An Unnecessarily Long Tale

His real name had too many consonants and not enough vowels, so people called him K, except for his mother, who didn’t call him. He awoke late on a Tuesday morning, after a night of heavy dreaming, and felt immediately that something was either very right, or very wrong, but different. There was a heaviness in his eyes, and his nostrils were dry and crunchy, but that wasn’t it. He was alone, of course. It was a great luxury to simply stagger naked down the hallway to the bathroom, or a great penance, whatever, but he did his best to push the elephant of loneliness from his mind, grasped his penis between the thumb and index fingers of his left hand, and felt relief welling up from within. His stream began weakly, emerging at a thirty-degree angle from his target, splashing over the rim and onto the floor. He pinched off the stream with both his hand and his pelvic muscles, stretched out the offending member to limber it up, and tried again. This time his aim was true and he was able to relax and let it flow without mental encumbrance. It went on an awfully long time, and he was beginning to waver when he felt the flow calm to a trickle. He put out his right hand to steady himself against the wall as he squeezed out the last spurt (more than he had expected), and then shook the little guy vigorously to spray off any treacherous droplets which would otherwise have ended up on his thigh or his foot as he walked away. It was at that moment that enlightenment came to him, and his gooey morning mind threw off its fuzzy blankets, snapping him fully into consciousness. He stared down at himself, his penis still in his hand, knowing now exactly what was different about the morning, and that his life would never be the same.

An unknown landlord or occupant, at sometime in the medieval past, had chosen to decorate the bathroom with an oversized mirror, mounted in such a way that any male engaged in the act of micturation would be forced to acknowledge himself in agonizing detail. He had resisted the urge to stare at and appraise himself, with varying degrees of success, for the three years since he had come to live here. Now he stared with open mouth, sleepiness forgotten. For there in the mirror was a stranger with an organ of surprising dimension.

K was used to the variable nature of his genitalia; shrinkage, wrinkliness, tautness, erection, that strange rubberiness when half-aroused. Having been circumcised as a baby, he found the idea of a foreskin vaguely disturbing, but there it was, drawn snugly over the glans of a penis genuinely two inches longer than it had been when he went to bed. It was as long, in its obviously flaccid condition, as it normally was in a state of erection. The pubic hair he had so hopefully trimmed into a neat hedge had sprouted into a thick halo of wiry black, like a pirate’s beard. His testicles seemed fuller than usual, more tightly packed into their protective sack, but the change there was not so obvious. It was his penis that aroused his shock and awe.

Having always thought of himself as a small man, he now had no idea what to think. His immediate reaction was medical: what’s happening to me? should I go to emerg? He rejected the idea quickly — an infection couldn’t account for the hair, and who would believe him anyway? No, better that he contact Phil, his regular physician. But he didn’t move, except to turn to one side to see himself in profile. There was no doubt about it. That was one mammoth organ. Equal parts fear and elation struggled through his mind. Either God was rewarding him for something, or the devil was, it didn’t matter which. There was no other explanation; clearly the supernatural was at work.

Always having been an imaginative guy, his mind soon began to array various scenarios before him. Girl, wife, anonymous encounter — how could they fail to be impressed with him? If only E could see it now, the bitch, she’d have to retract the words that had provided the finale to half a decade of slowly mounting contempt. As he stared at himself, he allowed his hands to explore the exciting strangeness of his new manhood. It was firm and real, and extraordinarily sensitive. The foreskin was fascinating, and he pulled it back to reveal the glans, then slid it up and down several times, entranced by the sensation. His penis began to grow in length and breadth, and he wondered how, considering the weirdness of the whole thing, he could possibly be aroused under the circumstances. But it continued to expand, rising in jerks with his heartbeat, until it pointed up at an angle he hadn’t seen in years. Emotions flooded over him, too complex to isolate, but there were both pride and fear in there, a certainty of new alpha-ness, and a desire so intense that he threw his head back and closed his eyes. He grasped it in both hands, for it was that big now, and felt a power there that was unlike any feeling he’d ever known. The flesh was hard and resistant, yet soft and smooth, and he could feel a pulse in the thick vein that ran down the upper side from base to head. He wanted to just stand like that forever, to revel in the glory that was his, but lust took him too soon, and he began to stroke himself firmly, feeling that he had always deserved this, that this was who he really was, and that if it was all a dream, at least he should enjoy it this once.

The foreskin slid smoothly up and down, freeing him from the need for external lubrication. A pearl of fluid appeared at the tip, and he smeared it over himself exultantly. The liquid continued to flow as he slowly masturbated himself into breathlessness; he couldn’t remember having ever produced so much. Impulsively he touched his forefinger to his tongue, finding the taste sweet and light, but undeniably masculine. Hormones surged ridiculously through his bloodstream as he fisted himself faster and harder, gripping his testes with one hand while pleasuring the shaft and head with the other. The feeling built until he could no longer watch himself in the mirror, his legs tense to the point of quivering and his blood pounding in his ears, hearing himself crying out aloud for the first time in his memory, his pleasure building from a point in his perineum, until a massive orgasm jetted forth, splattering audibly on the mirror two feet away, more semen in a single eruption than he’d produced in any ten in the adult years of his life.

It was a long time before he calmed enough to open his eyes. He had, K knew, just experienced by far the best orgasm of his life. If it was that good by his own hands, who knew how good it might be with a partner? He was almost afraid of it — would his mind survive such an onslaught? His penis subsided gradually, with a slight aftershock from time to time, returning to its previous flaccid state, still impressive by any standard. He watched it go, dumbly and still magnetic with the pleasure, until it suddenly occurred to him that he must be late by now. Giant dick or not, he still had a job to get to, and jobs weren’t easy to find these days. He almost laughed at that one…there were always jobs for porn stars after all.