

## How to Boost Your Testosterone Levels – Safely and Naturally

I'll never forget the moment I realized I couldn't keep up with the young guys anymore.

I play pickup basketball on the weekends. I have ever since I got out of college and entered the real world – it's my way of staying in shape and keeping up with some friends I don't see that often.

Now, I don't want to give you the wrong impression. I've never been mistaken for an NBA player on the court. But I've always at least held my own, and I'm usually one of the better players out there. I'm proud of that fact.

Then one day a new team showed up to play.

These were all young guys – really young. And I'd never noticed that before. I still think of myself as a kid, you know? I expect young guys to think of me as one of them – a fellow kid – not as an adult...or worse.

And the worst part about these young guys? They were good. Really good.

It seemed like they had a half-second head start on every play. I was always behind, and I'd find myself grabbing their jerseys just to slow them down enough for me to catch up.

Rebounding was even worse. I tried to box them out, and *they wouldn't budge*. It was like trying to move a marble statue out there. Then they'd jump, and I swear they had a good 6 inches more on their vertical than I did.

Needless to say, we got our butts kicked that day. I've never lost that bad at anything.

I thought it was a fluke. "It just wasn't our day," I said to one of my teammates as we left the court.

Then one of the young guys said it. Words I'll never forget.

"This is our court now, old man," he said.

Old man. He said that. *To me*.

I was an old man now.

I wasn't ready for that – I was only 37 years old. And yeah, I get that that doesn't make me a spring chicken, but I wasn't *old*. Old wasn't going to happen to me!

My wife knew that something was wrong as soon as I got home. I didn't want to talk about it, but eventually it all came spilling out. I ended the story with, "Can you believe the nerve of that guy, calling me old?"

She hesitated, unsure if she should say what she was thinking. Finally she said, "Well, he's not entirely wrong."

Woah. That hit me like a ton of bricks. I asked her what she meant, and eventually (after a lot of questioning), she told me that *she'd* noticed some changes in me as well.

Like I was getting a little thicker around the middle. And my hair was thinning. And...well...

I wasn't as...*firm*...in the bedroom anymore.

"Don't get me wrong," she said. "I love it, and I love you. It's just different, is all."

That didn't help. I didn't want to be different. I didn't want to be old, I didn't want to be flabby, and I certainly didn't want to be a disappointment between the sheets.

I called my doctor first thing Monday morning.

When I went to see him, he ordered some tests, but said what was happening to me happens to a lot of guys my age. "It's part of getting older," he said. "**Your testosterone levels naturally decrease as you age**, and that leads to the symptoms you describe."

He explained that there are two types of testosterone – free and bonded. Free testosterone is the one I needed to worry about – it's the version of the hormone that hangs out in your blood stream, ready to flood your cells at a moment's notice to improve your physical performance and libido.

And it turned out that, like a lot of men, my free testosterone levels were low.

That explained why those kids could jump higher and run faster than I could – they literally had an extra gear. And **it explained why I wasn't performing like I used to**. I didn't have as much testosterone as I used to have.

My doctor told me there were a couple of options that were available to me. One, I could learn to live with it and "age gracefully," whatever that means.

I didn't consider that a real option.

Two, I could try expensive hormone replacement therapies that my insurance wouldn't cover. There was no way I'd be able to convince my wife that my hurt feelings were worth that much.

Then, as an afterthought, he wrote something on a prescription pad and handed it to me. I looked at it. He'd written down a product name – **Pro Testosterone** – and a website.

"I know you're probably going to go online to try to fix this yourself," he told me. "Let me save you some time. 99% of the testosterone boosters you'll find online are worthless, and some are even dangerous."

That didn't sound good.

"But a lot of my clients have had good results with that one. It really seems to work," he said.

[I went to the website](#) that afternoon. It was filled with scientific information about how to release free testosterone, completely naturally.

I bought a bottle and it came in the mail shortly after. After taking it for a few days, I noticed I had a little more energy to get me through the day. I wasn't sure if it was all in my head, but my wife commented on it a few days later...and then she commented on it again later that night.

I didn't feel brand-new. I wasn't Superman. But I felt like myself again – the way I used to feel when I felt my best.

There was only one thing left to do.

After taking the supplement for a month or two, my team and I sought out those young guys again for another game. We were ready this time. *I* was ready.

We still lost.

But! The game was a lot closer this time. I wasn't as winded when it was over, and I never felt completely overmatched. The score ended up being a lot closer, too.

And when I left the court, that same guy talked to me.

"Good game," he said.

I felt great.

Then he added, "Maybe you're not such an old man after all."

If you suffer from low energy, flagging libido, and reduced physical strength, low testosterone levels may be to blame. [Order a bottle of Pro Testosterone today](#) to see what a difference healthy hormone levels can make in your life.

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