**Cursed**

by Donna M.

I have a problem most people would imagine to be a blessing.  My name is Erica, and I have orgasms.  I don’t mean I have orgasms in bed during sex.  I mean I have orgasms everywhere, and at any time of day.  The slightest provocation can do it: riding in a car on a bumpy road, wearing slacks that are too tight, sneezing, all of these things can do it.  I never set my phone to vibrate.

This condition didn’t come with puberty.  It wasn’t until a few years later that I experienced my first “spontaneous combustion.”  I was still a vagina virgin then, though I’d experienced oral sex and I masturbated as most teens did.  My orgasms were normal, I guess, and I didn’t think of them in any special way until that day in English class.

About halfway through the class period on one snowy winter morning, A snowplow truck drove by the school, performing its relegated duty with a scraping rumble that we all clearly heard—and felt.  In these parts of New England, passing snowplows were often mistaken for small earthquakes by unsuspecting residents.  This rumbling temblor worked its way up from the street, through the foundation, to the floor, and into my chair.

And into me.

The orgasmic contraction was so intense I screamed, “Goddddddddd!” as perhaps it was a religious experience, climaxing like that in the middle of a crowded classroom.  I kept trembling and moaning as the wave swept through me.  Of course I knew what just happened, though I hadn’t known why.  I knew that I was sitting in a puddle.  I also knew without looking that everyone in the class was staring at me, and that I was in big trouble.

I tried to explain the unexplainable to my teacher and then to the assistant principle.  I was scolded, told to behave, with them using words like “proper deportment” and “inappropriate actions,” which they used to imply I had been masturbating.  They just didn’t understand.

Whenever I felt one coming, and frankly I never had much warning, I developed methods of stifling the climax such as biting my tongue or putting my fist at my mouth.  If anyone were truly watching, they would know what was happening, though my methods did nearly eliminate the noise I made.  That was if I felt one coming.

I climaxed during a dance at my Senior Prom.  I was accidently bumped from behind by another dancing couple.  My date, who heretofore had not had the pleasure of sleeping with me, stared wide-eyed as I rubbed against him as a cat in heat would do, and with a shudder, wet my panties.  The music drowned out much of my moaning, though a few people around us did look at me quizzically.  My date was really disappointed that he didn’t get a piece of ass after the prom, since he heard and felt me cum with clothes on.  Poor boy; he wouldn’t be the last to feel that way.

I attended college in Boston, and often had to take the subway.  Some of the trains were okay, but the older Green Line trolleys vibrated a lot, so I left many a wet seat behind, and many puzzled fellow riders as well.  One day standing in a very crowded subway car, so many other riders inadvertently jounced against me that I climaxed with no warning.  My groan was clearly heard by just about everyone.  And everyone stared.  Several passengers sternly looked at a man that was behind me, probably thinking that I’d been molested.  I *had* been molested, but my molester was some physical force of unknown origins.

The condition—I thought it a curse—kept me from some sexual relationships, but I wasn’t celibate.  Eventually, though, I simply drove my lovers away.  The first time I slept with any man, my immediate and serial orgasms were his ego boosters.  Until my lovers realized my problem, they thought they were superbly skilled love-makers and I was completely overcome by their proficiency.  The first time I climaxed in public in their presence, it was a novelty, something to tell their buddies about.  By the third or fourth time, they were supremely annoyed.  There usually were no sixth or seventh times.  I tried warning guys up-front.  They always thought I was pulling their leg, until the first time.

Another side effect was that I grew blasé about sex.  If innocuous little things brought on mind-blowing orgasms, then why would I care about sweaty couplings?  Sure, if I went several days without cumming I’d get horny like any gal, yet even that short a time of abstinence meant that when something did set me off, my vagina was a machine gun—one loud bang after another—until I was exhausted.

During one such spell, I was at the local laundromat doing some wash when I absentmindedly leaned against the vibrating washer as it was in its spin cycle.  POW!  I doubled over as contraction after contraction overcame me.  I screamed so loudly that the other patrons in the place thought I was having a seizure or some other attack.  It was difficult explaining that I was okay, especially after I had four more orgasms before my clothes were dry.  When I got home the crotch of my jeans was visibly wet.  “I bet they thought I’d pissed myself,” I said to the cat.  Thankfully, she didn’t respond.

The only man I ever dated who tried—really tried—to understand my condition was Joshua.  Josh was special, God bless him.  On our first date, he shifted the gearbox on his sports-car and I climaxed.  Right there in his passenger-side bucket seat.  Thankfully the seat was leather and I left no stain.   He glanced at me; perplexed as all men have been when they see (and hear!) it happening for the first time.  Since I’d basically given up lying my way out of these situations, I told him the truth.

“Really?  That was an orgasm?  Wow!” he said, accompanied by a small shake of his head.  “How can I compete with that?”

“You can’t, really, but maybe we can still be friends.”

Most guys would have run away at the ‘friends’ gambit, but Josh didn’t.  Even though I still embarrassed him at times with my unexpected orgasmic outbursts, he stayed with me.  He didn’t pressure me for sex.  I jumped him first.

One evening at his place, I kissed him, and then I came.  He waited patiently for my convulsions to subside.  When they did, I rambled, “Don’t let it go by.  Fuck me.  Fuck me now.  I won’t stop cumming, but that’s what I want.  Do it.”

He ran a fingertip over my clit, and I convulsed again.  He gently removed my clothes; with one touch of my thigh making me scream out.  He was hard.  He placed the head of his cock at my pussy, and I squirted, screaming again, shivering and shaking away.  My vagina’s almost continuous contractions stopped him from fully entering me, even with the copious lubrication I was producing.  He was understanding which, for a man who was trying valiantly to fuck his girlfriend, must have taken a herculean effort.

We dated for a surprisingly long time, but eventually it had to end.  I can imagine that any man who couldn’t solicit an orgasmic reaction from his partner during lovemaking would eventually move on.  How about getting multiple ‘reactions’ yet knowing that they would have happened anyway, and weren’t specifically about him?  Many lovers can’t compete against a fantasy.  How does a lover compete against a washing machine, or a street sweeper, or a pothole in the road?  He can’t.

Like I said, Josh was my most patient lover, but he wasn’t the first.  Can you guess who my first ‘lover’ was?

It was my gynecologist, of course.

I’m in the stirrups.  She begins the exam.  I cum.  Simple.  She was sympathetic, giving me tons of information but no cure.  At sixteen, I told her she was my best lover.  The doctor was not taken aback by it, though I sensed a renewed reluctance to touch me after that day.  She remained my doctor for several years, and I appreciated her for that.

After college (and no longer having to ride the subway) I had to choose jobs based on criteria no other graduate had to consider.   For one, I couldn’t work in any building where I had to take the elevator.  Oh man, the first time in a crowded elevator car was something!

My knees buckled, and I moaned loudly, “Nottttttttttt here!” grabbing my crotch in a futile attempt to stifle what I couldn’t.  Since no one was behind me at the time, my outburst saved some poor slob from embarrassment, or worse.

I still see doctors; specialists who turn out to be not so special since they haven’t cured me.  I think I’ve tried every medicine there is, including a few I think some African witch doctor conjured up in his spare time.  One specialist told me the answer was surgery.  A clitoridectomy.  That’s right, cut the damned thing right out!  I could hear Lady Macbeth now: “Out damned clit! Out, I say!”  The doc couldn’t promise it would cure me, only offering probabilities for success.  I had a vision of seeing odds posted on a Vegas board for Erica’s clit: would the operation do the trick? —Currently 5:2—place your bets!

 Back then I wasn’t ready for so drastic an action.  Things changed after the party.

Several colleagues were going out after work.  A couple of the cuter guys asked me to join them.  No, these two had yet to see my curse in action.  We went to a local bar that was quite loud and raucous.  I enjoyed the atmosphere because in a place like that, if I climaxed, it wouldn’t be as noticeable.  I’d cum twice before one of my female colleagues, Gail, saw it happen.

“Did you just orgasm?” she incredulously asked above the din.

I didn’t want to explain then and there, so I dragged her into the ladies room and tried to explain my condition.  I figured I’d have a sympathetic ear, but instead I had a lesbian one.  She gasped, “You mean you cum without even working at it?  That’s cool!  Can I see?”

Before I could say a word, she had her hand under my skirt and rubbing my pussy through my already wet panties.  I climaxed in spite of every attempt not to, moaning, “Ohhhhhh Goddddddddddd, please don’ttttttttttttt,” but it was too late.

She planted a wet kiss on me, saying, “You *MUST* come with me to Lonny’s apartment later.  You’ll be the hit of the party, oh yeah.”

I’d never slept with a woman, yet the effect of her touch and her kiss lingered within me, and by the time I got back to my chair and my drink, I’d felt two more orgasmic waves crash over me.

I think word got around fast, for when it was time to leave, Lonny and several of his friends, both male and female, begged me to go along.  After a couple of drinks and more than a couple orgasms I barely had a mind of my own, so off I went with the crew to Lonny’s.

Lonny rented a fantastic loft with a magnificent view.  For a while nobody hit on me as I fully expected them to.  Instead, people began to pair up in some natural scheme, kissing and fondling each other.  Gail, Lonny, another guy I didn’t know who was introduced as Bart, and Lonny’s office mate Bill invited me to another room.  It was Lonny’s bedroom.

The quartet seduced me.  By then it was fairly easy, since my crazily charged libido made me cum three more times on the way over.  My panties were completely soaked, a fact not lost on Lonny as he slipped them off.

“You weren’t kidding,” he said to Gail.

“Go down on her,” Gail said in reply.  “I bet she explodes.”

He did—and I did.

I couldn’t stop cumming after that.  I had one cock after another buried in me, humping away, my orgasmic contractions so protracted I hardly knew I was being fucked at all.  Gail practically threw her shaved pussy at me.  I couldn’t help but lick it between throaty moans.  She turned out to be a screamer, which excited the three men so much that since she wasn’t about to let them, they each fucked me again.  I ended up a cum bucket, covered and filled by everyone’s love juices.  I wondered if any other men had joined in, but in my orgasm-intoxicated state I couldn’t tell for sure.  One thing I did know, not much protection had been used.

As with the sex, getting dressed and getting home was a blur.  I called my doctor the next morning for a prescription for one of those morning-after pills.  She chastised me somewhat, but what could she really say, knowing about my condition.  She begged me to return to the specialist, Dr. Smith, worried that the continually occurring orgasms were driving me crazy.

I think she’s correct.

I saw Dr. Smith.  He arranged for the clitoridectomy, and performed the surgery.  It hurt like hell for about a week.  I had pills for the pain, but not for my depression.  A part of me was gone; a part that defined me as a woman, and though I went weeks without a spontaneous orgasm I didn’t feel whole.  Now I viscerally understood how a woman feels after a mastectomy.  I had to suck it up and move on; my life no longer revolving around sex and my accursed reaction to it.

Oh God, it happened again!  I thought I was done with it, but one day I was opening my refrigerator—that’s right, the fridge!—and suddenly my knees buckled and I fell to the floor, orgasmic paroxysms wracking my body.  I cried out as any lover would at the moment of climax, but my moment of bliss was all about pain, not pleasure.  This orgasm hurt like hell.

An emergency call to Dr. Smith’s office brought only questions, not answers.

“Perhaps we failed to get all the nerve endings…”

“Perhaps we need to schedule more surgery…”

“Perhaps a psychiatric examination is in order…”

I guessed that the old “Take two aspirins and call me in the morning” line, for me, had been replaced by “It’s all in your head.”

The next orgasm came, and I simply wanted to die.