

Kevin Comes Home

Well, well. Life is full of surprises. See, my name's Terry, I work at the New Market at Nine Elms, and that means I get back home early in the afternoon. I usually have a shower and a bit of a kip, before Darren, my stepson gets home, and this afternoon I'd just got up again and I was standing there in the all-together, looking in the mirror and not at all unhappy what I saw, if you must know, when the doorbell went. The handiest thing was the bottom of my tracksuit, so I shoved that on, and struggled into the top on my way to the door. I didn't bother hunting for my trainers.

Our flats have pretty solid doors, like you might expect, but I took a quick butchers through the peephole, and like I say, life is full of surprises. Out there stood my big brother Kevin, no less. Now it was a very long time ago since I saw him, and if you know anything about our family history, which you might, you'll know why I didn't really expect to see him now. But, oh well, I opened the door.

'Hello, Kev. What yer want?'

'Got to talk to you, Terry. Can I come in?'

'I suppose so.' Now, this might not sound to you like the way to talk to a long-lost brother, so, for new readers, like they say, here's the top and bottom of it. One night when I was a kid, well, a teenager anyhow, Kevin and Ron, my other brother, came home from the pub with a skinful. We'd had a bit of a barney, them and me, and Ron was still sore, and unluckily for me they met someone, a male nurse he was, with an idea which appealed to Ron. So the two of them held me down, and the other guy circumcised me.

Yup. Circumcised me with the kitchen scissors.

If that upsets you, better stop reading here. I can tell you it upset me. Take a moment to imagine it. It upset me even more when it healed up, not a pretty sight, I can tell you. By some miracle he hadn't damaged my actual cock, but the skin, well, what was left of it, was all scarred and horrible. Now, I'm no intellectual, but I knew who'd had the idea, and I knew who'd just gone along with it, but even so, while I didn't actually hate him, the way I always did Ron, you can understand my big brother Kev was not really what you'd call a mate. But, I got him a beer from the fridge, and as I did so I thought I noticed something strange.

Now, next time there's a bloke in the street coming toward you in a tracksuit, have a quick look at his crotch, discreet like, 'cause you don't want him to take it wrong. And often enough you get quite a good idea what his bits are like. You can often get a fair idea of the size of it, and how it hangs. I like to think I can guess if he's circumcised or not, having an interest in the subject, you might say. Not always, but enough to make it interesting. Only, it was a bit of a surprise, because what I thought I saw was Kevin looking at where my tracksuit was, let's say, bobbling a bit.

Now, I wasn't wearing my Y-fronts, so maybe it was a bit more obvious than usual, and if I say it myself, I've got as much down there as you could hope to find, certainly more than most, but I hadn't thought he was the type to look at it. I mean, I hadn't much liked the ladies he'd been after, but they'd all been ladies. Course, my own efforts that way, well, all right while it lasted, but it didn't last. And probably I was wrong, I mean, sure as anything he wasn't here to stare at my crotch. So I asked him what he wanted.

Jesus, it was a long rigmarole, but you can call me soft if you like, because I really began to feel a bit sorry for him about half way through. I mean, whatever he was, he was family. What it came down to was he needed a job. He'd been working in Germany, and he'd done OK, been site-foreman a couple of times, even saved some money. I reckon he's not as thick as I used to think. Only, they went into recession, and the Turks would work for less, so he'd come back. He'd enough to get by for a bit, but he needed a job. Maybe I could get him one at the Market?

And maybe I could. Course, mostly the work's casual, but a lot of it gets handed out to family, if you know what I mean. I wouldn't let Darren, my stepson, do it, but I could get a job for Kevin, easy.

'I could ask,' I said. 'No promises, of course.' He knows the way things work, same as I do, and you could see the relief. I stood up to get him another beer.

'That'd be great,' he said. 'I'd be really grateful.' I turned round and saw he was looking embarrassed. 'I thought you mightn't want to.'

'Why would that be?' I looked him in the eye. 'Why would that be, Kev?'

'After... After what happened.'

'After what happened when?'

'After... Well, you know...'

'After you had me circumcised?'

Now circumcised, I ought to say, to me that's a magic word. I hadn't meant to say it, I'd meant him to say it first, because every time I say it, it has an effect. I could feel my cock twitch and begin to stiffen.

'That was Ron, honest, Ron and that bloke. Honest, Terry, I thought that was for kids, I didn't even know a guy your age could be...' he gulped 'done like that.'

'Say the word, Kev. Say the right word. You and Brother Ron held me down, and what did the guy do?'

And I'd been right. Brother Kevin was looking at my tracksuit trousers where something quite big inside them looked as if it was trying to get out. I wasn't embarrassed, I was letting it show, and Kev couldn't have missed it.

I asked again. 'What did the guy do?'

Kev had gone quite white. 'He circumcised you.' He could hardly say it. 'He fucking circumcised you.'

'And you held me down?'

'And Ron and me held you down.'

'And you watched him?'

'And I watched him.' He was whispering, now, and staring at the shape in my tracksuit.

'And you liked it.' Not a question.

He began to shake his head. 'No, honest, that was Ron.'

'You saw it, Kev.' He was making a sort of whimpering noise. 'And you liked it.'

He stopped shaking his head. He was shivering. Then he nodded slowly and said, 'It was fucking wonderful. Gawd's truth, Terry, I didn't know it could happen, except with kids. See, I'd hardly even ever seen a guy's whatsit before, I'd never even seen yours. And then when he started, it was like I couldn't look and yet I couldn't keep my eyes off it. I've never seen anything like it. I don't suppose I ever will. But I tell you, Terry, I'm sorry it was you, but I'm not sorry it happened. I'd do it again.'

Now, as you may know, Darren and I have a friend who is a doctor, so I thought that if he really wanted to see another circumcision, it could probably be arranged

'You think about it sometimes, don't you?'

He nodded again. "S not a word you hear often, is it, that one? But every time I hear it, I think about what we done to you.'

'You and Ron.'

'Me and Ron. Only, he...'

'Only he what, Kev?'

'He wanted to *hurt* you. He hated you. He'd have damaged you proper, if we'd let him. I never told you that, but it's true.' Now there was something I hadn't known. Not really a surprise, mind you. I shook my head.

'What about you? What did you want?'

'I wanted to see it. We were there in the pub and that bloke said, well, that word. And I'm straight, Terry, you know I'm straight, but I wanted to see him do it, more than anything.'

Well, that sounded like the truth. I knew about that.

"S a good word, though, innit? Say it again, Kev.'

'I can't.'

'Yes, you can, Kev. Easy. What's the word?'

He took a very deep breath.

'Circumcise. I wanted him to circumcise you.'

'Stand up, Kev.' And you know, it was just like I thought. I was wearing a loose tracksuit, so my hard-on could let itself go. He was in jeans, and he couldn't risk standing up straight, because to look at him, he was so hard he might have snapped it off.

'Terry,' he said, and he was really shaking, 'listen, you know me, you've always played it both ways. I've always been strictly for the ladies.' He closed his eyes. 'And you're my brother, and what we done was wrong, and this is wrong too, really wrong. You didn't ought to lead me on like this. But I've got to see it again. I've got to see what we did. I've got to see it.'

'Have you now?' I said softly. Do you know, I really thought he was going to pass out. 'Have you now, Kev? Well, not in the kitchen. Cummon through.'

'Listen, Terry, that's all I want. I don't want anything fancy.'

'I'm your brother, Kev. And you're safer with me than I was with you.'

He looked ashamed. Then he said 'I told you. I'm sorry it was you.'

'OK then. Come through. And then we'll talk about it.'

So we went through into the bedroom. And I meant it. I wasn't going to do anything he didn't want. Not one thing. I pulled the curtains and turned on the light.

'Now,' I said, 'you strip off.' He protested a bit, but I shook my head. 'We do it my way, or we don't do it at all.' Then I slipped off my tracksuit top, and a moment later, he slipped off his T-shirt. He had a good body, a bit rough maybe and you pick up scars in the building trade, but not bad.

He put his hands on the belt of his jeans, then he stopped and said 'I don't think I can do this.'

'Sure you can,' I said. 'See, Kevin my brother, it's like this. You said you'd never seen my cock before that night. Well, I've never seen yours. Ever. Today, I'm going to. No question, Kev.' I looked him in the eye and said it again. 'No question at all.' And he bent down and took off his boots and his socks. As he undid his belt, he said 'I've never done this for a bloke.'

'I'm not just a bloke, Kev. I'm Terry. And you owe me.'

Well, that did it. He undid his fly and let his jeans fall. Then he stepped out of them. His Y-fronts were too tight for what was inside, and they were pulled forward at the top. I could see the shape of his cockhead, and a little moist patch at the tip. I reached forward and pulled the elastic out and down. He tried to stop me, but I said sharply 'Uh, uh. Hands away. Don't touch yourself, and don't try to touch me, neither, not yet.' Then I pulled the elastic again, and there was my big brother's cock, very pleased to see the light.

And very nice too. Very, very nice.

Maybe cocks run in families - I never saw Ron or my old man, so I couldn't really say, but Kevin's cock was just like mine was, before they scissored it. Like, it was big, not stupid, freak big - nice big, call it 'substantial', not quite as

long as mine, but just a little bit thicker. It stood up proud, dead straight and pointing a little upwards, the helmet maybe a little bit fatter than mine, and the foreskin back just far enough so I could see a little bit of purple head around the eye. I didn't touch it, but I looked at it for several long moments.

'Oh, Kevin,' I said at last. 'That's quite something. That's a real cock. Only, so is this.' And I undid the cord of my tracksuit and let the trousers fall. 'That's what you wanted to see. Innit?'

He didn't say a word, he just stood there, staring at my cock. Then he dropped to his knees. He was going to take it in his mouth, but I stood back a little and said 'Later.' I knew if he did, I would come on the spot and I wanted to hang off for a few seconds more. My nuts were on fire, I thought his must be, too.

'Stand up, Kev,' my voice was beginning to crack. He got up, and I asked, 'do you like it? I do. And it's the way it is because of you. Not just you, course, but you're a lot of it. Are you pleased?'

'Oh, sweet Jesus, no, I mustn't,' he said. 'Oh this is wrong, but sweet, fucking, hairy Jesus yes, I like it. Did I say just now I was sorry it was you we circumcised? Cause now I've seen it, Terry, I'm not sorry, I'm glad we circumcised you. Cause that is fucking wonderful.' He stopped for a moment, and looked at the scars round my cockhead. Then he grabbed it, and pulled it, and kneaded the knob with his big hard right hand. I reached out for his foreskin and slipped it back. I'd known we were only a few seconds away, there wasn't time for anything fancy, it only took two or three strokes and we both gave a great yell as we hit it together. I felt as if something was squeezing the cum out of my balls, down to the last drop, as we shuddered and milked each other dry, one circumcised brother, one uncircumcised. And we were still holding each other's cocks, with what felt like a pint and a half of cum in our hands, when there was a little cough at the door.

I don't know how long he had been there, but Darren had come back from school. He was standing there, smiling and raising his eyebrows a little, and looking thoughtfully at Kevin's bits. I thought Kevin would pass out from embarrassment, he let go my cock and tried to make a grab for his Y-fronts, or anything, but I held on to his, and took hold of his shoulder with my other hand.

It was hard work keeping my voice steady, but I did it.

'Time for introductions,' I said. 'This is my boy Darren. Darren, this is Kevin.'

'Kevin?' he said, in a sort of speculative voice.

'Your Uncle Kevin.' I said, firmly. And as I said it, I noticed that Darren was looking just where you might expect. Well, well, well.

Darren's Uncle

Well, well, well. Life is full of surprises. Now where have I seen that before? See, my name's Darren, and I came home from school one hot summer's day, just before A-levels.

Even before I opened the door, I could hear noises inside the flat. They didn't sound all that threatening to me, but you never know, so I let myself in quietly. I needn't have bothered. The amount of noise coming from the bedroom, they wouldn't have heard me if I'd come in with a brass band. Of course, I recognised Terry's voice at once - he just doesn't understand how loud he shouts when he's coming - but there was another guy there as well, I could hear him, and he was almost as loud. When it was all calming down a bit, well, call me nosey if you like, I wanted to know who was in there, but I didn't want to play gooseberry, I put my head round the door. There was this guy, completely spaced out, holding Terry's prick and staring at it - well, I understood that. Funny, there was something familiar about him. Terry had his back to me, so I gave a little cough, and the other guy jumped like a startled cat and started fumbling for his knickers.

Now Terry, he's got style. He stopped the guy dead and they both stood there bollock-naked while he introduced us. I didn't shake hands, it would have been a bit sticky. When Terry comes, he really comes.

And who did the guy turn out to be? Why, my 'Uncle' Kevin. That explained the familiar look. Except that he was dark and Terry's fair but they had the same sort of looks. Kevin looked a bit rougher, and he had quite a bit more body-hair, but he was the same sort of shape and size, and to be honest, that's the kind I like. And, there was one other

difference, which we'll come to. Maybe I should explain; Terry married my mother and adopted me. He went on looking after me when she walked out, a couple of years back. So he's like a father, in a way, and like an older brother, and a lot like a mate, as well. And one thing more. About eighteen months ago, he took me to the Doctor, and he had me circumcised. Just like that.

So it was really interesting to meet his older brother. See, when Terry himself was a teenager, Kevin and his other brother, Ron, had had him circumcised, just like that, and not by a doctor either. I've seen it. It was rough. Even more interesting because the Doctor who circumcised me for Terry later tidied up Terry's prick. If you look closely, though Terry's pretty choosy who gets to do that, even I don't get to see it often as I'd like, you can tell there's something a bit different, but it's a really neat job. In fact, Doc has become quite a friend of ours. As you may know, if you've read the rest of what Terry calls our Family History.

And now, here was some more family. Terry noticed I was looking quite hard at Uncle Kevin's prick, which was rather nice, not as nice as Terry's, but nice. He was holding Kevin's foreskin, pulling it a little bit forward, and when he saw me looking, he let go.

'Put the kettle on, would you, Darren? Just while we tidy up.' So I went into the kitchen, and closed the door behind me and put the kettle on, and made some tea. I turned on the telly, so Terry'd know he could say what he wanted without me hearing. I could tell that they went into the bathroom to wash up, and after a bit when they'd got dressed, they came in to the kitchen and sat down for some tea.

'I'm going to try and find Kev some work,' Terry said. 'In the meantime he's going to be staying here. Temporary. He can have the other bed in my room.'

'OK. You got clothes and stuff, Uncle Kev.'

'Just Kev'll do. Yeah, I'll get them later.' So we drank our tea, and he didn't say very much, in fact he looked kind of shell-shocked. And afterwards he went off to the lady-friend he'd been staying with in Hoxton, who'd given him marching orders, I should think, to get his things. I gave him ten seconds to get right out of earshot, then I turned and looked at Terry. And he looked at me.

'That was a surprise,' he said.

'Looked like it was one for him, too.'

'He'd never done it with a bloke.'

'Not even when you and he were kids?'

'Nah. Funny, it never came up, somehow.' He grinned.

'What does he know about me?'

'You're Sylvia's kid. I adopted you. You're clever and you're doing your exams, and if he moves in here that's the only important thing till they're finished, no messing.'

'Nothing else?'

'Family history? Only about me. I told him Doc tidied me up.'

'OK, let's keep it that way.'

Then he told me all about what had happened before I get home, and when he'd finished,

'Saw you looking,' he said.

'Yup. Nice, isn't it. Saw you holding his foreskin.' And I looked him straight in the eyes.

'Darren, he's my brother.'

'You're his.' And he hadn't an answer to that.

'It is nice, though, innit. Like it is.'

'Yeah, it is. So was mine.' He hadn't an answer to that either.

'I wanted it even nicer. You like it, don't you?'

'You know I do. He'll like it too.' I could see Terry thinking.

'Nah,' he said at last. 'He'll never wear it.'

'Terry,' I said, 'you leave it to me. You stay out of it and he'll beg for it.' I knew I was right.

Which meant talking to Doc. See, Doc likes circumcision. He'll tell you all sorts of reasons for it, medical reasons, social reasons, the whole bag of them. But he doesn't really believe them. He tells you them and he watches you, I've seen him do it, and what he's doing is waiting till you really want it yourself, and it doesn't matter if you believe his reasons or not, they're an excuse so you can have what you want, which is what he wants, too, which is circumcision.

And he's good at it, too. He once said to me that he wouldn't do anyone under sixteen any more, because it wasn't their choice, but after sixteen he needed to be a lot more careful because the skin was tougher and it was hard to get a really good-looking result. Certainly you could look at what he did for me, and the ring of confidence is just where it should be, nice and neat and smooth, quite visible but doesn't stand out.

The other side, though, is he won't be taken for granted. So I was going to need to talk him round first, before I talked to Kevin. Luckily, Terry and I go round from time to time. We do his decorating and stuff, and I sometimes help in the garden. As luck would have it I was due to go round soon. Kevin seemed to have settled in, though I wondered if he was a bit leery of me, so a couple of evenings later I left Terry and him in front of the telly with a couple of beers, and went round to clip Doc's hedges.

'Hello, Darren. You're almost a stranger.' He was sitting outside with a book and some coffee.

'Sorry,' I said, 'A-levels.'

'Fair enough. How are you going to do in them?'

'Good.' I knew I was.

'Right,' he said. 'Coffee?'

'I'll get on with this, thanks' I said, 'before the light goes.'

I finished the hedges, they weren't in bad nick but there was quite a lot, and he'd gone in. I emptied the clippings on the heap, and put away the clippers in the shed. The back door was open, and I went through the kitchen into the hall. The light was on in his study, and I tapped on the door and went in.

'Come and sit down,' he said. 'Tell me about the A-levels.' So we chatted for a bit. I couldn't quite think how to bring Kevin into the conversation, but Doc asked me how Terry was.

'Fine,' I said. 'Mind you, we've had a bit of a surprise. We've got a lodger.'

'A lodger? Forgive me, but I wouldn't have thought you had room.'

'S OK. Terry's room's got twin beds.'

'Oh.' I could see the way his mind was working.

'Doc,' I said reproachfully, 'you know better than that.'

He grinned. 'I suppose I should by now. Still, Terry likes guys, and there's no two ways about that.'

'Course not. But not this time.'

He looked at me. 'It's not you and whoever it is, is it?'

'Well, in a way it is. But not that way.'

He looked at me again. Then he nodded. Then he said, 'Darren, I think you're telling me you've got something to tell me.' And if that sounds a bit complicated, well, it was right on the button. 'And correct me if I'm wrong, but it has to do with your 'lodger'?'

'Maybe.'

'So, if I knew who it was it would tell me quite a lot?'

I grinned at him. 'Quite a lot. Maybe.'

'Only two names come to mind, well, maybe three but I think the third one is no longer with us. So it isn't your Uncle Ron, and I don't believe you'd string me along like this over your mother. Only leaves one, am I right?'

'Maybe.' Now, you must have spotted I'd been 'stringing him along' because I knew he loved this sort of game. And he's good at it because now it was his turn to surprise me.

'Well,' he said. 'In that case, maybe it's someone vaguely connected with this.' And he went to his desk and picked up a little box. 'This is something, you might almost call it a souvenir, I've had it for some time. Only, recently I had it mounted. It's now a paperweight, and very nice too.'

He opened the box and showed me. It was a little transparent cube of Perspex. Inside it, there was a transparent purplish glass marble. Wrapped round the marble was a sort of collar of something pale. I turned it over slowly, and underneath, incised into the Perspex were my name and a date.

I was looking at my own foreskin. And I was literally speechless.

'Am I right?' Doc reached out and took the paperweight back. 'I've got this because Terry brought you here and I circumcised you. He brought you here because his brothers had him circumcised.' He paused. 'You know, Darren, you're a good actor, but I spotted you were up to something as soon as you turned up tonight.'

I could only nod, but I felt I was getting my breath back.

'Right,' said Doc. 'Now, if I tell you the answer is maybe, what were you going to ask me?'

I still couldn't speak properly, but I managed to stammer it out.

'I want you to circumcise my Uncle Kevin.'

'Thought so. Well, you already know what my answer is. What did the man say? It's a definite maybe! I'll tell you one thing, though. If you and Terry are looking for revenge, forget it. I won't wreck his dick the way Terry's nearly was.'

'No,' I said. 'That's not what we want. That's over. Kevin is going to want this.'

Doc gave a wry smile. 'And you're going to make sure he does? Well, when you've talked him into it, I'll think about it. Just as long as you understand, Darren. I'm a craftsman, not a butcher. Funny, it's the same thing I told Terry about you. Look at this again.' He held out the little transparent cube with my foreskin in it, this time with the cut edge toward me. 'See that. It's perfect. It's as exact a cut as you'll ever see. Which is quite something, considering it was freehand and very fast indeed. Anyway, that's the only way I do it. If I do it.'

Then he put my foreskin away again in the little box. I don't know how I said goodnight. I don't know how I got home. I do know I dreamed about that little box.