

## Frat Showers *Justin's POV*

By junior year, the Sig Tau house had its rhythms. Lift in the afternoon, communal dinner, then showers that doubled as a debrief room. No doors, no mystery—just guys who'd stopped pretending they were embarrassed by their own bodies.

Carl and I were already under the water, steam fogging the mirrors, when the conversation drifted—like it always did—back to Josh.

“Still wild to think Josh did it at twenty-one,” Carl said, rinsing shampoo out of his hair.

I nodded. “Yeah. He's the reason we know all the details.”

Josh had been a brother a few years ahead of us. Solid guy. Varsity build. He'd dealt with medical issues forever—tightness, infections, constant irritation. When he finally got circumcised as an adult, he didn't hide it. He talked about the consults, the urologist, the procedure, the recovery. The swelling, the stitches, the awkward weeks. And then, afterward, how quiet his head felt once it was done.

“He said the hardest part was waiting,” Carl added. “Not the surgery. Deciding.”

That was when Nick walked in.

Nick was the most all-American guy in the house—blond hair that never quite stayed combed, blue eyes, broad shoulders from swimming. If you lined us all up, he looked like the recruitment poster.

Except for one thing.

In a house where almost everyone had been circumcised as infants, Nick was the outlier. The only uncut brother in Sig Tau.

Nobody made it weird. But everyone noticed.

He stripped down, stepped into the next shower line, and nodded at us. “What's up.”

Carl glanced at me, then back at Nick. “We were talking about Josh.”

Nick snorted. “Of course you were.”

There was an ease to how he said it, but underneath, you could hear the frustration. Nick had dealt with recurring problems for years. We all knew. Doctor visits. Creams. Temporary fixes.

“You ever decide what you're gonna do?” I asked, keeping my voice neutral.

Nick shrugged. “Doctor laid it out again. Said adult circumcision would solve it permanently.”

“And?” Carl asked.

“And it’s a big step,” Nick said. “Feels like admitting something’s wrong with me.”

I turned toward him then. “Man, that’s not how Josh saw it. He saw it as taking control.”

We didn’t lecture him. We just talked. About recovery timelines—two to three weeks before things felt normal, longer before the gym. About modern techniques—precise incisions, dissolvable stitches, compression dressings. About the mental side—how carrying constant worry messes with your confidence more than you realize.

“You wouldn’t be less of anything,” Carl said. “You’d just be... done dealing with it.”

Nick went quiet.

Summer break came and went.

When we all filtered back into the house in August, tans uneven and routines rusty, the showers filled up again like nothing had changed.

Except something had.

Carl and I were mid-conversation—complaining about campus parking—when Nick walked in. Same blond hair. Same shoulders. Same easy grin.

He didn’t say a word. Just stepped into the line, turned slightly, and let the water hit him.

The difference was unmistakable.

Clean, healed, clearly circumcised. Adult cut. A faint line still visible, skin settled but new.

Carl let out a low whistle. “Well damn.”

Nick laughed, relief all over his face. “Told you I was tired of thinking about it.”

I clapped him on the shoulder. “How you feeling?”

“Solid,” he said. “Recovery sucked. Josh wasn’t lying. But now? I don’t even think about it.”

That’s when the conversation shifted—not comparisons for comparison’s sake, but the way guys talk about scars, workouts, decisions they owned.

Carl gestured loosely. “Looks like a higher cut than yours, Justin.”

I glanced over, assessing the way any guy who’s grown up in locker rooms does—quick, neutral, technical. “Yeah. Mine’s low and tight. Infant RIC, probably Gomco. Scar sits close, almost no slack.”

Carl nodded. "Mine's RIC too, but looser. A little more shaft skin left, scar higher up. Still obviously cut, just more give."

Nick listened, then added, "Urologist asked what I wanted. I told him I didn't want it super tight. He said adult cuts usually land somewhere between—functional, clean, but not pulled."

"That tracks," I said. "Adult circumcisions tend to prioritize balance. Less variability than infant ones."

Nick nodded. "That's exactly how it feels. Everything works. Nothing pinches. And it just... looks right to me."

Carl smiled. "Congrats. You officially match the house now."

Nick stood there with us, part of the same easy circle he'd always been in—but lighter somehow.

Same house. Same brothers.

Just one less thing weighing him down.