Bent Equipment Ch. 1
by Abe Lin

“Last part – drop your pants and turn your head to the side.” I did as I was instructed. Guys will often do as they’re instructed when someone literally ‘has them by the balls.’

“Cough.” Ahem, ahem.

“Other side,” and I coughed dutifully.

It was now or never, “uh doc,” I started. He looked up. “I’ve got this problem with the, uh, equipment.” Doctor Q. looked down at my rather undersized package and asked “what’s it seem to be?”

“Well, um, you see, when I get, uh, you know, aroused, there seems to be a bend in my, uh, my penis.” Finally, it was out. “I looked around on the web and I wondered if it was Peyronie’s disease?”

In reply, he squeezed my unit, which seemed to be diminishing by the second and asked, “where?”. Doc Q wasn’t a man of many words.

“Sort of on the top, near the base – about an inch out. Uh, that is, when I’m, well, Hard.”

Feeling around, kneading me rather uncomfortably, he grunted.

“OK, bend over,” I must have looked confused.

“The other part of the physical, the rectal exam?”

I bent over, elbows on the examining table as he lubed up his latex-encased hand. “OK, this is going to hurt you more than it is me.”

It was the usual prostrate exam, or at least, it started out that way. The usual poking, then I noticed him crook his finger a different way, and to my horror, I looked down between my elbows and saw my cock spring up like a bird dog after a pheasant.

With his free hand, and without a word to me, he reached around (now I know exactly what that means), gave me a couple pumps, peered around the corner, and prodded my poor bent, but very erect cock.

As suddenly as it started, he let go of the front, popped out of the back and retrieving some tissues, wiped the goop from my backside and told me to pull my pants up. My cock, as quickly as it had popped up, shrunk immediately.

“It’s definitely a fairly mild case of Peyronies.” He said.

Great. “What does that mean to me?” I asked.

“Well, nothing really. We don’t really know what causes it, and though in more severe cases than yours, surgery is often the protocol, it doesn’t look like your penis will cause pain during intercourse. When did you first notice it?”

“About two months ago, I don’t know what the hell happened – I mean, I’ve had it get bent before while I’m, uh, having relations, but that was a long time ago, at least I think it was.”

“No, prior injury might be a factor in the onset, but we really don’t know what causes it.”

“Is there a cure ? …I mean, something besides surgery? That would be a hard one to explain.”

“Well, no. Nothing the FDA has approved.” He paused and looked at me quizzically.

“Well?” I prompted.

“Well, there is a research program that I’m associated with and they are looking for mild cases of Peyronie’s – very similar to what you present. Would that be something you’re interested in?” he asked.

“Hell yeah!” Because of my almost non-existent sex life, my wife didn’t even know about this. Our bed life was pretty perfunctory. All of a sudden, I realized “Are there side effects?”

“Well…” he paused. Like I said, Dr. Q was careful with words – like they cost him to speak. “We have seen some of the positive results, where the Peyronie’s seems to have been completely cured….” He paused again. “there have been some unusual side effects. Nothing dramatic. In fact, I believe that in every case, the subject – the patient – found the results to be much better than before.”

“Well, then, hell yeah, I’d be interested!”

I didn’t say anything that night, when I got home. I’d used some minor arthritis in my foot as the excuse for the visit, and Jennifer didn’t seem to give much of a shit about what I did one way or the other.

I should explain.

About twenty years prior, I’d cheated on her. Many times. About the time the internet came along, and sexual harassment laws became more omnipresent, I quit other women and took up porn instead. About five years ago, my porn addiction – and it is an addiction – caused me to reach out to one of the women that I’d slept with years earlier, trying to rekindle the affair. Even though I called it off, I forgot about the email.

One night, months after I’d quit trying to get laid by the previous affair, as I lay stoned on a cot in my office (did I mention my problem with pot?), stroking to porn, and completely naked, she walked in.

Even though she walked out, that’s when it started. While I was at work that week, she searched through my email and found the correspondence with the crazy women I’d considered sleeping with again.

The next four years, I went to therapy and *we* went to therapy, I joined a sex addicts support group, quit smoking (and drinking) took up meditation and tried to keep from losing my family. It was the hardest thing I’ve ever done.

For the kids, I’d think, stick around for the kids.

Well, after six more years, the kids were gone, and while the screaming , crying matches had stopped, no passion was left. After a while, program or not, I started looking at porn again. I was fifty now, pudgy, with my just-about-average-when-hard cock and it wasn’t getting hard very often.

The porn sort of snuck back in. I was careful – very careful, we still had tepid, occasional sex. …most of the time, when she wanted it, my desires weren’t a factor. But there was no passion anymore. And now that two boys were gone, I wasn’t sure how much more I could take.

I was lonely.

Now, I was lonely with a bent, shriveled cock that didn’t seem to find anything much of a rise, except for the beautiful women that I read about or looked at on my various electronic devices. If you’re reading this on a phone right now, I been there brother, I been there.

So, given this sorry excuse for a sex life, hell yeah, I was interested.

My southern California town stays warm into the late fall, and this late October day was no exception. I’d bailed on work early to make the appointment at the clinic. I sat in the car a few minutes, wondering if I was doing the right thing. Before they’d accept the appointment, there was a raft of paperwork to fill out, all of it basically saying that if I stroked out or popped a blood vessel in my aorta, I was on my own.

*Well,* I thought, *at least I hope there are no women at the reception desk.*

Wrong again, boyo, really, really wrong.

Entering the building from the bright sunshine, my eyes were adjusting to the indoor light and the first thing I saw, sitting behind a clear Lucite desk, was one of the most beautiful women I’ve ever seen – anywhere. She looked about twenty-five, long blonde hair, blue eyes, beautiful, perfect white teeth and a body that would have made a corpse pop a woody.

Through the Lucite, I could see that her legs were long and her feet, strangely, bare. But above that, oh- my- god… She wore a simple white nurse’s uniform, skirt modest enough, top buttoned up to the clavicle, but the breasts that the top enclosed looked to be DD at least, but awesomely perfect. “Donna” was printed on her name tag, which quivered atop her amazing bosom.

It felt like I stood there for an hour, until she said, her blue eyes twinkling in amusement, “Mr. Duncan?”

“Uh,” I said, ever –witty.

“Mr. Sean Duncan?”

“Uh.” Snap out of it, asshole. “Yes, uh, yes, I’m Sean Duncan.” Finally, my feet moved forward, stumbling towards the desk.

We went through the usual formalities, insurance, credit card, and I watched her slide off her stool and move around to make copies, affording me a brilliant view of her perfect, heart-shaped ass. She spun around and caught me looking at her, twice, I guess, since when she spun around, my eyes locked onto her magnificent chest.

“Would you mind taking a seat?”

“Uh, OK” You’re an idiot, Sean, I thought and I turned and sat on a chair that faced her desk.

I finally had enough sense to tear my eyes away from her and look around. It was a small waiting room, and I was the only one in it. Working very hard to flip through the pages of a year-old Sports Illustrated (at least it wasn’t the swimsuit edition!), I was startled to see the door next to the desk open.

“Thank you Mr. Jordan – we’ll see you the same time next week.” Out the door came a guy about my age, but in much better shape, grinning like a crazy person.

The door stayed open and I saw a short brunette, wearing the same white uniform as Donna had, but not *quite* as well filled out. “Toni” looked at me and smiled, her brown eyes crinkling and I was smitten again – she too was perfect, in her own way. Her breasts weren’t as generous, but still, for a woman that couldn’t have stood more than 5’4”, they were very large for her frame – C or D cup, easy. She had short dark hair curling at her shoulders, and the same lovely legs – and she was also barefoot.

“Please come this way,” she asked – and I did.

Inside, she escorted me past the reception desk, I stole a quick peek at Donna, who caught me looking and smiled and waved back, to my embarrassment. Looking back where I was going, I was focused on the very fine – perfect – ass that Toni swayed seductively as we walked down the hall. Opening a door off the hallway, we entered a small room, with a short couch, an easy chair and a cabinet that held a water jug and some glasses. It looked more like the waiting room at the spa.

“Doctor will be in to see you shortly.” And she was gone.

I had never seen two more beautiful women at any one business in my life. Maybe the idea was to get me so hard that I straightened out on my own!

I was staring out the window when there was a quick knock on the door, which opened to admit a man of about 35, very good looking, athletic with curly brown hair and an engaging smile. Reaching to shake my hand, he introduced himself as Dr. Bill Simonsen.

After some small talk about the weather, and his chuckle at my compliments to his staff (“Yes, we hear that a lot” chuckle, chuckle) he got down to business. “I understand from Dr. Queensley that you have found yourself with a case Peyronie’s.”

I simply nodded.

“Good!” he said and looked down at the file in his hand – mine, I presumed.

“Not good as far as I’m concerned.” I said,

He looked up, confused for a moment, then smiled brightly, saying as he bent back to his file, “No, no, you’re right, not good at all. Good for our study, of course!” he smiled at me again.

“I would like to give you a thorough exam. As you will have noticed in the paperwork, the exam is very thorough and has some aspects of it, towards the end that may embarrass you somewhat, but I assure you that, while I can’t guarantee results, there’s nothing we’re doing that will harm you in any way.”

“Uh, yes, I’m ready.”

“Now, if the exam goes as I expect it too, and you are accepted as a member of the study, we will provide you with a course of pills. You will take these once a day for the next week and we will have you come back for your first monitoring session.

“These monitoring sessions are extremely important, and, unlike your ordinary physical, we will be subjecting you to a variety of stressors – physical and mental, to ensure that the drug interacts with you as we expect. OK so far?” He looked up inquiringly.

“Yep – sounds fine.”

“Good. Now as Dr. Queensley may have mentioned, there is a fairly high likelihood that you will experience physical changes as a result of the regimen. This manifests itself primarily in increased stamina, a higher metabolism, and a certain mental clarity that most subjects find actually enhances their life, rather than limiting it in any way.”

“Wow. This sounds like snake oil!” I joked.

He laughed, “Yes, I suppose it does. But please believe me, this is our second round of human testing, and we have seen these results often enough to know it isn’t a coincidence or some sort of placebo effect. Do you have any questions?” He looked searchingly in my eyes.

“No, uh, no, I think that sounds fine.”

 “Great!” he slapped me on the shoulder, practically bouncing. “Actually, you are a perfect subject for our study, so I really hope that the exam turns up what we expect. I’ll give you a few minutes, but I’d like you to strip down to your birthday suit and put on the paper gown that you’ll find in the close there. The opening goes at the front. There are some ties to help keep the front closed while we move through the tests.”

Once he’d left the room, I stripped down, a bit ashamed of my pudgy body. I had actually lost a bunch of weight recently, so that my 6’2” frame didn’t seem quite as bulky, but I still had a good spare tire. Oh well, nothing for it but to move ahead. My shriveled cock looked kind of lonely, so I was glad to put on the scratchy paper gown.

Newly adorned, I waited uncomfortably until there was a knock at the door and Toni appeared. Giving me a look up and down, she smiling invited me to follow her down the hall to the next room. There I was treated to the usual, weight (sigh), height, blood pressure, etc. She had me sit in a chair (which caused the gown to gap alarmingly in just the wrong place) while she drew off 3 vials of blood. Once she was sure I wouldn’t faint, she took me to the next room, where my hearing, eyes and throat were checked. After about an hour of every conceivable test (at least she didn’t perform the cough test!), she said, “Only one more to go – please come this way.” At this last comment, she might have giggled, I couldn’t tell.

She took me across the hall into the room opposite. Inside there was no window and it appeared to be a massage room. “I’ll give you a minute to remove your gown and lie face down on the table.”

“Is this a massage?”

“Well, yes, of sorts.”

Leaving the room, I slipped off the gown and lay on the table, my face looking down through the padded head/face rest.

There were a couple short knocks on the door and I said “come in” and saw the door admit light and from my impeded vision, saw what looked like two people – two women, both without shoes – enter the room.

I started to lift my head, but a gentle hand pushed it down, there were several rustles of clothing, then the sheet was drawn down over my back, and up from my heels to be folded just across my naked ass.

Two pairs of hands! They clearly knew what they were doing, and in no time, I was very uncomfortable lying face down.

“Mr. Duncan,” Toni – I think it was Toni – whispered. “Please roll over.”

Oh crap.

“Uh…”

“It’s all right, please don’t worry if you are aroused, that’s the point of this exercise actually.”

I rolled over and got the shock of my life. Donna – lovely Donna – AND Toni, were completely and totally nude. Donna’s huge tits swayed gently as she laid the folded sheet down across my mid-section that she had raised to let me roll over.

Toni held the sheet on the other side, and her tits were equally as beautiful, tight brown nipples, to Donna’s larger – much larger pink ones. My poor bent cock tented the sheet.

Each girl slowly warmed massage oil in their hands and began to spread it on my body – Toni on my legs, ankles, shins, thighs, while Donna bent over me, her huge breasts millimeters above my chest and spread oil on my shoulders, my pecs, up and down my arms, then my stomach.

Stopping just shy of my pubic patch, she pushed her hands up my body, this time as her breasts grazed my body behind her hands. I almost came right then.

Meanwhile, Toni had completed one leg, just under the sheet, when she started again on the other leg, up from the ankle, inexorably to the very top of my thigh.

As my head swiveled between the luscious tits caressing my torso, I saw Toni slowly drag the sheet off onto the floor. My bent five inches seemed kind of pathetic, but by that point, I was past caring.

“Now Mr. Duncan…”

“Sean, Jesus! You can call me Sean!”

“Sean,” cooed Toni, as Donna blatantly pressed her huge breasts against my chest and rubbed them up and down and down and down, until they swallowed my cock into their softness.

“Sean, we need to do some measurements and it’s important that you are as hard as you can be. Are you hard, Sean?” she had moved up my side and trailed her hand up my leg, over Donnas back and up my chest. As she moved her hand down my arm, she picked up my hand and moved it to cover her breast, the oil from her hand coating mine and making her tit soft and slick.

“Why don’t you touch us, as we measure you? We’ll also need sample, once the measurements are done….”

Oh god.

The two of them managed to examine every centimeter of my cock, measuring, even photographing while still encouraging me to roam my hands over their breasts, their asses, even letting me dip my fingers into Donna’s lovely, wet pussy.

“Now Sean, I need you to cum for me,” Donna breathy voice appeared for the first time, slowly jacking my cock while her huge breasts slid over my body, her eyes locked on mine like a laser beam. Before I knew it, I was pouring cum like a 15-year-old – right into a strange receptacle that Toni held over the end of my prick.

I shuddered as Donna slid up my body and gently kissed me on the lips, “Thank you Sean, thank you so much.”

…and it was over. Fifteen minutes later, I had an appointment for the following week, and a bottle of pills I was to take each night just before bed.

Oh. My. God.

…to be continued….