

Background story

Most people would describe John as handsome. He was quite tall (6 ft 2). His physique was slender. On his hands were very long fingers. He always wore his brown hair short. His eyes were smaller, but his blue irises were radiant (you could see the radiance of his eyes from a considerable distance). His nose was rather clear-cut, not smooth, but very straight. Most of the time, his rather small lips were expressionless. And of course, he had a noticeable jawline.

John was not very talkative. He was shy. He had never spoken many words. If someone wanted to know him better and asked him questions, he would try to answer in the shortest way possible. There was no particular reason for his nature. You could say that it just happened. Since he was a little boy, he hadn't talked much and never grew out of it. Maybe one reason was his home, which lay far into the countryside. Only seldom would his friends drive to him. Maybe another reason was that his mother talked very much, but also very loudly, which annoyed John. At home, his room was on the second floor, but whenever his mother wanted something from him, she would scream up to the second floor. John didn't like loudness. He didn't like to be in chatty surroundings in which everyone was constantly talking.

Because of his quiet nature, he wasn't very popular—neither with the boys nor with the girls. Behind his back, some girls were talking about him. Often, they would remark on his “strange” nature, but sometimes a girl would confess to her friend that she found him beautiful. But no girl confessed those impressions to him. His parents were always working on the farm. They saw him as a useless worker because John tried to evade work as much as possible and often ran away, returning only in the evening hours. Of course, his parents were mad about it, but they couldn't do anything about it. It could be his “uselessness” that he was the only son of the two. That is another story that won't be told here.

Their parents didn't use the internet often. That said, they had a contract for internet with a very small data volume. If John used the internet, he needed to calculate which days he would visit YouTube and which videos he wanted to watch. And before he was an adult, his parents regularly checked his laptop to see if he had watched any porn. One day, John had forgotten to erase all clues that would prove that he had watched it. Especially his mother was really upset about it. For months and after years she talk about it with him and reminded him how disappointed she was that he had wateched videos in which „women were raped and hurt“ (which was of course not the case, but he couldn't argue with her about it. For his mother all porn was evil. One that decisive day he had just watched an amateur porn video that was quite romantic). After that, John decided to watch no porn.

Without direct media for arousal, he had only his imagination. But he had many contents for his fantasies. At school, there were many beautiful girls. Especially one he found very hot. Her name was Clara. She had very pale skin, was quite skinny, but like him, had radiant blue eyes. More radiant than those that he owned. She was not the most popular at school. Her breasts weren't really impressive. But he liked the form of her ass. She had one pair of blue jeans that would emphasize the beautiful butt that she would wear often. Also, like him, she didn't talk very much. Often, he lay naked in the night, jerking off his dick while imagining her naked figure. He imagined her as having medium-sized but perky breasts with a lithe body that would show her ribs and flat stomach. If he had spoken with an outsider, he would have told him that he had feelings for Clara. At the time of his youth, he didn't know, but he suspected it strongly. Otherwise, he couldn't explain why he felt the need to just watch her again and again.

Besides Clara, he had other sexual fantasies. He was getting aroused by images of very busty but also very slender women. And he was getting aroused by images of very big dicks. He hadn't seen many other penisses. One time, he could glimpse the package of his father, who had seemingly a smaller one than himself. He had also seen some wieners after sports in the showers, and all of them seemed smaller. But John had also read on the internet that there are growers and showers. Maybe those guys were all just strong growers. In his mind, he didn't have a big penis.

At school, he was the loner. His best friend was Mike. Mike was quite short, always the shortest in the class. He wore thick glasses and had a round face, but he did sports regularly. And contrary to John, he could talk for hours. Mike told John about everything. It seemed to John as if Mike would protocol his day and then tell it to John. With most of what Mike told him, John couldn't do anything. Sometimes Mike asked for his opinion, and as always, John replied in the shortest way possible.

"What do you think about Warhammer?", he asked when he was 16.
John replied: "Don't know."
"Ahhh ... I think you would be interested. It has so many factions ... (bla bla bla)."

On rare occasions, Mike was interested in his opinion about girls. And Mike was interested in the same girl as John. One time, Mike asked John what he thought about Clara. "She is nice.", John answered. It was a chosen answer. He didn't want to show that he was interested in her, but at the same time wanted to show that he appreciated her. "Yeah! She's very nice! She is always so helpful towards others. And she is so down to earth, you know? And then she is smart! Have you noticed her grades when the teacher told them? She always has As ...", Mike reacted.

At that time, John didn't think that his best friend could be a rival in his pursuit of Clara. Because Mike was so short, he was bullied by some classmates. John did try to defend him. Mostly, he only needed to appear, and then those bullies would stop. If they wouldn't stop, he would threaten them with calling the principal or some other teacher. However, Mike had strength, and if he wanted, he could have defended himself. John didn't understand why his friend never did that. So, Mike was not popular. And why would some girl date someone who was not popular?

John's grades weren't very good, but also not really bad. Sometimes he was astonished by some gradings that he was given. One time, he compared his grade on a test with Mike's and noticed that for the same mistakes, fewer points were deducted from him than from Mike. You could say that John was really lazy, but he still got his diploma. And John soon decided that he didn't want to do hard work. He hated work. But without work, there wouldn't be any money, and you need money to survive.

For one year, he did nothing. Well ... nearly nothing. His parents would force him to help them on the farm, but he tried to evade the work. Sometimes he told them that he would go to his best friend Mike, when in the end he would go to the library and spend his time on the computer. In truth, John had also kind of lost contact with Mike. Mike reached out to him a few times, but their interaction was always kind of short, and then Mike stopped his efforts.

After that year, John looked on the internet for entry-level jobs that didn't require qualifications. He also read the local newspaper that his parents read. And in this local newspaper stood the job offer for a janitor position in a girls' school. No qualifications required, but many handcraft skills are required. It couldn't be too hard to get the job done, thought John. He didn't know that there still existed girls' schools, but he liked the idea of being at a school with many beautiful women. To be sure, he read the job offer again, but there was no discrimination against men.

You would think that John didn't have a real chance to get the job, but against all odds, he got the job.

To understand better how this could be the case, it is good to know a bit more about the school principal, Miss Baker. Miss Baker was around fifty, had two kids, and a husband. Her husband worked at McDonald's. Her sex life had been quiet since her husband developed erectile dysfunction. Even after her menopause, her libido was quite strong. And even before the problems with her husband, she was not satisfied in bed. She had for a long time the fantasy to hook some hunk to have some fun. It didn't mean that she didn't love her husband, in her opinion. And a dildo didn't do the trick.

When the young, tall man appeared in her office, she was immediately attracted to him. He had a really handsome face and those radiant blue eyes. She also took a glimpse at his crotch, but she

couldn't guess if he was packing or not. It didn't matter much to her. Soon she knew that John had no skills for the job and she knew it was quite irrational to apply him for the job. After John, there came another man in his forties with a big beer gut, quite short, who was boasting about his experiences. But he was ugly. Maybe even sexist, and she couldn't imagine that such a man would work at a girls' school. The job of a janitor, she thought, couldn't be that hard. A young, intelligent man could get the skills on the fly. So why *not* apply him?

At home, she deliberated who she should give the job to. She knew it would be better to give Boris the job (the beer gut guy). But her mind went to something else. Her mind was aroused by sexual thoughts. What if ? What if she could have sex with such a hunk? Those thoughts were forbidden, but she had been sexually frustrated for such a long time. But even if she were to give John the job, how could she have her pleasure? What if they add something to the work contract? Duties for briefings and physical check-ups to check if he hadn't had any injuries that came from his work.

So John got the job. Miss Baker showed him the whole school. She said that he was responsible for the light, heating, and water systems. As John saw the many things that could get broken, he got the idea that the job was maybe harder than anticipated. If even some things broke, it wasn't that bad if he didn't immediately repair them, he thought. He also noticed that the school principal was checking him out. She wore a crimson tight shirt that showed her generous cleavage. For her age, her body was quite trim. She wore her grey hair in a short cut that made her more serious. You saw her age by her wrinkles in her face, but not too much. He looked down into her cleavage for a half-second and asked himself if it was really appropriate for her to wear such a thing. Or was there another intention behind it? She also spoke about regular briefings in her room. What was that about? In the end, she gave him a handshake with a wide smile: „I'm happy to welcome you to our school“, she said.

September

John's arrival didn't go unnoticed. He was the only man in the whole school, and he was handsome. Everyone at school talked about him. Many girls were speculating why he was there. At first, one group of girls thought that he was a new pupil. Another group thought that he was maybe a creep. After two weeks, there was so much talking about him that Miss Baker had to make a statement. Then everybody knew that John was just the new janitor. After that, he was accepted by all. Some girls went to him and asked him some unpleasant questions. Most of them wanted to know if he was married or not. How old he was. Where he was coming from. What his height was. John didn't want

to be impolite, so he answered them. But somehow those teenagers weren't satisfied. Somehow, they just needed to talk to him, it seemed to him. At least it was some kind of useful: Some girls would inform him about some things that didn't work anymore, so he could notice it.

Nearly all females were attracted to him. He was young, tall, with radiant blue eyes and a handsome face. In private, some women were speculating about his endowments down there. Some thought that he must be quite big down there, others had made some experiences and said that there were tall guys with small penisses. However, many thought that he had a kind of big dick energy. Even though he didn't speak many words, many felt quite safe around him. And everybody was wondering why such an attractive, beautiful man didn't have a girlfriend.

John did notice that there were really many beautiful women at school. Not only there pupils were very attractive, but also some of the young teachers. At first, he thought that he had imagined it, but he was sure that the average breast size at school was larger compared to the average in his country. Especially the pupils. He had seen maybe one girl with a flat chest; everybody else was quite busty. Matching their bust, most of them were also slender. The biggest busts were those in the last year of school. There were three women whom John had an eye on.

The first was a girl called Brenda. She must have been eighteen years old. She had skin of milk chocolate color and a round face. Her full lips were quite compact, like nice thick leaves. But her body was just amazing: her arms were skinny like those of a fashion model. With such an impressive bosom that the simple white school uniform was distorted. Her breasts were really big on such a slender figure. Because the girls always wore long skirts, he couldn't guess her ass. Sometimes when he was alone, he was fantasizing about Brenda. Brenda saw that John sometimes took glimpses of her bust. Brenda was also attracted to John, so she didn't mind his peeks. She even deliberated whether she could risk opening some buttons from her uniform to create some cleavage to show him that they were real, but in the end, she would not risk it.

The second was a short teacher with red hair. She always greeted him, asked him nearly every day if everything was fine, and often offered him a cup of coffee. It felt as if she was nearly always around him as soon as she was finished with her classes. Her name was Julia. She had a cute, round nose and heart-shaped lips. Her cheeks were a bit full, but she had a slim body. However, she wasn't as busty as other girls at the school. Her clothes were always professional, which didn't match her personality. Because she was quite aggressively trying to make a date with John. Julia was 25. Five years ago, her boyfriend left her. She was quite hurt about it. At the time, she believed their relationship would last forever. She had loved everything about him. Brian was as tall as John with a more muscular body. She didn't know, because it was her first, and she didn't watch porn, but Brian also had a very big dick. He was the one who took her virginity. Even now, she could remember the brilliant sex they had. Long strokes into her body. She had loved his penis. Slow two-

hand handjobs (It was Brian who taught her the term). The filled boxes. She could even see his penis bulge through his jeans. John resembled him. Since their break-up, she was hungry for a new boyfriend. For some time, she had tried out some dating apps, but the matches weren't any good. Admittedly, some of the guys were quite cute, but they always had some flaws. Most of them weren't as tall as Brian. Some of them had weird, nerdy hobbies (What should she do with a Star Wars fan?!). Others had deep psychological problems (One had told her that he had a depression diagnosis). In the end, she had stopped dating altogether. When she saw John at the girls' school again, her heart pounded for the first time in five years.

Soon she learned that John had a very calm personality. It annoyed her that he responded so briefly. But his body impressed her. She dreamed about him. Dreamed that they had sex (She put her fingers in her pussy while dreaming). He seemed friendly. Again and again, she tried subtly to arrange a date with him. Had given him a coffee in the hope that it would lead to a deep talk with the consequence of a date with him. Or complimenting his haircut (She knew a hair salon near a coffee shop. She could have said, „You know, I know where we could buy some nice coffee). But he didn't react the way she had hoped. Later, she gave him her telephone number („In case you have an accident or are in serious trouble. But I would love it if you would call me to chat with me.“). Nope, still, he didn't react. She couldn't explain why she tried again and again. Was he so much reminding her of Brian? No ... there was some other reason. His physique wasn't spectacular, but he had some feel-good energy around him. In their last interaction, she pleaded with him to visit her.

John visited her. At first, he was annoyed. As always, she was talking too much. All the time about school and its pupils. Then she was talking about her ex, Brian. How bad he had been. She couldn't get over that he had left him. He had confessed to her one day that he had fallen in love with another girl. „She was fat as a whale and had clothes from ten years ago“ – those were Julia's words, „I don't know why he left me. It's impossible that he really loved her. I mean, she didn't even know how to put makeup on!“ All this didn't interest John really. Actually, he wanted to leave as soon as possible. He found her talk very boring. But then she switched topics. „What kind of girls do you like?“she asked. „Thin, big boobs, small ass“, he answered. Julia was shocked! How could he be so *blunt*? „So, you're boob guy, “she spoke. „And how do you like me, physically I mean?“ „Okay, “was his answer. How *mean*! She didn't think of herself as just ,okay', she was sexy. Didn't he see that? „Okay?!“, she repeated the answer. „Yes, okay, “he nodded. „Well ... okay ?! ... let me tell you about some rumors about Miss Baker, the school principal ...“, she changed the subject.

For Julia, that day was their first date, but for John, it was something else. He didn't commit himself to a relationship with that girl. As he said, she was not very attractive. And honestly, he just wanted

to have sex with her. He still was a virgin. Even for him, it was quite obvious that she was attracted to him. And if he had a chance, why not try out? In the following days, Julia was around him again, spoke to him, and told him what a nice day they had spent. She suggested going to a restaurant and spending the evening together to get to know each other better. John deliberated whether he really wanted that date, but he agreed.

The second day together was spent in a restaurant. It was quite stylish, and Julia wore a nice red dress. That dress had a deep V-cut so you could see her half-boobage. Still, John wasn't impressed. But the dress suited her well. Impatiently, he waited there for three hours. For three years, Julia was talking non-stop. This time, she was meaner toward his ex-boyfriend. „I hope that new bitch of hers is satisfied with his tiny dick.“ was one of the phrases that came out of her mouth. „he was such a male bimbo. Just muscles without any brain, “ was another. It was of no interest to John.

Finally, she invited him into her home. On the table was a bottle of wine. She poured herself one glass, took a sip, and then danced slowly near him. Now she stood very near to him. „You're really pretty“, she said and looked him into his blue, radiant eyes. She was really impressed. They were really shining. „Thanks“, he said. His deep voice. Yeah, she thought to herself, John was the right one. Certainly, he would have a big dick. She bit her lips. „I was talking badly about my ex, Brian. But I was just angry. He is not an asshole. Honestly, you remind me of him.“ She was still in her red dress. Now her right hand played with her right boob. „Maybe I just need to lose those memories of him.“ John didn't set a world. Now he must play right, make no mistake. She took a little step toward him, her body pressed against him, and she tried to kiss him. Clumsily, he replied to her kiss. No good kisser, she thought, never mind.

Her lips kept pressing on his, and her tongue played with him. John really didn't know what to do. Should he play with his tongue against her? He felt her soft boobs against his chest. He was near to finally lose his virginity. Then, suddenly, she bit his lower lip softly. „I'm ready, boy, “ she said, „to lose my memories of Brian.“ They went to their bedroom. In a slow manner, she let fall her red dress. Underneath, she had nothing on. Nothing remarkable, John thought. Well, his judgment is always harsh. Julia did possess a nice figure. Remarkable was indeed her tight waist. Her breasts were still beautiful, maybe not as full as other breasts you see, but they had a nice, round shape with cute, small nipples. „Well ... are my boobies big?“, she asked seductively. In his eyes, they were medium-sized. But he wanted to lose his virginity, so he said simply: „Yes“.

He took off his shirt first. Definitely different from Brian. His body was much slimmer than Brian's. John had a six-pack too, but it was just very weak. Then he took off his pants and his underpants. Down there, he wasn't shaven. And his penis was still in a relaxed state. It was smaller than Brian's. Maybe he was a grower, Julia thought. She took his penis in her hand and began to give him a handjob. Soon his penis reacted. Growing. She hoped that it would grow more, but no, even in the

erect state, his penis was not as big as Brian's. Only his handsome face and his nice eyes could compete with her old boyfriend. With both hands, she tried to make him harder, bigger, but it was pointless. John was amazed at how big his cock looked in her tiny hands. She used both of her hands, but still, there was so much sticking out. She did her job well, or he was just too sex hungry. Whatever, he felt so aroused as never before. In his arousal, he took her body and carried her over to the bed. „Someone is horny, “ she said in a sweet voice. She spread her legs and opened her gate to allow entry. Impatiently, John positioned his dick into the right hole and pushed it in. Wow, he thought, it was really a different feeling. It was somewhat warm and tight, both in a pleasant way. And organic. All of his dick penetrated her; she had no problem taking him. Julia was not very aroused. Right now, she was disappointed. She had thought that at least his dick was as big as Brian's. She noticed something different, too. Were John's movements somehow... clumsy? Could it be that ... he was a virgin? Suddenly, she giggled. „What's funny?“made John pause. „Nothing, really nothing. I had just a funny thought.“ John ignored it then and continued. For him, it felt sooo good. But soon he felt his orgasm. „Can I sperm in you?“, he moaned. „NO! Are you stupid? Of course not! Take your thingy out!“she cried. Only three minutes had passed since the penetration. Brian could fuck her for at least an hour. Unbelievable! Julia was mad right now. Finally, he took out his stupid dick and ejaculated on her stomach. There were five droplets there. „Why did you finish?“she complained. „I couldn't wait any longer“, John explained. Was she angry? „Fuck ... do you have a problem with your dick?“, she said. She was kind of loud. You could hear that she was annoyed. „No, I don't think so, “he kept calm while he was putting on his clothes. „That is so pathetic. You know what? Please go out of my house, okay?“she commanded. „Whatever, you fucking crazy bitch.“he said. Julia felt a strong anger inside her. She wanted to beat him and even kill him, right now. It was not that she was crazy; he was just so incredibly pathetic! But she was not stupid. Against him, she had no chance. She clinched her fists and watched him as he went out of her house.

When John arrived at home, he was also very angry, but something was hurting him. The sex had been nice, but now he thought about the whole incident. Somehow, her reaction was kind of fake? She was not impressed by his dick (He had hoped so. He had hoped that he had a big dick. A part of him expected that he was big, because of his comparisons in the past with his classmates). Was his dick small? At one point, she had spoken of his erect dick as „thingy“. At this suggestion, he felt how his heart shrank a bit. Damn bitch!, he thought. His anger tried to smash his humiliation into pieces. One day, I will show you what a big dick looks like! He had no idea if it was even possible to enlarge his penis, but right now, it must be possible.

The rest of the night he spent on the internet googling how to enlarge his penis. He found different proposals. There was surgery, there were some pills, there were some devices that would stretch his

penis, and there were penis exercises. Surgery was foolproof, but right now it is too expensive. Those pills sounded shady. Perhaps he could buy this device, but he didn't know how to conceal it, as it had to be worn for a very long time. Finally, there were the penis exercises, especially jelqing. According to some online forums, one can potentially gain a maximum of three inches. But more often it was only one inch. In the night, he had also measured himself: 8 inches. Non-bone-pressed. That means that he used a ruler and didn't push it into the bone to get the measurement. Bone-pressed, we were a tiny bit bigger: 8.25 inches. According to the internet, his penis was already „very big“. Of course, he couldn't believe that shit. Right now, he wanted to at least *double* his penis size.

It was still in the middle of September. John had already begun to jelque his penis. Meanwhile, he was working at school and was getting to know the people there better. Some rumors were spread around the school. In the city, some people noticed that the girls there were bustier than others and began speculating about the reasons behind this. One, he didn't know who he was anymore, and noticed that „the enlargement“ had begun since the arrival of the new school doctor, Layla Bernstein. So the rumour was spread that she was responsible for the enlargement of the bust. If this woman knew how to enlarge boobs, maybe she could also tell how to efficiently enlarge the penis, that is what John thought, three inches max was just not enough, he must find a way to make it bigger faster.

At the same time, a new rumour spread across the school. Julia had talked to a colleague about her affair with John during recess. One girl had heard it and began spreading it around. One detail of his talk was John's alleged small penis. A group of girls, the John fangirls, you can call them if you wish, showed massive empathy. They were blaming Julia's behavior for telling this story and telling that he had a small penis. The others found it just funny. And most of them didn't mind, and they still felt attraction towards John. The girls weren't talking often about his penis size, but one day, he heard one girl laughing. „I can't imagine that such a tall guy has such a small wiener.“ Then the girl made a gesture to depict John's alleged small dick. It made John even angrier about Julia.

Before I talk about the meeting between John and Layla Bernstein, I want to talk about another event that happened around mid-September. I had said that John had his eyes on three girls. Brenda, Julia, and ... Clara.

It was random that he met her. Near the school was a small restaurant. In an explorative mood, he decided to go there and taste a meal. Suddenly, as a waitress, Clara appeared. As he saw her, his mind froze. „Hi!“ she smiled. „We know each other! But right now, I'm working, so sorry, no big talk, okay?“ Her blue eyes crashed into his soul. Her smile was so beautiful and innocent. „Yeah,“ answered John. „You know what you want to eat?“ „Just a hamburger with fries,“ he said, staring at her. „Something to drink?“ „A beer.“ „Okay.“ She nodded and began to walk apart, but then she

stopped. „Mike had tried to call you in the last year, “she said. How could she know something of Mike? John was perplexed. „Why haven’t you called him back? He is very sad about it, “she spoke further. „I guess ... I lost connection with him, “he replied honestly. „Oh ...“, her expression was miserable. Then she finally went to the kitchen. Not a quarter hour later, she appeared again, served a big plate with a huge hamburger and a huge portion of fries. „Can I ask you something?“he said to her. She stopped waiting. „How do you know that? Have you contacted Mike?“ She nodded. „I’m his girlfriend. We’ve been a couple for a year.“ As John heard that, he felt some terror. Mike was so short, and he was kind of ugly in John's opinion. And he had ... the wonderful Clara as his girl? She had not lost any of her beauty. Her figure was the same as remembered. How could that be? „I must work now. Call Mike. He would be really happy about it, “she said goodbye. He didn’t reply. His former friend Mike was now with Clara. That could not just be! It made him uncomfortable. He had assumed that Clara was still single, that he had a good chance, if he found the courage, to date her. But now it was clear, it was harder now. But it could not be too hard, John thought. Mike was simply not very sexy. John couldn’t imagine that Clara was really attracted to the short, round-faced Mike. Certainly, he still wore his thick glasses. He even knew his penis size, because Mike was kind of self-conscious about it. So even in bed, it was improbable that he could satisfy her. Once his own penis size was huge, it would still be easier for him to conquer Clara. John went back to his home at the farm with a lot of bad feelings.

The next thing on his agenda was his meeting with Layla Bernstein. He made an appointment with her for a physical check-up. Layla Bernstein was a woman in her forties. Somehow, her long blonde hair was still very intense. They were bound in a ponytail. Her expression was firm. Her face was clear-cut with small lips and eyes that lay close to each other. On the right ear, she wore a nice earring with a dark blue stone in it, in the same color as her eyes. Her whole impression was seriousness. As John arrived, she made some tests with him. Checked his weight (and noted that he was on the border of underweight), checked his height, checked his eyesight and his hearing ability, but found no disorders. She could already tell when she first saw him that he was a healthy young man (who could maybe eat a bit more). „I think you are in excellent health, sir Greenwood“, she said, „Miss Baker had told me that you work here as a janitor, is that right?“she asked. John simply nodded. He didn’t know how to ask about his curiosity. „The only thing that is your weight. It’s still in the official normal range, but on the border. Maybe you can consider putting on some weight. Still, you have no disorders. No high blood pressure, and your eyes and ears are functioning perfectly, “she blabbered, „Thank you for your visit.“ She offered her hand for a goodbye. John didn’t leave like that. He really wanted to ask about penis enlargement. This was actually his original intention. „I .. I have a question“, he said. Layla waited for the question. „Is it possible to enlarge the penis with massages?“ He already knew that it was possible, but he hoped she would

provide further interesting information. The woman pressed her lips together. „If you ask me, I think certainly yes. In the academic world, this is debated, “she said, „in my past, I’ve studied some massage techniques, and I also have tried them out. You can significantly impact many aspects of the body through massage. It’s a very potent and also dangerous power. However, because the pharmaceutical industry cannot generate significant profits from it, nor can doctors, there is little interest in grand scientific studies. If you believe ,my studies‘, I tell you that you can indeed enlarge your penis. However, more important is why someone wants to enlarge the penis. In most cases, it’s not necessary, “she elaborated a bit. „And what is the most efficient way?“asked John. „For penis enlargement in general? Well, it depends on your perspective. If you want fast gains, surgery is the first option. If you want solid gains, massage is the first option. Actually, with certain techniques, the penis can grow faster and faster. But again. If you want to enlarge your penis, why? I haven’t seen yours yet, but after my impressions (*she was thinking about the bulge in his briefs*), you don’t really need that, “she answered. John nodded. „Can you tell me about those techniques?“, he evaded her question again. „I won’t tell you, if you don’t tell me, why you have issues with your size, “she remained stubborn. „It’s an experiment. There are skeptics out there. I want to prove that it works. With pictures, video, and everything, “he lied.

Layle Bernstein deliberated. There were many men out there with really small penisses. They needed this knowledge. She didn’t believe that many men were *really* too small. Many just satisfy the sexual expectancies of modern women who watched porn and thought that a seven-inch-long penis was somehow ,normal‘, when it was clearly above the average. If men simply knew how to enlarge, then many men could be helped. As she was young and naive, she hoped to get financial support from the state to study the possible enlarging effects of massages. In private, she had already collected enough data to convince herself that it worked. And she spread her knowledge, if she was asked for it (*at school, there were many insecure girls out there*). For breast enlargement, she played with the idea of showing it with her own body, but she was happy with what she got, and the results from the massages were irreversible. One who desires to enlarge her breasts must be very sure about her desire. For penis enlargement, she never came to the idea of asking a man. Maybe she had a hidden anxiety that it would lead to some unwanted sexual relationship.

„An experiment? If you say so, let’s make it *really* scientific. Normally, one case study will be ignored by the scientific community. One case is just a scientific anecdote. But if we can really show that the enlargement must be accounted for by the messages, if we collect enough data to exclude every other explanation, then maybe we have a chance, “she thought out loud, „are we really prepared to do that?“Now she was smiling. „How much data is enough data?“John asked sheepishly. „A lot of data. We need so much data that we can exclude every other scientific explanation. We don’t just need photos and videos. We need all kinds of medical values. Hormone

levels, blood-pressure levels, molecular levels, “she thought out loud. Maybe it would be too invasive. He had just asked a question. And right now, she was already seeing him as a medical subject. „If I take everyday blood and urine samples, I think we can already come quite far. I make you an offer. If you really take this to the scientific level, I will give you one thousand each month. Each day you come to me and tell me about your health condition. In either case, I will tell you what I know about the most efficient penis massage for penis enlargement.“ John was excited. Money! And a fast way to get a bigger dick! So easy! „Yes, of course, I would like to be the subject of your experiment!“Well then, you can rest here for some minutes. We must take the initial condition of your penis size.“

John stood up. „Right here?“ She nodded. John stripped his pants and his underwear. As Layla saw his flaccid penis, she wasn't sure if he was really the right specimen for this study. It was already quite large. It would be more convincing if they started with a smaller one, because it would be clearer what those messages could have an impact on men with certain considerable conditions. Mr. Greenwood didn't need any more. She already had the tape measure in her hand. She pressed the tape measure into his bone. „5.53 inches flaccid. John ... I don't think you need to be any bigger, “she judged seriously. After a few seconds, his penis became hard. It was clear that he had a really big penis. Maybe it was a really bad idea, she thought. Why must man be so stupid? This John already had a huge one. „8.25 inches hard, “she noticed, „bone pressed.“ She opened her laptop and created a spreadsheet. She commanded that John take a urine test. After that, she took some of his blood. „Can you tell me why you want to enlarge your penis?“she asked him after. „My ex said it was too small, “he said. „Don't make a joke.“She didn't believe him. „I'm serious, “he insisted. „Whatever ...“, she said.

After John had left the room, she thought that she must be crazy! Why on earth did she even offer him a salary! Was she really that altruistic? Something about this young man was strange, but she couldn't tell what was strange about him. And also crazy that someone with such a big dick wants to enlarge it even further. His dick looked nice. During their interaction, she had a sudden desire to grab his stick. At late, she had not seen many dicks, but that was unusual.

There was one thing that would happen in September. He would have sex with Brenda. They had their first talk when John wanted to leave the school. He saw her smoking a cigarette. „Oh, hey! Mister janitor!“she called him. „John, “ he presented himself. „Well, for me, you're Mister janitor!“she laughed. Her bosom would explode this white uniform one day. „I go home now, “he lifted his hand. „Wait, come here. I feel lonely.“, she said with a sweet voice.

In this way, Brenda made a connection with John. Nearly every day, they would meet there, and Brenda would tell him about her troubles. Brenda lived in a poor family with a lot of brothers and sisters. Her mother didn't have a job, and her father did have a job, but the income was insufficient.

If her mother were not an alcoholic, there would be a bit more money. However, her father liked to gamble, so in the end, there was really not much money, even though they received financial welfare support from the state. They all lived together in a small apartment. Three children shared one room, and they were six. Three girls and three boys. She was the oldest. Brenda didn't like it at home. Often her mother and her father would argue about money. Her mother would blame her father for spending all the money on gambling, and her father would blame her for spending all her money. Both of them were true. In addition to that, her father was now ogling her. Sometimes he let fall his fingers on her bosom.

This was one side. The other side, which was her mother, didn't allow her to meet with boys. Brenda had already met some nice boys in town. Now, that she was 18, she could do what she wants. Her mother didn't like it at all that Brenda was sexually interested. Brenda told John that she regularly massages her breasts to make them fuller and bigger and that her mother didn't like that. „Chop them off'. What you do is dangerous! All men are oggling you! Do you want to be raped?“her mother moaned. As she said, she had made a connection with boys in the city. From them, she received some dick pics. But she had never done it really.

„What do you think?“she asked one day, „Do you find me attractive?“ He nodded, „Yes.“ „Would you date me?“she smiled. „Why not?“ „Then date me, “she decided. She pulled his arms, pressed him against her bosom, and kissed him. She wanted for so long to kiss a guy. It was different from what was expected. As if John also didn't know how to kiss well. „But we meet in your home, not in mine, okay? My mother gets crazy when she sees that I take a boy home.“

Of course, they would not have sex on the same day. But John anticipated this day. In his bed, he was imagining her naked milk-chocolate smooth body. With each day her talks were getting more intimate. „You've heard the rumour about me?“he asked her one day. „Oh yeah ... you mean that rumour. I don't believe it. Or is it true?“She lifted an eyebrow in a funny way. „I don't know, “he said. „You don't know if you have a small dick or a big dick?“, she grinned. „No.“ „I don't believe you. But I believe that Julia is a bitch. I never would do that.“ „You think my penis is big?“ „I think ... yes. Is it important for you?“, she looked bright. „For *me*?“he said. „Yeah ... I think guys think a lot more about than girls.“ „You never had sex, “he reminded her. „Oh come on, there are dildos, you know?“, she talked back, „but, I understand, for you it's important. Then let me tell you, don't worry.“ „I'm not worried, “he asserted. „Not even a bit?“, she laughed. „No!“, he insisted.

Brenda needed a useful lie to tell her mother, if she wanted to go to John. She was getting horny more and more and of course she was curious about what was hidden behind his pants. It was risky, but she would tell her that the school had a sports club and she wanted to go there to get in shape. She would confess to the second oldest her real location and hoped that she would keep her mouth shut. On that day, she would go to John's home.

After they took a bus and walked the rest of the way, they arrived at John's home. „Oh, you live on a farm, “she noticed and looked at the distance to a larger house and a large Staples. There were also some cows in the meadow. „You haven't told me, “ she said, „if I knew it before, I would have taken my boots. Yeah-haw!“ John didn't answer that. Before they went to the house, John took his keys and opened the door. „Mom!“he cried out loud, „Can you calculate one for dinner?“ His mom just appeared. Henriette was a broad-shouldered woman. You could see that she was used to hard work. Her skin was a bit brown. „A girl?“, she saw Brenda, „you have a girlfriend? Couldn't you tell me that sooner? I would have cleaned the house.“ She turned around to Brenda, „Sorry, here it is always kind of dirty. I could clean each day and it would see some spots.“ „Never mind, “Brenda replied with a smile. Henriette examined the girl. Wow, she thought, my boy has really found a *real* girl. You could imagine why John has chosen this girl. Her build was very ... noticeable. But she seemed very nice.

Both John and Julia went upstairs to his room. Julia watched the sparse room. You could see a desk, a shelf with a few books, a wardrobe, a stool, and on the floor lay a mattress. It had a window. Besides this, there was nothing in there. „You don't need much“, she said. „No, “he affirmed. „You have condoms?“, she changed the topic suddenly. On her face was a seductive smile. „No“. „Really?“, she sounded annoyed, „I thought I would lose my virginity finally. You could at least have bought some condoms!“. „I will care that I don't jerk in you, okay?“ Brenda didn't like the idea. She was looking at him seriously. „We could buy some in the village, “she put forward. „We would need at least an hour to get them, “John objected. She sighed. „Okay ... you promise that you will pay attention? I don't want to get really pregnant.“ John nodded. For a while, she was speaking about his mom.

Then the dinner was ready, and Brenda could see the huge mess in the kitchen. Jim, John's father, was really a bear of a man. Even taller than his son, and much broader than his son. It wouldn't surprise her if he could really eat a horse. And from him, he had inherited his calm being.

Finally, they went again to John's chamber. „Your dad is kind of scary, “she said, „he is so huge. He is a monster!“ She laughed. „Nah, he looks really big and scary. He is friendly, “John assured her. Right now, he was admiring her body. Brenda noticed his change of stare. How was he looking at her body? „You're in the mood, right?“ She let her hand glide over her bust. „I've noticed how your mother has taken a look at my bosom, and her pupil dilated!“A short burst of laughter came. „Mmmm“, he wasn't paying attention to her words. Slowly, she opened the buttons of her uniform. More and more of her generous breasts came into the light. They were held by a large, simple white bra. Those were done at the school. John really liked what he saw. The last button was opened, and the top of her uniform fell down. She was very slim and had a flat stomach. Her skin had a really nice color. As if she were really consisting of chocolate. On this slim body were very big breasts,

still in the bra. The bra was really big, but it seemed that her funbags were overflowing it a tiny bit. John felt his erection pressing against his pants. She buttoned up her pants and pulled them down. Also, her legs were slender. She even had a tiny tigh-gap. Matching her bra, she also had white basic panties. To make it short: her body was really hot. John could always imagine things better, but he knew that she was really a bombshell. Young and tight, and sexy as hell. His pants were too tight, and they were really getting uncomfortable.

There were no spoken words. Their eyes had locked in each other. Her hand went behind her back to pull the hooks of her bra. It didn't take really long, maybe ten seconds. But those ten seconds were very teasing for John.

Her bra fell down. John could feel a rush in his penis. They were magnificent. Very big, at least. Most would say there were huge. Each boob was much bigger than a hand; they had a perfect teardrop shape. The subtle roundness of her boobs was extraordinary. They were full with nice areolas and thick nipples. Wow, those boobs were really one of the finest you could find in a city. „You like?“ she asked and was still locked into his eyes. John simply nodded. She still had her white panties on. Now she pulled it down. Down she was shaved. Her pussy slit was sexy, inviting.

John was very aroused. He couldn't wait any longer. First, he stripped down his clothes. In a minute, he was naked. Brenda had imagined him a bit differently. More muscular, to be honest. For a man, he had a kind of slender build. But, hell ... his dick was *not small*! It looked very big, matching his height. „Now it's clear that your dick is not small,“ she judged with appreciation. „Not?“ He was already playing with himself. „No, of course not!“, she laughed, „it's huge.“ „Huge, you say?“ he repeated. He tried to calm down, but her body was so frickin' hot. „Yeah ... , no?“, she sounded unsure. She hadn't watched much porn; maybe she had seen three porn videos. Those were amateur porn videos. John's penis seemed bigger than the others. Not by that much, but ... it did look very impressive to her. And it aroused her. It was destiny that she met him.

She went to him, pressed her body into him, and kissed him. Passionately. She could feel his large stick on her stomach. And damn ... she was very wet down there. Today would be the day. They were kissing clumsily. Then she bit him hard on his underlip. It did really hurt! It even makes him bleed! „Sorry ...“, she excused herself, „but I'm just so fucking horny ...“. She lay on the bed, waited for him. She saw how he crouched, his large penis sticking out of his body. In such nearness, it looked even more impressive. He positioned his fucker at her entrance. And pushed in. For a short time, it was overwhelming for her. She needed to take a deep breath. Before him, she had played with some dildos. The packaging said that they were around six inches long. If she were honest, his girth wasn't that crazy, but the length. And he tried to push really all in her in one go. He pumped fast. Soon she felt a nice tingling inside her body. Quietly, she moaned. She was in heaven. Her toes curled. Suddenly, she wrapped her legs around his back. Abruptly, a strong tingling wave of warmth

was all over her body. „Ohhhhh!“ she moaned in ecstasy. He still wasn't done, and she craved more. It tasted really good. His large dick felt nice. The fullness. The friction. The visual. But John couldn't perform much longer. He pulled his dick out of her. Splash. A short white stream was shot. Then another, but smaller, and then another. In all, he had fucked her for five minutes.

She had only tasted his dick. On his face, she saw his tiredness. Was it all? Could he get it hard again? His dick was slowly shrinking. A bit she was disappointed. It was so good. She looked at his face. His jawline. His short hair. Those crazy blue eyes. And she fell in love. „Wow ...“, she smiled, „that was hot!“ But short, she added in her thought. John rested. Looked at her body. Her flawless milk-chocolate body. During his penetration, her boobs had wobbled, and her stomach had risen and fallen. She had closed her eyes, had wrapped her legs around his neck. With her, it felt a way better than with Julia. He felt light, and he positioned himself next to Brenda. „Your body is sexy“, he acknowledged. „Thanks“, she smiled and gave him a kiss on the cheek. „I would be ready for another round, “she suggested, „should I play with him?“ „No“, he simply said, „I'm tired.“ She gave him another kiss on his cheek. She was really feeling butterflies in her stomach.

October

One night, Miss Baker was lying awake. It was one of those nights in which she had those cravings. And her husband couldn't ease them. She was thinking about John. They had regular meetings. She had given him the job because of her stupid cravings. Already, some rumours were spreading around the school. It was said that he had something with a teacher. It didn't worry her too much as long as he was fucking teachers, and honestly, she was not surprised about him. He was the only attractive male at her school. Of course, he was getting popular. She was annoyed that she let her libido determine her actions. As a janitor, he was not good. Some lamps weren't working, some toilets didn't flush as they should, and he still hadn't repaired them. She was sure that this Boris would have been better for the job. In her mind, she thought about how she could seduce him. But it didn't seem that he was attracted towards older women. Her own husband didn't come to her mind. She said to herself that she was only playing with those thoughts; she didn't really want to cheat. Miss Baker went regularly to the fitness studio. A person in her position needed to be resilient in her body and in her mind. Mind and body are intertwined. But the body was, in certain ways, more important than the mind. If the body wasn't healthy, the mind couldn't get any better. Sometimes, when she stood before the mirror, she was disgusted by her body. Objectively, she was slim, but she still saw all the fat that was on her body. Old, terrible memories came back. Back then, when she looked nearly skeletal. She tried not to think about them. She didn't want to trigger them. Absurd thoughts came into her. If she were thinner, John would notice her. Certainly. All people liked small

people. It was not that hard to get thinner. She would get hungry or get dizzy. What am I thinking about? she thought. Clearly, she saw in her imagination her slimmer figure, how sexy it would look. She would fit into old clothes. She tried to suppress those images, but they aroused her. In the past, when she lost weight, her pants would begin to slide down or become baggy. Between her legs would be a thigh gap. Now, one finger was playing with her clitoris. She was lost in forbidden, dangerous, wrong fantasies.

In October, John was getting some routine. He felt what was important for his job and noticed his lack of certain skills. Fortunately, his father had some practical technical knowledge, and he showed him how to repair certain things. However, he did need more time than a normal worker for some repairs, and there were some days on which he was much later than he wanted at school. His parents were pleased about his new job, especially with the increased income. As a celebration, they took half of his earnings for themselves! They said that it was for the expenses. Right now, he couldn't argue with them about it because he had his home there. He already searched for cheap apartments near the school. Maybe after half a year, he could consider moving out.

He was now in a relationship with Brenda. They had exchanged numbers. Each day, Brenda was messaging him, sending him cute photos of cats and dogs. John found it a bit annoying; he found those pictures silly. He would be much happier if she would send him nudes or tit-pictures. It was also hard to get some private time with her. She was still anxious about her parents, and they must plan their meetings. In October, they had only three dates. Luckily for John, they fucked in each session.

Brenda learned a few things about John. She had the impression that John was not someone who would initiate a conversation. Out of ten times, she would initiate it seven times. Sometimes she had the impression that she annoyed him. Also, on the message app, was she the one who would always start the conversation? Deep down, it hurt her. She had realized that she had really fallen in love with him. She needed to see his face and his body. She needed to hear his voice. However, it didn't seem that he had the same kind of feelings. On lonely nights, she imagined John by her side. She imagined how she would grab his thick dick. His tasty, thick, big dick. She loved the texture of this thing, how it was a tiny bit squishy. How it grew bigger and bigger, even if it was already big in its soft state. His thing came deep into her. Stretched her so pleasurably. She had hard orgasms with strong tingling all over her body. Now she knew what sex was. Was this the reason why she fell in love with him? Was that superficial? Why was she already considering the possibility of having kids with him? – She knew how irrational those thoughts were. She was too young. She wanted to study and live on campus. Before John, she didn't even know if she really wanted a steady boyfriend.

It was not only she who was obsessed with his dick. John himself was obsessed with it. In each of three meetings in October, he had done some exercises with his dick. With amusement, she noticed

that he stretched his dick in a certain special way. He explained to her that he was enlarging his penis. She said to him that he didn't really need a bigger dick, that he was really big already, that his dick was perfect. He didn't agree with her and said that he was not big. At her home, she googled those exercises and learned that you could indeed grow some. At max three inches. She hoped that he wouldn't go so far. If you stood near his dick, you would already see how fucking big this thing was. If you looked at a ruler and looked at how 11 inches looked, it was really scary! Her body couldn't handle such an absurd thing. With some admiration but also with some worry, she noticed that he took those exercises with hard seriousness. He took many photos and made some videos. He also always took measurements. She could only remember the last measurement: 8.1 inches. One time, she compared it to a shampoo bottle of Head & Shoulders. His dick was a bit bigger than that! On that day, he showed her a penis pump. She had watched him, how he gave himself with his large hands a handjob. With those hands, his dick appeared a bit smaller, but she knew how big his thing was. The penis pump had a tube. In this tube, he put his dick. On this tube was a small pump that took the air out of the tube to create a vacuum for suction. He pushed this pump a few times. And indeed she could see how his big dick expanded bigger and bigger. Became redder and redder. It was honestly dangerous looking. But the new size that was approaching was thrilling. How big could his thing get? When he was finished, his thing looked too big in this tube. He then took up the tube. „Holy shit!“she cried out. His thing looked *massive*. Extremely big. Really huge. „I guess it's ten inches now!“she laughed with some nervousness. „May I touch it?“ John nodded. He put both of her hands on this anaconda. She was using both of her hands, and so much was sticking out! It was kind of absurd! She laughed. „It's too big!“she exclaimed, „You don't want to be that big, do you?“ John didn't say anything. Instead, he took his tape measure: it was ,only near nine inches. 8.9 inches long. The effect of the pump was, of course, only temporary.

The relationship with Brenda was somewhat nice for John. She often demanded his attention, which annoyed John. And he was not in love with Brenda. He liked her body and sex with her. Out of the women at school, she seemed to have the best body. Not that she was flawless in his eyes. She could always be a bit thinner or have bigger breasts. His mind was focused on another girl. Clara. He still couldn't believe that his best friend Mike was coupled with Clara. He had no resentment against him; he just had something that he wanted. It was a problem that needed to be solved, in whichever way. Clara should fall in love with him, John.

He reached out for his friend Mike. As Mike heard again from his old friend, he was more than happy. In the call, they set a meeting with each other at his home. The distance from his home was quite far, but for Clara, he would do anything. One afternoon, he arrived at the grey, ugly but cheap log apartment. Mike and Clara shared two small rooms. The kitchen functioned at the same time as a saloon, and then it was the bedroom. There was a small bookshelf full of philosophy books. On a

desk lay Clara's laptop, which Mike also used. In the corner stood a television, and in the middle was the not-too-large bed for both. John didn't want to imagine that Mike had sex with Clara on this small bed. Otherwise, there stood many colorful decorations around that made the rooms more vivid. All in all, you could see that they were quite poor now. Mike was studying philosophy, and Clara worked as a waitress (if the reader can remember it). She studied English. Surely Clara would be happy to live in more financially stable surroundings, John thought.

„Can you make money out of it?“John asked Mike. They were talking about his studies at university. „A philosophy degree shows that you have analytical skills. Also, it shows that you can write essays. I've already begun to apply to some jobs for journalism, but I don't seem to have any luck, it seems. Maybe I could also try to write a big one myself. But that doesn't matter. I study philosophy because I love philosophy,“he said. The small man sat there with his thick glasses, still with a round face. His green shirt was pressed against his muscular figure, with broad shoulders. He used to do strength training. „Clara has told me that you have the janitor position at her school. A girls' school,“Mike remembered, „how is it? Are you happy with the job?“ „I think so,“was John's short answer. „Maybe you're the one who is more clever, maybe it's really stupid to study philosophy,“he said with some embarrassment. „You will find a job as soon as you have a bachelor's degree. I'm sure,“Clara interfered. „I hope so“, he smiled weirdly. „How have you met each other?“John asked and sipped at his cheap soluble coffee. „At the campus. We've begun to talk with each other and well ... I fell in love with her ...“. „And I fell in love with him ...“, they said complementarily. Of course, the explanation was extremely reduced. They had shared some experiences together. Mike showed that you could depend on him; Mike would never let somebody down. Clara had also seen how empathic and how strong his will was. Mike and Clara were looking into each other's eyes. With love and admiration. John felt anger rising in his chest. He didn't understand why a beauty as Clara had such strong inclinations toward Mike. „Shit, I forgot to buy tampons. I will go now quickly,“Clara had the epiphany suddenly. „I come also with you, I think you can wait here for five minutes or not?“Mike looked at John, „or ten minutes. But not more. It's just a quick buy.“ „Sure“, John replied.

Maybe you can say that Mike's behavior wasn't really polite, but he was strongly in love with Clara and didn't want to pass a second without her. Aside from that, John knew Mike well. Mike knew that John could tolerate it well. But he said to himself, next time I will stay.

John didn't mind. Now, on the contrary, he took the opportunity to spy. Well, at first sight, there was not much to spy. The books on the shelf were totally uninteresting. It was a collection of classics: Aristotle, Plato, Kant, Descartes, Hume, and some introductory books. Quickly, he was looking in each corner. In a drawer from a wardrobe, hidden at the end of it, he found his first surprise. It was a really long dildo. I mean, really long. Like more than 12 inches long? In the drawer were also sexy

lingerie. Did Mike know that Clara had such a thing in there? John smiled. Whatever the case, it was a sign that Clara liked it *big*. But he needed more time to be *that* big. Cautiously, he put the dildo back in the exact spot. There was not much time left. They were already absent for seven minutes. He hadn't checked out her laptop. John decided to go back to the kitchen and waited there. Clara and Mike didn't only buy tampons. John glanced at a package of condoms. Again, he felt anger rising in his chest. Mike smiled at him. John saw now that he was shorter than Clara. „Sorry for the wait, “he excused himself. „You still exercise regularly, no?“John asked. „You see that?“Mike answered. „Of course, you see that, darling. Everybody sees that you're a powerhouse. He trains six times a week. But he takes no supplements, “Clara spoke for him. „And you?“John looked at Clara. „I go each Monday but not more, “she said, „but I try to run three times a week.“ „I'm out of shape“, John said then, while Mike and Clara sat down, „Do you mind if I join you on Mondays?“ Clara and Mike did look each other in the eyes for a short moment. „No, of course not, I would be happy!“Mike grinned. In her mind, Clara was a bit suspicious of John. Why on Monday? Why, when she was there also? *I think too much, maybe John just likes me too*, she thought.

From then on John, Mike and Clara would go each monday together to the fitness studio. It was the opportunity for John to know Clara better and to build a – yet – friendly relationship with her. He tried to hide his true intention and would not take too much with Clara, but would take the most time with Mike. Slowly Clara did trust John more and more, but still the relationship had to be continued to develop further.

We change the scenes. It's evening. Bedtime. Karl was lying in bed. Tomorrow would be just another day at McDonald's. He was lying in bed and heard his wife, Tamara, taking a shower. In recent years, his relationship with his wife has gone silent. In the past, he had some great visions and plans, but they didn't work out. And now it was clear that he was stuck. Probably, his wife was disappointed in him; he couldn't blame her for that. They didn't share their interests anymore, but the relationship consisted purely of managing the household together. He couldn't even have sex with her because of erectile dysfunction.

Tamara appeared suddenly nude in their bedroom, her grey hair wet. Karl was really amazed by how her body looked. He knew that his wife did take care of her body. Regularly, she did sports. However, he noticed that she looked different. Thinner. She was always thin. In the past, she had some serious trouble with her weight. For a long time, she had been fighting against her anorexia, but she succeeded, and her weight became under her control. Today she looked really thin. Not yet *too* thin. It kind of looked normal, but just kind of ... If you knew her past, you would be alarmed like Karl. She had lost weight in the last month. Not too much. Karl tried to remember how much she had eaten in the last few days. Despite the lost pounds, her boobs did look as big as before or even bigger, while her body shrank; they hadn't. Additionally, her boobs looked firmer. Was that

even possible? Now his wife was putting on her black bra and her black panties. It was quite an arousing sight, despite his lurking worries.

„You have lost weight“, he remarked. „Yeah. The last days were stressful. I’ll take care of it, “she said in a business-like manner, like it was a minor thing. She had forgotten something. She let down her bra again and began to massage her boobs. „How was your day?“he wanted to know. „Stressful, “she said. Karl felt a sadness watching her. He knew he wasn’t sufficient for her. He still loved her. „Do you have pain in your chest?“ „No, it’s just some exercise to make them firmer, “she explained. That was something new for him. „Is there some exercise to make them firmer? Wow! I didn’t know, “he laughed. „I didn’t know it either. But our school doctor has told me about it, “she told him. „How was your day?“she asked him back, while she was focused on her massages. „Boring. It’s always the same. I hate it. I can’t smell the fat anymore. Or even look at the burgers, always the same. But it’s my job, “he replied. „Can you get an erection today?“she asked. His groin was tingling. Under the bed sheet, he was touching his thing. It did react a bit, but it didn’t become hard. „No“, he sighed. „You’ve hired a man last month, “he remembered, „how is he?“ Tamara took a deep breath, „I don’t know. Maybe it was a mistake. But I don’t fire him now. I hope that he is getting the grip of the work.“ „Maybe you could hire me, “he joked, but as he spoke it, he thought that it was maybe not such a bad idea after all. „I would, if I could. But I fear that you wouldn’t go well with the colleagues“, she replied. She was still doing her breast massage. He frowned. „What do you mean by that?“ „Well, the new janitor is young and ... yeah, attractive, “she was being honest. „Ah ... okay, you fear that they would perceive me as a pedophile, “he concluded gloomily. „That’s what you said, not me, “she answered.

Their conversation stopped, and she massaged her breasts for some time. Her husband already noticed her weight loss. She had hoped that he wouldn’t notice it. But he didn’t seem to be worried about it. Her BMI was now 18. In the last month, she lost two points of BMI. Technically, it was underweight, but she felt very fine. She felt in control. She wanted to have a BMI of 16. Then she would be thin and would still have some smoothness. It was the most beautiful weight. If the massages worked right, she could really have a sexy body again, despite her aging. Her skin had become limp over the last ten years. You could see how it hangs down around her arms. Every day, the wrinkles on her skin are digging a bit deeper into her face. She couldn’t stop it. But she could at least preserve the muscles, the weight. She was thinking of John and often dreaming about him, fantasizing how a young body would crave her, how his big thing would plunge into her. If she could be as sexy as she could get, the young one could get an erection. She had already worked out some plans in her head, but it was not yet time for it.

In the last days of September, Bernstein analyzed the first results from their experiment. John had grown 0.1 inches. As he had promised, he had taken each day a photo from his flaccid and erect

state, and also a video that showed him doing the exercises after her manual. Additionally, she took his urine and blood samples every day. It would prove that he didn't take any supplements or any other kind of drug. John himself was not very happy about the slow growth. She assured him that this was just the beginning, that the growth would accelerate. The results were therefore already promising. Technically, the results were already statistically significant. However, they could of course dispute that his measurements weren't really exact. On a photo or video, you can't really see if someone did put the same pressure on the ruler as the day or week before (for the scientific experiment, he did bone-pressed measurements and also non-bone-pressed). She would ask him if he could also weigh himself for the next time, because body fat could add a fat layer around the groin, so that it appeared that the penis was smaller (not that she really thought that he was getting any fatter – she was seeing him every day).

October

„Mom, I want to invite a guy into our home. He is my boyfriend, John, “Brenda finally asked her mother. They were standing in an untidy kitchen, her mother, Nala, sitting, and on the table was a beer. „You can do what you want, like you always say. But I don't allow this guy to enter my home. And that is my home!“she said with insistence. „He is nice! You would like him!“Brenda pleaded. Nala was looking at her daughter. Her bust obscenly arched from her grey-shirt. Looking big as ever. „He is only interested in your tits, “ she spat. „NO! Don't say something so stupid!“Brenda reacted annoyed. „They get bigger and bigger. And you're still doing those messages. You know that they make them bigger. You like it when men stare at them, “Nala said contemptuously. Brenda took a breath desperately. She was not totally false about that. „No, that's not true, I do them to keep them firm“, she lied, „but that doesn't matter. That's not the point!“ „I also don't see where the problem lies. I guess you already fuck him. Why don't you just go there? To his family. I guess his parents are rich. Would for me if you go there? “her mother said and took a sip from her beer. Brenda felt anger in her. Her mother was so mean to her! „I want you to accept my boyfriend. That you welcome him in our house in our family, “Brenda said. „I won't“, Nala simply said. „What if I just take him here?“ Brenda stared at her mother with fierce eyes. „I won't allow that. If he does one step into this house, I will bring him out. If necessary, with the help of your brothers.“ „I HATE YOU!“ she cried out. Angrily, she left the house and slammed the door hard.

She went into a park and just sat on a bench. The days were already getting colder, and she felt it. She had really hoped that her mother would accept her new boyfriend. Each day, she felt deeper and deeper in love. She couldn't imagine that she wouldn't see him every day. Horribly, she couldn't even tell why she loved him so much. If she thought in a sober way, she realized that John wasn't

really very tender. Only during sexual interactions did he kiss her or touch her. Even looking her in her eyes was rare. He was also not very interested in her interests. But at least he could listen well. He always listened and was always at her side. Was this the reason for her deep love? Or was it really just his looks? The idea of presenting him before other girls was arousing. They would be jealous. Yeah ... he was really handsome, and also under his belt, he was a jackpot. But his obsession with his penis was strange. She didn't understand why he kept thinking about being bigger. Not one day had he stopped those exercises. She doubted that those exercises worked. At least his dick did not look bigger to her – not that he needed to be any bigger! Her body had needed some time to adapt to his very large penis. Right now, the sex was getting better and better, and he feared that if his penis got too big, it would hurt. And if it was too long, it did look obscene. Like the time he had pumped his dick. A part of her liked the sheer *superlative* dimension of his dick. Simply the thought that he was bigger than many other men.

What did she want to do? This question was still unanswered. Finally, she's done it at least. She had told her mother that she had a boyfried. It could have gone worse. Her mother didn't expel her from home, but she clearly stated that she didn't want to see him. Brenda felt her chest heavy. Another thing. Her bra had been too small again. At school, they had a special clothing manufacture where some girls would create some clothing, including lingerie. There were also the uniforms produced and those basic white lingeries. Because there were many girls at puberty, it happened all the time that girls needed bigger bras, and the school suddenly could give them some for very cheaply. All you needed to do was to tell the chief of the clothing manufacturer that you needed a new bra. Then the chief (all girls simply called her „the chief“) would take some measurements and then would produce some appropriate lingerie. Brenda had done that yesterday. And it wasn't too far into the past when she had been there. „Girl, either you have a condition, or you still do those exercises. And if I look at the formidable form of your chest, I think it's the second case. You are right now at a 28K cup. Such big breasts aren't good for the body; they put your body under stress. Yes, through the exercises they get firm and full and nice, but they also get bigger if you do them too excessively,“her chief said. Brenda loved the massages. When she massaged her boobs, it calmed her down. It was like therapy. And she really loved how full and shapely her boobs looked. Admittedly, they really are getting heavy. Maybe she should stop them. It was not just her stupid mother who warned her.