

Circumcised by My Mother-in-Law the Mohelet

by Big Billie

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Author's Statement: This is a work of fiction and any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. I apologise to my Jewish readers if I have misrepresented their faith and/or the Mosaic Law. Please email bigbillie1302@yahoo.co.uk and I will try my best to correct any errors.

I was born Patrick Flanagan and raised in north east London, the eldest of five children of Irish immigrant parents. From the ages of eleven to eighteen I attended my local comprehensive school, from where I went on to study English literature at University College, London. By the time I left my 4 siblings were attending this same school. My sister Mary was one of these. She had joined Year 7 as an 11 year old while I was studying Advanced level GCSEs at the age of 17.

One Friday evening when I got home from college there was a strikingly beautiful young girl in our sitting room.

"Hello," I said, "Who are you?"

Her name, I was told, was Esther. She was 14 years of age and a friend of Mary's.

Over the next few months Esther was a frequent visitor to our home and I got to know her a lot better. She was, she told me, an only child. Her family was much more affluent than mine but her parents' marriage had not been a success. It had ended in divorce and she now lived nearby with her mother in a large detached house set in a sizeable garden.

Well, dear reader, you get the picture. A beautiful young girl, an unattached, sexually frustrated young man: what is likely to happen? And happen it did. By the following Spring I had got Esther pregnant, just before her fifteenth birthday.

Now this was not the result of a casual screw. I had not known Esther all that long, but in that time I had grown very fond of her. She was of dark complexion, tall and slim, but coquettish and lively, with a ready wit and a mischievous sense of fun. But she also had a serious side, and, despite her

tender years, her interests, like mine, were cultured and highbrow. We both liked literature, art and classical music; in addition, unlike me, my paramour was an accomplished musician and singer. This girl, I concluded, is way above my league.

Well, as you can imagine, Esther's pregnancy caused major ructions in the Flanagan family. I was not in the strongest of bargaining positions with my parents but I was adamant that I did not want my child aborted, and I was gratified that mom and dad agreed with this. "So you had better go and sort all of this out with the girl's mother," concluded dad. "Good luck with that one!"

Thus it was that on a pleasant Saturday afternoon in mid-May Esther escorted me to her home. I had not been there before and I was stunned at how posh it was. In the lounge there were genuine paintings (not reproductions) and an enormous television screen fixed to the wall. There were luxurious fixtures and fittings throughout, and, in the parlour, a full sized grand piano with the assistance of which, Esther told me, she had recently been awarded a Grade 8 piano certificate by the Royal College of Music.

"Where does all of this come from," I asked.

"Well," replied Esther, "Most of it is inherited; and, in addition, daddy is a leading silversmith in the City of London and mummy is a urologist at Barts." (St. Bartholemew's is a top teaching hospital in the City of London.)

At which point the mother in question entered the room and introduced herself. Sarah Berger was younger than I had expected. She looked to me to be in her mid-thirties.

"So you are the young man who has got my daughter into trouble?" I detected an accusatory tone in Mrs. Berger's voice, but for the moment the main tenor was, in her own words: "What are we going to do about it?" Soon we were sitting in the large leafy garden drinking tea, eating scones with jam and cream, and discussing precisely that.

My first point was the one I had made to my parents: I did not want my child to be aborted. To my relief, Mrs Berger concurred. "Then you agree to be named as the father on the birth certificate?"

"Yes, of course."

"You realise that will bring responsibilities as well as rights?"

"Yes, ma'am. I love your daughter and I have asked her to marry me."

"Oh! I see. Well, Esther, what was your answer?"

"Mummy, I love Patrick, and this little baby" (here Esther rubbed her tummy) "is our love child. We have both vowed to love and care for our baby to the death."

"We would like a wedding as soon as Esther is sixteen," I added. "But you would need to agree since she is still a minor."

"We will see about that. First we have things to clear up."

Mrs. Berger then put down her teacup and turned to her daughter.

"Esther, have you explained to Patrick that we are a Jewish family?"

"No, mummy."

"Patrick, did you know we were Jewish?"

"No ma'am but from the seven branched candelabra on your dining table I had deduced that you might be."

"Yes. It is known as a menorah and it is one of the symbols of our faith."

"Ma'am I was baptised into the Roman Catholic faith, but that makes no difference. I want to marry your daughter whatever her religion."

"Do you realise that according to our holy law, the Talmud as it is called, Judaism is transmitted through the female line. You are a Gentile, but any children that you father to Esther will be accepted as Jews. Are you OK with that?"

"Ma'am, I want to marry Esther, and I will do whatever you want if you will agree to let me."

"Would you agree to convert to Judaism yourself? We are not a proselytising religion but our family are reformed Jews, and our faith accepts and grants entry to sincere applicants."

"Ma'am, I said that I was baptised into the Catholic faith, but our family has lapsed and I would join any religion if it meant that I could marry your daughter."

"Right, now here is the crucial question. In 1593 the Protestant Henry IV concluded that 'Paris was worth a mass,' and became a Catholic to cement his claim to the French throne. To you, is my daughter worth a circumcision?"

Well, my dear readers, that was a shock. It was an obvious question, but until then it had not occurred to me. I did not know exactly what circumcision entailed but I knew it would be painful and I did not want it done to me. But, on the other hand, Mrs Berger's question could have only one answer. To me, Esther was well worth a circumcision, and that is what I told my prospective mother-in-law.

"And what if Esther bears you sons? Do you agree, in accordance with Judaic law, to raise them in our faith and to get them circumcised at eight days old?"

Well, I did not like that either, but I saw no alternative and I agreed.

"OK, that's settled then. The London Beth Din, acting as the court of the Chief Rabbi, oversees conversions. I will ask our rabbi to set it up with them. The process usually takes between 2 and 3 years."

Then came the final sting in the tail, or, should I say, chop in the cock. "By the way, as well as a consultant urologist I am also a mohelet or female mohel. It will be me who circumcises you; and if Esther bears any sons I will perform the brit milah ritual and circumcise them."

We then went on to discuss practical details. By the time the baby was born Esther would be three or four months short of her 16th birthday. It was agreed that we would celebrate her birthday and then arrange a civil wedding in the local register office. This would be followed by a Jewish wedding when I had been fully inducted into the faith. It was agreed that Esther and the baby would live with her mother and that, after our civil wedding, I would move in.

"I have a large bedroom and, next to it, a smaller room for the baby; I will set these aside and prepare them for you," said Mrs. Berger. "At present you are in no position to raise a mortgage for a home of your own. As for your circumcision, Patrick, I would like to perform that as soon as possible

after the baby is born. It could take up to eight or nine weeks for the wound to fully heal and I am sure that you would not like to be sore down there on your wedding night. You may have to undergo a ritual circumcision later as part of the conversion process but, if you are already cut, that will be merely a pinprick."

When Mrs. Berger was satisfied that my future intentions were honourable she became rather less hostile. I could tell, however, that she resented what I had done to her daughter. "In law," she pointed out, "You are an adult man; and you had intercourse with a minor. Under the Sexual Offences Act 2003 and other legislation that was illegal, and I am still in half a mind to report you to the police. You are now trying to do the right thing; but if there is any backsliding, young man, I warn you that I will not hesitate to involve the law."

About seven months later our first baby, our son Benjamin, was born and Mrs. Berger conducted the brit milah ceremony. Shortly afterwards she booked me in for a hospital circumcision. Mrs. Berger is a top surgeon and the operation, under general anaesthetic, went well. I woke up with a missing foreskin and a very sore cock; but otherwise I was OK and I got on with my life.

Next came Esther's sixteenth birthday. She had undergone her Bat Mitzvah, or coming of age ritual for girls, a few years earlier and the birthday had no particular religious significance. Mrs Berger, Esther and I celebrated it quietly at their home.

Esther's 16th birthday opened the way for our nuptials. We were married on a Saturday morning in a brief, quiet, Register Office ceremony during which, in preparation for my forthcoming conversion to Judaism, I expressed a desire to change my surname from Flanagan to Berger. My new mother-in-law was not expecting this announcement, and she liked it. "Just you wait until you are a proper Jew," Mrs Berger told me. "Then the Bergers will celebrate in style."

That same evening I moved from my parent's home to live with Esther, Mrs. Berger, and baby Benjamin. After the evening meal, and before we went off to the bridal bed, Mrs Berger summoned us to a meeting in the lounge.

She began by welcoming me into her family. "You are one of us, now, Patrick. So henceforth call me Sarah." She then went on to explain to us about Niddah and Mikveh, words that I had heard from my conversion

course but that I did not fully understand. Niddah, Sarah said, is the Jewish ritual that separates a man from his wife during menstruation and (in our branch of Judaism) for ten days after it. Mikveh is the ritual Jewish bath that a wife takes at the end of Niddah before she resumes sexual relations with her husband.

"I had hopes that you would continue on to university in a couple of years time, Esther; but the way it has turned out I have decided to withdraw you from school and instead to support your continuing education with private tutors. I want you to dedicate yourself to your marriage and to the production of clean, sweet children. From now on, your married life will be governed by Niddah, by Mikveh, and by the Mosaic Law."

Actually, I quite liked this idea. I was less enthusiastic, however, about what my mother-in-law went on to reveal.

"Now, Patrick, let us make sure that there are no ongoing problems arising from your recent surgery. Please take out your wedding tackle for urological inspection. Don't worry. Your wife has seen it all before and she will be seeing it again."

That seemed fair enough, so I lowered my trousers and underpants and let my cock and balls hang free.

"Now come here, Esther. I want you to see this. Observe the annular scar around the cock shaft. That has healed up nicely and should give no further trouble. Note too the neatness and precision of the surgery. I went to a lot of trouble to produce a pretty result. See how the scar is about half way down the shaft. The cut is neither high nor low and there is a moderate amount of inner mucosa."

So far so good, I was thinking. But then Sarah started talking kinky.

"However, look here. Can you see how the skin on the underneath of the shaft below the corona is very smooth? Look closely. Can you see the thin scar line where I have cut away the skin and then stitched up the scar? I have completely removed the frenulum, the triangle of stringy, twangy, baggy skin that should be stretched between the dimpled ridge or sulcus on the underside of the glans and the circumcision scar. When I did that I cut off thousands of sensitive nerves and pleasure receptors that enhance coital pleasure. I did this to punish your husband for what he did to you. You were a naive fourteen year old virgin. He took advantage of your inexperience to get into your knickers. Then he broke your hymen and

robbed you of your maidenhead. What he did was illegal. It was wrong. He had to be punished for it. Also, see here. Note how there is very little loose skin on your husband's cock shaft even when the cock is flaccid. When it is erect the skin is pulled up the shaft as tight as a drum skin. Here, I will show you what I mean."

Sarah then got Esther to tickle my balls with the fingernails of her left hand and to gently rub my cock head with her right.

"Not bad," remarked Sarah, "But I think a somewhat more intense stimulation is needed. Remove your right hand, please, and replace it with your lips, mouth and tongue. That's right. Keep tickling Patrick's balls and, at the same time, give him a blow job; but do not stimulate him to orgasm."

As my cock felt the caressing wetness of my wife's lips and tongue, and the sharp, playful bites from her teeth, it grew as stiff as a poker and hovered on the brink of orgasm.

"OK. Keep tickling the balls but remove your mouth from the cock. Now, take a good look at the stiffened cock shaft. Grasp the skin with your right hand and try to pull it up and down the shaft. It doesn't move does it? Unless, that is, you pull so hard that you tug skin from the scrotum up the shaft. Never again will Patrick be able to pull his foreskin over his cock head no matter how hard he tugs at it. As the Americans say I have chopped your husband back to his balls. I have cut off all of the slack cock skin and left him very tight. That too I did to punish him. And not just him. I did it to chastise you as well, Esther. I gave you a good moral and religious formation. I did my best to bring you up clean and decent. And how did you repay me? You opened your legs to this randy young bastard. You betrayed me, Esther; and you betrayed your religion when you took an uncircumcised cock into your vagina. Well this is your punishment. Here, take your husband. He is damaged goods. After what I have done to him he will never again be able to enjoy you perfectly. And, with all that missing cock skin, he will never again be able to properly pleasure you either. But, as a consolation prize, take this."

And Sarah gave her daughter a sealed pickling jar. In this, she explained, were my severed foreskin and frenulum, clamped between two glass plates and immersed in formaldehyde.

"Now, both of you, get to bed."

At which my wife and I slunk off to our bedroom like two naughty children who had had their bare bottoms smacked.

"Wow" I said as we both lay on the bed together naked, "Your mom really caned us there, didn't she?"

"Yes, she can be very strict. But hey! Let's have a look at this circumcision of yours."

When we did we discovered that what Sarah had told us was absolutely true. Esther tickled my balls and this got my cock rock hard again. Then she conducted a series of experiments, tugging, pulling and attempting to twang my denuded cock skin.

"You, young man, are chopped very tightly indeed." Then my wife giggled. "You deserve it. You were a very naughty boy." Then Esther took the pickle jar and stared hard at my severed wedding tackle. "Wow! Mom has taught you a lesson that you will never forget." And she smirked.

Well the last thing that I was expecting from my wife was schadenfreude, as the Germans call it. But there was no escaping it. Esther was amused at my predicament, and at what her mom had done to me.

"So I suppose that I will have to get used to you teasing me and waving that pickle jar in my face for the next 60 years or so?"

"Something like that."

"Oh, OK," I sighed, resigning myself to my fate. "I can live with that. I deserve it; what a shrewd and amusing penalty for a lady to inflict upon her son-in-law--sexy, and kinky too. I am amused and turned on by it myself and I am the victim."

I was sexually stimulated by my wife's kinky teasing; and I had been denied carnal access to her ever since her pregnancy had been revealed. My sexual frustration was sharp and my cock was rock hard.

"Come here, my girl." I embraced my wife. "This is how we deal with insubordinate and sassy wives." And I fucked her, and I fucked her hard; after which, when the sharpness of my lust had been blunted by violent coitus, I became a gentle, sensitive paramour and we made slow, delicious, luxuriant love well into the night.

The next morning we lay in bed and talked.

"I am worried about your mom. Last night she was very angry, and with good reason. We have done a lot to annoy her. I can see why she is resentful. Everything she said about us is true. But, love, we are totally dependent on her. We cannot move out. We have no money. My family have six people crammed into a three bedroom council house. We have nowhere to go. Despite her rant against us last night your mom has been kind and generous. Let us talk to her and try to make peace."

"Yes, let's do that."

During breakfast, when we were seated around the dining table, we talked. I apologised profusely to Sarah for my sexual peccadilloes with her daughter. I said that I fully accepted the punishment that she had dished out to me and that I bore her no ill will for it. I deserved all of that and more. What had happened was all my fault, and I urged my mother-in-law not to blame Esther. If there was anything more that I could do to make things right between us, I vowed to do it.

Sarah, however, rounded on her daughter. "I don't accept Patrick's line on you, madam," she said. "You have acted like some hot arsed little tramp off the Jeremy Kyle show. Patrick has been punished and you should be as well. Do you remember when you were twelve and you got drunk on cider? What did I do to you when you had sobered up?"

There followed an embarrassing silence.

"Well, go on, madam. Tell us."

"You spanked me, mummy."

"Yes, and that is what I intend to do to you again. I have left it until now. I wanted to see your pregnancy over and your baby safely delivered. But hang on a minute. You are a married lady now and your husband is entitled to have some say in the matter. Patrick, what do you think?"

Now the previous night in bed I had been irritated as well as turned on when my wife teased me about my penile mutilation. Could this be my chance to exact a sexy and amusing revenge? I have always been sexually turned on by spanking, especially of young, nubile ladies and my new wife was well young and well nubile. And Esther and I were deeply reliant on my

mother-in-law for food, shelter and the richest conveniences of life. So I went with Sarah's flow.

"Well this is your home, Sarah, and you set the rules. Do what you think best."

The upshot was that Esther and I, immediately before we retired to bed, were to report to Sarah in the room that she used as her study.

When we got there we found Sarah in top disciplinary form, and I was quickly to learn that my mother-in-law is a skilled and enthusiastic dominatrix.

"Come on, Esther, you know the drill from last time. Raise your skirt and slip, lower your under garments to your knees, and drape yourself across my lap with your head to my left hand side. Good. Now before we proceed I am going to teach your husband about the Law of Moses."

And that is exactly what Sarah proceeded to do.

"The right of a parent to discipline a child is clearly indicated in both Deuteronomy and Proverbs. A common form of discipline has been flogging, of which spanking is the mildest form. Its main purpose is correction rather than retribution. In this case both you and your wife violated the law that forbids a man and a woman who are not married to each other to seclude themselves in each other's company. This law, as you will appreciate, is intended to reduce the opportunities for illicit extramarital sexual congress. So, do you want your wife to ever seclude herself with another man to whom she is not married?"

"No, Sarah. Certainly not."

"In the old days floggings were inflicted on the naked upper body, typically a third of the strokes on the breast and two thirds on the upper back. Your wife's spanking will be nothing like so serious. The traditional punishment implement was a leather whip. In contrast I shall be using this" (and Sarah held aloft her instrument of correction). "As you can see it is a smooth, flat, shiny leather sole that has been removed from a large, well worn, gentleman's slipper. With it I shall inflict the traditional Judaic punishment of 39 strokes (40 minus 1). This is merely a schoolgirl spanking. It is no big deal. It is a little nudge, a short, sharp reminder, to stay on the straight and narrow. The intention is to sting, tingle, embarrass and humiliate, and that is all. It is a mild and merciful comeuppance, but let us hope that it

effectively corrects the culprit, and that it gets results on both behind and behaviour.”

“Yes, Sarah,” I responded, and I felt my recently circumcised cock skin tightening up my stiffening shaft as I surveyed the saucy and comical sight. There lay my wife, precariously perched over her mother’s knee, her bare bum up in the air; and her facial expression was a picture: resigned, embarrassed and apprehensive. The scene was sexy. It was kinky. But most of all, perhaps, it was ridiculous. And it seriously turned me on.

Then the fun started in earnest. Sarah raised the leather sole into the air and held it there for several seconds. To me it was a magnificent sight: an attractive lady, proud, haughty, authoritative, and in total command of the situation, about to smack the bare bottom of a naughty teenaged girl and then contemptuously dismiss her.

Crack! Down came the sharp slapping leather across Esther’s two bare buttocks, just above her thighs where the meat was plump and tender. The slap was firm and flush and it echoed loud around the room. Buttock meat wobbled and quivered deliciously and pubic hair was scattered. Sarah raised the slipper to reveal a white imprint which, over the next few seconds, blushed to a fetching shade of pink.

“Aie!” cried the victim, taken aback at the unexpected sharpness of the blow. Sarah waited for a few seconds and then,

Crack! Esther took a second slap to exactly the same piece of arse. Then,

Crack! A third.

And so it went on. After a few slaps Sarah varied her aim to cover the whole of the bottom. She slapped it all over and she slapped it hard. My wife was not able to take it in silence and she emitted an interesting cacophony of yells and grunts: “Aaagh!” “Ouch!” “Ngh!” And so on. To begin with I was amused and gratified at my wife’s comeuppance. It was sexy, it was funny, and it was an exquisite revenge. ‘Yes my girl,’ I thought. ‘That will teach you to mock me! I may have a cut cock but at least I do not have a well slapped arse.’ But towards the end of Esther’s ordeal my mood changed. She was clearly in distress, and if she had been reduced to tears I would have been mortified. But no. She held out. She emerged from her ordeal without weeping. By the end I sympathised with her plight and I admired her fortitude and pluck. “This is a brave, feisty wife

that I have got myself," I mused, with more than a soupçon of satisfaction, smugness and pride.

For an intimate OTK family spanking Sarah kept to quite a strict and formal protocol. Esther was made to count out the spanks. "One. Thank you mummy." "Two. Thank you mummy." And so on. Then, at the end, she was not allowed to rub her bottom. Instead she was required to stand in a corner of the room for ten minutes with her hands on her head and her bare, red, well smacked bum on display. Then, "Right," said her mother. "Go to your room, young lady, and take your husband with you."

Back in the bedroom Esther and I both stripped naked and went to bed. Then we had a bottom inspection. Esther's reddened rump was a picture.

"Oh wow!" I cried. "That is beautiful!"

"It isn't funny," pouted my wife.

"Oh, come on! An over the knee spanking is always funny!" And I grinned broadly. "As long, of course, as it is inflicted on someone else's bum."

"You know, you could have stopped it. If you had told mom not to do it when she asked you for your opinion she would have let it go."

"Oh, would she?" I replied, feigning surprise. "But, on the other hand, you were naughty girl and you deserved it."

And so on. But, of course, it was Esther who had the last laugh. Her bum soon recovered from its spanking, but my cock will never recover from Sarah the mohelet's shrewd knife work. I am teased about it endlessly by both my wife and my mother-in-law. And I feel it every single time that my cock stiffens, and every single time that I ejaculate.

Often Esther will tease me throughout the sex act.

"You are nice and hard now, aren't you? That must be very tight. Is it?"

"Oh, God! What do you think?"

"Good. That will teach you to deflower an innocent Jewish virgin. Now, here comes your orgasm. You are about to go over the edge, aren't you? Is it pulling and tugging at your cock skin? Is it stretching it beyond endurance? Is the friction making it all raw and nice and sore?"

“Oh, God! Yes! Yes!! YES!!!”

Esther has some really wicked teases. These sometimes involve shaking the glass pickle jar in my face and conducting a running commentary on my severed foreskin and frenulum. Oh yes. On this she has developed some very amusing and some very cutting (so to speak) one liners that infuriate me and, at the same time, seriously turn me on.

My dear readers, by now you may be wondering what happened to Benjamin, our recently born son, throughout all of this. Well do not fret yourselves. Although I have made no mention of him he was there, and he was being well looked after, throughout. On our wedding night, for example, he slept much of the time, and when he was awake he was fed by his grandma with milk that had been previously expressed by his mother. Because, you see, all of the fun and games--my o er-the-top circumcision, Esther’s spanking and so on--were trivial side shows. To us the welfare of our dear little baby boy Is everything. Esther loves him, I love him, and Sarah loves him. And we all want more like him. For some time now Esther and I, with the guidance and support of Sarah, have been observing the Niddah and the Mikveh. During her monthly cycle, and for ten days after it, I abstain from intercourse with my wife, and I also abstain from masturbation. During that time, which is about half of all the days of our marriage, I sleep in the same bedroom as Esther but in a different bed. Then my wife comes to me after her ritual cleansing in the Mikveh. She is at her most fertile time of the month. For fourteen days I have had access to a beautiful woman and had kept myself from her. Both of us are eager for congress. The fires of passion blaze hot, and our couplings are intense, The happy outcome is that we are now expecting our second child.