Day at the D - Penectomy story 屌当铺

I had just turned around the closed sign to open and settled down behind the counter when the bell above the front door rang. Looking up from my newspaper, I watched as a muscular 20-something man stepped inside. He glanced around my small store, his eyes darting from the display cases that ran up the left and back walls, to the small island counter where I sat in the middle of the shop, and then the wall of bottles, tools and condoms on the right hand wall. Evidently deciding he was in the right place after all, he approached me.

“Greetings.” I put on my most cheerful smile. “How can I help you today?”

“I’m here about your penises.” He put a large tanned hand on the counter, trying to lean casually, but succeeding only in making himself look awkward.

“Ah yes. Here to buy, upgrade, sell, pawn or just browse?” I gestured to the display cabinets.

“Oh. You can pawn?”

“Yes, of course. We have two month and six month options. We give an extra 10% for two month pawn’ing. If not collected before the period ends, we sell the goods.” I pulled out a glossy brochure and set it on the faux-marble surface. “We do offer another 10% for outright sales, however.”

“I need to pay a debt, so I guess I better find out how much it is worth first, right?” He looked to me for confirmation.

I nodded and stood up, stepping out from island counter and guiding the man to sit on a plush lounge that sat against the top end of the island. “Now, if you could take off your lower garments please.” I smiled politely, as I opened a draw in the counters side and pulled out a large clear tube on a silver handle.

He nodded, his hands fidgeting as he pushed down his board shorts and boxer-briefs underneath.

I slid the tube down on top of his flaccid penis, and pushed the red button on the handle. A red laser ran up the length of the plastic. “Now, erect.”

“Uh, do I need to … “

“No, no.” I pressed the blue button and the tube flashed. The penis inside quickly rose to turgid arousal. It was a nice piece, about seven inch, with a slight upwards curve, a large mushroom head, about three inch diameter. Uncut, which was good. Cut was still popular, but uncut had more flexibility; I could sell it to someone looking for either.

The red laser ran its course again and I looked at the measurements in the output screen, pulling the tube up and off the penis absent mindedly. I pursed my lips, thinking about present market prices. “I can give you $250 for outright sale.” I finally said, sliding the tube back into its case, which would disinfect it for me.

He hesitated, glancing down at the bobbing piece between his legs. “300?” He asked hopefully. “I need $300, I can’t do less.”

I shook my head. “$275 is the best I can do.”

“Okay, okay. I’ll take that.” He sighed, his chest deflating in defeat.

I opened the second draw and pulled out a silver adjustable ring on another handle. “I can give you a moment to orgasm one last time, if you want.”

He blushed as red as a tiger engine, but nodded.

I pointed to a curtained door. “Booth is there.”

He held up his pants with one hand, blushing red, but hurried inside the curtain.

Jingle. The bell on the door rang again and I put down the tool I was holding, turning to the new customer. “Welcome to The D! How can I help you?” I smiled.

A couple stood at the door, both in their thirties. Both wore business suits, and looked like the typical career climbers. She spoke first, her crimson lipstick covered lips puckering elegantly, every word annecuated. “I’m here for an upgrade for my fiance, for our wedding night.”

I nodded, thinking that this could be lucrative. “Please, sit down.” I gestured to the couch again, and a loveseat opposite for her. “Now, did you have anything specific in mind?” I said, putting out the newly disinfected measurer again.

“Ah, nothing specific … “ He looked embarrassed, sitting down on the couch.

“Something bigger.” She answered.

“Do you mind dropping your pants and underwear, please?” I asked him.

He did so hesitantly, his hands shaking on his waistband.

I tried to calm him by treating it casually, as I settled the tube onto his soft penis, nestled in a blonde nest of pubic hair. The laser ran, then the flash and his erection grew. I watched as it reached full arousal. A nice piece of maleness, in my opinion. I guessed she must’ve been a real size queen; he had a nice, perfectly straight eight inches, cut, with a three and a half inch diameter. I looked at the readout. “I can give you a $300 trade in on this. Did you want to look at what we have on offer?”

He glanced at her and she answered by walking to the cabinet.

I pulled the tube off and settled it back in the container, before following her. “Now, I have a nice nine inch, four inch diameter penis here. $500. We do not get many this big.” I indicated.

She pursed her lips at the erection. It was slightly darker than her fiance’s skin colour, which I guess put her off as she moved on.

“How about a ten inch, four inch diameter, uncut. $700.” I moved to get the key from my pocket.

“I’d like to look at it.”

I undid the cabinet, and lifted out the length. It was nearly a perfect match for his skin colour, with a nice purple, well proportioned head and a slight curve to the shaft. I handed it to her.

The woman turned it over in her hands, feeling how it felt to wrap a hand around it, pulling the foreskin back and forth. She finally handed it back to me with a nod. “He will take it.”

I took it to the counter, passing the husband who would soon be wearing this piece. It was heavy, and I hoped he was prepared to start wearing some underwear with hefty support. “Would you like our extra 60 day warranty extension, on top of our one month money back guarantee?”

“No thank you.”

“Cash or card?” I typed the amounts into the registered, removing the trade in.

“Card.”

“Just swipe here.” I gestured.

She slid her platinum credit card across the scanner, and put in her pin, with no emotion on her face. It beeped to indicate acceptance.

I smiled and headed back to the husband, picking up the tool and the new penis on the way, and kneeling in front of him, the other penis put down on a tray. “This won’t hurt a bit.” I smiled in encouragement, as I slid the ring down his penis, the metal adjusting automatically to its girth.

He blinked but only looked with a slightly worried expression, glancing at his fiancee time to time nervously, like she would disapprove of any reaction.

The ring clicked at the very base of his length and I hit the button. There was a breath flash, the man hissed, and I pulled away his now detached penis, settling it on the tray. I picked up the replacement penis, and slid it into the ring until it clicked, and then pressed the whole shebang carefully into the blank spot where the man had had his penis a moment ago.

I pressed the second button, another flash, and then I slid the ring up and off the now attack erection. Picking up the tray, I smiled at the relieved looking fiance. “Now, I warn customers that it may take a day to fully become operational, though often it is working immediately.”

He nodded, pulling up his underwear again.

She smiled and stood up. “Thank you.” I smiled and handed her a small gift back. Inside was a complimentary booklet on penis care, a lube sample and a condom.

“Enjoy your purchase.” I smiled as they exited the shop to the tinkle of bells, turning to see where my other client had gone.

He emerged at my thought, blushing. “Sorry, I was too embarrassed to come out with someone here.”

“Not an issue. I hope you enjoyed yourself.” I smiled, as I readied my tools again. “Now, can you fill in a quick form for me? Health department requirement and all.” I slid a tablet to him.

He sat down, his erection returning, and turned to his attention to the form on the screen.

Kneeling in front of him, I slid the ring down his penis. It was always best to deal with this part while they were distracted, I had discovered. Click as it bottomed out. Press of the button and flash, and I was standing up holding a fine piece of manhood.

He glanced down, surprise playing on his features that I was finished, as I put the penis down on a tray with the neighbour from the business man and slid up to the counter, typing in the transaction. I handed him $275 in cash a moment later and accepted the tablet.

“Uh, thanks.” He mumbled, beetroot red again.

“Thanks for visiting The D!” I smiled at him, and hunched over he hurried out the door.

I had just slid the new acquisitions into a disinfecting bath when the door rang again. I looked up, sliding the drawer closed now disinfecting the penises, and frowned. “You got ID, kid?”

A scrawny kid in punk outfit stepped up to the counter and slid me his ID. He barely looked 16, with his skinny body, peach fuzz and acne.

I glanced at it and frowned. “Zachiarah?”

“Yeah, that is me. Don’t wear me name out.” He frowned, hands deep in his jean pockets, chain belt jangling.

“What are you after then?” I handed him back his ID.

“I need to sell me cock.” He blushed, and added as an afterthought “uh, Sir.”

“Sit down.” I did the usual procedure, but he had to kick off his dirty sneakers and jump around to get the skin tight jeans off, before I could slide the tube over his penis. Grateful he was actually clean.

Laser. Flash. Erection. I frowned at the result. The kid had a weird bend in his penis, which was otherwise an impressive if skinny nine inches of cut erection. But the kink, which caused his length to bend about a third of the way down, was a drawback. I looked up at him. “I can give you $50 for sale, less to pawn it.”

“But, I mean, it isn’t fuckin small.” He looked upset, and added another Sir as an afterthought. I wondered if he would burst into tears. His oddity of a manhood was probably quite an embarrassment and would make sex painful, so I sympathised.

“Look, I’ll do you a bit of charity. I have a four incher, I mean it is healthy and all, cut, but nice and straight and thick. Just a bit small to sell. I’ll give you that on top of $50.”

He positively grinned in delight, nodding eagerly, his facade slipping.

I stood up and pulled the small penis out of my ‘oddities’ cabinet; the unusual penises that I could occasionally sell, but it was only hard won sales. Small penis fetishists, that type of thing brought them.

Putting the new penis down on a tray next to him, I slid the tool down his length and waited for the click. Then I hit the button, and he let out a surprised grunt as I pulled his crooked penis away from his body. A few moments later, a perfectly nice four inch penis was sitting on his body in replacement.

“Thanks, Sir.” He smiled, as he hopped around to get back into the skinny jeans.

I nodded as I put his penis into the disinfecting drawer, and handed him the tablet to complete the form, while I got out the cash.

He grinned all the way out, clutching his money.

I was a happy camper as I settled down with my newspaper. I had a client downtown who only fed her pedigree German Shepherd men’s penises. Something about her deceased husband being abusive; he had left the stacks of money she used to get her petty revenge though. I sold her the ‘oddities’ like the punks maleness.

I finished the paper and two crosswords before the next customer turned up an hour later. The bell jingled and I put down my pen as a large man shuffled up to the counter, hands deep in his sweatpants pockets. I looked him up and down. An extremely large black man, a baseball cap pulled down over his hair, sweatpants and sweatshirt hanging loosely on his muscular body.

“I need to trade in. I need something smaller”

I nodded and stood up off my stool. This happened at times; a huge penis was the envy of most people, but not that fun to actually own long term. It was heavy, couldn’t fit in many holes, and took a lot of energy to get up and going. “Please, have a glance at my selection.” I smiled, sliding out of the island through the exit and leading him to my large but not titanic penis selection. “How big were you thinking?”

“Uh … eight inches?” He raised an eyebrow, seemingly unsure.

I nodded and pointed out a couple. “Now, we have a selection of various ethnic penises. You could stick with something more to your colour, have something dyed the right shade, or go for variety. How about this one? 8 inches, uncut, caucasian, a nice straight one. Unusually thick at four inches diameter. Just $400.”

“Hmm … can it be dyed?”

“Of course. We can make it the exact same shade as your present endowment, if you like, or customise it. Darker shafts are popular now for black men.”

“Same as natural, please. I’ll take it.”

“Great.” I unlocked the cabinet and extracted the penis inside carefully, closing it behind. “Dying is an extra $100.”

“That is fine.” He said, settling himself down on the couch without being told.

I pulled out the tools, putting the new penis down on a tray. “Can you please …” I turned to him, to see him already standing in his socks and shirt, clothes and shoes neatly piled. “Oh. Anyway, I’ll have to get a measurement of your present penis for trade in.” I turned to him with the tube, kneeling and sliding it down on top of the not small flaccid penis.

The red laser ran, then flash. I watched with wide eyes as his penis unfolded, growing and growing … it stopped just before the head hit the top of the tube. I had never … wow. I glanced at the measurements. Fifteen inches. “Well, that is a record!”

He looked a little flattered, but it was hard to tell.

“Trade in would be $500, so looks like you get your penis for free.” I smiled at him, as I removed the tube and checked the colour codes. I typed them into a small screen on a toaster sized square, and then pulled it open and placed the purchased penis inside, closing it and pressing start.

“So, does this hurt?”

“Not at all.” I smiled, as I slid the removal ring down his length. It strained at its limits of width as it bottomed out. I clicked the bottom and his entire length flopped forward under its own weight. I caught it before it hit the floor.

As I put it down on the tray the dye oven beeped and the door swung open. I extracted a slightly warm penis, now identical in colour to the one I had just removed. Repeating the procedure, I stepped back a moment later as the man admired his new schlong.

I handed him the tablet with the form for all penis donors as I slid his old length into the disinfecting draw with the other contributions of today. I knew quite a few old, fat millionaires who would pay well for such a piece of flesh.

He handed me the form back a moment later and left with a smile.

I settled back to my crossword, checking the clock. It was a weekend, so we closed in an hour; I was happy with my sales and acquisitions so far though.

Most of the next hour saw only a teenager buying a box of condoms, and I was just about to shut up shop when the door jingled and my last customer entered.

I put on a winning smile as the man entered. 21, at a guess. Just a man. He was handsome in a boyish way. “How can I help you today?” I asked as he stopped at the counter, glancing at my displays with curiosity.

“Oh… .” He turned to me like he had not realized there was anybody in the shop before I spoke. “I need a dildo.”

“Oh? Any special requirements? I have a lovely range of penises we can dildofy for a small fee.” We got cases like this occasionally. People who wanted a hyper-realistic dildo; mostly they said it was ‘for their girlfriends’.

“Oh no. I want mine turned into a dildo.”

I paused. Well, no that wasn’t a usual case. “We can do that too, perhaps you’d like to show me the future dildo?” I gestured him around to the couch, pulling out my tools. “Please undress.”

He pulled down his jeans and briefs, and I slide the measuring tube onto his flaccid manhood. Red laser, flash. His erection grew quickly, and inside the tube was a nice seven inches, pale, with a 1.5 inch diameter, cut, nice and straight. “Dildofying is $200.”

“No problems.”

“Mind if I ask why?” I removed the tube as I spoke.

“Oh, long distance relationship. My girlfriend wants something to masturbate with, and this stops me cheating. Seemed like killing two birds with one stone.”

I nodded. Well, it kind of made sense, I thought as I picked up the detacher and slid it down the penis. Click. It reached the bottom. Flash. His penis disconnected and I pulled it off. “Now, it will take a moment to get this ready.”

He nodded in understanding, and began to dress.

I slide the newly detached, still warm, penis into a second box next to the dye oven I had used earlier. I clicked a few buttons and closed the door. It hummed. I turned to the man, realising he had made his way to my display of cheap plastic dildos.

“I guess I need something to get off with myself, now.” He commented as way of explanation.

I nodded. “Well, these are all good quality, but still budget. Our most popular model is the Hole Rocker XL.” I pulled a box off the shelf, with a lewd illustration of a large, black plastic dildo. “Only $45.”

“Okay. I’ll take your word on that.”

The machine beeped and I pulled the newly minted dildo out. The detail was life like, but the texture was now plastic. It tested the weight of it, and then slid it into an organza back and a nondescript white box. The customer put down the other dildo, and I scanned the barcode, tallied up the cost and smiled. “Card or cash?”

“Card please.”

“Wonderful, just scan here and put in your pin.” I said, slipping them all into a white shopping bag and adding the receipt when it printed.

“Enjoy your purchase!” I enthused as he accepted the bag and departed.

Glancing at the clock, I smiled. One o clock was here. Moving to the door, I turned the open sign around to close and headed back to the counter to count todays takings.

我刚关上了关闭的标志，打开柜台后，当前门上方的铃响了。看着我的报纸，我看到一个肌肉发达的20岁左右的男人走了进来。他瞥了一眼我的小商店，他的眼睛闪烁的显示情况，跑上左、后壁，在小岛上柜台，我坐在商店的中间，然后瓶壁，在右边墙的工具和避孕套。显然认为他是在正确的地方，毕竟，他走近我。

“你好。”我穿上我最愉快的笑容。“今天我能帮你什么忙？”“

“我在这里对你的阴茎。”他把一个大的晒黑的手放在柜台上，试图靠随便，但只能让自己显得很尴尬。

“啊，是的。在这里购买，升级，卖，典当或只是浏览？“我指着陈列柜。

“哦。你可以典当？“

“当然可以。我们有两个月和六个月的选择。我们给出了两个月pawn'ing额外10%。如果在期限结束之前没有收集，我们就出售货物。”我拿出一本光滑的小册子，把它放在人造大理石表面。“我们提供的直接销售，另外10%个但是。”

“我需要支付的债务，所以我想我最好找出值得第一，多少合适？他向我求证。

我点了点头，站了起来，从岛上的柜台出来，引导那个男人坐在岛顶上的豪华休息室里。“现在，如果你能脱下你的衣服，”我礼貌地笑了笑，一边打开柜台边的一张画，拔出一个银色的手柄上的一个大透明的管子。

他点点头，他的手把他推下他的短裤和内裤下面。

我把管子放上他的弛缓性阴茎，并在手柄上按下红色按钮。红色激光跑的塑料的长度。“现在，直立起来。”

“嗯，我需要……”

“不，不，”我按下蓝色按钮管闪烁。阴茎内迅速肿胀的觉醒。这是一个不错的作品，大约七英寸，有一个微微向上的曲线，一个大蘑菇头，直径大约三英寸。未切割，这是好的。切割仍然是受欢迎的，但未切割有更多的灵活性，我可以出售给某人寻找。

红色激光跑的过程又和我看着在屏幕输出的测量，拔管，从阴茎心不在焉。我撅起嘴，对当前市场价格的思考。“我可以给你250美元买断销售，”我最后说，把管子放回箱子里，这样可以为我消毒。

他犹豫了一下，低头在两腿之间摆动块。“300？他满怀希望地问道。“我需要300美元，我不能再少了。”

我摇摇头。“275美元是我能做的最好的了。”

“好吧，好的。我就要这个了。”他叹了口气，胸口紧缩失败。

我打开第二抽掏出银调整环在另一个手柄。“我可以给你一个瞬间高潮的最后一次，如果你想的话。”

他脸红得像一只老虎机为红色，但点头。

我指着门窗帘。“展位就在那儿。”

他举起他的裤子，用一只手，涨红的脸，但匆匆内幕。

叮当.门上的铃又响了，我放下手中拿着的工具，转向新顾客。“欢迎来到D！需要帮忙吗？“我笑了。

一对夫妇站在门口，都三十多岁了。都穿着西装，看起来像典型的职业登山者。她先开口了，她深红色的唇膏覆盖嘴唇起皱优雅，每一个字annecuated。“我在这里为我的未婚夫的一个升级，我们的新婚之夜。”

我点点头，想到这可能是有利可图的。“请坐下，”我指了指沙发上再次，和她对面的沙发。“现在，你有什么具体的想法？“我说，把新的消毒器了。

“啊，没什么特别的…”他有些尴尬，坐在沙发上。

“更大的东西。”她回答。

“你不介意你的裤子和内裤，好吗？我问他。

他迟疑着，摇了摇他的手在他的腰带。

我试着平静地对待他，我把管子固定在他柔软的阴茎上，依偎在阴毛的金发窝里。激光跑，然后闪光，他勃起的增长。我看着它达到完全的觉醒。一个不错的男人，在我看来。我猜她一定是一个真正的女王，他有一个漂亮的，笔直的八英寸，切割，有一个三英寸半英寸的直径。我看了看读数。“我可以给你一笔300美元的交易。你想看看我们的报价吗？“

他看了她一眼，她说走到柜。

我把管，解决它在容器，才能跟着她。“现在，我有一个很好的九英寸，直径四英寸的阴茎在这里。500美元。“我们没有得到这么大的。”我说。

她噘起嘴在安装。它比她未婚夫的肤色稍微深一些，我想她在她走的时候会把她拉下来。

“怎么约110英寸，直径四英寸，切割。700美元。“我搬到从口袋里拿钥匙。

“我想看看。”

我打开橱柜，吊出长度。这几乎与他的肤色完美匹配，有一个漂亮的紫色，匀称的头部和一个轻微的曲线轴。我把它交给了她。

那女人用手把它翻过来，摸了摸手，把包皮来回拉扯，感觉怎么样。最后她递给我一点头。“他会接受的。”

我把它带到柜台，通过丈夫不久就要穿这件。它很重，我希望他准备开始戴着沉重的支持一些内衣。“在我们一个月的退款保证后，你愿意额外延长60天的保修期吗？”“

“不，谢谢。”

现金还是信用卡？“我输入的金额为注册，消除贸易。

“卡”。

“就用在这里。”我示意。

她把白金信用卡从扫描仪上滑了下来，放进了别针，脸上毫无表情。这就表示接受。

我微笑着回到丈夫身边，拿起工具和新的阴茎在路上，跪在他面前，另一个阴茎放在托盘上。“这不会有一点伤害。”当我把戒指放在他的阴茎上时，我微笑着鼓励他，金属会自动调整到它的腰围。

他眨了眨眼睛，只是带着一点担心的表情看着他，紧张地看着他的未婚妻，好像她不赞成任何反应一样。

环点击在他的长的很基础，我按下按钮。有一种呼吸的闪光，男人发出嘶嘶声，我拉了他的阴茎现在分离，沉淀在托盘。我拿起替代阴茎塞进戒指直到它点击，然后把整个事情的经过精心为空白的地方的人有他的阴茎前一刻。

我按下第二个按钮，另一个闪光灯，然后我把戒指滑起来，然后离开现在的攻击装置。拿起托盘，我在寻找未婚夫笑了。“现在，我警告客户，可能需要一天的时间才能完全投入运营，尽管它经常会立即生效。”

他点点头，又拉起内衣。

她笑了笑站了起来。“谢谢你。”我笑着递给她一个小礼物回来。里面是对阴茎保健免费小册子，润滑油样品和避孕套。

“喜欢你买的。”我笑了，当他们退出店铃声，转身看到我的其他客户了。

他脸红了，浮现在我的脑海里。“对不起，我也不好意思说出来的人。”

“不是问题。我希望你过得很愉快。”我笑了，当我再次准备我的工具。“现在，你可以填写一个快速的形式吗？卫生部要求，“我把平板电脑给他。

他坐下来，他勃起的回归，转向他的注意的形式在屏幕上显示。

跪在他面前，我把戒指从他的阴茎。它总是最好的应对这部分而他们分心了，我发现了。点击它见底。该按钮和Flash的新闻，我站起来拿着一件精美的气概。

他瞥了一眼，惊讶地发现我已经做完了，我把阴茎放在一个托盘上，旁边是商人的邻座，然后滑到柜台，在交易中打字。我递给他275美元现金，片刻之后，接受了片。

“嗯，谢谢，”他咕哝着，甜菜红了。

“谢谢你来看D！“我对他笑了笑，然后俯身在他匆匆出了门。

我刚把新的收购到消毒洗澡的时候，门又响了。我抬起头，滑动抽屉关闭现在消毒阴茎，皱起了眉头。“你有身份证吗，孩子？“

在朋克装一个骨瘦如柴的孩子走到柜台前，把我自己的ID。他几乎不看16，用他瘦弱的身体，桃子绒毛和痤疮。

我瞥了一眼，皱了皱眉头。“Zachiarah？“

“是的，那就是我。不穿我的名字。”他皱了皱眉头，双手深深的牛仔裤兜里，链带刺耳。

“那以后你在干什么？”“我把他的身份证还给他了。

“我要卖我的鸟。”他涨红了脸，和后加上“呃，先生。”

“坐下，”我做了通常的程序，但是他必须脱掉他肮脏的运动鞋，然后跳起来把紧身牛仔裤脱掉，然后我才能把管子放在他的阴茎上。感谢他实际上是干净的。

激光。闪光。直立.我对结果皱眉头。这孩子的阴茎有一个奇怪的弯曲，如果瘦了九英寸的勃起会给人留下深刻的印象。但是，扭结，造成他的长度弯曲约第三下的方式，是一个缺点。我抬头看着他。“我可以给你50美元出售，那么当它。”

“但是，我的意思是，这不是他妈的小。”他看起来很沮丧，然后又加了一个先生作为事后的想法。我不知道他是否会突然大哭起来。他的古怪也可能是很尴尬的，会使性的痛苦，所以我同情。

“听着，我会给你一点施舍的。我有一个四英寸的，我的意思是这是健康的，切，但很直，厚。只卖一点点。我会给你50美元以上的。”

他正笑着的喜悦，急切地点点头，他的正面滑。

我站起来，拉着小阴茎从我的“怪癖”，我可以偶尔卖柜；不寻常的阴茎，但只有来之不易的销售。阴茎短小者，这一类的东西给他们。

把新的阴茎放在他旁边的托盘上，我把工具滑了下来，等着点击。然后我按下按钮，当我把他弯曲的阴茎从身体上拽下来时，他发出一声惊讶的呼噜声。几分钟后，一个非常漂亮的四英寸的阴茎坐在他的身体里置换。

“谢谢你，先生。”他笑着说，他跳来跳去回到紧身牛仔裤。

我点了点头，我把他的阴茎放进消毒抽屉里，递给他药片来完成表格，我取出现金。

他咧嘴一笑，所有的出路，拿着他的钱。

我是一个快乐的人当我坐下来和我的报纸。我有一个客户，市区只喂她的纯种德国牧羊犬的男人的阴茎。关于她死去的丈夫虐待的事；他离开了她用来报复她的钱。我卖掉了自己的“怪癖”喜欢朋克的男性。

在下一个客户来了一小时后，我完成了两个字谜。铃叮当作响，我放下笔，一个大男人拖着脚步走到柜台前，手在他的裤口袋深。我上下打量他。一个非常大的黑人，一个棒球帽遮住了头发，运动裤和运动衫松松的挂在他强壮的身体。

“我需要交易。我需要小一点的东西。

我点了点头，从凳子上站起来。这种情况有时会发生：一个巨大的阴茎是大多数人羡慕的，但实际上并不是那么有趣。它很重，不适合在许多孔，并花了很多精力去准备。“请看一下我的选择。”我微笑着，从出口溜出小岛，领着他到我的大而不是泰坦尼克号的阴茎选区。“你想多大？”“

“嗯……八英寸？”他扬起眉毛，似乎不确定。

我点了点头，指着一对夫妇。“现在，我们有各种种族的阴茎。你可以坚持一些更适合你的颜色，有些东西染上了合适的颜色，或者选择了品种。那这个怎样？8英寸，切断，白种人，一个很好的直。直径四英寸的异常粗。只要400美元。”

“嗯……能染吗？”“

“当然。我们可以把它完全相同的阴影你目前的养老，如果你喜欢，或定制。黑轴是现在流行的黑人男子。”

“和天然的一样，请。我买了。”

“太好了。”我打开柜子，小心翼翼地取出里面的阴茎，把它关在后面。“死亡是额外的100美元。”

“那好，”他说，坐下来在沙发上没有被告知。

我拿出工具，把新的阴茎放在一个托盘。“你能……”我转向他，看到他已经站在袜子和衬衫里，衣服和鞋子整齐地堆在一起。“哦。“不管怎样，我得测量一下你现在的阴茎。”我用管子向他转过身，跪着，把它轻轻地放在不松弛的小阴茎上。

红色激光器运行，然后闪光。我睁大眼睛注视着他的阴茎展开、生长和生长……它在头部撞到管子顶端之前就停止了。我从来没有…哇。我瞥了一眼尺寸。十五英寸。“嗯，那是一个记录！“

他看起来有点受宠若惊，但很难说。

“交易将是500美元，所以看起来你得到你的阴茎免费。”我微笑着他，因为我删除了管和检查颜色代码。我把它们放在烤面包机大小的正方形小屏幕上，然后把它拉开，把买来的阴茎放进去，合上它，然后按下开始。

“那么，这会痛吗？”“

“没有，”我笑了，因为我把去除环下他的长度。它挣脱限制宽度就见底。我点击底部和他的整个长度向前耷拉在自身的重量。我在地板撞到之前接住了它。

我把它放在托盘的染料烤箱响和门打开。我取出了一个稍微温暖的阴茎，现在相同颜色的一个我刚刚删除。重复上述步骤，我走之后为人欣赏他的新Schlong。

我把所有的阴茎捐献者的表格交给他，因为我把他的旧长度和今天的其他贡献一起放进了消毒室。我知道很多又老又肥的百万富翁谁会这样一块肉待遇好。

他递给我的表格之后，留下一个微笑。

我决定回到我的填字游戏，检查时钟。这是一个周末，所以我们在一个小时内关门了。

大多数的下一个小时只看到一个年轻人买一盒避孕套，我正要关店门时，我最后的客户进入叮当作响。

我把胜利的微笑进入的人。21，猜一猜。只是个男人。他以孩子气的方式英俊。“今天我能帮你什么忙？”“他在柜台前停下来问我，看我的显示器的好奇心。

“哦……”他转向我，好像我还没意识到店里还有人在说话。“我需要一个玩具。”

“哦？有什么特殊要求吗？我有一个可爱的方位的阴茎可以dildofy少量费用。“我们偶尔也有这种情况。人谁想要一个超现实的人；他们大多说是“女朋友”。

“哦，我想把我的阴茎变成了一个玩具。”

我停下来。嗯，不，那不是通常的情况。“我们可以做到这一点，也许你想给我未来的儿子？“我示意他在沙发上，拿出我的工具。“请脱衣服。”

他扯下他的牛仔裤和内裤，我滑到他虚弱的成年测量管。红色激光闪光。他的身材长得很快，里面有一个七英寸长的，苍白的，直径1.5英寸，剪裁，漂亮，直的管子。“dildofying是200美元。”

“没问题。”

“介意我问为什么吗？”“我说话的时候把管子拆了。

“哦，长途关系。我女朋友想手淫，这阻止我作弊。似乎是一举两得。”

我点了点头。好了，这样的感觉，我想当我拿起机滑下来的阴茎。点击.它到达底部。闪光。他的阴茎断开了，我拔了下来。“现在，它会花一点时间来准备好。”

他点头表示理解，开始穿衣服。

我把新分离的，仍然温暖的阴茎，放进了我以前使用过的染色炉旁边的第二个盒子。我点击几个按钮和关闭的门。它发出的嗡嗡声。我转过身去的人，因为他做了他的方式对我的廉价的塑料壶显示。

“我想我现在需要一些东西来摆脱自己。”他解释道。

我点了点头。“好吧，这些都是很好的品质，但是预算。我们最流行的模型是孔摇臂XL。”我把现成的一个盒子，一个好色的插图大，黑色的塑料玩具。“只有45美元。”

“好吧。我会相信你的话的。”

机器发出嘟嘟声，我把新来的人了。细节是一样的生活，但现在是塑料质地。它测试了它的重量，然后把它变成一个纱后面，一个毫不起眼的白盒。客户放下其他人，我扫描条码，总结了成本和微笑。“信用卡还是现金？”“

请给我张卡片。

“太好了，只要在这里扫描并放入你的别针。”我说，把它们都放进一个白色的购物袋里，并在打印时加上收据。

“享受您的购买！“我说他接受了包了。

我瞥了一眼钟，笑了。一点钟在这里。走到门边，我把招牌在关闭返回计数器计数今天的收入。