Fair Exchange  
  
I couldn't believe my luck! I should explain. I am a  
male nurse and I work in a rather expensive Harley Street Clinic.  
I won't say which one, but you'd have heard of it. We make a lot  
of our money from the Arabs, of course, but they aren't our only  
patients, far from it. Actually I prefer to deal with our  
European clients. I only deal with guys, of course, which suits  
me fine.  
  
Now you understand that we are very expensive indeed,  
which means that we really only get the rich, and mostly for quite  
important stuff. That's nice from the point of view of the money,  
but it does mean that a lot of them are fat old blokes with ulcers  
or heart trouble. Which explains why since I started to work  
there, I had never once seen my favourite operation performed.  
Which one's that? Circumcision. I get a real kick out of seeing  
some gorgeous hunk fast asleep on the bench having his dick cut.  
Even better if he's only had a local and is watching it happen.  
So what about me, do I hear you ask? I've kept my foreskin, so  
far, but one day, maybe.....  
  
Anyhow, if I have it done, ever, it'll be here, for free.  
After all, who's going to pay our prices for a circumcision? Only  
the Arabs could afford it, and they've all been done already. So  
I've just had to promise myself I'll get a job moonlighting  
somewhere a bit less exclusive where I can arrange to watch one.  
At least, that's what I thought until very recently.  
  
Now, I'm not sure what it was I said, but somehow one of  
our senior consultants sussed out what I was interested in. You  
know, they rely on us a lot. It's no good them being whizz-kids  
if the nursing care is ropey. The patients, well, ours anyway,  
just don't come back. So my boss makes sure he knows his staff,  
takes us out for a drink on the firm occasionally, and so on. One  
time he did that there were four of us, plus him, and circumcision  
certainly got mentioned in the conversation. He must have  
registered that, because one day he called me in to his office.  
  
"I've got a surprise for you, Chris," he said. "I think  
you might be interested. We're going to do a circumcision, but  
not an ordinary one. I want you to be in charge in the theatre."  
  
"Right you are," I said. "But how do you mean, not an  
ordinary one?"  
  
"Well, we wouldn't touch an ordinary one, because there's  
no profit in them, but this one is, well, different. You'll see  
what I mean, later. In fact, it's different enough that we aren't  
going to charge for it, but don't tell anyone that. You'd better  
hang around while I interview the patients." I raised my eyebrows  
when he said that. "Yes, patients, in the plural. Someone I  
know, a GP, knows I have a mild interest in the operation, and he  
passed them on to me. You sit over there and keep out of the  
way."  
  
He buzzed on the intercom, and the receptionist showed in  
the patients. They were two of the best-looking guys I've seen  
for ages, and it was very obvious that they were identical twins.  
They were even dressed almost identically. They were tall, I  
should think they were about twenty-four, they were blond and they  
were hunky, and I nearly wet myself, just looking at them.  
  
My boss introduced himself, and asked them to sit down.  
"Now," he said, "one of you is Mr Peter Adams, and one of you is  
Mr Steven Adams. Which is which?" The one on the left turned out  
to be Steven. "I understand that you have a rather unusual  
problem. Steven, perhaps you would explain it to me."  
  
"Well," said Steven, "it's like this. My brother and I  
lost our parents very young. As you can see, we are identical  
twins, and naturally we didn't want to be separated, but  
unfortunately none of our family could look after either of us.  
We were fostered, and eventually we finished up in a Home." He  
paused. I was sitting where I could see his face, at least in  
profile. He did not look as if he had enjoyed the experience.  
"Some of those places are all right, but the one we were in was  
not. In fact the two couples who ran it were very strange  
indeed."  
  
At that, Peter looked up. "You can say that again," he  
said. "They were some sort of extreme religious fundamentalists.  
They hated children, and they really hated sex. In fact, that was  
our problem."  
  
"Yes," continued Steven, "you see they caught Peter  
masturbating when we were about eleven or twelve. Tell him what  
they did to you, Peter."  
  
"They held me down and one of the guys circumcised me.  
Just like that, on the kitchen table. No doctor, no anaesthetic,  
no nothing."  
  
I looked at him, trying to imagine what it had been like.  
My boss spoke. "I imagine that must have been painful," he said,  
sounding as if he quite liked the idea.  
  
"Well, just a bit," said Peter, "but you see, the pain  
wasn't the worst of it."  
  
"The worst thing," said his twin, "was that we weren't the  
same any more. We had been almost completely indistinguishable,  
and now Peter was cut, and I wasn't. Of course, it wasn't someone  
that anyone else was likely to know, but we did, and it rankled.  
It still does. Anyway, not long after, there was a big scandal,  
and the Council found out about it and closed the Home. Then not  
long after that the family found enough money so we could move in  
with an aunt of ours. And here you see us.  
  
I wondered what the payoff line was. After all, if it was  
just a question of cutting Steven to match him back to Peter, why  
come to us? My boss spoke. "So far, so good," he said, "now,  
what can we do for you?"  
  
"It's a little embarrassing," said Peter. You see, we  
grew up each wanting to be like the other. Steven wanted to be  
circumcised so he could look like me. I wished I hadn't been, I  
think it looks horrible, and besides, it's what stopped me looking  
like him. You see the problem?"  
  
"I think I begin to."  
  
"We're twins," said Steven. I want to be circumcised.  
Peter wants his foreskin back. He can't have it, but he could  
have mine. We want you to circumcise me and give it to him."  
  
Now I could see why my boss thought it would be  
interesting. Because they were twins he could graft from one to  
the other. No-one had ever done that, not with a foreskin. I  
hoped to hell he would say yes. He thought for a moment, then he  
spoke. "Hmmm - well," he said. "I think it could be done. I'd  
certainly be happy to try. Let me warn you that I don't know of  
anyone who has tried before, so if it isn't one hundred per cent  
successful, well, that's a risk you'll have to take."  
  
"We'll take the risk" said Steven.  
  
"Yes," said my boss, "but actually it's not you that takes  
it. I mean, you get circumcised, but that's the easy bit. An  
amateur can do that. The tricky bit is the graft of your foreskin  
on to Peter's penis. Still, it shouldn't be a major problem, but  
I'm not promising anything. Anyway, I'd better take a look."  
  
I'd been hoping he was going to say that. Those two big  
guys must be well hung, I thought, and I could hardly wait to get  
an eyeful.  
  
And was I right? Was I ever! Of course, they were very  
much alike, and the result was that when Steven came out from  
behind the screen I had a moment to speculate what his brother was  
going to look like. Steven's was terrific, a cock in a million.  
I mean, you understand we come across a lot of them in my line of  
work. It takes a whopper to impress me, and that's what he had.  
I guess that just talking about circumcision had given him a bit  
of a hard-on. His magnificent weapon hung just a little bit clear  
of his balls They were great, too. His uncut foreskin showed just  
a little of the glans, not enough to see the eye from where I was  
sitting. I was sure my boss would soon have that back to see how  
tight it was. I couldn't think why the owner of a prick that  
looked so good wanted to have it cut, but I could see he was going  
to. Once he saw that, my boss wouldn't pass up the chance.  
  
Meanwhile Peter came out from behind the screen. He too  
was hung like a horse, and even more excited than his brother, for  
his erection was very noticeable. "Don't worry about that," said  
my boss, "it usually happens." The guys grinned, a bit  
shame-facedly. It doesn't usually happen, of course, but it's  
nice when it does. And if a doctor says that to you, it means he  
has drawn attention to the fact he has noticed it, and how about  
making it a bit harder! Which is what happened. As soon as he  
drew attention to Peter, Steven got really quite hard, and this in  
turn made Peter come up even more.  
  
Me too, if it comes to that. "Now," said the boss, "let's  
start with a look at Steven." As I'd hoped, he made him stand by  
the table where I could see him. Then he gently retracted that  
beautiful foreskin. It clung to the glans, but it wasn't tight,  
even as it rolled over the crest. Instead, it fitted absolutely  
perfectly, like a glove. The boss pushed it further and further,  
till it was right back. I could see the frenum, taut against the  
underside of the shaft, pulling the cock-eye down and closed. He  
took the glans between thumb and forefinger and pulled the  
cock-eye open. It was big, in fact it was huge, and I wondered if  
it was really that size by nature, or if it had been enlarged  
artificially. By now both guys had a raging hard-on and I was  
having difficulty not showing that so had I.  
  
"Now Peter, please." Peter too stepped forward. His cock  
was at attention, straight forward with the tip pointing a little  
upward. Amateur his circumcision may have been, but it had been  
well done. It was neat, with no loose skin. The boss massaged  
the shaft-skin gently to and fro to check how much was there, and  
seemed satisfied with the result. He opened Peter's cock-eye,  
too. From the fact that it was just as big as his twin's, I  
guessed they were both naturally open. Peter was now showing what  
looked to me like better than ten inches of beautiful, well-cut  
cock. The boss examined the scar, which straight and not ragged,  
as it often is even after a professional job, especially it is  
done after puberty.  
  
"OK, get your pants back on, we'd better establish the  
ground-rules."  
  
When the guys had got dressed again, the boss explained to  
them what he would do. "First, I shall give you both a suitable  
local anaesthetic. Then I shall open Peter's scar, and adjust it  
slightly. Then I will circumcise Steven. You understand that the  
foreskin needs a constant blood-supply, so I shall have to stop as  
soon as I have removed it, and immediately attempt to attach it to  
Peter. That's the tricky bit. Then when it's done, I shall come  
back and complete Steven's circumcision." He paused. "If we are  
successful, the graft will take, and in about a month, Peter will  
have a complete new foreskin to replace the one he lost. If not,  
I will remove any traces, and make it pretty much as if was  
before. That way Steven will be happy, and Peter won't be any  
worse off. OK?"  
  
They agreed, and I took them off to fix up the  
appointment. We had to go down in the lift. As the doors closed  
they turned to me. Peter reached forward, grabbed my still-hard  
cock and gave it a quick feel. I nearly hit the roof, then I went  
as red as a beetroot, but he laughed and said "Thought so!"  
  
"Yes," said his twin, "we saw you watching. But we don't  
mind. This excites us as much as it does you. Maybe more." He  
grinned. "Well, you saw that!" Then the lift stopped and we all  
got out.  
  
When I got back to the consulting room I gave the boss the  
date of the appointment. I'd made sure I would be free to assist  
him that day. "Yes," he said, "I thought you might be interested.  
You know, it's a bit of a hobby of mine, circumcising young men,  
but I've never done anything quite like this." He looked serious.  
"It's not as easy as I made it sound, but they really want it, so  
I decided to have a go."  
  
"How do you mean, not as easy?"  
  
"Well, for starters, Peter's been cut just a little bit tight."  
He laughed. "It's actually just the way I'd have done it myself,  
but I'm going to need to adjust the scar anyway, and we're a bit  
short of skin. Then again, Steven's skin isn't tight at all, but  
it is close-fitting. Peter hasn't had that pressure on his glans,  
so it's a little bit larger. So I shall have to cut Steven a bit  
tighter than maybe he realises. Bad luck, really."  
  
"For Steven, anyhow." He laughed, "Well, yes, for Steven.  
I'm going to take his frenum out, too."  
  
"Is that necessary?"  
  
"Probably not, no. Did you notice Peter had kept his?  
Incidentally, that was very nice work for an amateur. Anyway, I  
don't usually cut it out, and I expect Steven would be better off  
keeping it. It's a very American thing to do. They're mostly  
cut, of course, and they always seem to lose the frenum, which is  
why Americans' dicks tend too seem all alike, and all a bit bland.  
But it gives me just a little extra skin to play with, and I  
really want Peter to look good. If it works!"  
  
"So what are the chances? Of it all working OK?" I could  
see him weighing it up, but I got the feeling he'd go ahead,  
anyhow. Then he shrugged. "Steven will be happy, and he'll look  
good, that I can promise. Peter? I'll do my best. I think it's  
about fifty-fifty that he likes it when it's done. After all,  
it's the first time I've ever tried this one."  
  
Well, the great day dawned. "We'll have them in early,"  
said the boss. "They can sit around and think about it." So we  
called them for eight-thirty and booked the theatre for twelve.  
Usually they'd have been put in what we call "Damnation Alley",  
the row of beds in a corridor that day-surgery patients have, My  
boss pulled strings, and we fixed a room with two beds for them.  
I don't know what sort of deal he did with the accountants.  
Whatever it was, Peter was going to have to stay in till the graft  
of his twin's foreskin healed a bit, a day or too at least, maybe  
more. When I went to see them, about half ten or so, they both  
looked really strung up with anticipation. I wondered if I envied  
them, and decided I did. I made them strip and put on surgical  
gowns, which usually open at the back, but in this case had to be  
worn back-to-front. As they changed, it was obvious that Steven  
was beginning to get a slight hard.  
  
"Hey," I said, "what's this? If you get a hard-on after  
the op you'll bust your stitches. You ought to do something about  
that." I twitched Peter's gown open, and as I expected, he too  
was becoming excited. "Christ, it'd be bad enough for Steven, but  
it would be a disaster for you!"  
  
Peter grinned. "Why don't you do something about it,  
then?" he asked. I had hoped he might. I locked the door and  
covered the judas-window. Then the twins, two fabulous, muscular  
hunks of manhood, dropped their flimsy cotton gowns on the bed and  
stood revealed in all their glory, with ten inches or more apiece,  
standing straight and proud, one circumcised, one uncircumcised,  
both about to be changed for good. What a choice! Still, as I  
say, I'm uncut myself so I went for the uncut one first. I'd get  
other chances to suck an uncut cock that was going to be cut, but  
not the other way. I wanted the more interesting one second. I  
knelt before them. The thought that this was the last time either  
of them would have sex in quite the same way, the last time before  
the cutting and uncutting, had made both the twins sexually high  
as kites. There was pressure behind Steven's cock that would  
drive a power-station. I knelt in front of him and nibbled gently  
at his foreskin. It slipped a little forward, and I ran my tongue  
inside it and probed into Steven's cock-eye with the tip. I  
caressed it and teased it, and took more and more of the head and  
shaft into my mouth, pressing with my lips so his foreskin slid  
back over the rim. I applied my tongue with care to the exposed  
glans. After the circumcision it would never be as sensitive  
again. Then he leant forward, and I took the shaft deep down my  
throat. It was far too huge for me to take it all, but I eased it  
back and sucked hard on the cock-head.  
  
"Oh God, that's wonderful," Steven cried. "More,  
more......". Then he gave a great gasp, and I felt my mouth fill  
with the salt-sweet taste of cum. It felt as if he had shot a  
pint into me, for his spasms and gasps went on for almost a  
minute. Then I let his cock-head slip from my mouth and stood up.  
"Christ, you little cock-sucker, you really know what you're  
doing, don't you!" he gasped. I smiled.  
  
Meanwhile Peter was becoming impatient. "Come on, don't  
make a meal of it," he groaned. The pressure in his testicles had  
built up as he watched me sucking his brother's cock, and he was  
almost ready to explode. I didn't want that quite yet, though.  
Carefully I licked the shaft of his circumcised weapon. His  
excitement grew, but I would not give him release. I licked his  
balls, which seemed to pulse and throb with their load. Slowly,  
lovingly, tantalisingly I teased them with my lips, them gently  
nibbled the shaft of his penis. At last I reached the head. I  
tickled the frenum lightly with my tongue, then kissing the naked  
glans, I sucked it into my mouth. I could tell that I must make  
the most of the very few seconds remaining, as Peter was now  
shivering and groaning with excitement. I parted the lips of the  
cock-eye with my tongue and slipped the tip of it into the  
piss-tube. I felt the salt taste of piss and cum on my tongue. I  
had seen that the meatus was big, but I had never expected to get  
the soft tip of my tongue so far into the channel. It must have  
been the trigger. Peter gave a deep, convulsive shudder, and I  
took his mighty shaft deep, deep into my throat. A tidal wave of  
semen coursed into my mouth as I rocked to his shuddering thrusts.  
  
You can imagine that by that time I too was erect, my cock  
held fast in the tightness of my briefs. The twins looked at the  
bulge where it strained to burst through the fabric of my pants,  
then without a word they both reached for my zip. I moved away.  
I wanted to keep my excitement pure for the operations I would see  
later. They must be drained of sex in case they were damaged by  
their uncontrollable randiness. I could enjoy watching the double  
operation as I stifled the pressure in my groin. Later I would  
unloose the flood.  
  
So the twins got back into their surgical gowns, ready for  
the healing knife, and I made them ready. I shaved them  
absolutely clean round the genitals and gave them the tablets  
prescribed by my boss, to calm them before the procedure.  
  
Then I called the orderlies to wheel them to the theatre.  
They lay their on the tables, which we had placed parallel to each  
other and close together so my boss could turn from one to the  
other as fast as possible. I stood by him with needles and  
scalpels and other instruments ready to hand to him. I gave him a  
loaded hypodermic, and he slowly, carefully found the nerves at  
the base of Steven's member, blocking them off with the  
anaesthetic till he was numb from root to glans.  
  
A second hypo was meant for Peter. My boss took it in his hand,  
then gave it back to me. "Tissue," he said. I could see that a  
tiny dribble of cum had formed at the tip of Peter's cock. The  
boss wiped it away and as he turned and gave me the tissue to  
dispose of, he raised one eyebrow at me. I think I blushed. I  
could see that Peter did! Then the needle did its work, and when  
Peter too was numb, the boss began his work.  
  
It was Peter he began with. The site of the new foreskin  
had to be cleaned, with great care. Then the boss opened up the  
scarline of the old circumcision. At the first cut my own cock  
twitched. The boss explained things as he went along. "I have to  
use the site of the old scar, because it's neater if only one scar  
is visible. It'll show up quite a lot at first, but it should  
fade away fairly soon. Can you feel that at all?" Peter shook  
his head. "No, but Chris can," he said, and grinned. "Well,  
that's as may be," I replied. The boss was cutting through the  
skin with great care, at an angle of about forty-five degrees.  
"We have to be sure we are binding to a layer of skin with a lot  
of nerves and blood-vessels, so the graft takes and you get good  
sensation." By following the original scar and holding the shaft  
skin away with forceps, he slit through the skin on the top  
surface straight across the shaft, but beneath he cut forwards  
towards the tip, leaving a triangle of skin with its apex pointed  
towards the frenum. He slit the frenum, parting it from below the  
skin but leaving it in place. "We'll, just let that settle for a  
moment." The cut ends bled a little, but he had been careful to  
avoid the veins, which I could see exposed.  
  
"Now for Steven. New scalpel please, Chris. In an  
ordinary circumcision there are several places you can make the  
cut, closer or further from the head would be my choice. This  
time, though, it has to be just right, because it has to match  
Peter, so you have to trust my eye." He laughed. You two are  
lucky. You're practically the same size. That's one place where  
some twins can be different."  
  
Of course his eye was perfect. He picked up the shaft  
skin with the forceps and slipped the point of the blade below the  
skin. The need to make Steven's severed foreskin match Peter's  
circumcision scar meant that the cut on the top surface was  
straight as a ruler, while beneath he had to slit forwards again.  
  
"I'm sorry, but I have to take out your frenum so I can  
give Peter just a little bit of extra play in his foreskin. So  
I'm leaving this little triangular flap to match up just beneath  
the glans where I removed it."  
  
"Fine by me," said Steven. "Just try and leave me enough  
slack so I can enjoy myself! You know it feels very strange. I  
can fell the pull on my skin, but I can't feel the cut at all."  
  
"Do you want to?" "No way!" "Thought not."  
  
"I felt it," said Peter. "When they did it to me it hurt  
like buggery."  
  
"I'll tell you something," the boss said. "I have done it  
without anaesthetics, once in a while, and it always seems to be  
putting in the sutures that hurts the most."  
  
By now he was making the second cut, to free the front of  
the skin. "If I was doing this in the ordinary way," he said,  
"I'd make several cuts, to get each one right for the edges to  
match. I can't do that here, because it damages the foreskin. Of  
course usually that doesn't matter, because we would be throwing  
it away, but today it does! Anyhow, it means your scar may not  
look absolutely perfect, but if so, we'll fix it later, when it  
heals. Now, it's just the cut around the shaft...." he performed  
it as he spoke "....and the cuts underneath to free the frenum."  
Above the shaft he had made the cut in exactly the same place as  
Peter's, perhaps three-quarters of an inch behind the cock-head.  
Beneath, he drew the razor-sharp blade close to the glans and  
right up into the the trianglebeneath the cock-eye, slitting the  
frenum carefully away. One nick, right at the point beneath the  
meatus, and the foreskin came away in a single piece. He pulled  
it free and held it up in a pair of forceps, showing it to Steven,  
to Peter and to me. Then I help out a bowl and he placed it  
inside.  
  
"OK, time to work fast," said the boss. He spent a moment  
or two checking the bleeding points on Steven's newly circumcised  
penis, then turned back to Peter, leaving Steven unsutured. The  
remaining shaft-skin had slipped back and exposed the shining red  
shaft inside. "This is the tricky bit," he went on, "so all of  
you, give a little prayer!" With thin, precise fingers, he fitted  
Steven's foreskin to Peter's penis, matching the cut ends  
carefully. I handed him coarse sutures, each with its attached  
needle, and he tacked the skin neatly into place. Then I handed  
him finer ones for the real work.  
  
He is an artist, the boss, there is no doubt about it.  
His stitches were as fine as embroidery, and in less than a minute  
he had fixed the back of Peter's new foreskin. "Not too tight, or  
we cut off too much of the blood-supply, not too loose, or the  
scar won't join up and heal nicely.  
  
"What happens then?" It was Steven who asked, concerned  
about the fate of the foreskin which had been part of him.  
  
"Then it probably falls off, and we have to re-circumcise  
Peter to tidy him up. Of course this is the easy one of the two  
joins, but it's the bit which is going to be visible, so I do it  
first to make sure it's right." He completed the last knot of the  
sutures.  
  
"Now the inner join, this needs to be the finest sutures  
we have." I handed them to him. He started by carefully matching  
the tip of what had been Steven's frenum to the slit he had made  
in Peter's to receive it. The two rows of stitches which held it  
in place were almost invisibly fine. Then, with the utmost care  
and precision, he sutured the two cut edges. "You know, I  
couldn't have attempted this if your skin had been even a fraction  
tighter," he said. "As it is you'll have to pray it doesn't  
bruise too much, or you won't be able to bear the first couple of  
days." He continued his stitching, sliding the needle in and out  
of the skin, knotting the sutures together, holding Peter's  
shaft-skin where it would mate with his twin's unwanted prepuce.  
When he had inserted the last suture, the boss stood up straight,  
then leant down again. The skin had been retracted, to allow him  
to work on the exposed inner side. With a single movement he  
rolled it forward. Peter had been de-circumcised!  
  
Steven need far fewer stiches to fix the cut edges of his  
newly circumcised cock-skin together, but they were inserted as  
carefully as his brother's. All the money in the world can't buy  
the sort of attention to detail the boss can bring to his work.  
"Right," he said, "I think we've done it, but we shan't be sure  
for at least forty-eight hours. During that time you are both  
going to be very sore indeed. Steven can get up and move around.  
We'll give you a loose dressing-gown. Take care." He grinned,  
and I new what he meant. You can't imagine how tender a new  
circumcision can make a guy until you've seen him hobbling  
carefully around, not daring to enter a crowded lift, not even  
daring to sit down too quickly. "Peter has to stay immobile for  
twenty four hours at least. You have to keep the foreskin back  
for that time, too, to start the healing properly. I'll give you  
a strong sedative as well, because if you get an erection you'll  
pull the stitches and I'll have been wasting my time. Chris will  
look after you. Wheel 'em away, Chris." I called the orderlies,  
and we gently took them back to their own room.  
  
We watched them carefully for several days. By that time  
Steven had left the hospital, in fact he was only in for one  
night. Peter, of course, was on various drugs to keep him sedated  
and dopey for a couple of days, after which he started to move  
around, very, very carefully. At the end of four days it was  
obvious that the graft was taking. His twin's foreskin was  
growing as naturally into place as if it had always been there.  
The boss sent him home, warning against sex and alcohol, and the  
other good things in life. It was about six weeks before I saw  
them again. The boss called me to his office. "Peter and Steven  
are in the waiting-room," he said. "I thought that since you saw  
the op, you might like to see how they've done. I'm very pleased  
with the result."  
  
And when I saw it, so was I. Of course, Steven's had been  
more or less an ordinary circumcision, and you'd expect that to  
look good. After all, the boss is a fine surgeon. A neat scar  
ran round the shaft of his penis where the knife had been, and a  
few tiny marksshowed the site of the stitches, but these were  
already fading. The only way you would have guessed that his was  
a recent circumcision was the colour of the glans. It was still  
the soft purple colour it had been when it was covered, rather  
than the rougher pinker surface that you get if you are done as a  
child. Where the frenum had been, there was a little know of  
skin, where the boss had needed to put a suture to hold the little  
triangle of shaft-skin he'd created to replace the frenum and fix  
it to the cock-head, and this pulled the meatus down and a little  
open. The meatus had been large before, and now it looked  
sensational.  
  
"How do you feel about it, Steven?" asked the boss.  
  
"It's terrific," he replied. "It's just what I've always  
wanted. I even think the head has grown a little already." He  
was smiling broadly, and blushing a little. "Of course, it was a  
bit uncomfortable at first."  
  
"But worth it?"  
  
"Every time!!" He stood there, looking down at his penis.  
I've seen it before, the look of pride some guys get after they've  
been circumcised. Every time I see it, I wonder if it would work  
for me.  
  
"Good," said the boss. "Because I don't think we could  
put it back again. Now what about you, Peter?"  
  
It was Peter I was really interested in, and obviously so  
was the boss. After all, you don't get a chance like that more  
than once in a lifetime. His twin brother's foreskin was now  
growing at the end of his cock. I could see it had attached  
itself and settled down. You could still see the scar on the  
outside, probably you always would be able to tell where it was,  
but it had already faded and the skin was smooth, smoother than  
most circumcision scars, I thought. I wondered what the scar on  
the inside looked like.  
  
"It's terrific," he said. You just can't know how it  
feels to have iot back!"  
  
"Well, no," said the boss, obviously I can't, quite.  
Anyhow, you're happy with it? No discomfort?"  
  
"Not now." He grinned. "It was bloody agony at first,  
when the drugs wore off, even with that spray you gave us. But  
now, it's brilliant!!"  
  
"Well, I'm very relieved," said the boss. "You know, we  
were taking a risk, but it seems to have paid off. And you like  
it, which is the main thing. Only one question left for both of  
you, in fact. Does it work?"  
  
"We haven't liked to try," said Peter.  
  
"Not without your say-so," added Steven.  
  
"Oh, I should think so." The boss looked very hard at me.  
"I don't have another appointment this afternoon, so I must be  
off. You won't mind if I leave you in Chris's capable hands.  
That's OK, Chris, isn't it?"  
  
Wasn't it just! He was hardly out the room before the  
door was locked and we were all three stark bollock naked.  
  
"Be gentle" Steven said. "Yes, it might be a bit tender.

It hasn't been used since the last time you saw it!" added Peter.  
I did not speak but dropped to my knees. First in front of  
Steven, the beautiful uncovered glans of his virgin circumcision  
right before my eyes. I put my lips to it. The cushion of flesh  
was still sensitive, I could tell, and I teased it with my tongue,  
then ran my tongue-tip round his scar. Steven groaned softly in  
pleasure. Is there anything more sensitive than a just-healed  
circumcision? I took the little not of skin where his frenum had  
been between my teeth, and nibbled it gently. It was too much,  
and I had only a second or two before he cried "Oh God, Oh God,  
aaaaahhh, no, no!" The wave of cum he had suppressed for so long  
filled my mouth with its salty, bitter wonderful taste. He  
clutched his testicles and moaned, as his unused nuts regained  
their feeling and took their revenge.  
  
"Now me, now me," cried Peter. "Oh God, I need this.  
Suck me, suck me."  
  
I turned to him, and in an instant he was on me. He  
stuffed his cock into my mouth, and as I tried to clamp my lips  
shut on it, he began to mouth-fuck me. After a few strokes I  
could take no more and pulled my head away. In front of my face  
was the rarest sight in the world, a man whose cock carried his  
own twin-brother's foreskin. It fitted tightly, but I stretched  
it back and it rolled over the glans, back and back till it would  
go no further. The scar had healed perfectly inside and I ran my  
tongue along it, It was smooth as silk, and because it had been  
kept moist beneath the foreskin, it was even more sensitive than  
Steven's. Peter swayed, and I thought he was going to pass out  
with the intensity of the sensation. His cock was like a ramrod,  
and the head looked almost as if it would burst under the  
pressure. I took the shaft in my mouth again, and pulled at the  
skin with my lips until it covered the head. I felt it with my  
tongue. It projected a little, and I nibbled the little rose that  
formed at the end, then bit it, gently at first, then, as Peter  
cried "More, more," harder and harder. One last sharp bite, and  
Peter gave a great rending cry and buried his cock-head deep in my  
throat. As he did so the pent-up cumgushed from his penis, pints  
and pints of it, or so it felt, straight down my throat. The  
agonising pleasure in Peter's groin forced one more short, hoarse  
cry out of him, then he collapsed on the couch, almost fainting.  
I too was so high with excitement, that when Steven reached  
forward, roughly grabbing my cock, it needed only a few short  
strokes and my own cum covered Peter's prostrate body.  
  
They looked at me. "Well, Chris," said Steven. "Last and  
first. And I hope many other times, too."