

## Darren and Kevin

You remember, I told Terry that I could make my Uncle Kevin beg to be circumcised. I knew that must be right - so did Terry - you can call it instinct. Trouble was, I wasn't quite so sure Kevin knew it, not yet. And I wasn't quite sure either how I got it across to him. I mean, I'm eighteen, he's more than twice my age. Just imagine what you'd say, if some kid told you he was going to have you cut. So I thought I'd just let things take their course and just give them sort of a nudge, now and then.

What's more, he's shy. Now, granted that's not what you'd think if you met him, not one bit, but it's true. Like, if you came across Terry in the raw, he'd look at you, and if the situation warranted it, he'd climb into his pants. If you weren't bothered, he wouldn't. Kevin would grab the nearest thing and hold it in front of himself. I knew that, because I'd seen it when I went into Terry's room that time. I also knew he'd been too late, I'd had a really good look at his cock. His balls, too, come to that. My Uncle Kevin's cobbles are actually even finer than Terry's. Now there's a thing.

Still, it was his cock I was really interested in. What's more, I thought he'd worked that out, because he was being very careful. Like, when it was just Terry and me in the flat, we didn't really bother about covering up. I mean, we didn't wander round with no clothes on or anything, but say if he was having a shower, he'd pull the curtain over, but he wasn't bothered if I came in to brush my teeth, and neither was I. See, if you live with a good looking guy who's also your old man, if you see what I mean, and that's the way you really want it, well, he doesn't go flaunting his stuff about, and neither do you, if you've got any sense at all, because that's going to lead to something, specially if you've got a good body and a nice kit of parts like Terry has. Funny, I used to wish that something would happen, back when I was getting to be a grown-up, only it didn't. On the other hand, you don't make a big fuss about hiding it away, because that makes it too important.

Now, Kevin, like I said, he was being careful. He always wore a dressing gown, when he was in the bathroom in the morning, no really, he actually bought one, and the one time it opened a little, I saw he was wearing briefs underneath. Terry said he was careful not to show anything when he went to bed, either. Terry also said Kevin was careful not to look at him, too, and I thought I knew why, but Terry's a fair man and I bet he kept himself under wraps. Anyhow, one night, maybe a fortnight or so after Kevin came, we were watching television. It's a warm night and I'm wearing shorts. Nice, tight shorts, not Lycra, but they show a very fair set of bulges. Which I had carefully arranged. And I sit there, more or less opposite my Uncle Kevin, with my legs just a bit apart, and do you know, I can actually feel him not looking. Just for a moment I sit back and spread my legs. I close my eyes, then I open them again, and what do you know, he's looking at the TV really hard, but I knew a tenth of a second before, I knew he'd been looking somewhere quite different.

Now, fair's fair, so I got up and went to my room, I didn't want him to have a heart-attack. A bit later, I heard him going out, and Terry tapped at my door.

'Hey, not nice, Darren,' he said, grinning. 'Great to watch, but Jesus, you can be a dirty little bugger when you try. I thought he was going to pass out.'

'Cummon,' I said, looking as innocent as I could. 'He's a straight guy, not interested, that's what you said.'

'That's what he said. Hardly ever seen a Hampton. 'Cept mine, of course.'

'Anyway, he wasn't looking at me. He was watching the telly.'

'It wasn't News at Ten gave him a stalk like that. No, son, that was all your work.'

'He got a hard-on?'

'Daz, I got a hard-on, and I've been round you long enough to know better.' Then he gave a little sigh. 'Oh, well. You know I still think this ain't right, don't you?'

'But you're going to help me, aren't you?'

'I suppose so.' Then he grinned again. 'I'm not letting you have all the fun! And it's only fair.'

'He wants it. He just doesn't know he does.'

'Tell you something. When you came in here and we were watching the telly, he asked me about you. He couldn't say the right word, but he asked if you'd been 'done'.'

'What did you say?'

'I said he'd have to ask you.'

'OK, he can ask me, any time he likes. But I'm not sure he'll get the answer, not yet.'

'Has Doc said yes?'

'Nope.'

'Will he?'

'I think so.'

Then I heard the door-latch. Uncle Kevin was back.

I could hear him in the kitchen, and after a bit the kettle whistled. Well, I thought I might as well strike while the iron was hot, so I adjusted my bits so they didn't bulge nearly so much. If he wanted to see anything, and I thought he might, he was going to have to look a lot harder. Then I went into the kitchen.

'You're back then, Kev?' Silly question, I know, but it gets the ball rolling.

'Yeah, just needed a bit of air, that's all. You want some tea?'

'No, thanks.' I was watching him, not staring, nothing crude. And he was watching me. 'You carry on, though.'

'I was thinking, Darren, maybe you and me ought to have a talk.'

'OK,' it suited me fine. 'What about?'

'Well, see, it's about the other night. What you saw, son, well, I don't want you to get me wrong. I don't want no misunderstandings.'

'Kev,' I said. 'I walked into Terry's room. You and he were standing there, bollock naked, holding each other's choppers. Now, honestly, what was there to misunderstand.'

'It's not like that,' he said, 'it's not like you think. I don't go with guys, not ever. Only,' he paused and looked at me, 'only, Terry's my brother. And he made me do it, so help me God, he made me. I couldn't help myself. Honest.'

'So how did he make you?' I thought I'd just turn the screw a little.

He put his tea down. 'Darren, has he ever told you what we done, me and Ron? When he was, oh, about your age?'

'What did you do, Kev?' I asked, real quietly.

'We had him....' his voice tailed off. 'We met this bloke and took him back home and he.... I don't know how to....'

'Come on,' I said. 'let's have it. You took this bloke home and he did something to Terry?' I was beginning to regret I'd tucked my bits away so tightly, because I was getting a hard-on and it wasn't all that comfortable. But then, I knew what had happened that night. 'OK, so what did he do?'

'He, well,' then he made a big effort and got a grip on himself, said, very quickly, 'he circumcised him.' Then when I didn't say anything, 'You knew he was circumcised, you know what that means, don't you?'

'I'm eighteen,' I said. 'I know what circumcised means. And you did that to Terry?'

'It was Ron, really, and the other bloke. He was a nurse. He did the actual.... job.'

I nodded. 'Looks nice, now, dunnit?'

'Yeah,' he said, not thinking. Then, 'Oh.'

'And that's how he got your pants off, innit? He talked about that night, and he made sure he used the right word, and I bet he made sure you used it too.'

'See,' Kevin was breathing quite hard, 'like I said, I don't go with blokes. Only that's something, once you've seen it, really seen it happen, you can't never forget it. I get a stalk on whenever I hear the word. I don't want any of the other stuff. I just wanted to see his cock, I just needed to see his cock.'

'Like I said, looks nice, doesn't it, Kev? Come on, I'm not some stupid kid. I mean, I think it looks nice, too.' I let him take that in for a second, then, 'What did it look like before, Uncle Kev? What did it look like before you had him ..... circumcised?' Then I looked straight at his crotch. 'Bit like yours, was it?'

He gulped. 'Spose it must have been.'

'Uncircumcised, like you?'

'I don't want to think about..... Darren, you stop it.'

'You're going to show me, Uncle Kev, aren't you? You want me to see your uncircumcised penis again, don't you?'

'I don't like that word, Darren.'

'Penis, Uncle Kev?'

He shook his head. 'The other one.' So he was going to show me. I just had to make it happen. I'd been a little bit afraid I was pushing it and he'd get angry, maybe even try to hit me.

'Uncircumcised? It's a good word. I like it.' I looked at his flies. Something was behind them, trying to get out. Then I looked him in the face. 'You started this conversation, Uncle Kev,' I said. 'And you asked Terry if I was circumcised.' I had a major hard-on, now, and so had he. It wasn't quite how I'd meant it, because I'd really thought I'd keep him hot and bothered till I got him to Doc. But that wasn't the way it was going to work, obviously.

'I think you want to see my cock.'

'No, no,' he said. 'You got me all wrong.' But I hadn't. Oh no.

'Well, I want to see yours. Do you know why I like that word, uncircumcised?'

'No,' he said. He was lying.

'But you'll show it to me. Like I said, your uncircumcised penis.'

'Darren,' he said, almost desperately, 'you don't want this. I'm your uncle, for God's sake.'

'Yes,' I said. 'You're my old man's brother. He's been circumcised. You haven't. You're circumcised Terry's uncircumcised brother. And you want to show me.'

And as if he couldn't help himself, he opened his flies. Then he undid the button at his waist, and his jeans dropped to the floor. He lifted his T-shirt over his head. I stepped forward. His briefs were tight, and I could see the great thick bar of his cock, pushed to the left by the fabric. I took hold of the elastic and pulled them down and away. His cock sprang out and stood up. I didn't touch it, I just stared. It was magnificent. Even under the foreskin the head was wide and flared, while the shaft was thick and veined. The foreskin was forward, and I couldn't see the eye; everything was covered. I still didn't touch it.

'That what you wanted?' Kev's voice was thick and hot.

'Yes, oh yes,' I said. 'That's what I wanted. It's what you wanted, too.'

'Something else, isn't there, we both want?' I knew what he meant, and I took a step back. Then, as he watched, I hooked my thumbs into the waistband of my shorts and pulled them down, stooping a little as I did. It was only when I stood up straight again that he could see my cock.

'Oh, fucking Hell,' was all he said, 'Oh fucking, fucking Hell.' then he dropped to his knees in front of me. I felt his mouth on my glans, then half way up my shaft. In the state I was in it didn't take long, two or three strokes and I was pouring cum into his mouth like it was going out of style. He was sucking and pulling at me, and right at the end he took all I had right down his throat. For a moment I felt his teeth right at the base of my shaft. Then I pulled gently away. He swallowed, twice, hard, then looked at my cock as it began to soften and go down in front of him.

'I dunno what I'm doing, Darren,' he said. 'I've never, ever done that before. I thought I'd hate it, but I had to do it, and it was..... Well, I don't know what it was, but it was magic.' Then he looked at my cock again. 'And your 'ampton,' he shook his head. 'I dunno how I can feel that way about a bloke's chopper. It's all wrong, honest, but that's how it is.' He shook his head again. 'You've been circumcised, ain't you?'

I nodded. 'Couple of years back. I guess it sort of runs in the family.'

I could see him run that thought through his mind.

'Oh. That means...!' He stood up, and I could see he had kept his hard-on.

'That means Terry took me to the doctor and had me circumcised.' I kept my voice very steady. Kev just looked at me.

'Do you remember I said I liked the word uncircumcised? You said you didn't know why I liked it. But you did know, didn't you?'

He nodded. 'I think so.'

'If no-one had ever thought of circumcision, there wouldn't even be the word uncircumcised.' I leant forward. I didn't touch his cock, but instead I cupped my hands, gently, under his balls. As I did they pulled away, up into his belly. 'And that means that an uncircumcised man is a man who hasn't been circumcised. Yet.'

He was breathing deeply. His balls were pulled up so tight I could hardly find them. I took hold of his shaft and pulled the skin right back. It came easily, right behind the glans. He grabbed my upper arm and gave a great shout of 'Yes,' and as he climaxed like an express train I said softly,

'Like you, Uncle Kevin.'

Persuading Uncle Kevin

Next morning Terry and Kevin were gone long before I woke. I was pretty sure it was going to be OK. I thought I had Kevin's number all right, but I must admit I took time off in the afternoon, when I should have been working for my A-levels, to have a little think about his cock, and a little think how I could make sure of it. I didn't need to. I was late back, on purpose really, and when I got in Terry was nowhere to be seen, but Kevin was in the kitchen, and I could tell he was a bundle of nerves.

So I played it cool, and boiled the kettle, and asked what kind of day he'd had, and told him about what I'd done, apart from the little think about his cock, that is. And sure enough, after about five minutes of matey chat, mostly on my side, he exploded.

'For Chri'sake, Darren, shut the fuck up!'

I just looked at him and raised my eyebrows. He looked as if he might hit me, just for a moment, then he got a grip on himself and looked a little bit ashamed.

'Sorry, Darren. Sorry. Didn't mean to shout. Only....'

'Only that wasn't what you wanted to talk about.'

'You know it wasn't.'

'OK, so what do you want to talk about?'

'You know the answer to that.'

'Course I do, Kevin. But I don't play games.' Now there was a lie. 'So you're going to have to say it yourself.'

'It's about last night.' He went quiet.

'Yes?'

'You're not making it easy, are you?'

'No.' I said. 'You have to decide what you want. Then you have to tell me what it is. Then we can see what we can do. Simple as that.'

'It's like this.' He took a deep breath. 'I thought things were easy, I thought, well, I'd seen Terry being, well, being circumcised. But I thought that was sort of a special thing, I'd seen it and it was great, but I wasn't going to see it again. I used to think about it, once in a while, and I used to get horny, but it didn't make me want to go with guys, it didn't even make me want to see their choppers.' He looked thoughtful. 'Funny, that, in a way. Course, just as well, really. I mean, working with the other blokes and living in the hostel in Hamburg, well, could have got a bit embarrassing.' I could see his point.

'Only, I come back here, and maybe Terry told you, I thought I had a job lined up, only I didn't, and I was living in Hoxton with Linda. When the job didn't come up, she got fed up with me. Pity, really, some ways. Anyhow, I finished up here, and, well, you saw what happened.'

I nodded.

'I thought it was just Terry, an' I thought, in a way, I owed it him. After what Ron and me done. An' it would just be the once. Only after, I started thinking about it. All bleeding day, I couldn't stop. I thought about Ron, and the bloke we met, the bloke as did it to Terry, and I started thinking about me. See, an ordinary bloke doesn't think about his cock all that much. I mean, he uses it, for what it's for, and once in a while maybe he has a wank or something, and he keeps it clean and all, but he doesn't really think about it. And I started thinking about it the whole time.'

He stopped. 'I don't know why I'm telling you this, Darren. So help me I don't. I don't know what I'm doing. I don't even know what you do. Is it guys you like? Is it women?'

'I don't think I know, either,' I said, 'and honest, I don't see the need to decide. I'm like Terry that way.'

He nodded. 'Thought so. Well, I'm not like that. Well, thought not. Anyhow, I thought I was beginning to get it sussed and it would be OK, and it would just be the once with Terry. And I thought we didn't even do anything, really. And then last night I saw you in those shorts, and I saw the shape of your cock inside them, and you were pointing it at me, like it was a gun. I had to go out, so I could cool down, but I kept thinking about it. I couldn't stop. And the worst thing was, I couldn't help wondering if you were circumcised, like Terry. I kept trying to picture it, one way and the other, inside your shorts. I nearly didn't come back.'

'But you did.'

'Yeah,' he said, ruefully. 'I did, didn't I. And you suckered me, Darren, same way Terry did, same way my little brother did. Only worse. See, if anyone'd ever told me I'd be a cocksucker, ever, I'd have punched his lights out. And all you did was drop your Daks and there it was, half way down my throat.'

I grinned. 'Yeah,' I said, reminiscently.

'Yeah. OK, don't rub it in. My throat's still sore.'

'But you liked it.'

He scowled at me. Then he looked sheepish. 'I suppose I did.'

'We can do it again, sometime.'

'Stop that, now, Darren.'

'I don't think this conversation is going the way you thought.'

He shook his head. 'I was going to say it was all a one-off. I was going to say I'd find a place of my own. I can't afford to give up the job. I mean, you're a kid, really, and you didn't know what you were doing. Only, you did, didn't you?'

'Don't be fucking silly, course I did,' I said. 'And you're *family*, Kev. Where else would you go? Besides, Terry wouldn't like it. You stick around. And I'll do something for you....'

He looked suspicious, but he looked interested as well.

'Something you'll like,' I said. 'Something you want. See,' I went on, 'there's a word got used last night, hasn't come up yet in the conversation.'

'Circumcised?' he asked. He was getting better at saying it without stumbling. 'I said it just now.'

'Better word than that.'

'Oh,' he said. Then he went a little white. 'Oh.'

'Yes,' I said. 'That word.'

""Show me your uncircumcised penis, Uncle Kev", that's what you said.'

'And what have you been thinking about all day, Uncle Kev?'

'My chopper,' he said, softly and slowly, 'my uncircumcised chopper. Just like you said. Oh God, you little bastard.'

'And what did I say uncircumcised means, Uncle Kev?'

He was really white, now, and shaking. This wasn't just words, it was real. Still, he managed it.

'Not circumcised,' you said, 'not circumcised, yet. Like you, Uncle Kev' you said. And you meant it, didn't you. You could fix it.'

'Yes, I could. And you've been thinking about it all day. Well, time we did something about it.'

'Yes.' His teeth were chattering. I put my arm round his shoulder and he began to relax, then the thought of what he wanted got to him again, this wasn't fantasy, this was going to be cold, sharp steel against soft, tender skin, and he was off again. It took a long time to bring him down, but after a bit he said, 'OK, Darren, you're the boss. Go for it.'

Then I held him till he had stopped shaking. And then we went to see Doc, Terry and Kevin and me.

Kevin's End

I hadn't expected Doc would be hard to persuade. I mean, show him a good-looking bloke, just forty, fair-sized dick on him, nice loose untouched foreskin, just waiting to be unwrapped permanently. You'd have thought he'd be itching to pick up his scalpel. But not a bit of it. He hummed and hawed, and I think he didn't want us to get the idea we were in charge, because we all knew he was. And of course he was right in a way, although to be honest, I was just wondering if I might not pick up the scalpel myself. But only just. One of these days I will.

Anyway, Terry and I sat back and let him think about it. Kevin wasn't a lot of help, because I think he was a bit scared, not of the cut, he wanted that, it was the fact that he wanted it scared him. I mean, I could understand that, he'd had a few surprises in the last couple of weeks. Terry and I had had time to get used to the idea. But in the end, when Doc asked him if he was sure he really wanted it, he said he was quite sure.

'Do you know what you are doing?' Doc asked him.

'Oh, yes,' he said. 'I do now. If you'd asked me a month ago, I'd 've said it was crazy, but I know what circumcision is, and I want it. It's not just to be like these two,' he nodded at Terry and me. 'That's part of it, but it's not a big part. And it's not just because Darren talked me into it, 'cause he didn't, not really. Mind you, seeing his,' he paused, looking for the right word, 'seeing his dick, seeing his circumcised dick made me think a lot about it. See, it made me think about my own chopper. Uncircumcised. That's what Darren said. Like, not circumcised yet.'

Doc looked at me, and smiled. 'Nice one, Darren. I must remember that. So,' he turned back to Kevin, 'right now you're uncircumcised. But you enjoy the idea of being uncircumcised, don't you?'

'Yes,' said Kevin. 'I never put it that way, but I've enjoyed it ever since I saw Terry get his.'

'And you want to change that, give up being 'not circumcised yet'?'

Kevin looked down, then he said quietly, 'It's time. Yes. It's time.'

'And you want these two to witness it?'

'If you'll let them.'

'I haven't actually said I'll do it, yet. You'd better let me have a look. Come into the consulting-room.'

We all got up, and for a moment Doc looked a little doubtful. Then he looked at us, 'I suppose you want to come too.'

'Seems only fair, dunnit?' Terry said.

Doc shrugged. 'If it's all right by Kevin, I suppose it's all right by me.' And of course it was all right by Kevin. So we all followed Doc into the consulting-room.

'Right, strip,' he said. For a second Kevin looked round for a screen, but it was against the wall. Well, I said he was shy. Then he pulled his T-shirt up and over his head, shucked off his shoes and socks and dropped his jeans. For a moment he paused, and the bulge in his briefs told you why.

'It's a bit embarrassing,' he said, blushing. 'See, I'm getting a bit of a hard-on.'

'More than a bit,' said Doc. 'And very nice too, from the look of it. Now, don't be embarrassed, because I'm not, and I don't suppose these two are.'

Kevin was still a bit red-faced, but he took off his St Michael's and sure enough, when he stood up he was well on the way to a hard-on, you know, the stage where it's filling up but still a bit floppy. It happens more with big dicks, and Uncle Kevin was very nicely provided, as I may have said.

'Up on the couch, lie on your back.' Kev got on the couch. 'Now,' said Doc, 'you have to understand. If I agree to circumcise you, and I haven't done so yet, then we do it my way. All I promise is that you will like the result. OK?'

Kev nodded. He lay there, his dick pointing back towards his navel. When Doc touched it, it jerked and got harder.

'Very nice,' said Doc, stroking Kevin's penis from the base to the tip. 'Are you sure you want me to circumcise you? Honestly, it is really beautiful just as it is.' He went on stroking. Kevin's cock was fully hard by now.

'I want you...' Kevin was gasping as Doc stroked him, 'to... circumcise... me... now...'

'Well,' said Doc, 'I never thought I would regret circumcising a man, but I'm almost going to regret this. Almost.'

He stroked Kevin's cock again. Kevin was making little moaning noises. I thought I heard the words 'Please... Now... please...'

'Open the cupboard, tray on the top shelf, leave the cover on, give it to me.' Doc went to the washbasin and washed his hands thoroughly. Then he took the tray from me and removed the cover. Inside were surgical gloves, a small bottle of purplish fluid, and a bowl. There were also various instruments. He put on the gloves, poured the fluid into the bowl, and carefully cleaned around Kevin's foreskin with a cotton swab, then retracted it and equally carefully cleaned round the glans and into the furrow behind the crest.

Doc took the tray from me. 'I keep this ready.'

Then he took forceps from the tray and smoothly and decisively slipped one of the jaws inside Kevin's foreskin and clamped down hard on the other. Kevin gave a little cry, as the skin was crushed together. Doc held the clamp there, maybe for thirty seconds, then he released the pressure on the jaws. Kevin's erection had subsided quite a bit, and from the tip of his foreskin backward there was a white line, where the clamp had pressed. Picking up a scalpel, Doc ran it down that line. The skin parted, and Terry and I could see the two layers. There was almost no blood where the cut was, because the clamp had crushed the blood-vessels shut.

'I'm going to ask you again,' said Doc. 'One last chance to keep your foreskin because after this I have to finish it. Circumcised or uncircumcised, your choice. Which do you want?'

Kevin looked up at us. 'Terry, it hurts,' he whispered.

But Terry looked back at him. 'Yes, it does. Like it did me. Look.' And he took out his cock.

And I looked at him too. 'Yes, it does. Like it did me. And this is the easy bit, Uncle Kev. Now look at me, too.' And I showed him mine. 'You're family,' I said. 'Are you going to be like us?'

And he looked at our circumcised cocks, and he said 'Yes!'

So Doc pulled back the skin and exposed the head, for good. Kevin grabbed my wrist with one hand, and Terry's with the other. Doc slipped the point of the scalpel into the front of the slit and ran the scalpel round the shaft, just at the slit, about an inch behind the cock-head. Kevin breathed in sharply, and held tight to my wrist.

'No way back, now,' Doc said. Then he extended the slit backwards towards the root and where it ended he cut round again. Kevin went very white, and said 'Ah, Ah, No,' then quickly, 'Yes,' and gripped my wrist till I thought it would break. It was all freehand, all done by eye, but when Doc picked up the forceps and held up the severed rag of skin so we could all see it, the remaining shaft-skin had a clean straight edge, and so did what was left of the foreskin, behind the head.

'Circumcised,' said Doc. 'Like you wanted. Looks like one of my best ones, too.'

Kevin was beginning to recover. He relaxed his grip on our wrists, and there was colour in his cheeks. 'Thanks,' he said, faintly. 'And thanks, Darren. And Terry. But oh, Jesus, that hurt. Jesus, oh Jesus.'

'Meant to,' said Doc. 'Like you meant to hurt Terry. But we'll do something about that and then I'll fix the bleeding and suture it. We want it to look good.' He picked up a syringe full of Novocaine.

'Ang about,' said Kevin. 'Did you give that to them? I don't want any favours. I want it like they had.'

'I gave it to Darren, and to Terry, when I fixed him up.' We nodded. 'Of course, I wasn't around to give it to Terry when you and your brother had him butchered.'

'Take it,' said Terry. 'I'm not vengeful. Besides, you need it for the stitching.'

'Yes,' said Doc. 'this is a tight one, tighter than Darren's.' My cock was still out, and he looked at it. As he did, I felt the skin on my balls crawling. I put it away, quickly, and Terry hid his, too. 'You need proper sutures and I can't risk you twitching.' Then he slipped the needle into the base of Kevin's shaft and said, 'the next three seconds will be pretty rough.' It looked as if they were, judging by Kevin's face. Then it was OK, he relaxed, and Doc put in the stitches.

So that's what happened. Doc bandaged him up, and we took him home. Late that night he got a hard-on and the next morning was kind of interesting, too, but we fed him the tablets Doc had given us. Terry had several pretty disturbed nights, but by the weekend things had calmed down. After a week Doc looked at him again. Most of the stitches had dissolved and the swelling had mostly subsided. Doc took out the stitches that remained. By then it didn't hurt, but it itched like fire some of the time, and Doc gave him some cream for it. It took nearly a fortnight for the first cautious wank.

That's a couple of months ago. My Uncle Kevin's circumcised penis now looks very good indeed. In fact, we went round to Doc's, all three of us, last night, to start redecorating his spare room. When we'd got the gloss cleaned up with sugar-soap, we went down to the kitchen for some coffee and a chat, you can't paint on damp gloss. Doc said he'd like to see it, and we closed the blind while Kevin got it out.

'Yes,' he said. 'I'm pleased with that. I hope you are.'

Kevin grinned, a bit shamefaced. He'll always be shy, a bit, about his cock, which is a pity, really. Terry and I aren't shy. 'It's great,' he said. 'I never knew what it would be like.'

'Worth the discomfort?'



'Discomfort? Bloody agony, more like. But yes, every time. Only...'

'Only what?'

'Don't laugh,' he said, 'only, I wanted to know what you did with the bit.'

'The bit?'

'The bit of skin. The foreskin.'

Doc gave a big grin. 'You want to see it?'

'Did you keep it?'

I knew what was coming. Doc took out another little box, like the one he'd shown to me.

'Open it,' he said. Inside was the little transparent cube, with Kevin's name and a date, and inside the cube, wrapped round the same little purple marble, was Kevin's foreskin.

Kevin looked at it. He turned the cube round, to see it from more than one angle. Then he shook his head.

'Well, well,' he said. 'Y'know, 's funny, but I got something to show you. You know when Ron went missing? Well, they found his jacket in the shed, and it had his wallet in.' He took a wallet from his back pocket. 'This one,' he said. 'See, when he didn't come back, well, I needed a wallet. And I noticed, it was like there was something in the lining. He twisted the leather, and one of the seams gaped. 'An' it was this.'

'This' looked for a moment like another piece of leather, only softer. It was maybe two inches long, and it seemed like, sort of familiar.

Kevin looked at Terry. 'I suppose it belongs to you, really. After all, we took it off you. You know what it is, don't you?'

Terry looked pole-axed. 'You're not saying that, Kev.'

'Oh, yes I am, Terry.'

'It's my foreskin. Bloody Hell, after all this time...'

'He kept it. He had it tanned or something, I dunno how. I told you he hated you. Anyway, if you want it...'

'I think,' said Doc, 'you should let me preserve that. Then you can each have your foreskin. You'll be the only guys you know who've been circumcised and still kept your foreskin.'

And so here we are. Three little Perspex cubes. A family and our foreskins.