

A CIRCUMCISION FROM HELL

Bear with me while I give you a bit of background. Although I'm not Catholic I went to a boarding school run by one of the Catholic orders of Brothers [I won't say which]. This was because Mum had never married my Dad so I would eventually take over the farm from Granddad and this school offered Agricultural as well as full academic courses. Alan was one of the purely academic students in my dorm and since he was also non-Catholic it was pretty natural that we became mates.

I knew from day one that he was circumcised because all the boys in the dorm showered together. For a start I was a bit self-conscious since I'd only been done a little over a month earlier and though the other guys might notice that was scar was pretty new but nobody ever mentioned it. Showers were always supervised by one of the Brothers and they didn't miss a thing. From time to time you'd hear "Foreskin, So-and-So!" aimed at one of the uncut boys the Brother hadn't seen skin back and wash it properly. I think I felt just as embarrassed as the victim would usually blush deeply and proceed to do so.

The school was out in the country with a sugar farm as part of the property and quite a large area of fairly thick bush. During free time after classes and at weekends it was quite normal to see a number of guys go off on their own into the bush or wherever they could find privacy. Everyone knew why, even the Brothers I think, but a blind eye was turned so long as there weren't two boys going off together. I had already found that I didn't feel the urge to wank so much as before I was cut but did go looking for a bit of privacy a couple of times a month when I started cracking boners at the drop of a hat. However, I didn't recall ever seeing Alan do the same.

Anyway, to get on with the story, it was during the August holidays in our third year that Alan's Mum decided that she needed to pay a visit interstate to her sister and leave Alan at home on his own for the three weeks. When I told Mum this Alan was invited to spend the holidays with me and his mother was happy with that. We had never talked about sex together before but on the first night at home after we'd showered together – why not, since we did it every day at school – and gone to my bedroom that he would share with me Alan asked me if I'd been circumcised when I was born.

I admitted that I'd only been done about a month before I started boarding school and that was when he told me he had also been done when he was older, not just once but twice. His dick was about 3" soft but I'd noticed from the start that he had no small collar of remnant skin like me and his scar was way back on the shaft and not just behind the knob like mine. Then he commented that he didn't often see me sneak away for a wank, to which I responded that I had never seen him sneak away at all. That, he said, was because it seemed to take forever for him to cum so he did bother and then I finally asked him why they'd had two goes at circumcising him. This is the story he told me.

His Dad was a Flight Navigator in the RAAF and despite his wife's strong objection would not agree to have his son circumcised at birth – but compromised that if Alan decided he wanted it when he was old enough to make an informed decision for himself, he would allow it. Alan sometimes heard then arguing about it and his Dad saying when he was about ten that he was still not old enough to know the pros and cons. Then in the May about six months after Alan turned 11, his Dad was killed when his coastal survey aircraft crashed on take-off. Within a month, with his Dad no longer there to object, Alan was taken to the new, off-base family doctor for an examination with view to his foreskin being removed.

He wasn't too concerned. His foreskin was very long and flabby, hanging down at an angle from the end of his dick so that it looked quite bizarre compared with other uncut boys he knew and he was often teased about it. The doctor agreed that .75" was far too long an overhang and also said that it was slightly tight so with puberty not far away it could cause problems as his dick grew. So with Alan's full co-operation, he was cut under full anaesthetic at the start of the August holidays, spending a night in hospital before he was sent home. A nurse came to change the dressing each day and his Mum seemed pleased with the neat row of stitching just behind the head. However, it soon became obvious that the doctor had only removed the flabby overhang because when he was healed, the head of his dick when he was soft was still covered almost to the tip of the knob. By this stage his balls had dropped, he had some pale fuzz on his pubes and was experiencing his first bit of oozing pre-cum and his Mum was not happy with the result.

A short time later when his Aunt and near same-age cousin were visiting the subject was raised and both boys found themselves obliged to take down their pants so their circumcisions could be compared. His Aunt agreed that the doctor had certainly not done a satisfactory job on Alan and referred his Mum to the doctor who had circumcised his cousin. Alan objected strongly to the idea of a second circumcision, especially when he discovered that his cousin's doctor was a woman but he was overruled so just after Christmas when he was a little over a month past 12 his dick was being examined again. Unlike the first examination by the male doctor which was undertaken behind a curtain and the decision then simply discussed with his Mum after he was dressed, this woman doctor insisted on examining him in full view of his Mum. As it happened, she had an hour free of appointments and his Mum agreed that there was no time like the present to rectify the situation right there in her office. So the nurse was called and still objecting so strongly that he was strapped to the operating table, his second circumcision immediately took place.

Although his dick was still only a little over 2" long and less than an inch thick, he had grown a few crinkly hairs on his pubes which, much to his embarrassment, were shaved by the nurse. The operation was then performed under local anaesthetic and the injections into the base of his penis were extremely painful. His head was also propped up on a pillow and no screen set up to shield his view of the procedure. Alan tried not to look but his concern and curiosity often got the better of him and he kept opening his eyes to see the progress.

First his foreskin was peeled back tightly and a line drawn round his shaft about a half-inch behind the head. It was then drawn forward again and a second line drawn round the shaft barely an inch forward of the shaved base of his penis. Having two women handle his most intimate part was extremely embarrassing for him as the nurse then gripped his penis with the foreskin drawn right back again and with a scalpel, the doctor made a shallow incision following the first line drawn then with a foreskin forward again a second skin-deep incision round the line back on the shaft. Then while, the nurse held his penis at the base and by the bare head to put it on stretch, a third incision was made lengthwise

between the two circular ones and with a few deft touches of the scalpel the ring of skin between from flayed from the shaft. With his penis now quite shrivelled up, it looked almost as if the whole shaft had been skinned and naturally enough for a 12 y.o. boy it was quite scary to see. She then proceeded to carve out his frenulum completely, placed a couple of stitches to stem the bleeding and then proceeded to draw the edges of the gaping wound on the shaft together and suture them with what Alan later counted as some twenty fine stitches. For about three hours after the operation was over, the nurse checked regularly for any sign of bleeding from the wound before his penis was bandaged and he was sent home.

The burning pain was relieved by regular painkillers that made him constantly drowsy. When the visiting nurse came next morning to change the bandage, his dick looked a mess with severe bruising even down on his pouch that didn't fully disappear for about five days. This time it was ten days before the stitches were removed and his dick was quite tender for more than a month, so much that it hurt to have an erection. He tried lubricating with hair-oil and wanking with his dick well soaped in the bath but for two years it was too painful to carry on for more than a few minutes and his only relief when he began to cum in earnest was from wet dreams. Even then, more than four years later, he didn't bother to try very often to jerk off because, as he said, there was so little pleasure and it seemed to take him forever to cum. As a sixteen-year-old going on seventeen, I was horrified by what he had experienced in comparison to me and wanted to do something to help him.

His story had given me a raging boner that was clearly visible in my PJs so I apologised that his misfortune had made me so excited. Alan admitted to being in the same state and since we had never seen each other with a hard on we decided to compare. Back then it wasn't cool to be gay, certainly not in High School, but this was just between us and we both trusted each other not to say anything. At just on 6" I had about an inch on him. The skin on his shaft, though, was so tight it was shiny. His balls were pulled up tight against the base of his dick and the knob seemed to be pulled out of shape, too, with hardly any bulge at the ridge. It became pretty clear to me later why he got very little pleasure out of masturbating because the entire frenulum and sensitive inner layer of foreskin had been stripped from his dick and there was absolutely no give in the shaft skin at all.

We sat together on my bed just playing with each other for a bit but then I gently pushed him on to his back and without saying a word I bent down and took his dick into my mouth. As I started sucking on the bare knob there was a soft moan of pleasure. I went on sucking. Alan twitched slightly a few times and there were some more soft moans of pleasure and finally after what seemed like ages but was probably only about five minutes he gasped that he was going to cum. I didn't take it in my mouth that first time but sat back massaging his balls as his dick twitched a few times and he shot several spurts of cum up on his chest before his dick immediately started to go soft as the last bit dribbled down into his pubic hair. It only took a few strokes of my own boner before I shot my load.

Over the rest of the three weeks we maybe played round together three or four times more and the last time before we returned to school Alan gave me a suck, too. Naturally enough, he didn't get on very well with his mother after the nightmare she'd put him through so he went home for Christmas then spent the last two weeks of the summer holidays with me. He also came home with me for the week's break at Easter and then again for the August holidays and we sucked each other off every two or three nights. Then our school days ended and we went our separate ways but kept in touch fairly regularly though he never talked about his sex life.