

Blue
by Pan
Chapter 2

Richard's family doctor - Doctor Sanyal - was an Indian woman whom he had known his whole life. The teenager was terrible at estimating age, but she looked like she was around his mother's age, give or take a couple of years.

As he stammered his way through an explanation of what was happening, her gaze grew more and more skeptical. By the time he was done, she looked more uncomfortable than he could ever remember seeing her.

"Richard," she finally said, after a long pause. "May I speak to you alone?"

"I think I should stay," Jennifer said defensively, but her son placed a hand on her arm.

"Mom, it's okay."

With a reluctant sigh, Jennifer left the room, throwing one last longing glance back as she did.

Once they were alone, Doctor Sanyal turned to her new patient, and gave him a gentle smile.

"Richard," she said softly.

"Doctor?"

"Richard," she repeated. "Is everything all right?"

No, the young man wanted to shout. *My cum is blue, and my Mom sucked it out of me this morning!*

But he'd decided to leave that detail out of his recounting of the tale, so he simply shook his head.

The doctor reached out, placing a hand on his.

"Just so you know, this is a safe space. If there's anything wrong at home, you can tell me. I promise you, I can help."

Richard's eyes widened. As he weighed up how to respond, he realized that he'd been silent for a suspiciously long time, and the doctor's gentle smile had turned into a look of concern.

"No," he said again, shaking his head. "I promise. The only thing that's wrong is that... well, it's *blue*."

Doctor Sanyal tilted her head to the side, and gave a brief nod.

"Okay," she said. "I understand."

Richard narrowed his eyes. Something in her tone suggested that she did not, in fact, understand, but she seemed like she was willing to help, and he was happy to do whatever it took to get the medical attention he so clearly needed.

"You do?"

"Of course," she said soothingly. "It's blue. What would you like to do about it?"

"Well, I mean...it shouldn't be blue, right?"

"Every body is different," Doctor Sanyal said slowly, as though the wrong word would cause a bomb to go off.

"Yeah, but cum isn't...it's not normally blue, is it?"

There was another long pause.

"No," the doctor eventually admitted. "No, that's not normal."

The pair sat in silence for almost a minute. As the seconds ticked by, Richard felt increasingly like he was being humored, as though this was a technique from a psych book.

"I feel like you're not taking me seriously," he eventually blurted out, when the silence had grown too much to bear.

"Well," the doctor repeated gently, "what would you like to do?"

“Can you run some tests, maybe?”

“What kind of tests?”

“I don’t know!” he exploded. “I’m not a doctor! Whatever kinds of tests you run when someone has a serious medical condition! Blood tests, or urine tests, or...I don’t know, sperm tests!”

Doctor Senyal sat passively as Richard ranted, tilting her head to the side when he was done.

“I’ll tell you what,” she responded after a moment of thought. “I’ll run some tests for you if you tell me a bit more about what’s wrong.”

“What’s *wrong* is that my cum is blue,” Richard pleaded. Again, the doctor paused for a long time, before nodding.

“Okay,” she said. “Let me make some calls.”

“Thank you,” Richard said, collapsing back in his chair.

“I’m going to go to my office,” Doctor Senyal said, making her way across the room. “I’m going to ask you to stay in here while I do.”

“Of course,” Richard said with a wave. “Whatever you say.”

It was almost thirty minutes before the doctor returned, and when she did, she wasn’t alone.

“This is a colleague of mine,” she said. “Doctor Waldstreicher.”

Accompanying Richard’s doctor was a blonde woman, who looked like she was only a few years older than Richard. He stared at her, confused.

“Is she an expert?”

“Yes,” Doctor Senyal responded. “In a sense.”

“Please,” Doctor Waldstreicher said. “Call me Chloe. Alisha invited me in because she was worried about you.”

“Yes,” Richard responded. “I’m worried too.”

“Why don’t you tell me about it?” she said, sitting down and flipping down a notebook. For the second time that morning, Richard told the story of his day. “I see,” she said, looking up at him. To Richard’s shock, he felt a stirring in his cock. Talking about such sexual things to such an attractive woman...despite cumming three times that morning and countless times the previous night, he felt as though he could have gotten off on the spot.

“And you say your mother saw the...blue?”

“Yes,” he said, his cheeks flushing red as he answered. “She didn’t believe me either.”

“I’m going to go talk to your mother,” Doctor Waldstreicher said.

“I’m sorry,” Richard interrupted. “But isn’t there a test or something that you can do?”

“It’s not that simple,” the blonde doctor replied with a smile. “But I promise you, we’re going to do everything we can to help.”

With that, she left Richard in the room with Doctor Senyal, who continued giving him a small, pity-filled smile.

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“I want to see my son!”

“Mom?”

Richard and the doctor had been halfway through an extremely awkward conversation about his grades when he heard his mother’s panicked voice in the hallway.

“We’re still talking to him,” he heard Chloe say in a firm voice, and then the sound of the door rattling. Doctor Senyal threw him a guilty look.

“What the hell is going on?” he asked, throwing his hands in the air. “Let her in!”

“We’re handling this,” Chloe said, and while Richard couldn’t make out his mother’s

response, he knew that she wasn't happy.

The sound of the conversation faded away, and a few moments later, the door opened, and Doctor Waldstreicher returned. Her demeanor showed no sign she'd just been in a verbal disagreement; the blonde doctor was completely composed, a calm look on her face.

"Your mother confirmed your story," she said.

"Of course she did!" Richard said incredulously. "I told you, it's true. It doesn't make any sense, and it's as confusing as hell, but it's true."

"Why don't you tell us the story again," Chloe said, pulling out her notebook again. "From the start."

"No! Why don't you actually *do* something about it? What kind of doctor are you, anyway?"

There was a long pause, and the two doctors threw each other a quick glance before Doctor Waldstreicher responded.

"I'm a psychologist," she said.

Richard stared at her, before turning his confused expression to Doctor Senyal.

"...why would you bring a psychologist in to deal with my blue semen?" he asked, before the coin dropped, and he fell backwards into his seat again.

"Richard..."

"Oh," he said flatly. "You think I'm crazy. And you probably think my Mom is crazy, too."

"No one thinks you're crazy," Doctor Senyal said. "We're just worried about you."

Richard sighed.

"Is there anything I could do to convince you? What if I came in a petri dish or something?"

Again, the doctors exchanged a glance, before turning their attention back to him.

"Richard," Chloe said, speaking slowly and deliberately. "No one thinks you're crazy. We just want to make sure that everything is okay. Do you mind if I ask you a few more questions?"

"I'm serious," he said, acutely aware of the note of desperation in his voice. "Please. Just...let me show you."

Doctor Senyal cleared her throat, and Chloe nodded at her.

"You can go," she said. "I'll take it from here."

"Thanks, Chloe."

Richard watched as his family doctor left, leaving him alone with a stranger who clearly thought he was insane.

"If you really think it'll help," she said, "you can masturbate."

"What?"

"It seems to be very important to you to masturbate in front of a doctor, and...well, Doctor Senyal called me in because at this point, there's nothing I haven't seen before."

Richard barked out a short laugh at that.

"You won't be saying that in a minute."

"But if I let you masturbate, you have to promise to answer some questions for me."

"Yes," Richard said. "Anything."

"Okay," Doctor Waldstreicher replied, sitting back and giving Richard the most dispassionate look he'd ever seen. "Whenever you're ready."

Richard's face turned red as he realized what the doctor was expecting.

"I can go behind a screen," he said nervously.

"Whatever makes you comfortable," she replied completely flatly.

When Richard returned a few minutes later, he had a handful of his own emission. He'd

never tried to catch his cum before, but he'd managed to avoid getting any on any of the medical equipment.

For the first time since he'd met her, Doctor Waldstreicher looked slightly taken aback, but it was only a few seconds before she'd regained her composure.

"Ah ha," she said, glancing only briefly at the seed he was holding. "So this is it, is it?"

"Yes," he said. "*Now* do you believe me?"

"Of course," she said comfortingly, making steady eye contact with him. "Now, do you mind washing your hands so we can talk?"

"What??"

"We had a deal, remember? After you masturbated, you'd answer some questions."

Richard looked at her for several seconds, stunned, before resigning himself to his situation.

"...fine," he said, and washed his hands in Doctor Senyal's sink.

After fifteen minutes of answering the psychologist's questions, Richard was starting to get antsy. She kept on writing down his every answer, focusing on his relationship with his family (positive), his father (non-existent), his sister (standard sibling rivalry), and his mother.

As frustrating as her disbelief in his story was, Richard had to admit that she was perceptive. After the third question about his mother, she'd realized something was wrong.

"Nothing's wrong," he lied.

"Okay," she said smoothly. "We don't have to talk about anything you don't want to talk about."

"I don't not want to talk about it," he lied again. "It's just that nothing is...y'know. Wrong."

Doctor Waldstreicher lowered her glasses, and blinked twice.

"How about we make another deal," she said calmly.

"What??"

"You can go behind the screen and masturbate again, and in return, you tell me what's really going on with your mother."

Richard wanted to bury his head in his hands. He wanted to sink into the floor, and never come out.

Maybe he really was crazy. Semen didn't just turn blue...it made no sense.

But if he was crazy, so was his Mom.

God, maybe they *were* both crazy. Maybe that morning had been some kind of shared delusion - nothing about it made sense, after all. And the doctor had just *seen* his cum, and not even blinked.

Maybe he was losing it. What his mother had done...what *he'd* done in front of her...to her...

Those weren't the actions of a sane family, after all.

"I'll be honest," he said with a sigh. If he was crazy, being honest with a psychologist was the single best way to find out.

Of course, if he *wasn't* crazy...

"On one condition," he said, his head snapping up, his eyes meeting Doctor Waldstreicher's.

"What's that?" she asked calmly.

"This time, I don't masturbate behind the screen."

"Very well," she replied, not missing a beat. "I'm going to ask that you stay on the other side of the room, however."

"Sure thing, doc."

Richard expected his fifth orgasm of the day to be more difficult, or at least take longer. But it was no more than ten minutes later before he found himself climaxing once more, shooting his blue seed into his chest once more.

He stared at it for almost ten seconds as he recovered from his orgasm, panting heavily.

Either it was blue, or he'd completely lost his grip on reality.

"You see it too, right?" he asked, looking up.

To his surprise, Doctor Waldstreicher wasn't on the other side of the room. She had stood up and was slowly moving towards him, staring at his semen - actually *seeing* it, this time - a fascinated look in her eyes.

"God," she said breathlessly. "It's so...*blue*..."