

These self-reports show tolerance (need for more extreme stimulation) in connection with Internet porn use. In some cases, the phenomenon only becomes evident when the absence of extreme stimulation for a lengthy period corrects the problem.

I started using porn as a 15-yr old. Same as most of you, I used it once daily. Sometimes multiple times. I never let myself get into any kind of extreme porn. I did notice that over time it took more and more windows of porn to get me excited. Then it came to where I needed a specific genre, or position. I once caught myself looking up obscene types of porn, and then I convinced myself to take a break before it got worse.

My troubles started when I got to college. My freshman year, my penis just shriveled up. I had trouble going to the bathroom. And the overall condition of my penis was just dead. My balls shrunk in, and were rarely hanging out like they used to. I knew then something was wrong. I found though that I could use fetish porn and I would achieve an erection despite the condition of my member.

This led to a pegging fetish. I found that when I stimulated my prostate I could ejaculate. So I started doing this, even though I could not maintain an erection or ejaculate from normal masturbation. This part of my spiral really messed with my head. I was confused as to why I could ejaculate from anal stimulation but not from normal masturbation. This caused me to question sexuality at times. I am sure I am straight, but the first time I orgasmed from anal stimulation alone I felt so guilty and weird. I continued doing this until it lost its novelty and become hard to ejaculate from anal stimulation. I felt as if my prostate had become empty, and my testicles just didn't have anything left to shoot out.

I went for 3 months without masturbating to porn, and this helped me return to normal. I felt alive, and my sexuality had returned. I could masturbate without porn. I would just get in the shower and my little guy would be ready. This however lead me to feel overconfident and caused me to relapse. I started visiting _____ again and it progressed to more porn. I hated myself afterwards, because I knew I had beat it, and I had recovered, and I could maintain normal erection, and I had a normal sex drive again morning boners and all....

I convinced myself that if I had anal orgasms it didn't count, so I continued to prostate massage myself. But this made matters worse and recovery longer. If anyone is interested, I found that when you have a good prostate massage you lose all desire for sex for several WEEKS at a time, it's like all of your manliness is taken out of you. Sometimes it's even impossible to get an erection for days afterwards. I didn't understand these things at the time but now I do.

I believe that many non addicted people will think that porn addiction means that I'm obsessed by watching any type of porn. This is not true at all. I'm sure that people think

that because I'm porn addict it means that I have seen many "famous big money porn movies". This again is not true at all. I have seen probably only 15 movies like that.

I would say that there is two parts in my porn addiction: Searching and watching. Actually I'm more addicted to searching of porn than watching it. I have become extremely selective about porn that I watch and search. When searching something that is very hard to find it starts to take a long time. I estimate that searching takes 80-90% of the time and watching 10-20%. When I find something that is hard to find I get more pleasure.

When people talk about escalation of porn, for me it means this: First I was happy to see some non nude or very soft-core pictures, then I needed more hardcore porn, then something new and more shocking. I was curious to see more and something new. In a same time I wanted to see more specific type of women, specific positions, camera angles, acts... Amount of material that was OK for me was going down a lot. Many times I just couldn't find anything new and good so I needed more genres of porn.. Even more shocking than previous. When I did this searching I was always edging at the same time.

There were moments when I tried to stop using extreme porn but I had no control for my use and relapsed even deeper than where I was.

I used many tabs simultaneously and when I found something good I opened it to another tab to wait. When I had enough of good material, I selected best scene and masturbated to ejaculation. Material that I found during searching process was zero value after ejaculation. I don't watch same video for twice, I always need something new to watch and search.

For me this process of searching and watching became something that nothing else compares. Build up and release from this is something that even normal sex doesn't compare. I remember that years ago I was thinking that sex isn't that good as porn is and it's true. Real women can't compete with porn at least when you are addicted to porn.

I believe that in a same time when watching porn felt great, other things started to feel.. Nothing. I preferred porn over many other things in life. Porn had negative effects to my life and probably more than I know.

I used porn to escape from stress, insomnia, negative feelings, relationship problems, other problems, when I was lonely or bored. Use of porn was strongly rooted to my everyday life. I hope that I can someday live without daily thinking of porn.

I just like watching people have sex. My problem escalated about 18 months ago when I got high speed internet. All of a sudden, I went from just viewing pictures online, to viewing videos and movies online instantaneously. I never really gave it much thought, but after almost daily viewing, sometimes even binging for hours on end watching porn videos, I really began to notice a change in my own personal sex life with my wife. I had never really had any ED problems at all. But

whenever my wife and I would start to have sex, I could not get an erection. Sometimes I would get one, but then it would quickly start getting soft. Sex has been almost non-existent for us. My wife is kind and gracious and says, "That's alright." Oh that is comforting ... almost!!

With the magazines porn was a few times a week and I could basically regulate it. Cos it wasn't really that 'special'. But when I entered the murky world of internet porn, my brain had found something it just wanted more and more of.... I was out of control in less than 6 months. Years of mags, no problems. A few months of online porn...hooked.

I've noticed that when I do succeed in avoiding porn for a week or two, I don't have any problems with erections. Whereas if I look at porn, I can't get it up without it. Trouble is, each time I get better I believe I'm cured, and go back to daily porn/masturbation. I wish I could stay away from it permanently.

Back to the addiction. Not much to say about the masturbation and porn. I did it and looked at it as much as I could all through high school. The next big jump in the addiction came with the Internet. About 1993, I got Internet access with a 2400 bps modem. It did not take long to figure out how to watch all the porn I could want. Started with just pictures. Took a long time to get pics at 2400 bps but I would stay up late a lot. Hours and hours downloading pics. Could not get enough. All kinds of pics.

The more you see the more you want to see. The more graphic, the more bizarre. More. More. More. That is all the brain wants once you get that deep. Then I got a 56k modem. What glory! I got pics so fast now it was wonderful. 56k could not have come at a better time. Wonders of wonders, sites started offering free clips. 3 to 10 seconds long. Oh how wonderful they were. I had 1000s of pics and 100s of clips before Windows 98 came out. This was an everyday thing, as much as I could get.

Well, things synched again; windows 98 and new protocols on 56k made the connection download twice as fast. The clips got longer. My mind thought, "This is even better!" Clips were 10 to 30 seconds long. Got more and more of these. This whole time I ramped up to more and more extreme and stronger porn.

I kept this up for a few years just doing the clips and pics. You could never see it all. There was always something new and more extreme. I always wanted new stuff, and more of it. The Internet made the supply endless.

Then came fast access, free full clips, ultra high resolution images, and more extreme stuff: bondage, bestiality, men with men or viewing just men, then torture whatever it took to get me off. I will say I never did child porn. Though had I not began the process of quitting this addiction, I am sure it would have been a possibility. That thought scares me still.

What I thought of porn though at the time was, "If it is adults, it is not a problem. They decided to do this." So I saw no problem viewing whatever. This escalation kept going. I discovered something new, which was amazing after 15+ years of Internet porn usage. Erotic hypnosis porn. OH WOW! Women under a hypnotist's control doing whatever they are told. The first night, I was up all night - really all night - masturbating to orgasm for hours and hours. I could not get enough of this stuff for months. Then the biggy. I could get sessions from Hypnodommes. I could be controlled like those women in the videos. This was amazing. I got lost in the hypno videos, stories and actual hypnotization of myself. Finally hit me that I had gone too far. I actually started *paying* for videos and hypnosis. I had never done this before, that is, pay for stuff. That finally got me to seek recovery. (I was also suffering from worsening erectile dysfunction...in my thirties.)

The biggest part of this addiction process is the ramp up to more and more. When I say "more," I mean more of everything. More of it. More extreme. Just More. More. You have to have **more**. Nothing else will help except *more*. That is the problem. I guess maybe the root of the addiction. You can not stop here or there. Certainly, you try. I did many times. I decided not to go to those sites anymore. "After all, I have enough videos saved that I do not need to go back." That would last a day or two. The other question I kept asking is, "Why am I watching this? Why am I turned on by this bizarre scene?" Then would come the thoughts "Who cares? Where can I find more? It turns me on so much, I do not care. Just where can I find more." It is always more, more, more, never ending.

The past 8 or so months, I have become extremely aware of my lack of control over masturbation and porn use. I have watched porn for at least 14 years. I am 33 soon. I have degraded into more extreme stuff, a lot of transsexual porn lately. I am not at all attracted to shemales other than the porn, and once I am done, I am actually disgusted by the thought of it. If it is not shemale porn, it is other whacked out straight porn that only degrades women into complete objects. It was a relief reading some of the articles on here that explain it does not really matter what porn's content is, it is just the

stimulation of it, and the need for more extreme and odd things. I am attracted to women, but have felt no real sex drive towards them for years.

My porn use progressed over time. I used to be happy with glamour shots and an active imagination. Then I moved to soft porn pictures. It was not long before I wanted harder and harder images. When I got easy access to videos, I followed the same progression. Simple porn was more than adequate. Over time I wanted to watch more explicit and more extreme porn. Over the years, I have noticed that porn itself has changed. Some extreme acts were never seen just a few years ago, such as ATM.

After reading an article describing porn addiction and looking at my then current behavior, I realized I was addicted to porn. I decided to go cold turkey. As with any addiction, it is tough, but worth it. As time passes I feel less need to look at porn. I am more in tune with my physical sexual response. I am more in tune with my partner when we are playing.

I am a 27 year old gay male and I have a strong belief that I have not developed very healthy sexual behaviour in my lifetime since coming out (around age 20). I feel like the ease of internet use to meet men or masturbate to porn has impacted my understanding of sex so much that I feel lost when given the opportunity to have a rewarding and enriching sexual relationship. Recently, the longest relationship I'd ever had ended. I was in love with him, but I was unable during the entire relationship to really feel that sex lust that I feel in other sexual encounters. If I think about it, I rarely feel that sex lust with re-occurring partners. I usually only am extremely excited about sex when it is with someone new and I barely know them, or their bodies. Furthermore, I have a lot of trouble with cumming with my partners. I have only cum with another person 6 times, though I've had sex plenty. When I am alone, cumming is not a problem. I watch porn a lot to achieve this.

I've been hooked on orgasm since I was 12. I just love the feeling so much. I have them maybe 3 times a day. I just don't know how it's possible to stop. I watch porn, and it has escalated to more extreme material. I guess I may be addicted to the rush. It has been 5 years since my first O, and I haven't had a day off yet, and my relationships have suffered.

[Age 20] My friends were all talking about Internet porn and the incredible erotic movies online. So the very day I got the Internet I went to porn sites. After awhile,

the typical porn wasn't really a turn on, so I shifted over to lesbian porn, which was exceptionally arousing. (Wow TWO women having sex with EACH OTHER?!)

Years passed, and one day while searching for lesbian porn I came across an ad for shemale porn. I can't really explain what happened. I'd never been attracted to it before in my life, but, all of a sudden, the idea of a woman with a penis seemed so...exciting? I don't know if that's the right word. Something just snapped in my head, like it was a new "high." The lesbian porn now seemed ordinary. I could tell something wasn't quite right, because as I masturbated, I actually felt physically sick. I was thinking, "This just DOES NOT feel right, but it arouses me. Why?"

I decided to stop. After a week of no masturbating (VERY hard for this 15-year old boy), I went back to normal porn. My attraction for women and vaginas was great, and arousing again. But then I started looking at "Futanari," artwork of women with a penis and a vagina. This was another "buzz" for me. Then I went back to shemale porn.

These last 4-5 years have been very confusing. Socially, I'm attracted to women and I have no attraction to men. It's almost as if the more I FEAR shemale porn arousing me, the more it does, if that makes sense.

I thought I might be bisexual for a while. I tested the idea while on a night out. I ended up flirting with a girl, and looking at the other women thinking, "That girl just looked at me, great!" and completely ignoring the men. I don't "feel" bisexual in my heart. If I had the same romantic feelings I have for women, for men, I'd be bi/gay in a heartbeat, but the romance, the "naturalness," just isn't there.

However, after masturbating to shemale porn, I worry that I could be gay/bisexual. Weird. 'Cause whenever I'm about to ejaculate, I immediately think of a woman and vagina. I have ALWAYS done this, even when viewing shemale porn. I always imagine myself having sex with a beautiful woman. Deep down I know I'm a straight guy. In real life I can't *not* talk to girls. I'm just drawn to them.

My shemale addiction escalated further, to where I was masturbating to it an average of 4-5 times each day, having no energy and not going out. I stayed at home to masturbate instead of going to college. Then, fairly recently, I was shocked to find a *man* in a shemale porn movie arousing. This was literally the final straw for me, and I began to realize that I actually have a worsening addiction.

This is the stage I'm at now, confused because, after a couple of days of not masturbating, I get aroused by straight, solo girl and lesbian porn. But with shemale porn I can binge longer. I've masturbated like 9-11 times in one day, although the porn gets more and more "taboo" and "naughty," to me, the more I

masturbate. A typical pattern would be 1-3 the videos are straight, 4-6 shemale, 7-9th time they will be gay/me being dominated. It is pretty confusing.

Recently, I went away with my family for 3-4 days and was well away from computer and Internet. I hardly ever thought about shemale porn. I remember walking along the beach thinking it would be really romantic if I had a girl with me.

When I got back home I masturbated to straight porn for a couple of days. Then, back to shemale porn. I bet if I had been born 10 years earlier, and never seen that first shemale ad, this would've never happened, but hey, can't change the past. I'm going to try really hard to change my future though!

[Months later] When I had a relapse of a couple of weeks a while back, lo and behold, I was back on the transgender porn after just a few days, straight porn, which I initially found extremely arousing, no longer cut it for me, which shows it's all just the porn in the end.

With regards to my own situation - the correlation between porn and ED couldn't be clearer - ED hit me from out of nowhere and devastated my psyche. However, I'm glad to say that after cutting out porn and masturbation completely for the past month, everything is returning to normal and I've seriously never felt better.

Here's my story... Im only 23, eat healthy, exercise regularly, and not to sound conceited but I look good. I have no problems being social with women but when it comes time for sex i have an inability to obtain/maintain an erection. I also have a low sex drive. I have to pop sex pills about an hour before a "sexual encounter" and you obviously cant predict all encounters which makes this really inconvenient. All this is having a negative effect on my relationships and self-esteem as a man.

I've tried everything, I went to the doctor – my T levels are normal, blood pressure is fine – he said it might be psychological which is not the answer I wanted. The only time i have no problem getting an erection is when i look at porn. I've been masturbating to porn regularly (4-5x a week at least?) since I was 12 years old and when I stumbled across Marnia's article (at <http://www.psychologytoday.com/blog/cupids-poisoned-arrow/201003/porn-go...>) I connected the dots.

I mean it makes sense, I'm so used to watching these porn fantasies that when it comes to REAL sex my little man wont perform. It's like I conditioned myself to only be aroused by jacking off and watching videos. I also noticed that over the years my erections (even with watching porn) are

becoming less rigid and I'm starting to become desensitized with "normal" porn and have to view stuff that's more "hardcore". This is all embarrassing but at the same time it feels good to get it off my chest and know I'm not alone. I am officially DONE with porn, and damn I wish I would have read your article a long time ago.

Not being able to get it up is just one of the many problems correlated with porn. I remember I was trying to have sex with this girl just a few months ago and I was very attracted to her. I hadn't had sex in months before we started our fling yet there she was in the flesh right in front of me and I could only achieve erection if we were doing it the way I liked, the way I had fantasized about with porn. I knew there was a connection to jerking to porn and my performance problems.

I don't hate porn. I don't blame porn for what happened to me. It was on me at the end of the day. I don't think porn should be banned. I do however acknowledge that it is in my own personal best interest not to watch porn. It's not for me. Most recovered alcoholics can't touch a drink, not one, not a sip. I'm the same with porn. For me, it's a no go. I know as soon as I cross the fence, it's a slippery slope back to addiction. If others want to watch porn, fine. It's just not for me. The problem is, once you've abused something, moderation maybe isn't an option for you anymore.

I'm 25 years old and I've been watching porn the last 12 years. Never really considered myself addicted until about 2-3 years ago, thanks to the rise of tube sites which make porn so easily and freely available. I have always lacked motivation to go out and flirt with real women because porn basically drained all my energy.

My first time with a prostitute was very good. My horniness was stronger than my nervousness so I didn't have any erection problem. However, I noticed something interesting. I was pounding her hard from many positions, but somehow I wasn't mentally excited enough and I didn't feel the need to cum. That is UNTIL she started talking dirty to me, and THEN I was able to cum. I thought about this a lot and then concluded that it was related to porn. I always preferred porn with women moaning and talking dirty. Also, if I'm having sex and the woman is silent, then I have this belief that she is not enjoying herself and that I'm being bad in bed, which makes it harder for me to achieve orgasm.

I continued visiting prostitutes but then I started having erection problems. I became very worried because these prostitutes were VERY hot (they looked like the top porn stars), yet I wasn't able to get it up or at best achieve semi-hard erections. Some things I started to notice:

1) If the prostitute just lay down and let me do all the work, then I wasn't able to get an erection.

2) If the prostitute took control and grabbed my dick and started sucking it, then I was able to get an erection and have sex normally.

So I concluded that porn was definitely the cause of my impotence.

I started the 100 days without orgasm challenge. After 15 days, I couldn't take it. The urge was SO strong that I had to go visit a brothel. I had sex with 2 prostitutes, one after the other, and didn't have ANY erection problems at ALL. Then I went home and masturbated 3 times. 2 days after that, I went to a brothel again, but this time my erection was way weaker and she had to help me out.

I lasted a total of 35 days without porn. Then I somehow convinced myself that I was "cured," or that just a little peek wouldn't do harm. I started to watch porn again, but not very frequently, something like 3 times a week. After some days I had a bad experience with a prostitute. Every time I tried to penetrate her I would go soft. She then tried to make me cum with a blowjob but eventually gave up.

My main fear is that I know that most regular women do not act like porn stars in bed, so I'm afraid that I won't be able to get it up once I find a partner. I am very confused and I really don't know what to do or what plan to take. Some help would be greatly appreciated.

I've also begun to see the effects of excessive masturbation on my life. My attention span when reading has been getting shorter for some time now and doesn't help when you're studying a subject like History where you have to spend most days reading.

I have been masturbating without porn. Results are GREAT! Along with daily exercising, I feel almost balanced again in one week! I could abstain much, much longer by masturbating without porn. I have WAY less withdrawal symptoms and feel great. Before, when I was watching I could abstain 2 days max. But now I have reached a week with ease. Also, I avoid thinking of anything sexual while masturbating, because it's just the same as watching porn.

When I slip [from avoiding porn], I'll slip 90% of the time on straight porn. And 10% on shemale porn. And when I slip on shemale porn, it's because I am on a streak of slipping. You know like when I am sober for 2 weeks. Then something in my mind forces me to go see porn. I am excited, I masturbate. My brain becomes mad, and forces me to go after it every day. Then straight porn isn't enough and I have to go to see shemale porn. And

this usually ends the slip... But 2 days ago I only watch straight then stopped.

I'm 14 days without PMO, and as a result, I'm finding it easier to become aroused more often. Porn really destroyed my ability to become aroused by anything other than the most artificial looking women with the most sexually edgy behavior. As I'm now becoming aroused by more women in more normal situations, something is happening that I had not expected: *I'm feeling more attractive*. I guess if I could only become aroused by the craziest visual images, then my assumption was that women could only find the most sexy, artificial males attractive. As I'm becoming more attracted to normal situations, I'm starting to believe that it's just as likely that they be attracted to me even though I don't look like Fabio. In other words, when I wasn't attracted, I assumed that they weren't. Now that I am, it's easier to believe that they are, too.

Pornography is a big waste of time. I beat it before by canceling my internet. I had to go cold turkey, and it worked. Now, I've got a social life with meaningful friends and a great relationship, but I'm also back on the internet, and I've become addicted again. Nearly all my free time at home is spent online, mostly looking at porn. I keep trying to stop. I delete everything and vow not to go back on those sites, but the pull is so strong that I find myself doing it again and the hours rush on by...

I just wanted to let everyone know that after my abstinence project ended and the dust settled a bit, while things aren't exactly perfect yet, it seems like erection quality and frequency have actually improved, since not only I, but also my (even more) skeptical partner commented on it. I just wanted to lend my experience to support this process [6 weeks of abstinence from porn/masturbation] as a means to overcome porn-induced erectile dysfunction. I think recovery might be simply a matter of letting the undesirable [brain] network [associated with porn and porn fantasy/masturbation] lie fallow as much as possible, while only engaging sexuality in real (loving) sex with someone real. Hopefully, even with more frequent sex I will still continue to improve if I continue to make a conscious effort not to engage in old fantasies, not masturbate at all, etc.

I think a lot of my attraction to other women began at an early age due to the magazines I spent hours and hours looking at and reading. I experimented once with another girl when I was a teenager and liked it, but didn't crave it. Then many years later, many pictures and movies later, my interest in women grew stronger and stronger until it was about the same for both men and women. Then after much more porn and real life experience with women my attraction to them surpassed my attraction to most men significantly. However, after a few years of being monogamous with my

husband again and almost porn-free, I'm finding my attraction to women slowing down while still having the same attraction for my husband as I've always had.

I discovered Internet porn at 16 or so. At first anything got me off, but over time my tastes starting getting more specific to the point of forming fetishes. I assumed that this was somehow a natural effect of getting older, not linking it to the porn. Without my noticing, it obviously seeped over into my views of flesh and blood women and what turned me on. I couldn't have believed it until this recent experiment. In the second week without porn/masturbation I began to notice women's faces and voices more. A LOT MORE. Less then 2 months later, it no longer takes my past fetishes to get me excited. (Wow!) A certain glance, a giggle is all I need.

Wow...when I sit here and think about how much porn has shaped my view on sex/dating/ bachelorhood... I've gone from dating hot, quiet, soft girls (before porn) to loose, half-naked sluts (after porn took root). I became a slaaave to looks ONLY! Brains/smarts/family plans are NEVER my concern. Over time, this has made me bitter. Jealous with women. This has lead to several "half in-half out" relationships. I never could understand where/why the disconnect was there. I never could understand why after porn, the good girls just seemed "boring", too much work, flawed. While the sluts, the ones who never say "no" were angels. Thought for the day, kids: You ARE what you EAT! Good or Bad!

With porn I just want more and more. I would like to have a healthy emotional life and porn does the opposite for me.

I feel sorry for future generations, I really do. When I was 14-15 years old I didn't have free access to high definition videos with super models engaging in orgies with oil all over their bodies. Imagine being exposed to that kind of stimulus at such a young age? Poor guys, they're going to be impotent at 20. =(

I'm 31 now, I've been masturbating to porn for at least 16 years and this problem has only worsened since the computer internet age, so at least the last 8 years I've been bashing my way though millions of images and films, slowly getting more and more depraved as I went.

I've been watching porn for 12 years but I became heavily addicted 3 years ago when I discovered POV and shemale porn with the rise of tube sites.

There's something about those 2 types of porn that just make me lose control.

I'm suffering from ED now, too. Funny thing is that within the last year the amount of porn induced erections/orgasm has gone through the roof, averaging 2x a day, everyday, sometimes up to 4 or 5x. After that I noticed I couldn't hold my erection while making love with my wife...awful.

What ruined my last relationship was that she was not as attractive as my masturbation fantasy. We tried to have sex several times, but I could never get aroused. I only got an erection with her when I visualized a fantasy from the internet while with her. She eventually was hurt and left me. [But there's good news too. Two weeks of no ejaculation and...] When I see a woman walk by in a nice skirt or dress with long hair, I get that physical rush of energy. It used to be I needed a stronger pornographic fantasy from the internet to get any type of arousal.

I watched a documentary on guys with extremely expensive and realistic "love dolls." What struck me was that one guy had like ten of them. He had so many that he was running out of room in his home to store them. Even though these were dolls, he had already started to see them as girls he had spent enough time with and was now ready for new (fake) genetic opportunities. Probably why guys collect so much porn. We think we have found the greatest porn of all time, but after seeing it a few times you never go back. I have tons of jpeg images that I collected, thinking I was amassing some wonderful database of pleasure. But really I can't remember ever actually going back and looking at them again. The fun part is the NEW image, the novel image, or maybe, the novel love doll.

I've started speaking to my ex again last couple of days. We had a good conversation about my addiction. She had no idea I had this problem. Nor did I, though. She mentioned how I had appeared distant during sex, and I explained to her that it was the addiction that led me to be that way. Though we had trust issues, I think my addiction really affected our relationship. I said to her that her thoughts of me having an affair were not helped by the fact I was in part having an affair...with porn. She seemed to understand this and how it had made me distant, not because I was not interested in her sexually but because *I had been so over-stimulated that she would have needed to be juggling with her feet, sucking off a horse and rimming a tranny for me to be stimulated during sex with her.* Now that I'm enlightened to this, it makes me rethink the whole situation. At the time I thought it was just all her fault, her paranoia and her problem, whereas it seems I was behind it all along in part.

Unlike externally administered drugs like cocaine, heroin, marijuana.... in which after a certain period of addiction, you need more stuff to have the same results.... with "orgasm," you just need a different kind of the same stuff in multi-variate form. Orgasm needs a novel, weirder, never seen before kind of imagery, which may not necessarily be higher up on the pornographic scale. It just needs to be different. And unluckily, when you're in that spiral, it's just so easy to find a different video—even on YouTube.

I thought porn was harmless. It felt good. I liked it. I certainly wasn't getting any real life girls and nobody got hurt. If anything, I was just practicing for when the right girl came along. I wish I could go back and tell my 12/13 year old self what I was doing to myself. I feel so neutered right now. I wish I could go back to looking at a girl and feeling, "Wow, she's pretty. I'd like to get to know her better and form a relationship." rather than, "Hmm... 5' 7" Caucasian, 130 lbs, B-cup with medium brown hair. Reminds me of the girl in Backdoor Angels 5." And feeling no desire or interest for her because she isn't being with 15 guys at the same time. Sigh. Just waiting for those memories to fade away hopefully and natural feelings to return.

I find that the sexual gratification of masturbation aided by pornography far exceeds pleasures of copulation (or other practices) with a partner. I have reason to believe that this conclusion is widespread among the sub-population of self-identified chronic masturbators. I am an active participant in several masturbation-focused Internet groups, and [moderator of one](#). Masturbators frequently report a strong preference for masturbatory practices, even when continuing in an active relationship with sexual partners. Many go so far as to abandon partner sex even while the partner remains available and willing.

Far from just "rubbing off," chronic masturbators generally engage in a practice we call "[edging](#)": bringing ourselves to the brink of orgasm repeatedly, without ejaculation. We can sustain extremely high levels of sexual arousal literally for hours, and freely explore our most intimate and personal sexual fantasies. These gratifications might be possible with a highly compatible and supportive partner, but I think most partners either tire of the activity or diverge into their own sexual fantasies long before the chronic masturbator is fully satiated. So edging-masturbation provides arousal difficult to obtain otherwise. The potentially addictive nature of edging should be obvious. It is highly significant to hear chronic masturbators openly acknowledge their addiction and at the same time express willingness and desire to become "more addicted."

I started experimenting by cutting down on my porn use. Instead of masturbating to orgasm several times a day, I noticed that if I did maybe once every other day, two things would be true:

1. I would cum more
2. I would be more turned on by less extreme material.

I was escalating into some of the worst porn, and even then I wasn't getting much relief, even after wasting hours a day. Now that my brain is more sensitive (a few weeks porn-free) I don't need such intense porn, but if I started again it would only be a matter of time before I'd be in the same position. And then what? I am only 24-25 years old.

I noticed that just watching the sexy girls (with clothes) was much more exiting after my abstinence period than when I was "deep" into hard-core porn. I think that can be a sign of rebooting or that the brain has regained normal sensitivity for visual stimuli. I think this phenomenon plays a role in some behavior in addition to porn—like surfing with many tabs open/multitasking, downloading things from the net. The internet itself feels like hyperstimulation. It's like my brain always wants to be entertained by something. Reading books is not good enough for me anymore, sort of.

Most of the time I feel very **satisfied** after fucking a prostitute. Porn is different. While I don't have any feelings of regret or guilt afterwards, I never feel 'satisfied'. I just feel very tired, and after some hours I want more and more. Real sex is actually satisfying and unlike the **trance state** you feel when **edging on porn for hours**. After years of using some transsexual porn—even though I'm straight—I experimented with shemale/transsexual prostitutes, but always regretted the encounters.

The first 2 weeks I was totally abstinent from PMO. In the past 2 weeks I have gotten some serious urges to say F-IT and peel one off to porn. A lot of times this wasn't due to sheer horniness, but was during times that I am just really stressed (eg day before exam) and craved that release. So I have masturbated, imaging real life women or ex-gf experiences a few times. These sessions were substantially less pleasurable than what I have been doing the past 15 years to Internet porn. Really goes to show how desensitized my brain and penis have become, and how much healing I have to go. At this point in the game, I'm not masturbating for pleasure so much as to get in the habit of doing it to real life fantasy, and also to prevent myself from a relapse.

At the end of high school and my time in the military I had little porn use. I had no problem getting girls. I had confidence, good looks and the "mojo" to attract what I wanted to attract. It wasn't until I went to college and had a internet connection that PMO became daily use. After time I knew I had a problem but never thought it would be a big deal. I had the mindset that when I get a girlfriend this behavior

would stop. When I did try to socialize I suddenly had social anxiety that would prevent me from interacting with girls even though attractive girls would initiate the approach. This would frustrate me because I had no idea what was wrong with me. There would be unintentional time periods of abstinence due to being busy and I would feel more alive, more social but I didn't get the connection why. This would go on and off for several years. Until last summer I entered a relationship that I thought would be the end of my PMO behavior. This endeavor only lasted six months. The first couple months were great. I wasn't watching porn or masturbating until after having sex for a while. I would find myself going back to PMO when we weren't together or nights when we were not having sex. I didn't think this would harm our sexual intimacy or relationship at the time. But it did. I began to lose interest in her sexually even though physically she is my type... it was like the buzz of excitement wore off. When we did have sex it wasn't automatic like before. It was her playfulness and desire that got me hard but it wasn't at the same intimacy level. It felt forced and not natural. At the end she gave up on me and I was okay with it. I was not really happy or sad. I just had a empty "whatever" type attitude.... Feeling this way scared the shit out me!

If I looked at porn for 20 minutes and had an orgasm I wouldn't consider it a problem. But I am capable of surfing porn for seven to ten hours. An average session might be three hours. When you get to that level, this is not a harmless pastime. The longer I was wired to porn the less important the actual orgasm became. "Edging" became far more exciting for me than ejaculating. There are chemical reasons for this. Working up a cocktail of adrenaline and dopamine for your brain circuits is just more of a high than the momentary release of endorphins that orgasm provides. But once you get into endlessly manipulating those brain chemicals you may as well be shooting heroin.

I discovered porn when I was around 12 years old or something. I remember visiting my friend's house when his parents weren't home because his stepfather had tons of magazines in the attic. We used to spend hours and hours together watching the magazines and also saw porn movies that his stepfather had hid in the house. That was probably my first experience with porn.

Anyhow let's fast-forward to when I was 16 years old. That is when we got a satellite dish installed in my house and along with it, porn channels that my father didn't bother censoring. I remember coming home from parties late at night and jump right on to the couch and starting watching porn on the TV. I also did it in the weekends when I could sleep late next day. I probably watched porn for 1-2 hours and masturbating. Then 6 months or so later we got broadband installed in our house and I bought myself a computer. BAM, a whole new world opened up for me. And to think about it now, the world, as I knew it closed....

With broadband and a computer in my own room I had unlimited access to this

"wonderful" world of porn and I could watch it whenever I wanted without anyone knowing. I remember starting watching softcore first: Nude pictures, slight touching, yeah soft stuff. And I watched porn for about 2-3 hours every single day. I was hooked.

Later on in my addiction when I was 17 years old I was watching more hardcore porn and got a little tired of the nude pictures. I needed more action. And the 2 hours watching porn grew to 5 hours, every single day almost. Needless to say, my spare time after school was only about one thing, porn. I started disconnecting me from friends and family and my whole life was about porn. From the time I got home from school it was a race to finish eating dinner to run up to my room, turn on my computer and watch beautiful woman for hours until late evening. Then go down eat some, and go to bed and thinking about what kind of porn I should watch the next day. Goodbye social life!

Later I kind of was getting to feel that porn started to affect my entire life and I really felt bad of letting my friends down when they came over to ask me if I wanted to do stuff with them. Of course porn was such a drug to me by that time that I found some excuse why I couldn't go, and watched porn on my computer instead.

About the age of 18 I said enough was enough. Time to get rid of this "disease" and start rebuilding my life again. Impossible. I really wanted to quit, but the addiction was so strong my mind took over and I continued masturbating to porn in my room. I was finished with high school around that time, so I came up with the brilliant idea of having a gap year where I could start working and making money. Bad idea. 1 year turned in to 2 years and I did get a job after 6 months, but it was only few days a week. The rest of the week was I in my room, in front of my computer and watching porn. 6-8 hours almost every fu***ng day. It took over my life. I was almost like out of my body because I had no control of it what so ever.

My porn had gone from softcore to hardcore to really kinky stuff that I cannot mention here due to the graphic nature of it. ./ The time I used on porn went from 2 hours to 6-12 hours. Just think about that. 12 hours, almost every single day! And I started abusing other stimulants as well: I got a craving for candy when I hit 21 years old. I remember bringing home lots and lots of candy from my workplace which I ate after I was finished watching porn. It became some sort of ritual. Watch porn for a loooong time, then sit there exhausted after the "session" and eat candy after. I also started gambling on the Internet and using lots of money on poker. It was almost identical to a drug addict. Start with the weak stuff and move on to really dangerous and hard substances. And I have also watched documentaries on the TV that showed that drug addicts also had cravings for candy for some weird reason?!

The whole desensitization thing is crazy. When I first got online, I was so excited by things that in later years wouldn't even REGISTER. Like literally, my eyes wouldn't even see them.

I had a flash back to when I was in my early teens and my mum would take us to the library, I would sneak off to find an erotic novel and just the talk/description of a woman would get me going....god, how I long for those days again LOL. Now, you can get 'maxed' out on porn. In the early stages it was a novelty and hard to get hold off. Over the last few years porn is on demand, and now I realise I'm (or was) a slave to it; it became a necessity rather than a thrill/reward. How sad is that? I have no moral objection to porn. In fact quite the opposite, but when you get to my state of affairs, let's say, it's no longer a positive, just a huge negative. A big fat anchor around my neck.

I had a girlfriend who said that there was a period in her life where she got really into using her vibrator. But she found herself completely unable to orgasm with partners, because she had become so desensitized. She quit the vibrator and I think she said it took her about 6 months to get back to normal.

It's so interesting how this stuff affects your mind. For me, I was always just focused on really, really sexy women, but as time went on I could only masturbate to women with huge fake breasts and the scenes I needed were getting more and more intense with screaming unrealistic orgasms.

I don't think porn is super-bad, what I think IS bad is the way porn is nowadays and the availability of it. The odd magazine that someone gets out when no one is home or at night isn't a bad thing, but people are actually waking up and masturbating several times before they go to work/school. That isn't normal. Years ago, before I became addicted a friend lent me a very soft-core magazine of women with just their breasts showing, that was-as you described, like gold to me, comparing that to the transsexual porn I got hooked on is a pretty clear indication of escalation. I've come to realize that in the end it is all just porn, that's all it is. The content doesn't matter to an addict, it's just a visual drug.

Although I was very happy and had a lot of fun, I also had a skeleton in my closet. My porn use was increasing and the type of porn I was viewing was undoubtedly more explicit than the types I was watching initially. This being so, it didn't really affect my life too much so I didn't really see it as a problem. When I started going to university, I noticed a split in my personality. Although I gained a lot more friends and was objectively more extroverted, I felt as if I was becoming more introverted. I always felt as if I was putting on an act for people,

social situations started making me more anxious, and I had seemed to lose that ability to laugh as hard as before. Yet, I pushed on and still attended events and was very social. I had figured that socialising would become easier as time goes on and that what I was feeling was just a phase of "growing up", so I just decided to push through. I upped my porn use, both in terms of time and explicitness. The anxiety started getting pretty bad, to the point where I would avoid most social situations and even hanging out with my closest friends felt weird. I couldn't explain it, my best friend since age 13 suddenly intimidated me and I couldn't even look him in the eye as I talked to him. I had also noticed the correlation between my social performance and P use. I noticed that if I would abstain for X amount of days before an event, I would feel more comfortable at the event. So this is how I planned for events. If I had a party on Friday, I would abstain from mon-fri (worst days ever) then binge on Saturday.

I'm one of the people who has grown uncomfortable with the escalating themes of my porn use. Essentially, themes of humiliation of myself and others have become very strong recently and it concerns me that these things might leak into my relationships with women. To be honest, some themes have already showed up in the bedroom and that's definitely concerning.

I started looking at Internet porn when I was 11. I immediately became hooked and spent hours daily viewing porn. Simply seeing a pair of exposed breasts was enough to get me off. Desensitization soon kicked in and I began developing fetishes over the years to get the same hit from porn. It started out with different ethnicities, then lesbians, then watersports, then scat/beastiality/BDSM/tranny, and then any combination of the above to create the sickest porn imaginable. I can remember sitting in grade school fantasizing about sick porn that I could search for that night.

Meanwhile, my sex life was non-existent. I had little to no desire to pursue women. I was completely oblivious to the damage I was doing. I thought it was funny that I could take care of my sexual needs without having to depend on women. In high school, mainly due to pressure from others, I got into a few relationships. I felt attraction, but the arousal did not compare to what I felt from porn. It was too bland. I never even tried to have sex with any of the girls since I preferred to go home and masturbate in front of the computer.

I never felt any attraction to men as a child. When I first started looking at porn, it consisted of nothing but women for years. Anything masculine was a turn-off. I thought drag queens and such were disgusting.

But, the more I became desensitized to conventional porn, the stranger my fetishes became. I eventually discovered tranny porn and became obsessed with it. They were extremely feminine aside from the genitalia, which was unlike any porn I saw before. I became obsessed with it despite feeling extremely ashamed and confused after watching it.

This, combined with delayed ejaculation with girls due to excessive porn, resulted in confusion and stress. Was I gay? I even went to the extent of experimenting

with a transsexual and realized that transsexuals in porn are nothing like transsexuals in reality. Despite this, the experience just caused more confusion and HOCD symptoms. I started wondering if I was just holding back to convince myself I was straight.

In reality, I know this all came about due to porn. If I never saw porn, I would be living a perfectly normal, straight life and I would probably be suffering from premature ejaculation around women. But, porn seems to completely screw up your mind. This is coming from someone non-religious who used to think people with an anti-porn agenda were nonsensical religious extremists.

I am a 46-year old male and have been masturbating to porn since I was a teenager. I never had a problem with ED until around 6 years ago. The porn I was masturbating to was "Playboys" etc, static images and not such a big dopamine overload. The problem starts with access to free streaming internet porn and as the connection speed has increased, so has the overwhelming availability to view as much as you can handle. Basically you end up rewiring your brain to only get aroused by masturbating to porn.

Day 27 now. Let me tell you how bad my addiction was... (for those who think overcoming this addiction is impossible). Previously, I would get home from work, turn on my computer and visit various porn sites. As I encountered images/videos that "turned me on", I would save them on my hard drive. Eventually my collection grew to several gigabytes worth of images (that's a lot of pictures!!!)... I also had a massive video collection. Let's just say it was enough to keep me busy for a lifetime! That was not enough for me however. In order to get the "ultimate" orgasm, I would get my favourite movies/images (depending on what my mood was) and put them next to each other. I have a fairly large monitor -- 30" so I would resize all the Internet Explorer browser windows and place my favourite images/videos side by side getting the "ultimate" experience. At this point of my addiction, one image/video was not satisfactory. Sadly, I needed many. Going from that to nearly 1 month free of PMO is testament to those who think this addiction is impossible. Granted, it can be extremely difficult but don't even think about quitting. If you slip, get right back on the horse and continue. I was to the point where my addiction was controlling me daily (sometimes multiple times in a day).

I don't think things were necessarily all that bad when I was finding 3-4 minute clips off of file sharing programs like kazaa or limewire, because they were 3-4 minutes; you couldn't ever get exactly what you wanted; and there was a considerable lack of attractive women. So you could say, "Well, this is pretty good and all, but I'd rather go outside or do something meaningful instead of sitting here watching this nonsense." Things have completely changed since around 2005. This is when porn became just

pretty much EVERYWHERE on a computer, and I think this is when I started to finally realize that it is harmful to my self-esteem, sense of self-worth, and ability to find women and socialize. I've been trying to give it up off and on for about four or five years.

I'm 29 years old now, and got my first glimpses of porn as an 11 year old. During puberty I found some VHS tapes, and at 16 I had access to my own computer with internet porn. During my youth I was often nervous, angsty, and struggling with anger and anxiety. As I moved away from home, with a 10mbit internet connection, I compensated more and more with porn.

In my first encounters with girls my penis never responded naturally. This was true even as a 22-year old. The presence of a girl alone could not get me hard, because I was a chronic masturbator. I could masturbate 10 times a day, 16 hours a day, and I'm really not kidding. At 24 I finally lost my virginity, and had to manually stimulate myself to rise to the occasion.

I settled down with a girlfriend, meanwhile keeping up with my porn habits. She was a very complacent woman, and let me stimulate myself to get hard for every intercourse. Consequently I didn't see the signals of danger (ED).

Our relationship ended after a while (for entirely other reasons) meanwhile my porn use escalated, with more and more extreme genres and content. And it became increasingly difficult to get hard. As a consequence, I sought even more bizarre genres within the porn world.

In frustration that my penis wouldn't respond anymore, I tried masturbating forcefully when it was limp. I pinched my glans between my thumb and index finger, and managed to hurt myself, badly. My penis was numb for weeks, and now I have a painful scar on my glans with possible blood clotting and nerve damage. It had to go that far for me to realize I had a problem.

I tried to cut down on my use, but found that I needed my "fix" to operate in everyday life. To sleep I masturbated, and every morning I would do the same. I really struggled to get hard, even with stimulation. The girl expressed that she had never experienced anything like it.

So now I find myself in the situation of being far more attractive to women than I was in my acne ridden, angst ridden teenage years, but almost completely unable to have sex with them, at least in a normal way.

This time around also assuaged some of my HOCD fears as well and helped reinforce the fact that if I do quit this addiction, I will be completely able to have healthy sex with women. Yes, I binged on day 13, but along with the binge came a silver lining. Those first few times masturbating were very exciting and it was to very vanilla softcore porn. It showed me that without binging, my sexual tastes will begin to normalize and that was very, very reassuring. This stuff wouldn't even have been a blip on my radar four weeks ago, but now it drove me wild. Of course, as I continued the binge I only progressed onto more extreme material, again making all to clear how the

addiction works on my tastes. I needed to continue progressing to get that same rush.

The arousal pathways do relax. I've had the experience many times before, either when I had too full a life to spend time surfing for pictures of my fetish, or when I took action to somehow shut myself away from the chance to websurf. Always, the free time and clear mind meant those were very good times! Seeing formerly highly stimulating pictures after a break, there was way less of a reaction than there was before...until I kept seeking.

My history with porn started when I was 8. I was shown an adult video of people having casual sex; and at the time, I really didn't know what was going on. All I know is, since then, those images were burned into my memory even to this day. Then from age 12, I came across *Playboy* magazines and that's when I discovered M(masturbation). In the years following I would M every day, sometimes twice. Things really escalated when high speed internet became available to me with no boundaries. My M increased to 3 or 4 times a day. I am now 24 and I realize that this problem is affecting my life and limiting me to what I can achieve. It has caused me to become lethargic, stressed out, obese, anxious, and my outlook on life is full of despair.

I'm 33 now, but discovered porn at age 10 via VHS tapes my mom and dad had in their VCR when I went to watch a movie. I searched their room for more, and found they were renting on an almost weekly basis. I was hooked then. I masturbated multiple times a day. I never really slowed down that much. Now, of course I only watch Internet porn. I watch so much of it, it's sickening and has taken over my life for a LONG time. I found out that I can't have sex easily, or if at all. I must use Cialis or a generic form of the drug, and even that isn't working that well, if at all. I eventually lost all sensitivity, and even when I was able to have intercourse, I felt nothing. So, I'm able to last a LONG time if I'm able to get it up, which is rare.

[For the first two weeks after connecting with a new partner, they just engaged in foreplay, not sex.] Right around the time we were engaging in our sex play, I went through a two-week period in which I did not masturbate. I also had a sudden repulsion to the soft-core porn images that predated her. So that was very interesting. I began to hate the stuff on my own, before she gave me a "reason" to, and also I had not experienced orgasm in two weeks, which is pretty much unprecedented -- and I didn't much mind. *[Shows the reversal of tolerance.]*

Learning that my copulatory impotence was caused by excessive pornography and masturbation has been one of the biggest reliefs of my life. I'm 22 years old and have had "ED" problems with a handful of different women, two of them occurring in past two weeks. It's humiliating, depressing, and shameful. I never want to experience it again. Luckily, I now have a concrete reason and a concrete solution. My history with porn and masturbation is quite typical when compared with many of the other men who have found their ways into situations similar to mine. I've used it for several years, and streaming video sites caused me to become very efficient at getting the dopamine we all love so much. I have commonly had ~25 different videos open for hours each day. Not anymore.

I think the saving grace for me is that being 38 years old, I know what "normal" feels like, and I can recognize when there is something wrong with my sexual function. When the stimulation of a woman's body and touch isn't enough to bring me to orgasm, there is something wrong! Like most men my age, when I went through puberty, our access to porn was limited to magazines and late-night Cinemax. In middle and high school, long periods of time would pass and I'd never see a pornographic image more explicit than a woman's breasts in an R movie. Even in the nineties, at the start of the Internet boom, my online porn viewing was pretty much confined to still images. Today, I would find still images completely unarousing. I wouldn't even bother looking at them. What's happened in the past few years is this proliferation of Tube sites (Redtube and Youporn specifically) where a man can sit for long periods of time and just soak in hardcore pornography videos. It's numbing, in more ways than one. Over the past year, I've wondered about the degradation of my sexual response. I've been to the doctor about it. I've talked about it with my therapist. I've been fearful that it means I am no longer attracted to my wife; she has been fearful that there is something wrong with her, because she can't bring me to orgasm anymore. I think the eye opener for me was realizing that my wife giving me oral sex didn't do anything for me anymore. Fifteen years ago, when our relationship started, there was nothing better than oral sex. I couldn't get enough of it. Lately, I found myself kindly advising her that she must be doing it wrong (after years of doing it right!) because I just couldn't feel much of anything. The problem isn't her; it's me.

While I watched porn, I became desensitized to things I would never have done in real life. When I got older I began to make attempts to mimic what I saw in the videos and I realized that I was beginning to spend money on porn, frequent strip clubs and learning how to meet women using dating websites. My addiction had escalated and things were happening that were completely unexpected and detrimental to my interests such as health problems (STD's and ED) and

relationship problems (years invested in relationships only to end in heartbreak.) For a long time, my conscious belief system failed to recognize red flags that if seen in others I would have easily recognized addiction.

I've been a user of pornography for the last 8 years (loyally defending it for reasons unknown). Most recently I've noticed myself deliberately searching for more bizarre types of porn to get me off, combined with a prolonged depressive state and extreme anxiety, and feeling an increasing distancing from the world/people. Reading and hearing from other people in similar circumstances was definitely eye opening but also comforting.

I've been looking at porn since I was 21 (I'm 34 now). It started off and on, but then escalated to once every 1-2 days, coinciding with masturbation. I got bored, but instead of wanting more kinky stuff (I don't like submissive, or other extreme stuff, it just never turn me on), I would go and get erotic massages. And then look at porn on the days I didn't go for massages. In the meanwhile I had a girlfriend for a long time. Toward the end of our relationship, I wasn't able to get it up (which I'm sure is why we broke up). I didn't think PMO or HJO (hand job) was the culprit. I thought I was feeling less attracted to *her*. But now that I'm on day 33, I'm noticing my mood is shifting to "energized." I'm going to keep moving forward.

5 weeks free of porn – I have tried to quit porn before but this is the first time it felt so easy. During recovery, my porn dreams went from internet porn to magazines to fantasy, which is the reverse order of my porn/fantasy development.

I've been masturbating since I was probably 14. I'm now 24. I was watching streaming porn since about 16 or 17. That's 7 years. Just like most people on here my porn needs escalated, went from 1 girl 1 guy, to 2 guys on 1 girl, Gbang, C-shots. I was at a point in 2008 where I literally lost ALL control. I thought this thing was gonna be with me till the day I die and I had to accept it. I was probably PMO'ing 2-3 times depending on the day as an average. It was a self-fulfilling negative spiral. Because I spent so much time PMO'ing I lost all or most friends and contacts. And because I lost those friends I'd get more depressed and do it more. We are now looking forward all the way from 2008 where I was PMO'ing 2 or 3x a day, till now [6/14/2011](#), where I haven't had an orgasm in 50 days! I haven't watched porn or touched myself in 50 days!

[Posted on a "depersonalization" forum] I have had DP for 1.5 years, however My DP has since gotten a lot better as of about 3 months ago. I am about 65% back to normal.

I noticed that when I developed DP, my porn use increased quite a bit. I had begun watching porn every day or every other day, and I was watching quite extreme stuff.

In that brain-fog state, I wasn't really aware of anything in my own life.

Everything felt like a dream so I wasn't noticing this pattern. I read something about excessive porn use being linked to social anxiety and depression. I decided it might be a good idea that I stopped.

Initially I only lasted about 3 weeks and then caved, getting back heavily into both (I had to make up for lost time :P).

But I noticed something during those 3 weeks. Although I still found it hard to connect with people, my social anxiety had decreased

DRAMATICALLY. I could have conversations with people no problem and I was generally more excited about life. I remember my brother telling me something that made me laugh for ages, and it felt incredible to really feel that amidst DP.

If you have noticed that you are watching more porn since you have gotten DP, I understand. I watched it because it was one of the few forms of pleasure that was still available to me in that state of mind. Porn has a way of making you even more reclusive and anxious if you use it regularly. With DP this is a nightmare. Now I masturbate without porn. I feel much better about myself and a lot of my anxiety is leaving me. Give it a try, go 2 weeks without porn and see how you feel. If it doesn't make you feel any better then wack away.

Porn binges for 4-6 hours the last couple days. On the plus side, it did become more obvious that the transexual porn is unrelated to my sexuality. After spending 30+ hours over the past 5 days watching porn, transexual porn started to become boring and I began searching for other more disgusting and shocking stuff.

Somehow with age 14 or 15 I discovered a completely new feeling like nothing I ever experienced before. I was quite an "innocent" child, nobody had ever told me anything about sexual feelings in puberty. I didn't even know that something like masturbation exists. When fellow children talked about this and used such words before I always felt irritated or excluded because it wasn't clear for me what they were talking about.

I didn't know how to release my tension. In school erections surprised me everyday out of nowhere several times, not related to fantasies or sexual thoughts. I suffered from severe anxiety due to this because I always thought others could detect my erection, every day in school went into a nightmare.

I still didn't know how to masturbate but I liked the sexual feeling and began to view pornographic pictures. In the beginning I used the playboy website because I wasn't aware of other stuff. The first time I looked at those hot pictures the feeling seemed to be out of this world, just ineffable. Suddenly I knew there was something worth living for, everything else was just boring everyday life and my slight depression lifted. Had I known back then the biology behind my feeling - that it was simply an artificial dopamine kick which messes with my brain chemistry, the same mechanism behind drugs like heroin or cocaine - I wouldn't have spend the next 5 years gorging on porn and masturbation every single day.

I always was introverted, spent my time reading and, later, doing research about interesting topics, was disgusted by superficial and immature small-talk (which was the norm at school) and afraid of being hurt by others when opening up, but it seems those years spending with watching porn regularly - from age 15 to 19 - made it all worse. In the end I have failed to work at myself, so it is me who is now unable to overcome his immaturity, his unconscious chosen solitude. This solitude was a vicious cycle, leading more and more to my inability to handle social interaction.

My self-confidence plummeted during this time. Especially my relationship to the opposite sex was, well, almost non-existing in sexual terms. While friends/class mates began sexual relationships I was never able to talk to attractive girls openly, never gained attraction, and watched jealous while thinking that I would never experience the gift of such a relationship.

Though, it was a contradictory feeling because at the same time I knew I wanted a deep relationship with more than sexual things but I knew no girl with the same goal. I thought this was what kept me from being attractive, but maybe it was merely the fact that I lost all my sexual energy to masturbation, and that my innocent sense for real women deadened slowly with porn and it's constant demand of perfect erotic bodies.

From simple pictures, I went over to innocent videos, but as time went by I needed more stimulation and, especially, new videos/virtual women to increase my pleasure.

Additionally I began to masturbate prone from the beginning and it really was like heaven. I tried it in other ways but I never got such a big stimulation response than with masturbating prone. Masturbating once or twice a day (before sleep and in the afternoon if I was to depressed and needed the high) it was my escape from reality. From the fact that I didn't knew people I could talk to about topics I was interested in and that I was unhappy with my life - school life made me depressive. I fled to this

artificial drug: porn and masturbation/orgasm. It was not unusual to watch porn 2 or 3 hours a day.

I've been addicted to PMO for about 10 years now but I guess at the time I didn't realise that it was a problem. It was only really about 5 years ago that I suddenly noticed that it was getting in the way of my life and I needed to do something about it.

I decided that life with a real partner was not going to be possible [due to body image fears because one testicle was smaller than the other], so I stuck with porn, which I had been using since about 14 (just like all my friends). Porn basically became my replacement for real sex partners, which although I didn't know at the time, messed my head up quite a bit. I would avoid girls at all costs and avoid talking about sex with my friends (they thought I was gay).

I developed depression and anxiety problems, which I first noticed when I got my first job at 16 (panic attacks, becoming flustered very easily, stammering, very low confidence, sweating). I put this all down to my secret body image issues with my testicle, I had no idea the effect porn was having on me at this stage.

Many failed sexual encounters and lots of horrible social/work experiences later...

At 24 I met a girl and we really took off, we were into each other massively. I decided to tell her about my body image issues and anxiety. This was very, VERY difficult, because I'd never told anyone. Fortunately she was very supportive and stuck with me.

We tried sex, but I still couldn't get an erection. I still put this down to anxiety and my past failed attempts at sex, so I got some sexual counselling to help me over-come it. In all honesty, it didn't really help at all. Sex for the first year of our relationship was dreadful, not once did I feel like I was having real sex, or even turned on (which I could not get my head around, because my girlfriend is very attractive to me). I felt so bad for my girlfriend for putting up with it. I tried Viagra and Cialis too, still no erection.

What became apparent after a year of the relationship, was that I was comfortable with my body (pretty much) around her, and I realised I didn't feel that anxious when in bed with her. I became massively aware that I couldn't get turned on by her. I also realised that for the last few years, I didn't find any woman sexually attractive, unless they were in a porn film. I had a feeling porn could have something to do with it, and read a few stories on porn induced impotence, but I didn't really believe it was possible.

I was watching a lot of porn at this point, behind my girlfriends back. Multiple scenes at once for hours at a time, but I never really felt completely hard. Obviously, I was very worried and as a result watched more and more porn to try and get 100% hard. I'd also realised that my penis didn't feel as sensitive as it used to, and I never really felt satisfied.

More recently, I did more research into porn induced ED and this time took it seriously. Viagra and Cialis didn't work for me, counselling didn't, so I had to give it a try.

[9 weeks of no porn] I think I still have a while to go yet, but my confidence is much greater now and my anxiety has reduced. I feel like myself again and feel like I don't have to pretend I'm someone I'm not. Talking to girls is much easier now and socialising in general I'm finding so much less stressful. As a whole, I feel great. For the first time ever, I have been feeling turned on and just generally feeling in the zone, horny and relaxed. I'd never felt turned on before naturally, it's feeling great. Occasionally, we do try intercourse, and recently that has been very successful (though very quick haha). I've felt turned on and much harder than I've ever been with her. I feel greater sensitivity in my penis, and it feels how I always hoped it would feel. For the first time in my life, I feel as though I am having real sex.

Back in the day of dial-up Internet, I was only able to download the occasional picture (very soft-porn) due to bad/slow Internet and actually not knowing where to find all the smuttery. But now with high-speed being so common, even to mobile phones, it has made me continuously watch more and more and at higher quality, which could sometimes become a whole day affair looking for the perfect one to finish on. It never ever satisfies. "Need more" the brain always says...such a lie.

I used to get turned on by anything remotely feminine when I was 13, but that steadily changed as I watched more and more porn. I started to get anxious about my sexuality because I knew I was straight based on history, but at the same time I could not physically respond to the old cues.

Sometimes when I was especially relaxed or drunk, I would respond like how I did when I was younger. It was very confusing because I never had any homosexual fantasies or desires. I never would have attributed this to porn/decreased dopamine sensitivity if I hadn't stumbled upon this site, so thank you! This abstinence has completely eliminated any doubt because now my libido is almost too much to handle. Even women I would not normally glance at, I would definitely be able to have sex with them. More responsive to women, and responded to more by women.

I told myself that it was easier to keep using porn, and that I was actually "enjoying" myself. This was partly true; after watching it the first couple times after not doing it, it did feel great. But that feeling quickly waned and I was left doing something endlessly that I didn't even really enjoy.

I am 28 years old and started masturbating to softcore movies and *Playboy* pictures in my teens. With the passing years I had to switch to more explicit material. When I got my own Internet connection I had limitless access to porn and used it several times a day. There was this huge emptiness the last few years when I PMO'd. Absolutely not satisfying me anymore. I tried to sleep with three girls, and I wasn't aroused at all. It was impossible for me to get an erection. It was one of the most frustrating experiences I had in my life.

I started looking at porn, on a regular basis, about five years ago. First there was the beautiful women, then the HC porn, then the weird insertions, then the transvestites, then critters, then the hermaphrodites, then the teen porn, then the younger models and now prison (soon to go). As the years passed I became less and less interested in masturbating and more and more interested in "novelty" searching. Towards the end, I couldn't sit at a computer without searching. I have three kids have coached various sport (kid's teams). We've consistently had "packs" of kids at our house for the past 20 years. I've never even remotely considered touching anyone or invading anyone's privacy (all my kids and others can attest to that). However, in the Federal system digital images ARE actual people, even to the point of restitution for mere possession (as is my case). Are there any hard, sanctioned studies that could be referenced in US Court that verify attributes that you outlined? I've been to two therapists and I don't think that either of them believes me on the masturbating (or lack thereof) to the images I downloaded. I, maybe, masturbated once every two months (in the shower) but viewed porn every day. Looking back, I just don't see how I could have been so ignorant as to not recognizing that I had a problem.

My tastes have generally remained constant though I have noticed that I increased usage in the past to unreasonable levels when at my lowest. I have never deviated into the more shocking types I have heard on this forum.

[Age 21] I remember so much now, like when I first started with all this and how even then, I was masturbating A LOT. There's the joke that teenage boys masturbate all the time, but looking back, I actually WAS. I wanted pornography even from a very young age (12-13) and would constantly seek it out. But I didn't get the porn, masturbate, and then go out and socialize like other kids. I would masturbate to it as much as I physically could, until I was so exhausted I just fell asleep. It intensified considerably as the Internet came around and ultimately I ended up hooked on transsexual porn and my ability to become excited by girls

began to drop off. (That problem is now sorted, but I'm still hooked on porn.) I can't believe I didn't realize I had a problem back then; it seems so obvious to me now. But as they say, ignorance is bliss. I think the fact that I was still in puberty played a role in the addiction, considering I was still growing/mentally developing. Whatever, hardcore porn was the last thing my mind needed.

I remember my fetishes changing. Over the last 4 years or so, it started out with asian, from asian to white, white with big ass, to blacks ass, white ass and tits, deepthroat, anal, and then, more extreme stuff.... haha. I felt great shame masturbating to these things and knowing that that was the reason for which I was getting laid a lot less. (I understood quite quickly the dynamics and relationships between: socializing/ masturbating/ pheromones/ happiness/ aura/ attractiveness etc.)

After that, it seems my adolescence becomes somewhat of a blur. I know I started looking at more and more porn, and spending less and less time with other people. I stopped going outside as much, and I stopped hanging out with friends as often. Even then, I did sense that something was changing inside me, but I think I sensed it on a sub-conscious level. I still did a lot of things I enjoyed. I played in bands, had girlfriends, went to concerts, and did so many things your typical teenager would do. But I also hid up in my parents' attic for hours on end looking for new, improved porn images and videos. After I moved out of my parents house (18 at the time), it was not long before I had my first sexual experience. It was with a good friend who had come over to my apartment to dye my hair blue. One thing led to another and we were back in the bedroom getting hot and heavy. After a while though, something didn't seem right. I couldn't maintain an erection and we never ended up doing the deed. At that point, I still had not made the connection. She came over some more and we did eventually hook up and did it a lot. I stopped watching porn and started to just have sex with her and the sex became better and better, and I became happier and happier, never realizing that I had a cloud of depression hanging over me until it had lifted. This girl and I got married but I had already slipped back into my ways, because if you have never masturbated while watching porn and high then you would not understand the draw that holds you in. It must be like a super dopamine rush, because for a while I went crazy with it. I couldn't wait until I had a day off and she wasn't home. I would want to do less and less things with her just so I could watch more porn and get high. Needless to say our sex had really started to take a hit, multiple cases where I couldn't get an erection or would lose one halfway through. We had become very unhappy together and things had to change. I was spiraling further and further into myself and away from her. We separated and I went back to live at my parents house. I still had not stopped watching porn but knew then that I really wanted to. I stopped smoking pot, cold turkey, which after the first five days or so was pretty easy for me. Porn, however, is not that easy to break.

I probably started watching porn when I was 15. Considering it a benign thing, since all of my male friends were doing it, my watching behavior escalated. During the last four years masturbating to porn became a daily routine. Still saw no problem, until recently. I'm 21 now. My porn watching behavior took a terrific deviation 7 months ago. During study for finals, I would masturbate up to 3-4 times a day. An easy way to cope with study stress. While spending 12 hours behind a desk, porn is the major fun distraction every day. But it all got serious when I saw myself typing in a search term for gay porn. Seeing the new images, I suddenly got very excited. I was confused. What followed was bingeing behaviour, big time. I could go up to 5-6 times a day and needed very short time to orgasm. After each orgasm, there was this huge hangover. What the hell was I doing?? I was anxious, but continued to binge, cravings for another 'newly designed orgasm' didn't stop. Every relapse was my last one. These were very frustrating weeks. Why was this material suddenly so enticing, in such a short time period? I was masturbating to material that disgusted me before, and would still disgust me after I orgasmed.

I am a German man of 24 years struggling with porn for about 10 – 13 years now. All started with common material, such as softcore magazines and movies, sex broadcasts in the open TV and similar things. My first hardcore movies were typical VHS videotapes, which were circulating in the school even at this time (I was 13 or 14 years at that time). Of course, it all escalated with the internet, first pretty old-school with jpegs and diskettes, then the first movies (free samples), file-sharing, tubes etc. I've spent countless hours in front of the computer (after school, in the holidays etc.), always masturbating and searching for new, more exciting material. Needless to say that my taste got more and more specific and extreme, and my "sessions" got longer and longer. Currently, I more or less have ruined my potency, with just masturbating to much (sometimes 3 or 4 times a day, in the last time even with limp dick) and watched way to much (escalating) porn. To be honest, I can't remember the last full-blown erection I've had when watching porn or wanking. Nor can I remember my last spontaneous erections (maybe that was 12 years ago or so). I tried a thing called jelqing for a few months, in a porn-induced urge to get a bigger cock. I even got an injury from jelqing, maybe 1.5 years ago, nothing too dramatic, but the base of my penis seems to be a little bit softer and more unstable since then. I don't know ... maybe it is just imagination, as this whole porn-vicious-circle is driving me more and more nuts, maybe it is a safety-precaution from my body or even a sign, that I must stop porn now. I've never had a girlfriend or sex, although I am an intelligent and educated young man (at the university at the moment), with average, sportive looks.

[Post on Medhelp] The thing that makes me worry is that my porn addiction was really intensive and quite different from others. I've been jerking off 1~3 times a day for over a decade. In the beginning, I only watched normal(?) porn, but as the time went on, I started seeking something more and more intensive. I am too afraid I may not be able to fix my dopamine sensitivity.

[Post on Medhelp] We have been seeing each other a year now, he is 30 and I am 20. I myself didn't have any real scruples with porn before I found this forum, but I did always find it was an unhealthy obsession with most men I have been with and would sometimes affect them in a variety of ways, would definitely affect my/our sex life, and I always found it was more a routine than an impulse but I myself not being a man, I can only guess these things!

He watches porn on his smartphone almost every day when I am not at home (his monitor is broken, but I guess that doesn't stop some people). I would find this to be almost alright or at least be able to put it at the back of my head IF we ever had sex.

I am on the depo injection which I take every three months and I have to say I am due for another injection next week and we have only had sex around three or four times since my last injection! It barely seems worth it.

When he do have sex, it is almost like he is disconnected from me, or perhaps himself, and it only lasts a few minutes. Sometimes, he barely touches me, and rarely gives me any oral pleasure or any real attention down there. It makes me feel very unloved and well - plain insecure!

This all started around Jan or Feb this year and we have been together since July/Aug of last year. The sex we used to have was great and fun, and full of pleasure and affection but now I feel like he has replaced me with his porn.

The worst part is, which makes the situation even more complex than just P and O causing an ED or just plain lack of interest, is that I have seen the type of porn on his phone (in a typically feminine attempt for attention, I looked at the types of porn or the women in them for some closure/ideas) but what I found was fat porn, hairy women porn, BBW porn, some normal porn too but I constantly find that he is watching what I consider to be odd (apologies if I offend but that is only my opinion) and when he has his girlfriend, me, who is young, fairly attractive and an average size?

This I just find insulting, confusing and makes me question what he is attracted to. Or does it not matter in the world of porn? I am aware that not every guy wants someone who looks like porn star, etc, but

this is something else.

Also I thought I might add that I have tried to bring up the lack of sex, and strange porn, but he descends further into himself with various excuses, almost like he is insulted when it is brought up and so I back off... I am not sure how to go about this.

I use to watch pornography a lot when I was younger, maybe 10 or 11. I don't know if it is an addiction, but I sure did watch a lot of it. It started from mild porn, maybe pictures and stuff. Then it progressed to actual videos, then to lesbian porn (which I really enjoyed for quite a while). Then on and on. At first when I discovered pornography, it was quite stimulating, I had pornographic thoughts in my mind 24/7. But it seems that I would tire out a lot of this stuff, and search for novelty, such as lesbian porn, or porn of women being penetrated by machines (sorry to be graphic). I even gave bestiality porn a try (which I feel ashamed to say, was actually stimulating). By that time lesbian porn seemed soooo boring. The novelty came when I accidentally discovered tranny porn, then.....sigh....cringe...gay porn. That was when my HOCD kicked in. I thought I must be a homosexual. But then again, it didn't make sense, because I have always liked girls, especially blonde girls. I still do, and I don't like dudes. It doesn't make any sense. Now I find it hard to be turned on just by pictures.

I began masturbating way before I had any idea what it is I was doing and why it felt good; around the age of 4. I discovered this feeling whilst lying in the prone position. I actively sought catalogues/newspapers with scantily clad pictures of women in them for material. I continued this technique until I was in my early teens and I had become aware of other boys using a gesture to represent masturbation. I realised I needed to get this technique to become 'normal'. From around the age of 11, masturbation became especially common. I would sometimes skip school just so I could masturbate. This was before the internet was in my house, but I found the odd porn magazine and was in total ecstasy. Eventually as years went on, I got videos and would even go to the odd porn shop or two when I was 14 to buy some. Little did I know what I was doing to myself.

I've never had proper sex, that is, without the use of drugs. I've always had to rely on them because I was just unresponsive to real women. I went to the doctors from the age of 16 and was told that it must be anxiety. They were half right. By that point, as I realised I wasn't 'working' so to speak, I did have anxiety. But it wasn't an unfounded anxiety; it was there for good reason. Mechanically, I must have trained myself totally the wrong way. I have had a few sexual partners, always girlfriends. Always the issue of ED has caused ruptures in my relationships and may have even played a part in them ending. Certain bonds struggle to build without the intimacy that sex affords.

At 16, I thought I was young and it would improve in time. I carried on thinking this until now. I'm in my mid-20s and it is still the same.

I've missed so many golden opportunities to be with girls I've liked and had to reject them because of it. They thought I was a bastard, but actually, I had valid reasons/issues to contend with. They had a lucky escape really.

When dial-up internet arrived, I would download the 30second clips that were so prominent, watch them on repeat. I didn't realise it was a drug. I was masturbating trying to improve my erections, or so I thought. I had enough porn bookmarks on my browser that if they stacked up one on one, they'd give the Empire State Building a run for its money in terms of height.

Broadband came along and the emergence of the Tube websites which to my continued lack of understanding, provide free porn, full movies, seemingly endlessly. It is like a kid being given access to free sweets all day - every day. Years of my life have been wasted as I've spent so much time everyday on the internet, mainly for porn. Edging everyday, for hours, with so many windows of porn open that my computer regularly froze, much to my sexual frustration. Rebooting the computer and looking for more vids was just more excuse to waste more time and find new thrilling scenes.

Of course, I've forayed into basically every category of porn, barring anything illegal. But, large boobs were always my favourite and that's what I was most aroused by even as a 4-year old boy. Can I blame boobs? I would also like to empathise with a lot of guys I have read who mention not even getting an erection whilst masturbating. I've experienced that quite a lot and it is in reality, a truly saddening and helpless feeling when doing so. When I think back to it now, what was the point? The gloom afterwards and lack of energy and vigour would usurp me as a person.

I'm 22 years old, healthy male and masturbating to pornography since I was 14/15. It first started with images with Google image search, just searching for "boobs" for example. I remember this really used to turn me on, it was great. Seeing pornography was awesome at the time. It wasn't long before I got broadband internet, so I could download 20 sec clips and then come other large pornography websites. Before my reboot, I was masturbating sometimes 3-4 times per day over pornography. When I was bored, it would kill 10 or so minutes. I just want to mention how my pornography tastes have changed over the last few years. First it was very soft. Then lesbian porn did it for me, and then, a few years ago I stumbled into shemale pornography, and over time I realised I was turned on by this. Then it got worse, occasionally I would masturbate over gay pornography became more and more frequent. It turned me on but after it felt so wrong. I know I'm straight, when I'm socialising, men is the last thing on my mind. I am very attracted to pretty girls, I notice them from a mile away, so this pornography has morphed my tastes to the extreme. I was confused whether or not I was bisexual, but now I look back and I realise I'm not bisexual, it's just that my

brain has been re-wired by pornography. Then earlier this year I had erectile dysfunction. The girl was amazingly attractive and she was full on up for it. However it just didn't work! And then a few months ago it happened again, except this girl was even more attractive. So I realised that something must be seriously wrong.

I remember I use to get aroused around girls so much.....just how sexy they were, especially if they wore a tight t-shirt..it just would leave me to imagine...and just the thought of sex...was like wow to me....it was like something that was so sacred, beautiful and fulfilling..I discovered pornography after that... at first I thought it was the greatest thing ever invented....until maybe a year or two later of watching porn...I started noticing alot of changes in me...first...was that I was starting to find those sexual images and thoughts to be less arousing, and I wasn't getting aroused as much around real life girls anymore.....however I wasn't too concerned back then...and all the concern went away, when lesbain porn came into the scene. That was really hot....and I exclusively watched lesbain porn from then on. when I found lesbian porn, straight porn went out the window, first of all, I didnt like seeing the guy in the video, I just wanted to see girls..I started getting fantasies of having sex with two women at the same time. I got into high school watching lesbian porn, soon the effect of this stuff was wearing off on me. I got bored of lesbian porn, and the libido meter hit a new low...I was starting to get kind of worried that I was turning gay, because I found it hard to get turned on by megan fox, since all me new high school friends were raving about how sexy she is. And I just couldn't get turned on...soon I found it hard to get turned on at all in real life...and I was always getting erectile dysfunction. I was freaked out...I was only like 14 back then. However, this concern became minimal because one I discovered new porno to get turned on by, and two I found out a girl liked me, and I started to flirt with her, we never got into a relationship, because that summer she moved away and we lost contact. After that, I was quite depressed, I became addicted to compulsive video gaming. Not only that, I started to resort to watching violent war movies and cop movies to kill the pain. I missed her so bad. Surprisingly, I did not resort to porn to cut the pain, why it did not come to mind I don't know. By then, I had close to zero libido. I kept on browsing and browsing more and more porn, occasionally I could get turned on by lesbian porn (if it was a really really hot girl or if there was a really good scenario) and machine porn, bestiality was a short-lived novelty too....I was really getting scared I was turning homo by that time. That was when I started to develop HOCD, I have had a history of different types of OCD and anxiety disorders since I was young, I just didn't realize it was OCD back then. Grade 11 comes along, for this whole year, I had no libido, and HOCD worsened. Grade 12, the worst thing that can happen, I stumble upon transexual porn, then gay porn, which provided the shock and anxiety and turned me on. I was so depressed, my HOCD went overboard, I could not love women anymore because everyday I lived in total fear and anxiety. I thought I suddenly turned gay, but I do not like guys. So it didn't make sense. I started getting so much anxiety and I was depressed, I was too afraid to get anti-depressants. I hated watching/fantasizing

that stuff, because it was so disgusting, it wasn't hot like lesbian porn...there was always that sense of sickness...some of the milder stuff was less sickening, but the hardcore stuff was unbearable. At the lowest of the low, I was contemplating suicide, because it was just so sickening. And OCD made it a lot worse because it would throw random sickening pictures into my mind 24/7. I hated every awake hour. I could not concentrate on anything. I started to spend almost every hour on HOCD sites, searching in vain for an answer. I found my answer when I discovered this site. It explained everything, I was different from a lot of the HOCD'ers on OCD sites.

My addiction escalated. When I was young, I'd look at celebrity photos, or watch softcore pornography on television. This escalated into discovering porn videos on the internet. I've never been into hardcore pornography; it's always been softcore - voyeurism and "home videos" with "everyday" girls. However, the main way my addiction escalated was to begin chatting to normal girls "live" online - chatting, sharing photos and having webcam sex, which I began doing around the age of 20. I'd chat to girls every night, using various websites, MSN, Skype, etc., hoping for webcam sex, or at least have her interested in me "getting off."

I am a 27 year old male with a history of ED during sexual encounters. I remember it went all downhill probably at an early age when I first discovered hardcore porn. I was into softcore porn on Showtime/Cinemax during the mid 90's but didn't masterbate until I was in 7th grade. It wasn't until I discovered hardcore porno at my friend's house and finding my brother's porn videos that my libido came crashing down. As sad as it sounds I was aroused by woman by the age of 5. I maintained very normal erections during my pre-teen years. But when I masterbated to my brother's porno, I was hooked. I think I masterbated and ejaculated 6-7 times in a 2 hour period! It was like cocaine to me and I became hooked on hardcore porn ever since. I would download videos off AOL a few years later when people were still using dial up. Once I got high speed internet in the mid 2000's, I couldn't stop.

Like most, I started with the mags, then graduated to DVDs, then high speed net brought a whole new dimension to the habit. At its worst it was 4-5 times a week, PMO. Of late, even P wasn't doing it for me much, needing to find racier, raunchier stuff. I looked at my online billing history the other day and it goes back to 04! I cancelled the 2-3 open subscriptions I had just after I'd had ED problems with a girl I'd just met - and this wasn't the first time. I needed answers. It's been intermittent for a number of years, the ED, likely tied to how much P I was using at the time. It all makes sense to me now - the numbed brain

response. In the last week or so (or no porn) I have had some murmurs of libido and morning erections, so that's positive.

My first experience of porn was fairly typical – aged 13 at a public boys' school, it was practically currency, and I was interested and desperate enough to pay £10 for a CD. By today's standards, it was pretty soft stuff. Over time I bored of the CD, and started finding new material on the internet, being ever careful about deleting the evidence, lest my parents discovered my browsing history. What started off as a few pictures of naked women turned into more hardcore, graphic sex scenes. You name a genre, and I was probably into it at some point. Things that would have disgusted me one month I relied on the next to get me excited.

I succumbed to 'The Urge' on Day 8, primarily because I discovered three things:
A. That my big HD TV had a USB port and could accept data from a USB memory stick.

B. That using data saved to said USB memory stick, I could actually VIEW high definition pictures of naked women in super-lifelike HD, but WAY BIGGER and MORE REALISTIC than I've ever been used to on my PC monitor (let's just say...this was an Archimedes moment...!)

C. Also discovered I could bring myself off by placing a 'vibrating massager' against my glans for a few minutes, providing rollickingly good orgasms and also had the benefit of not causing friction damage to the prick itself, and the orgasms themselves were *much* more intense than the standard "ham shank" method. I'm pretty ashamed writing all this but that is what I *DID*! Couple that with the HD porn pictures...let's just say this was a VERY powerful novelty for the best part of a fortnight!

Come the end of the fortnight, the vibration thing was starting to feel a little weird. I started getting little pains around the aperture, stinging pains, so - worried - I stopped. There's a medical problem called "Vibration White Finger", common in the world of industry and usually common amongst men who use powerful, vibrating tools like pneumatic drills. I was thinking I might possibly get that, but of the cock. Not just that, the law of diminishing returns was very much in evidence, the orgasms started to be slightly less intense, took longer to reach, and yielded less 'product'.

Getting faster broadband coincided with me getting my own place, so in hindsight it made things worse: all the time in the world and nobody to disturb you. Fast internet with web sites where you can pick your poison and skip through to your peak interest parts the experience is far more intense. Knowing what I know now I think this led to me overdosing and starting to hate porn and the way it makes you feel afterwards. I can see why users escalate to more extreme forms of porn to get the same high.

Then started the Internet age, only it wasn't the Internet yet, just a bunch of people giving dial in access to their machines. Pirated games were the currency of trade, and of course, P. Nothing was more exciting than waiting a half day for a penthouse image, or half a week for a ten second clip. I definitely recall, at age 13, wondering if M to this new form of P was bad for me, because compared to cosmos, the feeling was so much more intense. At that time I had resolved to quit, and like a heroin addict I went through crazy withdrawal and managed to abstain.... for two weeks. Until now, it was the longest time I have ever gone without MO. I did finally get laid at age 22. She was beautiful. Smart, classy, sexy, friendly, energetic and horny as hell! And for a time, it was great. I didn't have any erectile difficulties (although she was the type that could raise the dead) but after a year or so, our sex life simmered down. Our fights were mainly about how she wanted it, and I wasn't providing it. The entire time, of course, my regular schedule of PMO continued. It's not that I didn't want to ravish her; I just didn't have the drive. We stayed together for another 4 years. She made a lot of effort to dress really sexy and get me in the mood, but my selfish addiction robbed us both of the great times we could have had together. It's funny looking back, and the things you regret most... Eventually she slowly gave up and blamed herself. She dressed more conservatively and seemed to lose her confidence and that amazing spark. I didn't know what was wrong with me, I felt broken. At 27 I left her, knowing that I wasn't able to satisfy her, and knowing that she needed to be with someone who would be able to make her happy again. The next 3 years were pretty much a train wreck. Bars every night, a lot of drugs, a random assortment of loose and slutty women, and of course good ol' PMO! And for a time, it was ok. Pretty much within the first year however, issues started happening... In the beginning, I would lose an erection when putting on a condom. "No problem!" I said, I just won't use condoms. Then, after a time, I wasn't able get a firm erection regularly, Cialis didn't help. "No problem!", I said, I'm really good with my hands/tongue. But one night at a nightclub, a super-hot, scantily dressed, sexually charged woman was all over me and begging me to take her to the bathroom.... and I felt ---nothing---. About as subtly as a brick to the face, the realization came to me. I have a fucking problem! I'm 32 now, these past 2 years I've pretty much stayed celibate and isolated myself, determined to fix what was wrong with me so that I might someday have a chance at a normal relationship. Over that time I've committed to every common sense improvement: quit smoking, quit drugs, became vegan, exercised and meditated regularly, all the while continuing my "harmless" PMO regimen.

I first looked at porn and masturbated at age 14 or so. I would find any magazine with half naked women in it and get some lotion and masturbate. Eventually it started getting worse and worse. It went to softcore porn to hardcore porn. I would look at porn and masturbate for over 3 hours a day. It was all I could think about during the day. I did it to the point of becoming raw and bleeding. That didn't even stop me. I did this for probably 5 years almost every day. I would maybe go a few days without looking at it

occasionally. I would always say to myself afterwards that I was going to quit and it wasn't right but the next night I would always justify it and do it again. During that time I had virtually no friends and I didn't lose my virginity until I was 21. I had no relationship longer than a week. I also have OCD and have had it for a long time. It used to be just about neatness, but the whole porn thing turned it into HOCD. It's a terrible and stressful feeling to have these nasty, disgusting thoughts running through your head. It causes so much anxiety that I can't go out in public. I'm doing a lot better now but I'm not where I need or want to be. I've been attracted to women my entire life and I love them. Porn has desensitized me. It takes more to get me aroused now. I remember when I would get aroused just getting near a woman and smelling her.

A few months ago I became concerned with my porn use - my tastes were becoming more bizarre/extreme. I was spending more and more time viewing it, and orgasms stopped feeling pleasurable. Sometimes I'd edge to porn for hours several nights running before climaxing. This was to try and maintain a high level of excitement for as long as possible and avoid the feelings of disappointment every time I finished.

My masturbation tear of 14 years was obviously fuelled by my addiction to porn which started in grade 5 when I was about 10 years old. However, as a 10 year old child I could only really tolerate non hardcore porn and would look at nude pictures. I distinctly remember the first time I had willingly watched hardcore porn and it was early in grade 7, when I was about 12 or 13 years old. From that day there was no turning back. I would watch porn every day after school, during lunch breaks and any other chance that I got and would masturbate to it. My fetishes kept getting more and more extreme over the years until the last 3 years or so where only thing that would get me off would be the most extreme porn.

(From a Reddit thread) I've moved beyond sexual shame. This is the age of the internet. If you feel guilty about your choice of nut-busting material, then you are irrational. If you like something, own up to it and just keep liking it until your tastes inevitably change. Today you may find a certain tranny hot... but find others to be poorly carved caricatures of the female form wrapped around a male structure (seriously... I've seen some scars in some pics that make me shudder... also, the phrase "hatchet wound" comes to mind) tomorrow that midget might look mighty fine. Next week it's a redhead with dimples and a nearly blonde, yet well trimmed, bush. In a month you might like balloon boys.

The point is this: at the time, you liked it. It's like the phrase "Time you enjoyed spending, wasn't wasted", in that moment, what you were doing was exactly what you wanted to do. Never regret having enjoyed it.

It started with YouTube videos, really 'soft stuff', saw two women kiss, instant erection. Quickly it moved onto hardcore then gay stuff. The gay stuff has become much more 'exciting' than anything else that I watch but I don't find it pleasant, I'd much rather look at women even though they don't arouse me like they used to. Incidentally, I remember when even seeing a bit of breast on the TV for a few seconds was more exciting than anything else in the world!

Like most I've been looking at Porn since I was 13 or so (I'm 47 now). It has never been a problem for me in the past, that is until I got high speed internet back in 2000. Started noticing problems getting hard and bad delayed ejaculation problems. Up into that point in my life I had always had the ability to ejaculate on command however, after high speed porn I was lucky if I could get off 40% of the time. Sex with my then wife became less and less frequent. I thought my problems were because I was not attracted to her anymore. But that didn't matter cause I had my beloved high speed porn. I could look at 1000's of pictures in a sitting. Killed an entire afternoon just looking at porn. Sex with my then wife got more and more awkward. When I could get off during sex it was hard work (lot of sweating) and weak reward. It's like for me to get off, I had to picture my wife in a sex scene with another guy. My wife finally left me after cheating on me for months.

I'm 19 years old and have been watching porn since I was around 14. At the age of 14, I started becoming aroused to homosexual pictures and this became so stressful to me. I was sure I was gay, and at the same time I knew I wasn't because I always wanted a wife and kids. This, I found out later, was HOCD caused by these porn images I had seen. After one and a half years of complete distress, guilt, and self hatred I realized I was not gay. But I continued to watch porn. The problem I have is that I don't seem to actually be addicted to porn but I was addicted to the escalation. I found it a small difficulty to quit porn, but not impossible. I quit only a few weeks ago. But here is my problem. I started with being aroused by gay pictures. That ended and then I was fine. I went on to Anime porn, but then after seeing one with a penis I went on to pictures of shemales. For awhile I thought I only liked shemales and would have to like grow up and marry one. But then that passed and I went onto anal fisting, then urination, and then animals. I thought I was some sort of deviant (this entire time I WAS still attracted to women) but the porn just kept escalating. I was watching that incest porn that was online and reading incest stories and then I stepped over the unthinkable line. I came across, online, a video with...illegal activity in it (I'm sure you can guess) and I wasn't sure what was happening at first. I saw about 10 seconds of it and then closed my browser. I had a raging hard-on

from the dopamine and masturbated even though I was disgusted with what I saw.

Since then, my life has been in shambles and I have POCD (it acts JUST like my HOCD). But now I have come to the point where I am questioning my orientation and am on the brink of total depression. I have been having anxiety attacks and it has caused relationship OCD with my long distance girlfriend. The only time I masturbate is when we do it together on the internet and sometimes I can do it just thinking about her but other times I have to go into those fantasies even though I try not to. So basically, my point is...I am not one of those people who actually could NOT stop watching porn, but I definitely had the escalation problem, always trying to find kinkier porn. I have stopped watching porn altogether because I found that when I watched just regular porn, it would get me off at first and then I would start the "hunt" again like I couldn't control myself... I love my girlfriend so much and it tearing me apart that I am questioning my orientation. Some days I only think about it maybe a combined total of 10 minutes, other days it will come and my doubts/OCD will be on my mind the entire day.

(Age 27) Back when I finally realized what my penis could do, dial-up internet was a luxury and pornography was not the same as it was now. If I was growing up now, I wouldn't stand a chance and I fear for what millions of young males are doing to their brains in the age of broadband, streaming internet on computers, phones, TVs...infinite movies and disgusting websites...we all know what I mean.

Anyway, porn evolved as I aged. It became more exciting and deviant. My viewing was very infrequent until I graduated college and it's just progressed from there. I've never done drugs, no real addiction to or craving for drinking..don't smoke...don't gorge on junk food...people see me as a boy scout, but progressively, any time my significant other was away, I went right to the computer and had what I referred to as "personal time." I was always rationalizing. "High libido," that sort of thing.

My tastes became more bizarre. I thought it was some "sexual evolution" even though I knew I didn't particularly prefer what I was looking at or doing. But however I got TO orgasm, that was just the MEANS to the end I craved. It didn't matter what I was looking at or doing...and that's pretty fucking scary when you consider where that could lead.

I started off looking at vintage issues of playboy for sale on ebay so I wouldn't clutter up the internet history and get discovered by my parents. Then I started looking at still images of naked women. I remember when I

started looking at videos. It took one short, 1-2 minute video (even writing about it makes me want to go back and look at it) about 45 minutes to load. I would kill that 45 minutes by making sure neither of my parents were coming up the driveway. When it finally loaded, the party was on. What a waste of time. My tastes progressed and progressed to hardcore porn. At times, the more the woman was disrespected, the more I got off on it. It was disgusting.

I started watching porn when I was around 12 or 13 years old. It soon went over to internet porn which removed every barrier. I soon found myself masturbating many times a day. And I got into harder and harder stuff. I used to wonder why softcore porn was even viewed as I didn't find it arousing at all.

In the past year I have been having ED problems. I have also been increasing my Internet porn usage dramatically. To the point where I have it on all day, and do not even masturbate much. I just watch it now. I have become almost totally desensitized to sexual stimuli and it is affecting my reality performances with women.

I'm 28. Been watching porn since I was about 12. Lost my virginity around 20. Have had many relationships and sexual partners since then, but have always had problems with sexual performance for as long as I can remember. Was I a porn addict? Maybe. I'm not really sure. I'd say that I've watched porn on average 5 times a week for the last 16 years. As the years went by, I enjoyed it less and less, and started watching different things, but none of it really seemed to satisfy me. In the later years I would find myself flipping through countless videos in search of stimulation, sometimes watching 4 or 5 videos at the same time, but of course that didn't do it for me. I realized the absurdity of the situation but didn't know what to do about it. ED was a problem whether with porn or with a real person.

I used more and more porn, downloaded a lot of porn movies, different genres, and started to use extreme porn (violence, SM, gang bang, threesomes, different ethnic girls, etc. etc. - almost all the genres except child porn). Then even with extreme porn I started to have a weak erection, and then I had to keep touching my penis all the time to keep it up. I searched for more exciting moments/scenes all the time. I ended up in not being able to have a full-on erection but I was able to have an orgasm with it half erected. And now I realize this is a typical sequence of porn addiction. But while I was doing it I thought I'm getting weak because I'm aging, or I made other excuses. I masturbated sometimes just to calm myself down

before going to sleep. And I sought more and more exciting porn movies which at least makes me feel excited.

It wasn't long before I was no longer thinking about my own fantasies, but was purely using the video that was on the screen in front of me. I wasn't being creative in my own mind and I wasn't even adapting what I was seeing, I was just using it exactly as shown. I was now just a viewer. I always wondered how other guys could do that, but I had finally become one of them. I felt a strange sense of achievement, because I was masturbating like a grown up.

It was brilliant initially but the way the internet had evolved meant that I could start hunting which is something that dopamine does. It hunts. It seeks rewards. The reward system in my brain was being screwed up slowly but surely.

I began to load multiple videos from certain categories on the sites like anal and bondage, rather than just generally browsing or just using the first video clip that caught my eye. I was now going to the section of the tube sites specifically for anal, bondage, doggy style or whatever it was that took my fancy. That was another indicator of further desensitisation. I could also quickly skip through the videos to find the exact bits of the clips that would stimulate me the most, that would release the biggest amount of dopamine in the shortest amount of time. There was a really useful feature where you could hover your cursor over the time bar at the bottom of the clip and see a small snapshot image of what was happening at that point in the clip. I used this to hunt through the clip itself.

I would leave out any striptease, talking, flirting, anything like that, and cut straight to the hard fucking or the cum shots. Over the last 3 years and no more, I have needed harder and harder porn to arouse me. Nothing dodgy, just heterosexual stuff, men having sex with women, fairly rough sex, and some light bondage stuff but that was it. It is however light years away from the bikini clad images that I started with back in 2003-2004. But now when I see images of pretty girls or pretty girls in real life even if it's just random cleavage on a beach or something, I should be getting turned on but I am not.

Now I don't just need porn, I need specific sections of multiple, hardcore, tailored videos in order to get me off and I have noticed that I am able to masturbate and ejaculate with a soft penis.

By age 16 I started watching porn a bit more, maybe only a few more times a month. By this point I discovered lesbian porn, which was great, because it really got me going! I had all kinds of categories of porn at my finger tips on a daily basis. I was like a kid at a candy store.

Fast forward to age 18. Lost my virginity a day after my 18th birthday to my girlfriend. I had no idea what the hell I was doing, and it didn't last too long,

but it felt amazing! What a rush! But, a month later, my girlfriend breaks up with me. 18 year old me is devastated, because she was my first serious girlfriend, I really cared about her.

I became depressed, and used porn to cope. The regular stuff just wasn't cutting it anymore, so I started getting into all kinds of porn: Milf porn, fake incest porn, midget porn, fake rape porn, slave porn, BBW porn, all kinds of stuff.

Then a few months later I came across a certain category of porn that didn't really interest me, that I thought was actually really weird, but decided to give it a try anyway: Shemale/Tranny porn. Like before, the porn I was previously watching just wasn't working for me anymore. I needed something new, something more shocking/exciting to get me off, and this new tranny stuff did the job.

I've never once checked out a guy, I don't find men attractive at all, and I know I never will. I've always checked out women everywhere, I've even had to stop doing so in public a few times because I would get an erection. But something about this tranny porn had a hold on me. I only enjoyed videos of the shemales being the bottom, and the regular guy being the top and dominating the shemales/trannies. Oh, and I've only enjoyed the very feminine-looking shemales/trannies, and I never liked the trannies that had big dicks.

Fast-forward 4 and a half years, age 22. Tranny porn is my main porn addiction, probably 96% of it. The other 4% being a mixture of Milf, BBW, lesbian and hardcore hetero. I would masturbate at least 3-4 times a day (sometimes more), 7 days a week. I've had about 6 or 7 girlfriends over the 4 year span, only one was truly serious. Lots and lots of amazing sex! I mean, they could wear the least revealing outfits of all time and I'll still get a hard-on just looking at them, I was always horny all the time.

Fast forward, had sex with an ex girlfriend one day, and it took me a lot longer to get hard, that had me concerned.

I really hate what gets me off these days. I have a thing for very big women... I'm not talking healthy/normal chubby women... I'm talking 300lbs plus. I always liked a bit chubby women with curves, but now, I only like the really big ones it seems and it's disturbing to me. I think the years of looking at pics of chubby/big butt girls just kinda slowly escalated into liking full on obese women with massive

asses. It's funny because women who used to turn me on so much before don't really do it for me anymore. I also find myself more and more getting into the dynamic where you "watch," not participate. Clearly not good for healthy sex, when you have to imagine your partner fucking someone else other than you to get a boner. I can deal with liking obese women, but I don't like this "voyeur" stance one bit. It seems like an eternity since just looking at normal porn stars in the typical porn scene was enough for me.

My porn use has escalated over time, it started out with mags, then soft core VHS tapes, then hard core tapes, then DVDs... Then I got my own PC in my own apartment and my P use exploded... Looking back I can now see that I started to withdraw socially when I got my computer and high-speed broadband, because real life situations just weren't giving me the kick that looking at P did. I was probably getting to the state where I was using PMO 4-8x per week. I kinda knew in the back of my mind that what I was doing wasn't quite normal with several windows open at one time, looking for that moment that gets me there... but I just carried on anyways in that seemingly endless PMO cycle. Looking back I can now see that my ED problems were worsening now I had a PC, I remember going soft when girls gave me oral and not being massively horny even being in bed with naked really smoking-hot girls, because I didn't have that ever-changing visual stimulus.

Lucky me, I belong to the generation that had no Internet access during puberty. So I started with soft porn magazines, watched soft porn on TV, etc. Nevertheless, during puberty I was always anxious and had a lot of complexes.. thought it was natural in this period. Also thought it was normal to masturbate regularly because "everyone" does at that age.. I think the bad thing was that my brain started to develop those described pathways, something like "if you want to get comfort > just masturbate and you will feel better".. it was like a vicious circle: The more I masturbated to (soft) porn the more I got this social anxiety. The strange thing is that I was very good at school, but on the other hand I had very few friends and social contacts.. when I got 18 I went to the video store and started with hardcore videos.. It was still a hurdle to get these videos compared to the following years. Internet porn started when I was about 20 years old, when I bought my first PC. This was directly after highschool. With a 56k modem I watched hundreds of photos but it was still not that bad compared to the following age of highspeed internet porn. The first time I had sex with a girl was at the age of 19 and I suffered from ED, not knowing that it came from porn consumption, thought it

was because I was too nervous etc... (what I actually was of course 😞).

During my studies I got free highspeed internet access directly in my student hostel, that was when it all got worse..

I remember isolating myself from the rest of the world.. my relationship also ended because I was always in a bad mood and very cruel to my girlfriend at that time.. I watched nights and days thousands of videos, pics, etc. forgetting time.. instead of going out on parties with my student fellows I preferred to stay in my room, binging in front of my PC.

I won't go into great depths about the specifics of my pornography use, but will just give a generalised overview of the escalation into the abyss. After my first orgasm, I continued to pleasure myself at least once a day for the next few years, either with no fantasy, sexualised fantasies or visual stimulus on TV, or in magazines and comics. I think the real point at which my addiction intensified was when I gained access to the information superhighway, which provided a gateway to pure sexual bliss. From around the age of 17 – 28, internet pornography has been my Achilles' heel. It progressed from simple softcore nudes, to vanilla sex, to hardcore sex and eventually extremely explicit material.

I used to save my favorite porn sites as bookmarks in my browser. Because I had found a video clip that I liked and got off to, I thought that it would save me hunting around and wasting time when I came to my next PMO session. Instead I would go straight to it. Weirdly, I never returned to any of the 100 or so clips that I had bookmarked. Why? I'd been there and done that. They were no longer new and unique and in many cases they were no longer extreme enough get me had and get me to a climax. This is obviously linked with porn very closely. The main thing that I discovered was that the physical mechanics of how I masturbated became warped over time. I was gripping too hard and the strokes I was using were very vigorous. It wasn't like that initially, so why did it end up like that after 10 years of masturbation? Probably because of the porn use. My theory is that as the extremity and weirdness of the porn that you use increases, you find it gradually more and more difficult to get turned on. In order to compensate for this, gradually over time you go at it a little bit harder and harder. Tightening that grip and becoming more vigorous. That is how it links with the porn.

In Europe, things changed drastically. Now I have a fast internet at home, I was lonely, a black person in small redneck town in north Europe, where almost all the other black people were refugees who have not so good relations with the locals, and I completely become isolated. And it was during this time I fell deep in the porn hole. I watched porn for at least one hour almost every night. And this time, I escalated into many different

forms. Lesbians were still interesting but mostly only in scenes that also include S&M, watersports, rape, incest etc... and finally I stumbled into she males, and I was hooked. For two years, that was basically how I spent my whole spare time, no real sex, not even a date.

I used to save my favorite porn sites as bookmarks in my browser. Because I had found a video clip that I liked and got off to, I thought that it would save me hunting around and wasting time when I came to my next PMO session. Instead I would go straight to online porn. Weirdly, I never returned to any of the 100 or so clips that I had bookmarked. Why? I'd been there and done that. They were no longer new and unique and in many cases they were no longer extreme enough get me hard, and get me to a climax. The physical mechanics of how I masturbated became warped over time. I was gripping too hard and the strokes I was using were very vigorous. It wasn't like that initially, so why did it end up like that after 10 years of masturbation? Probably because of the porn use. My theory is that as the extremity and weirdness of the porn that you use increases, you find it gradually more and more difficult to get turned on. In order to compensate for this, gradually over time you go at it a little bit harder and harder. Tightening that grip and becoming more vigorous.

In those heady days of dialup the amount of porn I could get at was pitiful compared to what we have at our sweating little fingertips at present, but at the time those pixellated jiggings were the height of excitement to me. I was hooked. That was 12 years ago so you can imagine that as connection speeds and availability rose, so did my consumption. I would PMO when I was bored (which was often) I would PMO to get to sleep, when my internet connection went down I would try unsuccessfully to masturbate without the porn, fail and be forced to dip into the vast amounts of archived material. I realised I was addicted.

Here's how I feel about porn and why I want to remove myself from it forever:

Porn and Novelty: My Thoughts

I've seen a hell of a lot of naked women over the years. Not in person but over the internet. I've seen flat-chested and busty, skinny and chubby and a whole range of women in between. In all my years of viewing porn I feel like I drifted further and further into addiction and began to pursue a wide variety of women. A 15 second clip was but a teaser... this clip would lead to a 30 minute search for a longer clip. Eventually even a 3 minute clip wasn't enough... I wanted to see more and more of different women of different groups... some of them I don't even think I found attractive at all in retrospect. It almost feels like men become interested in porn because of a few hot women... and stay for the thrill of the hunt of another novel vagina. The stuff on yourbrainonporn.com makes so much sense it's insane. I can actually see that now... and it scares me. Porn scares me.

Attraction

I feel like I'm stuck. I don't really know what attraction is... I'm sure I did about 4 or 5 years ago but now I feel like everything is so vanilla when either clothed or naked. I'm not sure of what "my type" is although I feel like I once had a type. Of course, my OCD takes the threat of an absence of a type to mean I'm a pedophile (now at least) but that's all normal when it comes to how my mind works anyways. The weird thing though... is that in all of those vaginas and breasts I feel like I lost the ability to tell what I even like. Porn was just material... vanilla, boring and bland. Women became plain ice cream that I just craved but never really wanted... it's so strange.

I almost feel like if someone asked me what I liked in a girl the conversation would go like this. I like medium sized breasts... no I like small no wait big breasts. I guess I don't really know. I like feminine faces... that are cute... wait no hot no wait I like more masculine women wait no I don't I'm not quite sure. I actually have no idea now what I consider attractive. I feel confused and disoriented just thinking about it. I actually have no idea what I wanted back that... it's almost like I was in a fog. (Yet another thing mentioned... the insanity)

You can skip the foreplay

Yep, the wonders of modern videos on demand let you skip the foreplay straight into the stuff you like the most. In my case... it was penetration (woohoo!)... I liked to see the most women have sex in the shortest time as possible. Due to this, I escalated towards threesomes and large group sex scenarios as opposed to more hardcore porn. This also taught me that foreplay isn't important (which it is) and that women don't give a shit if you skip in. In fact, they'll happily take your penis and tell you how big it is when they do.

In conclusion, thanks porn... you were the perverted older brother I never had!

Everyone joked about porno mags in school, so I never thought anything of my Internet porn usage throughout my teens. I let myself advance from typical Playboy pictures to some of the sickest stuff available over this course of time. I initially advanced to fetish straight porn. While searching for more extreme forms of porn, I stumbled across tranny porn. Despite the grief and identity-questioning it caused me, I could not stop watching it.

I've read that many people get into more hardcore and more extreme porn. For me, that happened to some extent - starting with nude pictures and moving to videos of sex to rougher sex and some anal - but nothing weirder than that. However, I definitely would "binge". At first it was spending hours saving videos to the hard drive, then with the tube sites it was having up to 30 windows or tabs open and switching back and forth. I also got really picky - is it possible to get more and more extreme but focus on beauty?) The girl had to be perfect. If her areolas were a tiny bit too large, her hips too wide, her eyes not big enough, etc.,

move on to the next video. Also video quality - lately I had been going for HD stuff with gorgeous girls, full screen. I also have sometimes watched porn without masturbating, often without getting an erection. Just craving it but not needing to get off.

My porn obsession has escalated to levels I consider harmful; I got into watching bondage and stuff far worse; shocking stuff, I didn't recognize myself.

I started with erotic movies, then moved to soft porn, then hard porn. During the past 1-2 years I moved to S/M, humiliation, gang-bang. But lately I managed to get erected only a few moments before ejaculation. If I slowed down for a moment and continued watching I managed to stay erected for quite long. But when I stopped watching or the movie started to be less hard or arousing I lost my erection.

After close to ten years of porn, I developed something like HOCD. Porn just escalates that. It's like an alcoholic. Even if he doesn't drink for ten years, when he does drink it's like he never stopped in terms of the progression. This shit is progressive.

As best I can recall, my introduction to porn began innocuously. I would watch HBO or Cinemax in 6th grade, or look at my parents' book on sex in secret. Eventually, I discovered masturbation. I learned sooner than I was ready to about ejaculation, and began masturbating and trying to ejaculate. It happened at some point. I also discovered the internet, and quickly found stranger types of pornography - anime, or lesbian porn, or any number of things. When I was in high school, I would masturbate multiple times per day - sometimes up to four.

By high school, I was still mainly looking at images - we had dial-up internet. Things got progressively 'weirder' and I found myself wondering about all of the fetishes I developed. The strange thing - perhaps familiar in these parts - was that my fetishes escalated rapidly. What did it for a few months eventually failed to satisfy, and I was onto the next flavor of the month. I didn't discover streaming videos until college. Throughout college, thanks to the sudden availability of high-speed internet, my porn use continued to escalate.

I'm 24 years old and I've never had a healthy relationship. I didn't kiss a girl until I was almost 22 years old. I "lost" my virginity when I was 23 - a friend was visiting, and we tried to have sex, but I didn't finish.

I have been suffering from Porn Addiction from a very long time, watching porn and MO about once or twice a day. Like some other people my tastes started normal enough but have since escalated from hetero to hetero anal, lesbian, bondage, to tranny, and have now landed on gay porn. I feel so

helpless as I cannot even become aroused anymore by thinking about plain hetero sex or by watching normal types of hetero porn; and my interest in women around me in my everyday life has dropped significantly as well as my overall libido when i am not watching porn; though I just feel deep down that this all has to do with PA and I truly am straight.

I'm a 20 yr old guy. Been watching porn for the past 2-3 years. I desperately want to quit. I am straight. But I've been wanking off too much. This caused me to lose all interest in women. Even gangbang scenes became boring (no erections). Then one day I was with a friend (guy). I got this thought, that, girls aren't turning me on anymore, HAVE I FUCKING TURNED GAY???!!!! I have nothing against gay people, mind. Since then I've not had a moment's rest. I'm straight.....I've had so many girl crushes in my life. Had 2 girlfriends. But this is strange and disturbing... feeling suicidal.

Before I sought help I probably was the worst masturbator / PMO user on earth. I will rank myself in top 1 percent and I really mean it. I even believed that the quitting porn would not work for me due to my severe use. Started with sensational masturbation, pictures in magazines, then porn. It was crazy I had trillions of porns to the extent that I had to save them externally wipe them out of my hard drive to make space for the future ones 2 or 3 times. I always went to the top sites like...eh I will not mention them, or some people will relapse. I watched crazy **** man I watched anything you can imagine except gay and teen porn. Well, I was more into milf so it makes sense. I opened about 50 tabs at one point looking for the perfect scene to come to. I have even stayed on the PC watching porn and masturbating for more than 9 hours straight always edging so as not to come. I might be the worst in this thing. I am not proud but it is true. I used to watch porn every blessed day and checked out the newest scenes daily too.

I am 27, currently single, and I noticed in the last couple of years I've had delayed ejaculation problems. I usually don't think much of it because if I know I was going to have a date that night, I will just not M and then everything will just work the way it should. Having a few extra minutes is actually not a bad bonus too. However, one thing I did notice over the years is that ejaculation has not been as pleasurable. This is especially the case when masturbating. My most common reason for masturbating seems to be some kind of self-imposed obligation e.g. "Oh I need a break, and if I don't do it now I won't be able to sleep, so might as well..." Instead of experience immense pleasure and joy from the O, it became a drug that I have to routinely take or else I'd feel horrible.

(Female) The frequency of my masturbation continued and I started viewing porn more often than usual. I'd stay up very late at night to do it so I would

have alone private time for it. I finally started viewing certain fetish stuff that intrigued me for a while but I never went to much before unless I stumbled upon it. PMO became a nightly and daily routine. I'd fit it in as much as possible. I don't know when it started but somewhere along the line I started viewing a bit too extreme material. I'm one of those geeky girls which loves anime and so of course that led to me viewing hentai more frequently. Now if any of you here have ever viewed hentai you know some of the messed up stuff that can be in it: tentacles (a total "WTF" thing), rape, incest, monsters, futanari (she-males) gangbangs etc. I know some of this is in regular porn as well. I've viewed it all by now and at one point or another I've enjoyed these things. It's kind of alarming because years ago I would have laughed or turned away from this sort of stuff. I viewed normal porn for a while with two non-drawn human beings and it got a bit more extreme. This is where it gets shameful and messed up to me... Eventually it was only hentai or drawn/digitally animated characters that could turn me on anymore. There were no imperfections in them. Nothing to get turned off by. Eventually I was no longer attracted to the males in the shows very often, I found myself wondering if I was "turning bi-sexual or lesbian" because of the beautiful big busted hentai girls that I was getting turned on by. I found myself searching for unrealistic sized breasts or some sort of other fetish related stuff and most nights it was the only thing I could get off to. I'd spend hours searching for the right clips and then take another hour to three to get off. Then finally when I typed in something along the lines of "big breasted dickgirl lesbians" or "lesbian hentai girls having sex" in a searchbar or something similar to that I knew I couldn't do this anymore. I've always been drawn to large breasts or breasts in particular: who doesn't find them attractive? But I've never wanted to have a girlfriend or be sexual, kiss, or experiment with another girl so looking these things up completely baffled me. I knew I was a straight female years ago. I still do, but I'd be craving these images to help me get off... these fake drawn images (sometimes real if the breasts or dicks or animations are large or dramatic enough). I'd still find myself attracted to guys to porn some night, but when the initial excitement wore off I'd end up turning to other fetish related stuff that they could do. (I'd rather not type out that certain fetish as of right now.)

Me now: That was a lot harder to type than I expected. So here I am, early 20's still a virgin and have lost my "true libido" early in life. I respond to physical touch sometimes, but I don't get very wet unless close to orgasm. I don't have many days that I feel horny almost all throughout the day like I

used to. It comes in very small bouts. My arousal has turned more into a need for orgasm than a need or desire for actual sex.

Just remembering old days today. Only 2 years ago I always had loads of friends..Used to go out...I remember how I used to feel when I saw a simple girl on street...I never needed something to make myself happy...It was a internal feeling...That energy...Raw energy...Which was keeping me ahead on all fronts.

Masturbation was my daily habit...And I never felt any bad effects because of that!!!...Exercise...Work...Flirting...Confidence..Everything was perfect. My internal energy was so high that I used to wonder what to do with this surplus energy...I never imagined that a day would come when I'd have to beg for energy...Life...

That day came in my life...and I can see the difference because I did not grow up with porn...I am 29 years old....So it was a transition for me....And that's why I can see the difference vividly, and how disastrous this is !!!...

When I slipped into this porno habit 2 years ago....It was not addiction; it was just an aid for masturbation....But soon it escalated to rape scenes, animal...violent sex. I thought it was good for masturbation. No need to imagine sex scenes with my girlfriend from long ago...Was feeling very proud that I didn't need any girl now. I thought, "I am in control of myself People are really fools to go for committed relationships. Marriages...!!! Look at me! I don't feel like marrying. I am the ultimate human being!!!.I can live alone."

But it was totally wrong!! Porn was eating me from inside. Soon I felt depressed...Brain fog...Social anxiety...Digestion problems. My primitive brain was hooked. And the funny thing is I was thinking that...I had grown older and that's why it's ok that I no longer had the same urge to masturbate as before. You know what? When we are normal and living a happy life we never consider its cost. But once we lose it, we see.

[Female] My previous SO and I had a long distance relationship, and that's when I started getting into masturbating and porn. We sometimes wouldn't see each other for a couple months at a time, so I masturbated and watched porn almost every day for 3 years. Within the first year of our relationship, I found that the sex we had was dull and I couldn't get off from just sex at all. So as soon as he was done, I'd sneak off to finish myself watching really extreme porn. The porn got more extreme as the years went on, and the sexual relationship I had with my SO became worse.

For me I would have said I was the least addiction prone person I know. I've never smoked or used drugs, and for the bulk of my life never used alcohol or caffeine. Turns out I guess PMO was my weak spot. In hindsight, boy was I

addicted. And never saw it. Until a year ago, without porn, my masturbation habit settled into a moderately stable twice weekly affair. Once the P got added to the MO, this upped the ante in a dramatic way to more like twice a day. And it was accelerating. I think of those rats hooked up to the reward circuitry machine, pushing the lever till they drop, and I shudder, because that feels like where it was headed.

I also need to confess that my arousal pattern had advanced to at first including then requiring anal stimulation, and I'm talking my ass not hers. First it was silicone toys then multiple fingers, then my whole hand, then her fist. Who knows where that would have gone. I could no longer orgasm without such help. As mind blowing as those orgasms may have been, the pattern of escalation seems to have escaped my awareness completely. Thankfully now that's all fallen away, and the area around my anus has lost all attraction.

This past week I've noticed a substantial reduction in my former habit of snacking throughout the day, and looking back it appears that this must be related somehow to dopamine, in some intricate way connected to my masturbation habit. Because the cessation of one seems to have affected the other. Food feels more neutral now and I find myself tasting it more, and being happy with less. Only eating the things I want to eat.

It seems a real tragedy that all these young guys can PMO themselves into a place where they just run out of orgasm and erectile function. I shudder when I think about it, but realise it's where I was headed. I mentioned previously it was taking me a lot to orgasm, and it was especially hard to orgasm during sex. In hindsight incidences of arousal failure during sex were starting to crop up as well. I never noticed these signs for what they evidently were.

Began M + O and some P too around 13 or so. Am 32 now. At least w/ M + O it began simply w/ fantasy, then mags, then DVDs, but escalated to internet the last few years or so. And not to mention some escalations into some really raunchy stuff- I was definitely ashamed and embarrassed, but it was the only thing that worked.

Stepping back and really looking at the lengths I was going to in an effort to get turned on it's obvious my dopamine responses were and are completely screwed up. As a baseline I naturally should be popping and holding a metal boner in the presence of an attractive naked female. However what I've pushed myself to need are hyperstimulating videos of

Some real, real, aggressive stuff...

These aren't even fetishes per se. My brain isn't getting the release I had before with arousal so it's grabbing other entities like shame and aggression into the picture to get the same buzz until my whole brain is in on the action. Realistically

I'm not even into kink, I just like healthy young ladies. I don't really want to do awful shameful things to them, I would rather date them and love them. It's to the point where I'm getting off on the degradation and shock. There was a time where a photo of a naked woman would stimulate me 100%, granted I was a teenager but I'm only 27 years old. Now I need things to be extreme, vulgar, and downright disgusting for any type of pleasure. My attraction response is getting mixed up with all kinds of other things. Attraction is shock, is disgust, is exploitation. These experiences are also completely under my control. I don't even need to watch the girls get undressed, I start right at the full-on genital slamming in HD. There isn't a conceivable way that a live human female can replicate that level of stimulation, not even close. Some nights I see over 1000 pairs of breasts before going to sleep. My erection response is instant, but fades after a few seconds without manual stimulation. When I went to strip club recently I received a dance from one of the girls. She fluff talked me for a bit and playfully asked "So, you wanna get your dick hard?". Ha. I already knew I wouldn't. A began to pop a chubby but it faded a few seconds in. A real live woman was clapping her ass in my face and I couldn't remain aroused for ten seconds. Jesus wept. There were three girls in my life I was unable to perform with, when it came time for penetration I just wasn't hard enough, or I lost my erection putting on the condom. It was so embarrassing and shitty. Never felt so worthless. It never occurred to me that my brain was scrambled by self induced brain chemistry changes. The last girl I was able to perform with I had abstained from orgasm for 2 weeks and had a slightly stronger erection.

I've been into porn/erotica since I was about 8 years old. However, since I'm in my forties, there was a progression from mild stuff like Playboy to Penthouse to Hustler (and other more graphic magazines) to movies on videotape, then DVDs, and then internet porn. After I got high-speed internet about 12 years ago, my relationship with porn went to a new level. A few years ago, I noticed that I actually was starting to prefer spending an evening with porn than with the girl I was in a relationship with. I just figured that meant there was something wrong with her. But after this pattern repeated with other women, I knew there was something going on with me.

In recent years, my porn viewing revolves around searching for clips and pics while edging for about 3 to 4 hours (on average) per session. I'm like a man possessed, with laser focus and concentration.

Strangely, my preferences in porn have never changed or escalated. (Oh, how I've wished that I could get a good foot fetish or bondage thing going so that I would have a ton of new material to work with!) Instead, I seem to keep things interesting by constantly looking for new girls or scenes.

Here in Brazil TV shows always have beautiful women dancing, showing their bodies, but I didn't have internet even though I masturbated a lot. So, when internet came in, I started watching videos and soon it started to escalate - to any kind of women: short, tall, really skinny, really fat, really old, ugly women (it never escalated to child, thank god). I remember not liking fat women at all, and deciding to watch porn of fat women just out of curiosity, and now I'm addicted. Eventually, it escalated to shemale porn.

Hentai has always been a soft spot for me because it broke the boundaries of extremes that normal porn can offer in terms of torture. Next to hentai only stories could proceed that far without it becoming just plain murder, which in my view isn't in any kind sexual even if the death is the result of bdsm. But without death, the limitless and unrealistic torture was one of the few things that could get me to highs of arousal where I'd lose myself completely for as much time as I was able to spend on it. bad, bad times.....

I'm 25 years old and have been masturbating to internet porn since I was 15. I first started masturbating to porn when I was 15 to a dial-up, 56K connection. I never stopped (I noticed it was just way too stimulating) and I would continue to masturbate at least once every day. This persisted throughout the rest of my highschool/university years. It was when my dad purchased high-speed broadband internet that my PMO use became much more frequent and escalated into more extreme genres (lesbian domination, anal)- I never found anything more extreme as arousing, so I probably wasn't that desensitized.

One of the things that struck me in *A Billion Wicked Thoughts*, is that the most widely searched age group for men was 16-year-olds. I definitely found that porn caused me to be attracted to younger and younger women. When I was in my early twenties, I didn't have this kind of youthful focus; I was just attracted to attractive women. But with internet porn escalating, I found I almost exclusively looked at teen porn. And while I avoided any underage pornography, in my daily life, I often would look at underage teenage girls with a lot of desire. This brings with it a lot of shame and feelings of being a pervert. I haven't really overcome those feelings entirely, but it helps being PMO free.

It's amazing how porn has desensitized us. My extreme porn addiction started around 19. But between the ages of 14-19, I used to get erections nearly by all type of women, skinny, busty, average. Heck, once my teacher at school when I was 17 showed some cleavage and I had an erection for 2 hours and even old women sometimes turned me on. I have not been excited by a woman in real life since 19 and I am now 23. I hope I can get that feeling again.

I'm 30 and I've been fapping since 13 at least 1 time per day. My porn consumption has been escalating from regular nudity to the most fucked up shit.

And while I'm not ashamed, I really think something was wrong with me. The last 3 years were a nightmare!

I have been consistently PMOing since I was about 13. Back then it was pretty harmless stuff, and mainly just with pictures on the internet. However, as I got through middle school and eventually high school, I of course escalated to more hardcore material and was PMOing every single day, often twice a day and watching dozens of videos during each session. I never saw all this as much of a problem because I knew a lot of my friends did it too. However, as high school went on and my addiction became worse, I fell into a pretty serious depression and my life really went downhill from there.

I've struggled with ED, serious depression, anxiety, social isolation, the whole bit over the past several years, but it has reached an all-time high since I've been in college, and non-coincidentally my porn use has gone up right along with it. Perhaps not necessarily the amount of porn, but some of the material that I find myself seeking out is pretty wild shit (non-consensual stuff, gang bangs, bukkakes), just the disgusting of the disgusting. The type of stuff that when you "finish", you can't click out of the window fast enough because you're so grossed out at yourself. This whole situation has really blown up ever since I lost the most beautiful, caring girl I've ever been with. We were together for the fall semester of my sophomore year and had some amazing sex together, and also a really great relationship. However I was still using porn heavily while this was going on and it definitely played a big role in her eventually dumping me.

Since then I've been really going hard with the raunchy, disgusting porn use and I've felt completely detached from all women. I can hardly speak to a girl without coming off as an ABSOLUTE CREEP and it drives me crazy because I'm not one. Even in college I've pulled a lot of really attractive women, but I struggle hard to keep them around, usually because of ED and a lack of confidence. I'm very healthy and athletic and obviously at the age of 20 this whole ED thing HAS to be from all my porn use. Right now I'm really at a low point and haven't been with a girl (except one when I was drunk and wasn't even attracted to) in about 7 months, and haven't even had the confidence to try much. My grades last semester were awful after averaging a 3.5 first three semester and I have just been fucking up in all aspects of life, even though deep down I'm driven and hard working. I really just want to stop feeling like such a SHITHEAD CREEP and be able to start talking to girls again.

I'm a 21 year old college student, and I have been addicted to PMO since I was 14. The first time I remember ever coming across pornographic material I must've been in 1st grade. I was at my neighbor/ best friend's house when we ran across

his stepfather's collection of naked girls in his toolbox in the garage. As the years went on, more and more pornographic material, (magazines, dvd's, etc) were discovered by me and my friend while we looked at the material with a mix of awe and fear. When I finally got to 5th grade, another friend of mine showed me internet pornography for the first time. I still remember that day, the look of the page, the disgust and awkwardness I felt, and the fact that we almost got caught by his dad. As you might imagine, that excitement drew us back to look at pages like that every time we were together. I eventually stopped hanging out with him, but looking back on this now there's a strong possibility that he's addicted to PMO as well.

When I finally reached the age of 14 I got my own personal computer and that's when things really skyrocketed out of control. There was everything I ever wanted to see and more, and I could never get enough. I ended up PMOing twice a day, every day, for years thinking it was normal because all of my friends were doing the same thing. During this time I was in high school and there were a bunch of girls that liked me, but I never had any interest in them because they weren't hot enough for me and my porn distorted looking glass.

At 17, I meet this girl who is crazy about me and, after 10 tries, we finally have sex. My erections for the next 100 or so sessions were good, but they started to fade as I continued to PMO everyday even after sex. Eventually, I was failing about 30% of the time, which was no good for her because she was a crazy nymphomaniac who would become incredibly upset if she couldn't have sex everyday, sometimes up to 3 times a day. Looking back, it was a terrible relationship, abusive on some levels even. We were both just addicted to sex, looking for a willing body. The funny thing was that she was also heavily addicted to PMO prior to our relationship, but swears that she quit when she met me. She found out I was still PMOing of course, and left, which drove me into a deep depression.

Since then, I haven't been able to have sex with any girl I've met. Even ones that I found incredibly attractive still weren't able to get me sprung.

I've reached the level where the usual pr0n I always liked and used, which was already kinky, wasn't even close to enough for an erection... stuff I need is not at all related to any kind of sex.

Lowest point? Three actually and there are **pretty strong trigger scenes** as I have seen people mention that there needs to be a disclaimer:

1. Lying on a bed, having my dick sucked by a guy and not getting it up. and you know what the worst thing is? I was watching porn on his phone and getting sucked at the same time and I could not get it up. I left guys and my "gayism" there and then and never looked back. Left porn for some time too but came back to it after some time.
2. Watching a chick eating shit and being pissed on at the same time. What the fuck was I thinking? Rebooted for some time too before going back to it.

3. Losing out my pharmacy diploma and losing my girlfriend on the same day due to porn and procrastination.

GUY 1) It appears we have all been going in the same direction. Child porn sickens me and always has. But i have seen my porn habits and preferences change so dramatically over the years that anything is possible should one continue down this road.

GUY 2) Exactly. Way back in the day it was bikini pictures, then couples having sex. Then magazines where it was couples or threesomes; occasionally small groups. Then internet porn came along and it was MMF all the time, then gangbangs, larger groups.

Then in the last 5 years I'd moved to alien porn, monsters fucking chicks, tentacle porn, violent mysogyny, forced sex, rape, gangrape, face rape, anal rape. Then choking, slapping, shaking, strangulation and strangulation snuff. Then snuff in groups then stabbing, shooting snuff, necrophilia and *gore* soaked necrophilia.

It took me about 15 years to get here and 15 years ago I could never, ever, possibly have imagined that a decade and half later I would be jacking off to pictures/video (staged!!) of a roomful of chicks being shot to death and violated post mortem.

Inconceivable. Yet here we are. ([LINK to thread](#))

My low point was combining cocaine (which i'd rarely had) with pmo as a way to get my dopamine up. In a couple of weeks PMO became a trigger for the drug and the drug became a trigger for PMO. I realised i was rapidly descending into total hell and quit cold turkey. But the depression that comes after a couple of grams of coke and 6 hrs of pmo is truly horrible.

I started looking at porn when I was around 11 years old, the time I got my first computer, in my bedroom it was, little did I know then what a source of great trauma this computer would become.

It took a couple of years for me to become engrossed in pornography, once I was fluent on the internet and my hormones started circulating it seems now inevitable. I was soon searching out of girls my age with little success, most of it was very young looking women along with 'normal porn. The thrill of watching something illegal and also in a way more familiar (being young also) to me brought a lethal shot of dopamine to my brain, forming extremely strong pleasure pathways.

The mixture of my age, excessive masturbation, young porn, regular porn,

being very computer savvy and watching my peers have more success than me with girls I do not in any way blame myself for what I looked for, I believe most people in my position would have done the same.

I am now free of my previous sexual deviance, I thank Nofap mostly, also getting caught once and subsequently having my life torn apart probably played a part, and having the cops clear scan my computers oh and practically EVERYONE found out and out of all the people I knew and loved no one talked to me about it, they all made their minds up without involving me apart from one person, I will hold that person with the highest regard for the rest of my life, he thought independently, made his own decisions, he knew that in my heart of hearts I was not a pedophile and somehow I was a victim of circumstance, he was right.

The point I wanted to make it that from what you are saying, Eric, you are not a Pedophile in the traditional sense, you have just been seeking out a stronger high and this may have been then leaking into your day to day life. NoFap is a great place for you, you have been having success so far and this reinforces my belief in you, feel free to PM me if you would like to talk further.

To all of you reading Eric's post and looking down on him, remember, had you continued down the porn path, seeking stronger and stronger dopamine highs where would it have stopped, what if your circumstances made it easy for you, what if your life was painful and you needed some release. I count myself lucky, that period of my live is over now, gone forever.

Just to clarify, I am now completely straight. I focused mainly on Jailbait for a while, and I have now given almost all porn up completely - and I have no unusual sexual preference anymore. I don't need a psychiatrist, although for many years in my life I really did - this whole thing could have been up a lot sooner.

I can still remember that first image. A brunette with curly hair and a giant bush, sitting on a stool, giving that "come hither" stare. This was miles beyond looking at the lingerie section of my mom's Sears catalog. I was hooked.

Over the next few years, I downloaded more and more images. Slowly but surely, I began enjoying images of sex acts rather than just nude women. And pretty soon, I couldn't even get hard unless I saw a woman getting railed or some dude nutting on her face. All this before I was even out of high school.

I was one of the first folks in our town to get dial-up internet access. Back then, browsers were clunky and crashed often. And using them on a 14.4k dial up connection was painful at best. But this opened up a whole world of porn for me. I'd download images from all sorts of niches from Usenet. And, once again, I "leveled up." I couldn't get hard unless I saw some chick getting gang banged and even the solo shots had to be gynecological in nature before they'd even

interest me in the slightest.

I went off to college. High speed internet meant I didn't sleep at night.

Downloading porn. Now, I could watch videos and put real action and voices to the objects of my desire.

And at this point, my interests took a deviant turn. I couldn't get off unless I saw a girl being humiliated. And I became obsessed with seeing women getting buttfucked. Anal sex was now my obsession.

And what a niche it was. Gaping. Large insertions. Anal creampie. And every time I saw some girl getting fucked in the ass, I'd always watch for that telling look of pain on her face. I don't care how good an actress a porn starlet is - if it hurts, she's gonna show it, at least subtly. And these little moments got me off harder than anything I'd ever seen.

It was at this time that I decided that my obsession was getting unhealthy. I went out more. Even got a girlfriend. But my sexual deviance meant I wanted all kinds of stuff a college freshman girl didn't even know existed. Yet I took great pleasure in "corrupting" this innocence.

Was I wrong for making her let me watch her shit? Getting head on the toilet? Urinating on her in the shower? Fucking her ass and making her suck me off afterward? I think most people would say yes.

I guess the final straw for her was when I put her in a bathtub full of water and made her give me head. I'd push her under and fuck her mouth until she'd start panicking. And I'd just wait a few seconds more. I got off, but she left me.

Today, many years later, my sexual deviance knows few bounds. Scat. Hardcore bondage. Torture porn. So-called "painaI."

And I guess the thing that scares me most is I'm starting to enjoy gore. Sexually.

29 y/o with 17 years of MO (to softcore and imagination) and 12 years of masturbating to escalating to extreme/fetish porn. I started to lose interest in real sex. The build up and release from porn became stronger than it was from sex. Porn offers unlimited variety. I could choose what I want to see in the minute.

My delayed ejaculation during sex became so bad that sometimes I couldn't orgasm at all. This killed my last desire to have sex. Eventually my porn addiction was so bad that I wanted to stop. Even after watching several hours of porn, and orgasming a few times I still felt that I need more. I knew that I had a problem and wanted to give it up. I relapsed many times but it worked. At day 70 (no porn, edging, masturbation or sex) of this last streak I knew I was physically recovered and could have sex with good success. I believe that my struggle with desires to watch porn will continue because I have long history of porn use but I'm determined.

[This was written in response to a post

(http://www.reddit.com/r/AdviceAnimals/comments/14mis7/our_biggest_problem_as_men/) where porn users were complaining that they wanted to masturbate

but couldn't find material that got them to climax. This post doesn't say where this guy's porn started, but it's likely it wasn't with needing this much porn or this much time. His *modus operandi* seems to be typical of a lot of today's users.] I use sites that have large selections of videos. I browse categories and open up any video whose thumbnail and description intrigue me the most. The video is open in a new tab, and I start the video, clear off any pop-ups (whatever adblock misses - goddamnitlivejasmin) and pause the video to let it buffer. I repeat the process for a selection of about two dozen videos. I start watching them in the same order I opened them (because the first one is always done loading by the time I start buffering the last tab). I then skip around a bit if the pace is a little slow. I start to close tabs that aren't as good as I thought. Then I start to close tabs that aren't as good as the other open tabs. One by one, the tabs do battle for my penis attention time, until 3 or fewer are left. I then watch the best parts of each of them, switching over to my favorite one of the bunch to finish off.
http://www.reddit.com/r/AdviceAnimals/comments/14mis7/our_biggest_proble...

When I turned 20. I had no idea what was going on anymore. I questioned if I was addicted to porn. I started masturbating 10-14 times a week, 99% of the time to porn. My masturbation sessions lasted about 2-4 HOURS at this point. If I tried masturbating without it, it would take me 20 minutes to even get an erection. I even started having trouble getting erections to porn. I would take my 2-4 day break, come back and have trouble getting it up. I started freaking out thinking I have ED and I started googling a bunch of stuff and couldn't find much.

So I continued masturbating because at least I was EVENTUALLY able to get an erection. This is where it gets weird. One day I was browsing through videos, trying to find a good scene to get me hard. I click on what seemed to be a girl-on-girl video, but soon found out that it was actually tranny porn. I was just about to exit out of it because I'm straight and it grossed me the hell out. The thing is, I got hard. This confused me so much, because the thought of tranny's before made me go soft. Now suddenly I'm going hard? I really started freaking out because I questioned whether or not I was really straight, and if the reason why I'm not getting hard anymore is because I'm not attracted to women. After googling this for about 2 hours, I found that a lot of straight men supposedly watch and masturbate to tranny porn. They also said this happened to them out of the blue. This made me feel a little better.

So what I started doing was I used the tranny porn to get me hard so I can move on to the heterosexual porn where I'd finish. Without realizing, I was soon even watching a bunch of other taboo or more extreme porn that I never would have even considered watching a couple of years ago. I started

feeling disgusting after I was done masturbating because I couldn't believe I let myself get to this point. I just couldn't stop my self.

First it's straight porn. Then it's lesbian porn, then it's tranny porn, then it's child porn! That's the reason I stopped. I was looking for a specific age range (12-17 and non abusive. Just modeling videos and pics) but I just felt like a perv for watching porn in the first place. That's why I stopped.

When I finally did get married about 10 years ago, sex with my wife was great for the first few years. During this time my "internet porn time" went through the roof and I soon lost complete interest in sex with my wife. But I guess I never really acknowledged just what a grave problem this was...and that it was getting more and more out of hand. To be honest, I've spent almost every waking hour the past 8 years fantasizing about, as well as acting out, bizarre sexual scenes. What started out as an addiction to straight porn, morphed into transexuals, and then to gay porn. Let me clarify that I am not even remotely gay. It's just that I began to need even more outrageous or forbidden fantasies to get me off.

When I reduced the level of intensity of what I was viewing (to swimsuit models), my erections lost a LOT strength and I frequently had to 'deathgrip' it. That's when I realized I had a problem. I'd never noticed that I needed the higher intensity stuff to keep my body excited.

(Day 38) During my fapping days nothing seemed real. I had fried my dopamine receptors, and nothing in life brought me any enjoyment. Everything was a haze, a bad dream, I was merely passing by in life. Each night I'd go to bed, praying to god asking him to make me die in my sleep. Now my mind is reconstructing itself. Since I have more dopamine circling around my brain I find enjoyment in everyday activities. Swimming brings me pleasure, the smile of a cute girl brings me pleasure, food is tastier, coffee wakes me up. I've lifted a veil and now reality is not foggy anymore, it's not a haze. I'm actually awake, alive. Keep going my brethren, keep going. The road is hard, but the results are worth it. My life was paused for a year, a year which I spent fapping three times a day to increasingly weirder porn. And even before my worse I could have had a much better life, if I only I hadn't fapped once a day for 9 years. Still, regret now should not be my main emotion. But emotions are growing stronger now that life is returning back to me. I'm no longer a soul-less robot, I'm becoming a human being again.

Stay away from porn. Once I could masturbate to magazines of sexy dressed women. Then I progressed to naked pictures. Then to porn. Then high quality porn. Then endless high quality porn on internet. Then BDSM, anal play. Until I finally realized that it was degrading my natural sexual function.

My "fetishes" became way too questionable. Why the quotation marks? Because I'm quite sure they are no real fetishes, just a sign that my brain is becoming more and more fucked up and craving for more extreme material.

It started years ago with relatively tame stuff, mainly a lot of anal and gangbangs. Then came bukkake, gay porn and shemales.

Note: I am NOT a homophobe. I am perfectly fine with other people enjoying such material. The point is that I always felt disgusted after the deed was done, as if someone else than me was in control while fapping. I started to question my sexuality. I couldn't (and still can't) imagine kissing/caressing men, it's just a very unpleasant thought. I've never found other men attractive, and STILL, while fapping, my brain told me that watching gay hardcore gangbang porn might be a good idea.

So, these things worried me a bit, but they weren't bad or immoral. Then came bestiality, rape porn and - occasionally minor porn.

And that was the point I realized something was very, very wrong. Not only did I feel disgust after fapping, now there also was guilt. What the fuck had I done? And paranoia. What if someone finds out? What if the cops are already on their way? What would my parents say? Fuck, I'm going to be an uncle soon.

This is not me. I'm going to wipe out this twisted other person inhabiting my body. I am a nice person. I am intelligent, funny and people like me. I will not let this stupid addiction ruin my life.

I'm also experiencing many other common problems, mainly problems focusing on learning for university and an inability to approach women. Each time I'm seeing a beautiful girl my brain is telling me: "Nah, you'll just get rejected, it's not worth the hassle, just stay in your comfort zone." Screw you, brain.

I masturbated some hours ago, while watching unpleasant porn and having a literally shitty experience with an item in my butt. I've never felt more miserable in my life.

Collected by <http://www.yourbrainonporn.com>