

The Revision

By CutBator F

Edited by Big Billie

Author's Note. This story is 100% fiction and is for mature readers only. If you are under 18 please leave now. Please note that all my stories are written for enjoyment only and are not intended to give anyone ideas on what to do, what to try, or who to do things with. The actions taken in my stories should stay in your mind only and should not be expanded to real life situations.

Randy never expected to receive this kind of letter. At 41 years old he had seen a lot of different crazy governments and politicians go in and out but after the win of the National Feminist Party in last year's general election things had taken quite a turn.

A bunch of pro-women and pro-feminist enactments were being discussed and had been passed. One of the star proposals of the party had been a series of laws and executive orders known as the Female Protection and Equalization Acts. These were a comprehensive set of executive orders and new laws had been passed on everything from payment gaps, education, health, and so on, all radically in favor of women's and girls' rights. Finally, together with this set of proposals, a very radical one, the Mandatory Male Routine Infant Circumcision and Standardization Act (known as the MMR Act) had also been enacted.

There was much public discussion and controversy about this new law. Its proponents sold it as a way to provide safety and health benefits for all boys while also protecting women and girls. Male circumcision, according to them, was safe for boys, and reduced STI transmission (including HIV) and secured a more effective hygiene for females.

Opponents of the law affirmed that these arguments were without merit, and that all infant circumcision (female and male) should be banned. Weirdly, however, some religious groups supported the new law, preferring universal circumcision to no circumcision at all.

The NFP party members presented (fake) studies affirming that RIC'd males are much less likely to molest or prey on women or girls. Universal, compulsory RIC, they claimed, would create a much safer environment for female development. They pushed this line in the media, using advertisement, interviews and a series of strategies to put the public, especially the women, firmly behind it.

In the end both the Congress and Senate passed the law by large majority votes. There were protests but by now the Supreme Court was controlled by radical National Feminist Party militants who endorsed the legislation.

The new law included a very controversial article known as the Legacy Clause. This required all males to be reviewed by a medical expert to ensure compliance with the circumcision guidelines; any male that did not was to be re-circumcised.

So though Randy was circumcised at birth, he knew a citation was coming.

He opened the blue envelope which had pictures of happy guys and boys smiling and the Health Secretary's logo on it. Inside was a notice which read as follows:

Mandatory Male Circumcision & Women Protection Program

Standardization and Reviewing Procedures

Medical Citation for Circumcision Revision

Hello / Subject / **Randall B. Morris**

Social Security: **122-34-6673**

As per the Mandatory Male Routine Infant Circumcision and Standardization Act you are required to assist and review tests for Legacy Compliance and file creation.

Your assigned physician is:

Lauren Alton MD

Location: Westwood Clinic, 1410 Green Forest Street, TX

Hour: 14:15

Date: June 23rd

Please have in mind the following on attendance at your appointment:

- The test may be completed as an individual or on a group basis.
- It is advised that you wear sporty or casual wear in order to speed up the process. The use of socks or underwear is discouraged.
- Please shower thoroughly before your appointment.
- Photographic registers and body measurements may be required; all information is confidential and shared only with the Secretary of Health and the Judicial System and its branches.
- Failure to attend and assist at this appointment is a Federal Felony. Only medical emergencies will be accepted as valid justifications.

For more information visit: **mmr.health.gov**

Instructions for parents and males under 18 years of age are available here:
mmr.health.gov/healthforboys

Regards.

He added the appointment as a reminder in his cell phone and set the letter apart; he then left for the gym session he was heading to when the mail came in.

A few weeks later Randy heard a beep on his phone that woke him up and looked at the screen:

"October 23rd, 14:15 ...(crazy government stuff)... appointment"

Shit! That damn appointment is today! Thus were his thoughts as he sent a rushed email to his boss asking for the day off.

He got up and made himself breakfast, then turned on the TV to watch the news; Secretary of Education Lena Farrow was on, discussing with the hosts about a new education program to be implemented soon in order to equalize and provide more security for girls around the country, and to focus boys on what really mattered. It was called Education for Boys Program.

He sighed, quickly changed the channel, and put on an old episode of *Seinfeld* on Netflix.

After finishing breakfast, and since he was given the day off, he decided do a quick home workout and then get ready to go to the clinic.

When he had finished showering he recalled something in the letter about no underwear and socks allowed; so he just threw on some black sweat shorts, a white tee shirt and a sweater, then put on some old sneakers (no socks) and got going.

As he was driving to the clinic, Randy thought about what the appointment would entail; he knew most guys would get a second appointment after, and there were even some who said that they had to get re-cut, or have some crazy things done to them. However, no one would talk about it much since it appeared there was some serious and strict NDA that had to be signed before and after, and there would be serious consequences if this was broken.

Arriving now at the clinic Randy noticed two heavily armed police officers at the entrance and another one inside, right by where the reception was. The place seemed like a small private practice though with a guy waiting in some small seating area only.

"Good afternoon, I have a 2:15 appointment with Lauren Alton" said Randy as he approached the receptionist's desk.

"Hello, surely, is this for the revision?" Said the receptionist, a blonde girl with long hair and a nice smile.

"Yeah. I got a letter...", he answered.

"Surely. Can I have your name?" She asked.

"Randall Morris"

The receptionist searched on her computer for a moment then went back to Randy

"Got you Mr. Morrison. You will be up in office 4. Just walk down that hallway and then make a left. Please complete this in the waiting room right outside," she said and handed Randy some forms and papers to fill and sign. "Oh, and I also need you to leave your cellphone with me. It is compulsory," she said, and handed Randy a ziploc bag to place it in.

Randy got the papers then walked down the hallway as instructed. Right in the middle Randy noticed there was a metal detector placed with another armed officer, a woman this time.

"Hello sir," said the officer. "I need you to please stand up, with your hands at your sides and your legs open, so I can do a quick check." Randy did as told and the woman felt him all over his clothes; she opened his ass cheeks wide and even felt him down his groin and perineum.

"Thanks," she continued, "Now please remove your shoes and pass over the detector." He passed through, no sound, and no light lit up.

"Have a good afternoon, sir," the guard said, finally letting him move forward.

He made a left then got to a small waiting room with some chairs and a water dispenser. There were some medication ads on the walls, and government propaganda posters. In the room he saw a boy about 12 or so filling out the same forms he was given; like Randy he had on some grey sweat shorts, but was wearing flip flops instead of sneakers.

"Good afternoon," said Randy.

The boy looked up quickly with a bit of a nervous face and said "Hey!"

"Is this Dr. Alton's office?" Randy asked.

"I think so. They sent me to wait here. I have some sort of appointment at 14:15, not sure what is for," the boy answered.

Randy felt there might have been some sort of an error, but in any case he would let the boy go in first if they were both called at the same time. He laughed nervously and said to the boy:

"Well I have one at the same hour. Maybe one of us will get lucky and be sent home without going through it..."

After 15 minutes waiting, and with Randy having filled in all the forms, which included as expected a Non-Disclosure Agreement; a middle aged woman with short red hair and brown eyes opened the door right behind where Randy and the boy were sitting. She had soft pink lipstick on and was wearing black leather boots and a short skirt under a doctor's coat.

"I'm looking for Morrison and Phillip, that is Randall Morrison and Kendall Phillip," she said while reading from a tablet.

"I'm Randall Morrison," said Randy as he got up from his chair.

"Kendall here," said the boy, almost at the same time.

The woman turned around and looked at them.

"Right, yeah. You are the 2:15 ones. Please come in."

Randy, a bit confused, replied: "I have a 2:15 but he can go first, no problem!"

The woman looking kind of irritated replied: "No you are both scheduled at 02:15. We need to go fast with these revisions. I'm sure you received all this information previously. The revision may be done in groups if necessary. Now please come in fast."

The boy got up from his chair and walked through the door, looking as baffled as Randy was. He decided it was not a good idea to discuss much about this and entered the room behind the boy. The woman came right after them and closed the door.

Inside it seemed like an old regular doctor's office to Randy. There was a desk with a laptop and some folders, a cabinet with various instruments in a corner, and an examination table with stirrups on, which he thought was kind of weird. He also noticed some sort of photo-ready booth in the back corner.

"I'm doctor Alton. Please have a seat," said the woman, pointing at two chairs behind the desk. "I've been assigned to revise your circumcision status and create your government file in order to comply with the Mandatory Male Circumcision & Women Protection Program and its legacy clause which, as you know, requires all penises to be standardized according to the new male circumcision specifications. I am now required to read the clause out loud in order to make sure you understand the reason for this visit." She then read the following from her computer screen.

"Legacy Clause: This mandates all uncut males to be cut according to standards and all cut ones who do not meet the all the new standards are to be re-circumcised. When this has been done the male will be assigned a MMR or penis code that will have multiple uses including ID and citizen validation uses."

The doctor continued: "It seems from your files that you both have been already circumcised at birth. However, I need to make sure that your circumcision complies in order to be able to register you properly; if it does not another appointment will be set to correct any defect that I find. Then the registration will be completed. Remember that a complete registration will be very important in the future, once the Penile ID and coding articles begin to be implemented. Today you must follow all my instructions. If you do not an officer will be brought in to make you comply, or to arrest you.

Now, please go ahead and remove your shoes, pants and any socks or underwear if you have them on. You can put them on the hangers behind you. Then come take a seat again."

Randy and Kendall looked at each other while sitting side by side. Randy got up first and walked right behind his seat. He removed his shoes and put them right behind his chair. He then swiftly lowered his shorts and took them off. He didn't hang them. He just threw them onto the floor over his sneakers. He kept his tee shirt and sweater on. His cut dick was now out, totally flaccid, in front of two strangers, a female doctor and a boy.

Kendall followed right after; he threw his sandals away and took his shorts off, showing his cut dick, much smaller than Randy's for sure. As instructed they turned back to their seats.

Meanwhile Dr. Alton was working with some files on the computer. She didn't even look at them while they were undressing, acting just as if no one was there. Once they were sitting again she said:

"All right! I need you to each take one of these now." She then handed each of them a small blue and yellow pill, and a water bottle. "Actually, Mr. Phillip, you just take half a pill."

Randy and Kendall took the water and the pill. The boy couldn't get it in half so Randy helped him divide it. Then each swallowed their part. The doctor just sat behind the desk while checking at her telephone this time. After they were finished she got up and walked towards the examination table. "Who's coming first?" She said while pointing at it with her red long nail.

"I, I guess I can go," said Randy.

"Nice. Please hop on the table and put each leg on one stirrup. I have given you both a pill that will facilitate a controlled erection by the way. This is government required for all revisions," said Doctor Alton. "If you feel a little dizzy or a headache it should pass within the next 2 hours."

As Randy got on the table he was starting to feel a bit weird, like he had a hard on coming; but he was not really excited or horny, more like nervous and a bit scared. He put each leg on the stirrup with the doctor's help ending up in a totally new and exposed position with his ass, dick and balls fully exposed. He could see Kendall still sitting at the doctor's desk, looking straight up to the other wall as if trying to ignore what he knew was happening.

The doctor pulled a small metal seat from behind the table and placed it right in front of Randy's exposed dick. She sat on it and started the revision:

"Ok Mr. Morrison," she said: "We have here that you are 41 years old, SS 122-34-6673, from Pinewood District. Correct?"

"Correct," said Randy with his eyes closed.

She continued: "Nice. Now I'm gonna start with your circumcision revision. Do you consent to this?"

Did he have an option? Randy thought. "Yes," he said.

She then took a tablet and pressed something; then she started talking out loud. "Reviewing process for standardization MMR Program Legacy Clause. Dr. Lauren Alton. Subject 122-34-6673. Penis ID. Not available. Revision begins"

Doctor Alton put some medical gloves on and some sort of a light on her head, which appeared to have a small camera affixed to it; then she started asking Randy some other questions. "Mr. Morrison, were you circumcised at birth or at any other age? Can you remember?"

"I think at birth. I don't recall much but I have always been cut," he answered.

"Thanks," the doctor continued. "Subject presents Routine Infant Circumcision pre MMR, starting comparative checks and status."

She then reached her hand to Randy's cock and started moving it around, side to side, and inspecting it. His dick was now fully erect because of the medication given.

Doctor Alden continued talking out loud to her tablet. "As per initial overview, RIC seems to have been completed using a Gomco Clamp. Current scar location on penis about 2 cm below the glans," she said while moving her head closer to his cock. "Scar is very visible and the penis has a marked two skin toned look because of it. Status of scar: Needs revision to comply. Recommended procedure: Manual scar adjustment in surgery. Chemical skin tone unifying peeling".

Randy's cock was as hard as it had ever been, a full rage on exposed erection right in front of the doctor's face; he was however feeling very numb and almost unable to move properly or speak, as if it were all a distant dream.

She continued with the revision calmly and methodically. "Frenulum Revision, hints of frenulum are still present in the shaft and up to the glans," she said while holding his erection in her hand and looking up and down. "There is a ridge present; however, it is not completely smooth and could be further enlarged. Initial RIC failed to provide complete frenulum excavation as per required in MMR procedure. Recommended procedure: Manual and laser total re-frenectomy with excavation level 3. Laser skin smoothing treatment.

"Movement revision," Dr Alton said; then she grabbed Randy's cock and started jacking it off up and down, slowly but firmly. "Inner skin still presents some movement when erect. Recommended procedure, up to 2 cm of additional shaft skin removal and re-attachment to root; additional radial frequency waves and lifting treatments should be used for further movement minimization."

The doctor got up and put her tablet on the small seat she was in. She then walked towards her desk where Kendall was still sitting. "Mr. Phillips," she said, referring to the boy. "I see you are now sporting a full erection, do you feel alright?"

"My head hurts a bit," the boy responded. "Am I finished now?" He asked, with a clearly intoxicated tone of voice.

"Not yet, but Mr. Morrison almost is. Please come over to the other side of the room so you can jump on the table as soon as he is done," said the doctor while guiding the boy to the examination table where Randy was, with his legs wide open. She pulled another stool from under the table and placed it on the side next to the man. "Sit here."

The woman then pulled up an auxiliary medical table with instruments on it, and placed it in front of Randy. She took a seat again and grabbed her tablet.

"Keratinization level: visual revision indicates a medium level of keratinization. The glans skin has clear signs of dryness. The shaft, however, does not seem to be keratinized according to standard. She took what seemed like a magnifying glass out of the auxiliary table and took a closer look. Recommended

Procedure: Alcoholic and defoliant solution every 12 hours, applied directly to penis, required for 12 months; then revision," she continued.

Randy could hear the doctor talking in the background. He could barely keep his head up. He felt like it was all a mental trip. The only thing he was aware of was his huge erection, which kept getting harder, and hurt a bit. He had never felt so much blood fill up his penis before.

Then Dr. Alton took what seem to be a sort of a machine out of the auxiliary table drawer with various different sized electrodes and started to place them on Randy's cock and groin; one was right under the cleft where the frenulum was, another was at the root of his penis, another was at the scar level, and two big ones were under each side of the belly button; she pulled his sweater and shirt a bit up to do this.

The doctor also took what seemed to be two small syringes. "We are going to do now a final sensitivity test, Mr. Morrison. I am going to inject you with a special substance so that you will not ejaculate. This is done in order to avoid any sexual connotation to the examination." She then proceeded to inject a syringe right directly into Randy's ball sack and another right above the scar where one electrode was.

"Sensitivity Test begins," she said to the tablet.

The tablet's screen lit up and displayed some information:

Level 1: Former Frenulum Area Test beginning.

An electrode on Randy's penis, the one placed in the cleft where his frenulum was, started vibrating and heating up a bit. Then a series of electric impulses began. His cock was swinging up and down, hitting his belly button, then back up. It took about 4 minutes and the impulses were higher and stronger each time. Randy's eyes were blank and he was softly moaning. His back went up and down on the table where he lay. This was not what he wanted, but the pleasure was so intense that he couldn't avoid it. Suddenly the machine stopped:

Current Sensitivity Ratio: 68% loss

Required Ratio: 85%-95% loss

The doctor hit another button on the machine and the machine lit up again.

Level 2: Penis Shaft Test beginning.

This time the electrodes located on Randy's scar and on the root of his cock began moving, and electric waves of a different kind past through his cock, with more heat this time. His cock was violently moving from side to side. Another four minutes passed. Now Randy's legs and belly were full of pre-seminal liquid.

Current Sensitivity Ratio: 54% loss

Required Ratio: 90%-97% loss

Dr. Alton pressed another button on the machine. it took a short time to load, then the screen began to display information again:

Overall Penile Sensitivity and Tightness Analysis beginning.

Now all electrodes that were placed began moving and heating up; the one on his frenulum was shocking him with short electric hits while the ones on his shaft and belly were giving lengthy electric waves; his cock was moving violently up and down and side to side making it seem like it was going in circles. Randy's was now a bit more awake and felt the urgent need to cum but just could not do it. His toes were all curled up on the stirrups where his feet were.

The machine kept doing this for about 6 minutes. This time Randy felt his cock was about to explode but just couldn't ejaculate. It was an extreme sensation. He felt the cum right at the tip of his cock but was not able to shoot. He was now sweating intensely and agitated. Even the paper that had been put on the table and his sweater were now full of pre-cum and wet. He kept asking the doctor to stop. She just ignored him and texted on her cell phone. Finally, a beep sounded and the machine turned off. Then its screen lit up:

Overall Male Sexual Organ Sensitivity: 63% loss

MMR Approved Levels: 85%-97% loss

Tightness Results: Level 2

MMR Approved Levels: Levels 5 and up

ACTIONS REQUIRED

Kendall witnessed the whole process from the side of the table where he was now sitting. His eyes were wide open and he seemed scared and surprised. He couldn't say much, though, as his crotch felt numb despite his raging hard-on.

The doctor got up from her seat and removed the electrodes from Randy's still super hard cock. She did it quickly and with no care. Then she began talking to her tablet again.

"Test Completed. Please attach results to Randall Morrison's file. Recommended procedures: laser removal of an additional 15% to 20% of active nerve endings in the penis shaft and glans with device to be decided."

With that, the doctor moved over to the back of the office and took out what seem to be a metric ruler, an orchidometer, and some sort of foot measuring tool, and brought them over.

"We are almost done, Mr. Morrison. We just need to take some measurements and photographs for your archive profile," said the doctor, placing the instruments to one side.

She took the ruler and placed it on Randy's cock, carefully measuring it from root to head. "6.6 inches, or 17 cm. when fully erected. Presents a non-noticeable tilt to the right," she said.

Dr. Alton then took one of Randy's balls in one hand and the orchidometer in the other, and compared each level on it until it matched the level on Randy's testicles. "Level 20. Complete testicular development."

She put both devices aside and took the foot measuring tool. The device looked like a ruler but it marked the shoe size that would fit him, just like the ones used at some shoe stores. Dr. Alton reached for the stirrups and took Randy's right, and then his left, foot in her hand and measured each of them. "Size 12.5 US. Regular width," she corroborated.

"So we are done with this part, Mr. Morrison," the doctor continued. "Can you please get up on and come with me for the photographic register."

Randy suddenly felt a bit more awake, and, though a bit dizzy and heated up, he got off the table as fast as he could. He had some difficulties walking though, so the doctor helped him get to the corner, where a white floor-to-ceiling photographic backdrop was placed. It had lights on the sides and a tripod camera pointing right at it.

"Alright Mr. Morrison," the doctor said. "I need you to please stand up on the x marked on the floor and look right at the camera." Randy did so, still naked from the waist down and with a big boner, as big as it was at the beginning, feeling still confused and drugged. The doctor moved over to the camera, then took a picture. Randy and Kendall noticed the intense flash.

"Thanks Mr. Morrison. Now please turn over to your left side." This time the doctor zoomed in on Randy's erection profile, took a picture, and then zoom out and took a full body one.

"Now to the other side please," she said, repeating the process. The doctor took the camera off the tripod then walked toward where Randy was. Her coat was more open now, showing her big breasts through the tiny blouse she was wearing. "I need to take a picture of your feet." She pointed the camera to Randy's bare feet and took a couple pics.

Finally she asked Randy to walk over to the other side, right by the table again. Next to Kendall there was what seemed like a weighing machine, but with a glass surface and flashing colors. "This is the digital footprint recorder. It will be used as standard ID for males in the future instead of a fingerprint, and in addition, of course, to the MMR Code and other information," she said. "Please step on it." Randy stepped on the machine with his cock almost touching Kendall's head. After a few seconds the machine beeped.

The doctor told Randy to get off the machine. Then she said: "Subject 122-34-6673 MMR Circumcision Revision Completed."

The tablet she had on hand showed some sort of loading page, and then what seemed to be a medical profile appeared on it. It had a lot of information on Randy's health, and for sure all the data collected. On the corner, in big letters, it said: PENIS ID MMR-L-334424-6. His name was under it in smaller letters

"That is it for today, Mr. Morrison, but you cannot leave just yet. Please go back to my desk. There is some water there for you. You can get dressed. I will be there in a minute to give you the information about your coming standardization procedure dates and requirements." She moved aside to let Randy pass and approached Kendall. "It's your turn now, Mr. Phillip. Please get up and jump on the table." The doctor moved the stirrups so they would fit Kendall's height. The boy could barely get up but with some help from the doctor he did. She helped him get up on the table and put his legs into the stirrups without removing the previous paper used by Randy.

"We have here that you are 12 years old, SS 132-33-9974, from Pinewood District. Correct?" The doctor said to the boy.

Randy was now sitting on the desk, with his back to the examination table, just as Kendall had been some minutes ago; but he could hear what the doctor was saying to Kendall:

"Nice. Now I'm gonna start with your circumcision revision. Do you consent to this?"

"Yeah...I guess" The boy said....