

Circumcision Club

(Coming of age • Non-sexual • Harley Street focus)

When twenty-one-year-old Guillo left Valencia for London, he told his friends he wanted adventure. But privately he knew the truth: he wanted clarity — something that would help him understand who he was supposed to become.

London overwhelmed him at first. The buses were loud, the sky was always grey, and everyone walked with the confidence of someone late for something important. His first real anchor in the city was Thomas, his neighbor in the old Camden townhouse. They met when Guillo struggled with the mailbox; Thomas silently took the key, unlocked it in one smooth motion, and handed it back.

“You’re new,” Thomas said.

“Is it that obvious?”

“Painfully,” he laughed.

From that moment, the friendship grew easily. Thomas taught him the Tube lines, British sarcasm, and the art of complaining about weather. They spent evenings walking along the Thames, talking about everything and nothing.

One night, as the river reflected the city lights, Guillo spoke a truth he hadn’t told anyone before.

“I’ve thought about getting circumcised. Not for religion. Not for anyone else. Just... something I’ve imagined for a long time.”

Thomas nodded without hesitation.

“I had mine done at nineteen. Elective. It helped me feel aligned with myself.”

Guillo stared at him. “Really?”

“Yes. If it’s something you’re considering seriously, I’ll help you through it.”

For the first time, Guillo felt the idea shift from a distant curiosity to a possible path.

Harley Street — A City Within a City

A few days later, Thomas took him to Harley Street, London’s historic medical district. The atmosphere was unlike anywhere else — elegant Georgian facades, brass plaques polished to a mirror shine, and a quiet seriousness in the air.

“This is where people come for precision,” Thomas explained. “Surgeons here built a reputation over more than a century.”

They passed clinics specializing in everything from dermatology to microsurgery. The street felt clinical yet timeless, like stepping into a tradition larger than oneself.

“There’s even a circumcision style people nickname the Harley Street cut,” Thomas added.

“A style?”

“A very clean, symmetrical, low-tight cosmetic result. Adults tend to choose it.”

The Consultation — A Choice Made with Intention

Inside Dr. Reeves’ office, lined with books and framed sketches, the doctor explained:

“The Harley Street cosmetic style is a low, snug circumcision with a smooth, even scar line close to the corona. It removes most inner tissue while preserving symmetry.”

Thomas nodded. “That’s the one I chose. Balanced, refined.”

Guillo studied the diagram. “This feels right. This feels like me.”

The Procedure

On the morning of the surgery, Thomas sat beside him.

“You can still change your mind,” he said.

“I won’t,” Guillo answered.

The operating room was bright but calm. The nurse numbed the area gently.

“You’ll feel pressure, not pain,” she said.

As the surgery began, Dr. Reeves narrated softly:

“Marking the line... ensuring symmetry... removing excess tissue... establishing even tension...”

When it was done, he wrapped the bandage.

“Excellent result. Classic Harley Street style — clean, balanced, precise.”

Recovery — Becoming Whole

The first week was swollen, but Thomas visited daily.

“Loose clothing,” he reminded him. “Warm water. Patience.”

One night Guillo asked, “Was yours this swollen?”

“Worse,” Thomas laughed. “But it fades. And when it heals, you’ll be proud.”

Weeks passed. The line softened, the shape settled, and Guillo felt more complete — not because of the procedure itself, but because he had chosen with intention.

The Harley Street Circle — Male Only

When healing was almost complete, Thomas invited him to the Harley Street Medical & Cultural Circle, an all-male group dedicated to discussing circumcision from medical, cultural, and historical angles.

They met in a Georgian townhouse. Doctors, academics, and adults who had undergone the procedure sat around a long table. The group maintained male-only membership for privacy and because discussions involved personal medical experience.

A senior surgeon shook Guillo's hand.

"Thomas told us about your decision. A Harley Street style circumcision is a mature and intentional choice."

Another man added, "Most of us did it as adults. That's part of what binds this Circle — not the procedure, but the thought behind it."

Near the end of the meeting, a silver pin shaped like a clean, unbroken circle was handed to him.

"It symbolizes clarity and intention," a member explained. "Welcome."

Walking home, Guillo touched the pin.

"I feel complete," he said.

Thomas smiled. "You don't just belong in London now. You belong to yourself."

Under the glow of the streetlamps, Guillo felt something settle inside him — a clean line, a clear choice, and a sense of becoming whole.