

Jillie Chopcock, Circumciser from Hell

by Big Billie

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When my best friend, Maggie Phillips, asked me to circumcise her husband as a punishment for his adultery it had a profound effect on my life. There was I, Miss Jillian Hayes, in my early twenties, a trainee surgeon who had never before operated on a man's tool. I will never forget that lunchtime in the pub when Maggie first broached the subject.

I have always been stimulated by piercings (especially of belly buttons and of female labia), as well as by brandings and tattoos. I also like tribal scars on the faces of black guys. But male circumcision really turns me on because the scar is in a much more intimate, embarrassing and amusing place. On balance, I think, it is safest and best if as many men as possible get their cocks chopped at birth. Chop while the cock holder is too young to protest is my rule. An advantage of this is that the cock of a neonate is so small that it is impossible, under normal surgical conditions, to do a precise job. It is very easy, for example, even if you are not trying to, to chop off a lot more than the medical textbooks recommend. This is particularly likely if, like many circumcisers, you are not trained as a surgeon. Moreover, the resulting scar, as it grows bigger, tends to become ugly, pitted and pockmarked. Frequently there are one or more holes in the scar, little "stitch tunnels" and flaps of skin folded in on themselves, or else hanging loose, along it. In the

stitch tunnels blackheads form, and they have to be periodically squeezed out, to the pain, annoyance and embarrassment of the victim. This is very frustrating, since the circumcised man knows that these holes will soon fill up again, as they have always done in the past, and that he will then have to make his scar sore again with yet further squeezing.

But the problem with infant circumcision is that what you have never had you never miss. Even better, therefore, is it for men to escape the surgeon's knife as babies and then for it to be inflicted upon them later. My favourite age for chopping is during the teenage years, in puberty. I like to wait until the banana is just fully-grown and developed, all plump and meaty. I like the victim to have tasted the exquisite delights of his foreskin in masturbation. Then, when he is at the peak of his physical potency, when he is ripe for intercourse and eyeing up young ladies with lascivious eyes, I like to take the skin from his banana and expose the fruit's delicate and sensitive flesh. Given the chance I chop away his foreskin while he is a 16 to 18-year-old virgin, and cut it off from the ultimate pleasure.

There are, however, different preferences here. My friend Maggie, for example, likes the victim to have had a few shags before he gets chopped. She prefers him to taste the ultimate pleasure a few times so that he knows exactly what he is missing. She says this makes the loss even more infuriatingly poignant for him, and cites the case of her husband, Jim, in support of her thesis. I must admit that she has a talking point.

Another interesting talking point is whether a man with a small cock should be circumcised as severely as

a man with a big cock. Now this is an interesting one. My view is yes, just as severely, in fact more so. After all, the smaller cock already gets an advantage. Less is cut off in any case purely because there is less there to be cut. That, in my view, is benefit enough, and no extra bonus should be given. In fact, I go much further than that; to echo the Bible, from him who has not I take away even that which he has - and then a bit more. In the part of England that I come from there is an old expression, "to clown on." It means, roughly, "to bully (usually a smaller, weaker, frailer or more vulnerable child) in a slapstick comedy manner." Well, I can tell you that when I get a pathetically small cock under my knife I "clown on" it something rotten. "You were not much of a man to start with," I will tell the anaesthetised victim after I have trimmed him tight, "and now you are scarcely a man at all!"

I have a number of reasons for my enthusiastic support for circumcising men. For one thing, they are all beasts and they deserve it for what they do to us. And even if they do not do anything at all, they deserve it for what they think about us. They deserve it for their insolent fantasies and impudent imaginings when, in their lewd and filthy minds, they ponder on us as sex objects and not as human beings. Yes, even if we are married to them, they should treat us with more respect than that, and they should be punished if they do not. For that, and that alone, they deserve to have their cocks chopped, and chopped hard: every teenaged boy who leers at a teenaged girl in a bikini; every married man who admires a lady who is not his wife; and every dirty old man who lusts after any lady at all, including his wife. Off with their foreskins! Cane their cocks! Chop them back hard and short - very

short! Make them pay for their randiness by chopping the hoods off their hooded pleasure pythons! For one and all my motto is the same: "Chop 'em tight and serve 'em right."

Oh, yes, you teenaged boy! Oh, yes, you dirty old man! I know you, the pair of you, what you are! I have seen you both on summer beaches eyeing up scantily clad ladies with lascivious eyes!. I have observed your furrowed brows and your licked lips as you lustfully and lingeringly cogitate on the respective merits of a hipster thong and a high-rise bikini. You think that thought is free, that your filthy fantasies are none of my business. Well, my youth! Well, my man! If ever I get the chance I will *make* them my business, and I will punish you severely for them. Chop! Permanent mutilation of the cock is what *you* deserve, and it is what you will take if I ever get the chance to inflict it.

And I will inflict it good and hard too. I will cut you tight and chop you back to your balls. I will completely remove your foreskin, both the outer foreskin and the inner mucosa. I will also take a thick swathe of your back skin higher up your cock. I will completely bare and expose your cockhead. It will lose much of its sensitivity, keratinise and turn from plum coloured purple to pink. I will strip out your frenulum. I will desensitise your cock and make it numb. Oh yes, you teenaged boy! Oh yes, you dirty old man! I will tighten your lusts and luxuries! I will curb your fun for you!

But even if it was not me who cut you (alas!), if you *are* cut I still have hopes to make your cock sore and raw. I want to develop into a good and effective writer of sexy stories and pornography. My main and biggest

market is the United States of America, where the population was 327.2 million in 2018, which is roughly 5 times as many people as live in my own homeland, the United Kingdom. So beware, US ladies! I aim to moisten your vulvas and stiffen your clitorises! I am trying to stir you up, and I want to incite you, to stimulate your pussy meat to throbbing, gushing orgasm! As for you, gentlemen of the USA! My ambition is to titillate you and to excite your cocks to bone hard erection! Come on, you US male, reading this now! Is it turning you on? Are you nice and stiff? Then go on! Tug at your cock! Bring yourself off! Stimulate yourself to orgasm, and I hope that you ejaculate so hard that you spatter the ceiling with your spunk! But beware! As the Bard's Hamlet put it, "there's the rub"! A large majority of you US males are circumcised, and every time that you have dirty and lascivious fantasies during masturbation, every time that you tug at your cocks during your lewd and filthy imaginings, you make yourselves sore and raw in a very sexy, very amusing and very intimate place. And the more you tug and the more excited you get, the more sore and raw you make yourselves. Oh, yes, my American friends! Not for you the "up and over" of the long, sensitive foreskin as it slides past the end of the responsive, unkeratinised purple cock head. For you there is only the "tug, ouch"! O.K. Perhaps I am not yet that good a writer. But if I cannot do it there will be plenty of other fantasies to make you raw and sore!

As for sexual intercourse, you US males, we ladies are beautiful. Many US ladies are stunning, and among the most beautiful ladies in the world; you are very lucky to have such ladies at your disposal, but you do not deserve to taste, enjoy and luxuriate in them perfectly.

There is not one of you good enough to be granted that exquisite privilege, even though, unfortunately, some of you are uncircumcised and get it. Your circumcised cocks have had about 15 square inches of sensitive, nerve-enriched foreskin hacked off them that would otherwise be pleasurably sliding up and down your cock shaft during intercourse. Now 15 square inches is a lot of skin. In surface area it is roughly the same size as a man's palm. I well remember the fate of Nicholas in Chaucer's 'Miller's Tale.' He was branded on the bare bum with a red-hot coulter. "Off flew the skin," writes the poet, "a handbreadth about." Well, that is what happened to your cocks at circumcision, and your cocks are a lot smaller, a lot less meaty, and a lot less able to take it than Nicholas's bum. And at least Nicholas might reasonably have expected the skin to grow back over his branded arse, whereas the US victims of circumcision can have no such hopes for their denuded and exposed cock heads.

Then, after circumcision, the prick tip becomes cornified and desensitised. The purple coloured glans, beautifully moist and intensely sensitive while covered and protected by the foreskin, becomes pink, dry, calloused over and less able to enjoy itself after it has been circumcised. This means that circumcised men have to work a lot harder if they want to get themselves excited. Not for them the slow, leisurely, delectably lazy sliding of the uncircumcised foreskin up and down the lady's pussy. The circumcised man has to wriggle his bum and flex his haunches with some vigour to get a hard on for his chopped and desensitised member, thereby giving the pussy a brisk, vigorous and (for the lady) sharply pleasurable

rubbing. But the extra work that the man has to do, and the fact that the skin is pulled tighter over his engorged shaft, helps to chafe the circumcised cock and make it raw and sore. Thus, the circumcised man sweats and strains to work his desensitised cock towards orgasm. It frustrates him, makes him smart, and reduces his pleasure. What a hoot!

For the fact is that a circumcised man has less control over his orgasms. He cannot hover on the brink of ecstasy for hours on end by gently rubbing his delicate purple glans and his deliciously sensitive inner foreskin up and down his lady's love tunnel, and then pausing for protracted periods in joyful anticipation of future bliss before he explodes. The uncircumcised man can linger at the gate of Nirvana until his pleasure becomes unbearably intense and he is forced to enter in violent delight. In contrast, the circumcised lover has a dick that is keratinised and desensitised; for most of his life, but especially as he gets older, it is either up or down, stiff or soft. It is either ready to shoot, or it is not cocked, on the wane, and subsiding; and, if his cock is primed to shoot, he had better fire it off, or he will miss his chance and go all floppy again. Oh wow! When I ponder on exactly what it is that I have done to the men that I have circumcised, on what I have robbed them of, and on the incomparable ecstasies, pleasures and delights from which I have so cruelly and abruptly cut them off, I am aghast and amazed that I am allowed to do it, and that I get away with it unchecked.

I see circumcision as a simple once and for all way of forcing men to pay a sex tax, at the point of pleasure, for the rest of their lives. I sometimes refer to circumcision as "the cock tax" and very taxing it is to

the comfort and equanimity of those upon whom it is inflicted. This cock tax is not a monetary tax. It is "the most unkindest cut of all" in the words of the Bard. It is unkind, but it is paid in kind: an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a foreskin for a fuck. Even better, unlike with the Inland Revenue, evasion and avoidance are quite impossible. The tax for a shag is a sore and less pleasured cock, and that tax is strictly and sharply enforced. It is paid to the full 100 per cent of the time. Better still, it is paid to the full not only when the victim shags a lady but every time that he has the effrontery to even think about it in a masturbatory fantasy. Or, if you like, circumcision is like having a fixed penalty parking ticket slapped onto your windscreen. Whack! The offender does not like it, but he has to pay the fine. Even better, unlike with a parking ticket, he pays it for so much as thinking about parking illegally, and he has to go on paying it time after time! Mother Nature is a niggard, but in this case she generously provides an intensely sensitive and pleasurable fold of cock skin for man's pure enjoyment and delight. What could be a sexier wind-up than to spitefully chop this off? Serves the bastards right!

Yes, I suppose that I am a bit of a prude really. I have some sympathy with the puritanical Victorian idea that sex is dirty. Without doubt, the foreskin and the cock-head that it covers are dirty. Underneath the encasing sheath of the foreskin, the dirty, smelly white creamy substance, smegma, builds up. Drops of urine are also harboured there; and the mind boggles at what the prick-tip acquires during sexual intercourse, such as dribbles of semen and of smelly ladies' vagina juice. Disgusting! Foreskinned sex may be wild, abandoned, ecstatic and enjoyable; but it is also dirty, filthy and

depraved, and we must do our very best to stop it and to wipe it from the face of the earth! It is true that tightly circumcised sex is also dirty, but it is still a lot cleaner than the alternative. It is blander and more hygienic. It has been sanitised, disinfected, and sterilised. The quantity of filthy enjoyment and depraved pleasure is sharply cut and reduced, and the victim is a cleaner, purer, more moral, more upstanding and more virtuous gentleman as a result of it. If, in addition, he is less interested in sex that is an added bonus. After all, we cannot have him continually pestering and annoying ladies in his attempts to secure sexual favours.

Oh, yes! Those Victorians were very shrewd prudes and far from naive on the subject of sex. They knew precisely how to curb pleasure and how to increase pain. They wanted to prevent, or at least to reduce, masturbation, or self-abuse as they called it, and wow, were they effective! They knew exactly what to cut, where to cut and how to cut, and they left their victims very denuded and very tight in a certain place. "There," you can imagine them saying to themselves as they smugly and complacently laid down their scalpels. "Take that! That's trimmed down *your* pleasure, young man! That's curbed *your* lust for you!" One good Victorian example is A.E. Housman, the English poet and author of *A Shropshire Lad*. He and his brother were both circumcised when Housman was 16 years old. I suspect that the pair of them had been caught masturbating or getting up to some other form of sexual hanky-panky together (Housman, remember, was a homosexual), and that in consequence their father summarily slapped them both down with a painful and effective punishment. I bet he had them

both circumcised very tightly, too, and told the surgeon to teach them a good lesson by well chopping off their frenulums for them. After all, if a punitive circumcision is to be effective it has to make a difference and it has to punish; if you have gone to the trouble of hiring a surgeon, why not make sure that you get your money's worth out of him? This interpretation is endorsed by a biography of Housman that I once read; it quoted a letter written by one of his sisters on the incident. She said that the victims were loudly bemoaning their fate and feeling very sorry for themselves. In her opinion their father was correct to get them snipped, but he should have thought of it when they were younger. I may have been imagining it but I noted in her words a tone of detached amusement, and I got the distinct impression that she regarded the incident as saucy, risqué and funny, particularly since the victims were pubescent boys rather than neonates.

(Incidentally, another shrewd Victorian idea was the development of the cane as a disciplinary implement in schools. The traditional tool had been the birch, but this was only effective if applied "on the bare" in a fashion that was, by the mid-nineteenth century, increasingly considered indecent. In contrast, the cane could be applied over clothing and still inflict very considerable pain.)

But I digress. Let me return to the topic of old men. According to the World Health Organisation (WHO) we are young from when we are born until our 45th birthday. Then we become middle aged from 45 to 59. Finally, on our 60th birthday we become old. Now all men have an ample amount of time for sexual intercourse before they arrive at old age. By the time

they are 60 they should have fathered all of their children. They should also have satiated their passions for ladies, and be in a state of "calm of mind, all passion spent." But are they? No, these days they frequently are not. A little continuing hanky-panky with their ageing wives is, perhaps, tolerable. But far too many old men go much, much, further than that; and when they do no lady is safe. Dirty old bastards into their sixties, seventies and older frequently regard a middle aged lady as a nubile and desirable wench, and they will pester and importune her in their attempts to secure sexual favours. But this, dear reader, has got to be stopped! As I have said, apart from familiar, relaxed and anodyne shags with his wife every old man of 60 plus must be prevented from entering ladies, especially younger ladies, in the Biblical sense. Oh yes! We have to stop the filthy old sods from being so rude and lascivious, and bring them to their pipes and slippers.

This is where circumcision comes in; one of the most beautiful features of a nice tight cut around the cock is that it carries through into old age. Even uncircumcised old men find that, as their sexual prowess wanes, it is more and more difficult to get a hard on and to enter a lady. Tightly circumcised old men, with no sensitive foreskin, a denuded frenulum, and no delicate, tender, purple cock head to stimulate them, frequently find that their attempts at intercourse are sterile, fruitless and barren. Tee hee! They can no longer trespass against ladies, and they certainly cannot trespass into them! How frustrating for them! They cannot get it up, and it serves the filthy old bastards right! The USA has a greater number of circumcised old men than any other nation ever, in the whole of history. No wonder that it is the Viagra capital of the world. All that we

need to do now is to get Viagra and other drugs than enhance sexual performance banned on the grounds that they are unsafe, and we will have stitched up the dirty old perverts beautifully.

Let me explain to you dear reader, what, in a reference to the oldest god of Greek mythology, I call "the vengeance of Chronos." Most primitive societies, such, for example, as used to exist in the Old Testament, were male gerontocracies. The old men ruled, and they used their wealth, status and power to secure for themselves young brides and the pleasure of sleeping with youthful ladies. The same, however, is not true of advanced modern democracies. In the USA, for example, old men, as they get older, increasingly lack sexual access to nubile females; and, naturally enough, they dislike this and harbour a deep resentment, spite and envy towards young men. In the Old Testament King David and King Solomon, in their latter years, both had large harems and numerous gorgeous young girls at their sexual disposal, even when they were too old to take advantage:

Now King David was old and stricken in years; and they covered him with clothes, but he gat no heat. Wherefore his servants said unto him, Let there be sought for my lord the king a young virgin: and let her stand before the king, and let her cherish him, and let her lie in thy bosom, that my lord the king may get heat. So they sought for a fair damsel throughout all the coasts of Israel, and found Abishag a Shunammite, and brought her to the king. And the damsel was very fair, and cherished the king, and ministered to him: but the king knew her not (1 Kings: 1-4).

In contrast the old men of today seldom have such opportunities. For example, imagine this scenario. A

rich, powerful dirty old man watches a neighbour's daughter as she grows and develops from a little girl into a pubescent teenager, and finally into a stunningly beautiful and sexy young woman; and, men being men, he fantasises over her, and masturbates wildly. Then, despite all of his wealth, power and influence, he is forced to look on helplessly as some upstart young stud marries the object of his lusts and fantasies. Now, what thoughts will go through that dirty old man's mind on the night of the wedding? He would probably be prepared to surrender all of his wealth and all of his power to change places with the young bridegroom. But, unfortunately for him, that is not on the agenda; so, instead, he aches with envy, frustration and resentment. But hey! What if the dirty old man is a medic who, twenty years or so ago, inflicted a tight routine infant circumcision on his rival? As the cock cutter lies frustrated on his bed during the night of the honeymoon, will he repent of his surgery and regret that he did it? Will he hell! He will rejoice and triumph that his rival, for all his youth and potency, is not enjoying his nubile, exquisite and succulent bride perfectly, and as Mother Nature intended. Okay. It is a "dog-in-the-manger" type of revenge, but it still must be a very sweet one, and the old man's wincing of exasperation will be accompanied by smiles of smug satisfaction and wicked glee. Circumcision is a mutilation inflicted upon the young by their elders; it is partly driven by the surgeons' personal sexual agendas, and envy and spite are major motives. Imagine, for example, the thoughts going through the mind of a surgeon during his mid-life crisis as he wields his knife on the foreskins of neonates; imagine the same surgeon's thoughts as his victims become sexually active and he grins lasciviously at their severed

foreskins and their lost pleasure.

There is even more to it than that, though. Here are some excerpts from an hilarious article in the edition of *The Economist* published on 19 June 2008. It is entitled "Cutting the competition: Mutilating male members may mar men's mischievous matings." I would like to replicate it in full but it is quite long so I have, so to speak, cut it fairly drastically.

(Excerpt starts.)

Circumcision and other forms of male-genital mutilation are commonplace in many societies around the world. The origin of these practices, however, puzzles anthropologists and evolutionary biologists. They wonder what benefit they could bring, especially given the obvious risks of infection and reduced fertility.

Christopher Wilson, a neurobiologist at Cornell University ...in a recent paper in *Evolution and Human Behavior* ... suggests that male-genital mutilations are actually intended to prevent younger men from fathering children with older men's wives.

...There are several ways (circumcision) may affect fertility: most obviously, the lack of a foreskin could make insertion, ejaculation or both take longer, perhaps long enough that an illicit quickie will not always reach fruition.

Older men are in a position to form alliances with younger men—passing on knowledge, lending them political support and giving them access to weapons. By insisting that the young undergo genital mutilation of some form as a quid pro quo, an older married man can seek to ensure that even if he is cuckolded, he will still be the father of his wives' children. Of course, the older man has probably undergone genital mutilation too, and seen his own fertility reduced. But that, if anything, increases his

incentive to make certain that the young bucks are similarly handicapped. And if all the older men in a society conclude this is a good thing, it will rapidly become a socially enforced norm.

...Most of the Western world has already largely abandoned routine neonatal circumcision, which is seen as an outdated and unfortunate medical fad.

The exceptions are America, where more than half of newborn boys are still circumcised, and Africa, where circumcision helps to stop the transmission of HIV, the AIDS-causing virus. There, infection really is a far greater threat to the number of children a man might have than the loss of his foreskin.

(Excerpt ends.)

My, my! How interesting! I can see the old men's point of view. They have gone to a lot of trouble to secure sexual access to beautiful young females. Who can blame them for trying to keep insolent young interlopers from trespassing on their real estate!

But I have written enough of old men. I like my men to be young, not old, all fresh-faced, beefcake and naked. Indeed, I prefer them totally naked, and in my view no man is completely nude and exposed unless he has been tightly circumcised. To put it another way, I am turned on by the loss of privacy which circumcision brings. Even when an uncircumcised man is butt naked, you still cannot see the most intimate, sexy and interesting bit of his cock. It is hidden and encased in a double thick swathe of foreskin. He still has some mystery, some dignity and some self-respect left. The glans or cock head, the bit that we ladies are most interested in and that we most want to see, remains unrevealed. If he wants to overexcite us, of course, an

uncut man can always pull his foreskin back over his purple cock head. But that choice is his. The circumcised man has no such discretion. Whether he likes it or not, his pink prick tip is constantly and embarrassingly displayed to the female gaze. And so different is the appearance of his cock from that of his uncircumcised fellow that it is bound to draw forth ribald and hilarious comments.

Oh, yes! Those 15 square inches of missing foreskin make a big visual difference! Sometimes circumcision is referred to as a "little snip." To the victim this is most offensive. It is a cheap and unworthy jibe. It unfairly, unheedingly and insouciantly dismisses something that, for him, is a most important and serious matter. Such jocular and facetious quips are completely inaccurate and quite uncalled for. (On the other hand, they are very amusing, very saucy and very sexy!)

I think that in the UK we are more amused by circumcision than you are in the US; in your country it is the norm, whereas here it is now quite rare.

This was not always the case, especially for the middle and upper classes. Historically, surveys in the UK told a consistent story. Public schoolboys were far more likely to be circumcised than the riffraff. Those toffs may have had blue blood, but they did not usually have blue cock heads! They may have canoodled with and married those charming, classy, sexy middle and upper class ladies; but they rarely enjoyed them with a full set of wedding tackle! Meanwhile the working classes were, in most cases, bonking their lower class wives with everything Mother Nature had given them! Wow! How is that for proletarian justice, for Karl Marx's

revenge! Wealth and comfort to the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie; perfect sexual pleasure to the workers! Which destiny, I wonder, would you choose, dear reader?

In the UK things are now changing; these days there are far fewer neonatal circumcisions, even for the upper classes. For example, our leading UK toff and heir to the throne, Prince Charles, was circumcised by a rabbi as a baby; but the foreskins of his two sons, William and Harry, were spared, rumour has it because of the intervention of their mother, Diana, the "People's Princess" and Prince Charles's first, and now deceased, wife.

These days, therefore, a cut man, or at least a young cut man, on this side of the pond, whatever his social class, stands out from the crowd, and is liable to face the singling out and ridicule that is often aimed at the person who is different.

Let me give you an example of this. In North London here in the UK there are currently two Premiership football (or, as you Americans say, soccer) clubs. These are Arsenal (the Gunners) and Tottenham Hotspur (Spurs), and there is great local rivalry between them. Clashes between rival fans are frequent and sometimes escalate into violence. Tottenham Hotspur have a reputation as a club with Jewish connections, and accordingly one of the favourite wind-ups of the Arsenal fans when invading the enemies' turf for a local derby is to sing in unison: "Here we are with our willies hanging out. Here we are with our foreskins on the end." During the song the Gunners lads will wave their naked cocks around with one hand while pointing

aggressively at their cock ends with the other.

We have a natural inclination to laugh, or, if we are polite, to feel a fierce secret joy, at the misfortunes of others; and in the UK these days most people consider circumcision misfortunate. In England, we often feel the same way about people who get parking tickets. I remember an anecdote of my granny's on this one. As a teenager in the 1950s, just after the fixed penalty parking regulations came into force, she got stung with a ticket, and in very embarrassing circumstances. She was an Oxford undergraduate, and she had taken on a temporary office job in central London for the summer vacation. During her lunch hour she saw, from her second floor window, a female traffic warden writing out a ticket for her in the street, and she ran down to remonstrate with her. Well, the warden was a right vindictive old battle-axe and she clearly enjoyed her work. She gave granny a long sententious lecture on the need to obey the law, and on how her punishment was richly deserved. Then she triumphantly handed the ticket to her and biffed off.

Now when fixed penalty parking tickets were first introduced into the UK the fine was two pounds (GBP2). That is nothing today, but then it was a swingeing mulct, especially in those far less prosperous days, and for an impoverished student like granny. In those days a pint of beer in a pub cost, in modern money, about 7 or 8 pence as opposed to the 200 to 250 pence that it might cost these days. Granny's job earned her about 14 modern pence an hour, so her punishment was not like the one-hour detention of a schoolgirl. She would have to work for nearly 15 hours, or the best part of two days, to clear that ticket.

Naturally enough, granny told me, she was very upset, and returned to the office visibly shaken and close to tears. Meanwhile, the young men who worked with her, delighted that little miss smarty-pants, the clever clogs student from Oxford, had been caught with her knickers down, opened the windows, egged on the warden, and laughed and jeered at the distressed victim. "Go on, missus! Put one on her!" "Take that, swot girl!" and other raucous exhortations and taunts were shouted down to the street. Granny left the job a week later because she could not stand the continuing unchivalrous ridicule. Even her boss, while appearing sympathetic, seemed quietly amused.

"Damn," granny said to him. "*Two* rotten pounds! For *one* measly offence!"

"Never mind," replied her boss archly, with a twinkle in his eye. "Perhaps they'll do you a 2 for 1 deal and give you the next one for free!" Meanwhile the female staff and office girls were similarly amused.

It is usually more amusing to the observer if, as in granny's case, the victim is stung sharply with a really hefty fine. "Ouch!" the amused observer will reflect, archly and with a smug, complacent smile. "That's just *got* to hurt!" At one of the hospitals where I am based it is difficult to park and many of the more lowly staff cannot get a parking bay and have to leave their cars in the surrounding roads. Well, a few weeks ago one of our student nurses had her car towed away by the authorities and had to pay a swingeing fine of GBP250 (currently more than USD300) to get it back. Some of us were sympathetic, but others were amused. When

the young, nubile, sexy victim complained ruefully that this was her very first offence one of the more scatological of my male colleagues joked: "Well you may have been a parking ticket virgin yesterday, but today you've been well deflowered and shafted." Further hilarity was caused a few days later when the same victim suffered a "double whammy" and got a second ticket. This time, however, the sting was GBP190 (currently about USD230) less amusing at only GBP60 (currently USD72.5) if paid promptly.

If a number of people are all simultaneously stung with a fine the amusement of the onlookers is increased. A few months ago our nurses had a dance at their social club, and more than 50 of them returned to their cars to find GBP60 parking tickets slapped onto their windscreens. Well some of the victims felt very sorry for themselves; but many of their colleagues who had not been stung thought it was hilarious and ribbed them mercilessly.

Granny tells me of something else, in her day, that was considered amusing to nearly everyone except the victim: disciplinary slipperings in schools. At the all-girls Catholic grammar school that granny attended in the 1940s and 50s, when she was aged 11 to 19, such slipperings were numerous; the cane was seldom used, but a gym pump was routinely applied to the rumps of naughty schoolgirls, and, granny says, it used to sting like hell. It was inflicted at the end of PT (Physical Training) lessons across thin, tightly stretched gym knickers. The slaps (between four and twelve) came very sharp, and re-echoed around the rafters. The Dean of Discipline who dished them out was a kinky old lesbian nun. With that large floppy plimsoll in her hand

she was a fiend, and she punished all schoolgirl peccadilloes with joyful ferocity. Granny herself took it regularly, culminating, just before her nineteenth birthday, in 12 stinging, bum-sizzling belters for smoking in the lavatories.

All the girls, granny tells me, used to hate taking these spankings. But nearly everyone, including her, thought it was sexy and funny when *someone else* was on the receiving end; and the harder the victim was spanked, the funnier it was, especially if she was a well-developed, meaty, nubile sixth-former. What made it all even funnier was that the disciplinarian nun, Sister Paula, used to spank the older and bigger girls a lot harder and more often than the 11-year-old first formers. The latter took a standard 4 slaps that were firm but not vicious, whereas every victim of 16+ took 12 really hard ones every time. News of the spankings of girls in the upper forms was rapidly disseminated throughout the school, and the victims were mercilessly teased. Their red rumps would be pointed at and giggled over by their classmates in the communal showers; they would be offered cushions to sit on for weeks afterwards; and so on. Most embarrassingly for the victims, the younger girls discussed the spankings inflicted upon their seniors with gleeful interest and delight even if, fearful of the disciplinary reprisals, they seldom openly teased the prefects.

Many times, says granny, she witnessed a spanked 18-year-old ruefully reproach her fellow sixth-formers for ribbing her, even though she herself regularly mocked them when they suffered the same fate. "It isn't funny!" she would blurt out hotly as she rubbed her hot, red, tingling bottom. "Oh yes, it is!" was the

inevitable reply from her classmates, and they maintained that position until the roles were reversed and it was them on the receiving end.

Again, if a lot of big girls were all spanked together it was even funnier than if only one of them took it. Granny reports that once a friend of hers pulled off a superb practical joke when she succeeded in getting 30 gross (30 x 144 = 4,320) of condoms, addressed to the headmistress, delivered to the school from a mail order firm. There was an attempt to hush the incident up by the school authorities, but, of course, the culprit leaked reports, and accurate details of the incident were soon circulating all around the school and causing great merriment. The origin of these reports was traced to the Upper Sixth, and granny and her classmates were asked to reveal who had done it. If apprehended, says granny, the offender would inevitably have been caned and, in addition, almost certainly expelled. Well, respectable middle class young ladies they might have been, but, true to the criminal culture of the East End of London, granny and her colleagues steadfastly refused to "grass up" their friend, and, as a result, all 127 of them, among whom were many prefects, were slippered; they all received 12 stinging, butt-scorching spansks as hard as Sister Paula could lay them on, much to the amusement and delight of the lower forms.

Granny says that she has often pondered on the psychology and the morality of all this. After all, this strict Catholic school put the emphasis firmly on the Christian virtues such as loving thy neighbour as thyself. Yet, despite a sound religious formation, even nice middle class young ladies from this posh grammar school, like everyone else, were tainted with original

sin. They did not love their neighbour as themselves; they laughed and rejoiced at their neighbour's misfortunes, and they thought it was sexy and funny when their neighbour took something that they hated and resented when they took it themselves.

Well! Repent young ladies now grown old! Think what price the Lord may exact for your atonement on the Day of Judgement when he resurrects you in your prime as young women again and you stand as sinners before him! Did not God, in his infinite wisdom and mercy, provide young ladies with a perfectly proportioned section of their anatomy, and did he not design it excellently as a target for the reception of retributive justice? When the moon turns to blood all of those little minxes who teased each other about their spankings may just get their comeuppance, and be made to sting and tingle again for their sins. The prophet Isaiah with a plimsoll in his hand would be the perfect avenger, fatherly and fair, but firm and just, as he was in the olden days when he thundered against the evils of Judah.

Which brings me, after lengthy discursions off-topic, to my point: many people in the UK who are not victims of circumcision are amused by people who are, just as they are amused when *someone else* gets a parking ticket, or takes a spanking; and if the circumcision is tight and/or messy, or if, as in the USA, it is inflicted upon numerous victims, it is all the funnier. Thus in the UK the circumcised, like the victims of parking fines and spankings, often try to cover up what has been done to them and to hide it from view. Secrecy is their defence against being teased and laughed at; but, of course, if it becomes known that

they have been devious and evasive, their exposure is likely to be all the more humiliating, and their discomfiture all the more enjoyable to their tormentors.

My dear reader, do you know what *penis envy* is? Well, here is the definition from

http://www.psybox.com/web_dictionary/Penisenvy.htm

Penis envy – An aspect of Sigmund Freud’s developmental theory. Freud believed that during development girls had to switch from having the mother as the love object to having the father as the love object: and also switch from the clitoris to the vagina as the main genital zone. At about the age of four, Freud believed that girls first discovered they lacked a penis. The girl will blame her mother for the lack of a penis and the consequent hurt to her own self-esteem. This causes the girl to give up clitoral sexuality, and turn to the father as love object. This aspect of Freud’s theory has received a great deal of criticism, particularly from feminist psychoanalysts.

Yes, well, I see the feminists’ point. Not “Freud” but “Fraud” is how I would describe the famous Viennese psychoanalyst. I myself think that penis envy is a useful concept, but that it is a lot simpler than Freud claimed it was. At a young age a little girl sees a little boy naked; and he has got a dick and she has not. This makes her envious. Then, as she grows up, she finds that boys are full of testosterone and “side.” They are not girly, sensitive, interactive, and into relationships; they are action oriented, arrogant, full of themselves and, well, cocky. And the young girl ascribes these unpleasing, unfeminine character traits to the fact that the young man has got a cock. So if she then finds out

that this same young man has been circumcised she is amused, and delights in the fact that his cock, if not his ego, has been "cut to size." [At least, that is my impression of how it is in the United Kingdom; in the USA there are so many men who have taken the chop that the girls may well think that it is normal.]

In my experience, one of the best times for a lady to observe and scrutinise a man's dick is during fellatio. I remember talking to my girlfriend at Medical School, Jennifer, about this one. In the UK it is now unusual for a man to be circumcised; Jennifer's boyfriend, however, has taken the chop, and she describes to me her feelings about it. In the UK these days circumcision is, as I say, seldom practised and seldom discussed; when it is it usually amuses everyone except the victim. Jennifer is certainly amused by what has been done to her boyfriend, Simon, and by his resentment and dislike of it. Smiling archly, she tells me that it saves her the trouble of "unzipping her banana." Her lover, she adds, likes it when she fellates him; and she herself does not mind, since circumcision helps to keep his cock nice and clean for her invading lips and tongue. "There is no need to unpack my lunch," she adds slyly. "The meat is *prêt a manger*," or ready to eat, with no necessity to roll a bulky foreskin back down the cock shaft.

The embarrassment of circumcision continues into a man's marriage, and, even more so, when he acquires children. In the latter case he has two choices. Firstly, he can have his sons circumcised. This is fine by me since I always rejoice when a foreskin bites the dust. The father's fear of appearing different is, as I note above, a massive reason for the continuation of routine

infant cock chopping in the USA, and a very good thing this is too! Secondly, the man can spare his sons' foreskins, as usually happens, on medical advice, in the UK. But he then has to face embarrassing family questions about his operation, not only from his sons but also, and even more embarrassingly, from his wife and daughters.

So there you have it, dear reader. If, like Elvis Presley, you are a US male, but if, unlike him, you have taken the knife, you are probably in embarrassed denial of the truth. Circumcision is no "little snip"; it is a "massive chop." It is not only me, but also many other circumcisers, who do not snip off only the foreskin (the skin covering the glans or cock head and lying in front of it). We also take a thick strip of what you might call "back skin," or shaft skin that lies behind the cock head and up the shaft, together with all, or almost all, of the frenulum, the delectably sensitive triangular patch of stringy, twangy skin that is joined to the glans on the underside of the cock shaft. Indeed, like many other circumcisers, I always try to do as thorough and comprehensive a job as possible by chopping off the whole of the frenulum, so that not even a vestige is left! I like to make absolutely sure that the skin on the erect shaft is pulled as tight as a drum skin, even before orgasm.

Then, when the victim fires away, the skin is pulled tighter still. Not many people know this, but during ejaculation the scrotum significantly (and for the circumcised man painfully) reduces the amount of skin covering the base of the penile shaft. This is because, during the sex act, the scrotum and the Dartos muscle located in the scrotum contract strongly, thus causing

the shaft skin and (if there is one) the foreskin to contract with them. For the uncircumcised punter this process merely takes up much of the slack in penile skin resulting from retraction of the foreskin onto the shaft of the penis; as nature intended it to, it gives him a much better bonk. But for the tightly circumcised shagger the effect is much more amusing. His denuded, foreskin-free cock skin, already pulled as tight as a drum skin when he first got overexcited, is tugged even tighter down his shaft by the strong muscular contraction of his bollock bag and of its attendant muscle. Thus, as he fires off, his already reduced sexual pleasure is accompanied by a sharp, tugging pain as the denuded housing of his cock struggles to cope with the extra strain that is inflicted upon it. If he is lucky he may be too excited to take very much notice of the pain and discomfort at the time of ejaculation. But you can bet your boots that his cock skin will feel pretty sore and tender immediately afterwards.

And, of course, that is just half of the story. As well as what it is taking, the question is also about what the circumcised cock is not taking, and it is not taking anything like the amount or the intensity of sexual pleasure provided by Mother Nature. The latest research on foreskins highlights the crucial importance of the so-called ridged band, a deliciously sensitive flap of wrinkled skin that lies just behind the frenulum. If this is cut off, the research indicates, the cock enjoys a considerably less pleasurable and ecstatic sexual experience. Well since I learned of the existence of the ridged band I have always been most careful to excise it completely, at each and every circumcision that I perform. Oh, yes! I am Jillie (Nemesis of the Willie)

Chopcock, the Circumciser From Hell! To paraphrase Damon Runyon, I never (and I mean never!) give a fucker an even break! Wow! I can tell you, buddy, this gal don't cut you no slack! Or rather, I do. I cut all the slack there is and leave you very tight! Just once is all that it takes! I promise you that if ever I get your cock under my knife, I will make you pay. Oh yes! I will give you something to feel cut up about! I will make you very, very sorry for yourself!

But I digress. In fact, the ridged band is dead meat, and routinely cut off, in the vast majority of circumcisions anyway. Wow! What a pity that most circumcised men have no idea what exactly is happening down there, or exactly what it is that they are missing! If they knew they would be even more incensed and inflamed than they already are. They would be both sorry for themselves and hopping mad; at the same time they would be wallowing in self-pity and boiling with fury against those who cut them.

Another thing that I find a sexy turn on about circumcised men is the growing evidence that their mutilation causes them to practise kinkier sex. Here is a CNN report, dated April 1, 1997:

Circumcision offers little advantage where health is concerned, but men who are circumcised tend to have more varied sex, a study published on Tuesday said. The study, by University of Chicago researchers and published in this week's Journal of the American Medical Association, found "significant differences between circumcised and uncircumcised men in terms of their sexual practices." "We were quite surprised to see such clear evidence, at least within the white population, that masturbation was correlated with being circumcised as

well as engaging in oral sex and anal sex," University of Chicago researcher Edward Laumann said.

The study said 47 percent of circumcised men reported masturbating at least once a month versus 34 percent for their uncircumcised peers... Circumcised men were found to be nearly 1.4 times more likely to engage in heterosexual oral sex than uncircumcised men, the study reported. They also were more likely to have had homosexual oral sex and heterosexual anal intercourse. The study was based on an analysis of data collected from a sample of 1,410 men, aged 18 to 59, in the United States, which has one of the world's highest non-religious circumcision rates...

The new report offers no firm guidance for parents to reach a decision on the question of whether or not to circumcise their sons. Alex Enakifo and his wife Russa-Marie Oni decided to circumcise their boy, despite her objections. The prevailing factor: "It's a family tradition that we all get circumcised," Enakifo said. That's usually how it works, obstetrician Stephen Blank says. "In most families, the father or ... male children in the family have already been circumcised, so they don't want to appear as the outcasts or different from those other members of the family" ...

Circumcision rates reached 80 percent in the United States after the World War II but peaked in the mid-1960s and have since fallen off amid debate over whether the practice has health value or adversely affects male satisfaction, the study said. "The considerable impact of circumcision status on sexual practice represents a new finding that should further enrich such discussion," the researchers wrote. "Our results support the view that physicians and parents be informed of the potential benefits and risks before circumcising newborns."

Oh my! Oh yes! That certainly does "enrich ...discussion"! And it strongly endorses my views about

circumcision. A man with a foreskin enjoys perfect sex. The greatest and most intense pleasure that this world has to offer is his for the taking. It is all too easy for him. When he enters a lady he is completely fulfilled, and asks for no more than to be allowed to repeat the experience again and again. Why should he be a sexual pervert? Why should he want anal sex and cunnilingus with his lady? (On the downside, however, his enjoyment of the ultimate pleasure makes him infuriatingly complacent. Grrr! How I would just love to take the foreskin of every uncircumcised stud in the world and cut it off! Given half a chance I would soon wipe the smug, self-satisfied smiles from off their faces. How I would love to rattle their cages of contentment, and make them wince, fume and curse!)

In contrast, the sex act leaves the circumcised shagger frustrated and unrequited. He feels the need to do something more to get satisfaction. So he puts his head between his lady's thighs and pushes his tongue into her hairy, dirty cunt hole while she licks, sucks and bites around the annular scar of his circumcised cock. Then, to pleasure his desensitised dick, disappointed by its experience in the vagina, he violently shoves it up his lady's dirt box! Beautiful! And I bet you a pound to a pinch of poo that it does not stop there. I bet you that circumcised men are far more likely to be into sadomasochistic practices like spanking and caning, rape, and other sexual perversions. Oh yes! Those of us with a kinky disposition, who like a bit of rough play and violence in our sex, should be very grateful that so many men are circumcised. Who wants a gentle, sensitive lover who bonks his lady with consideration and is happy with what he gets? Such easy ecstasy is bound to make him lazy. He needs to be made to

sweat, strain, grunt and suffer, and, for example, to give and take the odd cut from a cane across the bare arse, and so on! Let the sex research continue! We must get to the bottom of all this! And may the public debate be long, passionate, intense and furious!

The other point made by the researchers, of course, is the one that I have myself made already. Cut men like their sons to be circumcised as they have been. They do not want to look different, or to be personally embarrassed by their humbling little snip; and the infants take the chop for this utterly trivial reason. So when once one cock is cut, others take the knife too, again and again, down the generations. And thus the discomfort and sexual frustration during intercourse, the buggery, the cunnilingus, the sadomasochistic spanking and caning, and the sexual perversion, goes on, and on, and on. Oh, wow! That is just beautiful!

By the way, to digress yet again, do you know what a Gomco Clamp is? It is a device that is used by some US doctors as an aid to surgery at neonatal circumcisions. It looks to be very fearsome, and for this reason features large on anti-circumcision sites on the Internet. It certainly has its charms. For example, it stamps onto the cock a gorgeous, thick, clear brown ring or halo. This has been described as the "brown ring of justice." It is a mark of civilisation and domestication. It tames the primeval lust of the cock perfectly, and subjects it to control and curtailment; and it civilises and domesticates the cock owner by shrewdly chopping off some of his more intimate macho bits. Take a look at some of the circumcised cocks freely displayed on the Internet, ladies, and you will soon see what I mean. This prominent brown scar

indicates a "circumcision by crushing," in which a Gomco Clamp, or similar, is used like a tight metal vice to press together the inner and outer skin of the prepuce, with considerable force, for a period of time. This closes off the arteries and veins, reduces bleeding when the foreskin is chopped off, and removes the necessity for stitches or sutures around the scar. The good news, however, is that a Gomco circumcision stencils onto the cock this thick, prominent, highly visible brown ring, and thus makes it absolutely clear to everyone that the owner of the scarred dick has taken the chop.

The domestication of men, and the control and curtailment of their lust, is necessary for the stability and continuance of monogamy. When a man marries his wife he vows to remain loyal to her. Thereafter he should work hard to bring home the money to support his family. Wives need husbands, children need fathers, and every family member needs a stable and loving home. Yet men are naturally randy; the world is overflowing with beautiful and sexually desirable ladies and husbands are constantly tempted to adultery and betrayal. A circumcised cock helps to keep them on the straight and narrow path of righteousness by lessening the pleasure that they can expect to gain from illicit sexual intercourse. This is a necessary discipline to reduce marital breakdowns and divorces. Scandinavia, for example, has hordes of gorgeous ladies and virtually no circumcised men. The temptations are far too great. No wonder there are such high levels of adultery and divorce. What is needed is a good tight circumcision and the excision of the entire frenulum for every single man who lives in Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Finland. Oh yes! And for good measure

throw in the Germans as well. Their country also is far too full of stunning, beautiful ladies and the men there also need their sexual pleasure to be reduced and their cocks to be cut.

“But wait!” I hear all of you men crying. “That is not fair. These days you ladies are just as likely to cheat on your spouses as us guys. Indeed, the ladies of Scandinavia and Germany will be even more likely to break up their family homes if their husbands have been tightly circumcised and their desensitised cocks and denuded frenulums cannot deliver sufficiently satisfying marital sex.” Well I suppose that the answer to that one is to circumcise every single man so that sex with the whole lot of them is equally unsatisfying and adultery is no more appealing than matrimony. Chop! Chop! Chop! Got y’all, Europeans! No longer will images of your bulky foreskins, your frenulums, and your sensitive unkeratinised purple cock heads vex and irritate me on Internet forums!

Recently, on the UK’s Sky Travel TV station, I saw a programme about nude beaches. One scene depicted a naked seaside wedding on Hawaii. Wow! The small, meaty, voluptuous, white-skinned bride was gorgeous. The groom was a tall man, and he towered above his diminutive partner; but, small as she was, the blushing bride had a curvaceous, pulchritude packed physique guaranteed to stiffen the cock of any healthy male. The groom himself was clearly anticipating the delights of the marriage bed, and the pleasures of his wedding night. He was dangerously over-excited, protruding at “half cock,” sticking out at about 45 degrees to his balls, and explicitly showing off his beautiful thick brown scar. The cameraman captured the scar, and the

rest of the cock, to perfection; there was some exquisite, minutely detailed footage, and I got an excellent eyeful of beat up, battered, mutilated dick.

Meanwhile, the bride gave a winning smile, and blushed delightfully; she was understandably embarrassed and flustered that her naked charms were broadcast to the whole world on network TV. "How did I let myself get talked into this?" she seemed to be thinking. Well it sure worked for me! "Wow, lady!" I thought. "You are stunning!"

Then I returned my attention to her over-excited partner, and to his tumescent manhood. 'Yes, mate!' I thought to myself with grim satisfaction. 'You're enjoying this, aren't you? And I bet you'll enjoy it even more when you get this little stunner into bed with you! As you both stand there, your cock is hovering well over her cunt; but when you lay her flat for a spot of horizontal jogging her love tunnel will be much more assailable! That's a big, thick cock that you've got there, and I bet it will be a deliciously tight fit up your wife's little pussy! But don't get too triumphalist! That's a really drastic, taut, comprehensive cut you've taken, and there will be a sizeable and significant piece of you that won't be going to the party, including, by the look of it, your entire frenulum! Think of a purple, unkeratinised glans! Think of the sybaritic delights of a wrinkled ridged band! Think of a foreskin packed with tens of thousands of nerves and pleasure receptors! Think of an intact, exquisitely sensitive triangular frenulum harnessed to the dimpled ridge on the underside of your cock head. Think of the cock, think of the wedding night, that you might have had, and weep!' And I grinned, slyly and lasciviously, with a

fierce, spiteful joy. 'Chop!' I thought, 'Gotcha! Take that, you randy, horny, lascivious bastard!'

Yes, that was a sexy little scene on Hawaii, and the memory of it continues to moisten and stir my vulva. I was recently also stimulated by another big, beefy US stud on a television programme entitled *The Perfect Penis*. The lad, very unwisely, had opted for some expensive, drastic and invasive surgery on his cock to make it a little bit larger. The viewer was given the privilege of witnessing the surgeon's pre-operation inspection, and wow, but that young man had a big tool! The most noticeable thing about it to me, however, was not its impressive size, but the thick brown ring that had been stamped on it by the Gomco clamp during a particularly drastic neonatal circumcision that had, yet again, excavated the whole of the frenulum. Ouch! The victim was sublimely unaware of the savage mutilation that had been inflicted on him, and the programme made no mention of it; but, like a deflowered virgin, our stud will never get back what he lost that day, no matter how many other painful and embarrassing operations he endures. Teehee! Take that one big boy! Wallop! That's cut you down to size and how!

However, having said that, the Gomco clamp is still not for me. One disadvantage is that it makes a neat and accurate cut. Sometimes, it is true, as in the cases of our over-excited bridegroom and of our well tooled US stud, that a Gomco circumcision excises the entire foreskin, including every square millimetre of frenulum. But all too often there is a little cuff of spare foreskin, and a small patch of frenulum, that survives. It is not much, but it is more than enough to irritate the

dedicated cock chopper. I was therefore gratified to read an article against circumcision clamps in the medical press. It was entitled, "Circumcision clamps may cause injury, FDA warns," and the *Urology Times* published it from Cleveland in October 2000. Here is the report:

Doctors should carefully examine two popular surgical clamps used for circumcising newborns, the FDA warned after receiving reports that worn-out or misassembled clamps have injured more than 105 infants since 1996. The use of Gomcor- and Mogenr-type clamps that have been reassembled with parts from different manufacturers has led to clamps breaking, slipping, falling off during use, tearing tissue, or failing to make a tight seal. The agency recommends that concerned physicians either contact the device manufacturer to obtain correct replacement parts or discard the device completely.

Good. That settles that then. Throw those clamps away. Because there is only one way to cut a cock to perfection. You must cut it quick, tight and messy, in a carefree, cavalier, insouciant and arbitrary fashion that indicates that you do not care a fig about the victim, his cock, or his sexual pleasure. And you must cut it dictatorially, with meanness and spite. And the only way to do that to perfection is with the beautiful, sharp, bare-naked knife. Believe me, if you wield it right, it can make a big, big difference!

Another joy of a hand cut cock is the unique nature of the mutilation. No two cocks chopped freehand style are exactly alike. No two hand cut men in the history of the world will have had identical cuts, and nor will they ever do so in the future. Each individual chopping is an original one-off. The scar, the stitch tunnels, the skin tags and the rest of the mutilation

are specific to that particular cock. See, for example, how, with one particular cock, the shaft skin and the median rafe have been twisted anticlockwise by about thirty degrees, whereas, with another cock, they have been turned clockwise by at least forty-five degrees. Then look how, in this case, a lot more has been lopped off the right hand side of the cock than the left, whereas, for this other victim, it is the other way round. And so it goes on, in its fascinating and infinite variety. Instead of passport photographs of the face, the authorities could just as well demand pictures of the cocks of all circumcised guys since the identification would be just as accurate; indeed, in the case of identical twins it would be much more so!

If you cut the cock of a neonate really tightly, you may be lucky enough to create the hilarious "turkey neck" effect in adulthood. This is where a dewlap of skin from the scrotum is tugged halfway or more down the penis shaft; the effect, especially when the cock is erect, is most amusing. A cock mutilated in this way is so ugly and unsightly, and looks so ridiculous, that you might think it is deformed. Well, I suppose that it is, really, but the deformation is not a natural one; it is the effect of the circumciser's knife. It occurs when, to cut off enough skin for a really tight circumcision, the surgeon pulls the shaft skin forwards, and, in doing so, tugs the scrotal sack forwards too, so that the balls are in effect hanging from half-mast, with a stretch of skin from the underside of the shaft to the scrotum. Oh, wow! That is just wicked! What a turn on for perverts like me! It seems amazing that, for example, a vindictive female circumciser such as myself should have it in her power to do something that mean and spiteful to her victim purely on a

personal whim. And be warned by me, gentlemen of the USA. When it comes to inflicting tight circumcisions we ladies are worse offenders than you men. The USA has been rightly categorised as a matriarchal society, and many of those kinky US ladies see circumcision as a very effective way of keeping men in their place. So beware of female obstetricians (of whom there are now quite a number) who are wielding knives! And beware of another type of foreskin chopping lady: the female mohel or "mohelet" among reformed Jews. I note with interest that at least one of the latter is so eager for the work that she advertises her services on the internet.

The dictatorial, arbitrary, undemocratic aspect of circumcision I find a kinky hoot. On this I agree with a correspondent to an anti-circumcision forum who some time ago posted the following opinion:

The most inalienable and sacred right of man is certainly not the right of property upon things acknowledged by the authors of the declaration of the rights of man of 1789. These middle class persons were greedy for appropriating the goods seized from the people by the nobility, through the extermination of the latter. By this very fact, they were unable to word the very first right of man: the right to the property of the body, which of course forbids collective crime: the death penalty, ritual mutilation, and very particularly sexual mutilation that assaults life in the best and most intimate pleasures.

Wow! "Sexual mutilation that assaults life in the best and most intimate pleasures"! Oh yes! How true! I like that! Eat your heart out Tom Paine! Eat your heart out John Stuart Mill! Because where the male member is concerned I do not give a fig for the Rights of Man. And neither, it seems, do US legislators in the Land of

the Free. For the USA, the world's greatest democracy, is where the practice of enforced non-consensual routine infant circumcision is most widespread. Now at governmental level the USA is heavily into transparency and accountability, and its citizens go to great lengths to build these qualities into their institutions and processes. In sharp contrast, they allow their medics to take whatever liberties they like with the foreskins of their male population. Mutilation is widespread, casual, unregulated, uncontrolled, and practised in complete or semi-secrecy. There is no transparency, and no democratic accountability for the surgeons. It is not even known with any accuracy how many US males are cut; and the victims usually have no effective legal redress against the wrongs inflicted upon them.

Thus, amazingly, US surgeons do exactly as they like. They perform circumcisions in whatever way they see fit, and have more or less complete discretion over which skin, and how much skin, they cut off; they thus constitute a sizeable constituency of arbitrary, dictatorial, non-accountable power-wielders. To make it worse, for much of the time the surgeons who chop are not even the ones who deal with any post-operative problems. There is a fat fee to be gained from every circumcision performed, and the first surgeon to get a claim on this is usually the obstetrician. Now the obstetrician specialises not in babies and foreskins but in ladies' rude bits and in their baby-making equipment. Yet it is the obstetricians who seize the chance of easy extra income; in short, they "chop and go." They pocket the cash, and leave the paediatricians to pick up any debris. It might be my imagination but I do not think that the paediatricians are happy to be

deprived of the chopping fees, or to be lumbered with the work of sorting out problems caused by their slash-happy colleagues. I sense a certain pique in the sceptical statements concerning circumcision issued by paediatric bodies; in contrast, the obstetricians, who are much more reticent on the subject, display a certain silent glee as they bank the easy cash.

I remember reading the details once of a family with 5 sons. One had not been circumcised at all, and the other four had all been cut by four different surgeons in radically different ways; for example, one victim had received a fairly light trimming so that his frenulum was more or less intact whereas another had been viciously and very messily chopped back to his scrotum. So wake up, Uncle Sam, and protect your nephews; or, on second thoughts, do not, or sexual perverts like me (and, I suspect, a sizeable number of other surgeons) will have to look elsewhere for our kicks. Certainly some very interesting and high-powered political debates could be organised around the theme 'Is neonatal circumcision compatible with liberal democracy?' But hey, on the other hand, on this one, sensible, reasoned, transparent and accountable democracy is far more boring than the exercise of outrageous, secretive, arbitrary power.

Anyway, slack circumcision or tight circumcision, after the cock has been chopped there is always an ugly penile scar perfectly positioned for meticulous feminine observation and saucy sniggering. And as for that big, bare glans or cock head, well! Instead of the rich purple-coloured helmet of the uncut man, the circumcised prick tip callouses over into a thick rubbery bell end. This exposed glans loses much of its

sensitivity, and the skin on it is only slightly pinker than the skin on the rest of the body. Wow! What a giggle for the amused female observer!

I find America, therefore, an intensely sexy country. Some of the most beautiful women in the world live there, ladies who are well developed, lusty and gorgeous. Just think of some of those stunning US-based lady film stars. It also has some very handsome hunks of men. But do these men fully enjoy their womenfolk as nature intended? Do they hell! Virtually all of those big beefy studs have been routinely circumcised at birth. I was stunned to read the figures on this in the report by Masters and Johnson. They had a few foreskins on their volunteers, but always on the older men who had not been born in a hospital. As I recall, just about every single one of the younger men had a chopped chopper.

In this respect it is enlightening to contrast the USA with another great democracy, France, where, outside the Muslim community, circumcision is rare. Relations between these two countries are currently prickly, partly as a result of policy differences in the Middle East. Furthermore, these current spats are part of a long tradition of tension between the two countries, as, for example, when the French Republic withdrew from NATO and developed its own independent 'force de frappe' or (nuclear) 'strike force.' Now historians and current affairs experts have extensively analysed the bickering between the two great democracies; in contrast, I will give you my much simpler explanation. The French seem to the Americans to be so stropky, supercilious, arrogant, smug and complacent because, well because they are! Every informed Frenchman

knows that he has a little bit between his legs that most Americans lack. This is why he is so self-confident and 'cocky'; it is also, incidentally, one reason why Frenchmen are convinced that they are great lovers. Oh dear! I would just love to exact revenge for Uncle Sam by cutting our Gallic friends to size, but that, I fear, is not on the cards.

I used to love leering at circumcised cocks in *Playgirl* and similar American magazines. The studs posed around looking macho and very proud of themselves. But when you gazed at their cocks you almost invariably found, protruding from their hairy crotches, a beat up shaft with a naked glans at the end of it, and an ugly, pock marked and pitted scar all around it. Wow! Take that big boy! Wallop! What a sexy way to cut men to size! What a ridiculous and amusing little operation! Except I don't suppose that they see the joke.

By the way, are you, dear reader, a follower of the Arts? One currently fashionable cultural and intellectual movement that I find particularly apposite to circumcision is Minimalism. After all, men do not really *need* a foreskin, and they do not *need* a frenulum. They are superfluous appendages, unnecessary luxuries, and their cocks can function perfectly well, if considerably less pleurably, without them. Thus, when I am performing a circumcision I always strive to do away with as much of this surplus fold of skin, and its attached frenulum, as possible. I aim for a minimalist cock. This is a cock that has been circumcised up to and including the last possible scrap and sliver of foreskin, shaft skin and frenulum. It is a cock that has been stripped to its absolute bare essentials, and that

is kept on the tightest of tight reins. It is essential for the continuation of the human race that men fuck women. And we women enjoy it! But *men* do not need to enjoy it overmuch while they are pleasuring *us*. No. That is superfluous to requirements, and we do not want to spoil them. They must get enough pleasure to keep them interested, and to keep them bonking. They should also not experience so much pain and discomfort that it makes them stop. But that is it. Anything more than that should be strictly denied them. Men should get the minimum possible amount of pleasure out of a shag, and they should pay for this with the greatest possible amount of simultaneous pain and discomfort. At the end of a screw they should be grinning with pleasure, and wincing in pain and discomfort, in more or less equal measure. So I always do my best to deliver minimal cock skin, minimal pleasure, and never to give my victims as much as an extra millimetre of surplus skin.

There is another good reason to aim for a minimalist cock. Recently I downloaded from the Internet, a Windows audio/video file posted by 'Doctors Opposed to Circumcision.' It is entitled 'The Prepuce' and it describes in long and boring detail the anatomy of the foreskin. On and on it goes, itemizing with scholarly precision all of the various features and functions of the foreskin, such as its sensitive nerves and pleasure receptors and the important role that these play in male sexual ecstasy. But hang on a minute! We cannot have this! Just think of having to learn all of that stuff in anatomy classes at medical school! Sod that! It is far better to cut our medical students some slack by chopping off all foreskins nice and tight! Why make the human body any more complicated than

absolutely necessary? Chop! Chop! Chop! There you go! Keep it simple! Shorten textbooks on anatomy and save trainee doctors and surgeons several hours of hard, laborious study!

An added bonus of circumcision is that it can help to make us ladies more beautiful! No, I kid you not. Consider this UK internet post from 2008:

Is Baby Penis Skin the New Botox?

Unless you have young sons, you might not be aware that circumcision is on a downward trend, and that the anti-circumcision lobby is gaining ground. Not your problem? Well, it turns out that this issue is suddenly of relevance to everyone: Foreskins are the latest tool in the fight against aging, and we're going to need a constant fresh supply!

Developed by a biomedical company, "Vavelta" is a clear liquid, made from millions of microscopic new skin cells cultured from babies' foreskins, which is then injected into the skin to treat wrinkles, sun damage, and scars. The clinical trials, which took place in London using "material" from a US hospital, have just been completed and reportedly show the technique to be "astonishingly effective." So there's a minor "ick" factor. But what's that compared to injecting your face with deadly poison or cow skin, or indeed to (gulp) actually aging?

Well that seems crystal clear then! What is the sexual pleasure of men when compared to the beauty and convenience of ladies? Like a candle to the sun, surely? But hey! It's not all bad news for the guys. They may not feel very much as they fuck those ladies with their tightly circumcised cocks. But at least the ladies are looking younger, fitter and more appealing as eye candy!

Circumcision also calls to mind the Christian sacraments. In the Church of England there are three of these; Baptism, Confirmation and Communion. In the Catholic Church there are a number of extra sacraments including holy matrimony and ordination to the priesthood. Every sacrament, argue theologians, imparts a permanent and everlasting character to the soul. Well, circumcision certainly does nothing as spiritually profound as that; but, at a more vulgar, cruder, corporeal level it certainly imparts a permanent and everlasting character to the cock! I remember the comment of one closely cropped victim ruefully explaining on an internet discussion group how he had avoided AIDS: "I only have sex with my wife of 31 years. Wish I could feel it." Ouch! I bet he does! In your dreams, sucker!

This brings me to the concept of 'cock control.' This is derived from the idea of 'mind control,' as featured in a large number of stories posted on the Internet. Now mind control is not for me. I do not want to curtail a man's freedom of thought. If, for example, he reads Shakespeare plays and reaches his own independent conclusions about their image patterns, I have no objection at all. I do not even mind what views he has on politics, or which party he votes for. All of that is far too ethereal and vacuous for me to worry about. But his cock, and what he does with it, is another matter; that I do want to control. I want to take from him as many sexual preferences and options as I can. I want to deny him all of those little choices, alternatives and variations that a long, full, luxuriant foreskin provides. During sexual intercourse I want a tight, stiff, denuded shaft that goes in, out, in, out, and can do little else.

Likewise when a cut man masturbates he may try a wide variety of techniques. But he would be well advised to eschew these and confine himself to going up down, up down. This is because any experimentation will almost certainly be not only painful but also ineffective since the exquisite sensations for which he is seeking are just not there. Look, buster, this ain't Burger King. After a short, sharp acquaintance with my trusty chopping knife you no longer get it your way; you get it my way or you don't damn get it!

Another sexy phenomenon is the widespread use of male circumcision on blacks, in both the USA and Africa. I am not by nature a racist, but like a lot of white women I am ambivalent about black guys, and about all the stories and hype concerning the size of their choppers. The thought of a big black man with an enormous cock excites but also unnerves me. In my view, cocks that big deserve to be cut to size, and the bigger the cock the funnier and sexier it is when it takes the chop. The black cocks on display on the internet seriously turn me on. They must turn other readers on too, or fewer of them would get posted. Some of those dusky studs have got enormous tools. But, like their white brothers, they have nearly all taken the knife. You will see a big black stallion, his tool more than half way down to his knees, with an enormous prick tip that seems to be about the size of a black billiard ball. Then all around the big, thick shaft is an ugly scar, blacker than the skin that it cuts through. White men, as I say, usually have about 15 square inches of foreskin missing, and their circumcision scars are normally about 5 inches long. For black guys I reckon the average figures must be a few more square

inches of prepuce and perhaps another half an inch of scar tissue. All this is as true of African blacks as it is of blacks in the USA; and, like their US brothers, a very large number of African males are circumcised, often very comprehensively, inexpertly and messily, leaving their cocks beautifully beat up and disfigured. Again, wow, oh wow! Come here, black boy! Take down your trousers and hold out your prick. How dare you lust after white missy! Now cop this - you deserve it! Snip, snip, snip, throb, yell! Now bend over! You are also getting 6 cuts of the cane across your bare black bottom! Swish, crack, swish, crack, etc. Wow! How I would love to inflict a punishment like that! Except that, being tender hearted, I might condescend to use a local anaesthetic for the surgery.

(Note: I got the idea for this fantasy from a news report from South Africa in the days of apartheid. A black man on a railway station had commented to a white lady standing nearby, "Missy, you got nice legs!" You may think that this was a trivial and harmless peccadillo, but the beak took a different view. Just for that the offender was sentenced to 12 cuts of the cane. The judge (obviously a bigoted, atavistic racist) commented that he thought that, in this case, the punishment was particularly appropriate for the offence. Wow! It was well unjust, but, even so, what a strict and sharp comeuppance for a saucy but completely innocuous compliment! I bet the lady (who, like the judge, was almost certainly a racist, or she would not have complained to the authorities in the first place) was well flattered and well turned on by the penalty inflicted upon her admirer! I can imagine her smugly gloating to her female friends about it in her exclusive white suburb: "The insolent kaffir! I had him

caned for it, you know! Yes, thanks to me he got twelve of the best across his bare black bottom! And I would do it again, too!”)

Actually, proposals for the widespread circumcision of blacks in Africa are currently in the news. As you may have heard, medical research has unearthed the interesting fact that black males on the Dark Continent who have been circumcised are at least four times less likely than uncircumcised blacks to contract Aids, even when their lifestyles are indistinguishable. The research further indicates that for uncircumcised Africans it is the foreskin that is the problem. It is not that the glans, when covered by a foreskin, remains unkeratinised and hence prone to infection. It is that the foreskin itself contains cells that let the Aids virus pass through them. The solution is quick, cheap and simple: the universal circumcision of every man in Africa, black, white, Cape coloured or whatever, until there is not a single foreskin on an adult male throughout the entire continent. We need to chop off every foreskin in Africa, and we need to chop it off very, very thoroughly. Indeed, to make absolutely sure of effective protection against Aids, we need to chop off a good thick swathe of shaft skin, and the entire frenulum, together with the foreskin. This may seem harsh, but we have to be cruel to be kind. Yes, line up all the uncircumcised men in Africa and chop them; and chop them very hard and very tight. Not a vestige of loose skin should be left on their cocks, even when they are flaccid. When their cocks are erect the cock skin should be pulled so tight over their stiffened shafts that it makes their faces wince, and their eyes water. After all, we do not want to leave any little flaps and folds of skin for the virus to nestle in, do we? It would all be a

big job, of course. But I for one would happily volunteer to help! Perhaps the World Health Organisation could organise teams of volunteer cock choppers to do the work in their holidays. Wow! What a splendid way to spend the summer vacation! If I had three weeks, say, to do it in, I reckon that I could make several thousand foreskins bite the dust. Oh yes! "Chop 'til you drop" would be my motto, and there would be some bare cock heads, some sore cocks, and a lot of guys feeling very, very chastened and very, very sorry for themselves by the time I had finished with them. Oh, yes! I would make sure that they winced and shuddered at the memory of little missy with the knife for the rest of their lives! Not, of course, that I would be prejudiced in my surgery. I would scrupulously chop the cocks of blacks, Cape coloureds, white South Africans of Dutch and British descent, etc., etc., with equal strictness and severity!

But enough of fantasies. What is not fantasy but fact is that I regularly circumcise men in my capacity as a surgeon. Oh, yes! I am a right little cock botherer, prick punisher, willie worrier and knob robber, I can tell you! I am small, but I am deadly! I am of slight build and I stand a mere 5 feet 3 inches, or a total of 63 inches, in my stockinged feet. And I cut off, on average, a length of foreskin of between 5 and 6 inches at every circumcision. So for every dozen or so cocks that I chop I cut off my own height and more in foreskin. Or, to put it another way, I chop off the best part of 10 per cent of my own body height from each cock that I butcher. Oh wow! I can tell you that if you get circumcised by me you know you've been cut! After all, what is the point of any surgery unless it makes a difference? If I circumcised someone and it had no

effect I would have failed. I would have expended valuable effort to no purpose. In short, I would have wasted my time. So I always ensure that I *do* make a difference, and a very significant difference at that! After he has felt my knife a man is never the same again, and he never forgets what I have done to him. I picture him as he wistfully remembers what it was like before he lost his prepuce. I imagine him as he recalls the old days, before he was cut, when his stiff, moist, excited cock would glide up and down a lady's sticky, aroused, receptive pussy. Perhaps he calls to mind the exquisite sensations as tens of thousands of nerves and sensitive receptors on his foreskin pleased his cock and sent his entire central nervous system into Nirvana and seventh heaven. Then, perchance, he winces that his dry, denuded, desensitised cockhead is no longer delivering the same quality of service, and he ponders on whether or not it was a good idea to let me loose on him with my knife. Well, sorry sucker! You were a chump to let me do what I did to you, but it is too late now; there is no going back!

Let me explain how I get to circumcise my victims. After my experience with Maggie's husband, I decided to specialise in urino-genital surgery. This, as I hoped it would, has opened up (so to speak!) a number of possibilities (not to say, of cocks!). For example, the standard surgical treatment for conditions such as phimosis is removal of the foreskin. Other men (suckers!) proffer their pricks from choice, or because they have a Jewish or Muslim wife or girlfriend that they want to please, or because they misguidedly think that the circumcised cock looks better, or because they are masochists, or because - *I don't know!*

I have to be careful how I play it, of course. But I think it is fair to say that a very large number of patients suspected of suffering from phimosis and similar conditions, boys and men, have had their cocks chopped by me in circumstances where, let us say, a less interventionist surgeon might have abstained from surgery and recommended more conservative medical treatments. If there is the least excuse for it, or even if there is no excuse at all and I can get away with it, I *always* chop. And I *always* chop *very* hard. On every single occasion that I have circumcised a cock I have invariably taken off more skin than is recommended in the medical text-books, and have done my very best to remove all vestiges of the deliciously sensitive frenulum. Yes, sir! To repeat: I take off all of the frenulum and as much of the other cock skin as I dare to without facing the risk of a successful claim for damages from the victim. Wowee! As my husband John puts it, I sure pack a mean blade! And he should know! (See below.) Yet so far I have been lucky. Many are the cocks I have butchered, and every single cock owner has taken the chop like a lamb to the slaughter. Thankfully, no post-operative difficulties have ever been blamed on the fact that I am more than a little slash happy and over-enthusiastic with my knife!

I am determined to keep on chopping cocks for as long and as hard as I can. I solemnly swear to you, that if *ever* I get the chance to cut a cock and I let it pass, or do not cut it as hard as I can get away with, I will let my husband administer 6 hard cuts of the cane across my bare bottom - and serve me right too. The only exceptions are my own sons (see below), whose cocks, as a loving mother, I condescended to spare from the knife.

There has fairly recently been set up in Britain a branch of the US pressure group CAC (Campaign Against Circumcision). Its members are mostly men who have a hang up over being chopped. CAC members go around squawking like a bevy of deflowered virgins, outraged at their loss and stridently demanding back their maidenhoods. But when once the cock is chopped, and the flesh is off, to paraphrase the folk song: 'A foreskin on the cock there will never more be, until apples grow on an orange tree.' Some of these men, resentful and/or angry, join support groups to bleat about having been snipped. Others attempt so-called 'foreskin restoration' by hanging weights on their willies and other ridiculous, hilarious, painful and usually completely ineffective practices. For no matter how many weights a cut man hangs on his willie it is as vain and useless for him to strive for the return of his prepuce as for a deflowered virgin to attempt the restitution of her hymen. What is lost is lost forever, and the victim will never get it back.

This point is well made on the CAC website, which contains some hilarious clips (so to speak) or sound bites (cuts?) from history. Here is a sample.

1. Source: 'Our London Letter,' *Medical World* 1900, vol.77:pp.707-8.

Circumcision probably tends to increase the power of sexual control. The only physiological advantage which the prepuce can be supposed to confer is that of maintaining the penis in a condition susceptible to more acute sensation than would otherwise exist. It may increase the pleasure of intercourse and the impulse to it: but these are advantages which in the present state of

society can well be spared. If in their loss increase in sexual control should result, one should be thankful.

2. Source: E. Harding Freeland, *The Lancet*, vol. 2 (29 Dec. 1900), pp.1869-1871.

It has been urged as an argument against the universal adoption of circumcision that the removal of the protective covering of the glans tends to dull the sensitivity of that exquisitely sensitive structure and thereby diminishes sexual appetite and the pleasurable effects of coitus. Granted that this be true, my answer is that, whatever may have been the case in days gone by, sensuality in our time needs neither whip nor spur, but would be all the better for a little more judicious use of curb and bearing-rein.

3. Source: L.W. Wuesthoff, MD, "Benefits of Circumcision," *Medical World* (1915) Vol.33, p.434.

Circumcision ... reduces ... the so-called passion of which so many married men are so extremely proud, to the detriment of their wives and their married life. Many youthful rapes could be prevented, many separations, and divorces also, and many an unhappy marriage improved if this unnatural passion was cut down by a timely circumcision.

4. Source: R.W. Cockshut (No! Really!), *British Medical Journal*, Vol.2 (1935), p.764.

All male children should be circumcised. This is "against nature", but that is exactly the reason why it should be done. Nature intends that the

adolescent male shall copulate as often and as promiscuously as possible, and to that end covers the sensitive glans so that it shall be ever ready to receive stimuli. Civilization, on the contrary, requires chastity, and the glans of the circumcised rapidly assumes a leathery texture less sensitive than skin. Thus the adolescent has his attention drawn to his penis much less often. I am convinced that masturbation is much less common in the circumcised. With these considerations in view it does not seem apt to argue that God knows best how to make little boys.

The correct response to CAC members, and, indeed, to all men who resent their circumcisions, is to laugh at them, to tease them, and to belittle them. They may think that what has been done to them is outrageous, but we should not agree. On the contrary, we should say that it is no big deal. They should stop being babies. They should grow up and quit whingeing. At first, they should be told, their complaints were amusing; but they are now becoming boring, annoying even. So they have had their cocks chopped! So what! What's the big deal? After all, it was only a little snip. They are seriously self-obsessed, and they need to pull themselves together, to forget it, and to get on with their lives. The point was well put by a lady called Amanda in an internet posting that I once read:

Why does it matter if men have optimal sexual pleasure? They're obviously getting enough that it's a driving force in most of their lives. If they were any more into it, would that really be a good thing? To me, worrying that a lack of foreskin has diminished sexual pleasure is like worrying that having burned my tongue as a child has diminished

my sense of taste. Even if it's true, which it may well be, I still love food almost to excess, so what's the real damage?

That is not how the members of CAC see it, of course. I have prevailed upon my husband to subscribe to the CAC Newsletter, and it is a very sexy and amusing read. I quote from one edition. As a result of circumcision, the writer states, "the raw glans becomes totally exposed, which, with the remaining inner foreskin, becomes dried membrane and leaves the shaft skin taut and immobile. This 'little snip' removes up to 36% of the shaft skin. A permanent, visible penile scar remains." (36%? And the rest if I am performing the surgery!) Later, the author bewails the loss of pleasure which circumcision causes: "The foreskin is a unique organ, richly supplied with sensory nerves and blood vessels. Without doubt the foreskin enhances sexual pleasure." (Whereas cutting it off, of course, ends it!)

Then, in a later edition, another writes: "During heavy petting, my fiancée, a nurse receptionist, ran a finger over my glans and around the scar explaining, 'We have a circumcision tomorrow.' My face must have glowed in the dark." Ouch! I bet it did! The same correspondent goes on to give numerous other details about how carefully he conceals his operation, and about how embarrassing he finds it all. Wow! I just love it when they get all coy, secretive and embarrassed!

(Note, by the way, that this members face "must have glowed in the dark" because of his humiliation and embarrassment at his own mutilation; I doubt that he was overly concerned about the poor sucker who was about to take the chop the next day. A lot of CAC

members have a similar attitude. To their credit some enlightened campaigners attempt to pressure politicians against RIC; but many members are not interested and see that as a diversion. What they want is support and guidance on foreskin restoration and they exhibit the utmost indifference to whether or not others take the chop. Indeed, I suspect that some of them would like it if RIC were more common in the UK. They resent their own chopping but display a grim satisfaction and determination that the same fate should be inflicted upon others.)

Then, in the same edition of the Newsletter, there is another article entitled "NOT 'just a little piece of skin!'" In this another member writes:

I have been studying details of a very interesting visual aid from the USA that illustrates just how much skin is lost by circumcision. Cut out a card 3" x 5". Bring the two ends of the card together and hold the card together with your finger so the card forms a ring. Hold the ring up to your audience and say. "This ring represents an average male foreskin. Like this ring, the circumference of the average man's erect penis is 5 inches around and the average foreskin length is 1.5 inches on the outer foreskin and another 1.5 inches in the inner foreskin. The total area of the foreskin then on an adult male is equal to this 3" x 5" card (open up the card). This is how much skin an adult male loses from being circumcised as an infant. That is almost 36% of his penile shaft skin!" Continue by saying "The area of skin the size of a 10p piece contains more than 12 feet of nerves and over 50 nerve endings. As you can see, fifteen 10p pieces fit easily on this card with room to spare. Infant circumcision robs men of 240 ft. of nerves and over 1,000 nerve endings meant to enhance... sexual pleasure.

In an accompanying illustration, an area of the page 3" x 5" is marked off, and 15 circles with the same circumference as a 10p piece are drawn within it in

three rows and five columns. Wow! That rectangle looks *huge*! What a clit-stiffener!

Well, I cannot really argue with all that, except to say that while these writers consider that this is outrageous, I just think that it is all very, very sexy and very, very funny. A favourite word of these bleaters is "keratinisation." Keratin is hard, horny tissue, and they claim that circumcision makes them hard and horny in the glans department by thickening and desensitising the skin. I can also tell you that it makes me hard and horny in the clitoris department by really turning me on! At the moment these whingers are an irritant rather than a threat. In England, CAC is very small, and, thankfully, likely to remain so for the foreseeable future. And in the US a large majority of boy babies are still chopped because, according to the latest figures that I am aware of, the doctors pocket about \$200 million a year by charging for the surgery.

Note: I do not know what the current figures are, but, a short time ago, surgeons in the USA usually charged about \$100 for a circumcision. Therefore, with a total of about \$200 million netted every year, about 2 million US babies a year got chopped. Calculating an adult prepuce at 15 sq. inches, this amounts to 30 million sq. inches of cock skin cut off every year. This amounts to 20,833 square feet or 145 square yards. At the same rate of chopping, over the last 70 years, there is a total of about 10,150 square yards of foreskin missing from the cocks of US males. This represents a square area of 100.75 yards wide and 100.75 yards long. That amounts to more than 2 football (or, to US readers, soccer) pitches! Alternatively, an acre is 4,840 sq. yards, so the total amount of missing cock skin adds up

to 2.1 acres. Wow! More than two acres! And, for each victim, two achers, that is balls achers, aching balls, a pain in both testicles, as well! (Figuratively and metaphorically, that is, the pain is in the balls. In reality and in practice it is on the cock!) Makes you think, does it not? The sheer scale of the chopping really turns me on. The USA currently has the biggest number of circumcised males at one time and place ever, in recorded history. Great! Long live circumcision! Long may the chopping continue!

Indeed, it is probably even better than that! Two football pitches! And the rest probably! This is because US circumcision figures almost certainly underestimate the number of men who have been cut, probably by about 5 percent or more. You see, quite a number of American males are ignorant about the snip and completely unaware that they have been circumcised at all. When they are asked about their circumcision status they reply that they are uncut even though they have taken the chop. I know that this sounds ridiculous. Indeed, it is ridiculous. But it is, nevertheless, perfectly true, and it means that estimates of the prevalence of circumcision in the US that are based on self-assessment are now largely discredited. Let me cite you an amusing example. Here is a snippet (so to speak) posted onto the Internet by someone claiming to be a lady called Harriet Hall:

(Snippet starts.)

When I was working in an Air Force hospital emergency room one night, a young airman came in requesting a circumcision. I asked him why he wanted one. He said a couple of his friends had had it done, and he'd heard it was a good idea, and he was going to be getting out of the Air Force pretty soon and wanted

to have it done while Uncle Sam would still foot the bill. I examined him: he had a neatly circumcised penis without so much as a hint of any foreskin remnant. I've always wondered what he thought we were going to cut off.

(Snippet ends.)

Now Harriet herself seems to be in favour of circumcision and she has an appropriately robust and dismissive attitude towards its victims: "If some men are psychologically damaged by circumcision and mourn their lost foreskin, their mental health must be pathologically fragile. Get over it, guys!" Oh yes! Harriet is a fan of the snip. So why then, if this young airman wanted to be cut again, did she not cut him again? Oh, wow! Given the chance I would have done just that! He had already taken a single chop that had stripped his cock and left his cockhead naked. I would have given him a double chop that cut off an extra strip of inner mucosa. Incorporated into that chop I would also have inflicted a triple chop that cut off an extra strip of shaft skin. Strip! Strip! Strip! Three strips of cock skin cut off! Oh yes! I would have stripped his cock even more naked than it already was! He may have been an airman flying through the skies but I would have brought his sexual pleasure down to earth with a bump!

I wonder, dear reader, have you, since early 2015, been following the press reports about a company called Foregen? Here are some excerpts from an article posted onto the corporate website at <http://www.foregen.org/> :

How One Company Aims to Help Circumcised Men Grow Their Foreskin Back

Written by Arikia Millikan, February 17, 2015

In the United States ... a growing number of men known as "intactivists" are expressing outrage about being circumcised—which they call an "unnecessary amputation"—before they were old enough to understand the implications of the procedure and consider providing consent.

...Now, a company called Foregen purports to soon be able to help these men answer that question by using regenerative medicine to regrow their foreskins—much like a salamander can regrow a severed appendage.

"The premise behind Foregen is that if we are regenerating entire body parts from more complex body parts, why not apply this to the only body part that hundreds of millions of boys are missing," says Foregen spokesperson Eric Clopper.

Thus far the most hilarious story from the company's website concerns the so-called "USD1,000 hyper-realistic sculpture of a human foreskin," which has already attracted purchasers:

The artwork - called HUFO (Human Foreskin) has been created by Vincenzo Aiello, who believes that circumcision is an unnecessary mutilation that diminishes sexual pleasure later in life.

...HUFO is being sold through crowdfunding platform Kickstarter to raise money for Foregen research. And so far, 11 people have forked out for the silicone sculpture.

...The foreskin sculptures themselves have been designed after extensive research by Aiello.

He scoured text books, urology videos and anatomical drawings, and he was shocked by the amount of tissue that is affected by circumcision. "I never considered the fact that it's a bi-layer piece of skin," he said.

Aiello made a clay penis and started to cover it with early prototypes of HUF0.

Once the shape was finalised, he created a relief sculpture - a mould that could be filled with silicone and resin.

"Then I started to work with silicone and resin and painted the blood vessels nerve endings, frenulum... all the different details."

The money raised through the project will go towards an experiment to build a biological scaffold onto which stem cells can be transplanted in order to build a new foreskin.

Oh wow! That is beautiful. The victims cough up a grand each and what do they get? An artefact that is a constant reminder to them, in accurate and meticulous detail, of exactly what has been cut off the end of their cocks, and of precisely what it is that they are missing—something to goad them into continual anger, resentment, frustration and self-pity. And will any of these suckers ever be able to "regrow their foreskins"? Dream on, you misguided fools! What planet are you on, you stupid men? You are clutching at straws. Your cocks are chopped and chopped they will stay. Your misguided hopes and your false dreams will drive you to disappointment, fury and despair while those of us who find your gullibility sexy and amusing will mock, jeer and laugh at you.

Incidentally, these days, if you would like to see exactly what, and how much, skin has been lopped, hacked and chopped off the cocks of American males it is easy to do so. As well as numerous websites with illustrations of cut dick, there are some very sexy and amusing discussion groups. My two favourites are "Cock Shots" and "Cut Cocks." "Cock Shots" is useful

for comparative purposes, since it features men (for example, from England, France, Germany and Scandinavia) with intact tackle as well as guys (mainly from the US) who have taken the knife. From Europe, there are bulky foreskins, purple helmets and intact frenulums aplenty. This is both irritating and instructive. It is irritating because I would just love to take a good, sharp, carbon steel surgical scapular to those complete, entire European males and rob them of a small but significant piece of themselves. But hey! On the other hand it does clearly show just how viciously many circumcised cocks in the USA have been pruned.

The 'Cut Cocks' group is unbelievable. Many of the guys have been chopped back so hard that when they are erect it has just got to hurt. The skin is pulled so tightly up their stiffened shafts that there is no leeway at all for movement up or down, and frequently skin from the scrotum is tugged more than half way up towards the glans. There is one stunning movie clip called "Tight Cut Hand Job" in which a woman tugs a young man's cock up and down before she eventually brings him to orgasm. Well, she is very brisk and firm with him, and she shows him no mercy as she yanks and pulls at his excited member. But the surgeon has been so very, very strict with him, and has chopped his cock with such deft, expert, wicked spite that the lady's best and most enthusiastic efforts are in vain. The skin up the young man's shaft is pulled so tight by his erection that it gleams and glistens; and all of the young lady's violent ministrations barely move it more than a centimetre or two. Meanwhile, the lady's violent assault must be leaving the recipient with a very raw, sore and tender dick!

Then, posted to the "Cut Cocks" group, there are the dicks with missing and denuded frenulums. Many of the guys are photographed facing the camera, with their cocks erect and their tightened frenulums (or, more usually, their tightened skin where their frenulums should be), displayed clearly and visibly to the amused and excited observer. Whenever I get an email attachment with a frenulum free cock exhibited unambiguously and unequivocally I always copy it to file. Over the past few years I have amassed several thousand, such JPEGs. And oh wow! The way those cocks have been butchered is wicked! As well as the ugly, jagged scars, the thick brown rings from the Gomco clamps, the skin flaps, the stitch tunnels and the vicious chopping away, not only of the foreskin, but also of the shaft skin lying between it and the base of the scrotum, there is, worst of all for the victim, the hacking off of the frenulum. In many cases, where there should be a generous triangle of stringy, twangy membrane, all you can see is a completely smooth, bare skin patch of skin between the underneath of the cockhead and the circumcision scar. In addition, sometimes there is a wicked little pit or hollow in the cleft underneath the glans; in these cases the tip of the frenulum that should be attached to the cockhead has been rudely and crudely hacked out and excavated.

At present, for example, as I write this, I am toggling onto and off the screen a couple of JPEGs. One of them is of a big hulking stud with "Tracy" tattooed in very large letters across his lower tummy, and with his big, fat cock flopped across his tattoo and displaying its underside. Oh wow! That is gorgeous. The cut taken by the cock was inflicted freehand style. There is no sign of a "brown ring of justice" stamped onto it by a Gomco

clamp. It is, indeed, difficult to discern the scar at all, but if you look closely you can just about make it out. The cut is low and tight, and, on the underside, it slopes towards the cock head in a wicked V shape. The result is that most of the frenulum has been hacked away and replaced by less sensitive outer skin from lower down the cock shaft. Then, as if to mock the victim even more cruelly for the barbaric outrage inflicted upon him, there is a tiny, thin cord of skin, all that is left of the tip of the frenulum. This is not much thicker than sewing thread and it stretches a very short distance from just left of the dimpled ridge underneath the cock head to the point of the V-shaped scar. Oh wow! Ouch!!! Has that guy's big, fat, juicy sausage been well skinned! Such a handsome boy, too! I bet that all of the girls are after him. I bet that his Tracy is a right little stunner. I bet that when he gets her into bed with him he enjoys her. But hey! We do not want our stud to get *too* overexcited do we? And thanks to his humbling little snip there is, thank goodness, no danger whatsoever of that.

The other JPEG is of one of the handsomest men that I have ever seen, slim and dark with rugged good looks and come-to-bed eyes. This man looks far too classy to be featured on a porn shoot; but no, there he is, gazing wistfully out at us ladies, his face melting our hearts, and his long, stiff tool moistening our pussies. But hey! Take a look at that tool! I have never seen anyone cut lower and tighter. Virtually the whole of the inner foreskin, and every last vestige of the frenulum, has been hacked away so that the insensitive outer shaft skin stretches right up to the glans. There is only the thinnest strip of pink inner foreskin between the outer shaft skin and the thick, desensitised, keratinised skin

of the cockhead. Wow! Take that big boy! Serves you right for driving us ladies to lusting distraction and for provoking within us shameful, guilty fantasies and indecent, sinful thoughts!

So oh, wow, ladies! If you want a good laugh and a sexy turn-on here is what to do. Create a folder on your computer and save to it as many JPEGs as you can find that feature stiff, circumcised, frenulum-free cocks. Then run a slide show of these cocks. Note how smooth and tight they all are on their undersides just below the glans or cock head. Yes, go on! Gasp, wince and giggle at the deft, stunning butchery that has been inflicted on those cocks, and think how many millions of other US males have suffered the same mutilation. Wow! Chop! Chop! Chop! Got y'all! Soon your clitorises will stiffen and you will be all hard and horny. Then, when you have run through the slideshow a few times, pause it and contemplate each mutilated member at your leisure and in detail. Take your time and study every image thoroughly. In a very short time your clitorises will be as stiff as nails, your vulvas as moist and sticky as honey pots, and you will be tickling and rubbing your love tunnels to violent, explosive orgasm.

But it is not only the images of butchered cocks that are of interest. There are also the reports of how the victims of circumcision feel about the butchery inflicted upon them. The best way to study this is to read their Internet blogs. Oh yes! Circumcision certainly gives those who have taken it something to think about, something to analyse, and something to ponder on for the rest of their lives. Some men are distressed to the point of obsession and paranoia by what has been inflicted upon them. The snip dominates their entire

lives and they can think of little else. They pour out venomous hatred against the surgeons who cut them. And they lament the loss of their foreskins with loud howls of outrage and self-pity. They analyse their mutilation with great care and precision, illustrating their analysis with photographs of their butchered cocks. They describe the effects of the butchery on their love lies. They describe in graphic detail the tight tugging pain when their cocks are erect, and the soreness of their denuded cock skin.

An example of this was published in the UK's *Guardian* newspaper on 13 August 2019. It featured English comedian Tom Rosenthal and *Manhood*, the show he presented at the 2019 Edinburgh Festival Fringe. This was all about Tom's circumcision and the "sexual anxiety" it causes him. Circumcision, he claims, is the defining horror of his life: "My parents were put in charge of my welfare and they did something to me that can never be remedied. ..Whenever you have sex, it's on your mind ...I just don't think it's very funny." So every time Tom copulates he is conscious of the tight tugging sensation up his cock shaft, and every time he ejaculates he ponders on his numbed cock, his missing cock skin, and his keratinized cock head. Well sorry, Tom. You may not think your cock chop is sexy and funny, but I do. But at the same time, I am sorry for your distress. Come on, young man! It's not that bad! Accept the chop that your cock has taken and get on with your life. You can still enjoy sex—up to a point.

In contrast to the whingers there is one blogger whose contributions to the debate I also find very interesting. As can be seen from the photographs that he has

posted, he has been very messily circumcised. However, the surgeon has left him a small patch of frenulum. Sometimes therefore, he expresses his grateful thanks for the remission that has been granted to him, whereas at other times he attacks his persecutor fiercely for robbing him of his birth right.

Other victims lament the loss of their own foreskins; but they laugh and rejoice that other victims have been chopped more severely than them. This demonstrates yet again that circumcision is like spanking and parking fines; it is outrageous, it is not funny at all, when you are the victim; but it is all very amusing when someone else is on the receiving end.

On the "Cut Cocks" website there are published a number of polls. One of these invites group members to answer the question "Do you have a frenulum?" Well, when I last looked there were a total of 88 votes cast. Of these 28 (32 percent) said "yes," 14 (16 percent) said "partial" and 46 (52 percent) said "no." Wow! A clear majority who, on their own admission, have been completely robbed of the male body's most sensitive, erogenous, erotic and pleasurable zone! As the Scottish comedian, Billy Connolly, might put it: "Outrageous! Disturbing! Tragic! But *very, very funny!*"

If, as I strongly suspect, most of the surgeons performed their mutilations knowingly and intentionally, with malice aforethought, they will have a lot to answer for on the day of judgement. They have spitefully and vindictively robbed their victims of an enormous, an incalculable, amount of sexual pleasure and, if there is any justice, they will be made to pay for it. (Whoops! On second thoughts I hope not! I myself

am one of the worst offenders!) The appalling thing is that the guys who have suffered this outrageous injustice are pouting and smiling into the cameras, seemingly without any inkling of the rape and pillage that have been inflicted upon their cocks, or of the enormous amount of sexual pleasure from which they have been so cruelly cut off.

Other sexy internet turn-ons are provided by the various pro-circumcision websites. Of course, you also get websites that are frenetically opposed to the practice, and these make all of the boring if perfectly true points about the calamitous effects that circumcision has on sexual performance and enjoyment. But, in addition, there is a small, vociferous minority who are in favour of the chop, and who post their eulogies to it, together with some very sexy photographs. Some of the posters claim to be ladies. There is, for example, a character called 'Wife with a Knife.' She says that she is a surgeon, that she prefers cut cocks, and that she has circumcised her husband very 'low and tight' and chopped off all of his frenulum. Her claim is supported by an illustrative photograph of a man's cock that has been mutilated in this precise fashion, with zero frenulum and no more than a few millimetres of inner foreskin between the scar around the shaft skin and the corona of the glans. Then a man purporting to be the victim of this butchery claims that it was inflicted as a punishment; his wife had caught him leering at scantily clad ladies on the beach and had slapped him down with a sexy and amusing punishment. Other, similar, internet characters include "Lady Chopemard, the Frenulum Remover," "Circe the Circumciser," and "Nikki the Knifegirl." I suspect that at least some of these posters are males engaged in

masochistic fantasies. Certainly, there are a number of men who claim that they have got themselves very tightly circumcised because it turns them on. I take some of these claims with a pinch of salt, but there is sometimes a supporting photograph that illustrates very clearly that someone, somewhere has definitely taken a very hard, very tight chop. Oh wow!

Masochistic men proffering their pricks from choice and telling the surgeon to cut off their frenulums and to chop their cocks hard and tight! I would just love to get a piece of that action! By the time I had finished with them they would need to be very, very masochistic not to rue and resent what I had done to them!

Mention of my husband a while ago, and of the "Wife with a Knife" in the previous paragraph, brings me to the next part of my tale. At the time when I circumcised Maggie's husband, I had a boy friend called John. I had known him a long time. Since I had been 15 he had idolised me and had been importuning me to go out with him. But I was a veritable bitch and I really made him sweat. It had taken many years before I had condescended to grant him any favours at all. It was a lot longer than that before I agreed to go out with him fairly regularly, and even then I stressed that it was only on a casual basis. As for getting me into bed with him, he was still a million miles away from that.

John had been asking me to marry him for ages, but I had always refused using the excuse that I wanted to put my career first. I liked having him around, and I suppose that I was taking for granted the fact that I could have him whenever I wanted him. If he had acted the bastard and played the field a bit I think that he could have made me very jealous, but he was too

besotted and too nice for that.

My attitude towards John, however, was changing now that I was coming up to my mid- to late twenties. No handsome, dashing prince had come to sweep me off my feet. Indeed, I did not even remotely fancy any other man, even though I often went out with them, to John's great distress. John was very kind, very nice, very considerate and very much in love with me. I also had to admit that he was very good company. Moreover, I wanted children, and the biological time scale was getting shorter. Yet I still had this caricature of John as being Mr. Nice, Mr. Safe and Mr. Boring. As I was to learn well later on, I was quite wrong. But that was how I felt at the time. Anyhow, that was the way things stood at the time when I circumcised Jim.

Jim's little operation, and Maggie's accounts of how she subsequently tormented and punished him, had sexually excited me more fiercely than anything else I had ever known. I became obsessed with circumcision to the extent, as I say, that I chose a surgical specialism that would enable me to pursue my interest for the rest of my professional life. From then on, the mere thought of circumcising a man has always sent a sharp sexual frisson down my spine. I suppose that, like Maggie, I am a bit kinky. I like the thought of dominating men and of putting my mark on them permanently, and I can think of no funnier or sexier place to mark them than all around their cocks. Oh yes, most men are so macho and so proud of their willies that a little snip in the appropriate place is the perfect comeuppance for their inflated sexual egos. But I digress. You know all this already because I told you earlier.

A month after I had circumcised Jim, John asked me to marry him again. He had done this dozens of times before. But this time he got a shock. I said yes. Well, not quite yes. What I actually said was yes but... The marriage would only take place, I added, if John was prepared to let me circumcise him, to my satisfaction, first. John, of course, had heard all about how I had circumcised Jim, and he knew how circumcision turned me on. Nevertheless, and to my surprise, he immediately agreed to my kinky, not to say preposterous, proposal, even though, unlike Maggie's Jim, he had done absolutely nothing to deserve such a painful, embarrassing and humiliating mutilation. As with Jim, John was booked to be chopped at 8 a.m. on a Saturday morning.

My build up to the operation was similar to Maggie's. The night before the operation I invited John round to my flat and cooked him a sumptuous candlelit meal with all the trimmings (including, later, I teased, a trimming for his cock!). Then we sat on the settee and, for the first time ever, I allowed John the privilege of a spot of heavy petting. I will not give a full account. Suffice to say that soon John was stripped to his shirt and underpants, and me to my bra and knickers and we were writhing around helplessly. Then we undressed each other completely and lay there naked with our two bodies ecstatically entwined together. John fingered me to two orgasms, working on my breasts, vulva and other erogenous zones with a skill that took me completely by surprise. In return I worked my fiancée to a total of four orgasms, using my hands, the insides of my thighs and, finally, my mouth and tongue. When he tried to shag me though I was very

strict with him. I told him that he would only enjoy *that* privilege after he had been cut. "Your foreskin" I confirmed, "will never enter my pussy. You will never enjoy me perfectly. You do not deserve that much pleasure!" Wow! What a bitch I was to him! John, however, was distinctly over-excited by what he *was* getting. He had waited for this for more than 12 years, and now that he was getting it he was so ecstatic and excited that I found it distinctly unnerving. As his orgasms approached I had him thrashing around in the wildest abandon with his arms and legs flying everywhere, his body writhing helplessly, and his mouth uttering involuntary grunts and helpless little screams.

"Oh, my God!" he screamed as I brought him off for the third time with some delicious little darting flicks from my moist tongue. "You're so skilful. You're so damned skilful."

"Of course I am" I replied pertly through my mouthful of glans, frenulum, shaft and foreskin. "I'm no naive virgin like some I could name. Practice makes perfect. Yours isn't the first cock I've had in my mouth, young man, and it won't be the first to get up my pussy. With me, youthful sir, you are acquiring a very experienced and accomplished lady."

Now in retrospect I realise that this was a cruel gibe, and well out of order. It was way out of line to tease John about his long maintained virginity, concerning which he was very sensitive and embarrassed. And it was unforgivable to boast in such a bold and triumphalist way about my past sexual exploits to a jealous and as yet unrequited lover. In the short term,

however, my mockery had the intended effect. It jolted John over the edge.

"Oh, you bitch!" he groaned in ecstasy. "You randy, horny, spiteful, venomous bitch! How dare you tease and torment me because I have been faithful while you have been opening your legs for the dick of any Tom or Harry who took your fancy. Oh, God. You deserve a bloody good thrashing for that, my girl, and no mistake. Oh! Oooh!! _Ooooooh_!!!"

I did not fancy swallowing on that occasion, and I just managed to get John's cock out of my mouth before he ejaculated. When he did, despite his previous two emissions, he scattered spunk high into the air--a tribute, as John has since admitted, to the effectiveness of my spiteful, kinky verbals.

Not that that was the end of said spiteful and kinky verbals since I then began to tease John about his forthcoming operation, whispering seductively into his ear.

"Look at this foreskin", I said, bursting into verse:

"It's lengthy and loose
Like a long necked goose.
It's baggy and saggy, limp and slack
But watch out boys I'll chop it back
Your penis I will rip and snip
I'll tear you off a big thick strip
Your prepuce I will make you doff
I'll bacon slice your foreskin off.
I'll cut your cock and trim it sprightly
I'll circumcise it very tightly

I'll trap it firm and when it's caught
I'll strip and skin it nice and taut."

I had composed these ditties in advance to turn me on and to wind John up, and they achieved both of these objectives beautifully.

Nor did John's torment end with his operation. He has continued to be the butt of my saucy wit and ribald mickey taking now that he has taken the chop. For example, I will quip and give him lip and jip that I was the girl to clip, nip, snip, rip and strip his tip, hassle his tassel, dock his cock, rob his knob and make it throb, snip his prick, trim his wick, nail his stale, flail his tail and make him wail and rail, nick his pullover and give him a chilly willie. I perform these verses in a rhythmic and declamatory style, after the fashion of Eminem and similar pop stars, and I give them the generic title of "The Cock Rap." Then I will start to tease my husband about his prick tip or glans. Before I cut the foreskin from off it a thin, delicate membrane of exquisitely sensitive, purple coloured skin covered it. Now, however, his bell end has calloused over and cornified into a thick, hardened, desensitised knob. During our lovemaking I will flick up and down across the tip of this knob with my fingers and knuckles.

"Wow!" I will say admiringly. "You've gone all thick and leathery down there, young man, like well-tanned pigskin or cowhide. Yes, my boy! I've given your cock head a good tanning and no mistake!"

To which John will reply (see below for reference):
"Yes, my girl, but my cock is not the only thing to be tanned!"

Then, sometimes, if I am lucky, I can goad John into genuine raw resentment. "My cock, he will say, "is red, hard and very, very angry at what you have done to him. He will make you and your womb pay for the crime, the sin of your right hand. How would you feel if someone had skinned you alive?"

John then goes on to fuck me, violently and very, very hard.

Now, dear reader, before I give an account of how I circumcised John, I think that I need to tell you about my two main styles of circumcision, the messy and the neat.

First, let me expound upon the messy style. This is my favourite method, and it is the one that, as I have told you elsewhere, I inflicted upon the husband of my best friend to pay him back for committing adultery against her. Messy circumcisions are performed briskly, smartly, carelessly, insouciantly, and at speed. Cosmetic considerations are of the utmost unimportance and indifference to the surgeon, whose sole concern is that the absolute minimum amount of valuable and expensive time should be wasted upon a procedure that is minor, trivial and routine. The surgeon aims for a comprehensive chop, but, acting in haste, may cut off either slightly less, or considerably more, skin than usual. When the chopping is over, the stitching up of the wound is also performed with the utmost pace, carelessness and gay abandon. The result is a battered, beat up cock sporting an ugly, livid scar and, most probably, a number of skin flaps and stitch tunnels to boot. When the wound is healed the result is

usually similar to the cock of an adult circumcised as a neonate. In the latter case, however, the same effect was obtained because of the difficulty of cutting a very small cock with any precision. Any small error made by a surgeon circumcising a baby, such, for example, as the creation of a small skin flap or stitch tunnel, is magnified as the cock grows bigger. Also, many people who circumcise babies are amateurs rather than trained consultants, and they are often not very precise in the first place. This, perhaps, is why they refer to the circumcision of a Jewish baby at 8 days old as a "brisk." The mohel "briskly" chops off the offending foreskin!

Of course, the ultimate extension of this line of thinking is for the surgeon to delegate all neonatal cock cutting to a nurse. I have seen this advocated by at least one writer. The argument, as stated above, is that circumcision is a trite and trivial operation, and that surgeons have much more important things to do than to perform it. It is something that a nurse can easily be trained up to do, and that should therefore be 'deskilled.'

Actually, I quite like the idea. "Circumcise those six baby boys, will you nurse. I am going now."

Circumcision is a mutilation that many victims curse, fret and fume about. What a wind up for them to discover that the surgeon was so heedless and insensitive to their fate that she delegated the work to a minion and went home early.

And yet, I do not think that I could ever agree to let someone else perform one of my circumcisions, even of a neonate, for me. I like to make sure, each and every

time, that I perform a thorough job, and, who knows, perhaps the nurse might just be a little bit too cautious and conservative in her chopping!

The alternative to the messy circumcision is the neat one. This is the method that I usually employ, since most of my victims are adults who would notice and resent a messy cut. This is a pity, since I prefer the messy method. But, on the other hand, there is something kinky about performing such a barbarous operation with finesse and precision. I remember a news story, from Saudi Arabia I think. It claimed that the authorities were still amputating hands as a punishment for robbery but that, instead of just cutting them off, they were removing them neatly in hospital, with anaesthetics and qualified surgeons. Now that really *is* sick! But when I do exactly the same thing with foreskins I think that it is a kinky hoot.

Then, if I stitch up the underside of the cock neatly the victim assumes that the removal of the frenulum is normal practice (or, at least, all of my victims have so far, touch wood). In short, it is easier to get away with a tight cut if it is also a neat one.

But I digress. I seem to remember that I left John and me engaged in a spot of heavy petting. Well, in order to have John's cock to hand for a prompt 8 a.m. chop, I let him sleep with me that night. Wow! Did he try to cash in and take liberties! However, I let him go so far but no further. As soon as his stiffened cock got anywhere near my pussy I warned him off, and I told him that, unless he was very careful, he would pay for his indiscretions in the morning.

That morning I lay awake from about 6 a.m. with John asleep in my arms, and I had a good long think about what I was about to do. I seriously considered letting the victim off the hook and cancelling the operation. I certainly did not want to give him an uncomfortably tight, messy cut. After all, his cock would soon belong to me and I did not want to make it unusable or ugly. Then I remembered what Maggie had done to Jim. She had asked me to preserve his foreskin in a jar of formaldehyde; it was now on the dresser by her bedside, and she constantly used it to tease and torment her husband. Well, there was enough of the dominatrix in me to want to exercise that sort of authority over John. I was sexually stimulated by the kinkiness of circumcision and I knew that, whatever its physiological consequences, it would, from a psychological point of view, spice up our sex life. So I decided to go for it.

At 7 a.m. I woke John up, and told him to take a shower. When he returned, he got into bed with me, and I affectionately snuggled up to him until it was 8 o'clock. By now I was filled with misgivings, and I was having second thoughts

. "Come on, love." I whispered affectionately. "Strip off and lie across the bed. Let's get this over with."

Then, screwing my courage to the sticking point, I did it. For the first (and, I am firmly resolved, the last) time in my life I did not go for a tight, savage cut. I trimmed John by the book and followed the instructions in the surgeon's manual to the letter, so that the victim emerged with his frenulum more or less intact, and a small cuff of skin that, I surmised, should be just

enough to pull over his engorged corona when his cock was stiff and excited. I also carved that cock as if it were a gift fit for the gods; my surgery was painstaking, neat and precise.

I could not, however, resist a few kinky verbals during and after the surgery, especially when I clamped the stretched out foreskin between two glass plates and plopped it into the large jar of formaldehyde.

I was really quite moved at the way that John submitted to his circumcision. He did not like being cut, and he did not like being wound up and teased about it by me. But he took it like a man, freely, cheerfully and with no second thoughts or regrets. He referred to it as "paying the bride price," adding gallantly that the bride was very lovely, and worth every square millimetre of foreskin. Even in the few days after his operation, when he was exquisitely raw, sore and tender, he took the pain and the humiliation bravely, stoically, and without rancour, waiting patiently for me to pronounce his wound well healed, and to tell him that he could claim his prize.

Now, a brief digression, dear reader. By now, especially if you are male, my narrative may well appal you. Who do I think I am, you may be asking, to go around insouciantly mutilating and disfiguring my innocent and unsuspecting victims? I bet you are itching for me to get my comeuppance, are you not? Well, as you will now find out, I *did* get what was coming to me, and I got it in spades.

Several years earlier I had been holidaying with John and some other friends in France. One day, John and I

were shopping in a supermarket when, in the section devoted to pets, he noticed that there were some martinetts for sale. I had never seen a martinet before, and I asked John to explain about it. The martinet, John replied, is a small whip, popular in France. It has a round wooden handle about 10.5 inches long. Securely nailed around the end of this handle are 12 leather thongs, each roughly 13 inches long, half a centimetre broad and half a centimetre thick. He added that the martinet had been invented in the eighteenth century by a French general of that name who was employed at the French army's top officer training camp at St. Cyr, the French equivalent of Sandhurst (UK) and West Point (USA). According to John, General Martinet spent his entire life developing an implement that was suitable for the corporal punishment of young trainee officers. It was applied, said John, across their bare buttocks. "Wow, oh wow!" he mused wistfully. "A pound to a pinch of shit that the old chap was a homosexual. I bet he just loved to get nice young men into his office. 'Take down your trousers and bend over the desk, you naughty boy.' Then crack, crack, crack! The dirty old pervert! I bet he really enjoyed himself!"

Next, John carefully selected one of these martinetts, inspected it, and counted the twelve thongs.

"What on earth would it be used for these days?" I asked.

"They have put it in the pet section as though it is for whipping recalcitrant dogs and similar" answered John. "But I don't believe for one moment that that is the main use." And he paused.

"Go on then!" I urged.

"Well", said John, "I think that today most of these are used by Frenchmen to smack their wives' bottoms."

My first response to this answer was to giggle saucily. But then I began to inspect the martinet more closely. It was, I concluded, an inhumane and vicious little whip, and far too cruel to use on animals, let alone on ladies. I imagined it whistling through the air and landing across those ladies' bare bottoms. I could almost hear the loud swish as the thongs cut through the atmosphere. Then there would be the sharp crack, as so graphically described by John, when the whip hit home. I imagined the lashing thongs cutting into unprotected skin and raising livid red stripes and angry weals on the bare flesh. Soon my initial amusement had turned into disbelief, horror and outrage.

John then went on to hypothesise about why French husbands should impose such strict discipline on their wives. He explained that French ladies were very beautiful and very sexy. They could also be very randy, he added. Wifely adultery and infidelity were a constant threat for many Frenchmen and, when they *were* cuckolded, they feared the public ridicule almost as much as the loss of their wife's affections. They thus needed something to keep these lively and vivacious ladies in line, and for this purpose the martinet was the preferred implement. The hope, frequently frustrated, was that married ladies would be in sufficient awe of its lashing thongs across their bare bottoms that they would not run amok and bed too many lovers.

This was the first indication that I had ever had that

John was turned on by spanking and flagellation. He was clearly indulging in a sexual fantasy, and at first I took his interpretation with a pinch of salt. However, having observed many of these French ladies on the beach sporting the most daring and provocative swimwear I was at length forced to concur that his analysis sounded reasonable. Any gentleman lucky enough to marry one of those beauties, I affirmed jocularly, had come into the possession of a very valuable and desirable piece of real estate, and it was understandable that he should wish to defend his property rights over it and to discourage unauthorised trespassers. However, I protested vehemently that in this day and age it was well out of order for a man to whip his wife's bare bottom with such a cruel and barbaric implement. John, however, was clearly turned on by the thought. He grinned lasciviously and quietly dropped the martinet he had been inspecting into our shopping trolley.

"You never know", he concluded slyly. "Someday I may marry a French lady, and, if I ever do, I may need it."

Anyway, let me return to my main narrative. It took John's cock more than eight weeks before it had healed up and was fucking good again. Then, one day when I inspected it, it seemed to be fully mended.

"OK," I said, "I'll be at your place at 8 a.m. sharp on Saturday morning for a final official inspection, and, with luck, a complete health clearance."

When I arrived I let myself in. (John had given me a key to his house shortly after I had agreed to marry

him. He had tried unsuccessfully to do this before, but this time I accepted it.)

I discovered my fiancé asleep and in bed. I woke him gently and when he was fully *compos mentis* I asked him to strip off and present himself for inspection.

"Yes," I said. "This cock is now fully healed and I pronounce it ready for use." Then I paused. "There is one thing, though." And something in the tone of my voice made John (as I had intended) uneasy.

"What's up," he asked in a concerned voice.

"Well," I said pertly. "Now that I have seen your circumcised cock I don't think that I like it." I paused. "No," I said insouciantly, "I'm afraid that the wedding is off."

There was then a pregnant pause while this sunk in.

Then came John's first reaction. To my deep mortification and chagrin, he began to sob helplessly, like a small child that had fallen over and hurt itself.

"You mean," he wept fiercely, "That it was all a joke? A jape? To circumcise me and then to just walk away after you had had the kinky pleasure of cutting me? And now you will laugh at me and mock me about it for the duration? Oh, Jill, you know how much I love you. That is cruel, that is so cruel."

If John had been looking at me he might have grasped the truth and not gone off at half cock; but instead he completely bought the line that I was selling him. He

collapsed, face down, onto the bed and blubbered helplessly in resentment and frustration.

Well, that did it. I am a kinky bitch I admit, and I fancied a bit of the dominatrix in our relationship; but I am not that kinky, and my lover's outburst moved me deeply. I grabbed him by the shoulders and hauled him up into a sitting position. Then I threw my arms around him and comforted him.

"It's all right, love. It's all right. Come on. Don't cry. Do you know what day it is?"

"No." sobbed John helplessly.

"It's the 1st of the 4th," I said. "Gotcha! You, young man, are an *April fool!*"

But there was no triumph in my voice. Just a tone that indicated that I wanted to make everything all right again, and that I deeply regretted my misplaced joke.

Soon, however, I was to regret it a lot more than that. In all the years that I had known John up to that moment I had never, ever, seen him lose his temper. He did now, though, and big time. The revelation of my merry little jape nonplussed him, but only for about two seconds. Then he gave an enormous howl of relief, frustration, and, most of all, blind rage. He stretched and reached down onto the floor between the bed and the wall and picked something up from underneath the table where he kept his Teasmade. Then he sat on the side of the bed, grabbed me by the arm, and tossed me across his knee. As for me, at first I was shocked but pleased. I had been trying to goad John into anger for years, and it looked like at last I had succeeded.

“You scheming temptress,” he yelled. “For years you have been acting the bitch and keeping me at arms’ length. You have been shagging around with other men, and treating me with contempt. And I have been stupid enough to play your little power games. But no more, this is the end of it. Now it’s payback time. As far as I am concerned, you can fuck off. You can stuff your fucking wedding up your arsehole.”

Then up came my skirt, down came my knickers, and before I had time to work it all out, there was a swish, followed by a loud, sharp crack.

Then I felt it, a sharp and excruciating sting right slap across the middle of my two bared buttocks. It was as if a solid phalanx of bees had hit them and were now all stinging the naked flesh in unison. Then, after a few seconds a fierce tingling and throbbing supplemented the initial sharp stinging.

‘Oh, no!’ I thought to myself. ‘That was the martinet that John picked up from the floor; and I bet that by the time he has finished I will be all too well acquainted with it.’

Then, a few seconds later, there came a second loud swish and crack.

“Aaaagh!” I yelled helplessly.

This second fierce lash was laid directly onto the same part of my bum that had taken the first one, and it hurt like hell. I screamed and howled plenty, but I was of slight build, a mere 5’ 3” tall, and I was no physical

match for John. He held me firmly over his knee as he counted out the lashes.

“Two,” he declared after the second swipe had hit home.

And so it went on. John gave me twenty lashes, each just as fierce as the one before it, with a pause between each one to give me plenty of time to feel it. After the first dozen he had broken me; I was sobbing helplessly and screaming for forgiveness, pity, and mercy. But I did not get it. Instead, John continued his merciless trip hammering with the 12-thonged martinet. Then John lifted me roughly and threw me the other way over his knees. Then he took a brief time out to explain his game plan.

Now I am not myself Jewish, but my mother’s father was, and John now used this fact to determine my punishment. In honour of my granddad, he told me, he was giving me a flogging that accorded with Hebraic Old Testament Law and with the Pentateuch, namely 39 lashes. Then he passed the whip into his left hand and gave me lash number 21.

Now, dear reader, for every single one of those first 20 lashes, the martinet had fairly whistled through the air, and had struck home with a series of sharp, high-pitched cracks. The sting was terrific, especially from the fast flying ends of the thongs. My right buttock had taken these stinging ends of the thongs for those first 20 lashes, and it hurt like hell. Then, when John turned me around, for the next 19 swats my left buttock caught the brunt of the stinging. Worse still, although these latter hits were inflicted with the left hand, John

seemed to be ambidextrous, and his left arm came down with just as much punitive force as his right one.

By now, I was completely out of control. My arms and legs were flailing about helplessly, and I was howling and sobbing plenty.

"Please, please, no more!" I shrieked helplessly. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I won't do that again, I promise. Please, please stop!"

But, for the last dozen lashes or so, I was overtaken by another wave of emotion. To my distinct surprise, my crotch began to throb and my pussy started to tingle. I felt the heat between my legs as my bottom started to ride up and down in unison with the slashes, rising in eager anticipation of the cruel but arousing kiss of the whip. For the last 6 cuts I was no longer begging for mercy; I was groaning ecstatically. By now my pussy was dripping wet and the sticky liquid was dribbling down onto John's naked thighs. Meanwhile, as lust started to take over from pain I became aware of John's hard, erect manhood pressing into my crotch.

The final slap, number 39, was a beauty. It cracked onto skin that by then was red, raw and broken, with tiny drops of blood oozing from the lacerations.

"Aaaagh!" I yelled, far louder than any of my previous cries, and in that yell was unbearable pain and exquisite pleasure mixed together into a heady concoction that left me hovering right on the brink of orgasm.

Then it was over and John threw me roughly onto the

bed.

By now I was completely out of control. I pulled off my shoes and ripped my clothes from my body so that I was completely naked. Then I jumped onto John, hugging and kissing him passionately. Then I grabbed his stiff, circumcised cock and rammed it unceremoniously into my dripping wet pussy slot.

Immediately, both John and I erupted into a violent and explosive mutual orgasm. Then John, still very excited, just kept on pumping. Within the next 15 minutes John had climaxed again, and I had come another 3 times.

Later that morning, John and I were relaxing together in his bed. He had turned on the Teasmade and brewed some oolong tea. I left off sipping it, however, to go over to the wardrobe mirror to inspect my bottom. It was covered in ugly weals, bruises and lacerations that would probably take at least 2 or 3 weeks to go away.

"Oh, wow, love!" exclaimed John sympathetically, as I ruefully examined the damage, "What have I done to you?"

"Well you've well striped my arse for me," I said admiringly. "But not to worry. You were right. I've been a kinky bitch to you for years. I was well out of order to sleep around and to torment you with my lovers. And I was well wrong to insist on circumcising you. You had done nothing to deserve it. And the April fool joke, what was *that* about? Definitely out of order! Well, now I've got my comeuppance. You have taught me a painful lesson. You are a man, not a mouse, and now

that I belong to you I had better treat you better.”

As I made this profession, it suddenly hit me, the blindingly obvious truth that I should have known all along. For years I had been deliberately treating John as if he were dog shit in an attempt (until now vain) to goad him into a reaction. Well, I had had to sink pretty low to get it, but now his reaction had come. John had balls after all, even if, as of now, he had no foreskin.

Oh, yes! I would continue to tease John about his circumcision, and I would try it on to boss him around and keep him under my thumb. But in future I had better beware. There were limits that I would cross at my peril. Yes, I thought, now that we had got that out of the way, my marriage to John might turn out to be very interesting!

This, however, was all for the future. At that moment I had far more pressing and urgent problems to attend to. I slept on my tummy that night, wincing and cursing, with my bottom bare to the air. Meanwhile, John, now once more the considerate lover, sympathetically rubbed plenty of soothing camomile lotion into my cuts and lacerations. Four times that night, however, I had something else rubbed into me. John's circumcised cock took me twice from behind, and twice from the front. Concerning these last two bonks there was good news and bad news. The good news was that John took me in the missionary position, lady on top variation to ease the pain in my rump. The bad news is that, as I approached orgasm he started to give me sharp, wicked little flicks from the martinet, synchronised with the thrusts of his pelvis and cock shaft. OK. So it brought me off. But on flesh already

freshly whipped the thongs of that martinet stung like hell, and my bottom felt like it was on fire.

That summer John and I were married, and I thus became Mrs. Jillian Philpott. Since then, John and I have had 4 children, 2 girls and 2 (uncircumcised) boys, and we are hoping for more.

I still keep John's severed foreskin in a jar on my side of the bed, and I constantly tease him about it. Usually he takes it in good part; he realises that circumcision is my kink, and he still loves me.

If I go too far, however, I am likely to end up across his knee, although now the preferred implements of chastisement are the flat of his hand and/or a thin, floppy rubber spatula purchased from an Internet sex shop. (Ouch, that spatula stings like hell! But on the other hand, a few sharp slaps from it across the plump buttock meat adjacent to the cunt slot as I am approaching orgasm is guaranteed to push me over the edge!)

John has, of course, carefully retained his martinet, but he tells me that I will only ever get it again if I am *very* naughty. Oh well! Some day, when I can work up the bottle for it, I must contrive to be a really bad girl again!

As for my attitude to circumcision, it is still the same. I still circumcise every man I can as tightly as I can, despite John's protestations that I am a cruel, kinky bitch, and despite the swats from the spatula that I get if I am too boastful. I am sorry, I tell him, but I cannot help myself.

For me, circumcision is a delightful sport, and it has all sorts of interesting little aspects to explore. I do not think I will ever exhaust its never-ending charm. Let me give you a couple of examples of what I mean.

John, as I say, has more or less accepted his cut state. Indeed, he even makes rueful jokes about it. And, I can affirm, it has *not* affected his ability to do the necessary to me in bed. Indeed, my husband has made up a number of little verses about this. Here is one of them entitled 'John's Circumcised Cock,' with which he sometimes regales me in moments of intimacy:

Gnarled and pitted, chopped and scarred,
But up your cunt and fuck you hard.

Now, dear reader, as I have explained above, one of the effects of circumcision-- infuriating to those who have taken it and sexy and amusing to those who have not-- is that it pulls and stretches the skin taut along the length of the erect penis. It thereby, to paraphrase the poet T.S. Eliot *apropos* of something else, "tightens its lusts and luxuries." Stemming from this, one of my favourite tricks is to strip John naked and to get him to stand with his legs slightly apart. I then kneel down in front of him. With my right hand I grasp his cock. I place my thumb underneath the shaft, just below the point where the circumcision scar cuts across it. My forefinger and my middle finger I place on the upper side of the shaft, again just below the scar. Then I tickle and scratch John's balls with the fingers and, in particular, with the fingernails, of my left hand, while tugging at his cock with my right. Soon John's cock is rock hard and ready for the punch line.

For this, I stop tickling John's scrotum. I remove my left hand and let his bollocks hang free. Then, firmly and rhythmically, I start to tug John's shaft skin forward, up and down the shaft, wanking him off. As I am kneeling with my eyes a couple of inches from his crotch I get an excellent view of what is happening.

Two things I find particularly sexy. Firstly, no matter how hard I tug John's shaft skin up and down his cock (and I am pretty firm with him!), it never comes anywhere near to covering his cock head. The glans, now that the foreskin has been snipped off it, remains exposed throughout. It has no hiding place to conceal its embarrassing nakedness.

Secondly, as I yank John's shaft skin forward, it pulls after it the skin of the scrotum from the point where this is joined to the base of the cock. The result is that my saucy tugs cause my lover's balls to dance a merry and vigorous jig. Yes, if I do it right I can really make his bollocks fly!

John finds being circumcised very embarrassing. I found this out when, just after we got married, we went on holiday to the south Atlantic coast of France.

On that coast there are a lot of nude beaches, usually just beyond the family beaches away from the access roads. Knowing that John is a great admirer of feminine nubility I suggested to him that we might pay one of these beaches a visit. To my surprise, however, he did not seem too keen on the idea.

"Come on," I said encouragingly. "You have taken your circumcision; you have paid the sex tax. I won't mind if

you lust after a few naked young ladies. I'll just give willie a few rough disciplinary tweaks around his circumcision scar when I get him into bed tonight."

Well, after a little cajoling of this sort I could see that John was stimulated by my plan. He eventually agreed to go along with it, but I could see that he still had misgivings.

When we arrived at the beach it was full of beautiful young people, and a few older punters. For some reason a lot more young ladies than young men were besporting themselves, and every single one of them was butt naked. There were, among others, petite, dark French girls, well-built English belles and, John's favourites, tall, strapping, buxom blonde beauties from Germany and Scandinavia.

There was a group of three particularly fetching German Rhine maidens just in front of us, all standing up with their pneumatic boobs, big bums, long, meaty thighs and blonde haired pussies perfectly positioned for close and meticulous scrutiny. I could see that John was stunned.

"Careful, big boy" I warned saucily. "Three pussies admired already. That's three snakebite twists around his scar that stiff Willie has earned for himself so far. Just you wait until to-night!"

John grinned lasciviously. "Wow! Oh wow!" he said lecherously. "I'll take them right on the scar tissue, and as hard as you like. Those lovelies are well worth it!"

John was rather less enthusiastic, however, when I

removed my bikini top, pertly pulled off my pants and exposed my naked charms to the admiring gaze of other males.

"Well! Come on then!" I cajoled, pointing at John's swimming trunks. "Get 'em off!"

At this point my spouse began to look uncomfortable, but eventually he removed his swimming trunks and stood there naked.

Now that was when it got interesting. Circumcision, I have now learnt, is quite rare in Germany and Scandinavia, and John was the only circumcised man on the beach. I watched the reactions, and I could tell that his cut cock was exciting considerable interest, discreet but definite.

The Rhine maidens grinned, giggled and whispered things to each other. I caught some comment that I was just about able to translate with the help of my GCSE German. It was to the effect that the man in front of them must be an American.

Meanwhile, similar interest was generated in a young French couple lying in front of us as they looked back up the beach.

The problem was that all this did not go on for long, because although John was embarrassed he was also turned on. His circumcised cock began to grow to tumescence and he was forced to lie on his front to hide its embarrassing state from its interested spectators.

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EPILOGUE

In conclusion, dear reader, pray allow me to return to the topic of my best friend, Maggie Phillips. Where, you might ask, did her brilliant and appropriate idea to have her husband circumcised for his adultery come from? Well, I can tell you the answer to that one. Maggie has a brother, Billie, who is 5 years older than her. Just before his seventeenth birthday Billie suffered a bad attack of phimosis. As a result he was the unwilling victim of a circumcision; and ever since he has protested loudly and vigorously about his mutilation.

One must presume that, before he was rudely cut short, Billie, like almost all male teenagers, had been enjoying a series of illicit but deliciously pleasurable sexual encounters with Mrs. Hand and her five beautiful daughters. How he must have enjoyed pulling his long, sensitive inner foreskin up and over his deliciously sensitive, tender and delicate purple cock head!

But alas! After the short, sharp, sudden shock of an embarrassing and painful operation, Billie's foreskin was no longer there and his cock head soon calloused over into a thick, rubbery bell-end. Unlike men who have been circumcised neonatally, Billie knew just exactly what it was that he was missing. He did not like it one little bit, and, to Maggie's considerable amusement, he howled plenty!

Is it any wonder, therefore, that, having seen its effect upon her outraged brother, a shrewd, saucy and

intelligent girl like Maggie should decide to enforce circumcision upon her adulterous spouse? Wow! What a comeuppance! Wallop! Bull's eye!

But that is not the end of the anecdote. When he was 25 Billie got involved with a girl who was ten years younger than him. Even worse, he got her pregnant. Well, from Billie's point of view, all turned out well. He married his young lover, Jasmine, soon after her sixteenth birthday. Then, a few months later, Jasmine had her first child. In the next few years Jasmine bore Billie a total of four children, three girls and a boy. Jasmine and the children were well looked after. By the time he was into his mid-twenties Billie had finished at university and had a good and well-paid job.

But Jasmine paid a price for her security and her material comforts. She is a beautiful and intelligent girl of South Asian ethnic origin. She was enrolled at the same top girls grammar school that Maggie and I went to, and she was hoping to go on to medical school. However, the antics of Billie's overactive cock rudely cut short Jasmine's education and her medical career, and for this I hated him and it. In my view, Billie should have been prosecuted for seducing an underage girl who was a decade his junior.

The worst of that little incident is now over. On the positive side Billie and Jasmine are still, 8 years after their initial bonk, besotted with each other. Britain needs doctors, and these days the medical schools encourage mature applicants. I am hoping that Jasmine will allow me to guide and advise her, and that she will one day resume her studies. With two supportive grannies to help look after the kids, I am keeping my

fingers crossed that, by her mid-thirties, Jasmine will have made it into medicine.

That is not to say, however, that I personally had forgiven Billie for taking advantage of Jasmine while she was a beautiful, naïve, and under-aged virgin. Billie's cock had already been circumcised once, but I could think of a few more things that I would have liked to have done to it to pay it back for its selfishness, and its irresponsible indulgence in illicit, sybaritic pleasures.

'Give me my trusty knife,' I would fantasize to myself, 'And bring me Billie's cock; I will give it something that it will wish that it had not taken!' And then, amazingly, I got my chance to do just that. Let me explain to you how this came about.

Maggie, Jasmine, our three husbands and I maintain a close social life, and we frequently dine together. At a dinner party a short time ago the discussion got around to circumcision, of which all three of the men folk are now victims. As he has done before, Billie complained vigorously that his circumcision should never have been inflicted, and, even if it was, it should not have been so messy or so severe. Well, jokingly, I offered to inspect it for him and give him my professional opinion. At first, everyone, including me, thought that I was joking.

But then Jasmine piped up. "You know, Billie, that really is a good idea. Everything seems fine to me, but you have got a real hang-up about it. Why don't you let Jill put your mind at rest once and for all?"

Anyway, at that point we let the matter drop from our

conversation. A few days later, however, I got a phone call from Jasmine. Had I meant what I had said at the dinner party last Saturday night? The upshot was that a few days later Billie called around to my surgery for a willie assessment. I asked him to strip from the waist down, and to stand upon a table that presented his cock to me at eye level. Then I started to inspect it. I held the shaft between my thumb and forefinger, just below the annular scar. Then I inspected the scar. It was, indeed, a messy job. The circumcising surgeon had paid little heed or consideration to cosmetic questions.

“Hum,” I remarked. “The wound has healed up all ugly and pockmarked. And look. Here. There is a large stitch tunnel cutting under the scar on the underside of the shaft.”

Meanwhile, something was happening that fascinated me, but that also made me very angry. Billie’s cock started to go hard and engorged in my hand! I took this as a sign that he was inappropriately stimulated that a young lady 5 years his junior was embracing his manhood.

Soon the offending weapon was as stiff as a poker. I looked upwards, straight into Billie’s eyes, and, to be fair to him, he was not leering at me in a predatory fashion. No, he looked very, very ashamed and extremely embarrassed at what his willie was up to.

So, while pretending to get on with my impassive and impartial analysis of the weapon in question, I decided to do a little prick teasing, and to have a bit of fun with Billie. I gently tugged Billie’s shaft skin towards his

cockhead.

"Yes," I commented. "Your circumcision is rather slack. See. A little flap of foreskin has been left here, and if I tug hard I can just pull it over the rim of your glans."

As I did this, I watched Billie's face closely. He winced with pleasure and embarrassment, but I could detect no sign of inappropriate interest in me, or that he was regarding me as anything other than a professional surgeon.

Then I gently scratched underneath Billie's cock shaft, just above the stitch tunnel on his circumcision scar. In response, I felt Billie's cock stiffen still further, and I heard a helpless, ecstatic groan.

"What do you feel," I asked.

"Not as much as I used to," sighed my victim ruefully.

"Yes, I remarked. "There is no vestige of frenulum underneath the penile shaft, at the point where it joins the base of the glans. That has been completely excavated by the surgery. So, on the plus side you have a small flap of foreskin, but on the minus side you have an ugly scar with stitch tunnel and skin flap, and no frenulum. But count yourself lucky, young man. In many cases that I inspect both foreskin and frenulum have been completely cut off. Anyway, the good news is that, if you want me to, I could tidy you up down there. On the plus side, I can remove your skin flap and the ugly scar caused by careless surgery. On the minus side, if I do that, it will mean removing a little more of your vestigial foreskin."

Well, that was the end of our consultation. I told Billie to get dressed and, to save him from further embarrassment, I left the room.

I heard nothing from Billie or Jasmine for several weeks, and I assumed that the matter was now closed. Then, to my amazement, I had a phone call from Jasmine. Did I mean what I said, she asked, about tidying up Billie's cock?

Wow! As soon as I clocked the question the blood rushed to my cheeks and my heart started to pound fiercely against my ribcage.

"Of course," I said, doing my best to sound calm, professional and matter of fact.

The rest, as they say, is history. Billie and Jasmine were worried about the cost of the surgery, and whether they could get it on the National Health. But I generously (!) offered to do it for nothing for my best friend's brother.

And do it I did. In fact, I had not been completely honest with Billie. His frenulum had not been completely excised. There was a small patch of it left--until I got to work on it, anyway. Like there was a small patch of surplus shaft skin, before I took to it my trusty knife. Oh, yes! I made Billie pay all right for what he had done to Jasmine. Off came his vestigial frenulum, and off came his small cuff of surplus shaft skin. I chopped very tight and the flesh on his stiffened shaft is now pulled as tight as a drum skin. And then, an added bonus, I advised Billie to avoid nooky with his

beautiful wife for more than 2 months. Not that he was in a position to ignore my counsel. For the 7 or 8 weeks after his little operation he was far too shocked, sore and traumatised to get up to anything approaching serious hanky-panky.

But the appalling thing is that, now his cock is bonking good again, Billie is actually grateful for what I did to him. You see, my surgery was, indeed, skilful; the stitching could have won a Women's Institute embroidery contest. Cosmetically, therefore, what is left of Billie's cock looks a snip (so to speak!). It is very neat and tidy, and, for this, Billie is effusive in his thanks.