

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).

November

„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.

They were big. In her class, she had clearly the biggest boobs, and she was not the heaviest. They became a ballast. Conclusion: just stop the massages! With that, the problem with John persisted. For whatever reason, she liked him; it was clear that she liked him. Conclusion: Be with him! She stood up, opened her phone, and sent a message to John. „Can I come to you? :)“ Two minutes after, he replied, „Ok.“

After Henriette's dinner, John and Brenda went into his room. Henriette had noticed that the girl had not eaten much. But John didn't notice anything. He didn't understand why Brenda was there. Normally, she came on Tuesdays, not on Fridays. „I've talked with my mother about you, “she began to confess. John just sat on the stool. Looking at her. His blue eyes burned like laser rays into her. For a moment, she felt a weird freshness coming into her body, like plunging into a blue sky in a weird dream. „I thought she could welcome you to my family, but she won't. She doesn't want to see you.“ She was close to tears. „I'm so sorry.“ A first droplet ran down her cheek. „Why?“ John replied. „Because she hates you!“she cried. It was, of course, not true, but it felt like it was true. „It doesn't bother me, really, “he replied calmly. Why the heck was Brenda crying? „What's the problem?“he asked. She pressed her lips, trying to think soberly. Didn't he understand it? Was it not bothering him at all? With her palm, she wiped her tears. „If it's not a problem for you, then it's also not a problem for me, “she said. Then she looked at his calm stare. He had no problems at all. He can deal with any problems. Maybe that's a reason why she loved him. His face was so beautiful. Even in the grey light. Her eyes wandered down. Today, he wore a pair of sweatpants, and they bulged at his dick. Yeah, that was what she needed. She needed to forget her stupid mom.

Before his eyes, she stripped off her clothes. Soon, she was naked. Her incredible body. So smooth and slim with such perfect, very big breasts. It didn't matter why she had done that now. Her expression was defiant and, at the same time, sad. „The chief and my mom are saying that my boobs are too big, “she said, „Do you think that too?“ John smiled, „Nooo... they aren't even that big.“ What? She thought. Is he crazy? „What's your cup size?“he demanded. „28K“. „The average breast size lies around 34DD. But you have, because of your smaller figure, a shorter underband. But the volume of a 32F bra and a 34DD bra is the same, also of ... 28H and 34DD. You're just two cup size over the average.“, he explained. „W...what?“. Obviously, my boobs are *huge*, she thought. Obviously, her boobs were *much* bigger than her classmates. At least not just two cup sizes, she deliberated. She had mixed feelings. „Do you like the size of them?“, she asked. „I didn't mind if they were much bigger.“, he laughed. Ok, he is really a boob-fetishist, she simply thought. In a way, it felt confirming. She glanced down at his groin, and she saw that it had reacted.

„Pull out your dick“, she commanded. He resisted. „Oh ... come on, let me see your big dick!“, she pleaded. He pulled down. It was not yet in full hardness. She wanted to see it big. „Come here!“his voice was much firmer than hers. Her nipples were erect, and now she was near his dick. „Open your mouth!“ As she put it into her mouth, she felt the sheer size of it. „Deeper“. She let her face sink deeper, his glans reaching far back. Her gag reflex set in. She wanted to go back. But his hand held her tight. „Deeper“, he commanded again. Her breath became ragged because she couldn't breathe well. At the same time, her gag reflex tried to pull her out of the situation. „Deeper“, he said again. She couldn't. Before she began to panic, he released her. „Do you want to kill me?“she

shouted. „Calm down. I wouldn't do that, “he said, „but you must exercise. One inch is still not in your throat when you deepthroat me.“ „You **hurt** me!“Her voice was getting loud. „Calm down!“he repeated, „I'm sorry, okay? Don't make a big deal out of it. I'm sorry.“

This incident had its consequences. After that, Brenda was much more suspicious about John. She thought that his mind was kind of sick. She checked the assertions he made and found that they were right. However, that didn't excuse the deepthroat-thing. That had been a master-jerk move! After two weeks, her resentment against John had already flown away, but she had not forgotten the incident. Also, John had learned from the incident. Therefore, he was more careful with her. He had no anxiety about not finding another girl, but he doubted that he could find a girl with such a nice figure to fuck. Strangely, Brenda came much more often than in the month before. His parents were sometimes arguing about her. His father wanted that she would pay some compensation, while his mother was against it. His father saw only the expenses for her eating and the water consumption (sometimes Brenda took a shower there), but his mother felt that Brenda was coming from a difficult situation. And it was not the case that their existence would crumble at any moment.

John learned patience. His mind was still focused on Clara. He had the urge to make private invitations with her, but he realized that Clara and his friend Mike were really in love. Often they would look into each other's eyes and then, like some retards, would spontaneously laugh. He couldn't really tell how much Clara trusted him. All he could do now was to be a really nice friend to both of them. Later, he could create situations to his advantage. Another thing that demanded patience from him was those penis exercises. In the middle of October, he reached 8.2 inches. So indeed, if his measurements were correct, he was growing a bit faster. Nearly every day, he looked at his nude physique in the mirror. In his eyes, it didn't look bigger. Sometimes he even thought he was getting smaller. He would check his size again and would find that he kept the dimensions.

He felt that he was really working. All those measurements that Layla needed for her research took time. Now she even wanted him to make some real analog photos. His job was also getting tiring. The school principal had always complained about. All the time, some small things at school got broken, and he was called to repair them. He had to switch several broken windows because some stupid girls (the young ones) decided to play dumb and throw some rocks at them. The same kind of stupid girls decided to clog a toilet. Some tiles needed to be repaired. Some locks didn't go well. And so on. Slowly, he was acquiring the skills, but because they weren't there yet, all those repair jobs took longer than intended.

At the beginning of November, the school principal decided that all employees at the school – including the janitor and herself – are obliged to do one hour of sports every week. She called it the „Sports-Monday“. She based her decision on a scientific study that showed that regular exercise had some really good health benefits. Too often, some teachers got ill, and to prevent that, sports were a

good thing. Not everyone was happy about her decision. Normally, they had an official hour to discuss the general class situations. In fact, however, the teachers used this hour to talk about their private lives and take a break. This sports thing couldn't be evaded.

The Sports Monday happened in the winter months in a hall. At the first Sports Monday, the school principal appeared in just a white sports bra and some short white running pants. Everyone there was gawking at her. Nobody had thought that the „old“ Miss Baker had such a body! She had a six-pack, a tiny waist, and strong legs, all on a very slim figure. Add to that combo some big jugs, packed into the white sports bra. John was very happy about the event. All female employees were gathered there, and he could look at their beauty. Unfortunately, only a few of them were ready to wear such sexy wear as the school principal. Most of them wore loose white shirts with some baggy yoga pants that hid their bodies. Layla Bernstein wore a blue sports bra and blue yoga pants. John and Layla glanced at each other and greeted each other with a short smile. Julia wore just a completely basic white shirt with jeans. She ignored John completely. His eye was on a really tall one. She must be nearly of equal height to him. She wore a brown, incredibly long ponytail. Her upper body was quite slender, but her trunks showed a big, nice, round ass. Her ass was maybe as beautiful and uniquely shaped as Clara's ass, but it was firm and round. He couldn't stop taking some glances at her face. She was also a beauty. Her facial features reminded him of northern women. He guessed that she came from Russia. Nice full lips and, of course, blue eyes. Later, he learned that her name was Natasha. On their first Sports-Monday, Miss Baker decided to just make some rounds around the hall. For most, it was very tiring. Miss Baker really used the whole hour for sports. At the end, some employees complained. For instance, the short Julia. You could see from her very sweaty clothes that her energy level was really low. For John, it was a bit tiring, but not much. Maybe his visits with Mike and Clara at the fitness studio showed their effects. (As a side note: John must take the shower after all the women have taken their showers)

Tamara came home late. Her husband was already in the living room, watching a series. She hadn't yet eaten something for dinner, and her stomach was protesting. In a hurry, she made a salad with some chicken. Then he sat beside her husband. „I've cooked something for you today. A steak with some fries, and I made a small tomato salad, “he said eagerly, but still watching the TV. He was getting more and more controlling, she thought. He never cooked for her. „Nothing is burnt?“she joked. „No! Of course not! Well, maybe the steak is a bit seared, “he replied. „You should have sent me a message, then I wouldn't have done something for myself, “she said. „You don't even want to try out?“ His voice was nervous. „I'm really full“, she lied. „Oh, come on! We must speak about it!“ He cut his view from the TV and was watching his wife closely. „You're getting thinner. You're already too thin, “he stated. „Karl!“she exclaimed, „don't be so dramatic. It's ridiculous! I know what I'm doing. Yeah, I've lost some pounds. But I'm not too thin.“ „I know what a thin woman

looks like. You're not just slim anymore. Your waist is tiny! Your bottom is tiny. Your arms are like sticks!"he said with worry in his voice. „It's just not right! I'm healthy! More healthy than you!“, she defended herself, and she had a point. Karl was overweight. „I'm worried about you!“he looked desperately in her eyes. He saw no understanding in her eyes. She calmed down for a moment. Her past came into her memories. Scary memories. Today she had the first Sports-Monday. She had noticed how many of the present women had looked at her body. It could be that she was one of the smallest there. She felt good. No, there was no problem. At a BMI of 16, she would stop. In the mirror, she could still see some fat. Thigs were always a problem. She knew that. They would never look really thin. *I know for what I'm after*, she said to herself, *I won't be a skeleton*. „Karl, calm down. Everything is fine. I've got everything under control, “ she said to him and looked at him gently. „You don't need to have everything under control“, he answered, this time more calm. „What's your weight?“ Tamara didn't want to hear this question. Of course, he would be even more worried if she told him the number. „I don't go to the scale anymore, “she lied. His eyes sank a bit. He heard her every evening when she was going on the scale. „I know what I'm doing, Karl, “she insisted. „I can call Mrs. Goodman, “he suggested. Mrs. Goodman had been the therapist who had helped Tamara in the past to overcome her disorder. „No. I will stop soon. Promised, “she tried to satisfy him. „It can't hurt, no?“he was glancing gently at his wife. She had too much drama in her life. She remembered too well the old times. The thousand conversations with her therapist, the constant reflection on her disorder. It was just not a good idea. But her husband wouldn't let go. „You know what? If you lose some pounds, I will gain some. How is that?“ This idea was coming very suddenly, and she hadn't thought about it very much. Her husband registered the idea, then nodded. „Ok, sounds good, “he said.

After the shower, she was looking at herself in the mirror. A part of her was saying that she was looking really good. Those breast exercises were extraordinary. They were already much firmer than before. They had even *grown*! Before she lost weight and the beginning of the breast massage, she had worn a 30D cup; now she wore a 28F cup. Her six-pack that she had so much trained for was deep and cut. And her waist was only 23.5 inches. Her scale told her that she now had a BMI of 17. She still felt healthy. This part of her was telling her that she could ruin her looks if she lost even more weight. Somewhere in her consciousness lurked also the other part of her. This part was scanning her body again and again for fat. It saw all the volumes of her body. Seeing her as bloating. Look at those arms! It was telling her. Too big! Look at those things! Much too big! What have you done with your breasts? They're gigantic fat pillows! Disgusting! While those intruders came into her mind, she fought back with her reason. *You know what?*, she said to herself, *I will keep my weight*. Then she was anxious. Would you really maintain the weight, would she not get *fatter*? she asked herself. (*Even if ...* her reason spoke too quietly). Ahhhh ... Karl had messed up

her mind. She would be sticking to her initial plan. BMI 16. Not too far away. Yeah, that was sounding reasonable.

On 23rd November was Clara's birthday. She had planned a party, and of course, she invited John to the party. John did know her birthday before, but he had no idea what he could offer her. In the end, he just bought some flowers. In their apartment, there were some flowers all over the place. She was glad for the gift and gave him a little kiss on his cheek. At her party were some of her good friends. It was quite crowded in the tiny apartment. Nowhere was a silent corner to be found. He sat in the kitchen and looked out the window. He was only there because of Clara. There were simply too many people in the room. Relentlessly, the people were chatting and laughing. Clara had asked him if everything was okay, but Mike explained to her that John never liked crowded places (he was surprised that John was still there). John decided he would go in the next hour. It was unbearable for him.

Suddenly, someone touched his shoulder. He turned around in the hope of seeing the beautiful Clara, but it was one of her friends. A bit chubby. Had short hair. One streak of hair was colored blue. She wore glasses with a thick black frame. It was one of those people who always looked kind of amused and arrogant. „Hi!“ she greeted him with a loud voice, „Amelia! Clara had told me about you.“ John's mood brightened, „Really?“ „Yeah. Yeah, she told that her boyfriend had a best friend who is really tall and slender. I've kind of searched for tall and slender guys for my project, but you're perfectly fitting,“ she started. John's mood sank a bit again. Aaron and I, my boyfriend, are photo-artists. And we're doing a creative project together. For this project, I need a fitting model. You.“ John sighed. „Oh ... wait. I can give you something for it. Would 200 be enough?“ she offered. Amelia took a good look at him. He was really handsome! His face was really symmetric, and he had a nice jawline. And he had those brilliant blue eyes. For a girl, he was a wet dream. She only hoped that his body looked as nice as his face. At least he wasn't fat, and honestly, it was quite promising. „I guess it's for a shooting session?“ She nodded, „Exactly.“ „How long?“ „Three hours?“ she guessed. „Ok. And when?“ „Next month, on the 10th of December. Ahhh“, she had forgotten to mention something important, „I need a *nude* model. Is that okay for you?“ „Nude?“ He was surprised for a moment. He wasn't shy to show his naked body. His shyness was only related to initiating conversation, but maybe he could make more money out of it. „For 300 bucks,“ he decided. Amelia was weighing up. „Ok.“ They exchanged their numbers, and then she disappeared again. This incident was a bit bizarre, but for John, it was better this way. He wasn't interested in her. Not personally and not physically wise. Indeed, Amelia was not far away. She had a fat camera in her hand and was seeking motifs. One of the guests felt disturbed by her and said that she didn't like to be photographed. „Amelia is sometimes a bit too enthusiastic“, Clara's voice appeared, „is really every okay? You sat there for a long time.“ „Oh, it's nothing. I just don't like

parties. Nevermind. I was going to leave anyway, “he answered, and was gently smiling. „Oh, thank you for coming. Will we see each other on Monday?“, she was smiling earnestly. Her eyes were touching his soul. „Of course, “ he said. John went to Mike and said goodbye.

(A few days later) Brenda was licking John’s heavy shaft. Wetly, her tongue drives along the length slowly, while her right hand was jerking him. A big, thick thing was in her hands. And John was sitting on the edge of the bed in pleasure. He was looking down, seeing how she licked his dick. Brenda could now forget all her worries. Her mother still didn’t welcome him. As if her relationship with John was forbidden. A few days ago, she heard how John’s parents were arguing about her. His father wasn’t happy about her presence, lamenting that she used too much water for her daily shower and that they were feeding her. Brenda put her hand into her mouth. His beautiful big knob. Letting it slit further down her throat. In this one month, she had become much better at deepthroat. She could nearly take him all. Her school report was not catastrophic, but it was not really good. Two subjects were underscored in red, and if she would take caution, she could danger her graduation. One of the problematic subjects was English with the tall teacher, Natasha Iwanov. The pronunciation of hers was horrible, but she dared to evaluate the pronunciation of students! Half of the class had problems with her. *Shit!* She was trying hard to reach really the bottom of his dick. Maybe half an inch was still sticking out. Gurlg* Gurgl*. She put his erection out of her mouth. Both of her hands are rubbing his dick. Making it fully ready. Super hard. *Big.* She was looking at his dick. Up close, his thing looked impressively long. Her nipples were iron. The other problematic subject was sports. The stupid teacher, Lara Smith, always let them run. Always! She couldn’t run like other girls because of her large boobs. No sports bra could compensate for the jumpings of her breasts. While running, they were really pulling her down! One time, she had tried to argue with her, but she answered that she was evaluating the performance of her students by the same criteria. That her breasts were large was not her problem. How stupid was she? She needed this big in front of her, inside her. Now! Something big in her pussy. She was incredibly aroused.

„Can you pump it?“she said suddenly. Her whole face was an expression of horniness. John was also aroused. He took the pump and put his big thing under the tube. He too wanted his thing right now bigger. His pump was really big. Certainly, it was a bigger model than the usual ones. Bigger things needed bigger pumps. How could it not be so? *Make it bigger!*, she thought. John was pumping. Slowly, his big thing was getting more massive. Creeping upwards. Getting girthier. Now she played with her pussy while admiring the spectacle. His dick was under the plastic tube in an angry red. The tube was filled so much. It had a max capacity of 10 inches. *It’s sooo big!* Her hand rubbed her pussy faster and faster. She had seen his pumped dick a few times in the last month. Fuck you, Mrs. Smith! Fuck you, Mrs Iwanov! Today, John felt greedy. My dick is getting used to this, he thought. Bigger, bigger, bigger, his mind cried. So he pumped even more. His dick is

becoming even redder. Bigger. Bigger. Brenda's heart began to beat faster. Today, he was overdoing it! Did he want to reach the end of the pump? It was shocking to see that his gland was getting terribly close to the end of the tube. „Ohhhh“, John moaned, then liberated his monster from the tube. *OH MY GOD!*, she thought, and she came hard. „It's huge“, she whispered. John couldn't think clearly. Measurement. He grabbed his monster with both large hands. *Daamn!* It was indeed massive! It seemed as if a third hand of his could fit on this monster stick. „It's soo huge“, he heard Brenda. He used the tape measure. 9.5 inches. Today, he had overused the pump. His penis was so red. It was tingling. One day, he would get this big without the pump.

This month his gain was more. Not much more, but more. Without the pump, his hard dick was consistently 8.3 inches long. Brenda was noticing it too. During the month, she had first thought that she was imagining things. The progression was slow, especially if you saw this thing every day. But when she gave him handjobs, her hand could drive further along the shaft. A bit thicker, it was too. She was getting used to it. Nearly every day, they had sex, and her vagina adapted to his dick. Her vagina was more tolerant, more stretchy than before, or she was getting wetter than before. Well, she could take his whole dick better than before, despite the small size increase.

„I love you, “Brenda said to John. He didn't react. „I love you“, she repeated. This time, she was looking at his face. His view was on his pumped red monster. No, it could not be? Something horrible filled her heart. Her eyes were looking at him, lost. No reaction. Instead, he was looking at his stupid dick. „Hey, I'm talking to you!“, she spoke louder than before with a heavy sadness intruding into her heart. „Yeah, I love you too, “ he said in a non-meaningful manner. Nooo!, her mind cried. „I ... I mean it really. I love you.“ A tear was running down her face, quietly quivering. He sighed. „What's wrong?“ Her crying face was not something sexy. Slowly he penis began to shrink. It was hard for her to order the things in her mind. They were just three words. She shouldn't overanalyze this. Spoken words don't prove anything. But she felt hurt. „Do you love me really?“she asked. Even John saw that she was sad. „Of course I do“, he answered. His voice sounded firm. Like his facial expression. Somehow, she had the impression that his face didn't show empathy. „Don't say it like that. I mean it, “ she said. Then she took some deep breaths and didn't look him in the eyes. Her mind tried hard to process the signals she was receiving. „I mean it, “he answered, „why should I let you come here? Why should I let you eat and shower here? Why do I talk to you every day?“ he argued. Spoke like he tried to persuade her. Like they were discussing some philosophical proposition. She was shaking his head. It was just his personality. If she looked back into the past, he never showed signs of real affection to anyone. Like, as if he had a cold personality. It was just the case that he couldn't express himself very well. Or was she lying to herself?

Dr. Bernstein was looking at the pictures that Mr. Greenwood had sent her. The results were very good. You could already see with the naked eye the difference between his erection now and his erection two months ago. In the last few days, she had sent those pictures to some good colleagues. They were skeptical. There were two kinds of criticisms: one was that they just didn't believe the data. They thought sometimes the pictures and videos were manipulated. One argument supporting this line was that men tend to be insecure about their size and therefore do everything they can to let appear their penis bigger. In combination with her money, they wanted to prove to themselves that indeed their penis got bigger. In her ears, this wasn't very convincing. Mr. Greenwood was already very much over the average. She couldn't imagine that he was insecure. Additionally, it was a ton of work to manipulate photos and videos to appear bigger, and if they were manipulations or fake, "they appeared very realistic. Against this, she was considering whether she herself could measure his genitals, then she could at least say that she herself saw it. To that, they could make videos. However, you could still believe that everything was fake. The other kind of criticism was that the conclusions weren't decisive from the evidence. Different qualities in erection could change in size. Nobody could know if he had added some exercises in private (even if that wouldn't show that the exercises didn't work, only that more of them were needed). Again, the possibility was raised that the weight had changed. His erection angles were quite consistent, however. At least he would speak for the assumption of erections of the same quality. She was also glad about the acceleration of his penis growth, which confirmed her prediction. What would the next month bring? Hopefully, Mr. Greenwood was ready to go to her over the winter holidays ...

December

At the girls'school it was getting more quiet. Most of the students were preparing for the exams. The shorter days made some of them more tired in the morning. Who likes to stand up in dark surroundings? John was still trying to be patient. Some radiators were broken, and the school principal, of course, demanded fast repair of them. Those weekly reports were annoying him. She couldn't tell one good thing about him. She always had something to complain about. And she herself was changing. Compared to September, her figure seemed slimmer, while her boobs looked *bigger*. Normally, she would wear some jackets or formal dressings in which you couldn't see her figure well. But on those special meetings with him, she always wore tight clothes. In those, he could see how *skinny* she was. Especially her waist. Yeah, Mrs. Baker was old, but in his opinion, she had a hot body. Especially since she had lost weight (so it seemed). Then those jugs! Had she done a surgery? Her breasts behaved quite naturally, so it didn't suggest that it was the case. John was curious how she would look nude. Maybe she wore push-up bras?

Encouraged by the accelerated results, by his obsession, and by the money of Mrs. Bernstein, he kept those exercises. He couldn't say that they were fun. On the contrary, they were boring. (Those penis pump sessions weren't included in Bernstein's specifications). His revenge against Julia had to wait. Not only did his exercises become boring, but also his sex with Brenda. Her body was hot; there was no way of denying it. In the whole school, her body was the best, hands down. But she was just one body. Some variety would be better. The sex was kind of repeating itself. They changed the sex positions from missionary to doggy, she would change from hand to blowjobs, but other than that ... At first, he liked it, when she said that his dick was big and huge. But after the hundredth time, he couldn't believe her anymore. When someone has seen a dick a thousand times, it doesn't appear that big anymore. Still, she tried to persuade him not to enlarge his dick any further. On the other side, she loved it when he used his penis pump. In the beginning, she had some trouble taking him. Right now, she had no trouble, despite the bigger dimensions of his dick (ok, they were doing it each day momentarily). Also, the girls calmed down. Some girls glanced at him or greeted him, but not as much as in the beginning. He couldn't explain it, but it felt kind of frustrating. As if he was not that sexy anymore. Then there were his parents, who were still arguing over Brenda's visits. Jim, his father, calculated the expenses of her. The sum was allegedly over 100. His mother had then commanded John to give them 100 more each month. He protested, but she threatened to kick him out of the house, so he involuntarily agreed. Maybe it was a good idea to break up with Brenda. Though without her, he would lose a guaranteed sex partner. She was messaging all the time. Sometimes he hadn't reply her messages, and each time she made a scene, was getting loud, was blaming him, would cry ... it was easier to reply is the fastest way possible. In all of this, his mind and heart were always on Clara. Since he saw her regularly, her feelings for her strengthened. And new feelings came. On each day, he saw that Clara undoubtedly loved Mike. It was getting harder and harder for John to accept that. His own body and face looked much better than Mike's. However, the eyes of Clara kept on to Mike. He was beginning to hate Mike. Somehow, he must disappear from Clara, in any way possible. John was becoming more and more frustrated. Alone in his room, he was constantly thinking about how he could gain her love. Let's be real. He wasn't a good talker. He hadn't a thousand stupid hobbies. He couldn't talk elaborately like Mike. All he had was his looks right now. And Clara didn't appreciate his looks. Why? So many girls were watching him. Brenda was kind of obsessed with him. What would happen if she saw his big dick? Would she finally crave him? He doubted it. Clara was somehow different. I mean, Mike was shorter than her! How could she be with him? Of what he heard, girls didn't like to show others that they would date shorter guys. How did Mike do this? At least he had built some friendship with her. At least she perceived him not as a stranger. At least she was happy about those joint visits to the fitness studio.

One day, John met Clara and Mike at his old home. His parents had begged Mike to go with their dog, a puggle. Lately, it has become cold outside, and yesterday it had snowed. Everything was under a white coat. They were walking, in the front Hog, the dog, seemingly happy about the snow. „I’ve seen your mother, “ said Mike to John. „Oh“, he reacted. „Yeah, I love your mother! She is always so friendly. She seemed so happy to see me. She wants to invite me next week. But she also told me that you have a girlfriend. Why didn’t you tell me?“ he laughed. Their steps had led them to a park. You could see many footsteps in the snow. This was the typical spot for dog owners. Clara also watched John. „Oh, yeah. You know me. I don’t like to talk, “John said lamely. „But it’s something important! It’s so good for you! Do I know her?“Mike was very interested. John watched the snow sea before him. He liked snow. „I don’t think so. It’s a pupil from the girls’school where I work, “he replied. „How old is she?“asked Clara suddenly. „18“, John replied immediately. „Tell me about her!“Mike demanded. John sighed. „Her name is Brenda. She had talked to me after school often. And one day she decided to come to my home. She is nice, “John said. „And what are her interests?“asked Clara. Her voice was a bit off. Was she suspicious? „Honestly, she doesn’t seem to have many interests. She told me a lot about her family troubles.“ Now they left the park and came to the street. There were some cars parked on the sideline. „You don’t know her interest?“she asked again. „No. Besides, she likes to smoke? And have sex?“ he joked. He saw in her face that she didn’t like his joke. „You know what? Why don’t you take her to the fitness studio?“, Mike proposed with a smile. Clara was raising her eyebrows. „Sure.“ John replied. „Do you have a picture of her?“ „Only the profile photo on her Messenger account“, John replied. „That’s a shame, “ said Mike. Meanwhile, Hog was peeing on a car. John showed the profile picture of Brenda. „Wow, what a beauty!“smiled Mike and knocked his friend softly.

Suddenly, an angry man appeared. „HEY! WHAT DO YOU LET THIS DOG PEEING MY CAR!“, he shouted. The angry man was in his forties, not much taller than Mike. With fast steps, he was approaching him. „I’m sorry, “Mike meekly tried to excuse himself. „YOU’RE SORRY? YOU KNOW HOW EXPENSIVE MY CAR IS? ARE YOU A FUCKING IDIOT?“, he shouted. „Hey, Mister, we’re sorry“, Clara tried to support his friend. „SHUT UP, BITCH!“ „Mister, what can I ...“, tried Mike to reach him. „Give me a thousand, “he replied more calmly, but still very hot. „Mister, that’s too much. Your car isn’t damaged, “Mike argued softly. „HOOOOW DAAARE YOU!“, the man exploded. With force, he was pushing Mike, who held still the leash in his hand. He crashed his car. „ARE YOU STUPID! DO YOU WANT TO DIE?“he shouted as he saw that. Then the angry man took a swing and smashed with full force against Mike’s head. That must have hurt. But Mike stood still. Another smash. And then another. And Mike didn’t resist. He didn’t even say anything. His face swolled up already, and he was bleeding. Suddenly, John forcefully packed the man on his shoulders. With equal force, he beat his face. Again and again. And again. „Okay,

okay“, the man began to cry. But John didn’t stop. „John, stop, “Mike said. As if John couldn’t hear him, he continued. Desperately, the man tried to free himself from the grip of John; his grip seemed to be out of steel. „JOHN STOP!“Mike shouted, „It was my mistake.“ „It was *not* your mistake!“ Clara contradicted. But John stopped. Now the angry man was whining and went back into his house. There was tension in the air. They hadn’t processed the situation yet. Hog didn’t seem to have anything registered. Hog was just too friendly. And maybe also a bit lazy. As Mike had been beaten, Hog had just watched it, but he had fear. Mike felt the pull of the leash by Hog, and they continued the walk. „What an asshole!“Clara cried out loud. „It was my mistake, “Mike repeated calmly. „Don’t say something stupid! That was a complete overreaction!“, she continued. „I should have taken more attention to Hog, “he said. „That doesn’t matter!“she said. She was very furious and couldn’t understand why her boyfriend hadn’t defended himself. „It doesn’t matter. If I had paid more attention, the situation would not have arisen, “ he said. „He could just have talked with you! That idiot was just crazy! And why have you just stood there?!“, she was looking at her boyfriend to his beaten face, „if John hadn’t been there, he could have killed you.“ „I don’t think so, “he replied, „he would have calmed down eventually.“ „Why do you have those muscles?“she asked accusingly. „Not for that. To help people“, he replied.

Later, John was doing his special jelqing exercises when his phone rang. A glance at the screen showed it was Clara. „Hi, I just wanted to thank you for defending Mike, “she said. You could hear in her voice that she was relieved. „No problem,“ „No, it was a problem. A problem that you have solved. Sometimes Mark can be so stubborn,“ She sighed. She didn’t hear anything on the other side, „I really don’t know what would have happened if you hadn’t reacted.“ „He would have been beaten, “John replied, „he was already like that when I was at school.“ „Yeah ... I don’t understand that. You know, he does strength training, but he never uses his strength. He didn’t even complain about the man! Sometimes he is really too sympathetic. It’s so obvious that the man was in the wrong, “she repeated herself. „Yeah, that’s Mike.“ „I wish he would sometimes be more ... assertive. Sometimes he gets into conflicts with others, and he thinks he needs some blame or responsibility where there is none. ... One time, he lent someone some money. It was around 150 bucks, I think, and he never got it back. He simply could call him to demand the money, but he never does such a thing. I’ve asked him about that. His simple reply was that it was his mistake to trust him; therefore, he should take responsibility and lose the money. And he really meant that! It’s so idiotic!“ As she finished the sentence, she was embarrassed by it. She had really said that Mike was an idiot. „You can’t help him,“ John replied. He could hear how Clara on the other side took a deep breath. „Yeah, maybe you’re right. Sometimes it’s just kind of difficult. The situation would be so easy to evade. If Mike had just beaten him once, not with full force, then the stupid man wouldn’t have dared to beat him. Again, he could have just defended himself ... whatever, thank

you again, John. I think you're a good friend of Mike. Maybe you're his complement, you know? He had told me that he had been bullied at school in the past and that you were always there to protect him. Seems like you still are his protector.“ „No problem,“ repeated John. „Wow, I see right now. It's very late. And I feel it. I can barely keep my eyes open. We will see each other on Monday. Do you mind if I invite you for a coffee? As a thank you?“she offered. „Oh no, of course not!“he said with joy in his voice. „Wow, I didn't know that you like coffee that much, “she joked. „I ... I like coffee,“ he tried to sound calmer. „Well, then I invite you after your meeting in the fitness center.“ Her voice was already sleepy. „Will Mike also be there?“ „No, he has some administrative things to do on campus. Is that okay for you?“No, no. " It's good, “he replied. „Okay, I really must go to bed now. I wish you a good night, John.“ „Good night.“

The ,date at the cafe with Clara was unsatisfying for John. He had expected more from it. They were alone, but Clara talked only about her study, her family, and some experiences she had. Clara's parents earned good money. Her mother was a surgeon, and her dad was an oncologist. So both of them were doctors. Strangely, both of them shared a frugal lifestyle. Both of them must have a lot of money in their bank accounts. On her birthdays, she was always offered a big sum of money. However, they insisted that she herself managed the renting of the apartment for her studies. With her relationship with Mike, they weren't happy about it. Contrary to Clara's parents, Mike's parents were poor. In the eyes of Clara's parents, Mike was just a musclehead with no brain. In the past, she often took vacations with their parents in different countries. She had seen all kinds of landscapes. One time she was in a big desert, one time deep in the jungle, one time deep into the sea, gazing at a colorful coral reef. By the way she was talking about it, she enjoyed those times. As soon as they both earned good money, she said, they would also travel a lot. One big dream of hers was to visit every country in the world and every continent, including Antarctica. In all the things Clara told him, there was no sign that she was showing romantic interest in John.

A few days later, he had the photo session with Amelia. Amelia had rented a big garage that they repurposed for a shooting chamber. There stood many lamps in the garage, and her boyfriend Aaron was already there. He somehow resembled his girlfriend. The shape of his head was similar to hers, and he also had colored a strain of his hair and also wore some thick framed glasses. He had his own model, who sat naked on a stool, and his fat had rested on his fat arm. The model was clearly overweight with a double chin and had tiny eyes. Many fat layers lie on his stomach. For John, it was a disgusting sight. Why the heck would someone use such a body for a model? „Beauty lies in the eye of the beholder“, Amelia commented as she observed the disgusted face of John. „He is not beautiful, “, judged John. „That's mean! But that's what our artistic project is called, “ she confessed. „Depicting contrasts?“ John asked. „No, no, we mean what we say, you could say. Not only are you beautiful, I'm beautiful, Aaron is beautiful, and the model is beautiful“, she made

clear. „But he is *not* beautiful. I mean the fat man, “, John insisted. „I think you must learn to take different perspectives. Everyone is beautiful. You only need the right perspective. Everyone has some features that are beautiful. It doesn't need to be physical features, it can also be psychological features, mental features, or moral features, “, she replied. *At least he couldn't be in the nude*, John thought, and was referring to the overweight model.

Amelia had prepared a place with a white background. Some high lamps were throwing strong lights on it. Before it was a big white bed with white pillows. „You're ready?“she asked and was preparing her camera. John nodded. It was much more work than John had thought, or at least took longer than he had thought. Amelia demanded many positions of him. First, she made some clothed photos. Photos of his face. Photos with his smile, or some serious look. She wanted him to sit with spread legs, a ‚cool‘ look on his face. A second round of photos was made with just his underwear. Amelia really liked his body. More slender than other men, but he was kind of muscular. His not-too-strong six-pack was very symmetrical. He also had a strong waist. Don't forget his nice bulge in his white brief. It made her curious. His ass was also nice. Round and muscular. The third round was the last. John didn't hesitate and pulled down his brief. Wow, Amelia thought, *he has it really all, hasn't he?* It was the biggest cock she had seen in real life, but it looked proportional to his height. Her nipples began to erect, and she tried hard to suppress any sexual thought. His flaccid member hangs really nicely and impressively. From a side view, it also looked really good; the shaft was deeper than his balls. After she finished, she said: „Thank you! You've really earned your money! I guess I've taken some really good photos. You're the heck of a model. Have you considered going to a fashion agency? You definitely have the looks for it.“ John shrugged, „Only if they pay good money.“ „Amateurs don't get paid very well, honestly,“ she conceded.

Afterwards, she showed him some of the photos she had taken. You could definitely tell that she was a photographer. All her pictures were well centered, with choosen contrasts and blurring effects. On some of the last photos, she had purposely focused on his dick, and on some of them, his dick looked really big. „That's it,“ she said as she had shown him all of the photos, „it's one part of our project. My part is the beauty of the ideal. Aaron is responsible for the beauty of the particular. We think that beauty consists of two parts. One part is the ideal. Like harmonic relationships, the golden ratio, symmetry, and so on. People who are conceived by the majority as beautiful fulfill our conceived ideals, and you are certainly one of those people who is considered attractive. So you are part of the ideal. The other part of beauty is the particular, the uniqueness, the individuality. That which stands out from the normal, you know. The man who stood nude for Aaron is such a unique person, “she explained. „Most people are overweight. I don't know what such unique about that, “John spoke. „Hey! You're really mean! Don't speak like that! Every person has dignity, you know?“She was a bit pissed. „I'm just telling the truth.“ „I really don't know if I want to hire you

for my future projects“, she replied. „Whatever, “John simply said. „There is no real boundary between the ugly and the beautiful. In some sense, the beautiful is ugly, and the ugly is beautiful. It has more to do with a mental attitude than with the sensible properties of things, “ said Aaron, who appeared suddenly, „the beautiful is always humiliating, yeah, you can say aggressive. It mocks those who don’t reach their perfection. And in this, they’re ugly. However, the ugly is always the victim of the beautiful. He must remain in his submissive position, but through his existence alone, he showed his self-respect, his own sense of real dignity; whereas the beautiful gains this sense of dignity only through his own sense of superiority.“ John couldn’t understand what he was talking about. He didn’t understand how you could just combine beauty with aggressiveness. Our beauty is humiliating. What was he talking about? „Honestly, it really doesn’t interest me. It’s your project, not mine. I’m just here for the money, “he replied.

(A few days later) In two days was the sports exam for Brenda. In the last three weeks, she has run regularly. It was a pain. Her boobs were just too big. He wore two bras over another, but her boobs still jumped too much. It was as if someone was always trying to pull you, while you were running, down. And the faster she ran, the heavier they jumped. So her performance only gets a bit better. The showers in the girls’school could be used whenever the students liked. After her run, her whole body was wet and felt warm. She didn’t want to know how wet it was under her boobs. Exhausted, she stripped down. While she was looking down, she was looking at her abs. That was new. She set the shower to cold. As the coldness touched her body, she winced shortly, but it pleased her at the same time. Heavy hung her breasts on her body. They were simply too big, she thought. She had backpains from them; other than the school bras (which had a very boring design) were very expensive, and everyone were looking at them. Nevertheless, John liked them, and she liked that he liked them so much. Sometimes he grabbed them during sex, and she could feel how his erection would become, for a short moment, even harder. When she was finished with her shower, she put on her panties, then her jeans. The jeans felt a bit looser than usual on her. Yeah, in the last few days, some pounds have fallen off her. Her bad school report stressed her; her mother burdened her, she wasn’t still ready to welcome her new boyfried and then John was also kind of stressed. She never felt fully happy with him. It felt as if, for him, she was not really a girlfriend, but something else. She knew that he found her attractive. But other than that?

After the sports she went again to John. As she entered his room, he saw him nude, doing his penis exercises. His dick was *really* growing. And it was becoming bigger faster. She also liked the bigness of his dick. In certain moods, she was getting obsessed, also imagining that his dick was getting absurdly big, and it was turning her on in those moments. Most of the time, however, she was just happy with its size, and it was slowly really difficult to take him. During intercourse, she could feel his glands softly touching her cervix. Right now, his dick is 8.4 inches long. Half the

time, she lived at the farm of John's parents. Many of her clothes were here, and his mother allowed her to use her washing machine, which did not make Jim (John's father) happy. When they encountered each other, he always looked kind of angry. Brenda didn't feel well about it, but she needed John right now. In John's room was also a big mirror in which you could see the whole body. Brenda was inspecting her body. One of her fingers slides into her now baggy jeans, pulling them to show the looseness of it. What she saw worried her. She turned to her side. *Oh my gosh*, she thought, *my side profile is tiny!* Her shoulders were a bit bony, otherwise her body just looked narrow and thin – besides her breasts. „I really need some weight, “ she said to the mirror. „I don't think so, “ John replied. She smiled, turning her head to him. „Thank you. But I'm too skinny. My ass looks tiny. And I fear, I'm getting bony.“ „You look better that way, “ was his opinion. „Seriously?“ She was watching his face. It did seem so. „Yeah. I like slim women.“ „Slim? I'm not slim anymore, John. I'm getting *skinny*, “ she replied, „have you seen Mrs. Baker? She is terribly thin nowadays.“ „Not too thin,“ She felt some minor terror inside her. „She is too thin,“ Brenda said with confidence, „have you seen her waist? Or her legs? That's not healthy.“ Brenda turned her back and looked at her body again. Her body was not that far away from Mrs. Baker's skinniness. John remains silent. He watched Brenda's body. Her slimmer body. Then her big boobs, those were bigger than her ass. They hadn't shrunk down a bit. For the effectiveness of the exercises, it was crucial that his penis remained semi-rigid, but now it became hard. Through the mirror, she saw it. *Something did turn him on*, she thought, *he really likes me skinny*. Now it had grown to its full size. Slowly, both his hands were jerking his slow big pole. „Don't tell me that you're into that“, she said. „Kind of,“ he replied honestly, „it's kind of my fetish. Skinny woman with large breasts. Like huge breasts.“ His erection became even harder. Brenda stripped her clothes and stood before him in her underwear. Her massive jugs filled her big 28K bra perfectly. Impressively big. Even for John. Unhurried, she hooked off her bra. Firm and proud stood those perfectly formed brown pillows. Only a little bit, they sagged, which showed their naturalness. He had never seen better breasts. He began to moan. „They're heavy, “ she informed him with a smile, „I guess when you would have them, you would think differently about them.“ „I'm not a woman“, John replied. „Oh my god, you're so hard, “ she said. His hands were still slowly jerking his big pole. „You're getting bigger and bigger. You're huge now. “ If his erection were any harder, it would explode. She pressed her big boobs with her arms together, creating a massive cleavage, her small waist in contrast with those funbags. „So you still wish them *bigger*,“ she said while playing with them, „and wish me *smaller*,“ „Oohh!“, he moaned, and a big stream of sperm flew from his gland, then another, then another. It was like a fountain. *He really wants me smaller*, she realized, *what a weirdo*. It made her nervous and happy at the same time. He had been so turned on! It was her assurance that he wouldn't leave her for some time. As long as he still needed her body. But was this love?

„I must tell you something,“ he said after his big ejaculation. Big white spots were lying on the floor. „Mrs. Baker has organized a Sports-Monday. One day for the teachers to do sports, “ he told, „last Monday we shared a shower room.“ His erection was shrinking, but still impressive. She was quite sure that he could get it up again. Today, he was horny. „You mean? ...“, she realized. He nodded. „I saw her naked. And she saw me naked.“ „Couldn't you have just waited to finish?“ she asked. He shrugged his shoulders. Like a fat snake hang his recently used dick. „I've hesitated. But she commanded me to hurry, because she wanted to go home. There are solo cabins. But after I got out of the shower, she saw it. Is she allowed to do that?“ he asked her. She grabbed his python, trying to make it hard again. „What do I know?“ she replied, „but I guess she hasn't coerced you, has she?“ With a smile, she observed how his snake was filled with blood. Soon to be ready for another round. My gosh, his thing was so big. Bigger than ever. „No. Seemed like she arranged it that way. She had taken a really good look at it. I was not hard.“ Hard. It was hard. So big. Porn star big. Like a big porn star big, not those who would be sold as big but were only seven inches or so. He was sitting. She wanted to sit on him while feeling his little monster inside her. So she did it. Mmmmm, that was it! His warm, thick dick filled her, close to him. She pressed her body against him, squishing her milk-brown, perfect muffins against him. „Babe, I'm sure she wants to fuck you, “ she whispered in his ear. Strangely, the thought that this old bitch wanted to fuck, didn't bother her. Or it didn't bother her, because she was old. John wouldn't be in old hags, would he?

(A few days later) It was evening. Mike was sitting comfortably while reading a philosophy book. He was reading „Critique of Pure Reason“ by Immanuel Kant. He was really celebrating this book, loved the carefully crafted arguments, his direct writing style, and his great systematic thinking. With enthusiasm, he had tried her to explain her his main ideas. Something about the thing in-itself, something about mathematical knowledge, something about big questions about freedom and god. It seemed to her that Kant just said what they couldn't know. But she wasn't getting it. We don't know many things. How does that bring us any further? Nevermind. She herself was writing some boring essay about Oscar Wilde. She liked more to read than to write. Or she was just lazy. Not like Mike. Her mind read the last written section. She needed a break. She opened the web browser and opened her emails. Amelia had sent her an email.

„Hi, Clara! Because you're a good friend of mine, I want to know what you think of my last photos for my project. You know, that project that I do with Aaron ‚Beauty lies in the eye of the beholder‘. I've worked with Mike's best friend, John. Maybe you noticed how I've spoken with him at your birthday. To be honest, he has a somewhat strange character. I will tell you more when we meet again. However, I think that the photos are nice. I like them. Surely, here and there, you could tweak some things, but I mean, in general, I'm happy with my work. That guy is hot, I tell you, despite his

bad personality. In the batch of photos are also some nudes of him. You must agree that he is hot? No :D? Best greetings, Amelia.“

For a short while, Clara was thinking if she should open the attachment of the email in the presence of Mike. But then she thought that it was not a good idea to hide it from her boyfriend. There was nothing to hide for. She was not cheating on him. Therefore, she opened the attached files and looked at the pictures. In them, she saw the known face of John. Most of the photos were just black and white photos. They resembled fashion model photos, and John had also taken a position in those that were similar to those in fashion model photos. (For instance, in one of them, he had his hands in the pockets of his trousers while standing like a cowboy). The expression on his face remained the same, as if he was looking through you and not at you. The later photos were more revealing. There he was, just in his underwear. His physique was smaller than Mike's, not so bulky, but also athletic. You could see that he went into the gym. Honestly, she liked John's body more. Mike overdid it. Mike never said it, but he was a bodybuilder. Always trying to look even bulkier. Now that he was studying, it was hard to train as he wished, so in the last months, he didn't get bigger, and she was happy about it (even if she never said that to Mike). The rest of John's body was also perfectly proportionate. Strong legs and thighs, but not so extremely massive like Mike. Nice muscular forearms and biceps. The photos were pretty good, but also kind of boring. They were just photos of a man behind a white background. No play was involved. Her handcraft was good, but her creativity was not.

Last but not least were the nude photos of John. If someone is in underwear, you already see nearly everything. From this perspective, you don't see much more if the underwear is taken off. Of course, sexual humans don't take that matter as simply as that. They are curious about the looks of the sexually pleasing parts. Quietly, she hoped that Mike was too absorbed in his book that he wouldn't notice that she was looking at John's nude photos. As she looked at the first photo, she unconsciously bit her lips. In the lingerie photos, you could guess by the bulge that he was well-endowed. Now, in the first nude shoot in which he was sitting, you could see how well-endowed he was. His shaft was very long. At least for a penis. So much bigger than Mike's. It also had a nice smooth surface, a nice pipe-like shape. He was not circumcised, so his gland was behind his foreskin. Mike lifted his head and saw that Clara was looking at some pictures. On closer inspection, he could see that she was looking at some nude photos. „What are you looking at?“he asked with amusement in his voice. „Oh, Amelia has sent me some photos of her last project. Did you know that John had worked with them? I'm watching those photos, “she answered honestly. Mike stood and went to her. He bit his underlip too, but not out of arousal but out of nervousness. A big floppy dick was in the photo. Clara was looking at the dick of his best friend. He already knew that John was well-endowed. He even seemed bigger than he remembered him. In those school

days, he had seen his dick and was always envious of his dick. Clara watched each photo, not for too long, as Mike was standing next to her, and it felt quite uncomfortable. „Does she also not dick pics?“, Mike said then. „Oh ... of course, those were the last, “she said hastily, „I just wanted to be throughout. She has made many of those nude photos. Too many, if you ask me.“ „It’s her business. And I’m certain that she has her reasons. Maybe that is for some adult magazines“, he speculated. „I think not, “ Clara disagreed, „she has told me that they are for a project called ‚Beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder‘. A project with her boyfriend, Aaron.“ „Ok, “Mike simply noted.

On that day, they didn’t have sex. Mike was already asleep when Clara was wide awake. The arousal did not wholly disappear for the whole day. She kept thinking about them. John was handsome, that had been out of question. And he had a big dick. It was this big dick that kept her awake. Old cravings came into her mind again. After *huge ones*. She was a secret size queen. A size queen that couldn’t be satisfied. But now she was dreaming. Dreaming about cock sizes that didn’t exist in the hope of finally finding something satisfying.

Clara knew for a long time that she had a *very deep* vagina. Extremely deep. You could also say, *impossibly* deep. When she first experimented with penetration, she found out soon that she could take without problem 8 inches into her. What was more, *she felt that it wasn’t enough*. At the same time, she learned to get an orgasm by clitoris stimulation. And because she was young, she had forgotten her special genital feature. By the age of 18, she knew that she could even take *10 inches* without a problem. Look at ruler, then you can see how many 10 inches is! She was troubled about it. At the time, she had some friends who used dildos that were 7 inches long. A few of them couldn’t even insert them wholly into them. One of her friends could take 8.5 inches in an aroused state. Clara wanted to know how deep her vagina was. She can remember that she used a huge cucumber, maybe 12 inches long. Unaroused, she put it into her vagina. It went further and further into her. Two-thirds went like that into her. Then she aroused herself, and she could feel how fast the room inside her grew. Easily, the whole of the 12 inches long cucumber went into her. She could feel the hard vegetable deep inside her, around her chest, around her lungs. How as this even possible? *Shockingly, it wasn’t even enough!* Later, she found out that the end seemed to be around 16 inches, when it reached the height of her heart. For some time, she was very nervous about her condition. She knew that it was a good idea to go to a doctor, but she also had fear. Maybe she would have needed a dangerous operation. And in the end, she could live with it. No one knew about her condition, not even Mike.

It was not as if John was big enough for her. But always when she saw big things, she began to dream. Honestly, she was quite frustrated about it. Penetrative sex always felt so *hollow*. Of what she knew, Mike was average. 5.5 inches long. But when he went into her, she felt *nothing*. She never said that to him, of course, and she had told herself that it wasn’t important. And it wasn’t

important. She was happy with him. Very happy. But if she could have one time a fulfilling sexual encounter, she would give nearly everything for it. With open eyes, she was imagining huge cocks, absurdly huge cocks. In her imagination, they became bigger and bigger; they would penetrate her so that she would finally feel satisfied. One finger slid under her panties, fingering her. It was her forbidden fantasy. A dick that reached from her bottom to her neck. To be one with the cock. Her finger went faster and faster. Yeah, it would feel amazing! Then her short orgasm came, and some kind of guilt came over her.

(A few days later) Mrs. Baker organized a Christmas event for her workers. She came to the brilliant idea of playing volleyball. Nobody was happy about her decision; some of the teachers said that they were ill. The game didn't happen on a workday, so they didn't need to fear any penalty. It didn't make a good impression on Mrs. Baker. It was those teachers who were later fired. Maybe it was just a coincidence. The rest of the teachers came on 23rd December in sports wear. All the people present were watching Mrs. Baker again. She appeared again in her white sports bra, with her bare midriff, and her short white sports pants. For most of the present people, she was not looking good. You could see her ribs when she took a breath and her waist was smaller than last month. But her breasts looked bigger than ever. The whole situation became a bit creepy. There was only one set of eyes that looked at her with admiration. John. John felt how his member reacted. This was the killer combo: getting thinner, while at the same time getting bigger boobs. He didn't know why he had the luck of seeing the bodies of two women at the same time getting thinner and bustier.

Mrs. Baker played like mad. She could hit the ball hard and had a very quick reaction. No one was surprised that her team won. Everyone was shocked at her sportive performance. „I'm surprised how unathletic most of you are, “ she spoke to all with a grin. Her body was gleamed in sweat. „I guess we must make the Sport-Monday harder.“ „We're not here for sports!“ interjected one of the teachers, „but for teaching!“ „You must learn to differentiate a joke from serious talk,“ Mrs. Baker said. After the volleyball game, Mrs. Baker invited all of her employees to a restaurant. The mood of all was calming down, and the first glasses of alcohol went down the throat. John was sitting next to Mrs. Baker. She had ordered a steak with some fries and ate only half the plate, which was noticed nevvoursly be some. She was not very talkative, was watching her employees. „It's hard to be strong, “ John heard her mumbling to herself. „By the way“, she found the strength of her voice again, „you have played very well. You go to the gym?“ she said to John. John nodded. „With a good friend,“ he said. „Do you think I look sick?“ she asked suddenly and not to loud. Half of the present teachers were already drunk and entertained by their stories. „I've noticed how all of the employees have watched me.“ She sounded self-assured, just curious. „No. You look very fine to me, “ he smiled. „Oh ... really? Nice to hear! I've been trying my best.“ Carefully, she observed his

facial expression. He meant it. „Not too thin?“, she explored further. „No, “ he simply replied. A warm wave went across her body. Suddenly, she turned her head and exclaimed somewhat loudly, so that everyone could hear her: „I think now is the time to finish this evening. If we make it any longer, I think you’re going to get really too drunk!“ Julia was watching her smartphone, „Oh, it’s really already 2Am.“ Slowly, everyone stood up and picked up their coats. John did want to leave, but Mrs. Baker appeared and insisted on driving him home. He was a bit surprised about that, because his home was a bit further away.

After she paid the bill and sat with John in her car (a big fat BMW), she pressed her lips together. „You know why I’m starving?“ She looked confident, but her heart was beating fast. „No.“ John said. „For you.“ John was surprised. „Do you know if you got the job? Not for your qualifications, “ she laughed, „no. I was immediately attracted to you when you entered my office, John. I wanted to fuck you. And now that I know you also have a big dick, I want to fuck you even more.“ „Okay“, he registered what she said, „is okay for me.“ Even if Mrs. Baker was fifty, he had seen her body. That was not a body of fifty. She did really care for her body, and it matches his type: skinny with big tits. She was skinny and had big tits. Whether she could compete with Brenda was another question. Mrs Baker glanced at the clock in her car. It was getting very late. 2:30 am. „Oh, right, “ she said and turned her head to the street, „I will fuck you. But not tonight.“ She took her phone and stopped the audio recording (without notice of John). „It’s very late. We will see each other next year. Now I just drive you home, “ she said.

At 3:15 am, her car arrived at home. Her mind was blank. Without a thought or any feeling, she went through the living room, through the kitchen, to the bathroom, looking into the mirror. Her full stomach. She shouldn’t have eaten. Then she felt suddenly very weak and light. Stars appearing before her sight. She realized what was happening and began to panic. A heavy fear crushed over her. Her body seemed to overwork in a bad way. She was feeling less and less well. Breathe in and out. Breathe in and out. *What is happening to me?* she asked herself, *in any second I could lose my consciousness.* Control. All her muscles tensed up. Control. All her muscles tensed up. Slowly, she felt like her body gained control. Her heart still beat abnormally fast. Still, the heavy, deep, doomy feeling was there. Breathe in and out. Breathe in and out. In those lost days, she had really overdone it. It was Karl’s responsibility. Karl had forced her to her stupid suggestion. Karl had been cooking now. Of course, he always cooked heartily. To make him not suspicious, she always kept her plate empty. To compensate for the extra calories, she would do sports like crazy. Run as long as her legs allowed. Doing exercises to the point of absolute exhaustion. Her body rebelled. It was simply too much. Tamara began to cry. She was arching like an embryo and just crying. What was she doing? What the hell was she doing? What did she want? Did she really want to fuck that young man? Was she just feeling old? Why was she craving for his young body? Her girls’school didn’t have the

reputation it had once had. Long in the past, the girls'school had a well-known reputation. Nowadays, it seemed as if the students coming from her school performed below average. Many extra hours she researched for better learning methods and surroundings. She looked at philosophy papers that would defend her strict chastity rules. Trying to defend her rule with the best arguments and scientific research. But the concept of a girls' school had fallen out of time. Most parents thought that it was not good for their children to not have contact with the other sex. Only very conservative and Catholic parents decided to enroll their children in her school. If she were honest with herself, it was absolutely contrary to her own convictions. However, her life has led her to this position. As a school principal, your earnings weren't bad. It was a civil service position. Once you had it, your job position was quasi guaranteed. Why should she not have taken this position? But she didn't really like the job. Each day, she had to play someone that she simply was not. And everything had fallen apart. The last batch of new teachers were horribly. She had done some general tests with some chosen pupils. And really, all of them performed under the commanded average. All her employees had seemingly good qualifications, and they had made a good impression. Each school needs, of course, many teachers.

She had lost connection to Karl. Once, she had deeply loved him. He had saved her, and he tried to save her again. Right now, he was sleeping. He had already lost some weight for her. He cared still for her. This lazy asshole was still worrying about her. She couldn't just divorce him now. No, she was also loving him. But like in the past. She didn't crave his body anymore. He had aged. He wasn't handsome anymore. And he didn't care, he had never really cared, he had just the luck to be handsome when he was young.

She didn't know how long she had been lying on the floor. A quick peek at her phone showed that it was 3:45am. Slowly, she stood up, looking again at her mirror. She realized how her body looked. How could this body even be possible? How could her boobs be this big on her body? They were messing up her weight. She calculated that without them, she had already reached a BMI of 16. She had that with boobs that fitted now in a 28G bra! They have gotten bigger again. They were even firmer than before, as if belonging to someone in her twenties. Setting her legs together, you could see that she had a thigh gap. Some abs that made some twenties envious. Tamara couldn't deny that she was proud of it. Her boobs never did look better. Not even in her twenties. At that time, she also didn't have abs. Her gaze was beginning to check. Yeah, of course, she shouldn't be arrogant. Do you see that fat on your legs? Turning them on their side. Do you see how massive they are? Your waist isn't that impressive. No, if you look long enough, it looks like a huge wall. Look at your upper arm! Don't you see all the fat? Or your huge ass? *And what the fucking hell are you doing with your breasts? You look like a pig!* But she knew that John did like them. On the streets, she saw how many men were ogling her tits. Of course, she didn't have the biggest, but she liked the

attention and the position. Not many women with her figure had those kinds of breasts. Still ... those breasts consisted only of fat. Showed her how fat she was. She shouldn't be proud of them. She shouldn't do those stupid exercises. Her hands began to massage them. Maybe she could like that gain control again. Control over her growing disorder. Fat was not simply bad. It could be hot. Yeah, that made some sense. Gently and knowingly, her hands pressed her fat bags gently. – It was at 4:15 am when Tamara finally went to bed.

Brenda celebrated Christmas with her family. Her parents had given all her brothers and sisters some small gifts, but not her. On the face of her father, she could see that he didn't like the decision of her mom, but he didn't interfere. Her mother began to really hate her large breasts. On each occasion, she would spit some nasty comment about them. John also celebrated alone with his family. They always make it huge. They would invite all their brothers and sisters, including their children. The grandparents were not to be missing. Henriette and Jim offer him a free gift for three months. It was a simple, undeliberated gift, but John wasn't complaining about that. Many more guests were in their house at Christmas time. All were talking all the time. All were asking about his janitor job. All the time, he was saying the same things. Also, his new girlfriend was a favorite subject of all. They wanted to see a photo of them. Her grandmother even asked when he wanted to have a child with her! In the evening, he went to his room to be silent. He was doing his exercises. The gains were still accelerating. His schlong was in an erect state, 8.5 inches now. To Clara and Mike, he gave a gift for a subscription to a hot spring. After a quick Google search, Clara found out that it required nudity. Clara didn't know how to feel about it. Both of them were surprised that John had given them such an expensive gift, and they felt bad because they had nothing to offer in return.

After Christmas Eve, Brenda stayed with her family for a few days. John was getting bored in general. He had fucked her many times now, did know all about the things that turned her on. He longed for new experiences, new bodies. Everyone was speaking about dating apps. Many of them had horrible experiences, but he could just do an account, he thought. He did pay attention to his choice of photos. And soon enough, he already had some matches.

The first woman who contacted him was Noemi. Asiatic. Quite short. She didn't live very far from him, so one day he drove to her. Noemi was a film student. Many movie posters hung on the wall. But everything was kept in black and white. She had a black table with simple stools around it. A black bed with white pillows. Noemi was very strongly attracted to John. He was tall and simply handsome. With those blue eyes! She couldn't believe that she had hit such a hunk! If he could just talk more about himself. Because soon enough she noticed that she wasn't not very talkative. He had told her that he had a janitor position at a girls'school, which she found very interesting. She was sure that every girl was talking about him. Stubbornly, she tried to get more information about

this, but he answered very briefly. He said that he had something with a girl there. Sometimes his answers were quite bold. So he told her that the girl had *,big tits‘*. On the other side was John, who had only been waiting to fuck her. But Noemi couldn't stop telling him about her family and the jobs of her family. Her appreciation of her own culture. She showed him a huge assortment of teas. At the end of the conversation, he realized that he couldn't fuck her right now, because she was only talking and nothing in the situation suggested that she wanted to have sex right now. He said good-bye to her.

He tried some other apps. Apps that focus more on sexual encounters. And soon he got a date. This time it was a tall blonde. She called herself *,Gabi‘*. They had agreed to meet at her house (in the future, he could always set the dates at the location of the dating partners). She was a nurse. Her house was tidy and unremarkable. For a short time, they had some small-talk. Then she was looking at him with a sexy smirk. *„You look better than in your photos, “*, she complimented him. For a woman, she was a bit taller than average (5'7"). By her looks, he guessed her to be at least ten years older than him. Her blue eyes were a bit greyish. Her features were, in general, softer. The tip of her nose was quite round. The curves of her lips were also round. Also, her ears were comparatively small and round. He began to unbutton her red blouse. Her body didn't impress him. She was slim, but not as slim as Mrs. Baker – not even as slim as Brenda. Her breasts weren't big. The highest guess would be a D cup. Neither was she trim, but her stomach was smooth. *Well, for a fuck it should be enough*, John thought. *„Let's go to bed“*, he suggested.

She nodded. John stripped himself. As his boxer fell down, she marveled: *„Wow!“* Gabi had never seen such a big dick. It seemed to be her biggest. She grabbed it. *„Matching your height, “* she judged. A few strokes later, his penis became hard. *Yep, it's the biggest yet*, she thought. She worked with both of her hands. It was terribly big. You had the impression that she could fit nearly a third of her hand. Gabi touched his thing softly, not like Brenda. John liked Brenda's grip more. She put out her tongue, which was really long. *„It's also big, “* she joked. He replied with his eyebrows and an awkward smile. Her very long tongue licked his whole erect member, including his balls. Higher and higher she climbed up to his stomach. A part of him found it sexy, and another part disgusting. Suddenly, he grabbed her and carried her over the bed. *„Condoms“*, she said. *„I don't have condoms, “* he said. *„I don't do it without it, “* she replied seriously. *„Come on!“* he sighed. *„No. I want to be safe. You must understand that“*, she explained. *„Don't you have birth control?“* he moaned. *„No.“ „Why?“ „Those pills are not simply sugar pills. They change the hormones, they change in an unnatural way how your body works, “* she explained, *„we just can get some condoms at the night shop“*. But John did put on his clothes. It was done for him. *„Fuck you“*, he mumbled as she left her house.

At Silvester's, Mike had invited John. Like he was at every party, John was not excited. He learned that Clara loved electronic music. For the whole evening, she turned the music extremely loud (in John's opinion). But as he watched her dancing, he felt butterflies again. On beat her body moved so good. Sometimes his gaze was focused on the movement of her ass, sometimes on her slender arms, sometimes on her smiling, wiggling head. At midnight, John asked him what he wished for the new year. „For a bigger dick, “ he said half jokingly. Mike was looking at him, perplexed, and didn't know what to answer. „Oookay, that's silly, “ he answered, „I mean, really.“ His honest answer would be ,that Clara loved me instead of you‘ but he couldn't say that. Besides Clara, what were his wishes? „I really don't know“, he shrugged his shoulders. „I take it to be a good sign. If you don't have any wishes, you must surely be happy. I'm also happy. I'm so glad that we have the connection again. I had thought that you were somehow mad at me. After school, I had tried to connect with you, but somehow, for whatever reason, it never worked out. But now all is good, and that is the most important thing, “ his friend said.