

Lily and Harry got in their BMW and drove away from the healer's office. Neither could quite believe what had happened. Both had a lot of thoughts buzzing around their heads, and neither spoke to the other for a while.

Lily was mostly thinking about the wisdom (or lack thereof) in telling Narcissa everything. She hoped the doctor toned it down and didn't describe how long her son's penis had been stroked by the nurse. But images of that stroking kept intruding on her thoughts. She didn't really consciously think of it as her son's penis, per se. She was just so blown away by the idea of any penis being massaged at all, that she couldn't get past that.

She hadn't had any sex in a very long time. Her husband was home a month a year at the most. When he did come home, they had sex, perhaps, on the night he returned, and that was it. But it was entirely going through the motions, the way some people feel obliged to go to church once or twice a year, for Easter and Christmas. And because of the way she was raised it was the most vanilla sex imaginable, with the missionary position the only allowed position.

Unlike her naughty best friend Narcissa, Lily had hardly even given a thought to having an affair. Several years earlier, Narcissa had picked someone out for Lily and pushed her to have an affair, but Lily found she couldn't go through with it. She had been conditioned against it far too strongly. She really didn't miss her husband sexually that much when he was on his long trips because she honestly didn't think about sex that much.

So what happened in the doctor's office ignited the first truly intense sexual feelings Lily had felt in years. About the only exciting erotic moments she'd had in recent years was when Narcissa would, in the strictest of confidence, tell all the intimate details of her affairs. But that wasn't the same thing as seeing a real live penis up close.

She was so absorbed by these problems that she hardly gave any thought to the wisdom of choosing one of the doctor's "solutions" for Harry's "problem" over the other, or foregoing the whole thing. She didn't even consider the possibility that the doctor had been putting them on. After all, virtually everyone instinctively trusts a doctor, especially when the doctor has a nurse who is in complete agreement.

Harry also didn't question what had happened, because he was so sexually blown away. All he could think of was Andromeda. He had developed a

sudden crush on her. That was no surprise given that he'd never even been kissed and suddenly found himself being jacked off by a beautiful woman. Holy Cow. That was beyond my wildest imaginings. Her wise and piercing eyes are incredibly attractive. True, I couldn't see a whole lot of her body through her nurse uniform, but I'll bet every inch of her is beautiful just the same. I can't wait until my next appointment already! I just hope Mom doesn't have to go. Well, at least Mom isn't giving me her usual lecture about the evils of sex.

He looked over at her. She seems a bit wiggled out, to be honest. She's probably really going to tear into me later.

I can't believe it'll take a whole month! he thought over and over in the car.

On the other hand, he also felt incredibly embarrassed and ashamed by what had just happened. And that made him think about his future situation, because it occurred to him that he probably had more embarrassments in store. For one thing, he would have to find some female to help him out with his sexual stimulation every single day. Rather than finding this idea exciting, he found it depressing, because he foresaw nothing but rejection.

The main reason he had never kissed a girl was because he was only attracted to one girl at his school. Her name was Daphne Greengrass, and they were reasonably good acquaintances, since they shared most of the same classes. But he hadn't let on at all that he was interested in her, and he was convinced that she wasn't romantically interested in him. She was both very beautiful and intelligent, so much so that he was convinced she was "out of his league."

No doubt, Mom will insist I immediately ask someone out. What will I do? How can I get out of it? It'll be a miracle if Daphne wants to go out with me in the first place. The idea that she would then ever agree to sexually satisfy me three or more times a day is completely laughable!

So most of his brain was occupied with that conundrum. The idea of having to orgasm six or more times a day was so bizarre and unreal that Harry didn't think about it much, or ponder the implications.

His mother, though, was already thinking ahead in at least one respect. Rather than drive home directly, she directed the car toward the local multimedia superstore. As they were getting close to it, she finally spoke.

"Tiger, are you okay with this? I know it must have been a really strange doctor's visit for you. I know it was for me. But I'm sure the doctor knows what he's doing." She looked shell-shocked as well as concerned while she spoke to him.

"Yes," answered Harry in a flat tone. He was still rather shocked, too.

"Yes, you're okay with this?"

"Yes," he said again. "It's just, I dunno... so weird. Like what that nurse Andromeda did to me today. I didn't know they did that in doctor's offices!"

"I didn't know that either," said his mother with great understatement. "But when you think about it, what else could be done? They did have to check all those things since your treatment involves your... you-know-what. You're lucky that as a man you don't have to go to a gynecologist, because doctors are forced to do extremely intimate things to us women sometimes, too. And more often than not it's done by a male doctor. Though luckily I've always managed to avoid that, thank the Lord. So this is the male version of that, I suppose."

"Yeah," he replied, somewhat wistfully, still thinking about how good it all felt. Suddenly he realized they were pulling into a parking lot.

"Why are we stopping here?"

"I was just thinking, Tiger, that you're going to need to stimulate yourself." Even saying that much made the prim woman blush some more. "You may need some, uh, visual aids, to help you out, so I thought we could pick some up here."

At that, he blushed too. Her attitude towards sex had rubbed off on him more than a little, even though their religious beliefs were quite different (Lily remained a devout Christian while Harry had to be dragged to church), and even though Harry thought he was "cool" about such things.

She reached over and held his hand, and gave it a squeeze. They often held hands to show their closeness and support for each other.

"I know this may be a bit much for you, Son, but let's get it over with already and then let things get back to normal, okay? This is clearly something you're going to need, if not now then down the line, so let's be done with it. You go pick out some magazines, and I'll get some videos for you. Bring the magazines to me, and I'll pay for them."

She continued, "I would normally never be caught dead buying this dirty stuff, but I'd do anything to help you out, Tiger. I'll get embarrassed standing in front of the cashier so you don't have to. We'll both have to help each other out to get through this awkward phase, but I'm sure it will all be back to normal soon enough again. Since Narcissa knows, I'm sure she'll do everything she can to help you out, too."

Lily had no idea just how ironic that last statement was.

Another thought crossed Lily's mind and gave her great concern. What about my Angel?

Rose (who Lily had nicknamed "Angel") was not only Harry's sister, but also his very close friend so she was bound to find out what would be happening before too long. Harry, Lily, Narcissa and Rose were all close as could be to each other, and Narcissa's daughter Adresteia was usually right there with them as well.

Rose will find out one way or another. No doubt she'll feel really badly for him and want to help him out, but how can she? I hope and pray she doesn't offer to help Harry attain sexual relief somehow. No way! I'll forbid it, and in any case she would never suggest such a thing. I can't believe I'm even having these thoughts. She's his sister - that's totally sick! Even though they technically aren't related, it's still sick.

She cleared her mind of such thoughts and said, "Come on, it'll be over quickly." They went into the store.

Buying the pornography went fairly uneventfully. Both Harry and Lily grabbed more or less the first things they came across and got out of the store in record time.

When they got home after another mostly silent ride, they found Narcissa and Rose already at home. (Narcissa was so close to the Potter family that not only did she come and go using her own key, but she also often didn't even bother to knock. It was like she lived there, though she never slept there.)

It was almost dinnertime, so Narcissa couldn't stay long. She'd have to go back to her own home and cook dinner for her husband and two children. It had gotten to be so that dinner was practically the only time the members of her family ever got together.

After dinner, her husband Lucius and her two children, Draco and Adresteia, would all scurry away to their respective rooms and go back to doing whatever it was they were doing before dinner. Then Narcissa would usually go over to the Potter's house. Sometimes Adresteia would come over as well, especially since Rose and Adresteia were as close or closer than most sisters.

Narcissa had been sitting in the living room, impatiently waiting for Lily and Harry to return. When the two walked through the door, even before saying their hellos, Narcissa said, "Harry, I see now what you mean by 'unusual treatment.' I can't believe it!"

"Hi, Aunt Narci. I can't believe it either," Harry responded.

They all sat down and began talking.

Lily said it would be better if Rose attended as well, so she went to find her.

Narcissa meanwhile called a restaurant for take out food for her own family. She realized this discussion was likely to take a while, given that Rose was involved.

Harry was fairly shocked that Rose would be told the secret as well, but he kept silent about it. When he thought about it, he realized she would learn about it one way another so it was best to get it all out in the open.

Rose came into the room still wearing the clothes she wore at school. It was almost comical how square and repressed she and the rest of the Potter family appeared.

They had to tell the story from the very beginning, for Rose's benefit.

Lily gave an extremely edited version of the appointment, focusing on the medical discussion and strange diagnosis.