiet."

"Ah. I got a mate a bit like that," said Paul, wondering if he was imagining that Denny's tracksuit bottoms had actually dropped a bit more still.

"What, piercings?" said Denny.

"No. Circumcisions," said Paul. He wondered if Denny would actually know what that meant, but he could see from his face that he did. There was silence.

"So what was that like then? Getting a PA?" Paul asked. Again, he wasn't really sure why he'd asked, but the silence seemed to need filling.

"Weren't too bad really. Fucking agony for a moment or two, but then it's over."

“Get you,” said Paul. “It was like that when my mate did my circumcision.”

“Fuck. So he really does them, then? I thought you was winding me up,” said Denny, eyes open wide.

“Nah, he’s for real. All on the QT though, just as favours. Like your piercer mate.”

Again, there was silence for a second before Paul continued:

“I’ve only seen blokes with PA’s in porn, and none of them had foreskins; so are you.....circumcised too then?” Paul still found it hard to say the word, and really didn’t know why he was asking anyway.

Denny didn’t say anything. His loose joggers just needed the slightest of help to make them fall to the floor, and he wasn’t wearing anything under them. His penis certainly wasn’t huge, but there was enough skin there to cover almost all of the PA. Paul could make out the shape of it distending the thin-looking hood, just a hint of shiny steel showing through the loose opening.

“Nice one, mate,” said Paul.

There was silence again.

“Bit of a shame though, getting that put in but not letting it be seen proper,” he said finally.

Denny didn’t speak, but his hand reached down. Slowly, he retracted. The skin was loose, and moved back easily. In a second, the young man had it back flat so that all his inner was laid out. Paul noticed how pink and shiny the glans was and got a shock to remember that his had once looked like that too. It didn’t now. Not at all. The thick metal ring entirely filled the piss slit, the lips slightly distended to accommodate it. After a second, Denny lifted his cock to show Paul where the ring emerged on the underside, the piercing hole to one side of a thick, long frenulum.

“Fuck mate,” said Paul. “That’s a hefty piece of kit in there. I thought you had to start with a thin one and work up.”

“Yeah, my mate says if I’d gone to a proper place then they’d have said that, but they just covering themselves. He said he’d do mine with a big un straight off as I was a mate – so long as I was careful, and kept an eye on how it was going, like.”

“Yeah, good to know blokes like that. Say it how it really is with no messing around. Like my mate, again,” said Paul

“He does them how you want them done, then, your cutter mate?” asked Denny.

“Yeah. He’s the kind of bloke you can trust. He’d tell you if you’ve asked for something stupid. I didn’t know much about it when I got done, though, so I just let him get on with mine.”

“Turn out good then?” asked Denny, his penis now considerably fuller than it had been.

It was Paul’s turn not to speak. In a moment, he’d dropped his shorts. It was too hot for underwear, so his long cock just hung there.

Denny was red faced. “Fuck,” he said, under his breath.

There was silence again. It was Paul who spoke first.

“I wondered how they’d get a PA in if you had a fren. If they’d go right through it, like.”



Mirroring Denny, Paul had lifted his cock. "You can see they could go dead-centre with me." he said, running a finger along the deep, empty groove on the underside of his glans as he spoke. "Now. Since I had mine circumcised."

There was no doubt about it now; Denny was erect, his foreskin still well back on his shaft. Paul wondered if he might be pulling it back just a little tauter than might be comfortable. Absent-mindedly, his thumb and first finger started rotating his PA through his cock head.

"Your mate," Denny said, slowly. "You think he'd do me?"

"He might." said Paul, slowly. "If I put in a word. If you really know it's what you want."

There was silence. Denny's face was red. He held Paul's gaze. Finally, he nodded slowly, his hand tight round his hard cock.

Paul was hard now too, his finger still exploring the place where his frenulum had once been, his thumb moving round his circumcision scar in a movement which somehow mirrored the way Denny was turning his PA.

"And your mate?" Paul said. "If I put you in touch with mine, you think ....? Fair exchange, like?"

There was the sound of voices from outside on the road. Denny thought fast and nodded towards the office. By the time Ed and Fred got there too, Paul was counting out £20 notes from his wallet and Denny was filling in Paul's service log.

## Jerry

Greg never minded the bus ride up West. It was quicker to change to the tube at the Elephant and Castle of course, but he always enjoyed feeling like a tourist if he stayed on all the way up through Westminster and Piccadilly. It reminded him of his mum too - all those trips with her when he was little up to the stores in Oxford Street "just to see what's new," then an ice cream and feeding the pigeons in Trafalgar Square on the way home as his reward for being good. There had been just that one time with his dad though, and that had been a different kind of trip for sure.

Normally, the only time Greg's dad took him anywhere was when they went for a haircut; "Johns, the Barber" as it was in those days - where Paul's salon was now, but a very different kind of place then. Old fashioned, big leather chairs, and rather intimidating with its mysterious bits of equipment that never seemed to be used and the "Durex" sign that Greg soon learnt that he wasn't supposed to ask about. Greg had found it a scary place - somewhere for men, doing slightly mysterious manly things, and he'd always been glad to have his dad there with him. It had all seemed so exciting on that one day when his dad had told him that they were going up West - just the two of them, for a special boys' day out. Greg had been surprised when, rather than going all the way to Oxford Circus like he always did with his mum, they'd got off the bus just at the start of Westminster Bridge - the stop for St Thomas's Hospital. His dad had taken his hand, telling him they were going to see a nice man in there.

"You know how we go to get our hair cut?" his dad had said, "Well, this is going to be a little bit like that, but you're getting to be grown up now, so we're going to get you a special kind of trim that big boys sometimes get. It will make you into a little squaddie, just like daddy. You'll like that, won't you. We're going to get you a special squaddie helmet - like daddy's got, but daddy only got his when he joined the army. You know how it sometimes feels a bit funny after you've had your hair cut - how it all feels strange for a while? Well it might be a little bit like that today too, but daddy will be there with you, and you'll be a brave soldier for me, won't you?"

But it hadn't happened. Greg hadn't really understood what was going on, only that he'd had to get undressed like they did when they went swimming, and then daddy and the nice man had spent a long time being cross with each other and he'd never got the helmet that he'd been promised. On the bus going home again, his dad had told him that he hadn't been nice man after all but a nasty one because he'd said that he didn't believe in giving boys squaddie helmets.

That evening had been an unusual one too, as it was his dad who put him to bed for once and stayed with him until he went to sleep. He'd told him not to worry, that he was going back to Belfast with lots of other soldiers for a while, but when he came home next time, he'd find another man who really was nice to give his special squaddie helmet. Only he never came back. A week later, Greg had crept downstairs late one night when he'd heard voices, only to find two men in uniforms like his daddy's telling his mummy something that was making her cry. Somehow, he'd never liked to ask her about getting his special helmet.

There was only one other person at the bus stop when Greg got there. Mid 30s, stocky, not exactly scruffy in his dress, but very casual - a T shirt with some rock group logo on it, and shiny grey jogging bottoms. Some instinct told Greg he had to be an out-of-towner. Seeing the man look at his watch and then at the timetable on the stop fitted his suspicions - anyone local would have known how pointless that was. He got his final confirmation when the man's mobile rang - he couldn't place

the accent exactly when he answered, but it was something northern. Unusual though. Not like on Coronation Street - a bit "country" sounding somehow. Greg took the chance to look at the man whilst he was absorbed in his call, arranging to meet someone somewhere. Distracted, his empty hand had gone into his pocket, and the thin looking material of his joggers was pulled tight for a moment over the man's crotch.

"Jeez," thought Greg, "That's a serious bit of content he's got in there."

He looked away quickly when, for just a second, the man caught him looking. Luckily, a bus had turned into the road and Greg was glad to have something to have seemed to have grabbed his attention. Out of the corner of his eye though, he saw that the man's hand hadn't moved. If anything, he'd perhaps pulled the material a little tighter still across his crotch. The shape outlined there was unmistakable, and bulky for sure. Greg stuck out his hand to hail the bus, glad off a further distraction, and as it pulled in to the stop and the doors opened, the man gestured to Greg to get on first. He went upstairs, grabbing his favourite seat right at the back. The man had stopped to ask the driver something but, as the bus pulled away, he came upstairs too. Greg didn't think much about it at first but, as it was completely empty up there, it was a bit unusual that he came and sat right at the back too, in the seat on the opposite side of the gangway. Greg opened his Metro and flicked through it. A moment later, as he turned a page, he happened to glance across. The man was staring out of the window, but his hand was back in his pocket. The thin material was pulled very taut indeed over his crotch now, and the outline of his hefty cock was un-mistakeable – so taut that, intriguingly, Greg was pretty sure that he could "read" a detail of its shape. Just for a second, the man looked across in Greg's direction, but without meeting his eye. He could have just been looking for some landmark, but not when it happened again when they'd left the next stop and nobody new had come upstairs, nor after the same thing had happened again after the next one too.

The bus turned the corner at Brightwick Common, and Greg groaned - they had the road dug up yet again. The traffic was tailed back behind temporary lights, and it was going to be slow going. When Greg looked across at him again, the man was looking out of the window like before, but his hand was now down inside his joggers. He might just have been having a scratch – just. The bus inched forward a yard or two, but the lights caught them again. When the man looked across at him a third time, Greg was "just" having a scratch too. Suddenly, the bus was on the move, but the permanent lights at the Queen's Arms caught them just as they got there. Greg saw the big crowd waiting at the stop on the other side of the lights and realised it was now or never. As he pulled his zip down, the man caught the sound he had been half expecting to hear and, in a second, he had pulled down the front of his joggers. The hard penis that emerged and slapped back onto his stomach was very long and very thick. Greg saw straight away that he had "read" right - it had been brutally and very thoroughly circumcised. In quick response, Greg pulled out his penis and made sure that the man saw it, but he was mystified by the look of something like horror on his face. Instantly, Greg was worried that he'd made a bad mistake and got the situation very wrong somehow. Seconds later, the bus pulled in at the next stop and there was the sound of feet coming up the stairs.

Greg, everything quickly stowed away, went back to his Metro and tried to concentrate on it. He was very worried that an awkward scene had just unfolded and relieved that the man hadn't said anything. He tried to make himself not look over but when, a minute or two later, he couldn't stop himself, he got a surprise – there was an elderly black man in the seat where the bloke had been.

On his way home that evening, Greg got off a couple of stops early at The Clocktower. He'd been fancying a pint and there was no rush home, so he took one of the tables outside on the road overlooking the common and sat skimming through the Evening Standard. Glancing up as he turned a page, he clocked the surprised look on the face of the man walking past before he noticed the grey joggers and realised who it was. Their eyes met for a moment then, without having broken his stride, the man looked away in shocked embarrassment and was gone. Greg was relieved. It had been such a moment of madness on the bus earlier that he still couldn't believe he'd done it - something so, well, "gay," and it was mortifying that the other man, despite every sign to the contrary, hadn't seemed to welcome it.

A couple of minutes later, Greg's heart sank.

"May I?" the man said, pointing at the empty chair at Paul's table.

"Help yourself," said Greg, feeling far from hospitable but aware that he could hardly say anything else. He'd just have to explain to the guy that he wasn't gay and hope that he was going to be OK about it all. There was silence for a second as Greg wondered exactly what to say, but the man beat him to it.

"Don't worry, I'm not stalking you," he said. "I panicked when I saw you sitting there, but I'm glad I've run into you. I made myself come back as I just wanted to say ... well, sorry really."

"Yeah?" said Paul, rather at a loss.

"Yeah. It's just that - well. Look, if I looked freaked earlier, well, I suppose I was. But it was nothing wrong with your cock.... I didn't want you to think that..."

The man was burbling, but he paused for a second, seeming to be getting his thoughts under control.

"It's just that, well, yours was the first one like mine that I've ever seen, and it was quite a shock, coming out of the blue like that."

Once he started, Jerry was keen to tell his story. Somehow, once he'd sensed that Greg was prepared to listen and wasn't going to laugh at him, it was a huge relief. He told Greg that he'd been circumcised when in his teens when his foreskin had started to get tight and, although he was already very used to being teased because of his size, losing his skin had added a whole new layer to all that. Coming from a small town in the middle of nowhere, he really was the only circumcised boy around. He'd never seen a circumcised cock before he was done himself, not really even understood what a circumcision actually entailed until he'd woken up from the operation and felt, he said, like he'd been punched in the guts when he saw his big piece completely denuded of its long, thick covering - the big helmet just left totally exposed and un-protected.

Greg found it all hard to believe at first, but Jerry promised him that he really had never seen another circumcision before that nor, even more unbelievably, since - apart from the quickest glimpse of one at the swimming pool on a man old enough to be his grandfather. He was well used to being the only circumcised man - aware of it all the time, even in the least sexual of situations, the thought of the constant and permanent bareness that made him different from every other male he knew never far from the front of his mind. And then every time he went to the pool or to the gym, even just in the pub toilets when he was out with his mates, he had actually to let it be seen. So shameful, but so much more than that too. Like a moth to a flame, the self-destructive, self-affirming double-edged

desperate compulsion of wanting everyone to know the one thing about himself that he didn't want them to know about him just obsessed him.

They'd ended up talking for a long time, sharing experiences of the reality of circumcision in a country where it was so rare. When they'd started to relax and trust each other, they'd moved into rather different territory and, when he'd finally dared to tell Greg his deepest fantasy, Jerry been amazed when the response hadn't been laughter but, amazingly, something rather different.

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It was one of the big, Georgian houses in Brightwick Village. Jerry had actually been past it a couple of days before when he'd gone for a walk, amazed by how much London could vary within the space of a mile or so. The doors to the double garage were wide open, and Greg pulled straight in and parked next to an expensive looking SUV.

"So, all clear then?" Greg said as they got out of the car. "There's nothing to it. I'll go with you into the hall, we'll open the door so you can see where you are going, then you put your blindfold on and just go in. Once you're in, turn to face into the room and drop your keks. Don't say anything, and someone will lead you back into the hall when they've had enough. I'll be standing right outside waiting for you. Piece of cake, eh."

"Ok," said Jerry, slightly warily. "You sure it'll be ok?"

Greg laughed. "Mate! I tell you, if you met them anywhere else, you'd know they're as harmless as they come. Like I said before, the safe word is "easy" if they say or do anything you don't feel happy with. I promise you they'll back straight off if you say it, but somehow I don't think you'll need to. You aren't going to come to any harm and, from what you've told me, I think you'll love it."

Greg opened the door from the garage into the house, and everything was quiet inside. Jerry took in his surroundings – opulent, an antique desk, some big abstract painting on the wall. He felt vulnerable, tempted to say it had been a mistake and get out before things went any further, but that would have been too embarrassing now he'd come this far.

"OK mate, good to go?" said Greg, his hand already on the handle of one doors leading off the hall. "Here's your blindfold. Take a look before you go in – get your bearings, like. Just a couple of steps inside will do it, and remember I'll be here the whole time."

As Greg opened the door, there was no sound from inside the room. Jerry made himself breathe as he looked in. The walls were lined with books, but he was relieved that there was plenty of free space in front of them. It would have been the ultimate humiliation to trip over something. If he was actually going to do it, there seemed nothing more to say. He took the blindfold from Greg, put it on and went in.

One, two, three paces forward, then he stopped and stood for a second, ears straining. There was silence. Feeling more foolish than he could ever remember, Jerry turned 90 degrees. Someone coughed, and somehow that made it better. There was actually someone there.

"Good evening, and thank you for coming." The voice was upper-class, and not un-friendly. "I think you know what we'd like you to do, if you'd be so kind."

Jerry hesitated for just a second, then just did as Greg had said. He dropped his joggers and trunks to his ankles and stood there. There was silence for a second.

“My word, what an enormous penis.” A different voice this time – younger perhaps, but still posh.

“And he has indeed been circumcised, hasn’t he.” It was the first voice again.

“Very circumcised, I’d say.” Jerry couldn’t place the accent of the third voice. Indian perhaps?

“Very, very thoroughly. Whoever did that to him didn’t hold back, did they. Not a scrap of foreskin left anywhere.” This voice was clearly London, and not as upper class as the other three.

“I wonder how he feels about being quite as radically circumcised as that. There aren’t many men of his age who are circumcised at all, and even fewer who have been quite so thoroughly scalped as this one has. And with such a fine, big penis too. A man like that would attract attention just because of his size, but when you’ve been circumcised quite so radically as well ....”

“It would be one thing growing up and coping with being so over-endowed, knowing everyone was staring at you because of that, but I wonder when his foreskin was taken from him. I wonder if he’s ever known what it’s like to have one.”

“Yes, knowing you are so radically different to everyone else, and not only because of the size of your manhood... hard to comprehend exactly what that must be like.”

“Yes, surrounded by those like us who have foreskins. Who don’t bear the mark of the blade, who can just never understand what being circumcised is actually like.”

“Knowing everyone was looking at you, not knowing if they are staring because of your size, or because they’ve seen that your penis has been worked over.”

“And so very obviously so in his case too. There’s no way he’d ever be able to hide what’s been done to him, is there. Even someone who had heard of circumcision but didn’t really understand what it entails would work out that that’s what has been done to this man. It’s just so obvious that he’s been made very different. Positively transformed, indeed.”

“Yes, when you compare it to what we have, it’s rather hard to comprehend that what he has is actually still a penis.”

“I wonder when it was done to him. Perhaps it was just decided that that’s the way he should be. It happens, you know. Perhaps he’s never known what it’s like to have a full penis.”

“Or perhaps it was taken from him when he was older. I wonder if he had to endure the shame of going back to school one day with his foreskin no longer there, perhaps even with the stiches still in. It could have been medical, of course, but perhaps someone just decided that it just wasn’t right to allow a young man to have a tool of such truly impressive dimensions without clipping his wings a little – that it wouldn’t be good to let him become too cocky about having such a very sizeable one.”

“Clipping his foreskin, you mean. To wipe the smug smile off his face when he showed it off. Taking part of it away to even things up somewhat.”

“I wonder what the foreskin would have been like. It could have been a long one – perhaps he had some overhang. Perhaps someone thought that his penis was brazen enough without anything extra on the end. Perhaps they thought that clipping the extraneous bit would do him some good.”

“But they didn’t just do that, did they. They cut the whole of his skin away. Every bit of it. Look at his glans – there’s nothing anywhere near it. No protection whatsoever.”

“No, no protecting, nurturing skin there to keep it safe. It looks positively rude to me, letting it be seen like that – the head I mean. It’s a man’s most private part after all – it’s not supposed just to be there for all to see like we are now, is it.”

“Indeed – some decorum is needed. Some modesty. But this man has none of that. Not now anyway, not since he was circumcised quite so radically. And here he is, just standing there. No shame about letting us see what was done to him.”

Jerry’s head was reeling. Within seconds, his cock had been as hard as he could remember. He could feel his heart thumping, aware that his cock was twitching slightly with every beat. He’d been struggling not to reach down to hold it, but he knew that he couldn’t. Not yet, anyway. He had a desperate need just to let it be seen and commented on. Analysed. Inspected. Assessed. Pitied even? Here, so unexpectedly, one of his deepest, darkest fantasies had become real. This time it wasn’t just the usual looks – curious, embarrassed, questioning, pitying. It wasn’t now just unspoken thoughts that he’d had to guess at, they were actually being voiced. He’d seen so many men do double-takes when they saw his penis and he’d always had to guess what they were thinking and what the order of their thoughts was – was it, “fuck, he’s big” first, or “fuck, he’s circumcised”? Then their second thoughts – “he doesn’t look Jewish,” or “poor bastard,” or “how does he cope with his bellend out all the time?” or “how does he rub one out with one like that?” Just that one time had he had a quick glimpse of another man like him – a man who was quick to hide his shame from the others around, a man who hadn’t even been able to look him in the face even when he’d seen someone who also bore the mark. And now, he was the centre of attention, or at least his cock was the centre of attention – almost as if it wasn’t a part of him. But it was a part of him – the thing that defined him as who he was – a circumcised man. Now, the thoughts of others were finally being spoken – the voices of both his worst nightmares and most erotic fantasies. He was hearing them, facing their curiosity and pity full on.

“Have you seen the colour of his glans? You’d never guess that it is supposed to be pink, not grey like that one is.”

“Rough looking too. I suppose it would have to be, after being exposed the whole time – always rubbing on something.”

“Leathery is the word, I think.”

“Yes, and about as much sensation there as a piece of leather too, I’d say.”

“Can’t be much pleasure to be had from that, can there. Not like there is with ours.”

“No, not like it is with a proper penis.”

“I wonder if he’d even notice anyone touching it.”

“I doubt it, not with all those nerve endings cut away, and the ones that were left rubbed to extinction.”

Jerry heard movement in the room and, a second later, sensed someone close to him. He felt breath on his ear, then someone quietly whispering: “Remember – just say “easy” if it’s too much.”

Then the fingers were on him. He had so little sensation left in his glans that it was the feeling of his cock being moved that he noticed first. As they worked his helmet harder and harder, he found

it impossible to identify the emotion he felt. Was it pride that he could take the treatment that they were giving him, hard and harsh on his helmet - so rough that he longed to take off his blindfold to see exactly what they were doing to him? Or was it some sort of feeling of endorsement – that he was right in thinking that his penis shouldn't be like that, that he ought to have been wincing in pain because of what they were doing? Part of him longed to see their faces, but another part of him found that fact that he couldn't only added to the intense eroticism of it all. There were two hands on his penis now, one grinding intensely at his helmet and the other working his taut shaft. Somehow, the knowledge that his circumcision had left him with so little physical enjoyment to be had from his penis was incredibly erotic. Minutes later, he felt the hands replaced by two others, these grinding even harder at him, rougher still on his helmet than the previous two, tugging harder at the immobile skin on his shaft. Then, they were gone. There was silence. Then, finally, the sound of the door opening. He felt a hand on his shoulder, then someone spoke. It was Greg.

“Mate,” he said. “You’ve worn ‘em out. Shit, that’s a first!”