**Circ Poker

I looked again at the appointment card in my hand.
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765 Physicians Plaza
Your Appointment is 6:00 p.m. Friday

"You won't be sorry Bill," my friend Terry whispered. "You'll see."

I had met Terry several weeks earlier and we had become good
friends. We enjoyed some real hot sex together and I was particularly
fond of his big 8" circumcised cock. I was admiring the neat circ job
and the beauty of that big cock one night when he asked me if I had ever
considered getting myself circ'd. I admitted that I had really
considered it and was turned on by the idea.

Terry then told me that he belonged to a very special club. It was
called the 5th Avenue Men's Club. What made it unique was that all of
the men in the club were gay or bisexual males who had been circumcised
as adults in a very special way. Before you could even apply for
membership in the club you had to prove your manhood by submitting to
circumcision without the benefit of anesthetic. Not only did you have
to submit voluntarily, you didn't decide when it would happen. You had
to participate in one or more strip poker games with five other guys and
the looser got circ'd right after the game while the club members and
the other game participants watched. If you didn't lose the first game
you would be invited to come back once a month until you did lose if you
still wanted to join. Terry said this really tested a guy's courage and
worked on your nerves.

I asked Terry if being circumcised without and anesthetic wasn't
terribly painful. "It hurts like hell," he said. "But it's the price
you have to pay to join our group and it's well worth it. Besides Doc
is an artist when it comes to circumcising a guys manhood. My cock is
just a sample of the work he does."

It took several weeks but I finally got up enough courage to ask
Terry how I went about getting into the club. I was still scared to
death, but at the same time the thoughts of being circumcised in front
of a bunch of horny guys really turned me on. A week later Terry
brought me the appointment card and told me to be at the Dr.'s Office
Friday. I was told that the doctor would give me a complete physical to
make sure that I was in good enough health to undergo a circumcision.
If the doctor would accept me then he would tell me where and when to
report for my first poker game.

Friday came all too soon and I found myself standing alone in the
reception area of a typical doctors office. Finally a handsome young
man who appeared to be in his early twenties opened a door and called my
name. "Hi," he said extending his hand. "I'm Jason, Dr. Duncan's
nurse. I'll be helping with your exam.

Jason led me through a narrow hallway to a fairly large room marked
surgery. "Take all of your clothes off and throw them on that chair
Bill." Jason took his clipboard and while I proceeded to remove my
clothing he began asking me questions about my medical history. When I
was completely naked Jason handed me a bottle and told me he needed a
urine sample. When I looked around for a bathroom he just insisted that
I take a piss right there. It took me awhile but I finally managed to
relax enough to take a leak and then gave the bottle back to him. Next
he took me to a scale where he measured my height and took my weight.
He also reached down and gently fondled my cock and balls. "Nice cock,"
he said winking at me. I had already been having trouble keeping myself
under control watching this handsome hunk but now my cock began to
swell. Soon I was sporting a full erection that just wouldn't go down.
Jason had me sit up on the table. He didn't give me anything to cover
myself with. Once I was up on the table he checked my heart, lungs,
ears, etc. and occasionally gave my cock another stroke or two.

There I sat with a huge erection when the door opens and in walks
Dr. Duncan. Doc is strikingly handsome 6'4" not a bit of fat, deep
blue eyes, dark hair, and a sculptured physique. My heart jumped and so
did my cock. "Well looks like we're up for the occasion," laughed the
doctor.

"Sorry sir," I blushed. "I just couldn't help it." The doctor
quickly reassured me that it was just fine. He and Jason were used to
seeing men with erections. The doctor finished up the usual examination
and took blood samples. He made me get on the table on my hands and
knees while he slowly inserted a tube up my ass and looked around and
then he finally examined my cock and balls very carefully. He asked a
bunch of questions about my foreskin and any problems I might have had
with it and he asked about my sexual activity.

When he was finished he asked me if I wanted to join the club and
again explained what I would have to do before I could even apply for
membership. He warned me that the circumcision would only give me the
right to apply for membership. I would still have to pass the
initiation after that, but he refused to discuss the initiation any
further. "You understand that in this poker game the loser is going
to get his foreskin cut off? This is a real man's game. No anesthetic.
If you loose you will lay on the table and allow me to circumcise you
right then and there. No questions and no backing out once the game
starts. If you try to back out you will be physically restrained and
circumcised anyway."

I gulped and thought for a moment. "Yeah I understand."

Dr. Duncan handed me a surgical consent form and told me to sign it.
"If you lose the poker game you have already signed the consent form for
your circ he explained."

"If you are still interested be at this address next Friday night at
7:00 p.m.," he said. Be there on time. You are to wear shoes, socks,
pants, a pair of jockey shorts, and a shirt. Nothing else is allowed so
that all contestants start out even." Jason handed me my clothes and I
was soon back out on the street.

The week seemed to drag on forever. Several times I decided to back
out. I told myself that this was crazy. Sure I had always fantasized
about being forcibly circumcised, but this was for real and I wasn't
sure now that I wanted to go through with it. But then I would start
thinking with my cock again and I was too turned on to back out.

My hand shook like a leaf as I knocked on the door. The house was
just an ordinary house in an average looking neighborhood. There were a
few other cars parked out front when I arrived just before 7:00 p.m. but
nothing else that would distinguish the place from your average family
home.

Suddenly the door swung open and there stood Dr. Duncan. The
enormous bulge in the front of his Levi's took my breath away.

"Hi." He extended a warm beefy hand and half pulled me through the
door. "Just follow me," he said as he opened a door at the side of the
hallway and headed down the stairs into the basement.

At the bottom of the stairs Doc opened a heavy door and led me into
a large room that was dimly lit except for a bright circle of light that
illuminated a round table in the center of the room. There were six
chairs surrounding the table with three men already seated. There were
about 20 or so more chairs around the perimeter of the room and most of
these chairs were occupied by men who were completely naked. One of
those men was my friend Terry. Doc took my arm and led me to a chair next**

**to the poker table.

"Gentlemen," Doc boomed, "This is Bill Henderson. Bill has asked
to become a player in our poker match this evening. Bill drop your
pants so that we may verify your eligibility for our little game."

I must have turned three shades of purple, but after hesitating for
a moment I did as instructed and pulled my pants and briefs down letting
my thick 8" uncut cock flop into sight. Doc took me by the shoulders
and turned me around gradually so that everyone could get a good look at
my shriveling equipment.

Doc then asked the seated men to raise their right hand if they
would accept me as a player in the game. All hands went up and I was
accepted and allowed to pull my pants back up. I was then seated at the
poker table with the first three players.

A few minutes later another young man in his early twenties was
introduced in a similar manner and accepted.

Doc then stepped to the head of the table and announced that all of
the men seated around the room were members of the Men's Club and would
be observers for the evenings game. Each man had earned his seat by
participating in the poker game and eventually loosing his foreskin.
Some of these men, we were told had participated only once while others
had participated many times before losing. Each man was brought to the
head of the table and introduced after which he was told to circle the
table and allow each of us to view and handle his fully circumcised
organ. While some of the men remained soft most of them sported full
erections. My own organ swelled in my pants as I handled and looked at
these magnificent cut cocks. The circs were beautifully done. Each was
even and tight and most had a very dark and distinct scar about a fourth
to half way down their shafts.

Finally the last of the men was introduced. He was also last
months looser. His cock still showed some distinct swelling. The
stitches had been removed, however, numerous suture marks were still
obvious around the still red and sore looking scar.

With introductions completed Doc announced that the rules of this
poker game were simple. Doc was the dealer. Each player would be dealt
five cards face up. Aces were worth 11 points, face cards were worth 10
points and all other cards were worth their numbered value. The player
with the lowest number of points in front of him would be required to
stand and remove an article of clothing. Play would continue until one
player was completely naked. That player must then immediately submit
himself to be circumcised. Any player who fails to submit voluntarily
will be forcibly strapped to the table and the circumcision will proceed
anyway.

"I am a licensed and experienced physician and will perform the
circumcision," Doc announced. "This is to be a ritual type circumcision
that will be performed freehand without the benefit of anesthetic. The
patient may feel free to scream if he chooses since this room has been
soundproofed. The observers in this room were all circed in this manner
and all have survived. As you have observed the results of their circ's
have been excellent so you have no need to worry."

"The game is about to begin. If you so choose you may withdraw now
and you are free to leave ."

No one moved.
"Do each of you agree to the terms of the game? If so raise your
right hand and say yes."
Five hands went into the air around the table and five mouths said
yes.

"Master at arms secure the door!" Doc intoned and one of the men
stood and took a key from around his neck and locked a deadbolt on the
the heavy door.

As Doc unwrapped a new deck of cards and began to shuffle them I
looked around the table at my opponents. All seemed to be fairly young
in their twenties or early thirties and most seemed to be quite
attractive, but my concentration was soon broken as the first cards were
dealt.

Oh no... my first card was a three, the guy next to me had a King.
Already I was 7 points down. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea. When
the first hand was over the loser was a kid seated across from me.
Early twenties, blonde, and cute as hell. He stood removed a shoe and
sat back down. Time seemed to fly by as play continued and item by item
I lost my clothing. In no time at all I found myself seated in just my
underwear. The cute kid across from me was in the same predicament and
most of the other players were down to only two or three pieces of
clothing. One guy remarkably had lost only one shoe. I wasn't sure
whether he was the most lucky guy at the table or the least lucky.

As the next hand was being dealt I began to get really scared. The
sweat ran from my underarms and trickled down my sides in tiny rivers,
but at the same time my mouth felt like it was stuffed with cotton. I
couldn't even swallow my mouth was so dry. I glanced at the kid across
the table as he was dealt a four of hearts and could see the color
draining from his face. He was obviously as scared as I was.

When the final card was layed on the table the young boy across from
me stood slowly and with trembling hands slowly removed his underwear.
"Thank God," I thought. I had come within two points of being tonight's
circumcision patient.

Doc walked over and gently placed his hands on the boy's shoulders.
"Mike, you are tonight's honored guest. The remainder of the players are
to finish removing their clothing. Gentlemen please remove the tables
and chairs."

Some of the observers quietly removed the poker table and chairs.
>From a closet a second table actually an operating table was quickly
wheeled into place under the bright lights. A second table which held
surgical instruments covered by a blue towel was also wheeled into
place.

"Ok Mike, up on the table," Doc ordered.

The boy just about feinted and two of the observers had to help him
onto the table.

"Please sir," Mike began to plead. "I'm not ready to do this.
Please just let me go."

"Now Mike, you agreed to the rules before we started. You know that
there is no backing out now. I'm sorry but it's too late now. The rest
of you men who are not helping please remain behind the yellow line on
the floor."

Before Mike could reply Doc turned and moved toward a small adjacent
room to scrub up for the procedure. Two of the men who had obviously
done this before took leather straps and firmly strapped the now
squirming boy to the table. When he was completely immobilized a Doc's
nurse Jason who had donned a surgical gown retrieved a safety razor and
shaving cream from the instrument tray and proceeded to shave the boy's
entire pubic area. As he did this he gently stroked the boy's cock
until it was standing erect and firm. Doc stood at the table dressed in
surgical garb. To my surprise Doc took a pen in one hand and with the
other he pulled the boy's foreskin as far forward as it would go. He
carefully marked the boy's skin with the pen and then peeled the
foreskin back and carefully marked the underside. He inspected his work
several times making sure that everything was just the way he wanted it.
Finally Doc laid down the pen and stepped back. When the Doc was
finished Jason began masturbating the boy's seven inch cock in ernest.
After just a few minutes of the man's expert manipulations the boy
groaned, tensed, and shot thick ropes of cum up over his own belly and
chest. The man took a warm damp towel and gently wiped the remaining
shaving cream and cum from the boy.

"You won't be able to do that for yourself for a while so we didn't
want to leave you with blue balls," he snickered. With that the man
put on a pair of gloves and liberally applied some sort of antiseptic to
the boys naked groin. "This is going to burn a bit, but it will help
you keep from getting an infection, " he intoned as he poured the
solution over the boys helpless cock and balls.

"Oh shit, it burns man. Get it off. Pleaaaaassseee. Somebody
help me." The boy struggled mightily against his straps but to no
avail. The men had seen to it that he couldn't move and ruin the Doc's
job.

"Well looks like we're ready." Doc stood at the table with scalpel
in hand. "This is going to hurt like hell for a few minutes Mike. But
you're a big boy and you can take it."

Slowly Doc brought the scalpel to the boy's cock and very slowly
begin to slice around his ample foreskin. The boy screamed nonstop as
his foreskin was slowly and deliberately sliced from his cock. "You're
doing fine Mike, but now I have to remove the frenulum and I'm afraid
that's going to hurt a bit worse."

The boy immediately began to beg again but the Dr. proceeded to
slowly slice the frenulum from the boys proud cock. By the time Doc
finished cutting the boy was sobbing uncontrollably. Finally when
foreskin and frenulum had been removed Jason handed Doc a needle and
suture thread and Doc began to carefully stitch the boy's bleeding cock
skin. At once point he took a hot needle and cauterized a small place
where the boy's frenulum had been removed to stop the bleeding. Doc
put a lot of stitches around the boy's cock explaining that this would
make a neater scar and he didn't want them tearing out when the boy got
an erection later on. When he was finished Doc put some salve on the
young mans' cock and wrapped it loosely with gauze.

Finally the ordeal was over and the young man was released from his
bonds. He was gently helped off the table and slowly stood up to
receive warm congratulations from the other men in the room. Doc told
the boy to call him immediately if there was any excessive bleeding and
that he wanted to see him in his office the next day. The game
participants were all given our clothes and told to dress again and then
ushered out of the house.**