**Darren and the Skinhead**

**My name's Darren. I thought it was time you heard from me,and so did Doc. I saw what he and Terry wrote about how hecircumcised me. I didn't think they did it for my benefit,either, even before I read it. I mean come on, I'm not stupid.So why'd I let them do it ? Hadn't much choice, had I. Terry's my old man. Well he isn't really, which I suppose is just aswell, come to think of it, but looks after me like he was. Anyway, like I said, I'm not stupid, and I've known for ages that Terry fancied me. See, I fancied him, too. When my Mum walked out I was dead scared she'd come back and get me. Terry's a great guy, and far too good for a slag like her. But she said she never wanted to see either of us again. That was mutual. He'd adoptedme anyway, so there wasn't any problem. May seem funny to think he's such a great guy, after him having me circumcised, but I tell you something funnier. I'd do anything for Doc, and it was him actually cut me. Doc's looking embarrassed, but he knows anyway. When he actually took the knife to my prick I thought I would pass clean out. Not because of the pain, so much, though mind you that was really rough, much rougher than I thought it would be, but because it was him doing it and Terry watching.**

**You think I'm crazy don't you.**

**No, you see it was something I always wanted. When I was just a little kid we compared ends. I thought some kids looked great, sort of stripped down and ready for action, and I thought mine was awful, with all that skin on it. I didn't know how come some of us had been lucky, and others hadn't. Then when I was seven or eight or something, that's the first time I saw Doc, because Mum and her feller, Dave, took me in to him. I couldn't understand the word he used, and I couldn't believe it when he started pulling my cock around. I got such a hard-on, and I was only eight. I didn't know where to look. Anyway, he wouldn't do it. If I'd known what it all meant I'd have been furious, because I already knew it was what I wanted, but I'm glad of it now. Afterwards my mum wouldn't tell me what it was all about, but Dave did. He even showed me his. I don't remember it much. He was a bit of a wanker anyway, and his cock wasn't much cop, but it was the first adult weapon I'd seen. Then he said not to tell the old lady I'd seen it. He didn't last much longer, she was getting fed up with him.**

**Anyhow, like I said, Mum went off with someone months ago, and I got to live with Terry. I expect you remember I left the bathroom door on the latch so he could have a look. First time it was accident, but I saw him looking. I thought if I left it half open again he'd be sure to come in. I was hoping I'd see his when he was pissing if I did. Didn't know then why he was careful not to show it. I'd seen the shape of it, in his trousers, but I'd never seen the real thing. In fact as soon as I noticed that, I started wearing mine so it showed up. I've not got quite as much as Terry, he's like a bleeding horse, but I was pleased with it.**

**Biggest in my class, ever since I can remember. The only thing I didn't like was the foreskin. As long as I can remember I've wanted to be circumcised.**

**Well, I got my wish, didn't I? Course, like I said, it was rougher than I expected, but I'd read about it. I reckoned if native kids could take it and not lose their bottle, so could I.And I was right. Course, Doc's just told me it's not true the native kids all keep their bottle, but I didn't know that. Fact, the roughest bit was the waiting. Sitting out there among the Readers Digests, wondering if they'd do it and how much it would hurt. If I'd known, maybe I'd have walked out there and then ! Then Doc calls me in, and says "There's no reason to circumcise you but I'm going to do it anyway". No, that's not quite what he said, but it's what he meant, I knew that. And I thought "At bleeding last." Mind you when he showed me the edge of the scalpel, my cock sort of shrivelled up, and I'd have pissed myself if I could have. And when I found out this was for real, and there was going to be no injection. Well!**

**And then suddenly it struck me as incredibly sexy. Here was Terry, watching me being carved, and here was Doc. And they had absolute power over my cock. Doc started washing my cock andballs just then, and the whole thing was like some sort of human sacrifice. I stood to attention, so did my cock, and in seconds, Doc had done it.**

**Of course the first cuts hurt like fuck, Jesus they hurt. I thought I was going to pass out, but at the same time I was so turned on I didn't care. I felt him strip the skin off me, and Iknew it was what I wanted. What I hadn't banked on was him slicing my frenum out. What was it you said, Doc ? That was a bit of self-indulgence. Well, I'd have liked to have kept it, butwhat the hell, I don't mind really. Oh, and if you want to know how a fifteen year old knows words like that, I told you. I'm not stupid. I've known that word for years. Longer than Terry, I bet. The one I hadn't met was meatus. I hadn't expected to have that opened, at all. Now I have, it looks terrific, but Christ it hurt at the time.**

**Later Terry told me about how he'd been done. He wouldn't show me, because he said it was all rough and horrible. Once Doc saidI was all healed, I started suggesting to him that it was time he tidied Terry up as well, and that maybe I could watch. And as you know, he did. That was great. I'm not vengeful, you know. I just felt he'd watched me, and it would be only fair if I saw him. I nearly died when I saw what that bloke had done to him, but Doc turned up trumps, because Terry's cock is fantastic now. And he cut his meatus, like he did mine. Putting his mark on us, he called it. I came when he did it to me, and I came when he did it to Terry.**

**Of course he stitched him up properly after, like he did me. He gave us a spray of something, and he said the stitches weren't part of the circumcision proper, it was something he only did for the sake of the appearance, so it was OK that we didn't feel it.**

**We both healed up quickly, and it looks pretty good on both of us. So now we're up to date.**

**Last week was good news and it was bad news. You see, I'm a football player, like Terry was, and so last Wednesday evening it's off to Hackney Marshes on the coach to play some Catholic School. Rough, and dirty, and a priest on the touchline praying against us. Didn't do any good though. We won three-two. Anyhow, the coach is late on the way back. I'm going round toDoc's, so I get it to drop me off at the school instead of at the corner near us, so I can get a bus direct. So far so good, except that the bus doesn't come, and I decide to walk.**

**To get to Doc's, it's not all that far, but it's a lot quicker if you go across the park. Now, I don't scare easy, but I was a bit unhappy going in there after dark. See, it's not a rough area round our way, but you do get one or two kids, skinheads mostly, who like to hang around in the park. Usually there's no trouble, but it just happened that a mate of mine from school got picked on in there, and then half a dozen of us went in and sorted out some of the guys that did it. Which left them with sort of unfinished business. So it was a bit dodgy, but I thought it would be all right. Wrong.**

**Mind you, I was lucky. They didn't beat me up or anything, well,not badly, anyway but they pushed me around a bit, and they took  my wallet with the money I had, which wasn't much, just the bus-fare really. I reckon with that lot it's not too bad as long as you stay on your feet. If they get you down they put the boot in. There was one of them seemed to be the leader, and beforethey let me go, he came up and put his great ugly face right in mine and said "Remember me, sonny, next time you're thinking of coming this way." Then he kneed me in the cobblers, which was not nice.**

**Well of course by the time I got to Doc's I was more or less recovered, still limping a bit though, and a bit sore in the balls. I didn't want any fuss, but Terry was furious and wantedto go down there and sort them out. I didn't want that, if only because there was a lot more of them, and Doc and I calmed him down. What I didn't realise was how angry Doc was.**

**Anyhow, we were staying over there, so I went off to have a bath and get cleaned up. Doc came in, and he made me give him a very exact description of the big guy who'd kneed me. Well I could remember his ugly mug all right, and it had a scar on one cheek, and a tattoo round his neck of a spider's web, which I described. I didn't think any more of it, but then Terry put his head round the door and said "Doc and me are going out for a little walk, son. Back in ten minutes, so don't go out."**

**Now Doc and Terry are both quite big guys. No, not that way, that's not what I meant. I mean, Terry is big that way too, I've never seen Doc. I did ask, but he just said "Medical Ethics" and wouldn't show. Anyway, I was a bit worried they might have changed their minds and be going out for trouble. And I was right, but I needn't have worried, because Doc didn't believe inshowdowns like that. And sure enough, in ten minutes they were back. And with them, in the car, sleeping like a baby, was my friend the skinhead.**

**See, Doc and Terry had just gone to suss things out, or at least so they said. Doc just happened to have his little black bag in the car, and they had just chanced on this guy on his way home after his little group had broken up. So he was on his own. They'd been in the darkness when he walked under a street-light and they'd seen the tattoo. Doc had his trusty syringe in his bag, which just happened to be full of Pentothal. So they get out the car just behind him, Terry grabs him, Doc sticks it into him and BINGO ! The Sleeping Beauty. We hauled him into the surgery, and laid him out on the couch. Then Doc strapped him down tightwith adhesive tape. It's very strong.**

**"We've got about ten minutes before that stuff wears off," said Doc. "Get into these." These turned out to be surgical gowns and masks. "I want him to see what we're doing, but obviously he mustn't recognise us," said Doc. "Darren, you'd better stand back. He might just remember who you are. Get somewhere where you can watch, but I don't want him to get a good look at you.And don't speak." I stood back, while he and Terry put a light where it shone straight in the skinhead's eyes, and another which lit up his crotch. The rest of the room was dark. Doc took from his cabinet a set of instruments. "We have to wait for him to wake up," he said. "I want him to feel this." The way he said it sent a shiver down my spine, I can tell you, and I could feel my cock twitch.**

**"What you going to do, Doc ?" "I think what he may need is a sort of circumcision the Arabs used to use. It's a bit brutal, and they gave it up because they lost too many Arabs, but I'd like to try it, and this looks like as good a chance as any. We'll see what he's got before I decide. Now quiet, I think he's coming round." It took three or four minutes for the skinhead to wake up. He lay there blinking in the light, unable to see us. He tried to move, but his bonds held him tightly. I suddenly realised what a turn on I found it to see him helpless before me. "'Ere, what the fuck's going on," he said, "Oo the 'ell are you ? This a hospital, then ?" Doc said nothing. "'Ere, you let me loose, you 'ear." Doc smiled. Then softly, ina voice unlike his own, he said, "Piss yourself." I could hardly believe what I heard. The skinhead could not believe it at all. "What the fuck d'you mean?" "What I said," whispered Doc. "You are a dirty little cunt. Now show us what a dirty little cunt you are. Piss yourself."**

**The skinhead's face went a sort of purple colour, and I really thought his eyes were going to pop. Then, well I haven't led a sheltered life, but I'd never heard a stream of language like it. Doc didn't turn a hair, though. He took a pair of scissors from the tray, and pulled the skinhead's T-shirt away from his chest, then cut it open. That produced a lot more language, but he was trussed like a chicken, so there wasn't much he could do about it. He was white and more or less hairless underneath the shirt, but I have to say his muscles were almost as good as Terry's. The Doc picked up a scalpel. He held its point against the boy's chest,just by the right nipple. Then still whispering, he asked "Do you want to keep your tit ?" The skinhead flinched away from the blade. He nodded. For the first time his face showed dawning fear. "Then piss yourself." He began to work the scalpel very gently under the surface of the nipple.**

**The skinhead's face was a picture. He strained, he grunted, trying hard to make it come. You know, it's really hard to piss yourself. Doc just stood there, pressing lightly with the pointof his scalpel. Then suddenly, with a gasp, the skinhead relaxed,and I could hear the piss stream into his crotch. His jeans were thin and torn, and in seconds they were soaked with the golden stream. The sharp odour rose. Wet and humiliated he lay in his own piss.**

**"Oh Christ," he said, "wod'yer make me do that for ?" I remembered how I had wanted to piss when I saw the blade and I thought I knew the answer."Now," said Doc, "That was the start." He motioned to Terry. Together they lifted the boy's body. Terry opened his belt andpulled down his piss-soaked jeans, while Doc supported his weight. The wet underpants clung to him. Beneath them I could see the shape of his cock and balls. Doc picked up the scissors and cutaway the boy's underpants. "Ah," he said. "All potatoes and no meat."**

**It was true. His bollocks were enormous. The scrotum was tight around them, and he had shaven them as well as his head. His prick was short and stubby, with a flat head, like a mushroom. Itwas still a little swollen with the effort of pissing through it. He was uncircumcised, and the foreskin was tight and red at the tip where it protruded in a little point of skin. It looked very sore. Not as sore as I wanted it, though, and I thought Doc felt the same. He had shaven his groin as well, and a snake was tattooed at the base of his prick.**

**"That's not very nice," said Doc, flicking the tip of the skinhead's cock hard with his finger. "You know, I'm going to do you a favour. I'm going to make that look much nicer. Now Idon't expect you'll enjoy it, but I'm sure you'll like it afterwards." I could see he was smiling under the mask, and I would bet it was a really nasty smile.**

**He picked up the scalpel again and held it so the blade glinted in the light. I remembered what it felt like, and my cock stirred in anticipation. I looked at Terry, and I could see he was feeling the same.**

**"Oh God," said the boy. "Oh God, what are you going to do to me ?"**

**"A little adjustment," said Doc. "But since it's going to hurt quite a bit, and we don't want too much noise, do we, I'll have to see to that first." A hypodermic loaded with Novocaine was on the tray. Do you know, for one nasty moment I thought Doc was going to anaesthetise his cock. I should have known better. Taking the syringe he plunged it into the skinhead's throat. The defenceless boy gave a short strangled cry, then as the Novocaine reached his vocal cords it changed to a horrifying rasping sound. I looked at Terry. I could see him feeling himself under his surgical gown, and I wondered if my eyes had the same look of fascinated horror.**

**This was a side of Doc we'd never seen. It was a side of me and Terry as well, and one I'd never thought about, but it was there. I wanted the skinhead's cock damaged, and so did Terry, not because he'd hurt me, but because he lay there helpless and we could do as we pleased with him.**

**Then Doc began. The skinhead could not scream, could not plead, could only lie there gasping as Doc set to work on his unprotected genitals. He slipped the fine sharp blade under the helplessboy's foreskin. I could see the edge straight and clear and the point right back against the corona. Then in a single movement he pulled it up and out and the boy's harsh breathing quickened as the skin parted exposing the head. The two cut edges opened. Doc inserted a finger beneath the skin. When Terry and I had gone beneath his knife it was quick and clean and sharp, and we held out erections till the orgasm came. For this victim it was different. Very slowly and carefully he slit the skin, from the top down to the left, then to the right, as close as he could to the margin of the glans. When he had almost reached the frenum, he stopped, leaving it intact. Then returning to his first cut he carried it back, all the way to the base of the shaft. The boy was shaking his head, pleading silently, butDoc, slowly and carefully ran the biting steel of the blade under the skin at the base of the shaft. It parted, and he continued downwards pulling the scrotum forward and removing the purse ofskin that held the skinhead's testicles, then upwards again on the other side till he met again the cut at the base of the cockshaft. The hoarse breathing of the tortured boy was loud in the room. I gripped my own swollen cock. It was throbbing and hard. Terry too was breathing heavily and hoarsely and he gazed at the victim's mutilated genitals. Then Doc slipped away all the skin which he had cut free. The skinhead's denuded cockshaft glistened in the light. It was only the skin of the scrotum Doc had taken, so you couldn't see the balls, but the muscle that covered them was twitching and tightening as it met the air. The foreskin and scrotum hung from the tip of the shrinking penis, attached only by the frenum. He gazed at them, unbelieving that this could happen to him, agony staring from his eyes and etched in every line of his face. Doc took hold of the skin once more. He held it just behind the frenum and pulled, suddenly and savagely. I heard the skin tear free. The pain as it parted was enough. Even through vocal cords deadened with Novocaine the skinhead screamed, once, sharply. I turned to Terry, dropped on my knees, and took his load straight in my face, then rising gave him mine in his.**

**There is not much more. When we had all come down to earth again,**

**Doc filled his victim with Pentothal once more, cleaned up his wounds and covered him with a blanket. Then he and Terry took him back to the park and left him, naked, on a bench. The newspapers were full of it for a day or so, but since he had never seen his attackers there was not much the police could do. Or, I think, wanted to. Anyhow it all seemed quite fair to me.**

**He stole my wallet. Doc took his purse.**