

6 TIMES A DAY

Chapter 3 P Examination (1)

Dr. Fredrickson smiled broadly, but only on the inside. He thought, That's a relief! It looks like they both bought this crazy treatment - hook, line, and sinker. That means that Suzanne is gonna be very happy with me, and then I'll be very happy with her. What an incredible knockout she is! I'm gonna get my reward and fuck her brains out just as soon as these two are out the door.

But naturally he kept those thoughts to himself. Out loud he said, "I do believe you've made the right choice. However, before you agree, let me warn you about a few other things. For one, you'll both be making a long-term commitment. If Alan's level of sexual stimulation returns to current levels, it's likely that his hormone levels will also come back down as well. This is one area that isn't fully understood, since very few young people have this problem and have undergone this treatment. It may be that after some time the change will become permanent, but then again it may not. That may be something we can explore in the future by lowering the level of stimulation and observing whether his hormone levels drop. On the other hand, this could be something he'll need to keep doing for years. We just can't tell for sure at this point."

He continued, "Secondly, there isn't much research on this condition or treatment, but from the little there is, it appears that half measures are usually not effective. In other words, averaging only four stimulations a day is unlikely to provide any improvement at all. We'll try six to begin with and see if that's enough. Alan will need further appointments to test his progress. But he must average six with little variation. If he is short on one day, he has to try his best to make up for it on the next."

Susan and Alan nodded uncertainly.

The doctor added, "Third, and finally, contrary to popular belief, masturbation is not bad for you; it won't really make you go blind, despite what you might have been told."

Both mother and son smiled nervous smiles on hearing that. Susan could accept that masturbation might be alright medically, if the doctor said so, but she was still concerned about it being a sin.

He continued, "In fact, recent studies have shown that frequent masturbation will lower the risk of prostate cancer in later life. But given the high level of stimulation Alan will need, if he masturbates himself six times a day, every

single day, it could lead to problems with his penis: chafing and abrading the skin, unnatural bends, irregular polyps, and so forth. I highly recommend: first, that he use K-Y Jelly or some other form of lubricant every time, and second, that at least half of the stimulation be done by someone else."

He continued, "In other words, for at least three of his six times a day, he should get stimulated by a female manually or, even better, orally. That would be ideal. The mouth creates the proper level of friction and lubrication without so much rough abuse of the skin. Of course sexual intercourse is also ideal and has no ill effects on the penis, no matter how frequently it's practiced. After all, that's what a penis is made for, and vaginas naturally self-lubricate."

"Oh my God," responded Susan, "that's horrible!" Her shock was a combination of the talk of penis damage, Alan's lack of a girlfriend to assist, and just the idea of masturbation generally. The other things that the doctor had just mentioned had yet to sink in.

One part of her realized that the stories of masturbation causing blindness were probably myths, but she had still internalized the idea that masturbation was wrong, somehow dangerous, and definitely sinful. This talk of dangerous polyps only gave medical backing to her fears. She was also well aware that her son didn't have a girlfriend and was unlikely to get one soon. "What'll we do?" she said imploringly. "I don't think Alan is anywhere near finding a girl who can help him out like that!"

"I'm sure you can come up with some kind of solution," said the doctor confidently. He thought of Suzanne - after all, she'd explained to him that this was the purpose for the whole story. His lies were meant to give a thin veneer of respectability that would allow her to seduce her friend's son in the guise of giving him medically-needed relief. She knew Susan couldn't object to that.

So he suggested, "See if there's anyone you know willing to help. Perhaps hire someone, if all else fails. Or if you can't find any solution, you can always give up and have him take the pills instead."

He went on, "But, and I can't stress this enough, I highly recommend that whatever you do, please be extremely careful about who you tell. I would hesitate even telling other medical professionals. His case is so unusual, it almost sounds like an urban legend. As a professional myself, I know that many people can't resist telling others about extreme cases. If a doctor has a patient with something highly unusual like a hundred-pound goiter, and he

tells just one or two people, even in strict confidence, then they feel free to do the same. And so on - that's how it spreads. Sometimes such stories even get in the newspaper. If this were to become well known, I don't need to point out how merciless his classmates would be in taunting him about his treatment. So if you hire a professional, be completely certain that they won't tell another soul."

Alan couldn't figure out if all of this was a really great thing or a really awful thing. I have a feeling that masturbating that much, and being forced to do it so much every day, will take all the pleasure out of it and turn it into a chore. Besides, I'm not likely to find any girl to help me out even a little, anytime soon.

In fact, the pressure of this medical need is gonna make it that much harder for me to find a girlfriend. How absurd would it be to ask a girl, "Could you please pleasure me six times a day? I need it for my medical treatment." No one would agree to that, or even three times a day - that would be completely insane!

Susan's worries increased. She thought, No way am I going to trust a stranger with that secret and turn Tiger into a real-life "urban legend" laughingstock. I'm not going to tell a soul - not anyone! Which means he'll have no choice but to masturbate, and get all those deformities. Oh dear!

Suddenly, a new and even more disturbing thought occurred to her, as she recalled his revelation that he masturbated every day. "Doctor, how do we know that his um, private part isn't already malformed from his, uh, attentions?" The strait-laced mother couldn't even get herself to say the words "penis" and "masturbating."

"We don't," replied the doctor, more thinking aloud than anything else. What does that mean, to keep this charade believable? he thought to himself. Reluctantly, he told them "I suppose we'll have to examine Alan's penis now, to get a baseline for later comparison. Alan, please change into a hospital gown, if you don't mind. Then get up on this examination table and put your feet in the stirrups."

панда Ыовê1,còM Alan was still dressed in his street clothes, since the original purpose of the appointment was only to discuss his test results. He changed his clothes, then sat on the adjustable examination table and put his feet into the stirrups as if he were going to have a pelvic exam.

The doctor put on a pair of gloves and thought more about what he would do next. He figured he had been boxed into examining Alan's penis, but as a straight male who didn't do this kind of thing with his regular ear, nose and throat (ENT) patients, he had no desire to do so. In fact, like many straight men he was rather homophobic. He tried to think of a way out.

Alan sat in the stirrups, beet red with embarrassment, while the doctor fiddled with his gloves. The gown was open in the rear, down Alan's back, and so short in the legs that it left his genitals completely exposed as long as his feet were in the stirrups. Alan's head hung down so he didn't have to make eye contact with anyone. He didn't know which was more embarrassing, being naked in front of his mother or in front of another man.

Susan steadfastly averted her gaze.

The doctor crouched down in front of Alan's crotch. Then he motioned for Susan to come close by as well. "Come over here and sit next to me. You need to see the telltale signs as well. In fact, why don't you pull those two chairs over?"

Susan grabbed two chairs and sat in the one further from Alan, leaving the closer one for the doctor to sit in. They both leaned in towards Alan's penis.

Susan pretended to be following the doctor's orders, but in fact she had her eyes tightly closed. She just couldn't bear to look at her son's penis, even if it was flaccid. She was fairly sure that doing so would be some kind of sin.

Alan's penis was flaccid and shriveled up because he was so embarrassed and humiliated. That disappointed the doctor. Dammit, it'll have to be erect to be examined closely. And it will have to be measured to see if his low hormone levels have stunted its growth.

He continued, "Uh, Alan, we need your penis erect so it can be examined and measured properly. Can you get it erect?"

Alan was so horrified at that idea that he couldn't even form a response.

The doctor turned to Susan and noticed her closed eyes. "You don't mind, Mrs. Plummer? Can you do something to help him get erect?"please visit panda-:)NOVE1.co)m

With the doctor's eyes on her, she was forced to open her eyes and look at Alan's crotch. Her eyes went wide. The sight of his penis greatly distressed her, even though it was completely flaccid.

Dr. Fredrickson motioned to the mother to grab Alan's penis and make it grow somehow.

"I very much do mind!" she responded in indignation. The mere thought of sitting on a chair and having to stare at her son's penis from so close was something she could never have imagined. Being asked to touch it was beyond the pale.

The Plummer household was extremely reticent about nudity, and she hadn't seen her son naked since he was a very little boy. Neither had he seen her naked or even partially undressed in all that time.

She briefly glanced at his penis again, and immediately felt her heart leap into her throat in shock and embarrassment. Her heart pounded wildly. She turned away as if to listen to the doctor.

"I understand," said the doctor, "but I assure you it's medically necessary. His penis needs to be checked regularly for abnormalities, and I don't want to have a regular special appointment just for that. This is out of my area of expertise. As your new general practitioner, I don't mind taking on this kind of case, but I've never had to do this before, and frankly I would prefer for you to touch his penis and check it. That way you can do it at home, just like periodic breast cancer self-examinations."

"No! I'm sorry, doctor, but I just can't possibly agree to that!" Susan's hands were trembling at the very thought. Her face looked absolutely aghast.

The doctor could see that his proposal was a no-go. "All right then, let's see..." Ah yes, Akami. This is where she can help. "If you don't mind, can we bring in the nurse? She can show you the procedure. I hesitate to bring in other people on Alan's problem, but I see no other choice."

What a relief! Susan thought. I'll do a lot of things for my son's health, but not that! "Yes, please."

The doctor left the room to find the nurse.

Meanwhile, Susan grabbed Alan's hand and squeezed it in a sign of support. "Be strong, Tiger. Don't worry; everything is going to be all right." She stared into his eyes, relieved she didn't have to look at his penis anymore.

Alan finally looked up into her eyes and smiled. Her encouragement gave him strength to continue with this humiliation, even though her hand was trembling.

"And never fear," she continued, "I won't let anyone find out about this. It will all work out fine." That led immediately to the unspoken thought, I bet Suzanne could find some kind of solution to this. But do I dare tell her?

But Alan only heard what she said, to which he nodded uncertainly.

She squeezed his hand again, and stole another glance at his penis. She couldn't help but satisfy her curiosity. Geez! I think it's bigger than his father's! She quickly banished that un-motherly thought from her mind and turned away.

As Susan was doing this, the nurse opened the door and walked into the room.

Susan pulled her eyes away from her brief inspection of her son's crotch, but not before Akami noticed where the mother was staring.

Akami gazed at Susan with a knowing look.

Susan's heart nearly stopped, she was so terrified that the nurse would say something.

But the nurse just continued to smile, and kept her mouth shut.

Alan also looked at the nurse standing in the doorway, and felt like he was falling in love. Or at least lust. She seemed much more sophisticated and sexy than the girls at school. He knew how absurd the idea of such attraction was, and assumed that Akami would never give him a second glance, but he couldn't help his feelings. ----**Image in the Paragraph Comments**----

////////////////////////////////////