# Anything For Georgetown Part three

## By JanellElizabethMeyer

Published on Lush Stories on 10 Jan 2013

**Janet Turner never had any luck with men. She knew it from first grade, when she had to ask one of her male classmates to chase her out on the playground. The other boys chased the girls around, but no one chased Janet around. So she asked a boy, Danny Sprinkle, to chase her. He did—for about a minute. Then he went back to chasing some other girl.<br/><br/>The next boy she set eyes on was Vernon Lindemulder, when she was a sophomore in high school. She had bought him a copy of “Lord of the Flies” and a Hot Wheels Corvette. He wasn't into her either. Looking back, Janet wondered why she even bothered pursuing him. Her buck teeth stuck out of her mouth. Her huge frizzy hair had earned her the name of “Medusa” from a sixth grade classmate. Four years later, her hair was bushier than ever.<br/><br/>The first time she was asked out was when she was in college. Her first date, at the age of 21. Janet knew there was something wrong with her. It was a combination of looks, and (lack of) confidence, and just being scared of men. Throughout her school career, she put up with bullying. Six years spent in college and she went out with guys maybe a dozen times. Her first date dumped her because she wouldn't fuck on the first, second or third date. The other guy she dated was poor. Plus, he wore leather fingerless gloves all the time. He wore a leather jacket for the entire time they dated. He smelled like a chili dog. And she wasn't attracted to him either. <br/><br/>Janet wondered what was wrong with her. She wondered for decades, but as her birthday approached in December, she was literally a 40 year old virgin. Only a few years before, she discovered that the Homedics vibrator could be used for places the manufacturer didn't exactly recommend. Janet didn't care. Self-exploration had made her realize just what exactly turned her on. It was spanking and tickling. She could do that to herself, of course, but what would it be like to be at the mercy of someone doing that to her?<br/><br/>She went online in hopes that she could find someone to indulge her fantasies. Janet didn't want anyone to come to her house. It was a mess. Nor was she really even looking for a relationship. All she wanted was someone to spank and tickle her. Even if she had to pay the guy, she'd be fine with that. It wouldn't have been so humiliating if she were wealthy. But somehow, even if the world didn't end, she couldn't see herself in the future as some dowager paying money for a date. There was something incredibly sad about that, somehow.<br/><br/>She joined a fetish website, and found someone who lived near her hometown, who was looking for someone to tickle. She didn't really want him to come to her house, so the guy she met online suggested they meet at the swinger's club. She was shocked to realize that in her ultra-conservative town there was a place where people could play sexually, but felt comfortable that one actually existed. They wouldn't have to deal with**

her messy house and cluttered bedroom.<br/><br/> She picked out a nice leather paddle at the local adult novelty store. The feathers she bought at the craft store. She wanted to make sure her stuff was fresh and clean when she took them to the club. <br/><br/>Janet realized this was not normal behavior for her. But rumors of the world ending were circulating, and with all that was going on, she wouldn't have been surprised if it did. But what if it didn't? It would have been one more year of virginity, of loneliness, of wondering what the hell was wrong with her. Fuck it. She was going to the club. She'd met a guy, and he was cool with what she wanted him to do (and was actually quite excited about it) and she was going to get an outfit together and do her makeup and hair. She brought condoms, just in case. The thought of getting tickled and spanked was way more exciting than having sex, but if the guy was willing (and he probably would be) why not? <br/><br/>December 14 would be a date Janet would never forget. The shooting in Connecticut terrified and depressed her. She briefly wondered if she should cancel tonight. Screw it, she thought. She was tired of living scared all the time. Scared of men, scared of life, scared of feeling like a failure.<br/><br/>She showed up at the club on time. Actually, she was a bit early. She was dressed head to toe in black: black push up bra (and Janet was surprised at how big her breasts looked) black lace briefs that thankfully covered her stomach, black stockings, black jeans, and a black halter top. Some lace up boots with a little bit of a heel completed her look. She told Xavier what she'd be wearing, but probably a lot of other women would be wearing black too. He told her to meet him near the front door. She parked herself on a black velour loveseat. She had tucked a paperback book in her jacket, along with her paddle and feathers. She took the book out and started reading. Xavier would find her.<br/><br/>About 10 minutes later, Xavier walked in. He had described himself as having dark hair and dark eyes, which was a plus. Janet was only really attracted to dark haired, dark eyed, Caucasian men, and Xavier had a intense, almost dangerous look. Perfect for what she wanted done to her.<br/><br/>After the usual pleasantries, Xavier took her on a tour of the club. There were a few rooms with just beds in them, alcoves with handcuffs attached to the walls, and several wooden crosses with metal cuffs that locked down on where the person's wrists and ankles would be. It was still early, and the club wasn't crowded. <br/><br/>“Let's go to one of the bedrooms,” Xavier said. He took Janet's hand and led her to the furthest cubicle.<br/><br/>“I've wanted to do this for a long time,” said Xavier. “I brought some rope, so I can tie you up.”<br/><br/>Janet was nervous and excited at the same time. She took off her boots, halter top and jeans. <br/><br/>“I've got a plan,” Xavier said. “Get on the bed, on all fours. I'm going to spank you first, to warm you up.”<br/><br/>Janet knelt on the bed. The paddle and feathers were out on the bed, and Xavier picked up the paddle and gently smacked Janet on her behind. He varied his technique, with firm flicks of the wrist, then light taps, then a hard spank. Janet's bottom was stinging just a bit. Already, she was wet. <br/><br/>“Now, we're getting rid of the panties,” said Xavier. Slowly, he pulled her lace panties down over her bottom, down her thighs and pulled them to her ankles. He unhooked her stockings from the garter belt and peeled them

down as well. Now, her round pink bottom was on display. “Round two,” said Xavier.<br/><br/>He smacked her bottom, firmly, this time. He chose different spots to spank, so Janet never knew what part would be hit next. The hits didn't hurt, but they had some heat to them. “A few minutes of this, Janet, and then we'll bring out the feathers,” Xavier said. <br/><br/>Janet's heart was beating a bit faster. Her bottom felt warm, and a bit tender. The smacks were coming more rapidly, and Janet could feel herself getting even more wet. Abruptly, the spanking stopped. “Don't look back,” said Xavier. “Eyes forward.” His voice was stern. She wondered what was going on.<br/><br/>Suddenly, Xavier grabbed her ankles and she felt a soft rope pushing them together. Xavier straddled Janet's legs from behind, and rubbed the small of her back. He unhooked her bra and pulled her hair, straightening her up. “Here's the deal: you keep your arms up, like a good girl, while I tickle you. Each time you squirm, I'll spank you.”<br/><br/>“Okay,” whispered Janet. She could feel Xavier's breath on her neck, and his erection pressing against her bottom. Xavier had a feather in each hand, and he started with her wrists and worked his way down. Janet's breathing got faster. Slowly, the feathers worked their way down to her armpits. Janet gritted her teeth. This was oh so excruciating, and so very hot at the same time. A drop of moisture was between her legs, and Janet wished she could brush it away, because it tickled like mad. Xavier moved the feathers from her armpits and traced slow circles around her breasts. Must not move, thought Janet, must not move. She broke out into a sweat. “Good girl, Janet,” whispered Xavier. He moved the feathers just below her armpits and traced slow circles. Then, a sharp stroke downward. Janet shrieked and flinched.<br/><br/>“Oh, bad girl, Janet. Bend over.”<br/><br/>Janet did. Xavier smacked her bottom firmly several times. “Now, we begin again. Resume the position.”<br/><br/>Janet straightened up again with her arms over her head. This time, Xavier started with her bare feet. Janet was not expecting this at all, especially when Xavier knelt on her calves. He gently stroked the soles of her feet from big toe to heel. He twirled the tip of the feather to make small circles. “Oh, please stop,” said Janet.<br/><br/>“What? You're asking me to stop?” Xavier grabbed the paddle and spanked her. “Now, lay down on your back.” He moved off her, and Janet lay on her back. Xavier got more rope and tied Janet's wrists together, then strung the rope to a rail on the headboard. He took both feathers and started at her neck this time. Straddling her, he stroked her breasts with the feathers, circling them slower and slower, higher and higher until he reached her nipples. He took the quills and flicked them over her erect nipples. “Ummm,” Janet said.<br/><br/>Xavier made lazy ovals over her rib cage, and over her stomach. Janet twitched. “Bad girl, but you're not going to get spanked anymore. I'm going to tickle you, and tickle you, and if you want me to stop, you're going to have to let me fuck you,” Xavier said.<br/><br/>“Please,” said Janet. <br/><br/>“No,” said Xavier. He continued to stroke down her stomach to her thighs. It was slow, and it was leisurely, and the random patterns were a continual surprise, and Janet was very, very wet. Xavier leaned back and tickled her feet, then her knees. Janet moaned. This was so very, very hot. Xavier reached up to her breasts again, slowly tracing lazy ovals while he stroked her

thighs, then her knees. Janet moaned and strained against the ropes. Xavier brushed the feather tips against the bottoms of her breasts, then made a zigzagging line down her ribcage on both sides. The light touch was insanely erotic. Xavier was straddling her, and she felt powerless. <br/><br/>“Janet, my darling, I can go all night. Can you? Because I have no problem at all tickling you slowly, and intensely and persistently.” He brought both feathers down her ribcage in a sudden stroke. She bucked the best she could. With the ropes and Xavier's weight, she barely moved, but she felt like she pulled a muscle. <br/><br/>“I'm not sure if I'm ready,” said Janet. “I'm actually a bit afraid.”<br/><br/>“Oh sweetheart, I think you're ready,” said Xavier. He put a feather down and gently reached between her legs. He stroked her slowly, gently flicking his fingers back and forth. “You are so wet, and I am very, very hard. I like tickling you. And I told you, the only way I'll stop is if you let me fuck you. I can go all night, but I think you'll eventually give in. I'll prove it to you.”<br/><br/>He gently rolled Janet over on her stomach, and reached for the paddle. He spanked her again, firmly, then took a feather and made leisurely circles on her bottom. Then, he smacked her bottom again, and traced slow, straight lines down her thighs. After a few minutes of this, he resumed spanking her, but gently stroked her between her legs. “I wish I had a vibrator,” whispered Xavier. “You'd be screaming right now.”<br/><br/>Janet was bathed in sweat now. The ropes around her ankles were tight, and kept her legs just far enough apart to make her feel vulnerable. His fingers gently pinched the wet flesh in a rhythmic way, and Janet was about out of her mind. Xavier was right. If she had brought her vibrator, she would be screaming right now. But since she didn't have it, she wouldn't have a release, and she was so close. Xavier turned her on her back again, and had the feathers in his hand. He started from her ears this time, and she twitched and squirmed and squealed again as he made his mad, slow circles all over; on her hips, knees, stomach, rib cage, thighs, breasts and feet. <br/><br/>“Okay, okay,” Janet said. “I can't stand it anymore.”<br/><br/>“Does that mean I can fuck you?” whispered Xavier.<br/><br/>“Yes, I can't take it anymore.”<br/><br/>Xavier untied her feet, then untied her wrists. “Don't worry, I brought condoms.”<br/><br/>“So did I,” said Janet. <br/><br/>“I promise I'll go slow,” he said.<br/><br/>“I don't have a hymen,” said Janet. “I lost that years ago, when I was taking horseback riding lessons.”<br/><br/>Xavier laughed. “I'm really hard, but I would like some stimulation. Touch me gently; touch my thighs first, then touch my cock. Do it with really light touches.”<br/><br/>Janet stroked her fingers over Xavier's thighs, then gently stroked his testicles, and moved up to his penis, tracing circles around the head.<br/><br/>“Oh yeah,” moaned Xavier. “That's good.”<br/><br/>Janet had only been touching him for a few seconds when he pushed her wrists away. “That's enough.”<br/><br/>He grabbed her thighs and spread her legs far apart. “You want to spread them as far as you can,” he said. Janet spread them, and wished she were a little more flexible. Xavier rolled a condom on, and moved closer. He eased himself in. “It's very tight,” he said. “Just how I like it.”<br/><br/>He moved in slowly, a little bit at a time. This was torture for him, her flesh was tight and wet and hot, but he restrained himself. He eased in, and

**eventually, he got there. “I'm all the way in; how does it feel?”<br/><br/>“Really tight.”<br/><br/>“It doesn't hurt?”<br/><br/>“Not really,” said Janet.<br/><br/>Xavier started thrusting slowly. He fingered her clitoris delicately. Janet was aware of the sensation of the thrusting and the touching; the two different sensations were incredibly distracting and exciting. Xavier's hot flesh and his tickling were building something in her. She felt like she was heading towards a cliff; her muscles were being tormented the way they hadn't been with the vibrator. This was a man who was tormenting and teasing her, and she was at his mercy. She had control over the vibrator, but she had no control over Xavier, and in a way, that was the most exciting feeling of all. He thrust and thrust and thrust, and kept tickling the hot wetness between her legs faster and faster, and she finally came. Shortly thereafter, Xavier came, and Janet thought his climax felt like a heartbeat in the center of her.<br/><br/>They lay there in bed, together.<br/><br/>“Now, I can die happy,” said Janet.<br/><br/>“You really believe the end of the world shit?” asked Xavier.<br/><br/>“Well who knows?”<br/><br/>“'Cause I bet it won't.”<br/><br/>“Okay, so if it doesn't, you get to tickle me again.”<br/><br/>“Deal.”<br/><br/>Later, they walked around the club and had a few drinks (non-alcoholic) and watched some of the other activities in the club. After about an hour, they decided to leave, separately.<br/><br/>“Remember, if the world doesn't end, we're getting together again,” said Xavier.<br/><br/>“Okay.”<br/><br/>The following Friday, Janet was online. The clock struck midnight. Nothing happened. No gunshots, no flashes of lightning. There was a musical blip, and she saw that Xavier was instant messaging her.<br/><br/>“See? What did I tell you? Meet me at the club tonight, 8 p.m. sharp. Bring your feathers and the paddle.”<br/><br/>“Will do,” Janet wrote back. <br/><br/>She smiled as she got offline. Before she went to bed, she got her vibrator and tossed it into her purse and added an extension cord. She wondered just how exactly Xavier would use the vibrator on her, and how many orgasms she'd have. The world hadn't ended, but hers had just begun.**

*Monica wants to get into Georgetown. The new guidance counselor wants to help--HIS way.*

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/fetish/anything-for-georgetown-part-three.aspx

“This school has a reputation for being very good, and we want to uphold that. You’re not helping matters any by being mean to students and flaunting your sexuality.”

“It’s a crime to be sexy? You sound like Brenda. I can’t help it if she’s ugly.”

“But you can stop your behavior.”

“And what if I don’t want to?”

Houlihan was still sweating. “I went to Georgetown, you know.”

This caught Monica off guard. “Really? That’s my top school! I *so* want to go there!”

Houlihan regarded Monica for a moment. “I know some people there who owe me favors. I could probably get you into the school no problem.”

“Really? Oh my God! That would be so great!”

“But—what are you willing to do for Georgetown? This harassing of another student isn’t going to help your case. And giving out lap dances for boys sounds, well …”

“Would it make you feel any better if I told you I was saving some of that money for college?”

“Your parents have good jobs. I know Georgetown is expensive … but lap dancing?”

“Sure. Why not? And maybe I’ll get a gig as a dancer to work my way through school.”

Houlihan’s forehead was starting to bead with sweat. “Do your … boys satisfy you?”

Throughout this whole conversation, Monica was wondering where this was leading. She was used to guys hitting on her. But Houlihan had that indignant, “you must behave” vibe going on…but there was something else too. The way he couldn’t keep his eyes off her. Something clicked in her mind.

“Well,” she started, slowly crossing one leg over the other, and nonchalantly sliding the short skirt even higher on her thigh, “sometimes. I mean, I have to really tell them what I want, and they think it’s weird, so we do it the usual way.”

“What way?”

“You know, guy on top. Missionary. Sometimes they touch me the way I want them to, but other times … it’s like they’re not listening.”

Houlihan shifted in his seat. He noticed his heart rate was up. “What if …” he stopped.

“What if, what?”

“What if you tell me what you want?”

“For real? I’m not telling you that.” Monica laughed, but there was a thrill of excitement inside of her.

“You want to go to Georgetown, right? I *can* make that happen. I can make that happen, but, you’ve got to give me something in return.” Now the bridge was crossed; now he could get into trouble. But he’d read her file; he’d read her essay on her choice of college. It was just one, unlike the other seniors who had listed their college choices with the clinical detachment of a scientist. Monica’s essay had fairly oozed with passion about Georgetown and its alumni and so forth. It was like she’d written a love letter to the school.

“What do I have to give you?”

Houlihan stared at her. “To be honest, I don’t like your attitude. I’ve met plenty of girls like you; spoiled princesses, you pick on other girls who aren’t as pretty as you are. You wrap boys around your finger for the fun of it. If you want Georgetown, you’ll get it. But you need to keep your mouth shut about it. About our *deal*. If you agree to be punished for your behavior, punished *my* way, I’ll make sure you get into Georgetown. But you have to give up the lap dances, the photos, the shenanigans with the boys.

“You can really get me into Georgetown?”

Houlihan thought about the frat initiation he’d gone through. He’d had to crawl through the legs of his frat brothers, who were all lined up, each armed with paddles. He’d had to make his way down a sidewalk on a street lined with frat houses, and crawl a block, while he crawled through each of his brother’s legs, and got a smacking from each and every one of them. The first one smacked his bottom, then ran down the street to get in line behind the last frat brother. Then the second one did the same thing, so that all the way down the damn block, he was on his knees, getting smacked.

At the end of it, he’d collapsed on his belly. His bruised bottom ached for days. But what he was most ashamed (but fascinated by) was the erection he had at the end of it all. He had managed to hide it by taking off his sweater, and tying the arms so they draped in front of his crotch. That, plus he bent over, because the pain was so excruciating, he thought he’d vomit. That memory had flashed through his mind in about two seconds. Looking into Monica’s beautiful face snapped him back to attention.

“Yes. But you’ll have to be punished *my way*. If you say one word about it, you can forget about Georgetown, and I’ll not be giving you any ringing endorsements.”

“So what’s my punishment?” Monica asked it in a flirty way. Getting it on with this guy wouldn’t be bad at all.

“Spanking. For starters. I think your actions frustrate a lot of people. I’m going to try and make you understand that.”

“Really? You’re going to spank me? Oooh, I’m *so* scared.”

Houlihan got up from his desk and made his way over to the ancient door. He locked it, put the chain across it. These rooms were pretty soundproof.

“I know a few people at Georgetown who owe me favors. I got them out of some tricky situations. You are as good as in. But you still need to keep your grades up.”

Monica signed. “You know something? I’ve always wanted the guys to do kinky stuff with me, but they never seemed interested.”

“Kinky like, how?”

“Well, I’ve always had this fantasy of being tied up and tickled.”

Houlihan’s mouth didn’t drop open. But it was like this girl had read his mind. He’d always wanted to do that to a woman, but none of the few girls he’d dated had taken him up on it. The women he’d met at some fetish sites never looked like their pictures. Why was it the ugly as sin types would do anything and the gorgeous ones wouldn’t? Easy, you dope. The uglies *have* to do that in order to get any sort of companionship at all. The beautiful ones, like this little bitch in front of him, could afford to be conservative and prim and proper, even though she wasn’t. He took a deep breath. “How do you want to be tickled?”

Monica looked him right in the eye. “Very slowly. Very, very slowly.”

Houlihan’s sizeable penis was starting to rise. “How about if I spank you every time you flinch or squirm?”

“Every time?” Breathed Monica. “Promise?”

Houlihan slid out the bottom drawer and took out a smaller version of the paddle he’d been nailed with by the frat guys and laid it on the desk. It was Georgetown blue, and it was just the right thickness, just the right heft. He didn’t necessarily want to hurt her. No, it was about satisfaction for *him*, spanking a legitimately naughty girl. And when she said she wanted to be tickled, that was the kicker. Spanking and tickling was his big thing, thanks to a bunch of frat guys and a stripper he’d seen years ago who knew how to work a feather boa. It slid all over her skin, the tanned, taut skin of her

perfect body. He'd paid for a lap dance from her, and she delicately teased his inner thighs and brushed her breasts against his face until he made a mess of his pants.

What he wouldn't really admit is that he had hang-ups when it came to women. Being the oldest, when his second sister came along, she had health problems from an early age. That, combined with the fact that his mother lost his first sister, and was eaten up with guilt about it, spelled doom for Gabe. When the second sister came along, he was pretty much out of the picture. And her health problem, juvenile rheumatoid arthritis, meant that since her mother couldn't cure the disease, little sis would get everything she wanted. His mother would deny him, but not her.

So she got the car for her sixteenth birthday, even though he was the oldest; he'd had to walk to his part time job in high school until he had saved up for a battered sub-compact. It meant studying his head off if he wanted to get out of town to a better school. It meant taking out student loans because he didn't get all the scholarships he needed. Oh, his parents gave him a little money, but little sis got to live at home and go to the expensive Catholic college and continue to live at home where she lived still.

He felt his sister and mother had ganged up against him; he sided with dad, and until he left home, pretty much tried to make his mom and sis as miserable as possible. Tensions escalated and even though his mother was a good woman, excellent cook, and had managed to keep them afloat when his dad was laid off, the scars were there. She didn't abuse him, no, one couldn't say that, but there was the belief that she would have preferred the other sister to live, and to have had two daughters.

So, he had a certain resentment for girls like the one in front of him. Monica would get everything she wanted in life. For that alone, he hated her. That's why his plan made sense to him, but was completely evil. He wanted to punish her. He had to punish her. Her privileged upbringing, her beauty, her intelligence. She would fucking *walk* right into Georgetown, while he had to beg and scrape and scramble his way there.

He would make her pay on her journey to Georgetown.