

"Happy Birthday Bro!"

Ben knew that he didn't call his younger brother as much as he should, but at least he'd remembered to ring Marc on his birthday. Ben felt increasingly guilty as they spoke as he realised just how long it had been since they had properly caught up with each other. He had promised himself that he would look after his kid brother when their dad died but, seven years older than Marc and away at college, there just never seemed to be the time somehow.

He was a star swimmer and had left home with a boarding school scholarship when he was 15 - the same age that Marc had reached today, their father had died 10 years earlier and their mother Caroline had married again 5 years after that, so he had actually never lived with his step-dad Tarek, his brother and mother in the same house for more than the odd weekend.

With an exciting and busy life of his own at college, keeping up with his family had, he realised now, slipped too far down his list of priorities despite his best intentions.

"So, little Bro, what's been going on in your life then?" said Ben after they had finished the obligatory talk about birthday presents and how Marc was going to celebrate the day.

Marc told him about school, his sports club and his friends but after a while Ben realised that there was something strange about the conversation. It was the way Marc was going on for too long about trivialities that made Ben wonder if Marc was skirting around something that he really wanted to say - as if the thing that his brother really wanted to tell him was something he was wary of raising for some reason, and Ben started to worry. His first thought was that perhaps things weren't going well at home - Tarek had always seemed a nice, kind man but Ben knew all too well from his friends that relationships between step parents and step children could get tricky, especially during the awkward teenage years. Or, he thought, it could be trouble at school - Marc had always been a hard worker and never been in any trouble, but things changed, and he just hadn't been around to keep an eye on the boy. In the end, Ben just asked. It seemed the only way: "Listen Bro, is there something on your mind? I'm getting the feeling here that something is up that you're not telling me about, so just spill the beans, OK?"

There was silence for a second, then Marc just blurted it out in a rush. Ben wasn't sure what he had expected to hear, but what his brother told him was the last thing he'd ever have guessed.

"I have asked Tarek to circumcise me. I was wondering if you would like to get cut too when he does me."

Ben was lost for words. Get circumcised? Why would anyone want to do that? Of course, being a "jock" meant that locker rooms had been his second home and he had seen his fair share of cut cock in his time, but he had never thought about circumcision as something you chose, but something that was done to you for medical or religious reasons. Was this some kind of joke? It wasn't though - Ben quickly realised that. Marc was sounding too much in earnest for that to be the case.

He tried to get his thoughts in order before he spoke, so he didn't say the wrong thing. "But why?" - Ben asked, trying to hide his puzzlement and worried about his brother as his unease was coming across, even on the phone. More than anything else, Ben was concerned about what had happened to cause Marc to make such a strange request so unexpectedly.

"It's just something I want, ok? No one is putting pressure on me - I just want to be DONE, and I thought it might be something we could do together" - Ben could hear his brother's voice cracking, and in his mind he suddenly had a picture of the boy who had cried his heart out when Ben left to go to boarding school.

Marc had made up his mind. He just knew that he wanted to be circumcised. He had grown up in an environment where it was expected that men would be cut. Most of his friends in the football team were, and he had had enough of the gossip behind his back once he left the locker room. There was just one problem though - the one thing he could not bear was the thought of being different to Ben. They had gone swimming and to the gym a couple of times together and had seen each other naked in the open showers, so he knew his older brother was uncut, and he knew it would just feel wrong if they were no longer the same.

"What does mum say?" – Ben continued, trying to calm his brother down. "She says she's fine with whatever we decide to do, and that if we want to go through with it, she couldn't think of a better person to do it than Tarek. Just to be clear though, no one is pressuring me - I just really want to have it done"

It was true. Tarek hadn't pressured him to do it, in fact he had never even mentioned the possibility to Marc and had been as surprised as Ben when he had asked. Marc knew that, as a successful urologist in their community, Tarek had circumcised some of his buddies' younger brothers and was the best person to go to in the town. The fact that he also happened to be his stepfather had made it much easier, to set about getting what he wanted.

The following Friday, Ben was feeling uneasy as he travelled to his mother's house, on a trip that Marc's call had made him feel he had to make. On the way he kept thinking why Marc wanted to do such a weird thing. The only explanation he could come up with was that it had to be because Marc had grown up in a half-Muslim household and had lots of Muslim friends from playing football in the local team. As well as that, Ben realised, perhaps he had a much closer relationship to Tarek than he had himself, and that it bothered Marc that he was different from his new dad.

"He wants to look like his friends, and like Tarek too," Ben thought, doing his best to try to understand Marc's thinking. Ben did not actually know Tarek that well. Only 13 years older than himself, they might well have become close had they ever had the chance to get to know each other better. Although that just hadn't happened, everything Ben had seen of the man had confirmed his perception that Tarek was a good husband to his mother and a great father to his brother.

During the call with Marc, Ben had agreed to talk things over with Tarek, so he had arranged to stop off and meet him at his clinic on his way home. "I want you to know that I'm as surprised as you are about Marc's decision" - Tarek said, looking earnestly into his stepson's blue eyes. "A very attractive young man," he thought as he looked Ben over. "Circumcising him would be a privilege".

Tarek would never have admitted it, but he was slightly jealous. Not of Ben but, as strange as it sounds, of Caroline's long-dead first husband. She had told him many times that Ben looked exactly like his natural father when he was a young man and had seen some pictures that confirmed that there was indeed an uncanny likeness between them.

"What I'm not surprised about though is that he wants you to get done too" – Tarek continued - "He idolizes you and, I guess, much though he wants to get circumcised, he can't bear the idea of ending up looking different to you" Ben was indeed easy to idolize. Apart from his kind nature and sense of fun, at 6'2" feet tall, with broad shoulders, narrow waist, and clearly defined muscles, he had the body of an Olympic athlete.

"Circumcision has many health benefits," said Tarek. "It significantly reduces the chance of you getting an S.T.D. and hygiene is much easier too as you just don't need to bother about cleaning under the foreskin anymore. And don't worry - everything still works just fine afterwards," he said, winking at his stepson.

Ben heard what Tarek was saying, but he was sceptical. He had a perfect functioning cock. He'd never had any issues with his foreskin, let alone any infections. It was loose and retracted perfectly and it didn't even get musky after he'd worked out. He cleaned himself regularly and enjoyed playing with his foreskin during sex so Ben was afraid of what circumcision would mean for his love life.

Would he still be able to wank? What would sex be like with no skin? Also, he wondered, how he would explain it all to his mates? they were going to see him in the open showers after practice and what would they think? Surely, Ben thought, most of them would think it was a weird thing to have had done to himself when there was just no need for it.

"Well, you might as well get a check-up, since you are here" - Tarek said, standing up and asking Ben to drop off his pants and underwear and lie on an examination table on the other side of the room. Ben gulped and blushed. He hadn't been expecting that, not that he had anything to be ashamed of. He was a jock and had been used to sharing locker rooms and showers with other men since he was 10 years old, but this was something completely different, and felt even weirder with Tarek being his stepdad too.

Tarek was genuine in his offer to give Ben a check-up but, he had to admit, he was also intrigued by the idea of getting a look at what Ben was packing between his legs. He had never seen him naked as they had never gone to the swimming pool together, and the thought struck him that, if Ben decided against circumcision, then he might never get another chance to find out just what he had inside his pants.

"I'm being silly. He is a doctor" - Ben thought as he turned around and dropped his pants and boxer shorts, revealing his tight, muscular butt and well-defined speedo tan line.

Tarek had seen his fair share of cocks, but he had to admit to himself that Ben really had been blessed. His thick penis hung long and low, and Tarek guessed that, even completely soft, it had to be a good 5 inches - as long soft as many of the penises he'd seen were when they were hard. The foreskin was medium length and loose, just about covering what had to be a large, mushroom shaped head. Tarek's penis wasn't small by any means, but he made himself push aside a fleeting feeling of inadequacy when he saw just how big Ben was - if her oldest son was so similar to his dad in that department too, was Caroline disappointed in him as a lover when she compared him to her first husband?

"I guess it runs in the family" - Tarek thought as he compared Ben's cock to Marc's in his head. Marc, being younger, was, of course, still developing, but Tarek was sure he was going to be at least as big as Ben before too much longer. Tarek went through a full standard check up on his stepson. Before examining Ben's foreskin, he took the time to hold each testicle between his thumb and forefinger, making sure everything was in order. Ben had some pretty low-hangers in a closely shaved sack, so it was easy for Tarek to check them out.

Ben felt slightly uncomfortable, and it was understandable - he wasn't used to being manhandled this way, and especially not by someone in his family. "Everything is in order here. Please make sure to check on yourself often Ben. Testicular cancer is a young man's disease," Tarek said before moving on to Ben's penis.

Tarek had to admit, that as far as foreskins go, Ben's was really beautiful. He also had to admit that there was really was no need for Ben, or Marc too, for that matter, to undergo circumcision - not even a religious one, as neither of them had been raised in any religion at all, let alone to follow Islam. He could, though, understand Marc's view of circumcision being a kind of rite of passage, and that he wanted to share it as such with his brother. As well as that, there was certainly something for Tarek, as their new father, about putting his mark on his step sons that appealed to him - circumcision was something that he genuinely felt was a gift that every good father should bestow on his sons, and the idea of him being the one to do that special thing for them somehow felt as if in a way he would finally be claiming the boys as his own.

"Right" - Tarek said pulling back Ben's foreskin as far as it would go, causing the boy some discomfort - "If you agree, I'll perform the same procedure on you as I will on Marc. You would get a local anaesthetic on the base of your penis and then I would make two circular cuts. First one here" - Tarek said, pointing very close to the glans - "and then" after pulling the foreskin forward - "one at the same spot"

Although discussing circumcision with young men who were considering it was part of his everyday life, Tarek found it somehow disconcerting to be doing so with his oldest stepson. Tarek had been cut as a child and was never asked about his opinion on the matter but had never resented the choice that had been made for him.

Especially when he saw how unhygienic some of his uncut patients were, he truly believed having a cut cock was the better option. In this case, though, it felt different in a way which made him slightly uneasy- not only did Ben have an uncut penis that looked beautiful and worked perfectly in every way, but he had had no desire to lose his foreskin until the idea had, in a way, been forced on him because of someone else's wish to lose theirs.

Ben was amazed that he was having to fight hard to stop his cock from reaching its full mast of 8 inches. He could not believe it, but he was actually getting turned on by the situation. Was it the just the manhandling of his cock or was it, weirdly, something about the idea of getting circumcised that was arousing him so much? Was he, he thought, turning into some kind of pervert? "Finally," said Tarek, "I will completely remove the frenulum, which is the piece of skin right here below your glans". "Would he miss it?" Ben thought. He hadn't even been aware that he had a frenulum before Tarek talked about removing it. He wasn't really sure what it was there for, let alone if he'd miss it if it were gone. In fact, the whole topic of circumcision was something he had just never thought about until Marc had raised the idea, and yet here he was being confronted by the idea of if being performed on him and it was

hard for him to get to grips with the idea as even a possibility, let alone a reality. It might have worried him even more if he'd know that Tarek had just described one of the most radical circumcisions possible. No inner foreskin would be left. No movement of the skin would be possible.

Tarek had done his best to remain professional as he noticed his step son's cock rising to full mast, but he knew he would be able to make a work of art out of that cock, and a part of him relished the idea of doing so perhaps just a little too much. He normally did not do circumcisions that low and tight, but he wanted his stepsons' circumcisions to be special, and he considered the "born-foreskin-free" look, the non-plus ultra of circumcisions.

Ben was red-faced as he pulled up his pants after what had been a disquieting experience for him, especially as he had found it strangely erotic. He thanked Tarek and set out for his mom's home; his head full of thoughts. He felt embarrassed Tarek had seen him get aroused, but he didn't have much time to dwell on it. He had to make a choice, and meeting Tarek and hearing what he said had not made it any easier.

That night Ben tossed and turned on the bed in the guest room as he tried to come to a decision. As usual, he was wearing just boxer shorts and inside them he had a raging hard-on that somehow would just not go away. After a while, he freed his 8-inch erection from his shorts and started jacking off, sliding his foreskin over his huge glans with a new awareness of how good it felt as it covered and uncovered the mushroom head. Unusually, he rubbed his frenulum too - a part of him that he had not even been aware of before he heard that it might, if he decided to agree to circumcision, be taken from him along with his foreskin, and realised that he'd never before discovered just how good doing that could feel. He kept thinking about his meeting with Tarek earlier that day, picturing how what his cock would look like without a foreskin. With the image of his glans bare and exposed in his head, it did not take long for him to cum on his abs and chest with one of the most powerful orgasms he had had in a long time. He was newly aware of how much pleasure he got from his foreskin and how elemental it was for him in getting off, yet somehow the idea of it not being there was strangely arousing, however much he might miss it. He cleaned himself up with a towel, covered himself up with the sheets and went to sleep like a baby. He had made up his mind.

The next morning Ben came down to the kitchen table, where his brother, mom and Tarek were already having breakfast. "I'm in!" Ben said, before sitting down at the breakfast table, as he messed around playfully with his brother's hair. Marc was over the moon that his brother had agreed to get cut with him, whilst Tarek relished at the once in a lifetime opportunity of leaving his mark on his two stepsons.

Caroline was just relieved a decision had been taken as she'd been all too aware that Marc had been on edge about it all for the last couple of weeks. She was still finding his request hard to understand and wasn't sure if he was making a mistake, but she was relieved that at least now he wouldn't have to go through it all alone. Although Marc was delighted by the way things had turned out, Ben, having made the choice to stand by his brother, was still struggling to come to terms with his decision and all its implications when, two weeks later, he found himself with Marc, their mother and Tarek at Tarek's surgery. No one spoke much on their way there.

The boys were nervous but only Marc showed it as he constantly shifted around in his seat, more aware than ever of his penis and how every movement made him tickle down there. Ben was just lost in silent thought. In his boxers, his foreskin was retracted. For the last week, he had been trying to test what it would feel like to have his glans exposed the whole time, and it had felt so strange and uncomfortable that, as the moment of no return drew ever closer, he was seriously starting to doubt if he could cope with being like that permanently.

Caroline had not planned to stay in the surgery while her children got cut, but somehow it just had seemed the natural thing to stay with them after getting out of the car and entering the clinic with them. Somehow, she just couldn't bear to see them walk into the operating room without her. She could not really get her head around what was going on. "Why on earth are they doing this?" she kept thinking.

Caroline had got to know the advantages for a woman of a man with a cut cock since she had been with Tarek, but the boys' dad had been uncut, their sex lives had been good, and she had never really thought about his foreskin as it hadn't seemed to have any bearing on their love making, for better or worse. This whole issue, first with Marc and now Ben, had really surprised her as she had never thought about the possibility of her sons wanting to get cut. She felt helpless in a way, and could not help but wonder what their biological dad might have thought about it all. Something about someone, even Tarek, taking a knife to her two sweet boys made her uneasy, even though she

totally trusted him to do a good job. The only thing she knew for certain was that if this was a step they really wanted to take, and for whatever reason, then it felt right for her to be there for them when it happened. Both boys found it odd that she was there with them as Tarek prepared them for their procedures, especially as she had not seen them naked since they were little children, but somehow no one wanted to tell her to leave the room.

Marc was the first to get cut. He had had weeks to psych himself up for this moment, but boy was he nervous! There were many questions still in his mind - things he had not really been able to talk about with Tarek beforehand. What would wanking be like? Marc had not had sex yet, but he wondered if he might miss out on something by not having a foreskin. He was reassured by the fact that Ben had agreed to be done too - he was older, wiser, and had had girlfriends, so if it was a bad move and led to worse sex then he wouldn't have agreed to it, would he? He probably wouldn't have been too re-assured to have known that, at that moment, Ben was having exactly the same unspoken doubts and that was only because he thought Marc was so convinced that circumcision was right for him that he'd agreed to be done too.

Marc pulled down his pants and laid down on the table, then Tarek disinfected his crotch before injecting anaesthesia into the base of his penis. Marc was pretty nervous as he saw the large needle and, when it hurt like hell, he instinctively grabbed Ben's hand. Something in Ben was deeply touched by the way Marc reached out to him for support in the way a little boy might and, smiling down at his brother and hoping that his own anxieties weren't showing, continued to squeeze it throughout the whole operation.

Tarek was a pro, and it only took around half an hour before he finished with Marc, ending up with carving out his frenulum before stitching him up. The cut he had given Marc was slightly looser than that he had described to Ben as he expected Marc to continue to grow a bit, but it was nevertheless still a tight, sleek job.

Marc got off the table looking white faced. Ben could not quite read his expression. Was he happy to have his circumcision behind him, or was he already regretting it now that it was reality?

Now it was Ben's turn. Thoughts started to rush through his head. Did he really want to go through with it? What on earth was he doing? He had looked at Marc's circumcision and it was not a pretty sight. He had known that it would be that way and that it would be a couple of weeks before things settled down, although it would never look or feel as it had before. Weeks without a wank. Weeks without sex. Did he really want that?

Then he remembered what he had told his brother when they were alone in their room after their dad's funeral: "I've got your back" Ben had really meant it back then. He still meant it now. He realised, with a heavy feeling of resignation, that the moment had come to show that those were not just words.

He sighed and pulled down his jogging pants and boxer shorts and hopped onto the table. He saw the big anaesthesia needle and, just like Marc, started to get nervous, but he could not fail him now. If Marc could do it, then he could too. Just as expected, the needle hurt like hell, but he did his best not to scream and made a fist out of his right hand. Unexpectedly, his mother offered her hand for him to hold, and he realised that, to her, he was still her little boy. She looked lovingly at him and, even as a grown man and, if he was honest, never really that close to her, he was surprised how grateful he was at that moment to have her there.

"Please bite on this, trust me," Tarek said, giving him what looked like a dog's rubber toy. Ben did as told, not really understanding why. Unbeknownst to him, Tarek had given him less than half the dose of anaesthetic that he had given to Marc. He wanted to make sure Ben remembered this forever.

"FUUUUCK!!! This hurts like hell" – Ben thought, as his eyes filled with tears at the first cut.

Tarek did as he had told Ben a couple of weeks ago and pulled his foreskin back as much as possible, making then the first cut just a few millimetres behind his glans. It was rare for Tarek to do a circumcision with quite as much skin to remove. He then pulled forward again as far as possible, making a second cut around Ben's penis on the same spot he had made the first. When he was done, he separated Ben's foreskin from his penis for the last time, liberating his mushroom cock head to be exposed forever. Although it was all bloody and far from a pretty sight, Ben marvelled as he looked down at the result. His cock head had never looked so big. It was almost indecent. How would he be able to shower in public again with his glans looking so obvious and brazen.

"We'll be done soon - you are doing great!" Tarek said before starting to carve out the frenulum.

If he could have, Ben would have jumped off the table the moment that Tarek started excising his frenulum. The cuts to his foreskin had been bad enough, but this was far worse and he was glad he had the rubber thing to bite on. He was almost breaking his mother's hand, which he had been holding tightly the whole time. He could not understand how Marc had been able to go through it all so easily in comparison and he felt ashamed that, as the oldest, he was finding it so much more difficult to bear than his little brother.

After removing the frenulum completely, leaving a deep, empty groove under his mushroom head. Tarek stitched and bandaged the boy up. His mother gave him a kiss on the cheek and, as Ben got up from the table, greatly relieved that it was all finally over, both brothers gave themselves a high five. They'd actually done it – and together too!

Caroline felt relieved that it was all over, while Tarek was proud that the boys had embraced part of his heritage. Marc was feeling cherished that his big bro had gone through it with him. And Ben? He was just relieved it was all over now. He found it much worse than he expected, but was intrigued by the idea of how good the new version of his cock might look, especially with his big head now so clear to see.

They were tired and in pain, but happy. They knew they would remember this forever and that something as unlikely as getting circumcised had created a special bond between them, and perhaps Tarek too, that might have brought them closer than they ever had been before.

Ben had arranged to stay with his family for the next 2 weeks to recover. Their newly exposed cock heads were, of course, incredibly sensitive and their rubbing against their underwear was so unbearable that they got used to walking around the house wearing nothing but T-shirts. It was strange at first, but their cocks were so swollen and covered in bandages, that they did not really feel naked.

Those first weeks were hell. The over-sensitivity of their cock heads almost drove them mad. It was a mixture of feeling horny the whole time because of all the new stimulation and being in pain down there. Back in the dorm and with his circumcision healed up, Ben had to learn to jerk off with lube as he did not have a foreskin to play with anymore. The change to the feelings of pleasuring himself was strange enough, but the first time he had sex with a girl felt even more different and had felt like losing his virginity all over again. Before, as he made love, he used to feel immense waves of pleasure that were quickly over, but now it was something different - more like a constant subdued warm feeling, that made him last longer.

Epilogue:

At first, Caroline wasn't convinced that it was a good idea, but she'd kept her thoughts to herself as, rather to her surprise, her three men had all seemed so keen when Marc had suggested that they asked Ben to join them when they went on their skiing trip. In one way she was delighted when he'd said that he'd love to come too but, three years on from their circumcisions and not having been together for longer than a weekend since, she didn't think that the topic had ever been mentioned again, and certainly not in her presence. She'd always sensed that Ben had been less convinced about it than Marc and, if he was regretting his choice, she hated the idea of any friction between Ben and Tarek coming to light, especially if it all came out when they were cooped up together in a ski lodge.

The first few hours of the trip had felt a little strained. Secretly, Caroline was concerned that she had been right to worry about how it would all work out, but she needn't have worried as before long they were all clearly enjoying spending time together and getting along better than she'd dared hope. By the third day though, not being quite such a keen skier as the men and knowing that she didn't need to be there with them to ensure they were all getting along, she was fancying a change from the slopes and decided that she'd treat herself to the hotel's "pamper package" in the spa instead of hitting the slopes. She enjoyed the treatments as well as just spending some time on her own, but by the early evening she was surprised to realise how much she was looking forward to seeing her men again. The idea of the mud bath that was the last treatment of the day didn't appeal to her much, so she thought she'd just spend a while in the sauna instead and wait for them there as she knew that they would head straight for some steam when they got back. Wrapped in her towel, she sat reading on a lounge by the showers and was so engrossed in her book that it took her by surprise when she saw them emerge from the sauna and into the open

shower area. She was flustered at first - she hadn't expected them to be naked and her first feeling was pure embarrassment, but she was amazed at her second feeling as pure pride washed over her a moment later.

First out of the steam room was her youngest, Marc- now 18-years old, 6 feet tall and almost hairless. She took in straight away how his muscles were developing and that he no longer looked like a boy. What really struck her though was how much he was starting to look like his athletic older brother. Caroline couldn't stop herself from dropping her gaze to his cock, feeling a bit strange about doing it but somehow needing to know how his body had changed there too since she had last seen him naked and, in particular, what he looked like since his circumcision had settled down.

The last time she had seen it was on Tarek's operating table it had been far from a pretty picture, and she was intrigued to see how it might have turned out. She was relieved to see just how good his new cock looked with its moderately tight but very low circumcision and, she noticed to her surprise, with shaved pubes around it now too.

Her husband emerged soon after Marc. In such an unusual setting it was almost as if she were seeing him through a stranger's eyes and she was pleased by what she saw. Standing at 5'10 and the shortest of the three, he looked, she thought, very fit and attractive for a man of 38 with his olive skin, full beard, slightly hairy chest and neatly trimmed pubes. As her eyes wandered below his waist, she took in his low and moderately loose- cut cock and wondered idly why he had chosen to circumcise Marc in such an obviously different way to the way he had been done himself.

When, finally, her oldest, Ben, came through the sauna door, it was almost as if she'd had a physical shock. At 25, he was such a dead ringer for his long-dead biological dad that she had a rush of emotion that almost made her cry. 6'2 feet tall.

Blonde with striking blue eyes. A 3-day beard. Trimmed golden chest hair, athletic, with wide shoulders, strong biceps, well-shaped six pack abs and a clearly defined adonis belt, even as his mother Caroline could not help realise what just what a stunningly attractive young man he had become. She struggled with her feelings as she saw just how much he looked like the man she had fallen in love with and then lost all those years ago but, as he lifted the towel he was carrying to mop the sweat from his face, the one striking difference to his father hit her poignantly like a slap in the face. Again, she hadn't been able to stop dropping her gaze and, as she looked further south, there was Ben's long penis below the tightly trimmed blonde pubes. His long appendage was hanging heavily between his legs very much like his father's had, but instead of his father's long, loose foreskin, Ben's white skin was taut even though his penis was completely flaccid. Between the large, greyish mushroom glans and the rest of the white shaft skin there was a thin band of pinkish flesh.

Without a foreskin covering it, his glans looked huge - Caroline was amazed by it, and it seemed almost as if the sheer weight of it was pulling down the rest of his cock.

Suddenly, she struggled guiltily with the fear that her first husband would have hated what she'd allowed to happen to his sons and been appalled if he was there seeing them, their fine bodies marred by the mark of circumcision that so obviously scarred their most intimate parts. But, she realised after a second, anyone seeing their cocks for the first time would like what they saw. They were young men who had known how they wanted to be and, as Tarek was their dad now too, she was somehow pleased that her family of men all matched each other.

Caroline knew very little about circumcision, but even she could see that her new husband had given her boys the lowest and, in Ben's case too, the tightest circumcisions possible and, even if her first husband would never have ever wished circumcision on his sons, there was no doubt that they both looked good.

After Tarek had transformed it so completely, it had taken Ben some time to get used to his new cock. Having his glans exposed all the time had, he knew, definitely reduced his sensitivity. His remaining foreskin no longer moved at all when his cock was at its full 8 inches and he'd soon discovered that he needed lube to be able to jerk off. The pleasure that he got from doing it had also become something completely different too as he no longer could slide his foreskin over his helmet, but now had to rub it directly with his lubed fist around it. The feeling was totally new of him as he had never worked his glans when he had a foreskin.

Apart from the physical changes since his circumcision, Ben had quickly had to get used to standing around naked with his big mushroom-headed glans so obviously exposed for everyone to see. There was just no longer any way

that he could hide it, and he had often seen people look twice at him as they noticed his cock. Not only was he now part of the circumcised minority and almost always the only man around with no foreskin when he was in the locker room, but some of the others he changed with would remember that he once had a foreskin. He was embarrassed at first, but then slowly began to like being different and getting noticed, sometimes even admitting to himself that he found it erotic to stand naked in a locker room or in tight speedos at the pool, knowing that his big glans was to clearly on show.

One of his first times he had got changed in public after his circumcision he had had to blush when one of his mates asked him what had happened to his cock. At this point the worst of the bruising had faded, but the scar on top of his glans still looked fresh and the suture marks were clearly obvious. He hesitated at first. How could he explain what had happened? How could anyone ever understand? Ben smiled as he threw his towel over his right shoulder, starting to make his way towards the open showers, suddenly realising that he was proud to be a circumcised man.

"I just wanted to get it done. Family tradition"