

The Barber's Chair: Graham

"I do mine in the rice cooker."

"Sorry?" said Paul, completely at a loss. He was used to having some pretty strange conversations with punters, but that one was a particularly random opening line. He'd never had this man in before. Graham was his name. Executive type. Well groomed. Probably thought he was slumming it by coming into Paul's, but perhaps the expensive place in Earl's Lane was booked up, Paul thought.

"I just noticed your sterilising cabinet," Graham continued. "The rice cooker does the job for me."

"Yes, good to keep them all nice and fresh," said Paul, wondering why on earth anyone would bother sterilising their combs at home. He never did.

"Well, I didn't actually mean the combs," Graham replied.

Puzzled, Paul looked across at the cabinet and felt his stomach knot. In there, along with all the hair stuff waiting to be unloaded after a steam clean, was the Gomco that Greg must have put in the previous night after circumcising a dad and his lad. Paul cursed under his breath, not at all sure how to playthings. This was a weird one alright – how many men would even know what a Gomco was, let alone have one of their own.

"That's not mine, actually. It's well, a friend's," Paul bluffed, trying to sound innocent. He was thinking hard. "He – Well, he just asked if he could...."

He gave up, at a loss as to what to say next.

"OK. Handy for him to have your cabinet to sterilise it," said Graham.

There was a pause. Paul hoped for the best, but it was in vain.

"You do know what it is though, don't you?" Graham went on.

Paul gave up. "Yeah," he said resignedly, realising that playing innocent wasn't going to work.

"So your friend," Graham continued, "he likes playing with it then?"

Paul sniggered involuntarily in embarrassment, trying his best to keep working at texturizing the top of the man's head. He willed another punter to come through the door to save him, but it was coming up to closing time and wasn't likely. "Well, I don't know if I'd really called it playing, to be honest," he replied.

"Yeah, it's not for everyone, I know," said Graham. "A few get it, though."

There was another pause. Paul hoped it was all over, but it wasn't.

"So has he lent it to you, then? You've tried it too?" asked Graham, slightly cautiously.

Paul noticed with alarm that the man had moved his right hand. It was out of sight now, hidden under his gown.

"Well," he replied, laughing. "it's a bit late for that now."

As soon as he'd said it, he was kicking himself. He should have just kept playing dumb and brazened it out, yet somehow he hadn't been able to stop himself; the frisson of being able to say what he just had had just too strong to resist.

"So, you're?" Graham asked.

"Yeah," said Paul, slowly, hoping that the man was just having a scratch under the gown and nothing more. "Last Christmas."

"Nice," was all Graham replied, but his face looked flushed. If it was just an itch under the gown, then he was taking rather a long time scratching it.

Paul was glad that he'd finished texturizing and could soon get the man out of the way. He reached for the mirror to show him the back of his head.

"So why did you get done then?" asked Graham. "Skin get tight? It happens."

Paul could have just said yes. It would have been the easy way out, but he didn't take it. As usual, he found it hard to explain why he had submitted to circumcision, even to himself. There was just no logical reason he could give the man for why he'd actually agreed to it.

"Well," he said finally. "This mate of mine is done, and we got talking one night and he said he reckoned it has to be better, so....."

It sounded so lame put like that. Something so life-changing, and he was talking about it in the same way he might have about having got a new model of phone just because a friend had one.

"I don't know about better," said Graham, "but"

He tailed off, then started anew, as if on a different train of thought.

"So where did you go to get it done then?"

Paul thought fast. He couldn't let on but, on the other hand, he had no idea at all about how most men arranged to get themselves circumcised the legitimate way.

"Well," he said finally, "my mate - the one I was talking to. He's a medic - sort of. And he's got contacts, so...."

"But he's got his own Gomco? Even though he hasn't got a foreskin?" interrupted Graham.

Paul wasn't sure if the look on Graham's face was puzzlement or something else. He gave in, knowing that he was in danger of getting himself into a tangle of deception that he wouldn't be able to maintain with any plausibility.

"To be honest," he said, "strictly between ourselves, my mate did me himself. Just as a favour, like. For a mate."

"I see," said Graham, clearly not taking any notice of the reflection of his nape in the mirror that Paul held. "So, has he just done someone else then, seeing as his kit's in your steriliser? Or does he just lend it to blokes to play with?"

Paul's mind reeled. Would anyone really play with a Gomco? Why would they want to do that, he asked himself, aware as soon as he had that he actually knew the answer. If anyone had floated that possibility to him a year ago he'd just have scoffed, but now it all seemed different. He found he couldn't stop the question that he already knew he shouldn't ask.

"So you've got one that you actually play with then? Just for fun, like?" he asked, his hands on auto-pilot as he brushed the man down and blew the stray hairs away with the dryer.

"Yeah, I do," Graham replied slowly. Somehow, the way he said it conveyed a lot of meaning.

As he started to undo the man's gown, Paul couldn't stop the next question either:

"So you're not....."

Graham didn't need to reply. As Paul pulled the gown away, he saw the hard penis sticking out from the fly of the man's suit, the helmet more than amply covered with foreskin. Paul was horrified - partly because a man with an erection was sitting in his chair a yard from the street window, but even more so by how hard his own penis had instantly become.

"Shit mate!" he said. "Careful! Anyone could see you there."

He thought for a moment before he continued, trying to order the turmoil of possible scenarios racing through his mind.

“Look,” he said finally, hoping he wasn’t getting himself into tricky territory that he’d regret. “It’s nearly closing time. Wait a sec until I’ve shut up shop.”

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“So how do you like being circumcised, then?” Graham asked.

With the blinds down and the door locked, Paul was feeling a little less on edge but still wondering why on earth he’d invited the man to stay, worried about what he might have got himself into.

“It’s.... Well, its fine,” he said. “No complaints really. Nice and neat. And cleaner – I suppose.

Paul realised he was burbling. He really didn’t know what he felt about it - not in any way that he could convey to someone else with any clarity.

“So what’s all this about playing with a Gomco then? he continued, trying to edge the subject in a different direction, although there was genuine interest there too.

“I just can’t tell you how horny it is,” said Graham, who had quite blatantly been working his hood over his helmet since Paul had pulled the blinds and locked the door. “Just feeling the bell under your skin is amazing enough, but then giving a couple of turns on the screw and feeling it start to bite. Then thinking about it being used on you for real, then what life would be like after you’ve been..... It’s just.....

Whilst he was speaking, Paul had seen how loose and supple Graham’s skin was. He’d also taken in what he seemed to enjoy doing with it. A couple of times, he had pulled it all back flat with total ease, a wide band of inner skin on show, yet he seemed to prefer tugging it forward and stretching it out - it was as if to show just how much redundant skin he would have to lose were he to be circumcised. Paul was amazed why the thought of seeing it clamped up might be erotic, yet somehow it was.

“Have you ever wished you’d had a play with one - when you still could?” Graham asked.

“I dunno,” Paul replied. “I mean, it just never.... Look, I’d never thought about getting circumcised before, then I just got it done – spur of the moment stuff. And, well, it’s only afterwards that I...”

He tailed off, not really sure what he was trying to convey, not really understanding what he was feeling.

“I get you,” said Graham. “Hard to explain, isn’t it. It’s not something blokes ever think about. Some of them have skins and some don’t. Most who don’t have ‘em have no idea why not. And everyone just takes it for granted that the way they are themselves is best, so it never occurs to guys who’ve still got skins that you don’t have to keep them. But sometimes..... once you realise that you don’t have to have one, once that thought gets inside your head, once you know that you could actually just get circumcised, once you know that it’s just your choice whether to keep your foreskin or not, then....”

“I just never thought about it in that way before,” said Paul. “Actually, I never thought about it at all really, not before I was...” said Paul, “But now.....”

“What do you think about it now then?” asked Graham.

Paul didn’t answer the question.

“Will you put it on for me? The Gomco?” he said instead, amazed by how much he suddenly wanted to see that happen.

Graham said nothing. He just got up and went over to the sterilising cabinet. His cock was still sticking out from his fly, an inch of overhang now showing off the end after its thorough tugging. Seeing it, Paul suddenly felt a rare pang of loss for his own snout. There was something else mixed in with the emotion though, and something that made it different from just regret.

Graham took out the Gomco and expertly twirled the screw between his fingers, the clamp quickly in pieces. Greg had only left the two bells that he had used the night before for the dad and lad, one large and one small.

“Actually, I’m between these two sizes,” Graham said, picking one of them up. “I think I’ve got room under there for the big ‘un, though. It’ll be a bit of a stretch, not that I mind that, to be honest.”

Somehow, Paul didn’t doubt that Graham knew exactly what size fitted him best. He had his hood pulled right back now, his pink inner skin clear to see. Its shininess and the colour of his glans made Paul realise just how much his own cock had changed since his helmet had been left permanently unprotected. He didn’t like to ask but, as Graham worked, Paul wished that he’d go slower in fitting the bell and easing the skin back over it. He was keen to see exactly what was going on, but it was clear from his ease with the task that Graham had done exactly the same thing many times over. Graham was massaging his foreskin forward to make it cover the over-large bell, and finally it gave in and snapped forward. It completely covered the bell and more, although it looked rather uncomfortably distended by doing so. The post sticking out through the bud at the end made Paul think of how his own cock had looked very much the same when, months before during his last moments as a complete man, he had worn the same clamp whilst sitting in the same chair that Graham had just been in for his hair cut.

Graham had the rest of the clamp assembled in seconds. He paused, letting his cock hang low and heavy with the weight of the steel.

“Looks good, doesn’t it,” he said proudly.

Paul just nodded, somehow not wanting to acknowledge aloud that he could only agree. Graham’s expert fingers were flicking the screw again. Paul winced. He’d been expecting that Graham would just give it a token turn or two, but he was turning with intent and the plate was clearly already starting to push into flesh.

“Shit, doesn’t that hurt?” asked Paul, shocked.

“Not yet!” said Graham, smiling as he continued turning. “Don’t worry - I know what I’m doing.”

“Look, I really don’t want you to damage yourself,” said Paul, getting alarmed. He well remembered the severe, dull ache he had felt when Greg had clamped him, even after downing a whole packet of Panadol.

“It’s OK,” said Graham. “I know when to stop. At least I always have done so far. And if I ever did ever go too far then.... well, then I’d only have myself to blame. At least then I’d finally get to know what it’s really like to be ... circumcised.”

That word. Circumcised. These days, Paul could never hear anyone say it without something inside him turning over.

“So would you mind that? If you had to get... circumcised?” he asked, amazed that he almost had to brace himself to say the word, such was its significance. To his alarm, Graham was still turning the screw, but more slowly now.

“I totally love my foreskin, and I’d hate to lose it,” Graham replied, “but I just know that one day I’ll have to get rid of it. I won’t be able to stop myself needing to do it, even though I know I’ll really regret it afterwards.”

“Fuck,” said Paul, as his cock twitched hard inside his shorts. “That’s just....well, I don’t....”

“Can you honestly say that being circumcised is actually better than having a skin? Graham asked.

Paul’s “No” came quickly - an instinctive answer that came before he’d even thought about it, his voice clear and confident.

“Would you still agree to be circumcised, now that you know that?” Graham asked. “If your foreskin had grown back overnight, would you let your mate put the Gomco on you again and circumcise you, even though you know it’s actually worse?”

Again, Paul’s answer came quickly and instinctively, but this time his voice was barely a whisper:

“Yes.”

Paul realised that his hand had dropped involuntarily to his cock, needing to feel for the bareness of his glans through his shorts, aware of how taut the skin on his rigid shaft was pulled. Embarrassed, he looked up sheepishly up at Graham, only to see he was blatantly staring him in the crotch. Neither man said anything. They just stood there, the silence intense.

"I can say exactly when it all kicked off for me," said Graham finally, his fingers working at the roll of foreskin that was trapped in front of the plate of the clamp. "It was at university. I was going on a weekend field trip with three other blokes on my course. I only knew them casually. One of them had borrowed his mum's car for the trip - a real, clapped-out old Escort. We were miles from anywhere, stuck in traffic, stop-start crawling up a hill. The hand brake was really playing up, and I made some comment about us being in danger of rolling back. It wasn't a joke - I was worried - but the other three all burst out laughing. They saw me looking puzzled, so one of them said "well that's not something that's ever gonna happen to us three, anyway!" Then he asked me - "how about you then? Can you roll back?" It took a moment for the penny to drop. Then I realised. I was the only one in the car with a foreskin. Fuck, I can't tell you. It never crossed my mind. I mean, normal blokes have foreskins, don't they - we all do. Except.....well, it turned out two of them had been done as kids and had no idea why, but the third one had only just been done - like, 'still healing up' recently."

"Fuck," said Paul, now given up caring about Graham seeing him working his cock through his shorts. "Why had he got done then?"

"Well, the three of them had got talking in the pub one night," said Graham, "and the other two had persuaded him that it's better, so he'd just had it done - simple as. Like you really. As soon as he told me that, my cock was so f'ing hard. I had no idea that you could just get done. Just like that. No questions asked. No medical need. No justification needed. And I'd certainly never thought that anyone would actually want to be circumcised. I mean, why would they? The thought that some blokes actually did, and then just went for it, well, it just blew my mind, as well as getting me harder than I'd ever been before."

At the end of his story, he gave the screw another turn. Paul thought he might have seen him suppress a wince.

"Shit, are you really sure that's not hurting you, mate? he asked. He could see just how far the plate was digging into flesh, the colour of the foreskin different now from the rest of Graham's cock.

"Oh I've gone way tighter than this," Graham replied. "Trust me. Foreskins are much tougher than most guys realise - they're there to protect your glans after all. I'll have a bit of a red line tomorrow, but it will bounce back fine. You want to give it a turn or two?"

"Shit mate, no way!" said Paul, genuinely shocked.

It seemed a long moment before either man moved. Finally, Graham just slowly put his hands behind his back. It was something like an act of invitation, or was it perhaps submission? Paul couldn't stop himself. He reached forward, his hands shaking. He really didn't want to touch another man's cock, but this wouldn't be that, would it? He would only be touching steel, he reasoned. Cold, inert steel. Not the male flesh that the clamp was biting in to. That made it different, didn't it?

Gingerly, Paul turned the screw. Barely a quarter turn. Graham's eyes closed, and he made a small sound at the back of his throat. It was impossible to know if it was pleasure or pain, or possibly both. Without waiting to be asked, Paul turned it again. Not so gingerly this time. Then again. Then again.

"Show me your circumcision," said Graham, his voice shaking a little. "Show me what you let the clamp do to you."

Paul amazed himself. Noticing that it was getting more difficult to turn now, he gave the screw one more twist before reaching for the buttons on his shorts. His hands fumbled as he undid them, then his cock was out. Rampantly hard. Painfully hard. Hard in a way it had never felt when he still had a foreskin, the skin on his shaft stretched sleek and very tight. As he stood there, brazenly showing his erection to another man for the first time, he amazed himself again - he reached for the screw and turned it. Hard.

Graham's head went back and he muttered something that Paul couldn't make out. The look on his face was un-readable. Paul gave yet one more turn, but the screw barely moved. The room was still and silent for what seemed like a very long time. Paul heard the clock ticking, then their hard breaths, noticing that they were somehow breathing in unison. Graham was staring at him – looking him directly in the eye, unblinking. Paul felt a bead of sweat run down his face. Then, suddenly, Graham was moving. His hand was on the clamp, his fingers undoing the screw urgently. Paul panicked, cursing himself for being so stupid and hurting the man, suddenly aware of the consequences – for both of them.

“Shit, mate, you OK?” he said, distressed. His mind was racing, running through adrenaline-fuelled thoughts of possible scenarios and how they would play out - how he might have to ring Greg and get him to come and sort things out by completing that the job the Gomco had started and giving Graham what he both craved and dreaded, or the devastating embarrassment of taking the man to A&E and explain what had happened, the guilt of causing Graham to finally lose his foreskin and spoil all his pleasure over contemplating its loss. Then, he had another thought. It repelled and horrified him, yet somehow made his cock even harder still - how Graham might say that it was an emergency and beg him to use the open razor that lay on the counter - the one he had so recently used to scrape the last hairs from the man's nape, but this time though to run it round the plate of the Gomco to remove his dead foreskin. To finish the job once and for all. To circumcise him. Paul could almost feel how it might be to use the blade he had handled so many times with care and caution, but this time to push it deep and deliberately into another man's flesh, and the idea horrified and aroused him in equal measure. But then, Graham smiled.

“Yeah, don't worry. All good”, he said. “But damn - that was getting edgy. Even I couldn't have taken much more of that.”

Paul only allowed himself to feel any relief at all when he saw Graham's gaze drop down to look across at his own cock, now only with the vestige of an erection as it hung from the fly of his shorts. Things couldn't be so bad if the man had the head space to take in another's crotch.

Graham had taken all the pressure off the screw and, as he took off the clamp, Paul could see the neat, angry red line around the foreskin. He hoped that he was indeed right about it “bouncing back” and, for both their sakes, that there would be no comeback from the after effects. Despite his worries, Paul felt his cock stiffen again as he saw from what was in front of the red line just how much skin Graham would have lost had Greg – or him himself - actually had to finish the job. The steel bell dome was still inside his foreskin and, as Graham moved his hand to retract the skin to remove it, he suddenly saw the look on Paul's face. He stopped and, without speaking, moved his hands behind his back again. This time, the move clearly seemed more inviting than submissive.

Paul didn't want to, but knew he would anyway - the first time he had ever touched another man's cock. In the event, that first touch lasted no more than seconds. As soon as Paul's fingers made contact and he registered the un-yielding hardness of steel under the foreskin, he sensed his balls pull up and orgasm approach. It wasn't that though, but something he'd done a million times before as an un-circumcised man without even thinking about it that actually made the moment of actual contact such a short one - it only took the merest moment of feeling the sensation under his fingers of a foreskin moving over the glans inside it that caused Paul to shoot long and hard. He'd dropped Graham's cock from his hand even before his last rope of cum had landed in a pool on the black leather seat of the barber's chair.