Healer Abasi smiled broadly. He thought: That's a relief! Looks like they both bought my bullshit story hook, line and sinker. That means this amazing knockout Narcissa will be thrilled with me. I'll get my reward and I'll fuck her as soon as these two ignorant scoundrels are out the door, if I can help it.

But naturally he kept these thoughts to himself and said: "Great! I believe you've made the right choice. However, before you agree, let me warn you about a few other things. First, you will make a long-term commitment. If Harry's level of sexual stimulation returns to its current level, it is likely that his hormone levels will also change. This is an area that is not fully understood, as very few people have taken this treatment. Perhaps the change will become permanent after a while, but then again, maybe not. This may be something we can test in the future by lowering the level of stimulation and see if there is a change. But it may mean it will have to be something that he will have to do for years, if not decades. We simply cannot say for sure at this point ".

He continued: "second, there is not much research on this condition or treatment, but from the few there are, half-measures are usually not effective. Averaging just four stimulations a day is unlikely to lead to any effect. To start, we'll try six and see if that's enough or too much. We can schedule follow-up appointments to check your progress. But you need to average six with minor variation. If you miss one day, try your best to make it up the next day."

Lily and Harry nodded uncertainty.

He added, "Third and finally, contrary to popular belief, masturbation is not bad for you. You don't go blind."

Mother and son smiled nervous smiles at this.“In fact, recent studies have shown that frequent masturbation reduces the risk of prostate cancer in later life, something that does not occur with similar levels of sexual intercourse. But given the high level of stimulation Harry will need if he masturbates six times a day, every day of the year, this could lead to problems with his penis: skin abrasions, unnatural bends, irregular polyps, etc. I strongly recommend that Harry use lube first, and second, at least half of the stimulation should be done by someone else.”

He continued: “for at least three out of six times a day, he should be stimulated by a woman manually or, better yet, orally. That would be ideal. The mouth produces the right level of friction without so much brutal abuse of the skin. And of course, sexual penetration is also ideal and has no ill effects on the penis, no matter how often it is practiced.

“Oh my God,” Lily replied, “That’s awful!” Her shock was a combination of talk of penis damage, the lack of a girlfriend to help Harry, and the idea of masturbation.

Some part of her realized that stories about masturbation causing blindness were myths, but she still internalized the idea that masturbation was wrong and somehow dangerous. This talk of dangerous polyps only confirmed her fears. She was also well aware that her son did not have a girlfriend and was unlikely to get one soon. - What are we going to do?" she said pleadingly. “I don’t think Harry will find a girl who can help him in this way!”

“I’m sure you can come up with a solution,” the healer said with conviction. He thought of Narcissa - she finally explained to him that this was her purpose for the complete story.

His lies provided a thin layer of respectability that would allow her to seduce her friend's son under the guise of giving him some medically needed relief. "See if there is anyone you know willing to help. Maybe hire someone if all else fails. Or if you can't find any solution, you can always give up and ask Harry for pills instead."

He continued: "But, and I can't stress this enough, I strongly recommend that whatever you do, be very careful who you tell about it. I would hesitate to even tell other healers. His case is so unusual that it almost sounds like an urban legend. As a professional, I know that many can't help but tell others about extremely unusual cases. A healer has a patient with something very unusual, such as a hundred-pound goiter, and tells just a few people in close confidence, and they do the same, so it spreads. Sometimes such stories even make it into the newspapers. And if it were to become widely known, I don't have to remind you how merciless classmates would be about his treatment. So if you hire a professional, make 100% sure that person doesn't tell another soul."

Harry couldn't figure out if it was all really great or terrible. I feel that masturbating so often and being forced to do it takes away all the pleasure and even turns it into a chore. Besides, I'm unlikely to find a girl to help me soon.

The pressure of this medical need will make it much harder for me to find a girlfriend. How absurd it would be to ask a girl: "Can you give me pleasure six times a day? I need it for treatment." No one would agree to that, and even three times a day - that would be complete madness!

Lily's anxiety increased. She thought: there is no way I would entrust this secret to a stranger and turn Harry into a real laughingstock of an "urban legend." I won't tell anyone - anyone! Which means Harry will have no choice but to masturbate and get all that deformation.

Suddenly, a new and even more disturbing thought came to her mind as she recalled his revelation that he masturbated every day. "Healer, how do we know that his intimate parts are not already deformed based on his, um, comments?" The straight mother couldn't even bring herself to say the words "penis" and "masturbation."

"No," replied the healer, more thinking out loud than anything else. What does it mean that this farce is credible? He thought to himself. Reluctantly, he told them, "I suppose we'll have to examine Harry's penis now to use it as a later basis for comparison. Harry, if you don't mind, please change into your hospital shirt. And put your feet in the stirrups."

Harry was still dressed in his street clothes, since the original idea for the meeting was just to discuss the test results. But he dressed up, climbed onto the adjustable examination table and put his feet in the stirrup mounts.

The healer put on a pair of gloves and considered what to do next. He guessed that he had been persuaded to examine Harry's penis, but as a heterosexual man who didn't do this sort of thing with his regular ear, eye and nose patients, he didn't feel like it. In fact, he was rather homophobic. He tried to think of a way out of the situation.

Harry sat in the stirrups, red as a beet from embarrassment, while the healer played with his gloves. His gown was open back and his legs were so short that his genitals were completely exposed as long as his feet were in the

stirrups. Harry'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.

The healer crouched down in front of Harry's crotch and nodded at Harry's mother to come closer than well. "Come here and sit next to me. You also need to see the warning signs. Actually, why don't you move these two chairs over?"

Lily grabbed two chairs, sat on one, and handed the other to the healer. They both leaned toward Harry's penis.

Lily pretended to follow the healer's instructions, but in fact, she firmly closed her eyes. She simply could not bear to see her own son's penis, even if it was flaccid. She was almost certain it was some kind of sin.

Harry's penis was flaccid because he was so embarrassed and even humiliated. This disappointed the healer, who thought, Damn, it needs to be erected for a thorough examination. Not to mention that it needs to be measured to see if his low hormone levels have stunted his growth.

Wait a minute! Thought the healer suddenly. This total story about low hormones is made up, but I'm believing it myself! I've sunk so far into the lie that I even fooled myself, so I certainly fooled them.

He continued: "Uh, Harry, we need your penis erect so it can be properly examined and measured. Can you straighten it out?" Harry was so horrified because he couldn't even croak out an answer.

The healer turned to Lily and noticed her closed eyes. "Do you mind, Mrs. Potter? Is there anything you can do to help him achieve an erection?"

With the healer's eyes, she was forced to open her eyes and look at Harry's crotch. He nodded at his mother, as if to grab Harry's penis and make it grow somehow.

"I care a lot!" she replied indignantly. The very thought of sitting in a chair and looking at her son's penis from a few inches away was something she could never imagine, let alone having to touch it.

The Potter family was very careful about nudity, and she hadn't seen her son naked since he was a very young boy. Nor had he seen her naked or even partially undressed in all that time.

She glanced fleetingly at his penis, and although it was flaccid, she felt her heart leap to her throat from shock and embarrassment. She turned to listen to the healer.

"I understand," the healer said, "but I assure you it is medically necessary. His penis needs to be checked regularly for abnormalities, and I don't want to make regular special appointments just for that purpose. This is outside my area of expertise. As your new GP, I don't mind taking on these kinds of cases, but I've never had to do it before, and frankly, I'd prefer it if you touched the penis and checked it. That way you can do it at home, just like periodic breast cancer checks."

"No. I'm sorry, Harry, but I just can't agree with that!" Lily's hands trembled

terrified at the very thought.

The healer saw that the idea was unacceptable. "Well, let's see..." Ah yes, the nurse. That's what she's there for. "If you don't mind, can we bring in a nurse

and she can show you the procedure? I hesitate to invite more people to Harry's problem, but I don't see any other way."

What a relief! thought Lily. I'll do many things for my son's health, but not this! "Yes, please."

The healer left the room in search of a nurse.

Meanwhile, Lily grabbed Harry's hand and squeezed it as a sign of support. "Be strong, son. Don't worry, everything will be fine."

Harry finally looked into her eyes and smiled. Her encouragement gave him the strength to continue his humiliation, even though her hand trembled.

"And never be afraid," she continued. "I won't let anyone find out about this. Everything will work out."

She squeezed his hand again and glanced stealthily at his penis once more. She couldn't help but satisfy her curiosity. Damn! I think it's bigger than his father's! She quickly banished the unmotherly thought from her mind and turned away.

As Lily was doing so, the nurse opened the door and entered the room.

Lily tore her gaze away from a brief inspection of her son's crotch, but Tonks noticed where her mother was looking.

Tonks looked at Lily with a communicative glance.

Lily's heart almost stopped. She was so terrified that the nurse would say something. But the nurse continued to smile and kept her mouth shut.

Harry also looked at the nurse standing in the doorway and felt himself falling in love. Or at least desire. She seemed so much more sophisticated and sexy than the girls at school. He knew how absurd the idea of such a crush was and assumed that Tonks would never look at him a second time, but he couldn’t help his feelings.