

# The Gomco Salesman Takes A Skin

By Gusbonner

The T-Shirt The blond guy was sitting at one end of the bar, just under the rainbow flag. He didn't look old enough to be served, but there was a beer in front of him. His body was good, taut and well defined in chinos and a T-shirt. As he turned towards me and grinned, I saw the T-shirt had a word on it, just over his left tit. It said UNCUT. Now that's a word I like. That's a word says more than it means to. See, any guy who wears that word up front thinks foreskins are interesting. And sometimes, just sometimes, that means he is interested in what can happen to them. And so am I, so UNCUT is a word that makes my dick give a little twitch, and then another one, not so little. So, I grinned back and said "Hi. I didn't know it was allowed here in the East. "He looked blank, then he saw where I was looking. "The T-shirt?" "Nah," I said. "The foreskin. I thought you weren't allowed to keep them." "I was lucky." My dick started trying to break loose from my pants. "Don't tell anyone," I said. "Me too." I saw him look at the bulge in my pants, so I made it a bit bigger. He looked shy, but you can always tell when you've got them interested and it never hurts to be really obvious. So, I said "Maybe we could go somewhere, and think about foreskins." Only, I didn't mean quite that. And next thing you know, we were in my rental Jap-wagon heading for his folks' place.

They were in Europe, he said. "Where d'you get the T-shirt," I asked. "D'you get many guys asking about it?" "I just got back from vacation in San Francisco." I heard him laugh. "First time I've worn it, but it looks like it works, doesn't it? You're right about this place, though. All the guys hereabouts are, well, they've been, well, circumcised." I hadn't been going to say the word. I was waiting for him to. You see, that's another word that I can relate to. Very much. Very, very much. "All-American boys?" I asked. "Sure." "Circumcised at birth, I guess." "Mostly." Long, long pause. Then "One or two, er, circumcised at High School." "Oh?" "A couple of guys I know." He sounded defensive. "And you checked them out after they'd been circumcised." Not a question.

"Hey," he said sharply, then as if he were relieved, somehow, "hey, how d'you know that? "We pulled into his folks' driveway. "Went to High School myself," I said. "Been there. Seen a guy just ten days circumcised, in the showers after basketball. Got the T-shirt." Though not quite like yours, kid. There was something else I didn't tell him, yet. I reached into the back, behind his seat and pulled out a small case. "Baseball," he said, dreamily. "I wasn't tall enough for basketball." He let us in through the side door. "The showers were after baseball." We went up to his room.

"And you got a hard-on? The first time you saw they'd been circumcised? Yes, he said. "And I didn't care who saw." "Me too." I stopped and said softly. "But not half as hard as the first time I saw it actually happen to a guy." Then I heard him breathing heavy, and I thought, we're in the home stretch." You've seen a guy cut?" "Say the right word." "Circumcised," he whispered. First time he'd managed to say the word without stuttering. "You've seen a guy circumcised? Oh God, someday I have to see that."

"Do you know what this is?" I opened the case I'd taken from the car. "No," he said. "It's a GOMCO circumcision clamp. The case carries all you need for a circumcision, clamp, scalpel, sutures, everything. I'm a salesman. I sell them to doctors. So, I need to know how they work. Well, believe me, they work." I looked at him steadily. "Maybe I could fix for you to see it." "Oh, Jesus!" He had begun to shiver.

I held the steel clamp before his eyes. It glittered in the light and he stared at it as if he was hypnotized. "Try it on." I reached forward and undid his belt buckle. He fell backward on the bed. I held the clamp in front of him with one hand and pulled his chinos down with the other. He had no undershorts, and his dick was wonderful. Just take a moment to imagine a young guy's beautiful uncut dick, a long thick shaft rising out of tight blond hair, a rosebud of foreskin just, only just concealing a flaring glans, the whole thing lying on a well-filled sac. Yes, lying. See, that's when I knew we were in business.

If he'd just been turned-on, he'd have had a hard-on, but he was way too excited for that. He shook his head. He shook his head again, trying to say no. I could tell he was scared - well, would you try on a circumcision clamp with a total stranger? But he was shivering the way you do when you know you mustn't do something, and you know you are going to because you want it so much. Then he clenched his teeth and said, "Yes." He started to pull his T-shirt up over his head, but I stopped him. I wanted to see that word, UNCUT, while I put the clamp on him.

With finger and thumb I retracted his foreskin, exposing the glans. It went right back, slipping smoothly over the corona and further, till it was taut. You could see the line where the inner skin folded and became the outer, but there was no narrowing. I looked at the size of his glans and selected the largest bell of the GOMCO clamp. There were little sterile packets of moist tissues in the case. I opened one and wiped down the boy's glans and into the sulcus. No need, of course, but you have to do these things properly. I put the bell of the GOMCO over the head of his cock, and he gave a little moan. He moaned again when I carefully, very carefully unrolled his foreskin over the cold steel of the bell. Then I slipped the ring of the clamp over the skin and fixed the bell to the handle. "OK so far, kid?" He gave another moan. It could have been, "Don't". I think it was. But it wasn't "Don't do this", it was "Don't make me want this." I pulled more skin through between the bell and the ring. Then I pulled some more, until his shaft skin was taut, and the ring was exactly at right angles to the shaft.

I turned the screw to tighten the clamp. And again. And again. The hard metal bit into the tender foreskin, and he gasped. And then one more turn. Now, I'll tell you something you may not believe. If he had said, "Stop!" I would have stopped. At once. And I'd have taken off the GOMCO clamp. For a few days he'd have had two rings of fire around his skin, and while they would have faded, and the pain would have gone, he would have been marked for months and maybe for life.

But he'd have kept his foreskin. Only, he didn't say stop. And I turned the screw once more. I gave him a minute, for the clamp to cut off the blood supply. He was biting his lip, and writhing a little, but it doesn't take long to numb the skin.

I took out the scalpel. Point of no return. I held it up, so he could see it. He shivered for a moment, uncontrollably. Then he nodded. And I circumcised him. It's easy, really. Once the clamp is on you really only need to be careful that the skin-edges match. He gave a quick intake of breath when the sharp, sharp blade slit the skin for the first time. But it's very quick. I left the clamp on afterwards, so there was very little blood.

When I removed it, the cut skin joined perfectly. I put in sutures to keep it like that. I let him keep his frenulum. Someone else can have that. And when I was finished, what do you know, he looked at me, kind of vague and misty-eyed, and he whispered something. I think it was "Thanks!" Then he actually fell asleep, there on the edge of the bed, wearing nothing but his T-shirt, his legs spread wide, his very fine nuts dangling in their sac behind a newly circumcised cock. I took a Polaroid shot.

I'm looking at it now. Then I slipped the rag of skin into a specimen-jar. I was going to keep that. It went into the case with the clamp and the scalpel. One more thing. I checked around to see I hadn't left anything. I meant to vanish into the summer night without leaving any trace. Then I looked again at his T-shirt, and the word I'd seen, UNCUT. Not true, anymore. There was a marker pen on the desk, and with a few swift strokes I changed it. Now it was telling the truth again. "UNCUT!" it said.