



THE SECRET LIVES OF MEN

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I Got My Penis Injected with Filler to Add Girth, and My Wife Can't Get Enough

I didn't need the ego boost. But I do like the way it hangs now.

By [Abigail Covington](#) PUBLISHED: AUG 7, 2025

***We're living in a golden era** of body modification. Want more testosterone? Pay a visit to your local medspa. Craving thicker hair on your head? There's a pill for that. Squarer jawline? Fuller calves? Surgeries for both have increased in the past few years. Even the penis can be customized these days. You can make it longer, harder, wider. You can even inject it with fillers, like what people put in their cheeks to make them plumper.*

The company PhalloFILL operates the largest network of clinics offering penis fillers—an “advanced, non-surgical treatment for girth enhancement,” as they put it. The procedure involves injecting multiple shots of hyaluronic acid into the penis, then using customizable sleeves to sculpt it into the desired shape. PhalloFILL claims it's a far safer alternative to surgical implants—but it still involves having a needle stuck into your Johnson.

*For the latest installment in our series on **The Secret Lives of Men**, we interviewed Rick*, a cybersecurity CEO from Alabama. He underwent the Phallofill procedure in 2023. He says the pain was worth it. Evidently, sex with his wife of almost thirty years has never been better.*

** Subject's name has been changed to protect his anonymity.*

Rick, 50, Alabama

I've been married for twenty-seven years and, honestly, it's been a great ride. My wife and I don't fight much. We have three beautiful kids. And we've always had an active sex life, like multiple times a week at least. But things change over time, especially with women. Giving birth to three children is no joke. My wife had to have an episiotomy after our third daughter, who we always joke has the shoulders of a linebacker. Over the years, she became increasingly frustrated with how different everyday things like going to the bathroom had become since giving birth. One day I asked her if the changes impacted our sex life too, and she said yes, it wasn't the same as before.

That led us to talking about what we could do to possibly improve the situation for her. I honestly didn't need things to be different. I'm batting a thousand every time we hop into bed together. But my wife's pleasure is really important to me. I want her to enjoy sex. So we started looking into potential procedures she could do to get her back to how she felt before children.

The first thing we considered was vaginal reconstruction. It was already on our radar because my wife had a few friends who had done it. We met with a plastic surgeon and quickly realized how invasive the procedure was. There's a scalpel. There's robots. It's major surgery. It seemed like a lot to put her body through just to improve a situation that wasn't necessarily bad, just different, in the first place. I didn't want her to do something nuclear. I also realized that what we were really talking about was an *us* problem, not a *her* problem. So I started looking into what I could potentially do.

A few weeks later, I happened to notice a billboard advertising penis fillers. I thought it was an odd thing to advertise so boldly because most penis-enhancement options seem sketchy, like gas-station pills or strange pumps. The fact that someone spent money on a billboard made me curious enough to research it. I ended up finding a board-certified urologist in town who does the procedure. I liked the fact that it was reversible and non-surgical.

I'm not going to lie—I didn't look at the needle going in. I didn't want to see my penis get pricked.

At the risk of sounding weird, my junk works. I'm approaching fifty, and I have so many friends who are dealing with erectile dysfunction. I don't have any of those issues, and I didn't want to do anything that could risk the good thing I've got going.

I also wasn't interested in penis-enlargement surgery because I'm already on the larger end of the spectrum. I'm no porn star, but I'm bigger than a lot of guys in the locker room, if you know what I mean. I really wasn't looking to change my body, and I actually appreciated that this provider screened for body dysmorphia issues. He didn't want people trying to solve what really is a psychological issue with a physical procedure. I brought it up to my wife and she was all for me trying the filler, which makes sense considering she wouldn't be the one facing the needles.

Thankfully, the procedure wasn't too painful. On my first visit, I the doctor made marks along my erect penis to indicate where he would insert an injection. They do one injection per every inch of your erect penis, so I got seven or eight injections. Thank God they give you an injection of lidocaine first. And they don't put anything in the tip or the balls. It's just the sides of the shaft.

I'm not going to lie—I didn't look at the needle going in. The doctor gave me a heads up that a small pinch was coming, and I rested my gaze on the ceiling. I didn't want to see my penis get pricked. After everything was said and done, they gave me a custom sleeve to wear at home so that the filler would stay smooth and in place.

After several sessions, spaced six weeks apart, the results were clearly evident. Even when it's flaccid, my penis looks noticeably fuller and heavier. I didn't need the ego boost, but maybe on some subconscious level I like the way it hangs more now. Most importantly, my wife likes it. It spiced up our love life in ways I never expected because the growth was gradual. Each time we had sex after an appointment felt like a new adventure.

All told, I gained a little more than an inch in circumference. My girth went from five and a quarter inches to six and a half inches erect. That extra inch creates more friction, which my wife and I both enjoy but her especially so. She's back to having orgasms from good, old-fashioned penis and vagina sex. Just the other day she had two in thirty minutes. Knowing she is so satisfied makes me the happiest guy alive.
