

Bare Ben: Book 4 – The Dark Lady

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Synopsis of Bare Ben – Books One to Three

Provincial England, early 1990s

Ben hates his circumcision. He lost his long, perfect foreskin just days before his 18th birthday when Roger, his stepfather, set things up so that a “routine” medical check-up included an unnecessary circumcision. Ben does his best to hide his hated new state, but word gets round and, on his last day at school, he over-hears his new nickname – “Bare Ben.”

A few months later, now at university, Ben struggles to establish rapport with Christopher, his public-school room-mate. Things start to thaw between them when Ben discovers that Christopher is also circumcised, and they somehow bond when Ben opens up to him about his distress over the loss of his foreskin.

Soon after, Ben runs into Mike - the nurse who assisted at his circumcision. During their chat it becomes apparent how the unwanted circumcision had been engineered, but Ben doesn’t know that Mike is circumsexual and had masturbated using his severed foreskin. With the truth discovered, although they know nothing can be done as Roger was quite within his rights to ask for Ben to be circumcised, the police call on Roger at work, only to discover that he has vanished, taking a large amount of his company’s and wife’s money with him.

Ben spends a weekend with his natural father who, despite Ben’s efforts to hide the shame of his circumcision from him, finds out about it. He re-assures Ben that it looks good and tells him of his past history with Roger, his ex-best friend, and how it was possible that Roger’s action was taken in revenge for a past wrong.

During the first summer vacation from university, Christopher and Ben spend a life-changing time together in France, renovating Christopher’s parents’ gite. During that time, their friendship really deepens, and they bond over their move into being sexually active – first Christopher with a village builder, and then both of them in a foursome with a bisexual couple they meet at a nudist beach. The subject of circumcision is never far away, and Christopher begins to understand that it isn’t necessarily the wonderful thing he had always thought.

Two years later, Christopher and Ben are on holiday again when they happen to come across Roger. With Roger finally in jail for embezzlement, Mike, now working as a prison nurse, manages to give Roger a “revenge” circumcision.

Ben and his new wife Rebekkah discover that they are to have a baby boy. To Ben's enormous distress, he discovers that non-religious Bekky wants to have the boy circumcised to honour her Jewish heritage. Although he thinks that it was just a passing whim, their son Rory ends up being brisced without Ben's consent whilst he is away on a business trip, precipitating the end of the marriage.

When Ben's son Rory is 17, he goes with his father back to the gite in France for a summer break at the invitation of Christopher and his husband, Mark. Charles, Christopher's odious brother, is also there with his son James. James is Rory's age, and has long admired him, and a strong friendship develops between the two young men. It is during that time that Rory becomes aware of circumcision, through exploring with uncut James. Thanks partly to the admiring gazes of Christopher and Mark, he also becomes aware of being an attractive and well-hung young man, and gets a taste for dressing to show off his charms. During the return trip, Ben and Christopher enjoy re-living their previous momentous days at the gite. They deepen their intimate friendship further, coming perilously close to consummating it. The holiday ends on a sour note when Charles happens to walk in on James and Rory, finding them in the act of docking, and he and James leave.

Catching James docking with Rory was the last straw for Charles and, some weeks later, he takes his un-suspecting son to be circumcised, very much against his will. The elderly doctor does a poor job and, soon after that, James turns up at Ben and Rory's home, distraught to be circumcised at all, but knowing that all is far from well with the result. Ben contacts Mike, who arranges for the boy to be re-circumcised, and the best person for the job turns out to be the man that circumcised Ben all those years ago. Rory supports James caringly through the trauma, but thinking about his friend's transition increases his developing circumsexuality. A month later, James is back with Ben and Rory for the weekend and ready to experience circumcised masturbation for the first time, something which he shares with Rory.

After leaving school, James ends up living permanently with Ben and Rory. Later, James' boyfriend Leyton moves in too. Although Rory knows he is straight himself, he has a deep, open, and flirty friendship with James, with the subject of circumcision never far away.

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Chapter One: Ice Cream

“Rory, I’m really sorry but I need a favour. Something’s up at the Warrington plant and they’re carrying on like it’s about to go Three Mile Island on them, so I’m stuck here sorting them out. The thing is, I’ve asked Mike round and I won’t be home before he arrives now, so could you give him a beer and put him in front of the TV ‘till I get back? I’ll pick up a take-away on the way home. Hope that’s OK. Owe you one. Got to go. Bye.”

Rory swore as he deleted his father’s voicemail. Mike had seemed a nice enough bloke and he’d certainly been great over sorting out James’ botched circumcision, but it was going to be a pain to have to take time out to deal with him when there was still so much work to do on his dissertation. Half an hour later, he had explained to Mike that Ben would be late and got him a beer. He’d planned on doing exactly what his dad had suggested and leaving him in front of the evening news, but when it came to it it seemed rude just to head off. At least a token effort of hospitality seemed in order, so Rory sat down with him in the lounge. After all the easy chat about the traffic, his studies and answering Mike’s polite enquiry after James, it was getting difficult to find anything else to talk about, so Rory resorted to a gambit that seemed as good as any:

“So, how you know my dad then,” he asked.

Mike was so unlike any of his father’s other mates that there was a flicker of genuine interest behind the question. The time that they’d met before hadn’t exactly been one for social niceties, so about the only thing Rory knew about Mike was that, even though they somehow seemed unlikely friends, he was one of his father’s few drinking companions.

“Oh, we go way back,” said Mike. “I met him a couple of times just as he was starting uni, then I got to know him better when I helped over nailing that bastard Roger.”

“At least the one black sheep in our family only married into it,” said Rory, “but it does sound like he was a bad ‘un, fleecing my gran like that.”

“Yeah, let alone all the really nasty stuff,” said Mike. “Poor old Ben - just imagine waking up to that.”

“Sorry, what nasty stuff was that then? And waking up to what?” Rory asked, puzzled. Ben hadn’t mentioned Roger in years, and the details of his misdeeds had become a bit hazy in his mind.

“Well, Ben’s so-called medical. I was the nurse for it, for my sins. Not that I had a clue that there was anything dodgy going on at the time. At least I managed to help afterwards to make up for it a bit.”

“His medical? Said Rory. “Sorry, you’ve lost me there.”

“His circumcision,” said Mike.

“Sorry?” said Rory again, jolted. That, of all words, was the last one he’d expected to hear. His first thought was that they must somehow have got crossed wires – that Mike was actually talking about James, not his dad.

Mike’s face dropped.

“Fuck mate,” he said, suddenly alarmed. “You don’t know, do you. Me and my big gob. Listen, forget I ...”

“No, go on,” said Rory, puzzled but intrigued. “What’s that all about then?”

“God, I just assumed you’d know,” said Mike, flustered. “I’m speaking out of turn. I really shouldn’t....”

“No, go on,” said Rory. “You’ve got to tell me now. It just sounds – well, random.”

Mike knew he should say nothing more. Apart from anything else, there was patient confidentiality to consider. Somehow though, he just couldn’t stop himself.

“Shit, I was so sure you’d know,” said Mike. “I’d have kept schtum otherwise. I really shouldn’t tell you, but it was all down to that sod Roger. Sorry, I know he’s your sort-of grandad, but what a piece of work!”

“I’ve never even met him,” said Rory, “but I know he really worked my Gran over and she’s never had a good word to say for him since, so don’t worry on that score. But what on earth’s that got to do with dad’s circumcision?”

“Well, that Roger’s such a slippery bugger that we never really got to the bottom of how he wrangled it,” Mike continued, “but he arranged a medical for your dad, then somehow got the doctor convinced that he wanted to be circumcised while he was in for it.”

“No!” said Rory, truly shocked. “I’d always assumed that he was ... well, I don’t really know what I thought, but not that! God.”

“So,” said Mike. “Your dad just woke up from the anaesthetic and found his foreskin wasn’t there anymore. He’s really never told you about it?”

“Shit,” said Rory. “No, that’s all news to me. But dad – he had a tight skin then?”

“That’s the thing,” said Mike, “He didn’t. His foreskin was fine. Roger had just fed the doc the line that Ben wanted rid of it.”

“Wow, is that even allowed?” asked Rory, intrigued again. “Can they really just do you when you don’t actually need it?”

It had never occurred to Rory before that anyone might be circumcised without there being a need, either religious or medical, and it was shocking news somehow. He was amazed though to find that his penis was instantly erect at the thought. There was silence for a moment as Rory struggled to take in the full significance of both recent revelations.

Mike, his penis just as hard as Rory’s, was wondering exactly how unwise he might have been to have said what he just had. Realising it might be good to divert the topic away from Ben’s history, the direction he chose was, he realised, just as edgy. Again though, he couldn’t stop himself.

“So,” he said, finally, “if your foreskin is anything like your dad’s was, I assume you’ve never had any trouble skinning back then?”

He knew he was being vicarious, but his need to know the answer was suddenly overwhelming.

“Actually.....,” said Rory slowly, not sure where this was going and wondering why he was even engaging with such a weird question.

“Shit man!” interrupted Mike, “If it’s that tight at your age then”

Mike stopped short. Realisation, suddenly having dawned.

“Fuck mate. He never got you done too, did he? After all he said?”

Mike was truly shocked, but felt his penis throb at the thought nevertheless. When he was working at the Burden Park Clinic, he had known many men who, circumcised themselves for whatever reason, had brought their sons in to be circumcised too when it was clear that the only need for them to be done was within the father and nothing at all to do with the boys’ foreskins. Mike was amazed to hear that Ben had turned out to be one of that breed too, amazed that he’d actually had his son circumcised after being so fervently vocal in his hatred of it. Ben had suddenly gone down in his estimation yet, at the same time, there was something overwhelmingly erotic over him having engaged with something so taboo. It was only then that a second thought struck him with a feeling of relief - perhaps he’d rushed to do Ben an injustice.

“Or was it tight then? It happens, and that’s no joke,” he said, surprised to find that he wasn’t actually sure what he wanted the answer to be.

“No, no nothing like that,” said Rory, puzzled at the obvious turmoil he could read on Mike’s face. “It was religious. My mum’s Jewish, so I am too. Technically anyway. Or at least I was until I got baptised. So she had me done. When I was a baby.”

“Ah, that makes a bit more sense then,” said Mike. “I mean - knowing how strongly against it your dad is.”

Rory could sense Mike’s relief, but this time it was his own face that showed confusion.

“What, doesn’t he like being circumcised, then?” he asked, amazed. “I mean - it has to be best, doesn’t it?”

It wasn’t a question. Or was it? Suddenly, Rory wasn’t quite so sure. In that moment, he realised he had made an assumption about Mike.

“Sorry, I mean – well, I don’t know why, but I just took it that you” he said, aware that he was burbling.

“Don’t worry mate,” said Mike. “Yeah – all trimmed up here too. And yeah, I reckon it has to be best. Just on the look of it alone. No nasty ant-eater, eh.”

Despite what he had said, Mike’s mind was full of images of some of the fine-looking foreskins he’d played a part in removing. As well as that, there was the memory of the total mess of his own first circumcision.

“And it’s way cleaner too. I mean, it just has to be,” he continued.

“And how would I know?” thought Mike. Certainly, there had been some tight, smegma-prone ones that he’d seen being taken off over the years, but really very few. A quick roll back under the shower seemed to be enough for most men to keep fresh.

“And of course, the girls prefer it,” he continued. “No extra packaging in the way during starters, then it feels so much better for them when it comes to the main course.”

“Actually,” Mike thought, “how do I know that either?” None of his partners had ever mentioned anything one way or another unless he’d asked them outright, and he realised then that even posing the question had hinted at the answer he wanted to hear.

“OK,” he went on, “so it makes you a bit less sensitive and takes you longer to cum, but I don’t think any of the ladies are going to complain about that, are they. So - yes, it has to be best. Every time.”

There was a moment’s silence before Mike continued, pushing away the feeling that he really should shut up. He spoke again though, unable to stop himself.

So, you’re glad you were done then?” he asked. Somehow, he just had to know what Rory felt.

“Yeah. I’m good with it,” said Rory.

The silence was thick for a second or two. Finally, Mike spoke again, but only after weighing his words carefully.

“Hot, isn’t it,” he said, his tone uncertain, unsure if it was a question or a statement, wary of the reaction he might get, not sure what he might say to get out of the situation if Rory’s response showed that he’d made a big error of judgement.

“Yeah,” said Rory, thoughtfully.

After another second, Rory spoke again, his tone more certain this time.

“Yeah. It is,” he said. There was silence again before he continued. “For you too?”

“For sure,” said Mark, relief apparent in his voice that Rory hadn’t thought it an unacceptable thing to have asked. He already knew that he wasn’t going to be able to stop himself from taking another risk that he might yet regret. “To be honest mate,” he went on, “it gets me so fuckin’ boned.”

There was a long pause. Again, Mike couldn’t stifle the question: “You too?”

“Yeah,” said Rory, slowly and uncertain again, very aware that he was going into strange new territory. This was something he’d never admitted, not even to himself. He’d always managed to discount thoughts like that as weird, sure that no one else could possibly think that such an unlikely thing was erotic. He was surely the only person for whom for it was, yet here he was with someone else who did so too, and not only that – one who was prepared to admit it to someone else.

Lost in thought for a moment, Rory finally looked across at Mark, wondering why he was suddenly silent. To his astonishment, Mike’s hand was down inside his track suit bottom, his hand clearly fisting his cock. As soon as he saw, Rory just couldn’t help himself – he put his hand down inside his shorts and wrapped it tightly round his own rigid erection.

“What was dad’s foreskin like, then?” asked Rory, his fingers over his bare glans, his thumb exploring the smooth area on top of his shaft where, for so few days, his foreskin had once been attached. He didn’t know why he had asked that particular question, but somehow, he just needed to find out.

“Perfect. It was beautiful, and just so fuckin’ much of it too,” said Mike, his fingers feeling for the emptiness on the underside of his glans. Since his second circumcision, he’d lost the pleasure that

his frenulum had once offered him, but finding the place where it had once been and the eroticism of the knowledge that he'd brought the loss of it upon himself was always intense enough to start him on the path towards orgasm.

Both men were blatant in their erection, their hands inside their clothes as they pleased the penises that, for some reason, they had both chosen to keep hidden. Then, they heard the front door bang. By the time Ben reached them, Mark and Rory had cans of beer in their hands and were discussing the previous day's football.

An hour later, the three men had finished their curries and had just taken deserts with them into the lounge when Ben's mobile rang. He cursed as he looked and saw the number.

"Bugger," he said, "More trouble at t'mill. I'll spare you from it and take it in the other room. Leave me some wine though – I'll need it after this."

Ben was barely through the door before Mike's cock was out, already erect. Within seconds, Rory's was too. Their masturbation was silent but frantic. Mike was working dry, but Rory spat on his hand before he fisted his cock. He always used lube to masturbate, but knew he'd just have to manage as best he could under the thrall of such an urgent, almost animal-like, need to cum. They held each other's silent gaze as they wanked ferociously. Within moments, Mike had shot a load into his napkin. For Rory though, the sound of his father's voice coming from the other room was making it hard for him to release but, just as they heard Ben start to wind up his call, he finally unleashed too. The force of his orgasm was intense and a big pool of his cum landed on the floor just as Ben was heading down the corridor towards them. Mike's action was instinctive -in a second, he had "accidentally" spilt his ice cream over Rory's emission. By the time Ben came through the door, Rory's shrinking penis was back in his shorts and Mike was on his knees mopping up with a serviette, all apologies for his clumsiness and hoping that the ice cream wouldn't leave a mark on the carpet.

It was too late for a bus when Mike finally made a move to go. With Ben occupied ordering him a cab, Mike pulled a business card from his wallet and slipped it to Rory, who read the silent "ring me, yeah?" that he mouthed at him just as Ben hung up and turned back to them.

Chapter Two: The Ferry Boat Arms

It wasn't much of a pub, but Rory suggested the Ferry Boat Arms. He knew it would be quiet enough for a proper chat, and it wasn't the sort of place where he was likely to run into anyone he knew. When he arrived, Mike said that he needed to make a quick call before they got talking, so Rory went to get the first round in. Waiting at the bar, he was surprised to realise that he was feeling the same sort of excited anticipation that he might have on a first date. He hesitated when he got back with their pints, seeing that Mike was still on the phone. Deciding it would be tactful to give him a moment longer, Rory headed for the gents. He didn't need to pee, but it was something to do to keep him out of Mike's way for a bit. He stood at the urinal and took out his penis. Looking at it as it hung long and soft from his fly, he assessed it dispassionately as if seeing for the first time and trying to imagine what he might think if it was someone else's he was looking at. Its impressive length and girth were easy to appraise, but it was difficult for him to get inside the mind of those that might think he was unfortunate in having had part of his most intimate organ removed – the mind of those who might feel sorry for him, pitying him for his loss of modesty and function, and for what they might think of as his mutilation.

Rory had never minded being circumcised. Being different from almost everyone else had never bothered him, and he had never really felt that either state was better than the other. He'd rarely even wondered about what it might be like to have a foreskin, never regretting not having known, and had just accepted that he was just the way he was. He was certainly well used to being looked at twice, but he'd always assumed that it was because he was unusually well hung. Over the last few days, though, there had become a new possibility to consider.

There had been a few other circumcised boys at his secondary school. They were mostly Jews and Muslims but, intriguingly, not all of them. He'd felt sorry for one of the boys in his class who had had to face the ribaldry of undressing for the first PE lesson of a new term without the foreskin that had been there at the end of the last. That boy's skin had previously hung off the end of his cock in a long, thin dangly nozzle that, Rory had assumed, must have been un-retractable. He'd pitied the lad for having to have had to "confess" to his parents that there was something wrong in such a personal area, then facing the humiliation of a doctor examining him. He'd wondered too what it must have felt like to have your most private part changed so drastically at an age when everyone was discovering the pleasures of masturbation. After his nozzle had been removed, it had fascinated and rather shocked Rory to see that that boy had got very a different kind of outcome from his own. Seeing his remodelled cock, his pink head poking out from the loose remains of skin that still covered the rim of his glans, had made Rory glad that his own circumcision - sleek and tight with not a scrap of bunched skin – had not left him in that kind of half-way state.

Rory had sometimes been intrigued to see boys retract and wash in the showers. It seemed to him that that had to be a bother, and that having something clammy over the end of your cock seemed rather needless in general. He'd been puzzled when he'd overheard some boys at school wondering if circumcised boys could masturbate. That had never been an issue for him, although he'd always been thankful for his father's consideration in leaving lube so casually around in the bathroom. His time in France with James had been pivotal, though. Even though it hadn't really made him want a foreskin, exploring James's – the only time he had ever touched another boy - had been mind-blowing, let alone discovering, however briefly, what it was like to have something over his glans and how it felt to use it to pleasure yourself. He had been truly sorry for James when he'd been circumcised against his wishes, but Rory knew guiltily that he also lamented the loss of the possibility of exploring more with him ever again.

Suddenly, Rory realised that he'd been musing at the urinal for far longer than necessary for Mike to have finished his call. He eased his penis back inside the tight confines of his trousers and, enjoying the momentary sensation of the material pulling taut across his glans, closed the zip.

"Sorry mate," Mike said when Rory re-joined him. "I needed to check when my wife's coming off duty, but she's on lates so we've got plenty of time." He saw the look on Rory's face and smiled.

"No," he said, "I can put your mind at rest there - I'm straight. No interest in blokes. It's all just about being bareheaded for me, and I just don't care how big it is or where he likes to stick it. Which team are you on then, not that it matters?"

"Straight too," said Rory. "Funny, but I was just kind of worried that.... well, I'd assumed that...."

"Don't worry mate," Mike interrupted. "This shit's got nothing to do with being straight or gay. It's hard to explain, but it's separate from all that. There are as many breeders into it as there are gays, and it all goes way beyond sex anyway. The gays aren't into it as a way of finding blokes to shag either, so have no worries on that score. Anyway, cheers mate - your very good health, and great to get a chance to talk properly. The other night - well, it's always good to meet a kindred spirit, even if it feels a little bit weird - your dad being a mate and all that."

They clinked glasses, sitting thoughtfully for a second or two after taking their first sips.

"So, have you ever got to - well - explore a foreskin then? Being straight, I mean," asked Rory, wondering instantly if he had overstepped some kind of mark by asking. He was relieved that Mike didn't seem to think twice about answering.

"Only in the line of duty," he replied, with the guilty thought of him wanking with Ben's newly-severed foreskin wrapped round his own cock coming into his mind. "How about you?"

"Only once. On holiday, years ago. When I was a kid," said Rory. It was his turn to be guilty, having chosen not to reveal that the foreskin in question was actually James's.

"What did you make of it then?" Mike asked.

"Well, OK - but weird," said Rory, after a second's thought, wondering if that was what he really felt. It had indeed been weird, but in a deeply intriguing way. It seemed wise to him to change the line of the conversation, thinking that that was an area that he'd perhaps want to return to later when they knew each other better, perhaps having covered a bit more of the safer ground first.

"So," Rory continued, edging the subject back to easier territory, "I know what you were doing when you first met my dad, but what exactly do you do now then?" He hoped that both of them having mentioned Ben wouldn't turn out to have blighted the conversation, but he was genuinely curious too.

"Well, I'm an advanced nurse practitioner. I just do agency work now - mostly routine hospital stuff in Nottingham, but I do some stints at this place called the Woodland's Clinic too. That's much more interesting, if you know what I mean."

"Yeah? What's that all about then?" said Rory.

"Well, The Woodlands used to be a stately home, but it's a posh hotel now. Lovely grounds, fancy weddings, spa, health club - you know the kind of thing. Then a while back they decided to add

a bit of routine plastic surgery to the beauty treatments they offered, so they converted the old stable block into a clinic.”

“What’s that got to do with interesting stuff then?” asked Rory.

“Well, the guy who runs the clinic is Dr McGraw,” said Mike. “I met him when he was working at Burden Park – the place where your dad and James got circ’d. He’s a real high-flyer plastic surgeon, but when he’s not giving face jobs to middle-aged women, he’s also just about the best cock cutter around. I mean, the man’s a genius – just amazing results. He can make dicks look like they were never supposed to have foreskins on them in the first place.”

“Yeah?” said Rory. “I’ve noticed how some look much better than others. So they do circumcisions at the Woodlands, then?”

“Well, they didn’t at first – it was all women’s vanity stuff to begin with. But then it all got a lot more interesting. A few years back, this private boys’ school set up just up the road. Woodlands Academy it’s called - the sort of place that gets top dollar from parents who are rich enough and stupid enough to be asking to be fleeced. All the footballers’ wives-type mums just lap it up, but it’s all bloody hard-nosed and cynical. The basic school fees are enough to make your eyes water, but they charge on top for every damn optional extra they can think of – music, sports coaching, you name it. Anyway, after a while, the headmaster gets on the blower to McGraw. First off, he says he wants to send kids to the Woodlands get jug-ears and wonky teeth fixed and the like, and taking a nice percentage for referring them of course. But what really got McGraw on-side was when the bloke said he was going to start a policy of strongly recommending circumcision for all the boys.

“Blimey,” said Rory, “Can you actually do that?”

“Well, there’s no law stopping you suggesting anything, is there,” said Mike. “Up to the parents if they actually do anything about it. This bloke was a Yank, so you can see where he got the idea from, I suppose.”

“Yeah, it was a while before I twigged that most Americans are cut,” said Rory, “but why would he want his students done?”

“Well,” said Mike, “the Yanks all think foreskins are the spawn of Satan, not that most of them have ever even seen one. They either reckon they’re are totally gross and nothing but trouble, or else they’re just freaked by the idea of others having something that they don’t and want ‘em all wiped from the face of the earth. Anyway, I reckon the old dollar signs had come up with McGraw at the thought of all the extra business when it came to the routine stuff, but it was the circs that really got him. And wasn’t just the thought of the dosh either - he might be an ace cutter, but he enjoys his work just a little too much, if you take my meaning.”

“Yeah?” said Rory. “You reckon he’s into it too then?”

“Fuck yes. Big time,” said Mike. “There he was with the chance of a stream of posh totty to circumcise laid out on a plate, so he wasn’t going to say no to that was he. So, within the week McGraw’s got this glossy brochure made up, full of the usual stuff about how it’s so much more hygienic, correcting one of nature’s mistakes, increasing gratification in intimate moments, blah blah. As well as that, though, there was the biggest load of crap you’ve ever seen about circumcision being a meaningful experience for a boy to mark his approach to manhood, a coming of age rite – a whole lot of bollocks, but selling it as something really aspirational to all the WAGS.”

“Wow,” said Rory. “And they believed it?”

“Mate,” said Mike, “if you push anything to those types in the right way, they’ll be queuing up for it - especially if they think their little Johnny is going to get laughed at ‘cos he’s not got the best of everything. All “prices on application” of course, and you should see the bottom line! A simple in-and-out clip job for about the price of a flat in Scunthorpe, but offered in a way that would make any self-respecting WAG mum think they are getting their lad a real classy designer job that’s going to help get him ahead in life”.

“I can’t believe that,” said Rory. “I mean, do most people even care one way or another?”

Well, they fell for it big time, I can tell you,” said Mike. “And, and this is the bit I reckon McGraw was really looking forward to, he was offering check-ups afterwards to see it’s all settling down properly as part of the deal - as if that’s ever necessary if a cutter knows what he’s doing. But getting a good look afterwards was right up McGraw’s street, the dirty bastard. So, when he’d got his first round of circumcisions lined up, he got me in to help ‘cos he knew I wasn’t likely to ask questions. And they’ve kept on coming since. Once you start getting the numbers up in a place like the Woodlands, then you get more and more wanting in – not wanting to be the odd one out with a nasty, plebby skin, like.”

“Unbelievable,” said Rory, who had noticed that, despite his cynicism, Mike’s right hand had been out of sight under the table for the last minute or so.

“The funny thing is,” Mike continued, “we’d just done the first batch of lads when I caught McGraw on the hop in the bog. He tried to hide it, but he wasn’t quite quick enough for me.”

“Sorry?” said Rory, “What do you mean?”

“I copped a look. He’s uncut. I was amazed. A big ‘un, but loads of long, wrinkly skin on it. A real dangly snout – just the sort of cock that would look SO much better with all that junk clipped off the end.”

“God, that’s not what I expected,” said Rory. “I’m not surprised he’d kept that quiet – not exactly the best advert for what he’s pushing, is it.”

“Exactly mate,” said Mike. “His is one of the few I’ve seen where I could genuinely put my hand on my heart and say he really should get it tidied up for his own good - just for the visuals alone. I’m so amazed he’s never gone for it. Actually, I even wondered if he’d stretched his skin. It had that look about it – you can usually tell.”

“Wow!” said Rory, “Can you actually do that? I mean – why?”

“Mate, you’d be amazed what some blokes do. Takes all sorts,” said Mike, “and I aint judging them.”

Rory was intrigued and keen to probe deeper, but Mike was clearly enjoying his narrative and not going to be distracted.

“Anyway,” he continued, “after I’d caught him, I realised that I’d never actually heard McGraw say that he was cut himself. He’d just let it be assumed that the was - kind of implying that he’s speaking from experience without actually saying so, the crafty bastard. To give him his credit, he knew that he was royally busted when I caught him that day. He just stood there, put his hands behind his back and smiled as he popped a massive boner and let me take a good look at it. Actually, I did wonder later if he’d actually set out for me to catch him as a way of moving things on.”

“Shit! So what did you say?” said Rory, amazed.

“Well, not much. To be honest, I wasn’t sure what TO say. Actually, it was more in the looks we gave each other and what wasn’t said, especially as I was sure I’d caught him mid-wank. Basically, I just said “Ah, now I get the picture” and winked. I think we understood each other well enough after that. I know I’m bad – hands up to that - but that man’s a total circ perv. Anyway, things all moved nicely after that as there wasn’t any need to pretend anything to each other anymore. I think we both enjoy being honest with each other about perhaps enjoying our job a bit more than we should.”

“I see,” said Rory. “So when he’s doing them does he....”

“Pop one?” said Mike. “Just a bit mate! As soon as he gets a cock in one hand and a clamp in the other, he’s away. But he’s always totally professional, and none of them would have any idea that he’s getting off on it and cutting them with a stiffie inside his scrubs. Just as well, eh!”

“Shit yes. And you?” said Rory, already knowing the answer.

“What do you think mate?” he said, grinning.

Rory just looked Mike in the eye and smiled. He was finding it hard to process what he was hearing and actually finding some of it disquieting, yet he was very aware of just how hard his penis was nevertheless. There was silence for a second or two before Mike spoke again, not wanting to push Rory faster than he would find comfortable, understanding how overwhelming this might all be for him. He edged the conversation back into slightly easier territory, hoping that perhaps Rory might want to know more later.

“So when they come for their first consultation, he’ll always stress the health and aesthetic benefits. To give him his credit, he never pushes it if a lad really don’t want to be done, but he never tries to dissuade anyone who shows a glimmer of wanting in, even if they don’t need it. Gently encouraging in fact - without them realising they’re being set up. He’s just so good at the old patter – getting them to think that that they are missing out on something wonderful that would be so easy to have. He’s so different from Dr Argent – he’s the bloke who did your dad and sorted James out - he’s as straight as a die and SO genuinely thinks it better to be bare, but he’ll always be honest if he reckons that a lad don’t need it. Ironic really, what with your dad and that.”

Rory hesitated. He had asked Mike before, and he wondered if he would remember it and think it strange to be asked again, but he somehow just needed to hear the answer once more:

“So what was my dad’s skin like then?”

To his relief, it sounded like Mike was actually pleased to answer for a second time.

“Like I said, it was perfect. If I had to have to have a foreskin, it would be just what I’d choose, though in a different skin tone, obviously! There was plenty of it - perhaps just a little too much for some – I’d say almost an inch hanging off the end, but it sat beautifully and just slipped back real easy. Loose enough, but not sloppy loose. And it went right back flat on his shaft with no prob too, not bunching behind the head like lots of ‘em do.”

Rory was suddenly aware just how ignorant he was in the ways of foreskins, realising that they were perhaps more complicated and varying things than he’d assumed.

“It really was a beaut’ to be honest,” Mike continued. “That was why I was so surprised he wanted it gone, not that he actually did, the poor sod.”

Perhaps the rather special circumstances might have made it stick in his mind somehow, but Rory was intrigued that Mike seemed to have such perfect recall of a penis he'd seen so briefly and so many years ago, especially as he must have seen hundreds more since.

"Well, it looks a bit different now," said Rory. "Good that he got such a good job done on it at least. It is a good job, isn't it? My dad's I mean."

Actually, Rory had only very rarely seen his dad's penis, and it struck him suddenly that that was perhaps an unusual situation between father and son. He did know though that that Ben had a fine-looking penis. He remembered how good it had looked that time in France, his father's crotch so surprisingly shaved as smooth as his own.

"Yeah," said Mike. "Argent knows what he's doing alright, not like all of 'em. I mean, James – that was appalling, but there are so many poor sods out there who have to live with the likes of that mess. Is he OK with it all by the way? James, I mean."

"Yes," said Rory. "He'd doing all right, I think. He's sort of come to terms with it, and I have to say it's getting plenty of use!"

"Good to hear! Glad it works alright, but how does It look? Sorry mate, I'm assuming stuff here, but I know he's a good mate of yours."

"Yeah, no prob. I've seen it, and it looks good to me," said Rory. "Just a bit cobbled up underneath, but at least that doesn't show unless you actually go looking for it."

"Good, and I'm pleased he's alright enough with it. It must be fuckin' tight when he bones up, but he was wise to let Argent do the full works on him rather than just get it patched up. It would always have been a bit of a dodgy job if he had."

They paused for a second as they both took another sup.

"So were you done as a baby, then?" asked Rory, again changing the conversation. He didn't feel comfortable with the idea of revealing exactly how much he knew about James' penis, should Mike choose to pursue the topic, and he was guiltily alarmed to find how erotic he was finding it to think about what had been done to it.

Mike didn't answer but reached instead into his jacket pocket. He took out a faded-looking photograph and passed it across. It was an innocent, jokey, snap showing a scene that could probably be found in many family albums. In it, a black boy, perhaps 7 or 8, had a look of amazement on his face as he was caught unawares by the camera in the act of pissing up against what looked like a garden shed. His penis was quite big for his age, and a fair amount of boy-like overhang was obvious off the end of it. It was of the type that Rory had been used to seeing on his peers when he was growing up – a couple of the owners of ones like it very keen to show him theirs in exchange for seeing his before asking the inevitable "why does the end of yours look funny?" question.

"Sweet picture," said Rory, not quite sure what else to say.

"Well, take a look at this one then," said Mike, passing Rory a second picture, this time a polaroid.

That's.....err," Rory mumbled, at a loss over what to say as he took in the image.

"It's OK mate, you don't have to pretend. It's a total fuckin' massacre."

“But you don’t look like that now though, do you.” said Rory. “I mean, I wasn’t really looking the other day, but...”

He hadn’t exactly had a chance to examine Mike’s penis in detail, nor had he particularly wanted to, let alone admit to having looked closely, but his impression was that it was a whole lot neater and tighter than it looked in this second picture.

“No,” said Mike, “thank God. That one was taken just before McGraw tied me up. I lost a shit load more skin in the process, but I told you he was good. That’s why I let him re-do me, and why he was my first choice to sort James out too.”

Rory felt uncomfortable looking at the uneven, jagged cut line and lumpy scar in the photo. Since his first meeting with Mike, everything about circumcision had suddenly become intensely erotic, but seeing what had been done to Mike – and remembering James’s experience too – suddenly gave him pause for thought. Somehow, it was a bit different when it was a real person with a real penis and not just an abstract concept, and it was certainly different when that penis had been messed up by its circumcision. He said nothing about those thoughts though – it was somehow all a bit too intense to deal with at that moment.

“Well, someone did you no favours the first time round, for sure,” said Rory

“Well, I’ve only got myself to blame, really,” said Mike.

“Yeah? How come then?” asked Rory.

“Well, when we were kids, there was this time my older brother got packed off to Jamaica for the summer – he must have been about 14, I reckon. I got a real fright the night he got back home. We shared a bedroom, and we were getting ready for bed when I saw that someone had just fuckin’ butchered his cock. He hadn’t had that much skin to start with as far as I can remember, but it was all gone - big time. They’d really made a mess of it. Even I could see it was all uneven. I asked him about it, and he just started to cry. I couldn’t believe it – my big bro crying - like he hadn’t done for years.”

“Shit,” said Rory, “what had happened?”

“Well, he said that our grandad Eustace had taken him into the village one day. He’d dumped him at the doctors, told him to behave himself, and that he would be a real man by the time he came back to collect him. Then he just sodded off to meet his mates in the bar. My bro said he’d had no real idea about what was going on until it was too late, and that it bloody hurt. The thing was though, he should have seen it coming, but he never put two and two together until it was too late.”

“Yeah?” asked Rory, “How do you mean?”

“Well, our grandad Eustace, you see,” Mike replied. “He was bloody obsessed with it. Circumcision, I mean. Funny really – must be in the genes. He came to London a few times, and whenever he’d had a face full of Guinness, we’d always get to hear his pet story - so many bloody times! In the end, it got so that one of us would stand behind him while he was telling it, miming along behind his back to try to make the others laugh.”

Mike went into patois:

“Him was a damn fool of a doctor – he take me likkle boy t’ing in him two hands, then hackin’ away at it with a knife not fit to cut t’rough butter, let alone t’rough me skin, and me a howling and a yowling wid de pe-an. But him make a man out of me dat day, and me never had no single comp-lay-ant from de ladies since.”

“Shit,” said Rory.

“The thing is,” said Mike, back in his normal cockney, “I feel really bad about mocking him now. It wasn’t until I was doing my nurse training that I realised that the poor bugger had post-traumatic stress over it all. Imagine that - living with it for all those years, poor sod.”

“Shit again,” said Rory. “Nasty on all counts.”

“Well,” Mike went on, “The thing was, Grandad’s favourite story was all a huge family joke, even after my bro had been butchered too. But it bloody well freaked the shit out of me, I can tell you. Then this one time we got a sort of extended version of the story for some reason. That time he went on to say that he’d taken my dad, then my bro too, to be done by the same doctor that had done him. Unbelievable isn’t it – knowing you’ve been truly fucked over, yet taking your son and then your grandson back to the same bloke for more of the same, knowing that they’ll get fucked over too. Actually, that kind of scenario happens so much more than you’d think, even here, but that’s a story for another day. So, anyway, I’d seen my dad’s of course, and his result wasn’t pretty, then seeing my big bro butchered, then my folks started saying that next year I’d be old enough to go to Jamaica for the summer too, and - well, you can imagine what started going through my mind, can’t you. “

“I bet,” said Rory. “Not great to have all that hanging over you. But your skin – it was OK?”

“Yeah,” said Mike. “I mean, I didn’t really know what it was supposed to be like, but I’d figured out how to pull it back easy enough and it wasn’t tight or anything. I certainly didn’t like the idea of losing it, especially as I’d just started wanking and wasn’t sure if you could do that without a skin, but I knew that I didn’t want the same botch-up as my bro had got, and the writing was on the wall, so.....”

“So what did you do?” asked Rory.

“Well, by chance, when we went back to school after that summer, it turned out this boy Ryan in my class had got cut over the holidays. He wasn’t shy in telling everyone about it – about how the end of his skin had got red and sore, and how it used to hurt, and how his mum had carted him off to the doctors, and then he’d been sent to the hospital to get it sorted. Well, his looked OK after his clip, so I reckoned I’d be better off getting done that way before I got packed off to Jamaica and taken to the village chopper. So I started sowing the seed - saying to my mum that my willy hurt, and the skin had started to feel tight and itchy – basically just copying what Ryan had said. So she said we’d better get it looked at. Then the night before she took me to the docs, I nicked a scotch bonnet pepper from the kitchen when she wasn’t looking. God, they are evil those things, but it did the trick. I gave my dick a good rub with it. It stung like fuck, but it worked a treat and, hey-presto, it was nice and red and inflamed for the doc the next day. He took one look at it, and started filling out the referral form for the hospital.”

“Blimey!” said Rory. “Drastic measures, but full marks for initiative there.”

“Well,” said Mike, “it was ironic really. After all the trouble I’d gone to, I must have ended up getting cut by some bloody rookie, so I didn’t exactly end up any better off than my bro - as you saw from the pic.”

“Sod’s law,” said Rory. “But great you’ve finally ended up OK. What with you and what happened to James, I’m starting to realise I was really lucky.”

“Yeah,” said Mike. “Yours is state of the art mate. Really classy work there. Anyway, as soon as McGraw saw mine, he offered to sort me out, and he did me proud. I owe him big time for that.”

There was silence for a moment. Rory hesitated before he asked his next question.

“So have you ever cut anyone yourself?”

“No. I’m not qualified to,” said Mike, “But,” he added, “with my training and having seen so many done, I reckon I could.”

He was lying, but Mike was aware that this was territory where, even with such a like mind as Rory, he just couldn’t be honest. He’d done Roger of course, not that that was a situation where medical ethics or the need for a good result had applied – quite the opposite in fact. It would, though, be folly to admit to it, even to Rory. Roger was his step-grandad after all, and he wasn’t sure how things were in the family after all this time and if they’d forgive what he’d done to him. Apart from Roger, there had also been the few amazing, heady times when a patient was under a general anaesthetic or had the screen up under a local and couldn’t see what was going on when Dr McGraw had applied the clamp and made sure all was ready, then let him do the cutting. As well as that, he had actually had to do his mate Daz one night when his Gomco play session had gone on just that bit too long and his skin gone past the point of no return.

“I don’t know if it would be your cup of tea,” said Mike, hesitation clear in his voice, “but if you are seriously into this shit then perhaps you’d like to come to CIG?”

“Yeah? What’s that all about then,” Rory asked, intrigued.

“The Circumcision Information Group”. McGraw set it up at the Woodlands. It’s a kind of support group. It meets every couple of months – lots of blokes who are thinking about getting done or getting their lads done go there. Find out more, talk to cut guys about what it’s like and stuff. A lot of it is totally genuine and well-meaning., but it’s also a chance for us cut blokes to get together – there’s few enough of us around after all, and lots of guys like to feel they aren’t the only ones out there. It’s sort of social, but there are talks and stuff, and a chance to share experiences, good and bad. And then.....”

Mike hesitated, wondering if it was too early for it.

“Go on,” said Rory, sensing Mike’s momentary unease.

“Well, then there’s CIG+ too,” Mike said finally.

One thing at a time, he thought to himself. CIG+ was enough for now. There was no rush to mention CIG++ yet.

Chapter Three: The Woodlands Clinic

Two Saturdays later, Rory was felt decidedly uncomfortable as he left for the station. He was hating himself for having misled his dad, having let him assume that he was going to a concert, and it was made even worse by one of his father's friends being involved in the deception. By the time he'd got off the train and was waiting in the station car park for Mike to pick him up, Rory was far from sure he'd made the right choice in coming at all. He was struggling to own the fact that by doing so, he was tacitly admitting how serious his circumcision obsession was becoming. Even so, he knew that he had to come to CIG, even if only to realise that it wasn't for him and get it out of his system. Indeed, a small part of him almost hoped that he'd hate it when he got there.

It was just a short drive from the station to the Woodlands. When they arrived, Rory was impressed with the place and its general feeling of tasteful opulence. He hadn't been at all sure what he expected from the Circumcision Information Group and, particularly, about the type of people who would go to such a gathering. Expecting it to be full of oddballs, he was surprised by how ordinary everything felt when they entered the clinic building, smiling to himself when it struck him that it could easily have been a time-share presentation. Thirty or so people were gathered in the foyer – all ages, all types, including a few couples that Rory assumed were parents or perhaps parents to be. Mike apologised for having to leave him, saying that he had a few jobs to see to, and Rory sat down in a corner to observe and get the measure of it all. Looking around, it was pretty obvious which one of the men was Dr McGraw – confident, good looking, and with an expensive looking tan to go with his equally expensive looking suit. Even from a distance, Rory could tell that he was one of the self-assured types who always knew exactly what to say. He was chatting to a family group, showing them something in a glossy leaflet that he'd picked up from a table.

Looking round at the other punters, it was the neatly tailored black trousers on one of them that caught Rory's eye. They were tight across the man's crotch in a style of which Rory approved, and with a blisteringly white cotton shirt above, but it was a second more before he noticed the tassels hanging at the man's side and the skull cap. Rory suddenly realised he'd been caught looking and glanced away but, to his embarrassment, the man was on his way over, hand extended.

"Hi," he said "I'm Simon. Simon Greenfield."

"Hi Simon. I'm Rory Cook, but my mum's name was Rosenbaum so – well - shalom!"

"Pleased to meet you, Rory, and shalom to you too," said Simon. "I thought I recognised the look. Good to find another here. Bit funny really, isn't it - that there's so few here, seeing as us lot invented it!"

"Ooh, embarrassing!" said Rory, "Sorry to disappoint you, but I was never really much into it, and I actually got baptised a couple of years back. Not that I'm anti or anything; I know it's part of my heritage, and I really value that, but....."

"Don't worry man," said Simon. "To be honest, it was pretty nominal for me too until a couple of years back. We weren't even kosher at home - just weddings and funerals - but then I met Ester, my fiancée, and, well - she's very observant, and I've got into it all a lot more since then. I hope you don't mind me asking, but I'm just wondering, why are you here then? If it wasn't big in your family either, are you....?"

"Yes," said Rory, sensing the man's embarrassment and rescuing him from it, "I got my bris. A little bit late, but they got my end in the end – boom, boom! You?"

“Well, that’s the thing,” said Simon. “My lot weren’t bothered about it at all. So no, I’m not.”

“Interesting combo there, then,” said Rory. “A skull cap and a foreskin, I mean!”

“Yeah, isn’t it!” said Simon, “And I’m fine with that. I can’t really see how it makes you any less Jewish to have all your bits. The thing is though, Ester is religious enough for it to mean no sex before marriage, and she’s kind of assumed – well, you would, wouldn’t you. I don’t want to spoil our wedding night as I know she’d freak out, so I don’t think I can put it off much longer, not that I’m looking forward to it one bit.”

“I can imagine,” said Rory, flinching slightly at the thought. “So what brings you here then, if you know you’re going to have to get done?”

“Well I’m sussing the place out really,” said Simon. “I’m dreading it enough without the thought of letting some ancient rabbi having a hack at my crown jewel with his thumb nail, so I reckoned if I get it done somewhere like this so I’d be sure of a good job, and by the time we’re married it’ll be settled down and I’ll be used to it, and Ester will be none the wiser.”

“I get you. Sounds like a plan,” said Rory, though he did wonder how long it would take a man circumcised later in life to actually get used to it.

“I’m already hoping that we only have daughters,” Simon said. “There’s no way that I could get my head round seeing any boys of mine being done. It’s funny - being Jewish means a lot to me and I’m getting more and more out of being observant, but as to that side of it, well...I just don’t see the point really. Ha-ha again!”

“I get you again,” said Rory, “Not that I can remember my bris, but I can’t imagine it’s easy to watch. I know it’s such a weird thing to do to a boy, but perhaps by the time you have kids you’ll be a real convert – sorry, to circumcision I meant, not to the faith.”

“Mm perhaps. We’ll have to see about that. In the meantime, I’m hoping that the bloke here will say that he can fake a nice Jewish job for me, and do it in a nice sparkling operating theatre too, rather than in some dingy front room in Golders Green. Talking of which, I’ve just seen he’s free at the moment. Sorry – I’ll try and grab him while I can if you don’t mind.”

“Go for it,” said Rory, “and best of luck.”

As Simon moved to grab his opportunity with Dr McGraw, Rory became aware of another lone man hovering close by. Suddenly feeling a bit spare, he decided to smile at him. The man smiled back and came over to speak.

“You look as if you might be new too,” he said. “I don’t know about you, but I’m not really sure what I’m expecting.”

“Me neither,” said Rory. “I know what you mean. It’s a bit weird somehow, but everyone looks harmless enough so far. What brings you here then?”

“My wife really - she heard about CIG. One of her bridge club chums told her that her boys had just been circumcised and how good this place had been. My wife’s always wondered if we should get our boys done too, but I’ve never been sure. Well, it’s not something you ever hear much about, is it? So, when she heard about this group, she said there would be no harm in learning more about it all, so here I am.”

“So you’re not circumcised yourself?” said Rory, feeling a bit strange even saying the word to a such an ordinary man whom he’d known for less than a minute.

“Yes, I am actually. I had to be done when I was at school. Well, I say I had to be done - that’s what the doctor said at the time, but I never really thought anything was wrong really. My wife seems to think that it would be better for our lads - that they’ll feel funny not being the same as me when they are older. But – well, it’s tricky, isn’t it? I’ve never known if it’s better or not. How would you? And I really want to do the right thing for my boys, so that’s why I’m here. How about you then?”

Rory was suddenly at a complete loss. At that moment, the reason he was there seemed to be of a sort that just couldn’t be voiced to a pleasant, well-meaning man like this one. He pulled himself together and found some kind of answer that, if only part of the truth, would pass.

“Well I’ve always been circumcised and never thought much about it until a mate of mine was done. But that set me thinking and, well, I suppose it’s made me curious about it. Like you say, no one ever talks about it, and it’s not the kind of subject you bring up over a pint, is it,” said Rory, aware as soon as he’d said it that that was exactly what he had done with Mike so recently.

“Fair enough,” said the man. “I agree - it’s just a non-subject. No one ever mentions it apart from to take the mick or have a good laugh, and you find yourself just smiling along, cringing and hoping that no one guesses that you’ve been done yourself. I mean, apart from my wife, you’re the first person I’ve ever talked to about it. And women – well, I reckon they just can’t understand all the implications in the same way as a man can.”

“Yeah,” said Rory. “My mate who got done was the first person I’d ever talked to about it, and I must say that was a relief somehow.” Rory was aware that that was true, yet again only part of the story, but he somehow doubted the man would understand the rest.

“That’s my lads over there,” said the man, pointing to a play area in the corner filled with toys where three small boys were clearly having a lot of fun. “My wife said it would be good to bring them so they are used to the place if we decide to bring them back for their ...” He tailed off, suddenly looking very sad. His tone was somehow gloomy when he spoke again. “I know there’s supposed to be so many advantages, but the thought of someone doing that to them...I just don’t know what to think. But there must be something in it, mustn’t there, or they wouldn’t do it, would they.”

Rory was feeling uneasy. The expression on the man’s face as he looked over at his sons made him ashamed of just how erotic the whole idea of circumcision had become for him of late. Luckily, he was saved when Dr McGraw finished talking to Simon, clapped his hands and, when silence had finally descended, welcomed everyone and invited them to go into the conference room.

Chapter Four: ClG

McGraw was good. His presentation was slick and convincing. All the slides on his PowerPoint were of happy, smiling faces – every one of them inviting you to believe just how delighted they were to have been parted from their foreskin, or of how certain they had been that they'd done the right thing in choosing that for their sons. When he ventured into statistics, the case for preventing STDs and cancers seemed compelling, and the range of euphemisms he had at his disposal for describing just how very wrong a foreskin might go was expert. Rory listened with interest, but he couldn't help thinking of the PE changing rooms at school and just how many of the boys had had prepuces which never seemed to give them a moment's worry. In his mind too was the image of James' beautiful foreskin, and how easily it seemed to slide backwards and forwards when he had manipulated it before finally using it to cover both their glanses. Overall, he just couldn't buy the idea that a man was always better off being circumcised just because he could be, and he was deeply uneasy about the way everything was being so glibly sold. That wasn't why he was there. He was there for the whole other side to it -the erotic side. That had nothing at all to do with any of the real or supposed practical benefits that McGraw was promoting. For Rory, the idea of a man choosing or, even more significantly, someone choosing for another male, to render his most intimate part into something different from the way nature intended had no connection with day-to-day practicality. Instead, it was just the strange, undefinable eroticism of the whole thing. Most erotic of all, Rory realised, was the way that circumcision set you apart - made you different in looks and function, and made you so aware of that difference too. However good a salesman McGraw was, he hadn't gone anywhere near any of that.

Rory, realising that his mind had wandered and drawing himself back, heard that McGraw was now talking about the Woodlands Clinic and the work they did there - how they always tried to make circumcision into a positive experience for their clients and their families, how they knew it was an important milestone on so many young men's journey through life – a spiritual journey in fact - and how they helped them celebrate the wise decision they had made by opting for it. Rory was glad he knew from Mike just how double-edged this all was, and that McGraw was of the same mind as Mike and himself, and perhaps, a few of the other men there too. How, he wondered, would those happy, smiling families in the PowerPoints react if they knew all of that? Would they still want to engage with it, and with the Woodlands, if they did? McGraw was summing up now, his final slide showing the oak tree that was the Spiritual Circumcisions logo. He said that he expected many there would have questions and that he'd be pleased to answer any, or just to hear any thoughts that anyone would care to share.

For a moment, there was silence. Finally, a middle-aged man spoke, saying that he must have been circumcised as a baby as he had no recollection of ever having had a foreskin. He was now the father of sons, he said. "The missus has never been convinced", he continued, "but I've always wanted them to be circumcised, so I'm just here to check I'm doing the right thing in booking them in."

"Well, I know what I'd say to answer that," said McGraw, "but perhaps it would be interesting to throw that one open to the floor, if anyone would like to say something."

After another brief silence, someone spoke. He had, he said, finally been circumcised himself the previous year after a lifetime of suffering with a very long foreskin. He'd been assured many times by doctors that it was fine, but it had caused him nothing but embarrassment. He said that his only regret was that he'd waited so long to do anything about it, and that he'd thoroughly recommend anyone just to go for it without a moment's hesitation - that they'd only wish that they'd done it sooner.

“Well I’m more interested in the health benefits,” said one of the women. “I don’t think anyone could doubt that it has to be cleaner and healthier – that stands to reason. We all know about boys and their aversion to soap and water!”

Another man was quick to speak.

“Actually, I don’t think it’s quite so simple,” he said. “There’s much more to it than that for lots of lads, and that other stuff never gets talked about. OK, some boys aren’t the best when it comes to hygiene but they grow out of that. But it’s hardly rocket science anyway - almost everyone out there with a foreskin doesn’t give it a moment’s thought. I got done when I was twelve. My dad took me to the doctors ‘cos he’d been circumcised as a baby and he was worried that my skin was tight. The doctor hummed and hawed a bit and said it might be a wise precaution – in other words, I reckon, “he don’t need it!” And that was that – I was snipped the next week, and no one thought to ask me what I wanted, and I really resent that I didn’t get a say in the matter. It got so I dreaded PE lessons at school. Every week, they’d be teasing me for being different, and I felt a real freak. I’d be interested to know if there are any circumcised men here who actually didn’t get hassled about it at school.”

“I reckon they were just jealous,” someone else chipped in. “Boys will always tease anyone who’s different, but who wouldn’t want a nice, clean tidy one rather than one with an ugly skin on it.”

“What, you really think most boys would prefer to be circumcised?” said the resentful man. “I doubt that very much. A foreskin is there for a reason, and I hated losing mine as well as being made conspicuous. Apart from that, the change was awful – the way it all dried out and toughened up. I reckon I have as much sensation left down there as a leather wallet.”

“That sounds an unfortunate outcome,” said McGraw, sensing a feeling of unease in the room. “But every man changes physically over time, and it’s really very difficult to make comparisons and to generalise. As to the “being different” aspect you mention, I can understand that, but is that really a reason for not doing what you consider to be in a boy’s best interests? As our friend here said, everyone gets teased about something at school, and it’s just a phase of life. A big part of our work here at the Woodlands is to nurture our clients and help them understand they choice they have made, or have made for them, and to appreciate it’s benefits and embrace them as a real positive in their lives.”

“Well,” said someone else, “I got my boys done here a couple of years ago, and I can vouch for that. They’ve never regretted it, and I think they are well able to see off anyone who tries to tell them that it’s not for the best. Make’s men of them – having to fight their corner sometimes.”

“Well good for them,” said the resenting man. “The ironic thing is that my son has phimosis and really does need sorting. I hated the thought of putting him through what I went through, so I’ve kept putting it off, but he’s old enough now to deal with all that, and perhaps if he knows a bit more about it all than I did, then...”

“Well the Woodlands is keen to promote the idea of circumcision being more than just being a procedure to solve problems – there is just so much more to it than that, and I can promise you we would do our best to make it a positive step for him, as it has been for so many young men who have been circumcised, here and elsewhere,” said McGraw.

A few more questioners asked for explanations about different styles of circumcision, healing times, and for McGraw’s opinion on the best age for the “procedure” to be performed. He had convincing answers for all but, after a while, the questions died down and it became apparent that McGraw was tactfully edging towards winding things up. Rory had found it interesting enough, but it

was all decidedly un-erotic and he didn't think he'd bother coming again. As people started to drift away, he put on his jacket and looked across the room to catch Mike's eye. He was in conversation with the regretful man who had spoken earlier but, seeing Rory looking expectant, gestured for him to come over to join them.

"Take your coat off again, mate," said Mike as Rory joined them. "That was just starters. CIG+ is starting in a mo' when the casual lot's out of the way, and I think that'll be a bit more to your liking. It's special invite only though, so keep shtum, OK? Oh, sorry – this is Alex by the way. Alex, this is Rory. I think you'll find you have a bit in common. Look, I'll be back in a sec - just got some stuff to sort out for McGraw."

"So," said Alex as Mike headed off, "what brings you here then? Are you one of the gang too?"

"The gang?" said Rory, smiling. "If you mean am I circumcised, then yes. And I've learnt today that I'm high and tight – I'd never heard that term before, so that was news to me! I'd always just thought that a circumcission was a circumcission."

"Oh, there's much more to it than that!" said Alex. "You'll soon learn all the gory details here, but high and tight is the best way for sure. I wish that's what I'd be given. But what I really meant was, are you into it all?"

Rory was a bit flustered, wondering what Mike might have told the man about him. "Well, I'm not quite sure what that means exactly, but – well - yes, I suppose," he said. "I'm sorry to hear that you aren't so convinced, and sorry to hear about your son too," said Rory, trying to change the line of the conversation. "That doesn't sound like much fun for him, and I can see your dilemma."

"Well, there's a bit more to it than that too, to be honest," said Alex, "but I couldn't say earlier in front of the vanilla brigade. It's just that smug git McGraw. He makes it all sound so bloody wonderful. I just couldn't stop myself playing devil's advocate to make sure that the naïve saps who come along and lap it all up realise what's really what before they actually get their sons clipped. To be honest, my lad's not a boy anymore – he's 20. And actually, his skin is fine, but he's been on at me about getting circumcised since he was 12, and it's only got worse since he started shagging his bird."

"Blimey!" said Rory, intrigued. "I can't imagine many lads actually want it done, especially at that age."

"Well I've always told him that he needs to be totally sure he really wants it, as it's not always easy and there's no going back. But he's kept going on about it, so in the end I told him that if he was still convinced that he wanted it done when he turned 21, then I'd sort it for him. If he's really sure, then I want him to be certain about what style he gets too, and make sure he gets a top-notch job. You hear too many guys done as adults say that they wish they'd known more about the different styles before they'd got done and ended up with something they didn't expect, and I'd so hate to be one of them. And you see too many botch jobs out there too."

"Sounds wise to me," said Rory. "So how do you feel about him getting done? I mean, after all you said earlier..."

"Well, I genuinely do want him to be totally sure," replied Alex, thoughtfully. "I do really hate the idea of lads being teased and being done when they don't want to be, and I certainly don't buy most of the shit McGraw spouts about how much better it is - there's nothing at all wrong with having a foreskin in my book. I really couldn't put my hand on my heart and say it's better without one, but I've told Tom what I think, and if he's still totally sure despite all that, then..."

Alex grinned, and Rory wondered why he had suddenly gone silent. Then, slowly and deliberately, the man glanced down. Rory followed his gaze down to his crotch, where he was making no attempt to hide the fact that he was holding his hard cock through his trouser pocket, the outline of his helmet pushing clearly through the cloth.

“He told me the other day that he wants to be cut really tight too,” Alex continued. “Shit mate, imagine that! That was enough in itself, but then I nearly spunked on the spot when he asked me if I’d go in with him to support him when he gets it done. Holy fuck mate, can you imagine that? Seeing your lad get cut, and fuck tight too? To be honest, I starting to wonder if he could be just as much of a pervy bastard about it all as I am.”

Rory was discrete, and rather surprised at himself for doing it at all, but he put both hands into his trouser pockets to stretch the material across his crotch even tighter than normal. Taking his cue from what Alex had just done, he made a show of looking down ostentatiously to ensure that Alex saw the shape of the erection that extended down the left leg of his own trousers. Surprised and embarrassed, he blushed deeply when he saw that there was a large damp patch there too, but Alex’s smile showed that he didn’t need to worry about it.

Chapter Five: CIG+

Some had stayed on for it and a few more had arrived especially, but CIG+ was a significantly smaller gathering than plain CIG; small enough, in fact, for Rory to feel rather conspicuous. Most there seemed to know each other as regulars but, judging from the looks on a couple of other faces, he guessed that a couple of others were new too and suspected that they might be in as much doubt about the wisdom of being there as he was himself. Rory was a bit surprised that Dr McGraw wasn't in evidence, but it wasn't long into the meeting before he realised why it just wasn't appropriate for him to be there, much though he might have enjoyed it.

One of the older men - late 60's and chubby, his thinning hair in an obvious comb-over - clearly considered himself to be in charge and called order. He introduced himself as "Norman, the Hon Sec," and went on to say that it was traditional to start CIG+ meetings with a "bare-head count." When he invited the circumcised men present to raise their hands for it, Rory was surprised to find that there was a frisson for him in admitting his status quite so blatantly in public. He was surprised too to see that, although he was with the majority, they weren't an overwhelming one. Rory cringed as Norman then asked if first-time attendees would care to introduce themselves and say a little about why they were there. To his relief, a couple of the other new recruits seemed more inclined to speak than he was himself.

A man called Tim spoke first. He said that his first real memory was of being taken to the hospital, having a funny mask put over his face and going home again with a bandage round his sore willy. To his confusion, the incident itself, the reason for it and its consequences were never mentioned by his family. For a very long time afterwards, he'd just assumed that he must have done something very naughty to have deserved what was done to him. Although he had no idea what had been serious enough to warrant having part of his willy cut off in punishment, he'd tried very hard to be extra good after that as he'd been really worried about what part of him would go next if he was ever that bad again.

There was silence for a second before Norman thanked him, adding that it was a great pity that circumcision was such a taboo topic in so many families, and that doing something about that was one of the main aims of the CIG groups. When he went on to say that he hoped Tim had come to see his circumcision as a blessing rather than a punishment in the years since, the look on the man's face showed that he actually looked far from convinced about that. Rory felt sorry for him, thinking too of his own father's experience, and wondered too what it was that had brought Tim to something like CIG+.

Jerry, the next to speak, changed the mood in the room. A cheerful, bulky man in his 30's, Rory was surprised by just how much he seemed to relish having an audience to hear his story.

"Well, my dad took me to the doctors when I was 14 'cos my skin just wouldn't budge," he started. "It was dead embarrassing, but I knew something wasn't right, so I just nodded when she said I needed a circumcision, even though I didn't really have a clue what that meant. My dad didn't say anything about it afterwards, so it was a bit of a shock when we got to the hospital and I saw we were headed for the surgical wing. I knew I couldn't have left my skin like it was, but, well"

Jerry paused for a second. Rory sensed that a big reveal was about to happen, and hoped that it wasn't going to be that something had gone horribly wrong with his procedure.

"The thing is," Jerry continued finally, "I've always been big where it counts - pretty hung in fact, even as a kid, but..."

“You gonna prove that then, mate?” someone interrupted, “or are you all talk?!”

Rory thought that Jerry would just take it as joshing, so he was amazed when he just stood up and dropped his trackies with no hesitation or embarrassment. As his cock emerged, Rory had the same un-definable, rather uncomfortable sensation that he always felt on the rare occasions when he saw a penis that was even bigger than his own. Jerry beat him for sure. It just looked huge as it hung thick and heavy. The leathery-looking mushroom head was so wide that Rory didn't doubt that any foreskin would have struggled to cover it. There were mutters of amazement and appreciation in the room, but Jerry said nothing. Still totally un-embarrassed, he just smiled as he started to bone. He didn't gain much extra length, but just went very hard until his cock, despite its hefty bulk, stood out at right angles to his body. Thinking of some of his own experiences, Rory felt some sympathy for Jerry. Despite the approval from the room, he wondered how any partner might accommodate something so massive and, even if they could, would there actually be any pleasure in it for them? How would it be for Jerry too, perhaps having always to go cautiously, however aroused he was? Rory felt a guilty relief too, seeing how brutal the circumcision had been, and that it looked far less expertly done than his own – the peril, perhaps, he thought, of living somewhere away from a big city and being in the hands of a surgeon who rarely performed the procedure. He was ashamed of himself for doing so, but pleased that his own cock looked so much better overall, even if he couldn't match Jerry's dimensions.

“You see what I mean,” said Jerry. “The thing is, I was well used to being stared at for being big, but once I was circumcised as well as hung then, well – that was something else. We lived in a small town, and there just weren't any others around, so it was total freak show time. It wasn't just them trying to look as if they weren't taking a crafty peek at a big-un, but real double takes. Open mouths. Shocked expressions. The thing was, after I got my clip, I was dead embarrassed by it at first, but I soon realised there wasn't anything I could do about it, so I reckoned I might just as well let them have a good old gawk. I could tell they were curious and I knew I weren't going to be able to stop them, so I just thought why not? Give 'em a run for their money and let them have a proper stare if they want. Like, it wasn't my fault I'd had my foreskin taken away. Anyway, having them staring at my big carved-up knob soon got to be a massive turn on. After a bit, it got so I was annoyed if they didn't notice. I kinda wanted them to look and have a gold old perv over me and, to be honest, I was soon making sure that they'd HAVE to notice.”

“Good on you! Wish there were more like you around,” someone said.

“Thanks, man!” said Jerry. “Always happy to oblige.”

Rory was struggling to get his thoughts in order. Jerry had a penis that many would consider almost grotesquely huge, and it had been badly cut too – messed up, in fact – but he was amazed to have to admit to himself though that he was actually feeling jealous. If people got off on seeing a penis like Jerry's, then why not his? His own wasn't that much smaller, and everyone who had expressed an opinion seemed to think his circumcision had left him with a handsome outcome. He was puzzled, and unsettled.

“The thing is though,” Jerry continued, “I really wanted them to notice that I'd been circumcised. I SO wanted someone to say something about it, but they never did. Funny though, 'cos I've always lived out in the sticks, I've only ever seen one other circumcised guy, believe it or not - let alone had any fun with one.”

“Well I think that might change today, fella,” the same man called out again, “and on both counts.”

“Well, I’m sodding well hoping so after coming all this way!” laughed Jerry. After he sat down, he made no attempt to put his erection back inside his joggers but left it proudly on show, his glans blatant and bare.

“Thanks for sharing, Jerry – in more ways than one!” said Norman, smiling. “Let’s hope you get your wish of seeing some other circumcisions and getting some feedback on yours. I’m sure lots here would enjoy taking a closer look at that very impressive organ of yours later and showing you theirs in return, if you are up for it, that is.”

“Oh, it would be my pleasure!” said Jerry, still having made no effort to re-stow his cock. It showed no sign of softening, which was unsurprising as his hand was tight around it now. Rory noticed with astonishment that his fingertips barely overlapped his thumb as they closed round the shaft.

“I need to remind everyone of our strict “no-touch” rule at CIG plus though,” Norman continued, “and that no one here must feel under obligation to do anything that they don’t want to do.”

Gareth was the next man to speak and, unlike Jerry, he seemed shy. He blushed deep red as he started talking, but Rory got the impression that he was as pleased as Jerry to have a chance to share, although it soon became apparent that it was for very different reasons.

“I’d always just assumed everyone was like me,” he began, “until I started secondary school, that is. We were getting changed for our first P.E. lesson, and I got a massive shock, ‘cos two boys in my class were different to the rest of us. It totally did my head in. I just had no idea what I was looking at. I just assumed that they must have been born that way, and I felt really sorry for them - like they were de-formed or something. The weird thing was though, no one ever mentioned it. I always wondered if anyone else had even noticed, but I just couldn’t stop looking at them.”

“Well, I would have too,” someone said. “In fact, I bet they all did - just that no one wanted to admit they were looking.”

“Possibly,” said Gareth. “The thing is though, it was a rough school. So many kids got picked on for being different in some way, but those cocks were just never mentioned. I always wondered what it must have been like for those two, and how much it bugged them, ‘cos I was so sure that it would have - having a cock that you’d have to be embarrassed about. I could never get why they didn’t try to hide them, or seem to care about people seeing. I’d certainly have tried to hide mine if I’d been one of them, and I was so glad I was normal.”

“I always tried to hide mine,” someone said. “I’d try and pull some skin over my helmet before we got changed, not that there was anything left to pull after my step-dad got me done. It was torture every week. I was the only one, and the others couldn’t wait to start on me – like it was my fault that I’d been cut.”

“Circumcised, please,” said Norman, rather prissily. “It’s a house rule to use the correct term.”

There were mutters from the room as similar experiences were shared, and Gareth seemed almost annoyed by it, somehow needing to continue his narrative now he had started on it.

“That was all weird enough,” he continued, “but then the next year it got worse. In Biology, we were doing the human body. This one week, the teacher told us about circumcision - the first time I’d heard the word. I just felt like I’d been punched in the guts. Those boys had been born normal, but someone had actually decided to cut part of their cocks off. I was horrified. Why would anyone do something so awful? It got even worse when the teacher said that some boys’ skins get tight as they

grow up and need circumcising, and I couldn't get it out of my head that I might be one of them. I just hated the idea. Losing part of my cock and having to be ashamed of it afterwards would have been bad enough, but the total embarrassment of it all - going to the doctors, having someone look at my cock, then coming back to school feeling deformed like those other boys....."

"Welcome to my world!" someone said.

Gareth seemed to be an un-stoppable roll, somehow desperately needing to share his experiences. Rory sensed his relief in voicing feelings that had perhaps been long buried.

"The funny thing was," he was saying, "despite being freaked shitless, I was soon wanking over it all. And every time I did, I had the images of those boys' cocks in my mind."

Rory's cock was instantly very hard. A slow dawn had led to a sudden realisation. Something had started to niggle at the back of his mind while he was listening to Jerry, but he hadn't been able to pin it down. Suddenly though, things had fallen into place for him, and it was a realisation that jolted him profoundly: he could so easily have been one of those boys that Gareth had stared at - his cock could have been one of the images he'd had in his mind as he wanked. Even as a boy, Rory realised, there must have been many times when others had noticed him, and with as much erotic curiosity as Gareth would have had. He'd always noticed the odd person looking twice in changing rooms, but he'd always taken it to be idle curiosity though, perhaps because he had always been noticeably bigger than most. Now, though, it all had a very different possible interpretation - even before he was old enough have had any idea what it was, he had been - and still was - a source of eroticism for others just because of his circumcision. The heady mix of the revelation was like a slap in the face for him, and it aroused him profoundly. With his cock suddenly struggling hard against the confines of his tight trousers, his thoughts were moving fast. He had a mental picture of his Bris, the mohel bent over him with a knife, his family looking at his penis as its foreskin was removed. Then his curious playmates at nursery, the boys at infants' school who had asked why his had a funny purple end, Freddy and Henry in the showers at Centreparcs - their mocking and teasing meaning that they had been looking at his penis and noticed its difference. Then James that evening in France, the man in the pissoir in St Pol sur Mer the next day who had looked across at him and said something he'd not been able to understand, the woman in the park who had stared so hard at his crotch when he'd run past her in Lycra shorts. The guy at the gym who always seemed to arrive in the showers just after he did. Suddenly, there was a new slant on so many things.

After a second, Rory made the effort to re-focus on Gareth, listening with a new viewpoint as what he was saying suddenly seemed so important.

"So all that stuff was somewhere in the back of my mind, but I always pushed it away," he was saying. "Then when I got the internet, the first word I ever googled was 'circumcision'. I wasn't expecting anything to come up but, boy, it did! Finding that I wasn't the only one in the whole world with such a weird obsession was amazing, and it was a massive relief too, but it just made me want more and more. Then when I learnt on the web that you could actually just get circumcised even if you didn't actually need to be - just book yourself in, no questions asked, well - I mean.... it just blew me away that some people actually think it's better - that they actually WANT to be circumcised, even if their skins are fine. Like they somehow just need it done to them...."

"So are you looking to get circumcised yourself, then?" Jerry asked.

"The idea's always in my mind," Gareth replied. "There's no way I actually need it, but the idea totally obsesses me. In my heart, I know that being circumcised is worse than being uncut in every

rational way, and that I'd really regret it if I got done, but – and it's such a weird thing - that only makes me want it even more. How does that make any sense at all?"

There was a buzz of conversation in the room, and Norman let it go on for a moment or two.

"Much food for thought there," he said, finally. "I suspect others here will identify with what you've said, Gareth, and I think it's something we should certainly return to another time to un-pick together, but let's park the thought for now until we can do the job properly."

Rory blushed as Norman turned to him. He had been dreading the moment, but now he had the extra worry of talking whilst aroused and confused in equal measure. Earlier, he had been desperately trying to think what he might say that would go anywhere near explaining why he was there, but now he was even less sure. With no clear idea, he went for the easiest territory he could grab at.

"Well, my mum is Jewish," he started, "so she got me brisced, though the Jewish thing was pretty nominal really."

He hoped to leave it at just that, but Norman made no attempt to thank him and move on. The silence was intense for what felt like a very long time. Embarrassed, and realising that he needed to say more, Rory was surprised at what came into his mind. It was something that he'd not thought about in years, but it suddenly seemed important.

"Then, when was growing up, my gran – the Christian one - took me with her to a wedding," he continued, surprised to hear his voice shake. "The bride was Jewish, but the groom was some distant relation of hers, so I was sitting with my gran on his side of the room. Then, for some reason it just struck me when I looked across at the bride's lot across the aisle. The guys over there - all in skull caps. I realised that they would all be circumcised like me, but that I was probably the only one on my side of the room with no foreskin. It was suddenly like I didn't fit - like I was neither one thing or another. I mean, it was all basically fine when I was growing up and I never got teased but...."

He tailed off, struggling for a moment with yet another whole lot of new thoughts, hoping that Norman might pick up on his disquiet and step in, but he didn't. Rory pulled himself together, needing the moment to be over. He changed tack, moving onto neutral ground to wind things up as soon as he could.

"Well, I've got more intrigued by it all recently," he said, his voice firmer. "Some stuff happened and –"

Suddenly, Rory wondered what to say next. "Anyway," he concluded, resolving to say nothing more, unsure he'd be able to stop if actually dug deeper into his feelings, "it's great to be somewhere where it wasn't all dismissed as un-important, because it isn't."

"Thank you for sharing," said Norman finally, to Rory's massive relief. "I'm certain that nobody here would think it unimportant. Far from it. You're very welcome here, and amongst others who understand. Again, that's really what CIG is all about. But time is going by and we should move on to the afternoon's agenda. First of all, we're going to get an update on how things have been from Nigel, who many of you will know was circumcised by Dr McGraw at the last CIG double plus."

"Double plus?" thought Rory, intrigued. Mike hadn't mentioned that, and he wondered why.

Norman clicked at his laptop and projected Nigel's "before" picture on the screen on the wall. The foreskin extended just a little past the glans of his thick penis, but Rory thought it looked fine and

there was certainly no sign of any problem with it. Norman clicked again, and next came a couple of gory stills from the actual circumcision that made Rory feel a little uneasy. Then followed a picture that Norman said had been taken earlier that day. The cock was transformed. The circumcision was neat, and clearly very expertly done. The scar line was minimal, set just millimetres back from the helmet, the remaining skin sleek and unwrinkled on the shaft.

“So how’s it been then, Nigel?” asked Norman.

“No problems at all, thanks,” he replied. “Very little discomfort straight after the op, then the sutures dissolved just like Dr McGraw said they would, and the bruising settled down really quickly. It was only when I got my morning boner that I noticed it really – just a sort of tugging on the shaft, and being really aware of things rubbing on the sheets.”

“So how are you adjusting to being bare all the time?” someone asked.

Nigel smiled. “Interesting!” he said. “To be honest, it’s a bit distracting sometimes. But I think I’m already starting to toughen up. And, to be honest again, it’s damn horny - I’m just so conscious of always being exposed, and it’s amazing just knowing that I’m finally rid of my foreskin.”

“Good man!” said the questioner. “That’s what we like to hear. How does your partner feel about it now? I remember you saying before that she wasn’t that keen on you getting it done.”

“Well,” said Nigel. “She wasn’t exactly anti – she just couldn’t see why I wanted it. But she likes the way it looks now, so let’s say we are both looking forward to finally trying it out next week! AND, I think she’s finally coming round to getting our boys done too, now she’s seen how easy it’s all been for me.”

“Great stuff there, Nigel,” said Norman. “I know you were hesitant for a long while, but I think we’re all delighted for you that you made the move. Onwards and upwards, let’s hope. And great news about your boys too. They’ll always thank you for it.”

Rory wondered about that. How many boys, he thought, would be delighted at the prospect of being told that they were going to be taken to be circumcised?

“So,” said Norman, “Next, Sam here is going to tell us a bit about his experiences since the last meeting. For those who weren’t here last time, we had an interesting presentation from Ken on techniques for long term retraction. Sam kindly volunteered to be a guinea pig for his demo and was delighted to find out that a silicone glans ring seemed to work for him as he’d not had much joy with taping back. Cameron bet him twenty quid that he wouldn’t be able to keep it on until the next meeting. So Sam – what’s the news?”

Sam smiled as he spoke. “Well, let’s just say that the drinks are on Cam tonight!”

Chapter Six: Feedback

“Hi Mike,” said Rory, picking up the call. “Thanks again for last weekend. It was – well, pretty amazing!”

“No prob mate. I reckoned you’d feel at home there. Good to know there are so many others out there, in ‘it.”

“Oh yes, for sure,” said Rory. “Quite an eye-opener really. I’d just always thought it was just me. I mean, it was all interesting stuff - horny too - but I couldn’t believe what happened at the end. I mean - no inhibitions or what!”

“Yeah, can get wild sometimes for sure,” Mike said, “but listen mate, we’ll talk about it all more later, but I can’t stay on now. I’m on me break here and not got much time, but I wanted to tell you I’ve just had a call from Alex. You remember who he is?”

“Yeah,” said Rory. “The bloke with the son who wants in?”

“That’s him,” said Mike. “He’s just rung me and said his lad Tom is in Manchester tonight for some gig, and would I give you a bell. He’s wondering if you’d meet up with him ‘cos He reckons it would be good for him to talk to someone nearer to his own age about it - get a different perspective, like. You saw how much Alex is into it, but he really wants Tom to be sure he’s doing the right thing if he goes for it. He reckoned you’d be saner about it than some of those other hard-core pervy bastards, and you being straight as a die too. No prob if you’re not, but you up for that?”

“Sure,” said Rory, actually feeling far from sure and wondering if things might perhaps be moving a bit further and faster than was comfortable for him. “I’m free tonight, so give him my number.”

Chapter Seven: Supot

That evening, Rory knew straight away which of them in the hotel bar had to be Tom - he was simply a younger, better-looking version of his dad. What Rory hadn't anticipated was that he would have his girlfriend with him. She, Apaimanee, was a real stunner - Filipino, long dark hair, lovely eyes, and a body that Rory found distracting to say the least. The short, T shirt dress that clung to her curves was something that few women could have worn as well as she did, and Rory was a bit embarrassed that Tom caught him looking at her a couple of times. He didn't seem to mind though, and Rory got the impression that Tom might be one of the type that liked seeing a trophy girlfriend admired. The three of them talked about nothing in particular over their drinks for just long enough for it to become a bit awkward that the elephant in the room was being ignored until, finally, Tom made the move.

"Great chatting," he said, "but there's that other stuff I want to ask you about. Might be a bit easier if we were somewhere more private? Want to come up to our room?"

Rory was a bit surprised. It wasn't exactly packed in the hotel bar but perhaps, he thought, it might actually be easier to talk openly if they were certain that nobody was overhearing. They took their drinks with them in the lift, and Rory was a bit taken aback by how natural Tom seemed to find it to kiss Apaimanee as soon as the doors shut, and not just a peck on the lips either. Their room was small and plain, not at all living up to the opulence that the hotel bar and reception invited you to expect of the rest of place. The couple sat down on the edge of the bed with arms round each other while Rory took the only chair, then Tom wasted no time.

"So, my dad said I should ask you for an honest opinion. What do you reckon? Should I get cut?"

Apaimanee giggled, sounding very girly and silly somehow. Rory wondered how much she might know about it all and wondered exactly why she was there for such a blokey chat. Although he could perhaps have enjoyed talking freely to Tom, it was somehow going to be harder discussing it all in front of her.

"Well, I'm not exactly sure I'm the best person to ask, to be honest," Rory replied. "I mean, it's all that I've ever known. I was done as a baby, and it must be a whole lot different if you get done when you're older and you're used to having a foreskin, so,..."

"But you do like it though, don't you?" Tom interrupted, with just a hint of anxiety in his voice.

"Well, yes. It's fine." Rory knew just what an inadequate half-answer that was, but it was hard to know exactly what to say about it all to someone who was only going to be concerned with the practicalities of circumcision.

"Like - any disadvantages?" Tom asked.

"Well, not for me," Rory replied, "But, like I said, it's all I've known. I suppose the only thing is that you are different from most blokes. You do get noticed, and I think that bugs some guys."

Rory knew as he said it just how much he had come to actually like being noticed exactly because of that particular difference.

"It doesn't bother me," he continued, "but lads get teased at school - not that that's gonna happen to you now. But it's a bit the same at the gym and stuff. You notice them looking twice and wondering - almost shocked sometimes. They just aren't used to seeing it, and it can freak them out sometimes."

Rory felt a frisson. Ever since hearing what Jerry and Gareth had had to say at CIG+, the whole idea that the looks he had long been used to getting might have more behind them than just casual curiosity had started to obsess him, the idea that he might actually have been wanked over because of his lack of foreskin becoming incredibly arousing for him.

“But like I said,” he continued, re-focusing his mind on the practical side of things and trying hard to push out the eroticism that he felt creeping in, “I’ve never known the other way. But why exactly are you thinking about getting done? Is your foreskin tight or something?”

“No. No problems with it. Skins back fine,” Tom replied.

“So why do you want to change things then?” asked Rory. “He was genuinely intrigued now. There seemed somehow to be the possibility in the air that, like his father, there might be something more about it for Tom than just practicalities too.

“Well, it’s not that there’s anything wrong with having a skin. I mean, it’s good for wanking with - not that I’ve been doing much of that lately,” he said, smiling at Apaimanee. She giggled again, and Tom kissed her yet again before continuing.

“It’s just that – well, for starters I’ve always known I was different to my dad. When I was little, I thought my cock would just end up like his – one of the things that changes as you grow up, like getting hairy and that. But then I saw this couple of boys in my class when I went to my new school who already looked like him, and that was a bit of a puzzle. Then there was this time I heard them talking about having their dicks cut when they were little, and I was like ‘what the fuck!’ So I went home and asked my dad about it, thinking they must have been making it up, and he sat me down and told me all about it. I was a bit freaked, but it just made me so wish that he’d had it done to me too. But I still thought you had to stick with what you got; like - you could only do it to boys when they are babies.”

“Sure,” said Rory. “I used to think that too.”

“Then this boy came back after one summer holiday with his skin gone,” Tom continued. “I asked him, and he said his step dad had just told him he was getting it ‘cos it’s better that way, and I was like ‘FUCK!’ all over again. So I asked my dad if I could get done too, and he was kind of weird about it. He kept telling me it was a big decision, and that my skin seemed fine to him - he took a look at it and made sure that it went back OK. I kept asking him every now and then if I could get it done, and it always made him laugh – he said most lads my age went on about getting a new bike or games console, not getting a circumcision! Then there was this time a couple of years back when I asked him again, and that time he said that if I still really wanted it done when I was 21, then he’d pay for it, but that I needed to be totally, totally sure as he didn’t want me blaming him after if I didn’t like it. Funny though, he thinks I didn’t notice, but I could see he popped one when I asked him, so it can’t be that bad, can it!”

Apaimanee giggled again, and Tom snogged her once more - this time rather harder and for much longer than Rory found comfortable to witness.

“Then when I met this one, well...,” Tom said, once they had finally disengaged, “Don’t know if you know, but all boys in the Philippines are cut. They all get done when they’re at school, ‘cos if they don’t, they just get laughed at. They all think it’s totally weird to have a skin once you aren’t a kid any more – like skins are just for boys, and you just shouldn’t have one once you are a man. So Apai really thinks it must be better, otherwise they just wouldn’t do it to them, would they.”

Apaimanee looked so young that Rory wondered how many circumcised men she might have actually have come across, especially as he'd learnt earlier that she'd lived all her life in Shrewsbury.

"So is it religious there, then?" Rory asked her. Sorry, I ought to know, but you never hear much about the Philippines."

"No," she replied. "We're all Catholics, so it's not like the Muslims or anything. It's just what happens. To all the boys."

"That's so random!" said Rory, smiling. "I mean, I was born Jewish, so that's why I was done, but I'm Catholic now, and it's really weird to think of Catholics being circumcised!"

"Yeah," said Tom, laughing. "Like, having to get cut for your first communion!"

Rory smiled to himself at the thought of Father O'Leary having to deal with prepping boys for circumcision as part of their confirmation classes.

"Back home, anyone who has a skin is really teased," Apai continued. "They're called supots. It's hard to translate, but it kind of means 'wet cock' - like you're wet between your legs. Like a girl. Not dry, like a real man. And no Filipino man wants to be wet like a girl, so they just let it happen to them, so they are real men."

"Funny to think of circumcised being normal," said Rory. "You get so used to being unusual here. Must be - well, nice?"

He was aware as he said it that he wasn't actually quite so sure about that. Not any longer. There was something about the idea of being different and noticed for it that was really starting to arouse him.

"But they do it in a funny way back home," Apaimanee continued. "Sometimes they don't take all the skin off - they just cut it open but leave it all there - like, hanging. I think it must be better if they take it all off properly."

"Yeah, my dad said he thought you'd got what he calls a proper cut," said Tom, "and he said that he's a lot looser than you are, so he thought I should talk to you about it 'cos he reckons I need to decide how I want to get done if I go for it. What's that all about then? Loose and tight, I mean? Do you reckon you're tight?"

Rory worried for a moment, wondering how Tom might think that his dad had come to learn that about him, even how they knew each other at all, in fact. Luckily it didn't seem to have crossed his mind.

"Yeah, I reckon so," he replied.

"I mean - like, no loose bits?" said Tom.

"No," said Rory, mulling the description over in his head. "No loose bits at all." That was him alright. He felt his cock stir at the thought. Nothing remotely loose. Quite the opposite. All very tight, in fact.

"I think that's how I'd want to be too, but it's hard to know," said Tom. "I've seen circumcised blokes - up the gym as well as in porn, and my dad's too of course. But - well, if you are straight then it's a bit hard to find out what it's all really about, isn't it. You can't exactly stare unless you want a fist

in your gob, or them thinking you're gay. That's what I don't really get yet - the different styles and that. Even more about how they all, like, "work."

He made the quotation marks in the air, and Rory understood the unspoken implication of what he meant about "working."

"You know much about it?" Tom continued.

"Well, I'm learning!" said Rory, not totally sure how he felt about the responsibility of trying to explain it all to someone whose life might possibly take a different turn as a result of what he said. He chose to turn the conversation back a little, for now at least.

"So apart from the tightness, there's whether they cut you high or low," he said. "Those are the variables," He wondered in his mind what he might actually be able to add about how they all "worked."

"Yeah?" said Tom, intently. "What does that mean then— high or low?"

"Well, I'm cut high," said Rory. "I think most Jewish blokes are. That's when they do it back up your shaft. That way you have a colour change – the bit behind your helmet is what used to be the inside of your foreskin, kind of turned inside out and back on itself. Lots of guys say that that's good because you keep more of the sensitive bits, but you can really see that something was done when you're cut that way - there's no hiding that colour change on your stalk."

"So what's that brown line where it changes colour? Like you see on some of the American porn guys?" asked Tom.

"That's if they were done with a clamp – it leaves that mark. I don't have that 'cos I was done freehand - no clamp. Just cut off."

"Fuck," said Tom. "There's a lot to understand. So what's a low cut then?"

"Basically, that's where they just chop the whole of your skin off right behind your helmet. It looks good in a way because the scar doesn't show so much, but you've got to think about what's come off – you're left with your head bare, but most of the really sensitive bits are gone. Some say that's better though, as they reckon it means you can keep going at it for longer when you are on the job."

Apai giggled again.

"Like the sound of that then, do you then?" said Tom, nudging her playfully before kissing her yet again. "Fuck, it's hard to understand." He paused before he went on, his tone more hesitant. "Don't suppose you'd mind - well - letting me have a look at yours? That would really help me make sense of it all – seeing the difference to my dad's, like."

Apaimanee giggled again, putting her hand coyly over her mouth. Rory blushed as he caught her eye. He didn't usually go for Asian women, but she really was very attractive somehow.

"Well....," Rory said slowly. It would be one thing showing another bloke, but it seemed weird with her in the room. It was, though, as if Tom had read his thoughts.

"Don't worry about Apai," he said. "I mean - I want her to be good with whatever I decide, so it would be great for her to see the options too – get an idea how I might end up looking. If I go for it that is."

Somehow, Rory thought, there didn't seem to be much doubt in Tom's mind that he would.

"Well, if you're sure," he replied, looking at Apai for approval. She giggled again, but nodded.

Rory was relieved that, perhaps with some inkling that a show and tell might have been on the cards, he had decided to take his cock ring off before leaving home. Although he felt strange without it, having to explain what it was about would have been awkward, and especially to a woman. He'd also thought about putting on some underwear for once, but that would have just felt too weird. There seemed nothing more to be said. Feeling awkward, he stood up, undid his fly buttons, and reached inside for his penis.

"Fuck!" said Tom as Rory hooked his cock out and let it hang from his fly. "That's a stonker, circumcised or not! Lucky man. You'll make Apai feel short changed by mine!"

She giggled again. Attractive as she was, Rory was starting to find her a bit annoying. He caught sight of himself in the mirror on the wall – his cock hanging very long and thick, a hint of his smooth pubes showing through the gape of his open fly buttons.

So that's your scar line there then?" said Tom, pointing. His finger, to Rory's disquiet, was perilously close to his cock. "It's cut way back, isn't it," he continued. "I've seen them like that in porn, but none for real. I can see what you mean about the colour change. Like - a quarter of it is different to the rest. Your helmet looks amazing though – all out on show like that. It's so cool that there's nothing in the way. Must feel awesome - having it out bare the whole time."

"Yeah," said Rory. "I can't imagine what it must be like having something over it. Must be..."

"What, like this?" Tom interrupted, standing up and opening his fly. As his penis emerged, Rory noticed with interest that, despite what he had just said, the foreskin was already pushed back and sitting bunched up behind his head. He wondered if Tom always left it like that. Uncut men choosing to go retracted was one of the intriguing new things he'd learnt about through CIG. Tom moved to stand closer to Rory - so close, in fact, that Rory would have instinctively backed away had there been any space into which to back. Their cocks almost side to side, Tom retracted even more, the bunch of skin disappearing and all laid out flat, pulled tight on his shaft.

"Looks good like this, doesn't it. The skin pulled right back," Tom said, almost as if he was talking to himself. "I dunno why, but that's the way I've always thought a cock should look. So you'd like me to look like this then Apai? All the time I mean?"

She nodded. "That's how I want my Tom to look – so manly," she said, although the look on her flushed face said it all anyway.

Rory noticed that Tom was starting to erect. Perhaps, he thought, it was because he'd pulled the skin back so hard. He had some sort of awareness that it might feel horny for an uncircumcised man to do that, thinking of the feeling of increased tension that he himself got as he boned, or perhaps it was just the thought of becoming a circumcised man that had aroused Tom. Rory could get that, but was surprised to feel himself start to harden too. Somehow, thinking of the complete penis so close to him having to be manipulated to look something like his own excited him. He'd not seen Tom's with the skin over the helmet, but it certainly looked good the way it did now.

"I bet it would feel so good with your lips around it if it was like this all the time," said Tom, looking straight at Apai. "If it was all pulled tight. If I got cut. If I wascircumcised."

Rory sensed that Tom felt the power of the word too, and that, like him, actually saying it out loud had a special significance. Tom pulled the skin back tighter still, and Rory noticed the glans dip down a little as, he assumed, the frenulum reached full stretch. To Rory's surprise, Apaimanee suddenly moved. In seconds, she was on her knees on the bed with her lips locked round the deep ridge of Tom's glans. Then she was licking around his inner skin, working the area where his circumcision scar might one day be. Tom's eyes were closed, his head back. Seconds later, she had his whole cock deep in her mouth.

"Babes, that's just so amazing," he said, starting to thrust back and forth into her eager mouth with his hands on each side of her head. After a while, he started bucking harder and she began to gag as his thrusts became too forceful for her. They paused and, as Tom's cock slipped out of her mouth, there was a thin line of smudged lipstick round it – almost, Rory thought, like a precursor of the circumcision scar that might be there one day. After a second, she made as if to re-engage on Tom but, as she did so, he turned her head to the side and edged her towards Rory. Before he could react, she was on him. He gasped as her lips slid down his shaft, as much in surprise over what was happening as the amazing sensation as she took the whole of his considerable length in one go. As her mouth worked his cock, her hand reached under her dress to pleasure herself. Tom's hands, still on her head, were half following and half guiding her movements as she lapped greedily on Rory's long shaft. The sensations were exquisite for him – her lips sometimes brushing gently on his inner skin, sometimes gripping hard. When her tongue explored underneath his head and found the empty slot where once his frenum had been, Rory couldn't help himself and just gave in to it all, starting to fuck her mouth wantonly. Tom edged round behind her, leaving Rory thrusting hard in and out between her lips. He knelt on the bed behind her, pushing her dress up and easing her legs apart. His foreplay seemed only to consist of rubbing her pussy for a moment before he positioned his cock and suddenly thrust up deep inside her from behind. Rory heard her moan, but her lips didn't falter, working his cock hungrily and expertly, her hands between her legs again and pleasuring herself intently. With her short dress now riding up, Rory could see her tiny, lacy thong. Tom was already fucking with urgent intensity and Rory could feel the power of it, his thrusts relayed through her body, forcing her forwards and further down onto him on each push, making her take his cock even deeper into her throat. Rory was amazed that a woman could enjoy being used so hard and wantonly, but seeing her obvious pleasure in it was somehow very erotic.

After a minute or so, Tom eased off, and Rory wondered if he had been close to cumming. He manhandled Apai once more. Again, her mouth never left Rory's cock as Tom flipped her over onto her back. Rory savoured the different sensation of the new angle, her head now hanging over the edge of the bed so his shaft went yet deeper down her throat.

Then, he noticed.

Suddenly, Rory felt as if he'd been punched hard in the stomach, though it wasn't actually physical shock, but a mental one. It was somehow as if his mind instantly divided into two parts - the animal part of his brain kept him instinctively thrusting his cock into her mouth, totally taken up in the sensations and an intense need to cum., but at the same time the sentient part of him was reeling - confused and aghast over what he was seeing and trying to make sense of it. When he had first looked down between her legs, he'd thought for just a moment that it was the biggest clitoris that he'd ever seen that was poking out from one side of her skimpy thong. Then, only a split second later, he saw the tiny balls that were sticking out from the other side - small and smooth, like a little boy's. He saw her hand working her short foreskin urgently over her glans, its head wet and shiny with copious pre-cum. For a reason that he just didn't understand, Rory felt his balls pull up at the sight, his orgasm

suddenly close as he found what he was seeing was making him need to thrust even harder into her willing mouth.

“Supot!”

To his surprise, the word somehow just emerged involuntarily from his mouth as his heavy load of thick cum hit the back of her throat. He was embarrassed about it afterwards as the three of them lay recovering on the bed, Tom and Rory still breathing hard. She didn't seem to mind though. In fact, she just seemed totally absorbed in comparing the two softening cocks that she held – Tom's in one hand with the foreskin pulled well back, and Rory's in the other. Hers was the only glans that remained covered, the foreskin dripping with pre-cum. Supot indeed.

Chapter Eight: CIG++

Luckily, Rory didn't have to lie a second time - Ben was away with some biker mates on the weekend of CIG++. Mike, though, had rung to tell Rory that he had a family gathering he couldn't miss, so wouldn't be there himself. He'd also warned him that CIG++ was likely to get into pretty heavy-duty territory and wasn't for the faint-hearted, but he thought that Rory would love it and wanted a full report from him about it afterwards.

The taxi rank was empty when Rory got off the train, but he could see a cab turning into the forecourt from the road. It was only as it drew up and he hastened towards it that he saw a young woman whom he hadn't noticed before get up from a bench and make for it too. Awkwardly, he stepped back, embarrassed.

"Sorry," he said, "Didn't see you there. Go ahead."

She smiled at him, and Rory realised instantly just how pretty she was.

"No problem," she said, smiling again. "Hope you don't have to wait too long."

Rory couldn't help looking at her through the cab window. He caught her gaze for a moment. Although he wasn't sure, thought he saw her eyes drop to his crotch as the cab pulled away. Another cab arrived a moment later and, when it reached the Woodlands, to his amazement, there she was again - her cab had pulled up outside the hotel reception too, and she was standing by it, reaching through the window for change from the driver. She looked up at Rory and smiled.

"You again!" she said. "Pity - we could have shared if we'd known." As she turned and went into the hotel reception, there was no doubt about where her eyes flicked this time.

Rory made his way to the clinic block, feeling a bit less awkward than the time before and glad to recognise a few faces from CIG+. Going into the conference room, it surprised him to find that there was a significant nudist minority at CIG++. "Hon Sec" Norman was one of them. His circumcision was very low and very tight and, rather incongruously, a heavy PA hung from the wide, leathery glans of his stumpy cock. Rory found himself fascinated by the way it swung when he stood up to start the meeting and, although the fact that someone as un-cool as Norman had one was perhaps a good reason against it, he wondered again about the idea of getting one himself.

"Good afternoon gents," said Norman. "First of all, my normal reminder that we need to maintain strict medical standards if and when the time comes, and also to ask you to put £50 subs in the bowl on the table before you leave. I'm sure I have no need to tell you that the "no touch" rule doesn't apply at CIG double plus, but that any activities you choose to pursue must be purely consensual, and to respect others' wishes if they don't wish to take part. With that out of the way, I'm sure we'll all have another enjoyable afternoon exploring our shared interest. Looking ahead to next month, we currently don't have any of our uncircumcised brethren who are ready to make the transition, so please feel free to come forward if the time is right for you. I'm delighted to say, though, that our good friend and long-standing member Andrew has asked that he be circumcised tonight."

There was a short round of applause, and Rory noticed a shy looking man opposite him that he remembered from CIG+ blush deep red.

"Well done, Andrew," said Norman, "We've all been wondering when you would finally be ready to make the move, and I think we can all promise you that you won't regret it. We'll be honoured to share such a special moment with you and support you afterwards in any way we can. We have a

full agenda before that though, and we'll start in a few moments with something I think we'll all enjoy, as our friend Graham here is going to give us a presentation on his extensive collection of clamps.

The man who had to be Graham was already at the podium, fiddling with his laptop. Mid-forties, smart, fit-looking, and obviously an expensively well-groomed executive type, Rory wondered idly what Graham's business colleagues might think if they knew he was standing in a room full of circumsexuals and about to share his knowledge on a topic that they might consider very strange. Rory looked round the room as Graham struggled to open his PowerPoint. About a quarter of the men were naked, and others had opened their flys and taken out their penises as if it were the most normal of things to do. Around three quarters of the men he could see were circumcised, one very obviously freshly done as his looked swollen and bruised, with suture marks still showing. Was he, Rory wondered, the man who he had heard about who had been circumcised at the previous CIG++ meeting? There were a couple of long foreskins, but most of the uncut men fell into what Rory would have considered the "normal" bracket. One of the intact men had clearly taped his foreskin back, and another was wearing a small metal ring that kept his foreskin behind the head of his penis. Others looked as if they had just retracted, but one, he noticed, was tugging his long skin forward to what Rory thought must surely be an uncomfortable extent. Rory was, of course, used to being in a household where there was only one intact man against three without foreskins, but it struck him that it had probably only been on his rare visits to a synagogue that he had been in such a large gathering of men and been in the majority.

The screen came to life at last, and Graham was finally ready to go. He picked up one of several clamps on the table, all of which looked rather frightening to Rory. Graham explained that it was the oldest on in his collection and rather primitive, and that he felt sorry for anyone it had been used on. Rory wondered idly about how inventors road-tested new devices, feeling for their patients when it had turned out to be a case of "back to the drawing board." Next, Graham moved on to what he said most people would view as the classic clamp – the Gomco. Rory was fascinated. It seemed such a complex and unlikely thing. Graham held up the tiniest, baby sized bell in one hand and the largest of the set in the other. The contrast was extreme, and he joked that it was clear from the lack of wear that few men had been lucky enough to need the bigger one during the clamp's working life, but that the smaller one had been very well used. On the screen, PowerPoint images alternated – all of them showing the signs of the typical brown band Gomco result that Graham was now discussing. Rory looked around the room, wondering if anyone there had a ring like that. He saw that a couple of the men were openly erect and edging, although nobody seemed in the least concerned. Rory really wasn't expecting what came next - Graham unzipped his fly, undid his belt, and stepped out of his smart, tailored shorts. Rory noticed that, like himself, Graham was totally smooth and wore no underwear, but was taken aback when he saw his penis. Somehow, he'd assumed that he just had to be circumcised, but he very clearly wasn't.

In Rory's eyes, Graham's foreskin was perfect. It covered his helmet generously, and with a centimetre or so of overhang that gathered in a bud which was neatly closed yet looked loose enough to retract without any resistance. Although it wasn't something he'd even considered before, it was, Rory thought, just the kind of foreskin he would have chosen for himself if he'd had to have one. It looked neat and tidy -no way gross like some he'd seen - and, he realised with surprise, looked completely natural. "Right," even. How strange it was to think that some men with perfect skins like Graham's somehow needed to lose them, or at least found it deeply erotic to consider the possibility of them being circumcised away. Rory knew he was aroused by the circumcision that had been chosen for him, but it suddenly seemed a very different matter to actually want to bring a circumcision upon yourself when there was no need for it at all.

Graham clearly knew exactly which of the Gomco bells fitted him. Rory watched intently as he retracted his foreskin with no difficulty at all, holding the loose skin right back flat for a second as he slipped the dome over his glans. As he let go and the skin reset itself over the dome with surprising ease, the shape of the bell showed through it, the ball at the end barely visible through the bud of overhang. It made Rory think about docking, and how easily Graham would be able to host a penis, even one as big as his own. Graham picked up the rest of the Gomco and, clearly well used to handling it, assembled it on himself. He stood still for a moment or two, as if savouring the significance of being seen by a room full of men with his penis clamped. Then he picked up a felt pen and, with slightly shaking hands, drew a line round his foreskin at the point, he explained, where a circumciser would use a scalpel instead of a pen. Several men drew a little closer for a better view. Graham said that the line would give an indication of where the cut point would go after about the “gentlest” circumcision that was possible with the clamp. He then showed how it was possible to adjust the result by pulling more skin through the ring onto the “wrong” side of the plates. Rory was freaked to see just how much more of Graham’s loose, perfect skin he managed to ease through, noticing how it stretched everything tighter lower down on his shaft too. He noticed how Graham’s hands shook even more as he picked up a different coloured pen and repeated the run-round at the cutting point. Then, his voice just a little unsteady, he finally started to turn the screw. Giving a commentary on how it felt, he said, after a couple of turns, that he could just feel it starting to bite. Rory expected him to stop there, but was amazed that he then gave it quite a few turns more. He wondered if it was actually hurting him and wasn’t entirely sure where this was leading. To his amazement, Graham just continued with his presentation and moved on to the Mogen clamp, talking about the way it worked, as if doing so with several pounds of shiny steel hanging from your penis and the plates of a circumcision clamp biting into your foreskin was a routine occurrence.

Graham asked for, as he put it, a “not circumcised yet” volunteer from the audience so he could demonstrate the Mogen. A man, who Rory reckoned had to be the youngest present, put his hand up with no hesitation. From his looks and dress, Rory reckoned he had to be a student and he wondered idly what had brought him to CIG++. He stepped out of his jeans with no ceremony and pulled down his boxers, revealing what Rory considered to be an ordinary kind of penis, topped off by slightly more foreskin than most. Although the man didn’t flinch, Rory winced on his behalf as Graham closed the Mogen on him, thinking how much it looked like a guillotine and how it would surely freak anyone unfortunate enough to catch a glimpse of it being deployed on their soft, vulnerable flesh during their circumcision.

Graham kept up his patter as he described the ins and outs of the clamp and the characteristic V shaped result it gave on the underside. Saying that he’d placed it for what he thought would be the typical outcome, he reached for a piece of paper from the table behind him. Holding it next to the man’s soft penis, he tore it carefully. After showing the audience, Graham passed the man the strip, saying that it showed the length of skin that would have come off, had he been circumcised with the clamp on as it was. The student just stood there, staring at the length of the piece of paper in his hand. He looked stunned, but his cock was instantly rock hard. Noticing, someone yelled out “tell him to go outside and relieve himself!” and another added “anyone gonna volunteer to help him!” “Or if he likes,” added Graham, “we could always just ask Dr McGraw to come in with a scalpel!”

The man sat down, still very erect and bright red in the face, and staring at the paper as if in disbelief as Graham moved on and picked up a Tara clamp. By now, Rory was worrying seriously about the fate of Graham’s foreskin. He was starting to wonder if perhaps this was some kind of set up – if it was going to lead to a “scene,” and how he would feel about it if it did. It was a relief when, after what seemed a very long time, Graham said that he was aware now that his glans was starting to feel

cold and numb and, “for today at least,” he’d best loosen the screw. As the Gomco came off, the work it had done on Graham’s foreskin was obvious. An angry looking red ring was clear round it, and Rory hoped that the man hadn’t risked going a bit too far in the heat of the moment and that the damage wouldn’t be permanent. He seemed to know what he was doing though and it was likely, thought Rory, that this was far from the first time he’d done the same thing. When the clamp was off, what was really amazing were the felt pen lines on Graham’s penis. Rory couldn’t believe how much of his covering would have been removed by even the first cut, let alone the extent of the transformation had it been a scalpel instead of a red felt pen that had made the second line.

Rory’s mind wandered a little as Graham worked his way through some of the more improbable-looking clamps, showing typical results on the screen. His attention came sharply into focus though when he said he’d finish with a short bit about traditional religious circumcisions. Rory felt his heart start to beat faster as, on the screen, the PowerPoint started flicking through images of a bris that made Rory’s cock instantly rigid. As he saw exactly what had been done to him, it was somehow truly horrifying, yet very deeply erotic in a way he just couldn’t rationalise. Rory just couldn’t identify his feelings as Graham picked up and showed the sort of glans guard that might have been used in his bris.

Graham said that was about it, adding that he’d be happy to answer any questions over tea and help anyone who wanted to try on any of the clamps themselves, when Norman stood up and silenced the round of applause.

“Actually gents,” Norman said, “I don’t think we can let Graham go without getting him to do his party piece for us. Would that be alright with you Graham?”

Graham smiled, obviously having agreed beforehand that he would. Rory thought with amusement that it was totally bizarre yet somehow wonderful that the man was just standing there talking to Norman with a Tara clamp loosely fixed on his beautiful penis, his foreskin prone to anyone who crept up behind him and surprised him by snapping the handles shut.

“Thanks Graham,” Norman continued, “This is just a bit of fun, but perhaps some of you might learn something interesting. Of course, it is absolutely up to you if you would like to take part, but if any circumcised men would like Graham to make an expert guess on what clamp was used in their procedure then, as it were, ‘present arms’!”

There was a ripple of laughter in the room, but almost all the men stood up and opened their flies. A week ago, Rory wouldn’t have believed this sort of thing happened, yet alone that he would be a part of it. But here he was with so many like minds, feeling totally at home, pleased to have let out something that had been buried deep inside him, discovering that he wasn’t the only “weird” one that was so fascinated and aroused by it all. With no hesitation, he stood up and dropped his trousers, slightly relieved to see that he wasn’t alone in wearing his usual cock ring. Even though men held no attraction for him, he was intrigued to see just how different the penises in the room were. Amongst all the shapes and sizes there he was glad to see that he was clearly one of the biggest, although it was good that it was another aspect of the organs that interested everyone more than their size.

Graham was good – it took him only seconds to assess most of the men. Rory himself would only have been able to express an opinion on a Dutch man he remembered from CIG+ who had been born in the United States been taken off to be circumcised without his parents even being consulted, and who clearly bore the brown Gomco band. Graham got all the others right, as far as the men knew, and a couple of the others were pleased to have a question that had long interested them answered. Rory’s heart raced a little when Graham got round to him. He looked for a second before asking “may

!" as his hand moved a little towards Rory's penis. Rory nodded, and Graham's fingers lifted his cock. As he moved to feel under his glans, exploring the empty fren slot, Rory felt the familiar sensation that he got from what was still a sensitive area for him, despite the way that his mohel had excised every scrap of skin from it. Rory wasn't sure if it was completely accidental that Graham's fingers brushed across the line of his circumcision scar too as he released his penis and let it fall.

"Religious, I reckon," said Graham. "Done freehand. Probably with a traditional glans guard. Nice job anyway – whoever did it did good work. Perfect tightness there I'd say."

Some men had drifted off, gathering round the tea table and waiting for the urn to arrive, but Graham and his clamps were kept busy with a substantial crowd. Many of the uncut men were trying clamps on and, Rory noticed with surprise, some of the circumcised men were too. He felt strange seeing Andrew sliding his foreskin over a Gomco bell and wondered how he was feeling, knowing that it would be the last time he'd be able to do that. Would it be poignant, exciting, or a relief for him, or perhaps a mixture of them all? Rory wondered again about what it was that would make a man with a foreskin that seemed perfectly fine want to lose it, putting himself into a small minority who were usually viewed with something like pity. Rory had wandered over to Graham's display and felt very strange as he held the Jewish glans guard in his hand, visualising the moment when something of the sort had been put on his intact penis. Then, there was a slight buzz at the end of the room. Turning to see what was happening, he saw that the refreshments had finally arrived.

Making his way over to get a drink, Rory was amazed to see that the woman serving them was the one he'd seen earlier getting in and out of her cab. He'd been certain that she was a worker in the hotel, and it seemed incongruous to see her now at CIG++. She smiled invitingly at him as she passed him a mug, but Norman suddenly appeared and asked her how her holiday had been, and that was that. During the break, Rory noticed Andrew slip away. He wondered what his thoughts were at that moment. Was he having any doubts, or was he totally calm in the knowledge that he was living his last minutes as a complete man? His thoughts were interrupted as someone who had been working his way round the room with a cloth bag approached him.

"Raffle time!" the man said, brightly. "Pick your lucky ticket."

Rory considered declining, but then thought it easier just to go along with it all, despite wondering how he might explain away arriving home with a tea cosy or a box of soaps should he be unfortunate enough to win. He laughed at the incongruity of it all as he dipped his hand into the bag and pulled out a small bit of folded paper. It seemed surreal that something that belonged at a village fete or whist drive could be happening at a meeting centred solely on a topic both so erotic and taboo. A moment later, Norman tapped on his mug with a tea spoon and called the room to order.

"Gentlemen – it's time to announce the results of the raffle, and I'm going to ask our lovely tea lady to make the draw as usual. The woman smiled and blushed sweetly as she stepped forward. As she drew tickets from the bag, Rory found that he was looking forward to hearing her speak again:

"12, 28, 4,"

As she went on, Rory looked at the "4" on ticket in his hand, wondering what on earth he might have won. The woman had finished and was going back to start clearing up mugs when Norman spoke again, and Rory laughed at himself over his naïve assumption about the prize:

"So, if you have one of those numbers, you have a place in the room to witness Andrew's circumcision, but everyone else is welcome to stay in here to watch it on the relay. I would imagine

Andrew and Dr McGraw will be ready to start in just a few minutes, so please take your places and make yourself comfortable, gentlemen.”

Chapter Nine: Andrew

Medical equipment and Bach flute sonata playing gently in the background aside, it struck Rory that it was rather like being in a Travelodge bedroom. Andrew was already on the table, naked. Since Rory had seen him last, his crotch had been shaved totally smooth. Somehow, thinking about what was in store for it, Rory wasn't surprised that the man's cock was completely flaccid, his short foreskin sitting comfortably over his glans with not a hint of tightness about it. Rory looked at his face, but the expression there was un-readable. He noticed that Dr McGraw was clearly already erect under his scrubs, wondering if anyone else there knew his dark secret about being intact. Would knowing that make them feel differently about him? Most of all, would Andrew feel as good about being circumcised by him if he did, or might it somehow even increase the erotic charge?

McGraw's bedside manner was immaculate as he chatted pleasantly to Andrew and gave a running commentary on what he was doing to the attendees. Rory flinched as he saw the hypodermic go in, wondering if he was actually going to be able to manage to watch the whole procedure. As they waited for the jab to take effect, McGraw explained to the onlookers that Andrew had requested a very high and very tight circumcision using a Gomco, and he was going to start by removing the frenulum in order to facilitate that. When the doctor was satisfied that Andrew was numbed up and ready to go, he went to the intercom and buzzed through to call in the nurse.

Rory got a shock when, moments later, she arrived. It was her again – the one at the station that had then served the tea, but now in nurse's garb. She caught his gaze for a second as she brushed past him, and he caught a whiff of her perfume. She scrubbed up at the basin and took her place by the operating table, smiling kindly at Andrew.

McGraw was manipulating Andrew's penis, explaining where he was going to cut, pulling the foreskin back and forth as he explored exactly how it worked. He took the scalpel that the nurse passed him and said that he was ready to perform the frenulum excision if Andrew was ready for him to start. Andrew's voice was clear and firm as he said he was. Rory winced as he saw the blade make contact with flesh. Andrew tensed, but made no sound. In moments, McGraw had run it round and deposited the severed fragment of frenulum into a steel bowl. He reached for the swab that the nurse already had to hand and mopped up the small amount of blood that had oozed out.

"Thanks, Bella," he said.

"So that's her name," thought Rory. "Bella. Belladonna. The dark lady."

Bella was ready with the Gomco. It was identical to the one that Andrew had tried on himself so recently following Graham's demonstration, and Rory wonder again how that had felt for him then, knowing that one would be used on him for real so soon after. It was hard to imagine what his thoughts might have been. As she leaned across towards the doctor, Rory couldn't help noticing that Bella wasn't wearing a bra under her scrubs. He was impressed that the Gomco bell she handed to McGraw was the right size for Andrew's helmet. She seemed to know exactly what she was doing, making Rory wonder just how many men's circumcisions she had been a part of, and what she thought about both the act of circumcision itself and about men who had no foreskin as a result. His thoughts wandered a little as McGraw skilfully assembled the clamp, still explaining to the onlookers as he worked. He fiddled for a moment with Andrew's doomed foreskin, adjusting the amount he had pulled through the clamp and saying that he was ensuring that the circumcision would be made considerably tighter than normal, as Andrew had requested. After a moment or two, he stood back and spoke:

“OK, I’m just going to state for the camera that the clamp is in place, and that I am about to perform the act of circumcision. Can you please confirm that I have your full consent to perform a circumcision on you, Andrew?”

His “yes” was as confident as it had been before. McGraw continued:

“We will of course stop the video until the procedure is complete.”

The man next to Rory leaned over and whispered to him, aware that he was a first timer:

“He’s just covering himself there in case there’s ever any questions,” he said. “They’re still recording so we can have copies – they’ve just swapped cameras.”

Rory, anxious that he was missing what was going on as the critical moment approached, just nodded and looked back to the operating table as McGraw spoke again:

“Andrew, do you wish to be circumcised? Do you want to live for the rest of your life as a circumcised man? Do you understand it is irrevocable change, and do you have full understanding of the consequences and implications, both physical and spiritual?”

“He loves all that stuff,” the man whispered to Rory. “It always sounds like wedding vows to me.”

Again, Andrew’s reply was just a confident “yes.” In his concentration on the operating table, Rory hadn’t been too aware of what else was going on in the room, but the very obvious sound of a zip being pulled down caught his ear. Looking around him, he suddenly noticed that almost all the men in the room had their penises in their hands. One of them, who Rory had noticed earlier as being spectacularly uncut, now had his long skin fully retracted, his glans very obviously pinker and shinier than the darker, thicker textures on the circumcised majority there.

The moment was clearly approaching. McGraw checked the placement of the Gomco one more time. Then, to Rory’s amazement, he then stood back once he seemed sure all was well. He nodded at Bella, who moved in towards the table, a scalpel in her hand. Rory noticed that her nipples were clearly erect under her scrubs. Even though he wasn’t at all sure what was panning out in front of him, he was amazed that a woman might find the situation arousing. The man next to him was speaking again, and Rory smiled to himself at the incongruity of having a chat with a man who was quite unashamedly working his bare glans as he spoke.

“Did you know that Andrew wanted to be cut by a woman? That’s why he’s waited for a meeting where it was going to be Bella on instead of Mike.”

“Wow,” said Rory, amazed “Does it matter? I mean - being done by a woman?” The idea that it might had never crossed his mind before and stunned him. “Is she really going to do it then? Is that allowed?”

“Well, it matters to some,” the man replied, “although I think most want to be done by a circumcised man, if they care one way or the other. Seems right to me that another man does you. I made sure of that when I got done. As to being allowed, well – let’s just say that’s a bit ambiguous, but I don’t think anyone here is exactly going to raise any objections, are they.”

Although he’d been finding things seriously un-erotic up to then, Rory was aware that his cock was now very hard indeed. Things were different since events had taken a wholly new and unexpected turn with Bella’s involvement, and he was struggling to process all the implications. Bella was moving in, and McGraw was clearly offering some last-minute guidance. Finally, looking Andrew fully in the

face, she rested the tip of the scalpel on his foreskin, right up against the plate of the clamp. Even from across the room, Rory could see the slight depression in the flesh under the point of the blade, the pressure on it not yet quite enough to pierce the skin. She smiled at her victim for a long second then, with total assurance, suddenly and decisively pushed it in. Andrew just made a small noise at the back of his throat, but Rory was amazed at his expression of total serenity. He noticed Graham, one hand pinching the overhang of his foreskin tight across his glans, the other hand urgently working his nipples. Almost everyone else was quite openly masturbating now.

It seemed to be an age before Bella moved but, finally, she slowly started to run the blade around the clamp. Although she was working with concentration, Rory noticed her look up for an instant and glance across the room. His cock twitched hard in the tight confines of his trousers as she searched for his eyes and, for a split second, met his gaze. Then it was done. As she stood back and let McGraw in again, she caught Rory's eye once more.

Rory hadn't been sure what to expect but, to his relief, there had been very little blood during the procedure. What there was had taken a surprisingly long time to emerge, and just a small amount had dropped onto Bella's surgical glove. He was amazed when Andrew suddenly grasped Bella's hand and, pulling it towards him, licked it off her latex-covered fingers. McGraw was disassembling the clamp, and suddenly there it was – Andrew's foreskin. Something that had been a part of a man's body a minute earlier was now just a wrinkled fold of flesh in the doctor's hand. As he held it up to the room, displaying it as if a trophy, Rory saw again the doctor's erection clear under his scrubs.

"Congratulations, Andrew," said McGraw. "I'm delighted to say that you now are, and now always will be, a circumcised man!"

There were murmured congratulations, and several hands left cocks for long enough for there to be a ripple of applause. Andrew looked rather shocked, as if somehow grappling to take in the enormity of what had just happened to him. McGraw passed him the ugly piece of flesh that had been part of his body just minutes before. He looked down at it in his hand with what looked like total disbelief and disgust. With something of the manner of a stage magician about him, McGraw made a show of pushing the pedal on the surgical waste bin to open the lid, his arm held wide in a flourish of invitation. Andrew, with considerable force, threw his foreskin in to it.

"Good riddance!" he said.

Chapter Ten: The Dark Lady

A couple of the attendees stayed behind to watch McGraw finish the procedure and glue Andrew's wound. Most, though, returned to the conference room, where the rest of the gathering had been watching events on a live feed. As he left the room, Rory's caught Bella's eye again.

Back in the conference room, most men were sitting around chatting, and Rory noticed a couple of them mopping cocks with tissues. He was amazed to see Graham settle into a chair, reach into his bag, take out his Gomco and casually assemble it around his penis again, tightening the screw as he continued talking to the man next to him. Norman called them to order for the rest of the meeting.

"So, let's go to Cameron next," he said. "For our new brethren, Cam's story is that he was circumcised very loosely in his teens, then re-cut in his twenties. Then, two meetings back, he had a very interesting second revision procedure from Dr McGraw. He gave us a very positive update of how things were going in the last meeting. In fact, I think I'm safe in saying that that was the deciding factor for young Andrew finally deciding to be circumcised today."

Norman pressed the remote control, and Cameron's pictures came up on the screen. "So, we have a very interesting survey of Cameron's journey here," he said.

The first picture showed what was a very loose circumcision, and clearly not done very expertly. The remaining foreskin was slightly lopsided and still covered about half of the glans. The second was a view of the underside, a thick, wide frenulum generously still filling its slot. Next came one showing the remnants of the foreskin retracted, a wide band of inner skin laid out on the shaft, the scar line thick and ugly, then an image of a much neater result, the foreskin now cut back to sit in a small bunch behind the helmet and with a much tidier scar line.

"Well," said Norman, "There's no doubt that Cameron was circumcised before - and I have my own opinions on his first procedure and what an improvement his second was - but let's compare that to how he is now."

The final picture was almost shocking. Now the cut was radically low, the scar line placed neatly in the groove behind the glans, just a minute thread of inner skin left. The skin on the shaft of the soft penis was pulled ruthlessly tight, the piss lips looking as if they were held open by the tautness.

"So, obviously quite a contrast there then, and a big change for Cameron. So how is it?" asked Norman, "and perhaps you'd like to tell us why you opted for a low cut when the prevailing preference seems to be for high and tight?"

"Well," said Cameron. "I really hated my first circumcision. I hadn't wanted to be done at all, but my stepfather insisted. It looked such a mess, and it was sort of neither one thing or another - like having a crap foreskin rather than the OK one I'd had before. So, I was really pleased that my second circ looked so much less of a wreck. And then I found that I actually much preferred how it felt with so much less skin - it was completely different rather than just being a worse version of what I'd had before. Then I started getting off on the idea that I'd changed my cock, but down to my choice that time rather than someone else's. And I liked that I could go at it for so much longer during sex and - well - you know how it is - it gets addictive!"

There were a few chuckles of agreement from the group.

"But why the low cut?" someone asked.

“Well,” said Cameron, “I reckoned that if I had to be circumcised then I reckoned I wanted to be REALLY circumcised. No half measures. There was just something about the idea of knowing I’d chosen for myself to be done to the max – having everything stripped out that could be. Physically it’s really hard work getting off, but mentally.....”

Rory noticed a few hands dropping to crotches.

“And what’s it like when you are hard, having such a radical circumcision?” someone asked.

Cameron smiled. It was a second or two before he spoke, his hand going to his crotch too as he did.

“Unbelievably tight, unbelievably better. And unbelievably horny!”

“So have you shown it off yet then, Cam?” someone asked.

“And just why might I want to do that?” he replied, smiling. “You know me too well, mate! Well, I’ve had a couple of moments, I have to say, but I’ve been making myself wait until it’s properly settled down. I had to laugh, though - I was at work a few days after the op, still all bloated and raw. There’s a bloke who’s always been a bit inclined to linger in the gents if someone else is around, so I made sure, all innocent like, that he copped a good view. Shit, I’ve never seen him move so fast! His zip was up and he was out the door in a flash – certainly didn’t stop to wash his hands! Poor bugger must have got the fright of his life. I mean, it didn’t look pretty - all bruised and sutured up. I had to laugh later, thinking what a classic it would have been if he’d caught his snout in his zip in his panic to get out of there and ended up having to be done too. That would teach him, the dirty sod!”

“But I bet he’d have thanked you for it later,” someone said. “Blokes with foreskins just don’t know what they are missing.”

“Unlike blokes with missing foreskins, ha ha!” replied Cam, without missing a beat.

“Well,” said Norman. “I think that all says a lot. Thanks for sharing, Cameron, and good on you. Food for thought there for many, I think. So, next on the agenda. I was talking to Leo, who is one of our new attendees, during the tea break. Leo’s uncircumcised but very interested in discovering more. We were talking about taping and he told me that he’s been trying to do it but without much success, so he’s said that he’d be very pleased if someone who’s had a bit more experience would like to.....”

When Leo sat down again some minutes later, expertly taped up and grinning from ear to ear, he was very erect and clearly enjoying his ersatz high and tight. Norman said that he had his eye on the clock and that they’d soon have to wind things up, but that he had a short video to show them “as,” as he put it, “a liqueur to follow this afternoon’s exceptionally fine dining.”

Clicking to open the file, Norman explained that it had been filmed at the celebratory gathering after Dr McGraw’s recent day of “Spiritual Circumcision Ceremonies” for the Woodland’s Academy. What the video showed would have seemed completely innocent in a different setting. It could have been any upmarket garden party, but at CIG++, however, it had an extra significance, and one which made Rory suddenly feel uneasy. After general shots of the smiling adult guests, all with champagne flutes in hand, the camera panned slowly along a line of smartly dressed young men sitting on a fallen oak tree which had been formed into a kind of long bench. They were trying to smile for the camera, but all of them looked rather ashen-faced, some stunned even, as they experienced their first hours of life without foreskins.

Ten minutes later and with the group dispersing, Rory rang for a taxi. The controller told him that they were busy and that there would be at least a half hour wait, but that she'd ring him back when a cab was on its way. It was raining heavily outside so, with everyone else from the meeting gone, Rory settled down to pass the time in the empty foyer. He flicked through one of the glossy "Spiritual Circumcisions" brochures on the table, all full of smiling families, obviously totally convinced that the removal of the foreskin was a true blessing for any man or boy, and thought again with disquiet about the video he'd just seen.

After a minute or two, McGraw emerged from his office, talking on his phone and, in his stylish cashmere overcoat, looking every bit like everyone's idea of a high-flying plastic surgeon. He smiled at Rory as he swept past, then it was quiet. Rory realised that he'd be wise to pee before setting off for home and made for the toilets at the rear of the building. He went past the consulting room where Andrew and his foreskin had been parted, then headed further down the corridor. Passing an open door, he caught a movement out of the corner of his eye. When he glanced in instinctively to see what it was, he was instantly horrified and embarrassed - it was obviously the staff locker room, and Bella was in there changing out of her scrubs. He'd caught her just as she was pulling her top over her head and, with perfect timing to cause maximum embarrassment to them both, it had just cleared her eyes at the second Rory looked in. Her bra-less, firm breasts fully exposed, she and Rory both froze. It seemed to take forever before either of them moved. Rory assumed that it might be shock that was causing her just to stand there with her top still bunched awkwardly around her neck as, rather than looking away in embarrassment, she held his gaze. After a long second though, her hands finally moved. Slowly, they dropped to her nipples and began brushing them.

Thinking about it later, Rory was amazed at himself. It just wasn't the kind of thing he did, nor, he thought, Bella either. He didn't quite know how it had come about but, within seconds, he was in the room with her and they were furiously kissing with a carnal power that amazed him. Somehow, it was for both of them as if all the intensity of the afternoon was being let out in the act. With her top still half on, they tongued passionately, their hands exploring each other. Bella moaned quietly as her hands found Rory's crotch and ran her hand over the bulge there, his erection as hard as any he could remember. She moaned more as her fingers took in the long length of his shaft that snaked down his leg, finding and exploring the deep ridge of the bare glans that pushed against the tight cloth. She gasped as Rory tongued her nipples, amazed at their hardness. Then, somehow, seconds later, his penis was out and between her lips, her tongue lapping round the helmet, then licking around his circumcision scar. Rory felt for her pussy. Amazed and aroused by the wetness there he was, moments later, even more amazed to feel the metal ring that pierced the hood of her clitoris. Rory paused, wanting to be totally sure that the penetration for which he longed was what she wanted too, but Bella answered his unspoken question by taking his penis in her hand and guiding it towards her. Leaning back on the lockers, she gasped loudly as Rory pushed up hard and deep inside her. They looked each other full in the face as he started thrusting, Rory aware that he had never known such an urgent, wanton need to fuck before. His fingers found her nipples and stroked them gently, but her hands soon covered his and encouraged him to work them harder. As he did so, he felt her first orgasm, and the intensity of it aroused him even more.

When they had finally finished, they held each other tight for a very long time. Rory kissed her again, very tenderly this time. She smiled and brushed her hand through his hair.

"My God," he said, "That was wonderful. I can't believe we've actually just done that. I've never....."

“Me neither,” said Bella. “It’s just not what people like us do, is it? I mean, here - in the broom cupboard. It’s not exactly romantic, but I’m not sorry. Not one bit. It was fantastic. Just fantastic.”

Her fingers went again to Rory’s softening cock, running briefly along its length before returning to explore the area where his foreskin might have been with a fingertip, then running a finger round his scar line.

“God, you don’t even know my name!” he said. As he spoke, his mobile rang in the trousers that were still in a pile around his ankles.

“That will be my cab,” he said. “Shall we share one this time?”

Chapter Eleven: The Reunion

Ben had been very hesitant about going. He really didn't think that a class re-union was his kind of thing, especially because of the way that news of his circumcision spreading round had cast such a deep a shadow over the end of his school days. In the back of his mind was the fear that the one thing that everyone was sure to remember about him was the one thing that he really didn't want to have picked over. In the end, though, Rory and Leyton had talked him into going and, to his surprise, he found that he was very glad he had gone as soon as he arrived. Mercifully, no one used his "Bare Ben" nickname - to his face at least. He was still worried though, wondering if that was just out of some kind of tact or embarrassment, particularly as his counterpart was still openly addressed as "Fat Ben", despite being several stones lighter than he had been at school.

After his second pint, Ben felt the need to pee. The gents was empty so, after a glance into the one cubicle had shown it not to be an alluring prospect, he risked using the urinal for once. To his dismay, he had just got past the point of no return at the stall when he heard someone else come in. It was even worse when Ben realised who it was, and he was never sure afterwards if it was just a coincidence, or if Dave had actually chosen his moment carefully. They had chatted a bit earlier as part of a group, going over the old times spent in Dave's bedroom recording studio. It had been good to catch up, but Ben had had the awkward memory of the last time they had been there together in his mind all the way through the conversation, wondering if Dave remembered it too. Clearly, Ben soon found out, he did.

"Good do, eh?" said Dave. "It's really great to see you again, mate. Actually, I'm glad to finally have a chance to thank you too. I owe you one for helping me decide to do the right thing all those years back, and for putting me in touch with that mate of yours. That Mike - he was brilliant."

Ben hoped against hope that someone else would come in and break the awkwardness. He wondered if playing dumb would be the best tack, but it was soon clear that that option was gone - Dave smiled as he pulled his penis from his trousers, then turned towards Ben for just long enough to make sure that he saw it. The last time Ben had, it was on that long-ago afternoon, just weeks after his own circumcision when, for reasons that he had never really understood, he had shown his friend his own freshly-cut penis. Perhaps it had been because he had been moved by Dave's obvious distress and genuine call for help, or perhaps because he so desperately needed someone, for whatever reason, to look at what his penis had become and face the worst of what they had to say. Dave hadn't said anything though - either negative or positive. To Ben's massive relief, he'd just accepted it.

Back then, Dave's foreskin had been tight and angrily red, the flesh scarred by the repeated tears caused by futile attempts to force it into retraction. Now though, the shaft was as free of covering as Ben's own, the neat cut line high on the shaft. The small part of the glans that Dave had been able to reveal before had been pink and shiny, but now the full head was on show, all of it dark purple and leathery-looking. Ben was at a complete loss over what to say, but Dave saved him by continuing.

"Actually, I saw Mike again recently," he said as he turned back to the stall and started to pee. "He was there when I went back to that Woodlands place last month - my eldest and I took my grandson there to be done a month or so back. Catch you again later, eh?"

Ben was troubled as Dave zipped up and left. Although it was clear even to someone as opposed to it as he was that circumcision had been the right choice for Dave, there was a worrying niggles at the back of Ben's mind: however indirectly, he had been the cause of Dave's grandson, and probably his son too, losing foreskins that were quite probably perfect. His pre-occupation meant he

wasn't paying attention when he opened the toilet door to go back into the pub and, as he did so, bumped into someone, almost knocking her drink from her hand.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," he said. "Are you OK?"

She beamed back at him.

"Ben Cook!" she exclaimed. "Wow, look at you!"

It took a second or two for Ben to place her. She had changed so much that he didn't recognise her at first. She'd always been pretty, but now she was stunning.

"Blimey!" he said. "Gemma Whittington! And wow, just look at you too!"

Chapter Twelve: The Birthday Treat

"I'm going to have to blindfold you so as not to spoil the surprise," said James.

As usual, when it was one of their birthdays, the four of them had gone for breakfast at the Big Plate Café and had the full works, right down to tinned tomatoes and fried bread. Unusually for a Saturday, Ben had had to drag himself into work afterwards, but the other three were spending the afternoon binge watching rubbish on Netflix and steadily working their way down Rory's birthday bottle of designer gin. It was getting on for six o'clock when James said to Leyton "Do you think it's time for his special birthday treat?"

"What's that then," said Rory, who had been groggily half asleep through the last episode.

"It's a secret," said Leyton, "but it's a special surprise. That's why you need to be blindfolded for it. But I think you'll REALLY enjoy it, don't you James?"

"Oh yes, I know he will," said James. "It's something I know he's wanted for a very long time but hasn't liked to ask for, isn't it?"

"OOOH – how exciting," said Rory, entering into the spirit of things as James tied a scarf over his eyes. "Are you going to give me a clue?"

"Well," said Leyton, "just an itsy one then. It's something James has told me that you like, but haven't had since you were a kid. But it's naughty. VERY nice, but VERY naughty."

"Yes," said James, "and Leyton's the one to give it to you, but you're only going to get it from him just this once – as a very special treat."

"Yes," said Leyton, "And it WILL only ever happen once - I can guarantee that. James told me that it was something you shared once and that you loved it SO much, but that you've never had it since, and that he's always known you'd love to have it again to find out if you enjoy it as much as the last time."

Rory was now wide awake.

"But," Leyton continued, "we needed you blindfolded to make it a proper surprise. You do trust us, don't you Rory?"

"Well, yes. I've got to say that, haven't I - now that you've got me so intrigued," he replied.

"In fact," said James, "I think I'd better tie his hands too to make sure that he just sits back and enjoys it and doesn't get too carried away."

Rory felt hands take his and guide them behind his back. As he felt something binding them together, he was amazed that his cock suddenly sprang to life - he certainly hadn't anticipated that the thought of James tying him up and making him vulnerable would somehow be so erotic.

"Good boy," said Leyton. "Now all you've got to do is to lie back and trust us. Because we know you're going to love it. It is SUCH a naughty treat, but it's perfect for a birthday boy. James told me he remembers you so loved it, and that you often think about it all the time, but you REALLY are only going to get it from me this once, OK, so make the most of it."

Rory wasn't sure what he was expecting, but his mind was racing, and even more so when the two men closed in next to him on the settee and then undid the wide, black leather belt that he always wore. He felt two faces close to his, stubble brushing, as hands undid his fly buttons and then gently

pulled down his trousers. As they descended and Rory's cock, already rock hard, sprang free and slapped back onto his chest, Leyton turned and looked wide-eyed at James, his lips silently mouthing "Oh my God! He's massive!"

"Mmm – aren't we a nice smooth birthday boy, and with a lovely shiny ring on too," said Leyton. "And such a big boy – James told me that you were, but now I've seen just how very big a boy you are, I really hope there's going to be enough room in there for you."

Rory, lying back on the settee and eager for whatever came next, felt a face next to his again.

"Happy birthday Rory," James whispered softly in his ear. "Enjoy it. It's our special treat for you. To remind you how much you enjoyed it last time you had it."

Rory felt weight on his thighs. Leyton was straddling him. With his legs either side of Rory's, he began to edge gently forward.

"Just sit back and enjoy it", whispered James, his stubble brushing Rory's ear. "Remember the old days as you slip inside. I know you've always wanted it again, and I hope it's just as moist and silky smooth as you remember from when we were kids. It's our special treat – just this once."

Rory moaned quietly, his hips bucking slightly, his cock rigid.

"Here we go, Rory," said Leyton. "I really do hope you enjoy it."

Rory felt the resistance of a smooth softness as his bare helmet made contact then, moments later with a slight give, slid inside. He was surprised by the feeling of coolness on his glans as his piss slit was covered, the feeling moist and seductively silky. Instinctively, his hips started to buck slightly. He moaned again, very aroused.

"My God," he said, "that feels just amazing."

"Ooh take it easy Rory," said Leyton. "Go slow and enjoy it. There's no rush. Let me stay in charge as you are SUCH a big boy, but there's plenty here for you if you go slow. In fact, there might even be room for two in there if we really try. What do you reckon, James?"

"Well, there might be, I suppose - just," said James. "You've got such a large portion there to share after all."

"Oh my God!" said Rory, "You think that's actually possible? I just can't believe it, but I'd so love it."

Leyton let Rory slip further inside, all of his glans covered now.

"Is that good, Rory?" he asked.

"My God," said Rory. "It's – its, just amazing."

"I know you've always wanted more, ever since the last time you had it," said James. "I know you so well, and that it's something you've always wanted again."

"Oh yes," said Rory. "I've always wished that I was gay enough to do it."

"Oh, I don't think it's something you need to be gay to enjoy," said James, "but I bet you've always wondered about Leyton, and if he'd ever...."

“Mmmm yes, ever since you told me that he.....” said Rory. Then he moaned, as Leyton suddenly let him slide in the whole way.”

“Do you think we should let him have a look? said Leyton, “Now he’s buried SO deep inside?”

“Yes, I think so,” said James, “but I’m going to take a picture first as it looks – well, it just looks incredible – seeing Rory’s beautiful big helmet buried so deep in there, totally covered over.”

Rory made out the flash of the camera through the blindfold.

“Oh shit,” he said, “it just feels sooo amazing.”

“OK,” said Leyton, “take his blindfold off and let him see. I think he’s going to be SO amazed by what it looks like.”

Rory, his hands still tied behind his head, felt them undoing the blindfold. He was very aroused, longing to see his cock head buried deep inside Leyton’s foreskin – something that he’d so often fantasised about and really wished, hope against hope, might actually happen one day.

“You absolute bastards!” he said as, slightly dazzled, his eyes re-adjusted to the lights of the room and he looked down at his crotch.

Leyton howled with laughter as James took another picture. The glittery writing on the custard on top of the bowl of sherry trifle in which Rory’s cock was buried was smudged now, but he could still make out what it said:

“In your dreams, birthday boy!”

Chapter Thirteen: The Date

Leyton fussed over Ben, sensing how nervous he was as they choose what he should wear. It was rare for Ben to be going on a date, and Leyton realised that this one was something special for him.

“So what’s she like then, this Gemma? Would I approve? She’s not like bloody Bekky, I hope.”

“Oh no! Couldn’t be more different! She’s nice,” said Ben. “Just – well, very nice.”

“Oh, come on!” said Leyton, “You know that won’t do. What was she like when you were at school? Did you have the hots for her then? And what does she look like now? Details please.”

“Well, she’s divorced – aren’t we all!” said Ben. “She’s in management for Marks and Sparks. One daughter. Lives in Altrincham.”

“Ooh Altrincham! Classy then. But is she hot?” said Leyton, running his hands through his hair as he caught sight of himself in Ben’s wardrobe mirror.

“Well, yes she is, I suppose,” said Ben. “Actually, she’s bloody gorgeous! And when we were at school, I sometimes wondered if she was keen on me. There was this one time – some party or other – well, we were going great guns. It was my first time getting frisky with a girl, but then my step dad turned up bang on cue just as things were getting interesting. Then, well...things took a bit of an unexpected turn for me soon after that, and I just was out of the running for a while, so...”

He tailed off. Leyton wondered for a moment about pushing for more details, but read the look on Ben’s face and decided against.

“Well, she’s a lucky lady to get a second chance with you,” he said. “It’s about time we got you fixed up. I can’t believe you’ve not been grabbed – you just don’t realise what a catch you are. The funny thing about you is that you always notice all the old queens eying you up, but you just don’t see all the lovely ladies batting their eyelashes at you too. You SO should be gay - you know that, don’t you? Are you really sure you’re straight? It’s not too late to change your mind - they’d be all over you down Canal Street if you ever wanted to give it a go.”

Chapter Fourteen: The Party

The Woodlands Hotel was the perfect place for it. Bella had even managed to charm the manager into a substantial discount as she was “almost on the staff.” She and Rory were about to go off travelling for month, ending up with their marriage on a beach in Bali. They both wanted it to be just the two of them and the celebrant there for it, so this to be the big celebration for family and friends.

They checked in early on the day and, as soon as they reached the honeymoon suite, made love slowly on the huge bed. Afterwards, they shared a bath and then, very carefully, shaved each other totally smooth. As they lay on the bed again afterwards, fingers savouring each other’s newly-sleek bodies, Bella asked Rory one more time:

“Tonight?” she said, “You really are totally sure, aren’t you?”

“Yes, very sure,” replied Rory. “A month without properly making love to you will be so hard, but we’ve got the rest of our lives for that. And the first time afterwards will make our wedding night even more special - like a new start together.”

* * * * *

“Here,” said Mark, putting a large vodka and tonic in front of Leyton as he sat down beside him. “You have the look of a man in need of strong drink.”

He’d seen Leyton sitting alone at the side of the dance floor, looking thoughtful. The two of them looked across at James and Rory, who had been dancing together for a very long time now. Since the band had struck up with a slow number, they had been holding each other even tighter, Rory’s head on James’ shoulder.

“I know just how you feel,” said Mark. “Been there, done it, got T shirts in several shades and sizes.”

As if on cue, there was another loud screech of raucous laughter from the other side of the room and the two of them looked over to see what was up – Chris and Ben, their arms wrapped round each other, were obviously being outrageous enough to ensure that Father O’Leary and several ladies of a certain age were thoroughly enjoying themselves.

“See what I mean,” said Mark.

“If you didn’t know,” said Leyton, looking back at the dance floor, “you’d think it was James and Rory who were getting married.”

“Welcome to my world,” said Mark with no sign of enthusiasm, “You get used to it after a while. Sort of.”

“Rory and Ben,” said Leyton. “Have you ever known two straight men who SO should be gay?”

“I know,” Mark replied. “It’s such a waste, isn’t it. They’d be naturals.”

Leyton took a large swig of his vodka.

"Wouldn't they just," he said. "It's been a very long time since I let any man put his toad in my hole, but I'd make an exception for Rory if he ever saw the light."

"Who wouldn't," said Mark, "and I'd be first in line with my knickers down if Ben ever did."

"Have they ever...? Ben and Chris, I mean?" said Leyton.

"Chris swears blind they never have," said Mark. "And I actually believe him. They're incredibly close and share a whole lot of stuff that I've never fathomed out, but Ben is so totally straight that there's just no way. How about Rory and James?"

"Same," said Leyton, realising that he wasn't quite so sure as Mark seemed to be. "In a way, I sort of wish they'd just have a good old shag and get it out of their system. Oh for God's sake, look at them now!"

Mark followed his gaze; Rory and James were snogging.

"Get a room, you two," Leyton yelled.

Rory disengaged from James for just long enough to give them a wave, and James smiled as he flicked a V.

"I'm amazed that Bella doesn't seem to mind," said Leyton. "But I think it's the same there – she just knows that Rory is straight enough for it to be OK."

"Well, she's one lucky lady anyway. In lots of respects of course," said Mark. He paused, weighing up if he should go on but realising that he couldn't stop himself anyway. "But perhaps in one area in particular..."

"Oh yes," said Leyton. "He's not exactly shy about that, is he. And I think he quite likes the idea that we can tell. I mean - those trousers! Have you seen?"

"God, yes. Impossible not to," said Mark, glad that he wasn't alone in having noticed.

They sat quietly in thought for a moment before Mark spoke again.

"Have you ever.... got to see?"

"Just the once," said Leyton. "And I felt really sore just looking at it."

"I've always thought it would have to be pretty amazing," said Mark wistfully, thinking back to Rory as a teenager in his cycling shorts at the gite. "Lucky old Bella."

"Indeed. And what about Ben?" said Leyton. "You ever got a peek? He's very shy, isn't he, and I've always wondered why – I reckon it's either got to be tiny or massive."

"Again, just the once. And it's a case of like son, like father," said Mark, smiling. "Except that I think Rory wouldn't mind us having this conversation, whereas Ben would."

"Rory? He'd love it! But fair enough for Ben," said Leyton.

Mark continued, wondering again if it was wise. He added the quotation marks with his fingers when he decided that it wasn't, but that he would anyway.

"Actually," he said, "I 'just happened' to be in the gents at the same time as Rory's grandad earlier, and let's just say it's obviously in the genes – like father, like son, like grandson."

"Ooh, 'just happened' eh? You're as big a slapper as me then," said Leyton, smiling. "So Richard then - apart from the large portion, is he the same as Rory and Ben then? Is that a family trait too?"

"Circumcised, you mean? No, actually," said Mark. "Quite the opposite in fact. Fireman's hose territory there."

"Strange," said Leyton. "So I wonder why he had Ben done then. Or perhaps that's why he did – perhaps he doesn't like having a long nozzle and didn't want Ben to suffer with one too?"

"Well, that's one of the mysteries that I've never fathomed out. You know what an old gossip Chris is, but he's very tight lipped about all that. There's some story there for sure."

"I've always wondered what it is with the whole lot of them," said Leyton. "Bloody foreskin obsessed, even though they haven't got one between them. Weird. Oh, sorry – I'm assuming here. Are you....?"

"No," said Mark, "and very pleased I'm not. Chris tries suggesting that I get done every now and then, but I know deep down he doesn't really want me to. He just enjoys toying with the thought. In fact, it would spoil a lot of his fun if I did."

"God. You too then?" said Leyton, rolling his eyes. "James is bloody fixated with it. He can't leave mine alone. Bloody docking too - when I had a girlfriend, at least there was no question about what was supposed to go in where."

"You got it," said Mark. "Same here. I'm surprised my poor snout isn't stretched to buggery by now. Actually, I quite like it really. Just that it's a bit compulsive with Chris – there are so many other things to do, but it always seems to come back to that with him."

"Yes," said Leyton. "But it is kind of horny, though, isn't it. Just a pity that it's a bit of a one-way street for us. Have you ever been on the other end of things - before Chris I mean?"

"Never," Mark replied. "Well, it's not something that guys ever do, is it? Not if they've got their own skins. Why would they? I have to say it would be interesting to know what it's like the other way round, though. There's something about the idea of using another man's to....."

They were interrupted. James and Rory had finally had enough smooching and came to join them.

"Oooh, it's the happy couple!" said Leyton, sarcastically. "I thought you'd gone off to the honeymoon suite to play hide the sausage."

"Ha, ha," said James. "You're just jealous."

The band struck up again, a lively rock number this time.

“Come on,” said James, pulling Leyton to his feet. “I love this song. Rory’s no good at fast ones, so you’ll have to do.”

As the two of them headed off, Ben and Chris’s loud group broke up and took to the floor too. Rory and Mark looked at them, smiling. James’ mum Ursula was dancing with Ben, her hands quite blatantly groping his arse. Freddie and Henry were dancing together of course and, to Rory’s amazement, Father O’Leary and Chris were teamed up and enthusiastically doing their best. What really pleased Rory though was that, next to them, Richard was dancing with Carol, both of them beaming.

“That’s interesting,” said Rory. “My gran and grandad seem to be getting on extremely well again today. I’ve been wondering what’s going on there since he came back from Australia. It would be so good if... well, let’s see what happens and hope, eh.”

“Yes,” said Mark. “That would be so great. Ben would love it if they got back together. It would be the last nail in Roger’s coffin too. Nice to think of another family wedding soon. Talking of which, all the very best to you Rory – I wish that you and Bella are even half as happy as Chris and I have been. You’re a lucky man – she’s absolutely lovely.”

“Thanks Mark,” said Rory. “And I do know just how very lucky I am.”

“I’m not 100% sure about all the tattoos and piercings, but even I can see what a very sexy lady she is. And as to her good luck in that department... well...” As he continued, Mark realised that he’d probably had one drink too many. “You’re looking damn good, Rory,” he said. “And your outfit today – very fetching indeed, if I may say so. I hope you’re going to wear it on your wedding day too.”

“You like it?” said Rory, smiling. “Thanks, but I reckon it would be a bit hot for Bali.”

“Yes, perhaps,” said Mark. “Some baggy shorts would probably be more comfortable out there. Those trousers are very - well, how shall I put it? Well-tailored, shall we say?”

Rory smiled again, but a different kind of smile this time. As he slowly leaned back in his chair and stretched out his legs, the large bulge packed down his left thigh was very obvious, as was Mark’s gaze towards it.

“Thanks. It’s always nice to be appreciated,” said Rory. “I know that you’re a connoisseur when it comes to that particular aspect of male attire.”

“God!” said Mark, blushing. “And there’s me thinking I’m so discrete. I really hope”

“Don’t worry! I’ve always taken it as a compliment,” said Rory, smiling. “Ever since France. The cowshed window.....”

Mark instantly blushed deep red, horrified.

“Rory, I’m”

“Come on,” said Rory, standing up and taking Mark’s hand. “We can’t be the only two not dancing.”

Chapter Fifteen: Vows

At midnight, the party was still going strong. The night was hot, and Leyton was alone outside in the grounds. He'd actually thought about going to bed as it was starting to get on his nerves that Rory, when he wasn't with Bella, had been glued to James. He'd lost count of how much he'd had to drink and, when Mark appeared, he seemed to be a little unsteady on his feet too.

"Hello again," said Mark. "Come on, cheer up. You know he loves you."

"Yup," said Leyton. "I do. It's just, so....well, the way he's all over Rory. But I suppose it's Rory's last chance tonight. End of an era for him."

"Come for a walk, said Mark. "I think we could both do with some air. And I've bummed the tail end of a packet of fags from one of Bella's goth mates."

In the garden, the fragrance from the roses in the warm night air was powerful. On the far side of the formal grounds, there was a gate into a more secluded wooded area. They walked there in silence for a while, then sat down on a large fallen tree, the top of which had been formed into a long bench. Mark passed a cigarette to Leyton and took one himself.

"Chris would kill me if he found out, but I think he's too pissed for anything more than a peck on the cheek when we finally get to bed," he said, flicking the lighter. "In fact, the way they were carrying on a moment ago, I think he's as likely to find himself in bed with Ben as he is with me."

"Story of our lives," said Leyton, coughing heartily as he took his first drag. "God, that's vile."

They sat in companionable silence for a moment.

"Not fair is it, them having all the fun," said Mark.

"No," said Leyton. "And James is too mullered for there to be any chance of anything when we finally get to bed."

There was silence again before Mark spoke.

"You know what we were talking about earlier? Finding out what it's like the other way round. Just a thought, but I don't suppose?"

"Just how much have you had to drink, Mark?" said Leyton.

* * * * *

It was into the small hours before there were few enough guests left partying for Rory and Bella to feel that they could slip away. Bella went back to their room, picked up the keys to the Clinic block and went down again to meet Rory, waiting there for her by the door. She opened up and dealt with the alarm, but didn't put on the lights. The glow from the emergency exit signs was just enough for them to find their way to the locker room where they had made love on the day that they had first met. Things were slower this time – no risk now of being discovered, no pressure for Bella to complete her duties and tidy things away. When they had finished, they held each other tight for a long moment, aware that it would be some time before they could enjoy each other again in the way

they just had, aware too that it would, perhaps, feel different for them both the next time because of what they both knew was about to happen.

“Are you ready?” said Bella.

“Very ready,” he replied.

They both knew exactly what was about to unfold. They had talked about it long and often. Bella opened one of the consulting rooms and locked the door behind them as they went in before turning on just the desk lamp. Both were still naked. Rory sat straight away on the operating table, thinking of the many men and boys who had sat there before him, about to surrender their foreskins. He had absolutely none left to give but, at that moment, he wished that he was still a man with a foreskin so that Bella could take it from him – that would have been the ultimate gift to give the woman he loved so much. What was going to happen was the next best thing he could offer her, and he did so willingly. Bella went to the desk drawer where earlier she had stowed a small padded envelope. When she turned back, Rory was already in position - sitting on the edge of the table, leaning back on his elbows, his legs hanging over the edge, his handsome penis, sated by their love-making, hanging long and soft and ready for her.

Bella had known exactly who to turn to to make sure she knew exactly what she was doing. Her friend Amy was a professional, and she had talked Bella through it all, finally bringing in her rather bemused husband so that Bella could practise the first steps on him under her supervision. She was glad of that training now, her hands steady as she pulled on latex gloves. She opened the envelope and tipped out the contents. As if she had done it hundreds of times before, she opened the sealed packets and lined up the contents ready.

Very gently, she took Rory’s penis in her hand. She kissed the bare glans tenderly before running her tongue very slowly around his circumcision scar. Then, carefully and deliberately, she slid the receiving tube inside his urethra, sensing him flinch slightly as the metal passed through the tight point inside his glans. With her finger tip, she felt for the hardness of the end of the tube as she pushed it into the soft flesh where, for just three weeks, Rory’s frenulum had once been.

“I love you, Rory Cook,” she said. “With all my heart and soul.”

“I love you too, Mrs Isabella Cook to be,” he replied. “With every part of me.”

Bella’s eyes asked Rory one last time, and he nodded in return. She picked up the needle and, with total confidence, slid it inside the guide tube. Rory had somehow expected her to wait for him to be ready, so it took him completely unawares when she just pushed the needle through his flesh in one swift moment. It was a second before he felt the intense, searing pain and gasped, but it was done. Bella mopped up the small amount of blood, her eyes holding Rory’s gaze.

“Well done, my love,” she said, smiling at him. “It’s going to sound so corny, so please don’t laugh, but I’m going to say it anyway as it’s true – as true now as it will be the next time I say it in Bali.”

As she began to thread the PA through Rory’s piss slit and out through the new opening she had just created, she said it:

“With this ring, I thee wed.”

Chapter Sixteen: The Icing on the Cake

Their meal was good but, as they sat in the restaurant, there was something in the air for both of them, and particularly so for Ben. The previous weekend, they had had a surprisingly earnest chat when it had become plain to both of them that things were getting serious. It was Gemma who had been the one to say, as she warily put it, that perhaps the time had come, and would he do the honour of staying the night with her soon, as she'd like that very much. Ben, who had been wondering too, was rather taken aback by her openness, but there was delight for him there that she was clearly feeling the same way as he did.

Ben had been in a dilemma through the meal, though he was doing his best to hide it. He was wondering if saying anything now would spoil the moment when the time finally came, or if getting any potential awkwardness out of the way in advance was the wise thing to do. She had been remarkable sensible by wanting to discuss things first, so perhaps it was right to follow her lead and clear the air so it didn't spoil their first intimate moment? He just wasn't sure. Ben had slept with very few women since parting from Bekky, and worry over potential reactions had always spoilt things for him, so he really didn't want that to happen with Gemma. When they were waiting for their coffees, he realised it was now or never. Gemma somehow saw the look on his face and gave him an entrée.

"Ben, love, is something wrong? Are you having second thoughts about later? It's fine if you are – I think we're both old enough and wise enough if..."

"I'm sorry," he interrupted. "You can already read me like a book, and I just love that. No, there's nothing wrong - at least I hope there isn't going to be. There's nothing I'd like more than to make love to you but, well, there's something I want to warn you about first – I don't want anything to spoil things later."

"I doubt there could be anything that would, my love," she said. "But go on – just tell me."

"Well," said Ben, bracing himself for all sorts of responses that had been his worst nightmares for days. "I don't want you to get a shock tonight, so I just wanted to warn you that... well, I'm circumcised."

The reaction he got was the last one he'd expected - she threw back her head and laughed.

"I'm sorry – I shouldn't have laughed," she said. "But is that all? My poor, lovely Ben!" she continued, reaching for his hand. "How sweet you are! I've just had all sorts of things going through my mind about what you were going to say, and I was telling myself that we'd find a way around any of them together, but..."

"You don't mind then?" said Ben, "It's just that I know it's not to everyone's taste, and I didn't want you to..."

"Ben, she interrupted, "Stop right now. Do you remember when we were at school and we had those cringe-making personal relationship classes with Miss whatever her name was?"

"That's going back!" said Ben. "That poor woman, having to try and teach all that stuff to us horrible, hormone-ridden teenagers."

"Well, I've never forgotten this one week," said Gemma. "It wasn't photos she showed us of course - that wouldn't have been allowed - but drawings. Two of them, side by side. Up on the overhead projector. It was two drawings of the same naked man - one of him with a foreskin, and one without. Well, I'd never seen a circumcised one before. In fact, I didn't really understand what the

word meant until then, as it was so hard to imagine what it would be like, but the second I saw one, I just knew. Everyone else was giggling, but somehow I just knew that the circumcised version was how I thought a man should look. I'd always found men's bits to be – well - a turn-off somehow. I was even starting to wonder if that meant I was a lesbian, even though I liked boys. But when I saw how a guy might look without all that stuff in the way down there, then - well - suddenly it was all different for me. Does that make any sense?"

Ben was struggling. There was massive relief there for him in what she'd said, but mixed with a genuine incomprehension that anyone could find a penis that had been modified more appealing than a complete one. He remembered that lesson and those pictures too, and didn't care to remember how he'd cringed as he saw the version of the man with a denuded penis, little realising that that was going to be how he would look himself so soon afterwards.

"And, to be totally honest with you," continued Gemma, "Actually, I already knew you are circumcised. I don't know if you ever knew but, a couple of the boys at school were desperate to spread the news when they heard that you'd been done. It was a huge joke to them, but not to me. To be honest, I'd always thought you were hot before, but when I heard that that about you – well, that was the icing on the cake."

Ben was stunned. He could think of nothing to say. Of course he knew that his story had gone round as that was how he got his nickname after all, but Gemma's reaction to hearing it was the last thing he would ever have dreamt of at the time. For a second, he wondered if his life since might somehow have been very different had he had known.

"It was always an issue between me and my husband," she continued. "He had a long, tight skin, and he hated me even trying to pull it back. That was always a massive frustration for me, and it wasn't exactly a thing of beauty either. I asked him once if he'd ever thought about getting rid of it, and he hit the roof. Typical of him to be insulted by me suggesting that there was anything less than perfect about him, so that was that. I don't want you to think I've slept with dozens of men, as I haven't, but every time I have, I've always hoped that they would be circumcised, but it's never happened. So, tonight – well, it would be very special anyway of course, but it's just...."

She stopped for a second, then laughed.

"It's just struck me," she continued, "What I said a minute ago. Actually, I was wrong."

"What do you mean?" said Ben, suddenly worried that things were going to be difficult after all.

"Well," she said, "The icing on the cake - it's actually because you've had the icing taken off yours that I'm going to find it so extra delicious!"

Postscript – Ten Months Later

“Look, I just don’t get it,” said Rory. “You love it, I love it, it’s what brought us together. And we know enough about it and have all the right contacts to make sure he’d get a really good job, so why have you changed your mind?”

“I know,” said Bella. “I can see why you’re upset, but it’s the way I feel now he’s arrived. He’s just so small and perfect. I mean, you know what’s involved - I just can’t bear the idea of letting someone stick a probe under there to break his adhesions, let alone screwing a clamp down on him and.....”

“Anyway,” she went on, suddenly angry, “Why are you so determined that he has to be like you?”