

# Circ Poker

I looked again at the appointment card in my hand:

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765 Physicians Plaza  
Your Appointment is 6:00 p.m. Friday

"You won't be sorry Bill," my friend Terry whispered. "You'll see."

I had met Terry several weeks earlier and we had become good friends. We enjoyed some real hot sex together and I was particularly fond of his big 8" circumcised cock. I was admiring the neat circ job and the beauty of that big cock one night when he asked me if I had ever considered getting myself circ'd. I admitted that I had really considered it and was turned on by the idea.

Terry then told me that he belonged to a very special club. It was called the 5th Avenue Men's Club. What made it unique was that all of the men in the club were gay or bisexual males who had been circumcised as adults in a very special way. Before you could even apply for membership in the club you had to prove your manhood by submitting to circumcision without the benefit of anaesthetic. Not only did you have to submit voluntarily, you didn't decide when it would happen. You had to participate in one or more strip poker games with five other guys and the looser got circ'd right after the game while the club members and the other game participants watched. If you didn't lose the first game you would be invited to come back once a month until you did lose if you still wanted to join. Terry said this really tested a guy's courage and worked on your nerves.

I asked Terry if being circumcised without and anaesthetic wasn't terribly painful. "It hurts like hell," he said. "But it's the price you have to pay to join our group and it's well worth it. Besides Doc is an artist when it comes to circumcising a guy's manhood. My cock is just a sample of the work he does."

It took several weeks but I finally got up enough courage to ask Terry how I went about getting into the club. I was still scared to death, but at the same time the thoughts of being circumcised in front of a bunch of horny guys really turned me on. A week later Terry brought me the appointment card and told me to be at the Dr.'s Office Friday. I was told that the doctor would give me a complete physical to make sure that I was in good enough health to undergo a circumcision.

If the doctor would accept me then he would tell me where and when to report for my first poker game.

Friday came all too soon and I found myself standing alone in the reception area of a typical doctor's office. Finally, a handsome young man who appeared to be in his early twenties opened a door and called my name. "Hi," he said extending his hand. "I'm Jason, Dr. Duncan's nurse. I'll be helping with your exam.

Jason led me through a narrow hallway to a fairly large room marked surgery. "Take all of your clothes off and throw them on that chair Bill." Jason took his clipboard and while I proceeded to remove my clothing, he began asking me questions about my medical history. When I was completely naked Jason handed me a bottle and told me he needed a urine sample. When I looked around for a bathroom, he just insisted that I take a piss right there. It took me awhile, but I finally managed to relax enough to take a leak and then gave the bottle back to him. Next, he took me to a scale where he measured my height and took my weight. He also reached down and gently fondled my cock and balls. "Nice cock," he said winking at me. I had already been having trouble keeping myself under control watching this handsome hunk but now my cock began to swell. Soon I was sporting a full erection that just wouldn't go down. Jason had me sit up on the table. He didn't give me anything to cover myself with. Once I was up on the table, he checked my heart, lungs, ears, etc. and occasionally gave my cock another stroke or two.

There I sat with a huge erection when the door opens and in walks Dr. Duncan. Doc is strikingly handsome 6'4" not a bit of fat, deep blue eyes, dark hair, and a sculptured physique. My heart jumped and so did my cock. "Well looks like we're up for the occasion," laughed the doctor.

"Sorry sir," I blushed. "I just couldn't help it." The doctor quickly reassured me that it was just fine. He and Jason were used to seeing men with erections. The doctor finished up the usual examination and took blood samples. He made me get on the table on my hands and knees while he slowly inserted a tube up my ass and looked around and then he finally examined my cock and balls very carefully. He asked a bunch of questions about my foreskin and any problems I might have had with it and he asked about my sexual activity.

When he was finished he asked me if I wanted to join the club and again explained what I would have to do before I could even apply for membership. He warned me that the circumcision would only give me the right to apply for membership. I would still have to pass the initiation after that, but he refused to discuss the initiation any further. "You understand that in this poker game the loser is going to get his foreskin cut off? This is a real man's game. No anaesthetic. If you lose you will lay on the table and allow me to circumcise you right then and there. No questions and no backing out once the game starts. If you try to back out you will be physically restrained and circumcised anyway."

I gulped and thought for a moment. "Yeah I understand."

Dr. Duncan handed me a surgical consent form and told me to sign it. "If you lose the poker game you have already signed the consent form for your circ he explained."

"If you are still interested be at this address next Friday night at 7:00 p.m.," he said. Be there on time. You are to wear shoes, socks, pants, a pair of jockey shorts, and a shirt. Nothing else is allowed so that all contestants start out even." Jason handed me my clothes and I was soon back out on the street.

The week seemed to drag on forever. Several times I decided to back out. I told myself that this was crazy. Sure I had always fantasized about being forcibly circumcised, but this was for real and I wasn't sure now that I wanted to go through with it. But then I would start thinking with my cock again and I was too turned on to back out.

My hand shook like a leaf as I knocked on the door. The house was just an ordinary house in an average looking neighbourhood. There were a few other cars parked out front when I arrived just before 7:00 p.m. but nothing else that would distinguish the place from your average family home.

Suddenly the door swung open and there stood Dr. Duncan. The enormous bulge in the front of his Levi's took my breath away.

"Hi." He extended a warm beefy hand and half pulled me through the door. "Just follow me," he said as he opened a door at the side of the hallway and headed down the stairs into the basement.

At the bottom of the stairs Doc opened a heavy door and led me into a large room that was dimly lit except for a bright circle of light that illuminated a round table in the centre of the room. There were six chairs surrounding the table with three men already seated. There were about 20 or so more chairs around the perimeter of the room and most of these chairs were occupied by men who were completely naked. One of those men was my friend Terry. Doc took my arm and led me to a chair next to the poker table.

"Gentlemen," Doc boomed, "This is Bill Henderson. Bill has asked to become a player in our poker match this evening. Bill drop your pants so that we may verify your eligibility for our little game."

I must have turned three shades of purple, but after hesitating for a moment I did as instructed and pulled my pants and briefs down letting my thick 8" uncut cock flop into sight. Doc took me by the shoulders and turned me around gradually so that everyone could get a good look at my shrivelling equipment.

Doc then asked the seated men to raise their right hand if they would accept me as a player in the game. All hands went up and I was accepted and allowed to pull my pants back up. I was then seated at the poker table with the first three players.

A few minutes later another young man in his early twenties was introduced in a similar manner and accepted.

Doc then stepped to the head of the table and announced that all of the men seated around the room were members of the Men's Club and would be observers for the evenings game. Each man had earned his seat by participating in the poker game and eventually losing his foreskin. Some of these men, we were told had participated only once while others had participated many times before losing. Each man was brought to the head of the table and introduced after which he was told to circle the table and allow each of us to view and handle his fully circumcised organ. While some of the men remained soft most of them sported full erections. My own organ swelled in my pants as I handled and looked at these magnificent cut cocks. The circs were beautifully done. Each was even and tight and most had a very dark and distinct scar about a fourth to halfway down their shafts.

Finally the last of the men was introduced. He was also last month's loser. His cock still showed some distinct swelling. The stitches had been removed; however, numerous suture marks were still obvious around the still red and sore looking scar.

With introductions completed Doc announced that the rules of this poker game were simple. Doc was the dealer. Each player would be dealt five cards face up. Aces were worth 11 points, face cards were worth 10 points and all other cards were worth their numbered value. The player with the lowest number of points in front of him would be required to stand and remove an article of clothing. Play would continue until one player was completely naked. That player must then immediately submit himself to be circumcised. Any player who fails to submit voluntarily will be forcibly strapped to the table and the circumcision will proceed anyway.

"I am a licensed and experienced physician and will perform the circumcision," Doc announced. "This is to be a ritual type circumcision that will be performed freehand without the benefit of anaesthetic. The patient may feel free to scream if he chooses since this room has been soundproofed. The observers in this room were all circed in this manner and all have survived. As you have observed the results of their circs have been excellent, so you have no need to worry."

"The game is about to begin. If you so choose you may withdraw now and you are free to leave ."

No one moved.

"Do each of you agree to the terms of the game? If so raise your right hand and say yes."

Five hands went into the air around the table and five mouths said yes.

"Master at arms secure the door!" Doc intoned and one of the men stood and took a key from around his neck and locked a deadbolt on the heavy door.

As Doc unwrapped a new deck of cards and began to shuffle them I looked around the table at my opponents. All seemed to be fairly young in their twenties or early thirties and most seemed to be quite attractive, but my concentration was soon broken as the first cards were dealt.

Oh no... my first card was a three, the guy next to me had a King. Already I was 7 points down. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea. When the first hand was over the loser was a kid seated across from me. Early twenties, blonde, and cute as hell. He stood removed a shoe and sat back down. Time seemed to fly by as play continued and item by item I lost my clothing. In no time at all I found myself seated in just my underwear. The cute kid across from me was in the same predicament and most of the other players were down to only two or three pieces of clothing. One guy remarkably had lost only one shoe. I wasn't sure whether he was the luckiest guy at the table or the least lucky.

As the next hand was being dealt, I began to get really scared. The sweat ran from my underarms and trickled down my sides in tiny rivers, but at the same time my mouth felt like it was stuffed with cotton. I couldn't even swallow my mouth was so dry. I glanced at the kid across the table as he was dealt a four of hearts and could see the colour draining from his face. He was obviously as scared as I was.

When the final card was laid on the table the young boy across from me stood slowly and with trembling hands slowly removed his underwear. "Thank God," I thought. I had come within two points of being tonight's circumcision patient.

Doc walked over and gently placed his hands on the boy's shoulders.

"Mike, you are tonight's honoured guest. The remainder of the players are to finish removing their clothing. Gentlemen please remove the tables and chairs."

Some of the observers quietly removed the poker table and chairs.

From a closet a second table, actually an operating table, was quickly wheeled into place

under the bright lights. A second table which held surgical instruments covered by a blue towel was also wheeled into place.

"Ok Mike, up on the table," Doc ordered.

The boy just about fainted and two of the observers had to help him onto the table.

"Please sir," Mike began to plead. "I'm not ready to do this. Please just let me go."

"Now Mike, you agreed to the rules before we started. You know that there is no backing out now. I'm sorry but it's too late now. The rest of you men who are not helping please remain behind the yellow line on the floor."

Before Mike could reply Doc turned and moved toward a small adjacent room to scrub up for the procedure. Two of the men who had obviously done this before took leather straps and firmly strapped the now squirming boy to the table. When he was completely immobilized a Doc's nurse Jason who had donned a surgical gown retrieved a safety razor and shaving cream from the instrument tray and proceeded to shave the boy's entire pubic area. As he did this he gently stroked the boy's cock until it was standing erect and firm. Doc stood at the table dressed in surgical garb. To my surprise Doc took a pen in one hand and with the other he pulled the boy's foreskin as far forward as it would go. He carefully marked the boy's skin with the pen and then peeled the foreskin back and carefully marked the underside. He inspected his work several times making sure that everything was just the way he wanted it.

Finally, Doc laid down the pen and stepped back. When the Doc was finished Jason began masturbating the boy's seven-inch cock in earnest. After just a few minutes of the man's expert manipulations the boy groaned, tensed, and shot thick ropes of cum up over his own belly and chest. The man took a warm damp towel and gently wiped the remaining shaving cream and cum from the boy.

"You won't be able to do that for yourself for a while so we didn't want to leave you with blue balls," he snickered. With that the man put on a pair of gloves and liberally applied some sort of antiseptic to the boy's naked groin. "This is going to burn a bit, but it will help you keep from getting an infection, " he intoned as he poured the solution over the boys helpless cock and balls.

"Oh shit, it burns man. Get it off. Pleaaaaassee. Somebody help me." The boy struggled mightily against his straps but to no avail. The men had seen to it that he couldn't move and ruin the Doc's job.

"Well looks like we're ready." Doc stood at the table with scalpel in hand. "This is going to hurt like hell for a few minutes Mike. But you're a big boy and you can take it." Slowly Doc brought

the scalpel to the boy's cock and very slowly begin to slice around his ample foreskin. The boy screamed nonstop as his foreskin was slowly and deliberately sliced from his cock. "You're doing fine Mike, but now I have to remove the frenulum and I'm afraid that's going to hurt a bit worse."

The boy immediately began to beg again but the Dr. proceeded to slowly slice the frenulum from the boy's proud cock. By the time Doc finished cutting the boy was sobbing uncontrollably. Finally, when foreskin and frenulum had been removed Jason handed Doc a needle and suture thread and Doc began to carefully stitch the boy's bleeding cock skin. At one point he took a hot needle and cauterized a small place where the boy's frenulum had been removed to stop the bleeding. Doc put a lot of stitches around the boy's cock explaining that this would make a neater scar and he didn't want them tearing out when the boy got an erection later on. When he was finished Doc put some salve on the young man's cock and wrapped it loosely with gauze.

Finally the ordeal was over and the young man was released from his bonds. He was gently helped off the table and slowly stood up to receive warm congratulations from the other men in the room. Doc told the boy to call him immediately if there was any excessive bleeding and that he wanted to see him in his office the next day. The game participants were all given our clothes and told to dress again and then ushered out of the house.