

6 TIMES A DAY

Chapter 2 6 Times A Day ???

Susan escorted her son Alan into Dr. Fredrickson's office. Suzanne had recommended the doctor, saying he was a specialist who might be able to help cure Alan's constant tiredness problem. Alan had gone on his own to the same office a few days earlier, where he gave blood and urine samples and underwent a battery of other tests as part of a full medical workup.

During that first visit, Dr. Fredrickson had talked to Alan about hormones in general and thyroid levels in particular. He'd said that a hormonal imbalance was often the cause of tiredness, but that such imbalances could now be detected and corrected with the right medication or treatment. He was optimistic that he could help restore Alan's energy level. The test results were in; now the doctor wanted to discuss them and the needed course of treatment with Alan and his mother.

Dr. Fredrickson's nurse, Akami Fubuki, escorted them to an examination room and told them that the doctor would join them shortly. ----**Image in the Paragraph Comments**----

Alan thought Akami was quite a beauty. He guessed correctly that she was half Japanese and half Caucasian because she had physical aspects of both races. Her facial features complemented her intelligence and intensity. Alan estimated that the raven-haired beauty was in her early thirties. In fact, the lab coat she wore made her look more like a doctor than a nurse, even more so than the baby-faced Dr. Fredrickson.

To keep his mind off the medical appointment, Alan's eyes followed Akami's breasts around the room as she prepared things for the doctor, even though he couldn't see much of them through her lab coat.

He thought, Her breasts aren't enormous like Mom's or Aunt Suzy's, but they're generous for a Japanese woman.

His furtive gazing was interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Fredrickson. "Thank you nurse. That will be all," the doctor said brusquely as he swept into the room. The nurse got up and left.

The doctor gave his diagnosis to Alan while Susan listened. "I have mostly good news, but also some potentially bad news. You do in fact have very

irregular hormone levels. As we can see here" - he displayed some charts of test results - "most of your hormone levels are normal, but some are extremely low. Look at these results here."

He pointed to two graphs in particular. Although the nurse, Akami, didn't know it, the doctor had come into the office the night before and altered Alan's test results on the computer before printing out the charts.

The doctor went on to give a complicated explanation about Alan's hormone problem. In short, he pointed to the charts and other data that suggested Alan's thyroid levels and testosterone were both much too low. That was undoubtedly the cause of his frequent tiredness and lack of energy.

Alan and Susan were both glad to be told that there was some physical cause for his condition. Susan asked, "Can he be treated, doctor? Is there something he can take or do to cure this?"

The doctor reassured her that the condition was treatable. He began asking Alan a series of questions, which Alan had no problem answering until the doctor asked, "What about your sexual activity? Do you mind if I ask how frequently you engage in sexual intercourse?"

Alan's face turned red in embarrassment. He had been raised in a very conservative family where the subject of sex never came up. Since his father was almost always absent overseas, they'd never had a frank discussion about "the birds and the bees." He knew surprisingly little about sex for someone his age because his mother's attitudes on the subject had rubbed off on him. For instance, she hadn't allowed him to attend even the limited Sex Ed. classes that were offered in conservative Orange County. What little he did know he'd garnered from surreptitiously reading porn stories on the Internet. (Susan had had a filter program installed on his computer, but it was only partially effective.)

His mother Susan was so proper and moralistic that he couldn't imagine talking about this kind of thing in her presence, but now she was sitting right next to him and he had no choice. He was dying of shame.

"Um, I'm a..." was all he could get out. He stopped talking and hung his head.

"Let me answer that question," Susan responded in a 'take charge' voice. "Alan is a bit embarrassed talking about such things."

Alan looked up towards her appreciatively.

"He's never had sexual intercourse, and in fact he's never really had a girlfriend. He's only eighteen. I know kids are getting, uh, romantically active at younger ages these days, but there are many boys his age in the same boat. I hope you're not insinuating that he is somehow inadequate, because he's a very normal, healthy boy. He has very normal sexual desires, I'm sure; it's just that he hasn't found the right girl yet."

"I'm glad to hear that," replied the doctor, "because this is very relevant to his condition. Please don't be offended, but we need to be frank and honest here. Can either of you tell me how frequently he masturbates?"

Now it was Susan's turn to start blushing, as she found even the mention of masturbation far beyond the pale. She in fact had no mental conception of her child masturbating at all, so she had to ask, "Alan, can you please answer that question for the doctor? If you masturbate, just nod your head."

παῖδα-ἡοὐνὲι·κόΜ He nodded his head without raising it.

She had very traditional Christian beliefs, and she had been taught that the Old Testament explicitly prohibited masturbation, classifying it as a serious sin, so she was greatly disturbed to learn that he was masturbating. But she resolved to talk to him about it later, when the doctor wasn't around.

She said encouragingly, "If you do it more than once a week, on average, nod your head again. Okay, Tiger?" Tiger was Susan's pet name for him, dating back to when he was a little boy and had a favorite pair of tiger-themed pajamas.

He nodded his head again.

"Twice?"

More shy nodding.

"Three times?"

Another nod.

"More than once a day?"

He nodded again.

She thought, Oh dear! Tiger sins on a daily basis! But she hid her worries and asked, "Twice a day?"

His mother was starting to grow incredulous. She had never imagined that he masturbated at all.

In fact he did it twice or more a day almost every day, but detecting his mother's tone, he shook his head no in response to that. He didn't want her to think he was weird. please visit panda-:)NOVE1.co)m

"So, doctor," Susan concluded, "I think we can safely say between one and two times a day."

"Thank you, Mrs. Plummer," the doctor responded. "That's actually about average for someone his age. Eighteen years old is the sexual peak for males, whereas it's about thirty-six or so for females. You'd be shocked how many times a day some boys masturbate. Despite what many people think, virtually all boys his age masturbate frequently. His level of activity shows he has a healthy sex drive, which is good news, all things considered."

He added, "Because of that, let me change the discussion to talk about his condition. I believe Alan is showing signs of Hypothyroidism. His lack of energy, low heart rate, low blood pressure, low T3 count, and in particular his very low T4 count are all..." Seeing the blank looks on their faces he stopped. "Um, T3 and T4 are the low thyroid levels I showed you earlier on his chart. He's showing classic symptoms of Hypothyroidism. It's an unusual condition to find in someone his age - it's a problem that most often shows up in post-menopausal women - but there ARE things that can be done about it."

Dr. Fredrickson continued, "Such low hormone levels in a teenager are extremely unusual; I've never had a case like this before." He thought to himself, That's certainly true.

He went on, "I did some research after I got his test results, and I've found that there are several possible treatments for his condition when it occurs in someone his age. The usual treatment for an older person, which I stress is NOT a cure, would be to give him pills that would boost his thyroid hormone levels. That in turn would probably boost his testosterone level. But taking the thyroid medication wouldn't permanently fix the problem; he'd probably need

to take it for the rest of his life. That's not a big issue for old people, but it would be for someone his age."

"Also, thyroid medication can have a whole range of very undesirable side effects." He said with emphasis, "Some of the MINOR effects include irregular heartbeat, rapid weight loss, insomnia, migraines, chest pain, trembling, and sometimes even diarrhea and anal leakage!" He stopped as he realized his voice had been rising.

He paused, coughing nervously. Up to this point, everything he'd said had a grain of truth in it; even Alan's test results were only exaggerated and not completely fabricated. Alan did really have very low thyroid levels, which no doubt helped explain his low-energy problem.

But now the doctor was moving onto grounds that could cost him his practice and possibly even his license if his planned "treatment" were exposed. However, he steeled his resolve by thinking, Keep thinking about Suzanne and her incredible body! Just a little more bullshit, and I'll be home free. I'll get to fuck the sexiest woman I've ever seen. Besides, it's not really bullshit. Alan really DOES have the problem we're discussing, and my suggested cure really WILL help him, probably... So it's not like I'm really doing something bad and unethical, right? It's just that our society would never approve a cure that involves sex in any way. Right?

Or am I just trying to convince myself? Well, it's too late now in any case. In for a penny, in for a pound! He mentally crossed his fingers, hoping these two would buy his explanation.

He pressed on, "And then there's one possible side effect that older women really like, but he probably wouldn't. The medication can cause his body to produce high levels of estrogen, triggering significant breast growth. Older women like that because it plumps up breasts that have deflated with age. But for a young man it could be a real problem; he might even have to start wearing a bra."

Dr. Fredrickson thought the breast growth claim was the first thing he'd said so far that was a complete lie. But he figured that the possibility would so horrify Susan and Alan that they would both willingly acquiesce to Suzanne's plan.

He let that awful outcome hang in the air before continuing. "But there is another possible solution I found during my research, which would cause his body to naturally produce more of these hormones. That way he wouldn't need to be on prescription medication for the rest of his life."

"If Alan can ramp up his sexual activity, it will raise his heart rate and blood pressure and cause his body to begin producing more of those hormones. It works in the same way that repeated stimulation of a woman's nipples eventually causes her to lactate, even if she doesn't have a baby at the time. The human body tries to adjust in response to new demands; it's a very dependable reaction."

The doctor checked the chart, as if confirming his diagnosis. "For Alan, I would recommend that he stimulate his penis to ejaculate an average of six times a day. More, if he can. But six is already a great amount, because one missed day would mean twelve the next day to make up for it, if you can imagine that."

He paused to see how that would go over. Personally, he felt that six times a day was way too much; he'd wanted to "prescribe" just a recommended range. However, Suzanne had insisted he use that specific number. He was somewhat surprised to see that neither mother nor son showed any special reaction.

He continued, "Prolonged stimulation followed by orgasm will cause his body to begin producing more sexual hormones within a matter of weeks. That's almost certainly guaranteed to raise his energy level, and it will avoid the bad side effects of using pills, since it's a completely natural process."

Finally, his suggestion sank in. Both mother and son sat there shocked and speechless. ----**Image in the Paragraph Comments**----

Alan's mouth actually hung open. SIX times a day?! That's a lot! Every single day?! Holy crap! My arm will fall off!

The doctor continued, "I know that neither of these solutions are ideal. That's why I originally said that I had both good news and bad news. As your doctor, I would recommend the second solution, if Alan can manage it. The breast growth I mentioned for the first solution is just one of many possible negative side effects; anal leakage is another. I'd rather not describe them all in detail unless I have to. If he can find himself a girlfriend quickly, and one who would

be able to help, this second solution could actually be quite pleasurable for him, and would soon become virtually unnoticeable as a medical treatment - it would just be a change of lifestyle for him."

The doctor went on, "On the other hand, some people are morally opposed to masturbation and sex outside of marriage. So if that's the case, we still have the first solution. Either way, I'm confident he can overcome his problem. But of course the decision is up to you, Alan - and to your parents."

Alan and Susan looked at each other. Alan was quiet for a moment, but then blurted out, "I want the second solution. I don't want to have big breasts like a woman, or be leaking poop in my pants, or some weird stuff like that. I don't think there's anything morally wrong with sexual stimulation, either. I know it's weird, but I want to be normal; I'm tired of being tired all the time!"

His mother looked at him questioningly. Even though she now lived in freewheeling Southern California, she had grown up in a small Midwestern town which the sexual revolution had somehow missed. Her very religious upbringing had taught her that masturbation was evil, made one go blind, and all that. But she also didn't want her son to have his hormones out of whack or have him grow breasts or be leaking in his pants all the time.

She was doing her best to hide her deep sense of unease. Oh my goodness! Dear Lord, please, help guide me in this difficult matter. I don't want my son to sin six times each and every day! But what are our other options?! I wish Suzanne were here; she always knows what to do. But these problems are so terribly embarrassing that I don't know if I can even tell her about it. Besides, I'm on the spot to make the call right now. I'm the parent here; I have to step up and make the tough choices.

Oh dear. I suppose I have to agree with Tiger. But, at the very most, this can only be a temporary solution. I just can't stand all that awful... Onanism!

She visibly hid her concerns and smiled in sympathy. "Okay, Son. If that's what you want, then that's what I want." She reached out and took his hand. They squeezed hands in mutual support, smiling at each other as loving mother and son.

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