

## Taking Whatever He Can

Jason, Jace to his friends couldn't decide if he was more nervous or excited as he snuck out of his parents house Saturday night. Well, he thought of it as “sneaking out.” Actually he'd just told them he was spending the night at his friend Brian's place. He certainly couldn't tell them where he was actually going. Or why. His stomach did somersaults as he typed the address of the cheap motel into the GPS mounted to the dashboard of the '92 Civic he'd bought with the money from his summer job at the beginning of the school year.

Jace was seventeen, although he looked a something closer to fifteen. He was 5'6” with pale lightly freckled skin and pale close cropped blond hair. His body was well toned, a legacy of the summer job last year doing all the shit work no one else wanted for a landscaping company owned by a world-class asshole. He'd lived in small town Georgia his whole life and knew pretty much nothing about the outside world, although he hoped to get out someday.

His only window onto the “real world” as he thought of it was the internet and its chat rooms. That was where he'd met Al. The thought of Al really made his stomach tighten up. It wasn't that Al was all that attractive, Jason wasn't all that attracted to guys in their 30's. But Al was the first other gay person he'd ever met, even if just on the 'net, and he was probably his only real friend. Plus, Al hadn't been mean or judgmental when he told Jace about Jace's “other” problem, besides being a virgin. He had probably saved Jason from some pretty terrible embarrassment, and by the time tonight was over that and the virgin thing would be a memory.

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“Al,” whose real name was Robert, tried hard not to pace back and forth in the crappy little motel room he'd rented for the night. This was certainly not his first time in a shitty hotel. It was not even his first time being some poor ignorant kid's first fuck. But the other part, that was new. And it was the first time he was doing anything that was illegal.

Not that Al's behavior could be considered ethical or moral by any rational person. He got his kicks by hanging out in chat rooms aimed at rural queer youth, befriended them, and eventually got them to let him take their virginities (once they were just this side of the legal age of consent). He was not a kind, gentle, or considerate lover. He enjoyed knowing that their introduction to the life that they feared sucked in much the way they feared it would. He got off on their desperation and their need to be cared for and understood by anyone no matter how poor a facsimile for actual caring and understanding, because their culture had taught them that that's all gay people had a right to expect. It made the long drives out from Atlanta worth it.

Part of how he broke his victims down was by finding something to be critical of early in their association, usually in the reply email he sent back to them after the first time they sent him a picture. Jace was a particularly insecure boy, but he took a real chance and send Al a picture of his cute cock. Jason's dick was about six and half inches long when erect, and although his foreskin retracted quite easily, when hard, it naturally sat about two thirds of the way up the his glans. Like the rest of him, the outer skin was pale but the inner skin and head were bright red and the head glistened in the flash of the cell phone camera.

Al wrote back an pretty cruel email asking why Jason would send him such a disgusting picture. When Jace replied with hurt and confusion, Al “explained” that “in the gay community, being uncut is

considered completely disgusting. No gay person would have sex with someone who hadn't be circumcised." It was obvious bullshit, and pretty easy to check out, especially for someone with access to the internet and the multitude of porn available therein. But Jace had already come to accept Al as his authority on what it mean to be gay. What Al had intended only as a bit of damaging mindfuck had quickly turned into something bigger.

Now, as he re-checked his supplies for the nights activities, some still-human part in the back of brain gibbered at him that maybe he was going too far this time. But as his fingers lightly stroked the sterile packaging, his dick swelled in his pants and that part of his brain was drowned out by his anticipation and by the *certainty*, rather than the suspicion that *this* time he was going to get to do some real and lasting damage to some poor, ignorant kid whose only two crimes were being born to redneck homophobes, and wandering into the wrong chatroom at the wrong time.

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Jace knocked nervously on the door to room 112 of the shitty little motel off the highway that his GPS had directed him to. The man who opened the door was not bad looking at all. Not all that remarkable perhaps, but hardly passed his prime either. An older and wiser Jason would someday reflect that it was odd that Al didn't offer a hug or kiss or any other open affection, but at seventeen Jace didn't yet understand that affection was supposed to be as much a part of gay romantic and erotic life as it is for straight people. A point Al subtly and sadistically drove home because it got him hot.

Once inside, Jace's eyes nervously flitted between the medical tools laid out on the night table, the restraining straps added to the sleazy bed, and the older man who was going to take both his foreskin and his virginity. Making hurried apologies, Jace retreated to the bathroom to empty his bladder and compose himself.

Standing over the toilet he took several deep breaths to calm his racing heart and relaxed enough to let his bladder go. The hot piss rushed out through the puckered nipple of his foreskin and splashed too loudly in the dirty porcelain bowl and it started to sink in that he would never have that feeling again. As the last of his stream dribbled out, he retracted his foreskin to get a sense of what his cock would be like from now on. The warm piss under his skin cooled immediately and his head quickly felt chilled in the air of the bare bathroom. His penis looked weirdly naked with his bare glans shriveling in the dry air and he was relieved to let the warm skin return to its normal position.

Then he again reminded himself that it would be the last time and he found himself struggling not to cry as he cradled his penis like something desperately fragile. Still, keeping his foreskin was not worth a lifetime of celibacy, and if he told his folks that he wanted to be cut by a doctor he'd have to explain why, and if they found out he was gay, the shit would really hit the fan.

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The kid was in the bathroom for quite a while and Al was getting worried that the he would get cold feet, but when Jason came out he looked white as a ghost but determined to go forward. Now came one of the tough parts, there were a few points where things could fall apart and this was a big one.

"Ok Jace. How about you strip down for me." Al said in a gruff but not unkind way. This was one of the moments where kids bailed,. If he could get them naked, usually he could have his way with them.

Jason heisted only a moment before slipping off his shirt. The chest underneath was still largely smooth

and decently defined. His shoes and socks followed. The teen hesitated longer at his jeans but at a nod from Al they too joined the pile on the floor, leaving the young man exposed with the exception of his tight fitting blue boxer-briefs. After a long pause, they too came off.

What they revealed would have been a rightful source of pride for any young man not warped by Al's twisted sadism. As it was though, Jace was embarrassed to be seen by the older man because he was thoroughly convinced that his foreskin was verboten in the gay world.

The mental scarring he'd already put on the boy was clearly evident to Al, and it swelled his dick in his pants. The sight of the limp and vulnerable cock just waiting for him to add indelible physical scars though was nearly enough to make him cum right there.

Now for the last major hurdle. Al directed Jace to get onto the bed on his back and get into position to be restrained. This was pretty extreme, and he'd not gotten many young men to agree to restraints in the past. Of course he'd never gotten someone to let him circumcise them either. Jason was pretty passive and let him strap down his arms and legs without complaint.

Neither the boy nor the older man spoke as Al swabbed Jace's penis with the antiseptic rinse he'd bought at the drug store. It had to sit for several minutes and between nerves and the evaporation of the cold liquid, the boy's penis shriveled and tried to draw itself into his body. It made the organ look small and oh so vulnerable, much to Al's delight.

A glance at the boy's face would have been enough to give most other people pause. Jason was pale and sweat beaded on his brow. His wide eyes darted around the room. Clearly his fight-or-flight responses had been aroused. It occurred to Al that it might have made sense to give the boy a drink or valium or something, but then, this was why he had brought the restraints after all.

When Al's gloved hand grabbed hold of Jace's foreskin the boy jerked like he had been hit with a live wire. As the older man pulled the skin out as far as he could, stretching, manipulating, rolling the skin between his fingers, before retracting it back as much as it would go, he could see muscles twitching under the skin of the boy's toned thigh as the restrained leg fought almost involuntarily against the straps holding him in place. A quiet whimper escaped between the teen's clenched teeth.

Al had thought a lot about the next part of what he was about to do. Once he had decided to circumcise the young man, he had done a good deal of research on the subject. One thing was abundantly clear, he did not have the skill needed to do a freehand circumcision in a hotel room. To that end he had bought a TaraKlamp on Ebay, to make the job much easier. But that left him with a problem. He wanted to do his damndest on the boy, in particular he wanted to remove his frenum, which was usually left behind during clamp circumcisions. After a lot of consideration, he had found a solution that he felt happy with.

Now, with his left hand, Al retracted Jace's foreskin as forcefully as he could. He put his thumb on the young man's glans and used his middle and ring finger to form a bridge and pull the skin in between taught, making the frenum, which some people still called the "banjo string" stand out white and rigid. From the table he picked up an object that looked a lot like a large white sharpie pen. With his teeth he removed the cap, revealing the small looped wire underneath. The device meant nothing to Jace's terrified eyes.

At the touch of a small button, the wire immediately began glowing white, like the filament at the core

of an incandescent bulb. Jace's lack of reaction was irritating, but shouldn't have been surprising. There was no reason for the seventeen year old to have ever seen a surgical electrocautery tool, also called a "branding pen" in the body modification community, which was where Al had acquired his.

Al brought the white hot tip close to Jason's tight frenum slowly, first allowing the radiant heat from the branding pen to warm the still cold organ, then get uncomfortably warm, then finally, he brought the 2300F tip into contact with the most sensitive part of the young man's body. There was a quiet sizzle as flesh and nerve endings were reduced to a tiny wisp of smoke. Al's fingertips moved slightly farther apart as Jace's banjo string "popped" with the middle section of his frenum destroyed. It was so sudden and complete that there was very little pain, and the boy's face showed little expression.

Al repositioned and proceeded to slowly and carefully burn away Jace's frenum. As he got a better feel for the device and its effect on skin, he was able to go softly enough to require more than one pass and although it took less than a minute to reduce the raised ridge to ruin, tears were liberally running down the younger man's face by the time he was done.

When Al removed his left hand and stepped back, Jace's foreskin re-covered his glans for the last time. The skin was puffy and red from collateral heat from the branding pen, but otherwise looked normal, despite the damage it now concealed.

Al had another decision to make. In truth there was no good reason he couldn't insert the clamp into Jason's penis and continue with the circumcision. The problem was that the odds weren't all that good that he was going to get to do this again anytime soon, and while using them clamp made a lot of sense, it just did not feel quite the same. He wanted more of the "hands on" feeling.

So, with the TaraKlamp sitting at the ready, he picked up the surgical scissors he had also brought with him. He had seen this done in circumcision videos and photos during his research, and knew that it was done sometimes before a clamp circ if the subject had a tight foreskin, which Jace most assuredly did not. Inserting one half of the scissors under the young man's skin, he let the tip scrape gently against the moist and sensitive glans. Jason's breathing was quick and shallow now.

The surgical scissors had cost Al \$75 and were worth every penny as he brought the handles together with agonizing slowness. The young man's dorsal foreskin parted like it was silk, not flesh and Al felt himself cum in his pants as Jason finally cried out in pain and fear.

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As the scissors cut through the top of his foreskin, Jason couldn't hold back his cries. He had tried to be strong and manly when the older man had been burning the underside of his cock, but this just hurt too much. He was going so slowly! Jace could feel every twitch of the older man's muscles as they closed the scissors and the cool air brushing the top of his glans through the slit in his foreskin was nauseating.

Once he had opened his mouth, he couldn't stop being vocal. With the top of his foreskin slitted open, Al now began to manipulate and retract it. Jace felt something on his glans and looked down to see Al positioning the TaraKlamp on his cock. With the bell of the clamp, in place the man pulled Jace's foreskin up over it pulling the skin up passed the slit so that a complete ring of skin surrounded the base of the clamp. Where the clamp scrapped against the burns inside his penis was agony and raw edges of the slit in the top of his foreskin hurt with a sickening wrongness that made his stomach, already roiled by adrenaline, churn horribly. The constant whimpering that now flowed from his mouth was

embarrassing but he couldn't stop.

When Al positioned the outer portion of the TaraKlamp on Jace's ravaged cock, the young man craned his neck to again take a look and was horrified by how much skin the older man was planning to remove. It seemed like most of his skin was bunched above the line of the clamp. But before he could open his mouth to say anything, not that it wasn't already quite too late for that, Al locked in the sides of the outer clamp, beginning the crushing effect of the circumcision device.

The pain of the clamp was dull and throbbing. With all the endorphins running through his body after the burning and cutting, Jace didn't really notice the discomfort so much as he noticed that the slit in his foreskin hurt less and less as the nerve connections were cut off by the TaraKlamp. Al was not quite done with his torturous games though.

Picking up the surgical scissors again, he pruned away Jace's foreskin once and for all. Cutting the blood starved tissue along the edge of the white plastic clamp that had finally killed it.

When Jace looked up at Al leaning over his prone, restrained body with the shriveled gob of flesh pinched in the end of a hemostat, the young man's addled mind couldn't make sense of what he was seeing. Separated from the underlying form of his penis, and cut off from its blood flow, Jace's former foreskin was no longer easily recognizable as a part of his body. As Al brought it closer however, like the moment when you see through an optical illusion, Jason realized what the older man was holding and he found himself torn between the urge to cry or vomit.

“Time to kiss your childhood goodbye Jace.” Al said in a singsong croon as he brought the severed skin close.

It took a moment for Jason to realize what Al meant, and when he did he whipped his head from side to side in a both a refusal and an attempt to keep Al from forcing the issue. The night's activities had already warn him out though, and he couldn't keep it up for long.

“It's important Jason. You need to let that part of yourself go, and making a physical gesture might be weird now, but you'll thank me someday.”

Seeing the futility in fighting with the obstinate and more importantly, unrestrained older man, Jace turned his head to the ceiling to wait for Al to bring the dead foreskin to his lips.

The tissue was cold and unfamiliar, despite having been a treasured part of his body only minutes before. His nose filled with the scent of the disinfectant, with distant undertones of urine and smegma as his lips grazed the darkened flesh. It felt like kissing a piece of smooth chicken skin, but then he remembered that that was HIM, just a few moments ago and bile rose in the back of his throat.

After the circumcision, the fucking was anti-climatic. Literally in Jace's case, given everything his penis had recently gone through. Al was a rough partner, who undid Jace's restraints and immediately had him get on all fours before forcefully shoving his cock into the younger man's ass. Jace never saw Al's cock, which was average in size, but the boy's insides hurt pretty badly at first as the older man thrust away with no concern at all for his comfort, not to mention his pleasure. With every thrust Al made, Jace's cock, still bound in the TaraKlamp, bounced against his belly, an additional painful counterpoint to the experience.

It had sucked. But then, Al had chosen Jace as a target in large part because he had been raised to believe that being gay was going to suck, so the young man wasn't even terribly disappointed. He was just relieved to have gotten his first experience out of the way, and to be free of his foreskin before guys had found out about it and blacklisted him in the gay community as Al had told him happened to uncut guys all the time.

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Just over a week after that night at the motel the clamp finally fell off of his mutilated penis. The dead skin that hadn't been cut away formed a hard dark ring that had held the clamp in place longer than it probably needed to be and when he picked at it the place where the two halves of his skin met, his penis still oozed and bled a bit. The wound was red and puffy but not infected, which was a relief. Jace couldn't imagine how he would have explained to his parents or a doctor what had happened.

For the first two weeks after the clamp came off walking was distinctly unpleasant. His glans, sensitized from a lifetime spent protected by the moist folds of his foreskin, sent constant painful messages to his brain as it rubbed against his cotton underwear. He didn't really understand that as it became less uncomfortable, he was losing sensitivity from overstimulation and callousing of what nature had intended to remain an internal part of his body.

Jason did know that the appearance of his penis had changed enormously. Gone was the pale skin with its filigree of blue veins and tapering shape. Seeing the head of his penis was always jarring, and the vivid, broad scar, where the veins abruptly end always brought back memories of feeling the scissors slowly opening his delicate skin, the sight of his skin bunched in the TaraKlamp, and the feel of that same dead skin against his lips.

None of which prepared him for his first time trying to enjoy his new penis. Even leaving aside all the nerve loss and damage that a circumcision normally would cause, Al was no medical expert, and he had simply taken too much skin from the young man. When Jace got hard now his cock strained like it was going to burst and the scar hurt, a lot. Hair from his scrotum came almost half way up his erect shaft and he still couldn't get a full erection, his penis was more than half an inch shorter than it had been before Al had taken clamp and scissors to his manhood.

As Jace's questing fingers tried to elicit the familiar erotic responses from his now distinctly unfamiliar penis he was horrified to find that nothing worked right. Unconsciously, his fingertips tried to stimulate his frenum, a part of his body he'd never given any real thought to even when Al's cruel electrocautery device had burned it off, but now he discovered that there was a dead spot with no feeling at all where he had previously relied on stimulation for a lot of his pleasure. He tried to manipulate his skin but he was cut tightly enough that there was no mobility at all. In desperation he finally spit into his fingers and rubbed his head, but it was like rubbing his cock through his clothes before his night at the motel. His damaged cock finally spat a few drops of cum and he gave up.

Jason told himself that in time he would get more familiar with how to pleasure his altered penis, but over the coming weeks and months he only got less sensitive, not more. Masturbation was a constant struggle, and he'd come to realize that he hated how his cock now looked. The only thing that made it ok at all was the knowledge that this was something that he had had to do if he was ever going to have a life as a gay guy.

When he finally lost even that small comfort, as Al had known he would, he was truly crushed. Jace inevitably discovered that plenty of people in the gay community are intact, that in fact that lots of guys really get off on intact cocks. Looking down on his senselessly mangled penis, Jason finally let himself cry. It would be a long time before he could touch himself, even to masturbate, without doing so.