

The NGO

“At last, it’s getting warm again”, thought Dr. Samantha Goldberg, as she got back to work in her office not far from the center of the village. It was mid-morning on the second Saturday of the month and Max, the current intern, had just left after handing her the list of patients for that afternoon, rather than staying for some small talk or offering his help to pack things up as he usually did. At first, Samantha had thought that the red-headed young man was a great addition to the team. He was not only competent and good mannered, and Samantha had to admit that it didn’t hurt that he was also very good looking, but he had also really made the effort to learn a bit of the local language and engage with the local youth. Unfortunately, though, over the last two weeks it had become clear that Max had become a liability. The number of new patients had dried up, and she had heard some rumors from the older women in the village as to why. It had become clear to her that Max’s position in the project was no longer sustainable. With a heavy heart, she had started to search for a replacement and was planning to ask him to leave.

Samantha had been working on the project in a small village in Southern Africa for the past three years. Back home, she had been part of the research group which had founded the NGO all those years ago. They had been the offspring of a larger UN-sponsored research project which had shown reduced HIV transmission rates amongst circumcised males. The results had been so convincing that they decided to set up an NGO to promote circumcision in areas where the disease was still pandemic. In general, the many tribes of the country were split between those which had a circumcision tradition and those that didn’t. They had set up shop in a region, which traditionally did not circumcise, and teams of both doctors and anthropologists had tried to come up with conditions favorable to increasing circumcision rates in the local male population. You could definitely say this was Samantha’s life’s work.

They had two main challenges. The first one was easy and Samantha, as an experienced doctor, had herself been part of the team which had developed the solution of how to circumcise safely in an environment where you didn’t necessarily have a trained urologist or a sterile environment. They developed a disposable plastic clamp which could be fitted to the patient’s penis, cutting off the blood flow to the foreskin. It didn’t require an anesthetic, since it was almost painless. The device needed to remain on the patient for a week after which the then dead skin could be cut off with scissors.

The second challenge was more complex, and their current success was always fragile: how to convince mostly young men to part with their foreskin? The team’s anthropologists had studied the local tribes that did have a circumcision tradition and had come up with a concept. Circumcisions needed to be staged. Whatever the age of their patients, the whole affair needed to be festive and include the family and the community in it. It could not, as in the West, be just an individual’s choice to be done privately in a clinical doctor’s office but needed to be an event in which people, indeed the community, would want to participate. The role of women: mothers, wives, girlfriends, could not be underestimated. If they were convinced of the advantages of circumcision, they would apply pressure to their men to get done. That is why the NGO always had a woman leading the local team in each village. Her role was to engage with the local women and set the basis for a pro circumcision culture among them. Samantha had excelled at this, as she was both old enough for the wives and mothers to appreciate her advice and young enough for the girlfriends to feel they could approach her. The second member of the team was usually a young man. He was the one that other young men could approach to ask the questions they would not dare ask of an older woman, mostly issues surrounding sex and masturbation. Max was the third intern supporting Samantha in this role during her stay at the village. The first one had been a fellow Israeli PhD student and the second one had been an American medical student. Max was the first European to join the project.

It was a role Max unfortunately was no longer performing. Samantha did not know for certain why, and Max neither. Maybe someone had taken a peek when Max was washing himself in his hut? Or someone had become suspicious after seen him in his wet, tight white Calvin briefs when he went swimming with some of the guys but had forgotten to take his swimsuit with him? Anyway, no matter how, fact is that word had gotten out that Max was not circumcised. He lost all credibility with the local males and the number of patients had dropped significantly. Samantha turned her attention back to the patient list for this afternoon. The devices came in different sizes so they needed to do a checkup before the circumcision to see which size would fit. Since this was a sensitive topic for most men, Max was the one who took care of that. They did not have the names of the patients on those lists to protect their privacy. They just noted down an ID number and age for follow ups and statistics. Earlier in the week she had taken a look at that day's list and had seen only two patients, a boy of 8 (size S) and his 32-year-old father (size M). There were part of a large family Samantha knew very well since she had built a strong bond with the matriarch. John was married to the matriarch's youngest daughter Cindy and he and their son were the last ones in the extended family to get circumcised. Samantha was surprised to see a third patient had appeared on the list, a young man of 24 years of age (size L).

"Maybe they have convinced one of their cousins in the city to get done," Samantha thought as she started to slowly pack her things.

The village was, like everything in this country, a mixture of the tribal and the modern. They all had huts and electricity. The water supply came in the form of a daily truck. Health care was good for the most basic needs. Most people had enough to eat. Many of the villagers worked and lived in the shanty towns of the large city nearby, but they all came back to their neat huts for the weekends and long holidays to take care of their lands and keep in touch with their extended family. That was the case with John, Cindy and their son. Max felt anxious as he was making his way towards Cindy's mom's home after dropping the list at the NGO's office. He was happy to be able to wear just a T-shirt outside as he felt the warm sun rays on his strong arms.

"What am I doing?" he kept asking himself as he quickened his pace in order to arrive on time. Max liked Cindy and John and felt he knew them well enough by now. They were the first people he met when he arrived in the country as they had offered to pick him up from the airport, since they were going to the village that day anyway. They had taken him out on several day trips across the region and Max felt they had become good friends. He had been a bit apprehensive about telling them he was gay and had just gotten together with a boy back home shortly before leaving, but they had reacted very positively, teasing him about his boyfriend being jealous about his current job looking at cocks all day long. Right now, Max felt a bit silly. He was nervous, but the idea of John and Cindy being there somehow calmed him down. There was no way he would've been able to go directly to Samantha. He found it funny, because telling people everything was going to be ok was basically his job description, but now he needed other people to do that for him. Max had been on his last semester of medical school when he had attended a presentation by Dr. Goldberg. As a gay man and soon-to-be doctor, he had been very active in several organizations at college supporting gay rights and promoting healthy behaviors within the community. In fact, he volunteered at the local health clinic a couple of hours a week and had seen with his own eyes the devastating effect that a positive HIV diagnosis could have on someone's life, even though in Western Europe it was no longer the death sentence it had once been. He applied for a place at the project as soon as he could, both out of a sense of duty and a desire for adventure.

It had actually been one day at the clinic some months before his departure that Max had met Marc. 23-year-old Marc had been quite nervous as he came to pick up his test results. Max was more than

happy to tell him they had come back negative. He recommended Marc to talk to his doctor and maybe start taking PrEP. Max had been taking it for a year now and although he almost always used condoms, it had been a life saver in situations when they were not at hand. Marc was so relieved that he could not stop himself giving Max a hug. Max liked the feeling of Marc's arms around him. Although Marc, at 6 feet tall, was slightly taller than Max at 5 feet 9, there was still something boyish about him, which awakened in Max a warm feeling of wanting to take care of him. Marc blushed and said goodbye, clearly somewhat embarrassed by the whole situation. He left so quickly that Max did not get a chance to ask him for his number.

"That's that," Max thought, feeling a familiar stir in his groin, but accepting that he would not see him again. But fate had other plans, as Max discovered when he was almost through with his workout at the gym that evening.

"Hey," said a voice he immediately recognized as Marc. "Sorry I hugged you earlier," Marc said with a sheepish smile.

"No worries. My name is Max," Max said smiling stretching his hand to the young man in front of him. They chitchatted for a while, sharing workout and diet tips while continuing their workout. Max could not help but notice that Marc was clearly checking him out. Max was a former High School gymnast turned gym rat, and like Marc, was wearing a tight-fitting T-shirt. Unlike him, though, he was wearing a pair of jogging pants which clearly showed both his muscular bubble butt and package. They were so involved in their conversation that it didn't immediately occur to either of them that they were about to see each other naked when they got into the locker room. Max blushed a little when he noticed that Marc had just realized that as well. Not that either of them had anything to hide, but they had both already gotten the feeling that they may want to become more than friends. Marc pulled off his T-shirt revealing his honey-tanned, lean but well-defined torso. He was not as bulked up as Max, who by now had also taken his T-shirt off and was checking himself out in the mirror, unconsciously comparing his paper white skin to Marc's. Marc had been wearing shorts with some grey compression pants underneath. When he took them off, Max was pleasantly surprised to see the shape of Marc's package, clearly making out his cock head through the fabric. He immediately realized what that meant, Marc was most likely circumcised, which gave his own cock a stir. Growing up Max had met some circumcised guys and had had sex with some of them. He didn't really mind, whether a guy was circumcised or not, but had found circumcised cocks more pleasant when giving oral sex. Max lost track of Marc for a minute and just caught a glimpse of his nicely shaped butt as he made his way to the open shower room. Max quickly took off his pants and boxer-briefs, revealing his long uncircumcised cock under neatly trimmed red pubes, before throwing his towel over his right shoulder and following Marc to the shower.

The shower room had white tiles and was very well lit. It was rectangular and had six shower heads on each side. There were some other guys showering after their workouts. Max especially liked this gym as it attracted more of a younger crowd, mostly college students like himself. Marc had already picked up a shower head and was lathering himself up, facing the wall. Max nodded to a friend who was also taking a shower before taking the shower head right in front of Marc. Max didn't want to appear too obvious but was really looking forward to getting a peek at what Marc was packing. The friend he had nodded to earlier started chatting with him. Max turned slightly around to his friend on the left, unknowingly giving Marc a perfect side view of his long white uncircumcised cock under trimmed red pubes.

Marc was intrigued. He had never had a red head, he thought as he felt the warm water on his naked skin and exposed mushroomed glans. He realized that he was once again the only circumcised man in the room. Marc had to laugh at himself when he remembered that it had been the other way

around growing up when he played football at his local youth team. Marc's dad had died when he was five years old and his mother had gotten remarried years later to Tarek, a young successful Muslim doctor. Not just any doctor, but a urologist, who had a great standing within the local Muslim community in their town. His seven-year older brother, Ben, had left for boarding school when Marc himself had just turned seven. Growing up, Marc had many Muslim friends and had joined a local football club founded by immigrants in the late 1960's. The first time Marc remembered hearing about circumcision was when the last one of his Muslim teammates got circumcised at age twelve by Tarek. By then he had shared many showers with the other boys in the team and knew that some cocks looked different than others. But at the time he had just assumed that his circumcised teammates were just pulling back their foreskins and had somehow managed to keep them like that, whereas he didn't. This all changed after the last one of his teammates got the cut. Marc started to feel uncomfortable in the group showers, being the only uncircumcised member of the team. Worse was that some of the other guys began to tease him about it, but it was largely friendly banter of children of that age. It just got ugly once when they faced the other large team in town, this one popular with those with no immigrant background. As they were doing some repairs at their field, the two teams were forced to share one locker room. Marc didn't remember exactly what the fight had been about anymore, but someone from the other team had made a racist comment in the showers, but then, looking at Marc's groin, had said something like "You aren't one of them". Marc remembered how he got really angry and stood by his teammates but had over time grown tired of the whole issue: been constantly singled out because of his uncut status. Besides, Marc had begun to question his sexuality and had come to like the look of a cut cock. He finally got the courage to ask Tarek to circumcise him for his fifteenth birthday. It kind of happened spontaneously. Tarek had picked him up one day from practice and, in the parking lot, they had met one of Marc's teammates' mom. Tarek had just circumcised his teammates' younger brother and the mom was praising the good job he had done. In the car Tarek asked him, if he had any special wish for his birthday and Marc had just blurted it out:

"I want you to circumcise me"

Marc continued to be lost in his thoughts as he turned around to wash his back, giving Max a perfect view of his slowly growing, tightly circumcised cock. He remembered how nervous he had been when his brother had called him on that particular birthday. Marc really wanted to get circumcised, but he needed his older brother's support and approval. His athletic older brother was his hero! He had gone swimming with his brother every time he had come home and he therefore knew his older brother was uncut. Marc could not bear the thought of being different than him. Would his older brother stand by him? Marc remembered how his teammates had congratulated him when he showed up without a foreskin after the Easter break. Unfortunately, they hadn't been as supportive when he came out as gay a couple of years later. He stopped playing football and became a gym rat in college. Anyway, that had been a long time ago. All this reminiscence about his circumcision had given him a semi and Marc suddenly realized that he had been giving Max a show. Max was also half hard by now, and fortunately they were the only ones left in the shower room. Marc smiled and gave Max a wink, before giving his rising 8-inch cock a light slap and making his way to his towel hanging just outside to shower room, with Max following. They got back to their lockers and got dressed.

"Boy, I'm really hungry," Marc said as he was drying himself off.

"We can go to my place and cook something if you want," Max suggested, doing his best to hide his eagerness.

Marc smiled and said yes. Once at Max's apartment, they never made it to the kitchen, as they started to make out passionately on the stairs and went straight for the bedroom. In no time Max had gotten Marc naked on his back on his bed and was sucking the life out his fully aroused 8-inch cock. Max especially enjoyed sucking on Marc's mushroomed cock head before gagging on his entire

length. He marveled at how neat it looked, and how its skin was so taut that it seemed his cock was going to burst out any second now. Marc was moaning in pleasure, when Max without warning lifted his legs, giving him unhindered access to Marc's tight, pink, hairless asshole. Max was almost exclusively a top. He had tried bottoming once before, when he was 18, but had found it painful and the guy he was having sex with, had refused to stop until Max started hitting him, making him associate bottoming with that painful experience. He discovered he could perfectly well enjoy sex as an exclusive top and always found someone eager to take his huge cock. Max buried his face between Marc's buttocks and pressed his tongue as deep as it could go inside his hole, making him moan in pleasure. He took out some lube out of the drawer and applied it generously on his index and middle fingers, before inserting them inside the warm hole. Marc was moaning in ecstasy as Max found his prostate and rubbed it gently. Max had, by now, taken off his boxer shorts and his 7.5-inch cock was rock hard and leaking pre-cum.

"Fuck me please," was all Marc managed to say between moans. Max needed no more invitation and he put on a condom before gently sliding his cock inside Marc. His hole felt so warm and tight. It was clear both knew what they were doing, and Max began to gain speed and Marc managed to milk Max's cock with his ass. After a while the pressure on his prostate was too much for Marc to take, and row after row of cum shot out of his cock, landing over his abs and chest. Shortly after Max shot his load and filled the condom inside Marc. The two hunks fell asleep in each other arms and became inseparable for the next few weeks until Max had to leave for his internship.

Once he arrived at Cindy's mom's street, Max immediately noticed the festive mood. As they had no garden, they had put some tables and chairs on the street outside. Several people of different ages had already gathered. Some women were cooking next to a large open stove, some older men were drinking and singing at a table, while several children were running around playing. Most wore a mixture of Western and traditional clothing. One of the local youths had just spotted Max and was approaching him, when John called for him to come inside the house with him, which he promptly did, feeling relieved he did not yet have to explain to anyone what he was doing there.

It was John who had confirmed to Max a couple of days back that word had gotten out that he was uncircumcised. People were calling him a hypocrite behind his back. How could he say getting cut was such a great thing when he himself wasn't? How could he say it made no difference when it came to sex when in fact he didn't know?

"I'm doing it because I don't want Junior to go through it alone," John had said when Max asked him why he had agreed to get circumcised.

"Your boss has brainwashed my mom," Cindy said laughing next to him, as a kind of explanation about why they had finally given in to Cindy's mother's desire for her grandson to lose his foreskin. "What about you?" John had asked.

"What about me?" Max thought. He understood he was being a hypocrite, and felt silly that he hadn't thought about it before coming here. Did he want to do it, though? Did he want to lose his foreskin? Max had to admit he did like the way a cut cock looked, and he liked the way it felt when he was sucking on one too, how it was always clean and never seemed to smell funny. The way it did on Marc. He remembered Marc's beautiful long cock, so tightly circumcised that his skin had no wrinkles even when soft. Max especially loved the look of Marc's always exposed mushroom cockhead because it seemed always ready for action. God, did he love to suck on it.

"Your turn, white boy," his train of thought was interrupted when John called out to him. He looked at a smiling John and, behind him, Cindy with her son, whose naked body was now covered in the red, blue and black paint of Spiderman. Max could not help but laugh as he saw the boy jumping around and running out to play with his friends, oblivious to the fact that he was basically naked and

just covered by some body paint. Exactly how, no one could tell, but over time Cindy had really become an artist when it came to body painting. Many of the men originally were shy getting naked in front of a crowd in order to get circumcised. Cindy's mom came up with the idea of using traditional body paint on the boys, as used to be done by their tribal warriors several generations back. The idea was a hit and Cindy had really gotten the hang of it, crafting unique and beautiful designs, mixing the modern and the traditional.

"But Junior wanted to be Spiderman. There was no discussing it. He was going to be Spiderman and that is what he got," Cindy told Max, laughing as the boy had left the room. Cindy would have never admitted it if asked, but she was really looking forward to working on Max. She was not blind and could tell Max had a great body, and she was even curious about what he would be packing, but she was more excited about the design she had in mind for him. You see, most of the local men wanted the traditional warrior look of their ancestors. It was a classical design stretching from below the eyes to just above the knees and it fitted most men very well. In fact, that was what her husband was getting. But Max opened up new possibilities for her. His pasty white skin, although Max thought of himself as tanned by his standards, allowed her to use colors which would not have worked on her other subjects, and the fact that he was a foreigner meant that he wasn't attached to traditional designs and she could do what she wanted.

Max knew he had nothing to be ashamed of and, as a gym rat, he had very often been naked in locker rooms, but still he hesitated before taking his shirt off, revealing his well-trained torso. Although there was no gym in the village, he had managed to stay in shape by doing some calisthenics with the local youths every afternoon. He did his best to keep a straight face as he undid his belt and dropped his jeans, standing just now in his briefs and socks, taking a deep breath before taking off his socks and pulling down his briefs, revealing his naked body to his friends for the first time. Cindy and John could not help but give Max the once over, checking out his muscular butt and the long white appendage hanging between his legs in front of a tightly shaved sack carrying his hen-egg sized balls. Max had trimmed his pubes to make Samantha's work easier. This was the same advice he had given John. Cindy had to contain herself in order not to giggle, as it was the first time in her life she had seen red pubes. Although impressed by Max's well-endowed package, Cindy quickly turned her attention to his broad chest and clearly defined pecs. Max had almost no hair on his chest, making it the perfect canvas for what she had in mind.

Max was busy with his own thoughts as Cindy started to work on his chest. He thought about John and his son. Did they really want to do it? I mean, the son had no choice, and John was only going along to support him. For the first time he questioned the NGO's methods. I mean, he had seen the research and supported the goal wholeheartedly. But still, was it fair? Did the end justify the means? He knew it himself that he really did enjoy playing with his foreskin and that it protected the sensitivity of his glans. He had seen the survey results, where hundreds of men, who had undergone circumcision as adults reported no significant difference in sensitivity after circumcision. But those were self-reported data. He knew it was impossible to measure such a thing reliably. Still, he parroted those results when talking to the village youths, trying to nudge them into getting circumcised.

"What would Marc say?", Max thought. It had been a week since the last time they talked, and right now they were only texting sporadically, as he was in China visiting his older brother. He had not told Marc about his recent trouble in the village, in order not to worry him. A part of him, though, expected Marc not to understand what he might be going through. Marc was cut. In fact, in Max's eyes, Marc had one of the most beautiful cocks he had ever seen. He loved to suck on that huge mushroom and found it incredibly hot to stroke it when he was fucking him missionary style. Max had never asked, and Marc had never told him, why or when he had gotten circumcised. Max assumed Marc must have had some health issue with his foreskin growing up and that that was why

it had been removed. He came close to asking him once, as they were lying naked in bed. Marc was asleep and Max was admiring his naked body, more specifically his long flaccid cock, resting on his thigh. He marveled at how little inner foreskin remained on his boyfriend's cock, and how, even as it was completely flaccid, his mushroom cockhead was completely uncovered, and his shaft skin had barely any wrinkles. By the time Marc woke up, Max had already forgotten about asking him and the subject didn't come up again. Max had never really thought about getting circumcised himself before. How would it look like on him? How would it feel like to have one? Would he miss his foreskin?

"Why don't you get done with us?" John had innocently asked on the day he had gone to get measured with Junior. He did not understand why his young friend was making such a big deal out of it. If he could do it, why not him. That question had planted a lingering thought in Max's head.

"Done!" Cindy said after giving Max the last touches with her brush and admiring her handiwork. Max turned around to give himself a look at the full-length mirror in the living room. He was not sure what he had been expecting but he was pleasantly surprised by the image confronting him. Cindy had re-interpreted the tribe's coat of arms on his chest. It had the three blossoming local flowers, spread out over his chest: one on each pec and one in the middle and two traditional hunting spears pointing left and right and crossing just below the main flower in the middle. It was colorful, but not tacky, and looked amazing displayed on Max's broad chest. Max definitely liked what he saw, and almost started laughing feeling a little self-conscious as he realized that it actually would have been perfectly fine to just have taken off his T-shirt instead of standing around naked the whole time, as Cindy had only painted his chest. He took a look at his cock, the long white appendage he was so proud of, with its beautiful and healthy foreskin. It dawned on him, that it was the last time he was going to look at himself in the mirror as an uncircumcised man.

"Max, I've never done this design before, would you mind?" Cindy asked, holding her cell phone, wanting to take a picture.

"Sure," Max said, turning around, unconsciously flexing his arms and raising his chest, not really realizing that he was for all but some body paint, completely naked, with his large sausage swinging between his legs as he turned.

"You can go outside now Max, we'll be right there," John said after Cindy had taken some full-body pictures of him, before giving Max a pat on his back.

Max gulped and slowly started to make his way outside. It was now or never. He did feel a bit silly and had begun to agree with the idea that he would be a hypocrite if he didn't go through with it. How many men had he sent this way, to part with their foreskins naked in the middle of a crowd? How many men had he told there was nothing to worry about? That everything was going to be fine. He wondered if all the men who had gone through with it in the village had felt the same way that he felt now. Nervous and embarrassed, fighting the urge to cover himself up, but at the same time excited, fighting the urge of getting a full on 7.5-inch erection. He feared what life without his cherished foreskin would be like but at the same time was turned on by the idea of parting ways with his foreskin. Through the open door he saw Junior playing with his friends, oblivious to the fact that he was only covered in paint. Oblivious to the fact that he would never ever feel the warm feeling of a pussy or hole on his protected glans. That he would never be able to glide his foreskin over his glans to give himself pleasure. All in the name of reducing his chances of catching a life-threatening disease. And all because of the work of people like him. Max made up his mind, he did not want to be a hypocrite. He took a deep breath and stepped outside.

Samantha was surprised by the crowd she saw when she arrived at Cindy's mom street. In her time in the village, she had seen even larger crowds, but those had been for mass circumcisions, when she had done dozens of men at a time. But now? She was surprised, that just two men and a boy from the same family, even a prominent one like Cindy's, could garner such attention, especially as she noticed the crowd to be younger and more male than it was usually the case. That is when she saw Max. If she had not been carrying her bag with both hands, she would have rubbed her eyes to make sure she wasn't seeing things. Max was standing in the middle of a crowd of mostly young men and women, chatting with them and laughing nervously. He was doing his best to remain calm, fight an erection and forget the fact he was the only naked adult in a crowd full of fully dressed people. Although Cindy's family had been more than welcoming, Max still felt completely out of place. At 5'9 feet he wasn't especially tall, but his red hair and pasty white skin made him stand out among the local crowd.

"So, he is patient number three", Samantha thought, with a slight smile on her face. She was pleasantly surprised to see the naked hunk. Secretly, she had always wondered what her latest intern was packing and she was not disappointed by what she saw. By now she and everyone around town knew Max had a foreskin, but even from afar Samantha had to admit that the boy had a beautiful penis. Dating at school and in college she had only met men with circumcised cocks. Samantha had grown up in a culture where boys were routinely circumcised as babies. For her, a cut cock was a normal cock. Most of the men in her family and most of the men she had slept with would have never known what it was like to have a foreskin. In fact, she first encountered uncircumcised males only during her research for this project. She knew she could never understand what it means to have a foreskin. How sex felt like for a man? How the cover it provided to the glans and inner foreskin, which was responsible for making it more susceptible to infection and therefore was a conduit for HIV, was also responsible for protecting its sensitivity and giving the male so much pleasure? Samantha admired Max. She appreciated his commitment to the cause. This was definitely going to be a boost to the project and the stuff of legends. Further to the right, Samantha recognized Cindy and her husband, who was, like Max, naked apart from a covering of body paint. But the traditional tribal paint on Cindy's husband did a better job at giving the impression he wasn't totally naked, than the design on Max chest did. Samantha could see every detail of the young man's dangling sausage as he moved slightly when talking in the mid-day sun. Suddenly she heard someone calling her name. It was the family's matriarch, who greeted Samantha and gave her relatives a signal for the ceremony to begin.

A group of youths had brought some drums with them and began to play some music while some women began to dance, clap and sing. They all gathered in a large circle around the two men and boy about to be circumcised. A tall stool, a small stool and a table had been placed at one end of the circle. Samantha carefully placed her bag on the table and slowly took out its contents, three small hermetically sealed plastic bags containing the circumcision devices. Each device consisted of three pieces, a plastic placement ring, a plastic inner ring and an elastic rubber ring. After greeting the crowd, Samantha sat down on the lower stool and asked in the local language:

"Who is first?"

Max, who until now had been doing a fairly good job at hiding his nervousness found it very difficult to be in the middle of the crowd's attention. He started to breathe heavily as he realized what was going to happen, doing his best to keep a straight face. Max wasn't the only one not enjoying the attention he was getting as Junior had gotten scared and had run to his father, clinging to his legs. He probably didn't understand what was going to happen and seeing the crowd surround him had made him realize his nakedness. John was doing his best to try to calm him down, but he was not being successful and the boy had now started to cry.

"I can be useful again. I can do this job properly," the 24-year-old thought as he raised his right arm, with a clenched fist, while hitting his chest and giving loud cheers. The crowd went mad and started to cheer him back and clap. Max was surprised by his own reaction. He wasn't the kind of guy for whom drawing attention to himself like this would come naturally, and he had to fight the urge to cover himself up and run away, whenever he remembered he was completely naked. His large cock was flopping between his legs as he made his way towards Samantha. Max turned his head around to see how Junior was doing and was glad he seemed to have recovered his composure and was taking part in the festive mood, clapping, and cheering him on.

"I'm proud of you Max," Samantha said, as the young man reached the tall stool, waving one last time at the crowd before placing his naked butt on it, spreading his muscular thighs to give Samantha better access to his crotch. Max had to fight the urge to jump when Samantha grabbed his cock with her hand and proceeded to pull back his foreskin and apply some disinfectant. Samantha had had many cocks in her hand over her years in the project, but she had to admit Max's was really beautiful. As she pulled back his foreskin, she noticed how easily it moved, even though, she could feel his cock slowly hardening in her hand, and she could see how clean it was and without any of the foul odors she had had to endure sometimes. Once she had made sure, Max's cock had been properly disinfected, she opened the bag with the circumcision device size L and took out its contents. Max gulped as he saw it in front of him, the medical devices he had by now seen dozens of times with indifference. But this time, they were meant for him. It was almost the point of no-return. Max knew that by the time he was fitted with the clamp it would be game over for his foreskin. It would begin the process of dying almost immediately.

"Are you ready to become a circumcised man?" Samantha asked, looking straight into the boy's green eyes.

"As ready as I'll ever be," Max answered nervously with a timid smile.

Samantha pushed back Max's foreskin as far as it would go, placing the inner ring about halfway up his shaft. She then let his skin roll forward over the inner ring, before placing the placement ring, which she had previously loaded with the elastic rubber ring, over his cock on the same spot where she had placed the inner ring. Max became skittish when he saw how much skin Samantha had pulled through the device. He was about to say something about it when Samantha pulled the elastic ring out of the placement ring and with that sealed the fate of his foreskin. Max could not say he felt pain, but rather just a dull ache. And as he stood up, it felt strange to have something clamped on his cock. Max turned around to face the crowd, raising his arms, giving the crowd a good view of his clamped cock. The crowd cheered him once again and John and his son approached him. "Congrats!", John said giving his young friend a hug, his own cock swinging as he made his way past him towards Samantha.

"Thanks," Max answered smiling broadly, before giving an equally smiling Junior a high five. As he made his way back to the house to get dressed, many of the local youth came up to him to congratulate him and pat him on his back, and even on his naked butt.

About a week later, Max found himself once again exposing his cock to Samantha. He had had the week off and had found having the device clamped on his cock quite uncomfortable. Nighttime erections had been painful and overall walking had been awkward with the device on. On the positive side, he had enjoyed lots of attention from the community, going as far as some local women bringing him delicious homemade food. Samantha was in a particularly good mood today, as not only patient numbers were up since Max's circumcision, but also because she was going to be able to finish her handiwork on his cock. Even though she had been part of the team which had invented the device, she was not entirely pleased with the aesthetic results, as most circumcisions with the device resulted in low and moderately loose results. These were more than fine to achieve

the goal of reducing the risk of an HIV infection, but lately Samantha had been wondering if the tool could be used to achieve other styles and Max had been her guinea pig. As Max lived in Western Europe, where infection rates were much lower, he could afford to keep some of his inner foreskin. She wanted to give Max an American High-and-tight cut. That is why she had placed the ring about halfway up his shaft and had pulled as much skin as possible. Anyway, time to find out what the device could do, she thought as Max dropped his pants and underwear in front of her. Max blushed when Samantha grabbed his cock with her left hand, and a pair of surgical scissors with her right. He could not help but feel a bit anxious - not about Samantha, because he knew that with her, he could not be in better hands, but because this was the last time his cock head would be covered by his foreskin. Max had already come to terms with the fact that he was going to be a circumcised man. His foreskin was already dead. There was no point in dwelling on it now, and he was now quite curious to see how it would look.

Max didn't have to wait long, as Samantha was quick to cut the dead skin off and remove the remaining rings. It was still pretty bruised and swollen, but Samantha was satisfied with the result. It had not turned out as high or as tight as she would have liked it to, but it was still a very neat result. Samantha was happy she had been able to give Max the gift of circumcision. She cleaned it up, disinfected the wound and wrapped Max's cock in a bandage.

"Congratulations! You are now a circumcised man!" Samantha said cheerfully, indicating to Max that he could get dressed now. It took Max some weeks to get used to his new status. His cock head was very sensitive at first, and the rubbing against his underwear was quite uncomfortable and gave him many embarrassing erections. He knew it was best to let the wound heal for some weeks before jerking off. Those weeks were hell, but he tried to take off his mind of sex by working out more and helping as much as he could in the village. About six weeks after his circumcision, Samantha dropped by his hut to drop him a present. She had learnt from her previous American intern, that circumcised men often needed lube to jerk off.

"Have fun big boy," she said, throwing the small bottle at him before moving on. Max smiled sheepishly as he realized its contents. Learning to jerk off again was a strange but exciting experience for him, kind of being a teenager all over again. He didn't have a foreskin to glide over his glans anymore and had now to rub it directly with his lubed fist. The oversensitivity had faded by now and he could swear that he didn't feel as much as he used to before his circumcision when he rubbed his glans. It was difficult to tell, but it definitely took him longer to cum now. Whereas before he could have cum in a matter of minutes given the right mood, now it took him a while to build up an orgasm. He panicked a bit, but quickly came to the realization that it was not bad. Besides, he loved the look of his exposed mushroom cockhead. It looked huge, and his cock had the "always-ready-for-action" look he had always found very attractive on American porn stars and his boyfriend Marc.

It was on his last outing to the city with John and Cindy that Max got himself the tattoo. Cindy had been over the moon when Max asked her permission and help to get her design tattooed on his chest. She had asked around and found a studio which had been highly recommended to her by some artist friends. Max had been nervous about getting the tattoo.

"Do I really want another body modification in such short time?" he thought. Tattoos were popular back home and probably no one would bat an eye lid seeing him with one. His now-circumcised status would probably draw more attention, but he had never thought of himself as someone who would get a tattoo, especially one as large and obvious. But he was mesmerized by how Cindy's design had looked on him and had the feeling he would never manage to muster the courage again, if he didn't do it now.

"I never thought I would get a circumcision either", he thought as he took off his shirt at the tattoo parlor.

Max came back home in the week before Christmas and saw Marc for the first time in months again. By that time, both his circumcision and his tattoo had healed quite well. The first time Marc saw Max naked again he was astonished by how his boyfriend now looked. The outdoor calisthenics had really paid off, giving him not only a naturally muscled look, but also a beautiful honey tan. His new colorful tattoo made him look like a rock star.

"A porn star," Marc corrected himself as his eyes wondered to his boyfriend's huge, freshly circumcised cock. Marc was pleased. They started making out, and Marc was about to turn around for Max to fuck him when Max whispered in his ear.

"I want you to fuck me"

Since his circumcision, Max had discovered that he could get significant pleasure from rubbing his prostate after his circumcision. Having lube around made it easy for him to slip one, two and sometimes even three of his fingers inside his tight pink asshole, looking for his prostate. He enjoyed slowly massaging it while rubbing his huge, bared glans with his other hand. He trusted Marc and knew he would take care of him. Marc understood how much trust Max was placing in him, since he had told him about his first bad experience bottoming one time a few weeks before he left for Africa. Max turned around, placing himself on his hands and knees on the bed, giving Marc unhindered access to his hole. He was nervous, and felt vulnerable as never before with his legs spread and his balls hanging below his raging hard on. Max felt Marc's breath on his hole before he started working his tongue deep inside it. It felt strange at first, but his cock became harder as he started to relax and get turned on by the idea of his boyfriend's tongue in his ass. Marc was eating Max's hole like it was his last meal. He had not had that much experience topping, as he preferred to bottom, but wanted to make sure to give his boyfriend a great experience, like the one he should have had when he was 18 years old. It didn't take long for Max to loosen up, and soon, he was moaning in pleasure as Marc had managed to get two fingers past his sphincter and had begun to slowly massage his prostate. The waves of pleasure coming from his asshole kept intensifying, pre-cum started to drip off his cock. Marc was hard as a rock at his full mast 8 inches now, when he asked:

"Are you ready?"

Max nodded and Marc needed no further invitation before applying lube generously on his massive cock before slowly pushing his large mushroom inside Max's warm tight hole. Marc had started taking PreP, as Max had suggested. And during foreplay, Max had whispered that he wanted Marc to fuck him bare. Max gasped as he felt that huge piece of meat entering him. It hurt at first, and he was about to tell Marc to stop, but Marc was being really gentle with him, and it did not take long for him to have his 8 inches of meat buried deep inside him. Marc kept kissing his neck and caressing his back, whispering, asking him if everything was ok. Max continued to nod, as Marc begun to slowly gain rhythm, pushing his cock in and out of Max. Max had not felt this good in a while. His prostate was being stimulated by a huge cock, and his own cock was being pumped by his boyfriend. It did not take long for him to give a loud grunt and cum all over the sheets below him. Marc continued to fuck him for a couple of minutes before shooting his load inside Max's hole. They fell on each other's arms, happy and exhausted. At that moment, they both knew, they had found the love of their lives.

Epilogue

It had been Ben's idea, Marc's older brother, that all four of them should take a ski trip together. 30-year-old Ben had just moved back to Europe from China with his wife Meili, and he was looking forward to meeting his younger brother's boyfriend. Max had heard so much about Ben and was both nervous and excited to finally meet the man his boyfriend so clearly idolized. Max was startled

when he first met Ben, as he looked so similar to his boyfriend. At 6 '2 feet, he was slightly faller than Marc, but they were both blonde with beautiful deep blue eyes. Ben was sporting a beard now whereas Marc wasn't, but you were still able to recognize the similarities in their facial features.

It was Marc who, in the parking lot, ran into Laura.

"Wow! That is a coincidence," Laura said as she gave Marc a hug. Marc was turning into a man now, Laura thought as she tried to remember the last time she had seen him.

"Right, it must have been at your stepdad's 40th birthday, three years ago", Laura thought before asking the 23-year-old, "How is Tarek doing?"

Laura had been joined on the trip by her husband Tom and her best friend Sam, who had brought his new girlfriend Amanda with him. Laura's dad had been Tarek's mentor at med school, and they had known each other for ages. He had been rather like a young uncle to her as she was growing up. Tarek had married Marc's mom more than ten years ago.

The "boys" hit it off right away. Ben was very interested in Max's work in Southern Africa, while he and Sam bonded over their shared love of the pool. 29-year-old Sam had played water polo in high school and college and Ben had been a competitive swimmer until leaving for China. Tom and Ben were in a similar line of business and had plenty to talk about, as Tom's company was looking to expand into China.

On the second day, the girls decided to take a day off from the ski slope and go for one of the luxury spa treatments offered by the hotel. Laura came up with the idea as she noticed how, in the larger group, Tom and Sam seemed to be getting along very well without her help. There had always been some friction between his best friend Sam and her husband. In fact, it had only been in the last year that their friendship had been back on good terms. Furthermore, she really wanted to make the effort to get to know Sam's new girlfriend. Amanda was the latest in a long line of Laura look a-likes that Sam had dated, but Laura had promised herself not to be too judgmental.

It was Ben who had proposed going to the sauna between their skiing for the day and before meeting the girls for dinner. Max was slightly apprehensive. No one other than Marc had seen him naked since his recent circumcision. He was still coming to terms with it and did not yet feel 100% comfortable having his cockhead exposed at all times. When they arrived at the spa, the "older" men, Ben, Tom and Sam, nonchalantly took off their clothes and made their way to the showers, chatting about some business ideas. Marc stayed behind with Max, having noticed his apprehension. "Don't worry. You are not alone," Marc said, giving him a wink as he took off his ski pants and long underwear, revealing the long cut cock Max knew so well.

Max followed his boyfriend's lead and went into the shower room, and his eyes went wide as he took one of the free jets between Marc and his brother Ben and in front of Sam and Tom. Max blushed as he noticed what Marc had meant by "you are not alone". Although, to be honest, not even Marc could have known the extent of how true that sentence was. Of course, Max knew he wasn't going to be the only circumcised guy in the room as Marc was there too, but what he didn't expect was that Ben would also be cut. Trying his best not to seem too obvious, he took a glance at Ben's long cock, which seemed to be quite like Marc's, possibly just somewhat thicker. He started to wonder how come both had gotten circumcised. He had never talked to Marc about his circumcision, who had never raised the subject himself. Seeing now, that both Marc and his brother were circumcised, Max thought that maybe it was some kind of family tradition. Their stepfather was Muslim after all. As he turned around to wash his back, Max found himself facing Sam, who had done the same. Max was surprised to see Sam was circumcised too! It even looked similar to his own cock, with some inner foreskin preserved, although Sam's remaining shaft skin seemed tauter. But the final surprise was Tom, who as he turned around, not only revealed a large, circumcised cock, but a pierced glans as well!

Tom had been feeling a bit self-conscious, and had hesitated before slowly taking off his clothes and reluctantly following Ben's lead into the shower room. It had been about 5 months since he had gotten an apadravya piercing as a present from his wife on his 30th. birthday. It had healed by now, and he and Laura were incredibly happy with the results, but he had stopped playing rugby, so that not that many people other than his wife saw him naked on a regular basis, and no one besides her and the piercer had seen him with a pierced cock yet. Tom had grown up playing sports and the locker room was his second home. Standing around naked and sharing a shower with other guys was nothing he would normally be afraid of, especially since he knew that with his 8.5 inch cock, there weren't many guys that could measure up to him on that department, although he had noticed as he had glanced at their cocks in the open shower room, that Ben and his brother Marc would probably come close, and that Sam and Max were not that far behind. Ben and Marc had also turned around by now, and they were all standing awkwardly facing each other. Surprisingly, it was Tom who broke the awkward silence.

"Nice tattoo," he said looking at Max. And he actually meant it. Up to now, he had not really paid much attention to Max. His first impression of him had been of a preppy redhead. A muscular, preppy redhead. Tom would have never thought a guy like that would have such a large prominent tattoo on his chest. "Nor such as prominent circumcision," he thought.

"Thanks. Nice piercing too!" Max answered with a wide grin. Marc and Ben busted out laughing and it was so contagious that they all ended up laughing, relieving the earlier tension.

"It's not often you see so many roundheads together," Ben said in his very deep voice, "In China I was almost always the only cut guy in the locker room"

"Not that much different here," Sam continued with a grin, enjoying not being the only guy with an exposed glans for once.

Wrapped in a bathrobe, Laura was lying on a lounge chair chatting with Amanda, while Meilin had fallen asleep next to them. It had been a relaxing day, and she had been pleasantly surprised by how much she had enjoyed spending the day with the girls, and especially how much in common she had with Amanda. But, despite that, she was missing her husband and had begun to wonder where they might be and was slightly worried things might have soured up between him and Sam. Her thoughts were interrupted by the loud, friendly laughter coming from the men's shower room.

First out were Marc and Max, trying to hit each other's butts with their towels, oblivious to the fact that they were displaying their young, naked, muscular bodies for the world to see. Laura was touched by the way that they were playing like little boys, clearly enjoying each other's company. Actually, it was clear they were not boys anymore, but were fully grown men in their early 20s, and that there was nothing little about them! She was surprised to see the large tattoo on Max's chest. She would not have expected it from the rather nerdy -muscular vibe she had gotten from him so far. Laura could not stop herself from looking further south, scanning their flat, muscular tummies, then down to their swinging manhood's. Both young men, had neatly trimmed pubes, and on Max it was probably the first time in her life that Laura had seen red pubic hair on a man. The thing that really got her attention though was the fact that they had both long, circumcised cocks. With the eye of a connoisseur, Laura immediately recognized the slight differences in their circumcisions. Whereas 23-year-old Marc seemed to have little inner foreskin left, you could clearly see some pinkish inner foreskin on his one-year older boyfriend. The skin on both their long cocks was quite neat, but Laura could clearly tell that much more had been removed from Marc than from Max. His cut was not as tight as her husband's, in fact she had never seen a cut as tight and as low as his on another man, but it was close enough. Laura wondered how come both boys had gotten circumcised. Max's cut seemed to be pretty recent, but what about Marc? Did his stepdad Tarek

have anything to do with it? Her train of thought was interrupted as an old lady complained about the noise the boys were making. They apologized, and Marc gave Max a kiss on the cheek before throwing his towel over his right shoulder, taking his hand and leading him to the outdoor Jacuzzi, where he would tell him the story of his and his brother's circumcisions.

"To be young and in love!" Amanda said, as she stood up to walk towards Sam, who had just come out of the shower room, equally as naked as the other boys. Laura already knew her friend Sam had been circumcised in his early 20s, with a beautiful high and tight result on his 7.5-inch cock. Amanda and Sam had come back from their first holiday together in the Caribbean just a couple of weeks before, and Laura was pleased to know that her friend, a former water polo player, still wore speedos on the beach, as shown by his well-defined tan line.

"I have never had a boyfriend as comfortable in his own body as Sam," Amanda had told Laura with a chuckle, when telling her about that first time on the beach with him. "Sam is the first guy I have dated without a foreskin, and I must say that I had never thought about it before, but I now know I definitely like cut cock better!", Amanda had further shared with Laura.

Laura had never seen so many cut cocks at the same time, and had to readjust her towel as all these impressions were turning her on and making her pussy wet. Sam had noticed her staring at him, so he gave her a wink, before turning around and slapping his bare butt, laughing. "My gentle giant," Laura thought as she waved back at her 6'2 feet tall friend. Sam gently grabbed Amanda's hand as they both started to walk towards the outdoor Jacuzzi, not bothering, like the two boys before him, to cover himself up.

Finally, her husband and Ben came out. Laura's jaw dropped as she saw Ben. At 6'2 feet tall, the blonde hunk was slightly taller than her 6 feet tall husband, with golden hair on his well-defined chest and abs. Laura liked her men smooth, that is why she insisted her husband Tom shaved his chest and pubes, but she had to admit that Ben looked very attractive with his golden fur, as it went well with his full beard. Laura could not help but let her gaze drop, and her eyes went wide when she saw what Ben was packing between his legs below his nicely trimmed blonde pubes. Ben's long cock seemed to be almost as large as her husband's 8.5-inch monster, and was crowned by a large exposed mushroom cock head!

Laura's head was racing with questions. Marc was cut, his older brother Ben was cut. Tom, her husband had been circumcised three years ago by Marc and Ben's stepdad, Tarek. Tarek had to have been the one who circumcised his stepsons. But when? Why? Laura took a close look at Ben's cock and recognized in it, the same, radically low and tight cut as her husband's. She was amazed by it, and although she had not had time to examine Marc's cut that closely, she figured that he most likely had a similar style cut as well. Laura wondered why Tarek had decided to give his stepsons such a radical cut? It had been her wish for Tom to get done that way, but why had Ben and Marc agreed to it? Did they know what they were getting into? Did they regret it?

As Tom and Ben reached the lounge Laura was sitting on, they each sat down next to their respective wives.

"I was just telling Ben about my birthday present," Tom said pointing at his cock.

"It seems that you like the idea of getting your cock pierced too," Laura said grinning, as she had noticed Ben's cock rising between his legs.

"Maybe someday," Ben said, quickly covering his rising 8-inch cock with a towel, his face turning red behind his smile.

By the end of the weekend, Max didn't feel as self-conscious anymore. As silly as it may sound, he felt he had a bond with the other three men just because they were circumcised like him. He was now proud to be part of the circumcised minority and had no issues walking naked hand in hand with his equally circumcised boyfriend in the locker room. It is not that the topic of circumcision came up often, because it did not. Marc had started playing football again with the support of Max, who encouraged him to join a queer team. Once, on holiday at a beach with some of the players and Max, both he and Marc were wearing tight fitting speedos. Here they had taken a cue from their older ski friends (And to quote Ben: "I thought I'd saw multi-party elections in China before I saw my little brother in a speedo!"), and the shape of their circumcised cock heads were clear to anyone who chose to look closely enough. One of Marc's teammates, who knew Max from college and remembered he had been uncircumcised when they had shared showers together at the gym, asked him what had happened. Max and Marc told their stories and, in the end, someone asked: "Do you regret it?"

"There is no point in regret", Max answered, giving his boyfriend a kiss on the cheek.