

An English Teen, Circumcised in the USA

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by Riley Jericho

The Appointment

In the office of A. Jonathan Tiberius, the urologist poised his fingers into a steeple. "Ah...I see!" he murmured.

Luke cringed. That didn't sound at all promising. Unblinking across the coffee table, Tiberius seemed to consider him, and beside him, he felt his mum stir as she kicked in and cleared her throat.

"Well, as Luke has expressed, Doctor Tiberius," she said, "it's more a case of wanting to explore the pros and cons of circumcision - for someone of his age, that is. Purely to put his mind at rest. We thought it best to take some professional advice."

Damn her - thats not actually what he said, though she sounded so much better than him! He glanced to where she was perched on the sofa next to him, frustrated by this clash of wills that continued to unfold. Still, it could have been worse, he mused. At least she hadn't outright said, *'and naturally, sir, it shall be over my dead body!'*

"Exactly," nodded Tiberius. After hearing her out, the enigmatic doctor turned his attention back to Luke, and smiled. Was it encouragingly? It was hard to tell. And what the heck did *'Exactly'* mean? Exactly what?

Tiberius leaned back, looking completely relaxed. "Am I to assume that, from your accents, the Summers family hail from England?" He regarded mother and son with what seemed like genuine interest.

They both nodded.

"And I see that Luke attends the Academy?" The Doctor flicked his eyes to a folder he'd placed open on the coffee table between the. "An excellent school, by all accounts." He studied the documents a little more closely. "A Sophomore I see."

His uniform was distinctive. It didn't take a Sherlock Holmes to figure it out, and he strained his eyes wondering what else was in the notes.

"Yes, that's correct," said his mum with a tinge of pride in her voice. "We relocated over here nearly five years ago. Luke's been attending the Academy ever since."

"And, compared to the UK, how do you find life in America, Luke?" asked Tiberius. It was only later that Luke began to realize that this had been the start of the doctor's patient examination.

He shrugged. "It's okay I guess." Short, but not surly.

Tiberius nodded and looked thoughtful. "So...circumcision." He seemed to get to the point at last. "As I'm sure you already know, other than for religious traditions, it's not the norm to perform the procedure on either babies, boys or young men in most parts of Europe."

His heart sank. *Was that it? Game over?*

"This is exactly what I've been trying to explain too," Lucy said, looking entirely too satisfied with the direction in which the discussion

appeared to be headed. "This kind of sensitive surgery does seem rather unnecessary. Particularly for someone of Luke's age."

Tiberius gave no immediate reply. Instead, leaning forward, he began turning the pages on the file of patient notes he'd left on the table. He looked up. "I see that you've just turned sixteen, Luke."

"Yes sir," Luke confirmed.

"And I presume only babies are circumcised – even here?" said his mum quickly, shooting him one of her looks.

Mum! He groaned to himself, but Tiberius shook his head. "Far from it, Mrs. Summer," he replied. "My experience is that men of all ages often choose to be circumcised; and for many reasons."

It wasn't dismissive, and it surprised him, and he felt a ray of hope.

"But babies don't choose it, do they?" Lucy shot back. Her tone was tetchy.

The Doctor smiled, and nodded slightly to acknowledge her point. He'd probably heard it hundreds of times before.

"It's quite true Mrs. Summers. Requested Infant Circumcision – RIC as it's often known – is a common practice in the United States. Opinions regarding the practice vary but, for young men such as Luke, the request for circumcision can be for many reasons; religious, personal hygiene, medical necessity, cultural expectation, or even just plain old personal preference."

"Personal hygiene?" Luke jumped on it and swiped a quick side-glance at his mum. *See, I was right!* That was the one he'd often quoted to his

parents.

"For sure, Luke. Many would suggest the course you're considering is potentially a lot healthier for you." Tiberius gestured with an open palm. "Of course, that isn't to say that a boy still can't learn how to properly clean around and under the foreskin to maintain good hygiene." He glanced at Lucy, who shifted a little guiltily in her place.

Luke cringed too, but not for the same reason as her. *Have his mum show him how to clean his dick? Holy cow - NO WAY!*

Tiberius went on. "But, there's no doubt that many find a circumcised penis easier to maintain and keep clean. There's a lot less of a tendency for it to become sore or infected, or suffer from a range of medical conditions; ailments that I won't list for you now."

Luke nodded, hopefully. This was EXACTLY what he'd been telling her for months! And she wouldn't even have to clean his dinky for him!

"Can I hazard that you also find yourself a little outnumbered by your peers, Luke?"

Yeeeww - that was direct.

His neck prickled at the perceptive inference. On the other hand, he could probably write a book on locker room wangers! *Outnumbered? You don't know the half!*

In for a penny, in for a pound his Nan used to say. This was man talk, and his mum would just have to put up with it. "If you mean, are they all cut?" he replied, inadvertently slipping into the slang. "Yes, it's true, I'm really the odd one out. It's one of the reasons why I want to be

circumcised."

"And that's completely natural, let me assure you."

"It is?" Luke couldn't help himself.

"Absolutely! Maybe, it would surprise you to know that a great number of young men around your age, come to me for similar reasons."

Tiberius paused and Luke felt hopeful. "But you're mother's also right. The penis functions perfectly well in its natural state. No surgical procedure should *ever* be embarked on, lightly."

His heart and face fell and his mum sat up straighter. This time, it was her nodding supportively.

"That said," Tiberius continued, "the procedure is not particularly invasive and, for the vast majority can be completed in a few minutes and under a simple local anesthetic. Normally, we can do it right here in the Center."

"An injection? Like at the dentist?" Even he could handle that, though he'd only ever had two fillings.

"Exactly. Just like that."

Tiberius sat forward again. "So, we've touched a little on the cultural realities for Luke amongst his peers, as well as the hygiene aspects." He counted them off on his fingers. "I imagine that you're not exploring this because of religious reasons, or you would have said. I also assume we can discount any medical necessity, for the same reason. Other than those, it can come down to plain old personal preference!"

"Preference?" His mum's face made it clear what she thought of that!

"Actually," suggested Tiberius comfortably, "it's why the vast majority come here. Not because they *have* to be circumcised, but because they want to be."

"They *want* to be?" His mum blinked and he knew she had trouble getting her head around why that would be. She certainly hadn't taken it from him. "I don't know; the suggestion of *any* kind of surgery, when it seems so unjustified? I'm not comfortable with that, at all"

"I am, Mum," Luke said hurriedly. *It was HIS dick!*

"But sweetheart," said Lucy, turning to her son, "We've no real experience of circumcision in our family. What if something went wrong or...?" She trailed off. Luke could see she seemed genuine, but there was more at stake than her feelings.

Doctor Tiberius took a deep breath. "I think I understand. I have children myself, though they're grown, now. Any good parent is right to want to think about it carefully. All I'm trying to show you, is that the reasons men choose to be circumcised are not always straightforward."

Luke shifted slightly as the prickle returned. *Straightforward? If only they knew!*

"It's not my role here to decide for you, one way or another," continued Tiberius. "I can offer advice and make you aware of the different issues and options, but what you do with that needs to be up to you." He looked from mother to son and back. "But may I make an observation?"

"Please..." Lucy nodded.

"It IS a big step to take Luke, and your mother is right to counsel you to

avoid being hasty." Luke opened his mouth. This was getting away from him. However, Tiberius raised his hand to forestall him. "On the other hand," he continued, "it seems clear that you personally, very much want to be circumcised - and I get the impression you've been looking into it for some time now?"

Sitting adjacent on the sofa, the pair nodded. It was true. "He's been researching for months," Lucy admitted.

"And, in understanding Luke's motivation and commitment, *that* makes a great deal of difference."

Lucy sighed. "I know, though it doesn't make me any less uneasy."

Luke kept quiet. From the sound of his mum's voice, he could tell it rested on a knife-edge.

"The question many come to, is this: circumcised or uncircumcised? Which is best?" Tiberius held out two open palms.

Luke gazed intently at the invisible options, hoping for the scales to tip in his favor.

"My usual response tends not to help," admitted Tiberius. He paused, seeming to enjoy stringing it out. "Either is perfectly acceptable."

"It's just so uncommon in our country," Lucy repeated.

"But that's not *my* country mum." He could tell from the way her eyes flinched, that his dad had told her about what he thought about that, and felt obscurely guilty. "I mean, not at the moment."

Though he probably didn't really understand what was going on

between them, Tiberius tried to be supportive. "I understand, but if it eases your concerns, let me put it this way.

"There's a reason why, each year, hundreds of thousands of men in this country alone, choose circumcision for their new-born sons – and it's not just out of a sense of family tradition. Fathers are happy for their sons to be circumcised, because it's been something they've come to appreciate. My wife and I only had girls, but if we'd had boys, I think I would have approached it the same way myself.

"Luke's peers at his school are, I'm sure, normal, well adjusted young men who, almost to a one will be circumcised." He raised his eyebrows at Luke before looking back at Lucy. "The point is, after having had the surgery as young boys themselves, it hasn't harmed them, or damaged them emotionally as some like to suggest. To the contrary, they've fully enjoyed the benefits of living that way.

"So, if you asked me to get off the fence, it would be to say this." Luke held his breathe as A. Jonathan Tiberius came, at last, to the money shot.

"As I said before, Luke, you would be surprised how many men come to me out of personal choice, to request a circumcision. I can also tell you this: of those that are, very few are not completely satisfied with the outcome; enjoying the enhancements in both form *and* function. In fact, the vast majority tell me they wished they'd got around to it a lot earlier in life."

"Oh..." Lucy seemed deflated by the simple verdict.

'Oh...' is what Luke thought too. *Enhancements in form and function? If it didn't sound like some mathematical formula, that could even be*

quite hot!

"Would it help if we talked about the surgery itself; perhaps look at what circumcision involves?" Tiberius suggested.

His mum nodded, and Luke sensed the tide was turning. Despite his hopes and misgivings, this wasn't quite what he had expected. He'd been anticipating a much more competitive battle with his mum over invasive surgery, where the Doctor would pick out the winning contender after the final round. The prize would be circumcision...or not! It seemed like they'd hardly got started and already the fat lady was tuning up!

* * *

Extract from Luke's notes:

I was still reeling from all of that, when Dr Tiberius got out a model – and no I don't mean a person - I mean one of those plastic life-like things. An educational, over-sized, plastic wiener, that came apart. Talk about a big dick – it would've made a shocking boner!

With that, and with pictures and diagrams, he explained what a circumcision, compared to being unhooded, looked and worked like. I'd seen it all before, of course, but Mum hadn't. You could tell she was a bit out of her comfort zone looking at guys penises, even plastic ones, and I had to work hard not to grin!

All the pictures were of guys who were soft. Of course, he couldn't really show us ones with boners, but my imagination was pretty good at that! At the prospect of actually looking like some of those in front of me, I began to get hard and could feel my own lump, pushing up in my

boxers. As we went along, he touched a bit more on what he meant by form and function in a way that got even me hot under the collar. What mum thought, I've NO idea!

I did know that, beyond doubt, I wanted this. I just hoped that she was being convinced too.

* * *

"So, Luke..." Tiberius addressed him, and he looked up from the book expectantly. "Before you finally decide, we should just take a look. Just to make sure there's nothing we've missed."

His eyes widened, caught between surprise and apprehension as Tiberius stood and pulled back the curtain in the corner - the one that had been screening the medical couch. Tiberius drew a length of disposable sanitary paper from a thick roll at the foot, over the leather surface. "Why don't you just hop up on here," he said. "So that I can examine you?"

OH BLOODY HELL!! He swallowed. Take off his trousers? His underwear? Have the doctor scrutinize his dick? Here and now, with his mum watching? Crap and double crap! He hadn't anticipated this, at all.

He stood and stared nervously at the bed. SHIT – he could still feel an awkward lump in his boxers.

"Just slip down your trousers and underwear a little," Tiberius requested. "That's all that's needed," he added, perhaps seeing Luke's discomfort. As he waited, he picked up a box and proceeded to extract some latex gloves.

BUY TIME!

He couldn't exactly call 'time-out', say he was peckish and ask for a banana, so Luke did the next best thing. Kneeling down to undo his laces, he pulled them into a knot.

"Come on Luke, Doctor Tiberius doesn't have all day," his mum chided, as he fumbled.

"Sorry. I got a knot in it." A BIG one!

Eventually, he teased the lace loose, but it had been enough time to let things settle, and he felt it safe to start unbuckling. He snapped the button on his regulation, black school pants, and pushed them down to his knees. Then, as they both waited, he climbed up onto the couch as requested, and shuffled back against the raised backrest. From the look his mother's face, he could tell there was only ONE thing on her mind: *'that pair of underwear had SO better be clean, young man!'*

Pulling on the surgical gloves, Tiberius drew the curtain slightly, obscuring the line of sight from anyone entering the door.

Clearly, his mum didn't count herself as 'just anyone' and, to Luke's distinct unease (he hadn't displayed his private parts to his parents since he was ten!), she slipped past the curtain before it was drawn. As he finally pushed his boxers down out of the way, she took a spot at the bottom of the couch.

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Extract from Luke's notes:

OK, I laugh about it now, but at the time I could have died!

You probably think I was completely naïve. Maybe I was, but I just didn't see it coming! Why, I've no idea, because of course he would need to examine me. That's what docs do!

Mum was on a knife-edge with it all and I knew that what I wanted was still a BIG 'ask' of her. I wasn't that happy with her joining the party, but wasn't prepared to piss her off by telling her to take a hike! Even so... damn, I could have been freeballing! OK, I admit, I'd never ever considered going without boxers, but I knew what the word meant.

The thing was, I was no longer a kid - with all the hairy bits to prove it - and wasn't that happy to be lying there as Tiberius reached into my quite bushy pubes, lifted out my wanger, and pulled it out straight! I tried not to think about it as he examined me, sliding my fingers together back behind my head, trying to appear nonchalant. I gritted my teeth and stared stonily as he played with me - pulling and twisting my penis, I guess to get a full idea of what might be needed.

Almost immediately, he frowned and came out with a 'mmmmmmm', before going on to make a careful examination of all of my genitals, - probably to make sure there were no unexpected lumps or sores, or anything else weird down there!

Mmmmmmm? What was mmmmmmm?

* * *

Finally, after the thorough, but mostly silent, examination, the specialist gave his professional opinion. "Well, Luke, overall everything looks healthy..."

Luke nodded, assuming he was meant to give some kind of response.

"...apart from, as you may be aware – or perhaps not – you're more than a little phimotic."

A little phim-whatic? Oh...!

With a rush, it suddenly dawned on him. *He meant Phimosis!*

Even now, as part of his 'research', he remembered surfing to a page about Phimosis – apparently one of the medical indications for circumcision. He'd started reading, but then clicked on a link that said 'paraphimosis'. On that linked page, he'd been shocked as it had brought up a picture that was so horrendous, the words that went through his head at that moment had been quite unprintable. He did NOT have that! He'd closed the windows and didn't read any more.

Phimosis and paraphimosis? Whatever they were, he DEFINITELY didn't have anything like that!

Did he? He wished he'd read more now. The room felt warm and the back of his neck prickled.

"I have Phimosis." He didn't mean it as a question, though Tiberius took it as such.

"Yes. You suffer from Phimosis, I'm afraid, Luke." He sounded rather frank. "It's quite marked."

"It is?"

"He does?" His mum looked completely confused, too.

Tiberius glanced at her, raising his eyebrows. The blank look confirmed his prognosis. "I assume then that you didn't know?"

She shook her head.

"What exactly is Phimosis?" asked Luke, believing he should be involved. Why the hell hadn't he kept reading that page!

"Yes, Doctor, what is it?" added Lucy, with some trepidation. "I've not heard the term before."

I have.

"Well, Phimosis is a medical condition that affects the foreskin." Tiberius replied. They both saw her eyes widen. "Now, you don't have to be alarmed," he added, "it's quite minor, but it *is* a problem."

"A problem?"

"A minor one," Tiberius reiterated, emphasizing the word. "Specifically, Phimosis is the term given to a non-retractable foreskin. The condition affects a very small percentage of men." Perhaps sensing that he was in danger of losing them, he picked up Luke's penis again. "It's probably easier to demonstrate."

Using him as the model, he gave them a quick recap in human anatomy. Reminding them of what he'd explained through the model, he pointed out the main landmarks; prepuce, glans, meatus, sulcus, outer foreskin. This time, Luke didn't really mind. It was important to know exactly what he was dealing with here.

"So, you can see around the tip here," Tiberius said, pointing out the prepuce, "there's a tight band of skin." He pulled at it lightly. "That's what's effectively stopping Luke from being able to retract his foreskin. Let me show you what I mean."

Slowly, but firmly, Tiberius began to attempt to draw back Luke's foreskin, pulling down on the outer shaft skin down to the base and into his pubic hair.

Fascinated, he tried to dissociate the procedure from *anything* to do with the way he masturbated! Bit by bit, he watched doctor skilfully pull down the excess. He knew exactly what would happen, and wasn't at all surprised when the skin jammed around the top. That was what it normally did – and despite the doctor's previous explanation, he couldn't get his head around why anyone expected it to be anything different!

Then, his assailant kept going, forcing the skin shaft back, tighter and tighter. Finally, and quite painfully, a small part of the inside was exposed. It stung.

"Ouch!" he griped, surprised by the pain.

Flip, that hurt! Something was being forced out through the constricted opening, as his dick tried to give birth to what, he suddenly realized, was his very own glans!

"Ouch...!" Tiberius mimicked in agreement. "Exactly! Luke, this constriction is what's called Phimosis and, for several important reasons, it's now highly recommended that we get you circumcised."

Luke stared at his partly exposed glans, bemused, trying to keep track of how it had suddenly progressed from hoping he could convince them, to agree to the procedure, to a 'you really need to have this done'! His mum also seemed more than a little taken aback.

"Let me explain." Still firmly holding him in his most retracted position,

Tiberius kept him in what looked suspiciously like a mini-boner, and continued the explanation. "Firstly, as I'm sure you are already aware, when erect, your foreskin doesn't retract further than this?"

He blanched as he and his mum stared at the offending article.

SHIT! That was hardly fair!

Being forced to admit to his mum that he had erections? Why not get him to admit he masturbated most days too, while he was at it?

Fucking hell!

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Extract from Luke's notes:

I think of all the numerous times I ended up being in Tiberius' office, this was the only time when I had a real beef with him.

The point is, he could have been a LOT more discreet!

Note to doctors: do NOT back a teenager into a corner and get them to admit they have hardons in front of their mothers. That is NOT cool!

At the time, there seemed no way out and all I could do was nod, feeling terribly guilty that I had a penis that frequently went stiff.

My mum? I didn't DARE look at her!

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Tiberius continued, apparently oblivious to the discomfort he'd caused. "As a result of this failure to properly retract, there's been a subsequent

and substantial stretching of your shaft skin." At last, he let go of his grip on the shaft. Instead he took the loose tip, and pulled out a huge chunk of offending skin.

"As you can see," he demonstrated, "it's left you with an excessive amount of loose skin, dropping down off the end of your glans."

This, Luke did know about! That's why they called him 'Anteater'! What did gall was that the thing that he thought had set him above his peers – his length – was actually the result of an affliction! In the middle of it all, his mum seemed at a loss and just looked bewildered.

"The problems are three fold," Tiberius explained.

"Firstly, aesthetic – it doesn't look so pleasing, and secondly, practical – it's almost impossible to keep clean, and that can lead to infections. If Luke hasn't had any to date, then he's been fortunate."

"And the third," asked his mum, finding her voice at last.

Yes – what's the third, Luke silently demanded.

"Well, the third," Tiberius continued, with utter frankness, "is that, when Luke becomes sexually active, the inability to draw back his foreskin is going to make sexual intercourse possibly quite painful."

Oh holy crap! Luke struggled not to cough.

Relieved it had been his mum that had asked that question and not him, he still blushed furiously.

Sexually active? He'd never had sex in his life before, but, if it was the same as jerking, he didn't expect to find it at all painful. Quite the

opposite in fact! That said, he did have that chunk of skin hanging off the end of him and, though he'd never liked it, it gave him plenty of slack. When jerking, he'd never found the need to pull it any further back; certainly not in the way he'd just experienced at this doctor's grip! Actually, he could masturbate quite well and could even squeeze the loose skin at the tip when he came, holding the jizz in there, if he wanted. Afterwards, it was just a case of getting a tissue to squeeze it into. It was handy to avoid messes, though now didn't seem the time to bring them up to speed with his jerking habits!

"Oh dear." His mum's voice was heavy with self-recrimination. She seemed to try to gather herself. "Luke, I am so, so sorry. As you were growing up, I just never thought to check something like this with you." She looked crestfallen. "You never had a physical with our GP in the UK. I hadn't realized it was a problem!"

He blinked at her, bemused.

What problem? Like her, he didn't even know he had one until just now.

The specialist eased their difficult moment and said, "Not to worry. The important thing is that it's going to be easy to rectify. Better to sort it out now, than put up with it for years, don't you think?"

And be able to enjoy sex? God yes!

He nodded rapidly.

"And it certainly means that your insurance would cover the costs, as a medical necessity."

Well that would certainly please his dad, Luke thought. Perversely, the

existence of the condition pleased him too, and seemed to end any further argument as to whether he should be allowed the procedure or not.

Tiberius motioned to him that the exam was over and he was rather relieved to be able to cover himself up. While he dressed, he observed the doctor cross the room and pick out a booklet from a stack on the shelves. They gathered around the coffee table again, and Tiberius opened it, turning it on the table top so that they could see the pages. Describing a handful of conditions that could affect the penis, it was packed with full-color horror stories!

There was a whole section covering Phimosis, and Paraphimosis was in there too. Like all guys would, he squirmed uncomfortably at the images of the painfully swollen, distorted dicks. All his mum could say was 'Oh my...'

Who could blame her?

Tiberius turned the page and came to a series of side-by-side images. One side described a correctly working foreskin; the other, another poor soul afflicted by the Phimosis. He compared the two variations for them.

It was a lot more obvious to Luke now, and he wondered how he could have ever missed it. The 'normal', as he could now see, was where the foreskin was made to skin back down the shaft when you pulled on it (or on its own with a stiffy), popping out the glans. The realization that uncircumcised guys got to see their heads too, was a surprise. For some reason – and it seemed completely stupid now – he'd always assumed that the only people whoever saw that mushroom-shaped

glans, were cut people. Guys, like all his friends at school.

It was almost embarrassing! He was the one who had done all the 'research' but he'd never understood the basics! Him, the guy who went to the posh boys school not knowing how a dick was meant to work? He'd seen enough of them for God's sake! Inwardly, he cringed - what a dork!

Compared to the first image, the second version could easily have been him. Showing pressure being applied in an attempt to pull the constricted foreskin back down the shaft, it was as jammed as a badly fitting ring.

"So that's what I have? This Phimosi?" He didn't need convincing, he was trying to get his head around it. It was like looking in a mirror!

The doctor nodded. "Yes you do Luke - but, as I said before, the condition is treatable. Sometimes, the skin can be stretched enough to release the constriction, but, in your case, with the extent and thickness of the stenosis, I recommend circumcision as the best approach."

He didn't know the hell what stenosis was, but who cared? The fat lady had sung!

"Will it make any difference?" his mum asked. It seemed an odd question.

"Any difference? In what way to you mean Mrs. Summers?"

"Will Luke have to go into hospital for the surgery to correct it, now it's like this?"

"Oh, I see. In fact, not at all. I can put your mind at rest on that account. The procedure is simple and the removal of the phimotic tip is straightforward and won't affect the outcome in any way."

"I can still have it done here then?" Luke was relieved that hospitals were out of the equation. "Like you said?"

"Certainly you can, Luke," Tiberius nodded encouragingly. He stood, and they watched him return the booklet to the shelves and slide it into place. "Can I take it from you that you would like to proceed?"

Luke couldn't help it and the wide grin said it all. "You bet!" The doctor glanced briefly at his mum and she didn't hesitate either.

"Excellent!" Assured, Tiberius got down to business. "Luke, as you're only just sixteen, we can try things that wouldn't be possible in a fully matured adult. Your penis isn't yet fully developed and, in your case, the shaft skin is not particularly thick."

Luke was so buoyant, even using the P word didn't phase him at that point. They waited as Tiberius went behind his desk and slid open a drawer and withdrew a package.

"I'd like to suggest we use a SmartKlamp, rather than a freehand resection."

Once more, mother and son looked blank, waiting as he retrieved a small package. Sitting once again, he opened it up, and lifted out the contents. "This is a SmartKlamp."

Luke studied the bizarre looking item, and he got his first look at the mechanism that would end up modifying not just his anatomy, but his

whole world! It reminded him of a wine bottle corkscrew...the type that has two arms, used to pull out the cork. Tiberius turned it in his hands, and then passed it to him to play with.

A SmartKlamp?

Luke realized how little he knew. He'd concentrated on why it should be done, not actually how. He'd certainly never heard of a SmartKlamp!

"It's a device that offers a simple and bloodless circumcision, and is frequently the best approach for children and young people." The doctor's description seemed to come direct from a textbook.

Luke twitched. It was the first time anyone had mentioned blood. Even the bloodless type! Unable to take his eyes off the slightly weird looking contraption, he shivered, apprehensive at the idea of a wine bottle screw, grinding down inside his dick. Even if it didn't do THAT, it was obviously designed to skin someone - the question was...how?

To help make sense of it, the doctor took the mechanism back, and broke it apart. "This tube," Tiberius explained, "sits between the foreskin and the glans." He slid it over his finger to demonstrate.

Jeesh! That looked just a bit too close for comfort!

"The outer framework creates a tight grip around the rim at the point where we want to remove the excess foreskin."

Luke tried to visualize what that meant, but decided just to take his word for it.

"We'll need to make an initial releasing cut, to get past that tight ring at the tip," Tiberius continued, "but then everything will be quite simple."

The pressure applied by the SmartKlamp fuses the layers of skin together as they heal. When it's removed, it will have effectively, and rather neatly, completed your circumcision."

"Well, that sounds pretty good, don't you think Luke?" said his mum. She sounded more positive. To him it all sounded complete gibberish, but who cared? He nodded enthusiastically.

"We'd fit the SmartKlamp here at the clinic," explained Tiberius, "and Luke would wear it about ten days. It's quite unobtrusive and isn't particularly uncomfortable. There would be no reason he would have to miss school." A slight rising of the eyebrows strengthened the subtle benefit for Lucy. "And, with the procedure done in this way, there'd be no need for sutures."

Nearly finished with his presentation, Tiberius slid the instrument back into the loose packaging. "You'll need to come back here once more after the ten days, for me to remove the device. By then, the skin will have then healed sufficiently across the line where the layers are fused. After a few months, I can promise you, you would hardly know how it was done!"

"That sounds good, don't you think, Luke?" His mum seemed particularly enthused by the apparent lack of excuse not to go to school, though, frankly, he was more impressed by the apparent lack of cutting and blood.

At the same time, maybe not missing school wasn't that bad. The way he saw it, by not disappearing for several days, he wouldn't need to explain what was going on or, in his case, coming off. It fitted in well with his plan to keep his circumcision procedure private; at least until it

was fully healed. It would mean missing the showers but, with a bit of luck, he could even hold out well through the summer term, before he had to reveal it.

"Let's have a look at the appointment book shall we?" Tiberius stood and crossed to his desk. Luke and his mum stood too, and followed.

This Monday, he thought to himself. *I'm free Monday...or Tuesday if it had to be.* He could wait 'til then - just. He watched the Doctor, as he started leafing through various pages of a neatly maintained desk diary.

"Ah, here we go - actually I can get you in quite soon; and it would be a Friday too, which would give Luke a few days over a weekend, to get over any temporary discomfort."

YES!! Next Friday! Maybe Monday had been a bit hopeful, but he could probably hold out 'til Friday.

"Three weeks from today, if that suites you?"

Three weeks? NO!! That was FOREVER! What happened to three days?
"There's nothing sooner?" He tried not to sound desperate.

"No, I 'm afraid not, Luke." Tiberius flicked through the pages again.

"Often the waiting list for surgical appointments stretches to several months, but this space opened up quite recently. It would be a 2pm appointment, if that's manageable?"

Lucy checked her planner, and made a note. "Yes, thank you. That will be fine."

As they gathered up their things, Luke looked at his watch. An hour. *My God, what an hour it had been!*

As they were leaving, the Doctor passed him a small booklet. "You know Luke, not all circumcsions are the same," he explained, as he walked them back through the corridors. "Everyone has their own expectations, and often people prefer a particular kind of look and outcome. Even using the SmartKlamp, it's possible to make the result - the style of circumcsion - exactly how you want it. This booklet explains what I mean. Why don't you have a look through it, and then we can go through it together when I see you next time."

There were styles? Like a haircut?

Intrigued, Luke stuffed the booklet in his pocket before his Mum could take it. She didn't seem to notice.

"The traffic's quite heavy," he noted, trying to kick-start the conversation. He'd been buzzing with the excitement of it all, but she was quiet as they left the building.

Once they'd navigated back out to the 285 circular, his mum had settled into an inside lane, joining all those trying to make the exit to the 400; all jostling to escape the city and head north. Eventually, they'd exited the junction and broken out of the bottleneck, heading for home.

"Friday teatime on the 400," she agreed. "Poor dad has to do this every day!" She paused. "So, what do you think?"

He frowned, pretending to misunderstand . "About the traffic?"

"No silly" She turned and smiled when she realised he was teasing. "Are you happy with how it went this afternoon?" The smile didn't stay long, replaced by something else. He thought he could guess what it was.

"Yep, I think so. You?" He probed. "What did you think?"

She chewed on her lip and paused before replying. "I think it went well, though I feel I've let you down."

"No, don't say that. Why would you think that?" He knew exactly why.

"Let's be honest, I haven't been exactly supportive of you the last few months!" She looked across, before returning to the road in front.

"Luke, I'm so sorry that I didn't think to check with you that everything was all right...um...down there."

He couldn't help but grin, despite her discomfort. 'Down there' was definitely a euphemism for dick. "It's all right Mum – don't worry about it." He shrugged. "Nobody was to know. For goodness sake, I didn't even know myself!"

"Even so..."

"Honestly, it's fine." He tried to move on. "You're okay with the idea of me being circumcised then?"

"To be honest, sweetheart, I think I was even before the Phimosis issue came up. Doctor Tiberius was quite convincing, wasn't he!"

He nodded. "It was nice to hear that I wasn't the ONLY teenager who's ever felt like this," he admitted. And it was a bit of a relief to hear that he wasn't a freak. "You're definitely okay that I'm having it done?" Having her support meant a lot to him.

"Of course!" she returned immediately, "You really need it!" She paused and looked thoughtful. "I think I'd better check Simon though. If he has this Phimosis too, we're more than likely to need to get him

circumcised as well."

Luke grinned to himself. Si might be in for a bit of a surprise! "What about Dad?" he ventured, his lips curling.

She seemed to take it well. "Okay, your dad may be a greater challenge, but we'll see!"

They both laughed out loud. He knew she was only kidding, but sharing the joke took away the last of the tension between them and they chatted easily throughout most of the journey home, discussing what they'd found out that afternoon and what it meant. He thought it was going great until, out of the blue, she caught him with a broadside.

"Well, while we're on the subject," she said, unexpectedly, "perhaps it's high time we had a talk about sex?"

"MUM!" Luke turned his head fast, and winced. Talk about subtle!

"What?" She grinned as she negotiated the turning into their subdivision. "There's nothing wrong with sex!"

"For goodness sake, Mum, I'm only fifteen!"

"Nearly sixteen, I recall you pointing out to Doctor Tiberius."

"We still don't have to talk about it, though." He grunted adamantly, crossing his arms. "Trust me!"

She was relentless. "Trust ME," she returned, "we DO! Like the doctor said, you've reached an age where you're becoming sexually aware. We NEED to talk about it!"

"Why now? Can't we do it some other time?" he pleaded.

"Now's the perfect time - the van's moving and you can't get out!" The way she said it, Luke had to laugh. "And for heaven's sake Luke, I wasn't born yesterday! I do know what teen boys THINK about - and DO - you know!"

He flushed. She hadn't come right out and spelled it letter by letter, but he guessed she was talking about masturbation! Holy shit! He wondered if she even thought he might be having sex with someone? He studiously avoided looking at her, guessing there was more to come.

"Don't be a prude! There's nothing to be embarrassed about!" She glanced across, apparently amused by his discomfort. "I've seen it all before."

Right - and an eyeful this afternoon too, he remembered with a squirm.

"Before long, you'll meet someone, which may lead to a physical relationship."

My God! He'd never had this kind of conversation with his parents before! She was definitely talking about sex now. She was probably thinking about Stacey too!

"Maybe some nice young lady will steal your heart?"

"Don't you start! Dad's bad enough!"

"Start what?" The angelic face didn't quite disguise a smirk. "Oh - you mean Stacey. Well Dad's right. She's quite a catch."

"Leave off - it's not like that."

"Fair enough. But you wouldn't be the first young man to fall head over heels! Whatever 'type' you prefer, it's bound to happen, sooner or later."

He totally and utterly got the wrong end of the stick with what she meant.

His 'TYPE'?

He looked across sharply. "Mum! How could you even think that? I'm not gay!" Even as he said it, the penny dropped. She'd meant girlfriend type! He wished he'd kept his mouth shut. *Way to go, Luke, make a big scene, why don't you!*

His mum pulled into their drive, stopped, killed the engine, and turned. Clearly a little surprised at his tone, she turned to study him as he twitched. "That's not actually what I meant."

He squirmed as the moments passed, wondering what was going on behind those probing grey-green eyes.

Eventually, those eyes seemed to soften. "Luke, all I'm saying is, as you grow older and begin to explore sexuality and relationships, then Dad and I are always going to be on your side. I know everyone gets plenty of 'Sex Ed' classes at school these days. You're lucky. We never had such things in my day." She reached over the back and retrieved her purse. "Even so, take it from me. Relationships can end up being a bit more complicated than just knowing how babies are made!"

"Mum!"

"Mind you," she smirked, as she opened the door to get out, "I can always ask dad to give you the birds and bees talk, if you want!"

"Oh, please," he groaned. "Spare me!" *Kind of a bit late too, but never mind.*

"Just so you know that we're here when, and if, you need us."

He regarded her in a new light; beginning to see a person that he thought had disappeared from his life several years ago. "I know," he sighed. "And thanks."

Later that evening, he went through the circumcision booklet he'd been given by Doctor Tiberius. He took it to bed with him, and discovered the differences between high and low; tight or loose; what to do with the frenulum; outer and inner foreskin and the differences in sensations the two carried. He studied the pre-op and post-op instructions, finding out what he would need to do...including the fact he was expected to shave!

At last, he was finally able to put words to what he was seeking.

High! Tight!

Hot!