

Pleasurable Pain

Nothing. Nada. Zilch. Not even watching the craziest, most intense porn I could find had any effect. I was still dry down there. There was more moisture in a desert than between my legs.

Two weeks, and not a single droplet of arousal.

It was agony.

Before this drought, horniness had been my constant companion. For better or worse, it was always there – tickling at me, tempting me. Sitting in church, ignoring the sermon and imaging one of the fit guys around having his way with me – stewing in the discomfort of my own juices. Or laying in bed at night, unable to sleep for all the naughty fantasies that wouldn't go away – forced to touch myself and release the building excitement, and then have to change my panties before going back to bed.

I touched myself daily. Multiple times a day, in some cases. Just a few weeks ago, I was under the full sway of my teenage hormones. There were times when I literally started salivating at just the thought of a guy's cock.

And then, one day, it stopped. The horniness disappeared. I stopped getting wet, stopped feeling any form of arousal.

It was hell.

You'd think not getting aroused constantly would make life easier, right?

Wrong.

I still needed to get off. The hormones were still there, eating away at my sanity. I still needed to touch myself, my body still wanted to get thoroughly fucked. I just couldn't *feel* it.

Like when your belly growls and you know you're supposed to feel hungry, but you don't. Only much, much worse.

I clicked on the next video. A girl that looked enough like me that I could imagine myself in her place – long dark hair, perky breasts with cute little pink nipples, shaved downstairs, green eyes open wide as she chocked down a long, girthy cock. There were multiple guys, all hung like horses. The girl was covered in cum, her hair and face, her slightly-too-small breasts.

A few weeks ago, watching this video would have made it impossible for me *not* to get aroused. Fantasising about being surrounded by cock like that, I could feel an echo of the shudder that would've passed through me – could imagine how I'd climb under my blanket with two of my toys, spend the next hour acting out the scenes in the video on myself.

Yet, for all that I could imagine it, for all that I knew I was supposed to find the scene insanely arousing, I felt nothing.

Just to be sure, I slid my hand down under my blanket, slipped it beneath my panties.

Nothing.

Not a damn thing.

I tried rubbing myself, teasing my clit with my thumb. All I got from *that* was a sharp, dry, stinging pain. No pleasure, no arousal, just my over-sensitive lady-parts.

I pushed my laptop aside, rolled onto my stomach, groaned into my pillow.

All I wanted was to get off. To enjoy myself.

Was that too much to ask for?

The next morning, I wandered the house like a zombie. Lifeless. All energy gone. If I couldn't enjoy a good orgasm, what was the point? If I couldn't enjoy my dildo collection, why even bother with being alive at all?

My morning only got worse with my shit-head little brother showed his face. Rare for

him to be awake so early during the holidays – he usually slept 'til past noon. And, true to form, the first thing the creep did when he saw me was do a double-take, staring at my body without a hint shame.

I glared at him, but he didn't seem to care.

“Hey Tits,” he said, grinning.

His nickname for me. The little shit. He only used it when no-one else was around to hear it.

I ignored him. That was all I could do.

As he walked over to me, my body stiffened automatically. As expected, he reached out as he passed, pinched my ass.

A spike of pain shot through my bottom, a slight stinging. I spun, hand raised to slap him.

Then it happened.

My thighs trembled, pleasant warmth spreading through my body. A tiny tingling between my legs. My whole body quivered, a soft sigh escaping my lips. I could feel a wet-patch on my panties, one that was swiftly spreading.

I pushed passed my dick-head brother, rushed to my bedroom.

By the time I got there, the sensations were reaching a boiling point. I slammed the door shut behind me, practically tore off my clothes and dived onto my bed, hand shooting for the box I kept hidden under it.

I grabbed the first toy my fingers touched, brought it up between my legs. God, I was wet.

Where the fuck had *this* come from?

Toy pressed to my opening, I closed my eyes, enjoying every little sensation as I slowly penetrated myself with it.

I lay in bed afterwards, panting. The toy was still inside me, still filling me. I left it there, enjoyed the tingles of electricity as it gently vibrated inside me. God, I felt amazing.

I felt like a starving person eating for the first time in days. I felt *alive*, happy, content.

This was the feeling I'd been missing.

Finally, I got to experience it again.

In the back of my mind, a question prickled at me. Why now? What had triggered the flood of arousal? I ignored the question, set it aside for later. All that mattered in that moment was the pleasure. The pure bliss.

Fuck, cumming felt good.

The rest of the day passed in a happy daze. My parents probably thought I was high on something. I probably was. High on several amazing orgasms. It was like the two weeks without had all added up together – weeks of build-up released over a few godly minutes of pure, unrelenting pleasure.

Not even my brother's shit-head smirking and leering was enough to dampen my mood.

I felt *that* amazing.

When bed-time came, I was almost excited to get back to my bedroom. I'd open up my laptop and go back to that video I'd tried touching myself to last night. Only this time, I'd actually be able to enjoy it! I'd get two or three of my favourite toys and...

Nothing.

I could feel it. The absence of arousal. The lack of horniness.

It was gone again.

I rushed to my room, searched for porn on my laptop, tried touching myself. Dry. I was back to being unable to arouse myself.

I wanted to scream.

I wanted to cry.

What the fuck was going on? What was wrong with me?

Not like I could see a doctor about it, either.

'Hey Doc, I know you've got serious work to do – lives to save and all that jam – but I really need to fuck myself with my large collection of dildos. Do you have any drugs that could, ya know, get me super aroused or something?'

I face-planted my pillow, screamed in frustration.

The pillow muffled the sound.

Ugh!

I couldn't take this. Not another two weeks of drought. Please, for the love of god, don't let it last that long again.

Six days later, I'd all but given up on life. I was ready for a lightning bolt from above to come and end my misery. Six days. Not even an echo of that last orgasm remained. Not a single shred of arousal since then.

Nothing I could find online – no kink, no matter how extreme it may be – did the trick. I was perpetually dry. Unendingly unaroused.

Shoulders slumped, feet dragging on the floor, I ambled through the house like a ghost. I might as well have been a ghost, for all the physical pleasures I could no longer enjoy. Life couldn't get worse. It was impossible.

Or so I thought.

I walked to the bathroom, stripped down and climbed into the shower. At least, I thought, I could enjoy the feeling of warm water trailing down my body. I always did love taking showers. Back before my 'happy place' had involved ramming foreign objects up my cunt, it'd been here. When I'd been an innocent girl, back before I ever started masturbating, the shower had been my 'happy place' - the one area of the house I could go to avoid my asshole prick of a brother.

How times change.

I didn't notice the bathroom door creep open. With the sound of running water in my ears, I didn't hear the shower door slide open behind me. Eyes closed, enjoying the warm water on my naked body, I didn't see the reflection on the shower-head.

I had no warning, no chance to defend or brace myself.

My little brother's hand crashed into my backside, palm outstretched.

Sharp pain shot through my butt-cheek as the loud sound of a spank echoed in the bathroom. I jumped, yelped. I spun on my brother, slipping on the wet shower floor and falling backwards against the wall.

His eyes roamed my water-soaked body, taking in the sight of my breasts, my crotch. Then he fled.

I screamed, though we were home alone.

As always, he'd get away with it.

My ass stung, a red hand-print marking the round cheek. It hurt. A lot. I resisted the urge to shout, to swear and cry. I fought off the...

My thighs trembled. Warm tingles spread through me.

It was happening again.

"Fuck! Yes!" I gasped, increasing my speed even more. "Fuck! Fuck! Oh God!"

I drilled my fingers inside myself, curling them to rub my magical spot even as my thumb squeezed and toyed with my clit.

Another orgasm was coming, pressure building.

I couldn't think, couldn't focus. All that mattered was the pleasure. The amazing, erotic pleasure.

My insides tightened, electricity exploding inside me. All at once, the pressure released. Hot tingles shot through my body, curling my toes, my back, sending spasms through all my muscles at once. I lost myself in the explosion of pleasure, fingers trembling inside me.

"Holy shit," I gasped. Words forming on my lips as they entered my mind. "Jesus Christ."

Minutes later, when the orgasmic glow began to fade, my mind started to work again. The shower was still on, sprinkling water on me, washing away the evidence of my activities. My back was pressed to the cold tile wall. The only part of my body that didn't feel cold was the ass-cheek my brother had slapped. The pain had faded, replaced with a radiating warmth.

Was that what had triggered my arousal? Pain?

Both times I'd felt it had been after my shithead brother hurt me in some way. A pinch the first time, a slap the second.

Was pain the answer to my problem?

Hope blossomed inside me.

A little bit of pain was no problem. No problem at all.

Pain, it turned out, was not the answer. At least not the pain I'd tried inflicting on myself. A pinch here, a slap there. Neither worked. The dryness had returned and no amount of self-inflicted torture seemed to be enough to make it disappear.

I had a sinking feeling as the thought occurred to me.

What if I only got aroused when someone else hurt me? What if it only worked those two times because it was my brother who'd inflicted pain on me?

What if I needed him to hurt me in order to get aroused again?

That, I had to admit, was not a happy prospect.

For days, I mulled it over – making sure to avoid the asshole as much as I could. No matter what I tried, I couldn't arouse myself again. Finally, when the waiting got too much, when I couldn't take it any more – I *needed* to cum – I went in search of my brother, feeling a sinking doubt in my gut.

What if I was right? What if I could only get aroused if he hurt me somehow?

What would my life be like if that were the case?

I dreaded to think.

I found my brother, unsurprisingly, in his bedroom. He looked up as I entered, leering at my body.

"What's up Tits, come to suck me off before bed?"

I cringed, even as a tingle shot up my spine.

"Do you know where my phone is?" I asked, making up an excuse to be there. "I can't find it."

"Nope," my brother smirked. "I'll help you find it if you flash your udders like a good little slut."

I turned, walked away.

My face was warm. I was blushing, I knew. That was expected. My brother was an asshole – he was bound to be a prick. What I wasn't expecting was the dampness between my legs at his words.

He hadn't touched me this time, and still my body was reacting. What the fuck was going on?

I rushed back to my bedroom.

I asked my best friend to spank me. She didn't ask why, or if I was okay, she just did it. Hard. And I felt nothing. Well, I felt pain. But I didn't get aroused. So it wasn't just *anyone* who had to hurt me.

Next, I asked a random guy on the street to pinch my arm. All I got from that was a phone number to not call. No pleasure, no flood of horny arousal.

It seemed that only my brother could do it.

What the fuck was wrong with me?

I resisted for a whole week - seven excruciating days – before I caved and went in search of him again. He didn't touch me, but instead called me 'slut' and 'fleshlight' and, of course, 'tits'.

The more he degraded me, the hornier I got.

I rushed away to my bedroom and dildoad myself to half a dozen amazingly wonderful orgasms.

Whatever was wrong with me, I didn't know how to fix it. I looked it up online, couldn't find any answers. All I could do was search out my shithead brother every time the need to get off got too bad – stand there and accept his vitriol and abuse, and rush off afterwards to fuck myself to countless breathtaking climaxes.

Worst of all, some small part of me – a part I knew was slowly growing – welcomed my brother's words and actions. Desired them, even. That made me very uncomfortable. But what could I do?

I strutted through the house in a skimpy top and way-too-short shorts. Not because I enjoy looking like a hooker or anything, but because I knew it'd draw my brother's attention. The more revealing the clothes I wore, the worse names he called me, and the more aroused I'd get from it.

It was messed up and wrong, I knew that.

But when the only way you can get off is to be mocked, humiliated, spanked, pinched or groped by your own brother, you took that dive. A life without the simple joys of masturbation was not a life I wanted to live.

I walked into my brother's bedroom struck a pose that showed off my cleavage.

"I'm about to order pizza," I told him. "Do you want some?"

The asshole didn't look up from his laptop.

"No thanks."

Silence.

No insult, no comment on how much of a slut I was? Nothing at all? For the first time in my life, I was upset that my brother *wasn't* being an asshole. *That* was a strange feeling to have.

"You sure?" I asked, pushing down my annoyance. "There's a meal deal and-"

"I'm sure," he said, still not looking up. "Thank you."

'Thank you?'

'Thank you?!'

Where were the insults? The inappropriate touching? Why wasn't he calling me a cheap whore? Why wasn't he getting out of bed to spank me for being a-

No. That wasn't something to get upset about.

I shouldn't be upset about my brother *not* being a dick.

"Anything else?" He asked, still not bothering to look up.

"Uh," I couldn't think of what to else say. How was I supposed to react in this situation. "No."

I left his room, shoulders slumped.

I felt *rejected*.

That was a first.

Two weeks. Two whole fucking weeks. And not once had my brother been an asshole to me. Not one insult, not one pinch or slap or shove. Not even a single leer or pervy stare at my body.

There was a time I would have welcomed this new attitude from him. Just a few months ago, I'd have been overjoyed that my brother had stopped being an absolute shithead.

Now all I felt was panic.

What if he never abused me again? What if I never got aroused ever again?

The rest of my life, never being able to experience another orgasm. That sounded like my own special version of hell. It'd been just two weeks, and I was already losing my mind. I needed to orgasm. I *needed* it.

But I couldn't. Without my brother, I couldn't do anything.

The agony was too much. The waiting for him to return to his old self. I couldn't do it any more.

Feeling more desperate than I'd ever felt before in my life, I went in search of my brother.

He was in the kitchen, fetching a snack.

"Please," was the first word out of my mouth. He spun, surprised to see me standing there in the doorway. I probably looked like a crazy person – my hair a mess, my clothes dishevelled, my eyes filled with desperation. "Please hurt me."

For a moment, there was nothing but stunned silence.

Then my brother smiled.

A smirk of satisfaction. His eyes filled with knowing and glee and lust. A grin that told me all I needed to know.

Whatever was going on with me – the reason I could only ever get aroused when my brother hurled abuse at me – was his doing. It was all because of him. Somehow, *he* had done this to me.

I should have been angry. I should have attacked him and forced him to undo whatever he'd done to me.

Instead, my legs trembled with excitement at the revelation.

I didn't care. Didn't want to know how or why. In that moment, all I wanted in the world was to get off.

"Strip, whore," my brother smiled. "Now."

Pleasure shot through me at his words. Warm ecstasy.

I moved my hands, began pulling off my clothes.

My brother slapped my ass. Pain and pleasure shot through me as one. A beautiful, orgasmic mixture.

"What are you?" My brother asked, squeezing the red hand-print.

"My brother's slut," I panted. "I'm my brother's slut."

He pulled my hair, dragged my head up from my pillow, forced my back to curve as he thrust into me. Pleasure flowed through my body like fire, from my scalp, my ass, my poor, battered pussy.

"You're nothing," my brother whispered into my ear. "Nothing but my toy, Tits. That's all you'll ever be. A pussy for me to fuck."

The words shot through me like electricity.

The pressure was building inside me quickly, ready to explode at any moment. I held it back, fought the urge to cum and cum hard. He hadn't told me to cum yet. I couldn't disobey. I couldn't do anything he didn't like.

If I did, my brother might never use me again.

I bucked back on his cock, fucked and pleased him with everything I had. I tightened myself around his cock, gasping and moaning as shivers of pleasure burned through me.

All I had to do was keep him happy, make him feel good.

As long as I did that, he'd never stop rewarding me.

He'd never stop punishing me.