I Got a Shot In My Dick For Stronger Erections, and I Have Zero Regrets

The P-shot claims it’ll make your erections harder and longer-lasting. I knew I had to try it.

As I pulled my rental car into the parking lot of the whitewashed brick building, a sense of déjà vu washed over me — or, more specifically, it washed over my crotch area. It had been two months since I had visited GAINSWave, a medical clinic where men (and, occasionally, women) pay an intimate visit for what is described as “optimal sexual performance”.

I’d previously visited GAINSWave to undergo a special treatment known as “extracorporeal shock wave therapy”, a 20-minute procedure that promises to enhance one’s sex life, fix your libido, eliminate erectile dysfunction, and increase your penis size and vascularity — all without the use of pharmaceuticals, supplements, or gas station dick pills. An emerging body of evidence has come out in support of the therapy, which applies soundwaves to the penis in an effort to improve blood flow.

While the treatments were successful (perhaps too successful), getting my dick shocked with high-frequency sound waves was no longer enough to satisfy my curiosity. Today, I was going to get not just the sound therapy, but also a temporary nerve block for my penis at the same time, followed by a “P-shot”.

Should your eyebrows now be raised, please allow me to add the term P-shot to your vernacular. Named for the Greek god of virility, Priapus, the P-shot involves harvesting your own plasma-enriched growth factors in your blood, and injecting them into specific areas of the penis. The process involves drawing a small amount of blood from the arm, then transferring it to a centrifuge, where it spins for about 10 minutes to separate the platelet-rich plasma (PRP) and the platelet-poor plasma (PPP). The PRP is then taken from the tube and re-injected into the penis, which ostensibly stimulates blood flow and makes the penis appear larger and rejuvenated. (There is also a version for women called the O-shot.)

This might sound crazy to you, but it’s actually true: for years, athletes like Tiger Woods have been getting PRP shots in other parts of their body to recover from injury, and Kim Kardashian famously received a variation on the therapy when she got a vampire facial in 2013. While some evidence suggests that the benefits are marginal at best, considering how popular PRP has gotten, I knew I had to try it.

Does Your Penis Size Matter?

When I arrived at the clinic, the office secretary handed me a horse-sized syringe of numbing cream, with specific instructions to smear the cream everywhere on my penis and testicles, so I wouldn’t feel the needle go into my penis. I immediately basted every last square inch of my nether regions like a birthday cake, including my trembling perineum and asshole — because you just never know what might need to be numb.
I laid back on the examination table, jacked down my drawers, and waited patiently for the nurse practitioner to arrive, as my crotch slowly entered into a blissful state of senselessness. But it was Dr. Dick Gaines, the owner of GAINSWave, who showed up first, a handful of needles, syringes and blood-collection tubes in tow.

"Glad to have you back, Mr. Greenfield," he said.

I swallowed nervously, then crossed my legs and extended my hand towards him. "Glad to be back, Dick."

He held up one of his blood collection tubes and smiled before launching into an explanation of how the therapy works. "I read the brochure," I told him. "I've never had a shot there before. How much does it hurt?"

He grinned. *This guy likes his job too much,* I thought, gulping.

"You won't feel a thing, because I do a nerve block with this," Gaines said. He held up another long needle. "It'll be just a little prick. Heh. Get it?" While I forced a smile, he proceeded to extract an entire tube of blood from my forearm.

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Clutching my precious blood, Dr. Gaines then disappeared out the door and to the lab. He was replaced by an attractive, young nurse who waltzed into the medical examination room and went straight to business, grabbing my dick and flopping it out of the way of my balls. Now that the numbing cream had kicked in, I could barely feel her maneuvering my junk, but I could tell there was some serious rearrangement going on down there. Then she reached for a giant, vibrator-like wand hanging beside the exam table.

"Here we go!" She flipped on the acoustic sound wave unit and started jackhammering, while I wondered how she explained the nitty-gritty details of her dick-shocking job to her friends and family.

*Derrr. Derrr. Derrr.* The sensation was as if someone had just placed my entire genitalia between two high-fidelity speakers, then turned on Nine Inch Nails to full blast. There was shaking, an intense vibration, and the loud rat-a-tat-tat of the dick wand as she worked at me like a welder for the full twenty minutes of the protocol. I laid back and stared at the ceiling, *Should I ask her about the weather? How her day is going? What she had for breakfast? Eggs and sausage perhaps?* Too nervous to distract her from her job, I finally resorted to responding to emails on my phone while my crotch shook and shuddered.

After twenty minutes, my own therapy was over. My penis still a pinkish-red hue from being attacked by numbing cream and blasted by sound waves, I laid back and waited for part two: the dreaded P-shot.

Dr. Gaines entered the room again. In one hand, he now held two small syringes - both jam-packed with concentrated, centrifuged growth factors from my own blood.

"This one is for the left side and this one is for the right side."

In his other hand, he held a larger, more foreboding syringe. "And this is the nerve block."

I swallowed and nodded. He spread my legs a bit wider. Then...

...*jam.* For the first time in my life, a needle had been injected straight into the upper meaty part of my delicate schlong.

Fortunately, I didn't feel much — just a little bit of pressure.

"That's it. You're done," he finally said. I grinned, proud of my Spartan-like resilience. "Next the plasma goes in," he told me. "Ready?"

I nodded. Honestly, I was a bit relieved that the needles didn't actually go into my pee-hole (the urethra is an orifice I tend to heavily protect). I watched him plunge the needle in, filling my entire dick with the growth factors.
As he finished the injection, the nurse walked back in, holding a rectangular black box emblazoned with the GAINSWave logo. She handed it to Dr. Gaines, who ripped it open like a little boy tearing into a Christmas gift.

“And this, Ben, is your brand new toy. Ever used one of these before?”

I eyed the giant plastic canister he pulled out of the box—a canister complete with a mini-USB port and a fancy set of buttons on one end.

“Um...is that—”

“—a penis pump? Yep,” he said.

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The doctor explained that the penis pump was digital, so it would automatically adjust pressure and intensity without me having to do a thing. “You get to use it twice a day for ten minutes for the next thirty days to increase blood flow that will give your treatment the full effect,” he said.

I frowned at the idea of tearing up my manhood even more, but at this point there could be no turning back. And so, for the first time in my life, I put my penis inside a pump, then stared in wide-eyed amazement and wonder as my needle-abused, shocked dick stretched and grew inside the tube to over ten inches. “Wow,” I said.

“Yes. Pretty cool, huh?” Dr. Gaines flipped the pump off, slipped it back into the box and extended his hand towards me. “It’s been a pleasure, Ben. Prepare to perform like a pornstar for the next couple months!”

I looked at his thick hand, wondering how many other man-crotches it had touched that day, then reached forward and gave it a light shake. “Thanks man. It’s been a pleasure.” A pleasure bleeding, getting blasted, injected three times and having my schlong stretched like silly-putty. Let’s hope this works.

Four hours later, back at my hotel room, I awkwardly fumbled with the pump, trying to remember how they’d put me inside it at the clinic. I oriented my penis just right and flipped on the button. Schloop. I sat for ten minutes as it whirred, hummed, buzzed and sucked me up to a shockingly high, self-satisfactory ten-inch mark.

Then, a few minutes after I removed the pump and about exactly when the last drops of numbing cream wore off, it happened. My penis became big. Throbbing. A porn-star-esque mass of quivering, hard tissue.

After I fell asleep that night, I woke with an enormous tent popped under the sheets. When I woke the next morning, apprehensive about whether I’d killed all my penis nerves or done lasting damage to my dig, I was pleasantly surprised to take a peek under the sheets and see big, healthy, vascular, hard morning wood.

And the best part? The orgasms. The marathon-like, multi-minute, toe-curling, bed-shaking orgasms. The kind of orgasm I know is good when my wife comments that she’s a bit envious. But you know what? She can go get her precious woman-parts shook, shuddered and shot-up with her own blood. After all, this growth-factor enhanced nether region didn’t just materialize from thin air. It’s the result of a stiff upper lip, lots of needles, and the handy work of dear Dr. Dick.

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