

FORWARD: I have written this true account of my circumcisions. After considerable research on the web, and being accepted into several Yahoo groups, it became clear that much of what I saw posted was feverish fantasies. Some were hot and wild, great reading and producing a solid erection, and that's good fun for stroking.. For those of you who sincerely consider submitting to the knife, and becoming true men through the exposure of your glans, the pain, the healing, and the fine manly scars on your shafts, I dedicate this account. I hope it helps you reach your decisions, the information and advice is real and sincere. I fantasized for 15 years before I had my first cutting. As you read the account, I have admitted that I made mistakes, and not all turned out as planned. May you learn well, do your homework, and be certain how it is you wish to be cut. Some of you will opt for high, some low, but whatever your preference, I recommend you get it as tight as possible. The debate rages over frenulums, to keep the tender piece, or carve it out. To those of you who worry about the loss of sensation, the truth is that you will change your dick forever, and yes, it feels much different. But the loss of one kind of nerve receptors brings other, deeper and more profound sensations that you will never know as long as you keep your skin. You will be able to experience more powerful and strong orgasms. You will be proud of your scars, and proud of your bare glans, clean and tightly outlined. Never again will you smell of stale cheese. To all men who choose to be cut, or have already done the deed, this account is for you. We are all now "Brothers of the Blade".

Brothers of the Blade: Stixxxman's Story Part 1

Like many of you readers, I had wanted to be cut since I first knew what my dick was really for, and I realized that I was very different from my skinless friends in school. In the locker room I saw my buddies magnificent bare knobs, clean and dry and smooth, and knew that one day I would have myself circumcised. My best friend Dan and I started to roll around naked a lot, we were 15, mostly doing "kid stuff", jerking each other off, but no contact other than by hand. One day we decided to suck each other, and I went first, he smelled clean and sweaty, and his dick was smooth and tight. It only took a few seconds before he popped his rocket. He never went soft after, and neither did I. Each time we had a sleepover, little did our parents guess, we would try and beat our previous record of how many times we could come in a night. Our best was 11.

When it came to be Dan's turn to suck me, well, let's just say it was tough for him. He was a good friend, and kept his end of the deal, but he was choking and gagging. After we were done, he said that he liked being sucked, and jerked, and that he liked pumping me, but didn't want to put his mouth down there again, that it was too "different". Hey, we were young, who cared, as long as it felt good, and we got our rocks off.

Truth is, my transplanted British dick (the family immigrated to Canada) was one that not many would like to suck, I had a 2" nozzle hanging off the end. Over the years, I stretched it out considerably, by the time of my first cut at 28, the skin was close to 6" fully tugged out. I could not pull my foreskin back, not even enough to see the tip of my glans. Even a small finger could not be threaded inside. The only way I had any experience of my knob was by slipping a wet q-tip and gently rubbing my covered head. When I urinated, the nozzle directed the piss where I wanted it to go, but, the foreskin behind swelled up like a balloon. When I masturbated, it took a long time, the skin was

thick, and would swell up as soon as I started rubbing. The tight nozzle, and the tight shaft, made it really tough to tug. When I came, the juice just leaked out later. I had a major case of para-phimosis. Afterwards, the swelling and itching drove me crazy, I was always wanting to pull and scratch. Then there was the issue of aroma, which just built up. The smegma was never cleaned out, except by peeing, and the morning after a good wank, the cheese was leaking out. It could get pungent! Sometimes my schoolmates told me I “smelled like sex”, and more than once the guys were staring at my long anteat, and made jokes with scissors and nose plugs.

The years passed, and my fire for circumcision grew stronger and more intense. Every fantasy, and every reality centered around cutting, and cut men. My Italian friend Marco, (we worked out in the same gym together), had a really thin tight skin, and one day in the showers I mentioned to him that I had considered getting my foreskin trimmed. He immediately started to stiffen, and seconds later was sporting a fat rod of exceptional dimensions, and a thin, transparent skin. We went to my place (I had been hoping for that to happen for months) to compare “notes”. He had similar problems as me with tightness, and had ripped himself badly with his girlfriend. His frenulum was tight, you could see the down-slope of his glans through the thin skin.

We made a pact, then and there, to get cut. I was 27, he was 22. We jerked off together to seal the pact. After a Dr. appointment to discuss my situation, I was referred to a Urologist, who turned out to be a fairly handsome, rugged looking guy in his 60’s with a great smile.

He agreed with my assessment that the foreskin needed to be removed, and the appointment was booked. Meanwhile, Marco did the same, though for another Doctor.

His turn was first, so the night before we got together and toasted each other. We toasted our courage, as men, to submit to the knife. We drank to the cold steel, and the fire of the blade, as it will cut into our beloved cocks and make them different. We would bare our dick-heads to the world for all to see. We will remove the soft glove of boyhood, and ring our shafts with a magnificent scar as testament to our courage.

We knew that at last our dicks would be smooth and clean, the hard members of our manhood remade into what we wanted. This is what it means to be a man. We discussed enduring it without anaesthetic, but we knew that it would have to be fast, quick and easy if we went the ironman route. We opted for full numbing, because we wanted to have it done right. Most of all, I wanted to watch.

Marco went into the hospital the next day, I waited for him, and took him home to recuperate. My relief was considerable when he shook it off in short order, and offered to show me the results. His shaft was wrapped in gauze, but his swollen purple head was sticking out the end. I got hard real fast. Slowly and carefully he unwrapped his shaft. He was a little bruised around the base, he says they put a band on his penis to reduce circulation. His dick was now a thing of beauty. His knob flared out, clean and smooth. His scar was placed immediately behind his corona. The surgeon felt that the inner skin was too thin and flimsy to protect his upper shaft properly, and recommended it be excised. The small scar was clean, the stitches tiny. Marco had about one-third of the shaft skin removed along with the inner flap of the foreskin. He told the doctor he wanted it as tight as possible, and it was. Marco also had a frenulum-breve, which was not totally apparent until the foreskin was cut. The Doctor carved out the skin in the V underneath,

leaving a clear ridge. His penis looked great, and we were both looking forward to my turn, 3 days later.

Needless to say, the night before I hardly slept, and jerked off twice just imagining the blade. The next morning I had to do it again, for fear of getting hard on the table. I showed up at the office for my appointment, and I can remember wondering why I wasn't at a hospital. After signing the forms and consents, I was ushered into a small operating room, undressed and got on the table. Moments later the not-so-friendly assistant came in to shave me, but I had already had the pleasure of shaving myself that morning. He swabbed my now shriveled member with orange antiseptic, and pulled my penis through a hole in a cloth, then left. Dr. P came in, with the same male assistant. He introduced us, and gave me an injection to relax, as my palms were sweating and my pulse racing. After a few minutes of general questions, he asked me where I wanted to place my scar. I decided that mine would be different from Marco, so it was agreed to place it as far down the shaft as possible, and use the inner lining to re-glove my whole penis, or a good portion.

Then came the small prick, and the cool liquid to take the pain away. Deep into my shaft at the base, then many more in a ring around my corona, then a final one that hurt, and went deep, into my frenulum. Then, it all stopped and we relaxed. Dr. P told me that this was the intern's first circumcision, and would I mind if he did the procedure? And here in this true tale, is where I made a mistake, and said OK. I was unaware that a circumcision isn't for amateurs, and it would be over 2 years before my mutilated penis was how it should have been. So the Intern, a gruff young guy, did the job, and not the surgeon. My first advice to those of you who have yet to submit to the blade: Get an expert!

After that, there was no going back, and my foreskin was consigned for removal. I wanted it so bad, I started to pump up. I blushed, and said I was sorry for swelling, but, Dr. P chuckled to put me at ease, and told me not to worry, because he was about to give me an injection that will pump my penis to full erection. Whew, I really blushed, and asked why. He informed me it was better, that he could re-approximate the skin and not over-shorten the shaftskin. Then another full syringe of clear liquid was pumped into my shaft, about half way up. He rolled my penis around between his fingers, and in just a few minutes I was erect in a way that was almost painful. My penis was like stone, and it felt good. At least I didn't have to be shy about having a boner through the surgery.

I asked to sit up, and watch, and permission was granted. I swear those guys had woodies under their white coats, but it was strictly business. I was able to have my head raised, and a large round mirror was placed so I could also see between my legs.. The first moves were easy, they slid my skin all the way forward, and made a mark. He asked me if I thought it was tight enough. I said no, get it really tight. Then, in a quick moment that is never forgotten, he pulled my ant eater out to its full 5 plus inches, and snipped it off with sharp scissors. Suddenly, it was gone.

He placed it into the tray beside the OR table. My knob was still covered, but slowly the skin withdrew to reveal my glistening shining pink knob to the world for the first time. I could have cheered, or wept, with joy. At last I was becoming a real man, and I thanked him for cutting me. There was another pause while they wiped away the crusted smegma deposits from my newly skinned dick, and re-swabbed me. I knew that I would never again smell the aroma of cheese.

Then he retracted my skin all the way back, smooth and tight. That's when it started to get suddenly tense, at least for me. He then pulled my foreskin fully forward, hard, and made a dorsal cut with the scissors, then placed clamps around my head and stretched it out. A total of 4 clamps spread my skin in a semi- circle. Then, he made a series of radial cuts in the skin with the scissors. My penis suddenly looked flayed, and cut to ribbons. This was definitely NOT what had happened to Marco.

Hey, what can I say, but "Too Late Now".

He lifted each clamp, one by one, and cut off the tag of skin gripped by the cold steel. He used the electro-cauterizer and zapped each bloody vessel. At that point, I sat back and shut my eyes, fearing what came next. But, ever the tough guy, I had to look, and I watched him as he snipped every piece of flayed skin from my penis.. At that moment I knew that he was cutting my dick into something other than what I had wanted., Then, he worked his way in a full circumference, and trimmed me up with scissors. When I looked again, the 2 halves of skin had been re-approximated and were ready to suture. He asked me how I liked the results.

Well, my flash assessment was that my dick was a mess, that the scar would wave back and forth, and my frenulum was still there. In a second, I decided to cut my losses, and said that it looked ok, and was fine. I didn't want it worse! Then he started to suture me, with thick black thread, looped around to pull my wounded skin into jagged lumps, bumps and tags. Not the fine, small stitches the Dr. gave Marco.

When he was half done, I commented that the scar would be wavy and have a rough edge. Dr. P gently advised me that he was a Urologist, not a Plastic Surgeon, and that the cosmetic results of the procedure were temporary, and that my newly skinned penis would work fine, and the scars would soon heal.

My second advice to men considering the cut,: Go to a Plastic Surgeon, or a professional like Dr. Cornell.

It was pretty much over by then, my skinned dick was wrapped in gauze, and Marco rescued me and took me home.

Part 2 –fixing the damage

My reception home, and unveiling, was not the joyful affair that Marco had enjoyed. His first words were "Jesus, looks like a dog chewed it off" Yeah, that was pretty close to the truth. My sweet, fine pole was a mess. Luckily, the pain wasn't bad, but it did bleed for awhile. After a few weeks, it healed up Ok, the scar traveled up one side of my shaft, back down the middle of the topside (dorsal) then waved its way back up on the underside to my frenulum. There were bumps and scar ridges where ragged ends of skin had been sutured. Ok, it wasn't what I had expected, but after a few months it started to look good. My dick looked like it had been cut off in some ancient ritual, with the stinger of a ray, like the Aztec priests used, or the crude edge of a stone, or bone, like some tribes of African or Australian natives. Yes, I was cut and wounded, my manhood shredded and the skin stripped off in pieces. I had watched, and secretly liked the cold steel blades, and I still wanted to remake my pole into how I saw it in my mind.

But, until it was time again to know the cutting, I suddenly had a brand new penis to play with. When hard, my flaring corona was free to feel the kiss of sunlight, and lips, and so much more. At first the slightest touch was nearly agony. I wore a condom for 6 months, just to protect my tender skin. It was 2 years later that a friend slowly, and ever

so gently sucked me and gave me my first blowjob. Jacking off was an entirely new learning curve, and I was so anxious I took the stitches out myself, having resolved to never return to the office of Dr. P. My sensitivity was amazing, and I worked my penis over with successively harder, firmer gripped, slippery strokes until I could actually come, and be touching my glans at the same time. It was overwhelming, and the harder I beat my meat, the deeper and stronger my orgasms became. As for those who cry and lament for their lost few inches of nerves, I say small loss, the sensation is different, OK, and deeper areas can be now sensed without the ultra-sensitive surface receptors overloading your pleasure circuits. After a time, your cock tunes into other sensations that only a cut man can know. The soft, tender boys foreskin should always be left for the owner to decide the fate of his manhood, when he is ready. For some, the skin is good, and everything works fine. But if you ask around, uncut guys have a hard time with condoms, and the rubber over their foreskins, 2 layers covering their knobs, makes it hard to reach a peak. Then there is the aroma...who would miss the smell of smegma? Some men have easy skins, they draw back on erections, and they keep them clean. That's great, but I bet that most uncut guys would get a full clip if it was easy, and painless and fast.

For 2 years I worked my smooth new shaft, and the scars came to have a handsome beauty of their own. Its like the tough guys who pierce, or tattoo, or brand themselves with fire, to mark themselves as both men, and creatures of the senses, loving their hard bodies and the marks of their manhood. I had come to a place of satisfaction, my butchered cock was scarred and mutilated, but it was still tender, and very, very sensitive. Most of all, I learned the pleasure of mounting, and riding both women and men (but mostly men) until I exploded. My sensitive pole meant that I could go slow, deep and gentle, never in a hurry, even at the end. My orgasms became more powerful and explosive, and I grew to have great control. Eventually, I learned to control my muscles, and timing, to have multiple orgasms, sometimes as many as 8 small ejaculations, before the big climax, all spread over an hour or more. Real intense pleasure that just isn't the same for an uncut guy. My partners were always satisfied, because I could give long pleasure, and even though I had a brutal looking dick, it was well loved.

Then, it was time to repair the damage. One day I knew I had to make it happen, and I sought out a plastic surgeon for a consultation. There was a single listing in the local Gay Guide for a Plastic Surgeon. He was shocked when he saw the scarring. He asked me extensive questions about the surgery. He rolled my shaft around, and took pictures. We discussed the desired outcomes at length. There were 2 things on my mind...first, and most importantly, get a snugger fit, there was still a lot of shaft-play. Second, even out the scar into a clean ring. The surgeon, who asked me to call him by his first name, gave me the news that because of the large variation between the top, and bottom, of the scar on my shaft, it would be necessary to remove most of the skin on my penis. He took out a pen, and marked two parallel circumferential rings on my penis, one directly, and extremely close, to my glans. The second ring was about one-third of the way up from the bottom of my shaft. He pointed out that to even the scar, I would be losing all of the remaining inner foreskin, and two thirds of the shaft skin of my penis.

Andrew, the PS, advised me that my penis would still work well, but it would be pulled extremely tight. One of the problems is hair growing up the shaft, but this is easily dealt with after, through shaving, electrolysis, and nowadays the laser. Fortunately, while

I was only endowed with a good average pole, (soon to be skinned radically), I am blessed with a large, long scrotum, and when Andrew taped my shaft skin up to give me an estimate, there was plenty of scrotal skin to take up the slack. The final question was my frenulum. I decided to leave it alone, and he agreed, knowing that the removal of so much skin would cause loss of sensation.

Agreed, signed, paid for, and we proceeded. There were differences, this time my shaft was banded with a rubber strap, close to the bottom, and the initial procedure was not conducted with an induced erection. Then, the same deep needle into the base of my dick, and the same cool touch of the pain killer. Another series in 2 rings, top and bottom. Then, we waited, and talked. He swabbed me thoroughly, on my freshly shaven smooth skin,

Ifelt good to know that the blade was coming, and that the damage would be repaired. I relaxed completely, and surrendered my battle-scarred rod to his precise touch.

The moment had come, again, and I asked to watch. I laid back, and he positioned the mirror so I could watch, the concave side made the reflection huge, and it was clear and easy to see. First he rolled my penis over, and started cutting just below the frenulum, then he sliced smoothly and neatly all the way around and returned. He then used the cauterizer to seal every little vessel, and wiped me clean. The cut was perfect. Then, he cut a similar parallel ring close to the base. He made a third clean slice down the center of the underside, and neatly de-gloved the shaft of my penis. There was a lot of skin cut away, and I was surprised at how big the two-toned and scarred remnant was.

My penis lay there on the cloth, glistening and fully naked, a single piece of frenulum near the top, the bottom neatly sliced open. Andrew carefully sealed all the vessels, including the one large blood vessel that snakes up most mens dicks, but it didn't want to close, so he tied it off with a single suture. Again, he didn't seem to be in a hurry, and he gently cleaned around the lower wound, and carefully swabbed my naked shaft. Then, he paused and removed the rubber band at the base, allowing the blood to rush into my flaccid pole. He checked carefully, top and bottom, for leaks, but there was absolutely no blood. He seemed satisfied. Then, he leaned close to me, and looked in my eyes, and said that he was now ready to finish, but, that it would be easier to suture evenly if my penis were erect, and was I comfortable with an injection to cause it to happen? Truth is, it wouldn't have taken much for me to get hard, even though there was no sensation in my dick. But, in my head, the sight of my skinned cock being cut and ready to suture together was extremely erotic for me, and I was deeply excited by the whole proceeding. Of course, I said yes, and he soon emptied a full syringe of ? something into my penis underneath my scrotum, which he then rubbed gently. Soon enough, I grew quickly to full length, and as my penis stood up, the lower skin dropped fully to the base, leaving my shaft skin totally removed, the corpus cavernosa spongy tissue hard as a rock, and glistening. I sensed Andrew was enjoying the work, for he was slow, and patient, and telling me not to worry, he knew what he was doing, and the result would be good. It is a big process for a man to let go, and surrender the skin of his dick, to watch it cut off, to see the new scar for the first time. To be made, and remade, as we see fit. I also believe that there is an energy exchange for the cutter, the circumciser, as he carefully carves a mans penis into something new, and better. Andrews breath was a little ragged, and as he reassured me, he spoke of how good the stripped shaft looks, and I agreed. I looked over as he moved, and knew he was hard. I challenged him directly, and asked if he enjoyed

doing this for me. He said yes, It was the best thing he had ever done for a man. We became fast friends from that moment. He told me he was cleanly cut by a friend in Medical School, for practice, and he had returned the favor the following year.

He next clamped 2 sides of the bottom skin, and lifted them up. He asked me to hold one (I had been given rubber gloves during wash-up) then the other. Slowly, carefully and with the greatest precision he stitched around my hard shaft, a perfectly even scar so close to the glans that it was almost invisible, just dark skin stopping at my knob. He was sure right about tight, as the truth is he had to remove almost all of the shaft skin on my penis, there was maybe 20% left. Soon I was wrapped in gauze, heading home in a taxi a happy man.

Finally my penis was a true beauty, a mans penis that endured 2 cuttings, the second one long, slow and greatly enjoyed. The healing lasted just a few days, there was only mild discomfort, and no blood whatsoever, just some leaking fluid. Lots of swelling, bruising and tender though. Andrew took out the stitches for me. We had another chance to talk, and agreed to meet for dinner. He complimented me, for taking the blade so easily, without ever flinching, and watching it all, and being relaxed. In a serious breach of medical protocol, he dropped trousers in the examination room and showed me his scars. The look was brief, and a prelude to more detailed explorations later.

Once again, this time at 30, I had a whole newly modified penis to play with. In a week, I was getting ragers, and on day 8, I successfully stroked myself to my first orgasm. It was different, there was definitely missing sensation, and after a few weeks of healing, I was able to masturbate in a whole new way, giving a lot of attention to my knob, and I started using more gun oil to stroke the fires. I had also decided that I preferred men to women, fully and forever, and was able to give my hard shaft to those willing to receive. After that, I never looked back, and as my rod toughened up, and I could rage on for too long (for most guys), I fell into a sweet and peaceful relationship with my penis, gently stretching the shaft skin until it was perfectly comfortable, which took about 6 months. Then, I had what is now known as a classic “low and tight” circumcision, and was becoming friends with the Plastic surgeon Andrew who had cut me the second time.

Part 3 Doctor Andrew

The good Doctor and I soon became good friends. He showed me his scar, placed completely at the bottom of his shaft, and all but hidden in his pubic hair. We were the total opposites. I had been cut to be the same as my friend Marco, who married a nice Italian girl and moved away. Andrew was cut the way I had originally hoped to be, a full inside-out. He talked at length about the mutual cutting with his friend in med school. Seems Andrew had the longest, veiniest, thickest and widest foreskin seen by either, and judging by his bowed penis, and a few old pictures, it must have impressive. His dick was narrow at the base, flared out to at least 3 times the width in the middle, and tapered back down to his head, which was small but widely flared. Because his glans was relatively small, he had spent his youth pulling, stretching and tugging at his foreskin, just like me. Only difference was, mine was a long skinny nozzle, while his was a thick, loose, long and wide skin that he could stretch out to fit his entire hand. I was longer than him by a good 2-3 inches, but he was 3x fatter in the middle than me. He told me girls had trouble taking it, when he was younger, that he was too thick and wide. He came out in Med

school. I would like to have seen him before he went for the blade. His fellow student cut a full circle around the base of his penis, right at the pubic line, and stripped his whole shaft skin off his dick, then sliced the whole dark outer skin right off at his frenular ring. His inner skin comfortably reached down to the base, and he was sutured up. Andrew always said that he loved the sight of a bare shaft.

He was incredibly sensitive, and after over 10 years he still wanted very gentle and soft strokes, and he came quick and easy. Seeing this, I knew that it was better to be low and tight. My dick had lost a lot of skin, and some sensations, but after 6 months a deep, deep sense of pleasure grew into my entire penis. I became the master of what I had cut and remade. Sometimes I would barely even vibrate the base of my shaft, and in seconds come. Other times, I could put full power to the throttle and pound the floorboards. No longer a one-sensation wonder, my penis has become a multi-tasking pleasure rod, capable of an endless variety of stimulation, and a source of endless pleasure, on many levels.

Time passed, the scar healed and all but disappeared. My shaft was tight and my glans flared proudly. I noticed a lot of guys staring in the locker room, and wasn't shy about letting them see my skinned pole, noticeably cut as an adult. I swear the uncut men starred longest, and more than once I noticed guys turn away to hid their growing erections. Andrew and I became great friends, and shared many a good mutual rub. Then, a year later, we started to discuss my frenulum, still intact, and wildly sensitive. Trouble was, I could barely bring myself to touch it, as a few gentle strokes, or a rub, and it was too late to stop myself shooting. He offered to remove it for me, pro bono.

Again my excitement grew, and I felt fortunate to be amongst the few men in history to go for a third cutting. This time was easy, though he took his time, and we both enjoyed the familiar process. He pumped my glans full of pain killer, but we decided to leave the actual frenulum alone. I had decided to submit without full local anaesthetic, as the cut would be short and fast. Somehow, I knew it was important to me to feel the cold knife, and the hot pain. A final step on my journey to manhood. Yes, it hurt like hell! Short, quick, and over. No blood, just a simple nick behind my glans. We didn't carve it all out, he just snipped a small piece, and placed a single suture. The burning sensation was intense, but the stitch was hardly noticed. Once again, the deed was done.

Here ends my account, told truthfully and honestly. It has been my experience to know 2 other men who yielded to the knife as adults. I have since read many accounts on-line. For those of you reaching for answers, and making hard decisions, may this help you on your journey to manhood. Our penises are our own, each man different, and it is our right as men to know the ritual, the pain, the transformation, and the scars. We are all truly "Brothers of the Blade"

AFTERWORD

This account has been posted on several websites, and preserved in the files for any man interested in cutting his foreskin off. Please consider your options carefully, and take your time researching the cut that is best for you. I am now considering 2 further revisions. Firstly, the remnants of my frenulum need to be deeply carved out, to create a full V notch on the underside. Secondly, due to the removal of so much shaft skin, I have a pronounced scrotal web. My testicles hang very low, and they bounce intensely during masturbation. Removing the web will allow them to drop further, and free up the skin on

my shaft. I am glad to report that at 54, my glans is still very sensitive, and my orgasms are deep and profound. I have no regrets, other than proceeding with the first cut by an amateur. Photos will be uploaded, in a "Stixxxman" album. Sadly, the surgeries were all performed in the early eighties, before digital cameras, so only the final clean cut results will be on-line. Many thanks to those of you who moderate these websites, and congratulations to men brave enough to do the deed. Special mention of 3 men is deserved, first "Chaz Antonelli" for his excellent photo documentation, pure guts, and exceptional results. The tight, smooth glans, and modified scrotum is inspirational. To the legendary Dr. Cornell, thanks for all you have done for men, I wish that I had the pleasure of your superb workmanship on my own penis. Finally "Marcus Garvey", for his courage to self-circ with the clamp. Your results are looking excellent, and you will have a scar to be proud of. Right on, guys, keep up the great work.
Warm wishes, Jim S.