

The Penis Clinic

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Our hero has fallen for a Giant Woman, and now he wanders the gravel paths, feeling... inadequate. But then: He sees hope.

A sample from my second novel, "Agents of the Giant Women."

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Chapter 0 - The Penis Clinic

2

0 - The Penis Clinic

He had no idea how long he wandered the night. The gravel crunched under his soles as one step took the next. He avoided people, giant and normal, kept away from the lights. Back paths took him around and around the inside of the cylinder, with no aim and no purpose.

He came to a crossroad. Seeking to avoid trafficked areas, he looked at the wooden signs. One of them caught his eye.

The Clinic

Penile Enlargement

His feet took him in that direction, faster and faster, he nearly ran as he came upon a dark clearing with a round wooden house marked with a red cross. The door was open, and he walked in more than a little nervous.

The inside was all smooth white plastic and stainless steel. Glass cabinets displayed medicines and medical tools, the light was bright and glaring.

And everything was giant sized, including the nurse behind the counter.

She was writing something on a tablet but after a moment she looked up.

She was wearing a white uniform, tight around her curves, she had long blonde hair bound in a high bun, her smile was large and professional.

"Hello, and welcome to the clinic. I am nurse Eva. How may I help you, mr....?"

"Uhh, Jones, Mr. Jones. I... was just curious..."

"Why, of course, Mr. Jones." She smiled even wider as she stood up, "that is only natural."

She walked around the counter to stand in front of Bruce. She was twice his size. He was nearly shaking with nervousness.

She snapped her fingers, and the light dimmed. A hologram appeared, a row of stylized cocks, arranged after size, each traced in yellow.

"There. As you can see, not all men are created equal," she waved her hand at the tiniest of the dicks.

"Utopian men, of course, have some of our race's... proportions." She pointed at the other end of the spectrum, where monstrous trunks hung in the air.

"Luckily, there is hope. We have isolated the hormones that affect the growths of Utopian men, and so we can treat the unfortunates. It is a simple, one time procedure. It does not alter your genes; your offspring will not be Utopian, as our race is entirely matrilineal. It has no side effect other than a need for increased nutrition to fuel the growth. So how does that sound, Mr. Jones?"

"I... errr..."

"We can do the procedure on the spot. It is just a simple injection. Only... you have to make a choice first."

"A... a choice?"

"Yes, " Nurse Eva smiled, "A choice. Or rather, you have to tell me why you came. You see, if you want to impress an ordinary human woman you will be needing one kind of treatment. A lesser dose. But if your special someone is a Giant Woman, then there is no use in holding back."

Bruce swallowed and squirmed. His mouth didn't seem to work. His hands were clammy.

"That's right. Men who have fallen for a Giant Woman come here all the time. And they feel terrible. They know that if their love ever saw them, really saw them, she would laugh. She would just burst out laughing. And who could blame her? Few Giant Women realize just how inadequate normal men are. It comes as a shock to them. But the men know. Deep down they know the sad, sad truth. They carry it around inside, that knowledge. That they found the perfect woman, but they could not measure up."

Bruce was looking down on the cold, white plastic floor. His eyes were watering.

Nurse Eva put her hands on her hips: "It doesn't matter what else they have done, what they own or who they are. Once they realize that there is nothing they can do for their love, nothing whatsoever, it all pales. And there really is nothing a normal man can do for a Giant Woman. It is just a fact. He is worthless to her, even if she is too nice tell him. To let him know just how little his manhood means to her."

"So how about we do something about it, hmmm? I want you to drop your pants and lie down on that slab over there."

A lump in his throat, Bruce hurried to do as he was told. Soon his bare buttocks were pressed against the stainless steel. Nurse Eva stood towering above him. She pushed a button, and the slab began to move upwards to a height convenient to her. Bruce realized that he would have to jump pretty far down to get off the slab now.

"There," Nurse Eva said as the slab came to a stop, "now I want you to transfer ten thousand credits to the clinic."

"Ten thousand!?"

Nurse Eva just smiled and looked down at his naked penis, lying cold and shriveled on the steel, exposed to the glaring white light of a surgery lamp. She tilted her head a little and lifted an eyebrow, never taking her eyes off his cock.

Fingers trembling, he activated his terminal. He didn't have that many creds on his personal account, so he had to use his expense account. He just had to.

"There you go," she said encouragingly, "now, just to be sure, we are talking about the giant treatment, are we not, Mr. Jones?"

"I... yes."

"I thought so. Now..."

Bruce's eyes went wide with fear as she went to pick up an enormous syringe filled with white fluid. Instinctively he tried to crawl backwards as she came for him, but she reached out with her long arm and took his cock between two strong fingers, sharp red nails pressing against his dickhead.

"You are going to feel a tiny, little prick," she said as she pushed the syringe into his cock. He felt the needle go in, and then the tension as the foreign fluid accumulated inside him.

"There, that wasn't so bad, was it, Mr. Jones?" She smiled at him.

"You might get me getting drowsy right about now. It's okay to take a little nap."

He felt his eyelids grow heavy, his movements sluggish.

"That's right. Go to sleep, Mr. Jones."

His face slackened, and everything went dark.

The entire novel can be found on...

... Amazon: <https://www.amazon.com/dp/B01N2OEA0Z>

or

Smashwords: <https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/686296>