**[Abe Lin Home](http://www1.asstr.org/%7EAbe_Lin/Cover.htm)**

**Bent Equipment Ch. 2**  
by Abe Lin

*mff mm growth*

“So what are these pills for, exactly? Neurosiliconite Bentrillium – I’ve never heard of that!”

Wouldn’t you know it. My wife Jennifer wouldn’t normally notice if I came home missing a limb and she picks up on the new drugs in my medicine cabinet the very first night.

“I told you, my foot has been acting up and the doctor suggested a clinical trial that might relieve the pain.”

“Hmm,” she grunted.

That afternoon, I’d been to the doctors all right, but not for my foot. Instead, I was seeking a cure for my poor, bent cock. Peyronie’s disease had no cure, but holy mother of all things kinky, what a doctor’s visit! It started with the most stunning looking receptionist I’d seen and ended with her and an equally beautiful nurse, both of them naked, giving me the greatest happy ending of all time. …All in the name of science.

Now, I was committed to a daily dose of a drug that was supposed to un-bend my Johnson and, evidently, make me into some sort of superman. …I’d settle simply to have my joint unkinked.

In the mirror, I watched as my wife removed eye makeup. Dressed in her oversized flannel pajamas, you wouldn’t guess at the still-hot body hidden inside. She was 38 – I’d married her when she was 18, after she turned up pregnant after about three months of dating – I was a 22 year old senior in college, she was a freshman.

When we first met, the sex was wild – for those three months. Then, gradually, the children took over our lives and the sex got more predictable, than ordinary, then, frankly boring. About ten years in, I met a woman at work, we flirted increasingly until one day, as we were both walking across the parking lot to head to our respective homes, she told me that she wanted to ‘fuck my brains out.’

Long story short, I did. I fucked her in my car, in her husband’s bed, in my boss’s office. I invited my buddy Glenn to join me and we fucked her in both holes. I could feel his cock (which was bigger) through the thin membrane as I pumped away in her ass. Wild stuff.

It lasted for about four years, I met other women, none as crazy as the first, but for about 10 years I lived a completely double life.

Then came sexual harassment laws, the increasing sensitivity to my potential liability (all my conquests worked with me) and my increase in rank and, most importantly, the advent of readily available internet porn caused a shift from real people for the next 8 years or so. Then, sex addiction being what it – a progressive disease – I started trying to hook up with a real woman again – hell a real person. I was becoming increasingly curious about how the other team played.

Anyway, I was caught, she found email and things had been hell for about 5 years, and now we were in this almost-sexless, completely passionless relationship that satisfied neither of us. …and my cock developed this left turn.

I swallowed the pill and we went to bed. …to sleep.

At first I thought it was a dream, then a cramp hit my midsection that doubled me up in bed clutching my stomach. Jenn had always been a sound sleeper, so she continued snoring gently.

Curled up in a fetal position, it felt like someone was sending a drain snake into my intestines. After about 2 minutes the pain began to fade and I suddenly felt as if I’d just done the hardest workout of my life, my legs cramped, my stomach, my pec muscles – EVERYTHING!

Finally after another five minutes or so, it subsided – glancing over at the clock, I saw that it was just after 3 in the morning. Just before falling back asleep – maybe passing out would be a better term – I wondered why the doctor hadn’t mentioned THAT particular side effect.

The alarm went off after about 10 seconds, it seemed, but the clock said otherwise: 5:30 AM – my normal wakeup. At first I wasn’t sure that the cramping in the night had actually happened, but when I swung my legs out of bed, every muscle complained. Getting up shakily, I made my way into the bathroom, turned on the shower and leaned on the counter, looking at myself in the mirror.

I didn’t **look** any different, I thought. Peeling off my t-shirt and shucking down my pajama bottoms, I looked back in the mirror and had trouble processing what I was seeing.

It wasn’t like the Incredible Hulk or anything – I hadn’t turned green – but there was a difference. My pectoral muscles were better defined, as were my arms, and my stomach was noticeably smaller. That was nothing, however; it was just below the beltline that held my attention.

My cock, which can shrivel to a couple inches on a cold morning, seemed to have doubled in size and girth. My balls, which had begun dropping with age, looked as if someone had pumped air into them! The rest of my body followed suit – thighs were better defined, my butt was tighter and higher. Holy shit! I thought, is this even possible?

As I stepped into the shower and felt the hot water run down my body, it felt like when water hits your face for the first time after shaving off a long-time beard – it was fantastic. Looking down, I could see my cock begin to twitch. Lathering up with the bar of soap, I reached down and caressed my package – it didn’t feel like it belonged to me. I was stunned as my cock expanded and stretched to at least 7 full inches! I could see almost half of my longer, thicker cock, sticking out of my fist.

I couldn’t believe how good it felt! I’d masturbated – a lot, as previously discussed – but this felt like discovering my dick again when I was twelve. Stroking back and forth, I leaned another hand on the wall to keep from falling, and pumped my cock – my hand lubricated by the soap – until I could feel the burning in the top of my thighs, the tingling in my balls and then the explosive release.

My body tensed and then SPLAT, the first rope of cum hit the shower tile, followed by the second and third. By the fourth spurt, it didn’t go quite that far, but I was amazed to see my cock pulse twice more before it finally ceased spewing forth. I couldn’t be sure, but it seemed like I had produced enough cum to fill a quarter-cup!

I was out of the house before Jenn woke up and on my way work.

I get in the office early, before most of the staff shows up, so didn’t see anyone when I came in. Around 8:30, I left my office in search of a cup of coffee and as I turned the corner towards the break room, almost ran directly into someone rounding the corner at the same time. To avoid completely taking out this person, I grabbed them by the upper arm and spun us both around – a movement so quick, I know that I couldn’t have done it the day before – and found myself looking down into the piercing blue eyes of Tanya Pollack, a twenty-something analyst who worked in another department, but that I had noticed many, many times before.

Her startled eyes stared right back into mine, her beautiful mouth shaped into a perfect ‘O’, and, still not letting go, said “I’m so sorry, Mr. Duncan.”

I still hadn’t let go and I was taken by the odd way her nostrils flared – like she was sniffing me or something – and rather than pull back, she seemed to lean in just a bit. She leaned in enough that her very full breasts, artfully hidden behind a wool sweater that did little but emphasis their roundness, grazed the top of my stomach.

“Quite all right, Tanya, it was my fault.”

“No, no, it was my fault,” and, to my amazement, she leaned in even more so that her breasts flattened against me and I could feel her nipples harden through my shirt.

Abruptly, she leaned back and broke the connection, shaking her head slightly as if she were a bit dizzy and leaned back against the wall away from me, still looking at me with her mouth open as if she couldn’t get enough oxygen.

“I’m so sorry,” she said again, and putting her head down, clutching her papers to her chest, she hurried away.

Very strange, I thought to myself. I noticed that my improved Johnson had begun to tent up my pants, so I took a quick detour into the men’s room and stepped into the big handicapped stall at the end of the room to re-adjust the package.

I pulled down my pants and looked again at my cock. It was at half-mast already and began to grow as I watched it. Fascinated, I stared as it again filled to an impossibly big size, for me anyway. This time, I noticed that the bend seemed to be about half of what it was before. I realized that I needed this thing to go away in order to close my pants up again, so I shut my eyes and tried thinking of the quadratic equation. Instead, Tanya’s blue eyes, her long blonde hair and her big breasts pressed against my chest were all that came to mind. My cock, needless to say, stayed hard as a rock.

I was looking down at it, when the door to the stall suddenly opened and Jim Meyer, a young intern from the local college, stepped in to catch me with my pants around my ankles and my hard cock in my hand.

I froze – part of me was saying PULL UP YOUR PANTS, but I just stood there as he looked at my cock, looked up at my face, back and forth, two or three times.

Neither of us said a word, but I was amazed to find myself even more turned on.

A word about men. When I was fourteen, I had my first orgasm in the ass of Kevin Brown. We started by looking at porn, he introduced me to masturbation, and one day, as we lay on his bunk bed – he on the top bunk, me on the bottom – he asked me if I’d ever thought about having my cock sucked.

He slipped off the top bunk, having removed his pants completely as I lay stroking my cock on the bottom bunk looking at a Hustler magazine. He sat on the edge of the lower bunk and slowly jacked his large, curved cock and asked me again if I’d ever thought about sucking cock.

At this point, at fourteen, I was so horny, I’d have fucked a sheep, so I didn’t resist as he leaned over and took my small, boyish cock into his mouth. After sucking and licking the head for a while, slowly jacking me off, he came up and said, “suck mine.”

So I did.

I leaned over, reached for his big, curved tool and was pumped the loose, velvety skin back and forth as he pulled the back of my head gently toward him. “Suck me and I’ll let you fuck my ass.”

I might have done it anyway, but I leaned in and gave the pre-cum glistening on the head a tentative lick. Salty. Sucking the spongy head into my mouth, I jacked him some more, using my tongue to lick around his fat cockhead.

I took a bit more into my mouth, but really just jacked him off, until he suddenly began to tense and without warning, spewed cum into my mouth. Without thinking, I swallowed. I can’t say the taste was good, but it wasn’t terrible either.

Sitting up, I said, “Did you mean it?”

He answered by moving off the bed onto his hands and knees and rather thickly said, “fuck me Sean, fuck me in the ass.”

I moved up, put the head of my small but hard cock between his butt cheeks, trying to find a way in. Finally, after fumbling around, he reached back and put the tip of my cock against his rosy bud. I pushed, and pushed, and finally, the head popped in.

It was the tightest thing I’d ever felt around my cock, and shoved all the way in – unlubricated – as he gasped “YES, that’s it!”

I began sawing back and forth, back and forth, fucking Kevin’s ass as hard and fast as I could. Suddenly, I felt a burning sensation in my thighs and balls and felt my cock spew something – I figured out it was cum later – into his tight boyish ass.

We never repeated it, or at least I didn’t – I didn’t want to be gay and thought I might “turn into a fag” if I kept it up – despite the fact that I fantasized about it for years. Still do.

….so when Jim looked up at me again, searchingly, then turned and locked the stall door, I let him. He dropped to his knees in front of me and, eye-level with my throbbing cock, took it in his hand and, in one motion, deep-throated my much-improved cock.

Ten minutes later, I buckled my pants, mumbled thanks and left the room as fast as I could.

“Dr. Simonsen, please?”

“May I say who’s calling?”

“Sean Duncan, I’m a new patient.”

“Why yes, Mr. Duncan, this is Donna!” she said brightly.

Amazingly, just hearing her voice, my cock – two orgasms in about 4 hours – began to grow again. “Um, hi Donna, I, uh, thank you, er. That is…” I stumbled to a close.

“Is everything alright? Are you experiencing any results?”

“Uh, well, yes, uh, that is.” I gulped, “I think so. Something’s definitely changing.”

“If it’s alright, as Doctor is busy with another patient, would you mind speaking with Toni . You remember Toni, right?” You mean Toni, who, naked, collected my cum as you rubbed your fat tits on my chest and jacked me off into the receptacle held by Toni – that Toni?

“Yes, I remember her very well.”

“Just a moment” and she was gone.

“Mr. Duncan?” came Toni’s deeper tones over the line, “How can I help – is everything alright”

“Well, uh, I wanted to tell the doctor….” I began.

“You may rely on my discretion completely, Mr. Duncan. Please tell me your concerns.”

“Well, I seem to have, um, grown.”

“Excellent!” she chirped. “Can you tell me exactly what has changed?”

“Well, last night, I woke up to horrible body cramps. They went away quickly and I feel asleep, but when I woke up this morning, I noticed that my body – my whole body had changed.”

“Well, that is excellent!” she said again. “Normally, we don’t expect the change to occur so quickly. You must be an excellent specimen. So, was your co-, er, your penis improved?”

“Well, uh,” I stammered. “Yes, my, uh, penis has grown and most of the kink is already gone.” I was blushing, even though I was speaking to her by phone from my office (with the door closed tightly).

“Very good! Can we get you to come see us this afternoon? We have a spot open at lunch, if you could spare the time.”

“Yes, there’s more I’d like to tell the doctor.” Damned if I was going to tell this beautiful girl that I’d just enjoyed a blow job from a young male intern in the bathroom, at work!

Somehow, I made it out of the office and sped to Dr. Bill’s office on the other side of town without displaying myself to anyone else. My mind flashed to the run-in with Tanya in the morning, and despite the blowjob – and the jack off session in the shower – my cock began to grow again.

I tried willing it to go down, before I had to walk across the lobby toward Donna, behind her see-through desk sporting a big woody. …and of course thinking of Donna’s long legs and fantastic boobs, sitting behind her see-through desk just made it worse.

But there was nothing for it. I parked, re-adjusted so the hard cock in my pants wasn’t quite so noticeable and hurried into the office building. Entering the elevator, the door was just closing when a delicate hand with perfect red nails opened the door and slid inside. The woman, who was a tall, slim frosted blonde, with a small dog under one arm, Gucci hanging from her shoulder, and long pair of very lovely legs, glanced at me and looked forward, into the mirror like door. I saw her glance again, this time looking down and damn but if she didn’t lock right onto my tented khakis.

Crap.

Pretending not to notice, I saw her nostrils widen as she leaned towards me slightly. Did I forget deodorant today? I resisted the temptation to give my armpits a sniff. What the hell was it, I wondered.

Fortunately, the door opened and I made my escape from the elevator, only to open the door to Dr. Bill’s office and see not only Donna, but an older, voluptuous redhead – both in the tight-fitting, short-skirted nurse’s outfit that Toni and Donna had worn the last time. …talk about out of the fire and into the frying pan!

…to be continued….

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