

Cutting Game

by Ricardo Boca

WANTED: Uncircumcised men. Ages between 21 and 35. You must be athletic, fearless and be willing be filmed in the nude and while masturbating. You must also be willing to make the ultimate sacrifice of your foreskin. Yes, getting circumcised. Only serious men will be considered. You will be a porn star!

Chapter One: Preparing for Arrival

The above ad was placed in January in several circumcision erotica or “circumsexual” websites. Over three hundred applicants applied wondering what the advertisement was about. All applicants were notified that the sponsor of the advertisement was a very wealthy “circumsexual” man who wanted to invite as many uncut guys to his estate with the purpose of setting up a competition with the goal of the possibility of having a public circumcision or circumcisions, if it came to that. The public would be specially invited guests. The competition would be filmed and archived and so would the final cutting - which would be performed by a licensed urologist.

The wealthy individual who was sponsoring the event was choosing to remain anonymous and he was to be address as "Mr. Cutter."

After that initial application about half of the applicants withdrew and even more were eliminated due to the fact that some lied and were already cut and some did not fit the first criteria of age and athletic profile.

Many months passed, it was finally weeded down to 27 participants and all were invited to arrive at the private estate of

Mr. Cutter. All participants were required to sign a confidentiality agreement prior to arrival. Seven declined the invitation so it was now down to 20.

I tell you this story in strict confidence because I had no idea what would happen. All the names have been changed for the sake of confidentiality. I was hired to be the primary footage photographer. I had done a great deal of videography in porn and I was asked to do this because the pay was exceptional. I had no idea what I was getting myself into but the story I am about to tell is remarkable.

Chapter 2: The Rules of the Game

My name's Joshua Blue (that's not my real name). I arrived the day before the 20 men were supposed to show up. I had my equipment ready. I was responsible to film the events that took place on video. I, too, had to sign a confidentiality agreement. My assistant, Chip, nice guy, 24 years old, average guy with a really nice build - he assisted me on a few of the porn movies I was the camera-man for. He really wanted to shoot straight porn but he didn't really care as long as the pay was good but I wanted him because he was a no-nonsense very reliable second.

The following day, 19 out of the 20 guys showed up. Beautiful men! I guess one more dropped out at the last minute. They were all shown to their rooms and asked to convene in the large study which was set up for interviews. Chip could easily have been one of the guys in this crazy situation but since he was probably cut, he wouldn't qualify. Chip was also straight. The uncut guys were a mixture of gay and straight. Chip had no idea what a "circumsexual" was. To be perfectly honest I had never heard of this very strange fetish until I was asked to do this job. At this point in my life, nothing surprises me anymore.

All the guys were asked to strip naked and were told they would

remain completely unclothed until the contest was over. All the guys had amazing bodies and yes: foreskins too. Since I was cut as an infant, I guess I don't know what I am missing.

There was a coordinator and the all-around manager who asked questions to each of the guys. His name was Dan. Presumably he was hired to make sure that everything ran as smoothly as possible. Some of the questions were read from cards: "why would you like to be circumcised?" or "are you certain you are ready to part with your foreskin?" Weird wording. I began to suspect that Mr. Cutter's first language was not English.

Once all the interviews were over, Dan said to all of the participants: "This is serious. By the end of this competition, which is estimated to last about two to three weeks, some or all of you will be leaving this estate minus your foreskins. You may leave the competition now but you are still held to the confidentiality of the contract."

At this point, one guy, a muscled curly red-head stud, stated to the man asking the questions: "Excuse me, Mr. Cutter . . ."

Dan interrupted and said, "I'm not Mr. Cutter. I am simply employed by Mr. Cutter. Call me Dan."

"Okay, Dan, do we ever get to meet Mr. Cutter?"

"The only participants who will have the opportunity to meet Mr. Cutter are the losers. That is, the ones who will lose their foreskins. And only if Mr. Cutter wishes to meet them. Only a special few ever meet Mr. Cutter."

"Excuse me, you're not REALLY serious. Are you? I mean, you plan on circumcising guys against their will?" asked another guy.

"Listen very carefully. No one is keeping you here against your will. Yes. YES! There WILL be circumcisions, maybe, and some of you standing before me today will perhaps leave without your foreskins - you will leave circumcised. That is NOT a joke and we are completely serious about this. Listen very carefully, it is quite possible that NONE of you will get circumcised and it is also quite possible that ALL of you will get circumcised. However, the probability of either of those outcomes is very unlikely. It all depends on how you play the game. This is a competition. And you will be playing for points."

"What if you lose and refuse to get it done?" another asked.

"Ah! Good question. Before the final score is revealed, each one of you will be firmly strapped down to an operating table thereby you have no choice but to submit to the circumciser's knife." Answered Dan.

The red-headed stud stood up and said, "I don't think I want to do this. I'm not playing a game with my cock." He looked around the group and realized he was alone on this one. "I thought it was just a fantasy thing. I have no intention of getting cut so, now what."

"So now you go back up to your room, get dressed and prepare to leave. Someone will drive you back to the airport."

"I'm out too." A dark Latin young man came forward and left with the red-headed stud.

"Uhm, I, also." Nice looking guy with a thick Italian accent.

The three decliners left.

"So now we are down to 16." Said Dan with a grin. "Listen, everybody, once the contest begins but if you no longer wish to

participate, you may leave. You may leave at any time. No one will be kept here against their will. The only time you CANNOT leave is right before or during the last event. Once the day of last event begins, you're here until the bitter end – whatever the outcome. But if you decide to leave early, you leave at your own expense. Am I making myself clear, gentlemen?”

At this point, a really handsome Asian dude got up. “I go now.”

So now we were down to 15. That was merely the beginning. It only went down hill from there.

As I videoed all the men, I wondered to myself if this was really for real "for real." And each time I looked through my viewfinder I thought: is this guy gonna have a cut cock in a month? Look at that beautiful cock! But I kept my mouth shut and did my job.

“Gentlemen!” Dan hushed everyone to get their attention. “You can help the out-come of your own destiny by placing a bet on yourself. You can either bet ‘high’ or ‘low.’ By either writing the word ‘high’ or ‘low’ on these cards, you are choosing to decide if your outcome will be above the mean average or below it. For example, if you choose ‘high’ and the total of your scores is below the mean average, then you will get cut. If you choose ‘low’ and you accumulate low scores then you will NOT get cut but you will be paid the 15,000 Euro fee agreed upon, regardless. If you choose ‘low’ and your total is higher than the mean average, then you also will get cut. Does everyone understand this simple choice?”

Everyone nodded and as they were filling in the cards with either ‘high’ or ‘low.’ Dan added, “These ‘high’ ‘low’ cards will be put in a sealed envelope and no one will know your choice until it is revealed on the last day. So put your cards in the envelope provided and seal it.”

One guy raised his hand.

“What kind of events are you talking about?” asked this freckled faced dirty blond American. “I’m kind of odd man out here. I mean ... I seem to be the only American in the bunch. Am I right?”

“You’re Woody, right?” asked Dan.

“That’s right.”

It was true. The only other Americans present were myself, Chip (my assistant camera man) and Dan. The very handsome young staff or helpers were all foreign so probably lots of foreskin there. All the other participants or, rather, “contestants” were from other parts of the world. I guess circumcision as a standard in the U.S. has its down-side. There are so few uncut Americans that few could enter the contest.

Woody asked another important question. “When do we get our cell phones back? And our computers?”

“While you are participating in this contest, you will not have any contact with the outside world,” Dan said firmly. “All your things will be returned to you upon your departure.”

There were no takers.

Dan went on to describe that some of the events as being of a sexual nature and one or more possible sporting events. At this point he gave simple instruction on what the competitive event would be on the next day: to see how far you could ejaculate. Each participant would masturbate from a starting line and the guy who shot the furthest distance would gain the points counted in millimeters.

Dan explained further. There was also incentive for points either above or below; the one who scored the highest in each event would get an extra 50 points added to his score and the one who scored the lowest would get 50 points deducted from his score.

I kept thinking this Mr. Cutter must be a real nut-job and this scheme was a recipe for disaster. You can't "pay" guys to get their dicks cut. Can you? No matter how rich you are? And who were these guys that were putting themselves through this?

Dan was also the score keeper and over-all manager of the games; he pointed to a large television screens throughout the facility that had a scoreboard with all the guys first names in alphabetical order.

SCORE BOARD				
Rank	Name	Event Score	Bonus	Total
1	Brian			0
2	Diego			0
3	George			0
4	Hans			0
5	Hiroshi			0
6	Ignasio			0
7	Egon			0
8	Johnny			0
9	Michel			0
10	Paulo			0
11	Sean			0
12	Sho Yun			0
13	Svenska			0
14	Trent			0
15	Woody			0

“The order will change after the first event and from then on the names will be places in order of highest to lowest cumulative or total scores and ranked as such.”

“And now let’s all have a dinner and a nice rest before tomorrow’s first event. And I would recommend you guys DO NOT masturbate tonight ... unless of course you purposely want a low score. But that is all up to you.”

Dinner was delicious. The wine was one the finest I’ve tasted. The nude men were gorgeous and so were their foreskins.

Chapter 3: The First Event – “How far can you shoot?”

Dan had set up a long table with a dark blue top. Each guy would come in and stand as close to the table as they wanted. They could even press their thighs against the edges if they wished. There was no time restriction. I was shooting on digital so no worries there.

As Chip and I set up our cameras for the first “event,” we started talking about whole event thing.

“Do you think this is serious?” Chip asked.

“Oh, yeah, look around you. We are in a major estate in the middle of rural Germany, nowhere near a city. There must be 50 bedrooms here, I’m guessing? Seriously, it’s practically a castle. This guy comes from very old money.” Then I changed the subject back to work. “Chip, I think if we set up your camera here, you can capture a nice wide shot. I’ll do the hand held close-up from over here.”

“Okay. That’s good. Hey, Josh. Are you circumcised?”

This was quite a question out of my handsome straight work partner! So I answered, “Chip. What’s my name?”

“Josh Blue.”

“No. Joshua Blue is my pseudonym. My really name is Joshua Rosenblum. I’m a Jew and I’m an American. You wanna ask me that question again?”

“Oh. Right.” Chip hesitated for a moment. “You know, I’m Canadian.”

“I did not know that, Chip. I thought you were from the mid west.”

“Nope. I’m from Canada. And I’m not circumcised.”

“Okay. And, uh, why are you telling me this?”

“I don’t know.”

“Do you wanna join in on the contest?”

“Hell no!”

“Y’know. That’s the most you’ve ever opened up to me and we’ve worked on, what, four porn shots so far?”

“Josh, you know I’m straight.”

“Yeah, I know. But you sure are good at the camera. You may be straight but you know how to capture a hot image. I guess we’re ready.”

The guys came in one by one. One at a time, a solo jerk off.

Earlier, they all drew numbers from a box to determine the order at random.

It was determined that after each guy shot his load, Dan would measure from the edge of the table to the furthest drop of cum and that score would be counted in millimeters plus 50 for the lucky winner and minus 50 for the shortest.

In came Svenska. Hard, stern features almost white blond hair, even his eyelashes were blond. Eyes as blue as a Caribbean sea. There was so much foreskin on his cock that you could barely see his cock head.

He shot his load exactly 1302 millimeters (that's about 4 and a half feet for you Americans). What a great start! What a hot guy?!

Then Johnny. Johnny had a really odd cock. He could barely pull back his foreskin. It was kind of stuck and the head of his cock wouldn't come out. When he shot his load, he blocked his cum and made sure his cum only fell as far as the end of his penis. He had a smile on his face and then turned to the camera.

“As you can see, I am betting low on myself.” He spoke in a delicious Scottish brogue with an unbelievable smile that has probably broken many hearts.

Then in came George. George was an Aussie guy that had freckles and built like a brick house. This was probably the longest foreskin I had ever seen. He jerked off rather quickly. It was really odd the way he jerked off, not like the other guys. George pulled his foreskin all the way back and jerked off like a cut guy, as if he was all ready cut. He shot 1802 millimeters! (That's almost 6 feet!) Wow! This guy really could be a porn star.

Then Woody. Now Woody was really quite a character. He talked

to both Chip and myself while he was jerking off like it was some social event. Then he shot his cum across the table to roughly 120 centimeters (approximately 4 feet). Then he went over to the closest cum drop of his own cum and scoped a little up with his finger and flung it on the table BEYOND his furthest mark. And then said, "That's my cum over there."

"Wait! That's not fair," remarked Chip.

Woody interrupted. "Hey, Dan!"

Dan was right there, as referee. "Yeah, Woody."

"Didn't you say that the furthest mark where our cum landed would be the one counted?"

"Yeah, but I meant that you actually ejaculated from your penis. Not that you threw it there."

"You didn't say that. Did you?"

Dan measured it. It was exactly 1811 millimeters. About one centimeter more than George.

I was filming all of this. Woody was going to be awarded top score for the first competition. This really pissed off Chip. I told him that this was not our concern. We were there to be objective observers, do our job and film the events. If we allowed ourselves to get involved, we would not be shooting good footage for Mr. Cutter.

The one mishap was Egon. When he got to his climax, he was not in much control and leaned back. He shot his load straight up in the air with tremendous force. Most of it landed on his chest and a little landed on the table but close the edge where he was standing. He was a little dazed and upset because he really wanted a high

score not a low one. Dan reassured him that he would have plenty of chances to raise his score if that's what he wanted.

Right after the event, all the contestants were asked to shower before lunch.

It was a big long open shower room with shower heads on both sides of the area. The shower area was separated with a bright red line. One side was all new and contained the soap and shampoos. It also had new fancy fixtures while the other side had older fixtures, cracked tiles, no soap or shampoo, etc.

Naturally, all the gentlemen went to the side with the bright new fixtures and the soap and shampoo. And they all began showering.

Then in came Dan. He announced the following.

“You guys are all on the wrong side.” He then pointed to little tiles where it said, “CUT ONLY.”

Only cut guys were permitted to shower on that side. The guys were told to get on over to the other side. And then Dan said, “Don't get caught on the cut side of the shower area ever again or you will be eliminated from the game and circumcised whether you want it or not. You'll be paid your Euro fee and your done. This is not an idle threat. Okay? I am not making up the rules. I am merely telling you the way it is.”

Later that day, the scoreboard showed as follows:

SCORE BOARD (Cold bath to how fast did he cum?)					
Rank	Name	Event Score	Bonus	Previous Score	Total
1	Woody	1811	+ 50		1861

2	George	1802			1802
3	Svenska	1302			1302
4	Michel	831			831
5	Ignasio	810			810
6	Paulo	741			741
**	mean				650.46
7	Diego	609			609
8	Sho Yun	417			417
9	Trent	229			229
10	Brian	227			227
11	Sean	218			218
12	Hiroshi	216			216
13	Hans	186			186
14	Egon	180			180
15	Johnny	178	- 50		128

** mean average = 650.46

The score board showed Johnny with the lowest score. Paulo was above the mean average and Woody, George and Svenska at the top of the list. And so it goes.

During dinner, I noticed Svenska and Egon speaking to each other in some other language. It turned out that they were from Latvia and they knew each other. These two were clearly supporting each other all the way. They talked and talked all evening long.



Chapter 4: Announcing the Sporting Event

It was announced after breakfast that there would be some sporting events that would happen as part of the competition. The sporting event that they needed to prepare for would be wrestling. If there

were to be other sporting events, they would be spontaneously chosen.

My thought at the time was: “how obvious!” Nude male wrestling? Really? Couldn’t Mr. Cutter be more creative than that? Well, I was certainly looking forward to that day!

Dan, the coordinator of the events, said that it was in everyone’s best interest to win the highest score possible because all the competitors would be competing with a team of wrestlers. If someone wanted a low score for himself, that score would be calculated as a low or negative score. The main objective was to win as a team against the visitors.

Emphasis on “wanted” and “choose” here. Dan had mentioned that a person could write “low” on the card and try to get high points if his ultimate goal was to get circumcised.

Many of the guys snickered at that comment and rightly so. Seriously? Who in their right mind “wants” to get circumcised? Gee, I wish I had foreskin.

Dan continued to tell the group how the scoring would happen.

“The scoring will all be in your favor because some of these guys you will be wrestling with have wrestled before. That is why you have time to practice. You will all be evenly matched with same height and weight and it goes without saying that you will all be wrestling in the nude.”

“I have a question,” George spoke up. “What do you mean by ‘the scoring will be in our favor’?”

“You are all encouraged to win every match as a team. The cards are sealed so we don’t know if you bet ‘low’ or ‘high’ for yourself.

But just tell me BEFORE the match if you want a high or low score and that will be adjusted in your favor. If you lose the match it will be counted against you. So do NOT lose on purpose. This is to keep it fair so you don't screw with your teammates scores. Remember, you are competing AS A TEAM against another group of matched wrestlers. Any questions.”

No one had any questions.

“Okay. You all have about a week to prepare for the visiting team. Good luck!”

Dan spoke to the men, “Okay, guys, how many of you have wrestled before on a team?”

Only three guys raised their hands.

“You see, Dan?” remarked George. “That makes four of us because I was captain on my college wrestling team. It doesn't seem very fair to me.”

“All points you achieve will be doubled. So even if a member loses the match, he may still win the set by staying in play as long as possible.” Dan made it clear that he wanted it to be as fair as possible.

“Okay. Practice your wrestling today. But tomorrow you have another solo competition. As before, I highly recommend that you do not masturbate. See you tomorrow, gentlemen.” Dan left.

Chip and I kept filming the wrestling practice. It was hot. Chip didn't like it as much as I did.

The best wrestlers were George, Svenska and Egon (the two Latvians) and Michel (French). What is it about those

Scandinavians that made them such good wrestlers?

Is Latvia in Scandinavia? I need to check my map.

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Chapter 5: The Second Event – “How fast did it take?”

We set up our cameras in a room with a small pool. Tile everywhere. Nice layout.

Dan told the guys that they would come into the room. They had to go inside an ice cold pool. They would be timed for one minute and then get out. The stop-watch would start when they have stepped into the pool. They were required to stay in the pool for exactly one minute. At that point, Dan would give them the signal to exit and the stop watch would re-start. They were required to jack off as quickly as they possibly could. The timing would stop at the first shot of ejaculation. The time it would take them to cum would be deducted from their over-all score so the faster a contestant could ejaculate, the higher the final score.

From now on the guys came in by their rank on the scoreboard. So Woody came in first. He stepped in the ice cold pool and stood there up to his ankles while he was getting himself hard.

Dan said, “You’re supposed to sit in the water.”

“You didn’t say that,” retorted Woody. “So, has it been a minute yet?”

Woody, the American, was totally focused on cumming as quickly as possible. He shot his load in 4 minutes, 33 seconds.

George did as he was told and completely immersed himself in the

water. When he got out of the pool he was not hard at all. However, George, the stocky guy with the rugby player's torso, dark hair and biceps the size of small canons - he went from flaccid to ejaculation in 68 seconds!

Sho Yun, a muscularly lean and ripped Korean, came in 69 seconds. This guy didn't have a 6-pack for a tummy; he had an 8 pack! Fucking hot!

Svenska, the blond god, ejaculated in 68 seconds and tied exactly with George.

And Hiroshi, a martial arts expert from Japan, came in 175 seconds.

Paulo, the hot Italian with a mammoth cock, had trouble getting hard after the ice cold dip. When he finally got hard, he came but it took him 7 minutes and 14 seconds.

Ignasio, a cute little Spaniard and former gymnast, slipped on the wet tiles and fell when he got out of the ice cold pool. You could see he was in physical pain but he managed to cum in about 7 and a half minutes.

I felt most sorry for the other Latvian guy, Egon, a really cute blond, hairless chest with a lovely tan - he took more than 15 minutes and he knew he fucked up this event. He was shivering and could not shake off the cold. You would think that a guy that lives in such cold climate his whole life could deal with it; I guess not. The longer it took, the more frustrated he got because he knew he was in trouble. And I thought to myself: "In about a week, I'm gonna be filming this beautiful guy's foreskin get cut off. Yikes!"

Johnny, the Scottish guy with the tight foreskin, took his time and went very slowly. He came in 5 minutes and 2 seconds. He had no

idea that some of the guys before him took longer.

It was all nude all the time. The participants walked around nude, ate nude, and that was part of the deal. I was given instructions to photograph as much as I could from the guy's candid moments too. The morning group shower was particularly hot. It was dangerous not following the rules of the game. I will discuss this later.

Then they all went to wrestling practice.

Later that day at dinner time, the scoreboard showed as follows:

SCORE BOARD (Cold bath to how fast did he cum?)					
Rank	Name	Event Score	Bonus	Previous Score	Total
1	George	- 68	+ 50	1802	1784
2	Woody	- 273		1861	1588
3	Svenska	- 68	+ 50	1302	1284
4	Michel	- 80		831	751
5	Diego	- 107		609	502
**	mean				380.4
6	Ignasio	- 450		810	360
7	Sho Yun	- 69		417	348
8	Paulo	- 434		741	307
9	Sean	- 112		218	106
10	Trent	- 175		229	54
11	Hiroshi	- 175		216	41
12	Brian	- 325		227	- 98
13	Johnny	- 302		128	- 174
14	Hans	- 360		186	- 174
15	Egon	- 1106	- 50	180	- 776

** mean average = 380.4

NOTE: George and Svenska have tied so both were awarded the

bonus 50 points.

Thank you, Gentlemen, for a lovely presentation.

Sincerely,

Mr. Cutter

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Chapter 6: The Third Event – “How much does it weigh?”

Once again, the guys were told not to jack off the night before or early in the morning unless they wanted a low score on purpose. It's now two days since these guys didn't ejaculate so we are all in for a big surprise.

So it started with George. Since he was ranked number one, he was first up.

Beautiful George from down under. Goodness knows why he's even here. He's the most liked of any of the guys. He always has a smile and polite, says “thank you” and “you're welcome” in all the right places. George is going to make some woman (or man) very happy some day. I still have not figured out if he's gay or straight. Also, George has the longest over-hang of foreskin I have ever seen on a penis.

Dan, the ref, had a stack of plastic cups. He measured one cup on a scale. He then handed the cup to George and asked him to jack off into it. He could take as much time as he needed or wanted. The ejaculate in the cup was measure by re-weighing the cup and subtracting the weight of the cup. Also, Dan explained that since the amounts of the semen would be all very close, the amounts would be multiplied by ten to make the scores more manageable.

I couldn't believe that such a private thing was going on between

men in a room.

George edged himself slowly and stayed hard. He jacked his hard cock and maintained his beautiful foreskin completely covering the head of his cock.

After about 10 minutes, he said, “Okay boys, I guess it’s about time we get this over with.”

He then peeled back his foreskin really tight and kept it back while jacking off. George came in less than 30 seconds once his skin was pulled all the way back. This is a guy that really knows his body.

Dan weighed the cup and made the calculation and George’s semen weighed exactly 51.7 milliliters (converted to approx. grams). That score multiplied by 10 gave him 517 for the event.

Svenska came in after George. What can I say about Svenska? Perfect human specimen from head to toe. Even his feet were sexy with those perfect arches and straight toes. Svenska kept oozing a great deal of pre-cum while he was jacking off and all the oozing pre-cum went into the cup. He must have oozed about a whole teaspoon! And when he came, it was even more than George. It looked like Svenska was going to get the 50 point bonus.

And then in came Woody, the American. Dan told him the instructions that he was to cum in the cup and that what came out of his cock would be weighed and that would be his score.

And once again we caught every moment on our digital cameras. Right up to the moment when Woody said he did not really finish cumming which didn’t seem like a lot. Clearly Svenska was going to be the winner of this event again. Woody was squeezing the last little drops and then suddenly he squirted some piss in the cup which was mixed in with his cum.

Then he handed the cup to Dan.

“Wait a minute. You just pissed in the cup!” said Chip, my assistant, while videoing the event.

Then Woody in his usual snarky-ness said, “Dan said that what came out of my cock is what would be weighed.”

I immediately interrupted and said to Chip. “Hey, we are just here to photograph. We are objective observers and we are not supposed to comment.”

“Yeah, Dude. You should listen to your boss. So Dan. What’s the damage?”

Dan weighed the cup and begrudgingly said that is weighed 153.8 grams. Woody’s score would therefore be 1,538.

How is that even going to be believed?!

The intentional losers, that is, the ones that are giving themselves low scores on purpose, did some funny tricks to make sure they got low scores.

For example, Johnny ejaculated mostly outside the cup. I guess the smartest one was Hans, the German former soccer player, who shot a huge load (probably more than George) all over the floor but nothing in the cup at all and just wiped the last drop of his cum into the cup’s rim. He handed the cup to Dan with a big German smile.

And there was poor unlucky Egon. Egon, who came in last because he was the ranked the lowest, began the event and then just stopped. Looked at the camera and then said, “I don’t think I’m

going to stay. I will see how I do in this event but if I once again rank below the average, I will be leaving.”

He ejaculated every drop into the cup and it was quite a lot. He was so nervous that he dropped the cup. As he handed the cup to Dan, the cup slipped and mostly all of his cum landed on to the floor.

“Wait. That is not fair. It fell.”

“I’m sorry. I have to take what’s in the cup.”

Dan measured it.

“Thank you, Egon.”

Egon left a very unhappy participant. Egon is clearly a very unlucky fellow. He better leave if he doesn’t want to get cut.

The guys were all sitting and eating together in the dining area. Woody, Svenska and Egon were all sitting together. Svenska and Egon were in a heated discussion about something. We had no idea what it was about since they were speaking in Latvian.

Then the scoreboard pinged on.

SCORE BOARD – How much does it weigh?					
Rank	Name	Event Score	Bonus	Previous Score	Total
1	Woody	1538	+ 50	1588	3,176
2	George	517		1784	2,301
3	Svenska	528		1284	1,812
4	Michel	472		751	1,223
5	Diego	402		502	904
6	Ignasio	509		360	869
7	Sho Yun	469		348	817
8	Paulo	489		307	796
**	mean				748.26
9	Hiroshi	500		41	541
10	Sean	21		106	127
11	Trent	22		54	76
12	Brian	14		- 98	- 84
13	Johnny	17		- 174	- 157
14	Hans	2	- 50	- 174	- 222
14	Egon	21		- 976	- 1,005

** mean average = 748.26

It was obvious at this point which participants had bet low on themselves and which ones had bet high. All except for poor Egon and Hiroshi, who was a little on the fence. He seemed to be very Zen about the whole thing.

After lunch, they all went into the gymnasium for several hours of wrestling practice. Both George and Svenska were excellent coaches. Egon was terrific in the practice matches with the other guys.

At the end of a long practice, the men went into the showers before dinner.

Chapter 7: The shower room deception

The following day, there was no scheduled event.

They had a long day of practice in the weight room and in the gymnasium in preparation for the upcoming wrestling match. Woody and Svenska were forming a bond with Egon tagging along. Svenska and Egon were inseparable. They both seemed straight but hard to tell sometimes. There were also other strong alliances. George and Johnny developed a strong friendship. Sean and Diego developed a friendship as well.

Sometimes straight guys will manage to gather enough willingness to have sex with other guys, for the sake of necessity. But who knows what was not what was going on here.

Practice day was over and dinner was about to be served so the guys all filled in one by one into the shower room. The only guy that had soap was Woody. He brought it with him. It was his, a possession firmly guarded, and he never shared it with anyone.

So Woody and Svenska were over in the corner together talking about the practice and all the great food and wine.

Out of the blue, Woody said, “You know, Svenska, you could use a little soap.”

Svenska answered, “Yah, but I did not bring some.”

“Here. Use some of mine.” Woody offered the soap to Svenska. It slipped from his fingers and slid across the wet shower floor to the other side of the “uncut” line to the “cut” section.

“Sorry about that,” said Woody, “would you mind ...”

Svenska, with all his polite upbringing and kindness, said, “Yes, of course.” And he went over to the “cut” section and grabbed Woody’s soap.

Suddenly, George said loudly, “Svenska! What the hell are you doing?! Your not supposed to be on that side!!”

Svenska quickly moved over to the “uncut” section of the shower room. “It was accident. I was to borrow Woody’s soap and slipped. It was accident!” Svenska as very fluent in English but I guess he forgot his articles in the moment. He was visibly shaken by this.

“You’re not supposed to cross over to that side, unless you wanna get cut.”

“No. No. I do not want that. It was accident. I think that Dan will understand.”

“Dan will understand,” said Woody. “It’s okay. Don’t freak the guy out.”

“I’m sure Dan will understand. Who I’m worried about is Mr. Cutter, the guy we never met. Let’s hope he gets that it was an accident,” remarked George.

“Nothing’s gonna happen to your dick, dude. Svenska. SVENSKA! Look at me. You’re gonna be okay.” Woody, with a half cocky smile, tried to comfort Svenska. “Use the soap all you want. Get yourself cleaned up.”

There was usually a lot more conversation or banter between the guys during shower time. But not this time. They all had a gut

feeling that the worst was about to happen to poor Svenska.

The guys all dried off and went to supper. Svenska was looking very upset. He had trouble eating. Egon and Svenska sat together alone. It was clear that Egon tried to comfort him.

Dan came in to announce the event for the following day. Once again, he told the guys that for the highest score it would be in their best interest to save up the masturbation until the following day for a high score.

As Dan was about to exit, Svenska came up to Dan and told him about the incident in the shower room. Dan explained to Svenska that such a decision was not his. Mr. Cutter made such decisions.

Svenska excused himself and said he was feeling a little dizzy and went up to his room.

Sean, the cute Irish guy, turned to Woody and asked him if he dropped the soap on purpose. Woody, of course, denied such an accusation. Sean pointed out to us that Woody NEVER shared his soap. Also, that Svenska's score was always high and competing with Woody's high score. And third, Woody never ONCE dropped his soap because he protected it like it was his first born.

Woody snickered at Sean. "It's time to the hit the hay, dudes." He said this with a half smile that almost seemed like he was admitting to setting Svenska up for elimination.

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Chapter 8: A Day of Mourning

Chip's responsibility was to always be the first one in the morning

to set up the cameras in the eating area to make sure as many moments were captured as possible.

Chip was alone and shot a pan of the empty eating area. He shot the scoreboard.

The score-board read as follows.

ATTENTION: Today's event will be postponed until tomorrow.

SCORE BOARD – How much does it weigh?					
Rank	Name	Event Score	Bonus	Previous Score	Total
1	Woody	1538	+ 50	1588	3,176
2	George	517		1784	2,301
3	Michel	472		751	1223
4	Diego	402		502	904
5	Ignasio	509		360	869
6	Sho Yun	469		348	817
7	Paulo	489		307	796
**	mean				627.46
8	Hiroshi	500		41	541
9	Sean	21		106	127
10	Trent	22		54	76
11	Brian	14		- 98	- 84
12	Johnny	17		- 174	- 157
13	Hans	2	- 50	- 174	- 222
14	Egon	21		- 976	- 1005

** mean average = 627.46

ATTENTION: SVENSKA DISQUALIFIED DUE TO CIRCUMCISION.

NOTE: Svenska has 1812 points unaccounted for. Since he was disqualified due to his now cut status, Svenska may donate a

portion or all of his points to any qualifying contender still in the game. Svenska is in good health. He was a little depressed last night after his surgery but I consoled him and he feels better about the outcome. I am trying to convince him to stay as my guest until the last day.

Good luck, gentlemen.

Sincerely,

Mister Cutter

George was the first one to come downstairs. He walked in and Chip shot George's smile to the camera.

"Good morning, Chip."

"Morning!" answered Chip from behind his camera.

Happy, cheerful George. The guy that everyone likes. George was the one who always had a positive attitude and wanted the best for all. When he saw the scoreboard, his smile disappeared, probably for the first time here. He sat down wiped his eyes. I think he was wiping a tear from his eyes actually.

George left the room without eating breakfast.

"Wait!" Chip stopped him.

"What do you want, Chip."

"I ... um ... I feel bad about what's going on here. I mean about what happened with ... um ... Svenska. If I could do anything to help out. To ... um ... make things ... better?"

The camera kept rolling. Chip stepped in front of the camera.

I told him a dozen times not to get involved. I told him to stay an

objective observer of events but he was there alone with George and I wasn't there to remind him. Chip is basically a good kid and when he sees things that are unfair, he speaks up. The following was the scene he shot with himself in it.

"Chip, please leave me be."

"I wanted to tell you that I'm rooting for you."

"Thanks. Listen, do you know anything that I don't know?"

"Um ... if I did, I'm not supposed to ... um ... I don't want to get in trouble."

"Well, when you go back to the States, you'll think about it and then ..."

"I'm not American."

"Oh. I thought your were."

"Born in Manitoba. And moved to Vancouver as a kid."

"So you're Canadian?"

"Yeah."

"What do you think of all of this?"

"This is a crazy place. With really crazy ideas."

George agreed and began to walk away. Then he returned and asked Chip, "So, Chip, are you circumcised?"

"Hell no."

“Thought so. Have you ever thought about getting cut?”

“No way! But my younger brother had to get circumcised when he was 17 because he had a health issue.”

“Yeah, most of you Canadians aren’t cut. Listen, I don’t mean to disrespect you and I know you mean well. But today, just leave me alone. Okay? Svenska was a good egg. He should still be here.”

“Well, if there’s anything I can do ...”

“Just try to put yourself in Svenska’s shoes for a day. Okay? Try to imagine yourself being cut against your will for at least the next 24 hours. That’s all I ask.”

“Okay, George.”

“Imagine yourself being circumcised and think of poor Svenska. The next time you jerk off in your room. Pull back your foreskin and keep it back and see how it feels. I’m gonna work out.”

And so George went straight to the gymnasium.

“I will. I’ll think about Svenska!” Chip called out to George as he walked away.

~*~

Later that day, wrestling practice was ugly. And not very productive.

After wrestling practice, the guys all went to the shower. It was interesting to watch the dynamic of everyone avoiding Woody. After the incident with Svenska, Woody was implicated in

Svenska's cut and disqualification. The other guys, primarily Sean and Diego, brought circumstantial evidence against Woody and the motive was simply that Woody was trying to eliminate the competition.

On further inspection of the evidence, Woody was also trying to break in with George and become friendly with him. But George would have none of it. In truth, Woody was a cheater but nobody knew it – except for Chip and myself. And Dan and Mr. Cutter. But we were in no position to bring this to any of their attention or perhaps there would be some kind of rebellion in the lunchroom.

I could just imagine all the guys holding Woody down against his will while Sean or even Diego got the sharpest knife from the kitchen and circumcised Woody between the main course and dessert. That would be horrifying.

But that's not what happened. After they all dried off, they went to dinner.

Egon sat alone. George asked if he could join him and keep him company. Egon, in his usual politeness, allowed it. Besides, how could anyone say no to George. George saw how upset Egon was. Clearly, George was trying to comfort Egon. They sat for quite a while together talking.

When Egon finished eating, he stood up from his place at the table and made a public announcement.

“Gentlemen, I believe I don't want to do this anymore. I gave myself a high bet and I have ranked very low. I came here to perhaps make a little money and make a game of it but I see I cannot raise my score. And after what happened last night to Svenska, I cannot continue. I do not wish that on myself. I do not wish to be circumcised. It was a pleasure meeting all of you. I wish

you all the best of luck. Good bye.”

Egon began to leave.

“Wait!” called out George. “Why leave so early? According to the rules you can stay until the second to last event. So why not stay? Besides, you’re really good at the wrestling and we could really use you when the wrestling competition comes. Please stay and be part of the team.”

“I don’t want to get the circumcision. I do not want that for myself.”

Sean, one of the low scoring men, spoke up. “How did you score so low without even trying?”

Egon retold his bad luck on each event.

So George stood up and asked for the entire room’s attention. “Okay! But Egon, before you leave, please, reconsider this. We need you for the wrestling match. Then leave before the last event and you’re still safe and you will leave with your penis intact. But if you have to leave now, then, at least stay for a toast.”

He looked around and noticed that everyone was still sitting. Egon stood waiting by the door ready to go to his room.

“I think you guys are gonna want to stand up for this – so here goes. To Svenska! May he live happy and comfortable with his new penis once he has healed. Svenska, I hope you’re hearing this. Hey, Josh, are you recording this, mate? ‘Cause I want Svenska to hear and see how much we care.”

“Yeah, I’m recording it,” I said with the camera on and a close up on George. Chip was getting reaction shots from the other men.

“Thanks, Josh. So, Svenska, you were a good mate when you had foreskin. I’m certain you will be just as good a mate without it. I hope you and I can be friends. And maybe I can come visit with you and your wife in Latvia. I’m sorry to hear that your son is not well. But we all raise a glass to you now for your courage and honesty and good cheer.”

I had no idea that Svenska was married ... and with a kid! I think some of the other guys were surprised too. Apparently, George has a special charm that these guys open up to him.

George raised his glass in the air. And this brought everyone to their feet – except for Woody. Woody was in some kind of bad mood in the corner. They all toasted: “To Svenska!”

All the guys clinked their glasses together. This selfless act by George brought Egon back to the table. He lifted up his wine glass and said, “All right, George. I will try but if I am losing by the last event, I will leave. And since you know about Andre, Svenska’s son, I need to tell you all why Svenska and I came here. Svenska and I have been friends since we were very young. He never had a brother. And I never had a brother. So we are like brothers. His son, Andre, was born with some abnormalities which require surgeries. Svenska and I came here to pay for some of Andre’s surgeries. Svenska loves his son more than you can imagine. And I wanted to help. He is my best friend. So you see, I need to do this for Andre. Andre is not yet two years old.”

“Thank you, Egon.”

Egon clinked his glass with the rest of the men. “To Svenska. I hope he enjoys his new penis.”

“Well, he doesn’t have much of a choice, does he?” stated Woody

with a hint of a laugh, sitting in his corner.

This soured the moment a little. But not for long.

“And to Egon.” said Diego. “Thank you for not abandoning us in our time of need.”

And then Sean chimed in with, “To helping good friends!”

The guys all clinked their glasses again.

For someone whose first language is not English, Egon was so damn well spoken. Gorgeous and polite.

Svenska will be missed.

Chapter 9: The Fourth Event – Surprise! Volleyball Challenge.

Chip was early, as usual, and setting up his camera. George came down.

“Good morning, Chip.”

“Good morning. I got chewed out by Mr. Cutter and Josh for stepping in front of the camera and talking to you yesterday. They told me the next time I step in front of the camera, I have to be nude.”

“You can probably join in the games if you want, since you’ve got foreskin.”

“Shut up.”

So George stood in front of the camera nude, while drinking his coffee, and Chip was off camera.

“So, did you think about Svenska? And did you jerk off with your skin pulled back all the way?”

“Yeah, I thought about Svenska. And, yeah, I did. I’ve jerked off that way before. When my younger brother got cut, I asked him what it felt like and he told me to do that.”

“And?”

“It’s okay.”

“By the way, why did your brother have to get cut?”

“Who? Gimp dick?”

“What did you say?”

“I call my brother ‘gimp dick’ cuz he’s cut now.” Chip laughed.

“That’s not funny.”

“He doesn’t mind.”

“That’s cuz he looks up to you, idiot! And he loves you.”

“Now you’re making me feel bad.”

“Good! So why did he have to get cut?”

“He has the same trouble that Johnny has.”

“What?”

“He couldn’t pull back his foreskin. It was stuck.”

“You mean phimosis?”

“Yeah, that’s it.”

“What do you mean like Johnny?”

“Johnny has it too.”

“Our Johnny?”

“You didn’t know? Oops. Maybe he was keeping it a secret. Just like gimp dick was keeping it a secret for a long time and ...”

“TURN OFF THE CAMERA!” George was irritated, you could hear it in his voice.

“But ...”

“I said turn off the camera. You and I need to have a private conversation.”

That’s all there was of that because Chip turned off the camera and we don’t know what was said.

Chip told me later that George really gave him hell for being so mean to his own brother. Chip told me that it almost made him weep. George went on about brotherly love and that ‘gimp dick’ was not showing respect for his brother who had no choice in such a problem and that medical issues are not a laughing matter. Chip told me that he called his brother that day to apologize about being so insensitive.

George really is quite an amazing fellow!

Later, the men came down to the dining area and ate breakfast. Then they waited for the day's event to be announced. The camaraderie that George had instilled in everyone was remarkable. He was loved by everyone. Everyone except perhaps Woody because Woody was not able to get under his skin (no pun intended) as he did with Svenska. George was a true team leader and he could probably march these guys into any kind of predicament.

The Score Board pinged on with the words: Surprise! Volleyball Challenge.

And then 14 beautiful nude men walked in, each in equal size and stature as the 14 original contestants. But there was one significant difference. Each of the new men were all Cut! Some had really dark ring scars around their cocks; others you couldn't tell where the scar was but they were all, without a doubt, circumcised.

There was an uneasy tension and stir with most of the 14 uncut men.

Dan walked in after them.

“Gentlemen,” Dan announced, “today you will be playing volleyball with this team of players, who, as you can see, are all – ahem – well, you get it. So anyway, these men also will be the ones you will be wrestling with on the day of that competition.”

“Hello, mates!” George said with a very warm and sincere smile. He then went to each one of the circumcised guys, with his hand out to shake, and introduced himself and asked their names.

The rules were standard competitive rules. A match would be best

3 out of 5 games. Each game victory was awarded when reaching 25 points after a 2 point lead. Dan announced that there would be a total of 3 matches for the day.

Dan introduced four professional referees who would keep track of scoring and make sure the game was played without mishaps or disagreements. It's amazing that you can pay someone to do almost anything these days. Referees getting paid for an all male nude volleyball game?!

To make team incentive worthy for those who wished to acquire low scores, each participant had to indicate BEFORE the games began whether he wanted high or low scoring. It was obvious from the scoring who wanted what, except for Egon who opted for "high" scoring although he was currently ranked last.

Each participant was encouraged to score as many points as possible. Each individual point would count as 25 extra additional points to the overall score. Each game won would count as 100 points and each match won would count as an additional 200. However, games lost would mean a reduction in their score as well as a lost match.

And so the games began!

The 14 men were split into two groups of seven. They all played amazingly well and were hot and sweaty. It was a sight to behold! I couldn't believe I was getting paid for this!

George's home team won the first game but lost the following two games. This was not good. George was trying his best to be egalitarian and coach many of his members to score as many individual points as possible. He even encouraged Woody to score points and on each of those occasions, Woody failed and in one particular case lost a game. George wanted to win – needed to win.

It was devastating when his team lost the fourth game and therefore, the match. That was a reduction in 400 points, once you count the 100 points for the first game. The individual points were seemingly meaningless.

Surprisingly, Egon was the captain of the other home team and he led his team to only one lost game but victory in the match. So his team was ahead by 400 points.

After the first match was over, George wanted to regroup. But Egon would have none of it. He felt good with his seven and did not wish to trade.

“George, please understand. I need to win. I must.” Said Egon to George.

George was a little disappointed but he gave Egon a big hug and then said, “I totally understand. Go get ‘em, mate.” George was willing to take one on the chin for Egon.

By the way, watching nude male volleyball with one team of completely uncut guys and the other team of all cut guys was really hot! Unfortunately, I wasn’t very good at the shooting. Chip, however, was much better at shooting the sporting events than I was and caught all the great moments; I guess that’s why I hired him.

George’s home team did not do well in the second match either. His team won two and lost three games. Again he felt responsible for losing the match for his team.

Egon’s team, however, won the match without a single loss.

“You are a fucking loser, dude!” Woody yelled at George. “What the fuck!?”

Diego and Michel, the French guy, who was on George's team went to Egon and asked him for a re-grouping as a favor to those on his team who needed a win. Egon gave in to the appeal and agreed to a regrouping. To be fair, since Egon was the captain, he could pick. George, being a captain, was stuck on his loser team. Woody insisted on being on Egon's team.

Once the team's were re-grouped they realized that the visiting "Cut" team also re-grouped.

And then the third and final match was played.

George's team finally won the match with no games lost. So some of the members on that team won THREE matches!

Egon's team, however, only won one game but lost the match. Woody was not happy. He did not win a single match and this would greatly challenge his ranking. Also, some of the guys on that team also didn't win one match.

So it all came down to those individual points scored by each participant. Woody, who was not a very good player, did not score one individual point. George's team lost two matches but George himself made up for the losses personally by raking in a great deal of individual points for himself. Each point scored was worth 25 points in the overall score.

All the men were huffing and puffing and patiently waited for the final tabulation of the scores. After all the additions and subtractions of games, matches and individuals game points were calculated with their option of "high" or "low" scoring, they finally heard the usual "Ping!" and scores of that day's event was announced.

Clearly, Woody was not happy with the outcome of this event. To add to Woody's losses, he also got the minus 50 points because he had bet high on himself and actually got negative points reduction. Whereas the others who actually asked for low, were on the accumulated side. No one was clear what he was so upset about since he was ranked fourth and well above the mean.

Woody was basically a sore loser.

SCORE BOARD – Volleyball Game					
Rank	Name	Event Score	Bonus	Previous Score	Total
1	George	1,215		2,301	3,516
2	Sho Yun	1,854	+ 50	817	2,721
3	Michel	857		1,223	2,080
4	Woody	- 1,210	- 50	3,176	1,916
5	Ignasio	975		869	1,844
6	Paulo	908		796	1,704
7	Hiroshi	1,025		541	1,566
8	Diego	0		854	854
**	(mean average)				703.73
9	Egon	942		- 955	- 13
10	Johnny	- 472		- 157	- 629
11	Sean	- 1,175		127	- 1,048
12	Trent	- 1,125		76	- 1,049
13	Brian	- 1,250		- 84	- 1,334
14	Hans	- 1,400		- 172	- 1,572

** mean average = 703.73

Egon, on the other hand, was beaming with delight. He was grinning from ear to ear that he was no longer ranked last and now he felt he had a fighting chance. Egon thanked George profusely for convincing him to stay. George, in his usual self deprecating demeanor, told Egon that this is what friends are for.

They all went to the showers.

The cut guys all showered on their side complete with luxurious soaps and shampoos and fancy faucet fixtures.

“Here come the elephant trunks!” said one of the cut guys as

George walked in.

“Hey, mates, don’t be like that. It’s all fun. We all had a nice game of it today? Aye?” remarked George.

“Yeah, whatever you say,” said one of the cut guys back at George. “You probably leave a slime trail behind you with that thing, that slug between your legs.”

“Well, George, looks like although you won big today and will walk away from this place with your dick intact, you won’t ever know what it’s like to have a nice trim cock like this one here.” This cut guy had one of the darkest circumcision scars I had ever seen.

George laughed. “You never know what may be in store for any of us in the next few days.”

One of the cut guys stepped right up to the line where the uncut barrier was. “Come on, George, you don’t belong with these guys. You’re made of better stuff. Be a man and join our side.”

“No. If I win, I win. And if I loose, I loose. We keep it fair and square.”

Egon approached George with a big high five. Egon was the happiest man in the room.

“Come on, George,” said Egon. “We are happy just the way we are.”

George stepped back to his shower and smiled back at Egon. “You’re a good mate, Egon.”

“Thank you. And so are you, George.”

The cut guys turned off their shower-heads and began to leave.

One stayed behind for a moment and said, “Wait guys.” He had a deep voice with a sort of thick Spanish accent. His cock had no sign of a scar. It was later explained to me that the reason there was no visible scar was because his style of circumcision was something called a “low and tight.” I had no idea there were so many kinds of ways a man could get cut. The cut guys turned around glistening wet with their cut cocks dripping with fresh water. “We’ll see you all next time on the wrestling mat. And watch out for the cheater, George. One of you here has got a lot of cheating cock-cheese waiting to come out.” He winked. He had a bar of soap hiding in his hand which he let slip from his side to the “uncut” side.

“Oops!” All the cut guys laughed. The home team of uncuts knew exactly what he was referring to.

He then turned to the cut guys and said, “Would one of you amigos like to get that for me?”

They all laughed. One of the guys with a thick Scottish brogue said, “Nay. I would never go back to all that skin on my cock.” He winked at Johnny, also Scottish.

All the cut guys left through a different door to a different area of the estate to dry off. There was an eerie silence as the door shut behind them and all that was heard was the showers going. The uncut guys didn’t say a word and they all looked over to Woody, who was also silent.

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Chapter 10: A Day of Rest and Wrestling Practice

The following morning I came down and Chip was not there. It was very odd because Chip was really responsible. So I began to set up the cameras in preparation for breakfast and to prepare for the next event.

George and Johnny were sitting by the window, drinking their coffee. “Hey, guys, have you seen Chip?” I asked.

“He’s outside having breakfast.”

I looked out the window and there he was.

Actually, I was surprised that anyone was there considering that yesterday was an exhausting day for all of them after all those hours of volleyball matches.

I came over to set up my camera but George asked, “Josh, I hope you don’t mind you not filming us. This is a personal conversation. We came down a little early because we wanted to talk. That’s why Chip is outside. I asked him to.”

“Not a problem. I’ll go out there with Chip.” Unbeknownst to them, I turned on my camera while it was in its bag. I was going to get a black screen (no video) but at least the conversation would be recorded.

This was the following conversation between George and Johnny.

“So...”

“Just wait until Josh goes outside.”

There was a slight pause as you heard them each take a sip of

coffee.

“So, mate, why don’t you just be done with it.”

“I thought about it. Look, George, I’ve had this problem all my life. How did you know I had it?”

“It’s called phimosis. Why refer to it as ‘it.’ And there is no shame in your problem. It can be easily fixed with a circumcision.” interrupted George.

Johnny paused for a moment and then said, “It kinds of sad. I’ve seen the dick heads of other guys but I have never seen the head of my own. Never. Often when I have sex with Brenda, it makes me bleed. She’s been very supportive and she wants to marry me and have kids. But she’s in agreement that I should get it done.”

“But, Johnny, you have a real medical need for getting it done. Why are you here? Why didn’t you get cut years ago?”

“I guess I was afraid. Or I thought I could stretch it with creams and whatnot. But it’s gotten to the point that every time I try to pull back the skin, it tears a little bit and then more scar tissue builds up and it really hurts.”

“So what’s your plan, mate?”

“Well, I’m winning so far. I’ve given myself a low bet. And it looks like I’m going to make it. Then, I’ll collect my money from Mr. Cutter and make an appointment with this American urologist who will give me exactly the circumcision I want. Besides, I’ve never been to American and it would be a nice little vacation.”

“What do you mean the way you want? What’s that?”

“I want a prominent circumcision scar. Really dark. High and but not too tight. Like some of those blokes we played volleyball with yesterday. Some of them had really dark rings for scars.”

“What if you don’t get the dark ring scar you want?”

“There’s this American that lives in California that got cut as an adult. But since there was no scar or ring, he had one tattooed on his cock. Can you believe that? So I could get a tattoo.”

“On your cock?! Mate, that’s desperate. I once saw on a website a bloke who had his cock tattooed but it looks like a healing circumcision. I’m not kidding! It looks red and bruised and the fine lines tattooed around his circumcision scar to look like he has stitches sewn in. But they’re not. It’s a tattoo!”

“Madness! Anyway, that American bloke I was telling you about in California – he said he’s done circumcisions. But he’s not even a doctor!”

“That’s – oh, Johnny, why don’t you get it done here? Dan said that it’s a real doctor doing the surgeries.”

“Why haven’t we heard from Svenska? Who knows what kind of monstrosity Frankenstein cock he’s going to have?”

“You can’t really believe that.”

“I don’t know. I want proof. By the way, do you really think Woody did that on purpose to Svenska?”

Here there was a slight pause.

Then George broke the silence by answering, “yes.”

“Really?”

“I feel a little responsible for Svenska’s circumcision and ultimate disqualification.”

“Why? Tell me, George.”

“Well, you see, Woody tried the same trick on me. Woody tried to convince me to go over to the “cut” side of the shower area to get some soap. Remember that day that Svenska walked over there? I was talking to Woody and then I walked away from him and showered next to you.”

Johnny nodded in agreement. “Yeah, I remember.”

“Woody has made a lot of enemies but I don’t want any part of it,” said George shaking his head.

“Well, I’m gonna get the circumcised. I’m just not going to do it here.” Johnny said firmly.

“So anyway, by the time I saw Svenska walk over, it was too late. I feel responsible because I should have warned him about Woody. I really feel for Svenska. I hope he’s all right.”

“We can only hope.”

“Bom dia!” It was Ignasio, the Brazilian, walking in with his breakfast and sat down with Woody and George.

There was no official event scheduled for that day. However, there was wrestling practice and weight training to prepare for the big day.

In the shower room, George really tried to create a team spirit and

encouraged everyone to wash each other's back. Now that they had a bar of soap, George shared it with everyone.

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Chapter 11: The Fifth Event – How Fast on the Second Try?

It was mid-day and all the guys had finished their lunch. They had a full day at the gym with wrestling practice. They were told daily not to masturbate. This was now the third day.

The event was simple. The guys were video taped while they wanked off. When they would finish cumming, the timer would begin and however long it took them to cum the second time the timer would stop. The longer the time, the more would be deducted from their score. And, as always, a plus 50 or minus 50 would be either added or deducted depending on fastest to slowest.

George was first again and, in his usual fashion and concentration, he was truly amazing. From his first to his second climax, he made it to a remarkable 1 minute and 47 seconds (that's a total of 107 seconds in deduction).

Hiroshi, the Martial arts master, came in second at 152.

Egon stupendously came in third at one second after Hiroshi.

The usual ones seeking top scores came well within competing scores of each other. That is except for Woody who tried to cheat his way by faking a climax. He argued with Dan and said that he did have a climax even though nothing came out. The longer it took him, the more he panicked which only increased his stress which made it even more difficult for him to cum. Needless to say, Woody finally (desperately) worked out a second ejaculate at a

little over 17 minutes (a total deduction of 1,024). Woody was in shock and walked out of the room almost shaking with fear.

Diego was hilarious as he stroked his big uncut dick for more the 17 minutes talking about his Columbian boyfriend and all the things he's going to do to him when he gets back to Argentina. Finally, Dan told him to cum already because he had passed the time of the lowest contestant so he would be honored with the minus 50 points.

SCORE BOARD – How Quick the 2 nd Time?					
Rank	Name	Event Score	Bonus	Previous Score	Total
1	George	- 107	+ 50	3,566	3,509
2	Sho Yun	- 172		2,671	2,499
3	Michel	- 187		2,080	1,893
4	Ignasio	- 190		1,844	1,654
5	Paulo	- 202		1,704	1,502
6	Hiroshi	- 152		1,566	1,414
7	Woody	- 1,024		1,916	892
**	(mean average)				213.33
8	Egon	- 153		- 13	- 166
9	Diego	- 1,048	- 50	854	- 244
10	Johnny	- 667		- 629	- 1,296
11	Sean	- 794		- 1,048	- 1,842
12	Trent	- 882		- 1,049	- 1,931
13	Brian	- 906		- 1,334	- 2,240
14	Hans	- 872		- 1,572	- 2,444

** mean average = 213.33

I may as well tell you a little bit about Michel. He's a hot little French man with a very large penis. He doesn't have much overhang of foreskin and sometimes his foreskin slides back and

almost looks like it's cut – but it's not. He just has a very short foreskin. He's got dark hair and bushy eyebrows and an incredible hairy chest in a perfect pattern of a trail of hair that points right to his groin. Amazing.

Upon seeing the scores, Egon was elated yet again. He was slowly creeping up and within a few points to be over the mean which would put him in the safe zone so he wouldn't get circumcised. He gave George a big hug and thanked him, once again, for his encouragement.

The very strange thing was the change in Diego's behavior during the events. I wasn't sure what was going on with him.



Chapter 12: The Sixth Event – A Truth Revealed!

Today was the big day of the Wrestling Match!

The men came down for breakfast. Dan explained to them one small detail about what they all had to wear during the wrestling contest.

I thought to myself “wear?” These guys have been nude for the better part of two weeks and now they're going to put on something for the wrestling? But I was wrong. Dan told the group of the uncut guys that they had to pull the foreskins as far forward as possible (for maximum foreskin overhang) and then wrap a piece of bright red colored tape snugly around their prepuce.

Michel, who didn't have much foreskin to begin with, felt the most uncomfortable with this. And George, who probably had the most overhang than anyone (except maybe Ignasio, the Brazilian) had a

ridiculous looking member with all that skin flopping beyond the colored tape. Ignasio's cock didn't look much better but since his skin was so dark, you didn't notice it as much as with George's cock.

By the way, Ignasio was a big fellow. Very tall and very muscular. The only reason he was talked into doing this was because he wants to do porn. And he believes this would be a break of some kind. I love Brazilian men.

They all went to the gymnasium. And there they were - all those beautiful men from the visiting team. The same ones from the volleyball game. All with cut cocks.

It was now the day of the wrestling match. George, with the help of Egon, had trained all the team members the best that they could.

All the guys were matched very fairly. There was only one referee and only one match at a time. This gave the teams ample ways to cheer their team members during their respective matches.

The change in Diego's behavior was finally revealed. It was that he had been on the wrong side all along. He told Dan that he wanted his points to be on the negative side. Therefore, any points he WON on this wrestling match would be counted as negative and any points he LOST would be counted as positive. He told Dan he is aiming to stay on the side BELOW the mean and he was a little confused at the start of the game. I guess it is safe to say that Diego will also be saved from the knife.

Egon, on the other hand, has yet to accumulate enough points to rise above the mean. But if he needs to bow out of the games, he still has time before he loses all together and gets the cut – which he has stated on numerous occasions that he does not want.

Now back to the wrestling matches.

To make a long story short, Woody's opponent called foul on Woody for an illegal move. During the match, Woody was losing so Woody shoved his thumb deep into his opponent's anus, which shocked the opponent and allowed Woody to pin him and win.

The referee said he did not see the maneuver so therefore could not call foul on Woody so the score stuck and Woody won.

However, George saw it and he was not happy about it. George spoke up against Woody and said that he actually saw the illegal move. The referee appreciated George's honesty but the rules were that the referee must see all fouls in order for it to be considered.

So it was a victory for all – except for George who saw Woody use a cheater's maneuver. The whole team was very happy to have won the day. However, George was livid and sat on the bench brooding as the guys waited for their scores.

PING!

SCORE BOARD – Wrestling a Cut Team					
Rank	Name	Event Score	Bonus	Previous Score	Total
1	George	55		3,509	3,564
2	Sho Yun	45		2,499	2,544
3	Michel	52		1,893	1,945
4	Ignasio	51		1,654	1,705
5	Paulo	49		1,502	1,551
6	Hiroshi	57		1,414	1,471
7	Woody	29		892	921
**	(mean average)				226.73

8	Egon	58	+ 50	- 166	- 58
9	Diego	- 32	- 50	- 244	- 326
10	Johnny	- 4		- 1,296	- 1,300
11	Sean	- 42		- 1,842	- 1,884
12	Trent	- 40		- 1,931	- 1,971
13	Brian	- 39		- 2,240	- 2,279
14	Hans	- 38		- 2,444	- 2,482

** mean average = 226.73

When they got back to the shower, all the cut guys were on their “cut” side of the showering room and kept calling the uncut guys on the other side “cheese-dick cheaters” and “you all deserve to keep your foreskins if you cheat like that” and “only real men are cut” and “real cut men don’t have smelly elephant trunks” and so on.

George spoke up. “Come on, Mates. You heard how I tried to vouch for you guys but it was the coaches call.”

“Yeah, right. You’re just like the rest of your lot. Sagging foreskins.”

Another cut guy, “Look at that elephant trunk.”

Yet another, “Hey, guys. Look at this guys overhang. You could pack a week’s worth of socks in that extra baggage.”

George protested, “I tried you guys. I really tried.”

One of the cut guys came forward. “You can make it up to us.”

“How’s that?” George asked.

“Since you’re the only honest one, you can come with us.”

“But I’m with my mates here. I can speak for a most of these guys and they are really stand up guys.”

“You want to hang out with a bunch of cheese dicks?”

“But it’s just that ...” George didn’t know what to say.

“You can make it up to us by getting cut.”

“What?!”

Then the guy who was George’s opponent spoke to George in earnest. “Listen, 14 of us here are circumcised. And guess what, five of us participated in an event here and were circumcised right here on the grounds right behind that door. And guess what, George. I’m one of them. But before I go on and talk about myself. Meet the other’s who were circumcised right here three years ago and then the other’s who were cut five years ago. I was cut three years ago.”

They all stood there, glistening wet from the shower with their flared cock heads and no foreskins.

One of the cut guys said directly to Johnny, “Check out my cock. See that nice brown scar? That’s done with a clamp. I’m proud of my scar.”

“And now, George, you need to see this. Play it! Play it, Mr. Cutter!”

The scoring screen went blank for a moment and the men stood there and watched the video Chip and I had shot of the events. The clips showed Woody’s events and how he cheated on the first event and then the second, and so on.

With the shower still running George bent down and threw up.

George looked up at Woody with a glare. “You have been cheating all along?”

“Dude, I am going to leave this place with my dick intact and with euros in my pocket. No one is coming near my dick with a knife if I can help it.”

George stood up. “I came here for the sport of it. But do you know why I want to score so high?”

“Cuz you don’t want to get cut, just like every other guy here.”

“Dan! DAN! I want the envelope. I want my envelope with my card in it.” George was livid.

“George, I don’t think I can do that,” Dan said.

George turned to Johnny. “You, of all people, SHOULD be getting cut.” George turned and started to walk over to the cut-guy side of the showers. Johnny stopped him.

“Stop. You cross that line there’s no going back. Remember what they did to Svenska.”

“Thanks, Johnny. You’re a good mate.”

And then, George step over the line. Johnny was flabbergasted.

All the cut guys hooted and hollered en mass and patted George on the back.

“We’re glad you can join us, dude. Here’s some soap. You better wash that thing up for the last time.”

And another cut guy said, “Take that red tape off, for god’s sake.”

“I want it. I’m ready for it.” George whispered. “Dan, can I have that envelope now?”

“I’ll get it for you, George.”

It was the longest minute I have every experienced.

Dan handed the envelope to George. He opened it and showed it to everyone. The word on the card was: LOW.

He turned off his shower and then said, “I have had to maintain high scores because I WANTED to loose! I have wanted to get cut for years! And this was a chance to get cut in such a memorable way that I would be happy about it. But you, Woody, fucked that up because you have tainted it with bad sportsmanship! You are a fucking asshole!”

George walked back over to the “uncut” side and went up to Johnny, probably his only friend in the whole mix, gave him a firm clasp on the shoulder. “Be a man, Johnny. Come with me.”

“No, George. I’m ... I’m afraid.”

George turned to all the uncut guys, all except for Woody who he wouldn’t even look at, and addressed each one of them with deep feeling. “I am very sorry, gentlemen. It has been a pleasure spending time with you and making a sport of a personal choice I had wanted my whole life. This is my chance. I am deeply sorry. Please accept my apologies if you feel I am abandoning you. Egon, stay with your willpower. You are strong. And you can be a good leader. Johnny, I hope we can still be friends after all of this is over and done with.”

And then the riot happened. Diego and Michel and Ignasio ganged up on Woody and threw him over to the “cut” side.

George grabbed a hold of Woody and started beating the crap out of Woody. Punch after punch. The cut guys had to pull him away or he may have killed Woody.

Woody crawled back to the “uncut” side, nose bleeding. He was weeping and started begging to Dan. “They pushed me! THEY PUSHED ME!!!! I DON’T WANNA GET CUT. THEY PUSHED ME!”

“We don’t want you anyway,” said one of the cut guys.

They all showered in silence. George and Johnny kept an eye on each other. Two close friends that are soon going to separate.

“You’ve been a real friend to me while we were here. I’m sorry, Johnny, but please understand I can’t stay.”

George dried off and without even looking back he left with the cut guys.

All the guys dried off and headed toward the dinning room. No one sat with Woody.

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Chapter 13: Another Day of Mourning

The next day, all the guys got up and ate breakfast. They were ready for the next event. The scoreboard had still not been

changed. Meanwhile, I was looking around for my second, Chip. He was very responsible and always on time but he was not in the dining area during breakfast.

After they had all finished eating breakfast, the scoreboard went blank and became a television monitor.

Svenska face came on with a big smile.

“Hello everyone. I just wanted to tell you all that I am fine.” Then he said a few words in Latvian to Egon. Egon was clearly touched. It translated as roughly, “Egon, you are my hearo.”

Then the camera panned over to George who was strapped to a gurney with his pubes completely shaved. The table was a sort of adult circum-strait; I had no idea what the devil a “circum-strait” was until Chip told me about it later. George was surrounded by all the cut athletes from the day before. He had one hand free. It was at that moment it dawned on me that Chip was there, wherever that was, filming this LIVE!

“Okay, mate. This is it. You get one last time to jack off with your foreskin. We’re recording it for you and your cheese dick cheaters on the other side.”

George tried and tried to masturbate with his foreskin pulled over the head of his cock. He could not.

“You guys, you’re not gonna believe this but I can’t do it. I can’t cum with the foreskin over my head. I’ve been peeling it back for so many years now that I just don’t like the feeling anymore. Could one of you help me out and hold back my foreskin so I can cum already and get this over with?”

The cut team leader did just that. And George shot his load all over

his belly in less than a minute. All the cut guys yelled, “Hurray!” And the television monitor returned to the scoreboard.

It was still unchanged.

About 20 minutes later, the monitor came back on again with a tight close up on George’s face. This was the conversation during his cutting.

The doctor said, “So do you feel any discomfort or pain at all?”

“No. I don’t feel a thing.”

“Good. So we’re good to go. Since you requested a ring or dark scar, I will be using the Tara KLamp since this will most likely produce the desired scar.”

George laid there smiling and spoke to the doctor. “You know, Doc, I’ve wanted this for so many years I can’t tell you how happy this is going to make me. I can’t really see what you’re doing so let me know when you’ve got the clamp on.”

“Oh, I’m sorry George, the clamp’s been on and half the foreskin is gone already!”

“Oh, I didn’t realize.” George laughed.

“It’s going to look terrific once you’re healed. And ... here it is!”

“What’s that?” George was looking at something off camera off to the side.

“That’s your foreskin.”

“You’re finished? That was quick.”

“Well, you need to count all the prep. That took sometime. And it took a little bit of time for the anesthesia kick in.”

George looked directly into the camera. “Thanks, Chip. I guess you can turn off the camera.”

And with that, the screen went blank.

About 5 minutes passed and then ... PING!

SCORE BOARD – Wrestling a Cut Team (adjusted)					
Rank	Name	Event Score	Bonus	Previous Score	Total
1	Sho Yun	45		2,499	2,544
2	Michel	52		1,893	1,945
3	Ignasio	51		1,654	1,705
4	Paulo	49		1,502	1,551
5	Hiroshi	57		1,414	1,471
6	Woody	29		892	921
7	Egon	58	+ 50	- 166	- 58
**	(mean average)				- 10.86
8	Diego	- 32	- 50	- 244	- 326
9	Johnny	- 4		- 1,296	- 1,300
10	Sean	- 42		- 1,842	- 1,884
11	Trent	- 40		- 1,931	- 1,971
12	Brian	- 39		- 2,240	- 2,279
13	Hans	- 38		- 2,444	- 2,482

** mean average = - 10.86

George’s name was gone. Instead there was the dreaded notation at the bottom:

“NOTE: GEORGE DISQUALIFIED DUE TO CIRCUMCISED STATUS – HIS ACCUMULATED POINTS OF 3,564 MAY BE REDISTRIBUTED AT A LATER DATE AT HIS DISCRETION.”

The guys were silent and went outside in the fresh air.

The one guy who you think would be happy was Egon. It was a bitter win for him. He finally got to be above the mean but at a great cost. His best friend was taken early. And now the one friend who had encouraged him to stick it through was also gone.

About an hour went by and Chip came in and told me all about it.

Chip filmed George’s circumcision procedure as well as his face shoot. George requested it and he got it. Chip described how the doctor was super nice and very gentle. George was given a local anesthesia moments after he ejaculated for the last time with foreskin. And the strapping down on the table was all for show. George was released and remained there unencumbered completely voluntary. The doctor asked him if there was anything he really desired. That was when George said he wanted a dark scar – a dark ringed scar around his cock. It was a substantial amount of foreskin removed from George. With this kind of technique, no sutures were needed. I didn’t understand how you could cut so much off a person and not require sutures to seal it off. Chip explained that there was some kind of a ring attachment that kept George from bleeding and would aid in the healing properly.

There were no events for the rest of the day. Many of the guys were quietly talking in small groups of two or three. Woody, however, was a loner.

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Chapter 14: The Seventh Event – “What will it feel like?”

As an homage to George, Dan said that Mr. Cutter had thought about George’s dilemma the previous day. So Mr. Cutter had devised a whole new event that has never used before.

I thought to myself *never used before* and the cut guys saying that they did this *three and five years ago*? So this is a repeated event? Does Mr. Cutter have intentions on circumcising the entire world of men?

So anyway, the event was as follows. Each uncut guy would have to pull back the foreskin all the way back as far as it could go and make the skin as tight as possible to expose the head and then masturbate ... and try NOT to ejaculate for as long as possible. They would all be required to lube up generously as well.

This was truly going to be interesting now that George was gone. Sho Yun, now the ranking Number One, was from Korea and stoic. He didn’t say much ... ever. His remarks always sounded like philosophic questions.

It didn’t look like there was going to be any surprises anymore.

Egon was above the mean and staying clear of getting cut.

The highlights of this event were the following.

Woody could barely keep it contained. Woody got hard and was jerking it off but with his foreskin still covering his cock head. Dan stated to Woody that he could not start the timing until his cock head was fully exposed and his foreskin pulled all the way back as

tight as possible. He tried on several occasions to manipulate his foreskin over his very sensitive glans but each time he did that, Dan stopped the timer and started over.

Finally, Woody did as instructed and Dan began the timer, again. Woody pulled back his foreskin really tight and looked like he was trying to stroke himself as little and as lightly as possible – presumably trying not to cum. And then Woody spoke, “No! No!” He let go of his penis and Dan stopped the timer. “FUCK! Oh, fuck. NO!!” And then he came without touching his cock, simply exposing his cock head to the air was enough. He scored a whopping all time low of 21 seconds. Not even the guys who were trying to cum fast, came that fast. So Woody received the 50 point negative bonus.

It looked like Woody was maybe slowly heading toward the low section of the scoreboard. There may be another circumcision after all!?

Beautiful blond tanned Egon had real focus on this event and won the event. He went over 11 minutes of regular stroking with his foreskin pulled all the way back, very VERY tight. I thought he was going to put a rip or tear into that skin – that’s how tight he pulled it back. I guess what kept him on track for staying hard and stroking so long was his singing. He was singing a song in Latvian over and over again. I didn’t know what he was singing until after he finished. It was his National Anthem. He added 714 minutes plus the 50 bonus.

And then there was poor Johnny. Before he even started the event he told Dan that he couldn’t participate because of his medical condition. Dan didn’t know that Johnny had phimosis but he knew exactly what it was. There was no way that Johnny could participate because the head of his cock could not, in anyway, be exposed. So Dan called Mr. Cutter to strike a deal. Mr. Cutter

spoke to Johnny directly and was offering him who knows what. Johnny kept saying “No!” It was not until after he finished the conversation that what Mr. Cutter was offering him was bonus money if he would get circumcised today.

Finally, they struck a deal with the scoring. Johnny was to masturbate as fast as he could. That time would be doubled and then the average mean would be added to calculate his total score. And that was that.

SCORE BOARD – How it will feel if you get cut?					
Rank	Name	Event Score	Bonus	Previous Score	Total
1	Sho Yun	729	+ 50	2,544	3,373
2	Michel	706		1,945	2,551
3	Ignasio	670		1,705	2,375
4	Paulo	710		1,551	2,261
5	Hiroshi	367		1,471	1,838
6	Woody	21	- 50	921	892
7	Egon	577		- 58	519
**	(mean average)				288.6
8	Diego	127		- 326	- 149
9	Johnny	409.6	note	- 1,300	- 890.4
10	Sean	139		- 1,884	- 1,745
11	Trent	194		- 1,971	- 1,827
12	Brian	95		- 2,279	- 2,184
13	Hans	137		- 2,482	- 2,395

** mean average = 288.6 (Does not include Johnny’s score.)

(NOTE: Due to Johnny’s chronic medical condition, the Mean was calculated without Johnny. Also, Johnny’s score was based by other methods.)

Johnny was not happy with the outcome. He was getting closer to the Mean. If he wanted to avoid getting cut by the presumably

crazy “Frankenstein” that would most certainly circumcise him if he lost, he had to stay on target and get lower scores.

At dinner time, Woody complained about the scoring. He said it was unfair that Johnny gets special treatment scoring. He was practically yelling at Dan.

“What kind of medical condition does Johnny have that he can’t have the same scoring as the rest of us?!” yelled Woody.

Dan turned to Johnny. “Johnny, would you care to explain?”

“I have phimosis. I can’t pull back my foreskin and the head of my cock is trapped in there.”

“Dude. You need to get that thing CUT OFF. Do it now and don’t fuck up this game for the rest of us. I do NOT intend on getting cut. YOU GOT THAT!! I’m an American! All Americans are cut. And I’m not. That what makes me HOT. I like my foreskin sucked. And young hot guys like to suck me off because I have lots and lots of foreskin. If I got cut, I’d be just like everybody else. And I’m not about to let that happen to ME!”

He stormed out of the room – presumably to go to sleep. You can all imagine what must have been going through everybody’s mind right about now.



Chapter 15: The Eighth Event – “Ball Throw” with surprise visitors

During breakfast, Woody went outside to eat alone. At this point no one wanted to speak to him and I guess the feeling was mutual.

The remaining uncut guys stayed in the dining area and talked in hushed tones. This was the basic topic of conversation and it was being lead by, guess who: Egon!

Egon convincingly spoke to the men to throw the scoring off so that the mean would be skewed. The purpose was to make Woody's score drop below the mean and therefore ... a snip for Woody's tip.

I kind of felt sorry for Woody for a second because all the guys were now planning on ganging up on him. But I didn't care much for Woody, either. Nor did Chip. Chip just smiled away as he was filming the whole thing.

The guys finished their breakfast and Dan came in to announce the next event. He asked Woody to come in from outside so he could announce the next event.

"Today will be a ball throw. Basically, you need to throw a small hard ball as far as you can."

"Ah, shit, you've got to be fucking kidding me." Woody said out loud. "Who came up with this one?"

"Let me finish" Dan continued. "The visiting team will be coming in as a competition. What will happen is that you will be paired up with a competitor, one of the circumcised guys. Your goal is to throw it as far as possible. Your opponent will also throw his ball as far as possible. Your score, depending on whether it was thrown further or not, will be the distance you threw, either added or subtracted, and will also include your opponent's throw. So if you want a minus score, throw short but close. If you want a plus score, throw long but also close. So let's all go out to the field."

The men followed Dan to a field of grass. The cut guys were all standing there, nude, in the distance, talking to each other in the warm summer sun.

Then one of them turned around. It was Svenska! Egon beamed with delight and ran toward his friend and compatriot. I told Chip to run after him with his camera and get the happy reunion on video.

Svenska, beautiful blue eyed with the blond eyelashes, stood waiting for his friend. As Egon came closer to his friend he stopped short and looked down at Svenska's penis. Svenska was indeed totally nude except for his penis which was wrapped in several layers of white gauze and medical tape.

Egon didn't know what to do or say. Svenska was smiling broadly. They began talking to each other in their language. I had their conversation translated later and this is what they said.

“It is fine, my friend. I'm healthy. I'm healing well. There is no turning back. George is a wonderful friend too. He is an inspiration on how to live.”

“But, why ...” Egon couldn't finish. He pointed to Svenska penis fully enclosed in the white wrapping.

“I'm still healing. It is still very sore but it looks very good. I know I will be happy with the result. I called Marina and told her and she understands. But I have some of the money for Andre's surgery now. That is good.”

Egon gave Svenska a big hug and the usual double cheek kisses that men give – they are so European!

Then Egon asked, “How did they do it? I mean, didn't you put up a

fight?”

“I don’t know how it happened but I woke up in the middle of the night tightly strapped to a table. My penis exposed. No doubt I was drugged somehow but I was awake for the entire circumcision operation. The doctor asked me what kind of circumcision I wanted. So I told him I didn’t want this. Finally, I was told there was no choice in the matter. So he showed me pictures of penises he had circumcised. The one that I liked the best was one with a very loose and high cut. It is remarkable. I felt no pain during the operation. And the doctor was very kind. With a loose circumcision I will have some skin that will cover some of my cockhead when it is in underwear. However, when I am erect no skin will cover the head. Or when I am flaccid and nude, the skin will completely retract and expose the head because the penis stretches down with gravity. I think I will be very happy with it.”

Then Egon added, “Svenska, I will give you my money for Andre too, like I promised.”

“No. You don’t have to. You will have earned it.”

“Svenska, I insist. I will keep my promise to you. And your son needs to have a normal life.”

“Thank you my friend. Marina and I will be forever grateful to you. And so will Andre when grows older.”

By now the other uncut guys (and myself) joined the visiting team. There on the end was George, smiling from ear to ear. Johnny and a few others came up to him and greeted him with kind words. George was also wearing a fully wrapped gauze enclosure around his cock.

“It’s really beginning to hurt but I’m all right with it. It’s what I

wanted. Johnny, you should take advantage of this doctor.”

Dan finally spoke up. “Gentlemen! Each line beyond this line is ten meters. Throw this ball as far as you can throw it. You will be given three tries. Your best throw will be your score. Who throws first in the pair will be decided by a coin toss.”

And so on to the event. Without boring you with the details, I will summarize the highlights.

Egon’s appeal to the guys trying for low scores worked. All of them, aimed high and that really screwed with Woody’s mind.

The best moment was when Woody realized that his opponent was Svenska. Also, Woody won the coin toss which meant he had to go first and had no idea how well Svenska could throw. Woody threw okay for someone who was not very sports oriented. What Woody did not know was the Svenska played on a National rugby team back in Latvia. To see Woody’s face drop on Svenska first throw was a face of complete horror. Svenska’s best throw was an astonishing 124 meters! With an arm like that, Svenska should be playing American baseball. He could make a fortune!

On the way back to the dining room, Chip captured this conversation between Egon and Svenska which, again, I had translated at a later date.

“What’s going on with you guys? I thought some of them were aiming for low scores?” asked Svenska of Egon.

Egon answered, “I convinced them to aim high on this event. I want Woody to get cut against his will. Just like he did to you. But this won’t be cheating.”

“I’m not sure I approve. I am, sort of, liking the idea of being a

circumcised man in a country where no one is. I have, against my will, joined an exclusive club. But I think I will like this exclusive club! When I go back to Latvia, after rugby practice, my team mates will look at me in the shower and ask why I did this. I will explain to them that my wife blows me three times a week now that I am circumcised. And they will be very jealous!” Svenska laughed. “And I know Marina will be delighted with my new penis. It’s like she’s getting a new husband. And I am getting a new wife. I like being in an exclusive club of the circumcised brotherhood.”

Egon chimed in, “But, Svenska, Woody is an American. Being circumcised is not so exclusive for him. All Americans are cut. In fact, now, with his foreskin, he is much more exclusive. You see?”

“Ah! You have a point. Good idea! Then let’s hope your plan works. Then he will have a scar to remember his cheating and scheming. And his cock will be just like every other American! And nothing special.”

All the guys went to the showers. Both George and Svenska put condoms over their bandaged cocks so their gauze wrap would not get wet. It looked weird but everyone was very congenial about it. No one made fun of anyone. Everyone seemed to be having a great time – except for Woody.

Three of the “cut” visitors as part of a competition three years earlier explained how it was a painful healing process but well worth it. Keeping the dressing dry while healing was important.

As the men were drying off, Dan came in.

“Gentlemen! Can I have your attention please? Tomorrow is the last day you will have before the final event. The final event is the day after tomorrow so if you wish to go then you must leave before

that event takes place. And therefore, you can leave tomorrow. I will explain the final event so you can prepare for it if you wish. You must stay hard, that is, erect for as long as possible before you ejaculate. A word of warning, it is not normal to have an erection for long periods of time, so bare that in mind.”

They all ate together in the dining area. And during the dessert the usual PING! announced the scores.

SCORE BOARD – Throw the ball.					
Rank	Name	Event Score	Bonus	Previous Score	Total
1	Sho Yun	199		3,373	3,572
2	Michel	179		2,551	2,730
3	Ignasio	177		2,375	2,552
4	Paulo	182		2,261	2,443
5	Hiroshi	165		1,838	2,003
6	Egon	204		519	723
7	Woody	- 148	- 50	892	694
**	(mean average)				434.87
8	Diego	181		- 149	32
9	Johnny	180		- 890.4	- 710.4
10	Sean	177		- 1,745	- 1,568
11	Trent	199		- 1,827	- 1,628
12	Brian	200		- 2,184	- 1,984
13	Hans	207	+ 50	- 2,395	- 2,138

** mean average = 434.87

Woody was not there. He had already gone to his room.



Chapter 16: A day of meditation

At breakfast, Johnny went up to Egon and explained to him that he could not risk getting any closer to the Average Mean. So he was all right with the other guys doing what they wanted to do to really make Woody pay for his cheating. But he, Johnny, would do what he could to stay low. He was dead set on getting cut by that American doctor.

It was a quiet day. But no one left the games. Not even Woody.

Chapter 17: The last event – “Staying Hard”

Here we are on the last event. After nearly three weeks, one forced circumcision and one circumcision by choice. Later that day, the men would find out if they will be leaving intact or minus their foreskins.

By the way, Chip, my assistant videographer, was so completely into this competition -- much more so than I was. I guess it's that sportsman competition gene which I somehow seem to lack.

So this is how it was set up. The guys would come in and Dan would ask them to wrap a band around the root of their penis. This band was attached to a meter of some kind to objectively tell when the penis was the most erect. Each man had to maintain that level of erection for as long as possible before ejaculation.

The men could do whatever they needed to maintain an erection.

And these were the highlights.

The other guys on the low side still maintained a profile to go for

high scores, all except Johnny. None of them were in danger of leaping over to the other side and the goal was to force Woody to get cut. Woody had no idea that this was a collective conspiracy against him.

The top three ranking men did not care anymore. They were willing to concede this particular event because they were not going to fall that far behind but they maintained the highest level of performance. Even stotic Sho Yun who was so far ahead did not have a thing to worry. But I think he felt that Woody needed punishment too.

Even Egon felt very secure but he did try to score the best he could.

And Woody failed miserable at his score.

It was all about getting Woody.

Was Woody going to go home cut?

Chapter 18: The Day of Reckoning

The men from the visiting team were sitting around looking very formal in beautiful new suits. They all looked like GQ models in their fancy clothing. In the audience was also George looking stunning in a navy blue suit and red tie. Svenska was in a dark grey suit and blue tie, his blond hair slicked back.

The remaining 13 participants were herded into a room and firmly strapped down to what would be their circumcision table – sort of an adult circum-strait gurney with wheels. They were instructed

to completely shave their groin area just incase they would be circumcised. Dan warned them that all contestants **MUST** appear with shaved groin area or you would be shaved by the doctor and then circumcised against your will.

The envelopes with the cards they filled out were placed next to them.

And then the scores were revealed.

SCORE BOARD – FINAL SCORE (includes “Staying Hard).					
Rank	Name	Event Score	Bonus	Previous Score	Total
1	Sho Yun	36.6		3,572	3,608.6
2	Michel	41		2,730	2,771
3	Ignasio	34.2		2,552	2,586.2
4	Paulo	28.6		2,443	2,471.6
5	Hiroshi	18.2		2,003	2,021.2
6	Egon	19		723	747.2
7	Woody	12.4		694	706.4
**	(mean average)				472.72
8	Diego	34.2		32	66.2
9	Johnny	10.8	-50	- 710.4	- 749.6
10	Sean	22.2		- 1,568	- 1,545.8
11	Trent	28.5		- 1,628	- 1,599.5
12	Brian	43.5	50	- 1,984	- 1,890.5
13	Hans	35.8		- 2,138	- 2,102.2

** mean average = 472.72

There it was. The biggest cheater, Woody, got away with it by the skin of his teeth and he would not be destined to the circumciser’s knife.

Egon was also saved.

Woody insisted as loudly as he could. “Oh my god! I’m so fucking glad that’s over. This was fucking crazy. You guys are all fucking crazy! Now untie us, give us our money so we can get the fuck outta here.”

“First we must open everyone’s envelope and see what it says,” spoke Dan.

There were no surprises -- except for Diego!

Diego blushed and then said, “I have been on the fence about this for a very long time. As you can see, I bet high for myself. But then I saw all those guys with those beautiful cut cocks at the volleyball games, so I changed my mind. By the way, did I all tell you that my Columbian boyfriend is Muslim? He’s going to be so pleased. He’s wanted me to do this for a long time. I’m ready for my circumcision, Mr. Cutter! Ciao!”

Diego was wheeled away on his gurney.

“Okay. NOW can you let me out of this thing. I can’t move.” Insisted Woody again.

“Okay. Let’s remove the straps,” said Dan.

“Just one moment, Dan.” George rose from his seat and buttoned the front of his very dapper suit, looking very much like a lawyer.

“What the fuck do you want?”

George walked up to Johnny. “Hi buddy.”

“Hey, there. How are you healing?”

“Pretty good. Can’t complain. I’ll be able to jerk off for the first time with my new circumcised dick in about three weeks. I can’t wait.” George looked at Johnny. There was a long uncomfortable pause. Johnny tugged at his restraints.

“We all won fair and square,” said Johnny.

“Johnny, does it really matter to you if you keep your foreskin now to get cut later?”

“You already know the answer to that.”

“Yeah, I know, buddy. So why not get cut now?”

“Who should be getting cut is that asshole over there.” Johnny cocked his head toward Woody.

“You don’t like Woody much, do you.”

“I think he’s a cunt. And a fucking cheat.” Spoken in that very hot Scottish brogue.

“I don’t think he would like to get cut at all. Of all the guys here, he’s probably the only one that really wants to keep that smelly foreskin cheese dick of his,” George said smiling.

“Yeah, but there’s nothing we can do about it. Mr. Cutter has to let us go,” said Johnny. “Right?”

“Well, that’s not entirely true. You see, Johnny, I could give you all my points. Remember, my points? I can distribute my points to anyway I want. But if I gave you my points, it would bump your score to over the average and since you bet ‘low’ on yourself, you would loose. And off you would go and get cut.”

“Why would you do that to me, Mate? I’ve always been there for you. I’m your friend, man,” pleaded Johnny.

“I’m just asking your permission. Let me explain. If I give you all my points, then you will get circumcised because you will have lost. But you see, it will also change the average number, the mean. I did the math on this. And that number would also push Woody over there below the average and he bet “high” on himself. You get me?”

“You fucking asshole! Don’t believe a word this Australian JERK FACE is trying to tell you!!!!” Woody ranted.

George had a piece of duct tape ready for such an occasion and sealed Woody’s mouth.

Woody was starting to scream all kinds of vulgarities from behind his duct tape gag. And he was trying desperately to get out of his binds – futile! All the other guys laughed.

“Let me get this straight,” Johnny, cool as a cucumber, looked at George. “If you give me all your points then I have to submit to getting cut, right?”

“That’s right. But it would also mean that our charming little Woody over there would get cut, too.”

Johnny smiled a bit toothy evil grin.

“Well, Johnny? It’s up to you. I don’t want to make you do anything rash. Or anything you don’t want to do. The decision is all yours. Remember all the wrestlers we showered with a few weeks ago? Well, remember, they all got cut by the same doc. Each cut cock more beautiful than the next. And he did me. Oh, and by the way.” George whispered something into Johnny’s ear.

“He’s here? That American urologist is here?!” Johnny said in amazement.

“I’m not lying to you, Johnny. I’m being straight with you.”

Johnny knew George was a good person and wouldn’t lie about such an important thing.

“Okay, and?” Johnny was taking this in. It was a life changing decision for him.

“Johnny.” George placed his forehead right on Johnny’s forehead, looking eye to eye to each other, a really intimate moment. You could’ve heard a pin drop. “What are you waiting for, mate?”

“FUCK YOU!” was mumbled behind Woody’s gag.

“Do it!” said Chip with his eyes glued to his camera’s view finder. He had recorded the entire conversation in close up.

“Chip,” I said, “what did I tell you about not getting involved!”

“I don’t care! I’m not going to let the filthy cheat get away with his irresponsible behavior! I’ve got an offer for you Johnny.” Chip then took his camera away from his face and waved George over.

Now I was now filming Chip with his video camera explaining to George how to operate it. And then ...

“George!” called Chip out to George, “step back and shoot me while I talk to Johnny.” Chip started removing his clothing. Layer by layer. “Johnny, I will join you if you do this. I am willing to take the plunge and join all you guys, like Svenska and George and Diego, if you join too. I want this mother fucker Woody to pay. He

will have a scar for the rest of his life for his deceit. And I will have a scar too, a war wound so to speak, for doing the right thing. The circumcision brotherhood!”

Chip was now completely undressed. My god, I had no idea his body was so cut – except for his cock, of course. He had quite an adrenaline rush.

“Chip, I had no idea you ... You would really do this?” asked Johnny.

“Yes,” answered Chip. “Good bye foreskin if you say good bye to yours.” I could see Chip visibly shaking and breathing heavy. Perhaps he spoke too hastily but I’ve known Chip for a very long time. He’s a man of his word and he will go through with this if it comes to that.

Finally, Johnny spoke. “Okay, mate. Sold on two conditions.”

“YEE HA!!” exclaimed Chip.

“What’s that?” spoke George from behind the camera.

“I want Woody to get cut without the anesthesia.”

You could hear Woody screaming and pleading behind his gag.

“Oh, wow. That’s gonna hurt. Really?” asked George coolly.

“Yup.”

Woody screamed more vulgarities from behind his gag.

“Hey, Dan. Is that possible?”

Dan thought for a moment. "I'll be right back." And he left the room.

"I want my cut to be high and tight with a nice dark ring," said Johnny firmly with a smile.

"That's what I got, too. Be sure to tell the doc when you go in there. Okay?"

"Not for me. I want no sign of a cut. Smooth and seamless." Said Chip. I could not believe Chip was actually going through with it. George must have had a long talk with Chip on the other side when he got cut. And then there's that thing about Chip's tormenting his brother. I guess this was make up time. George, what a smooth operator.

"That's possible, too," said George, "just tell the doc."

Dan returned and announced, "Yeah, it's possible to cut him without the anesthesia. But in order to reduce the pain, it's gotta be done with one quick swipe of the blade. It will be very, very painful, I'm sorry to say. Not sure how he's gonna sew him up though. This is gonna be interesting."

"You got it, mate." Then George turned to Johnny, "And what's your second condition?"

"That I walk into the circumciser's room and lay on the table of my own free will, unrestrained." Johnny said firmly.

George looked over to Dan. Dan nodded.

"Deal!" exclaimed Johnny.

"Then I officially hand over all my out-standing points to Johnny,"

said George.

George's points were added to Johnny's score and PING! the scoreboard announced a change.

SCORE BOARD – FINAL SCORE (adjusted).					
Rank	Name	Event Score	Bonus	Previous Score	Total
1	Sho Yun	36.6		3,608.6	No change
2	Michel	41		2,771	No change
3	Johnny	10.8	-50	- 749.6	2,764.4
4	Ignasio	34.2		2,586.2	No change
5	Paulo	28.6		2,471.6	No change
6	Hiroshi	18.2		2,021.2	No change
7	Egon			747.2	No change
**	(mean average)				706.98
8	Woody	12.4		706.4	No change
9	Diego	34.2		66.2	No change
10	Sean	22.2		- 1,545.8	No change
11	Trent	28.5		- 1,599.5	No change
12	Brian	43.5	50	- 1,890.5	No change
13	Hans	35.8		- 2,102.2	No change

** mean average = 706.98

There it was all brightly lit: Woody's score fell below the mean.

Woody screamed.

“He's all yours, mates,” said George. “Hey, Svenska, any ideas the kind of cut Woody should get?”

From his seat Svenska said, “it should be as high and as tight as conceivably possible!”

“Good idea, Svenska!” said George. “And don’t forget to remove every little last morsel of his frenulum while you’re at it. Dan, make sure the doctor gets our instructions for Woody’s cock.”

Dan laughed out loud. “You got it, George.” Dan removed Woody’s gag as the attendants began to wheel him away.

Chip, still stark naked, grabbed the camera from George and followed Woody and the attendants.

“DON’T DO THIS! YOU GUYS CHEATED ME! PLEASE, DON’T ... DON’T ...” Woody’s protestations faded away as he was wheeled away.

And then the monitor came on a tight close up on Woody’s face. As the circumciser prepped his cock for the cut, Woody pleaded and cried and begged and pleaded and begged and pleaded and screamed and cursed and cried until finally he saw what was about to come.

“What is that? No. No. Please.”

The doctor said, “this is just a forcep. You’re gonna feel a little pinch.”

“Don’t do ... AHOOO! That fucking hurts! Take that off. TAKE THAT FUCKING THING OFF!”

Then the doctor said, “you better brace yourself for this. I’m gonna do this as quickly as I can ... dood. So ready or not ...”

“No, no, no! Don’t. Please, please DONNN’T DO THIS! NO! NOOOO!”

And then a primal yell so deep and so loud, it sounded like murder.

The look on Woody's face is ineffable. Woody's wailing was a howl of deep pain. But this wasn't a physical pain he was wailing about. It was a deep emotional pain. A pain of humiliation. A pain of defeat and degradation. He did not want to join the ranks of the circumcised. But now he was forced to cross that bridge and the bridge was burned.

The monitor resumed back to the score board.

Chip came back, ever the professional, recording every move of everyone – including me with my camera.

“It's your turn, buddy. Be brave.” George and Dan undid the restraints on Johnny. “Mr. Cutter figured this out last night. We did some number crunching and it worked out.”

“What if I had said no?” asked Johnny.

“I didn't expect you to say no. So Thank you, Chip! For that extra push.”

“Your welcome,” Chip answered back. With his face behind the camera, he turned to Dan and asked, “I haven't jacked off in a few days and I know that I won't be able to jack off for about a month after the big snip. So I need to take care of myself before ... um ... before I get...um...”

“Before you get circumcised?” interrupted Dan. “Yes, Chip, by all means.”

George returned to Johnny. “By the way, I came in here today thinking you'd say yes, but you let me down.”

“Chip, I hate to break it to you. I was probably going to say yes. So, if you don't want to get cut, you don't have to,” said Johnny.

“A deal’s a deal!” said Chip sternly from behind his camera. “I don’t go back on a promise.”

George then said to Johnny, “You will be the man you’ve always dreamt of being. Everyone is happy! Well, everyone except, perhaps, for Woody but he’ll get used to it eventually.”

Dan explained that it would be a while because removing the frenulum required a little more time and then Woody had to get stitched up. Funny, we almost forgot about poor Woody so the room became quite for a moment. Off in the distance, you could hear Woody’s screams of pain.

Johnny broke the awkward moment by asking where he should go next but Dan stopped him.

Dan took out an envelop from his pocket, walked over to Svenska and said, “This is for you, from Mr. Cutter.”

Svenska opened the envelope and began reading. It was truly an emotional moment. He dropped the letter and walked over to Egon. Svenska cupped the back of Egon’s head with one of his big hands and looked at him. “George, please do me a favor and read the letter from Mr. Cutter.”

George did so.

“Dear Svenska, I am giving you an offer. I will pay for the surgeries and all the rehabilitation for your son if you give all of your points to Johnny.”

George described that if Svenska gives his points to Johnny, then the mean average will once again increase and Egon will get cut. The cut Egon had struggled so hard to avoid.

Unknown to everyone in the room, Svenska and Egon were having a talk which Chip, in his full naked uncut (and soon-to-be-cut) splendor, video-taped in its entirety in Latvian. This is the English translation.

Weeping, Svenska looks into Egon and says, “I love my son.”

Egon answers, “I know. Then you must do it.”

“I cannot. I cannot subject you to something against your will like some other filth has done to me.”

Calmly, Egon answered, “Svenska, you are like a brother to me. And Andre is my godson. It is a small sacrifice to pay for the health of a child. You must do this. I am willing.”

“I cannot do this.”

At this point Svenska began undoing the straps around Egon.

“What are you doing?” asked Dan.

[In English:] “You see, now that Egon is loose, he cannot go and be taken.”

[In English:] “Dan,” interrupted Egon, “I can volunteer for this? And then Andre will get his surgeries and medical care?”

“No, Svenska must give his points away so that the average increases.”

At this point, Egon held Svenska tightly in his arms and said, [Back to Latvian:] “Svenska! say these words in English. ‘I give my points to Johnny.’ Say it out loud ... in English.”

Through tears, “Please forgive me, my brother.”

“You are forgiven. This way I can also be your brother who will also be circumcised. And you and I can laugh about this in years to come.”

There was a very long pause. Svenska sniffled. Again, you could have heard a pin drop it was so quiet. What is it about a big hunk of man blubbering over the love of his child that makes one’s heart ache?

But it really was quiet. I guess Woody’s circumcision was done or he passed out.

Finally, in English Svenska said, “I wish to give my ... my points ... to ... Johnny.”

He said it. Yet we had no idea of the conversation between the two until a few weeks later.

The scoreboard once again PING! to announce a change.

SCORE BOARD – FINAL SCORE (adjusted).					
Rank	Name	Event Score	Bonus	Previous Score	Total
1	Sho Yun	36.6		3,608.6	No change
2	Michel	41		2,771	No change
3	Johnny	10.8	-50	- 749.6	4,576.4
4	Ignasio	34.2		2,586.2	No change
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10	Sean	22.2		- 1,545.8	No change
11	Trent	28.5		- 1,599.5	No change
12	Brian	43.5	50	- 1,890.5	No change
13	Hans	35.8		- 2,102.2	No change

** mean average = 827.78

George may have been the one everyone liked and the charming all around guy. And perhaps Chip was some kind of champion for his sacrifice. But the hero of the day was without a doubt, Egon. Egon, who fought so hard to keep his cock intact, was going to sacrifice all that struggle for a life long battle wound of circumcision for the sake of his best friend's child. Yes, Egon was indeed the hero of the entire Cutting Game event.

Egon went up to Johnny and clasped his hands and said, "Let us go. We are about to acquire a very special change in our lives for which there is no turning back. Let us go with courage and honor. We have nothing to fear."

Chip followed them with his camera still recording the events.

Chip - the consummate professional! This was the last footage of Chip with foreskin.

Both Egon and Johnny left with big smiles on their faces. Egon said something surreptitiously which brought a huge laughter to Johnny. Egon laughed as well. Egon, the perfect gentleman, making a kind gesture to a friend.