

Do You Love Me?

“Do you love me”? It’s a seemingly common question and all girls ask it at one time or another. In my case, however, I should have been more cautious when I said yes. So much often hangs on a single word. I suppose that I should start from the beginning. I grew up in a very small farming town with typical small-town morality. I really applied myself at school as I did not think much of farming and was looking for a way out. College promised a better future and besides, studying seemed like a lot more fun than having a cow step on your foot or piss down your boot. My parents had been saving so I could go to college and I was delighted when I was awarded a scholarship to a nice four-year college. It was with considerable glee that I left the farm for the big city and at long last I was going to college. I found a small one bedroom cottage (it even had a carport for my VW) that did not cost too much and I furnished it with the best I could find at garage sales and the Salvation Army. In short it looked like typical starving student housing. I was sure that it would provide all the comforts I would need to last through the winter while I was pursuing my studies. College was a weird mixture of serious studying and party central. I think that I went out on more dates in the first couple of months than I had in the last two years. I became a scholar / libertine in a short while. I had no idea that there were so many loose girls in the world. I had a good time with as many as would go out with me. One thing that was interesting.... I was never circumcised, and some girls were turned off by my foreskin while others were indifferent, some were fascinated by it. It was the norm to be circumcised then and a foreskin was deemed exotic. I got a lot of play with it, it was twisted, stretched and one time severely pinched. It was near the end of my second semester that I met Marcy (or rather she met me), we went out on a few and then more than a few dates. We became an “item” and saw a lot of each other. I thought that I was in a sweet situation, summer was fast approaching, I was doing well in school and had a nice girlfriend. What more could a country boy want. One day a week or so before school was out Marcy and I were practicing our sexual exercises. My penis was rather exhausted and limp, Marcy picked it up by the foreskin and asked if I had ever considered getting circumcised. I had, in fact always had a bit of a secret desire to have the thing cut off, but was turned off by the prospect of all the blood and pain. I explained my dilemma to her. She told me that her brother was circumcised just a year before and that they used some sort of a clamp so there was very little pain and no blood. She also said that it healed up in just a couple of weeks. I had helped castrate some bulls back on the farm using the elastrator method, when the poor critters testicles were clamped off by the elastrator ring they jumped and bucked for a while so I was more than a bit dubious about the “very little pain” part. Well, school was out and I was pleased that I had received some good grades and decided to celebrate with a bottle of wine and wrestle with Marcy. After a furious bout of love making we had a glass of wine when she asked me “do you love me?” I said yes, she asked again “if you really love me would you do anything for me?” She wanted me to prove my love for her by letting her circumcise me. I reluctantly agreed. She said that she would not actually do the operation, but would get a friend who was a nurse to do the actual circumcision. She said that she would talk to her friend and get the stuff together so it could be done in the next couple of days. I wondered what I had gotten myself into. The next day she showed up with a plastic sheet with holes in it, I thought it was for measuring drill bits, but it was for measuring the head of my penis. She had me drop my pants and rolled the foreskin back. I tried mightily not to get a hard on while she did the measuring. At last she was done and wrote the results down on a pad. I was glad to pull my pants back up, she seemed so clinical. About noon the next day she knocked on my door and had her friend with her. I glanced (with a shudder) at her friend’s small paper bag. It was suggested we do this on the bed as there would be no blood and I may as well be comfortable. I watched her friend lay out her tools, a white clamp, some latex gloves, a bottle of orange/green stuff, some cotton pads and the scalpel that would be used to cut my foreskin off. Marcy and I took a shower and she took a lot of time to make sure my penis was clean. She said that this was going to be the last time that I was going to enjoy any pleasure with a foreskin and began to play with the soon to be wounded organ. I enjoyed the feel of her playing with my doomed foreskin and was turned on by the thought of being circumcised. On the otherhand I was worried about my doomed foreskin and the thought of being circumcised, she got me off, but hard on wise it was not a sterling performance. She slipped into my tattered old bath robe and led me into the bedroom. She had me lay on the bed and said that she would have that nasty old foreskin off in a jiffy. Her friend swabbed my penis down with the orange / green stuff, I think it is called Bernadine, but I could be wrong. When she pulled out the clamp any thoughts of an erection vanished. My penis wanted to curl up and hide. She drew a line around my penis with a purple pen explaining that was where the skin would be cut off. She tore open the bag containing the clamp and slid a clear plastic tube over my cock head and pulled the foreskin up to the purple line. She slid the clamp over it and twisted it until there was a small, but audible “click”. I asked if they were going to use anything to dull the pain? Her

friend said that she could not smuggle anything out of the clinic, but had a method that always works. She closed the clamp until my foreskin was pinched and the circulation was cut off. She looped a rubber band around the clamping arms and waited for my foreskin to go numb. It hurt, but was not unbearable. After five minutes Marcy said circ time and snapped the clamping arms shut. The "click" as the arms locked in place seemed as loud as a gunshot. I flinched and writhed around, it hurt more than I thought. Marcy stroked my forehead until there was just a dull pain in my poor penis. About ten minutes went by (it seemed like hours) and my foreskin was cut off without too much pain. I could see the head of my penis through the clear plastic and the raw wound just over the clamp. Marcy said that she would take the clamp off in six or seven days. She said to keep it dry and not to exert myself. I wandered around the house in my ragged bathrobe and caught up on my reading. Marcy would come over every day to see how my penis was healing up. The clamp felt like a brick tied to the end of my penis and I had to sleep in the easy chair so I would not roll over. Good thing there was an open end of the clamp so I could pee. On the sixth day Marcy came over with a pair of mechanics side cutter pliers and clipped the end of the clamp so it would open up and could be removed. When she slid the clear plastic tube off all I had was a black ring of dead tissue where my foreskin once was. She told me that the blackened skin would soon dry up and in two or three weeks I would have a just a reddish scar to remind me of my circumcision. In a week I felt good enough to look for a job and found one at the local gas station. I worked hard and often worked double shifts to save up enough money for the next semester. Marcy seemed to drift off after I tried my new and improved penis on her, I guess I was not much fun as I had very little spare time. I saw her drive by once with Nick "the bear" and I was not clever enough to put two and two together. Nick was called the bear not because he was big and burley, he was called "the bear" because he had the hairiest back, almost a pelt. I had gym class with him and often marvelled at all his hair. He was not circumcised, but I never grasped the implications. Summer was over and I went back to college. One day while I was relaxing in the student union Mary, an old friend came over and sat across from me. We gossiped a little and she suggested that she come over to my place and she would cook me a nice dinner if I helped her with her homework. She added that after helping her we could "fool around". I knew a proposition when I heard one and what she meant by "fool around"? She told me that she wanted to see the results after Marcy circumcised me. I asked her why she thought Marcy had circumcised me. She laughed and said girl talk, do you think all we do is swap recipes and gossip about fashion magazines. Marcy loves to circumcise suckers, I hear that she even got "the bear". She is not around now, but that's the gossip. I went over to Nick who was reading a newspaper and bluntly asked how his circumcision went. He hesitated a second and said that it was fine. I asked if Marcy did it and he answered yeah, He asked if Marcy had done it to me and I just nodded. I was mortified, two smart young men conned out of our foreskins by a scheming, circumcising woman. She probably has our foreskins in a jar on her dresser. As promised Mary came over and we did no studying, sent out for a pizza and got down to business. She said the scar was nice and even and the old organ worked even better than before. I thought it felt better, so I guess it's not so bad even if I was circumcised under false pretences.