**The Doctor and Darren**

I’m thirty-four and I’ve been a G.P. for seven years. I started off in the Army Medical Corps after I finished my training at one of the bigger teaching hospitals. The Army really isn’t my kind of life, and I only did a couple of years, but there’s one thing to be said for it. If you enjoy performing circumcisions, you get your chance to keep in practice there. There’s always someone being posted to the tropics, or having some little problem with a tight foreskin, and I often found it quite surprisingly easy to persuade them that what they needed was that little bit of skin removed by my own highly skilled hand. Even better were the poor dumb squaddies who believed the tale that it got you ten days  leave. I made sure that a couple of my corporals kept spreading that story among the new recruits. In return, they got to watch   the circumcisions I performed, which they really enjoyed. My two sidekicks would encourage the recruits to come and ask for it, and  when I looked at their dicks the skin would be loose and the head completely clean. In fact I can say that I mostly cut the ladswho didn’t need it. And need it or not, they were back on parade the following morning with a very sore weapon in their rough army  trousers.

I think that’s where I developed a taste for the whole idea. Of course at medical school they had decided that circumcision was a bit unfashionable but I’ve found that the practice I got in the Army has stood me in good stead. Don’t misunderstand me. I don’t approve of the sort of wholesale slaughter of the innocent that happens in the States. I do circumcise babies, of course, from time to time, but only if the parents are really insistent. Fewer  of them are, these days, but that’s all to the good. Cutting a baby is OK, but the real thrill is doing it for an adolescent, and because there are fewer babies done, it means there are more teenagers around to play with. And that is really nice. Part of the interest is persuading their parents. I tell them how much cleaner, and how much better the penis looks. I warn the about dirt behind tight foreskins and penile cancer. I talk about irritations and ulcers and all the other "medical" reasons. But what I don’t say is that they are all so much nonsense. Doctors, and especially me, we circumcise because we enjoy it. And so, since I left the Army, I have had the privilege and pleasure of taking my scalpel to some twenty-five or thirty healthy teenagers’ foreskins. Now you must understand that I am a professional. They got the best treatment. After all, if you’re going to get a reputation for circumcision, it ought to be a good one, and I took great care over all of them. They all had an anaesthetic injected carefully into the skin. They all had the cut ends lined up neatly, the frenum carefully preserved. The frenum is the little bridge of skin just under the opening, the  meatus as we call it. It’s quite sensitive and most guys ask to keep it. Mostly I let them. Anyway they all healed up looking   smooth and neat. But I have to say that I began to feel that I was not getting all the pleasure I might from the operation. Then about a month ago, two things happened. First, I read an article in an American magazine. It was about some of the customs of the Arabs and of the slaves they took from the African tribes. Now I don’t know how true it all was, but it was obvious that the writer was as turned on by the idea of primitive circumcisions as I was. It was terrific, and I began to think that perhaps I was being too unambitious with the foreskins that came under my knife. I also began to wonder what it would be like to own slaves. The second thing that happened was that a good-looking guy of about thirty-two or thirty-three, a patient of mine, Terry by name, brought his fifteen year old stepson, Darren, to my surgery. They were the last patients of the afternoon session.

I’ve known Terry for some time. He’s good-looking, a bit of a bruiser, not the world’s most intellectual guy, but sharp. He works at Nine Elms, in the new Covent Garden fruit market, and humping tons of fruit around has given him a very fair set of muscles. You can see them ripple under his T-shirt. I’ve seen that other important muscle he has bulging in his jeans, too. After all, I’m his doctor. It’s big, I can tell you, and I’ve seen enough that I don’t impress easily. His bollocks are big to match it, and if you find body-hair sexy, well, he has neither too little nor too much. There’s just one thing though. Whoever circumcised him was a butcher. What was left was a beautiful head, and a lovely thick shaft, but too much skin off one side, too little off the other, and a scar that looks as if it was stitched up with string. Of course, as I said, I am his doctor, so I’d never actually had my hands on it except purely for medical purposes, but I didn’t somehow think he’d have been surprised that another guy was interested in the state of his equipment. Anyway, here he was, with young Darren.

The other thing I knew about Terry was that his wife, Darren’s mother, had been carrying on with more or less anything in trousers for a long time now. Of course you and I don’t see much wrong in that, and maybe neither did Terry, because he stuck with her. But seeing Terry there was a bit of a surprise. In the past it was always Sylvia that came in with Darren. Any good doctor, when he sees a patient, goes through the patient’s history notes. I didn’t have much on Darren, but what there was was quite interesting, to me at least. Like for example, he’d been brought to see my predecessor in the practice. You remember I said I only circumcise babies if the parents insist ? Well, the notes said that Sylvia had come up with the idea, but the guy before me turned her off. I didn’t know him, but I was glad he had. Probably, like me, he thought that circumcising a baby seemed a bit tame. There have been several I’ve thought, ‘save him for later, or if not him, well, there will be lots more.’ When he was eight, she and her then boyfriend came and asked again. It was my writing on the notes and I remembered it now. Darren’s little cock looked very good as it was, and it stiffened nicely as I handled it, but again I said no. Of course I didn’t close the door on the idea entirely. I’d had a feeling then that she would come back, but I pointed out that there was no tightness or soreness and if she was still worried, bring the lad  back when he has developed, I’ll take another look then.

Then when Sylvia married Terry they adopted Darren, to make it all legal, and I’d seen him two or three times since then. He was a tough kid, and they get the harder knocks. I took a quick look through his notes and registered a broken arm and some concussion from a fight. Looking at the boy himself, he certainly seemed to have developed very nicely indeed. He was well-muscled for a teenager, compact and trim, short blond hair and a very fair packet in his trousers. I asked what seemed to be the problem.  Terry answered. "It’s like this, Doc". Darren ain’t been sleeping too good and ‘e’s got these exams coming up. I thought you might be able to give him something. To get him off to sleep, like." Darren looked a bit sullen, I thought, but Terry looked embarrassed. I knew there had to be something else, you get a instinct as a doctor, so I waited. "See," he said, "when he doesn’t got off to sleep, he starts, you know, playing with hisself."

"Oh, yes," I said, "masturbating." "Well, that’s the fancy word, innit." "Still, it’s the right one." Now you and I, we know that everyone does it. So did Terry, I thought, after all, he is quite a sharp character. I wondered why  he was making a thing of it. Darren looked a bit guilty. Still, he was my patient, so I thought I’d better talk to him. "All   right," I said, "lets have some more information. What do you think is keeping you off your sleep ? Is there anything you’re  worried about ? "

The lad shrugged. "Dunno," he said, "not really." "How long have you been masturbating ?" "Dunno." "Well, that wasn’t the first time, was it, son," said Terry. Then he turned to me. "Maybe you heard, Doc, his mum and me, we’ve split up. She’s gone off, oh, four months back, with her new bloke. This time she says she’s not coming back."  "Good riddance," said Darren. "We’ll do better without her." Terry seemed pleased at this, but he carried on.  "That’s as may be, son. Anyhow, you know what it means. I’m in charge now, you’ll do what I say. And that means no more beating  your meat every night. It ain’t good for you. You carry on like that and we’ll have to talk to Doc about that other little job."  I pricked up my ears. The ‘other little job’ had an interesting sound. Then I looked at Terry, and suddenly, just from the look  in his eye, I knew exactly what the ‘other little job’ might be. What’s more he looked back at me, and I saw that he knew I knew.

He wasn’t going to say the word, and nor was I, but I could tell  we were both savouring the same idea. Then I looked at Darren. I wondered if he knew, too. Was that fear in his eyes ? Or was it  interest ? Or maybe, was it both ? "Right," I said. "I’d better take a look at you. Lots of boys masturbate, and the reason is often some minor irritation, even something you can’t really feel, which keeps you off your sleep and makes you want to touch your penis. And of course having done that, it’s a short step to playing with it." I looked him straight in the eyes. "We can probably do something about that."  I could tell that he too knew what we could do. What interested me was that something about him seemed almost to welcome the idea. "Go behind that screen, please, and strip down to your underpants." The boy did so and I had him come and stand by my table. He had a lovely body, with the taut muscles, the tight little arse and  smooth skin of the adolescent. I slipped his briefs down over his thighs. The hair at his groin was silky and almost blond and  curled tightly at the base of his shaft. The cock itself was big and beautiful. It hung freely down, a little proud of his  testicles. The foreskin precisely covered the head, and no more. The head was big and I gradually, slowly and gently took it in my hands and pushed back the foreskin. The soft teenage skin slid easily back and as the fleshy purple glans was released from its covering it expanded like a flower. Though the skin covered the head closely there was no tightness. The foreskin rode back across the corona easily. As it slid over the edge I could feel Darren’s erection beginning. I continued to press it further, and the clean, perfect, beautiful sulcus appeared. There were veins beneath the skin. I paused for a second. Then I thrust the foreskin firmly back as far as it would go. Under the tension the frenum showed white amid the surrounding skin. I took hold of the glans and spread the lips of the meatus. It was a fair size and as it opened I could see the dark, moist flesh inside. When I released it a spot of the pre-cum fluid appeared at the tip. I had been fighting to be a professional doctor, to keep my hard down. What finished me was that spot of juice from the meatus. It was all I could do not to bend down and lick it off. Darren was half erect now, and when I let his cock go it stayed there. The foreskin unrolled of its own accord almost to its original position.

I looked at Terry. I recognised the look he had on. Lust, of  course. He had sex written all over his face. But as he gazed at Darren’s perfect cock, I saw envy there as well. And I knew what he wanted to do about it, too.So I let the boy dress himself and sent him into the waiting room so that I could have a private word with Terry. I noticed though  that when Darren came out from behind the screen, he hadn’t just stuffed his cock back into his jeans any old how. It was  carefully placed to be seen, and the half erection showed clearly in his pants. When he had gone I looked Terry, straight in the eye.

"Stand up, Terry," I said. He looked surprised, then embarrassed. He wriggled a bit in his trousers, but I held his eye and he stood. It was as I expected. Terry’s jeans were tight and clearly outlined I could see the shape of his erection trying to get out of them. "Thought so," I said. "OK, now I know where we stand." Terry looked at me hard. Then he laughed. "Bloody hell, Doc. How did you know ?" "That’s not the only thing I know," I said. "Now, this door is soundproof, no-one can overhear us and everything you say to me is confidential, right ? So you can say exactly what you like. But  I’m going to say one thing. Every kid has a wank now and then. I bet you did when you were Darren’s age." He shook his head a little, as if he was remembering it, but he didn’t deny it. "So why’d you bring him here ? I mean, if it’s just that he isn’t   sleeping, I’ll give him something. But it’s not that, is it ? It’s the other thing. And what do you expect me to do about that ?"

"Well," he said, "You said yourself there might be something wrong, something irritating him. Can you do anything about that ?" "There’s nothing at all wrong with Darren’s penis. In fact it’s  as close to perfect as you could wish to see, no marks, no dirt, no tightness, no irritation. And what’s more, he knows that. You know it too, surely. Or is that the first time you’ve seen it ? I saw you getting a good look." "First time close-to. I’ve seen it a couple of times in the bath." "Anyway," I went on, "I think you had something else in mind, or am I wrong. You said something about ‘some other little job’. Were you thinking of some sort of punishment or other. No-one punishes a kid of fifteen for wanking, not in the twentieth century."

His face clouded over."They did me, didn’t they ?" he said."Just the once I got caught and they did me." I thought I knew just what he meant, then, and I said "All right, let’s have it then. I think you’ve got something in mind. You said masturbation was a fancy word, and I said it was the right one. What’s the right word for this one, then ?"  He looked at me then. He didn’t know if he could trust me, but I knew he was too horny with the idea to let go now.

"Circumcision," he whispered. "That’s what the word is. That’s   what they did to me. And Christ ! it hurt !" I thought of his butchered cock. "My two brothers, Ron and Kevin, they caught me wanking one night, just like I caught Darren. They thumped me, and I swore at them and thumped them back. Next night they’re in  the boozer and they meet this bloke they don’t know from Adam.They have a bit to drink and they tell him all about it. ‘I know  a trick worth two of that’ says the bloke, and the next thing I know the three of them are back home, pissed as ferrets and up in my bedroom. ‘We’re going to put a stop to your larks’ says Ron, and then he and Ron hold me down and the other guy gives me the treatment with the kitchen scissors. Have you seen the result, Doc ? You have haven’t you. It ain’t pretty, and my God it hurt !"

"And that’s what you want for Darren ?" "That’s what I want." I looked at him straight. He was still standing. One hand was in his pocket, and I could see he was gripping the stiff and swollen  monster in his pants. "All right, drop your pants. Let’s see what you want for him, and I’ll think about it." Slowly he undid the belt of his jeans and slipped them down. His cock bulged and throbbed in his briefs. I could see the shape of the cock-head   clearly. "I don’t like showing this," he said. "I’m a doctor, I’ve seen worse, I expect." He slipped down his briefs. I have seen worse, but not many. His cock was straight out hard and stiff as a ramrod. It could have been magnificent. It was strong and thick, with the great purple cock-head swollen with excitement to the size and colour of a huge plum. But as I’ve said, he’d been butchered. On one side the skin was tight and the horrible, messy scar had pulled. On the other there was a cuff of thick white skin covering part of the head. The scar there was ugly too. Underneath there was a ragged scar running back along the shaft.

I leant forward. "Oh, Christ," he said, "Don’t touch it or I’ll come." I didn’t want that, of course, so I said "OK, now I’ve seen it. You’re right it’s not pretty, but it’s a hell of a weapon." "Got no complaints on that score." "I’ll bet. You know, maybe I could do something about those scars. Anyway, is that what you want for Darren ? Because I tell  you one thing if it is. I don’t do circumcisions with kitchen scissors."

He shuddered a bit as he remembered his own mutilation. Then he  said, "Look Doc, you’re way ahead of me. Darren’s a good kid, mostly. When I came in here I didn’t have any of this in mind."  But I saw he couldn’t meet my eyes, and I said "Don’t give me that, Terry. You’ve been thinking about this ever since you  caught him wanking. Maybe earlier. In fact, I think you’ve wanted him cut ever since the first time you saw him in the bath."

I didn’t look at his eyes, I looked at his cock. The way it  twitched when I said it, I knew I was right.  "You know, you got me," he said. "So help me I don’t know how you knew, but you’ve known since we came in, ain’t you. And you’re dead right. He’s a good-looking kid, and he left the bathroom door open. First time I went in it was an accident, and I only got a quick look. I couldn’t think of anything else all fucking evening. So I made sure I got another look, real soon. Well you saw it, Doc. That kid’s prick, it’s fantastic, it’s magic." He grinned. "Course I reckon he left the door open on purpose, second time. See, he put the face-cloth on the top of it when I came in, but he left it long enough so I got quite a good look."

He paused. "Here Doc, when exactly did you suss out that’s what I wanted." "Soon as you said he was playing with himself." "Yeah, well I’ll tell you something. Soon as I said it I knew you knew. And I knew you were going to help."  "Well..... that depends exactly what it is you want. Like I said, no kitchen scissors." "Nah, nah," he said, "I want it done proper. If I’d wanted the other I’d have done it myself, and I don’t say I wasn’t tempted,  poor little bleeder. D’you know, he was so ashamed when I caught him I think he’d have let me. Course you see it wasn’t like what happened to me. I didn’t thump him, and he didn’t give me lip. Anyway, I want him to look good."

"And what does he want ?" "Haven’t asked him. See when I walked in I said to myself,  ‘Gotcher, son, you’ve given me the excuse. We’re having that foreskin off you.’ Then I talk to him all serious about it, and I   says we’re going to see you, and maybe that’s what you’ll say." "What did he say to that ?" "Didn’t seem to like it a lot. In fact not one little bit."  Terry grinned all over his face. "But then, he’s not got a lot of choice, has he. I mean, I’m in charge of him, and you’re his doctor, and if we say ‘cut’, it’s cut. Mind you, it’s funny, in a way I think he’s quite interested. I told him I’d been done."  "Did you show him ?" "Didn’t want to frighten him off, did I ? Anyhow, he cheered up a bit." "He knew what it meant, though, circumcision ?" "Oh sure, all kids do." "So, this isn’t going to be a total surprise !"   "Bit of one, maybe. Anyhow, like I said, I want it done properly, not fucked up like I was." He looked down at his cock. "Course  if I could get hold of the bastard that did this, that’d be different. I’ve had ideas about him..... Well, we won’t go into  that." Then he grinned. "Unless you’re interested." "Let’s stick with Darren," I said, "for the moment. Now, how do you want him to be circumcised ?"

"Didn’t know there was a choice, really. I mean, I thought I’d just bring him to you and you’d take care of that." "Oh, I will, I will. But just for example, do you want to be here, do you want to watch him being circumcised ?" Of course you do, I thought and watched his cock. It twitched again at the thought. "I suppose so," he said. "Best to make sure it’s done right, eh Doc ? Anyhow, it’d be interesting. Specially since I couldn’t see a thing when mine was done."

"Right. Next, circumcision can be rather painful. Well, you know  that." I paused to make sure he got the message. "Do you want him to have an anaesthetic ? He got the message and for a moment I thought he was going to come  on the spot. "Fucking Christ," he gasped, "oh fucking Christ. Oh, the poor little bugger. I thought about that, but I thought  you’d never wear it. Oh God, that’s going to hurt. I thought you’d want to give him a jab or something, but oh, Christ, nothing at all."

"Come on," I said, "it’s good for him to learn to take a little pain. It’s only a cut in the skin." "Yes," he said, "but I’ve had it done to me, remember. I know what it’s like. It’s not just a little pain. God, would you really do that for me ?""I need your signature." "You’ve got it." I knew I had. "And I can watch ?" "Sure. Just one more thing. When ? "Soon as you like."I looked at my watch. "OK, Strike while the iron is hot. I’ll get rid of my secretary, and we’ll do it now. One of the nice things about this is that it’s all perfectly legal. You’re in charge of him and I’m his doctor, like you said. But I don’t think we really want witnesses. Are you going to tell him or am I ?" "Better be you." Terry’s maltreated cock was still rock hard and he had a lot of trouble putting it back in his jeans. He sat down, with  difficulty, so that it would not be too obvious when Darren came in. I went out to the waiting room and sent my secretary home.

Darren was sitting there, looking apprehensive. I called him into the consulting room. "I’m sorry we took so long," I said, "But I’ll come straight to the point. You were brought here because you were playing with yourself. I examined your foreskin, and I can find nothing the matter with it, but we have decided that you should be circumcised, here and now. Terry tells me you know what that means. I am going to remove your foreskin which is the ring of  skin at the tip of your penis." Terry and I knew, of course, that I had told the truth. There was nothing the matter with his   foreskin, but we had decided to circumcise him anyway.

Not surprisingly, he looked very apprehensive, but was I wrong, or was it mixed with anticipation. I wondered if he’d maybe been curious, as some kids are, what it would be like to be circumcised. If so, he was going to find out.  I sent him to undress again behind the screen. While he did so I put a mat on the floor and positioned the light. Then I went out  to the store cupboard to fetch my kit. I heard voices and wondered what they were saying to each other. Whatever it was they were silent when I came back. I waited for Darren to finish undressing. When Darren came from behind the screen he was naked. He watched fascinated as I laid out the instruments for his circumcision. First I laid out the needles and the sutures on the sterile tray.I took the clamp with which I would seize the foreskin to draw it forward. Then from a sealed pack I took a scalpel. I remembered the article I had read, and thought that if a witch doctor with a rusty razor blade could get a perfect result time after time, I could do the same with my experience and a surgical steel blade so sharp that it could slice a human hair. I showed Darren the edge.He gazed at it horrified. I could tell that in imagination he  felt it already in his flesh. Of course there was no hypodermic needle on the tray, and I think it was then he realised there would be no anaesthetic. Moving slowly, almost ritually, I took a bowl and washed the boy’s genitals. The warm water and the gentle pressure bought on an almost instant erection and the boy’s cock stood upright straight in front of him. I could not see Terry, but I could tell that he was hardly daring to breathe. I dried the boy’s penis and testicles. Then I washed my own hands and  dried them.

I shone the light upon the naked boy’s defenceless penis. I studied it carefully. Without anaesthetic the operation would have to be done exactly, precisely and as swiftly as lightning, or the boy would not be able to bear the pain and unable to stop himself would move away, pulling his penis from my grasp and risking horrifying damage from the scalpel as I cut. I wanted the perfect, beautiful circumcision that a cock like his cried out for, not a botched and disfiguring mutilation.

I took a deep, deep breath. Then I picked up the clamp in my left hand and seized Darren’s foreskin, pulling it forward as hard as I could. The boy gave a sharp intake of breath from surprise and pain. Then I took the scalpel in my right hand. The blade is much much keener than a razor. One mistake would mutilate Darren beyond repair.

There was no mistake. I held his foreskin taut in the clamp.  Then I struck like lightning, and in two swift cuts I had run the scalpel round the outer skin. It parted cleanly, and the boy gave  a gasp of agony. As the skin severed under the blade I pulled it  forward with the clamp. Turned outside-in the useless collar of   prepuce covered the glans for the last time. I ran the biting steel around it and it came free. I was working so fast that Darren had not lost that amazing erection. The sight of it spurred me on. Darren’s cock was to be my masterpiece. I did not hesitate. I pushed it upwards and the wounded boy gave a brief cry as in two quick strokes I slit out the frenum. There was one last thing. I meant to leave my own mark on Darren.

Thrusting the point of the scalpel into the very eye of the cock I cut downwards in one flashing stroke, sub-incising the cock-head. The lips of the meatus sprang apart, and as they did so, with a great cry, in an orgasm of blood and fire, Darren and Terry climaxed together in a single instant of time.  I lifted the scalpel and held it up between them. Darren was stunned, numbed and mastered by the agony he had undergone. I could see in Terry’s eyes the memory of his own mutilation.

Then both dropped to their knees on the floor and worshipped  the bladeI held before them.