

## **And Then It Got Worse...**

**by Matterotica**

So this is the story of the most embarrassing thing that's ever happened to me. Now I know everyone has their own embarrassing tales, and I'm sure they're pretty bad, but this one... yeah, it's bad! I'm sure during your own humiliating experience you had that moment where you just thought 'This is the worst thing EVER'. I did too, but I soon found that sometimes when things seem bad... they just keep getting worse!

So I was fifteen at the time and, like most guys that age, I was that dangerous mix of horny and curious. I was a fairly average looking kid really, 5'7", 140 lbs, short dark hair and, the part I was most proud of... seven inches when hard (okay, maybe six and three quarters, but I think you'll excuse me rounding up!)

I had been jerking off since I was ten as that was when we first got Internet access and I learned all about it. Ever since, I had done it at least a couple of times a day. As I got older, the curiosity kicked in and I started exploring other things. I wasn't sure if I was gay or straight, but I found myself intrigued by anal stimulation. At first I was sure that made me gay, based on what guys at school used to joke about it, but it didn't really matter to me, it was something I wanted to explore.

I had started the way most guys probably do, fingering myself. I hit the jackpot. The first moment I felt something pressing on my prostate, I was hooked! From there it progressed as you would expect... everything phallic I could find got used. I had to stop stealing vegetables when my Mum started questioning it. I had fobbed off her questions by saying it was probably my younger twin brothers playing pranks (it helped that they were mischievous little bastards, so it didn't take much to pass suspicion on to them!)

The one problem I found was that while the prostate stimulation felt amazing and made me cum easily, it also made my erection go down. Some internet research showed me that this wasn't completely uncommon, but that didn't really help me, but I found something that did... little blue pills! They're not hard to come by (probably a poor choice of words) so I soon had some arrive in a thankfully discrete envelope.

I couldn't wait to try them out and popped a whole tablet. That was a mistake! I was rock hard for hours and then popping huge erections any time I even moved for the next forty-eight hours! It was kinda fun, but a little awkward trying to conceal them. The next time I tried I decided to cut straight down to a quarter of a tablet. Not only did that quadruple my supply, but it did what I needed. I stayed rock hard for hours and only had the occasional unwanted boner for about twelve hours afterwards. I even stayed hard during prostate stimulation so that was a huge plus!

Now this brings me on to the start of the embarrassing incident. With my love of anal and the tablets to keep me up, I had started seeking new thrills. I had found a sexy little vibrator online that was affordable and had great reviews, so I had ordered it (paying was complicated, but it's dull, so I won't bore you with it!) The day it arrived, with me telling my Dad it was a Christmas present so he wasn't allowed to know what it was, I put it in my room. I didn't get it out straight away as I didn't want to arouse suspicion... or risk being disturbed!

The evening seemed to drag by, but it was finally late enough for me to say I was going to

bed and excused myself, leaving Dad watching TV alone downstairs (he was a single parent as my Mum had passed away several years earlier). Once I got into my room, I popped the quarter-tablet, knowing it would take a little while to work and opened my new toy. I put in some batteries, using top-of-the-range ones I had instead of the generic ones provided... I wanted it to be as powerful as possible!

I stripped off and lay on my bed then deliberately waited, both to build anticipation and to let the pills work. I was already hard anyway, but the last thing I wanted was to try my toy and lose my boner! Once I felt I had waited long enough, I lubed it up, as well as my hole and started pushing it in. I didn't turn it on at first, just enjoying the feeling of it sliding in and out of me, but then I clicked it onto the first setting.

A gentle buzz filled my rear, making me tingle down there. Whenever it touched on my prostate, I felt my whole body twitch. Excitedly, I turned it up to the next setting. The vibrations intensified and I had to bite my lip to stop me yelling out. My cock was throbbing and quickly started oozing pre-cum, twitching out a heavy glob as I turned the vibrator up to full.

I wanted to grab my cock, to stroke it and shoot a load but I knew I had to resist. I knew if I came from just the prostate stimulation alone it would be so much better. I started thrusting it in and out, removing it all the way then pushing it in as far as I could, doubling over with each inward push. And then... it disappeared! I figure I must have pushed too hard, or maybe my fingers slipped from the lube, but it popped inside me, my hole snapping shut behind it.

“Oh shit!” I called out. I felt it inside me, seeming to settle into place... pressing firmly against my prostate. I knew I needed to get it out, I knew I was in trouble but it just felt so good that all I did was lay there, letting the vibrations push me closer and closer to cumming. Finally it happened, my cock erupted without a single touch. It bounced back and forth wildly, convulsing as shot after shot of cum sprayed all over me. I just grabbed handfuls of material as I lay on the bed, writhing in pure ecstasy. It was beyond anything I had ever felt before!

Then the orgasm began to subside, but the buzzing most certainly didn't. I can't describe how it felt. Have you ever tried jerking off right after you cum, but you can't because it's too sensitive... it's not quite pain, but not quite pleasure either. Well that's what this was like, but on the inside. I reached down for my hole, pushing my fingers inside, desperately hoping I could reach it but I just couldn't get a grip on it, I just couldn't bend that way. I tried pushing it out internally, but when I tried it just sent a shot of pain through me, it was obviously lodged against something.

I lay there panting and involuntarily twitching as it continued to send strong vibrations through my entire lower body. I knew I needed help, but the thought of asking for it was humiliating. I swung my legs round off the bed and tried to stand, but the movement simply pressed the vibrator into exactly the right spot to send ripples of pleasure through me. My legs already felt weak, so this new wave just made them completely collapse beneath me and I flopped to the floor. I managed to climb up onto the bed and lay down. I reached down off the bed and grabbed a t-shirt and a pair of shorts. It was going to be embarrassing enough telling my Dad what had happened without having to do it naked! It was almost torturous trying to pull the clothing on, each movement pushing the vibrator against my quivering prostate.

Finally dressed, I called out, “DAD!”

I heard him running up the stairs. I could feel my face already burning red just at the prospect of explaining my problem. He burst into my room, looking worried about my panicked call.

“Steven?” he said as he came in. He saw me convulsing a little, presumably thinking I was in pain and asked, “What's wrong?”

“Ah.” I moaned as I tried to talk. I felt so embarrassed I wanted to die. “Dad... I've got something... stuck... up...” I couldn't bring myself to say it.

“Up?” he asked, looking at me in confusion and fear. “Oh, right!” he said, his eyes widening with realisation. “What is it?”

And.... then it got worse! The vibrations were too much for me. The erection, already obvious and clearly not going anywhere, started moving as I pumped out a second load inside the shorts, the fabric darkening as it soaked in. I moaned with pleasure, unable to do anything else, virtually crying over having my Dad see me like that. He just stared.

“It's... it's... a... vibrator!” I gasped.

“And it's still on?” he asked. He actually smiled. The bastard was actually finding it amusing. I wanted to hit him, but the the thought of moving right then was simply impossible.

“Yes!” I replied angrily. I had to grab the front of my shorts. My cock head was already sensitive from the two orgasms and the wet material rubbing against it felt torturous.

“I'm gonna have to get you to hospital!” he said.

“No.” I moaned, gasping desperately.

“Well I can't do anything myself, I've got to. Go down to the car.” he instructed.

“I'll try!” I said, I imagined I might have to actually crawl.

“I'll got and wake your brothers!” he said, turning away.

I looked at him in panicked shock. “What? Why?” I demanded.

“Because I'm not leaving two ten-year-olds home alone!” He insisted, looking back, then carried on out of my room.

That's right, my two little brothers were going to know all about it, and worse still, actually see me in my orgasm-ravaged state. I turned and tried to stand again, taking it much more slowly this time. I managed to make my way out of my room to the top of the stairs. I looked at them, terrified. I knew it was going to be a problem before I even started.

I took the first step. Stretching one leg down made the vibrator push into the magic spot again and I gasped, quickly bringing down my other foot onto the same step, relieving the pressure just a little. I continued like that, one step at a time, gradually edging my way down. What made it worse was that as I looked down at each step, what I could mainly see was my own erection tenting my shorts, the head clearly visible as it stretched against the

wet spot.

I was just a few steps from the bottom, when I heard Ethan and Andrew's door opening and the two boys came running out, dashing down the stairs behind me. They pushed me to one side, barging past as I stood there, frozen.

“Hey, what's going on? Dad said...” Andrew started, then stared in shock at my crotch. I wanted to cover up, but I had both hands tightly gripped onto the handrail to keep me standing. “Holy shit!” he yelled as he saw the tent.

“ANDREW!” Dad shouted from upstairs as he heard Andrew's exclamation.

“SORRY DAD!” he shouted back, then looked at Ethan and giggled before they both turned their attention back to me.

I went down another step, moaning with unwanted excitement at the feeling.

“Dude, I think you've got a boner!” Ethan said, smirking.

“Get in the car!” Dad yelled, walking down behind me.

Ethan and Andrew recognised my Dad's tone and knew not to argue with him, so they dashed to the front door and went outside. Dad squeezed past me then looked back and obviously saw how much I was struggling. He reached up, put his hands under my arms and lifted me down the last couple of steps, smirking as he looked down at my huge bulge.

“Stop laughing!” I demanded, furious at his amusement.

He said nothing, but helped me outside, locking the door behind us. I hadn't even put on shoes, the thought of bending down to try and put them on filling me with dread so I remained barefoot. The ground was cold and somehow made me feel even more exposed. The cold air quickly chilled the wet patch, sending a new sensation through my cock.

Dad opened the door and I manoeuvred myself into the seat, but as soon as I sat I yelled out. “Fuck!” and jumped back up.

“What's wrong?” Dad asked, turning back to face me.

“He doesn't get yelled at for swearing.” Andrew muttered from the back.

“I can't sit down. I think I need to lay!” I said. Had I been alone, and enjoying myself, I'd have happily sat down. The vibrator sent buzzes of pleasure through me unlike anything I had ever felt, but there was no way I was going to endure that all the way to the hospital with my Dad and brothers watching.

“Andrew, get out and take the front seat. Steven, lay in the back.” Dad instructed.

Andrew jumped out and took the front seat while I sat in the back, then lay across the back seat. My head ended up resting on Ethan's lap and I put my feet on the end of the seat, with my knees bent so dad could close the door.

We started driving and the movements of the car simply added to my pleasure. I was moaning and panting while Ethan just stared down at me.

“What's wrong?” he asked.

That was when I realised Dad obviously hadn't told them the full details, which was at least a minor relief. I said nothing back to him.

“What is it?” he asked again.

Then Andrew joined in from the front. “What's wrong with him?”

Still getting no response, they started what I like to call their 'endless question routine'. They would get a question and take it in turns asking it, one after the other, incessantly until they got an answer.

“What's wrong? What's wrong? What's wrong? What's wrong? What's wrong?” It went on and on all while I felt my third orgasm building.

“Oh God!” I whimpered. The material on my cock became unbearable and I knew I was going to cum soon, which would only make it worse and the twins still kept pestering.

“Oh for fuck's sake, I've got a vibrator stuck up my arse!” I yelled at them. I pulled the front of the shorts down, unable to endure it any more just as my cock started spurting out my third load of the night. I wondered how I had any spunk left, but the vibrations were obviously helping to stimulate it and a few thick shots erupted, covering my t-shirt as Ethan and Andrew just stared, then burst into laughter.

I pulled the shorts back over my cock, but quickly pulled them back down again. It just felt too sore. I figured they had both seen it now so there was no harm in it. I closed my eyes, whimpering as the post-orgasm pleasure/pain gripped me again. Although I could still hear them both laughing, I felt Ethan stroking his fingers through my hair, trying to comfort me. It was the sweetest thing he had ever done and even to this day I still love him for it.

“Where are we going? The hospital's that way!” I heard Andrew say from the front.

“Our hospital doesn't have an Accident and Emergency Department so we're gonna have to go to the one in the City.” Dad explained.

That was over half an hour away! I didn't say anything, I don't think I actually could have even if I wanted to, I just whimpered a little more and felt tears running down my cheeks. Ethan continued stroking my hair. I don't think I would have survived the drive without him!

But of course... then it got worse! The car made a sputtering noise and I felt us slowing to a stop, pulling off the road. “Are we there?” I asked breathlessly.

“Erm... something's wrong with the car!” Dad replied.

“No no no no no no no.” I started muttering.

Dad got out and started looking under the bonnet (FYI, that's the hood to you Americans!!). Don't ask me why, he knew as much about car mechanics as he did about quantum mechanics, but for some reason all Dads are required to do it anyway! He popped

his head back in and said, "Sorry, kid. Car's dead. I'm gonna have to call the AA." (Americans, FYI again, that's your equivalent of Triple A, he wasn't calling Alcoholics Anonymous!!) He closed the door and started talking on the phone.

Andrew turned round and looked at us. Ethan immediately stopped stroking my hair. He had always been the nicer of the two, but didn't really like to let Andrew see it, instead letting his twin bring out the more unpleasant side of him.

"I can't believe you stuck a vibrator up your arse!" Andrew laughed at me.

"Fuck off." I whimpered back. I reached out to hit him but the experience had sapped all of my strength.

He grabbed my hand and easily held it down, then looked at my exposed cock. "Looks like you wanna shoot again!" he sniggered.

"Whadda you know, I bet your tiny little dick can't even do it yet!" I snapped back at him, convulsing part way through the insult.

"Be careful how you talk to us." Andrew said, then looked at Ethan to get his support. "We could make this a lot worse you know!"

"Fuck... off." I gasped.

"Right, E, take his hands!" Andrew ordered. His twin obeyed, taking hold of both of my hands. I struggled against him weakly, but waves of pleasure continued sapping any fight I had in me.

Andrew reached back and slipped a hand under my t-shirt, pulling a face when he felt the wet patches against his arm. His fingers found their way up to a nipple and squeezed. The extra stimulation felt both amazing and awful. I whimpered again, looking pleadingly up at Ethan who just shrugged. He knew Andrew was in charge.

I thought the nipple teasing would be as far as he would go, but... you guessed it.... then it got worse! With his other hand he took hold of my cock, grimacing again at the feel of the slimy shaft, wet and sticky from both precum and spunk.

I wanted to yell, scream at him to stop but every noise I tried to make stuck in my throat. My eyes were rolled back and I almost blacked out as the boy started stroking. It had only been minutes since my third orgasm, but the internal vibrations, nipple teasing and Andrew's stroking already had the fourth one imminent. I found that instead of holding my hands to restrain me, I was squeezing his hands for support and he seemed to be squeezing back.

My cock burst to life again, this time oozing just a few drops of cum onto my bare stomach... it seemed the tank was finally starting to empty. But Andrew kept on pumping. Did he want me to have a fifth orgasm, or was he just enjoying watching me suffer. The post-orgasm suffering started again, but this time it was both on the inside and outside. My entire body tensed, by back arching enough to raise the entire thing off the back seat.

I was wriggling, trying to get away from my little brother's torment, but each move simply increased the internal problem instead.

I started crying, properly crying, heavy sobs broken up only my my tortured whimpers.

“That's enough!” Ethan snapped, smacking Andrew's hand away.

“Geez, I was just having a bit of fun!” Andrew said moodily, turning back round into his seat.

I let go of Ethan's hands and he resumed stroking my hair as I started to calm down, as much as I could with the vibrator still buzzing away inside. His other arm was laid across my chest. I gripped onto it tightly with both hands, pressing my head into his stomach, praying for an end to the terrifying pleasure.

A few minutes later, Dad opened the door, turned the key and the car came back to life. He lifted the phone and said, “Yeah, it worked.” he got into his seat and listened on the phone for a moment before saying, “Yeah, I'll bring it in tomorrow for a check up.” He hung up the phone, pulled on his seatbelt and looked back at me. “We'll be there soon, okay?”

I held onto Ethan the rest of the way, the buzzing teasing at a fifth orgasm but taking its time to build. We finally pulled into car park of the A & E Department and Dad helped me out of the car. Leaning on both him and Ethan for support, we headed inside. There was finally a light at the end of the tunnel!

As we got inside though, we were greeted by a lot more noise than I expected. The place was full. We headed up to the reception desk and the woman asked what was wrong, clearly seeing that I was the one in distress.

Dad took the lead though. “My son has a vibrator.... stuck!”

His words shot through me like bullets, but thankfully the woman was a consummate professional. I found out since that the sort of problem I was suffering from was an all-too-common occurrence so she had doubtlessly seen it all before.

She took some other details. I could feel my face burning as she asked me to describe the toy, just so they had an idea of how big a problem it was and if I might be at immediate risk of harm, or it was just a case of discomfort.

When she had taken all of our details, she advised us to take a seat and wait for my name to be called, but she said it could be a while as there had been a couple of accidents and that staff had to deal with patients with life-threatening injuries before those who could wait. I wanted to shout at her and tell them to help me right away, but when we saw a man getting wheeled in on a trolley covered in blood, I realised that they were being reasonable.

We headed to the waiting area and I found just about everyone was staring at me. It was understandable really. My erection was still there, the tablet was making sure of that, so the strangers' eyes tended to be drawn to that. My clothing was covered in wet patches too. I had covered up again when we reached the hospital but I could already feel the material starting to hurt my cock head.

As Dad, Ethan and Andrew all took seats, I was stuck facing a touch decision. What position should I be in. I wanted to lay down again, more than willing to just lay on the floor, but that would fully expose my erection to everyone in the waiting area. Alternatively, I could stand, but unfortunately that would have the same effect, plus my legs already felt wobbly and the next orgasm was likely to knock me off my feet again. The

third option seemed to be both the best and worst – I could sit. If I sat and leant forward, I could tuck the shorts under my balls to relieve the rubbing, while letting my t-shirt hang down and hide it from view, but sitting meant enduring the absolute most pleasure from the vibrator.

I decided to go with the third option. I sat carefully, taking the empty seat between Andrew and Ethan. I let out an involuntary moan of pleasure as I felt the vibrations inside me. It got a few amused looks from other people waiting and a couple of dirty looks too. It felt like everyone already knew exactly what was wrong with me! I leant forward, pulled down my t-shirt and reached underneath to pull the shorts away from my aching dick.

The relief was incredible as my erection sprang free. The stimulation coming from inside felt amazing and I desperately wished the rest of the world would disappear and let me enjoy it, but instead I was stuck sitting there with a room full of people. I put my elbows on my knees and rested my forehead in my hands, staring down at the ground to avoid the looks I was getting.

I did my best to remain quiet, but I couldn't help the occasional moan or groan. I closed my eyes for a few moments, but opened them again when I heard a quiet dripping noise. With the fifth orgasm painfully close, my cock had started leaking precum again and, free of my shorts, it was now dripping onto the floor. Every drip felt like it echoed around the room, but in reality I was probably the only one who noticed it.

I had been sitting there dreading cumming again, knowing that this time dozens of people would see me instead of just my Dad and brothers, but after an hour of building, I started praying for it. The build up was torturous, the vibrations keeping me right on edge without taking me over. I closed my eyes again, willing myself to cum, not caring who saw, I just needed the release, but still it dragged on.

But then.... you get the idea by now!

“Steven, we're ready for you!” a voice said. I was so happy that it was finally time that I jumped up, forgetting that my shorts were tucked under my balls. As I stood, the movement of the vibrator tipped me over the edge. With my boner poking out between the top of the shorts and bottom of my t-shirt, it started bouncing as a shot of cum emerged. The sensation was so intense that my legs gave way again and I stumbled forward into the young man who had come to fetch me. He held me up, but my cock managed another couple of weak spurts, the cum landing on his trousers.

“Oh God.” I whimpered as I looked up at him. He looked shocked, as did everyone else watching, but I couldn't even bring myself to look.

My Dad jumped to his feet and helped steady me too. Between them, the man and my Dad helped lead me through to a cubicle. As we got in, I looked at the man, then at my Dad and brothers, then back at him.

“Can't we do this alone?” I asked, catching my breath.

“I'm sorry.” the man said. “Because the examination will be of an... intimate nature, and you're a minor, we require parental supervision. Hospital policy.” Then he looked at my brothers. “And I'm afraid we can't have minors left unattended either.”

I wanted to cry again.



“I'm going to need you to remove your shorts.” the Doctor requested.

Staring at the ground, I pushed them down, carefully lifting the waistband over my ever-present erection and let them drop.

“And your t-shirt too, as I'll need to examine your abdomen for any signs of distress.” the Doctor said, his expression sympathetic to my embarrassment.

I pulled the t-shirt off too and just dropped it to the floor, leaving me naked in front of my Dad and brothers for the first time in years and in front of this stranger for the first time ever. The Doctor helped me up onto the bed then made me lay back as he pulled on a pair of latex gloves.

“Okay, I'm just going to feel around your abdomen for a minute Steven, just to see if I can feel... the foreign object.” the Doctor said quietly.

“Okay.” I whimpered. I was still feeling over-stimulated from the last orgasm, every inch of me feeling electrically charged.

He placed his hand on my stomach and started applying a little pressure, moving around a little. Unfortunately, the main area he needed to feel was obstructed by my erection. He looked round at my Dad then back at me and said, “I'm just going to have to... move this aside.”

The feeling of his latex-covered fingers on my erection was insane, an entirely new sensation on my already over-excited tool. Holding it aside with one hand, he continued his exam. “Let me know if you feel any pain.” he requested.

Honestly I don't think I could even tell the difference between pleasure and pain at the point. I nodded but then lay my head back down on the bed, eyes closed tightly. He let go of my cock and took hold of it with the other hand, moving it to the opposite side as he continued to press on my abdomen.

I felt my legs starting to shake. His touch was driving me dangerously close to my sixth orgasm of the evening and it took every last drop of my remaining will power to stop myself going off. I was already so maxed out on embarrassment that I didn't think I could feel any worse, but I had already learned not to think that so I did my best to hold back anyway.

Finally he let go and said, “Okay, I can definitely feel it and I don't think it's gone too far. I'll do a quick internal exam and, if I think I'm able to do so, retrieve the object. If I don't think it's safe, then I'll need to send you for x-rays to determine exact location and get a gastroenterologist to help you.”

I nodded without opening my eyes, not knowing whether he was actually speaking to me or my Dad.

“Steven.” the Doctor said. I opened my eyes and looked at him. “I'm going to need to put you in another position for the exam, so if you could just shuffle forward a little and sit up please.”

I did as he requested, watching in dismay as my cock swung from side to side with my

movements, the vibrations causing drops of precum to ooze out and flick off of it. Once I was far enough forward, he lifted the back of the bed to support my back and keep me in a sitting position.

I felt my face burning red as I found myself facing straight at Dad and the twins, who were whispering to each other and giggling. Then the Doctor came to the end of the bed and pulled, two stirrups emerging. "Okay, lift your feet up please." he requested.

I shuddered as I started to lift my legs, the position pushing the vibrator firmly into my prostate. With my feet up and apart, this gave my family a perfect view of my hole. I felt the last tiny shreds of my dignity melting away as I closed my eyes.

The Doctor grabbed a tool and I felt cold metal against my rear, pushing gently inside. "Okay, this'll be better if you can try and relax a little." The Doctor suggested.

I did as he requested, as much as I could with an audience and I felt my hole starting to stretch, expanded by the tool. Perversely, I started thinking about the fun I could probably have with the tools he was using but forced myself to stop when I realised it was arousing me more.

"Okay, it's really not too far in, I should be able to retrieve it myself." he said.

It was the first bit of good news I had had in hours. I almost cried out with relief. Still with my eyes closed tightly, I felt something else going inside me, then the vibrator started to move. As it slid past my prostate, my body tensed and I yelled out, "FUUUUCK!" as my cock spasmed and a few more drops of cum squirted out onto my already sticky stomach.

I couldn't look. I didn't want to see their expressions. I knew they had just seen me naked, hard, hole exposed and orgasming hands-free. I felt like I could never look them in the eye again. But that was it, the ordeal was over. I could hear a vibrating, the toy obviously still turned on when it had been placed aside. I felt the Doctor examining my rear, checking inside.

"Okay, no signs of damage, but we'll make you an appointment to come back in forty-eight hours to check again, standard procedure." he said. "You can get down now."

Reluctantly I opened my eyes, lowered my legs and slipped off the bed. As I looked round to the side, I saw the vibrator and heard it too. The Doctor held out the small metal bowl containing it and asked, "Do you want to keep it?"

My Dad and brothers both laughed as I turned and started dressing. Even with the buzzing gone, my erection lingered because of the pill. An appointment was made for my return visit and we left the hospital with Andrew teasing me the whole way home.

All these years later Andrew still taunts me about it sometimes and takes great pleasure in telling people about it. Ethan's a little more sensitive, but still laughs when Andrew brings it up. Dad is just a typical Dad really, not even acknowledging that it ever even happened! So that's it. The most embarrassing day of my life and the six most incredible orgasms I had ever experienced.

Thanks for listening.