

Painful Pleasure

Painal. That's what my brother called it.

A big object in a small hole. His cock in my ass.

Painful anal. Painal.

I'd never done it before. Never tried anal. Though my little brother had toyed with my asshole before, while fucking me, he'd never actually put his cock inside it. His thumb? Sure. A finger? He'd done that. But he'd never fucked me anally before.

Before today, at least.

He'd told me in vivid detail what he was going to do to me. What I was going to do for him.

I waited for him in my bedroom, naked save for a collar he'd told me to buy from a pet store. The man behind the counter had asked what kind of dog I had, what breed. I hadn't replied. How could I? The collar wasn't *for* a dog. It was for me – my brother's bitch.

On hands and knees, my ass in the air, I waited and waited.

And, finally, I heard my bedroom door creak open.

My body trembled with anticipation as my asshole brother stepped inside my room. I didn't look at him. Didn't need to. I could feel his excitement in the air. Feel him there, staring at me with that asshole smirk of his.

As he walked up behind me, climbed onto my bed, my pussy quivered.

I was wet. Far more than a sister should be in this situation.

But it wasn't my fault. I couldn't control my body any more. I'd lost that ability a long time ago, surrendered it to my asshole little brother. All I could do was obey. Endure my brother's blissful torments.

When I felt his hand on my ass, I let out an aroused gasp.

He squeezed it, slapped it.

"You know what to say, Tits," my brother said – thumb inching closer to the hole. Close, but not quite there. Teasing and toying.

"Please fuck me ass," I said, closing my eyes tight. "Make me scream."

Painal. That'd hurt, right? Especially with no lube.

It'd burn, sting.

Just the thought of it sent electricity through my body, desire and longing and desperation. Ripples of static pleasure, enough to almost make me lose control. And he hadn't even touched it yet, let alone gotten his dick out and-

Something hard pressed against my skin.

Not a finger. Far too big for that. And far too familiar.

With how often he'd been using my body, I was plenty familiar with the sensation of his cock against my skin.

One hand on his cock, the other on my ass, my brother guided himself to the hole he'd promised to ruin. My asshole puckered as his cock pressed against it. At first, it remained firm, refusing to open for the object pressing against it. But my brother would not be denied. He pushed harder, hand digging into my ass-cheek as my tight, little anus began to spread open.

He didn't stop as his cock's head forced my asshole open.

He didn't stop as I groaned and gasped and winced.

My insides felt like fire as he pushed in deeper, filling my poor little hole with his cock. Ripples of pain spread out from where his cock impaled me – pleasure radiating outwards, filling my body from head to toes. Electrical, intense pleasure.

I buried my face in my pillow, bit down on it to stop from crying out.

As my brother began thrusting, I lost myself in the burning pleasure.

He'd done this to me.

Somehow, he'd made me into what I am.

A pain loving slut. A girl who craves humiliation and degrading. A brother-fucking bitch-in-heat.

I still had no idea how he'd done it. But I knew it was him.

And there was nothing I could do about it. Nothing, that was, except continue. Accept what he'd done to me and let him use and abuse me, enjoying it all the while. It wasn't like I could fight back or resist.

The only time I was ever able to feel sexual pleasure and gratification was when my asshole brother let me.

When he'd ordered me to walk around outdoors wearing nothing but a long trench-coat and some shoes – a single layer of clothing between me and complete nudity – I'd complied. When he'd taken a black marker and written 'slut' and 'bitch' and 'brother's cumdump' over my breasts and body, told me to keep the writing there under my clothes as I went about the rest of the day, I'd done so – feeling the words there on my skin the entire day.

Once, he'd complained that he didn't have enough money. That he might make me whore myself out, give him all the cash I made as extra 'pocket money'. The words had aroused me as much as they terrified me. Or, more like, they aroused me *because* they terrified me.

I had no power, not control, when it came to him.

So, when he came into my room one night, collar and dog-leash in hand, a smirk on his face, I didn't even try fighting it.

I put on the collar, got on my hands and knees, let him attach the leash to the collar, crawled after him as he led me downstairs and out of the house.

Cold. It was a chilly, cold night.

My bare skin prickled with goosebumps. My hands and knees aching from crawling on the hard street. Houses lined either side, lights on in so many windows.

My brother didn't seem to mind. A wide, self-indulgent smirk curled his lips. He pulled on the leash, tugging me forward by the throat. If I slowed down too much, he gave the leash a harsh yank.

Within a few minutes of the walk, I was panting. My body trembled with arousal. The warmth inside me tingling against the chill on my skin. Fluid drained down my legs, chilly in the dark night's air. I didn't look back, but I could almost imagine the trail of cum I was leaving behind myself.

When we reached a particularly dark part of the street – no house lights on either side, only a street-lamp for illumination – my brother stopped, turned to look at me.

"Heel," he said, dark eyes glittering in the dim light.

It was a dog command. He wanted me to act like a real pet.

I did as I was told, went from hands and knees to sitting on my bottom, knees to my chest.

My brother smiled.

"Speak," he commanded next.

Blushing, I opened my mouth.

"Woof woof."

"Roll over and play dead," was the next order he gave.

I obeyed instantly, rolling onto my back – ignoring the freezing cold floor – and put my arms and knees in the air.

My nipples were hard, breasts held between my elbows.

"Good girl," my brother said, sending shivers of delight through me. "Stand and beg."

At his command, I rolled back onto hands and knees, began whining at him.

Hearing those noises come out of my mouth, sounding more animal than human, made my body tremble. The embarrassment welling inside me, the shame and arousal, was almost too much. I hadn't even been touched yet, and I was on the verge of climaxing.

My brother chuckled, reached into his pocket and pulled something out, tossed in onto the ground in front of me.

A hard, brown, biscuit-looking object in the shape of a bone.

A dog treat for me being a good bitch. Knowing my asshole brother, it was probably a real, actual dog treat. Not meant for human consumption.

I leaned forward, picked it up with my teeth, began chewing on it.

Soon, the only sounds that could be heard on the street were the hum of the street-lamp and a faint crunching sound. The dog treat was, surprisingly, not that bad tasting. Crunchy and hard, grainy in texture, but not the worst thing I'd ever eaten.

After I'd gulped the last of it down, my brother reached down patted my head. I beamed up at him, felt a wave of affection and satisfaction. I'd pleased him.

Just knowing that sent shivers of pleasure through me.

I thought the walk would end there. That my brother would take me back home and that'd be the end of it.

Instead, he had one last humiliation for me.

"After eating that treat," he smiled down at me. "Your tummy must be real full. Your bladder too. I bet you really need to pee now, don't you Tits?"

Before he'd spoken the words, I'd been fine. I hadn't needed the bathroom at all. Now, however, I felt it.

I needed to pee.

My brother's eyes drifted from me to the street light's lamp post. When he glanced back at me, his meaning was obviously.

Warmth rushed over my face, through my body.

On hands and knees, I crawled over to the lamp post, closed my eyes, raised my leg.

Our parents knew what was going on. They knew what me and my brother were doing. I mean, how could they not? He fucked me every day. And he made sure I was loud.

They'd have to be deaf to not realise.

No, they knew.

Knew that their son and daughter were having near-constant sex.

They pretended otherwise, of course. Maybe they even tried convincing themselves that it wasn't happening, making some excuses in their mind about what those sounds were when their children were alone in the same room.

I could almost imagine their thought processes.

The pipes. It was the plumbing making that repetitive banging sound upstairs. And those moans and screams, must be watching porn or something. The sound of bedsprings creaking – that must be the kids jumping on the bed like children.

Maybe they were too ashamed to ever bring it up – challenge me and my brother about what we were doing.

Maybe they secretly found it arousing.

As the weeks turned into months, my brother using my body for his every urge and desire, my feelings towards our parents changed.

In the beginning, I was scared of them finding out – the shame and judgement. The look in their eyes.

Within weeks, I wanted them to find out and put a stop to it.

I knew I'd never be able to stop myself. I *needed* my brother to fuck me, to abuse me. Craved it. I knew I'd never be able to willingly give it up – so maybe my parents would save me from it.

When it became obvious that they knew, and had done nothing, I started to resent them.

They could have saved me.

After so many months now, I didn't care any more. Didn't want to be saved. Didn't desire freedom from my little brother. All I wanted in the world was to please and pleasure him. To make him happy, serve him as his own personal cum-dump sister.

It was during a family dinner that my last ounces of resistance faded away.

My parents refused to meet my eyes, made awkward small-talk as my brother ate silently. I had a fork in my hand, a sausage impaled on it. And all I could think at that moment was how much I wanted a different sausage in my mouth.

My next thought was that our parents knew. Even if they'd never mentioned it or brought it up or challenged us, they knew what me and my brother did.

What was the harm in having the sausage I *really* wanted to eat?

I dropped my fork on the floor, mumbled some excuse about picking it up, climbed off my chair and disappeared under the table. Ignoring the discarded fork, I crawled over to my brother, began unzipping his trousers.

At first, our parents must have been confused. How long does it take to pick up a fork?

When the sounds of slurping and gagging began echoing through the dining room, any confusion vanished. They *knew*.

I kept going, not stopping.

Above me, my brother started talking. Telling our parents about his studies, how well he was doing.

A cock-filled smile appeared on my face at the awkwardness in my mother's voice as she replied.

I wanted to laugh.

I wanted to climb onto my brother's lap and have him fuck me in front of them – show them just how naughty and depraved their daughter had become. I wanted to show them who I belonged to, who my body belonged to. I wanted to look in their eyes as he choked me and spanked me, defiled me. I wanted them to know my new name, call me by it like he did. Tits.

There were so many things I wanted.

And, deep down, I knew exactly why I wanted them.

Because they were what my brother wanted, too.

And whatever he wanted from me, he always got.

I removed my trousers and panties, spat my master's cock out of my mouth, climbed out from under the table and sat on his lap – facing towards our parents. And, with a smile on my face, I lowered myself onto his cock.