

Ben

I was 14 when my dad died back in 01. Worse yet, I had to go live with my mom. She had left when I was really young. I had never grown up really knowing her. We had talked once in a while but she did not really know me. She lived with her new husband Billy who everyone called Bubba. My half sister Louann lived with them. Bubba had two sons Bo and Jesse. Bo was 16 and Jesse was 12. They lived in the back woods of West Virginia. I grew up in California so it was quite a shock to live with them. Their house was not much. It was a simple wood house.

It was very hard at first. Especially dealing with Bo and Jesse and to some extent Bubba too. They teased me incessantly about anything they could find. I tried complaining to mom about it but she did very little. Bubba said I was a wimp and I should toughen up. So I stood my ground as best I could. Sometimes they got the better of me. But even through they beat me up some times, I knew that if I did not stand up to them, it would be worse. After a long time, teasing subsided.

One day they took me swimming. It was a secluded lake that almost no one visited. It was pristine. I was not that surprised when they stripped and jumped in. Jesse was first. He pulled off his shirt and pulled his shorts to the ground. He was mostly bare skinned. In the next year he would start to grow some body hair. I was not shy and I did the same. Bo was last. He slowly got undressed. I could see the maturity coming out in him. He had dark pubic hair and his penis was thick and hanging. It was actually the first time we got along without antagonizing each other. When we were done and we were getting dressed I noticed Jesse looking at me. He was looking at my crotch. I looked at him briefly and I could see that I was better endowed than he was so I thought that was why he was looking. Then he shouted to Bo that I still had skin on my dick. I was a little puzzled at first until I realized that he was referring to me being uncircumcised. I looked at his again and it was clear that he was circumcised. Bo chimed in that mom better not find out about that because she would make Bubba cut the skin off himself with his knife. I was shocked. What were they saying? Mom knows I am not circumcised. Maybe she forgot. She hadn't seen me naked in all those years.

They said nothing when we got back to the house. Everything seemed normal. I expected them to say something but they did not.

The next day I got home from school and Louann was standing on the porch. I could not figure out what was on her mind but something was. I could see that she was holding something in. It did not take her long. As I got closer she looked at me.

"Mom says you're gonna be circumcised." She blurted out. She seemed to take some personal pleasure from it.

I was stunned. I felt my penis shrivel at the thought.

"No way Louann. Shut up." I told her. "You don't even know what that is."

"Yes I do." She fired back. "It's when they cut the skin off your prick. Then you'll look like Bo and Jesse."

I was shocked to hear a 8 year old girl talk like that. I was even more shocked because she was talking about my prick. "Yeah whatever Louann. Just shut the fuck up." I shot back. When I got inside, mom and Billy were waiting for me. Jesse was over near the kitchen with a smirk on his face.

"Ben, come over here. We need to talk to you." Mom said calmly. They were sitting on the old smelly sofa. I walked over to them.

"I completely forgot that you were not circumcised." Mom said in her usual direct way. There was no beating about the bush with her. "Your dad did not want it done. I tried to convince him but he would not budge. I am so sorry." She paused for a second. Then her face lit up. "But," she said. "We are going to fix that."

I tried to remain calm. I was freaking inside. "Mom, I don't want to be circumcised No way." I screamed.

"You watch your mouth boy." Billy said. "Have some respect for your mother. If she says your dick needs cut, then it'll be cut and that's it. There ain't no debating."

"OK Ben, let's see it." Mom said casually.

I stood there not understanding what she said.

"You deaf boy? Drop your pants and let us see your penis." Billy said forcefully.

Now I understood what she meant. My penis shriveled. Did they really expect me to just whip it out right there?

"C'mon, Ben. We need to see it." she said as she leaned forward looking me in the eyes.

I nervously unbuttoned my pants fidgeting with it. It seemed like it did not want to be undone. It finally unhooked and I zipped down. I pulled the flaps apart and pulled my underwear down enough to pop my penis out. It was tiny and shrunk as much as it would go. Mom looked at it closely as I stood motionless. "Ok. Peel it." She said.

Again I did not move. "PEEL BACK YOUR FORESKIN BOY!" Billy's voice boomed. I jumped. I could not control my hands. They were trembling. I fidgeted until I was able to take the foreskin between two fingers and worked it back until the glistening purple head was showing. I moved my hand and the skin bunched behind the head. It didn't take five seconds before the skin slid back forward covering the slick head, the opening slowly closing tight until the head was completely out of sight again.

"Pull it back again and this time hold it." Mom said calmly.

Again I pulled the skin back. Normally if it was a little aroused and not so shrunken, the skin would stay back for a little longer. She looked closely at my penis never attempting to touch it.

"I can't imagine how many germs must be trapped in all that moisture." She said. Then she said something that I will never forget ever. "Bubba, it really has to be circumcised. I can't forgive myself for not doing it when he was born." She leaned back on the sofa. "OK Ben, you can put it away now. But I want you to try to keep the skin back at all times. I know it won't be easy. It looks like it doesn't want to stay back on its own. But please try."

I was too embarrassed to tell her that my head was so sensitive that there is no way I could stand for it to be rubbing against my clothes. I had tried that once or twice and could not manage to do it. I did not understand how circumcised guys could stand it. I nodded to her that I would try.

"OK, get your shower and wash it well." Mom said.

I headed off for the bathroom. All I could think of was that circumcision would hurt like hell. I showered all the while trying to keep the skin retracted as mom asked. It would pop forward at times, I would pull it way back. When I did this, the tip of the head would bend down and cause my penis to curve slightly. The foreskin was attached to the very tip of the underside of my penis by a string. I must admit that was one thing that I found annoying. As I worked my penis, it got hard and I had to whack off.

The boys came inside eventually and so did Louann. I glared at her for her comments earlier. I was mad at Jesse and Bo too. They did not have to tell mom.

At dinner, Louann, the chatter box that she is, started again. "So when is Ben getting his penis skin cut off?"

"That's enough Louann." Mom said. "That is not your business."

As usual, we went to bed all at the same time. Bo had his own room and I was in a room with Jesse.

We normally did not talk much. But this night was different. Jesse started the conversation. "So, you're gonna be like us. You'll like it."

"I am not going to let them do anything to me. It will hurt like hell." I said.

"It won't hurt much at all. It hardly hurt at all."

"What do you mean? How could you remember? You were probably ten days old when they did yours."

"No we weren't." He shot back. "It was only three years ago. I was 9. I don't remember much details but I know that it did not hurt all that much. Bo has a great memory, Lemme go ask him to tell you what happened." He jumped out of bed and darted for the door. Several minutes went by. I was beginning to wonder if he was going to come back.

Jesse and Bo came into the room. "I am not much for telling anything." Bo said. "But you can thank Jess for convincing me to do it. I am only doing this once so don't miss any of it, cause you would hear it again."

Beau Tells a Bedtime Story

I have always been told I have a good memory; great maybe. Things are always clear in my mind and I remember details of things that many people have told me they could never remember like what color socks I was wearing the first day of school. They were blue. When mom died I was six and Jesse was 2. Jesse doesn't remember her. I remember her somewhat. Then, I did not really understand that she would never be back. Dad told us, but it really did not sink in. As time went on, it made sense to me. Dad looked like he was feeling pretty down. He did not do much. He worked and came home to take care of us. We were lucky to have some other family in the area so when he was working, we were with Grandma or uncle Tim, Dad's brother. Dad had some intermittent girl friends but nothing serious. It was about three years after when Dad got together with Jane. We were still very young and we liked her. She hung around more and more. Louann was Dad and Jane got married. I was 10 and Jesse was 6. It was a simple wedding. Jesse and I stayed with uncle Tim while they went to Tennessee on a honeymoon. They were only gone for two days. When they got back, Jane moved in with us.

We liked Jane. We had known her for a year before they were married. Slowly, Jane took over the running of the house. She started taking charge of us. She started making bathing us at night before dinner. It was weird for a 10 year old to have his step mom bathing him. Dad had always made sure we got a bath or shower most of the time. Not Jane. She did it personally. It was unnerving for a ten year old to get accustomed to that but Jesse did not seem to mind. The first time she gave me a bath, she actually

undressed me. She made me put my arms up and she pulled my shirt up over my head. I protested that I was old enough to do that for myself. Then she pulled my pants down, underwear and all. She looked at me for a second with a puzzled look on her face. I got the impression that even if I was sixteen, it would have been no different.

She bathed me very carefully and thoroughly. She washed under my feet and I remember her telling me to bend over and she started working the wash rag between my cheeks until I felt it rubbing against my anus. I flinched. It was not painful, but it was a sensation that I was not accustomed to. She reassured me that it was entirely necessary to clean that area well. Then she made me turn around. I was standing shin deep in the bath water and she held my penis and worked the skin back. This sent my senses reeling. I was scared and amazed all at the same time as this purple bulb emerged from its skin covering. If this had ever been done to me before, I certainly didn't remember it. It was the most weird sensation I ever felt. I wanted to turn and run. What was she doing to my thing? She told me to stand still and not to move. A few seconds passed by. "Doesn't look like this has been cleaned ever." She said calmly. "It's very important for a boy to clean inside his penis. When you are ready to clean it yourself, I'll let you. But until then, I'll be doing it for you." And she proceeded to wipe the washrag over the purple head. I flinched and pulled away instinctively. The skin popped back forward, covering the head. She told me to come back to her and she started over. Again, she pushed the skin back and out came the purple thing again. This time, she told me not to move. She pushed the skin back as far as it would go. My penis bent downward. She wiped the rag gently all around the shaft and over the head. I started crying. I wanted to flinch but I dared not move. She told me she was being extremely gentle and that it needed to be done. After what seemed like several minutes, she was done and she let me rinse it off with water. I pulled the skin forward and the purple thing went into its sheath. My penis felt normal again. She told me I had to be able to retract it myself and she motioned that I should try. I told her I did not want to. She asked if it hurt and I told her no, only that it felt weird. She said I had to learn how and she made me try. I tried to push the skin back as she had done but I could not bring myself to do it. She did it to me again to show me that it was not hard. Jane then made me try again. It was not that it was hard to do. I just could not bring those sensations on myself. But I had to try. I pushed the skin and it moved a little. The tip started to open and could see the purple thing starting to peek out. She reassured me that I was doing fine and to go a little more. I did and I soon had the entire purple thing out. She told me that it was called the head. Then she told me I had to do that every time I went to the bathroom. Not sometimes. Every time. Even if all I did was do number two, I had to push the skin back. The open air was good for it she said. It would stop germs from building up under the skin. And she would know when she bathed me.

I got out and it was Jesse's turn. I was drying off with the towel when she turned to me and told me to pull back the skin one more time so she could know that I could do it. I did it for her and it was easier than the first time. She brought Jesse in and undressed

him. With him, she started with the penis. The first thing she did was to push his skin back. He did not really understand what was happening to him. He looked like he was ready to cry. He reached down to touch his skinned-back penis. She let him. She left his penis like that while she bathed him. It would stay back for a short while until it naturally found its way forward. At that point she would push the skin back again. When she wiped the washrag over his head, he flinched but she held him in place until she was satisfied she had cleaned it properly. She told him about pulling the skin back when he went to the bath room.

At dinner that night she talked to dad about getting us circumcised. She explained to him that it was better and easier to keep clean. She told him how she had to clean our penises. Then she mentioned to him that she would like him to get done too. Dad nodded. He didn't disagree with her but he did not seem to be taking her seriously.

Jane continued to bathe us every day and to wash our penises thoroughly. She would make me pull the skin back myself and she would wash it. She also looked in when I was going to the bathroom and reminded me to "pull back". I didn't do it all the time, but I did it most of the time because I did not want to have a dirty penis and have her find out. Since she was accompanying Jesse to the bathroom, she made sure to pull him back every time.

This went on for about a year. We must have had the cleanest penises in town. Every once in a while, she would bring up circumcision with dad. She was continually touting how it would be easier to clean and it would be better for us in the future. She told him how we could pull back our foreskins but she found it tight and she believed that as we grew it would be harder for us to do it. He never argued with her but he never consented to it either.

One night at bath time Jane told us she wanted us to try to keep the skin back more than just at bath time. Later that night, she was putting Jesse to bed and she pulled his penis out through the hole in the front of his pajamas. She pulled him back and held it in place. She had a roll of tape in one hand. It looked like thin paper. She took a strip of it and wrapped it around Jesse's penis. When she let it go, the skin would not roll forward. His head stayed out. She pushed his penis back into his pants and told him to go to sleep. I knew that she would be doing the same to me and I was right. She came over to me and pulled the cover down and made me roll onto my back. She fished around until she found my penis and she pulled the skin back. She taped around the penis and the tape held the skin back so it did not cover the head. She put it back into my pajamas. I could not move. Every time the head touched any part of my pajamas, I felt it. I could not stand the sensation. It took forever to fall asleep. I woke up in the middle of the night and she was checking to see if the tape was still on. When I woke up in the morning, there she was again, making sure it had stayed on in the night. She peeled off the tape but left the skin back, in the hopes that it would stay that way. It did

not. In seconds, the skin was forward again. How good it felt to have my penis feel normal.

At dinner about a month later, they were talking about a friend of Jane's who was having a baby. They did not know if it was a girl or a boy. She was saying that if it was a boy her friend was having it circumcised. Jane told dad that she wanted me and Jesse to get it done too. She reminded dad that she wanted him to get it done too. I was amazed when he said yes. "You really think this is the best thing for them?" he asked. "Absolutely." She replied. She said she would make all the arrangements.

He must have figured that he would tell her yes and she would not do anything about it. And this was true for a while. She continued to wash our penises nightly as did the taping at bed time. We had grown accustomed to it and it no longer felt as weird when the clothes touched the head. I had got so accustomed to it that I would instinctively pull back the skin every time I got undressed for any reason. It was automatic. I did not want pee to get trapped under my skin so I never peed unless I pulled back.

Every time we went to the doctor, she had mentioned it to him. He seemed to be lukewarm to the idea. He tried to talk her out of it at one point. He did say that if she was determined to do it, that she should wait until we got a little older. Jane reminded him that I was 11 and she felt that it should be done before I started puberty. The doctor seemed to think for a few seconds. He wrote some notes in the file.

A few months went by. We went to the doctor one day. It was a few days after my twelfth birthday. It seemed like a normal visit to us. We went in to see the doctor one at a time. I had started to notice that my penis had started to thicken and some small thin hairs started showing up on my upper lip. Jesse normally sees the doctor first but this time I went first. I should have known that something was different from then.

Doctor Costner made me take off my pants. He did all the normal check up things but he had never done it with me naked before. Then he had me lay down. "Just lay still for a moment." He said. Mom was close by looking on. She looked a little nervous. By then we had started to call her mom. Doctor Costner had an assistant with him. He was standing near my head. Doctor Costner was looking closely at my penis. I felt him pull back my foreskin. I did not flinch since Jane had done it to me so many times before. He massaged my penis with his latex gloved hand a little and I felt it rise. He was holding the skin back until it was taut. He looked at mom. "We will have excise the frenulum. It is way too tight." He said. "Uh huh." Mom replied. "I am not going to do it too tight so there is room to grow." He said.

He looked at me. "I am going to mark your penis with this pen." He said, showing me a green pen. I felt the pen circling around the shaft. It felt uncomfortable as he had the skin really stretched tight. Then I felt him do it again. He seemed to be marking a different place.

The assistant handed him a syringe. It had a small needle but any needle seemed like too much. "You will feel a small sting." He said calmly.

What was he going to do I thought. Inject my penis? Then I felt it. That needle in the skin feeling right into the base of my penis. "Don't move." he said. This will be very short." I felt the needle withdraw and he inserted it on the other side and then again on the top. He covered me with a sheet. "OK, lay there for a few minutes. I'll be back."

Mom came over to talk to me. "That was not too bad was it?" she asked. I shook my head. It really was not that bad because it was very short and once he pulled the needle out, the pain stopped.

"Am I circumcised now?" I asked.

"No Honey. But you will be soon." She said. "And you won't feel a thing. I promise. Doctor Costner will make sure of that."

A few minutes later Doctor Costner came back. He picked up the sheet and I could tell he was poking around but I could not feel anything. "You feel this?" he asked. "No." I said. I could feel some movement or tugging but that was it. "How about this?" Again no.

He looked at the assistant. "Let's start."

The assistant rigged up a sheet over my chest like a curtain so I could not see the lower part of my body. Mom was on the lower part so she could see what was happening. I felt more tugging and the sound of metal clinking. Mom came to me. "You are doing great." She said. I tried to muster a smile.

Doctor Costner and the assistant were saying all kinds of medical things to each other. I heard the words "hemostat" and "clamp" and I thought they said "scalpel".

Mom was mostly watching on and she would come talk to me every few minutes. "They are almost done." She finally said. I felt pulling and tugging. "Those are your stitches." She said.

The assistant took down the curtain. I was scared like hell to look at my penis but I had to. It was bandaged around the middle and there was blood on the bandage. The head was poking out the end of the bandage. It looked just like when mom taped the foreskin for us at bedtime.

"Wow. You're done." She said.

She had me get up and walk. She led me to another examining table. She had a pair of loose shorts for me. "Just sit there and rest for a little." She said.

I saw Jesse come into the room. Doctor Costner asked mom if she wanted me to be in the room while he worked on Jesse. Mom said yes. Jesse would feel safer if his brother was there. I looked at Jesse. He looked really scared. When he looked at me I could see his eyes light up a little. I guess he saw that I was fine so he would be too.

Mom undressed Jesse and got him onto the examining table. Doctor Costner checked him out like he did me. Then he had Jesse lay down. I had a great view and I could see everything. He pulled Jesse's foreskin back and looked all around it. He had the pen in his hand and he told Jesse he was going to mark him. Jesse looked over at me. I tried to give him a smile to let him know it would be ok. Doctor Costner had gotten Jesse's penis erect. I had never seen him erect before. The foreskin was pulled way back and the skin was stretched very tight. I could see the pen marks Doctor Costner had made circled around Jesse's shaft. Then came the needle. He told Jesse to hold still and he began to inject into the base of his penis. Jesse looked like tears were coming to his eyes. He really hated needles and shots. It seemed to take only seconds. I wondered if mine had taken such a short time but it had just seemed longer.

Again Doctor Costner left the room. I looked over at Jesse. Mom was next to him telling him how he was doing great and that he would not feel anything. Mom told him how Doctor Costner had already finished with me and that I was feeling fine. I nodded to him. Mom explained to him that Doctor Costner would be circumcising him. When he was done, he penis would be like when she had taped it. She had explained this before. She told him he had nothing to be scared about that it would not hurt.

Doctor Costner came back. He pulled up the sheet and moved it aside. The assistant rigged up the sheet as a curtain. I was on the side so I could see Jesse's face and his lower body. The doctor took a steel tool of some sort and poked around Jesse's penis. He asked Jess if he felt anything and Jess told him no. The assistant coated Jesse's whole area with an orange yellow solution. They waited for it to dry. The assistant handed the doctor a scalpel. He positioned the penis so that it pointed to Jesse's stomach. The underside was facing up. The doctor grabbed the small area of skin under the head with a metal thing and slid the scalpel along with one motion of the scalpel. I saw blood oozing from it. The doctor took some kind of clamp thing and attached it to somewhere. The bleeding almost immediately stopped. The assistant handed the doctor a metal thing that looked like a small bell which the doctor instantly put onto the penis head. He pulled the skin up over the bell. Then he attached some kind of screw thing to the end of the bell and I saw him put a wing nut on the end and twist it until it went all the way down. The device was now attached to the end of Jesse's penis. Jesse was just laying there and mom was talking to him. He did not seem too scared any more. I saw the doctor take a scalpel and move it around near the metal device. He stopped for a few minutes and waited. He looked like he was handing the assistant

things he no longer needed. In the blue walled room, I imagined this was what it was like to get abducted by aliens. I could not remember anyone who had been abducted ever saying anything about getting circumcised.

Doctor Costner started undoing the screw on the device. He popped off the top clamp part and Jesse's skin went with it. The bell was still on his head. Doctor Costner took it off. The assistant handed him a needle with a long thread on it. He somehow gripped the skin and put a series of stitches going all around. Doctor Costner was done. The assistant wiped the whole area clean and then wrapped a bandage around it. The doctor and the assistant left the room and mom stayed with us. She talked to us and told how proud she was that we were so brave.

When we got home, mom told us we had to stay still. We could not run around or anything. She suggested we take off our pants so we would not get irritated. As much as I did not want to walk around naked she was right and we laid on the couch covered by a light blanket and watched TV.

Dad got home shortly after we did. He talked to us for a while. He was convinced that Jane knew what she was doing and it would best for us in the long run. I reminded him that he had to get his done too. He smiled and blushed a little. "I know."

The first few days were very uncomfortable. Mom had us put ice packs on the area as much as possible. She said it would help with any swelling. It was a little painful if I tried to move around too much. Mom took off the bandage and we could see all the skin was swollen. I could see the black stitches poking out of the puffy red skin. By day three it was only sore but did not bother me that much. Jesse and I talked about it and he felt the same way. Mom took off the bandages permanently. The swelling had started to go down. By the end of a week, our penises started to look their normal size. There were still some scabs. We went back to doctor Costner and he removed the stitches. He told us that we were doing great and to keep putting ice packs on it.

By the end of two weeks, there was only a pinkish brown ridged area where the clamp was. It was still sort of tender but we could bathe normally. Mom no longer washed our penises for us. She did pop in once or twice to see that we were washing.

The following week we came home and dad's truck was there. He was never home at this hour of the day. When we went inside, he was in his bed. When I asked him what was wrong, he told me that nothing was wrong that it was his turn. I knew what he meant.

Jane

Teenage girls frequently get baby sitting jobs. I don't know what it is. Maybe we are supposed to be more responsible. I got short baby sitting jobs while the neighbors went

to the movies or dinner or whatever. At first, they were all five and six year olds. They mostly ran around and all I had to do was make sure they did not make too much of a mess and get themselves injured. When Mrs. King asked me to baby sit Justin I was a little hesitant. He was only 8 months old. She needed someone to look after him a few days a week until she got home. It was an hour or two. My mom encouraged me to do it. Before I started doing it on my own, mom suggested I spend some time with Mrs. King learning how to do it. It was not that hard. He could crawl and move around so it was only a matter of keeping a good eyes on him. Then there was the changing. This was hard at first. She showed me how to wipe and wrap up the diapers. Then she showed me how to clean his little penis before putting on his diaper. She held the tiny thing between her fingers and pushed towards his body. A strange thing happened. The skin parted and this small purple bulb appeared. I thought it was an amazing trick. I had to clean it off gently as Justin had gotten some infections. I had to do it every time. So it became a habit for me every time I changed him.

I really grew attached to Justin and I was his favorite baby sitter for the next two years until they moved away. When he started going on the potty, Mrs. King still had me pull his skin back for him. She said it was important to keep up his routine.

The next boy I baby sat, I naturally assumed that I needed to do the same thing. His name was Michael. He was older than Justin and he complained the first few times I pulled his skin back for him to pee. But he eventually started calling me to do it when he was ready to go. Eventually, his mom saw me doing it and freaked. She wanted to know what I was doing to him. I told her I was just keeping him clean. I assumed all boys needed it. She stopped using me after that.

Then I got Paul. He was about Michael's age. When I took him to the bathroom the first time, I noticed I could already see the little purple head. I wondered how that could be. I asked my mom and she told me he had been circumcised. It was when some of the skin is surgically removed from the penis so the head would always stay out. "It looks so cute." I told her. "She laughed a little wicked laugh."

When I was sixteen I saw my boyfriends penis. He called it his prick. Ok, if you say so. And I could tell it was circumcised. Good I thought. "How cute." I said. I found out fast that you never tell a boy his prick is cute.

Ben

Bo went back to his room. Jesse was rolling over trying to get to sleep. I was thinking all kinds of things. I was not going to let them touch my dear friend penis. He was mine and deserved to be protected. I was determined that there was no way I would let them circumcise me.

When I woke up in the morning no one said anything. Mom gave me a pill to take. "What's this?" I asked. "Just something to get you ready." She replied. I was considering not taking it but Billy was standing right there and I knew he wouldn't stand for my shit. I popped the pill. Minutes later as I was getting ready, mom told me I would not be going to school. I started feeling dizzy and I had to sit down. I could not stand up. The world was spinning around me yet I could see it all clearly. Billy helped mom get me into the car. When we got to the doctor's office, I could not walk. Mom got someone from the office to help bring me in. They took me right into a blue walled room that I had never been in before and put me to lie on table.

Doctor Green stood over me. "We can put you to sleep if you want. It's up to you." He said in a cheerful voice.

"No." I said, slurring. "No sleep." I said. I wanted to be able to resist.

I felt a needle stab into my ass. "That'll keep you nice and relaxed." Doctor Green said.

They removed my pants and underwear as I laid there unable to move. "Nurse, please prep the area." Said Doctor Green. Mom was standing there all the time.

She leaned close to me. "This is a good thing for you although I know you may not believe it right now." She said. "I will tell you what they will do so you know. Don't worry, this will not hurt."

I noticed mom's head had been replaced by the nurse's. "I am going to shave you so relax and don't try to move." I felt a cool liquid on my crotch and I could tell that there was a razor at work. She was quick and I felt her wiping off the area. "OK we are ready, doctor." She said.

He came in and looked me over. I felt him hold my penis and pull the foreskin back. "I am only marking you with a pen." He said. "So don't panic." I felt the pen being traced around on my penile skin. Exactly what he was doing I have no idea. "You will feel this. But it will be very short." He said. I felt a needle being injected into the base of my penis. Several more times he injected at different points. "Ok we are done. Now we wait a few minutes."

I can't tell how much time passed. It could have been a day or a second. "You're doing great honey." Mom said caressing my cheek. "This doctor has done hundred of these. "

I moaned.

"Ben do you feel this?" Doctor Green asked.

"Feel what?" I mumbled. I zoned out.

Jane with Ben

Ben seemed to partly under. This doctor green was supposed to be really good at this. He showed me how he would remove mostly outer shaft skin so Ben would retain most of the inner sensitive skin. He asked me about the frenulum. I asked him what he thought. He recommended removing it. It would be too tight once the circumcision was done. I agreed.

Ben was mumbling. His entire genital area was orange-yellow. Doctor Green flipped Ben's penis up towards his belly. I must say, my son is pretty well hung. He clamped the skin area in the V of the head and snipped one end with a scissors. Then he took a scalpel and slid the length of it in one motion. There was some bleeding. Doctor Green put some stitches there and the bleeding stopped. He had the nurse clean up the area and he continued. Next he pulled the foreskin forward as far as it would go. There was a black ring where he had marked with a marker. With his scalpel, he swiftly cut right at the mark. The shaft skin popped back towards the Ben's body revealing a bright red shaft. Doctor Green pushed the foreskin back on the shaft and cut at the other mark he had made. What remained was a unattached ring of skin which he cut and tossed in a stainless steel pan. He pulled the detached ends together and started stitching them. When he was done, it was all neatly joined. Ben was still delirious. Doctor Green suggested letting him rest there for a while. I got his some water which he drank. "You did great." I told him.

When I got him home the drugs were wearing off. I helped him to bed. I suggested he not wear any pants at all for a day or two. I got him some ice packs to keep the swelling down.

Ben

"OK, let's see." Jesse said walking into my room.

"Fuck off." I said to him.

"Come on Ben." He said.

"This is all your fault. If you had not said anything this would not have happened." I said. I was really mad at him.

"Don't be an ass Ben. When I told them, they already knew." He replied. "So.... Can I see?"

I whipped up the covers. "Look all you want." I said to him in my best venomous voice.

"Looks good. " He said. "Just like ours when we were done. The first day is the hardest. After that it's a breeze. And don't be a fucking wimp. I know you aren't "

"Jesse. Stop the cussing!" mom yelled from the kitchen.

Shit. She was listening.

I made it through the first day like Jesse said. I bitched when mom brought me ice packs but I used them anyway. Mom changed the bandages and I got a good look at him. My penis was swollen and there were black stitches circling its circumference.

What difference three days makes. Most of the swelling had gone down. At least my prick looked close to the original size. Mom was right about the ice packs. And it was a little sore, but not bad. And Jesse was right, wimpy behavior was not the way to go.

A week had gone by and mom took me back to see the doctor to remove the stitches. He was amazed that the swelling had gone down. "No playing with this thing for at least four more weeks." He said. Thank god mom was not in the room. "I don't know if I can go that long." I told him.

After two weeks, there was a pink band around the shaft. When I got erect, this was about an inch and a half from the head. The area under the head still looked pretty raw. I worked my hand on it gently and I came. My pubic hair was growing back in. That nurse did not do such a good job. She had missed several areas and now it was all uneven. I looked myself in the mirror. There was a circumcised penis attached to my body. The head was exposed and there was no wrinkled skin trapped behind the head. It did not look too bad.

Chelsea

I had been with Ben for several months. He was really mature for eighteen. I was sixteen. It was the longest relationship I ever had with anyone. When I first saw him, he immediately caught my attention. He was a busboy in the diner. He had thick dark hair that was a little long. He had a gorgeous body that I could see clearly outlined by his plain white t-shirt. Our eyes met and I grinned myself silly. He gave me a slight smile. Oh well I thought. I saw him there a few more times and each time he would look my way and then disappear into the back. Then my friend Susie told me he had been asking about me. Apparently her cousin or brother worked there. His name was Ben.

One day I went there with two of my friends, Ben showed up at our table. He looked right at me. Damn! His eyes pierced my soul. We had just got out the door when he came out saying that I had forgot something. He handed me a piece of paper. The scrap of paper had a phone number on it with a short note: "I think you are beautiful. Call me. --Ben"

I could barely walk home. My heart was pounding or maybe it was trying to stop. Later that night I paced around the phone. Susie was there with me and she may have been more excited than me. The phone was kryptonite. I could not touch it. Eventually Susie grabbed it and dialed. I was yelling at her not to. "Can I speak to Ben please." She said. "Oh. OK. Please have him call Chelsea." She left my number. I could kill her. He would think I was a fool. I wanted to die. The rest of the night went by and no call. I was even more tense. The next day around 4, the phone rang. My phone rang constantly so that was nothing new. When I answered there was a voice that I did not know. It was Ben. My heart started pounding or was it stopping. I could never tell. He was so sweet. He told me how he could not take his eyes off me in the restaurant. He would stare at me while I was not looking. I was melting under his flattery. He asked me to the movies and I tried to maintain my dignity by saying that I had to ask. Of course I did, but I didn't want him to think I was easy or too eager. Like he couldn't already tell. I came back to the phone after a few minutes and told him my dad said yes.

I never figured he would take me fishing but that is what he did. I went with him and his two step brothers to Lake Angel up near the north woods. Not what I would really call a date. They were a bunch of laughs and although all I did was sit around while they did their bait thing, I had fun. It was not a bad situation to sit and watch three hunks horse around. Ben and I got some time to talk a bit and the other boys teased him mercilessly. He took it well, smiling and laughing at them. He teased them that they did not have a cute girl with them and they were just jealous. Ben was so open and relaxed with me. I felt I could tell him anything. When they dropped me off, I looked at him and I told him that the next time would be a real date. He just looked at me and smiled a little. My heart skipped a beat. Meltdown.

Our second date was very different. It was more traditional. We got a little to eat and went to a movie. It was still early when we got out. I had to be home by midnight and it was only ten. Ben asked me if I would like to go to a small party at a friend of his. Sure I was game. There was not much happening at the party. We escaped outside to the patio. We talked for a bit and he slowly leaned over and kissed me lightly on the lips. Electricity flew from his lips to mine. I was lucky that there was a wall behind me because my knees gave away. I reached my hands back to stop myself from falling. My eyes were glazed over and a warmth rushed through me. "Mmm nice" I said and I stepped up to him and kissed his lips. We kissed for a hour until it was time for me to go. When he dropped me off, he kissed me one last time. My dad was on the porch and he must have seen Ben kiss me. "Take your time. There is no rush. Fast isn't necessarily good." He said. I told my mom all about Ben. She was happy for me. She asked me if Ben and I were sexual. "Of course not. I just met him" I said, surprised.

Things progressed nicely with Ben. We had our fights and disagreements. But when he grabbed me and hugged me close to him, we put our differences behind us. Nothing else mattered when I was in his arms. Our friends were disgusted with how we were

always together. I loved holding his hand while we walked. The girls at school were so jealous. Susie got mad at me because I did not hang out with her enough. We made up later.

There we were alone. I was getting a drink and I felt Ben standing behind me. I turned around and his face was right up to mine. He kissed me. That was good. We kissed all the time. His body was up against mine. He had no shirt on and my breasts pressed into his chest. He took my hand and led me to the couch. He sat down and pulled me down half laying on top of him. My thigh was between his legs and I could feel his hardness surging against me. "You are glad to see me." I said smiling. He grinned as he pulled my shirt up and over my head. I was now only in my bra and my jeans. I was comfortable with him. It felt natural. I felt him fumbling with my bra. Guys should take lessons in bra release. It is annoying to us girls when guys can't get a bra undone. I waited while he tried and I reached back and undid it myself. My breasts were free. I slid the bra off my arms and tossed them aside. Ben wasted no time and he pounced on them with his mouth. This was the first time I had gone this far with him. God, his mouth felt great on me. His rough beard stubble stroked my bare skin. I trembled. I smiled at him. "You are so fucking sexy Chelsea." He said in a hoarse voice. He was so hot. I reached down and passed my hand over his hardness. It surged and he moaned. I looked down at his sexy washboard stomach. I undid his belt then unbuttoned his jeans. I pulled zipper down slowly. Parting the flaps of his jeans, I saw his patch of pubic hair. No underwear. "Stand up." I said. He did and I pulled his jeans down and his manhood popped out. Wow I thought, circumcised. Good. When we girls talked about sex, we always heard that it is best to be with a circumcised guy. It was cleaner they said. I just thought it looked sexier than anything I had ever seen. "How cute." I said. A strange expression showed on his face. "And its so huge." I said smiling.

He smiled at me as he stepped out of his jeans. Here was my Adonis standing naked in front of me. He looked like he was really proud of his manhood as it stood out and pointed half way to the sky. I wasn't ready for sex but I would find a way to make him be happy. He pulled me to him. My body pressed against his. His erection trapped between us was burning hot and throbbing. He knelt and undid my jeans. There was already a wet spot right in the middle. He pulled them down to the ground leaving me wearing only thin pink thong underwear. He could see my patch of pubic hair through the thin material. He sniffed close to my triangle glancing his nose against my belly and mound. I giggled. He was teasing. He started kissing all around my belly and mound. Gently at first and then with greater passion. With poetic grace he slid his fingers into the panties and slid them off me. Before they were to the ground, he was kissing my mound. He pushed me back onto the couch and pulled my legs apart. Teenage girls often talk about sex but few of them really know what they are really talking about. We had talked about oral sex before and I never dreamed it would be like this. I wanted so bad to feel his touch right in my center I was aching. He started kissing all around my pussy. He parted the lips and gently kissed all around. I shuddered. Was that an orgasm? I thought maybe. But no. The orgasm was to come. And come it did. I

shuddered violently a few minutes later. I wanted to hold him in my arms. My brain was fried. If he wanted my virginity he could just go ahead. I would not deny him anything at that point. I wanted to feel him in me. He licked my center some more. I felt his tongue darting all around my folds, at time penetrating my inner most areas. When I came the second time, I was dizzy. I never thought it could be like this. I've had guys finger me before but none of them had ever come close to this.

He came up and hugged me. My head was spinning. I kissed him hard, a strange taste on his mouth. Must have been my own taste. It all added to the heady aroma of our sex. My sexual center was calling for him to enter me, to take me as violently as he pleased. "I want to feel you in me." I said in a sultry voice.

His reaction was immediate. "Don't tempt me." Chelsea. "I want to be in you more than you can possibly imagine. But now is not the time."

"I'm sorry. You're right." I said to him.

"Don't be sorry. Just kiss me." He said.

Ben was my master. I felt all warm inside. I strained and reached my lips to his. His mouth tasted so good. I repositioned myself so he was sitting on the couch and half my body was on his. His hands were all over my butt. As I kissed him I reached down and wrapped my hand around his cock. Lightly I slid my hand along its length. He moaned sweetly. I loved being able to pleasure him. I continued playing with him lightly as his hips bucked. "Oh Nick, that is sweet." He said. It pulsed in my hand. I loved it. I stroked it some more. He gripped the couch and squeezed as his cock erupted with white spurts. It throbbed as the jelly slew up his body and landed mostly on his chest. I just watched in amazement. I had never seen a guy cum before. I passed my finger through the pool in the middle of his chest. It was warm and had a sexy aroma. So this is what it is like I thought.

"Cool." I said in amazement. "Can you do that again?"

Ben laughed. "Come here you." He said as he jumped on me and laid on top of me. He was smiling. We spent the better part of the day exploring each others bodies. We traced every inch and looked in every nook and cranny a body can have. We took a shower together and his cock started to rise. I made him cum again. I had to be home before dark. We got dressed and he drove me home. Next time, I'll have to remember to bring extra underwear.

Ben

I rubbed her belly. It was getting big and it was a boy. Mine. I could not believe it. I was giddy. "Let's go to lunch." I said.

Over lunch we talked about names and how we would take care of him. "Are we going to circumcise him?" she asked. "I really want to."

"Of course. I would not have it any other way." I replied.