Anything For Georgetown Part two

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Published on Lush Stories on 02 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.

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.

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.

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?

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.

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.

 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.

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?

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.

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.

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.

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.

“Let's go to one of the bedrooms,” Xavier said. He took Janet's hand and led her to the furthest cubicle.

“I've wanted to do this for a long time,” said Xavier. “I brought some rope, so I can tie you up.”

Janet was nervous and excited at the same time. She took off her boots, halter top and jeans.

“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.”

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.

“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.

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.

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.

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.”

“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.

“Oh, bad girl, Janet. Bend over.”

Janet did. Xavier smacked her bottom firmly several times. “Now, we begin again. Resume the position.”

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.

“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.

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.

“Please,” said Janet.

“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.

“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.

“I'm not sure if I'm ready,” said Janet. “I'm actually a bit afraid.”

“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.”

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.”

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.

“Okay, okay,” Janet said. “I can't stand it anymore.”

“Does that mean I can fuck you?” whispered Xavier.

“Yes, I can't take it anymore.”

Xavier untied her feet, then untied her wrists. “Don't worry, I brought condoms.”

“So did I,” said Janet.

“I promise I'll go slow,” he said.

“I don't have a hymen,” said Janet. “I lost that years ago, when I was taking horseback riding lessons.”

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.”

Janet stroked her fingers over Xavier's thighs, then gently stroked his testicles, and moved up to his penis, tracing circles around the head.

“Oh yeah,” moaned Xavier. “That's good.”

Janet had only been touching him for a few seconds when he pushed her wrists away. “That's enough.”

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.”

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?”

“Really tight.”

“It doesn't hurt?”

“Not really,” said Janet.

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.

They lay there in bed, together.

“Now, I can die happy,” said Janet.

“You really believe the end of the world shit?” asked Xavier.

“Well who knows?”

“'Cause I bet it won't.”

“Okay, so if it doesn't, you get to tickle me again.”

“Deal.”

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.

“Remember, if the world doesn't end, we're getting together again,” said Xavier.

“Okay.”

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.

“See? What did I tell you? Meet me at the club tonight, 8 p.m. sharp. Bring your feathers and the paddle.”

“Will do,” Janet wrote back.

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-two.aspx

Houlihan lingered overeach shot for several minutes. He had never faced this situation before in his life. He was enraged and shocked and totally turned on. He had a thing for young girls, and even being in his mid twenties, never seemed to show interest in anyone his own age. He despised slutty women, yet the more reserved women who crossed his path bored him. Women should be saints everywhere except the bedroom, that was his theory on things.

Girls like Monica enraged him because he was well aware of their power and so were they. He had wanted what he termed the “better quality” girls but ended up with the looser women. He tolerated them, but they were not interested in the type of games he wanted to play. He was well acquainted

with frustration and humiliation and having to eat dirt to get somewhere in life. Women like Monica would have an easy time of it in life; from wealthy, loving parents to a wealthy, loving husband. Houlihan hadn't had that. His parents didn't understand the value of a good education, and that was part of the reason why they were poor.

Early in life he knew the way out was through school, and from fifth grade on he made nothing but As. Because of his study habits, he rarely dated, and his father assumed he was gay. Houlihan wasn't, but because of too many trips outside to be paddled (usually for minor infractions) spanking became an obsession. It got worse when he joined a fraternity.

During hell week, he was spanked for not dropping to his knees and squealing whenever one of his frat brothers blew a whistle, and other stupid things. He joined a fraternity to get valuable connections. At times he loathed it, but he figured it was just one more thing in life he had to do in order to get where he wanted to be. And now he had this good-paying job helping the sons and daughters of the town's movers and shakers (the Catholic ones, at least) get into good schools and prosper.

But he also was allowed to steer the wayward onto the right path. And Monica was thumbing her nose at convention. There hadn't been anyone like her at St. Veronica's, not ever. In time, Houlihan became obsessed with her. The pictures were tantalizing. Presumably, Monica had goals after high school. Houlihan decided to have her in for a little chat. Perhaps he could get what he wanted. He was not above bribery.

* * *

Monica was a little surprised when she got the note in Spanish class summoning her to Houlihan's office after school, if she didn't have any other obligations. Her last class was World History, and it was there that she took the note out again and looked at it. Gabriel Houlihan. It was impossible not to have noticed the handsome new guidance counselor; she'd heard some girls in the locker room talking about him. She merely listened; she hadn't had anything to say about him. But she was intrigued. He didn't seem very old. She hadn't talked to him at all; it was still early in the school year. The one-on-one college meetings wouldn't start up for another month or so. So she was definitely wondering what was going on. Her grades were impeccable. So what was it?

Monica thought carefully. There was a girl that she'd been mean to, starting last spring. She was brilliant, but unpopular. Not very good looking, either. Brenda Hartley would make a good nun, except she wasn't headed in that direction. She wasn't popular with the boys at all, and had a couple girlfriends, but that was about it. Brenda seemed very conservative and judgmental about things, and since Monica had no qualms about flaunting her body, it pissed her off.

Monica enjoyed making Brenda feel bad about herself, and it was obvious she *did* feel bad. The plain face, the heavy body, both of those things were strikes against her. Yes, she was very smart too, and would probably get a good paying job somewhere. A good college was definitely in her future, but she struck Monica as one of those teenagers who seemed in their forties already. And not a good kind of in their forties; no, this was work your ass off until you die kind of forties. Not like her parents, both of whom had successful careers and had invested their money carefully. They seemed to enjoy their jobs and had enough money to be happy and have a few of the nicer things in life.

Monica couldn't imagine Brenda in a nice house twenty-two years from now; she seemed like the type of girl to deny herself the finer things in life, just because she could. Monica could tell Brenda was the kind of girl who thought behaving would earn her brownie points. If she only knew! Monica and Brenda were the same age, but in many ways, Monica was much older. So far, she'd been lucky in her choices. She'd wrapped the boys around her finger, and she lorded it over the girls. She picked on Brenda because she was such an easy target, and why not? It was fun.

After world history, she went to her locker and figured out which books she should take home. She was actually tempted to buy extra copies of her textbooks for each of her classes so she could have a set at school and a set at home. She supposed the extra weight of her backpack was making her strong. They had a gym set up in the basement at home, where Monica worked out regularly. She was obsessed with her body and her grades. She would make them work for her.

She made her way to the administrative wing, which was in an older building. As the school got more and more successful and popular, it was imperative that it had to make room for the students, whose numbers seemed to grow bigger almost every year. St. Veronica's was *the* school, even though there was a private school in town not affiliated with any religion at all. Since quite a few former students ended up attending Georgetown, the school was nicknamed, "Mini Hoya." Those who didn't get into Georgetown (it was difficult to get in) usually got into other good schools. But there was always the wistful look in students' eyes when they came back to visit, when they met up with their peers who had made the cut, and were living the dream.

Monica walked down the hall to Houlihan's office. The building was ancient, but well taken care of. The floors were the original wood, lovingly restored, and the white baseboards seemed outrageously tall (five inches, in comparison to the ones in her house, which were maybe two inches high). The offices had crown molding and the doors were that old wood that looked so solid, like nothing could get through. The furnishings were original, for the most part. Monica appreciated the modern age, but the old-fashioned vibe of this building awoke something in her. Tradition. Wealth. Success.

And here was Houlihan's office. It was right off the corridor, no inner sanctum of offices like the

teachers had in the more modern buildings. They each had their own offices, but they didn't look anything like this. Huge, ancient windows, wood floors, old furniture. She knocked. "You wanted to see me, Mr. Houlihan?"

"Yes, Monica. Come on in. Go ahead and shut the door. I'm not keeping you from anything, am I? You're not going to miss the bus, are you?"

"No, I drove my car to school. I have been, since I was sixteen."

"Oh. Well, I haven't been here very long, and I'm trying to get to know the seniors as quickly as I can; the conferences are coming up and I'm looking through everyone's files so I'm somewhat familiar with them…"

He *is* good looking, she thought. Mid to early twenties, self-assured, looked you directly in the eye. He was different from the boys she played with. When she was right in front of his desk, he stood up to shake her hand. "Have a seat," he said.

Monica sat. She hadn't bothered to change out of her uniform today. She thought it would be inappropriate to show up at a meeting like this in sweats.

"The reason I asked you to see me is because … well, I've been hearing some things from some of the girls. Brenda Hartley, in particular. What has she done to you to make you pick on her?"

"That's what this is about?" Monica couldn't believe it.

"Well, that's part of it," said Houlihan. "You're an exceptional student, but you seem to …have a bit of a behavior problem. Or maybe I should say attitude problem. Like I said, Brenda is only a part of it." He took the packet of pictures out and handed them across the desk. "I got these anonymously. Care to explain?"

Monica looked at the familiar photos. She'd taken them herself. "I took these. I sold them. I figured, 'hey, why not?' I know what guys like to look at, and it's pretty obvious I've got it. I've had to deal with this ever since I was thirteen years old. I figured I could either be mortified or proud. And I decided to be proud, and I also decided to try and use it to get what I want."

Houlihan gazed at her. "You mean the photos. What else do you do?"

During this brief exchange, Monica could feel a kind of electricity in the air. She was very, very attracted to this man. "Have you heard that I do things?" She asked innocently.

“There was a note that came with the photos. It was an anonymous note. But it was full of information about how you …have private dance parties for boys. You do things with them.”

Monica smiled. “Really? So what kind of things do I do with boys?”

Houlihan wasn’t smiling. “What do you do with boys?”

“That’s kind of private, don’t you think?”

“Yes, but so are these pictures.”

“I sell them. Or did. I thought it would be a great money-making thing, but the guys just made copies of them. Making money off of photographs is hard, because unless you charge a bunch up front, you never see your money’s worth. People make copies on their printers at home, or they scan them in and put them on disk, then take them to the drugstore and make copies. I’m not ashamed of the photos, but I’m kinda upset that I can’t make more money with them. And yeah, I do the private dances. That’s something you need to do in person. They’ll never outsource *that*.”

“Is that all you do with the boys?”

Monica was amused. “Why the obsession about what I do with a bunch of high school boys? I know how to take care of myself. If a bunch of guys want to give me money to touch my breasts, who cares?”

“Are you charging them for sexual intercourse?”

“No. I know that’s illegal, although it has crossed my mind. And yeah, I’ve slept with some guys, but not for pay.”

Houlihan was starting to sweat. Here was a young, gorgeous uninhibited girl. What did she do? What did she like to do? He was treading in dangerous waters. He’d only been here a few months, and already he was being lured into temptation.

“Why?” He snapped.

“Because it’s fun,” purred Monica. “I like playing with boys. It feeds my ego. It’s pretty cool, having guys hang out with me, and buy me stuff and take me places.”

“And picking on other girls.”

“I don’t like people judging me,” Monica flared. “I roll with the punches, so to speak. Guys are going to think I’m a slut for the way I’m built, so I might as well deal with it. I like my body. I like sex. There. Am I going to hell now?”