

## "The Training of Jeff Stintum" by Joyce Julep

### Chapter 1: The Waiting Room

Jeff Stintum had begun to suspect that his party-hardy, rock-and-roll lifestyle was coming back to haunt him. For six years, ever since his graduation from college, he had done almost nothing but enjoy himself, barely managing to pay his bills by working in the local restaurant. It was a far cry from what had been expected of him when he was 18, a bright young boy who excelled in school and aimed to be a doctor. But in college he had started to challenge the authority around him, and by the time he (barely) graduated, he was sticking it to "The Man" full time. For the next six years he played drums in his band, The Wretched Loners; he went to parties thrown by his friends; he drank like a fish and smoked like a chimney. When his friends wanted to try other drugs, he tried them too. He had no ambitions, no goals, no real plans for the future. After all, weren't "plans" just a servile, meaningless way to fit into the "system?"

Gradually, however, Jeff Stintum began to notice some changes in his body. He had a persistent cough that never really went away. Every morning he would wake up hung over, and didn't have enough energy to do much of anything till mid-afternoon. This pattern eventually led to him getting fired from his restaurant job, so he began living off money from his begrudging parents. His drinking and smoking appetites were now eclipsing his appetite in a major way, and he began losing weight. Jeff was already a smaller man, but he used to be "chiseled," as they say, when he first began playing drums six years before, at 22. His band didn't play much anymore, however — much of the group had moved on to other musical projects, and Jeff, now at 28, had lost his one source of exercise. This fact, along with years of hard living, explained why he was losing much of his muscle mass. But none of this mattered to Jeff. He was living outside the system, and doing what he wanted. So there.

Even he couldn't ignore this pain in his hip, though. It had begun as a dull pain a couple of years before, but as the months stacked up, the pain intensified, to the point where Jeff had to walk with a limp. His friends had urged him to get an x-ray, but Jeff had so far refused, retorting that hospitals were just phony, for-profit machines run by corrupt bureaucrats. Finally, one day after his mother saw him simply fall down, she had yelled at him: "Jeff!! Look at you!! You can't even stand up!! Look at your legs — you're getting so skinny and you're in so much pain!!! GO TO THE HOSPITAL OR WE'RE CUTTING YOU OFF!" He didn't really have much of an option now.

And so here he was in the hospital waiting room, looking up disdainfully into the fluorescent lights and glancing suspiciously at the fish tank. He crossed his hands in his lap as he looked down at his blue jeans. It was true, he had definitely gotten smaller. His baggy jeans (which were a size small men's) hardly looked like they contained any legs at all. His mind jumped away from the thought. 'Plenty of rock stars are skinny,' he thought. 'That's why people are jealous of —' "JEFF STINUM!"

His thought stopped dead in its tracks, but not because his name had been called. It was WHO had called it. Standing there next to the attendant's desk, with full wavy blond hair that cascaded down a short-sleeve royal blue scrubs top, a folder and clipboard in one hand and smiling like the sun, was Sarah Helleger. Jeff was dumbstruck — she was a woman now, that was for sure. He couldn't speak or move. Sarah's smile widened and she beckoned him to her with a manicured hand. Jeff struggled up and limped over to her, and it was only then that he realized that she was taller than him — a good bit taller, at least three or four inches. He glanced desperately down at her shoes and saw that she was wearing flats.

He looked back up into her radiant face, which had begun to descend as she leaned in for a hug. Her arms easily engulfed his body and she squeezed, not very hard for her, but as far as Jeff was concerned he literally felt her squeeze the air out of him. He attempted to wrap his arms around her in kind, but could only manage halfway around her back with either arm. How could she have gotten so big??

“Oh Jeff,” she said warmly as she released him and stood back up to her full height, “it’s so lovely to see you.”

“Great...to see you too,” Jeff managed, getting his breath back. “I didn’t realize you had already graduated.”

## Chapter 2: The X-Ray

“Oh I haven’t graduated yet,” laughed Sarah as she put a hand up to her hair, tossing it back. Jeff could not help but notice how long her fingers were. And just how.....large her hand was. He turned up his chin to give her face a quick glimpse and then had to look away quickly. It was like staring at the sun — was this for real?

“Uh...oh, wow!” managed Jeff, looking nervously around and stumbling through the conversation. “You aren’t graduated yet?”

“Yeah, I still have one more year to go. I’m pre-med so I thought I’d do a summer internship here to get some experience, you know, before I start the long haul.” She smiled and put her hands on her hips genially, shifting her weight to one hip just like she used to.

Jeff could think of nothing to say. He just stood there stupidly, a crook in his back, his posture a wreck from the pain in his hip, and his shoulders slumped forward in embarrassment, staring down at the floor before his old neighbor, 7 years his junior, who had apparently grown all the way up. She had been 11 the last time he saw her before he went off to college — a scrawny little tomboy, with her nose always in a book when she wasn’t running around outside.

And now...well, he had been completely caught off guard. She was utterly transformed. Her hands on her hips nonchalantly emphasized their sheer, rounded size; her thick thighs barely hid behind her hospital outfit; she wore a few decorative rings on her fingers, and a watch and a number of colorful bracelets on her wrists, which only served to accentuate her full but feminine wrists and forearms; she wore red lipstick and hoop earrings on either ear. She just looked...so adult. Jeff felt tiny in her presence, and not just because she had clearly grown quite a bit taller than him. He felt that *everything* about her was bigger.

He heard a tinkle of soft laughter from somewhere above him, and he looked up quickly to see that Sarah had turned towards the main door. Her mane of blond hair swayed as she inclined her head inside.

“Well, right this way, Mr. Stintum,” she said, smiling. And she pushed open the door, Jeff following in tow. She reached back obligingly and held the door for him.

“Still playing the drums?” she asked without turning her head as she walked in front of him down the hallway.

“Oh...here and there,” Jeff mumbled, distracted by her movements. He was staring at Sarah’s ass as it danced up and down in front of him with every step. Weren’t these hospital pants usually baggy? Weren’t they just for practical use? And yet Sarah’s ass and hips seemed to almost totally fill them, leaving little to the imagination. Jeff looked up at her top and saw that the same was true of her short sleeves — her upper arms almost filled the sleeves completely. He swallowed, feeling truly intimidated by her size.

“You’ve got a nasty limp there,” she said as they rounded a corner. She looked back at him with concern as she ushered him before her into a dark room. “I take it we’ll be looking at that right hip?”

“Um, yes,” said Jeff, limping by her into the room, unable to prevent himself from noticing that her own hips sat a good deal higher than his, and had to be almost twice as wide. “Yeah, this hip right here.” He tried to sound casual, but the intense pain, coupled with the seriousness of the x-ray room and Sarah’s concern, made his attempts futile. More than anything else, though, he still could not recover from the shock of seeing an adult Sarah. He turned to look at the giant x-ray machine as Sarah shut the door.

“Ok Jeff, I’m gonna need you to go into one of those changing rooms over there,” she pointed with a long finger (the bracelets on her wrists murmured softly), “and put on one of these x-ray outfits. Just for the procedure, you know.” She smiled as she handed Jeff some baggy grey shorts and a top. The clothes had seemed like a nice little stack in her hand, but as they plopped down in his arms they seemed like quite a handful — he had to adjust his arms to keep from dropping anything. He stood there with the clothes, the prospect of wearing them seeming utterly ridiculous.

“What — ” he began to ask as she started to move into the technician’s room. She turned around, anticipating his question: “Oh don’t worry — they’re one-size-fits all. I’m gonna get everything set up here, and you just let me know when you’re ready.” She smiled warmly at him and went into the side room, and Jeff went to get changed. ‘How am I noticing all this stuff about Sarah?’ he thought as he went to the changing room. He was a chill guy, an easygoing kind of dude, who just let everything be what it was. And yet all of a sudden he was honing in on all these details about Sarah’s body, and letting them get to him — it was almost as if she was emitting some kind of pheromone that drew him in and made him unable to look away. He suddenly smiled and shook his head as he pulled the changing room curtain. ‘Look at me,’ he thought, ‘all out of sorts over Sarah Helleger. Boy has she grown into a lovely young lady. I should...send her parents an email or something.’

He had to stop thinking and focus on getting the hospital shorts on. They were oversized and roomy, with an elastic band around the waist to supposedly fit all sizes. Jeff slipped them on after he had taken his own jeans off, and uncomfortably noticed that his waist seemed to barely hold the shorts up. He took his own shirt off, reaching his arms to fit the big hospital top over his torso, and felt slightly sick when he sensed the shorts slip straight down his legs to the ground. He put his arms through the top and then bent down (painfully, for his right hip) and started to pull the shorts back up past his legs, which for some reason now looked utterly different to him. They looked...almost childlike, and he realized he was thinking of the twin pillars that were Sarah’s thighs, poorly hidden behind her professional uniform. About this time he pulled the shorts right into his erection, which he had completely failed to notice.

Had he developed this boner just now? Or had Sarah seen it? No — she couldn’t have. He had his jeans on before. Baggy jeans were good at hiding erections...Jeff knew a thing or two about hiding

erections. Even though he was a shorter guy, and skinnier recently, he had always had a big dick. And there it was in the pale light of the changing room, some kind of uninvited, full-fledged purple monster, up from the underworld and twitching undeniably in the hospital air. He pulled the pants up roughly past it and was happy to see that the shorts stayed up this time. But this was no good! The only thing keeping the shorts up was his huge erection! He fumbled about for a bit in disarray before he decided to sit down in the changing room and close his eyes while thinking about his parents having sex in a bathtub full of cantaloupe. Jeff hated cantaloupe.

After a minute or two his ploy worked, and he breathed in relief as he pulled the curtain aside. He hadn't gone three steps before the shorts fell down again, and Jeff huffed in frustration and bent down as quickly as he could, snatching the shorts back up. This time he just held them in a bunch around his waist as he walked back into the x-ray room.

"Oh, here he is!" said Sarah happily, who had been talking with a middle-aged female coworker who also apparently helped operate the machine. The two technicians turned to face Jeff, and his thoughts of the last few minutes were entirely wiped away. He felt just as awkward, just as exposed, just as tiny, as before.

"All right! Well before we take the x-ray we need to measure and weigh you," said Sarah, indicating the way to a corner of the room with a height chart and scale, "You know, just procedural junk." Jeff panicked inwardly, and could not understand why he was feeling this way. He also felt his dick twitch, and he regathered the ball of elastic waistline he held.

"All set with the clothes?" asked Sarah as she pointed for him to stand next to the height chart while putting a comforting hand on his shoulder. Jesus it felt huge against his bony structure; he felt her big warm hand engulf the small ball of his shoulder and then extend well down his back on one side, and down close to his nipple on the other. He felt his dick stir further as he felt the warmth from her hand literally radiate throughout his body — he had poor circulation, so he was always a little chilly.

"Uhhh, actually, these pants were a little big on me," he said quietly without looking at her as he made his best effort to stand up straight. "But it's ok, I can just hold them up like I'm doing now."

Sarah frowned a bit. "Really, they don't fit? That's really curious. Hey Dana, Dana do you think that —" and she paused, seeming to realize something, and walked into the technician's room to continue the conversation without Jeff hearing. Jeff could still see the two women through the clear glass, but couldn't hear them. He could see Sarah's coworker Dana look over at him, and then Sarah looked over at him and then quickly back at Dana. Jeff saw Dana shake her head and Sarah shrugged and came back out.

"Sorry about that. Well, anyway, um, haha, this is kinda silly. Do you have anything that could hold up your pants? We can't have your hand near your pelvis during the procedure — it'll block the images. Any kind of belt without any metal on it?" Sarah laughed a little, appreciating the strangeness of her question.

"Ahhh, I don't think so," said Jeff, feeling more ridiculous by the second.

"I've got it!" said Sarah suddenly, cracking the air with a snap of her fingers. Jeff noticed her nails were manicured and blood-red, just like her lipstick. With a jangle Sarah brought her left wrist up and finagled a black hair tie -- that had been nestled tightly around her wrist among her bracelets -- off

her arm and held it in front of Jeff's face as she stretched it out. "This'll do," she continued as she bent down in front of him, "and it's kinda weird, but you know, problem-solving, right?" She laughed again and within a couple of seconds held a foot-and-a-half opening with the hair tie close to the floor.

She looked up at Jeff from her crouched position. "Come on Jeff," she said encouragingly, "just step right on in, and I'll pull it up around you. It might be pretty tight for a few minutes, but that's all the time we need."

Jeff mechanically obeyed her, negotiating his feet into the opening she had made. He was busy wondering how high she would come up to him if she was actually kneeling down. She was just crouching and already the top of her head went well past his waist. He looked down at his feet next to her hands — good Lord were her hands as big as his feet? Bigger?? He looked up at the ceiling in desperation as he felt his dick getting hard again. What the fuck was all this?

"All set? Ok, up we go!" she chirped, quickly maneuvering the hair tie past his shrunken legs and up to his waist, where the elastic easily held the shorts up. Jeff was still looking at the ceiling, afraid of his erection getting bigger and Sarah noticing, if she hadn't noticed already. He almost winced as he felt her hand wrap around his left calf as she began to stand up. Her fingers had gone all the way around it. As Sarah rose in front of him, until her bust was level with his face, Jeff stuffed his hand unceremoniously down the pants, pretending to "readjust" himself. He really was readjusting himself: he was tucking his erect dick under Sarah's hair tie, the only thing that could hope to keep it at bay during the procedure.

"Sweet, problem solved," said Sarah, clapping her hands. And now, let's see...your height... standing up straight? Yes...ok, 5'6." She wrote down the result on her clipboard and moved to the right near the electronic weight scale. Jeff stood unmoving by the height chart. He wasn't surprised by his height. He had been 5'6 since he was 17. He had just expected...well, a little more of a comment from Sarah about her own height, how she was now so much taller than him. He had expected to learn her height. He looked wordlessly at her.

"Yes Jeff?" she asked kindly, smiling at him. A few seconds passed between them as they just looked at each other. Was there something of a smirk in that smile she was giving him? No — she was just being accommodating and sweet, as always. "Anything you wanted to say?" Her eyebrows arched ever so slightly.

"No...nope, nothing." Jeff limped over to the the scale and stepped on. Sarah stood by with the clipboard. It suddenly occurred to Jeff that he hadn't actually weighed himself in years. He wondered what — and then he looked down. 113.1

How could that be possible?? People weighed that much in middle school!! He had used to weigh 140, 150 pounds a few years ago!!!

"What's it say, Jeff?" came Sarah's calm voice behind him. He could feel his heart thumping in his chest as unpleasant tingling sensations zapped down his legs and arms to his fingers and toes. His dick, already grown to its full length under the hair tie, grew thicker. What was happening?

"It says," said Jeff in a dry voice that was more of a croak than anything else, "113.1." He heard Sarah write down the number on her clipboard, and as he turned back away from the scale he saw her eyes go up and down his body a couple of times dispassionately, scanning him briefly. Was she noticing

how small he was? Could she believe it? Was she disgusted by it? What was her weight? What did she think about him? Jeff found himself longing to know her thoughts, and yet he could discern nothing from her face.

“Great!” said Sarah brightly, allowing the moment to pass, “Well, hop on to that table there and we’ll get everything all positioned for you.” Jeff did as he was told and Dana the coworker placed the appropriate panels and plates around his right hip. Both women sat in the technician room as the procedure happened, and it only lasted a few minutes. He saw both women looking at the images they had just taken, and he was not encouraged to see Sarah’s brow darken as she looked intently at the images. She was talking with Dana and frowning and shaking her head, pointing to this and that on the screen. Jeff was still trying to wrap his head around this whole spectacle: sweet little Sarah, an adult, a med student, looking at his x-ray. ‘I guess people do actually grow up,’ he laughed to himself as Sarah came back into the room.

“Well, how does it look?” he asked Sarah casually, getting up gingerly from the table and feeling more like himself again. Sarah blinked slowly once and inhaled through her nose as she smiled down at him.

“Well, we can’t really say right now. We’re just technicians, after all. We have to wait until the orthopedist looks at it. But thanks for being so still — one of the easiest x-ray procedures I’ve ever had!”

Jeff laughed and walked on past her back to the changing room. He only realized when he pulled the curtain again how comfortable the hair tie had been around his waist. It hadn’t even left too much of a mark. He wasn’t worried about that, though. He had only had it on for a few minutes. He put his real clothes back on, threw the hospital clothes into the dirty bin, and unconsciously slipped Sarah’s hair tie into his pocket.

“Well, you’ll be hearing back from the hospital in a couple weeks with your results,” said Sarah as he came back into the room. She stood next to Dana, her hands back on her hips. Jeff gawked. A few seconds passed by. Finally Sarah took a single stride and bent down to engulf him in another hug, just as overwhelming as the first.

“It really was great to see you again, Jeff,” she breathed to him as she rose before him, regarding him down her bust with kind, gentle eyes. “You were always so nice to me growing up. It’s just good to see...good to see you.”

“It’s good to see you too,” said Jeff, barely able to form words. He could smell her sweet scent all around him; he was looking straight forward into her ample breasts, and could feel her huge organism breathe from feet away. He was rooted to the spot, unable to speak more or move. The seconds passed by, and Jeff looked up at Sarah’s face long enough to see her exchange an expressionless glance with Dana and turn back to look down at him. A few more seconds passed and she blinked slowly again and smiled as she produced a piece of paper from her pocket and smartly tore off a slip. She wrote down something and reached down and handed the paper to Jeff, taking care to bend over so she could look him straight in the face.

“There Jeff, that’s my number,” she said softly. “If you ever wanna hang out and catch up or something, you can text me. Ok?” Her voice was so sweet, and still Jeff knew this was his cue to leave. He turned wordlessly away and walked out of the room, the hallway, the hospital, all the while holding

Sarah Helleger's number, and carrying her hair tie in his pocket.