

Magic Circo

"Hello," said the incredibly beautiful blonde behind the steampunk counter as I entered the curious shop in Soho I had never noticed before. She was wearing a nurse's outfit, and the shop interior seemed to be a Victorian study, without any goods on display – just two armchairs by a fireplace.

I thought it rather interesting that this shop's name had abbreviated "Circus" the way it had, and asked her about it as we sat down on a club sofa.

That made her laugh out loud. "We provide a special kind of experience here," she explained. "Surely, you are familiar with the topic of male circumcision? The problem with it is that it tends to be quite final as a medical procedure, without any opportunity to try out the different varieties first. We make that possible. We can do this because we can perform actual magic. Are you circumcised?"

I figured if she really was capable of magic, she should know that, and told her so.

"It was a rhetorical question," she said and added, fixing me with a stern glance, "we know that you do have a rather long foreskin which would benefit from a bit of trimming in any event, if I may say so. Just look at that," she continued, having somehow managed to pull out my penis without me noticing; "such a long, unsightly hose of skin which will do nothing for you visually, and is clearly staying forward and in the way even now that an erection is building. A bit tight, too, isn't it?" And she pulled back on it a little, which put tension on the opening. It was true, I did have a bit of a tight foreskin when erect. "Quite a nice penis otherwise, I have to say," she added and took an extended, enamoured look at it while turning it a little in her slender hands, lacquered fingernails glistening in the afternoon light. "It's so thick... I don't think there is even a Gomco clamp on the market that would fit you if you had to undergo a conventional circumcision." She absentmindedly massaged the glans with the foreskin, her mind apparently elsewhere.

I had the most humongous boner by now, which she acknowledged with a smile. "There are many different ways to circumcise a penis," she continued while still holding on to mine, "and when it's done, they all look different and even function differently. During our programme, we start you out on a minimal level of circumcision first, progressively giving you more and more glans exposure as the weeks go by. So, in your first week, only this slightly phimotic overhang here will be missing; the following week, the foreskin will only cover about half of the glans; the week after that, it will be sitting directly behind the corona; and finally, we will take it as far back as this..." and she pulled the shaft skin back sharply; this made me come violently, which she seemed to have anticipated, as she dexterously held a paper tissue against the tip of my penis just in time.

"As you can see, we know what we are doing here," she purred, pulled my foreskin forward over the glans, and replaced my penis in my trousers without any further ado. Then she put on a business-like demeanour.

"Our terms of service are that we will magically provide you with a different circumcision variant every Saturday morning, and you can then try it out for a whole week before we change to the next one" she continued to explain, dreamily playing with my foreskin. A staff member will give you guidance, and at the end of the trial run, you decide which variant you want to keep, if it isn't the last one we show you. If you do want to be circumcised, that is, but I can tell you that we have so far not had a single client who didn't choose a circumcision variant in the end. If, at any given time in the future, you want your foreskin back, you can have that, too. We sometimes provide foreskins to clients for a limited time. As for payment – none required. It's also covered by magic. Just agree, and the program starts. Four Saturdays, four different circumcision styles. Just sign here."

I figured I had nothing to lose by this, so I signed up.

“Good choice,” said the blonde, and bade me farewell, handing me a business card. If it hadn’t been for that, I would have attributed the whole episode to my vivid imagination only hours later. But there it was, a business card with “Magic Circs” clearly printed on it.

Still, I had pretty much forgotten about it by Saturday morning, when I woke up in the morning with the usual erection and an unfamiliar sensation at the end of it – bedding touching the glans! Instinctively, I tried to pull the foreskin forward under the covers, only to realize that it was too short to close in front of the glans, as it usually would have done. Instead, it stopped short of covering all of it, leaving probably about a quarter of the glans poking out.

“A bit short now, isn’t it?” said a calm, female voice next to me in a slightly amused tone; “yes, this tends to catch most novices by surprise; no complete coverage anymore. But it does still lend itself to some good, old-school, foreskin wanking. May I lend you a hand...?” A cool hand gripped my penis and began to playfully move the shortened foreskin up and down. There, in the sunlight, sat a very attractive brunette in a dark blue silk robe, on the edge of my bed in my Kensington flat, her right arm disappearing under my bed covers as she smiled at me warmly. Next to her impressive cleavage stuck a small, oval brass name plate reading “Henrietta, Magic Circs.”

“You’ll have to excuse if we don’t go any further than this manual treatment at this stage; I have noticed your looks, but with this much foreskin still in place, we are advised to touch by hand only, for hygienic reasons, as I am sure you’ll appreciate. There’s still quite a bit of that animal scent going on. Just a bit of well-practiced stimulation... there, that didn’t take long. We do notice clients come very swiftly at this stage.” I had indeed, and she had managed to contain it quite well just with her hand. She must have done this a lot.

She expertly applied paper tissues, then said “there; now shall we take a look at it?” Pulling away my bed covers, she sat across my legs, her dress riding up high enough to reveal a cleanly shaven vagina. As she leaned forward, her breasts came close to dropping out of her silk dress. She seemed not to care, focusing instead entirely on my penis and explaining in a lecture-like tone:

“As you can see, this is a so-called minimal circumcision. The phimotic ring of tightened skin that used to sit in front of your glans has been removed, which means the opening of the foreskin now sits higher up around the middle of the glans when erect. The skin edge is surprisingly thick, isn’t it? That’s because the foreskin is a good three millimetres thick here already. You can see where the pink inner skin and the tan outer skin have been brought together with sutures – that’s also what has left this regular pattern all around the opening of the remaining foreskin. Suture scars. They are unavoidable on adults. One, two, three... fourteen of them to be exact, going around to ensure the two skin types align properly while healing. And now comes the surprise part...” with that, she pulled the foreskin back, and didn’t stop until her fingernails reached the base of the penis. “Since the frenulum has also been severed, it is now possible to push the opening of the foreskin all the way back the shaft of the penis, until only pink, inner skin is visible, and the remainder of the outer skin is bunched up at the very end of the shaft. Amazing, isn’t it? That is a lot of sensitive inner skin to play with. Unfortunately, it will still have a smell, and feel quite undefined. See how it tends to roll back on itself. And it looks a bit like a sausage roll. But it is a start.” With that, she got up and cleaned her hands with some special wipes. “You will have this for one week. Then, we take you to the next stage. Happy testing.”

With a wink, she disappeared.

By evening, I was thoroughly unnerved by the new status. I hadn't a single piece of underwear I could wear without irritating the small bit of glans that poked out, and try as I may, I could not pull any skin over it to protect it.

"Hang in there," the lady at the call centre said when I called them at ten to have the circumcision reversed, "it takes some getting used to. You'll need to move differently, Sir. In a few days, you'll get the hang of it, pun intended."

For three days, I found it next to impossible to live a normal life. The bald tip of the glans made painful contact with my underwear during every step, and the skin wouldn't stay back for more than a second when I tried to make it more bearable by creating a larger contact area by retracting it.

On Wednesday evening, Henrietta appeared next to my bed again.

"How are we doing?" she asked.

"Terrible," I said, "it doesn't stay forward and it doesn't stay backward. And it feels sticky. Can you reverse the circumcision, please? I hate it."

"I could," she said, "but at this stage, we'd rather you experience the seemingly light variants fully so you can appreciate the more progressive ones more. It's a strange thing with circumcisions, you see; the more radical they get, the more agreeable they are. You'll see. In the meantime, I'll give you a full length foreskin till morning so you can relax a little. I understand. Very few clients opt for the minimal circumcision in the end, because it really doesn't have much going for it. Enjoy your foreskin for the night. This will probably be the last time you'll be asking for one."

Saturday morning saw me waking up to the sensation of the exposed glans of my erection touching the cotton of my bedding. A generous roll of puffy, pink skin sat behind the corona. I could easily push it onto the glans a little from behind, but it rolled back immediately by itself when I let go.

"That would have to feel a little better," said the curvy, short haired platinum blonde in the white bath robe sitting on the edge of my bed. Her name plate read "Nicky," and she had a navel piercing, as I could see plainly when she straddled me, her bath robe falling open, as she swung herself onto my bed. She also had an Aruba tattoo in the bikini zone, and breasts of enormous heft. My penis towered exactly between them. I quite liked the look of it.

"Look at that," she said in mock wonderment, fixing my penis with an intent glare that made her go a little cross eyed; "the entire glans is all the way out, all by itself; when did you ever have that before?" I had to admit it was the first time. "Of course," she said, it will still cover half of the head when your erection subsides; and there will be an involuntary rolling action upon outstroke during sex, causing the roll of skin to come forward over the corona. So, you go in – it retracts; you go out – corona gets covered by skin roll. Some like it, some want a more direct touch. Here, this is what I mean." And she took my penis between her breasts and slowly rocked back and forth, allowing me to observe how the remainder of the foreskin rolled over the corona every time she pulled away.

"Oh my," she said a few moments later, wiping at the semen that was dripping from her nipples and running down her neck, "that didn't take long, did it? No worries though, we find that clients last longer as things get more... revealing, shall we say. You will find masturbation very easy and enjoyable with this kind of circumcision, and I should warn you, it will be a permanent temptation. With this model, you may find yourself wishing for more foreskin while masturbating, and more glans exposure when flaccid. We often get calls from clients at this stage, requesting more skin to be taken off. It can happen that hair gets caught between glans and the foreskin remainder, which can

pinch; so you better get a close shave, or make sure you keep a stiffy all week.” With a grin, she disappeared.

By Tuesday, she was back. “Keeping the skin back with one hand in your trousers nonstop, aren’t you?” she winked at me with a knowing smile. “Want me to give you a foreskin for the night? I can, you know. Just till morning.” I didn’t want that. I wanted the skin to stay back. “Keep a stiffy,” she said with a mischievous smile, making her breasts swing in front of me, then disappeared again. I never jerked off more often in my life than during that week.

The following Saturday, I awoke to the feeling of being close to orgasm. Instinctively, I reached for my penis, and touched a bare glans. There was also no roll of skin behind the corona. “Isn’t that ever mean,” a new female voice said, “so horny, but no skin to polish the tip with. None at all. In fact, it pulls away the moment you get erect, and that shiny glans is aaall the way out. Tsk, tsk... what to do...?” And I felt lips encasing the glans. She seemed Mediterranean, her hair was pitch black, and all she wore was one of my own T-shirts. When she finally pouted her lips and thrust the tip of her tongue against the underside of my glans, a fountain of sperm ended up covering her mane of shiny, black hair. She didn’t seem to mind, smiled contentedly instead, and sat up opposite me in my bed, brushing back her hair and openly displaying her pussy by comfortably spreading her legs.

“What you have here now is a standard, European medical circumcision,” she explained. The foreskin is cut directly behind the glans, all the way around, so that there will never be any coverage in the flaccid state. This is a very safe way to ensure freedom from phimosis. As erection builds, the shaft skin tightens; the skin pulls away from the glans, revealing some pink, inner skin, but not much, since most of it has been removed. This is also beneficial for protection against diseases, since the entry point for viruses and bacteria is usually through skin areas featuring so-called Langerhans cells, of which the inner foreskin has particularly many. When you look at the underside, you’ll notice that the cut line follows the shape of the glans there precisely, too – resulting in a little triangular wedge shape of shaft skin pushing in a little. It’s a very neat and elegant style of circumcision, similar to those of the Middle East in overall appearance. I personally like it best. It seems visually like a retracted foreskin, and kind of self-cleans during every erection, of which you’ll have on average eight per day, the medical books say. The one thing you may be sceptical about is of course masturbation. You may believe that there simply isn’t enough skin to do it anymore. Well, try it. I’ll just sit back and watch.”

And she sat back comfortably at the end of my bed, extending one elegant foot and playfully poking my penis with her big toe. “Wank,” she said with a grin, touching herself gently with one hand. Her nipples were showing clearly through the old T-shirt she was wearing. “You have a remarkably nice penis, by the way. Now it really shows well.”

I tried to masturbate in my usual way, and found that I only had to reposition my hand a short bit further back to get a very comfortable grip on the shaft skin, which ended up pushing rhythmically against the back of the glans. My index and middle fingers rested against the skin delta under the glans she has described, and it all went really well.

“See?” she said, finally pulling my T-shirt off herself, which had received a generous sprinkling, “it works like a charm.” With that, she removed her name tag, which I only noticed now had read “Sarah”, and disappeared.

The new circumcision was great. It felt neat and well-defined, and the fully exposed head actually was quite pleasant, even when wearing the underwear that had been so disagreeable with the

minimal style. I could feel the glans at all times, of course, but it was a nice sort of reminder of its existence, and never too much.

“So,” said Sarah when she appeared in my living room on Thursday, “how is it? Feel like covering up with a bit of complementary foreskin for a night?”

“Hell no,” I said and meant it, “it’s exquisite.”

“Feels nice and clean, doesn’t it?” she nodded knowingly. “A lot of our clients choose this style. A timeless classic which very likely mirrors the visuals of the majority of circumcisions carried out in history, starting with ancient Egypt. You’ll never look out of place with this one. One bit of advice: Try oil – it’s amazing.” With that, she vanished.

And what can I say, oil really is amazing.

I was so comfortable with the low circumcision that I nearly forgot there was still to be a fourth one. On Saturday morning, this was made abundantly clear to me when I woke myself up by ejaculating straight into my bedding. The skin on my penis felt drum tight, and there was a world of sensations from the bedding touching it halfway up the shaft.

“Bravo,” said a mellow, female voice as my blanket was pulled away, “this is how most clients wake up to the high and tight circumcision variant.” The lady sitting at the end of my bed was a voluptuous, freckly redhead wearing a denim jacket and nothing else. The name tag read Nora.

“The high and tight circumcision variant developed as a result of American clamp techniques,” she launched right into her intro lecture. “As you can see, what used to be the inner foreskin layer has been stretched backward to join up with the very severely shortened shaft skin, essentially positioning the scar ring halfway up the penis shaft. It creates a striking two-tone appearance and ensures that there can never be any folds of skin near the glans. This made it a popular choice for those upholding Victorian values, which still prevail as a kind of founding spirit in places like the United States and Australia – which is also where this style is the most popular today. Looks great, doesn’t it? We actually anticipate that you’ll be keeping this one, unless you specify otherwise.”

She sat astride my legs, took hold of my penis, and gently began to play with it while continuing her explanations.

“You’ll find that build-up of anything in the groove behind the glans is next to impossible with this variant, as is stimulation by skin movement, by the way. Masturbation becomes a bit of a hard thing to do, unless you have the right means, such as oil. It is these very aspects which endear this style to Victorian minds, because it seems punitive, but what they don’t realize is that actually, this variant is probably the naughtiest of them all, due to its tendency to create constant stimulation through the high skin tension. You may have heard of the Florentine technique used by prostitutes in ancient times to get their clients off more satisfyingly? They pulled the shaft skin tight during sex. This circumcision style you have now will put you in that state permanently. Which is why you came the way you did this morning. That will take some getting used to, and you may want to invest in an extra package of laundry detergent until then. Newly done circumcisees of this style are hard on textiles. Victorian chastity, my ass. And speaking of which, the high and tight circumcision also ranks naughtiest as far as the female enjoyment factor is concerned. The lack of skin movement makes the high circumcised penis far more stimulating, so go easy, as there will be much more direct friction; and the circular scar halfway up the penis shaft actually creates a step women can feel where it counts. Here’s what I mean.”

With that, she simply guided me inside herself and rode me to an orgasm that felt like my brains had been included in the ejaculation.

Afterwards, she was nowhere to be seen.

Just a business card was placed on my desk, stating among the usual, "just call if you want more foreskin."

I've never called them.