

**Canterbury Tails**

**Three Men's Stories on the Road to Circumcision**

**by Gareth Walton**

## Nick's Tail: "Oz"

I was already amused by it all whilst I was sitting in the day surgery waiting room on that long awaited day. Later, as the doc was giving me the first injection in my shaft I was smiling at the idea. I actually couldn't help laughing out loud as he pulled my long foreskin out to its fullest extent to mark up where he was going to cut. I wasn't surprised when he asked if I was feeling alright - there can't be many patients about to have part of their dick removed who find it funny. I knew he must have thought I was mad but I just couldn't help it, thinking of their faces on the repeat trip we'd be taking together the following month. I'd just about be healed up by then, perhaps even ready to put my new model through its paces a little. But it was their faces I wanted to see. To catch their expression when they realised what they were seeing. When they saw that I was circumcised, that my long foreskin just wasn't there anymore. Gone. Forever. The end of my cock just as bare, or perhaps even barer than their own, if the doctor followed my instructions and cut to the max. Even more than that, I wanted them to realise that, unlike them, I'd chosen to become a circumcised man - to voluntarily opt in. That it was important enough to me for me to be circumcised just because I wanted to be - that I chosen to embrace and relish what had been done to them without their consent. I'd wanted so much something they'd just had to accept, like it or not.

It was so strange how it had all come about. A year earlier I wouldn't have believed what was happening to me at that moment in the clinic. Like most Brits, I'd always taken my foreskin completely for granted. Circumcision wasn't anything I'd really even thought about. OK, I saw plenty of cut American guys on my videos, but it was the fact that they were all so fit and hung that I'd enjoyed, not the fact that their cocks had been laid completely bare. If anything, I'd occasionally regretted the fact that you never saw any cocks like mine in the shots, never any close ups of skin getting worked on, no hoods being worked back and forth as the guys wanked off. Only tight cut all-American studs who probably thought foreskins were some kind of problem they were better off without, if they ever thought about them at all that is. Mine had always worked just fine though and I'd certainly never once thought about what it would be like to be without it. Looking back, it seemed so bizarre thinking of the mental journey I had made leading up to that moment there in the clinic - the doctor with my numbed foreskin stretched out tight in a pair of forceps about, at my own special request, to cut as much of it off as he could and to take out my fraenum too.

So how had it all happened? Rob had been scheduled to go to the conference in Australia but his mother had been taken ill the day before they were all due to travel. I was the only person in the office with no family commitments - the only one who was free to take his place at the last minute. It was a rush getting to the Australian embassy to get a visa but I just managed it. How different the rest of my life might have been if I hadn't just managed to catch that train up to London and if they hadn't been so

helpful and managed to process me on the spot. Almost before I had time to think, the four of us were sitting on the plane waiting to take off.

Kirk was from the Canterbury branch too but he was new to the job and I didn't know him well. Originally from South Carolina, he had lived in the UK since his teens when his parents had got jobs in London and he had long since decided to make England his home. Nevertheless, he still seemed very American with his clean-cut looks, his Dockers-and-Polo-shirt way of dressing and his only slightly diminished Southern drawl. As to the others, it was nice to be able to put faces to people I only knew as voices over the phone and I soon realised that they were going to be good fun to travel with. Daniel was from the Heathrow branch, a little older than me with very good Mediterranean looks. It never occurred to me that he was Jewish until it was dinner time on the plane and the flight attendant came round with a kosher meal for him. Mehtin from the City office was in his early twenties and certainly full of good humour. His London accent showed that he had lived there at least since his school days but I knew from his name and looks that his family must be Turkish. Even so, the fact that he must have been Muslim didn't seem to stop him from joining us in making the most of the in-flight bar service. In fact, despite Kirk's initial American reluctance to knock back the booze, it was a pretty ribald journey all round and I warmed greatly to all my newfound friends.

Despite the companionable journey we were all very travel weary by the time we reached Brisbane at the crack of dawn two days later. Our stopover had just been a couple of hours on the ground at Singapore for re-fuelling so it was bad timing that our first conference session was scheduled for later that same morning. Our company had been too mean to pay for an extra night away from home and it would probably have been slightly less awful to have had to get straight to work rather than have just a couple of hours to stay awake before business started – a long time to keep going but not enough time for any serious sleep. Kieran, our Australian counterpart, was due to meet us off the plane and, jetlagged as I was, it was impossible not to notice how sexy he was - one of the classic big framed Oz hunks that I had admired so much in the Earls Court bars. Equally impossible to miss and, interestingly, I caught Danny's eyes taking in the same thing, was that even through his designer suit you couldn't help but notice that he was very well stacked.

He greeted us like old friends and explained that as our hotel was too far away he'd take us straight into town where, if we'd like to freshen up, he'd arrange for us to be guests at his health club. We could have a shower, even to take a swim if we wanted some exercise. It all sounded very welcome after hours on the plane. I nodded off in the car, but we were soon downtown and Kieran booked us into his club. All us Brits were keen on a swim but Kieran said he'd go and work out a bit in the gym and catch up with us later. He certainly looked like someone who took a lot of care to stay in shape.

It was almost deserted in the pool, and stretching our limbs was just what we needed. All of us ploughed up and down, only pausing to exchange good-natured insults as we passed each other in our respective lanes. I was the last one out of the pool, reluctant to give up on the exercise and face starting work. As I walked towards the showers I could hear the voices and laughter of my colleagues above the splash of water. Even though I didn't really fancy any of them, I couldn't help but feel a frisson of excitement as I headed there myself, knowing that I'd get to see three of my colleagues in the buff any minute – that sort of thing always gave me a bit of a buzz. I was distracted as I finally got there when Daniel hurled a well-aimed sponge with a matching insult at me as I put my foot through the door and made to join them under the jets of steaming water.

"I thought you'd drowned!" he said.

"No, I bet he's just too embarrassed to come and join us," added Kirk.

"Not surprised" added Meht.

"Yeah - not surprised at all, given, err,,,, the "circumstances" said Kirk, with a rather strange emphasis on the last word.

"What you on about?" I replied. I'd never been the least concerned about walking round in the nude so I certainly wasn't embarrassed about anything and I wondered what banter this was leading up to. I got the feeling I had come late into a conversation that had already been up and running for a while.

"Well, want a clue - English boy?"

"How about.... "parmesan"?"

"How about.... "gorgonzola"?"

"How about.... "hosepipes?""

"How about.... "roundheads and cavaliers?""

I was puzzled. What had so much cheese and English history got to do with anything?

"How about....", and I could tell they were reaching their dénouement from Kirk's sniggery school boy delivery, "doggy dicks?"

"How about...." but Kirk's comment had caused the penny to drop in my mind. A Jew, a Muslim and a Yankee. My eyes couldn't help taking in their crotches in confirmation of what my mind had just twigged. Daniel's short thick cock with a ruche of puckered skin behind his large, bare glans.

Mehtin's, longer and thinner with a very obvious and slightly uneven band of different coloured skin behind his equally exposed mushroom head. Kirk's cock, by far the biggest, and looking so bare and sleek that you could almost think he had been born that way. They saw the realisation dawn on my face and laughed as they did so. Of course, I was the only one who wasn't circumcised.

Despite their obvious good nature, I felt a rush of blood to my face. Anger, embarrassment, excitement - I wasn't sure. One thing was for certain, I had never felt so aware of my foreskin. I had certainly never been in a situation with a group of men when I was the odd one because of having one. It was a part of me which had always got completely taken for granted. Automatically, as if I didn't know what it looked like, I couldn't help but look down at it, thick and hanging over the end of my dick-head by a good couple of centimetres.

For once in my life, I was completely lost for words. Luckily I was rescued from this strange moment by the shower room door banging shut as Kieran came in, sweating hard after his workout in the gym. He carried his towel and sponge bag in front of him, hiding his groin from our view. Still in a sort of state of shock, I was a second or two behind the others in grasping the unspoken significance of the moment. As he put his stuff down and began to turn to join us under the water the tension in the air suddenly became palpable. The poor guy - he must have wondered what was so strange about his naked form that it caused us all to bellow with laughter. Under

normal conditions, it would have been his tight body and very sizeable cock and balls that grabbed my attention, but today all I took in was the fact that his large glans was almost totally visible, just a tiny remains of foreskin leading up to his helmet ridge but with nowhere near enough skin left to ever cover it properly. He too was permanently laid bare as his big circumcised cock swung slightly from side to side as he walked towards us.

The conversation in the shower had immediately turned to the work ahead of us. Even though Kieran did seem a bit puzzled as to what we had found so amusing as he came in to join us, he didn't ask and none of the British contingent seemed to be keen on prolonging the bizarre discussion of foreskins or the lack of them in front of him.

All that day my mind kept returning to the strange event at the health club. As the presentations at the conference droned on through my haze of jet lag I couldn't help the idea of what it must be like to be circumcised from creeping into my mind. In particular, I'd had a real insight into what it must be like to be the odd one out in that department. Thinking back fifteen years or so, the two cut boys out of my class of 32 at school suddenly had my sympathy, mixed now with a strange new interest as well. We had sometimes teased them about their different cocks and I knew now what it must have felt like to have such a vital and personal part of you look so different from everyone else. I wondered if they had shared some strange bond as the only two roundheads amongst a class full of cavaliers like my three fellow revellers seemed to have done earlier at the pool. For once, they had been the majority in our small group in the showers.

Thinking back to school again, I remembered too being horrified when it became known that a boy in another class was going to get cut over the summer holidays. I felt sorry for him at the time, but now... The idea of having your dick changed so radically brought a different sort of sensation to mind. At school, to be different in any way wasn't ever a very good idea. But now... In some strange way I liked the idea of everyone seeing that my cock was something out of the ordinary. At the health club, the cut trio from London were in a majority for a change but I became really intrigued by the idea of them being in a minority back home. Going to the swimming baths and being the only one who didn't have a foreskin to wash under in the showers. Looking out for a slight sense of surprise on the face of someone you were having sex for the first time as they finally got to see your cock and didn't find the usual covered head. Someone glancing over the stall in the gents and doing a double take at the denuded cock lying in your hand. Looking back, some kind of seed had certainly been planted in my mind at that moment in the shower room.

We finally got to our hotel late that afternoon, and I don't think any of us could do anything else but get straight into bed and fall into a grateful sleep. When I woke, I

was surprised to see that it was only 5 in the morning. Instantly wide-awake, I knew there was little point in trying to drop off again and with time so short for sightseeing I decided to go for a walk round the city whilst I had the chance. I took a quick shower. Feeling a strange sense of significance as I pulled back my folds of foreskin to soap underneath and carefully returning the hood to completely cover my slightly stiffening penis after drying it carefully.

It was still only half past six when I decided that I had done all I could in a city with everything still shut. I had noticed a trendy all-night coffee bar in the main street so I decided to go back that way to grab some early breakfast before heading back to have a look through my papers for the day's work. As I got closer I saw it was an Internet cafe, and I joined the two other people in there, wondering as I did so why they bothered staying open all night. I thought I'd log on for a second or two to check my emails. That took me no time at all as my junior back in the office had been briefed to sort the everyday stuff for me in my absence. He was Australian too and I couldn't help musing about what secrets were held inside his trousers – something I'd just never given a thought to before.

On a whim, with twenty minutes online time left to me I decided to do a web search for "circumcision". I was amazed what came up. I'd just never given that word a second thought till the previous day, but now I found myself vaguely excited just by typing it in. There was loads of stuff there - I was amazed by the pile of pages that got thrown up. Some fairly medical sites gave examples of the different styles of cut. I'd always thought a snip was a snip before but several of the pages showed examples of how it could be done in different ways. I could make some sort of sense of it all, thinking of Daniel, who I worked out after a while must have had a low and loose job, Mehtin with what I suspected must have been a freehand low and tight, and Kirk who obviously had a classic American high and tight "back to the balls" job. Perhaps he had been done with one of the weird clamps that one of the sites showed too. God, they were odd-looking things and the idea of seeing your cock bolted into one of those contraptions was totally freaky. Imagine seeing the doc starting to turn the screw on that thing and knowing what was going to happen a few minutes later when it had done its work of crushing your skin. Fraenums intrigued me too. I hadn't realised that they sometimes got taken away too and I really wished that I'd get a chance to see what my three guys had had done to them in that department. Shit, I'd just never thought any of these possibilities before.

There were other sites with guys' testimonials about how glad they were that they had been cut. I didn't quite see how the ones done as babies could be so sure they were pleased to have lost something they'd never fully experienced but there were many others who had been done as adults and seemed delighted with the results. That struck me really forcibly - I hadn't appreciated until then that you could get done just because you wanted to be done. This was totally amazing for me. I had always assumed that circumcision was only available to adults on medical grounds – a last

resort if they had tight skins or some kind of other problem with them. When I read that it wasn't, my semi-hard cock suddenly became rock hard inside my jeans. Shit, where had this excitement in something so strange suddenly come from?

I looked up as I heard the door open and someone new walked in. With a strangely guilty feeling I realised it was Daniel coming over. Without thinking I clicked on the "close" button and went back to my email server. Strange, half of me really would have liked him to see what I was looking at yet my instinct had been not to let him. I was both puzzled and more than a bit frustrated by my own reaction.

We chatted over large strong coffees and I was glad of his company, growing to like him more and more. I had wondered if he too was gay whilst we were on the plane and seeing him eyeing up Kieran's very sizeable packet had pretty much settled it. I wasn't surprised when he started talking about his "ex" in a way which was fairly obviously intended as a sprat to catch a mackerel. Of course I fell in with it and we were soon discussing the relative merits of the many very attractive Australian men who had been in our seminar group the previous day. I did wonder about trying to bring up the topic of conversation in the showers but somehow I couldn't quite find the words to broach the subject. Anyway, we were fast approaching the time to set out back to the hotel so it just wasn't the place to bring up what had rapidly become a really big subject in my mind. I really hoped that there might be a way to talk properly about it later.

On the walk back through the rapidly filling streets he tentatively told me that he was planning on going for a sauna that evening. He'd heard good reports of it from a friend and he asked me if I'd like to go along. It sounded a good idea to me, and I must say I was excited by the idea of perhaps getting another look at his cock, possibly even seeing if they'd left him his fraenum when they circumcised him. The idea of perhaps even seeing him with a hard on was an intriguing bonus too.

I knew it was going to be tricky to keep my mind on business that day with all these new possibilities opened up in my mind but I got through it all, even though much of it was all a bit of a blur. Daniel and I met for a quick beer after the last meeting and crept off, slightly conspiratorially jumping into a taxi and hoping no one had seen us slip away.

I was disappointed in the sauna at first. Very spacious and comfortable, but dead quiet when we arrived and we had the steam room to ourselves. We chatted pleasantly enough, and the heat was very relaxing but Dan had kept his towel very firmly in place and my hoped for close look at his tackle seemed as if it was going to be very



elusive. Later on though it started to get busier and I began to enjoy myself more. As every new arrival came in, it became obvious that the locals regarded towels as just for drying yourself. Even more to my liking was that almost all of them were cut. Apart from the fact that they were all good looking and well built, what got me really intrigued was being surrounded by guys who had no foreskins. Every head was fully on show for everyone to see - they just had no choice in the matter and never would again. Their cock heads, their most intimate part, which in my experience at home was always kept covered over until its owner was aroused and ready for sex, were there for all to see. It seemed so in your face - so horny that there was no discreet draping, just aggressive looking, up and ready for it cocks. Hanging there. Bare. Almost asking to be stimulated.

I finally got my wish partly granted. After going out for his third shower, Dan eventually came back without his towel and it was obvious from his semi-hard cock that he had been having a nice time! I looked again at the neat way the small bunch of skin behind his glans was engineered to leave his cock head just bare but it was too dark to get a proper look, let alone to see what his fraenum looked like, if he still had one.

"Come on" he said quietly, "You're missing all the fun in here".

I followed him out of the steam room and he led me down some stairs I hadn't noticed before and through a door into pitch darkness. It was only seconds before I felt a hand on my cock and, as my eyes adjusted to the dark, I could make out a tumult of men packed into the small room. My own hands weren't long in reaching out and I was fascinated and very excited by the strange, wonderful bareness of all the cocks I felt. They seemed so different in my hand, those cocks with no foreskins on them. It struck me that I had never had sex with a circumcised guy, never even felt what one was like before. Some were quite loosely covered and I could move their shaft skins back and forward a little, like a more restricted version of my own. Others were so tightly circumcised that their shaft skin wouldn't move at all and it felt so strange that my hand slid up and down on something so denuded, so different to anything I had felt like before and just like a hard, tight stump of flesh in my hand. Their glans all felt different too - not smooth and moist like mine, some just a little rougher but others really tough and leathery. I felt hands on my dick too, often playing with me in a way I found a little fierce. They either worked my foreskin quite roughly or else pulled it back hard as if just to get it out of the way and ground my glans in their hand in a way I never did, giving me a very intense stimulation which I often found hard to take.

It was a while before I worked out what to do with these strange new cocks. In the same way I supposed, they would need practice to work out how to handle a skin. After a while I discovered that it was difficult to treat their toughened cock heads to

hard, and I was soon rubbing them in a way which I knew I could never do with my uncut partners back home. It really made me wonder just how different their sensation of sex must be, what it would be like to have no idea of the feeling of a loose moist skin sliding over their cock heads. When I knelt down and took someone in my mouth for the first time it was hard not to cum instantly as I felt the intense tautness of his shaft skin in my mouth. Running my tongue over the slight ridge which I knew must be his circumcision scar, so far back down his shaft, I was blown away by the way that his cockhead was all there, totally accessible to my tongue. I could get all round it, work all of his corona and, to my particular delight, slide my tongue in the empty groove under his cockhead where I knew his fraenum had once been.

I was in ecstasy discovering what sex with a circumcised man was like. I worked round the room like a slut, delighted like a teenager discovering sex for the first time, feeling the different sizes of cocks, all with the huge novelty of having no foreskin. I was actually disappointed when I finally managed to corner a really horny looking young guy I had been eyeing appreciatively earlier on. I took his large cock in my mouth and my tongue found that he had his foreskin still. Shit, two days before and I would have been so turned on to get a chance to play with him but now I almost felt I didn't want to know - amazing. I was actually quite pleased when someone else came up in the shadows and pretty much demanded that my mouth attended to him instead.

Taking him, I realised that my lips were becoming experts in decoding what was going on. He was not huge, but thick and with a fairly loose cut with a bit of skin left to nibble on. Sliding my tongue underneath, I felt a thick taut fraenum there and I enjoyed licking back along it to feel where it would once have been attached to his long removed-foreskin. As I felt his balls starting to tighten and shoot his load down my willing throat the door opened to let a satisfied customer out back in to the hallway and as a beam of light fleetingly swept across the room I looked up for a second. My new skills of circumcision analysis might have given me a clue - it was Daniel I had in my mouth.

At least I now knew about his fraenum but it's always a bit strange when anonymous sex ends up being not quite so anonymous after all. Dan didn't seem put out and neither was I particularly. My mind was much more preoccupied with the novel delights I had experienced.

"That must have been something pretty new for you" he said in the taxi back to the hotel. I'm pretty sure I knew what he meant, but a knowing glance had to suffice as the taxi driver annoyingly interrupted to talk about the football results.

The next evening, our last one in Brisbane, was taken up with a long and boring post-conference dinner. Later, the others got swept up in a pub crawl but I managed to give them the slip and went back to the sauna for what I had been looking forward to all day - some more skinless sex. I had tried, for the first time ever, to keep my foreskin rolled back all that day to try and get some kind of feeling what it must be like to be circumcised. It was very frustrating that it kept returning to its default state after a few minutes. Even so, the sensation of my bare cockhead rubbing against the inside of my pants was exquisite whilst it lasted. Back at the sauna, I paused before I entered the steam room to roll it back yet again, wondering if in the half light anyone would mistake me for "one of them" but I knew instinctively that even if it stayed back for a while any sensation I experienced would be a lot different from the real thing of being properly circumcised.

I also made a late night trip back to the Internet cafe to do some more research and discovered a wealth of really horny sites dealing with every aspect of circumcision. I was blown away to find I wasn't the only intact guy in the world to get fascinated by the whole business. I found another load of stuff there on Yahoo and MSN this time – its just amazing what you can find when you look online. There were a pile of sites for guys who found it as horny as me, full of uncut guys who were fascinated by the idea of getting bared plus ones who had actually gone for it and given up their foreskins just because they wanted to. How amazing to have that operation when you don't need it. If anyone had said that to me a week ago I would have said they were weird, but now I wasn't at all so sure!

There was even some site which had nothing on it but fiction on the subject. How weird is that! Can you believe it - just a pile of stories blokes had written about getting circumcised from choice, or because someone had made them do it either as teenagers or adults. It made me so horny reading that stuff that it was very difficult to stop my hand straying to my crotch in a public place and I was longing to be at home on my own computer so I could have a long and leisurely wank as I was reading it all.

I found some stuff on another site too, including something some kid had posted. His brother was trying to persuade him to get cut. He'd gone as far as to arrange for a doctor friend to get all the stuff out ready on the table to do it for him as a surprise but the kid didn't go through with it in the end. You could tell it had really freaked him though - God, I knew just how that poor kid felt!

I knew I just had to cum. It was all too much. I logged off and headed for the toilets to try and get some sort of relief. I intended to head for a cubicle of course but when I went in there was someone standing peeing at the stall. I couldn't help myself. If there was a chance of seeing a cut dick for real I had to take it. He muttered "G'day" as I stood next to him and unbuttoned my jeans, taking care to hold my dick firmly down

so that he couldn't see that it was rock hard. I surreptitiously looked across at him – he clearly wasn't interested in doing anything but relieving himself but I managed to get a clear look at him. Thank God. He was circumcised. I would have been so disappointed to see he had an intact cock like my own. His piss was coming out of a long tube of meat with a circumcision rather like Kieran's - very loose with a lot of slack skin left. Even so, his big mushroom head was obviously destined never to be covered over by skin again. As he finished his business, shook himself off, stowed his gear away in his jeans and turned to leave I knew I was seconds away from cumming.

It was then I had my first ever two-handed wank. In fact I don't think I ever did it the old way ever again after that. Ever since I had discovered how to masturbate I had always done it the way I had thought was the only way, gripping my foreskin in my fist and rubbing the sheath of foreskin back and forth over the head. This time was different and some kind of new instinct guided me. With my left hand I pulled my spare skin right back as far as I could, holding the slack tightly back at the root of my cock. It instantly looked so different. What I now knew from the Internet was my inner foreskin lay stretched out along my shaft, a subtlety different colour and texture to the rest. I'll always remember the exquisite sensation as I scooped up a large dribble of pre-cum with my right hand and started to rub on my tightly stretched glans, working it and the first bit of inner foreskin in my hand. Wow, that feeling was so amazing, so different, almost painful on the sensitive skin that wasn't used to being dealt with that way but totally, totally wonderful. Hoping against hope that no one came in to use the facilities, my eyes closed in ecstasy as I felt the ridge of my glans ripple through my fist as I stroked backwards and forwards along my shaft, working bare on it for the first time, my foreskin suddenly seeming a totally redundant and useless piece of kit. In seconds, thinking of the feeling of the tight stump of Daniel's dick in my mouth, I shot a huge wad of cum all over the back of the stall.

The next afternoon, as we sat on the tarmac waiting to take off, I wondered what the others would think if they knew what I had under my jeans. My foreskin was held firmly taped back with some Elastoplasts I'd scrounged from the hotel reception when I got back that night. I'd learnt about taping up on the web and knew I had to try it. It sometimes felt a bit uncomfortable and I knew I probably hadn't done the job very well but just thinking about my cockhead being held bare excited me enormously. The sensation of feeling my naked glans rubbing on my clothes was keeping me near permanently erect and I'd thought I'd caught Dan eyeing me suspiciously in the groin a few times.

It almost became a pleasure to have to climb over the three dozing colleagues in the seats next to me, imagining their soft skinless cocks as I did so, to go back to washrooms on the plane. If got my cock out only half way to pee so that the carefully applied thin strips of sticking plaster remained inside my fly and didn't come into view, I could imagine that I really was circumcised, fantasizing about the idea of

seeing the whole length of my cock lying bare in my hand as the stream emerged from my piss slit, totally unobscured from sight by any remaining skin.

I think it must have been somewhere over Iran that I finally decided. After staring out of the window for hours on end imagining all sorts of things, I decided that I was going to have to opt into that special minority.

What would they say at the next conference in a month's time? Surely Kieran would arrange the same trip to the health club. Perhaps they would have forgotten the whole incident that had sparked it off. Perhaps they would be looking forward to teasing me again in the showers, making more fun of my natural state. I was going to knock the wind right out of their sails if they were though. I was already anticipating seeing their faces when they saw I had been circumcised, that I'd chosen to go off to a doctor and get him to clip my skin off and make me as bare as them. What would they find to say when they realised I'd chosen to become a circumcised man?

. . . 18 MONTHS LATER

“Daddy, Daddy, Daddy ...Look! That man's got a willy just like yours!”

I knew the boy had to be talking about me. After all, I was the only other person in the changing room! It is always deserted there at 11 o'clock on a Monday morning. Just about the only pleasure of working the late shift is that I can go to Kingsmead on the way in to work and swim with the pool almost entirely to myself. This was one of the better late shift weeks though as Dan was roistered on it with me. It was great to have an extra bit of time in each other's company on the way to and from work. I thought of him pounding away upstairs in the gym and wondered if he'd be down for his shower soon. Time was getting on a bit.

Things had worked out so well for us when Kirk was transferred to Wales. Dan pitched for the post in Canterbury brought it off with his usual panache and we were finally able to be with each other properly. It was on the second stint in Oz that we'd got it together, though I'd felt it coming on for a while after that first, momentous trip when I'd decided to get circumcised. That was the most mind blowing thing at the time of course, but my new friendship with Dan matured and deepened in those weeks between the trips and it was on our second stay in Brisbane that we realised the feelings we had for each other were mutual.

Ironically, I never got the big “Look, I’m circumcised now like you three” scene in the showers that I’d fantasised so much about. The company had been really taken aback with the amount of business that we’d drummed up on that frugal first trip and it was almost “no expense spared” on the second. That time around we had two whole days to acclimatise before having to start meetings so sadly there was no need to go and freshen up in a health club when we had luxury rooms waiting for us in a classy hotel.

I was very disappointed to have missed my moment of revelation in that shared shower. It was a shame that I missed out on seeing Kirk and Mhet’s faces but at least I got to witness the rare sight of Dan gob smacked for once! He texted me after we arrived at the hotel and suggested that after a couple of hour’s kip we give the others the slip and head to the sauna to do some serious unwinding in the steam. Poor Dan, I just didn’t warn him. After we’d been sweltering in the steam room for half an hour or so I felt him, not at all unexpectedly, put his hand in my lap. After a second or two while, I suppose, he made sure I wasn’t going to object to this kind of “unwinding” his fingers started doing some gentle exploring in my crotch. The tension was unbearable as I waited for him to twig. I was finally rewarded when he suddenly froze. I’d stiffened up of course, and he’d finally realised that he was feeling a completely different shape through my towel than the last time the two of us were there together! I laughed out loud as he swore, ripped the towel off me in disbelief and bent over my crotch to have a proper look at my newly remodelled dick in the half light! Of course, a second or two later and it was more than his eyes that were on my new dick!

Basically, we’d never looked back since then. We were so lucky when the post came up in the Canterbury branch so soon after and he was able to move down and into my flat just by the city walls. I’ve never been happier, and neither has he.

That boy was talking again.

“He has Daddy. Look. It’s like yours, not like mine and Ben’s.”

So, Daddy had a willy like me did he? I wondered if the little lad was just comparing adult and child sizes or, much more interestingly, fixtures and fittings.

Poor Daddy looked mortified. It's amazing what kids can come out with in public. I'd seen them in the pool a couple of times before and thought they looked a really nice family. She was dead good looking - even I could tell that. I suppose the kid must have been around three, his older brother five or so. Despite my happiness with Daniel it always made me feel a bit regretful when I saw a dad out having fun with his kids.

I didn't say anything but smiled at dad to reassure him that I hadn't taken offence. Of course, I took the opportunity to have another good look at him at the same time! Nice looking, exactly handsome, but sexy for sure. Kind face. Late twenties perhaps. Must have started the family very young. Tall, good body. Not worked on, but really fit. Nice hair. I don't normally go for gingernuts but his was a really beautiful deep copper shade. Nice that he wore it quite long too. Mmmm.

I imagined him with his gorgeous wife and thought that they were one couple I wouldn't mind seeing hard at it. I could imagine he'd be talented between the sheets. Considerate. A time taker. Baggy shorts he had on him. I wondered what he had hidden away in there to work with. Shame you don't see so many Speedos around these days as they always give the game away to an expert eye. Size is obvious to anyone through them, but I always reckon I can spot the sharp ridge of a bare glans in Speedos at fifty paces.

The kids had been more or less dressed by the time I had come in from the pool but they were still young enough to need a lot of help sorting themselves out. The poor chap looked frozen standing there, only now packing up their wet togs and still in his dripping swimming cossie.

"Come on Harry" he said to the youngest. "Mummy will be waiting outside for you by now"

The older one was making a painfully slow and careful attempt to zip up the front of his fleece. Daddy waited patiently for such a long time, not wanting to rush the kid who was obviously doing his best. I admired the man's attitude.

"Well done Ben. Come on, I'll take you to the door, Mummy will get us all hot chocs and I'll meet you in the café when I'm changed."

I couldn't quite place his accent. I was thinking that, gorgeous or not, mummy was a lucky woman. I could see him talking quietly to her now through a crack between the changing room doors, the kids half in and half out, their hair starting to fluff up. Harry already had a toy car out of his pocket and was running it along the floor.

I was in the shower by the time Daddy came back in. I wasn't surprised to see him actually shivering now. At least the showers were good and hot for once. That would warm him up. He joined me under the jets. I idly wondered if he was the sort to take his trunks off in public. I hoped so. It would be nice to get the full picture, especially after what young Harry had said.

It was his turn to smile at me this time. He looked a bit bashful.

"I'm so sorry about my boy" he said. "I hope he didn't offend you. He seems to be going through quite a pooh and willy fixated phase at the moment."

"No, not at all", I replied, "I've got three nephews around that age and I know what they can be like. I've seen you here before and they've always struck me as great kids. Nicely behaved, no not like most of them in here."

While we were talking I was pleased to see that he had finished shampooing and was going to drop his drawers. It would have been very frustrating not to have seen what Harry was on about, even though I had a pretty good idea what he must have meant. For those last couple of months I'd been able to enjoy the fact that not only was I circumcised but, to anyone who cared to look, very obviously circumcised too. Funny, I wouldn't have Daddy down as one of the special brotherhood too, not that I try to guess the circ stats of everyone I see at the pool or anything!

It was no effort to keep the conversation going. He was a nice chap and I would have liked talking to him anyway even without the added interest of what may or may not be inside his trunks. That accent was bugging me though. Would it be too naff to ask him?

His shorts were descending now. Nice tight arse. I felt the frisson that I always felt when I was going to see a guy's dick for the first time. In the old days it used to be



over how much of it he had. These days it was much more about how much, or preferably how little, foreskin was on the end of it.

Well one thing was for sure, it was worth the wait! Longish cock, not enormous but very much on the right side of average. Much more important than that was that it bore an absolutely stunning circ. A really beautiful total elimination job had been done on it and whoever had trimmed him had really known what he was doing. Obviously 'Gomcoed', the so-horny brown ring was as high up on his shaft as I think I'd ever seen. Someone obviously knew how to use those plates. They'd flayed him totally, but done an expert job in stripping him very, very bare. With that high a cut, he was going to have had to have his fren whipped out too – shame I wasn't likely to get to see what kind of a hand he'd made on the underside.

I thought of my own circ. I was so pleased to be cut, but looking at this chap's beautiful high and tight I regretted again that I hadn't done a bit more research before I offered up my foreskin for termination. I kicked myself one more time that I'd just blagged my way into getting my doctor to refer me to the local NHS hospital. I'd been so smug that I'd pulled off the deception that there was a problem with my hood as there just wasn't anything wrong with it at all other than it was just there, but now I wished I'd gone to a real expert cutter. My typical Health Service low trim was ok, much better than many you see, and the main thing was my foreskin was gone forever. Again though, I regretted not having gone private where I might have been able to ensure I got a nice designer h & t like the lucky chap in front of me. The colour change either side of his special brown dividing line was exquisite. Dan had once said to me that "redheads take a beautiful circ" and it was really true in this one's case as the contrast was so extreme.

Hanging underneath his expertly trimmed shaft was one of the most amazing pairs of nads I'd seem in a long time too. They hung so low in their bag that I wasn't surprised that he hadn't gone for the Speedos option as he'd have been for ever trying to keep them from falling out of anything so skimpy. Danglers don't really do it for me, but I really hoped Dan would hurry up and get down here as that would be a sight he'd really enjoy, let alone the beautifully crafted piece of cut meat above them.

Unusually for me, I took my courage in my hand and prepared to make a brazen comment. Normally, anything remotely to do with circ coming up in public conversation gets me so flustered and tongue tied that I can never say anything at all, however much I want to. Just hearing someone say "the" word out loud turns me on these days. After a second or two I affected a laugh:

“Oh I see! The penny’s finally dropped” I lied. “Now I see what your boy was on about!”

Instinctively, he looked down at his crotch. A bit embarrassed but smiling in agreement he said “Yeah, he said. “I suppose that must be it. Funny that he should notice something like that.”

Craftily, I changed tack slightly. Of course, I needed to know how and why his foreskin wasn’t there any more - I always did! It wouldn’t do to be too obvious so early in the chat though. Have to play this one a bit sneakily. “The longest way round can be the quickest way home” as Dan’s aunty liked to say. I was going to have to use the accent option after all to get some more information to flesh out his case study.

“By the way” I said “I hope you don’t mind me asking, but I’m intrigued by your accent. I’m normally good with them but I just can’t place yours.”

“Yes” he laughed, “I seem to keep most people guessing. Actually I’m of English stock but I was born in America. Only came back here 10 years or so ago.”

“Ah” I thought.

“Ah!” I said too, “Hence the err.....how shall I put it, “similarity”, shall we say!”

I threw a casual glance towards his crotch as if for the first time.

“I hear that it is a lot more common over there than here” I said, playing the circ innocent.

He looked a bit flustered. I hoped I hadn’t overstepped the mark.

“Actually”, he said with a slight hesitation in his voice, “a few years back and we wouldn’t have been so similar in that department.”

Mmm. Interesting. Very. He needn’t have told me that at all. There had been absolutely no need to give chapter and verse. There was a story here alright, and perhaps one he half wanted to tell. This was intriguing and horny. How to find out more. I quickly considered telling him that if he was uncut ten years ago then we would still been a matching pair, albeit matching differently from the way we matched today.

At that moment the door in from the gym banged and someone came in. I hoped against hope that it might be Dan. He had the knack of getting anyone’s personal secrets out of them in two minutes flat, all done with the utmost charm and leaving the victim feeling that they’d been privileged that he’d listened! If it was anyone else coming in then, damn it, the conversation with Daddy was bugged.

It wasn’t Dan. Shit – perfect bad timing by whoever it was. This was going to stop our little talk in its tracks. At least he was there at the pool most weeks and now that we were on chatting terms there would possibly be other chances to drop in the conversation that perhaps we had something in common. Cut meat was quite a rare treat in Canterbury and usually the only bits of it I got to see were when we played squash with Dan’s friends from the Synagogue. Somehow, a religious circ never did it for me in quite the same way though. It was when a guy had got done as an adult that it really excited me, especially when it was just because he wanted it. Here was a really nice, good looking bloke inches from me who, by the sound of it, might just come in that category.

I mentally cursed the guy who had come in. Now I looked again, he seemed a bit familiar but I couldn’t place him. Funny how people look so different when they don’t have normal day to day clothes on. At least this guy was quite a stud. His eyes scanned the room, and I couldn’t help but register the way he took Daddy and me in.

“Is he “family?” I considered, and “Could well be” was my answer.

I was talking to Daddy about something or other now, the conversation having moved on seamlessly to more mundane topics. I must admit I was finding it hard to do more than appear to be listening as I had all eyes on the newcomer as he pulled off his shorts. Was I going to be lucky again I wondered? Very unlikely I reckoned. Jock

strap though. Nice. Sometimes possible to “read” what lies behind through one of them. I didn’t have to wait long before that was off too, although the focus of my attention was now well hidden behind his towel. Blimey, this was a real dilemma here – Daddies beautiful cock to continue ogling whilst at the same time monitoring developments with the newly arrived cutie. Torture!

Cutie had grabbed his shower gel, come over to the showers and pushed the button. He seemed a bit shy, keeping his back towards us, but I couldn’t mistake the way his eyes took Daddy and me in, scanning both our crotches from close range now.

It was then I recognised him. He was Rob from the office’s brother. I’d met him a couple of times when we’d been out drinking. What was his name? Sam, wasn’t it? He obviously didn’t remember me though. He had been going out with one of the girls in human resources for a while. I began to think that she might be in for a surprise one day, judging by the way he was throwing sideways admiring glances at Daddy and me. Hadn’t he lived in America for a while? That was right – it came to me now. There been some bust up between him and Rob when Rob went out to join him for a holiday. I couldn’t remember all the details now, but hadn’t Sam just not shown up to collect Rob from the airport and left him with nowhere to stay? There was no word of him for two more days or something and by then Rob was going spare with worry. He never got to the bottom of it though – Sam said he’d been in hospital or something, but he looked ok and would just never tell the whole story. I’d have to ask Dan if he remembered more about it.

So, Daddy was a squash player too. I’d just discovered from our chat. I liked him more and more. My loyalties and attention were still divided though as I reckoned that the time was about to come when I’d get a look at Sam and find out what I wanted to know.

Blimey - it really was my lucky day! Another bared piece of meat. Nice. Big and thick but, shit, whoever had done the deed for him was at the other end of the spectrum from Daddy’s ace cutter. Looked like the surgeon had been some kid on work experience! It put me in mind of a joke I’d heard as a kid and not really understood at the time:

Q - What is the definition of a fancy man?

A – One who has been circumcised with pinking shears!

Poor old Sam's dick had certainly been mangled a bit. The scar line was really zig-zaggy, right behind his head on one side and way up the shaft on the other. I'd discovered on the internet that lots of circ pervs get turned on by unusual circ scars. I hadn't thought that they did much for me, preferring to see a nice neat job like Daddy next to me. I was bloody glad that mine didn't look anything as home-made as this one here but, even so, there was something about a guy having his most intimate part marked for life like that by another man. Quite a loose cut on him. I wondered where he'd got a job like that done, thinking my boring but safe NHS one wasn't perhaps so bad after all. At least old Sam had a nice big love stick to make up for any defects in medical handiwork. I wondered how well it went down with (or up!) Miss Human Resources and whether she minded or even noticed the way he'd been so crudely sliced. I thought again from the way his eyes were darting round that I wouldn't be at all surprised it wasn't just with the ladies that he liked to put his stalk it through its paces.

Daddy was just about ready to go now. We'd moved on further in our chat, discovered that we belonged to the same squash club and were making vague plans for a game. I was really pleased to have got to know him in more ways than one.

"By the way", I said, "I'm Nick."

"I think that's probably the first time I've done this with no clothes on!" he said as we shook hands.

"And I'm Paul" he went on, "though you may as well call me the Kid because just about everyone else seems to!"

"The Kid – unusual nickname! Well very nice to meet you anyway, Kid." I said. "I hope our paths cross again soon", and I meant it.

"The Kid" was soon dressed and en route to his hot choccy with the Mrs. and their boys. I'd already managed to string my shower out just that little bit longer than was strictly necessary, and I reckoned that Sam was doing the same. I hoped Dan would come down soon. The way fancy-man-Sam's eyes were flicking round my crotch and the way he needed to apply so much soap for repeated washings of his cock even though he didn't have any foreskin to have to clean under looked very promising. Being in a shower with two other hot men, both hornily circumcised, and one of

whom you love very much – well, wouldn't you think that worth being a few minutes late for work for?!

## **Sam's Tail: "The Ashtray"**

God knows where it happened. I'd left Florida that morning and been on the road all day so I suppose it must have been somewhere in Virginia when I finally stopped. The sight of yet one more roadside bar was just too tempting as I badly needed a drink and a break from driving. It was a sleazy kind of a place, I could see that before I went in, but I wasn't there for a night out - just a quick beer and then back on the road.

I noticed her as I went in, but she was deep in thought and didn't look up. It was only when she heard me speak my order to the barman that she suddenly came to. I felt a surprising surge of lust when I looked into her face - dark skinned and handsome with lively eyes shining out at me intently. There was a quizzical look on that face and I wasn't surprised when she started talking to me.

"So you're from England?"

"Yeah, can't hide my accent. From Canterbury. Quite close to London. I've been working here for a few months."

"I was there a few years back," she said. "Had a side trip out from London. Real neat place."

I sort of resented having to talk to this woman. All I wanted to do was to slake my thirst and get back on the road. There was so far still to go and so little time for the journey but yet she was a change from my own company. As well as that, despite my better judgment, that surge of desire hadn't gone too far away either. I felt myself weakening and falling into an easy conversation with her, enjoying talking about my home patch and feeling suddenly nostalgic for it. She had done all the usual things - the Tower of London, Harrods, Buckingham Palace. From her reminiscences about my home town I soon realised that her day trip had actually been to Bath and not Canterbury but I didn't bother putting her right. I'd had this sort of conversation many times over the last few months, listening to those who had "done" Europe - their muddled reminiscences, their unaltered misconceptions of our way of life.

I was jolted out of my complacency when she said how very much she had enjoyed the men in England. It was so unexpectedly brought into the conversation yet she was

very definite and I couldn't help but ask her what she meant. She wasn't shy about saying more. She told me of her second night in the city when she met a man in a pub and got talking, then flirting, finally going back to his flat and straight into the bedroom. She said she was just blown away when he undressed. It had just never occurred to her before that moment that she had never seen an uncut penis. Just never. Not even when her kid brother has born. Not even thought about what one might look like. This guy was quite well hung, she said, but what amazed her was the tube of flesh that totally covered the end of his rapidly stiffening cock. Just looking at it gave her a feeling that she had never experienced before. What for her was normally just there before your eyes when a guy dropped his shorts was completely and magically hidden away, not just instantly presented to her in a brazenly matter of fact way. Instead of the bare cock head she had expected and looked forward to seeing there was just more skin. A continuation of his thick shaft right to the end of his manhood without an abrupt termination at the ridge of his glans. No high deep ridge of his cock head on show for all to see all the time, just a subtle suggestion of it through all that extra skin, demurely hidden away. Even more wonderful was the small bud of puckered pink skin that continued past the end of his cockhead, the whole tapered shape of his manhood so unlike anything she had ever seen before.

She was mesmerised to see him roll back his foreskin and uncover his hidden glans, moist and soft and unlike anything any American guy had been able to offer her. She had just played with it for hours, handling him, as she discovered, far too roughly at first but learning quickly how to please him and use his hood and the sensitivity of his un-leathered cock head to pleasure them both in a way that was so different from with the men at home. When he finally fucked her, the sensation of the extra covering entering her had driven her wild, feeling it roll back inside her, imagining the loose skin pulling tight on his shaft when he thrust deep inside.

I couldn't believe that I was hearing this from this stranger, a woman I had just met some minutes before. Her frankness disarmed me though, and I couldn't help being aroused by her brazen but genuine sexuality. She said she'd met this guy several more times and, in between their meets, had gone out of her way to pick up English men to enjoy their intact skins in their endless variety - some tight, some loose, some overhanging, others short. She also told me about the bitter disappointment of finding a good looking cockney lad who she really liked and found attractive but who turned out to be as tightly circumcised as any American man, hating the thought of the wasted skin, his bared penis stark and bald in her hand. She had wanted to leave as soon as she discovered his lack of foreskin, but she'd had to go through with it as he was a nice guy and didn't see how she could get out of the situation without offending him. Good in bed though he was, the feeling of him entering her, without that exquisite first sensation of give, as the skin rolled back felt like a violation after her new experiences.



After an imperceptible pause, her face clouded as something struck her. She reddened a little and said "I'm sorry, you're not ....."

I knew straight away what she meant.

"No" I said, pleased to be able to avoid seeing disappointment in her face. In fact I was rather turned on by the fact that she would regard what was in my trousers, so much taken for granted at home, as something so special.

"No, in fact I did rather well when skins were being given out."

I could see her flush as I said it, arching her back a little and obviously pleased and excited by what I had told her.

"I've got quite a long hood, actually. In fact the school doctor wanted to get it off me. Mum and Dad wouldn't let them do it though. I'm really glad they didn't believe all that stuff about it being a potential problem as I grew older. It never has been and I'd have hated losing it."

Funny, as I told her how glad I was I'd still got my foreskin, an incident my brother had told me about recently flashed through my mind. Rob said he's got a colleague who had gone on some work trip to Australia and had some kind of weird experience there in a sauna or something. He'd come home and, amazingly, got himself circumcised as a result. He didn't need it or anything, just suddenly decided he wanted to get rid of his skin. How weird was that? I just couldn't understand how any guy would choose to get himself cut if he didn't have to.

There was no doubt about it now but she was really aroused, her pupils widely dilated and her face flushed. It was rare for me to see a woman so brazenly let a man see she was excited and I couldn't help but find her pleasure an aphrodisiac. She let her glance fall to my groin, and my knob was hard there for her.

"Shall we go?" she said. "You've got a car?"

I thought fleetingly about my brother in a plane somewhere over the Atlantic as we spoke, knowing how little time I had to get to New York to meet him at Newark. Lust had taken over from common sense though.

She said she had been visiting her sister and that she was staying at a motel close by. No sooner had we got onto the road than her hand was in my crotch. It was hot, and I was just wearing thin, loose shorts with nothing underneath. Almost before I had the car in gear her fingers had undone the zip and found my long overhang, twiddling the tight bud between her thumb and first finger in a way which proved she had learnt a lot about how to handle skins in her short time in London. I groaned quietly as she went on to slip her little finger inside my hood and work on my moist piss slit. The first time she spoke was to tell me to pull off the road into the motel forecourt and by then she was working my hood back a little, teasing it, just exposing the first bit of glans. We pulled over outside a small block and headed for her room, my shorts bulging with a rampant erection, a damp patch forming very visibly where my bloated foreskin rested.

I barely noticed my surroundings. As soon as we reached the motel room we were on the bed and she was working hard on me. She had learnt so well how to please an uncut guy that it made me realise that so much of the sex I had had in America had been missing something. The girls hadn't often said anything but had clearly been taken aback by my skin and had little idea to how to please me with it. Neither had they shown much sign of enjoying it themselves. They were too rough, not realising that a glans which spends so much of its time covered in skin is saved from the desensitising rubbing which can make a cut guy's cock like leather. Their hands rubbed me so hard and pulled the skin back so forcibly that they often hurt me. The guys had tended to be a little better, but although a bloke cut at birth knows how most parts of a cock works at best they tend to regard my foreskin as something in the way, not something there to give the most delicate and sensitive of sensations. I often pitied them, never having known the feelings which the unnecessary knife had taken away from them. I felt special pity for one guy I had met who had adored my skin. Left intact as a child, he had felt such a deviant in a class of tightly circumcised all-American boys that he had begged his parents to get him cut to match. He had finally persuaded them just before he went away to college but only a few years later in his mid twenties had he come to realise what he had lost. He had worshiped my long skin and done his best with it, working it slightly awkwardly as if his memories of his own angst and disgust-ridden teenage sex had left a glimmer in his head of the way to please an intact penis. She was different though, so, so different.

Her fingers and her tongue explored my hood in every way there was, reaching inside the long skin to the glistening glans, working fervently on my bud-like overhang, fingering the soft skin as if she herself knew what sensations would result in my brain.

Sometimes she would roll it back, never over-hard on the sensitive head, working her way round the ridge of my glans with her tongue with the covering hood pulled right back out of the way, blowing gently on my stringy fraenum, caressing it gently with a moistened finger. More often though she kept me covered over, sometimes rolling the skin over her tongue or finger as it savoured my glans, other times stretching me out as far as possible and enjoying my inch or so of overhang in every way she could think of. She seemed not to need any pleasuring herself, she was totally and utterly intent on working my foreskin for our pleasure, basking in the soft groans from my throat that showed how excited I was by her skill.

Finally, after a very long time I sensed that she wanted me to fuck her. She was wide open and moist as she rolled me onto my back and prepared to sit astride my erection. She held the skin tightly forward and tickled her clitoris with my overhang, almost overwhelmed by the sensation it wrought in her. She was entering just the head of my skin-clad penis into her, so slowly, savouring the silky feeling of my skin in contrast to the rough texture of a circumcised lover. Then it happened.

I had been so carried away that I hadn't heard the car pull up. He kicked the door in with one huge blow - in our anxiety and urgency she hadn't bolted it, perhaps we hadn't even shut it properly.

"Fuck" she moaned. "My husband".

Early 20's, good-looking, long blonde hair. Small and lightly built. He was wild, excited with anger. There was something extra on his face though, but I couldn't read his expression.

"Jeez Sheryl, not another one of your doggy dicks? They told me at the bar you'd gone off with some fuckin Brit. Christ woman, what's this thing with skin? Don't you like mens' cocks anymore? How come you done and got this thing with baby dicks. Dirty, disgusting, smelling skins that shouldn't be left on a dog, let alone a man. How could you?"

He was livid, but there was something about his anger too - some kind of satisfaction in it as if he was enjoying the excuse to get mad. I started to speak, but he shouted "shut the fuck up". He was so slight it was strange to see this near-boy wracked with fury. Scary, but I knew if it came to it he would be a pushover for me. I was strong and twice his size and used to taking care of myself.

"He means it" she said, her face grave and flushed.

I tried to speak again, but he roared once more, and it was then that I saw the knife. A long bladed ugly looking thing. I wasn't so sure about avoiding that.

"You know what this means Sheryl"

It was a statement. She made no reply.

"Go on then, let him fuck you. Let him enjoy it his doggy way just one more time, if a guy can ever really enjoy fucking with a wrapper on his cock like that."

She made no attempt to say anything, giving me a glance that tried to convey something although I couldn't guess what it was.

She had made no move to climb off me. He yelled again "Go on. Let him feel that dirty skin slide into a woman's pussy one last time. Before we take it from him"

My head was full of confusion. I couldn't think what he meant nor what to do or say as he walked slowly to the bed, the knife glinting menacingly in his hand.

"Want to see a real man's dick, baby-cock ? Want to see what a proper piece of meat should look like?"

He undid his belt, ripping the buttons of his Levis open with one quick tug. In an instant he was standing over me, the knife in one hand and with his other easing his penis out, waving it inches from my face, long, thick and very tightly cut. It was sleek looking, with a wide scar band high on the shaft like so many American men's. He slapped it on my face, and had the sensation of the rough leathery skin on my cheek. I noticed that he had no fraenum, just a broad empty groove where it should have been,

bare and somehow menacing looking. He was getting a little stiff and before I knew it he had thrust his cock into my mouth, making me gag as it pushed deep down my throat, salty and sweaty.

"Like that do you, babycock? Huh? 'Cos that's what yours is going to be like soon, superstud."

He pulled out, his low hanging balls hanging so vulnerably exposed out of the fly of his open jeans in such surreal contrast to the knife he moved to hold at my throat.

"We're going to make you a present of a real cock with a nice proud cut, like a real man. How can you bear that disgusting skin flap on your piece? It's bad enough having any man's cock in my woman's pussy, but some dirty animal dick up there is just fuckin gross. When you've finally got to screw a girl with a real man's cock you'll thank us when you realise what you've been missing all this time."

I started to speak, but he came forward holding me down with amazing force for such a small young man, forcing his cock back into my mouth as he held me down.

"Feel that tight shaft with your lips. That's what its going to be like for my Sheryl if you ever come sniffing round her again, not that I think she'll let you come within a million miles of her once you're cut proper. She just loves those disgusting dirty skins, but we're going to make sure that there is one less hood in this world for her to fuck with. We'll make damn sure of it, all three of us."

As his glans was forcing down my throat I could see the knife out of the corner of my eye.

"Go on Sheryl, slide that skin up inside your cunt one last time. It'll never feel the same thing again for you or him when we've cut him real good."

I tried to protest, apologise, beg but she said "Just do what he says Sam. The last time the guy tried to resist, he cut him up real bad. Not just his cock either. Cut him up real bad. Just do what he says."

She had my cock in her hand and pulled the skin right forward again, but with a matter of factness now which hadn't been there before. She was like an automaton as she straddled me and sank down on my now partial erection. I felt sure she was thinking as fast as I was as she started to fuck, but hoping against hope that she was having more luck thinking of a way out of this desperate situation than I was. I felt nothing as she worked up and down on me. Time past, but I don't know how long it went on for. Probably just a few seconds, my cock feeling nothing and shriveled inside her, my mind occupied with horror as he held the knife first at my throat, then moving down to stretch out my ball-sack and hold the knife there, squirming with a sudden pain as he deliberately nicked the skin with the tip. I really thought he was going to castrate me, but just as I was preparing for the rush of agony he moved away.

"Enough now. That's enough dirty animal hood in you now, you skin-whore. Get off him."

She did as she was told with no comment.

"Lick your juice off his cock"

She leant over me and took my cock in her mouth, something of the old tenderness still there.

"You know what's next," he said.

Obviously she did, and I couldn't help but wonder how many times this terrible scenario had been played out before. She leant over my cock again, and took the bud of my overhang in her teeth.

"Harder" he said, holding the knife at her throat now and I winced slightly as she bit into the soft skin.

"Now pull him tight. Real tight. I want him to have a proper, proud cut as his souvenir of you, skin-slut."

Again I winced as she leant back, my foreskin still between her teeth, pulling it out way beyond the point of any possible pleasure.

"Tighter! Pull the fuckin thing tighter. I want him flayed."

The pain was searing through my cock now, and I squirmed as he moved towards me again, his cock now hard and red in his hand, his fingers working some precum over his permanently bared and leathery glans.

To my surprise, he now held two knives, and he proffered one towards me.

"Take it" he said. "But don't even dream of trying anything stupid. I know how to use this one real quick. Don't I Sheryl?"

She said nothing. "Don't I Sheryl" he shouted, and this time she nodded slowly in reply, her eyes meeting mine as if in terrible confirmation of what he was saying.

"So Sam or whatever your name is take the fuckin knife man" he yelled.

My one desperate thought was that someone in the motel would surely hear the noise and come to investigate. He pushed the knife into my hand.

"Cut, doggy-dick. Cut that stinkin skin off yourself. Make yourself clean, turn yourself into a real man. Grow up at last."

I tried to throw the knife down, but he was at me in a second, yanking so hard on my balls that I screamed out in agony. He held the knife at them again.

"If you don't cut that fuckin dirty skin, I'll cut off your balls one at a time then come and circumcise you myself. Cut that fuckin skin, man!"

I knew he meant it. I was totally helpless there. As if it wasn't me doing it, I saw my hand take the knife from his hand. I saw my hand with that ugly blade in it. I saw my hand reach down to my foreskin, still stretched agonisingly tight in her teeth. I saw the first flow of blood as I pushed the flat of the blade into my own hood as gingerly as I could. I saw my own hand cutting at my own foreskin, I saw, just before I passed out with the searing agony, my own hand begin my own circumcision.

It was dark when I came to, pain flowing through me, my mind suddenly clear and remembering every horrible detail of what had happened. I felt agony from my cock as soon as I moved. I had to see. I had to see what had happened to me. The sheet had blood on it, oozing out from my crotch. Not too much though so I reckoned he couldn't have castrated me, but what was going to be there under the sheet? Had he left it at my own tentative slice at my own foreskin, something that would heal up leaving me with a scar on my cock that would be a reminder of what had happened for the rest of my life, or had he done more terrible mutilation? I wasn't ready to lift that sheet yet to see the truth, my mind still trying to come to terms with what had happened.

Shit, perhaps he was still there, him waiting to do more damage to me and get revenge for messing with his wife. I looked quickly round the room but there was no sign of them. The suitcase was gone, the room was a mess and it looked as if they had fled fast. I saw that my wallet and car keys had gone too.

I had to know. I had to see. As I lifted the sheet, pain flooded through me again as the cloth separated from my wound, dried blood gluing it to my skin. My balls were still there, just the slight nick he had given me showing as a small red line on my sack. The head of my penis was bandaged roughly, some blood soaked cotton wool held in place with some Band-Aid.

Shit, it hurt like hell but my spirits rose slightly as I reckoned that my self-inflicted slice might be the worst that had happened to me, my punishment for allowing myself to be picked up by that skin-mad women. I could live with that. At least I still had my balls and foreskin, scarred though they may be.



Then I saw it. My glance fell on the bedside locker. There it was. Amongst the cigarette butts in the ashtray. I didn't know what I was looking at at first. I was curious, but after a terrible second I realised just what I was seeing. There seemed so much of it, an unbelievable amount. Grey-coloured, twisted and distorted, ground in amongst the ash. A grotesque hideous thing that had once been part of me.

I was looking at my foreskin.

## **The Kid's Tail: "Big Brother"**

Saturdays were the worst of all. Things hadn't been easy since Dad died. I missed him most of all at the weekends - him taking me to Saturday sports club, driving across town together, just the two of us with all the time in the world to talk. Mum had to work six days a week since he had gone so I had to get there myself now. Get up so early, take the bus downtown, wait in the deserted streets for a transfer and then still have to do the last half mile or so on foot. That Saturday was one of the special ones though because Phil was going to be there to pick me up. My big brother, in his second year in medical school in Virginia, was coming home for the weekend and he was going to collect me on the way. I was really looking forward to seeing him as it had been such a long time since his last visit.

He'd changed so much since he'd been away at college, no longer an awkward kid but really kind of confident now. It seemed like he'd taken a long time to grow up somehow, but despite the big change in him we seemed to get on better than ever. We really seemed to be able to talk to each other properly now, talk about things which I just couldn't share with Mum, about school and stuff and the other kids. He really seemed to understand how it was for me and I was going to see him and have him at home with me the whole weekend.

Mr. O'Shea was a bit late letting us go from training so I didn't waste time changing and ran off down the driveway to where I could see Phil's yellow Beetle already parked on the main street. He saw me coming and started the engine as I slung my bag in the back seat and climbed in, eager to talk to him and catch up on each other's news.

Halfway home, Phil said he was hungry and asked me if I'd like to stop off for something to eat. Pulling into Burger King he asked me if I'd go in and get a couple of takeouts for us. As we slowed, the inevitability of his braking meant he could take his eyes off the road for a second and he turned towards me to speak. I caught the strange look on his face. Something was clearly amiss, but I had no idea what could have happened so suddenly that could have disconcerted him so much. I caught the direction of his gaze and followed it down between my thighs. Shit - it had happened again. I had told Mum so many times that I had outgrown my shorts but she had said I would just have to wait until she got her next pay cheque at the end of the month before she could afford new ones. I felt my face redden as I looked down to see that the leg of my shorts had ridden up again, leaving my balls hanging very obviously out of the left leg, laying surreally over the edge of the seat.

"Why, my little brother" said Phil. "I didn't realise how big you'd gotten since I've been away. That's a seriously impressive pair of nuts you have there."

I winced inside as he said it. It was so embarrassing hearing him saying something like that, and I hoped he wasn't going to tease me about the way my balls hung so low like the kids in school sometimes did.

"I suspect some girl is going to be very pleased to get to play with those one day soon" he went on.

I was pleased that he didn't seem to want to tease me, but it felt an uneasy sort of thing for us to be talking about. I was already making to try and get them back into my shorts, worried that if I went into the restaurant they might come loose again like they had one time before on the bus to school, but I felt Phil's hand on my arm.

"We're doing genito-urinary stuff at school this semester" he said. "It would be kinda useful to me if I could just examine them a bit more closely - it would really help me with my research. They sure are a mighty fine pair."

I was going to say I wasn't sure, but even as he was speaking his hands were round my scrotum, firm yet gentle, working my nuts inside their sack, pulling very lightly and lifting them up high, feeling the cords in the long stretch of skin between my cock and balls. It all felt so strange, really weird having my own brother holding my nuts. He was a doctor though, or at least going to be one day, and he did say it would help him in his studies so I suppose it had to be OK, didn't it?"

"Let's have a look at what else you have stowed away up there" he said. Before I really took in what he meant he had lifted the leg of my shorts even further up my leg and released my cock too. I was seriously freaked now. I mean, we were sitting in the forecourt of Burger King. Anyone could have come past. Any of my school friends could have walked by and seen my big brother closely examining my cock and balls. Yet at the same time, I didn't mind. I was pleased by the idea of helping his research. He was being so, like, professional that made it kind of OK so I didn't try and stop him.

"There's something wrong here of course, kid brother" he said as he looked at my cock. My heart thumped. I thought he must have noticed some disease or something that I knew nothing about.

"Yeah, you've still got that damned foreskin. Shit, I'd forgotten that Mum and Dad never got you sorted out."

His fingers were feeling inside my foreskin now, tracing round inside the half inch or so that overhung the end of my cock. God, it felt so strange him doing it, even more so when he started to roll back my hood and examine what was underneath, looking so closely at the stringy thread of skin that he had exposed on the underside of my cock head.

"I just don't know why they didn't get you cut when you were a kid - it would have solved so many problems for you. Your buddies must give you such a hard time in the locker room."

I started to say that I didn't have any problems with it, but he didn't seem to be hearing what I was saying. He was right about the locker room of course, but every kid got teased about something. I didn't like to tell him that with me it wasn't that I was uncut. In fact, I'd never really thought much about how different my cock was from the other boys and it was the way my balls hung so low that got me singled out when the guys were in the mood to give someone a hard time.

"We need to get you nicely circumcised. You need to get a trim, or no girl is going to want to get her lips anywhere near that beauty despite that fine set of hangers. Just take a look at mine little brother."

I was horrified as he started to pull open the buttons of his jeans. Why did he think I needed to look at his dick? I mean, I had seen a cut cock before - there certainly were enough of them on show in the locker room at school to know what one looks like. I was freaked and fascinated at the same time as he opened up his fly and couldn't help but look. Firstly, I was surprised to see that he wasn't wearing any shorts underneath his jeans. What really amazed me though was that he had some sort of metal ring round his cock and balls. I wondered why on earth he had to have that there. Was it some medical condition he had which meant he had to wear it? It looked like it must be really painful, but something stopped me from asking him such a personal question. I think deep down I was worried in case he told me that I needed one too.

"A man's cock doesn't need any damned skin getting in the way. Take a look and see how much better even mine looks. Only trouble is that old fool doc didn't do the job properly on me and he cut me way too loose. Even I've got too much skin left for what a guy really needs. You can't beat a really proud cut back to the balls - nothing getting in the way, nice and sleek, just your skin taught on your shaft."

For some reason, I thought of the last time I had seen him naked. It was the night after Dad's funeral, and with the house full of relations staying over we'd had to share a bedroom. I remembered seeing him getting undressed, even then his body so much more muscular than mine, and I hadn't been able to stop myself taking a look of his cock. It was true - I had noticed that he had a kind of bunch of skin just above his cock head. When he got out of bed the next morning I had sneaked a look at him again, pretending to be asleep but peeking out through half closed eyes. It looked different then. With the remains of his morning boner on him, the skin had pulled more taught and I noticed how much sleeker it looked, with its purple cock head fully exposed - so different to mine which hid under its covering all the time unless I rolled the skin right back.

He was talking again, and my mind snapped back to the present from that awful time of two years ago. I realised I had only half taken in what he was saying about how much cleaner it was and how much better for sex if you were cut. That was interesting. I had wondered so many times if he was getting sex at college. He had never seemed to have a proper girlfriend whilst he was at home with us and he had never mentioned anyone special at college either. I wondered now if he was speaking from experience or just spouting some stuff out of a textbook. Now he'd put the idea in my head, there was a big difference between my cock and my buddies' and I tried hard to imagine how hard it must be beating off without any skin to use, just that bare knob in the palm of your hand.

"I'll have to have a talk to Mum and see if we get the doc to fix that skin of yours before too much longer."

I told him it really was fine the way it was. The idea of him talking to her about my cock was so awful and the thought that she might then want to talk to me about it even worse. In any case, I was sure there was no way Mum would want me to get cut anyway. I remembered a conversation I had overheard years ago when I had gotten out of bed and gone down to the kitchen late one evening to get a drink and heard her talking to our neighbour. She had just had a baby boy who had been cut that day at the hospital and Mum was telling her about Phil.

Mum and Dad had been at school together in England and gotten married very young, coming to live in America not long after. By the time they got here Phil was already

on the way. She was telling Nancy from next-door how overwhelming everything was for them then. She found it real scary being in the big university hospital when he was born and felt very isolated with none of her family around her. The doctors and nurses there had just assumed that Phil was to be circumcised like everyone else. She and Dad had discussed it briefly and weren't at all sure. Dad had never had any trouble with his foreskin and, in fact, neither of them could even remember having seen a cut penis. In the end, they had just gone along as they didn't like to argue with the hospital and thought that the doctors must know best. Indeed, when Mum had timidly questioned if it was really necessary the nurse had snapped at her and said of course it was and he would feel really out of it when he went to school if he was the only one without a circumcision in his class. Scared of doing the wrong thing, in the end it just seemed easier they just let things take their natural course. Poor Phil had been taken off and returned to her with a bandage round his little cock. Afterwards, they were really sorry they hadn't made a stand as Phil had gotten a bad infection. Mum said she felt real guilty when he was so ill and they vowed then that if they had any more boys they'd never let the doctors do it to them again.

I forgot all about my conversation with Phil after a while. I did hear Mum and him discussing something over breakfast early the next morning but they stopped abruptly when I went into the kitchen but nothing more was ever said. I was just glad that the matter seemed to have blown over.

We didn't see Phil again for quite a while after that weekend as he was so busy with his studies and never seemed to have the time to come home. That summer though, it looked like I was going to get to spend some time with him. My Gran in England was going to have to go into hospital to get a new hip and she wanted Mum to go back home to Canterbury and look after her and Granddad until she was up and about again. Mum said there was no way she could afford the fare, and that she couldn't go off and leave me anyway. I knew she really wanted to go and I said I'd be fine at home by myself. Gran phoned again to say of course they would send her the money for the plane and, if she postponed the operation a couple of weeks until the Easter vacation, suggested asking Phil to come by and stay with me. Reluctantly, Mum agreed to ask Phil in the end. He said he wasn't at all sure he could get away for more than a couple of days but suggested that I could go to Virginia and stay with him in college instead. He said it would be easier that way, then I could stay for as long as I liked as he'd really enjoy having me around for a while. In the end, it was all agreed and I was looking forward so much to spending part of the holidays with my big brother and sharing his new life at college.

Mum went off, still a bit wary of leaving me, and I stayed a couple of days with one of my buddy Jamie until Phil was able to come up and collect me. That Saturday, the first day of the vacation, was fantastic and I felt so glad to be alive as we drove down the Interstate. Phil was obviously really enjoying college life and we were surely going to have a great time together. We arrived at the campus in the early afternoon.

Phil pointed out the apartment block where he lived but I was surprised that he drove straight past. He said he'd take me on to the University hospital where he was training so we could get something to eat and he could show me around a bit. As we sat down in the food court, two guys came up and joined us and Phil introduced to his two real good friends, Jeff and Carl.

Jeff looked like you imagine a medical student to be with chinos, a polo shirt and short blonde hair. Carl didn't seem likely for the job at all with cropped hair, combat trousers and several earrings. They were both real friendly though and it was obvious Phil had told them all about me. My thoughts drifted as they talked away about people I didn't know and about their work on the wards, but after a while I guessed they realised I was a bit left out and they made an effort to involve me. They asked me what I might like to do during my stay - this sure was going to be such a great couple of weeks.

After a while, Jeff asked Phil if I knew about my surprise, and judging by the way they exchanged looks, Carl knew all about this too. I had no idea Phil was planned anything special. I knew there was a ball game on that afternoon so I wondered if Phil had gotten tickets for us or something. Phil just said "no-not yet. A surprise must be a surprise till the last minute, but he's going to love it!" I didn't try to push him into telling me what it was. I knew Phil well enough - if he wanted to keep a secret you'd never get it out of him.

After they had gotten coffees, Phil said that they were going to show me round a bit and we headed off towards the elevators. They took me into the lecture rooms and the labs and it all looked so exciting and I could see why Phil loved spending time there so much. The place was kind of quiet, being both a Saturday and the vacations, so by the time we got up to the top floor there was no sign of anyone much around apart from us.

"This is the day surgery floor," said Carl. "This is where we've been spending most of our time this last semester."

"Let's take a look in here" said Jeff, and he turned a key in one of the theatre rooms that were all along the long corridor. Once all three of us were inside, I was surprised to see Jeff lock the door again from the inside. I figured that perhaps they weren't supposed to be showing folks round and he didn't want us to be caught out. It was a small room, and made quite crowded by the two trolleys in the middle under a big bright overhead light. They were laid out with sheets on, and alongside each was a

small table with an array of metal stuff on them, just like you see in the movies. It was really cool to be there, seeing it for real.

"OK little brother, this is where your treat is going to happen. You are really going to be so glad about it - something you'll get to enjoy for the rest of your life. Jeff and Carl are majoring in surgery, and they are going to sort both our little problems out for us once and for all."

I just had no idea what he was on about. What little problems?

"Jeff is going to get rid of that hood for you and get you circumcised real neat and tidy like a man and Carl is going to tighten me up so I'm cut nice and tight like I damn well should have been in the first place. And we are going to get it done here, together, side by side. It's my present to you - the best fuckin thing I could ever do for you kid. What do you say little brother?"

I felt my heart thump in my chest, but I didn't say anything at all. I mean, he was my big brother and he'd gone to so much trouble. It sure seemed to mean a lot to him. And he was going to be a doctor. He had to know best. Didn't he?

I thought that Phil would be really angry with me after having gone to so much trouble. In fact he didn't mention it at all which was kind of worse. I wished that we could clear the air but the subject just never came up and I just couldn't find the right words to bring up the subject. Carl and Jeff had just put all the stuff away and we went off to see the game on TV. It was as simple as that. I just couldn't go through with it. I knew he was my big brother and he must know what he was talking about because he was going to be a doctor but, well, to have a strange guy cut off part of my cock when I didn't need to have it done and without Mum knowing anything about it, well it was just too much. The more I thought about it the more I just freaked. Just to let two strangers, medics or not, even see my dick would have been so embarrassing even with Phil there. It just didn't seem right.

I couldn't see what all the fuss over my foreskin was about anyway. OK, I admit I was a bit unusual still having a skin on the end of my dick but surely I wasn't the only guy in the world left how God intended. As well as that, the thought of loosing that skin freaked me. Shit, it must feel so weird having the end of your cock bare all the time. I just couldn't imagine getting it out to pee and seeing the purple head just lying in my hand, all exposed and vulnerable. Surely that covering was put there for a reason? How must it feel having it rubbing bare on your pants all day? Just a couple of times my skin had gotten caught up after I popped a boner at school and it always felt so



weird until I could get to the rest room and straighten things up. And as to whacking off, well -what were you supposed to do? How was it possible to work on your boner with no skin sleeve to rub over the end of it? It must really hurt having to do it like that.

Phil had looked disappointed alright but I knew I had done the right thing in all sorts of ways. It was such a weird thing to have happened - how could he have thought I would just lay down in an operating room to loose part of my dick like that? Did he really think I was just going to say "Hey, that's cool - go ahead and circumcise me"? So, he never brought the subject up and neither did I.

A couple of nights later I talked Phil into letting me have a couple of beers with him and his two friends when they came over to watch a video at the apartment. For the first time in my life I got drunk. In the excitement of it all, thoughts of the strange event at the hospital left my mind for the first time and I really started to enjoy my stay with Phil after it's weird start. I must have crashed out on them because I had no recollection of going to bed that night but woke up the next morning tucked up between the sheets and feeling like death. Even more embarrassing than having passed out on them was the fact that I was stark naked so I knew that they must have carried me to bed and taken off my clothes. Shit, how could I face them the next time I saw them? What would they think of me? Just some kid who couldn't handle even a couple of beers.

I fell asleep again and by the time I woke properly it was noon and I was feeling a bit more human. I got up and went to the kitchen for a drink. There was a note from Phil on the table saying he had been called in to the hospital but he'd be home early evening and take me out someplace then. It was a shame to be left alone all day but even after breakfast my head still felt a little messed up and I knew it would be best just to chill for a while. I went into the bathroom to see if I could find some Tylenol for my head. I found some in the cabinet but what caught my eye, lying there tucked away on the top shelf, was the sight of Phil's metal ring - the one I had seen him wearing that day outside Burger King. I'd forgotten all about it but it was a relief to know that he didn't have to wear it all the time. Whatever problem he had with his balls couldn't be too bad then. On a whim, I thought I'd try it on to see how it worked and figure out what it did for you. It took me quite a while to work out how to get it in place. I finally puzzled it out, putting it over my cock then slipping my nuts through one at a time.

I don't know why, but I felt the beginnings of a boner when I got it in place and let go of my balls. They felt sort of nice hanging over the ring and of them sticking out a bit further than normal. I liked the feeling of the weight round my cock but as it began to enlarge a bit the ring cut into me slightly and I panicked a little about how you were supposed to get it off. Even so, it was quite a nice feeling and, with my headache

beginning to lift, I couldn't help my hand wandering to my cock and start to stroke it a little.

The harder my cock got, the tighter Phil's ring felt. I could see why he didn't complain about having to wear it so much – it actually felt quite good. I thought of him, his jeans wide open outside Burger King, seeing in my mind's eye the way his cock head lay bare beneath the small bunch of skin behind the head. I wondered again how on earth anyone guy's managed without skin over their cocks so I rolled my own foreskin back to see what it looked like. Strange, thinking most guys looked like that all the time whether they liked it or not. I tried rubbing my own bare glans but it felt weird - too strong a sensation to be much fun. My cock was standing straight up now and I needed to beat off. With my left hand I pulled all the skin back to the base and tried to hold it there, feeling the string of skin under my cock head pulling tight as I did so. I reckoned that that was about how the skin on my buddy Jamie's cock must be. I'd looked at his dick a few times in the locker room and the skin seemed to be pulled real tight all the time, not like Phil's with its bit of slack. I tried whacking off again but it just didn't work. It just felt too rough on the head of my dick, not a smooth sensation like when I rubbed my foreskin over it.

I looked up at my reflection in the mirror. My cock looked so different from normal. The purple helmet was so clearly on show without its usual snout of skin hanging over the end, the ridge of the head standing out so clearly without the skin in the way. My nuts looked even bigger than normal with Phil's ring on, hanging forward and away from my body, the silver of the ring peeking out from the hairs around the base of my dick. I let go of my skin to give my balls a squeeze, enjoying the extra sensitive feel they had with Phil's ring round them. Almost as soon as I let go of my foreskin it started to roll forward again, slowly at first, gathering momentum as the hood covered the ridge, sort of snapping shut as the bud formed over the end of my cock. I rolled it back hard again but every time I let go it just went back to where it wanted to be. I wondered if there was anything I could do to stop it doing that so I could get a better impression of what it was like to be cut. I wanted to take a look at my cock in the mirror with the hood rolled back without my hands in the way. Shit, it was just so weird thinking that was normal for most of the guys in my class -they never saw their cock heads anything but bare, never able to cover them over. That was a really freaky idea. My eye caught a box of Band-Aids in Phil's bathroom cabinet and I wondered if I could perhaps use one of them to kind of hold all that skin back.

It took several tries but I sort of managed it. I finally figured out that if I put a big Band-Aid at the base of my dick, it would hold my skin just enough to keep it behind my cock head without me having to hold it there. By the time I'd finished there were quite a few discarded Band-Aids and wrappers on the bathroom floor, but it worked. I could stand in front of the mirror, my hands by my sides, with my cock head staying bare, the Band-Aid tucked away in my bush enough for me to imagine it wasn't there. My cock looked kinda like Phil's with a big thick bunch of skin behind the head and

not at all like Jamie's which was real sleek. He looked like he'd been born that way with no scar on his dick like Phil had. In fact it was ages after I started school before I realized that guys like Jamie had ever had anything done to remove their skins - they just looked so sleek and tight that I reckoned there must be some boys born without skins, others like Phil who had to have them removed and the odd couple like me who were allowed to keep them.

As a kid I'd never been able to figure out why mine had been allowed to stay whereas almost everyone else's had been clipped. I sometimes wondered if everyone was born bare and skin had grown over my dick head as I had gotten older. I'd wondered if perhaps one day one of the teachers would find out about it and take me off to the school nurse for a tablet to fix it. It was kind of weird finding out a couple of grades further on in school that I'd been left the way nature intended and what had happened to the other guys to make them different. I always wondered until I heard Mum's conversation with the neighbour why I was the odd one out. Looking at myself in the mirror, arms by my side but my cock head was bare as it had ever been for longer than it had ever been before, was so weird. Shit, I really had to whack off. I'd got so horny playing around with my dick and I hadn't beaten it the night before because of the beers.

I tried rubbing my cock head again but it still wasn't right somehow. It just hurt, rubbing on that purple skin. Again, the medicine cabinet came into my line of sight and I saw Phil's big jar of moisturizer there on the shelf. I seemed to remember that I'd heard some guy at school saying that he'd used his kid brother's baby cream to whack off with and it felt so good, so I reckoned it might work for me now. Shit, those circumcised boys surely couldn't do it the way I'd been trying to do it. It was just downright painful.

I smeared a bit handful of moisturizer on my hand and set to work on my cock. Wow, it was just amazing. The difference from a few seconds before was extraordinary. There was no discomfort at all now - it just felt really wild. Now I could use my hand like I normally did, sliding it up and down the shaft but it felt so weird that the skin stayed totally tight the whole time with the Band-Aid holding it out of the way. When I beat off normally the hood bunched up and stretched out under my hand, but not now. I tried grinding my cock head round in my fist and that was great too, unlike anything I'd felt before. I looked in the mirror again to see my balls slapping round under Phil's tight metal ring, the bare head of my cock peeping out from my fist and the rest of the skin held back tightly in place and I could feel the cum already starting to well up inside me. Then, shit, the worst possible thing happened. The bathroom door flew open and Phil came in.

He obviously wasn't expecting to find anyone in there. His face registered surprise for a second and I was frozen to the spot, my mind racing ahead in expectation of an instant outburst from him.

“Hi kid. Feeling better now?” That was all he said. Nothing about what I was doing, just that greeting as if everything was normal.

“Wow, that was one busy session on the ward. Sorry to leave you alone all day.”

That was all he said. Even as he spoke he was pulling off his shirt and turning the faucet on in the shower. As he slipped off his jeans all I could do was to take stock of the situation. Me, standing there with his ring round my balls, my dick smeared in moisturizer and a scattering of discarded Band-Aid wrappers on the floor. Funny, stunned as I was, I couldn't help noticing that again he didn't have any underwear on under his jeans when he dropped them to the floor. Amazing how your mind works when you're in a tight spot. He was in the shower then, singing to himself as I was desperately cleaning myself up, pulling the Band-Aid painfully away from the base of my dick taking a good few hairs with it, and grabbing for my clothes. Jeez, things couldn't have been much worse. I was so ashamed and embarrassed.

“Hey kid” he shouted over the noise of the water. “Pass that cock ring into me. If you can get it off yet that is.”

Damn. He had noticed I was wearing it after all. I was so hoping he hadn't seen.

“Feels kind of good, doesn't it”

So he didn't mind having to wear it then. All I could do was mumble something as I slipped my balls out of it and worked it off over my cock, now shrivelled away to nothing in its embarrassment, and put it into the hand he stretched out from behind the shower curtain.

When he emerged from his shower, I was sitting in front of the TV, pretending to watch it but braced for what was surely to come. Again, he still didn't say anything and again that was worse. It would have been better if he'd given me what for and gotten it over with. But no. All he said was “the guys'll be here in ten minutes. Get

yourself ready - we're going to the movies.” How could he have seen what he saw in the bathroom and say nothing? This was freaky.

Jeff and Carl arrived soon and everything seemed normal. We sat around with cans of Coke and a bowl of chips, talking about the movie that we were going to see. I'd wondered briefly if I should get in first and say something to Phil before he could tackle me. I just didn't know what to say to make things right or offer any excuse so I just said nothing. Jeff said we'd better get going if we were going to make the show but Phil replied that we'd better go for the later show because we had to do some shopping first.

“Hey, we'd better make a list,” he said. “I always forget half the stuff. Write this down for me kid brother - beers, pizza, cereals, coffee...oh, yes, and Tylenol, moisturizer, and Band-Aids. Got that, kid?”

Shit, this was suddenly so bad.

“Yeah,” he went on to the guys, “kid brother here has been working the medicine cabinet real hard this afternoon. Tylenol for his beer-head, then back in there again this afternoon..... for other reasons.”

Just kinda neutral the way he said it, but he looked across at Jeff and Carl as he spoke. Sort of knowing, but ... shit, how would they know the significance of what he was saying? I couldn't make it out. All I could do was write it down and hope the big rush of blood to my face didn't show too much. I'd never known Phil make out a shopping list in his life before. Surely he could have remembered those few things? In any case there was a pile of Band-Aid and Tylenol left and I'd barely made a dent in his nearly new jar of moisturizer. What was he up to, or was it just my guilty conscience that was looking for something that just wasn't there?

In the end we skipped the movie and the shopping and just went to eat. We were all back in the apartment by 9:00 watching TV and drinking beer. I didn't feel too much like drinking but I had a couple of mouthfuls just because I didn't want to let on them that I'd had more than my fill the night before. The others had quite a few though and I could tell that they were getting just a little drunk. They went out to the kitchen to fix ice cream for us but I could hear them talking low over the sound of the TV. I just couldn't quite hear what they were saying, just hoping so bad that Phil wasn't letting on anything to them about my afternoon.

When we'd had the ice cream, then a few more beers still, Phil said out of the blue "Shit, we should have done that shopping. Kid brother sure made a hole in my bathroom supplies."

God, what was coming? I felt the blood rush to my face again. Surely Phil, now more than a little worse for wear I figured, wasn't going to humiliate me in front of the guys, even though I sort of felt I deserved it.

"He sure went through a pile of Band-Aids before he started on the moisturizer."

"Yeah" said Jeff. "It's sure hard to get that business right 'til you get the knack. I sure got through a pile of surgical tape before I got circumcised."

Oh no, this was awful. Phil was going to show me up in front of them and I had never felt so embarrassed on my life.

"Worth it though, just to feel your foreskin held back real tight" he went on, "and so damn horny to see your helmet bare without your hand having to hold back that freakin roll of skin."

My head was reeling now. What was he saying? Jeff had done the same as me? And what did he mean, "before he got circumcised?"

"How did you do it?" he asked me. "Did you tape it at the base or roll your hood back on itself?"

I just didn't know what to say or do. Here was a grown man asking me about taping back my foreskin. Wild, embarrassing and yet..... And again, what did he mean "before he got circumcised?" Surely grown men didn't get cut, only babies? I just blushed bright red and muttered something.

“Hey, Carl,” said Phil, and I was so relieved that my big brother was stepping in here, looking out for me and rescuing me from this awful situation. “I forgot to show you that article I found for your research project. Come in the other room and see what you think of it.”

So off they went, Phil and Carl. I hoped that would be an end to the awful direction the conversation had been taking. It wasn't. Jeff asked me again how I had taped up my foreskin and I couldn't think of any way out so I just told him this time. I mean, it would have been kind of rude to snub his attempt to talk to me. He was a nice guy and I just didn't know how to tell him to drop it. I muttered that I'd stuck a strip on at the bottom and followed it quickly with some inane question about his new car, the first thing that came into my head that wasn't to do with the awful subject in an attempt to distract him from it. And yet....

“Phil told me you've got a whole lot of skin, just like I used to have.”

Damn. Obviously he wasn't going to let the topic drop.

“Much better to roll the skin back on itself and fix it up that way, just like I used to.”

Again, that past tense. I just couldn't stop myself asking him, badly though I wanted everyone to forget the whole disquieting topic. “You mean, like, you don't have skin anymore?” I heard myself say.

“Absolutely.” he said, “Thank God. Yeah, I'm a real clean-cut all-American cut dude now. Right back to the balls. Skin on my shaft all tight and sleek, just how nature didn't intend! Best decision I ever made, letting Carl fix me up.”

Shit, this was amazing!

“What, you let Carl circumcise you?”

I felt the blood rush to my face yet again and, worse still, I was horrified to feel the beginnings of a boner creep up on me. I mean, this was wild. Here was one of Phil's two good buddies telling me that he'd been circumcised by the other."

"Yup, I was the original elephant boy until last fall. My folks are kind of post-hippies they were adamant that no one was going to make their little boy into anything he wasn't when he popped into this world. My dad was always on about how he had been violated as a kid when he'd been "robbed of his foreskin" and all that kind of shit. So they just never got me done. All through school I had to put up with being the only boy in the class with a hood. Every day in the gym was a torment, the guys all wanting to look some times, or else play with it, or else give me a hard time about it. Being different and having something they didn't. It was always just so embarrassing. I always tried to fake a cold or something to get out of stripping off in the showers but it didn't often work. I reckon I've heard every freakin comment about foreskins that was ever dreamed up."

"All the time they were on at me I could hear my mom's voice in my head – "you'll be so pleased that we left you alone down there. You'll thank us for it when you are older." And I kinda believed it too. I kept telling trying to persuade myself that I had something precious that had been taken off the other kids, that they were just jealous and teased me because they knew they had lost something special forever. And God, did I have skin! An inch or more of trunk just hanging off the end of my cock. Just once in a while I'd roll it back and try and get it to stay there but it never lasted a minute back in my pants before I'd feel it slip back. And cheese - God, in the hot weather it could be such a pain. I was always having to slip off to the men's room to wash under it to keep the smell down. I was always sure someone would say something about the reek of it. But just an hour or two later it would have built up again. You get that stuff, too?"

This was amazing. I'd always thought it was just me not washing properly or something when my cock started to get a little gungy under its hood, sometimes a bit funny smelling too. So it wasn't just something about me - that must just be what happened with a foreskin.

"Yeah," I said. "Is that normal then?"

"Yeah," he replied, "It's called smegma. Not everyone gets it real bad but it's no wonder no one wants to give you a blowjob when you're uncut. You can get real ripe down there if you're not careful."



This was an amazing conversation. Here was a grown man talking to me about something so intimate, yet he didn't seem to mind being open about it with me and I felt flattered that he felt he could share. It was freaky for sure but so good to be able to have this kind of talk with someone in a way that I knew I couldn't with any of my buddies at school, nor Phil for that matter, close as we were. It was comforting too, hearing that about that smegma stuff. Shit, who else was ever going to tell me about things like that? I couldn't help wondering if Dad would have told me if he'd been around. His cock was uncut like mine and surely he'd have helped me out. I'd sometimes had a sort of a fantasy of us being in a locker room together, the other kids wanting to tease me about my hood but not being able to say anything when they saw a grown man with a cock the same as mine. They always said dicks like mine were for babies, but if they saw a big strong guy like my pop with a hood too, well that would have shown them.

“So, do you mind being one of the rare ones?” he said, dragging me back to the present. “Don't you get teased about your extra piece of skin?” he asked, almost as if he had read my mind. “Have you got the only one in your class like I had?”

He asked me then if I'd ever been curious about what it might be like to be like everyone else and I could only say I'd never really thought about it much. But I didn't add out loud the last bit of the sentence that formed in my mind - “until today that is!”

Funny, a distant memory came into my mind of one of the rare times when I actually had thought about it. The summer before Dad died we'd all gone to England so stay with Gran and Granddad in Canterbury. I remembered suddenly very clearly Phil, Dad and me going to the swimming pool with my cousins. It was really busy there on a Saturday afternoon and standing there in the showers after we'd come out with a whole pile of guys I'd noticed for some reason that Phil was the only person there with no foreskin. There'd been something kinda nice about being one of the crowd for once - Dad, all my cousins and all the strangers having cocks like mine. Some long, some short, but all with foreskins. Phil was the only one whose dick head was uncovered in the whole room. It struck me then that he just couldn't do anything about it - he could never cover his while we could all roll our skins back if we wanted and then cover up again. It looked, well, kinda rude standing there with everything out in the open. I thought I'd feel really self-conscious if I were him and I was really pleased to feel like one of the normal ones for a change.

My memory quickly passed though, and I told Jeff that, yes, I was the only uncut one in my class but that I didn't get too much trouble over it. I was sort of surprised to

hear myself telling him about what I did get teased for - my balls. He smiled sympathetically. He could imagine, he said. It was always going to be one thing or another with kids and that they'd always find something strange about everyone to pick on. As far as they were concerned I was a guy with a "problem," making the shape of the quotation marks in the air with his fingers as he said it.

"I'm sure a lot of cut kids only think about it when they see someone like you that is. Wondering if they are missing something or if they're the lucky ones. I mean, well, a cut cock looks so different from an uncut one, doesn't it? So totally bare, such a different shape, all out there for everyone to see. It's wild, that difference. And most guys never get any choice about what style of dick they're carrying round in their pants."

"So why did you, err, why did you get circumcised then?"

I just had to ask. I didn't want to have to, but I just couldn't help it.

"I didn't know you could get circumcised unless you were a kid." Just saying that word felt kinda strange.

"That's a long story, kid," he said. Funny, it was nice hearing him call me kid just like Phil did. "Well, let's just say that when I came to medical school my horizons got opened up a little. I got to thinking that I might be missing out on something. As well as that, I just realized that I had a say in the matter! Never really struck me before - like you. I'd kinda thought that getting done was only something that happened to kids as well, but we saw a pile of guys in the out patient surgery come in to get it done so it struck me that I only had to decide if I wanted to be one of them too."

Hearing all this was just wild. Just wild. Stuff I'd never even thought about. God, you could decide you wanted to be circumcised like all the others. All you had to do was say you wanted it and go into hospital for a day. I could do that too, if I wanted. And guys really did it, not just one or two, but a pile of them. I realized that I was now popping a big boner in my jeans. Shit, why was that happening? I was really afraid that Jeff might notice and I shifted in my chair to try and hide the bulge that I was so conscious of.

"So, you err, so you went for it?"

“Yeah! Funny how it happened. I was working with Carl. Weird, but when you're training to be a surgeon the first part of a real person they let you loose on is a guy's dick. They reckon it's an easy op to do since it's all on the outside and you can see what you're doing, but sometimes that's a big mistake when the rookies mess up! Some poor guys get a real butcher job but Carl, well Carl was an ace at it from the very first one he chopped. And I was with him when he did it. He was some ordinary fat guy, about 40 or so. Jeez, it looked such a mess when it was done. Poor guy, all bruised and swollen even though he only had a short little hood to come off. I reckoned Carl had messed up real bad but three weeks later the guy came back for his check up it blew my mind. He was beaming all over his face and said for the first time in his life he had a dick to be proud of. When he got it out for Carl to check out I could see why. I mean, the difference to the battered stump he left with and his dick then, like wow! It was fantastic what Carl had done for him. It looked real neat and tidy, just a thin little line where he'd been sliced but, shit it looked great and so much better than before.”

“Why had he gotten done?” I asked. I just had to know.

“Basically, he'd just re-married and his wife wasn't happy having foreskin to chew on. The guy said he always felt kinda strange that he'd never been done like his buddies and sort of always wanted it but been too shy to ask. His new wife was a nurse and said it was no big deal so he'd just finally gotten up the courage to ask his doc. Two weeks later - one of the gang!”

“That wasn't the only one I saw Carl do. Some old guy with a skin so tight you'd wonder how he'd managed all those years, a couple of teenagers who finally nagged their parents into letting them get fixed, a college jock who was never getting head and another who said he'd been so fed up with feeling the odd one out in the locker room that he wanted rid of it. The weirdest one though was some British guy who turned up in the emergency room in a real mess. He didn't want to say what had happened at first, but it turned out he'd got into a tangle with some cheap trick whose husband showed up whilst they were on the job. Hubby got so mad he took a knife to the poor guy's dick and had a hack at his foreskin. He was in a bad way but Carl managed to tidy him up and finish the job as best he could. Figure he went home with an unusual holiday souvenir! Oh, and we had couple of guys from the military who were going off to some desert somewhere who's C.O. had recommended that they get done for hygiene reasons. Shit, one of them had so much skin you wouldn't believe it, poor guy. Anyway, they all looked so neat after Carl had fixed them up I started to reason that it was no big deal.”

Like, wow! This was such a revelation to me. I'd always just assumed that if you still had a skin when you were old enough to realize you still had a skin that was just the way you were going to be for the rest of your life. And here were all these guys who proved me wrong.

“And...” Jeff was carrying on talking and my mind jumped back from my reeling thoughts as I didn't want to miss a word of what he was telling me. “And, like I said, my horizons were kinda opening up in other ways, too.”

I wasn't sure if he wanted me to ask him about what he meant. He was kinda enigmatic about something and I just couldn't find the right words to pursue it.

“So you went for it, then?” I said instead.

“Yeah, last fall. Carl cut me, too. One Saturday in that room you saw last weekend.”

My mind went back to the bright lights and steel in that little room on the top floor. It all seemed a lifetime ago. Amazing, just amazing. What must it be like lying down on that table knowing what was in store for you, making that decision which seemed so routine the way Jeff described it but knowing from then on, for the whole rest of your life, your dick would never be the same again. Part of you was going to be cut off and thrown away. Lying on that table wondering if you'd be glad you'd gone for it or if you'd regret it. Shit, it was so hard to get your head round it all. Wild! Totally wild!

I just had to ask. “Are you glad you, like, let him do it to you?” God, what a question to ask anyone but I had to know.

Jeff just laughed. “He didn't do it to me, he did it for me! What do you think, kid? I mean, Carl, he's a master craftsman! I have to say it was a bit weird for the first week or so. It took a bit of getting used to for the first few days. So much skin before, now suddenly totally bare. My dick rubbing on my jeans - like, every step I took I was aware of my dick. No protective wrapper any more. You soon get used to it though but, even now, I sometimes go to take a leak and get my dick out without thinking about it and it's such a shock to see it lying there in my hand all exposed. I go to roll back my hood to piss and it's just not there anymore!”

I could see his point. Exactly that scenario had struck me earlier, but it did make me think of all that rolling back of my hood to be able to pee straight then shaking off the last drops to make sure it didn't get wet inside the folds of skin. It must be a lot easier cut — in that way at least.

“And how do you, err...”

He rescued me. “How do I beat off now you mean?” he said with a smile! “Well, kid, from what your big brother said, I think you found the answer to that one yourself! Moisturizer has an important secondary use, too! Feels good, doesn't it?”

I had to smile when he said that, embarrassed though I was. Somehow it didn't seem to be so bad admitting what I'd done now. He'd been so nice about the whole business and now I knew he understood everything and wasn't going to tease me about it.

“Though after a while you find you cock head sort of dries out a bit and you can rub it bare like you never can when you've still got skin.”

Now that was amazing. I couldn't believe it could ever feel good after my attempts earlier in the bathroom.

“Talking of secondary uses for bathroom supplies, you said you taped up at the base yeah?”

“Yeah.” Strangely, this time I didn't feel ashamed about telling him. Funny that. “I sort of stuck a bit down at the bottom end near my bush.”

“Well that's ok with guys who only have a bit of hood to hold back, but I found a much better way...”

I had to ask him. “So you used to tape it back, too?”

“Oh yeah! After I saw Carl's results I figured I just had to try it out for myself and see what other guys were experiencing. Took me a while to get it right though. I found some stuff on the web about it.”

Now this was weird! There was stuff on the Internet about freaky things like this!

“There was loads of stuff from guys who were into doing the same thing and it showed how to do it properly. You have to roll the skin back on itself. Pull your hood out, then sort of catch it in the middle and fold it back and, shit... it's kinda hard to explain. It would be whole lot easier to show you.”

Now I was freaked again. Here was a grown guy offering to show me how to tape back my foreskin. I started to say something along the lines of “thanks, but no thanks,” but Jeff was already looking in his medical bag. God, he was serious! Half of me was really freaked and wanted to make an excuse and run, but the other half...

“Look, kid,” he said, “don't look so worried! I know where you're coming from here, but it's only a piece of tape, your big brother is in the other room and, well, I'm a doctor, or at least going to be real soon! I've seen a dozen dicks already today so one more isn't going to make a big difference, is it!”

Funny, I just knew I was going to have to let him show me. I thought about Phil and Carl and what they might say if they walked in but I just knew I had to let him do it to me.

Jeff had brought out a roll of some kind of tape from his bag but was still rummaging in it. I winced when he yelled out, “hey, Phil, you got any scissors? Must have left mine in the hospital. I'm going to give kid bro here a lesson in taping up that skin of his.”

Shit, what was Phil going to say to that. I was amazed when he just shouted back, “In the top drawer by the TV”! Freaky again. How could Phil be so matter of fact about something like this.

I knew now that this was going to happen and I was pleased. Yes, scared, worried, and embarrassed but I was pleased. Amazing that I could feel like that.

“Ok, kid, get the little feller out then.”

I'd been briefly worried about the boner I was popping earlier but it was weird how it had instantly gone away. Funny, I was excited as hell but in a way that my cock didn't seem to respond in the usual way. It just shrank back and I could feel it pulling right back into my skin. In some kind of way, this was too special to get hard about.

As if it were the most natural thing in the world, getting my dick out in front of Phil's best buddy, I unzipped my pants and got out my dick. This was the first time anyone outside the family had seen it except in the locker room yet it didn't feel too weird. Strange. I suppose, but as Jeff said, he was a doctor, after all.

“Mmm, plenty of hood but not as much as I used to have. Let's have a closer look.” He knelt down in front of me, so close that I could feel his breath on my cock. This was really weird.

“Mmm. Nice piece of meat kid. Lucky boy. Reckon that's about a quarter inch of extra skin you have there. That's overhang to you and me by the way. Let's see how it all works.”

With that, his fingers were on my dick. Shit, this was real wild but sort of ok at the same time. He gently explored inside the bud of skin hanging over the end of my head, seeing how far he could open it up.

“Works fine there anyway,” he said. “Time to see what's under the wrapper now.”

With this, he rolled me back, very slowly and gently, telling me he wanted to see just how the skin worked as every man's foreskin was that little bit different. It was amazing – I mean, I was so used to the sensation of my foreskin going back, but to feel it happening without my own hands being anywhere near my dick, well, that was something so new for me. He moved my hood back and forth over just the head of my cock a few times and finally, just when it was beginning to seem that he'd never do it, he pulled it right back past the ridge of my glans and back onto the shaft, keeping going until it was stretched right back flat.

“That's your inner foreskin there,” he said. “That skin covering your shaft now is what's normally covering your dick head and it's the most sensitive part. That's why guys like the sensation of being circumcised. If you do the cut right, all that sensitive skin is laid out flat for you so you can get at it rather than wasting it by keeping it rolled up in a bundle.”

Funny, the mention of that word. That word “circumcised.” It seemed so weird with a guy holding back my foreskin so my cock head was as bare as it had ever been, talking about being circumcised. I couldn't help it, but my cock gave a sort of involuntary twitch when he said “the” word, like it was going to start getting stiff, but it didn't. I think he must have felt something but he didn't say anything. Just something told me he had registered it too.

“Of course, not everyone gets circumcised the same way”.

That word again.

“Some guys get done in a way that means they lose a load of that special skin and all the nerve endings that go with it. That doc who did Phil took a load of his away, but even so I reckon he's got about half of it left in that little bundle behind his rim.”

Jeff seemed to know an awful lot about Phil's dick too. Strange.

“It's a shame to lose any of it, really, but most guys just think a circ is a circ, and of course most of them don't get to have a say about how they get done anyway. Let's have a look underneath now.”



He lifted my cock up, still holding the skin back tight and took my banjo string between his thumb and first finger, pulling it a little too tight for comfort.

“Mmm, your fraenum’s a bit short, but even so, it doesn’t look like it causes you any real problems. Like I said, altogether a nice piece of meat you have there, kid. By the way, did you know that sometimes guys get their fraenum taken out when they get cut, other times it gets left in?”

No, I definitely didn’t know that! I didn’t think that I’d ever seen the underside of anyone else’s dick, not even Phil’s. I’d never even heard that word “fraenum” before either. Fancy something like that actually having a name. He’d let my hood go and it had started to roll forward by itself, back towards its normal position.

“Wow, I see why you need to tape up – no chance of you being able to stay skinned back without help when it’s as determined as that to keep you covered up. It’s amazing, some guys can just roll back and it stays there forever by itself until they reset it. Others have dicks with a mind of their own. Mine did just the same, too, ’til I got the knack of taping it properly.”

I was lapping all this info up. God, no one had ever talked dick to me like this before. I’d always thought a foreskin was a foreskin and a cut dick a cut dick. I was learning so much and it was blowing my mind.

“Now, this is interesting here kid. That quarter inch of overhang is now at least a half.”

It was true. My dick was still as soft as it could be, but as the hood had rolled back down after it’s hard stretch back there was now a good deal more hanging over the end, all puckered up.

“Yeah, it does that sometimes,” I said.

“I reckon you must have been hiding some extra skin in reserve down there. Oh, of course you said you’ve got a pair of hangers. That’s where the extra skin came from.”

I was flustered when he said I'd need to get my nuts out for him to be able to assess the situation fully. Now this was getting a little embarrassing, but shit, there was no going back now. I started fumbling around in my shorts to get my pair out, wondering what he'd make of the way they hung so low.

"Wowee!" he said, and I looked down too and saw my balls hanging down out of my jeans in their long sac, way lower than the end of my cock and right down past the bottom of my zipper. Shit, why couldn't I have been given regular nuts like all the other kids? It was so embarrassing having so much more flopping around down there than most of the guys.

"Now, I thought you were lucky before, but now... well, awesome nuts, kid!" he said.

"Err, I'm not sure about that," I replied. "It's kinda embarrassing, you know, having such dangly ones." My mind was returning to that afternoon when they'd come adrift in Phil's car starting this whole business off. It was awful at the time, but now I was beginning to wonder if perhaps, well... Who knows?

"That's definitely where your extra overhang came from," Jeff said and I was instantly paying attention again. "When you've got such an amazingly loose sack you can sometimes pull a bit more skin up onto your cock shaft. It's like your dick and your nuts kind share some of the skin. Let's see what we can free up a little here."

He began sort of massaging the skin round the base of my shaft, working the loose bit between the top of my nuts and the bottom of my dick. Shit, I have to say it felt kinda cool. I'd never thought of playing with myself in that way but I knew I'd be trying it again for myself. Even so, I still wasn't getting hard. He was pulling more skin up onto my shaft now, sort pulling the back of my foreskin forward over the glans. I can't say it was pleasant but, well, it didn't exactly hurt either. He really looked as if he knew what he was doing, so that made it all right. I knew I'd never have dared worked it like that for myself.

"Now, that's quite a result!" he said.

It was, too! When I looked down when he'd finished and taken his hands away I saw that I'd got more of a bud hanging off the end of my dick than I'd ever seen before. There had to be a good inch now and it looked wild. Jeff was busy cutting small strips off the roll of tape and sticking them on the edge of the table in readiness for taping me up I supposed. I couldn't resist reaching down and feeling that little elephant's trunk, rolling it between my fingers and stroking the oh so sensitive skin just inside the opening. I was learning that you could do all sorts of things with your cock that I'd never even thought about. Wilder still.

"Yeah, that's a bit what my foreskin looked like, when I still had one," he said. "See what I meant about being the original elephant boy?"

"What, so you were like that all the time?" I asked.

"Yeah, skin was dripping off the end of my dick like an icicle. Imagine being like that all the time. Reminds me though, seeing you like that, the one kinda stupid thing I used to do which I kinda still miss a little – I used to pinch the end shut tight, then piss. God, you should see how that thing used to balloon up and stretch! Stupid, but kinda fun!"

Wow again, I thought! Something else to try in private. I wasn't sure why that sounded such a hot thing to do, but it did. I felt I'd love to see my foreskin swell up like a party balloon filled up with water. I thought, if I'd heard anyone else talk about things like this I'd have thought they were seriously sicko, but Jeff was such a nice, normal guy and one of Phil's good buddies. So this stuff had to be OK. Perhaps everyone did this kinda thing. Except it struck me suddenly, not many guys had foreskin to be able to play with so perhaps I was one of the lucky ones after all. Yet, it struck me even more strongly, Jeff had chosen to have his removed. Totally taken away forever. Now what was that all about?

Something he had said earlier struck me very forcibly then, and I just had to ask him more about it.

"So, you, like had your dick so totally wrapped up all the time, and then you got cut and it was like totally bare all the time? Didn't that feel too weird?"

"Well, don't forget the tape kid!" he replied. I had it taped back more or less permanently for a few months before my skin and I parted company. Even so, it's not

quite the same as being totally bare. It was wild at first, when I got cut for real I mean. Feeling my dick head exposed, rubbing on my jeans but, hey, I was free of that skin – you just sort of carry that round with you in your head all the time. And you soon get used to it – kinda sad in a way losing that feeling of being so aware of your dick. But there you are – it’s worth it!”

“So, you were glad you did it?” I asked, genuinely interested in his reply.

“Kid,” he said, “Does a bear shit in the woods?”

It was just so hard to get my head around why it would matter so much to a guy to do something so freaky to his dick, but at the same time...

“So here we go, kid,” Jeff was saying. “Time for you to get a proper feel of what I’m going on about. Ready to say hello to Mr. Micropore?”

I looked intently at what he did, but that first time it was kinda hard to take it all in. There was obviously a knack to it which he had learned through practice and it was ages before I got be as good at it as he was. He got hold of each side of my hood with this two thumbs and forefingers and stretched the skin out. Shit, with all the extra skin pulled forward it sure went out a long, long way! Before I realized, he had sort of flicked the skin over on itself, turning my hood inside out and pulled a whole bunch of it back on itself behind my head and laid it out flat along the shaft. There just seemed to be acres of that inner foreskin up on my shaft, such a different color to the skin that was normally there. With a lot of skill, he held it like that with one hand and with the other reached out for the strips of tape he had cut earlier and started to carefully put them in place. God, it was amazing seeing someone working on my dick with what surely did look like a doctor’s care and attention. He really looked as if he knew exactly where to put them and I knew I’d never have managed such a neat job myself. He was finished soon, then took his hands away and looked down at his work with a kinda smile on his face. It sure felt funny seeing my dickhead bare without my fingers keeping all that skin back but he’d done the job so well with just a couple of narrow pieces of tape that it didn’t really feel as if there was anything there holding it back in place.

“There now!” he said. “See how that feels, kid.”

Slightly strangely, he didn't say any more than that. I'd expected him to go on about it, but he just went back to watching the TV, leaving me feeling a bit kinda embarrassed with my jeans wide open, sitting there in Phil's living room with my dick and nuts totally bare except for the three small pieces of tape. So I just stuffed my nuts back in, zipped up and sat down on the easy chair to watch TV too. There seemed so much to say; yet I didn't know what it was or how to say it! Freaky.

Carl and Phil came in a while later. Phil sort of looked at me but didn't say a word about the things that were buzzing in my brain. So I just sat there, really aware of the head of my cock – somehow more aware of it than I'd ever been before. Every time I moved I could feel the sensation of my cock head rubbing on my pants and it was kind a nice, kinda annoying and, yes, kinda hot. A few times I felt if I was starting a boner. Other times I had to try to discretely reach inside my jeans pocket and move my dick to get it more comfortable when it got into some kind of position that made me just a little more aware of it than I could handle. Interesting, I thought. Even so, I sort of looked forward to bedtime so I could peel the tape off and get back to normal.

But I didn't. Peel it off that is. The rest of the evening was totally normal. We finished the video, the boys had a couple more beers and talked about school, then they went off. Phil made us both coffee, we chatted a little about nothing special and went to bed. I took off my clothes and thought about getting those three small pieces of tape off my cock, looking at it and seeing it so different from the way I was used to seeing it, day in and day out. But I didn't take them off. I just got into bed still taped up.

The feel of the sheets on my bare glans was something so different. I was so aware of the material directly rubbing my dick and it made me horny. Real horny. Shit, what must it be like to have your dick bare like this the whole time? I didn't think I could cope with that. It wasn't long before I could feel myself getting hard, thinking about the mind-blowing events of the day which had led to someone else holding my cock for the first time and all the freaky stuff Jeff had told me about what he had let happen to him. So a guy really could get circumcised at any age. More mind blowing still, he could get cut just because he wanted to. It was as simple as that. No excuses needed. Just because he'd rather have his dick stripped. So not everyone chose just to let their cock be the way their folks had decided for them. Amazing, just amazing! Jeff had actually made a decision to let someone, a buddy of his too, cut away part of his penis. And he was real happy about it too.

As my meat got big I could feel the tightness there, so different to the sensation I normally had. The tape pulled slightly, but, more than that, there was a tightness in the skin on my shaft giving me a sensation I had just never experienced before. Soon I was lying on my front, pushing a big erection into the bed and feeling the soft sheets mould around a cock head which was for the first time as bare as any of my buddies at

school. Just thinking about that amazing fact I was soon grinding into the sheets, feeling the skin on my shaft held really tight. I just had to whack off now. All the tension of the evening was in me and I had to release it.

I pulled back the sheets and felt my cock. God, it was so different, even compared to that afternoon when I had made my clumsy attempt to tape back my hood. I tried wanking – the tape held firm. The skin on my shaft just didn't yield at all in the way it normally did. My foreskin just, well, it was like I didn't have a foreskin at all. There was no way I could use it to beat off like I normally did. I considered taking the tape off to get some relief, but before I had started I knew I just didn't want to, not yet anyway. This feeling was something I wanted to live with a little longer to see what all my cut buddies had to go through. I thought of the moisturizer in the bathroom cabinet, but I knew that if I went out to get some Phil would be bound to hear me and probably suspect what was going on. I didn't want that, not after the afternoon's embarrassment. I had a brainwave and tried spitting on my hand and wiping it on my wood. It was good all right, real good in fact, feeling my hand sliding over the head of my dick and down the sleek tight skin on the shaft but not the same as the feeling of the gloopy stuff in the cabinet. So I just lay there, gently stroking my bare helmet but realizing that I wasn't going to get much fun out of it that night. I fell asleep, my hand still wrapped round my dick head doing the job of protecting it that my foreskin normally did, my head still full of thoughts of the day's amazing revelations.

As soon as I woke I was aware of my normal early morning boner, but this was different. It was a second or two before I came to enough to understand exactly why. I could feel the tightness on my shaft and the teasing sensation of the cotton sheets gently rubbing on my glans and I was instantly horny. My hand reached down there, caressing my naked cock head. God it was different. How could the same cock feel so different? The skin on my glans felt strange too – sort of drier than normal, a bit brittle even, and I enjoyed rubbing it lightly with the tip of my finger. I tried to work my hood over it like normal but the skin just wouldn't budge, still held tightly back by the pieces of tape. How did those circumcised dudes manage feeling like that all the time? How did they cope being so aware of their dicks, let alone not having a hood available to pleasure themselves whenever they liked without having to get moisturiser or anything? Again, it blew my mind how Jeff could have wanted to opt out of having one and into being permanently bared.

I just had to get some relief from all this focus on my organ and I knew that I only had two options – either that tape had to come off so I could blow a wad the normal way or else I needed some more of that moisturizer on my dick real soon. Again, my hand went down to gently unpeel the tape, but again I hesitated. Shit, it would be fun to try jerking off with the gloopy stuff just one more time, now that I was expertly taped up, before I returned things to their default setting.

I pulled on my shorts and, thinking that Phil would still be asleep, and headed quietly for the bathroom. Shit, even if he was awake there was nothing unusual about going to pee first thing in the morning, was there? I reckoned I'd be able to get some privacy in the bathroom without him thinking I was up to no good again.

As it happened, I needn't have worried. When I got out of bed I saw a note tucked under my door saying that he'd been paged to go in for an emergency and that he'd be home around lunchtime. I was relieved to have the place to myself for a while, even though it meant another lonely morning. Still, the thought of some uninterrupted experimenting with that moisturizer was a nice one and I trotted off down the hall, my boner poking out of my shorts, the head of my dick still as bare as it had ever been.

I looked at myself in the bathroom mirror again. Interesting. Looking at the shape of my cock head, seeing the ridge of the head so clearly now, the sort of sculptured shape of it, so much more noticeable without the skin round it. It looked kinda sexy, a sort of "in ya face" look about it without its skin veil around it. The helmet looked different too. The skin had sort of dried out. Amazing that it could happen after just one night's exposure. I ran a finger round the back of my glans – it was nice feeling the deep ridge there that was normally covered. Funny, I'd never done that before and I wondered why not. I reached underneath and felt the piece of skin that I now knew was called the fraenum. I rolled it a little between my fingers, tugging it very gently and that felt cool too. Funny, another thing I'd never thought of doing before despite all the hundreds of times I'd beaten off. My cock was straight up now, and I looked at the different colour skin laid out on my shaft. The inner foreskin wasn't it called? I'd never really noticed before that part of my skin was such a different shade to the rest of it. I ran my finger gently across that too. God, it was sensitive. I understood now why it had been so noticeable when my cock rubbed against my jeans or the sheets. It was no good. I just had to cum. There had been so much unfulfilled horny stuff going on I had to whack off, and soon.

I didn't dare use too much moisturizer as I felt damn sure that Phil would be monitoring the amount left in the jar very closely from now on. I put as much as I dared onto my fingers and smeared some on my cock. I nearly passed out with that first sensation. Rubbing the stuff over my shaft felt just wild. The inner foreskin responded so intensely and it felt amazing with it stretched out tight under my hand, totally unyielding however much I tried to move the shaft skin. I knew I wouldn't be able to take too much of that - it was just too much. I worked up to my glans and stroked it gingerly. Normally when I got wood the head was too sensitive to be touched directly and I could only work it using my skin sleeve. With the lube it was very intense, almost unpleasantly so, but bearable. I tried rubbing my hand all the way up and down my shaft. Jeez, but the tape held the skin tight. It hardly moved at all. I tried a lighter grip than I normally used on my skin hood, enjoying the weird feeling of my hand kind of clicking across the ridge of my cock head before banging back and adding just that little bit of extra tightness pulling on the skin at the base of the

shaft. I started wondering about what it must be like having this as your only way of beating off and somehow that did it for me. I felt my balls churning in their sack and with one last stroke of my cock ridge I blew four big sheets of jizz all over Phil's mirror.

Shit, that was hell of a cum! I was so pent up before it, so I suppose it had to be a big one. I cleaned up the mirror and took a shower. I was half expecting that the tape would come off under the water but it held fast. Again, I wondered about pulling it all off now that I had whacked off whilst taped up but it looked as if it would be a little painful to remove. I thought I'd leave it on a little longer 'til it started to lose some of its adhesion. I couldn't help but look in the cabinet to see if Phil's ring was there, half wondering about trying it out again, but it wasn't there so he must have been wearing it again. I pulled on my shorts and jeans and fixed breakfast, always very aware of my stark naked dick head rolling round inside my underwear. I had a good three hours to kill before Phil would be home, too long to sit around waiting, so I set off for a walk to the video store to return last night's tapes and get something new for tonight.

At first it felt great, real horny even. Every step of the way I was so aware of my dick. Every movement I made created a sensation down my there as it brushed against my shorts and it was kinda hot. Sometimes I couldn't help but put my hand in my pocket and stroke my cock head, making out the sharp edge of my unprotected glans even through the material. Every time I passed a guy on the sidewalk I wondered if he was feeling what I was feeling at that moment or if he was one of the rare breed like me with his most intimate part safely covered, kept private and out of harms way, saved from this intense, permanent stimulation of having a totally naked cock head.

I started trying to guess who looked as if they were cut or intact, even, and this was really freaky, if they had gotten cut in the hospital building around me. Perhaps they had been done when they were my age or even older, and why in God's name had they wanted to lay themselves down on a couch for some doc to take a scalpel to their cock? As I passed the day surgery building, I must admit I even got a boner thinking about some kid I saw coming out with his folks, wondering if perhaps there was bit less of him now than had gone in earlier. How would he feel in the locker room the next time he went back to school and all his buddies saw his dick looking so different than it did the last semester? Shit, that could have been me if I hadn't had the nerve to stand up to Phil and his buddies last weekend. What would Jamie have said if I pulled down my shorts standing next to him before gym class and let him see that I now looked so much more like him than I used to? Would he even notice, would he care, what would he think of me? I wondered if he thought I was freaky for still having a foreskin, or did he ever wonder, perhaps even a bit jealously, what it would be like to have one himself? Not that I'd ever really thought much about it, but I suppose if anyone had asked me I'd just have assumed that James had been cut when he was a baby like everyone else. I wasn't so sure now. Perhaps he'd only gotten done a couple of years back, just before he moved to our school. Perhaps he'd grown up with a



foreskin till then and had to have had it removed because of some problem with it. Perhaps he'd begged his folks to have him done to be like everyone else. Perhaps he'd actually wanted to keep it but his new step-dad had insisted that he get straightened out to be like him. Shit, there was so much to this business that I'd just never even thought about before.

When I got to Blockbuster and returned the video I looked closely at the two guys behind the desk. One just had to be cut – there was just something about him which said “my cock head hasn't been covered by a foreskin since I was a couple of days old.” I just couldn't imagine him having to roll back a long hood to pee. I had no idea what made me think that about him, just some kind of gut reaction. The other guy I wasn't so sure about. He was late twenties and looked as if he might have had some Hispanic blood in him. Didn't I remember something about lots of Hispanics being too poor to get all the medical treatment they needed? I looked him over. He was wearing a T-shirt with a picture of some rock group on it over tight jeans. He was facing away from me, reaching up onto a shelf behind the cash desk and I noticed the way his pants clung tightly to his ass. When he turned round to serve me I looked down at his crotch and the denim was equally tight there. I couldn't help noticing a big packet tucked down his left leg. Shit, he just couldn't be cut. If his jeans were that tight on a bare cock head it would be unbearable, surely? If he was feeling anything like what I'd experienced on the walk to the store it would be down right painful. Bare cock head rubbing on denim with no possibility of respite by rolling your skin over it didn't sound like a good combination to me. More than that, there was something in his face which looked as if he knew the feeling of a sheath over his dick. God knows why I was thinking this nonsense, but he just looked as if he'd have a dick like mine with no scar on it to show where some doc had cut part of it away. Damn, how could I think I could possibly know what a guy was carrying round in his pants just by looking at his face? This was weird. I was weird.

I suddenly realized he was looking at me looking at him, staring him in the crotch. God, that was an embarrassing moment! I thought he'd never finish making change after I thrust a ten-buck bill at him and I couldn't wait to get out of the shop and back out onto the street. I set off walking briskly, dying to get some distance between me and the shame of being caught staring at another guy's groin.

Things were getting pretty close to unbearable now. My clothes rubbing on my dick was too much. Jesus, how did guys stand that all the time? I just knew at that moment that I was so pleased I still had a foreskin that could save me from it and I couldn't wait to get back to Phil's apartment and get that damn tape off my dick. I fiddled around inside my pockets to see if I could free things up a bit, but it was no good. I decided that I'd have to wait for the campus shuttle bus to take me back - I couldn't walk any further in that discomfort.

The bus seemed to take an age to come. Sitting at the stop I was ashamed of myself, thinking what folks would say if they had x-ray eyes and could look inside my pants and see my dick fitted up with tape. It suddenly all seemed so sicko and pervy. All I wanted was to get back to Phil's bathroom and get things back to normal. At that moment, Mom and Pop seemed to have been so right in leaving my cock as God intended. Taking off part of your dick was weird thing to do, just not natural. You wouldn't do it to any other part of your body would you? Guys who had to go through life with their pieces of meat being tortured by rubbing so uncomfortably on their clothes, those weird scar lines round their dicks and those rough patches of shrivelled skin where their hoods used to be were sad cases. Perhaps it was a good thing most of them had been got at when they were tiny kids and didn't know what the alternative might have been. Keeping that bit of extra skin could have shielded them and protected them from knocks and scrapes, given them something to beat their meat with and meant they didn't have to go through life permanently scarred by a surgeon's scalpel.

Shit, it was going to hurt me pulling off that damn tape but coming off it was, and soon too. What had I been thinking of going along with all that stuff with Jeff the night before? I had been so right to say no to Phil that first Saturday when he wanted to get me cut - it would have been madness. Jeez, to think I could have been sitting at that bus stop with a bandage round my cock, maimed for life, regretting that I'd not had nerve enough just to say no and gone along with it just because it was the easiest way out of an embarrassing situation. Damn, there must be something seriously wrong with Phil too for being into that kind of thing. Perhaps I didn't know my big brother too well after all. By the time that bus finally came round the corner I was real mad. Mad with Phil, mad with Jeff, mad with all those folks who got freaky things done to their kid sons, mad with the docs who did such an awful things and, most of all, mad with myself.

Funny though, after sitting in the cool of the bus for a few minutes things didn't seem quite so bad. When I sat down my dick kinda sorted itself out a little and fell into a position where it felt almost comfortable. A few stops along the line a guy and a girl got on with their arms around each other and they sat down opposite me. She was real pretty. I couldn't help noticing, in fact no one could have helped noticing, that she wasn't wearing a bra. You could see the outline of her breasts very clearly through her T shirt. They had no sooner sat down than they started kissing. It was kinda embarrassing, sitting there on a public bus seeing them tonguing each other, so wrapped up in themselves and not caring who saw their pawing. I tried not to look but it was so hard not to. I could see her titties were starting to harden through her top. This was so uncomfortably horny. The guy just kinda casually ran his hand across her blouse, flicking her nipple as it went past and I so wondered what that must feel like. I'd never gotten to touch a girl's breasts and I longed to know what it was like. My dick was beginning to stir, much though I didn't want it to. Shit, I'd had just gotten it comfortable and here it was off again.

I looked across at the guy, so worried that he would notice me looking at them and at the tent that was beginning to form in my pants. I needn't have worried. I could see that he was sporting a big boner too, so clearly pushing the material of his combats right out. This was too much. My cock was getting real rigid now and I could feel that so-unusual feeling of the skin on my shaft getting stretched so tight, still held firmly in place with that damn micropore. God, that sensation was so strong. No gentle twitching of my cock head inside its sleeve like usually happened when I popped wood, protected until I decided whether to uncover it or not. It was there, no choice about it being all exposed before I even got hard. That now-firm mushroom on the end of my stalk, its skin pulled firmly tight with all the slack held back neatly out of the way. But I must say it felt awesome in a way. I didn't want to find it exciting looking at them, but it just was. I didn't want to enjoy that extra tightness on my shaft but I did.

I looked at his growing tent and I couldn't help wondering what was under there, pushing at his pants? Was his glans squirming inside a moistening, protective bag of foreskin? The chances were that he wasn't though. I knew that much. He was probably cut tight like most normal guys, his shaft skin stretching under the excitement like mine was that day, his bare head roughly grinding on the material. It just struck me – did he have any shorts on or was he like Phil had been those times and not wearing any? What if there was seriously nothing between me and the head of his bare dick apart from the material of those fatigues? What a alarming thought – just a scrap of cloth between me and his cock head. I wondered too what the girl thought about his dick. Did she take it for granted that her boyfriends would be cut? Did she like that bare look or not even notice it? What would she think if she met a guy who still had his foreskin? Would she be grossed out by it or just not care? Shit, perhaps I was never going to get a girl to go to bed with me once she found out I hadn't never gotten put right. Or were there perhaps a few girls who didn't mind too much, perhaps even got seriously turned on by natural men?

I noticed just in time that we were almost back at Phil's condo and I rang the bell to stop the bus. I was willing my dick to go down before we reached the stop, but hell I just couldn't do anything with it. In a moment of inspiration I pulled my shirt tails out from my jeans so they hung down over my crotch to hide my boner and waited till the driver had pulled in to the kerb before making a dash for the door. Running off as quickly as I could before anyone had a chance to register that I was very, very, stiff I was into the elevator in record time, so anxious to get into the apartment and back to safety.

I swigged a big gulp of orange juice straight out of the carton in the refrigerator, slightly guiltily hearing Mom's voice in my head telling me to use a glass, and sat down in the kitchen to gather myself, so glad to be back home. There was no doubt about it, but that tape was coming off. This was getting all too freaky. I opened my fly and eased out my dick. Jeez, it did look so amazingly different in it's fancy dress. My

glans was starting to look real strange too – the skin was sort of starting to seem a bit cracked, like it was drying up and shrivelling. I ran a finger across it and shivered at the weird sensation. It felt like every nerve ending was on edge there, sitting on the surface and waiting to be stimulated. It was almost too intense to be enjoyable really, yet it did feel wild and I felt a stirring in my balls.

Jeff had done a real neat job with the tape. It was holding all too well and only a tiny end of one of the pieces of tape had come slightly loose. Still, it had done its time and it was coming off. It was time for the madness to end. I pulled gingerly at the loose end. Shit, it hurt like hell! It pulled my flesh way out from my shaft without making any sign of coming unstuck and the pain was searing. I persisted but it really was agony. I seemed to remember that you could get some stuff to help getting Band-Aids off and figured that might help. I wondered if there was any in the bathroom cabinet.

As I got up to go and saw a piece of paper tucked under the fruit bowl with Phil's writing on it caught my eye – "Meet you at gym this p.m. Rendezvous around 2.30." I looked up at the clock – damn, it was 2.20 already. I had another tug at the tape but it was just too damn painful. Perhaps if I soaked it in a hot tub, but the time.... I knew I'd have to move fast if I was to catch Phil.

I slipped off my jeans, pulled on my gym shorts and an old T-shirt and trainers, grabbed a towel and headed off. Luckily, I could see the next shuttle bus turning into the street as I pulled the door behind me so I made a dash for the stop and made it to the gym block not long after half past.

It was deserted there and Phil was the only guy working out. He was covered in sweat pounding the treadmill and he looked pretty awesome in his shorts, his bare chest looking much more muscular than I remembered. I couldn't help feel kinda proud that he was my big brother. I wondered if I'd get to look any like him in a few years time.

"Hi kid", he said, without pausing from his exercise. "I was wondering if you were going to make it. I'll be a while yet so get stuck in yourself."

I didn't go to the gym very often, in fact I didn't like the one at school very much, but it was kinda cool being there in a real gym with my big brother. I warmed up on the treadmill next to Phil and then moved on to do a few rounds on the weights machine. That was a bit much for me after a while so I reckoned I'd do some bench presses instead. I started off with just a tiny weight on, but I was surprised how well I was

doing and after a while I actually found I was enjoying the challenge. I had added a few more weights, lying there straining, flat out on the board and looking up and back at what I was lifting. I sensed someone standing over me. It was Phil, with a big smirk on his face.

“Hey kid, good job we are the only ones in this afternoon!” he said. “History repeats itself!”

I followed his gaze down, my arms still taught with the weighted pole in my hands. Shit, it had happened again alright. Shit, shit, shit - so embarrassing. My balls had worked their way free and I took in the sight of my long sack dangling out of the leg of my shorts and hanging surreally over the edge of the bench. Before I could get the weights back into the rest to stuff them away, Phil had reached down and, with a grin on his face, gently lifted my nuts high into the air and let them drop back down onto the foamed bench.

“As I think I said one time before, some girl is going to be very pleased to get her hands on that fine pair one day!”

Before I had a chance to say anything he spoke again.

“Come on kid, time to go. Let’s hit the showers.”

Mercifully he changed the subject and chatted away about what we were going to do for the rest of the afternoon as we grabbed our stuff and headed for the locker room. My mind was still full of the nuts incident and I was relieved not to have to think of anything to say about it. When we got there though, an even worse thought hit me like a kick in the stomach. We were heading for the showers and my dick was still strapped up in its tape. I just couldn’t let Phil see but what could I do? I couldn’t not shower off. We were going out to eat and I was covered in sweat. It would look real weird if I tried not to. Damn damn damn. I should have persisted earlier and just pulled off that tape however much it hurt.

Phil had already kicked off his shorts and was down to his jock strap. I figured if I timed it right I could get to the other end of the big shower area whilst he was walking away from me, keep my back turned whilst I showered and try and pull the same stunt in reverse when he’d done. It was my only option. Thank God it was as deserted in

there as in the rest of the place. I did my best to look busy fiddling with my wash stuff until he made for the faucets.

Pulling off my shorts in a flash, I made a run for it. His ass looked really firm as he walked away from me but there was another surprise there too. He had small kind of a tattoo on his butt – some kind of design or other. There wasn't time to think about that though. I had more pressing concerns on my mind. I was under the shower in a second, my face turned resolutely to the wall. So far so good.

“Could you pass me some of that shampoo?”

I heard him clear enough over the sounds of the tumbling water. Damn. It was in a glass bottle. How often do you see shampoo in a glass bottle? I just couldn't risk throwing it to him. I just let on not to hear.

“Hey kid, give me some shampoo over here” he said again, except this time he was right behind me.

I grabbed the bottle and reached round as little as I could to hand it to him, hoping against hope that he wouldn't notice.

I saw the look on his face though. No one could have missed it. It was something like astonishment, but deeper than that. He looked as if something had really shaken him. I took him in, his big strong frame with the beginnings of a six-pack below his hairless chest, yet with a look on his face that made him seem so vulnerable at that moment.

“You've still got it on” he said slowly. “You still got that tape on your dick.”

It was a statement, but one which seemed to carry so much unspoken extra significance for him.

“You've kept your foreskin taped back since Jeff fixed it for you.”

I started to burble something or other but what he did stopped me in my tracks. He just pulled me to him. Pulled me close to him and hugged me. There in the showers. He held me so close and tight, something he so rarely did. I could feel the strength in his arms and couldn't help but be aware of the sensation of his dick brushing on my stomach, my own bare cock head being pushed onto his thigh by the power of his embrace. He seemed to hold me for an age.

I was so worried that someone might come in at any moment. Shit, what would they say. Yet Phil, my big brother, holding me close to him like this, blew me away.

There was something more amazing. Thoughts, more alarming than anything else that could possibly have happened. I began to realise that his dick was really pressing into my stomach now. He was starting to get hard.

Looking back, I often wonder what might have happened if someone hadn't come in then, but they did. So that was that. There was the sound of guys talking in the lobby and Phil just let me go and went back and washed his hair. I ran for the benches and had my towel round me and my taped up dick before anyone else could have seen.

One thing I had learnt about Phil on that trip was that when things were over, they were over. However much you may expect or want him to talk about something after the event he just wasn't interested. So that was that. Yet the memory of that moment stays with me still – that spontaneous hug from my big brother with so much feeling in it, but with that strange, worrying addition. He was getting hard. I don't think I could have misread that. Worse still, and I hardly dared admit it even to myself, I knew I wouldn't have been far behind if we hadn't have been interrupted. Would I have welcomed that happening? I just didn't know. I still don't. That was Phil though – the moment was the moment and never referred to again.

Phil was working again the next day when Mom phoned from England. I was instantly freaked, realising I was talking to her with my dick taped up. Surely she could hear from my voice that something was different. I felt ashamed, like I'd let her down in some way. I was relieved to hear that Gran was doing great but pleased when she finally rang off, worried that I'd feel compelled to tell her what had been going on if we spoke for much longer - to just blurt it all out. Jeez, what would she say? As soon as I was off the phone I was in the bathroom and running a very hot tub. That tape had to come off.

It did hurt a little, but not as much as I'd feared. The hot water helped I figure, and the ends of the tape had started to come a bit loose anyway. Half an hour later I was my normal self again, my penis back there in its entirety, the end covered over demurely in the way nature had intended. Shit, it felt strange! My foreskin was a bit battered, a bit bloated even as it slowly unfurled itself from its confinement and fell forward again over my head. There were a couple of patches of white looking skin where the bandage had been but no damage done. Walking round the condo, I sort of missed the stimulation of the last couple of day's bareness but it was a luxury to know that my dick was protected and safe in its cocoon, that it wouldn't get uncomfortable wherever it lay in my pants.

That afternoon, lying on the bed and getting bored with my book, I started to get horny thinking back over the last couple of days. Someone else had touched my dick for the first time and guys had been talking all sorts of adult stuff to me. And there had been that hug. That hug with a significance that I couldn't quite get my head round. My hand was soon inside my zipper, feeling the old familiarity of the shape of my cock head inside its foreskin. I worked the bud of my overhang a little, reaching down to my balls to free up a bit more skin like Jeff had done before he taped me. I pushed the extra fold back and got a hold of my fraenum. Shit, three days ago I didn't even know what that was. I rolled it slowly between my fingers, feeling my rod start to stiffen but without that strange feeling of the extra tightness the tape had given me. I started beating off, the old familiar way, wanking my dick with the skin sleeve. Funny though, it almost felt like I wasn't doing anything to it. The feeling was, well, just tame.

I was seriously horny now and opened up my jeans and pulled up my T-shirt. I wrapped a fist round my ball sack and tugged them hard in the way I like doing when I beat off. Nice, but still this wasn't going to do for me. With left my left hand I pulled back the foreskin, revealing a glans which still looked a bit dry after its constant exposure of the previous days. Spitting on my right I started to grind my cock head. That was nice. I tugged the foreskin back harder and my shaft skin lay out flat. I rubbed on the inner skin. Again, a couple of days ago I didn't even know I had inner skin. That was more like it. Pulling the shaft skin tauter still I was whacking off like I'd had to when I was taped. In seconds, I'd shot a huge wad over my stomach.

Phil was on a late shift. I'd wondered about waiting up for him but when it got to midnight I was too tired to stay awake any longer and hit the hay. When I woke I thought for a second or two it was morning but it was still dark. I looked at the clock. It was 2.30, but I felt wide awake. I heard voices. They were talking softly but I could hear the boys had come back with Phil. I tossed and turned for a while but it was no good so I figured I might as well get up and join them. It was cool being able to do things like that. I pulled on my robe and padded along the hall in bare feet.



It's funny how fast your mind works sometimes. As soon as I went in I kinda knew things were strange. I sort of took it all in in an instant. I saw the TV screen first – it was right in front of the door and I saw it before I was properly into the room. If I'd been a bit more awake perhaps I'd have reacted quicker to what I saw and managed to turn back to my room before they'd heard me start to push at the door. Shit, if I had how different things might have been. But I didn't react quick enough, it was as simple as that. They were watching a video. A guy was lying on his back with a girl sitting on top of him, letting him fuck her. Another guy was standing by the side of the bed, letting the first guy suck his cock. A split second later I took in Phil and the guys. They were sitting on the couch. Phil was in the middle with one arm round Jeff, the other one reaching across to hold his cock and the two of them were kissing in a way I'd never imagined two guys could. Carl was on the other side with his jeans round his ankles, one hand round Phil's cock, the other working at his own.

I was mesmerized by Carl's cock to the extent that I didn't have time to dwell on the implications of Phil and Jeff. It was huge. Just huge. A couple of the kids in school were real big but I'd never imagined that any guy could have a piece quite that size. That wasn't all though. It had a big ring of metal right through it which seemed to go inside his piss slit and come out where his fraenum might have been.

They looked stunned. The next second seem to take forever, but in that second it seemed that my brain seemed to do a massive recalculation. I wasn't surprised though. I think that instant I sort of made sense of a few things that my mind had been puzzling over without me ever having realise it.

“Hey kid” said Phil fatuously and a little unsteadily, “How's it going?”

Banal, but what else was there to say really?

The TV was turned down real low, but I could hear the woman moaning in the background.

I did the only thing I could do. The only thing to save Phil from that awful moment. I sat down in the easy chair, turned towards the TV, opened my robe and took hold of my dick. It was the only way I could think of to show to Phil that it was all ok. He

was my brother. It was all cool, I told myself. Mind blowing, but cool. I just had to show him everything was ok.

The woman was really screaming now. She was flicking her nipples and pulling herself high off the guy's dick before plunging right down again. Shit, he must have a big dick for her to be able to do that. The guy standing by the bed now had his meat in his hand and was beating off over the guy lying down. I noticed he had a ring round his balls and I couldn't help but glance over to see if Phil was wearing his too. He was of course. I couldn't help looking at Jeff's cock. Still stiff, big but nowhere near as awesome as Carl's. I noticed the empty groove under the head where he used to have a fraenum. So Carl had taken that from him too when he stripped his dick. There was a dark brown ring round his shaft like some of the kids at school had and I could see the different colour of his inner skin above it. Phil's cock had shrivelled. Poor guy. I must have given him a real fright barging in like that. Apart from the fact that his cock was so much smaller, the ruff of loose skin behind his head made his cock look so different from Jeff's sleek shaft. His balls looked small too compared to mine, held so tight up toward his body unlike my low hanging ones. I took in Carl's cock again, looking more closely now I was over the shock of the metal through it. His shaft looked real tight too, but I couldn't see any brown ring round it nor any contrasting inner skin. Shit, he was just unbelievably big. Surely it would really hurt a girl to take that up her, not that I thought he'd ever want to try given the evidence of that moment.

I looked back at the screen. The standing guy had just shot a wad over the girl's face and it was running down her cheek. The guy who had been screwing her got up, bent the other man over the bed and came to stand behind him. Shit, was he going to give it to him up his chute? Was it possible? Boys at school sometimes talked about faggots doing that but could a guy really take one up there? Surely it would just hurt real bad? I noticed he had a foreskin – not much of one, nowhere near as much as me, but he had one. So that wasn't too gross to be allowed in a movie then. That was kinda comforting. He stuck it up the guy – it just sort of slid in. The girl moved round and lay on the bed in front of him and he began to lick her pussy as the guy fucked him from behind.

I was a bit surprised to find that my meat was rock hard in my hand. I just couldn't help but start to beat it. I just had to. As I did so I became aware that Carl and Jeff were doing the same.

Phil wasn't though, just sitting there looking kinda stunned. I wasn't surprised and my heart went out to him. Poor guy. It was Jeff who spoke.

“You look kinda lonely over there, kid. Why don't you come over and join us?”

I was amazed that I did, but I did. I went over and stood in front of them, looking down at the three cocks on the couch, all so different from each other and each so different from mine. Almost as if it had a mind of its own, my hand was working my cock rhythmically. Funny, I noticed that without realising it my left hand was holding my foreskin back hard and I was grinding my exposed head with pre-cum. Jeff was rubbing his hand round his inner skin, Carl was rubbing hard at his cock head like me only much rougher, the metal ring disappearing and reappearing from his fist as he worked his big meat. Phil wasn't touching his cock at all, just staring at my bared glans with a weird look on his flushed face. Then he amazed me again – the second time in two days that he took me so, so unawares. He just slipped down from the couch and onto the floor and before I realized what was happening he had my dick in his mouth. My dick in my big brother's mouth. Right the way down in, right down his throat. I felt my balls squirm in my sack and I let out all my gizz into him.

Later, the video replaced by some old film on the TV, the empty beer bottles tidied away and replaced by coffee cups, the conversation suddenly nonexistent, I heard myself say it. I knew I was going to speak, but somehow I didn't exactly know what I was going to come out. It was simple in the end though.

All I heard myself say was “Guys, I think I want to get circumcised.”

I just chilled that day. I went downtown for a while, read a little when I got back, but studiously managed to avoid anything to do with my cock. When I'd gotten it out to take a leak at the mall though I wasn't able to stop myself wondering what it would be like not having to roll back the skin as I peed. In fact, what it would be like not being able to do that – ever again. When I finally heard Phil's key in the lock that evening I caught Jeff and Carl's voices too and I was relieved in a way that I wasn't going to have to spend the evening alone with my brother and his incessant questions, even though it would be kinda embarrassing facing them all again after last night.

Actually, in the event it was all so very normal. Carl and Jeff both mentioned that they were really glad that I'd said I wanted to be circumcised and that they knew I would never regret it. With that bit of the conversation out of the way we just spent the evening chatting and watching TV as normal. When the movie finished Phil went out for some beers. Pulling open the rings on four cans and passing them round he said “I want to propose a toast: To my little brother, for his good sense in wanting to join a very special club, one which he will never regret having joined.”

Of course I knew what he meant straight away, and I hoped that that would be the end of it. It wasn't of course. He went on "I told you I'd bring some stuff home to help you decide how to get circumcised, and I have. Here they are – Brad, Carl and me."

It took me a second or two to get it. Shit. I'd thought it was going to be a book and stuff, but they must have had it all planned out. It was all so off pat. Before I could say anything they were all unbuckling their jeans. It was so embarrassing. In a few seconds I had three men's cocks there right in front of my face. It was as simple as that.

"Kid brother, I present to you three examples of the circumciser's art for your further education and edification," he said. This was unreal.

"To my left is Mr. Jeffery Bennett, owner of a fine high and tight circumcision on his outstandingly beautiful penis. Notice the sleek, tight shaft skin, the way the sensitive inner foreskin has been preserved and remains permanently laid out before your eyes, topped off by the neat and even circumcision scar placed high up on his shaft."

Taking hold of Jeff's limp dick, he lifted it up.

"Underneath, you will see where the fraenum has been completely excised, leaving an empty deep V shaped groove where once there was a thin string of skin."

God, this was freaky but I had to admit it was horny too. My big brother standing there, discussing his partner's cock in front of me like that, well it was something else. A week ago I'd have never thought Phil could be like this. He just seemed so comfortable with it all. They all seemed so comfortable with it all. I realised again I had moved on to live in a very different world from the one I had left at home.

"Next", he said. "my good self. Philip Johnson, dissatisfied owner of a low and too loose cut. See the bunch of redundant skin which has been left to gather behind the glans, meaning it can still be pulled forward onto the ridge of the head preventing the benefit of total and permanent bareness of the glans. Notice the scar line buried deep in those folds of skin close to the head, and see that underneath the fraenum is regrettably still in place."

Despite my misgivings I was getting a boner now. I just couldn't help it.

“Lastly, and by no means least, Mr. Carl Putzman.”

Shit, Carl's cock was huge. Thinking about it that day I'd reckoned that it must have grown in my imagination since last night, but seeing it again I realised it hadn't - it was just awesome. I noticed now just how big his nuts were as well, almost as big as mine even though they didn't hang in such a low sack. It was kinda comforting to see someone else with nads even vaguely as large as my own but I noticed he wasn't wearing the metal ring through his dick head today and kinda regretted not being able to take a close look at it.

“Another recipient of a low circumcision, this circumciser unlike mine knew what he was doing. The scar line is again placed in the groove behind the, if I may say so, magnificent head but notice this time how the shaft skin is stretched tight and sleek with no scrap of skin remaining that might have been excised.”

He wasn't wrong there. Carl had a real mushroom on the end of his dick and the whole thing was stripped bare. The shaft sort of tapered in behind it, emphasizing the shape even more clearly. I couldn't help taking in all three cocks, hanging there just for me to look at. It struck me just how different penises can look. Even more so, it hit me, how much the way they had been cut could make them look more varied still. God, to think I'd never even noticed that in all those years in the locker room at school.

“In presenting the magnificent shape of the head the circumciser has removed a lot of the sensitive inner skin but I think, gentlemen, that you will agree that the impressive visual effect has been worth that sacrifice. Underneath...”, and at this Carl lifted his dick up for me to see under his head, “ the fraenum has again been fully and neatly excised.

Shit, the groove under Carl's head was just huge. You could have rested the end of your little finger in there with no problem, and I could clearly see the hole where his ring must come out. I felt my dick twitch just looking at it.

“So, all in all, three different penises modified in three different ways each, with the possible exception of my own, offering their own delights, advantages and...”

“Shit Phil”, cut in Carl, “Cut that academic crap. All the kid wants to know is how different do they all feel to jack with. Right kid?”

“Yeah” said Jeff. “That’s the bottom line here. How they feel in your hand. That’s what really matters. Come here kid and road test these babies!”

Without, mercifully, waiting for any response from me as I just wouldn’t have known what to say, Jeff took his meat in his hand and started stroking. I saw something pass over Phil’s face and I felt that this bit of the presentation hadn’t been part of his plan. Carl had grasped his cock round the base and I was amazed to see just how much of it hung out of the other side of his fist.

Jeff spat on his hand and began grinding the head of his cock with it. I began to wonder if he and Carl had plotted this as an extra bit to Phil’s scheme behind his back. He certainly looked a little ill at ease for a second or two and I took him in trying to read the look on my face. Thinking back, I reckon he must have just decided that it was easier to go along with the boys than to say anything.

Jeff and Carl both had wood now. Phil kinda meekly joined in after a second or two, working the head of his bared cock between his thumb and finger. I reckoned he must have been thinking very fast, and in a moment he was back in charge of the situation.

“Yeah,” he said, “come and try them out for size, or at least for style!”

In a way, I was pleased. He’d given me approval to do what Jeff had suggested and I was suddenly so horny and longing to know what those different cocks felt like in my hand. Even so, I don’t think I would have been able to move if Phil had shown any sign of disapproval.

Carl sort of gestured to me and, without really thinking about it, my jeans were round my ankles too and we were standing in a circle with our four hard and so-different-looking cocks surreally pointing in towards the middle.

Tentatively, I reached out and took hold of Phil's dick. I had to start with him. He was my brother. Shit, that was an amazing moment – the first time I had held another man's cock in my life, and it was my big brother's. That seemed right somehow. I put my hand right round the shaft, noticing that it felt a lot thinner than mine and that I could contain almost all of the length of it within my fist. The feeling, well it was such a mixture of emotions that I couldn't have begun to understand or explain. Closeness and trust were a big part of it. My big brother was allowing me and trusting him to hold his manhood and giving me his blessing to do the same with his boyfriend and good buddy. It was totally horny too. I couldn't begin to deny that.

I began to enjoy the idea of holding an unfamiliar cock and began to explore a bit. I felt the roughness of his bared glans. The skin was like mine had become after a day spent taped up, only much more so and quite dry and leathery. I felt the bunch of skin behind his helmet, kneading it a bit like he had done that morning to show me just how much there was there still. I thought I heard a small sound come from the back of his throat. I tried moving the skin on his shaft a little. It yielded, nowhere near as much as mine would have done in its normal state but actually quite a bit more than it had with its tape in place. Shit, that was such a wild feeling - knowing that the half an inch or so of movement of the skin on Phil's cock was all that he had ever known. I tried the sort of wanking action that I used on myself and felt the firmness of the skin, just allowing me to roll his remaining hood to the top of his ridge but no where near enough to get it down the other side.

“Fuck” I said.

I rarely swear, but the word just escaped and I felt my cock twitching out of control as the realisation hit me over again that circumcision was a total and permanent state. Phil was never going to be able to go back and be able to do what I had always taken for granted and be able to cover his most intimate part. That was the way his cock was now and always would be and that was that.

“Fuck, that's so awesomely tight” I said.

“Jeez, that's nothing kid.” said Carl. “Try the big man-sausage to your left.”

I didn't need a second invitation. I felt a bit funny abandoning my brother's cock to hold Jeff's, but I so had to do it. I could see from the look on Phil's face that he was OK about it and in one second I had my hand round Jeff's dick. In one second more I was feeling totally blown away. Jeff's cock skin didn't feel like skin at all. It was pulled so tight that it had taken on the character of something else. It was so sleekly smooth. I had my hand tight round his shaft and tried moving the skin but it wouldn't, just wouldn't. There was not one millimeter of slack in that shaft skin, so tight had he been sliced. My hand just slid over it, along his cock from base to head without any sign of give with just the slightest ridge where his foreskin had once started. My stalk had felt smooth when it was taped up, but nothing like this. I felt the blood rushing to my face and my balls churning in their sack.

I'd gotten really turned once before when Jamie had stolen one of his step-dad's girlie magazines to show me but this was something else. I'd never ever imagined that a dick could feel like that. I looked into Jeff's face and sensed that he knew what I was feeling. I figured he must once have felt that way too when, what was it he had said, when his "horizons had been opened up a little."

I sensed Carl moving a fraction closer to me. I was reluctant to leave Jeff in one way, but I was into this now. Phil's hand moved in towards Jeff's cock as I let it go and I saw that Carl now had his hand round Phil's stalk. His other hand was held right out of the way as if making an invitation for me to take hold of his dick. The tightness of his shaft was not such a surprise after experiencing Jeff's but the sheer bulk of his cock and the feeling of the weight of it in my hand was awesome. Shit, it was just like a huge, hard salami. What must it be like carrying a piece like that around in your pants all the time? I could barely close my fist around its girth. I slid my fingers down to feel the roughness of the patch of shrivelled looking skin where his circ scar was, right behind the huge mushroom head. My heart was really hammering, as I felt round behind the deep, deep rim of his glans, no skin anywhere near to get in the way of my full exploration of his totally bared stump. The look of his empty fraenum groove had been printed on my memory yesterday and I reached my fingertips underneath his head to explore there. The void seemed so deep. It was mind blowing to contemplate just how much of his penis had been cut away to leave it like that. My fingertip found the indentation of his piercing hole, and that was it for me. Without having even touched my cock, my balls churned again and I saw myself shooting rope after rope of thick cum high into the air. Some of it hit Carl on the chest and he scooped some of it up with his hand as if by instinct. His hand was instantly round his dick, grinding his bare cock head hard with my jizz. I became aware of Phil groaning a little and looked across to see him and Jeff both beating frantically their meat. Jeff came first, but within seconds Carl and Phil had both added their juice to the pool of my spunk on the floor between us.



So, my first circle-jerk. And I hadn't even had to jerk! It had been wild, just totally wild. It had helped me know for sure that when, or was it still if, I decided to actually become a circumcised man I was going to be, as my Granddad in England would have said, "the full Monty" or nothing. It would just have to be a high and tight total stripping. Jeff and Carl's circumcisions, well they made Phil's seem like nothing at all – just a sort of worse version of my intact dick with none of the benefits of a foreskin and none of the pure horniness of being totally without one for ever.

It seemed unreal talking about actually getting myself made like Jeff and Carl, when Phil and I discussed the options the next morning. As I was going to have to go home in a couple of days we agreed that we would leave it all until the next vacation. He would fix it with Mom that I'd come and stay for a couple of weeks, he'd arrange a few days off and we we'd go through with it together then. It was kinda comforting to know that my big brother would be on the table next to me loosing more of himself as all the spare skin came off my dick. Having decided to go for it (I had decided, hadn't I? I still couldn't really believe that I had) it made a lot of sense to wait until then. Phil said that I'd be more or less healed up in a fortnight and I've have the whole of the long vacation to get used to my new model before heading back to school.

Jeff came round that evening he said it was a good plan when we told him our plan. He suggested that from his experience that it would be good for me to spend as much time as I could before then with my hood taped back. I could get more used to the feeling of permanent bareness for long periods so the sensitivity of my bare cock head rubbing on my shorts when I had been circumcised would be easier to cope with. Shit, when he said that it hit me like a blow in the stomach. The thought of loosing the option of respite from the over stimulation I had experienced the other day and not ever again being able to cover over if it became too much was a bit hard to get my head around. He went on to say that it would also give me a chance to decide if I really wanted to be cut. Phil looked a bit crestfallen at that, but he had to agree that Jeff was right. In a way, I'd have preferred it if we'd just gone along to the surgery wing there and then and gotten it over with before I could even start thinking about backing out.

Jeff got me taped up again later that night, explaining carefully how to do it and making me do most of the work this time. The sensation was no less mind blowing that time around and it was real hard not popping a boner as I saw my skin held right back out of the way again. It made me feel real horny and I was kinda hoping the three of us could have a repeat of the previous night's fun with the video but it looked as if it wasn't to be. For the first time since I had been there, Jeff was going to spend the night with Phil and they obviously just wanted to be together. I headed off to the sack feeling a little let down and thought I'd seen the last of them. Just as I climbed into my bed though, I heard them giggling in the corridor. There was a knock on the door and they both came in, bollock naked, their hands behind their backs. I couldn't help but quickly scan their crotches again, comparing their now familiar cocks but it

was the big grins on their faces that really struck me. Without saying a word, they took their hands from behind their backs. Jeff handed me a towel and Phil a tube of some stuff called "Liquid Silk". With that, they were gone!

Both articles came in very handy that night. I revelled in the first of many long, luxurious and fully lubricated, totally awesome taped back jerk sessions. The lube felt awesome and I was just so turned on by the way my shaft skin stayed so tight as my hand slid along the length of my shaft and stimulated the wide band of inner skin laid out behind my cock head. It was still a bit too much to grind my glans in my fist like the boys seemed to like doing and I wondered how long it would be before I could fully enjoy doing that. It was so nice to know that Phil knew, even approved of what I was up to and not to have to furtively creep out and raid the bathroom cabinet to get some skinless satisfaction. For the first time I kinda relaxed into the idea of being without a foreskin for the rest of my life and I felt that I had already half-joined that "special club" as Phil had called it. I thought too about how it would be to be the same as everyone else in the locker room that fall semester. That was kinda nice, although I guessed that Brad Svendsen would still find something to goad me with even when my cock looked as bare, probably even barer, than his. I thought about all of them in the team - Neil, Harry, Miguel, Christoph and the others - and felt sorry for them that they'd never known what it was like to have an intact dick. I was privileged that I'd get to decide how my dick looked, even if I chose to end up being as bare as them anyway. I thought about Svendsen's thick piece of meat as I whacked off and what it might have looked like if he'd been permitted to keep a foreskin on it but it was the memory of Carl's mighty piece in my hand that finally made me blow my last wad of the night. I threw the towel in the linen basket, put off the light and turned over onto my stomach to enjoy the sensation of the cool cotton round my bare head again as I fell asleep, thinking of my future life as an all-American cut dude with a back-to-the-balls circumcised dick.

Something a little freaky happened a few weeks into that summer semester when a new kid joined my Grade. He was from France and his family had just arrived in town because his mom had gotten a post teaching French at the university. He seemed a nice enough guy but he was getting a bit of a hard time because his English wasn't that great and he had a strong accent which made him sound real funny sometimes. The first gym class of the session wasn't until the Friday in the week he arrived and as we got changed I threw him a glance just out of idle curiosity to see how he was hung. Suddenly my world changed. I found I was no longer the only kid in the class to have skin. It had never even occurred to me before that French kids might get to keep what they were born with. I suppose in some dumb way I must have kinda assumed that that only got to happen in England or something. It was so weird somehow, not to be the only uncut in the room anymore and I wondered if he had had any idea about what got done to American kid's dicks. Would he be freaked out to see a locker room full of guys with carved knobs, would he give a shit one way or the other, or would he not even notice how different the gang looked to him and me? True to form, it didn't take Brad Svendsen more than a second to latch on to the situation.

“Hey guys,” he was saying. “We’ve gotten another poor doggy-dicked bastard amongst us. Pinch your noses ready for some smelly French cheese.”

Someone yelled at him “Shut the fuck up, wrinkle dick”.

A split second before I realised who had shouted. It was me - I had actually hollered that out without even thinking about it. Jeez, had I really said that to Brad Svendsen? Had I actually stood up to him?

It was true now I came to think about it. Brad’s dick did look kinda wrinkled. He had a whole bunch of skin behind his head and it struck me that his circumcision was like a more extreme version of Phil’s and really kinda weird looking. I suppose it could even have been the same doctor had cut both of them and left them real loose like that. In an instant of insight I realized that perhaps that that was why Brad was always so intent on teasing me - he wanted all the attention on some other guy’s dick so that no one noticed his and saw that it looked kinda odd.

There was a moment of total silence, then the whole class was laughing. God, that sound was such a relief. Brad could turn real nasty sometimes and it was great that the other kids had taken my side. You could tell from his face that he was dumbfounded but trying hard not to be. Mercifully, the next thing that happened was that Mr. O’Shea was in the door yelling at us like normal to be quiet and get into the gym in double quick time or else, so I was saved.

I was sure I was going to have to pay the price later in recess but the amazing thing was Brad never said a word to me. In fact he never made any comment about my hood, or Mathieu’s for that matter, or even my low balls ever again. I’d never really believed when folks said you should stand up to a bully, but in this case it seemed to work. Amazing that it was so easy to fix him after all I had been through.

Once I was over the shock of my rash move I was real pleased with myself. I knew that if I had stopped to think I would never have had nerve enough to answer Brad back. Jamie came up and congratulated me in that next recess and I got the feeling that he was meaning more than he was saying to me about the whole situation. Later I wondered if perhaps one day Jamie would get to ask Mathieu if he could try his skin out like he had mine. Shit, that was a weird feeling thinking that it would have to be

Mathieu after the summer as then I would never be able to oblige in that department again, not once I was cut as bare as the others. The thought of Jamie rolling back another guy's hood kinda made me feel a bit funny and wonder all over again if I was mad to be going through with my circumcision.

I'm not sure if Mathieu had grasped the full implications of what had been going in the locker room either, but he was always real nice to me after that. He didn't have nearly as much hood as me, in fact his hardly even covered over his head, but it was kinda cool to have another guy with a foreskin around. It sometimes bothered me to think that he might get freaked when I turned up in the fall stripped back to the balls and left him in my old role as the only intact kid in the class with all that entailed. It dawned on me then too that the other kids might have something to say on the matter when they saw I had been cut and I wondered if I would just be swapping one cause for teasing for another. Jeez, why did shit like that have to bother me? Why should it even have to cross my mind? I'm sure no one else apart from me would give a toss. Why did I always have to worry so much about what other people felt? Other times I have to admit I got a pervy kind of a thrill thinking that when he saw me stripped bare next semester if it might give Mathieu ideas too. He might even ask me about what it was like getting done and stuff, perhaps even end up asking his folks if he could get cut as well.

The weeks seemed to drag by that summer and I thought the day of my special trip to Virginia would never come. Phil and I hadn't spoken much at all for the few weeks running up to it and we'd hardly talked circ at all. I was pleased in a way as it just felt funny saying those words over the phone and I was real worried Mom might hear and get curious.

Phil came up for a long weekend before we were both due to head south for the vacation and I was like a restless puppy the whole time, just anxious to get on with it before my nerve failed me. He told me to be sure to pack a couple of pairs of loose pants for the trip, and I figured I could guess why. I still wasn't sure how I was going to cope with my dick head permanently bare, even though I'd gotten much more used to it with my cock taped up for much of the time since my last trip. Even so, being cut had to be even barer feeling didn't it? No respite at all, in fact no respite ever again.

The drive down south finally gave us a chance to talk properly and Phil went over the plan with me. It was all fixed up for two days time on the following Saturday. He was going, as my English cousins would have put it, to "throw a sickie" for a few days as he couldn't really be on the wards until his re-circumcision was healed up a bit. He went into lots of medical stuff about the procedure but I didn't like to say that I couldn't really take it all in so I just kept agreeing with him. After a couple of hours on the freeway when we were crossing over the bridge from D.C. into Virginia I got a

real funny feeling. Next time I crossed the state line I'd be circumcised. Shit, how wild was that?

Jeff and Carl looked real well. It was great to see them again, and they seemed genuinely pleased to see me too. Carl was wearing shorts and I couldn't help noticing that his big piece kinda showed, flopping round inside. I wondered if he didn't go in for underwear much either. I got to find out later when we got to Phil's place and he sprawled down on the sofa. The leg of his cut-offs kinda rode up a bit and I could just see the head of his dick with its ring through it peeking out down his leg. Jeez, that got me so horny.

Their attitude to me seemed have changed a little and they treated me much more like an adult than before which was real nice. We had a few beers and it was getting kinda late when Jeff suggested that we watch a video. I assumed that he'd gotten some movie out of Blockbuster for us to watch, but it was a different kind of video he had in mind. It was one of Phil's "suck and fucks" that they put on. It was a bit weird at first, but shit that stuff sure was horny. This young guy was out jogging in the park when an older guy pulled up alongside him in a car. Within seconds the young guy's sweat pants were down around his ankles and the guy in the car had his cock in his mouth through the open window. Shit, did stuff like that really happen? It didn't take long for Phil and co. to have their flies opened and their boners in their hands and it felt real cool to be there with them as if it was the most normal thing in the world to beat off with your buddies. After a minute or two, seeing the video and the boys' three cut cocks hard and in action it seemed funny not to join in.

Phil and Jeff were kinda into each other in a big way that night, kissing and stuff and frigging themselves off. After a while I was amazed with myself when I plucked up courage to walk across and sit next to Carl. I wondered if he had been kinda waiting for me to join him but hadn't liked to suggest it and I respected him for that. He put his arm round me and I had an uneasy moment when I wondered if he was going to want to tongue me too. Luckily he didn't – that would have been gross and I don't think I could have let him as I wasn't sure if I was into that real gay stuff. I reached out and took hold of his thick stick in my hand. Jeez, that piece of his was amazing. I played a bit with the ring through his dick head, working it backwards and forward through his piss slit wondering just what it must feel like to have a piece of metal inside there. I dropped my hand down around his shaft and the tightness of his skin and the leathery feel of his huge mushroom head blew me away just as much as it had the last time.

On the video, the jogger was getting ready to screw the driver across the hood of his car and I saw a close up of his big dick with its wide brown circ scar ring so high up

on his shaft. Did I really want a dick that looked like that? For the first time I knew that I did. I really did.

Carl was working my boner now. I was taped up of course and it had felt real tight all day, but Carl got his hand round the base of my shaft and pulled everything tighter still. Jeez, that felt amazing. He spat on his hand and started grinding my glans in his palm in the way that I had come to really enjoy now my dick head had dried out a little and I could cope with the intensity that kind of stimulation. He was a real expert and I had just never felt anything so wild, especially as it was the first time anyone else had ever touched my dick in a sexual way. In a way it felt a shame that my skin was taped up as it would have been cool to have someone do that sort of stuff to me just once while I still had a skin to be played with but, shit, it was amazing just the way it was. I figured I was even a little worried that if I hadn't been taped I might discover it felt even better having a guy play with my foreskin and the doubts would come back, so perhaps it was best the way things were and not even to let my thoughts start to go down that road. My mind came back to reality and Carl was working my whole shaft now, sliding his fist back and forth along the length of it. I felt my balls start to churn and I shot a huge wad of cum all over his hand. Carl kinda purred a little and, pulling hard at his stalk with his other hand, amazed me by licking my jizz off his fist as he came too. I figured I still had a lot to learn about sex and stuff.

The next morning was weird. I was so aware it was going to be the last whole day that I'd spend intact. That was so mind-blowing yet everything seemed so normal. Phil and I had breakfast together and there didn't even seem much to talk about regarding the momentous next day as we'd gone over everything so much already. He just asked me if I was still sure I wanted a high and tight like Jeff's and I said I did. He told me it would be a good idea to take the tape off my dick so that my skin could settle back into its default setting by the next day so Carl would get a true impression of my hood and the way it worked. ("So he could see exactly the best way to cut it off me forever" I added in my head as an ending to Phil's sentence.)

After Phil had hit the wards I soaked the micropore off in the tub, aware that I'd never need to tape up again. I spent a while just looking at my intact dick, all sorts of things going through my mind. It looked ok, nothing wrong with it at all really. Just that it wasn't, well, just that it wasn't circumcised. It was my choice that was going to make it look so totally different for ever by allowing Carl to cut part of it away. How freaky was that. I reckoned that it was going to be a while before it was going to be in a fit state for wanking with so I began the first of several jerk offs that day. I'd reckoned that, as a kinda principle, I'd use my skin every time that day, like for old time's sake. I managed it the first time, but it was real hard. It just felt damn well wrong. I just couldn't do it like that anymore. After that I ended up rolling back and holding the skin taught as I beat off and it felt so much better that way. It was like I was already

circumcised in my head, like my foreskin already wasn't there. Like it wasn't a part of the real me anymore. The real me? The new me? The circumcised me.

Something totally unexpected happened that evening. Phil came back with the boys after work and we chilled for a while and went out to eat. As I'd expected, we got to talking about the next day and stuff, going over the plan. Jeff suggested that we did a bit of groundwork to speed thing up in the morning, and Carl agreed that it could be kinda useful. Somehow I guessed that they had had this bit planned out but I didn't let on. Phil said that perhaps they should check out exactly where Jeff and Carl were going to cut us and before long my big brother and I had our jeans and shorts off. Shit, this kinda stuff was almost starting to feel normal to me. Carl and Jeff starting pulling Phil's bunch of skin around, stretching it out in all directions and talking technical stuff that kinda passed me by. Jeff had a felt pen with him and he drew a couple of lines round Phil's dick to show where he would make the incisions to remove the band of skin that would leave him with the dick he wanted. They talked about his fraenum too and checked if he really wanted that taken out. He said he did, but they already knew that of course. I wondered if Phil might pop a boner, but he didn't. His dick just lay there, kinda small and vulnerable looking as if it was scared about what was going to happen to it tomorrow when someone took a scalpel to it and cut part of it away. I knew how it felt. There was something about this all which was so damn horny, yet the sort of horniness that is in your head and not the sort of thing you get stiff about.

Finally they were satisfied with Phil and it was my turn. Carl gave my hood such a going over, stretching it out, rolling it right back and exploring it in ever which way. Phil had told him I was certain about the high and tight, but Carl said he wanted to be sure that he was going to get me only as tight as I wanted and no more, certainly that he didn't end up cutting so tight that my balls ended up pulled up onto my shaft. "It would be such a shame to spoil the way those beauties hang" he said, which was real nice. He held my foreskin back in different ways, folding the skin back on itself so I could see how it might look after the possible ways of cutting. The choice was a bit frightening - how could you be sure what you wanted until you'd experienced it for real, and by then of course it would be too late to change? All I could tell him was that I trusted him to know what to do for the best, and that I'd be real pleased to end up with a cock like Jeff's. He told me that to get a result like that he'd have to take my fraenum out and I answered that that was fine by me. Actually, I wasn't quite so sure. Since my last trip I'd gotten to enjoy playing with my thick banjo string, something that I'd never really even noticed before. Then again, that deep empty groove on Jeff's dick did look so hot, and if it had to go for a high and tight, then so be it I figured.

Carl finally made the first mark on my dick with the pen and said that that was were my circumcision scar would be. It looked so far back on my shaft, just like some of the guys' in class. He said he hoped that he'd be able to get it so it wasn't too

noticeable, but that I'd never get to look quite as sleek and scar free as someone cut as a baby. I could cope with that, but what freaked me was when he put the second line on my dick and said that all the skin between the two marks would be coming off. Shit, I wish he hadn't told me that. It looked a huge piece of me to take away and I felt a touch of panic. He kinda sensed this and reassured me that I had a whole load of "redundant" skin on there and that I'd never regret losing it. I sure hoped that he was right. It didn't feel too redundant to me at that moment. I felt my doubts mounting about the whole business for the first time in weeks, but the idea of cancelling and backing out now after the last time round was just too embarrassing. I knew that, hard though it was, I'd have to go through with the thing now. I comforted myself with remembering how hot it was to jack off with the tape holding my skin back taught and that made the idea a little better.

"I guess we should show the kid the tool of the trade" Carl said. "We don't want the look of it freaking him in the morning, do we?"

I wasn't sure what this was all about, but the other two agreed, again as if it was all pre-planned. Jeff reached round for a small leather case he had brought with him.

"This baby is the infamous Gomco Clamp, the means of countless generations of grateful all-American boys being parted neatly and easily from their foreskins. It's a great piece of kit, but it does look a bit creepy and it would be good for you two to get acquainted a little in advance" said Jeff, starting to open the bag and revealing a pile of bits of shiny steel inside.

He was right. It did look scary. Carl showed me the rows of metal bells that he said protected the glans during what he called "the procedure". He said it was important to get one that was exactly the right size and pulled one out.

"Let's try this one for size" he said as he rolled my hood right back and slipped it over my glans. It sat on the tip my bell end like a cap that was too small for a kid's head.

"No" he said, and picked out another.

This one was too big and my helmet rattled around in it like a pea in a tin. I kinda knew that this was all a pantomime. Phil had said he was a real ace cutter and I



figured he would have instantly known which size I needed after blinking at me sideways in a thick fog. I didn't let on though, and kinda sat back to enjoy the fun and the attention he was paying to my dick. Third time lucky (surprise, surprise) and he got the one which neatly covered my glans. It looked kinda cool hidden away in its little metal bucket. Next he rolled my skin over it, completely covering the metal and pulling the tip of my foreskin so it closed off on the far end of the bell thing in a kinda bud. It was nice feeling the hardness of the metal inside the soft skin of my hood, and I thought again of that ring of steel inside Carl's dick. I regretted that I'd not had a chance to play around a little with the Gomco bell, perhaps even try and whack off with it in place. I had a fleeting idea of asking Jeff if I could borrow it over night for a little more play, but I was kinda embarrassed and wondered too if he'd need to sterilize it and stuff so I didn't.

I wasn't quite so easy with the next thing he showed me. The rest of the Gomco looked real scary, and I kinda wished he'd spared me the demonstration of how it worked – how he'd tighten the screws to clamp the plates down on my foreskin to crush and kill it before he cut it away. Shit. I was might reassured when he told me that I wouldn't feel any of this as he was going to numb me up real good first. I caught Phil looking at me real strange as Carl was explaining this to me. What was on his face? Excitement? Concern? Love? All of those and more I reckoned.

“Just remember little brother, I'll be there by the side of you tomorrow and whatever happens to you will be happening to me too” he said.

“Yes”, I thought, “but your dick is already bare and there is a whole lot less skin between your two lines to get carved off than there is between mine.” I didn't say anything though because I could hear the unusual tone in his voice and I didn't want to make him worry about me. I could tell the fact that we were there going through this together meant a whole lot to him.

My dick had stayed as flaccid as Phil's throughout the whole business but I had to admit that Carl handling my dick had made me feel a little horny. I wondered if all this might lead on to another video session but it wasn't to be. By ten o'clock the boys were saying that it would be good for all of us to get an early night and rest a little before the big day. It did make sense, so Jeff and Carl headed away and Phil said he'd clear up, have a shower and head for bed

Phil came in later in his robe and looked as if he was going to say something, but didn't. There seemed a lot I could have said to him too, but I wasn't quite sure what or how to say it anyway. In the end he, just came over, tousled my hair, punched my arm

and wished me sweet dreams. I figured that seemed as good a way as any to say the unsayable.

I watched a little TV without noticing what I was watching but soon felt that I might as well hit bed too and try and empty my head enough to sleep. With all the thoughts that had been going round I was amazed that I was able to get into the book I took to bed with me and ended up reading quite a while. After an hour or so I had become vaguely aware of Phil moving round the apartment. I thought he'd hit the sack and idly wondered what he had found to do. I was finally getting tired enough to put the light out when I heard him outside my room. He came in without knocking, looking kinda weird, as if something was troubling him.

He seemed very serious when he sat on the bed, and all sorts of scenarios kinda flashed through my mind. I figured perhaps he'd phoned mom and something was wrong back home. Perhaps he was feeling ill. Perhaps he had suddenly gotten a conscience about what was going to happen in the morning and was coming to tell me he couldn't let me go through with it. Something was obviously worrying him and I was sure he was going to tell me something that I didn't want to hear.

"Listen Kid. I've been tossing and turning about this for the last two hours and it's gotten to last chance saloon now. Its like, well, it's like kinda embarrassing for one thing but hey you're my kid brother and we're real close and.... Shit, this is so hard."

"Phil" I said. "Look, just tell me. Has something real bad happened?"

It was a bit freaky – I seemed to be the one in charge here, keeping my head in a difficult situation.

"What is it?"

"Shit, what the hell" he said. "You can only think I'm sicko and say no, and you must say no if you want to, only just...."

"Phil" I said again firmly and as calmly as I could manage, "just tell me."

“OK, OK” he said, seeming to gather himself a little. “There’s something I’m going to ask you to do for me. Its gonna sound real strange, especially after all that, well, after everything....”

“Listen Kid”. He made another fresh start and managed to get a little further this time. “You’ve got skin. A lot of skin. I’ve seen you grow up and always wondered... well, I never had a hood, at least not since I was a couple of days old. I just never knew what it was like to feel a hood on the end of my cock. Like I said, I always looked at you in the shower when we were growing up and, like, well wondered what it was like I guess. I was even kinda jealous sometimes, that Mom and Pop had had something done to me.... When you were a baby a couple times I got my hand inside your diaper and.....shit that stuff doesn’t matter now anyway. Well, the thing is this time tomorrow you won’t be able to do it for me.”

Shit, where was this leading to? He wasn’t making a whole lot of sense. Phil being jealous of my skin? This was something new and I wasn’t sure I wanted to think about the implications of that after what had happened over the last few months and what was going to happen tomorrow,... or was it now going to happen tomorrow?

“So like I say, this is it, now or never, and I’d like to, well. You’re the only person I can ask. I never knew Jeff when he had skin or I would have asked him, except he would have thought I was real weird with everything I had said...”

What was he getting at? I looked at him and wished he’d get to the point.

“Listen kid, the thing is this. I have to know what it feels like to have a foreskin on my cock. Just once. That’s all I need. Just once, I need to know. And like I said, after tomorrow...”

He was finally getting to his point, but when he managed to blurt it out at last I had absolutely no idea what he meant.

“Look Kid, can I dock with you?”

He saw the confusion on my face.

I genuinely had no idea what Phil was talking about. When he finally managed to explain to me what docking was, I thought it was some kind of wind up. I mean, how likely was it that a guy would ever put his knob into another guy's foreskin? I was certain it wasn't possible – surely all that stretching would make it burst. After a couple of awkward seconds though I realised he was serious. Dead serious, and dead embarrassed - almost squirming with discomfort. I hated seeing him like that.

What troubled me even more than my concerns about the physical possibility of the whole thing was just why Phil wanted to do it so bad. Why would he want to feel his cock head covered with skin after all he had done to reassure me that getting every scrap of my own covering removed was the best decision I'd ever make? The implications of that were, - well I think I just kinda decided not to go down that route at all, certainly not on the night before I was going to get cut. The next day Phil was going to be sitting next to me, willingly losing even more of his foreskin and watching me getting cut back to the balls yet here he was saying, well – like I say, I just chose not to go there.

I looked into his face and he seemed so vulnerable, childlike almost. It was as if he was a kid again, begging Mom or Dad for something real special that he just knew they weren't going to want to let him have. I didn't say anything. I couldn't say anything as I didn't know what to say. I just pulled the comforter to one side, opened my robe and sat there waiting for whatever was going to happen. I figured that if he was going to bust my foreskin it wouldn't matter a whole bunch as it was all coming off the next day anyway- I just didn't want it to hurt too much.

Phil slipped off his robe and got up onto the bed, bollock naked. I looked at his body close up. He was muscular for sure, real nice looking I supposed. He parted my legs wide and came and knelt between them. His cock was hard, and again I was surprised that it looked kinda small, especially right up next to mine. He was my big brother, yet his willy was smaller. How had that happened? I supposed I hadn't accepted until then that I was all grown up as well now and that kind of stuff was just the luck of the draw.

I looked at the bunch of skin that gathered behind his rim even though he was real stiff and wondered what his dick would look like after Jeff had taken that pucker of flesh away forever. Better, I thought - it would look better as it was kinda neither one

way or the other as it was. Again, I pushed out of my mind that strange and disquieting thought that, despite all he had said, he might actually have preferred to have been allowed to have a dick with skin on it, a dick like mine.

I glanced down between my thighs. My big balls lay stretched out of course, spreading a little on the sheet. My dick hadn't gotten the slightest bit hard though; in fact it looked as it was trying to make a run for it and retreat into my body. This, combined with the fact that I'd been without tape on all day, meant that there was quite a serious amount of empty skin hanging loose below the end of my glans.

Phil caught my eye for a second then looked away. I couldn't help flinching when he reached out and took hold of my cock. So gently, he pulled the foreskin back as if it was fragile and he was afraid he might damage it. I wondered for a second if he had ever done that to anyone before and realised just what I had taken for granted about being uncut. He rolled the hood right back flat along my shaft until I could feel my fraenum pulling tight under the head. I figured I was going to have to ask him to stop if he carried on much further as it would start to hurt real soon. He sensed it was at full stretch though, and kind of inched his knees forward on the bed until the tip of his cock was nuzzling mine.

So slowly, as if he was savouring the moment, he started to roll my hood forward. My foreskin covered my glans as usual then without any hint of reluctance it just kept on rolling. Instead of gathering into a bud of overhang like normal, my extra skin just kept on going, right over the end of his bared dick until his glans was as covered as mine. I looked at him, but he wasn't looking at me. His face was white and I couldn't make out the expression on it – he seemed to be someplace else entirely.

His fist was round our two joined cock heads, just holding them tight for what seemed like an age. My cock was soft, his like wood, but they were joined, joined inside my foreskin. Suddenly, he kinda thrust his cock forward inside my skin. I felt a sort of pop and realised that his glans must now be lying on top of mine inside our shared skin.

It felt kinda full down there but, surprisingly, not unpleasantly so. I was relieved that it wasn't hurting my hood to have a double load of cock head to protect. I reached down and gently uncurled his fist from round our cocks. I had to see. There it was. The shape of his glans clearly showed through my distended skin, resting on top of my larger helmet both of them tucked snugly inside my hood. It was amazing. My foreskin was stretched right out along his shaft, more than covering his entire helmet, the snout of it resting on his bunch of remnant skin in the groove behind his head. The

pair of us were joined in such a strange, intimate way like some kind of weird Siamese twins. He looked at me and smiled. I returned his grin, glad that he was ok. Neither of us said a word.

I put my fist round our shared cock, just the way he had held it earlier. Squeezing a little, I felt his helmet squidgy around inside my covering. I heard a tiny sound from the back of his throat as he closed his eyes. Without thinking, I gently started to beat off in the way I used to do before I'd gotten into the taping shit. I worked my skin backwards and forwards along my shaft, except that now it wasn't my shaft inside that skin, it was our, shared shaft. I wondered if Phil's cock would pop out, but it didn't – there seemed to be plenty of room inside that thing for both of us.

Strangely, my dick still wasn't hard at all but it was weird to feel Phil's stiffness inside there as if it was my own boner I was wanking. Even stranger, without wood myself I still had the same feeling of urgency inside my head as if I'd been stiff and aching to shoot. Less worried now about hurting myself and about Phil's dick coming out I started rubbing a bit harder.

I'm not sure how long I was at it – it seemed like only a few seconds, but suddenly I heard Phil groan and arch his back. I saw his balls churn. Pulled tight up against his body they looked so unlike my hangers which were slapping round in the way they always did when I beat off. He groaned again. I felt a sensation of warmth flood the inside of my skin as he let go of his load into it. I looked down and saw my foreskin balloon up huge as it filled with pump after pump of his gizz. I held my snout closed behind his rim but some of his cum was leaking out of the seal my hood made behind his helmet and dripping down across my fingers and onto the sheets. Jeez, there was so much of it.

Enough for the two of us.

When I came to the next day I sensed that Phil was already awake. I could feel him nestled up behind me, his arm round my shoulder just how we had fallen asleep minutes after he had juiced inside my foreskin. I lay there not moving, savouring the unusual closeness of the moment for a second or two until he broke the mood and gave me a friendly squeeze.

“Morning Kid. Big day today” he said, and with that sprang out of bed.

Typical Phil. He didn't say a word about what had happened, either then or ever again and I was glad. I'd thought as I was drifting off to sleep after we'd pulled our cocks apart that there might be all sorts of consequences, changes of plans, confessions almost, but I figured that for once Phil was right – sometimes it is easier to just say nothing.

With Phil out of the room I reached down to my cock, very aware that this was the last morning that it would be the way it had been on every other morning of my life. I touched my morning boner, feeling the end of my foreskin and the slight crust of Phil's dried cum there for confirmation. If we had gotten up and showered last night might I now be figuring that I could just have dreamt the whole thing? I slipped a finger inside my hood and ran it round the glans. I felt both the moistness of his cum still in there and noticed the very slight tenderness after the extra stretch my hood had had. Then I just got up and showered like nothing was different, except that I couldn't help but be oh so aware of the significance of pulling back my long overhang and cleaning under there beneath the steams of water. Never again would I need to roll back, soap up and dry off before feeling that so familiar sensation, almost forgotten since I'd been taping up, of my hood suddenly resetting itself and snapping to over the end of my cock head, tucking my glans away inside its living, tailor-made protective sheath.

I heard the intercom go when I was in the shower and by the time I'd fished out from my rucksack the tight jockeys and track suit pants that Phil had told me to bring with me he was in the kitchen brewing coffee with Carl and Jeff. I hadn't realised they were due so early. Shit, those two were keen.

Phil threw me a look as I went in and I knew exactly what it said. He needn't have worried. I wasn't ever going to say anything if he wasn't – just easier to pretend that the last night thing had never happened. I smiled back at him, hoping he'd read between the lines. Shit, what would his two buddies make of it if I told them what Phil had said to me in that weird moment of honesty last night?

“Hey Kid”, said Carl. “I see you are all dressed ready - good pants for a circ there. You sure won't want any sexy skin tight 501's on you later today!”

Everyone laughed and the slight tension in the air melted. Jeff had his arm round Phil and it was just so abnormally normal. Why wouldn't it be, I wondered? Was it just me? Wasn't getting circumcised just a minor piece of day surgery that happened

thousands of times every week with no one making any big deal out of it? Well I knew it wasn't going to be that way for me. I played along with the light touch though, figuring this was going to be the easiest way to cope with it all.

“So y'all get a good night's sleep last night?” said Jeff, obviously genuinely unaware of the implications of what he was saying.

I made sure I answered first, using it as a way of setting Phil's mind at rest that I wasn't going to be spilling any unwelcome beans.

“Yeah, we just hit the sack early and read after you'd gone” I said, trying hard not to look at Phil.

“No last performance with the old kit before the upgrade then Kid?” said Carl.

“No,” I laughed; “I reckoned I'd give that a skip and wait for the new improved version” I replied.

“Well, be a while before you are ready for that one” said Jeff. “But Carl will do a nice tidy job on you – keep the battering to a minimum.”

Battering. I didn't like the sound of that too much, but I supposed I'd have to face up to the fact that it was going to feel real sore for a while, far too tender for any action for a week or two. Bound too, when you have a part of your penis removed.

“Anyway, you've got your own on-site medic to take care of you and pop you a few pills if you need them to take the edge off” he went on, “though I suppose there's not many docs tending a new cut who've got one down there and their own to look after as well!”

The conversation turned, and we ate a light breakfast as Phil had warned me that we shouldn't have too much before the anaesthetic. Shutting the door as we left the



apartment it struck me that the next time that key turned in the lock things would be so different for me. I didn't let myself start thinking too much about that. I knew that if I was going to bottle out again now was the time to do it but deep down I just knew I couldn't, not again, not even if I wanted to. And I didn't.

The Day Surgery wing was as quiet as it had been that last time and we headed for the same room at the end of the corridor. It was all set up just the way as before and looked more familiar but somehow scarier as I knew now what was going to happen there. Carl and Jeff put on gowns and scrubbed up real good. It felt weird taking off my pants and shorts and Phil helping me into my gown before doing the same himself, but with him there with me I knew it was going to be OK.

Carl and Jeff seemed to take an age checking that all the pieces of equipment were laid out ready and I was starting to feel real nervous. Phil, slightly manically I thought, was going on about medical details that I preferred to try not to take as that stuff didn't help my nerves too much. Finally, they were ready to start.

“OK men” said Carl. “Here goes. Two perfect, matching circumcisions coming up, a la carte. Here is to a bright new future for you both.”

“Amen to that” said Jeff. A whole new beginning for you both.”

I was kinda surprised that they didn't start with the jab. I'd assumed that they'd do all that shit first and I was hoping to get anything to do with needles out of the way early on. Crazy really, worrying about a hypodermic when it was going to be closely followed by a heavy duty, skin-crushing clamp on your dick and then a run round it with razor sharp surgical steel, but there you go. The lads set to work with the Gomco. They both knew what size caps we needed from before and soon our ends were covered with their shining steel helmets. Carl rolled my skin back to fit mine on of course, Jeff just had to kinda stick Phil's on his bare bell end – the last time our dicks would ever need handling differently. Within seconds, my hood had rolled all the way forward and covered my Gomco cup up. Just the metal blob on the end of it stuck out surreally through the puckered end of my skin, almost as if my hood was making one last attempt to point that it was there to keep my most sensitive part covered and protected from the harsh world outside. The metal in my dick meant I couldn't help of thinking of the ring in Carl's piss slit and wondered if he was wearing it that morning. When he stretched sideways I could vaguely make out his big packet through his surgical gown but it was way too baggy to see details like that.

Next they started fitting the clamping bit of the kit. This was getting freaky now and I was glad when Phil reached across and held my hand. Carl had mine adjusted in a second or two, equalising the amount of skin on each side of the bell, checking that he had pulled just the exact right amount through past the plate. He was obviously an expert but, shit, the amount of skin on the wrong side of that baby was terrifying! I couldn't believe that all of that was coming off me. Surely he was going to flay me alive. He gave the screw on the clamp a half turn then looked up, seeming to sense what I was feeling. I suppose he had been here before with his other circ clients.

"Looks a lot there Kid, doesn't it" he said. "Don't worry – you'll still have just the right amount, enough left, even after all that redundant skin goes and you are cut nice and sleek like your brother and Jeff – trust me." Luckily I did.

It freaked me a bit seeing my dick fitted inside the clamp so I looked across at Phil for distraction. It was obviously a lot harder job for Jeff to get things set up just right. Phil had so much less skin to manoeuvre and that clearly made it a trickier business. Jeff had to be sure he was getting every scrap tucked into the clamp but I could see it was easier when you had more to get a hold of. Phil was looking down, passing the odd comment and I wondered again if this was something they'd played at before. It was for real this time though. For both of us.

Jeff eventually asked Carl to check how he had gotten things set, and he agreed that he'd got it just right. Jeff took up a little slack on the Gomco screw, the same as Carl had done with mine.

"OK gentlemen," said Carl. "We are ready to proceed. I think you two should begin the unveiling ceremony while Jeff and I get ready with the hypos."

I wasn't at all sure what he meant, but Phil did. They had obviously already fixed up this bit of the proceedings amongst themselves.

"Here we go Kid", said Phil, turning to me. "No going back now, for either of us. Just say when you start to feel it bite."

I still wasn't sure what was going on. He was still holding my hand, but he took it now and moved to between his legs, kinda of forming my thumb and forefinger

around the screw on his Gomco. He reached across to mine, held the screw and very slowly started tightening it. Just a little at a time, pausing after every little move. I felt the mechanism stirring on my dick.

I knew now what he wanted to happen. He wanted us to share the moment, to take this irrevocable step for each other. I made my first turn for Phil, feeling the slight friction of big furled screw on my finger tips as I started to work the clamp that would soon bite into the remains of his foreskin. I looked up at his face, and his eyes were there ready to meet mine.

We held each other's gaze intently, holding our other, free hands tightly as little by little we turned the screws that were in control of the mechanism that would crush part of us both, altering us for ever - not just our bodies, but alter something deeper than that inside us too. Here we were, looking into each other's eyes as we set that irreversible process in motion.

I'm not sure how many full turns of the screw we had made before I began to feel it get serious. Perhaps the fifth or sixth time Phil made a move on it I had a slight sensation of pushing on my skin as the two plates of the Gomco started to come together. I wondered if he was feeling it too.

The next turn and I flinched. I was expecting it to hurt that time - I don't think it actually did but by then I'd gotten anxious enough to jump before I got bit.

"You feel it Kid?" he asked.

I nodded.

"Just a tiny bit more" he said again, advancing the screw almost imperceptibly. There was no doubt now of the feeling of pressure as the plates started to crush my hood.

"Go ahead Kid", he said, "Turn mine again."

“I really didn’t want to hurt him, and I was supersensitive to any tell-tale signs from his body that I was as I ratcheted up the pressure a little more on his clamp. He breathed in deeply, almost as if he was trying not to flinch.

“More” said Phil, a strange tone in his voice.

“Ok guys, time for the hypo I think” said Carl quickly, looking slightly anxious.

I’d been unaware of him and Jeff for a while, but there they were with two primed syringes, shooting out a stream of liquid from them just like you see in the soaps, except this was for real.

“This won’t hurt” said Carl as he gently took hold of my dick. I looked out of the window as he got to work, knowing that in a way this was going to be the worst bit for me. I wondered if Phil was looking as Jeff did the same procedure on his dick. This was the kinda stuff Phil was doing day in day out on the wards but I wasn’t sure if that made it any easier when it was you on the receiving end yourself.

“We’ll just let you sit there a while to numb up a little” said Jeff.

Feeling the weight of the Gomco across my thigh was weird, but now I could definitely feel the pressure on my foreskin too. A hot, urgent kind of burning sensation, a heaviness there as the plates were bearing down with pressure onto my doomed skin. After a while, it was mingled with another feeling and I guessed the jab was kicking in and sensation of pressure on my hood began to melt into numbness.

“You feel that?” said Carl after a minute or two, lightly scratching the top of my dick with the blunt end of a scalpel.

I couldn’t feel a thing. It was a real bizarre to feel nothing, even though you could see that you should be.

“You?” said Jeff, doing the same to Phil, who just shook his head.

“Ok boys, I think we’ll take over with the screws now” said Carl. He started to turn the knob on my clamp now, firmly and confidently and so unlike the tentative, tender way that we brothers had handled each other.

Phil was holding my hand again now. It was surreal seeing Carl coaxing the Gomco into doing serious damage to my foreskin yet feeling nothing at all. Phil seemed to be holding my hand very tight, almost painfully. Strange that this seemed to be a bit tougher going for him than it was for me, and I reckoned that I could be right about getting medical stuff done being hard for docs to cope with than it is for everyone else.

I couldn’t look at what Carl was doing to me once he took hold of the scalpel. I knew what was coming - the final moment of separation as my foreskin and I parted company for ever. Strangely, I felt really calm now that there were no more decisions to be made, no more worrying about the rights and wrongs and what everyone else would think. All that was behind me now. All I had to cope with now was learning to live the rest of my life as a circumcised man.

Strangely I was able to throw the odd glance across at Phil and Jeff when the scalpels came out, even though I knew much the same thing would be going on over there as was happening to me. I saw the small flap of skin lining the bottom of Phil’s Gomco bell, crushed beyond repair but still very much attached to Phil. As Jeff pushed the knife into it, I felt Phil’s hand tighten hard around my fingers and he took a sharp intake of breath.

“Phil” I said, “Just don’t look if it’s upsetting you. It will all be over soon.”

“Shit,” I thought, “Who is looking after who here?”

When the phone goes at 3 in the morning you know it just isn’t going to be the kind of call you want to get. Mom picked up quick, but I was wide awake after the first ring. I crept to the door and heard her voice real low but I figured I’d wait for her to come to me with whatever news it was, and it certainly wasn’t going to be good news for her to have been talking for so long in the middle of the night.

I'd been home for a week and a circumcised man for two. The plan had been for Phil to bring me back but they'd had some panic on at the hospital and he'd had to work extra shifts. He ended up dropping me at the railroad station in Richmond to catch the Silver Meteor. It goes without saying that it was running as late as usual so I had plenty of time to think about all that had happened as I sat waiting by the track and, of course, to notice all the new sensations from my newly bared dick as it swung around inside my shorts.

I'd dared to risk abandoning the tighty-whiteys that morning and gone back to my usual boxers. It was really a bit early for that I knew, and I only had myself to blame when every time I moved to pick up my rucksack I felt the swoosh of my naked rim across the material. Sitting down in the waiting room I could feel the cloth gather round the still tender scar line on the shaft as my balls fell into place down the leg of my jeans and it made my cock stir. Even taped up I'd never been so aware of my dick all the time and I reckoned I'd have been crippled by the strength of the feeling if I hadn't had a bit of advance preparation courtesy of the micropore. I couldn't begin to imagine how guys who really needed a circ because they couldn't get their hoods back at all coped when they suddenly were made bare.

Before getting my dick out to take a leak in the rest room, I remembered to tell myself that it was going to look different from before. A couple of times the previous day, the worst of the real soreness starting to wear off so I wasn't quite so ginger about handling it, I'd freaked myself when I looked down and seen the strange piece of bare meat lying there in my hand. I looked at my cock now, letting it sit in my palm as I opened up my fly. I thought again about how I'd never noticed what a strong instinct I'd always had to roll back the skin a little before I pissed. I'd never need that one again for sure, and it seemed real funny not doing it now with the stream just coming straight out of the end with nothing in its way – kind plainer and simpler, and with no foreskinned mystique anymore to hide what lay underneath. I looked down to assess my cock. Ok, it was still pretty battered and the scar line was a vivid gash but it looked good. God, it looked good. My helmet so visible now, the deep rim on view all the way round now as if inviting me to run a finger round the back of the deep ridge. Carl had put the scar line real far back on the shaft and I noticed the way the skin changed colour so obviously on each side of it. There was just the hint of slack in the skin on my soft shaft – it looked so damn neat and sleek as it lay there in my hand.

I felt myself starting to get the start of a boner, and I let it happen. I knew it would hurt a little bit as the sutures pulled, but what the hell. I'd only seen my new piece stiffened up a couple of times and it was still an exciting prospect for me to put it through its paces. As my stalk lengthened in my hand the skin pulled tighter and I enjoyed rubbing a finger tip across my glans. I reached round and felt underneath, longing for the day when I was healed enough to enjoy running a nail in the empty

groove where my fraenum used to be. That had been the hardest part of the circ, feeling Carl tugging away down there as he dug it out, and it obviously had been hard for Phil too to judge by the way he squeezed my hand when Jeff was carving at his. Even so, I was glad it was gone – that every bit of my cock that could be taken away had been. I was totally bare. Somehow, I had known that if I was going to allow myself to be circumcised it had to be done totally. I didn't want any half measures like Phil had had as a kid.

Thinking of my empty fraenum and, I had to admit, letting my thoughts run on to Carl's deep empty groove had finished off my increasing wood nicely. I looked down, trying to put the pulling sensation on the stitches out of my mind. Shit, Carl really did know what he was doing. My shaft looked totally sleek and smooth now as the tiny bit of give in the skin that he had left me when I was soft had ironed out to perfection as I hardened up. There wasn't a scrap of skin to spare yet I just knew that when the sutures were out it wouldn't feel pulled at all. He had promised me that he wouldn't leave me, as he put it "feeling like I was trying to pull a T shirt sleeve down to your wrist like some bastard docs do". If I had seen a cock like my new one on one of my class mates I would have thought that he was lucky that his doc had done such a good job on him. Here I was looking at my long, newly skinned meat and feeling proud.

I wondered idly how Phil was getting on back at work, his remodelled meat under his medical gear on the wards. We'd shared a strange couple of days after the "procedure". There was nothing to do apart from rest and nothing to talk about that we were ever going to talk about. I'd thought before that it would be a time of relearning for me as I got used to not having a foreskin but I soon realised that time would come later. For then, the main priority with my dick was just not pulling on the sutures – any idea of beating off or shit was just going to be too painful to contemplate for a while yet.

Phil's circ had looked real neat too, in as much as you could tell through the swelling and bruising. It looked like Jeff had gotten him real sleek too, and there certainly didn't seem to be any sign of his skin roll anymore. Just as well Jeff did do a good job I thought, as he'd be the one having to work that baby in the future if it turned out to be less than ideal. I really hoped Phil had gotten what he wanted after all he had invested in it. It would be nice if, like me, he ended up with a dick he would be proud of too.

My boner laid spread out across my hand now, filling the skin up totally tight. I was longing to put it through its paces and I thought of the tube of lube and the metal ring waiting for me in the box under my bed back home. Any day now, I thought, and I would be ready. I idly wondered if Phil had tried it yet and if we would be able to talk about it and share experiences or if, perhaps, it would be another of his special non-

issues. In any case, unlike me, he had someone to share the business of road testing it with and I began to think to the future and the first time I let a stranger see my meat. Would I ever let on to them that I'd gotten myself cut? What would I feel like if they said that they wished I hadn't?

In my daydream I hadn't seen that someone else had come into the restroom. I got a bit of a jolt when I found that someone was standing at the stall next to me. I reddened as I realised that I was standing there with wood in my hand and did my best to hide my boner from him as he opened his fly. I did try and stuff it back in my pants but, shit, that was hard to do in a hurry – everything hurt! By now I realised the guy was looking over at me. He looked like he was in the army or something – real short blonde hair and just that look about him that says “services”.

I caught his gaze as he looked down at my piece and couldn't help myself but for to look back at his. I was amazed to see that he was stiff too, grinding the end of his big, tightly circumcised piece of wood in his palm in just the way I had learnt to do when I was taped back. Shit, this was real freaky. I don't know what came over me but just for a second or two I gave up trying to stow my piece and just put my hands by my side and let my cock stick out in front of me for him to see real clear, sutures and all. I think I was doing it for me really, not for him. Having him see it sort of let me take a look at my own cock with fresh eyes. This was such a different way to behave from the old me, and I was looking at such a different cock from my old cock. I was sure there would be a hell of a lot of adjusting to do further along the road, but I liked what I saw. It pleased me that my dick looked like the guy's next to me – just regular, with no need to explain anything about having skin or shit. I liked him liking what he saw too. With that, I managed to bundle it all inside my pants, zipped up and left him to it.

I suddenly came to and wondered how I could have been thinking of stuff like that while mom was on the phone at 3:00 in the morning. I was kinda embarrassed to realise that my hand had strayed down to my crotch and was nuzzled round the bare end of my dick. I was glad I had come to my senses when she quietly knocked on the door.

It was such a shock. I knew it was going to be bad news, but something was real wrong here. Mom looked gray – you hear people say that but she really was. Granny had died. She'd had a heart attack. This just wasn't supposed to happen. She was the strong one. It was Granddad who was frail, the older of the two, the one who always needed looking after. Gran was way younger than him, real fit apart from her bad knee and she was only just out of hospital from getting that fixed. I couldn't take it in. Poor mom, she looked so tired.



It amazing how much can change in a short space of time. As it turned out, loosing my foreskin was only part of a big turn around in my life that summer. Within a week, Mom had sorted and packed up most everything that we weren't taking with. Luckily, when her friends Elaine and Max had sold their farmlands over at Drover's Mill they had kept the acre or two with the barn on it and they said we could store stuff there. It was weird seeing their farm house surrounded by half built "executive" houses where we used to go play. It just seemed like nothing was going to stay the same. Phil was going to come up the week after we had gone and finalize the letting of the house to a group of postgrads at the university. I was glad I wasn't going to be there and see someone else take over the room I'd had since I was a kid. So many things like that seemed to be done deals before I'd even thought them through, let alone gotten used to the idea.

Mom had to go back to look after Granddad; I had known that without her saying. It had been a real shock though when I realized that she was planning on me going with her. I tried arguing in favor of me staying behind to finish school but I could see pretty soon that that plan just wasn't going to work. I'd wondered if somehow I could go and live with Phil and finish off there but he didn't seem to keen on that one. I figured I could hardly blame him. So, within a couple of days mom had school fixed too. After a few expensive phone calls she'd gotten me a place at Archdeacon College in Canterbury where one of my cousins had gone. She said it was a real nice place, but I knew it was going to be so different and not really what I wanted for my life. Unlike my foreskin, whatever I felt about it I had no choice.

Standing with our cases at the railroad station waiting for the shuttle train to the junction it started to dawn on me just how different life was going to be for me for the next few years. I supposed we would come back home again when, and I hated thinking of it, Granddad had died too and there was only the three of us left to worry about. I was kinda glad that Jamie had been away on vacation for most of the summer and that I hadn't been able to see him before we left for Europe. It would have been hard for me to say goodbye to him anyway, but I realised too that his being out of town meant I had been able to duck out of a whole load of awkwardness. Discussing what he would have been bound to notice in the shower at the community pool was never going to have been easy and now it just wasn't going to happen, leastways not for a good while to come. I wondered idly if he would have forgotten that I'd ever had skin the next time we went swimming together whenever that was. Would I be disappointed? On the other hand, would Jamie be real disappointed now that wouldn't get to see me after getting my clip? Brad Svensen, Mathieu and the locker room too. What did I feel about them? Funny, the whole business. Ironic, in fact - I was finally one of Brad's kind and he'd never ever get to know it.

Mom was asleep almost as soon as we were on the mainline train, and that was something that would never normally have happened. I spent the hour on the way to

Newark staring out of the window. I felt suddenly that I was leaving my Dad behind me. I didn't like it.

We had a long wait at Newark after checking in real early for the flight. We got to eat, and I left Mom on the phone to England and went off for some exercise before the plane. I had always hated restrooms on a plane so I followed a sign for the john on the concourse to try and avoid having to shut myself into that cramped box onboard for as long as possible. My mind was so occupied with thoughts about what I was leaving that I freaked myself again when I got my dick out. I hadn't done that for a while, having gotten a bit more used to seeing my bared glans every day. This time it brought me up with a jolt. It just looked like a regular dick now, and it was mine - the dick I'd have for the rest of my life and so unlike the one I'd grown up with.

I'd been circumcised for long enough now for the scar to begin to fade, and the sutures had fully dissolved over the last few days. I had even risked my first wank a couple of days back. Feeling guilty about even thinking about beating off when there was such sadness in the air and so much to do, I'd kinda put any idea of beating off out of my mind since Gran had died. When I was packing up my stuff though I'd had to deal with my special the box under the bed, the one with the metal ring and lube in it that Phil had given me. I was so relieved that I'd gotten a chance to stow it discretely in the packing case of stuff that was going to England as freight.

Just opening the box and seeing the ring and the lube there had given me a boner. It would have been just awful if anyone else had discovered them after we'd gone, worse still if I'd had to bring them in my suitcase and the ring had gotten picked up in the x-ray machine at the airport when I was going through it with Mom. Mom had been persuaded to go out with her girl friends who wanted to treat her to a farewell meal at Lamiere's. I was real pleased she finally said she'd go. She had always looked longingly through the window when we walked past on the way to the library, but anywhere too upscale even to put a menu in the window was always going to be way out of our price range. As a bonus, her going out meant I was alone in the house and able to pack my secrets up safely.

As I got the stuff ready to pack up, the temptation to them out in peace was just too strong. I slipped down my jeans and reached for the ring. Sliding my dick through carefully I made sure I didn't do any damage to my circ scar, then worked my balls through as normal. I stood up, letting my nuts fall down low and enjoying the return of the familiar sensation of them being pulled out a little from my body. Shit, it felt wild. It always did, but the ring pulled my shaft skin just that bit tighter than I had dared to risk since I had been cut and it felt awesome.

I looked at myself in the mirror and my bare helmet looked brazenly back at me. I gingerly put my cock head in my palm, feeling underneath for the empty slot where my fraenum used to be. I went up close to the mirror and lifted the head of my dick to have a close look at what lay underneath. Remembering the long, loose stringy bit of skin that used to be there it was amazing seeing it now. Carl had got it out real neat and there just wasn't a scrap of anything left in there at all, just a groove nearly as deep as his own. I timidly ran my finger tip along there and shuddered with the sensation. I didn't want to risk beating off dry, in fact I wasn't at all sure that I'd be able to do that ever again. I reached for the magic tube of lube. As I squirted a lump of it in my hand I wondered idly if you could get stuff like that in England. I had memories of being in Boots the Chemists in Canterbury High Street with my Gran as a kid but of course I'd never had even known about stuff like that then, let alone think that ever need it. The coldness of the lube on my circ scar made me jump but it felt so, so good. Very carefully, ready to stop if I knew that I was going to hurt myself, I spread it out along my shaft. Shit, the thought of having to go to the emergency room and explain to Mom why would just be awful and that alone made me proceed so carefully.

With a full, rock hard boner now I started stroking. It was amazing feeling my hand slide along my totally bared shaft for the first time. It had been good when I was taped back, but this was the real thing now. Even tighter now, not a scrap of skin moved on my shaft as I worked my hand along the length of my wood. That is just how it felt – like wood. A deliciously sensitive piece for sure, but it was just like a hard lump of wood. Nothing moved on the shaft. The old sensation of the sliding sleeve of skin was gone forever.

I felt an exquisite “is it pleasure or is it pain feeling” as my fist passed over my still tender scar line. That was a pleasure zone that just hadn't been there when it was intact. I wondered how much that sensation would change as I healed up fully and hoped it wouldn't go away. The best bit though was when my hand reached the back of my glans. I felt the slight bump as the ridge of my totally exposed rim slid through my hand and another as my fingertips clicked into place in my empty fren groove below. This was something else. Shit, whacking off after such a long break was always going to have felt amazing but now, for the first time as a bared, fully circumcised man it was just overwhelming.

I would have loved to linger and luxuriate in that first wank but I didn't want to risk doing any damage to myself. I grabbed my glans in my palm and ground it round a few times, keeping my fist away from the circ scar so high up on my shaft. Looking down I saw again just how different the color of the skin was on either side of that thin red line and it reminded me of how great Jeff had looked there too. It set my mind racing, flipping quickly through so many bizarre and disconnected things – the big piece of metal in Carl's dick, the way the girl on the campus shuttle bus nipples had stuck out through her top, Phil holding my balls outside Burger King, the packet

in the guy's jeans in Blockbuster, seeing Mathieu's foreskin, even Brad Svensen's funny little dick, that first amazing sensation as I rubbed his moisturizer along my shaft for the first time. It was an older memory that tipped me over the edge though. I suddenly remembered being small, curled up in bed, pretending to be asleep and seeing Phil's dick through half closed eyes as he got into bed on the eve of Dad's funeral. Although I hadn't seen it in anything like a healed-up state, I compared how it looked to me then to my mental picture of it now - sleek tight, fully trimmed and fraenum-excised. At the thought of it, my balls starting thrashing around in their low-hanging sack and I shot my first circumcised load.

I was barely over my jet lag before I had to start at the College. I hated leaving Mom and Granddad as they both looked like they could do with me around for a while longer. There was so much to do and so much to sort out in that little house before there was any hope of us all beginning to live there in any sort of order. All the same, poor Granddad was so pitifully glad to have us around whatever the conditions that I knew we had done the right thing by coming.

The College was all strange to me at first but I suppose I fitted in ok. I was familiar with hearing the different way Mom's spoke when she used to ring Gran and Granddad so I knew how to tone my accent down a bit. Even so I still seemed to be a bit of a novelty. A couple of the kids were full of questions about where I'd come from and seemed to think it was so cool having a real American around. Flattering, but weird. Most just seemed to accept me though and only one looked as if he might possibly have it in for me.

Kevin Smith. I knew the type. Must be the same the world over. They do nothing you can ever put your finger on to complain about but they know exactly what makes you feel uncomfortable and how to spoil things for you. Luckily I didn't have to share any main study periods with him but my heart sank a bit when we got to the first Wednesday of what I quickly learnt to call "term" and not "semester". I saw that we had both signed up for the same Sports Afternoon option.

I was glad that it was a soccer playing college as I didn't think I'd ever be able to get my head or my feet round rugby. Dad had been mad about football anyway and I'd played enough with him and Phil in the back yard back home to be able to manage ok that first afternoon. I even felt a little elated as we headed back to the pavilion after the session. I'd enjoyed being out in the open air on a beautiful afternoon and it had been good to spend some time not worrying about academic work where everything was done that little bit differently from the way I'd been taught before. We hit the "changing rooms" (no more "locker rooms" for me) and I wondered with a bit of trepidation about what English college showers might be like. I had no great expectation of being able to relax with a steaming hot, jet-powered soak.

I had pulled off my kit and started rummaging in my bag for my shampoo when I heard Kevin Smith's voice. It had such a familiar ring to it. Just that little bit too loud to be conversational and just a touch too positive to be easily ignored. The accent was different, the timbre too, but that type of person is just the same the world over. Brad Svendsen reincarnated as an Englishman was there in the room with us.

"Must be awful, that." He said.

Pause.

A few guys were chatting quietly and no one picked up.

"It's gross, in fact."

Still no response from anyone in the room. The way he was being ignored by the others was just that bit too studied. I reckoned that they were too well used to the way he operated to fall for it. I wondered who he was trying to get his barb into. I glanced up and looked at him, being very careful not to make eye contact and get dragged into his world. Whoever the victim was, I wanted no part of the process. I knew from Brad that this was probably another weekly instalment in a saga that had been going on for years. I had no wish to encourage him by seeming to be an even remotely interested audience. I thought about the way I had fixed Brad that time and hoped that he hadn't started on Mathieu again now I wasn't around anymore.

I discretely took Keith in as he stood there – shortish, a bit fat and had skin as white as lard. What struck me straight away though was that his balls were actually a lot like mine. A little bit smaller and not quite so swingy perhaps but definitely a pair of low hangers that would, like mine, make him stand out in a naked crowd. I wondered if he ever got teased about them as well. Whatever, it was actually quite comforting to see someone built like me for a change, even if he wasn't actually much of a jock or even a very nice person.

"Yeah, why would anyone want to do that to a kid. Weird."

A bit louder now, getting more pointed and harder to ignore.

“Sicko, even.”

Another pause. A few guys were looking at him.

“Oi, you - yanky boy.”

He was shouting now.

“What’s it like having half your todger missing then?”

I’d never heard the word before but, even so, I knew straight away what it meant. I felt as if I’d been kicked in the stomach. He was saying more, but I didn’t take it in. Experiencing such a wave of disbelief was really overwhelming. It was me he was out to get.

I was looking round me now and taking in what I might perhaps have been able to guess if I’d let myself think about it. I realized though, in a strange moment of revelation, that I hadn’t thought though. I hadn’t let myself consider the possibility at all, not even for even a second.

A few of the others were smiling now; some were taking care to avoid my gaze. Two or three looked embarrassed.

No one challenged him; in fact no one said anything at all.

Kevin Smith looked exultant.

I was the only one in the room who didn't have a foreskin.

“Shit” I thought.

“Oh Shit.”

## **The Kid's Tail: Epilogue**

When the phone rang at three in the morning the feeling of déjà vu was like a punch in the stomach. Luckily the boys didn't stir but of course Helen was instantly wide awake next to me. At first I thought it was a wind up, some guy saying he was from the Richmond Police department - I kept thinking "why is a cop from somewhere on the end of a tube line speaking with an American accent?" By the time I had woken up enough to realise it was Richmond Virginia and not Richmond upon Thames I knew that the call was going to be far from funny.

Phil. He had been driving home late from the hospital along the Interstate. Some idiot in a truck had fallen asleep and gone into him.

And now he was dead. My big brother was dead.

I managed to get a flight for later that morning and I was at Gatwick before I had really taken in that Phil wasn't going to be waiting to collect me at the other end. We had seen so little of each other since I'd been in England but that just made it worse. I had to cope with the fact that now there would never be that "one day" when we'd finally get to spend some more time together. My heart was so heavy for Jeff too. Not only had he lost his partner but their long relationship meant nothing in law. That must have been such a slap in the face for him. He couldn't even begin to make any funeral arrangements, in fact sort out anything at all until I got there to sign the papers. All he could do was sit around. That really stank.

Jeff met me off the plane and he looked even worse than I'd expected. We just held each other and the tears finally came for me. We went straight to the hospital. It felt funny being back there after all those years, passing Phil's old condo and remembering those strange weeks I'd spent there that momentous summer. Of course all the staff at the hospital had known Phil well and it was touching just how much everyone was cut up about what had happened.

I identified the body and kissed him goodbye, amazed but glad that he could look so peaceful after what had happened to him. After that I was ushered into the office to sign the papers and collect a small box of his effects. Jeff looked ashen when I got back to the waiting room and I wished so much that I had thought to ask if he could come in with me to share in that terrible duty.



We headed off back to their apartment. I'd only been there once before, in the summer after Helen and I got married when we'd managed to get together enough time and money to go over and stay for a while. I'd known she'd love Jeff but I hadn't been sure how she and Phil would hit it off. They'd met just once before, and that was only on our wedding day. Things had indeed been a bit sticky at first, but soon it was all fine once they had got the measure of each other. She said at the time that she found him hard to fathom out and I supposed I had to agree with her really! One night the four of us were up late talking and Phil was on about a kid on his ward who was donating a kidney to his big brother. He was going on and on, saying about brothers being there, doing special things and making sacrifices for each other when I suddenly realised: he was skirting round, in a totally Phil-like way, the subject of our circumcisions.

We had hardly discussed what had happened that summer at all, not even at the time. I think that, back then, I'd assumed that for Phil once I was circumcised like him it would be "cased closed" in his mind, with me simply left to get used to life without a foreskin. It obviously wasn't easy to talk anyway since we had ended up living three and a half thousand miles apart and it wasn't exactly the kind of thing you tend to discuss over the phone, but I'd sometimes wondered if living in the same house would actually have made any difference anyway.

From the way he was going on and on about the kid and the kidney I wondered if there was something Phil needed to say to me about our circumcisions though, something about the whole thing that was perhaps unfinished business for him in some way. He didn't say anything about it of course, not with Helen there, and I was kind of glad. She is such an amazing person that I'm sure there wouldn't have been a problem .... but even so!

Once, with the feeling that I was about to make a momentous revelation to her, I had told Helen that I hadn't been cut as a baby. I'd assumed that she'd assumed that I'd been RIC'd and I was expecting a torrent of difficult questions about when and why it had finally been done to me. I couldn't believe it when she was so supremely disinterested that she barely seemed to notice what I said! We'd met at the University of Surrey in our last year. I'd thought all along that I might go back to America to go to college but when it came to it I realised that it just wasn't going to happen. Granddad was too sick for me to feel happy about leaving Mum to look after him on her own so I made the decision to stick around. I even considered going to the University of Kent just up the road from home but, much as I wanted to be there for them, I did want some bit of freedom in my life too. Surrey seemed ideal - close enough to get home in a couple of hours if needs be but too far to commute every day.

Helen wasn't on my course, but she was on my corridor in the halls of residence. We didn't have too much to do with each other at first, but by Easter we'd really managed to fall headlong for each other. She'd always had men following her round, not surprising considering her looks. I was so sure that I'd be way out of her league that I didn't even chance my arm with her for ages. When I finally plucked up courage to suggest a date I was stunned when she said yes, even more stunned later when she said she had started to wonder if I was gay as I'd been so long in making the move she had been long hoping for!

We didn't go to bed together for a long time though. It was the first time for me and I was really worried, after the insecurities that Kevin Smith had put in my mind at the college in Canterbury, what she would think when she saw that I'd been circumcised. I was sure that there was sure there would be a big problem for her there, her seeing my bare, brazen cock head after all those modestly veiled English-boy jobs. When the time was finally right it was just amazing, and as it happened I needn't have worried about my circ as it turned out her only previous lover had been Turkish and his foreskin had been confined to history long before they had ever met! Funnily enough, Phil had been right though – she has always really loved playing with my dangly bollocks! Just as well really!

I've never really known if it was relief or disappointment that I'd felt when Helen wasn't interested in how I came to be circumcised. The only time circumcision was ever an issue for us was when Ben was born. I was really horrified when she assumed that I'd want to have him cut. The idea had never even crossed my mind, but she was sure that I would want it for him and I think it really surprised her when I said that the thought of anyone taking a knife to my perfect little lad really upset me. In fact, it almost upset me as much to think that she had even entertained the idea of it being allowed to happen. When Harry came along she never even mentioned it.

Phil and Jeff had just moved in to their apartment when we had been there that summer. But from the dowdy and functional box they had bought it had been transformed now into a really comfortable home. I really hoped that they had sorted out their wills so that Jeff could stay there with no problem. Later that evening Jeff poured us both bourbon and we sat down in companionable silence. It was great to see him again despite the circumstances. I was so pleased he and Phil had found such happiness together, terrible though it was to think of it cut so suddenly short. We had been talking for hours and it must have been getting on for morning when my eyes fell on the untouched cardboard box from the hospital. We had thought to ring up to stop Phil's credit cards but it struck me that there might be other stuff in his wallet that we should have dealt with too. I opened the box up to see if it was in there. It was of course, but that wasn't all!

Jeff asked why I was smiling as I peered in. I must have really alarmed him!

“I see Phil hadn’t changed” I said, fishing out a heavy metal cock ring and holding it up for Jeff to see. He laughed for the first time that day.

“Oh dear.” He said.

“Actually.....” He paused.

“There might be something else in there too” he went on.

There was, now I looked closer. With dawning realisation I fished out a much smaller metal ring from the corner of the box and waved it at Jeff on the end of my finger.

“This, by any chance?” I asked, not able to resist grinning now. “So Phil went for a P.A. in the end too did he?” I said, having to laugh out loud now at my unintentional pun.

“I don’t suppose you possess a matching one by any chance?” I added.

“Yeah”, said Jeff, laughing and pointing to his crotch, “its twin is in here now. Are we really so predictable?”

The present tense twisted inside me as he said it.

“Furthermore” I said, “I don’t suppose Phil had you two go along together and sit down side by side to get them put in?”

I was surprised to have a fleeting feeling that it would be nice to see what the ring that matched the one in my hand looked like threaded through Jeff's slit.

"Yes", said Jeff, "It took a bit of persuading actually, but Carl turned up the pressure on us a little while after ....."

He trailed off. I knew when he meant of course. After our circumcisions.

Jeff's face clouded slightly.

"Actually, there is some stuff I really need to tell you" he said. "I was going to wait, but I suppose....."

"Go on" I said. "It's fine. Whatever it is, it's fine." I was so stunned from Phil's death that if there was anything else to cope with I reckoned it might as well get it over with in one go.

He took a breath and started. I sensed this wasn't going to be easy.

"I went to see Carl in L.A. last year and he told me some stuff. He hadn't meant to, but, well, we got a little drunk one night, I told him some things about Phil that perhaps I shouldn't have and....., well..."

I was a bit worried now.

"He made me promise never to raise it with Phil, and I'm not sure that I should tell you either. But I think I'm going to, now Phil is....."

He trailed off for a second or two before finding the composure to carry on.

“You know Phil could be kinda unusual in some ways? Like, like lots of things he just couldn’t get his head round in the same way as the rest of us?”

It was strange to hear Jeff talking about Phil like this. I knew what he was saying was true, but I wasn’t sure I wanted to hear him give voice to it.

“Actually, there was this really great kid on the ward last year. We both had a lot to do with his care. Real bright, good fun but well...a bit different somehow. It turned out after a while that he was just a touch autistic. Phil really got on well with him and it started him thinking – funny stuff that that kid worried about kinda rang a few bells with Phil too. In the end Phil got to figuring that he might have been a little that way himself. Kinda makes sense, doesn’t it?”

I nodded. I didn’t know much about it, but from what I had heard I could image that there might be some truth in it. Jeff was saying more.

“He never did anything about getting himself checked out or stuff, but it came as such a relief to him, perhaps kinda realising why he was the way he was. You know how just once in a while he’d read things going on round him so wrong? Like get the wrong end of the stick about what you’d done or said or what you hadn’t said or done and shit?”

I had to admit he could be that way sometimes.

“Well”, Jeff was saying, “I never knew what it was and I’m not asking you to tell me, but that night before the pair of you got circumcised something obviously really freaked him. He never told me what it was; just that he was real worried that that might have been one of the times when he’d gotten something so wrong”.

I knew what it was that had freaked him of course. Docking.

Jeff was talking again. “He made Carl swear that he’d never say, but, well.....I’m going to tell you now. The thing is, there was no anaesthetic in that hypo I stuck into his dick before I re-cut him. Believe me, I had no idea or I’d have never gone near him with that scalpel. Before I started I had just jabbed him with pure distilled water. Can you imagine that? He’d switched it somehow. He’d told Carl he needed to feel every bit of what was going to happen and Carl being Carl.....”

I couldn’t really take this in. I didn’t want to.

“I don’t know if you ever fathomed all that shit out since, but normally a guy getting cut gets a dose jabbed in his dick a long way before a scalpel comes even close. Well, we were planning what would happen on that day for months – I guess you kinda figured that out.”

I nodded. It was nice to be able to acknowledge it after such a long time.

“Phil’s big idea was that two brothers should feel their circumcisions together. He suggested first of all that you should go through it together side by side with no jab at all, like some kind of initiation rite or something. Carl was kinda ok about it – you probably guessed he’s really into all that kinda shit - but that was all way too freaky for me. I said I just wouldn’t do it without you two being well numbed up like normal. We talked it over so much, and after a while Carl hatched up this compromise plan to give just enough of a flavour of what Phil wanted but without causing anyone any pain for no gain. We worked out we could put the clamps on you both, you two would screw each other down until it just started noticing, then we’d dose you both up real quick before it started hurting big time. I could just about cope with the idea of that as I knew you’d start squealing very early on even if Phil managed to bite his tongue! If you had started hollerin’, it wouldn’t do any harm to lighten up the screws on the Gomcos for a minute or so while the jabs kicked in then we could carry on text book fashion, hopefully leaving Phil having gotten whatever he needed out of his big scene. I was a bit worried that you’d cotton on at the time that it wasn’t the normal way to go about things but you just bought it wholesale. I suppose looking back there was no reason why you wouldn’t – you’d just trust us, and I’m ashamed now that we sort of misled you.”

I told him that I knew what Phil and Carl were like when they got going, and that I didn’t think I was going to hold any grudge against him or anyone for anything that happened. I asked him to carry on. I had to know more now he had told me this much.

“While you and I were innocently munching granola on the morning of your circs, Phil grabbed a hold of Carl and told him what he was going to do - about swapping his needle with the water-filled one because he “deserved it so bad.””

He drew the quotation marks in the air.

“Except”, he went on, “I just don’t know what he meant by that. Carl, when he looked back on it, didn’t either. Did he mean he deserved to feel pain because he needed punishing for something, for whatever had freaked him the night before? Other times I get to thinking that feeling every detail of your circs, even if you didn’t feel it all yourself, was a price worth paying for sharing something so powerful with you. Or sometimes I even wonder if he even thought he deserved to feel it because he just enjoyed pain happening to him! Shit, whatever it was, if I’d have known what I was doing I’d never have....”

He trailed off. My mind was racing now. A lot of this made sense to me when I thought back to when we were circumcised – the way Phil had seemed to be taking the procedure so much worse than me, the way he’d flinched so bad those few times when I felt nothing. Shit, poor Phil, what was he thinking? Poor Jeff too, having to cope with discovering all this, not that he had anything to blame himself about, or did he?

My mind was reeling now, trying to work things out for myself. Was he punishing himself for docking with me, or for telling me what he told me that night, or because he felt he had led me into truly wanting getting circumcised? Or was he even into the pain thing and rewarding himself for having persuaded me to go for something so good? Shit!

Jeff was carrying on before I’d even begun to take all the possibilities in.

“Another thing I’m sure he’d never gotten round the right way in his head was why your folks had got him cut and left you whole. That was such a big deal for him. He just went on about it so much. He said he’d never worked out if they got him cut because they loved him more than you and it was a blessing for him, or because they loved him less than you and they were punishing him.”

“Shit”, I said, “How could he think that at all! It wasn’t anything like that. Wasn’t it obvious that they loved us both equally?”

Poor Phil, carrying that baggage around with him. If Phil was muddled about that with Mum and Dad why did he want me circumcised so badly? Was he blessing me as well, or punishing me too? I asked Jeff.

“I just don’t know the answer to that one” he said. “And we never will now. I just know how very much he loved you and how he wanted it so bad that the two of you be made to match each other again.”

I’d forgotten to transfer Phil’s P.A. ring to my bag before I checked in at Newport News on the way back to England. It had been a comfort to feel it in my pocket all that week whilst Jeff and I sorted out Phil’s affairs. At the funeral it was good to have resting in my hand, something which had been such an intimate part of him with me as we said our last goodbyes. As I went through the x-ray at the security check at the airport I turned the coins out of my pocket and into the plastic tray. There it was, mixed up with the quarters and dimes. I don’t think the officer had a clue what it was as he tipped the contents back into my hand but I was very glad that finding it hadn’t prompted a thorough manual search of my baggage. I could have blagged my way round the P.A. but it would have been a whole lot harder explaining what they would have found wrapped up carefully in socks in my rucksack! In there, far too precious to go in the hold, was a small jar. Jeff and I had found it in a box at the back of Phil’s wardrobe. Jeff obviously knew what it was straight away - I saw his jaw drop when we unearthed it! It took me a second or two to realise what it was that I was looking though, floating in formaldehyde. Trust Phil! There was so much in there I couldn’t get over it - my foreskin!

As I turned Phil’s P.A. over and over in my hand on the plane, thinking of him and missing him so badly, I realised just how much it would upset me to lose it. There was one way to make sure that that didn’t ever happen. Obvious, really. One way to keep it always close to me, something I imagined Phil would really approve of too. I wondered what Helen would think about me having a ring through my dick. Luckily, she loved it! I do to, but sometimes when I get odd look in the showers at the pool I get to thinking it would be useful if I had a foreskin to hide it inside.



**Canterbury Tails: Three Men's Stories on the Road to Circumcision was conceived and written by Gareth Walton (gareth.walton@talk21.com).**

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