

The Procedure

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.

After the passage of the Mandatory Male Routine Infant Circumcision and Standardization Act a new multi-billion circumcision oriented industry quickly grew; medical devices, insurance companies, pharmaceutical companies, hospitals and universities, all created their own specialized departments in male circumcision and related fields.

This was incredibly good for the economy, with the NFP government using all related tax collected from the industry to pay for scholarships for girls and women, healthcare services for them and also to further extend their agenda on the media.

Also the big push of the circumcision industry created great technological advancements; specialized equipment is now available, made specifically to modify the penis according to MMR standards and methods.

At the end of his revision, Doctor Alton had explained to Randy that he did not comply with the required standards established in the law and hence, he had to assist to a standardization procedure in order to complete his process and be up to date. She explained that just as before a new letter with his appointment date would arrive soon.

One month passed since the revision experience and Randy had pretty much got back to normal. He was practically over the whole incident, even though he was not able to share the experience with anybody else. He was just about fine about it now. He didn't remember much of it anyway. Once in a while the subject would come up between friends at the bar but all the guys would suddenly start acting kind of weird and quickly change it. The ads supporting the new law were everywhere, however, on TV, radio, the internet. The publicity was not detailed; it merely stated that the government was working for the protection and well-being of everybody.

After a long day at the office, Randy came home to find another of the government envelopes under his door, this time with pictures of "empowered" women and girls working in different fields (as doctors, astronauts, politicians) all around. As before the envelope was embossed with the logo of the Secretary of Health. The correspondence also had the code MMR-L-334424-6 in big letters; and right under this was his name in much smaller sized font. Randy opened the envelope. There was a letter inside. It was an appointment for his MMR Procedure:

**“Mandatory Male Circumcision & Women Protection Programs
Standardization and Reviewing Procedures**

Medical Citation for Standardization Procedure

Penis ID: MMR-L-334424-6

Randall B. Morris

As per the Mandatory Male Routine Infant Circumcision and Standardization Act you are required to assist to you Standardization MMR Procedure

Location: Pinewood Elementary School

Hour: 18:00

Date: July 25th “

The letter as before contained a series of instructions including the use of loose clothing and the prohibition to wear socks and underwear. This time it also had a clause that required Randy to abstain from ejaculation for 24 hours beforehand (if ejaculation was plausible).

On the day of the procedure, Randy put on some white basketball shorts and a black tank top. It had been a really hot day so at least he was comfortable. He decided on a pair of flip flops this time and got going. Pinewood Elementary was just two blocks away so he walked there.

When arriving at the school he saw a big sign in the front lawn which read as follows:

**“GOMCO technology
Secretary of Health
Standardization Procedure Center**

If you have an appointment please direct yourself to the school gym; you can follow the path marked with arrows to get there.

Thank you”

Randy followed the path into the school until he got to the gym. At the door there was a line of about 15 other guys and some boys. There were armed guards walking around them, and another two guards at the door. A nurse was sitting behind an improvised desk right outside the entrance, and she was the one letting the guys in, one by one.

He got behind a tall blonde guy who seemed about 25 years old. “Hey how are you?” Randy said to the guy, who turned around quickly. “Well not as good as I might be” the man said signaling his fingers to his crotch. “I am Jackson.” Suddenly one of the guards came by and asked them to be quiet. “No interaction between subjects during the procedure please,” she said.

Jackson made a silly face and then turned back around, giving his back to Randy who got a bit nervous about all the security and harsh rules; but, like all other males, he had no other choice but to comply and stay in line.

One by one the guys were admitted inside the gym. From his place Randy could see that the nurse would ask them some information and then give them some sort of a badge, that they would hang around their necks right away, and a plastic bag.

After about 20 minutes in line it was almost time for him to get to the desk, he saw Jackson being called out and talking to the nurse for a bit but really couldn't hear as they had to keep some distance between each other, marked by some lines on the floor.

He finally saw Jackson; he was hanging the badge on his neck. He quickly turned around and winked at Randy while making a sort of sad face; he then walked to the gym entrance, where a guard opened one of the doors for him to get in.

After this, the nurse on the desk moved her arm up requesting Randy to come by. He now could see that she was very young, about 22 years old, with long black hair and olive skin.

"Hello! May have your MMR-ID number please?" She said to Randy. "I'm sorry. My what?" Randy answered.

"Your *MMR-ID* number; it should have given to you after your revision appointment. You guys should be learning these numbers by now..." She said sounding kind of frustrated. Then she continued: "Anyway, I can use your forename name and your surname name."

"Randall B Morris," Randy answered. "But you can call me Randy" he then added jokingly.

The girl did not seem to be in the mood for jokes. She just looked over to the laptop she had on the desk and started typing. "I have you here Randall Morrison ID 334424-6" she said. Then she started looking around in a pile of badges she had on the desk and picked one.

"You have been assigned to line 3. Please hang this badge on your neck and do not remove it for any reason while inside. I will also give you a bag so you can keep your belongings safe. Inside they will explain more to you. Now please proceed." The nurse continued, handing Randy a blue badge with a neck strap and the bag.

Randy took both things and saw that there was some writing on the badge. It read:

"ID 334424-6

Deficient RIC subject / 41 years

Procedures FRR / M / peel / level 2 to level 5

LINE 3"

He continued walking towards the entryway. Another female guard opened the door and he got in.

Inside the school gym there were 3 lines of medical tents installed end-to-end along the whole floor, each one was about 13 feet tall, but with no roof. They were similar to the ones used in weddings and emergency hospitals. They also seemed to form some sort of a tunnel from one side of the structure to the other. Each line had an access point with a metal detector and a guard and big signs indicating the line number. Randy's line was the one on the right, so we walked towards it.

He passed the detector and the guard touch up, and walked through to find what seemed to be an improvised locker room. There were about five metal benches placed side by side and a large table with two executive looking women behind it. Across the room, there was a water dispenser on the corner. Some TV screens were hanging by the benches in metallic supports. They were playing government and Gomco ads. Andy saw Jackson sitting at one of the benches and removing his socks.

"Hello sir, please come over," said one of the women on the big table. She had a business attire on. Randy passed by Jackson and got to her. Next to the table Randy saw a line of the equipment that was used in his revision, the devices that looked like futuristic weighing machines.

"Good evening," the woman who called for Randy said. "Please can you pull your badge close to the reader," she said, signaling at what seemed to be a card reader hooked to the computer she was working on.

Randy leaned and did as told. It made a sound and the woman started working on her computer. "Great, thanks for that," she said. "I have here ID 334424-6, Morris. Right?"

"Correct," said Randy.

"Thanks. My name is Sarah. Let me provide some instructions so the process is smooth and easy for you and for us. I will need you to please remove all of your clothing, and to put on the gown that is inside the container that you were given. By all I mean all, including watches and jewelry. Then you will put all of those clothes inside the container and bring it to me. Oh, I forgot. Please also get your cell phone in there. This is compulsory. Understood?"

"Alright," said Randy in a defeated tone. He then walked back to the benches and sat down to start undressing.

Jackson was sitting on a different bench, fully naked now, putting his clothes in the bag. His cut dick was out and fully flaccid.

"Hey, hey," he said to Randy, while going back to the desk on the back.

Randy started taking off his clothes. He basically had just two pieces of clothing on and his flip flops, so he quickly removed his shorts and shirt and put them away along with his phone. He put on the gown, which was a simple medical one with an open back but had a "Gomco Inc" logo on it, and then walked back to the women.

"Here you go," said Randy, handing the bag.

“Thanks,” she said. “Oh, Mr. Morrison, the sandals must go in too.”

Randy took off the flip flops and added them to the bag; right beside him Jackson was giving his bag to the other woman, a serious-looking Afro-Caribbean girl. She looked at both of them in their gowns and started talking:

“Ok, so this is how it’s gonna go. In the next area, which is located right through that pass, you will find an assigned space where you will have your procedure completed. The doctors and nurses inside will explain more but for now please be aware that you are required to provide semen for a DNA sample. Pretty much, you need to jerk one off.” She said this while moving her hand up and down doing the old “jerk off” gesture. “After you provide your samples, the doctor will start with the standardization according to what was established in your revision. This is a Gomco Inc sponsored facility, so the process will be completed using the latest tech equipment and tools, which is great for you. It should all be fairly painless and quick.”

Sarah was paying attention and as soon as the other woman finished she continued: “Thanks for that. As Angela said there, you are almost ready for step two. We now just need you to stand on the machines you see next to you to complete your enrollment and then,” as she smiled, pulled out two plastic cups, and put them on the table, “you will take these with you.”

Randy and Jackson did as instructed and stepped barefoot on one machine each. After a few seconds there was a sound, and a screen showed each guys MMR ID. Sarah then printed a sticker with the number on each one of the bags and threw them among a bunch of other bags. She also wrote down their respective IDs on the plastic sample cups.

“Will we get those back?” asked Jackson about the bags with their clothing.

“Sure, they should be ready for you when you are finished. I also have your procedure spaces ready. ID 334424-6 will get station 3, and ID 437464-3 station 9,” Sarah said nicely.

She continued: “By the way you need to take these as well. I forgot to tell you! Silly me! There is water on the corner.” She then handed each of them 4 pills, 2 yellow ones and 2 blue ones.

Randy and Jackson grabbed the cups and the pills and walked over to the water dispenser. It had some paper cones so they filled up the cups and took the pills.

“You nervous?” said Randy to Jackson.

“Oh well, I am, but not much we can talk about here right?”

Both guys moved to the other side of the room where a second entryway was located. It had some plastic curtains across it, so you couldn't see on the inside.

“So I’m at station 3, huh?” said Randy.

“Guess so, bro,” Jackson replied.

They walked passed the door to find a much larger room than the first one. It went almost through the whole length of the gym. On the right side there were about 15 stations with one stretcher bed, hospital equipment, and other machines on their side. Partitions were placed between them but they were not the regular ones as they were only about half the height of the ones used normally; you could clearly see, from anywhere in the room, which bed had a patient and which was empty.

This room was much more crowded and busy than the first one. There were a lot of nurses and doctors walking around, and about half the spaces were filled with men and boys. Some of the doctors were standing next to them, performing procedures, while others were talking to each other. All personnel in there, with exception of some janitors, were female.

Two nurses came close to the guys, who had just got into the room and were looking very surprised.

"Hello, can I have your ID?" one of them said to Jackson.

"I don't know that. I am Jackson Grove," he said.

The nurse checked on the tablet she had. "You have been assigned to number 9, please come with me."

Jackson followed her through the corridor.

"You must be 334424-6 then," said the other nurse to Randy. She seemed to be in her early 30's, short blonde curly hair, a bit overweight but with big tits and a nice ass.

"I guess so. Randall Morrison, to be exact," said Randy.

"Sure Randall, I am nurse Rosa and I will be assisting the doctor for your procedure, I am actually doing my internship to become a certified MMR practitioner myself, so I am very excited. You will be on number three. Please follow me."

Randy followed nurse Rosa to his station. While walking by he saw a sweaty hairy guy in his fifties or so laying on the first station bed. He was masturbating with his eyes closed and legs wide open, fully exposed. A young female doctor was standing next to him, looking at her phone as if nothing was happening, just sort of waiting.

On the next station, less than two meters away, there was a passed out boy. He had an oxygen mask on, an IV on his arm, and some sort of a penis pump on his fully hard cock. The pump was hooked to a big machine that had a monitor on it with green letters. It read: "Tightening Cycle... Progress 82%."

They finally got to the third station. "Please go ahead and lay on the bed, sir," said nurse Rosa to Randy. He went ahead and lay down. The nurse helped him adjust the height of the bed support to make him comfortable.

Randy was feeling a bit cold now, so he asked the nurse, "Can I have something to cover my feet? I'm really cold."

She replied, "Not right now sir, but soon the medicine will kick in and you will feel fine. I'm gonna go ahead and set up your IV while we wait for the doctor."

A couple of minutes later, Randy started to feel warmer and dizzy; his cock was now also responding and an erection was coming. It was involuntary, just like the one in his revision procedure. The nurse took Randy's arm and set up the IV on it. The bag had an orange liquid and a legend on it: *Standardization Blend*.

While the nurse was securing the IV on his arm a woman in her mid 40's came to the station. She had curly brown hair and glasses on, was wearing a doctor's open coat, a blazer with a bra on the inside only, and a mini skirt.

"Good evening! I see we have everything almost setup" She said to the nurse, and signaled, since Randy's now full erection was making a tent on his gown.

"Hello, I am Doctor Sawyer and will be in charge of you today," she said to Randy, and she checked his profile on a tablet. "As you were told, we need to obtain the DNA semen sample before we start with your procedure. I see that you have now a full erection due to the medication, and you should also be impatient to provide the sample thanks to it."

Randy was now feeling very numbed out, but at the same time he was very, very horny, and he wanted to jerk off. This was due to the pills provided, which would make the males easy to control but would also increase their libido (especially their need to masturbate) to extreme levels.

"Yeah, they explained it to me," said Randy to her, struggling to put his words together.

"Great. So please get started so we can collect the sample and begin with the rest of the routine. Make sure as much sperm as possible gets in the cup." She then took his gown all the way up his chest, liberating his fully erect cock, now covered in precum, in one movement.

"334424-6. Procedure started," she said out loud, so her tablet would start the recording of the session. A cam was placed pointing directly at each bed on the stations; the one on station 3 turned on and a red light on the side of it lit up.

Randy grabbed his cock right away and started masturbating. His pace was very fast; he couldn't help but feel the need to masturbate. His legs were wide open, his feet were out of the stretcher, and he was very agitated. He almost became some sort of an animal, all inhibitions gone. His eyes went blank and he started drooling. He was in a trance. The cold was gone for sure.

The doctor and nurse were right next to Randy while he was jerking off. They did not seem much interested in him. By this hour of the day they had already seen about 10 guys and boys do the same thing. Rosa did like Randy's look though; his beard and nice thick body made her pussy wet. However, she kept a very professional attitude.

"They do really get horny, huh?" said Rosa to Doctor Sawyer.

“Yes. The medication is designed to make our job easier. Less than five minutes and he will be done. Please help me take the sample to the sperm bank team asap when he has finished,” answered the doctor. “Then you can come back and I will explain how we will work on this one. A lot of jobs need to be done.”

At that moment Randy started moaning hard and his toes curled; so the nurse took the sample cup and placed it rapidly right under his cock. He shot a lot of sperm, some into it and some out; even the nurse’s hand was now covered in cum. Right after he came his head fell back and he passed out. His balls and stomach were covered in cum and his cock was still raging hard.

Rosa cleaned her hand on Randy’s hairy thigh, put the lid on the cup, and left to put away the sample. In the meantime the doctor started pulling out a series of instruments and turning on some machines that were by the side of the bed. She opened Randy’s file and started studying it further.

“They’ve processed the sample now,” said Rosa to the doctor when she came back to the station.

“Great! Thank you! So you wanna stay around and see how it’s done?” replied the doctor.

“Sure would love to help if you allow me.”

The doctor took a pair of gloves and put them on. She handed another pair to Rosa. She then took Randy’s completely erect cock on her hand and started explaining some details to Rosa:

“In order to comply with the parameters some work needs to be done on this cock. I reviewed the revision and the doctor did recommend some procedures on the far side that I don’t necessarily agree with; but it must be completed as she was assigned as his main practitioner. I am gonna get started with the frenulum treatment which should be pretty fast.”

The doctor took an instrument that seemed to be a white cauterization device and turned it on. A vibration sound started and a blue light turned on the tip of it. Two small red lights started blinking on its side.

“As you see here, there are some traces of frenulum that must be removed per guidelines; this I have here is the new Gomco’s “fren” removing and sealing tool. It will burn the remnants and kill the adjacent nerves while also cauterizing the skin so the patient’s recovery is faster,” said the doctor.

She grabbed Randy’s hard cock with her left hand and the machine with her right, and started moving it over the few fren remnants Randy had on his cock. One of these was in the mid shaft section, another one close to his glans. When she pushed the tool into the skin some smoke came out as if it was burning. She took the instrument up and down several times over his cock until it all became a patch of totally smooth, though somewhat irritated, skin.

“Wow, that was really efficient and I see no blood,” said Rosa to the doctor.

“Yeah! It does cauterize immediately so little to no blood is present while using it. We will use this one to open up the coronal ridge in his glans as well. MMR recommends this. It is not mandatory, but Dr Alton’s revision does mention it so we will do it,” answered the doctor.

This time doctor Sawyer pressed a button on the tool, which started to make a louder sound, and then directed it at Randy’s coronal ridge, the space where the corona meets with the frenulum on an uncut cock. She started sculpting his dick out, opening the ridge more and even going a bit higher up to his piss slit. More smoke came out and she applied some force to get the results she wanted. At the end the underside of the glans seemed to be split in two completely, with one side separated about 1 inch from the other and the piss slit in the middle.

“Right, I think we are done with that part,” said Doctor Sawyer to Rosa, who was standing next to her. “Would you please bring the tray behind you and put it on this table.” She pointed at an auxiliary cart placed on the side of the stretcher.

“Sure!” said Rosa, then brought the tools.

The tray had different medical tools on it: a small and medium scalpel, tweezers, surgery dishes, small forceps, gauze, lots of other surgery instruments, and two big syringes, one full of white and the other of transparent liquid.

“This will be the most complicated part for today,” said the doctor, then pointed at the tablet she had now laying on Randy’s chest. “As you see here, Dr. Alton recommended that 2 cm of shaft skin need to be removed, and she also mentioned a repositioning of the scar.” She continued while pointing at Randy’s cock and circ scar. “I am now gonna remove the requested skin and reattach the rest back to the root, this sounds a bit terrifying but we have great tech here, so it will be easy for us. Please put 20 mg of Propofex to his IV as we need him to stay out of it while we do this.”

Rosa got the recommended dose and put it on Randy’s IV. He was still totally out, but this would get him in a deeper sleep. His whole body was now covered in sweat, and his cock was still fully erect.

“I’m going to inject this directly into the penis and testicles of the subject so the erection will subside a little; but first I am going to mark the amount of skin that needs to be removed,” explained the doctor to the nurse.

Doctor Sawyer took a black marker from the tray and draw two lines around Randy’s cock shaft, they formed a sort of ring around it, one was placed at the very root, then another about 1 inch up. She then injected half the white syringe into his balls and the other in the middle of the two rings she had drawn. A few seconds later Randy’s cock went down to a semi erect state.

While this happened, the boy on the adjacent station, the one Randy saw passed out, started screaming suddenly. “Help its burning my willy!! Please!!” He moved violently while trying to get up. A couple nurses came running. One strapped his ankles to the bed, and the other one put something into his IV and he went back to sleep right away. The screen on his machine read: *Keratinization: In progress 56%.*

Doctor Sawyer seemed quite unbothered by the incident; Rosa on the other hand was checking the kid, out a bit worried; they saw it all through the low height partition.

“OK, let’s continue,” said the doctor to Rosa in a serious tone. “Please help me with scalped #2.”

The doctor made two round cuts on Randy’s dick, following along the lines she had marked before, she cleaned the blood with some gauze and then using some forceps removed the skin that had been separated. She then pulled the skin of the upper side down to the root cut. Randy’s cock was now so tight that his tip and glans moved down a bit, as if there was a weight hanging from his penis. She threw the removed skin on a surgery dish.

“Now normally we would have to use some stitches to get this together, right?” said the doctor to Rosa. Meanwhile, she had the pullers closed on the cock to keep the skin together. “Good news is that we have this little fella that will stick the skin together and keep everything in place right away. The laser tech will pretty much scar the tissue immediately, leave an invisible mark, and avoid any inflammation.” The doctor took a plastic tool that looked like a silicone gun from the tray. She pulled a switch on it twice and a light at the tip turned green.

She moved the tool around the circumference of the cut she had made on Randy’s cock root and it immediately sealed the skin together. Some smoke came out again, but after passing it a couple of times around the cock the skin looked like it had never been apart. This time there was an inch missing though. Randy’s cock skin was so tight, even semi erect, that it shone under the school gym lights.

The doctor took another gauze and some disinfectant. She sprayed and cleaned Randy’s cock, balls, legs and belly. When he was completely cleansed she injected him again with the orange liquid syringe on his balls and cock.

“We need it hard again for the rest of the process,” the doctor said. “Please add another 10 cc of PXP to his IV.”

Randy started waking up again. He was completely numb and unable to move from his neck down. He couldn’t even open his mouth to talk or say anything. The white, intense light from the gym, and the lights in the station, were blinding him. His cock felt very sore, but he was not in pain. Suddenly he started feeling an erection coming and there was a bit of pain. He felt like his cock was gonna explode from the tightness. He rapidly passed out again though, as the nurse started injecting the medication to his intravenous.

The doctor went to the back of the station and turned a big white machine on. It had a logo on it that read *Gomco Keramax Pro 3 in 1*. Hanging on its side it had some sort of penis pump like attachment with a series of cables on its upper side.

Doctor Sawyer explained: “As specified in the file, this penis needs some further adjustments to be completed with an unspecified method.” She pointed at the machine. “This, right here, is a new toy and we are lucky enough to be using it today. It will help desensitize, keratinize and remove some nerve endings in order to make this penis comply.”

The doctor grabbed a tube of lubricant from a drawer on the side of the cart. She lubricated Randy's fully hard cock, and jacked it off for a bit so that it got even harder. She then took the penis pump like tool from of the machine and placed his cock on it, making a squeezing sound.

A screen lit up to show a digital image of Randy's penis. It had a menu on the side with several options. The doctor choose the first one; it read Nerve Neutralizer.

"Doctor Alton recommended a percentage of additional nerve neutralization for this one. This tool allows us to be very detailed with the process. I personally like to choose the areas myself so we will have a nice balanced result," explained the doctor to Rosa. She then pinched out on the screen.

The 3D image zoomed in. It now showed a detailed map of Randy's cock divided into lower and mid shaft and glans, each of them in different shades of green. The doctor continued explaining to Rosa: "The areas in green are the most active nerve ending zones in his shaft and glans. When I press start here the nerve endings will be neutralized using laser and heat technology. It will be done from the inside out of the skin and muscle, so no noticeable changes will show. The nerve endings will pretty much whiten and die on the inside of his cock; we must be very careful as we don't want to fully kill the sensation and get in some trouble."

The doctor started adjusting the options based on Dr. Alton's revision recommendations, shaft 94% neutralized, underside and former frenulum, 95%, and then she went for 97% on the glans option. Finally she hit the start button. The machine started making some noise, a motor like sound came on, some lights lit inside the pump, and it started pumping Randy's cock up and down very fast.

The screen showed a detailed progress map of each area, lighting all of his penis nerve endings in green. After a few minutes some of the green areas started graying out; this would continue until the entered amount of nerve neutralization would be completed, leaving just a few scattered areas in green. The two women did some small talk while they waited, laughing about some joke they had seen on their phones. Then the machine made a beeping sound indicating the cycle was completed.

"Done! We are now going to proceed with the penis shaft and head keratinization cycle. This is different from the what we just did as it does not kill the nerves but hardens the skin and demoisturizes it leaving the harsh look and feeling that is required and considered safe as per MMR standards," continued the doctor, explaining to Rosa.

At that moment a middle aged woman with dyed blonde hair came into the station with a camerawoman by her side. She had short black hair and was wearing a gray blazer.

Some states had been more reluctant than others when it came to support the Female Protection and Equalization Acts; as always cultural differences between the south and the coast cities was very evident; surprisingly the first ones were more supportive of the Mandatory Male Routine Infant Circumcision and Standardization Act part, as they were traditionally the ones with the higher percentage of RIC. They weren't, however, very keen on the rest of the laws and orders to provide equality to women and girls.

The Radical Feminist Party took a very smart approach on this and sold the idea of the Female Equalization Act as an act of pride and nationalism, Circumcised penis represented the essence of America and large campaigns to make this a motto in the south were run; for the more "liberal" states, the acts were sold more as a way to protect everybody both males and females; males would be more calmed and focused and have better health, while women would be safer from assault and have better sex lives once all males were standardized.

Nowadays, both these ideas have been taken down from the mainstream. The public now sees the FEMACTS and the MMR as an essential need; men and boys have been taken out of the context, even though they own the penises, the MMR is done strictly as a female healthcare issue. Medical schools, books, studies, and all male circumcision related fields see it as part of Female Sexuality issues.

"Excuse me, I'm Miranda Cooper. I work for Gomco International and I'm running a project for the Secretary of Education. Would you mind if I ask you a few questions and do a few shots of the subject you are working on?" The woman said this nicely to the doctor who was just adding the new instructions onto the machine.

"Hello Miranda. Sure, we are almost completed with this subject but feel free to take any shots you need and I will be glad to answer the questions you have," answered Doctor Sawyer. "By the way, this is Rosa. She has been assisting me with this one today."

"Nice! Well to give you a little bit more context this project is to be used for a new government program called Education for Equality, so it might be used in schools in the future," Miranda said. "Because of this, would you mind if we cover the face of the subject? We don't wanna cause any alarm in the school by showing that full bearded face to kids," She continued jokingly.

The doctor agreed, and then Miranda ordered the camerawoman to proceed. She placed her camera down on the floor and grabbed the backpack she was wearing. Then she took out what seem to be a blue ski mask and handed it to Rosa, indicating to put in over Randy's head.

Rosa pushed Randy's head up. He was still unconscious so she lifted his head a little to place the mask. It was a strange sight now: a full grown man, his head covered, with a ski mask, a gown pushed up to his chest, a machine pumping and treating his fully erect penis, and his legs wide open.

"Thanks for that," said Miranda to Rosa. "Now let's get to work." With this the other woman picked the camera up and started recording.

"Make sure you take from down at his feet up to his cock and focus on that for a while. Then move the camera all the way up. Try not to take in the head though. Then move to the machine."

The camera woman started to record Randy's body from top to bottom as instructed, while Miranda voiced over some of the advantages of a Gomco MMR Facility and some other ideas about the importance of the MMR laws for the safety and safe development of boys and girls, saying how they

were very different and to achieve real equality, the penis had to be modified and the pussy had to remain totally integral, together with some other political propaganda.

The floor was getting busier as a bunch of guys were getting in, filling now most of the stations. It was getting warm and there was a distinctive musky odor in the air.

Miranda finished her voice over and then turned to the Doctor to ask her some questions "How long have you been a specialized MMR professional?" she asked.

The doctor replied. "Well I have been working with Gomco for the past year and I was actually one of the first graduates from the College of..." Suddenly Randy started moving violently and screaming under the mask he had on.

"Daaamn what the fuck is thissss!!! my cock is fucking burning!!!!" he shouted loudly.

He was thrusting up and down and very confused by his covered face. His dick was still in the machine and fully erect.

Rosa, who was right behind the doctor quickly put another dose of relaxing agent on his IV; he went unconscious again, his cock still hard.

"I'm sorry about that," said the doctor. "This part seems to be the more uncomfortable one for the subjects. Some of them wake up or complain about a burning sensation."

She kept on going with the interview questions. Miranda quizzed her for about fifteen minutes. Then a beep on the machine interrupted them again.

"Looks like we are almost done with this one," said the doctor. She proceeded to take Randy's cock out of the pump. It was still hard and bounced on his stomach as a mixture of lubricating gel and precum started dripping. When they saw this both Rosa and the Miranda felt a tingle on her pussies, their clits getting hard; the doctor and camerawoman felt nothing though, being lesbians. It was just a dangerous and disgusting piece of meat for them, and it deserved punishment.

"We have one more step two go, and then the patient will be moved to the next room for cleaning, register and release," continued the doctor.

She checked on the tablet that was still over Randy's chest and saw one last process was pending.

"OK. So to have this finished we just need to do the peeling," the doctor said. "This is an important step in MMR as it unifies the skin tone of the whole member, giving a "natural" look to the process, basically as if they were born this way. It also does some further desensitization." she explained to the rest of the women on the station.

"I'm sorry Dr. Sawyer," Miranda interrupted. "Will it be possible for us to get some 'wanking' scenes? We need some for another project on the effects of the new pills."

“Well this subject did provide a sample at the beginning of the procedure, but I guess we can try and see; also it will be a good chance to see if the machine led processes worked,” Doctor Sawyer replied to Miranda. “Rosa, please administer 2 ml of Goonex on his IV.”

Rosa pulled a drawer from the cart and started preparing the ingredients as instructed. She then put them on Randy’s IV. His already hard cock started getting harder, the skin so tight and shiny it almost reflected the camerawomen.

Miranda asked the doctor to give a brief explanation of Goonex to the camera.

The doctor explained: “This is the same active constituent that is present in the pills the subjects take at the very beginning. It basically turns their brains off, but all the sexual and masturbatory desires stay active, and this turns them into “fapping” machines for some minutes.”

“That’s for sure. Gomco will be test driving Goonex at some schools starting in the fall. They will be used for some sex ed. for boys pilot programs,” Miranda answered.

Randy woke up, still with his head covered with the mask. The only desire he had was to take his hands to his cock and jack it off violently. He moved upwards a bit and opened his legs wider. He started drooling and making dumb sounds, his eyes totally blank, as he tugged up and down his newly modified cock, violently. Gomco technology proved its worth. The skin could hold the movement, even though it was just reattached. He kept jerking off violently for several minutes.

“Got them?” Miranda asked to the camerawoman, who had the camera focused on Randy’s cock.

“Yeah, all setup,” she answered.

“Thanks, Doctor Sawyer. That’s all we needed. We don’t need the whole show,” thus indicating that she did not need to see an ejaculation.

“Oh great, that’s good. It will take hours for this one to finish after all we did to it today,” said Doctor Sawyer, and they all laughed out loud. “Rosa, get him out again.”

Rosa knew what she meant by that and administered another ml. of Propofex, which put Randy back to sleep right away.

The doctor then proceeded to put another pair of gloves on and took out a tube of creamy substance from a drawer. She took a hold of Randy’s still hard cock and started applying the liquid all around it. The liquid had a strong chemical smell. Right after that she applied it all around his cock and the skin started to get red and hot.

“This is the peeling solution. It will give an even tone to the skin of the penis, hiding any scar or little imperfection cause by the procedure. Both glans and shaft will be exactly the same tone and consistency. After ten minutes we will clean out the subject and he will be moved to the next room for completion.”

“Thanks so much for being so thoughtful, Dr. Sawyer! No other doctor took the time to guide me through the steps and explain so carefully,” answered Rosa. “I am looking forward to becoming a certified Gomco practitioner soon.” And she winked at the doctor and the other two women.

Miranda instructed the camerawomen to take some final shots of Randy’s penis, now fully covered in the chemical substance, and to do a couple more zoom ins on the machines and equipment.

“Rosa, please clean the subject and remove all IV’s and instruments that are attached. Then proceed to give the patient an adrenaline and amnesiac solution and take him for cleaning and finalization. 334424-6: Procedure completed.”

The camera on top of the station turned off and its red light went out.

“OK, ladies, I hope this was helpful,” said doctor Sawyer to Miranda and the camerawoman. “Let me walk out with you. We are done here!”

The three women exit the station walking towards the entrance door and chatting -- a normal day on the job...

Randy started waking up slowly. He was dizzy and tired. His cock felt really weird, not in pain but sort of numb -- the same feeling one gets when sitting in the same position for a long time. His arm was hurting, though. He was still lying in the stretcher bed, and when he moved his head to the side he saw Rosa standing by him.

“Oh! Great! You are awake now! It went really well! You are ready to go, with nice results,” she exclaimed to Randy.

He didn’t say much, just a shush.

“I will now take you to the next room for cleaning and you will be almost ready to go home.”

She pulled his robe down and helped him to get up and out of the bed. It was a bit difficult for him, but he was able to walk now. Randy held onto Rosa’s arm and they walked along the passageway all the way to another plastic door at the other side of it. Many boys and men were in the different stretchers in different stages of the process. They walked by a few other doctors and nurses and got to the end.

“OK Mr. Morrison, this is it for me. Now please walk by the door and you will receive further instructions.”

Randy walked to the other room, still confused but feeling a bit better. (The adrenaline shot was starting to kick in.)

In the next room there was a large metal structure to one side. It was full of shower heads, one next to the other, with no divider. There were about four fully armed guards as well. The room was steamy and Andy could not see clearly; but he did see some people under the water.

“Remove the robe and throw it the bin,” one of the guards said when she saw Randy come inside. “You can throw it in the bin by the wall. you have 5 minutes, and then move forward to the next room. No talking with other subjects.”

Randy removed the robe and saw his new cock for the first time. It wasn’t that different from the upside. It seemed like the skin tone was lighter, and his circ scar was gone too. Looks like a dildo, he thought. He didn’t inspect the underside as he was rushed by the guards to get in the water.

In the showers he saw Jackson under one of the heads; he was washing his dick thoroughly. Randy noted that both their dicks looked almost identical now, especially the skin tone. They looked at each other without saying anything and kept showering.

“OK, let’s move. Quickly, we don’t have all day! Come on, come on!” yelled one the guards.

Randy, Jackson, and some other people that were in the showers got out of them and were instructed to pass to next door. No towels or robes were given. They were all naked this time.

The next and final station looked very similar to the first one, though there were no benches. Instead there was a row of the footprint reading devices placed side to side, about 10 of them. They each had a camera hanging from their sides though. There were some women dressed just like in the first room, in executive suits and with Gomco badges.

“Please step on the readers and remain steady until you hear the beep,” said one the women.

The men were instructed to step on the machines one by one, and another set of photographic registers was taken by the, this time automated, cameras installed on them.

After this they were told to go through the door marked Exit at the back of the room.

“We are still naked,” said Randy to one of the women.

“Yeah your clothes are waiting for you there, don’t worry.”

“Let’s go, bro,” said Jackson who was just behind him.

They both got out of the last “room” in the tent tunnel. There was just a bit of space before hitting the bleachers on the far side but it was still the gym floor.

At one corner there was a bunch of naked guys and boys looking in a mountain of their clothing bags for their belongings which were just thrown one over the other with no care.

“Well bro, this is our life now, ain’t it?” said Jackson, disappointed....