

The Doctor and Darren

I've been a GP for a long time. I started off in the Army Medical Corps after I finished my training at one of the bigger teaching hospitals. The Army really isn't my kind of life, and I only did a couple of years, but there's one thing to be said for it. If you enjoy performing circumcisions, you get your chance to keep in practice there. The Colonel who ran the training camp where I finished up was very keen on what he called hygiene, and I often found it quite surprisingly easy to persuade the recruits that what they needed was that little bit of skin removed by my own highly skilled hand. Even better were the poor dumb squaddies who believed the tale that it got you ten days leave. I made sure that a couple of my corporals kept spreading that story. In return, they got to watch the circumcisions I performed, which they really enjoyed. My two sidekicks would encourage the recruits to come and ask for it, and when I looked at their dicks the skin would be loose and the head completely clean. In fact I can say that I mostly cut the lads who didn't need it. And need it or not, they were back on parade the following morning with a sore weapon in their rough army trousers. I think that's where I developed a taste for the whole idea.

Of course at medical school they had decided that circumcision was a bit unfashionable but I've found that the practice I got in the Army has stood me in good stead. Don't misunderstand me. I don't approve of the sort of wholesale slaughter of the innocent that happens in the States. I have circumcised babies, of course, from time to time, but only if the parents are really insistent. Fewer of them are, these days, but that's all to the good. What I really enjoy is doing it for a young man, and because there are fewer babies done, it means there are more guys, say in their late teens who get the benefit of my knife. And that is really nice. Part of the interest is persuading their parents. I tell them how much cleaner and how much better the penis looks. I warn them about dirt behind tight foreskins and penile cancer. I talk about irritations and ulcers and all the other 'medical' reasons. But what I don't say is that they are all so much nonsense. Doctors, and especially me, those of us who do it circumcise because we enjoy the end result.

And so, since I left the Army, I have had the privilege and pleasure of taking my scalpel to some twenty-five or thirty healthy teenagers' foreskins. Now you must understand that I am a professional. They got the best treatment. After all, if you're going to get a reputation for circumcision, it ought to be a good one, and I took great care over all of them. They all had an anaesthetic injected carefully into the skin. They all had the cut ends lined up neatly, the frenulum carefully preserved. The frenulum is the little bridge of skin just under the opening, the meatus as we call it. It's quite sensitive and most guys ask to keep it. Mostly I say yes, sometimes I say no. Anyway they all healed up looking smooth and neat. But I have to say that I began to feel that I was not getting all the pleasure I might from the operation. Then about a month ago, two things happened. First, I read an article in an American magazine. It was about some of the customs of the Arabs and of the slaves they took from the African tribes. Now I don't know how true it all was, but it was obvious that the writer was as turned on by the idea of primitive circumcisions as I was. It was terrific, and I began to think that perhaps I was being too unambitious with the foreskins that came under my knife. The second thing that happened was that a good-looking guy of about thirty-two or thirty-three, a patient of mine, Terry by name, brought his sixteen-year-old stepson, Darren, to my surgery. They were the last patients of the afternoon session.

I've known Terry for some time. He's got short fair hair, cockney, not tall, maybe you'd call him stocky, not the world's most intellectual guy, but very street-smart. Nothing gets past him. The eyes tell you that, very clear blue, very sharp. He works at Nine Elms, in the new Covent Garden fruit market, and humping tons of fruit around has given him a very fair set of muscles. You can see them ripple under his T-shirt. I've seen that other important muscle he has bulging in his jeans, too, and it is rather fine. After all, I'm his doctor and because I'm a doctor I've seen enough that I don't impress easily. His bollocks are big to match it, and if you find body-hair sexy, well, he has neither too little nor too much. There's just one thing though. Whoever circumcised him was a butcher. What was left was a beautiful head, and a lovely thick shaft, but too much skin off one side, too little off the other, and a scar that looks as if it was stitched up with string. Of course, as I said, I am his doctor, so I'd never actually had my hands on it except once, purely for medical purposes, but I didn't somehow think he'd have been surprised that another guy was interested in the state of his equipment.

Anyway, here he was, with young Darren. The other thing I knew about Terry was that his wife, Darren's mother, had been carrying on with more or less anything in trousers for a long time now. Of course you and I don't see much

wrong in that, and maybe neither did Terry, because he stuck with her. But seeing Terry there was a bit of a surprise. In the past it was always Sylvia that came in with Darren.

Any good doctor, when he sees a patient, goes through the patient's history notes. I didn't have much on Darren, but what there was was quite interesting, to me at least. Like for example, he'd been brought to see my predecessor in the practice. You remember I said I only circumcise babies if the parents insist? Well, the notes said that Sylvia had come up with the idea, but the guy before me turned her off. I didn't know him, but I was glad he had. There have been several I've thought, 'save him for later, or if not him, well, there will be lots more.' When he was eleven, she and her then boyfriend came and asked again. It was my writing on the notes and I remembered it now. Little Darren's dick was in very good condition as it was, and again I said no.

Of course I didn't close the door on the idea entirely. I'd had a feeling then that she would come back, but I pointed out that there was no tightness or soreness and if she was still worried, bring the lad back when he has developed, I'll take another look then. Then when Sylvia married Terry they adopted Darren, to make it all legal, and I'd seen him two or three times since then. He was a tough kid, and they get the harder knocks. I took a quick look through his notes and registered a broken arm and some concussion from a fight. Looking at the boy himself, he certainly seemed to have developed very nicely indeed. He was well muscled for a teenager, compact and trim, short blond hair and a very fair packet in his trousers. I asked what seemed to be the problem.

Terry answered for him. 'It's like this, Doc'. Darren ain't been sleeping too good an' 'e's got these exams coming up. They're kind of important. I thought you might be able to give him something. To get him off to sleep, like.' Darren looked a bit sullen, I thought, but Terry looked embarrassed. I knew there had to be something else, you get an instinct as a doctor, so I waited.

'See,' he said, 'when he doesn't get off to sleep, he starts, you know, playing with hisself.'

'Oh, yes,' I said, 'masturbating.'

'Well, that's the fancy word, innit.'

'Still, it's the right one.' Now you and I, we know that everyone does it. So did Terry, I thought, after all, he is nobody's fool. I wondered why he was making a thing of it. Darren looked a bit guilty. Still, he was my patient, so I thought I'd better talk to him.

'All right,' I said, 'let's have some more information. What do you think is keeping you off your sleep? Is there anything you're worried about?' Darren shrugged.

'I don't know,' he said, 'not really.'

'How long have you been masturbating?'

'Don't know, either.'

'Well, that wasn't the first time, was it, son,' said Terry. Then he turned to me. 'Maybe you heard, Doc, his mum and me, we've split up. She's gone off, oh, four months back, with her new bloke. This time she says she's not coming back.'

'Good,' said Darren. 'We'll do all right without her.'

Terry seemed pleased at this, but he carried on. 'That's as may be, son. Anyhow, you know what it means. I'm in charge now, you'll do what I say. And that means no more beating your meat every night. It ain't good for you. You carry on like that and we'll have to talk to Doc about that other little job.' I pricked up my ears. The 'other little job' had an interesting sound. Then I looked at Terry, and suddenly, just from the look in his eye, I knew exactly what the 'other little job' might be. What's more he looked back at me, and I saw that he knew I knew. He wasn't going to say the word, and nor was I, but I could tell we were both savouring the same idea. Then I looked at Darren. I wondered if he knew, too. Was that fear in his eyes? Or was it interest? Or maybe, was it both?

'Right,' I said. 'I'd better take a look at you. Lots of boys masturbate, and the reason is often some minor irritation, even something you can't really feel, which keeps you off your sleep and makes you want to touch your penis. And

of course having done that, it's a short step to playing with it.' I looked him straight in the eyes. 'We can probably do something about that.' I could tell that he too knew what we could do. What interested me was that something about him seemed almost to welcome the idea. 'Go behind that screen, please, and strip down to your underpants.'

The boy did so and I had him come and stand by my table. He had a lovely body, with the taut muscles, the tight little arse and smooth skin of the teenager. I slipped his briefs down over his thighs. The hair at his groin was silky and almost blond and curled tightly at the base of his shaft. The cock itself was a lot bigger than last time I'd seen it, and it was beautiful. It hung freely down, a little proud of his testicles. The foreskin precisely covered the head, and no more. The head was big and I gradually, slowly and gently took it in my hands and pushed back the foreskin. The soft teenage skin slid easily back and as the fleshy purple glans was released from its covering it expanded like a flower. Though the skin covered the head closely there was no tightness. The foreskin rode back across the corona easily. As it slid over the edge I could feel Darren's erection beginning. I continued to press it further, and the clean, perfect, beautiful sulcus appeared. There were veins beneath the skin.

I paused for a second. Then I thrust the foreskin firmly back as far as it would go. Under the tension the frenulum showed white amid the surrounding skin. I took hold of the glans and spread the lips of the meatus. It was a fair size and as it opened I could see the dark, moist flesh inside. When I released it a spot of the pre-cum fluid appeared at the tip. I had been fighting to be a professional doctor, to keep my hard down. What finished me was that spot of juice from the meatus. It was all I could do not to bend down and lick it off. Darren was half-erect now, and when I let his cock go it stayed there. The foreskin unrolled of its own accord almost to its original position. I looked at Terry. I recognised the look he had on. Lust, of course. He had sex written all over his face. But as he gazed at Darren's perfect cock, I saw envy there as well. And I knew what he wanted to do about it, too. So I let the boy dress himself and sent him into the waiting room so that I could have a private word with Terry. I noticed though that when Darren came out from behind the screen, he hadn't just stuffed his cock back into his jeans any old how. It was carefully placed to be seen, and the half-erection showed clearly in his pants.

When he had gone I looked Terry straight in the eye.

'Stand up, Terry,' I said. He looked surprised, then embarrassed. He wriggled a bit in his trousers, but I held his eye and he stood. It was as I expected. Terry's jeans were tight and clearly outlined I could see the shape of his erection trying to get out of them. 'Thought so,' I said. 'OK, now I know where we stand.'

Terry looked at me hard. Then he laughed. 'Bloody hell, Doc. How did you know?'

'That's not the only thing I know,' I said. 'Now, this door is soundproof, no-one can overhear us and everything you say to me is confidential, right? So you can say exactly what you like. But I'm going to say one thing. Every kid has a wank now and then. I bet you did when you were Darren's age.' He shook his head a little, as if he was remembering it, but he didn't deny it. 'So why'd you bring him here? I mean, if it's just that he isn't sleeping, I'll give him something. But it's not that, is it? It's the other thing. And what do you expect me to do about that?'

'Well,' he said, 'You said yourself there might be something wrong, something irritating him. Can you do anything about that?'

'There's nothing at all wrong with Darren's penis. In fact it's as close to perfect as you could wish to see, no marks, no tightness, no irritation. And he keeps it clean as a whistle. What's more, he knows that. You know it too, surely. Or is that the first time you've seen it? I saw you getting a good look.' I could see him getting ready to protest that he hadn't, so I said firmly, 'I saw you.'

He shrugged. 'First time close-to. I've seen it a couple of times when he was in the bath.'

'Anyway,' I went on, 'I think you had something else in mind, or am I wrong. You said something about 'some other little job'. Were you thinking of some sort of punishment or other? No one punishes a kid of sixteen for wanking, not in the twentieth century.'

His face clouded over. 'They did me, di'n they?' he said. 'Just the once I got caught and they did me.'

I thought I knew just what he meant, then, and I said 'All right, let's have it then. I think you've got something in mind. You said masturbation was a fancy word, and I said it was the right one. What's the right word for this one,

then?' He looked at me then. He didn't know if he could trust me, but I knew he was too horny with the idea to let go now.

'Circumcision,' he whispered. 'That's what the word is. That's what they did to me. And Christ, it hurt!' I thought of his butchered cock. 'My two brothers, Ron and Kevin, they caught me wanking one night, just like I caught Darren. They thumped me, and I swore at them and thumped them back. Next night they're in the boozier and they meet this bloke they don't know from Adam. They have a bit to drink and they tell him all about it. 'I know a trick worth two of that' says the bloke, and the next thing I know the three of them are back home, pissed as ferrets and up in my bedroom. 'We're going to put a stop to your larks' says Ron, and then he and Kevin hold me down and the other guy gives me the treatment with the kitchen scissors. You seen it, Doc, I know you did. It ain't pretty, and my God it hurt!'

'And that's what you want for Darren?'

'Better than that. But it's what I want.'

I looked at him straight. He was still standing. One hand was in his pocket, and I could see he was gripping the stiff and swollen penis in his pants. 'All right, strip. Let's see what you want for him, and I'll tell you what I think about it.' Slowly he undid the belt of his jeans and slipped them down. His cock bulged and throbbed in his briefs. I could see the shape of the cock-head clearly. 'I don't like showing this,' he said.

'I'm a doctor, I've seen worse, I expect.' He slipped down his briefs. I have seen worse, but not many. His cock was straight out hard and stiff as a ramrod. It could have been magnificent. It was strong and thick, with the great purple cock-head swollen with excitement to the size and colour of a huge plum. But as I've said, he'd been butchered. On one side the skin was tight and the horrible, messy scar had pulled. On the other there was a cuff of thick white skin covering part of the head. The scar there was ugly too. Underneath there was a ragged scar running back along the shaft. I leant forward.

'Oh, Christ,' he said, 'Don't touch it or I'll come.'

I didn't want that, of course, so I said 'OK, now I've seen it. You're right it's not pretty, but it's a hell of a weapon.'

'Got no complaints on that score.'

'I'll bet. You know, maybe I could do something about those scars. Anyway, is that what you want for Darren? Because I tell you one thing if it is. I don't do circumcisions with kitchen scissors.'

He shuddered a bit as he remembered. Then he said, 'Look Doc, you're way ahead of me. Darren's a good kid, mostly. When I came in here I didn't have any of this in mind.'

But I saw he couldn't meet my eyes, and I said 'Don't give me that, Terry. You've been thinking about this ever since you caught him wanking. Maybe earlier. In fact, I think you've wanted him cut ever since the first time you saw him in the bath.' I didn't look at his eyes, I looked at his cock. The way it twitched when I said it, I knew I was right.

'You know, you got me,' he said. 'So help me I don't know how you knew, but you've known since we came in, ain't you. And you're dead right. He's a good-looking kid, and he left the bathroom door open. First time I went in it was an accident, and I only got a quick look. I couldn't think of anything else all fucking evening. So I made sure I got another look, real soon. Well you saw it, Doc. That kid's prick, it's fantastic, it's magic.' He grinned. 'Course I reckon he left the door open on purpose, second time. See, he put the face-cloth on the top of it when I came in, but he left it long enough so I got quite a good look.' He paused. 'Here Doc, when exactly did you suss out that's what I wanted.'

'Soon as you said he was playing with himself.'

'Yeah, well I'll tell you something. Soon as I said it I knew you knew. And I knew you were going to help.'

'Well... that depends exactly what it is you want. Like I said, no kitchen scissors.'

'Nah, nah,' he said, 'I want it done proper. If I'd wanted the other I'd maybe have done it myself, and I don't say I wasn't tempted, poor little bleeder. D'you know, he was so ashamed when I caught him I think he'd have let me. Course, it wasn't like what happened to me. I didn't thump him, and he didn't give me lip. Anyway, I want him to look good.'

'And what does he want?'

'Ah, well,' he said softly, 'haven't asked him. Not going to. See when I walked in I said to myself, 'Gotcher, son, you've given me the excuse. We're having that foreskin off you.' Then I talk to him all serious about it, and I say we're going to see you, and maybe that's what you'll say.'

'What did he say to that?'

'Didn't seem to like it a lot. In fact not one little bit.' Terry grinned all over his face. 'But then, he's not got a lot of choice, has he. I mean, I'm in charge of him, and you're his doctor, and if we say 'cut', it's cut. Mind you, it's funny, in a way I think he's quite interested. I told him I'd been done.'

'Did you show him?'

'Didn't want to frighten him off, did I? Anyhow, he cheered up a bit.'

'He knew what it meant, though, circumcision?'

'Oh sure, all kids do.'

'So, this isn't going to be a total surprise!'

'Bit of one, maybe. Anyhow, like I said, I want it done properly, not fucked up like I was.' He looked down at his cock. 'Course if I could get hold of the bastard that did this, that'd be different. I've had ideas about him... Well, we won't go into that.' Then he grinned. 'Unless you're interested.'

'Let's stick with Darren,' I said, 'for the moment. Now, how do you want him to be circumcised?'

'Didn't know there was a choice, really. I mean, I thought I'd just bring him to you and you'd take care of that.'

'Oh, I will, I will. But just for example, do you want to be here, do you want to watch him being circumcised?' Of course you do, I thought and watched his cock. It twitched again at the thought.

'I suppose so,' he said. 'Best to make sure it's done right, eh, Doc? Anyhow, it'd be interesting. Specially since I couldn't see a thing when mine was done.'

'Right. Next, circumcision can be rather painful. Well, you know that.' I paused to make sure he got the message. 'Do you want him to have an anaesthetic?' He got the message as I had meant he should, and for a moment I thought he was going to come on the spot.

'Fucking Christ,' he gasped, 'oh fucking Christ. Oh, the poor little bugger. I thought about that, but I thought you'd never wear it. Oh God, that's going to hurt. I thought you'd want to give him a jab or something, but oh, Christ, nothing at all.'

'Come on,' I said, 'it's good for him to learn to take a little pain. It's only a cut in the skin.'

'Yes,' he said, 'but I've had it done to me, remember. I know what it's like. It's not just a little pain. God, would you really do that?'

'I need your signature.'

'You've got it.' I knew I had. 'And I can be there?'

'Sure. Just one more thing. When?'

'Soon as you like.'

I looked at my watch. 'OK, Strike while the iron is hot. I'll get rid of my secretary, and we'll do it now. One of the nice things about this is that it's all perfectly legal. You're in charge of him and I'm his doctor, like you said. But I don't think we really want witnesses. Are you going to tell him or am I.'

'Better be you.' Terry's maltreated cock was still rock hard and he had a lot of trouble putting it back in his jeans. He sat down, with difficulty, so that it would not be too obvious when Darren came in. I went out to the waiting room and sent my secretary home. Darren was sitting there, looking apprehensive. I called him into the consulting room.

'I'm sorry we took so long,' I said, 'but I'll come straight to the point. You were brought here because you were playing with yourself. I examined your foreskin, and I can find nothing the matter with it, but we have decided that you should be circumcised, here and now. Terry tells me you know what that means. I am going to remove your foreskin which is the ring of skin at the tip of your penis.' Terry and I knew, of course, that I had told the truth. There was nothing the matter with his foreskin, but we had decided to circumcise him anyway. Not surprisingly, he looked very apprehensive, but was I wrong, or was it mixed with anticipation? I wondered if he'd maybe been curious, as some kids are, what it would be like to be circumcised. If so, he was going to find out.

I sent him to undress again behind the screen. While he did so I put a mat on the floor and positioned the light. Then I went out to the store cupboard to fetch my kit. I heard voices and wondered what they were saying to each other. Whatever it was they were silent when I came back. I waited for Darren to finish undressing. When Darren came from behind the screen he was naked. He watched fascinated as I laid out the instruments for his circumcision. First I laid out the needles and the sutures on the sterile tray. I took the clamp with which I would seize the foreskin to draw it forward. Then from a sealed pack I took a scalpel. I remembered the article I had read, and thought that if a witch doctor with a rusty razor blade could get a perfect result time after time, I could do the same with my experience and a surgical steel blade so sharp that it could slice a human hair.

I showed Darren the edge. He gazed at it horrified. I could tell that in imagination he felt it already in his flesh. Of course there was no hypodermic needle on the tray, and I think it was then he realised there would be no anaesthetic. Moving slowly, almost ritually, I took a bowl and washed the boy's genitals. The warm water and the gentle pressure bought on an almost instant erection and the boy's cock stood upright straight in front of him. I could not see Terry, but I could tell that he was hardly daring to breathe. I dried the boy's penis and testicles. Then I washed my own hands and dried them. I shone the light closely upon the naked boy's defenceless penis. I studied it carefully. Without anaesthetic the operation would have to be done exactly, precisely and as swiftly as lightning, or he would not be able to bear the pain and unable to stop himself would move away, pulling his penis from my grasp and risking horrifying damage from the scalpel as I cut. I wanted the perfect, beautiful circumcision that a cock like his cried out for, not a botched and disfiguring mutilation.

I took a deep, deep breath. Then I picked up the clamp in my left hand and seized Darren's foreskin, pulling it forward as hard as I could. The boy gave a sharp intake of breath from surprise and pain. Then I took the scalpel in my right hand. The blade is much, much keener than a razor. One mistake would mutilate Darren beyond repair. There was no mistake. I held his foreskin taut in the clamp. Then I struck like lightning, and in two swift cuts I had run the scalpel round the outer skin. It parted cleanly, and the boy gave a gasp. As the skin severed under the blade I pulled it forward with the clamp. Turned outside-in the useless collar of prepuce covered the glans for the last time. I ran the biting steel around it and it came free. I was working so fast that Darren had not lost that amazing erection. The sight of it spurred me on. Darren's cock was to be my masterpiece. I did not hesitate. I ran the blade upwards and the wounded boy gave a brief cry as in two quick strokes I slit out the frenulum. There was one last thing. I meant to leave my own mark on Darren. Thrusting the point of the scalpel into the very eye of the cock I cut downwards in one flashing stroke, sub-incising the cock-head. The lips of the meatus sprang apart, and as they did so, with a great cry, in an orgasm of blood and fire, Darren and Terry climaxed together in a single instant of time. I lifted the scalpel and held it up between them. Darren was stunned, numbed and mastered by the agony he had undergone. I could see in Terry's eyes the memory of his own mutilation.

Terry and The Stranger

Remember me? My name's Terry. Maybe you read about me taking my kid Darren to see the Doctor. He's a great guy that Doc. I've always had a lot of admiration for him. Not just since that time, and not just because he's educated, mind you he's looked over this and checked the spelling and things, but he's a guy who knows what he wants and he gets it. I respect that. I'm a bit like that myself, of course. And luckily last time what we both wanted was the same thing. Darren's foreskin. Which we got. Easy really, as it turned out, but I'll tell you something. When I first saw that kid in the bath, with that lovely great cock floating there between his legs, far too good for a kid of

sixteen, I never thought I'd make it. Let alone watch it happen. I only got a quick flash that time, then he saw me looking, I think, because he sat up and it went under the water. The tip was still out though, and that's what I liked the best. Better than my own, anyhow. You probably know what had happened to that.

Anyhow, I made damn sure I got a better look next time, and I started having fantasies about it. I tell you it was like a dream. Now like I said, I'm a guy as likes to get what he wants. I wanted just one thing. In fact I didn't just want it, I needed it, really bad. I needed Darren's cock circumcised. I suppose it was partly envy, that's what Doc thinks, anyway, but it was partly I wanted us to have the same mark on us. You may think that's cruel. All right, it's cruel. I wanted Darren cut, not like I'd been, butchered, but properly.

And I thought about it and I thought about it. Only thing, I didn't have the slightest, how I could get it done. I knew one thing, though. I couldn't do it myself. Thought about that too, mind you. Didn't I just. There's sometimes articles, or letters in Forum magazine, and I read a couple, but they weren't what I wanted. I even went to a medical bookshop to see what I could find. I smartened myself up a bit and tried to look like I belonged there. It didn't wash, of course, never does, and I felt so fucking obvious. I looked up circumcision in two books on surgery, but they were full of words I didn't know. I'm not stupid, see, but you wouldn't call me well-educated. Darren is, or he's going to be. Darren's clever, and I'm going to make sure he goes to College.

Course these days I know the words, because Doc explained, after he did Darren. Words like meatus and corona. Doc said he'd 'adjusted Darren's meatus'. That's a nice word, meatus, especially after I learnt to call it me-ate-us, not meet-us. But all it means is piss-hole. That's a nice word too. Even nicer, Doc had cut Darren's wide, wide open and it looked terrific. Anyhow, I knew the big word, circumcision. I have since I was a kid. Most kids do, because one of the first things they notice is that not all little boys are alike. Some of them have this bit of skin, and some don't. I did, in those days, and Mickey Isaacs that sat next to me didn't. And of course being a Jewish boy, he knew why, as well, and the word for it. I suppose I was seven when I found that out, and I thought it was terrible. I mean, fancy cutting bits off a kid's prick. When he told me, I thought about it all day. Then I asked our old lady, and she said it was something they did to bad boys, to stop them playing with it. I hadn't much, till then, but after that somehow it suggested the idea.

Got a bit off the track, haven't I. Anyhow, I looked at some of the other books in the book-shop, and one of them was called 'Surgery in Africa' or something like that. So I picked it up and looked up the index, and sure enough, just after 'Churchill, Sir W.' (Christ knows what he was doing there!), there it was. 'Circumcision' and page numbers. I looked up the first one, and BINGO! The other books just had drawings, which was interesting but not very exciting. But this one had a picture of a big coloured guy, having it done. I got a bit turned-on by that. Too right I did. The killer though, was on the page opposite. There it was, in black and white. 'I do not' says this guy, a doctor mind you, 'I do not see the need for anaesthetics when circumcising the African. Instead I advise him to practice self-control.'

Yeah, well, my self-control slipped a bit there. Now I guess the assistants in that shop are used to the odd customer freaking out over the books. I was wearing tight briefs, and my jacket was more or less closed, but without wishing to boast, when I get a stalk on, let's say it shows. And those few words had just given me the stalk of a lifetime. Because you see, I knew how it felt, and I could just imagine some poor coon waiting to get his, while this guy advises self-control and sharpens his penknife. Tasty. So the next thing is one of the assistants minces over and says, 'Can I help you?' 'No thanks, I'm just looking,' and then I'm out of the shop.

All that evening, watching telly I'm looking out the corner of my eye at Darren. Thinking about what his self-control would be like. Round about this time I get this letter from Sylv. She's Darren's mum, and I suppose she's my wife. Now she's gone off with her boy-friend, haven't seen her in well over a month. Not that I care. Anyhow, she says she wants a divorce, which is fine by me, and she doesn't want to see me or Darren again. What can I say? Great. Funny, though. She's been rushing round after anything in trousers ever since we got married. Actually I didn't much care, but while I was with her I didn't look at anyone. Well, not true, but I never went with anyone. Well, that's not true either. I sucked a guy off on the train from Clapham Junction once. And I admit I'd fancied Darren a bit, but you can't do that, it's not decent. He's a real good looking, you know. And if I'd known then what I know now, I could have been fucking him speechless since he was fourteen. Funny, now I know it, I can't do it. He says now he used to wish I would. He's a good kid. You know he's not mine, but I'm really fond of him. He is of me, too.

Seems a funny thing to say after what happened, doesn't it. But I'll tell you something else funny. Darren's crazy about Doc, and it was Doc that cut him. Look, I'm getting all mixed up again. I was telling you about Mickey and me. After we'd compared our own endowments, like, we used to look out for other kids and check up on them. Course, that was easier when we both went to the Comprehensive. Football, and showers after, see. It was about that time too, that our old lady walked out. Just upped and left and went back to Limerick. That's where she came from. We don't seem to have a lot of luck with marriage in our family. Haven't seen hide or hair of her since. That left the old man and me and my two brothers, Ron and Kevin. Ron was the oldest, about five years older than me, Kev a couple of years younger than Ron. We managed OK. Couple of times the old man brought some new lady-friend back, but they didn't last, any of them. Ron and Kev saw to that. I got big early. I had started to have hair on my balls by the time I was twelve, but it was the Greek kids that I watched. Remember, we were only eleven when we went to the Comprehensive, and some of those kids had hair so thick you could hardly see their cocks through it. Fact, I asked one of them once 'How do you find it when you need a slash?' and he said, 'It's the thickest tree in the forest!' Too fucking right it was! Mind you, when I got a hard on it was bigger than his, cause it was longer, not so thick mind you, but I thought it looked better. Some of those Greek kids had real funny shaped ones, too. Short and stubby and very flat heads like mushrooms. We used to compare them a lot in the showers, that's how I know. The other kids I looked at were the black kids. Now people say that they're the big ones, and some of them weren't bad, but I reckon I was as big as any of them.

The odd guy out was Mickey, poor little sod. Not because he was circumcised, because there were others like that, but because he was a bit undeveloped. In fact he was the last to get any hair, and his prick never really grew. I used to think a lot about cock in those days. Most kids do, and most of them grow out of it, but I never have. I used to wank quite a lot, too, in class even. Quite a lot of kids did especially in English lessons. Don't know why English, probably because it was boring. The bloke who taught it wasn't much good. I reckon he didn't like to take the risk of interrupting us. Only one night when I was sixteen, last year at school, I got mine, like Darren got his.

I should have said that our old man had cashed in his chips about a year before. Kevin and Ron being both a bit older than me were earning good money on building sites. Kev especially, he was a big bruiser, thick as a brick, but one of nature's cement carriers. So they agreed to look after me till I left school, which couldn't be too soon for me. Anyhow, that night I thought I was on my own in the house, I went upstairs to have a quiet wank. Kevin and Ron were in the boozier as usual. Only unfortunately there was some fight or something on the telly, and the pub wasn't showing it. They got argumentative about this, and the result was they got shown the door, which used to happen fairly regular.

They must have come in dead quiet, because I was lying on the bed with my chopper in my hand, just getting into the rhythm of it when the door opens and Kevin walks in. 'What the fuck d'you think you're doing?' he says, 'dirty little bleeder. 'Ere Ron, take a look at this, we got a wanker in the family.' Well, I suppose it wasn't too bright of me, but I said 'That makes three, dunnit.' Should have said two, shouldn't I, because of course that gets Kev on the raw like it was meant to, but it gets Ron sore as well. Anyhow, Kevin thumps me for cheeking him, and I call him a fucking bastard and thump him back. Then Ron tries to get between us, and I make another mistake. Honest, I didn't mean to, but I was still trying to get to Kevin and I caught Ron square in the cobbles. Well, I was quite strong for my age, so he retired hurt, like they say, and Kev thumped me again and then went off downstairs to see if Ron was all right. Now I may not have said it, but if Kevin was a stupid bastard, and you were, Kev, Ron was an evil one. Stupid as well, but mostly evil. I didn't see either of them the next morning, because they were out before I got up. They were on site-work, see, and that started at half-past seven. I went to school as usual, I mean I was a good kid, like Darren, well, not clever like him, but sensible, no bunking-off or nothing. There was soccer practice, so I got back about six. I'd almost forgotten last night's little incident. No sign of my brothers, but that wasn't a surprise. I went down the Chinese take-away and got some food. What I didn't know was what Kevin and Ron were up to. See, they went down to the boozier after work. Like I said, them getting shown the door was fairly regular, but there wasn't much aggro, and they always went back the next night. That time I wish they hadn't. You see, I reckon from what he said after, not that you could trust him, he can be a lying sod, Kevin had more or less forgotten the whole thing, like me. He'd been a bit pissed, he'd thumped me and I'd given him lip, but none of this was what you'd call unusual. Only I'd never called Ron a wanker, and I'd certainly never hit him down there before, or anywhere else for that matter, even if it was an accident, which I don't suppose he believed.

I said he was stupid, didn't I, and I said he was evil. I missed out he was a vengeful cunt. Now my bad luck was that about nine-thirty or so, after they'd had quite a few, he started to go on about getting hit in the cobbles. On and on and on, if I know him. There's another guy sitting at the next table, and after a bit he gets the drift, so to speak. So he introduces himself, buys them a pint, and agrees that today's kids are nothing better than a load of hooligans and yobboes, etc, etc. He must have been about the same age as them, I should think, so today's kids, i.e. me, would be five years younger than them, at the outside! Now Ron is trying to get Kevin worked up about me beating my meat, but what he's sore about is the punch in the cobbles. The strange guy, I can just see his eyes light up when he puts these two together.

'Well,' he says, rubbing his hands I'll bet, 'if a kid's a wanker there's only one cure for it, and if he punches foul, I know a trick worth two of that'. At which point, according to Kevin, Ron jumps straight to the point and says, 'So do I. Circumcise the little bleeder.' Kev thinks this is a joke, see, but no way. 'Got it in one,' the strange bloke says. 'If you want to stop him wanking, well that'll take the shine off it for a bit. Besides, it's only fair, he damages your three-piece suite, you go for his.' Course there was more than this, but Kev was always a bit cagey about what. He says he wasn't keen but they bought him another pint and talked him into it. Anyway the next question was 'How?' Pity they didn't know about Doc.

'Look here,' says the guy, when he's bought another round, 'I'm not a doctor, but I'm a qualified male nurse. I'll do it. It's not difficult, I've seen it done lots of times. We can do it at home and not bother your doctor.' Ron doesn't take any persuading. Kev takes a bit more, according to him, but he's pretty plastered and the guy says the thing Doc says they all say, 'It's only a bit of skin!' Pretty important bit, though, in my view. So they all troop out the boozier and home, Ron and Kev as pissed as ferrets. Luckily for me the strange guy had had a lot less than them or God knows what would have happened. I was up in my room, not wanking this time, listening to my records if you must know. Suddenly the room is full of people. Well, that's what it feels like.

'We're going to put a stop to your larks,' says Ron, and they just sit on me. I couldn't do a thing. One minute, I'm lying on the bed all peaceful listening to the record-player, the next there's two fifteen stone blokes on top of me. Which worried me, but not as much as it should have. Because the next thing I hear is evil Ron saying 'Take his pants down.' Now Kevin is sitting on my chest, and I can't really see much. I didn't get a chance to look at the stranger, hardly at all. I struggled a bit, of course, but it didn't do much good. My jeans came off. He left my underpants. And you know I still didn't catch on. Then I hear the strange guy's voice. I'll never forget that. It was a simple question really.

'Where's the scissors?' I only heard him say one other thing, but I won't forget that voice. 'Where's the scissors?'

'In the kitchen drawer,' says kind brother Ron. I still can't see the guy, but I hear his steps going down the stairs. Kev maybe got cold feet just then, because he said to Ron, "Ere Ron, you really sure this is all right?'

'Course it is,' says Ron. 'It'll make a man of him!' Then he gives an evil chuckle. The guy comes back up the stairs. I still can't see him or what he's doing, but I felt him pull down my briefs. Christ my cock and balls didn't half feel cold and exposed. Ron must have taken a good look, because he said, 'Not bad for a nipper.' Then the bloke says the only other word I heard him say. I heard it once again when he was done. 'Right!' he says, very softly.

And he slips the scissors underneath my foreskin and starts to cut. Just imagine it. Take a second or so and hold it in your mind. It's the worst pain you've ever felt, it's the worst pain in the world, and it's right there in the sensitive skin of the most sensitive part of your body. And he's doing it very, very slowly so that very, very slowly it gets worse and worse and worse. It doesn't get unbearable. The way he does it, with the blunt scissors, it fucking starts unbearable, and you feel the cut like fire round your cock-head. He's an amateur, so he tries to cut too much skin and the blades jam. He starts at the very tip and puts the blades under the foreskin, then he forces them shut and the skin tears between them. Then when he has got through he cuts the skin back, pulling it on one side so it gapes where he takes too much, then leaving a great fold of skin on the other. Underneath he just hacks it away, leaving the frenulum but cutting down the shaft along the join mark. No, I wasn't brave. I'd have screamed the place down, only Kevin had his big hand over my mouth, damn near smothering me. I tried to bite him, but I couldn't. I wriggled and twisted, but they were both big guys, and I couldn't get any leverage. Each time I writhed, the bastard at my groin cut a bit harder.

At last, he was finished, and so, nearly, was I. As it was, I thought I was going to pass out, when I heard that voice once more. 'Right!' it said again. My brothers stood up then, taking their weight from my body, and as they did so I

saw him standing between my legs. He had the scissors in one hand, and in the other the rag of skin he'd just torn off my cock. I shan't forget that face. And if you ever read this, friend, remember that.

Terry and The Doctor

I'm a quick healer. Just as well, because the guy who butchered me just walked out and left me lying there. No stitches, no bandage, nothing. Kevin was panicking. I guess Ron was a bit, too, but they found a bandage for it, and luckily I don't bleed a lot. They kept me at home for a week till it was healed a bit. Kevin couldn't look me in the eye and I wouldn't talk to him. Not for weeks, anyway. Later on I got to thinking he'd been suckered into it. I hated Ron ever since. Course he's dead, now. Fell into a hole where they were pouring cement for the motorway. Well, I say fell, but who knows. Anyhow, drive up the M25, you're driving on him. I wondered a bit if Darren would hate us, after Doc cut him, but he was OK with me, not too bothered once it was over, and I suppose it was Doc made the difference. Got off the subject again, didn't I?

Anyhow, I couldn't play football again that season, cause I didn't want to go in the showers. I eventually told Mickey I'd joined him, so to speak, and he spread it about, which meant that I got set on one evening by half a dozen kids who wanted a look. Only it was such a fucking mess that once they'd seen it, they didn't want to see it again. I couldn't tell them what had happened, not really, well it was humiliating, wasn't it. So I said I'd had a bad accident, and this was the result. Christ it was a mess, though. You see, I'd been proud of my chopper. It was still bigger than most, and it didn't stop growing just because it had been cut about a bit. In fact I reckon that the head grew a bit more without the pressure on it from the skin. It's certainly a big 'un, and a good shape, too, though I say it as shouldn't.

Not that my foreskin had been tight. No way, it came back a treat. It was a bit longer than Darren's, maybe a quarter of an inch or so proud of the end when it was hard, and I'd used to pull it back and forward a lot when I had a wank. I kept it back in the bath, of course, so it was clean behind it, and I used to like wearing it back sometimes when we did PT at school, because that made it stand out in my shorts. Didn't wear a jock-strap for that, of course, only for football. Funny, just before I took him to Doc I started noticing that Darren was wearing his so it showed. Still does. And it looks great! Anyhow, the first time I saw my cock in the bath without the bandage, I could have wept. That bloke, I didn't know his name and he didn't know me from Adam, but he'd really massacred it. On the left side, where he'd gone mad with the scissors, he'd not left enough skin to meet properly when I got a stalk on. It wasn't too bad when it was soft, but it hurt like buggery when I got hard. And that was every night, I can tell, you. I didn't get more than a couple of hours sleep that first week, because each time I dropped off, up it would come and I'd have to rush to the bathroom and pour cold water on it to get it down. Doc says everyone gets a hard on four or five times a night while they're asleep. Seems a bit of a waste, really.

Anyhow, the cut would heal up a bit during the day, then it would pull a bit each night. After about a week, it stooped waking me, but I was scared that on top of everything else it would bend my cock away to the left. Doc says no-one's cock is one hundred per cent straight, which is as may be, but I was panicked in case mine bent into a loop!

Silly, really, but you can understand my feelings. It didn't, in the end, because the scar stretched a bit, and the skin that was left did too, but it was still pretty tight on that side when I got hard. Mind you, the way that Doc circumcised Darren, he's tight all round. It looks great, though, because the scar is so neat. It's already faded a lot. In a year or two you won't hardly be able to see it. My scar was all ridged and knobbly. On the other side, he'd not taken as much off, and if anything that looked worse. There was a sort of cuff of skin over the edge of the corona (said Doc taught me some of the right words, didn't I?). It was all white in colour, and because the edges of the cut bits hadn't met properly, the scar there looked ragged and rough like he'd cut it with a saw. Just as well he didn't think of that, maybe. I told you that he'd missed my frenulum. I was glad of that, but the scar was just behind it, and you know the sort of join, underneath, that runs all the ways back to your balls. Well I don't know why he did it, just because he fancied the idea I suppose, but he'd scissored that open about a couple of inches or more. That didn't heal too bad, but it left a mark.

You think I'm never getting to the point, don't you? Well, I am now. You see, before the Doc agreed to circumcise Darren, he'd made me show him mine. It's funny, you know, there wasn't any reason for it, but I knew he was going to do what I wanted, and I was so turned on that I dropped my Daks without a murmur. I'd told him it wouldn't be pretty. He had a good look. I didn't want him to touch, because I was so horny I thought I'd come. Now he says that's

why he didn't, to keep me hot and horny till he had Darren's foreskin safely under his knife, but I didn't know that. Anyhow, he had a good look, and he liked the general impression, I could tell, even if the details were a bit of a come-down. And he said something I remembered. He said 'Maybe I could do something about that scar for you.' I didn't think a lot about that, but I remembered it once in a while.

Now we've seen a lot of Doc since he cut Darren. Not just once a week, when he has a look to see how Darren is healing. Well, that's what he says, but the boy and I know better. He's keeping an eye on his handiwork, isn't he, and an eye on Darren at the same time. Not that he's actually had a hand on him, except in the line of business so to speak, but you don't fool me, and you don't fool Darren. But we go over to his place a lot. He's on his own, of course, and we've been doing some decorating for him in the evenings. I've talked a lot to him. He's really good at explaining things. Like for example, all the bits and pieces that make up your cock and your balls, he showed me pictures and diagrams and explained them, so I could see what he'd done when he was circumcising Darren. That's how come I know words like meatus and frenulum. Some of the pictures he had were incredible. The things that some blokes do to their choppers. When he saw mine he said he'd seen worse. Well he'd not only seen them, he'd taken photos! Like the guy with the padlock in his foreskin. Or the two guys with their foreskins sewed together! Course, it's a bit late now for me to try either of those!

One day though, he said, 'Right, Darren's healed up nicely, no problems there. I think we ought to look at you, Terry. Tell me, has Darren ever seen you naked?'

'Shouldn't think so,' I said, 'have you, son?'

'Quick flash a couple of times,' he said, 'Wouldn't mind a better look. After all, you've seen mine.' You know, Darren ain't shy.

Now, I'm not shy, mostly, neither, but I was a bit shy about that because when you've seen your stepson's cock and it's pretty near perfect, and you watched even that being improved by an expert, you're a bit embarrassed if your own could be used to scare cats. Also, I was a bit worried what Doc might mean by 'having a look'. After all, he'd had a look at Darren's, and an hour or so later Darren had had a very, very sore chopper indeed.

'I think we'll all have a closer look,' he said. 'Come on through to the surgery.' I didn't like the sound of the word at all. I mean, the only surgery I've ever had was done by the guy with the scissors. I tried to back out, but 'None of that,' says Doc. 'I said I could do something about your little problem, and I am going to. And since you watched Darren when I attended to him, it's only fair he should watch you. Right, Darren?'

'Right,' says Darren. 'You going to cut him, Doc?'

You cruel little bleeder, I thought. But I had to admit Doc was right. It was only fair. In fact, it was almost funny.

'A little adjustment,' says Doc 'Of course, it won't be as dramatic as yours,' he says to Darren, and I think 'Thank Christ for that!' You know, it's funny. I said that Darren didn't hold it against me that he'd been cut, but I could see that he liked the idea of me getting mine as well. I'd told him about the bastard who butchered me. Funny, it still embarrassed me after all these years. He'd been real interested, wanted to see the result, but I hadn't wanted to show him. Now I was going to anyway, no choice really. I didn't tell him that Doc had circumcised him just because we both wanted him to do it, but I reckon he guessed. And I'd not forgotten the sight of Doc, standing over Darren, holding up Darren's foreskin on the tip of his scalpel. So we went through to the surgery.

'Right,' says Doc. 'Both of you strip.' It was almost like a dream. We stripped slowly, and of course almost at once my cock stiffened at the sight of Darren. For a kid he looks terrific with his young, muscular body and his perfectly circumcised penis. I could see he was coming up, too. 'Now, Darren,' says Doc. 'Have a good look. This is the last time you'll see it like that. Except in the photos, of course.' And he gets out his Polaroid. I didn't know if I wanted that, because after all, it wasn't exactly a picture, but I couldn't say anything. He took two or three shots, and we waited for a couple of minutes while they developed. Meanwhile Darren was playing around with it. And funnily, he seemed very turned on by my poor old battered chopper, and even more so by the fact that it was about to take another battering. The pictures were horrible. You see, I'd only ever seen it from above. I didn't realise what it looked like from a different angle, and it was much worse. If I ever meet that guy again....

Meanwhile Darren was getting impatient. 'Come on, Doc,' he says bashing away at it. 'Don't hang about. Cut him.' 'D'you know, it's a real curious sensation hearing your adopted son say that about your cock.'

'Stand on the mat please, Terry,' says Doc. Then he shines his lamp on it, real bright. 'Now, I can't make it as pretty as Darren's, but we'll do what we can. Remember the Africans? Well you'll have to practice self-control.' He takes his scalpel and a clamp. 'These are the same ones I used on Darren. Now first of all let's get rid of the surplus.' With the clamp he takes hold of the excess skin on one side of the head.

Now, he wasn't gentle, and it hurt when he clamped it, but that was like a foretaste. Still, if Darren could take it, so could I. I wasn't going to show myself up in front of him. 'I've got to hold that tight,' says Doc, 'because it mustn't slip. Tell me if I'm hurting you.'

Course he was, and he knew it, but I wasn't going to say so! He picked up the scalpel. The edge on it glinted. I can tell you, when I saw that my balls crawled. I knew it was sharper than a razor but I tell you, I don't know how and I don't know why, but I knew I wanted it. It wasn't just that Doc was going to tidy up the disfigurement that first butcher had put on me. Somehow, I wanted him to put his mark there. And then I felt it. Oh Christ, I did. He held the blade slanting by my cock-shaft, just by the ugly remnant of foreskin that was left. I felt it touch the skin, lightly, almost like a kiss, and then the honed steel edge bit and he slit the skin, pulling it free with the clamp. I wanted to shout with the pain, but I clenched my teeth. I saw Darren watching me, to see what I could bear, but now I knew how he had been so brave and why his hard had stayed until the final stroke. Doc was an artist with his scalpel. I wished that he had had the full circumcision to perform. For years I'd hated the horrible mess of skin and scar the strange guy had left. Now in two quick strokes Doc had slit it away and as I watched the cut edges fell closely, smoothly together. A thin line of pain like fire marked where his knife had been, but he had cut so quickly and cleanly that I knew I would not cry out, whatever he did.

'Good,' said Doc, 'that's as tight as yours now, Darren. Now the other side.' He slid the point of the scalpel under the skin by the scar. 'I think there's just enough loose here,' he said. 'Not as nice as Darren's, but not bad.' Darren stood there naked, watching Doc working on my cock as I had watched him work on Darren's. He was grinding the head of his cock, exposed by Doc's circumcision, into the palm of his hand. I could see that the skin of his shaft was as tight as a drum, and the cock head was purple and swollen. Then I could not help it, but gave a sharp intake of breath as the steel parted the skin to one side of my hideous scar and as close to it as could be. The pain was less on the other side now, and I felt it fully as Doc slit away the disfigurement. In two strokes it was gone. Doc was moving like lightning now. Miraculously the cut edges fitted closely. I could see that for the first time since the stranger circumcised me I would have a cock to be proud of.

'I'm not going to touch the scar underneath,' said Doc, 'There isn't enough spare skin. But I think that rights the wrong you were done. However, I left my mark on Darren, and I'm going to leave it on you.'

'Yes, yes,' cried the boy. 'Open it for him.' I have to admit it, Doc. I tried to say no, I really tried. But I reckon something else, something right inside me was talking harder. 'Cause what I said was 'Yes!' My cock was bleeding and wounded and it hurt like buggery, but I was proud of it again. I could see Darren stiff as a rod, and almost coming as he watched Doc put down his scalpel and pick up a new one. I might be hurting, but God, was I stiff too. Doc lifted my cock-head and parted the lips of my piss-hole. I felt, slow and gentle and Oh God so cold, the point of the steel enter the tube. It was wonderful. It slid inside a long, long way. Then Doc pressed downward, and very slowly slid it out. It bit down as he withdrew it, and then all the earlier pain was like nothing.

Unless you've actually felt your cock-head sever under the knife, all I can say is, don't bother trying to imagine it. You can't. I looked down. Doc had opened a wound right to the edge of my cock-head. In a haze of pain I saw Darren's semen shoot half way across the room. 'Oh fucking wonderful,' he cried, and, as I felt myself coming too, I cried 'More!'

'No,' I heard Doc say as I the blood and cum spurted from the roots of my being. 'That is my mark. I choose who wears it, and I choose how much.'