

Cathy Harte's Outback Cuts

or **Knife and Cane**

by Big Billie

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My name is Cathy Harte. I am a doctor in my late 50s. For the last thirty years I have been operating as a general practitioner in Eubonga Springs, a small town with its surrounding countryside of about 15,000 people in Western Australia. Recently I downloaded from the Internet some memoirs allegedly written by an English surgeon called Jillian Philpott. These detailed Jill's exploits, whilst operating as a urologist, in circumcising a large number of her male patients.

Well, I do not know if Mrs. Philpott's memoirs are genuine. It is clear that, at the very least, the names and locations have been changed to protect the guilty. But, genuine or not, I found her account most stimulating, and I thought that you might be interested in my reminiscences on the same topic. The main difference between us, as you will see, is that most of Jill's victims were patients referred to her in adulthood, whereas most (but not all) of mine have been babies whom I have circumcised neonatally.

Ours is a small, very isolated community. I am the only doctor. For the last 3 years I have worked with a young nurse and midwife called Judy MacDonald. Judy is now aged 24. She is a strikingly beautiful girl. Her father's family is Scottish, but her mother is an Aborigine. In Judy's case this ethnic mix is exquisite. It is coffee with just the right amount of cream and brown sugar. I am infatuated with Judy. Luckily, she is very fond of me too. Ever since Judy arrived we have got on really well, and for the last two years we have been conducting a delicious, highly secretive, lesbian love affair.

With Judy's help I deliver most of the children in Eubonga Springs, and I am responsible for the post-natal care of all of them. When a boy baby is born, or as soon after as I can if I missed the birth, I always strongly recommend his parents to let me circumcise him. I enumerate the supposed benefits of this procedure and end by saying that it is a very minor operation, and that I never make any extra charge for performing it. We get about 180 births a year in the practice, or about 3 or 4 a week. Thus the number of boy babies is usually just over 90 a year, or 1 to 3 every week. In the last 30 odd years, taking into account the baby boom of the 1960s, etc., I have been responsible for the delivery and post-natal

care of more than 3,000 boys. I circumcised the vast majority of these, and I continue to do so since, thankfully, and despite the internet, the vociferous campaign currently being waged by some Australians against the procedure has never really got through to our very isolated community. For the last three years Judy has been my loyal and dedicated accomplice in this work.

Like Jill Philpott I love circumcision, and Judy enjoys it too, every bit as much as I do. Oh, yes! Circumcision really turns both of us on. From the word go, and from long before I got to know Judy, I have kept detailed private records, on a card index system, of exactly whom I have circumcised, where and when. There are also about 3,000 small sealed phials, containing all the foreskins I have severed preserved in formaldehyde. The phials are numbered for easy cross-reference to the card index records.

I get a real kick from cutting cocks. It gives me a great feeling of power to know that the mutilation that I am inflicting will last a lifetime. However hard he tries, the victim will never be able to shake off or live down his sexy and amusing little snip, no matter how infuriated and humiliated he is by it. Even worse from the victims' point of view, and even more sexy and amusing from our vantage point, like Jill Philpott I always circumcise as tightly as I dare. I snip off as much foreskin as I think I can get away with, and, on the underside of the cock just below the glans or cock head, I always try to cut off all of the deliciously sensitive triangular flap of skin known as the frenulum, so that not so much as a vestige of it is left behind.

Indeed, I go even further than that. The distinction that Jill Philpott draws between messy and neat circumcisions is interesting. Like Jill I can see a lot to commend the messy style; it must be a great feeling of power to know that you have dished out to the victim a really beat up, battered cock, resplendent with skin flaps, stitch tunnels and a jagged, irregular, ugly scar. To send a neonate on his way into the world with a legacy like that must be a real hoot. I can just imagine him, in later life, ruefully surveying the damage and wincing at his disfigurement and at his lost pleasure.

But, having said that, I must admit that I personally always try to perform a neat and precise circumcision; you see, I do not want my victims to be too conscious of their mutilation. If they were they might resent what I had done to them and refuse to let me circumcise their sons.

However, I exact a price for my careful and meticulous surgery. I precisely and exactly chop off as many of the pleasurable bits as I can, including, as I have said, the whole of the frenulum.

I also etch into every cock that I butcher my own personal "signature." I "sign my name" so to speak in the sulcus on the underside of the penis's glans. This is the groove, crevice or furrow, the little "valley" underneath the cock-head where the frenulum is attached to the cock head. That is the point where I meticulously scoop out and excavate, with wicked precision, the tip of the frenulum before I go on to chop off the rest of it. Then I apply stitches and/or sutures as necessary to produce a neat circumcision with an almost invisible circumcision scar. Ouch! The end product looks a "snip" so to speak, and the victim usually does not realise just exactly how much there is that is missing.

The scooping out of the tip of the frenulum creates, when the cock has healed up, a tiny triangle of scar tissue stretched tightly across and into the little furrow or indentation on the underside of the cock head; and this is the hallmark of a Cathy Harte neonatal circumcision.

From time to time circumcised men come to me with willie problems and I need to inspect their tackle. I love it when this happens. A baby's cock is small and not as interesting as the cock of an adult; so it is good to see it again when it is fully grown, especially if it has been tightly circumcised. I like to scrutinise with interest exactly how much foreskin is missing from a chopped cock, and exactly how denuded and smooth the underside of it is when the frenulum has been completely cut off.

'Wow,' I will think to myself. 'That is beautiful! You may not miss your foreskin most of the time, young man, but you will miss it just when you need it, when your cock enters female pussy. Before coitus be sure to apply plenty of lubricant or your bonk will be tight and rasping. And as for any pleasure from the foreskin's thousands of sensitive nerves and pleasure receptors, dream on!'

Yes. It is like an umbrella really. You only miss it when it rains.

But I digress. As I was saying, as a practising doctor I quite often get the chance to inspect the naked cocks of my male patients. In some such cases the cock is naked before I have got out my medical records, and I cannot remember whether or not it was me who circumcised it. Then I will flip over the cock and observe that wicked little triangular scar.

"Remind me Mr. Stevens (or whoever)" I say. "What is your exact date of birth?" Then, after they have told me, I will add, "Oh, yes. I remember now. I was your baby doctor, wasn't I?" And I allow myself a secret, smug, self-satisfied, triumphant grin as I think to myself, 'Yes, mate! And I have given you something to remember me by, something that you will never live down, shake off or wriggle out of! Cop that, sucker! I've cut you to size! I've nailed you good and proper!'

Subsequently I check my assertion against the medical records, and I find that I have never got it wrong yet. It is, however, the small scar nestled in the division cleft between the two meaty little cheeks on the underneath of the glans that gives the game away. I can never, ever, remember whether I was their baby doctor or not. I mean, come on! With a total tally of more than three thousand foreskins that I have chopped off how can I be expected to recall my victims personally?

On the other hand, neither Judy nor I like hurting babies. We are also concerned that, if we cause distress to a baby that we are circumcising, it might make his parents less likely to let us cut any little brothers that he may acquire later. We therefore try to minimise the pain and trauma of our patients by the use of local, externally applied anaesthetics. No, the real pleasure we get from our exploits comes later, and gets greater over the years.

Not that we do not anticipate our enjoyment at the time, of course. "You must take a chopping," I sometimes tell my little victim, "On your little cock."

Then, when his ordeal is over and I have trimmed the victim tight, Judy adds: "And little willie took it: choppy, choppy chop!"

Next, "that's for nothing," or "that's for being a man," or "that's for what you are going to do to young ladies," I will add.

These days, by the time of their marriage, many of our young men have moved away from town. Nevertheless, they often come back to get married, and, even if they do not, their wedding is usually reported, together with a photograph, in the local press since they almost always have a lot of friends or relatives here. Thus, on average, I should say that every week I hear about the weddings of between one and three young men whom, as babies, I circumcised.

Now, whenever one of my victims gets married I have a procedure. I gather, from the press and from word of mouth throughout our small community, as much information about the bride as I can. All this is filed in a system integrated with my card index. Included in the file, except in a few rare cases where I could not get them, are one or more photographs of the blushing bride, at the wedding, and, if possible, taken on other occasions. For reasons that will soon become clear, I am particularly keen to get my hands on pictures of the bride in skimpy summer clothing or, even better, in swimwear, preferably a bikini.

Nearly all the weddings of young men I have circumcised take place on a

Saturday. Saturday night, therefore, is usually the night of the week for Judy and me. I go to my records and take out the phials containing my victims' foreskins, and the photographs of their brides (if one or more of these is by then available, which it often is on social media). Then (oh, exquisite joy!) Judy and I lie naked in bed together and begin to fantasise. The more beautiful the bride, and the more we both fancy her, the more our fantasies turn us on. Last year, for example, one young man I had circumcised as a baby married a stunning, leggy brunette who had just been voted Miss Student Sydney in one of our big national beauty contests. The wedding was held locally, and Judy and me were invited to the ceremony and the reception. Of course, we both took advantage of the situation to assiduously chat up the beautiful, blushing bride. Wow, she was gorgeous, far too stunning and sexy for any man to enjoy perfectly, with his foreskin on!

Of course, not all of my victims marry girls who are sumptuously beautiful. Some of their brides are fat and/or frumpy. But my view is that sex with any young lady before she arrives at her fiftieth birthday gives a man too much pleasure. He has no right to taste that lady perfectly, to enjoy himself that much. His foreskin should be in one of my phials (which, indeed, it frequently is). He is entitled to married bliss with his bride, but only up to a point. His ecstasy should be circumscribed. 'Yes, young man,' I will gloat to myself as I gaze into his phial. 'I have taken the top off your wedding night and no mistake!'

And yet it seems unfair that the husband of a plain if youthful wife should pay the same penalty as someone married to a stunning, sexy young sizzler. He should really be compensated by having less of his foreskin cut off, if this were practical. Yes, in theory (but definitely not, of course, in practice!), he might well be entitled to a little fold of prepuce, a residual flap that had escaped my sharp avenging knife. On the other hand, even the fattest and ugliest ladies in their teens, twenties, thirties, and forties, have more than enough sex appeal to stiffen the cocks of all healthy men, no matter how tightly those cocks have been chopped.

What, however, when a woman gets older, into her fifties, sixties and above, especially if she was no oil painting in the first place? As I explain below, I sometimes get to circumcise older cocks. This gives Judy and me great delight. Very exceptionally we may agree to spare a potential victim. For this rare concession to be granted, however, the victim must meet a number of stringent criteria. Firstly, his wife must be at least 50 years of age, or in other words she must be a middle aged lady, as defined by the World Health Organisation, of at least five year's standing. Secondly, his wife must be an ugly and completely unattractive old boot. This value judgement I leave for Judy to make.

"Surely", I will say, "old Fred (or whoever) deserves all the pleasure that

he can get out of that old trout?"

"Oh, no!" Judy will reply. "She may be well into her fifties, but she is still a striking figure of a woman."

Unfortunately for most of my victims, Judy fancies older women; she has a very catholic taste in them, and lusts after them both fat and thin. And, if she *does* fancy them, she always decides, in her envy and spite, to have their husbands' cocks well cut!

Now why, I can hear some of you asking, is 50 years the cut-off age (so to speak) for a man's wife before his cock can be spared from the knife? Well it is not to do with beauty. We ladies can be beautiful at any age. In the UK, for example, at the time I am writing this, there is a female folk singer called Shirley Collins who, in her youth, was exceedingly beautiful. Well Shirley has now celebrated her eightieth birthday and, as an octogenarian, she has released a song album the recent cover photograph of which shows her as beautiful still, her ageing face still shining with an ethereal loveliness. No. Judy and I are agreed that to automatically mutilate the cocks of all men with beautiful wives aged 50+ would be overly severe. But beauty is not the same thing as nubility. It is the men with nubile and sexy wives that we want to chop; we want to chop them hard, we want to chop every one of them, and we do not want to even consider not chopping them unless, in Judy's arbitrary opinion, time has robbed their wives of all of their youthful nubility and sexiness. Young girls are lithe, supple, kittenish, playful and delightfully appealing; their flesh is plump and firm, their skin smooth and elastic, and their smiles utterly charming. Well we do not want any man to fully enjoy the delights of a lady like that. Granted, not all ladies have completely lost their youthfulness by the age of 50, but that seems a reasonable age at which a reprieve for their husbands' foreskins and frenulums can reasonably be considered. You see, Judy and I do not particularly want to discourage sexual intercourse. We just want to make sure that men pay what we consider to be an appropriate physical price for the merchandise at their disposal, and for their use and enjoyment of it.

On this one, however, it is Judy's shout, and for her there are two questions, at least one of which must be answered in the affirmative if the cock is to be spared. The first of these is 'if this man is circumcised, will he be less likely to bonk his wife?' Now this question is scarcely worth asking. Judy admits that, not being a man herself, she can never know the correct answer to it. There must always be an element of doubt, she argues, and, if the potential choppee were consistently given the benefit of this, no one would ever get chopped. Judy's answer, therefore, is always a mere formality. In every single case she has delivered a strict and stern 'No' verdict.

The second question is 'If this man bonks his wife without his foreskin on, will he get less pleasure than he is entitled to?' Here again Judy's verdict is usually an emphatic and parsimonious 'No,' but in two cases, where the wife has been old, frail, ugly and/or in poor health, her answer was a begrudging 'Yes.' The result was that, for a time, there were two old men walking around our practice with their foreskins on that we had had it in our power to circumcise.

Now, however, there is only one. This is because in one case Judy made a mistake. She spared a man's cock on the grounds that his wife was ill, as well as being old, frail, ugly and completely unattractive. Then the man went and ran off with a young, sexy bimbo. For two years Judy was mortified that she had let him off the hook. Then, however, he came back to me complaining of a renewed attack of phimosis. This time Judy showed him no mercy. She got me to cure his condition with a punitive and severely comprehensive circumcision that, at her request, I made all the more drastic because he had betrayed his wife and had dared to rub his foreskin up the bimbo's love tunnel. We have his severed prepuce and frenulum in a jar of formaldehyde (they were far too big to fit into one of the phials I use for neonatal circumcisions) and, at times like the anniversary of his wedding to the bimbo, we take them out and giggle saucily over them.

'Yes mate!' we will say, 'Cop that! You deserved it! We've well punished you, right at the point of pleasurable transgression! We've scarred and calloused over your cock for you! We've cut short your pleasure and no mistake! There must be about 20 square inches of sensitive, nerve enriched cock skin here that will never again taste the sharp, sensual ecstasy of a warm, moist vagina! I bet the flesh that is left is pulled as tight as a drum skin up and over your erect shaft. I bet a lively session in bed gives it a real battering and makes it exquisitely raw, sore and tender! And look! There is the frenulum. Every last millimetre of it has been completely chopped off. You'll get no more frenetic pleasure from that mate! In fact, you won't get any more pleasure at all! Serves you right you lascivious, adulterous, traitorous old bastard!'

As I have explained, most of my victims I circumcise neonatally. Sometimes, however, as you can see from the above narrative, I get a chance to wield my knife on an older cock, and to add to my collection of trophies by plopping big, adult foreskins and frenulums into jars of formaldehyde. Oh, yes! Every time that I chop a cock, whether of a neonate or of an older man, I always make sure that I keep a little memento of my triumph! Anyway, let me explain.

From time to time boys and men will come to me with willie problems. The most usual of these is infection under the foreskin. This can be caused by sexual intercourse. When it is the usual term for it is thrush. Anyway,

there are a number of conditions that can cause angry red swellings and/or sores and abrasions on the cock. Another difficulty, sometimes linked to this one, is the condition known as phimosis. This is where the foreskin is tight, and cannot easily be pulled over the glans and down the shaft. I should say that uncircumcised patients come to me on average between 3 and 5 times a year with such problems. When they do, I always advocate circumcision. This, I tell the victim, can be carried out overnight under general anaesthetic, while he is cared for in a bed at my clinic. I expound the supposed benefits of this procedure (much less likelihood of infection of cock head, genital hygiene, man less liable to penile cancer, woman's reduced risk of cancer of cervix, etc., etc.). I go on to point out (liar that I am!) that there are no disadvantages to the operation, except that the circumcised cock might be a little tender for a while. (A little tender! You bet it might! And the rest! For an average of about 9 weeks the victim will be far too sore for any nooky, no matter how sexy his lady, or how lasciviously he lusts after her. Oh, yes! His sexy little snip costs the average punter many a wince, grunt and gasp before he recovers his composure. It is not for nothing that Judy has dubbed me "Cock Throbbin"!)

I never advocate circumcision on the occasion when a patient first complains to me of prepuce problems. Instead, I arrange a second appointment and ask Judy for a call on whether or not she wants me to cut him. In the meantime, I do something rather naughty. I give the victim a tube, which I claim contains an anti-bacterial, fungicidal cream.

"I need to monitor the situation here for a while," I will say. "In the meantime try this. It is unlikely to do much good in the long term, but it is probably worth a try because it may relieve the immediate symptoms."

Except that it does not. This is because it is not an antibiotic, fungicidal cream at all. It is not even a placebo. It is a substance that I have specially chosen for its ability to feed and encourage all forms of parasitical skin gobbler under the prepuce. Then, when the victim comes back to me with much worse symptoms than at first, I drop him the sucker punch about his little operation.

Most men at this stage swallow the bait hook, line and sinker, and allow me to go on and circumcise them. A few do not, and these I advise to continue with the cream, giving them, in addition, an ointment which is equally nutritious to bacteria and fungi, for good measure. This causes their symptoms to worsen so catastrophically that in every single case they have returned chastened and requesting surgery. Then, when I finally circumcise them, I always give them a "penalty cut" (see below) as a punishment for being recalcitrant patients, and for not taking my advice in the first place.

(Incidentally, my victims also take a penalty cut if they try to engage me in dialogue about their operation, and/or to tell me how they would prefer to be trimmed. This has happened on 3 occasions, and every time it really got my goat. After all, who did these interfering busybodies think that they were? *I* was the competent professional, and it was up to me to decide how they should be mutilated. Cheeky bastards! What! Did they think they had rights, or something? In each of the three cases I faced the insolent and impudent democrats out and told them that, for the operation to be a success, there was only one way to perform it. Then I performed it that way, and harder! The sexiest of the three cases was a 22-year-old man with a stunning, clitoris-moistening, 17-year-old wife. Oh, wow! Did I slap *him* down and make him pay for his misguided attempt at participative democracy! Whack! From the start I had intended to cut him hard; then, to punish his lippy remarks, I cut him harder than that! I suppose that he still enjoys his wife; but, he enjoys her less than he would have done if he had not been so cheeky, and, as a direct result of his insolence, there is a significant little extra piece of him that will never again enjoy her at all!)

The penalty cut, in fact, is inflicted upon a fair number of men whom I circumcise as adolescents or adults. This is for several reasons. Let me cite you some examples.

Not long ago I inspected the willie of an 18-year-old farm hand. Before he entered the consulting room he had been chatting up Judy in reception. This had clearly over-excited him. He had recovered his self composure to some extent by the time I had his trousers down, but, unfortunately for him, he was still semi-aroused and at 'half cock.' Well, I can tell you that when I got to circumcise him he paid for that little peccadillo with interest. At the operation Judy was very strict with him.

"The impudent young whippersnapper," she fumed. "How dare he consider me a sex object? The effrontery of it! I'll punish him for his insolence! I'll soon slap him back into line. Cut him, Cathy! Cut him hard!"

And I did too! And, as Judy's lover, I was, as she had been, particularly strict with him. I felt jealous and spiteful, and I really let him have it!

Then there was the case of the big, strapping 28-year-old Aussie rules football player who had given Judy a drunken grope at his club disco. Wow! From his point of view that was an expensive mistake, and one for which he paid dearly! Needless to say, when Judy was lucky enough to get him under the knife she gave him good cause to regret his indiscretion. And again, as Judy's outraged lover, I was particularly savage with the miscreant.

Then there was the retired secondary school teacher in his late sixties called Phil 'Slap Happy' Nappy. In his day he had been a firm and

enthusiastic disciplinarian, and had gone around slipping everyone, even the girls. No, worse than that, Judy tells me. He particularly enjoyed slipping young ladies, especially the bigger, meatier, more nubile ones. No beautiful young female was safe from the dirty old sod. He seemed to have a particularly strong crush on Judy, and he would slip her for the slightest reason. You see, Judy was born and raised in Eubonga Springs (I circumcised her four brothers!) and thus it was that, during her schooldays, she felt 'Slap Happy's' slipper across her buttocks on numerous occasions, until she was aged 16+.

Well! Needless to say, the dirty old pervert was well chastised for his lascivious pleasures! When he developed an infection under his foreskin Judy got me to cure the condition by inflicting a particularly vicious, savage and comprehensive circumcision.

However, Phil's was not the most vicious and savage circumcision that I have ever masterminded. The recipient of that was one Bert Bulstrode, a traffic warden in downtown Eubonga Springs. Bert is a familiar figure in our town centre, and he enforces the parking laws with gleeful strictness and severity; but, as you will now learn, when he tangled with Judy he bit off rather more than he could chew.

It was two or three years ago that Judy became one of Bert's victims. Fair enough. She had parked illegally, she had caused an obstruction, and she deserved to get her bottom smacked. But unfortunately for her she had parked with the front of her car overhanging a disabled person's bay, and for this Bert stung her with a swingeing surcharge; the total rap for the fine and the surcharge was A\$350, about US\$245 or roughly GB£200.

Ouch! Nurses are not the best paid of people, and at the time that was well over a day's pay for Judy, and even more than that after tax. It was the first parking ticket that she had ever received and it really upset her; when she arrived at work that day she was almost in tears, and she felt very sorry for herself for several weeks afterwards. Oh yes! The ticket that Bert slapped onto Judy's windscreen really hurt her; it stung her to the quick. Yet he inflicted it casually, unheedingly and insouciantly. He thought that it was funny, of no consequence, one big joke, and he displayed the utmost unheeding indifference at the victim's fate, and at her distress.

Worst of all, Bert was seriously over excited that he had managed to catch out and slap down such a tempting and desirable piece of Eve's flesh; he filled out Judy's ticket in a leisurely and expansive fashion whilst regaling her with a barrage of sexy, saucy, salacious, disciplinarian, mickey-taking put-downs. Judy tells me that he teased her mercilessly, quipping that she "deserved to be disciplined." She "needed to be slapped into line," he added. She must be "punished" and "stung" for her peccadillo, and, in his opinion, her "three hundred and fifty of the best" were well merited. And

so on. Judy was chastened, mortified and humiliated. She claims, in my view correctly, that what Bert did amounted to sexual harassment. Oh, yes! Bert Bulstrode ruined Judy's day, and a fair number of her other days as well.

Dear reader, you can guess the rest. Yes, about 18 months later Bert came to my surgery with an infection under his foreskin. It looked like a very bad case of sexually transmitted thrush to me, and, as I was later to learn from the local gossip, that indeed was what it was. Apparently, one of Bert's female victims had offered him sex if he tore up her ticket. Well, the story goes that Bert met her after work and gave her a right good seeing to. However, when she tried to return her parking ticket he refused to take it, and told her that she would still have to pay the fine. Well, no doubt the double-crossing bastard thought that he had been very clever; but what Bert did not know was that the lady herself had also been shrewd. She was far from an innocent victim; she had deliberately and maliciously given Bert a little something to remember her by.

Well, I handed Bert my fake bacteria-nutritious cream, and after he had applied it the skin gobblers under his foreskin bred and multiplied exponentially; on his second visit Bert's cock was a real mess, and he was ripe and ready for the sucker punch. The only effective cure for his condition, I told him, was circumcision.

Oh, wow! I do not think that I have ever enjoyed anything, even lesbian sexual intercourse, much more than I enjoyed the mutilation of Bert's cock. I let Judy perform the surgery, under my close instructions.

"Come along, Miss MacDonald," I urged as I handed her the scalpel. "Be brisk! Chop, chop!"

And Judy was brisk too; she was merciless, and she was very free with that scalpel. Ouch! She savagely butchered poor old Bert! Firstly, she chopped him very tight; she really "cut him back to the balls" as the Americans say. Secondly, she completely hacked off his frenulum. Thirdly, guided by me, she cut him extremely "low and tight." In other words, as well as the frenulum, she excavated the vast majority of his sensitive inner foreskin, and then stitched him up so that he only had a very thin strip of inner foreskin between his insensitive lower cock skin and his cock head.

Wow! I bet that circumscribed his pleasure! There is not a lot of sensitivity up most of Bert's cock shaft now, and if he wanks himself off he does not have too many options. All he can do is caress his knob head and hope that is enough to bring him off. Even better, Bert is already into his early 50s. Give him another 5 to 10 years, and his cock should be well desensitised; soon, it is going to cost him a fortune in Viagra purchases if

he wants to experience any real action!

As I gazed down on Bert's butchered chopper I thought of all the young ladies that he had victimised with his parking tickets and sexually harassed with his indecent verbals; I thought of all the young mums, hot and bothered, dragging their children after them, who were even hotter and more bothered after Bert had stuck a hefty ticket on them; and I thought of the entire motoring population of Eubonga Springs, who lived in constant fear and trepidation of this officious, excessive, over-the-top, vindictive bastard. And you know what, dear reader? It made me feel very, very good!

The next morning Bert, shocked and traumatised by his operation, was lying in bed in our clinic when Judy came to tend to him.

"Good morning, Mr. Bulstrode, do you remember me?"

"Yes, Miss MacDonald, I certainly do?"

"Do you recall that eighteen months ago you gave me a parking ticket?"

Well, Bert was feeling rather too sorry for himself after his surgery to sound triumphalist, but there was a satisfied gleam in his eye as he made his reply.

"Yes, that's right. I did, didn't I?"

"Because of you I had to fork out A\$350; that was well over a day's pay, and a big slice of the money that I had saved up for my summer holiday."

"I know you did. They'd just raised the tariff by 50 percent," said Bert smugly.

Then Judy, having prepared the ground, delivered her punch line.

"Yes," she replied ruefully, "I felt very sore and cut up about it."

Then she paused, and, in a sweet, innocent voice, asked:

"Tell me, Mr. Bulstrode. How do you feel this morning?"

I must admit that I have never dared to circumcise anyone else as savagely as we circumcised Bert Bulstrode. What we did to him was way over the top, and it was the only time in my life that I have put my career on the line to get back at a patient. If Bert had complained, and if I had been hauled up before the Medical Council, it could have turned very nasty. I worried about it for several months, and I thought through my

best line of defence. You can imagine the sort of thing: serious risk of renewed infection, inner foreskin more prone to attack than outer foreskin and best excised, infection serious, could have caused permanent mutilation, needed drastic and effective treatment, etc, etc. Except that it did not sound very convincing, even to me. My best hope, I concluded, was that Bert would never complain because of the public embarrassment. You see, most of the folk of Eubonga Springs hate Bert and if they heard that some of his naughty bits had been cruelly chopped off they would think it was hilariously funny. Anyway, for whatever reason, Bert never did lodge a formal complaint, and I was able to heave a huge sigh of relief.

As I have said, Judy and I cut Bert Bulstrode "low and tight." We hacked out the vast majority of his sensitive inner foreskin to leave only a thin, vestigial strip. Now the opposite of "low and tight" is "high and tight." Here more of the inner foreskin is spared but a greater amount of outer foreskin is excised. Which of these two styles is the more punitive is a moot point. On the face of it "high and tight" is worse for the victim since his "sore strip" (as I call it) is nice and thick. It is also more sensitive to pain and friction, especially when a drastic cut pulls it as tight as a drum skin up the stiffened shaft. The "high and tight" victim thus emerges from the jousts of Venus with a sore and tender cock.

So why then, you may ask, did we cut Bert "low and tight" and virtually eliminate his "sore strip"? Well we did it that way because the "sore strip" is also the "sensitive strip." After circumcision the inner foreskin, like the glans, callouses over and loses much of its sensitivity; but it is still more sensitive than the outer foreskin, and this greater sensitivity enhances coital pleasure.

In short, the "high and tight" guy gets more pain, but also more pleasure, than his "low and tight" brother. Bert's case was difficult to call, but we finally decided that our top priority was to cut off as much of his pleasure as we could, even if that meant sparing him a bit of pain. You see, Bert was over fifty years old. His sexual potency was on the wane and we wanted to push him towards impotency. If he had been a vigorous twenty-year-old the decision would have been different.

Incidentally, I find this whole debate confusing. The description "high and tight" refers to the cock when it is in a flaccid condition and its tip is pointing downward. Under those circumstances the scar is indeed higher than the scar of the "low and tight" man. But when the cocks are erect it is the other way around.

There are a number of offences of a moral or sexual nature that attract an automatic penalty cut. For example, a man gets it if he is living with a woman out of wedlock, or if any of his children were born out of wedlock. Then, if his partner is more than 4 years younger than him, he takes a

penalty cut for being a dirty old man. For example, if he was born on, say, June 24 and his partner was born on June 25 four years later, then, on his birthday, his age is 5 years more than the age of his partner. True, it is only like that for 24 hours, but that is long enough to attract a penalty cut. I suspect that, in this case, some men get it when they do not qualify. For example, if a lady is not honest about her age, and claims that she is younger than she really is, her man gets a penalty cut on the basis of the information that she has given us! She's the liar, but he's in the mire!

When I am performing a circumcision, the older the man, the more I cut off. Anyone over fifty gets an automatic penalty cut, and I am also pretty drastic with any man over thirty. This is what I refer to as my "remission surcharge." After all, from a physical point of view, a man of fifty has had the opportunity for the best part of half a century of perfect sex; it is only right that he should be made to pay for that exquisite pleasure with interest. Oh, yes! If ever I am lucky enough to get a man like that under my knife I give him good cause to regret the lost, exquisite delights of yesteryear!

In our practice we have a number of ladies who are seriously obese; the fattest of the lot, however, is called Pauline Skeate. Oh, my! Pauline is a real wide load, and very plain to boot. She is the sort of girl who just cannot fit into standard size airplane seats. So fat is she, indeed, that it is a serious health concern, and she is under my constant medical monitoring and care.

A short time ago Pauline's husband, Alan, came to me complaining that he could not get an erection.

'Well, mate,' I thought to myself, 'If you're shagging Pauline no wonder you're not getting overexcited.' That, however, was not what I told him; the difficulty, I said, was that he seemed to be suffering from phimosis, or a tight foreskin. There was no guarantee that it would work, I added, but one possibility was circumcision, and I advised him to go away and think about it.

Now this was a try-on. I did not really think that Alan would get back in touch for the sucker punch on that one, but, amazingly, he did. If there was any chance that it might work, he said, he was quite prepared to take the chop.

Well, this was a most interesting scenario. I suppose that we should have considered sparing Alan from the knife. After all, do you remember Judy's second condition before a man can be trimmed? It goes: "If this man bonks his wife without his foreskin on, will he get less pleasure than he is entitled to?" Now Pauline is so fat and ugly that not even Judy, strict as she is, could have denied a reprieve on those grounds.

But for Alan that question was not even posed, and there was never any question of sparing his cock. He had opted for, nay, he had actively requested the chop, and now he was going to take it. In any case, Pauline was 49 years old, or a year too young for her man to be spared. The chop was automatic; But what sort of chop should Alan take?

Well, the answer to that one was quite clear; Alan was 5 years older than Pauline, so he got an automatic penalty cut. We made no concession, not even a millimetre, to the fact that his wife was gargantuan and completely unattractive. Judy and I were enormously amused and entertained by his case, and we grinned and giggled over it for weeks. Rules were rules, we kept telling each other archly, and justice demanded that they be fully and impartially implemented.

The only comfort for Alan was that when he came back about 6 months later and complained that he was still impotent I did what I should have done in the first place; I put him on Viagra, and that, he told me, did the trick!

It was Judy who first started to call these very thorough, very tight circumcisions "penalty cuts." The victims, she insists, must take a 'standard chop plus half an inch.' Now half an inch may not seem very much. Remember, however, that the foreskin is folded back over on itself so if you cut into it for half an inch it takes off a full inch of flesh from all around the circumference of the cock, which is usually about five inches. So an extra five square inches or so is cut off. And remember, my usual cuts go very deep. Thus, this "surcharge," as Judy also calls it, really cuts them to the quick. It pulls the skin on their erect cocks as tight as a drum skin so that any over-enthusiastic rubbing is likely to make the skin on the cock shaft deliciously sore and raw. The victim may not notice it most of the time, but, just when he is at the height of his sexual frolics, you can bet that the extra tribute that he has paid does not half make him wince and grunt!

Let me give you an example. There is a 70-year-old farmer in our practice called Bob Douglas. He is white haired now, but still lusty for his age and sexually active. His wife is called Amanda. She is 12 years younger than him at 58. In her youth Amanda was a professional ballet dancer with a company in Sydney. Today, despite her mature years, she is still petite, elegant, poised and slim, with a very shapely, well preserved figure, even though she has given birth to four baby boys and three girls. Bob married Amanda 30 years ago, when he was 40 and she was 28. This marriage occurred in Eubonga Springs shortly after I arrived as the local doctor, and it annoyed me. Amanda was a close personal friend of mine. I myself fancied her something rotten, and I deeply resented Bob moving in on her.

'Damn!' I thought to myself, 'I have lost out badly to that dirty old bastard!'

Over the years my intimate (but, unfortunately, non-sexual) personal friendship with Amanda continued and indeed deepened, and my resentment at losing her to the bluff farmer, if anything, increased. At the beginning, I hated the thought of a much older man taking advantage of her youth and innocence to get inside her knickers. Then, over the next 30 years, I got more and more infuriated as he kept getting into her knickers over and over again.

Worst of all, Amanda told me shortly after the marriage that her husband was uncircumcised.

'Oh, no!' I thought to myself in horror. 'So he has a full complement of sensitive foreskin and a delicate, protected, purple coloured glans. Just think of all those exquisite nerve endings, engorged blood vessels and responsive pleasure receptors on his cock. Every scrap of lustful and sensual joy, every iota of lascivious sexual pleasure is his for the taking, and from a lady who is 12 years his junior! God! The dirty old sod just does not deserve that much pleasure. When he gets Amanda into bed with him, I bet he thinks that he's in seventh heaven!'

With such thoughts for 30 years I nursed my envy and spite. True, the couple let me circumcise their four sons. This was satisfying, but not the same thing at all as getting that old goat Bob Douglas under my knife. Then, shortly after his 70th birthday, quite unexpectedly, Bob came to me with a cock infection.

Well, the chance was too good to miss of course. I diplomatically pointed out that the reason why his four sons had never had this problem was because, unlike him, they were circumcised. Then I gave him the fake cream to make the symptoms worse. When Bob called back again the symptoms were indeed worse and I advised circumcision.

Bob refused the operation, claiming he was too old.

"You are *never* too old to be circumcised" I told him authoritatively, and gave him the complementary ointment.

That did it. Bob returned with an extremely infected cock and requested me to cut it. That was on a Thursday. I booked him in immediately to report to the clinic on the Friday night.

The rest, as they say, is history. After Bob's first appointment I had told Judy the full story about me, Bob and Amanda. I then asked her to confirm the sentence, but, on 3 counts, this was a mere formality. Firstly,

Bob had refused surgery when it was first advised, and had thus earned himself an automatic penalty cut as a recalcitrant and insolent patient. Secondly, Bob was well over 4 years older than his spouse. Thirdly, Bob attracted a severe and automatic remission surcharge; he had enjoyed 70 years of perfect sexual bliss, all hot, sweaty and steamy, and now I intended to make him pay for it with interest!

While Bob was lying there, under general anaesthetic, awaiting the chop, Judy and I made long, slow, luxuriant love on a nearby bed. Lingeringly, we brought each other to several intense orgasms as, in graphic physical and anatomical detail, I talked Judy through the nature of my grievance against my rival in love, and what I was going to do to him to get my own back.

Then we proceeded to the surgery. I took out my set of knives, and I made my preparations. "Robert James Douglas," I announced grandly. "You have been found guilty of thwarting and disrupting lesbian passion, and worthy of punishment for that offence. I hereby sentence your cock to mutilation by tight circumcision."

Next, as Judy grinned in amusement, I added archly, "Very tight. This hurts me a lot less than it hurts you."

Judy laughed out loud as I took my trusty scalpel in my hand. Then I held the scalpel in the air, hovering tantalisingly over Bob's frenulum.

"Cut?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," replied Judy, *sotto voce*, in an intense, breathy voice.

So that is what I did. I cut that old bastard's cock, and I cut it hard. God, but I made him pay for all those nights of exquisite, perfect pleasure. Oh yes! I gave Bob Douglas the 'standard chop plus one centimetre' all right! And the rest! Wow! I skinned him alive! Bob was well skinned and well shafted. Oh, yes! I can assure you that there was not much skin on his shaft when I had finished with him! Then I performed some very pretty needlework around the cut. By the time I had finished I had stitched Bob up beautifully in more ways than one!

Next, my pent up fury and spite having at last abated after 30 long years, I carefully cleaned Bob's chopper with surgical spirits. Finally, I lovingly and lingeringly fingered a fungicidal cream (this time an effective one) into the newly exposed cock head, and the adjacent regions. It was, however, unnecessary for me to cream his frenulum for him, since I had completely chopped it off! Then, after we had both eyed up and exalted in my handiwork for twenty minutes or so I took Judy back to bed to celebrate. Ouch! Were my tits and vulva sore by the time we had finished!

Perhaps I should point out at this point that I inflict tight circumcisions not only to punish the men, but also to chasten the ladies, and to prepare them for the jousts of Sappho.

You must remember, dear reader, that I am a fierce and kinky old lesbian. I hate heterosexual coupling. It may be necessary, but it is also crude, vulgar and distasteful. Whenever and wherever it occurs, the miscreants that indulge in it deserve to be punished. When I tightly circumcise a newborn baby boy, I exult that I am depriving not only him but also his women of their birth-right. For the lady, I refer to the penalty as 'Sappho's retribution' or 'the vengeance of Lesbos.' I resent it when a beautiful lady gives herself to a man instead of sleeping with me, or, if that is impractical, with other daughters of the Sapphic sorority. In my view any woman who does that deserves to take the rap; and take the rap she does, in more ways than one. On this I agree with Jill Philpott that circumcised men tend to practice kinkier sex, including flagellation. So the rap that ladies with circumcised lovers take is sometimes the rap of a hand, slipper, hairbrush or cane across their bare bums.

In addition, I do not want women to be satisfied with heterosexual sex. I want them to desire something more, and to seek it in the arms of myself, or, if I am not available, in the embrace of one of my Sapphic sisters. I like to think that, after my shrewd knife work, a young man's fire hose is not long enough to quench the flames of feminine passion, that its nozzle has been cut off, and that the jet of extinguishing liquid can no longer be controlled or directed.

Oh yes! I like those young ladies to be fired with desire, burning with lust, not only before heterosexual coupling, but also after it. Just think! If men adequately satisfied ladies, no lady would ever seek a feminine lover. But fear not, daughters of Lesbos! The victims on whom I have wielded *my* blade are unlikely to be up to the task. To a man, all 3,000 of them have chopped off foreskins, tight, denuded shaft skins, frenulums that have been completely severed and excavated, ugly circumcision scars and dry, keratinised cock heads. Just let them try to satisfy any real, live, healthy, lusty, sexy lady with that equipment! They are doomed to failure, and their hot, frustrated lovers, with their red, succulent cherries, are plump, juicy, and just ripe for plucking and fucking by the votaresses of Sappho.

Oh, my dear American readers, you have all got this one so, so wrong! I download a lot of sexy stories from the Internet. Most of what I read is girl on girl, but I also enjoy heterosexual tales. Now such stories written by US authors are almost always very vague and coy about exactly what is going on between cock and cunt. British authors will lovingly describe beautiful, purple coloured cock heads, the slow, leisurely rolling back of the foreskin down the shaft to reveal the sensitive plum beneath, etc., etc.

But you rarely get such detailed descriptions by Americans, and as a result the quality of their stories, even those of good writers, suffers. And why is this so? The answer in my view is obvious; most of the men folk in the USA have taken the chop. Circumcision scars, denuded frenulums, cock skins pulled tight up erect circumcised dicks: these, and other ugly phenomena, are what US writers would be forced to describe if they wanted to be accurate. No wonder that out of embarrassment and a desire not to upset their readers they bottle out and fall silent.

There is also too much oral, anal, incestuous etc. in US stories, far more than in stories from Europe. Hey, come on guys! Your mutilation may make *you* dissatisfied with straight sex, but lots of men who enjoy the full experience are more than happy with it, and have little interest in kinks and perversions.

The real truth, that US citizens are in full and embarrassed denial of, was known and promulgated eight hundred years ago by a remarkable rabbi living in France, Isaac ben Yediah. The quotation is rather long, but please bear with me; it is well worth reading:

A man uncircumcised in the flesh desires to lie with a beautiful-looking woman who speaks seductively to attract him. He vexes his mind to be with her day after day, growing weary in his attempt to fulfil his desire through lovemaking with her.

She too will court the man who is uncircumcised in the flesh and lie against his breast with great passion, for he thrusts inside her a long time because of his foreskin, which is a barrier against ejaculation in intercourse. Thus she feels pleasure and reaches an orgasm first. When an uncircumcised man sleeps with her, and then resolves to return to his home, she brazenly grabs him, holding on to his genitals and says to him, "Come back, make love to me." This is because of the pleasure that she finds in intercourse with him, from the sinews of his testicles -- sinews of iron -- and from his ejaculation -- that of a horse which he shoots like an arrow into her womb. They are united without separating, and he makes love twice and three times in one night, yet the appetite is not filled.

And so he acts with her night after night. The sexual activity emaciates him of his bodily fat, and afflicts his flesh, and he devotes his brain entirely to women, an evil thing. His heart dies within him; between her legs he sinks and falls. He is unable to see the light of the King's face, because the eyes of the intellect are plastered over by women so that they cannot now see light.

But when a circumcised man desires the beauty of a woman, and cleaves to his wife, or to another woman comely in appearance, he will find himself performing his task quickly, emitting his seed as soon as he inserts his crown. If he lies with her once, he sleeps satisfied, and will not know her again for another seven days. This is the way a circumcised man acts time after time with the woman he loves. He has an orgasm first; he does not hold back his strength. As soon as he begins intercourse, he immediately comes to a climax.

She has no pleasure from him when she lies down or when she arises, and it would be better for her if he had not known her and not drawn near to her, for he arouses her passion to no avail, and she remains in a state of desire for her husband, ashamed and confounded, while the seed is still in her 'reservoir.' She does not have an orgasm once a year except on rare occasions, because of the great heat and the fire burning within her. Thus he who says, "I am the Lord's" will not empty his brain because of his wife or the wife of his friend. He will find grace and good favour; his heart will be strong to seek out God. He will not fear to behold that which is beyond, and when He speaks to him, he will not turn away.

Well, some of that might be rather overstated, but in general I think that old Isaac got it right. A lady who marries a circumcised man gets damaged goods; his cock probably works after a fashion, but it is neither of merchantable quality nor particularly fit for purpose. In theory, she would have a right to an exchange or a refund under the consumer laws of most countries. Unfortunately, however, she has often made a solemn and sacred religious contract, and has taken her husband 'for better or (as in this case) for worse.' So she has to take the loss, to grin and bear the 'wham, bam, thank you ma'am,' the brief, shallow sex and the frustrated passion. And meanwhile, we lesbians are laughing all the way to bed!

I thus sharply disagree with Jillian Philpott. At one point in one of her stories she refers to the battering that the female vulva receives from a circumcised cock as 'sharply pleasurable.'

No, Jill! 'Fraid not! Wrong! The circumcised cock does not give the lady a better screw; it gives her a worse one. On this interesting topic, I endorse the view of Kristen O'Hara in her most interesting book *Sex As Nature Intended It*. On the evidence I have read, Mrs O'Hara, like old Isaac ben Yediah, is correct. The circumcised penis compensates for its sensitivity deficit with rough, tough and much longer strokes that are usually deeply unsatisfying, and even painful, for the woman; and the woman does not experience the pleasure of closely maintained contact between the male and female pubic mounds. Well, if they sleep with a man instead of with me or with another woman, all I can say is that it serves them right.

By the way, I also find Mrs O'Hara's solution amusing. She advocates another operation to 'restore' the man's foreskin. Well, I look forward to doing that if ever I get the chance. I would willingly make any man's cock throb and smart for a second time. Mrs O'Hara claims that it improves the lady's pleasure, but I very much doubt this. Certainly, for the man it is purely cosmetic. His foreskin, frenulum and sensitive pleasure receptors have been cut off forever, and arranging the remaining skin so that it disguises that fact makes no difference for him at all. Even worse from the man's point of view, foreskin "restitution" is a complicated and problematic procedure, to the extent that some surgeons will not perform it. (Yes, is that not amazing? They do the unthinkable. They refuse a fat fee and lay down their scalpels!) The reason for this is that foreskin restitution

involves not one, but two operations. Firstly, skin from the scrotum is grafted onto the base of the cock. (Ouch!) Then skin from the base of the cock is moved up the shaft to cover the cockhead. (Ouch again!) In any case, foreskin "restitution" it ain't! The foreskin is gone forever, and will never be restored. Foreskin "simulation" would be a better phrase.

But I digress. Let me return to the circumcision of old Bob Douglas. I circumcised him hard partly to punish him, and partly to get my own back on Amanda for marrying her husband and for spurning me as a lover. I thought that I would make them both pay (belatedly, alas) for their sins. Unfortunately for me, her husband's circumcision has pepped up Amanda's love life. (See Amanda's Epilogue below.) Amanda's experience, I am glad to say, is not typical, but it is irksome. Even so, I can live with it. After all, Amanda's pussy must be left exquisitely raw and sore after old Bob's stiff cock and his tight, taut, immobile cock skin have given it yet another merciless trip hammering. So Amanda as well as Bob is quite rightly being made to pay what I jokingly refer to as the "heterosexual intercourse tax." Much as I like her, in my view she still deserves to be chastised.

The sexiest penalty cut that I have ever inflicted was upon a young man called Bruce Foster. To understand this one you will need a little background information. Soon after we started our love affair Judy and I agreed that we had to conceal it. It was clear to both of us that, before too long, a beautiful and unattached girl in her early twenties such as Judy would attract public comment if she had no man. I therefore advised her to be open to the inevitable advances of young men, with a view, eventually, to marrying one of them, settling down and having children.

Judy, whom I would describe as AC/DC rather than an out and out lesbian, agreed with this, and started dating a variety of young men. The one who eventually was to win her, however, was this Bruce Foster. Bruce is about two years older than Judy, and a prosperous cattle farmer.

Well, although Judy is now Bruce's fiancée, I can tell you that the pair of them have a very feisty and spiky, not to say tempestuous, relationship. Judy is a girl with a mind of her own. Bruce is the tall, handsome, masterful type calculated to make weaker women swoon and Judy hopping mad. The combination is explosive.

The problems between them started on their very first date. Bruce took Judy to an all-night, midsummer ball organised by the Eubonga Springs Young Farmers. Then, after the ball was over, he took her back to his place. Judy was not drunk, but she was tipsy and merry with wine. She allowed Bruce to take liberties with her and soon he had got her into bed with him and expertly and comprehensively robbed her of her maidenhead.

When Judy awoke the next morning she was incensed at the way that Bruce had taken advantage of her, especially since it had been so easy for him and it was at such an early stage of their relationship. She immediately put her clothes on, stormed to her car and drove off.

"He has made a complete fool of me, Cathy," she told me later. "He caught me with my knickers not only down but right off. Then he really took me to the cleaners. I bet he is boasting about it right now to all those drinking mates of his. And I bet he has dumped me right into the pudding club. It was my most vulnerable time of the month."

I noted with interest, however, that Judy refused my offer of a 'morning after' pill to prevent conception. I also observed with satisfaction that Bruce seemed to make no mention of the incident to his mates.

Judy's attitude to Bruce, however, changed over time. At first, she hatched a plot with me to trick him into agreeing to be circumcised.

"He has taken my cherry," she said, "and he must be punished."

I sniggered lasciviously. "I thought that I had done that to you some time ago," I said.

"No," replied Judy. "It was Mr. Bruce Foster, and I want him skinned alive for it. Or at least I want the bit of him that offended skinned alive. By the time I have finished with him he will never again ejaculate at anything much more than half cock."

The plan was simple. Judy was to go on the pill and continue to let Bruce fuck her. When he did, however, Judy would use my ointment, ostensibly as a lubricant, but really to encourage bacterial and fungoid infections of Bruce's cock. To stop Judy getting infected I was to give her a bacterial and fungicidal douche after every sex session.

Well, the plan worked like a charm. Soon Bruce's cock was sore and infected. The next time he got Judy into bed with him, she told him that there would be no more nooky until the infection was cleared up, and booked him in to for an appointment with me.

Well, I gave Bruce the standard fake cream treatment, which, as planned, made things worse. Then I advocated circumcision, and he refused. Then I gave him the fake ointment, which made things worse still. In the meantime, I told Judy to try to persuade Bruce of the benefits of the snip. This she did with great skill and effectiveness, and soon Mr. Bruce Foster was booked into our clinic for the usual Friday night chop.

By now, however, Judy was having second thoughts. She was indeed

ambivalent about chopping Bruce at all.

"It was a dirty, wicked trick that we pulled on him," she said. "I can't go through with it, Cathy. I love him!"

"That's as maybe," I replied. "But he must still be punished for what he did to you. Good Lord, Judy. You dished out a penalty cut to one young man just because his cock went a bit stiff while he was chatting you up. You had him chopped hard, very hard, and he had never even laid a finger on you. Yet this Mr. Bruce bloody Foster gets you tipsy, takes you to bed, comprehensively robs you of your cherry and then shags the arse off you! I promise you, young lady. He is not going to get away with that! Besides, as your jealous lesbian lover I cannot bear the thought of him enjoying you perfectly. I want to be the only person in the whole world who ever does that. So I am going to be spiteful and vindictive with him. He will pay to the uttermost millimetre for enjoying the pleasures of your bed. I'm a tight-arsed bitch, and he will soon be a tight-cocked bastard! I'll make him pay for taking advantage of your innocence and inexperience! I'll pull the skin on his erect cock shaft as tight as a drum skin! Oh Yes! I'll make him wince and grunt! My God, but he'll know about it when I've finished with him! I'll give him something to remember me by and no mistake!"

Actually my objective in this diatribe was not just to attack Bruce. It was also to rile Judy. She had been a little bit too ready, in my view, to let Bruce deflower her, and then to allow him to bonk her again. Worst of all, I had now found out to my horror that Judy actually loved Bruce. I had no great objection to a marriage of convenience during which I continued as her main lover. That had been the plan, but that was not the way that it was panning out. As it was, I looked set to be playing second fiddle, or even, perhaps, no fiddle at all, to Mr. Bruce bloody Foster! I felt slighted and betrayed, and if Judy had had a cock I would have wanted to circumcise her as well, with a comprehensive penalty cut that was just as punitive and severe as the one I had planned for Bruce. Oh, yes! In my view, Mr. Bruce Foster was not the only one who deserved to be chastised!

Well, on the night when Bruce was down to be cut, things got even worse between Judy and me. In fact, we had a blazing row. First, Judy did not want me to cut Bruce at all. Then she refused to sentence him to a penalty cut.

"Well, he's bloody well getting a penalty cut" I shouted. "I am over-riding you on this one, Judy. You are clearly too emotionally involved to reach an impartial decision."

"Oh! And I suppose that *you* aren't, are you?" screamed back Judy. "You're just a jealous, vicious and vindictive lesbian bitch who wants to get back at her rival."

Well, this was just a little bit too close to the bone for comfort. In fact, Judy had hit the nail right on the head. I was fuming! Indeed, I was so hopping mad that I did something that I had never done before. I pulled rank on her.

"Look!" I screamed. "I am the doctor here, and you are only the bloody nurse. You're under my authority, young lady, while you are working for this practice, and like it or not you will do exactly what I bloody well say or face the consequences!"

"Consequences?" yelled back Judy. "Consequences? And what the hell might they be?"

I did not answer this question immediately. Instead, I walked up to Judy and positioned my face about six inches away from hers. Then I stared hard into her eyes.

"Just bloody well try me!" I answered menacingly.

To my slight surprise this negotiating ploy succeeded. There was a lengthy, embarrassed silence.

"Well?" I followed up. "What have you got to say for yourself then?"

Slowly Judy's face melted from defiance to compliance.

"OK," she said submissively. "You win. What do you want me to do?"

I grinned with relief and satisfaction at this unexpected surrender.

"Well, first off" I said, "you can prepare and sterilise the instruments and get me the surgical marker."

Judy obediently trotted off to do my will, and soon we were all prepared for the surgery to commence. I took the surgical marker and drew a line all around Bruce's cock shaft where I would have cut him to perform a routine circumcision. Then I drew another line, half an inch further down, where he would have taken the chop for a penalty cut. Finally, I drew a third line, a quarter of an inch below that.

"Additional 50 per cent surcharge. Penalty cut plus a quarter of an inch," I announced in an authoritative, matter of fact, *ex cathedra* fashion that was intended to leave Judy in absolutely no doubt that this was not a matter for democratic debate.

Then I paused to give Judy time to take my announcement on board.

"Well? What have you got to say about that then, Miss Interfering Busybody?"

Judy looked in fascinated horror at where I had drawn the lines on Bruce's cock. Then she winced and looked away.

"Jeez, Cathy," she said reproachfully. "That's a bit bloody harsh isn't it? You're skinning the poor bastard alive!"

I gently cupped Judy's chin into my hands and turned her face towards mine. Then I looked her steadily in the eyes.

"He must be punished for what he did to you, my beloved," I replied dispassionately. Then, suddenly, I grinned broadly.

"But don't worry, darling" I said. "I won't spoil your love life. I'm leaving him just enough skin to fulfil his marital duties, but not a millimetre more. I promise you that his cock skin will be stretched as tight as a drum skin up his erect shaft. Oh, yes! Mr. Bruce bloody Foster will be giving you some very brisk and rasping shags! Prepare yourself for lots of lively sex and for plenty of friction, young lady! The course of your shagging will never run smooth! You won't be getting any slow, gentle, lazy, luxuriant fucks! When you get fucked you'll know all about it! Your pussy will be taking some hefty batterings I can tell you, and so will Bruce boy's cock! Oh, yes! And another thing: lover boy will have to flex his haunches and wriggle his bum with some vigour to bring his chopped and desensitised manhood to orgasm. By the time he has finished his emissions you will both be exquisitely raw and sore!"

Judy looked back into my eyes. Then, to my relief, her face slowly creased into an impish grin. Then she gave a saucy little giggle.

"Wow!" she said. "You kinky, vindictive old she-cat! OK! You win! Let him have it, Cathy! Chop the bastard, and chop him hard! Make him live to regret and rue the day that he ever dared to trick and deflower Miss Judy MacDonald of Eubonga Springs!"

Spontaneously I clasped Judy into a tight embrace and kissed her passionately on the lips.

"Attagirl!" I said, "Let's teach Mr. Bruce bloody Foster a lesson he'll never forget!"

Next, on the spur of the moment, I did something that was as unexpected to me as it was to Judy. I handed her my scalpel. Then I grinned archly.

"There you go," I said pertly. "*You* cut him!"

Judy was flabbergasted by this suggestion. She stared at me in fascinated disbelief.

"Go on" I said. "You have seen me do it enough times. It's easy. Just make sure that you chop him to the hilt, young lady, or, believe me, I will chop him even harder myself, and then I will make you pay for your disobedience!"

"Cathy, I couldn't" replied Judy in confusion. "I just can't bring myself to do it."

Faced with this revolt I decided to pull rank again.

"Now look here, young lady. I thought we had already agreed that I am the boss around here! How dare you disobey me yet again! If I tell you to do something you do it! And you don't bloody well argue! When I've dealt with Brucie here I think that you and I had better have a little chat to sort out your attitude problem once and for all! Now are you going to do what you're bloody well told, or am I going to have to punish *you* as well as Brucie boy?"

Judy looked away, disconcerted but resentful and rebellious. There was a long and embarrassed silence.

"Well!" I said. "What is your answer?"

Judy sighed deeply. Then she broke. Her face crumpled and fell. Then she burst into tears.

Well, that was something that I was not expecting! I said nothing. Instead I embraced her sympathetically.

"I'm sorry," sobbed Judy, "I'm so, so sorry. Please forgive me Cathy. I'll do it. I'll do whatever you say. But you *will* help me, won't you?"

Well, after she had composed herself, and guided and advised by me, Judy *did* do it! And she did it very well, too. As instructed, she cut Bruce right to the hilt. And then, going beyond her instructions, she cut him just a sliver more. Not only did she not give Bruce a millimetre. She also took a few more millimetres than she was asked to and cut off just a wee bit more foreskin and shaft skin than was required of her. And as for Bruce's exquisitely sensitive frenulum! Well that was dead meat, every single sliver of it. Then Judy stitched up the wound. When she had finished, I embraced her passionately again, and gave her another kiss, full onto and into the mouth.

"Attagirl!" I repeated. "The bastard had that coming to him. And don't you see that it *had* to come from you? You've made the punishment fit the crime. Cock offended pussy, and pussy made him pay! Is that poetic justice, or what?"

I then stretched Bruce's foreskin and frenulum between two glass plates and dropped them into a jar filled with formaldehyde. I then sealed the jar, labelled it, and locked it in the safe.

"This trophy is mine!" I explained to Judy. "I shall take it out and gloat over it when I am on my own in the early hours of the morning! I shall envy Mr. Bruce Foster as I think of him making love to you. But at least I shall know that he is not getting quite so much pleasure as nature intended. He will never again enjoy you perfectly, as I have, my darling! Instead, an important little piece of him will be with me."

And again I locked Judy into an ardent embrace and began kissing her passionately on the lips.

"What do you mean" interjected Judy, in between our kisses. "What do you mean when you say that you *have* enjoyed me? You still are enjoying me, aren't you?"

"Judy," I replied. "You know that I love you. But this Bruce Foster thing must bring big changes. We cannot carry on in the same way. You cannot serve two lovers. It just wouldn't work. You have seen the effect it has had on you tonight. For the first time ever in our relationship, you have crossed me. And you have done it twice too. You either have to be loyal to him or loyal to me, and I think you have made your choice."

I turned away and started to cauterise my instruments and put them away. Judy made no answer, and I presumed that she was pondering my words. Then, behind me, I began to hear slow rhythmic sobbing. It made me feel a complete bitch, but, even so, I decided to stay aloof from my lover rather than rushing to embrace and comfort her.

"Oh, Cathy," sobbed Judy at last. "That isn't it at all. I wish I had never met Mr. Bruce bloody Foster. You're the only one I want. Give me the word and I'll send him packing tomorrow, him and his tightly cropped cock. I'm so, so sorry that I crossed you. I promise you that it will never, ever, happen again. You mentioned punishing me as well as Bruce. Well, go on! Do it! Make me pay however you like for crossing you, but please, please don't cast me away. I couldn't bear it. I would die."

I was moved and very flattered, as any kinky old lesbian would be, by this fervent profession of love from a stunningly beautiful young girl. My lip

was quivering, and tears welled up in my eyes.

On the other hand, I was not prepared to leave it there. The way that Judy had thrown herself at Bruce with no thought for my emotions had irked me. Contrite as she now appeared, I still wanted to punish her, and to re-establish my authority over her once and for all.

"Judy," I replied. "You've hurt me, you know. I was certain that you were kissing me off for your future husband. That was one reason why I had him cut so hard. I wanted to get back at the bastard for stealing you from me."

"Nobody will ever steal me from you, Cathy," Judy answered. "If I hurt you, hurt me back. Punish me, Cathy, like you threatened to do. Punish me physically in whatever way you like. But don't throw me aside. Don't deny me your love."

I cupped Judy's face in my hands again, and gazed into her dark brown eyes. Then my face melted into a slow, arch smile.

"Yes," I said. "Yes, I would like that. Now. Do exactly as I tell you young lady, and, after I have finished with you, you can count yourself forgiven."

Judy looked back at me, contrite and yielding.

"Whatever it is, boss, just say the word and I will do it. I promise you."

I smiled triumphantly.

"Very well, young lady. In the broom cupboard there is an old riding crop. Fetch it for me please."

I tried to keep calm while I uttered this order, but my heart was pounding against my rib cage and my whole body was trembling. But I need not have bothered. Judy silently and obediently went to obey my command.

When I had the riding crop in my hands I opened a drawer in one of the tables and took out an old scalpel. It was one that I had never used for surgery. A previous incumbent of the practice had left it, together with a number of other disused instruments. Using the scalpel as a knife, I then cut off the leather at the thick end of the riding crop. Next I peeled off the whole of the leather covering, revealing a thin, supple glass fibre switch. I threw the discarded leather into the waste bin and grasped the thicker end of the switch in my hand. I was still very nervous and worried about Judy's likely reactions.

Next I went up to the bed that Bruce was lying on and pulled him down it

by the ankles until his legs were splayed akimbo over both side ends, and his newly chopped cock was about 18 to 24 inches from the bottom of the bed. I then took a pillow and placed it over the straight, low tubular steel bedstead at the bottom of the bed.

"Very well, Judy," I said. "Take off all your clothes please." I felt a frisson of sexual excitement run down my spine as I gave these salacious instructions. Mixed with that, however, was a tremor of apprehension lest my lover refuse to perform my command.

But I need not have worried. Soon Judy was standing butt naked before me. God, but she was lovely! What a brown skinned beauty she was with her jet-black snatch of crinkly, wiry pubic hair, her shapely waist, her trim midriff, her neat belly button, her long, meaty thighs, and her pert, pneumatic breasts!

Suddenly two great truths hit me. Firstly, no matter how hard Bruce Foster's cock had been cut he was getting the best end of the bargain if he landed up with it inside my Judy! Despite my best efforts the lucky bastard was still going to get infinitely more pleasure and ecstasy than I wanted him to get, and more than any man has a right to on this side of Paradise! Sod it! Secondly, I concluded that, after I had administered Judy's comeuppance, I would do my best to make my peace with her and to continue our relationship for as long as I could. It would be more difficult when she had two lovers, but what the hell. How could I ever have threatened to break my relationship with such an exquisite, gorgeous and irresistible girl?

Then I jerked myself out of my reverie and back to reality.

"Very well, young lady" I said. Bend over that cushion with your face just above Bruce's circumcised cock." Without a murmur of rebellion, Judy again obeyed my command.

"Miss Judy MacDonald," I then said grandly. "You are being punished on two counts. Firstly, you dissented and rebelled against legal orders given to you by your employer. Secondly, you took up with another lover without my full permission and involvement. Have you anything to say in your own defence? Can you give me any good reason why you should not be chastised?"

"No, boss," mumbled Judy contritely. "I'm sorry. I promise I won't do it again."

"That's good," I answered, "although it does not prevent your current punishment. Bruce was sentenced to one cut, across his bare cock. You are sentenced to six cuts, across your bare bottom. You will take three

cuts from the riding switch for disobeying my orders, and another three cuts for taking up a lover without my full permission and involvement. That is three cuts on each of the two counts, or a total of six of the best. Do you understand?"

"Yes, boss."

"As the cuts are administered you will gaze on Bruce's chopped cock, and consider that if you had not been so rebellious it would not have been chopped so hard. Not only was your rebellion ineffective, young lady. It was also counter-productive. Come on! Let me hear it! What was your rebellion?"

"Counter productive, boss."

"That's right! Now. After the first cut you are to say, 'Thank you for cut number 1, boss. It stings, but I deserve it. Could I have cut number 2 now, please?' You will then count up the cuts in that fashion until you have received the full six. You will then say, 'Thank you for my 6 cuts, boss. They sting, but I deserved them. May I get up now?' You will then await further instructions. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, b.." Swish!

Before Judy could get out her reply I gave her bare bottom its first free gift. Wow, but did I let her have it! For the last few minutes, the more contrite that Judy had been, the more incensed it had made me about her previous stropiness. Judy was a beautiful girl, and it seemed a crime, almost, to mar the flawless perfection of her buttocks with six ugly and (albeit only temporarily) disfiguring weals. But, on the other hand, my lover needed to be taken in hand. She had stepped out of line and she needed to be slapped back into it good and hard. As that switch came down, I was very, very angry with Judy. Her present tears and apologies were all very well, but she still needed to be taught a short, sharp, painful lesson so that she would never, ever, dare to cross me again. 'Yes, my girl!' I thought to myself. 'Now I will get even with you! I'll make you sting, wince and shudder! You are sorry for what you have done now. But by the time that I have finished with you, you will be far, far sorrier! Take that!'

CRACK!!!

"Aaaaagh!"

Wow! That first cut was a real sizzler! Judy was clearly shocked at the force of the blow, and as the cane bit into her bum she let out an involuntary scream of pain. Then, over the next 4 seconds or so, as the

cut began to sting and smart, she started to let out a series of low, urgent grunts.

"Ngh! Ngh! Ngh!" Then, "Oh, boss! That stings! That really, really stings!"

I could well believe my lover's words, for gazing down at her upturned derrière I observed a deep, livid cut across the dark, dusky meat of her two buttocks. However, she got no sympathy from me.

"Come on," I said brusquely. "Get on with it. You have been told what to say."

Judy composed herself for a short while, and then: "Thank you for cut number 1, boss. It stings, but I deserve it. Could I have cut number 2 now, please?"

Swish!

Judy's bare bum took it again, and wow, was I a mean and spiteful bitch to her! I was still raging and fuming against my lover, and, in my venom and spite, I brought down the thin, whippy fibreglass cane right into the furrow that I had already cut across her bottom; and I brought it down as hard as I could. It divided the atmosphere with a fearsome audible swish and then, thin as it was, hit home with a sharp, pistol-like crack.

CRACK!!!

It was with this second cut that I broke her. Judy had taken her first cut bravely, but this additional indentation, laid exactly on top of the previous one, was too much. The tingling and stinging, incrementally added to that from cut number 1, must have felt unbearable. Judy screamed like a banshee, emitting a loud, high-pitched, agonised yell fit to awaken the dead.

"Ayyiiii!"

Then, over the next few seconds, as she felt the full effects of my handiwork, Judy broke into uncontrollable sobs.

"Please, boss," she howled piteously. "Please! No more, I beg you, no more! It is more than I can bear! Mercy! I beg you, mercy!"

I gave Judy time to compose herself, and then I prompted her for the response. It took 3 or 4 minutes before she could get it out.

"Thank you for cut number 2, boss. It stings, but I deserve it. Could I have cut number 3 now, please?"

PHHHTTT!!! CRACK!!!

Yes Judy, you can. Take that! Unfortunately for Judy, I was still in kinky dominatrix bitch mode, and I brought down the third cut, again as hard as I could, onto exactly the same piece of bum. There was now a dark red aggravated weal across the brown meat of Judy's buttocks, already beginning to turn blue black. Then this third cut fell into exactly the same indentation. It was too much for any super-heroine to endure. Judy gave another agonised yell and then, to my considerable satisfaction, she rose from the bed, straightened up, and began vigorously massaging her freshly caned buttocks. The single aggravated weal that I had incised into her flesh with my first 3 cuts was insufferably raw and sore, and it was clear, from Judy's pained facial expressions, that the mere act of rudely rubbing it was, in itself, very painful. But the throbbing was so insufferable that, for Judy, it was clearly the lesser of 2 evils.

"OK," I conceded. "Time out. You can have 10 minutes to compose yourself." During this respite, I explained to Judy that the 3 cuts that she had received thus far were for her insolence and insubordination. The next 3 would be for taking up a lover without my full permission and involvement. I explained that this was a very serious rap. It had hurt me and I was deeply offended. So she was going to catch it just as hard for this second half of her punishment as for the first half. However, to afford her some small relief, it was now a different part of her bum, lower down towards her legs, that was about to catch it; I intended, I said, to bring down the cane just above her thighs, right across the back of her hairy cunt slot, where the buttock meat was at its plumpest and most tender.

"That, Judy, is the part of your arse that sinned against me by allowing the unauthorised entrance of a male cock," I explained, "So that is where the retribution will be inflicted. Cunt meat offended, and cunt meat will be punished for it. Right. Over the bed again, please!"

When I had Judy in the caning position again I decided to spice up this second part of her chastisement with some kinky verbals.

"Position your face right over Bruce's cock," I commanded. "Now. Tell me what has been done to it."

"It's been circumcised, boss. Very tightly."

"Describe it to me."

"Well, the cock head is bare. It is still purple, but soon it will callous over to a pink colour."

"Just answer the questions. Don't play the prophet. Now, what has happened to the foreskin?"

"It has been completely cut off, boss."

"And what is there instead?"

"An annular cut or incision about 5 inches long, all around the cock shaft, boss. It is very bloody at the moment, and has surgical stitches all around it to hold the skin in place."

"Good. And what will happen to that cut?"

"It will become a permanent, visible annular scar, boss."

"Good. And what about the frenulum, the deliciously sensitive triangular flap of stringy, twangy membrane that joins the foreskin to the underneath of the cockhead? Go on. Take the cock in your hands, inspect it closely and give me your report."

"There is no frenulum, boss. It has been completely cut off."

"And what is there instead?"

"There is a cut along the bottom of the cock shaft, boss, that stretches to the v-shaped dimple on the underneath of the cock head."

"And how is the cut skin held in place. Lift the cock up again, look at it, and tell me."

"There are a row of surgical stitches along the bottom of the cock shaft, boss."

Right, I thought, that just about deals with the details of the surgery. Now let us ram the message home.

"Why has this cock been cut, Judy?"

"For entering forbidden cunt, boss."

"Did it deserve to take the chop?"

"Yes, boss."

"What about the cunt that it entered? Should that be punished too for entertaining forbidden cock?"

"Yes, boss."

"This cock has been scarred and mutilated for life for its sins. What does the offending cunt meat deserve?"

And so on. I think you must get the picture. Anyway, I got Judy to accept, by a long series of leading questions, that she thoroughly deserved to take 3 cuts from the fibreglass rod across the back of her cunt; indeed, I forced her to admit that, in comparison with what Bruce's cock had taken, her cunt meat was getting off lightly.

"Right, Judy," I concluded, "Say your piece about your last cut, and then let's get on with it."

Now Judy really did not want to take 3 more slashes from that vicious cutting, whippy cane, and she answered very slowly and hesitantly. But at last she got it out.

"Thank you for cut number 3, boss. It stings, but I deserve it. Could I have cut number 4 now, please?"

Before I administered the 4th cut, however, I took my opportunity to admire the fetching view that presented itself to me of Judy's shapely derrière and pussy slot. Her leg muscles and tendons were beautifully tense and taut; on the top insides of her dusky, shapely thighs, where they met her dark, inviting vulva, there were two delicate, rippling concave hollows. Then, between these hollows, the cunt slot pouted slightly open to reveal a thin, vertical line of delicate, serrated coral pink pussy flesh on the inner edges of her outer labia.

I lustfully drank in the view; it excited me, but it also made me very angry. I thought of Bruce bloody Foster ramming his stiff uncircumcised cock between those two delicate concave hollows, and between those moist, coral pink lips, and the thought got me mad.

'So! You would play away, would you, madam?' I thought to myself. 'And I bet you enjoyed it as well! But now it is payback time. Yes, I will cool your courage and enforce virtuous, well-governed and ladylike abstemiousness on your hot, passionate nature! Remember, if you shag men, you do it with my permission and involvement, and you do with decorum and control, not with delirious and ecstatic abandon. As a reminder not to enjoy cocks too much, take that!'

PFFFFTTTT!!! CRACK!!!

Yet again the cane whistled through the air as I brought it down again, as hard as I could. Judy's cunt meat just above the tops of her thighs

shuddered and wobbled deliciously as the cane bit into it, and her pussy hairs twitched at the force of the blow. I waited for a few seconds, and then I noted with grim satisfaction that another deep furrow had been cut into the plump, nubile bum flesh of both bare buttocks.

"Aagggghhhh!" yelled Judy with great vigour and gusto. Then, "Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! OH!!!!" she cried out helplessly. Then, "Oh, please, boss! No more! Please, please stop!"

I waited for a minute or so, for Judy to regain her composure, and to give me the chance to eye up her caned rump.

Then, "Look at Bruce's cock," I instructed my victim. "Do you think that your cunt meat has been punished as severely as that?"

Silence.

"Well, come on, young lady! Answer me or I will make you very, very sorry for yourself."

"No, boss."

"What was that? Louder!"

"No, boss, it hasn't."

"Right, well let's even up the score a bit shall we? Go on, say your piece."

Again, it took Judy a long time to do it, but eventually she got the words out: "Thank you for cut number 4, boss. It stings, but I deserve it. Could I have cut number 5 now, please?"

PFFFFTTTT!!! CRACK!!!

This was another beauty, and, again, I placed it right into the wicked red-blue indentation made by cut number 4. Its effect was similar to cut number 2. Judy had taken the 4th cut reasonably well, but to get another one like that in exactly the same place was almost insufferable. It took a few seconds for her to feel the full impact, but when she did she emitted a violent, high-pitched scream.

"Aaagggghhhh!"

Then, for a second time, Judy started to sob uncontrollably, and she begged me for mercy in the most urgent and pitiful fashion.

Well, by now my anger against my paramour was pretty well vented and I

was beginning to feel sorry for her. My pride would not allow me to curtail her punishment, but I tried to give her some help.

"O.K., Judy," I said, not unsympathetically. "Take another time out."

Judy lifted her head up from Bruce's cut cock, and rose from the bed. Then she started to massage her stinging pussy meat, at first vigorously, and then, when she had eased the initial sharp stinging and throbbing, she continued rubbing, but more ruefully and gingerly. It took a few minutes, but at last she stopped her helpless sobbing, and brought herself under control.

As for me, I was no longer taking much delight in this kinky sport. By now the lady that I loved was in genuine distress, and I did not really want to hurt her any more. I had to inflict the 6th cut as a matter of integrity and principle, and I had to inflict it hard; but I tried to make Judy's ordeal as bearable as I could.

"Come on, love," I said in a kindly and concerned tone. "Let's get this over with and then let's go to bed."

"O.K., boss," replied Judy, and she sounded brave and resolute. Soon she was over the bed again, and chanting the mantra.

"Thank you for cut number 5, boss. It stings, but I deserve it. Could I have cut number 6 now, please?"

PFFFFTTTT!!! CRACK!!!

Oh, yes! I let Judy have it as hard as before, that is, as hard as I could. There was absolutely no mercy, no respite, from cut number 6. It was every bit as fierce as the others, and, yet again, it fell into the single aggravated weal just above the thighs that had been inflicted by cuts 4 and 5.

Judy yelled piteously at the sharp initial impact, and then, as the pain escalated over the next few seconds, she took up again her loud, helpless sobbing. At the same time, she rose from over the bed and hopped around on both feet, vigorously rubbing her cunt meat in her efforts to dissipate the horrendous sting in her tail. I must admit, she looked quite comical, and I permitted myself a wry smile at her vigorous, cavorting, clown-like antics.

"OK, love," I said, when the worst of the initial stinging had been massaged away. "Bend over and narrate the final response, there's a good girl, and then it will all be over."

I reminded Judy of the wording, and, prompted by me, she bent over the bed again and contritely repeated the necessary: "Thank you for my 6 cuts, boss. They sting, but I deserved them. May I get up now?"

"Yes, Judy, you may. And then I want you to turn and to face me."

Judy did as she was told. She stood there at the end of Bruce's bed, naked and ravishing.

"Right," I said, "Now I want you to thank me again for the discipline that I have justifiably inflicted upon you."

"Thank you, boss," replied Judy demurely. Then, of her own accord, she added, "I richly deserved it, and I had it coming to me. Please punish me again whenever I need it. It will do me good, and I promise that I will always submit to it."

Well, after all that I had put Judy through, I found this profession very moving, and tears welled up behind my eyeballs.

"Now," I said, "Next I want you to kiss me."

Judy, her eyes shining and her face now radiant, came up to me and gave me one of the most gentle, tender and romantic French kisses that I have ever enjoyed. In that kiss were love, respect and surrender to my will. After it I knew that, whether Judy married Bruce or not, there would always be a place for me in her heart and in her bed.

"Come on," I said gently. "Let's go to bed and celebrate."

Epilogue by Amanda

Since Cathy wrote this story there have been developments in our relationship. For 2 or 3 years I had suspected, and hoped, that we might be more than merely friends. Then during one of our afternoon tea drinking sessions I raised it with her. Well, it took several afternoons, and many pots of tea, for us to talk through our feelings for each other, but talk them through we did and at the end of it all I knew a lot of things that I should have realised 30 years ago.

This is not the time or place to explain how my relationship with Cathy is deepening, or how Judy fits into the picture. I would like to write it up some day, but, for the moment, the ball is still in spin.

When I read Cathy's story, and when I learnt why she had unnecessarily

circumcised my 4 sons, and how and why she had tricked my husband Bob into letting her circumcise him, I was appalled and fascinated in more or less equal measure. After all, there are 5 men in my life and, thanks to Cathy, they do not have a foreskin between them. The lady has wreaked penile havoc among the men folk of the Douglas family. To make matters worse, she is pleased and proud of what she has done, and openly teases me about it.

"As for the Douglas males," she will joke, "I have not amputated their foreskins."

Then she will pause before administering her punch line.

"I have amputated their five skins! *Chop! Chop! Chop! Chop!* And here is a very tight one for you, Bob ...*Chop!!!*"

Ouch! That gag can always be relied upon to make me wince! In short, I do not know whether I like what Cathy has done, or, if I do not like it, whether I can ever fully forgive her for it.

Anyway, all this, in the words of the Bard, is from the present. My current purpose is to give you an account of the aftermath of my husband's circumcision.

It took Bob over nine weeks to fully recover from the pain and shock of his surgery, and for the first few days after his operation he was exquisitely raw and sore, and very, very grumpy. As for me, I was stunned by what Cathy had done to him. I found my husband's newly trimmed wick and completely bald, desensitised cock head fascinating, and I could not wait to try them out.

In contrast, Bob disliked his new chopper, with its cut off foreskin, its long ugly scar and its cornified knob, once a rich purple but now the same pink colour as the rest of his cock skin. At first I tried to cajole and comfort him, but when that did not work, I started to tease him.

The first time that I did this was while we were in bed and making love, and I got a shock. Bob became very angry, but also very sexually excited. Muttering heatedly about his mutilation, he put his stiff circumcised cock into my vulva and gave me one of the sharpest shaggings I had had for years.

Well, since then, after I found out the dramatic effect that it has on him, I have never let Bob wriggle off the hook. When I get him into bed with me for a fuck, I torment him mercilessly about how he has been 'cut to size,' 'brought into line with the other males of the family,' 'skinned alive' and so on. Oh, yes! I really stir him up. The result is that, despite its advanced

age and its desensitising and disfiguring mutilation, Bob's cock goes as stiff as a poker. Next Bob bangs my vulva very, very hard! As part of my developing relationship with Cathy I give her full and regular reports on Bob's performances in bed, and I tell her that I am eternally grateful to her for what she has done to spice up my sex life.

I can vouch that, as she has boasted, Cathy has done a very thorough job on poor old Bob's cock. When it is flaccid there is just about enough skin to stretch and fit over it. But when it becomes engorged the skin is pulled very taut; in short, it is an extremely tight squeeze for it to cover and encase the stiffened shaft, which can only just be crammed into its denuded housing.

I also give Cathy regular reports (which she thoroughly enjoys) from the bedroom. In particular, I divulge the most intimate details of how I bait and heckle Bob. I get a real sexual buzz from teasing him, and from talking about it to Cathy, a lady with whom I have long had an intimate friendship, and towards whom I have developed a strong sexual attraction. Here is the gist of one of my typical teasing sessions, as recently reported to Cathy:

You, Bob Douglas, were getting lazy and complacent, and you needed a short sharp shock to jolt you out of it. Your pleasures were just a little bit too generous, free, luxurious and lascivious. They needed to be trimmed, tightened and brought under stricter control. Your fun and games needed to be licensed and rationed. A sparser allocation was required. You were acting as if anarchic, abandoned and ecstatic bliss was your birth-right rather than something that was under my discretion and which I graciously condescended to grant you as a privilege. Well, now your lusts and desires have been checked, disciplined and brought under control, and you will be a more virtuous and a better-governed gentleman as a result of it.

As you can readily imagine, dear reader, 20 minutes or so of this sort of persiflage gets my husband going nicely. Then, when he is cursing, muttering and raging in anger and frustration, and his cock is rock hard, I really let him have it:

Ah diddums! Did naughty Auntie Cathy chop his poor little willie for him? I bet he can't get a hard on now, can he, the pathetic old bastard? No. He's got no courage in him now. Here, let's hold his willie against hairy pussy and find out. There he goes. In between the lips of love. But is he up to it? Does he think he's hard enough? I bet he isn't. I bet he's just a floppy pussy himself now. Go on, get out of there. You're not man enough anymore. You've got no edge, no poke. Auntie Cathy has cooled *your* courage for you. She's cut you to size and brought you to your pipe and slippers, and no mistake. She's taught you a lesson you'll never forget!

Meanwhile, during this diatribe, the very opposite of what I claim is happening is going on. Bob is trip-hammering my pussy mercilessly with his big, circumcised, but still very active mutton dagger. When Bob reached 70 years of age I was expecting our sexual liaisons to become

more sporadic. I also accept what Cathy says: from a purely physical point of view, circumcision does make the cock less sensitive and sex more difficult for old men. But there is more to sex than the physical; and from a psychological viewpoint Cathy's saucy snipping has considerably pepped up our sex life. For a boring old married couple aged 70 and 58 to still enjoy regular bonks is a great thing; and thanks to Cathy I have hopes that the bonking will continue for a few more years yet!

P.S.

Since I penned the report above there have been two developments.

Firstly, to further improve Bob's sexual performance Cathy has put him on a regime of Cialis and Viagra. She tells me that, as my jealous admirer, she dislikes Bob pleasuring himself with my body, but that it is worth it to make his cock sore.

Secondly, for a birthday present last month, Cathy generously gave me one of her most prized possessions. This was her beloved and cherished jar of formaldehyde containing Bob's foreskin and frenulum clamped between 2 glass plates. It now has a place of honour on the cabinet to my side of the bed and is constantly waved in Bob's face to an accompaniment of teases, taunts and mockery. Wow! That really gets him going!