

Some Women Find Circumcision Erotic

Wife Gives Husband Erotic Circ

Mary had the baby a week ago. The delivery had gone normally, even though she had been in labor about 6 hours. She had recovered normally, and now, four days after coming home from the hospital, she had decided that she felt well enough to invite her two best friends over to see the baby. Her baby's name was William, named after Mary's grandfather. Mary and her husband had decided that they would nick-name him BJ for short. They had been careful to avoid company this past week. Mary was recovering from childbirth, the baby was adapting to life outside the womb, and both parents felt it best to avoid the risk of infection or diseases carried by visitors. Mary had decided early in the pregnancy to nurse the baby. She wanted to enjoy the pregnancy and birth as much as possible, and knew that nursing was far superior to formula for nutrition, immunization to many diseases, and over-all healthy development.

Mary's friends, Beth and Ann arrived around noon, just in time for BJ's lunch. All three women were in their late 20's, and with the birth of BJ, all three had sons under one year old. Beth and Ann watched as Mary opened her blouse, and casually offered her breast to her son to nurse. Typical conversation went on, with both guests commenting on how beautiful young William was. He was a handsome baby, but that took an experienced eye to appreciate. Like almost all newborns, his complexion was slightly flushed, his eyes looked baggy, his body was somewhat football shaped, and he was almost totally bald. He nursed well, and eventually stopped suckling. Mary's indication that he was full. Mary got up to change his diaper. She knew that he'd go to sleep soon, and she wanted him to stay dry as long as possible. She lay William on the changing table and untaped his diaper. As she reached for a disposable towelette, Beth exclaimed, "Mary, Billy's got skin all over the end of his peter! Why didn't you have him circumcised?"

Mary continued changing BJ's diaper. She reminded both friends that she and her husband had been visiting his parents in a small rural town, when Mary unexpectedly went into labor. She explained to Beth and Ann, that the only Ob-Gyn in the small town had been an old male practitioner who was opposed to circumcision and simply refused to circumcise any newborn males. Mary and her husband had decided in advance to have their baby circumcised if it was a boy. Now, Mary went on to explain, they weren't sure what they were going to do.

All three women had discussed several aspects of sex before, including discussions of their husbands love-making skills. These conversations were typically very specific and highly detailed. All three women had agreed that they vastly preferred a circumcised penis to an uncircumcised one. Of the three, Beth was the most adamant. During one of these early conversations, Beth had explained that she had spent 6 months in Germany as an exchange student while in college. She had loved the country, and often remarked what a beautiful country it was.

While in Stuttgart as an exchange student, she had met and eventually slept with two different German students. Both of whom were uncircumcised. Even though both men bathed regularly and kept themselves clean, Beth was turned off by the experience. Beth went on to explain that during intercourse she did not get nearly as much stimulation as usual, because it felt to her as if the men were sliding in and out of their own foreskins, rather than her vagina. Visually, she much preferred the exposed, dry glans of a circumcised male to the erect uncircumcised penis. Oral sex, forget it! She had tried it several times with each male, but eventually refused, and offered to masturbate them instead. For Beth, the look, feel, smell and touch of the circumcised penis had no comparison.

Beth had even admitted that her future husband was uncircumcised when they first met. She had shocked Mary by proudly announcing that she had circumcised him herself a month and a half before the wedding. There was a chorus of, "What!" from both Mary and Ann. It's true Beth replied. I spent some time on the Internet researching circumcision. I found out about a device developed by a doctor in Malaysia called the Tara clamp. It is available in adult and child sizes. It operates much like a Gompcoc clamp, except that it is left in place until the severed foreskin dies. Then the clamp falls off. And, she went on, unlike the Gompcoc clamp, the Tara clamp is made out of plastic, and is disposable after you are finished with it.

"Shall I go on?", Beth asked the other two? "Yes", they replied in unison! Well, Beth went on, I discussed the idea one night with Tom before we had sex. I had been stroking his penis gently for several minutes and he was horny as hell. We had discussed circumcision many times before, and Tom knew I was very much in favor of it. While Tom was not as pro-circumcision as I was, he was curious about it as well. He confessed that he had wondered all his life what it would be like to have a circumcised penis. He had masturbated as a child and young adult fantasizing about being circumcised against his will. Not really fighting it, just being told that it was going to happen, and not being able to stop it.

I had expected resistance when I told him about the Tara clamp, and about how it was meant to be used in third world under-developed countries where doctors were not always available to perform male circumcisions. Tom was intrigued, but nervous. My girl friend, Lois, had just finished nursing training and was working as an Operating Room and Recovery Room nurse in our local community hospital. One evening over glasses of wine I showed Lois the literature I had down-loaded off the Internet about the Tara Clamp. The literature even showed the procedure being performed on an adult male. Lois was intrigued. She admitted that it appeared relatively safe, but because of her medical training she still recommended that circumcision be performed by a trained medical specialist. I changed the subject and we talked about other things.

A couple of weeks later Lois and I were having another "girls" night-out, when I told Lois that I had decided to circumcise Tom myself using the Tara Clamp. Lois was so surprised by my statement that she almost choked on her wine. After she settled down, she asked me if I were serious. I assured her that I was. She wanted to know what Tom thought of all this. I told her truthfully that Tom was a little nervous about the idea, but at the same time it turned him on. In fact, I explained to Lois, the role playing of him submitting to me and letting me circumcise him had become a major and enjoyable part of our sex play. As we discussed the idea, Lois seemed to grow to accept the concept more and more. I told Lois that I needed her help. Could she get me a small can of aerosol anesthetic?

I was hoping for Lidocain or something similar in a .2 to .25 percent solution. At first her reaction was, "Of course not. That would be theft.". But I explained to her that I'd buy it if it were available over-the-counter. Over the next few weeks I would bring it up every time Lois and I

were together. One evening, when Tom was playing poker with some guys, Lois called and asked if she could drop by for a minute. I was glad for the company, so I told her, "Sure". Lois showed up a few minutes later, and I offered her a glass of white wine while we chatted and brought each other up to date. I got up and went into the kitchen to refill our wine glasses. When I returned there was a small aerosol can about 4" tall on the coffee table. Lois was watching me expectantly. I picked up the can. It was the anesthetic I had asked her for, and the can felt like it was at least half full. I looked up from reading the label on the can, and Lois was watching me. I thanked her. She nodded then got quiet. After a short pause she asked me, "Will you video tape the operation so I can see it sometime?" You bet! Tom and I had planned to do that anyway.

Beth and Tom had made the Tara Clamp a regular part of their sex play. Beth would place the clamp over Tom's glans, pull his thick foreskin up over the cone and partially close the clamp. Beth would put just enough pressure on the two locking arms that Tom could feel the clamp pinching his prepuce. They had planned for an August wedding. They had both graduated from college the year before, and Tom had gotten a good job with an accounting firm. Tom and Beth planned the circumcision for the second weekend in June. Tom had brought work home from the office, and had made arrangements with his superiors to work on it at home the following Monday and Tuesday. They felt that would give Tom plenty of time for sufficient recovery that he would be able to function normally in his office after that.

That Friday evening Tom came home from work. Beth worked closer to their apartment, so she had beaten him home. Beth had everything set up. Tom let himself into their apartment. All the drapes were pulled, and the living room was dimly lit with a dozen candles spaced randomly around the room. Beth was wearing a sexy negligee. Tom could see that she was excited, because her nipples were erect through the fabric.

Beth handed Tom a shot of bourbon which he drank in one swallow. She asked him to undress in the bedroom and come back wearing only underwear. Beth had bought him a special pair of black silk under shorts for tonight's ritual. Tom came back into the room, almost naked. Beth handed him another shot of whiskey which he obediently swallowed. Beth had a soft FM station on the stereo and she and Tom began to slow dance very closely together. Beth pressed and rubbed her pubic mound into Tom's crotch. Tom knew perfectly well what was about to happen, and he had been semi erect all the drive home from work. The music stopped, and Beth dropped to her knee's, simultaneously giving a little downward tug on Tom's briefs freeing his erect penis. Beth sucked him into her hot, wet mouth. She nibbled on the tip of his foreskin, causing Tom to moan. Then Beth grabbed the base of Tom's penis and held his foreskin forward over the glans, with him still in her mouth. Beth inserted her tongue in between Tom's glans and his foreskin. Beth was secretly ecstatic because she knew this was the last time she'd ever do this for Tom with his foreskin intact. Beth ran her tongue around Tom's glans in a circular motion. This generated more moans, and caused Tom's penis to lubricate into Beth's warm mouth. Beth looked upward, and was pleased to see Tom looking down at her watching her every move.

Beth knew men were more visually aroused than women were. She knew it was much more of a turn-on for Tom to watch her sucking her off, then it would have been if their roles were reversed. Beth enjoyed sex with Tom very much. Soon, she'd enjoy it infinitely more, she thought to herself. But at least half of Beth's enjoyment came from knowing how much Tom loved and depended upon her. She felt needed and protected all at the same time. Beth took Tom's penis out of her mouth and retracted his foreskin. She pulled his foreskin tightly back on the shaft. Not tight enough to cause Tom any pain, but forcefully enough that his shaft skin in front of her fingers was drawn tight and smooth. Then, making sure her teeth were covered by her lips, Beth shaped her mouth into an "O" and started fucking Tom's glans with her mouth. As her lips slid back and forth over Tom's shiny glans, she would tug and release his shaft skin making sure to tug on Tom's frenum

with every stroke.

Beth kept at it for a few minutes until she heard Tom take in a sharp intake of breath. At that point she tugged backward on his foreskin one last time, and positioned her mouth a inch away from the tip of Tom's penis. Tom began to twitch slightly and Beth could feel the large vein on his penis begin to throb. Come shot out of Tom's meatus. Most of it went into Beth's waiting mouth, but some of it ended up on her face, and on her chest. Beth kept stroking Tom's shaft until his orgasm stopped. She released her grip on his now deflating penis.

Tom sat down. "That was incredible", he said to her. "I love you", Beth said. I am touched by the sacrifice you are about to make for me, and want you to know how appreciative I am. I also want you to know that after you are fully healed, I will do anything for you that a man and a woman can do for each other in bed! Beth got up and poured Tom a third shot of whiskey. Tom stayed in the chair as Beth handed the drink to him. He tilted his head back and let the whiskey roll down his throat. Tom was getting very relaxed. Beth came back from the bathroom with a soapy washcloth. She retracted Tom's foreskin and very gently and thoroughly washed his entire penis. Looking into Tom's eye's. she said, "Are you ready"? Tom simply nodded that he was. Beth moved the video camera, which was on a tripod, over to where it would be able to record everything she did. Beth was nervous. If I fouled up, she thought to herself, we'll have a permanent recording of the day I messed up Tom's cock. Beth put the thought out of her mind. She had done extensive research on male circumcision. She had even gone to a nearby medical college one Saturday and spent hours pouring over a hard cover text entitled, Circumcision: An Atlas. The book detailed, in text and black and white photographs of all of the most common surgical procedures for performing circumcision. The book dealt primarily with infant circumcision, but also spent considerable time detailing adult male circumcision as well.

Beth was ready. She picked up the aerosol and sprayed a liberal amount all over Tom's foreskin and shaft skin. She did this three times. Then, she sprayed the foreskin where it bulged over Tom's coronal ridge. Beth knew that this would be the approximate area where the clamp would be applied. She and Tom waited a few minutes for the anesthetic to take effect. While they waited, Beth retracted Tom's foreskin. She then took a bottle of rubbing alcohol, and soaked a couple of sterile cotton balls. She applied the alcohol generously to Tom's glans, inner foreskin area, and after pulling his foreskin back up over the head, she rubbed the alcohol all over the shaft and outside skin of his penis. She wanted to make sure the entire area was clean and sterile. She then sprayed his glans and inner foreskin liberally. She did this several times, and left the skin retracted so the head would dry out. After a few minutes, Tom announced that he thought the numbing spray had taken effect. Beth gently pinched his foreskin with her fingernails, while looking at Tom. Tom shook his head to indicate that there was no pain. Beth then pinched harder, making the skin turn white-ish from loss of blood. Again Tom shook his head. "I feel the pinching sensation, but no pain", he told Beth. Tom was seated in a padded chair with his feet up on an ottoman. Beth reached for the Tara Clamp and tore open the sterile wrapping. The "kit" contained a mini tube of a vaseline-like substance, a plastic handled disposable knife, and the clamp itself. Beth pulled Tom's foreskin back off his glans, and placed the clamp completely over his glans. Then she nudged the foreskin forward covering about two-thirds of the glans. The foreskin went inside the circular plastic ring, but outside the plastic glans cover. Beth grabbed the tip of Tom's foreskin in each hand and pulled the foreskin forward as far up over the clamp as possible.

Holding the foreskin forward with one hand, Beth examined how much skin would be removed after clamping. She wanted Tom cut fairly tight, with little or no foreskin bunching up behind his glans when he was flaccid. Tugging the foreskin forward with one hand, and exerting a slight downward pressure with the clamp, Beth managed to get what she felt was the correct amount of foreskin in front of the clamping jaws. With her right hand, she applied pressure to the two clamping arms, all the while watching Tom's face for any signs of pain. Tom was obviously watching every move Beth made. But with 4.5 ounces of bourbon in him, he was quite docile. Beth was startled to hear the clamp

“click” shut. Tom never grimaced, and she had no idea that the jaws were that close to being closed. She sprayed more anesthetic around Tom’s penis on the skin in front of the clamp. Beth knew that she would have to wait a minimum of 5 minutes for hemostasis to begin to set in. She reached for the remote control on the camcorder, and paused the recording. Beth was in no hurry. As exciting as it was for her to be the instrument of ridding her future husband of his foreskin, Beth also wanted to be very careful and get everything right!

Beth actually left the clamp in place for fifteen minutes before reaching for the disposable knife. During those fifteen minutes she had applied another coating of alcohol to the foreskin forward of the clamp. She had also sprayed that same area of skin twice more with the aerosol numbing spray. Beth was pleased to notice that the can was nearly empty now. She picked up the knife, and looked over at Tom. Tom was ready to get this over with, and start his new life as a circumcised man. He said to Beth, “Go ahead baby. Circumcise me.” With that Beth pushed down with the knife and felt it cut into the thick layer of skin. Beth knew from her reading that the foreskin was actually two layers of skin. She cut through both and could see the plastic glans cover underneath. Tom hadn’t flinched or given any other indication that he was in pain. There was a little bleeding, but what blood there was had a very dark color. This was good. Beth continued cutting around the clamp. She was careful to make the cut as clean and straight and even as possible. She wanted Tom coming out of this with a truly great looking circumcision. Finally she was through and the foreskin slid forward on the clamp. Beth applied a very light coating of alcohol to the raw edge, then a thick coating of the vaseline-like substance that came with the clamp. After that, she made a length-wise cut in the removed foreskin, so it could be taken off the clamp. Essentially they were done. Beth knew that the skin being crushed by the clamp would die or necrotize over the next week or so, and that as the edges of the foreskin healed together the clamp would eventually fall off Tom’s glans. Although Beth had never mentioned it to Tom, she expected some odor problems as the necrotic tissue began to rot. Beth looked over at Tom. Tom was lightly dozing. Between the alcohol and the relief at having the operation over, Tom had simply fallen into a light sleep. Beth had intentionally not fed Tom dinner when he had gotten home. She knew the alcohol would work more swiftly on an empty stomach, but more importantly she didn’t want Tom getting nauseous and possibly vomiting during the circumcision. Beth left Tom relaxing in the chair and went to put away the alcohol, and throw away the tissue remnant, dirty cotton balls, disposable tools and gauze she had used as a sponge to wipe off the slight amount of bleeding.

Saturday morning Beth and Tom awoke expectantly. While Tom went to the bathroom, Beth ran him a bath, making sure the water was comfortably warm, but not too hot. Tom slowly eased himself into the water. After a quick and careful bath, he got out of the tub, and Beth dried him. They both examined his penis with the Tara Clamp still attached. The wound edges of the foreskin were still red, but they weren’t bleeding or leaking any kind of a discharge which would indicate infection.

Tom and Beth took it easy around the apartment all weekend. On Monday, wearing an athletic supporter to support his penis, and a baggy pair of gray gym pants with a T-shirt, Tom started to work on the papers and reports he had brought home from the office. Over the weekend, he and Beth had examined his penis several times a day looking for separation from the severed edges of foreskin, and looking for any signs of infection. So far everything appeared fine. The small remnant of foreskin which extended in front of the clamping mechanism had begun to discolor Saturday afternoon. Now, on Monday morning, 60 hours after the do-it-yourself circumcision, they could both see that the tissue was turning black. If you got real close, you detected a small odor, but over-all it wasn’t terribly noticeable. Tom was still very much aware of his penis because of the plastic clamp still attached to him. That night, while bathing the necrotic tissue in front of the clamping mechanism fell off.

Tuesday evening while soaking in the bathtub, he shifted in the tub, and felt the Tara Clamp loosen a little bit. He grabbed the end of the

clamp and moved it from side to side examining it from all angles. He noticed that in one or two places, the healing end of foreskin was visibly detached from the clamp. Tom continued gently wiggling the clamp to see if he could separate it from his skin entirely. After about twenty minutes of gentle but consistent tugging he called out for Beth.

Beth heard Tom call out for her from the bathroom. His voice didn't sound alarmed, but she stopped what she was doing and went to check on him right away anyway. When she got there, Tom proudly showed her that the clamp had come separated from about 3/4's of his foreskin. It remained attached on the underside near the frenulum. Tom asked Beth to check that out and see if it looked loose, and to see if there was any bleeding or tissue infection. Beth reported that everything looked fine, and Tom continued wiggling the clamp. As Beth watched, he gently but firmly tugged the clamp upward, until with a slight sucking sound it popped off of his glans. They both looked at the clamp, and then immediately at Tom's penis. The raw edges where the foreskin had been severed were darker than the surrounding tissue, but they were clearly healing.

From that point on, Beth told Ann and Mary, things went normally. It took Tom two full weeks to heal. The third Saturday morning following his circumcision, Tom woke up with an erection, and woke Beth up to show her. They were both very excited. Beth questioned Tom to find out if he was in any pain or discomfort? Tom assured her that he felt fine. Beth suggested Tom use the bathroom and empty his bladder. Which Tom did. However, when Tom returned he was preceded by his erection. Tom lay down on his back and Beth spent the next 20 minutes touching and looking at his recently circumcised penis.

Tom encouraged Beth to masturbate him. Beth began touching Tom lightly at first and then gradually applied a firmer pressure with her fingertips. As expected Tom's glans had become drier and as such it was much easier for Beth to rub her fingertips around the head of his penis than it had been before he was circumcised. Although reluctant to touch the circumcision scar which was still healing, Beth did tug up and down on Tom's shaft skin to see just how tight his circumcision was.

To the delight of both, Beth found that there was a little slack in Tom's foreskin. Beth continued rubbing Tom's penis and as she did so she described to Tom the feelings she was having exploring his new circumcised organ. They both enjoyed stimulating Tom's glans and in rubbing up-and-down over and the coronal ridge with Beth's thumb and forefinger forming a circle. They also found in exciting having Beth stroke her hand up-and-down his penis. This was something that they had not been able to before Tom had his circumcision.

After several minutes of intense manipulation Beth felt Tom's penis expand slightly and as she continued rubbing, he arched his back off the bed slightly and began to climax. Beth wasn't sure whether the strength of his orgasm had more to do with two and half weeks of sexual abstinence or whether it was their mutual delight at Tom's newly circumcised status. One thing Beth was sure of was that Tom had never had such a strong orgasm before, and she was amazed to see his semen as far away as three feet on the sheets. Beth continued to gently rub Tom's penis as his erection subsided, massaging in the small not of remaining semen into the head shaft of his penis.

Before his circumcision, Tom was always extremely sensitive after orgasm. His sensitivity precluded any sexual contact for least 15 or 20 minutes. But now Beth continued gently rubbing Tom's penis, all the while telling them how beautiful his new cock looked and felt. She was glad to see that his erection did not completely subside and after a few minutes of manual and verbal encouragement he was hard again. All this activity had made Beth extremely horny, and she was more ready than ever to have this beautiful circumcised cock inside her. Beth straddled Tom and grabbed hold of the base of his penis her right hand, as she guided him into her wet vagina. Beth slowly lowered herself

on to Tom's organ until she was sitting on his lap.

Slowly she began moving up and down controlling how deeply he penetrated her. Beth raised up until she felt that just the tip of his penis was inside and with that lowered herself down to get him as deeply inside her as possible. Beth also brought her pelvis forward at the waist to increase the amount of stimulation her clitoris received from the shaft of Tom's penis. Beth kept this up for quite some time enjoying the feelings immensely as she began to feel her own climax approach.

Beth slowed her movements not wishing either of them to come just yet. After a minute or two of slow fucking, she began sliding up-and-down Tom's organ in earnest building to an intense orgasm. This time as she felt tingling inside of her, she continued. Reaching down with her left hand to stroke her engorged clitoris, Beth continued raising herself on top of Tom. She was a little bit surprised when her orgasm hit. The first wave washed over her, and Beth let out a long, low moan. She sat still on Tom's lap with him buried inside her. However she continued lightly rubbing her clitoris as a second and third wave of her orgasm washed over her.

It wasn't her imagination. Tom's staying power was longer that it had been when he was uncircumcised. Beth continued rubbing herself and began moving up-and-down on Tom's penis wanting him to climax. She felt Tom grab her waist and thrust himself deeply into her. She was immediately rewarded with the feeling of his penis throbbing inside her and she knew that he was enjoying his second climax of the day.

Circ-Nurse

I got circumcised at the age of 19 (almost 3 years ago) and the mere thought of a urologist seeing my foreskin wanted me to back out. But seeing how I wanted to be circumcised for as long as I could remember, I did submit to his examination which involved pulling the foreskin back hard to see if there were any adhesions, and then pulling the foreskin forward and stretching it outward to see if I had phimosis. That was rather embarrassing but the doctor was nonchalant about it and scheduled me for my circumcision in a medical room in his office building.

Well, during the morning of my circ, I was surrounded by women who knew I was getting circumcised. They seemed to love to say the word "CIRCUMCISED". I checked in and she looked at my file on the computer. She said in a loud voice that was clear for all to hear "SO YOU'RE HERE TO BE CIRCUMCISED". I gulped and said "yes, mam!". I wanted to run. But I was quickly admitted to the prep room where I was to strip and put on a hospital gown. Good enough; I was covered. I got onto the table which looked like a giant Circumstraint and then two women came in to prepare me for the operation.

I was immediately uncovered from the waste down, then one of the ladies announced that I was going to be shaved before I was circumcised. GULP! After being completely shaved (and handled) from navel to asshole, one of the ladies pulled back my foreskin and cleaned it with alcohol and then started swabbing my pubic area with some dark red antiseptic, all the while telling me not to "help her out". The two discussed my long foreskin and told me how I was going to be CIRCUMCISED. At that point, I couldn't have gotten it up even if I wanted to, but I began to suspect the ladies were getting turned on by not only handling my shaved penis, but thinking (and talking about) my pending circumcision. But the two women were nice, cut with smooth soft hand, and in some ways comforting. They wanted to hold

me down during the injections but I said, "naw, it's quite alright". They didn't believe me until the injections were done. While the doctor was circumcising me, the women were telling me how the doctor was doing a wonderful job, how my circumcision was going to be good and tight, and that and I'd be looking great afterwards. Made me feel a lot better.

Both were present on each of my two return visits and made sure they got to see my circumcised penis and to rub my bared glans and scar line. Needless to say, getting an erection was no problem this time. Some weeks later I met up with one of the two women for some of the hottest sex either of us has ever had. She continued to talk about circumcision and tells me she told her friends how she helped circumcise me. There is not doubt in my mind that she is really turned on by circumcision. I suspect there are many other women like her as well.

Ben (USA/UK)

Circumcision Slut

Hi! I've just spent the last week going over your website in detail. I must say how wonderful it is... full of important content and sexually arousing at the same time. I'm sending you this note as you indicated you wanted to hear how my interests in circumcision were developed. You asked for it, so here it goes. I hope you'll be patient, as it is a rather long story involving my mother and older brother..

To begin with, my friends and family call me Sissy. I'm a 26 year old, white female, born and raised in Florida.

I've known about male circumcision as long as I can remember. I have a brother who is two years older than I am. He was not circumcised at birth, and my mother regularly bathed us together. My earliest recollections of bathing with my brother (perhaps when I was only 3-4 years old) revolve around my mother's close examination and cleansing of my brother's long foreskin. My mother was foreskin obsessed... obsessed with its looseness, cleanliness and general removal. She regularly talked to my brother about his foreskin and about how he needed to be circumcised. The problem seemed to be that my father didn't allow her to have him circumcised at birth. But back then, all I knew was that a boy had a foreskin that could be "clipped back" and that most other boys seemed to have already been "done." It's not that my mother paid less attention to me in cleansing my own small vagina, but there was never any talk about needing anything "fixed".

During these early years, my brother had his foreskin regularly checked in front of me and other guests. We had a swimming pool, and we would often swim in buff when we were little. This gave my mother and her neighbor friends further opportunity to talk about my brother... "I see you didn't have Junior circumcised, Helen. Isn't his Daddy?" This always led to further conversation on circumcision and my mother to show off Junior's skin and then bare his glans for the women. He was often admonished to keep his skin peeled back while he was swimming, and he did try to do this, especially if there was another little boy in the pool who had been circumcised.

Additionally inspections (or at least questions about) his foreskin also followed our baths as we got older. By the time I was 7 or so, we began bathing separately. Mom even stopped giving Junior his baths (of course, he was nearly 9 and plenty old enough to handle this duty

himself.) However, she always asked if he had washed behind his ears and washed behind his glans. The theory seemed to be if you had to pull back the foreskin far enough to wash back behind the glans on the inner lining, you would surely get the head clean too. In any case, this occurred routinely until my mother finally had Junior circumcised.

As we grow older, my father was less and less present in our lives. At the time, I just thought he was away on business. So, during one of these extended "business trips" mom made an announcement one evening that I'll never forget. I was about 10 years old, which made Junior about 12. He was beginning to grow up, and was getting taller. I knew from sneak peeks that he "dinky" as I called it, was also growing but that it still didn't have any hair around it like our dad's did. That evening, mom announced that she had decided to have Junior circumcised and that the following week, we would be going to see our doctor who was going to do the procedure. "We" I thought to myself... why would "we" be going to the doctor. Later that week, mom told me that I was going along and that I would be able to watch my brother being circumcised, if I wanted to. She said it was up to me, but that this was an important event in my brother's life and that it was also important that I knew all about circumcision if I was going to have boys of my own. Shortly after my brother was fully circumcised, my father left and never returned.

My brother didn't put up too much of a fuss when the day came for his circumcision. Junior's real name was James, after my dad. He had dark black hair, and blue/gray eyes. He was pretty thin, but played on the basketball team in Junior High, and ran track in High School. I remember asking him if he was afraid of being circumcised. He said he wasn't, but that he still wasn't sure he wanted to have it done. We talked about it for only a little bit more and then he clamed up as he usually did. He didn't like talking about his foreskin and circumcision... not the way I did. I had become obsessed.

The fateful week finally arrived and we went off to the doctor's office where Junior was circumcised. I didn't know it then, but he was circumcised (as my mother and I watched) using a Gomco Clamp. I only remember the large silver bell and the thing being covered up by his excessively long foreskin. I do remember my mother saying to make sure "it was good and tight". I thought she meant the clamp at the time, as the lady doctor kept on turning this screw. I would later come to find out that they were talking about making sure he had a tight circumcision. This would ultimately be the case.

During the first few months after Junior's circumcision, I got to see his bared glans regularly. Mom was constantly checking it out "to make sure he was healing properly." She also included me in the checkups, and even commented that my interest in caring for his incision might be an indication that I might one-day become a doctor or nurse, myself. Little did she know that my interest was in my brother's peter and how it looked after being circumcised.

This was the beginning... it is how I became a circumcision slut! From that day forward, I began to get boys to show me their "weenies". Most were circumcised. That didn't matter to me... I loved seeing them and checking out their scars. Most didn't even know they were circumcised. I told them. Most required a look or feel of my pussy in return. I complied. I just loved seeing the loose circs with the skin rolled up behind the glans... I loved them tight with the scar back the shaft... and I even loved teasing the uncircumcised boy in our neighborhood and telling him how he was going to be circumcised (He sometimes cried, but always listened intently when I told him how the thing was put on my brother's dinky.)

This continued for the intervening several years until one day, I was horsing around with Junior. One thing led to another, and I found myself


begging to see his circumcised cock. Junior was 16 and I was 14. It seemed ages ago since I had seen his clipped cock. Back then, it was still hairless and small. But when he showed it to me now, it was a the mighty monster of a teen boy. He had a tuft of black hair just aobve it, and it hung down, kind of plump with a large pink crown. I asked if I could examine it closer, and he sort of mumbled that he didn't care. This would be the beginning of my sexual relationship with my brother. It started out with the "exams" which ended in "rub my bare head, Sissy" ... and ended in regular blowjobs, with my brother having free access to my pussy and ass whenever he wanted it. I just couldn't get enough of the cock I had seen before-circ, during-circ, and post-circ. It was a 10" beauty, with a light brown cigar-band ring around a very fat shaft!

During my early high school years, I regularly brought up circumcision to my girlfriends. We talked about which boys were circumcised and how the circ looked. We would go up to boys and ask them outright, if they had been circumcised or not. Some didn't seem to know.... Others knew and proudly said they were and offered to show it to us... and others (who weren't circumcised) usually turned red in the face and refused to answer. We had a rule... you didn't suck uncut. If the boy was a perfect 10, you could fuck with him, but never, ever suck it. (cock cheese, etc.)

About a year after the sexual exploits with my brother began, disaster struck. My brother (17 at the time) was laying back on my pink bedspread, front of his sweat pants pulled down and I was down on my knees with my dress up and pussy exposed. I was sucking him off after school, as I had done many times before, while I diddled my pussy. This brought me to multiple orgasms. Unbeknownst to me however, my mother was in the hallway watching the circumcision slut she had created blow the son that she had circumcised. The next day while Junior was out, she took me aside and told me that she knew what was going on. To my surprise however, she didn't scream and yell. She told me all about the problems with incest and asked if we had intercourse. I lied and said it was only oral sex and that I wanted to do it. She seemed to be concerned that Junior had coerced me into giving him head. Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth. (In fact, in sweatpants without underwear I could always see his bared glans rim and could keep my hands off his dick.)

So, our sexual activity continued throughout high school and to this day. I still love sucking his cock and remember how he was circumcised while I watched. It wasn't long after my mom caught me blowing Junior, that she would also begin to service his studly circumcised cock. I have three small children of my own. My first is a girl, and the second was a boy. He is 4 now and still is uncircumcised. I'm hoping to have one more son, and I think I will circumcise him with a Plastibell at birth. Eventually of course, his older brother will need to be circumcised, perhaps while my daughter watches... just like it occurred with me and Junior.

I hope this isn't too long of a story. I could tell you many more facts and stories which involve circumcision. I'm glad to have found your website and CIRCLIST so I can be with a group of people who have interests similar to my own. I've found it is rare that females have much of an interest in circumcision, and guys routinely circ'd also have little interest. Seems as though the guys that had skin and got it clipped, like my brother, have the most interest in this subject.

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