

# Anything For Georgetown Part four (the spanking and tickling scene)

By JanellElizabethMeyer

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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.*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/fetish/anything-for-georgetown-part-four-the.aspx>

"So, Monica. You're willing to do this?" "Well, yeah. I mean, it kind of sounds like fun in a way. The boys ... well, they're just interested in sex, and that's pretty much it. They're all about sticking it in, and ... I've not even had an orgasm. I don't know if there's something wrong with me ... but ..."

Houlihan chuckled. "You're young yet. To be honest, you probably won't reach your sexual peak until you're forty or so." Monica frowned. "You're kidding, right?" "No. Young men are reaching it at about your age, but women have to wait a while." "I'm not waiting, Mr. Houlihan." With that, she slowly took off her school uniform. She peeled down to her Victoria's Secret push-up bra and matching panties

(paid for by the private lap dances). Standing in front of him, she purred, “punish me. Punish me now.” Houlihan gazed at the girl before him. True, she was of legal age, but he’d heard about teacher/student affairs that had been found out, and trouble ensued. What would he do if he were found out? Where would he go? What would he do? He’d better be able to get her into Georgetown. He’d think about that later. He opened up the drawer again and took out a white feather. He laid it on the desk beside the paddle. “Come here. Bend over the desk.” He rolled his chair back. Monica walked around, bent over so she was half-lying on the desk, perfect bottom almost at Houlihan’s eye level. “Spread your legs,” he whispered. She did. As delicious as she was, Houlihan didn’t want to actually touch her with his fingers or his body. If it came down to being busted, he wanted to be truthful when he said he never laid a finger on her. In a way, it was a carryover from his Catholic upbringing. He felt that if he didn’t touch himself while masturbating, it didn’t count. A ridiculous thing to think of, but he had employed all sorts of things to tease himself with and he could honestly say the only times he touched his penis was when he went to the bathroom. Nope, no hairy palms here. “Up on your toes,” he said. Monica flexed her foot as if she were wearing high heels. He bent over and ran the feather on the underside of her right foot, slowly tracing a line up her calf. He moved the feather back down again, in a slow oval, inching higher with each rotation. “Slow enough for you?” “Oh, yes ... yes.” “Remember, if you squirm or flinch, you get smacked.” “I remember.” Her voice sounded far away. He inched his way up, then suddenly moved to her left leg, with a sharp downward motion. She wasn’t expecting that, and twitched. The paddle in his left hand gave her firm buttocks a quick slap. Not hard, just enough, so that over the course of several minutes, her bottom would be tingling. Houlihan took his time moving the feather back and forth up those long, slender legs, once alternating back and forth between the tip and the pointy quill. The sensation of her inner thighs being tickled at the same time was too much for Monica, and she squirmed. The paddle smacked again, twice. “Bad girl, to squirm. Bad girl for being a little slut. Bad girl for picking on other girls. What do you say to that, Monica?” “I like it. I like being a bad girl. I like picking on other girls. Boys like what I have to offer.” “But you’re not going to offer it any more. You’re going to pay for being such a little slut. Take your panties off.” Monica slid the panties down to her ankles and delicately stepped out of them. They were damp. Houlihan could smell her excitement before the panties came off, but he wanted to see that young ass in all its glory. And here it was: round and pink. He made more circles with the feather, sometimes random lines, and always slowly. Monica was starting to breathe heavily. “Do your little boy toys do this to you?” whispered Houlihan. “Do they spank you for being a bad girl?” “No,” Monica whispered back. “Turn around.” Monica straightened and turned. Now, those luscious breasts were in his face. “Take your bra off. Raise your arms over your head.” She unhooked it from the back, and he was amazed to see when she did, the breasts didn’t move at all. They were so firm, they didn’t hang—they just hovered there. Suddenly, Houlihan was extremely jealous of all those boys. He swore he wasn’t going to touch her. But this was torture; this was his teenage dream come true, his ultimate fantasy, his everything. And he wasn’t going to touch her. He couldn’t. That way, if something went haywire with this crazy plan, he could swear he never had sex with her, never laid a finger on her. He held the feather between his thumb and forefinger, and gently traced her nipples.

She took deep breaths. He chuckled. She wouldn't be able to stay still for long. He drew the feather between her breasts, down to her belly button, and made the feather do a slow figure eight across her flat stomach. She quivered. He then smiled, and circled the feather in her left arm pit before he sliced it down her rib cage. She shrieked. "Turn around," he said sternly. Houlihan smacked her bottom several times, flicking his wrist, letting the paddle do the work. He then used the feather like a paint brush, frantically drawing it across her back, her bottom, her thighs, using her body like some three dimensional canvas. She never knew where the feather would land next, and as a result of being off guard, was squirming and shrieking. He kept smacking and smacking and smacking. In the midst of this frenzy, he rolled his chair closer, and rubbed his crotch on it. He needed something, anything to rub against if only because he just couldn't stand it anymore. It only took a few seconds before he came. He collapsed in the chair, gazing at the naked girl before him. After a few minutes, she leaned against the back of his desk. "That was fun. Now what?" Said Monica. "Get dressed. You've been punished enough for one day." "What about my satisfaction?" she pouted a bit. "Listen—I said I could get you into Georgetown, but that doesn't mean you get to knock off the books. Even Georgetown isn't stupid enough to let in a student who can't make the grade. Keep your grades up—nothing below an A minus at the grading quarters. And I saw your PSATs. Not bad. But the better you do, the easier it will be. Georgetown gets a lot of applications from good students—and they turn away a fair amount of them. You do your part, and you'll get your satisfaction ... eventually." Monica stared. Then, she smiled. She got dressed, slowly. "Remember, I meant it about behaving. If I hear of any behavior problems, or if you're out entertaining the boys again, there will be hell to pay. Once you're in ..." he trailed off. "Then what?" asked Monica. "We'll talk about that later." Houlihan grinned. "And Monica, this is our little secret. I'll deny anything you say, if you double-cross me. Your reputation isn't great. Everyone knows about you. Keep your nose to the grindstone and work hard, and I'll talk to the folks at Georgetown." Now fully dressed, Monica picked up her backpack. Her bottom still tingled from what had just transpired. But she still had a mixture of feelings going on. This seemed dirty, exciting, dangerous . The fact that she was getting punished in a private office at school was ten times hotter than any sexual act she'd done with any boy. Oh, they touched her in the right places, but frequently, she'd had to use a vibrator while they did it. And being the same age, or younger, they didn't seem to have any sort of authority at all. No power . Houlihan was good looking, and sexy and could pull a few strings for her to get her into the college of her choice. Isn't that what life was all about? Doing favors, or things that you really didn't want to do in order to get what you wanted? She liked having her breasts touched, and she liked doing the private dances, and of course, the money was great ... but those boys couldn't get her to Georgetown. Houlihan could. And in exchange, all she had to do was allow herself to be spanked and tickled to fulfill whatever fantasies he had. The payoff would come when she got into Georgetown. She drove home like a bat out of hell. Still excited, she ran upstairs to her huge, pink and white bedroom, still looking very girlish, and got out a vibrator that made the little portable one she took with her on her special "dates" look like a pencil. The vibrator she used at home specifically said not to be used on small body parts. However, when she was by herself, it was the only thing that would bring her to orgasm. Sometimes, it was quick, sometimes it took forever. But

after Houlihan's punishment today, and thoughts of what the future would eventually bring, she was able to come in a couple of minutes. She liked the way she felt after an orgasm. Suddenly feeling tired, she set her alarm for a quick nap. It was the weekend, and she looked forward to movies and shopping. She was a little upset she wouldn't be able to do the lap dancing anymore, but the 10,000 she had stashed in her hope chest was enough for now. She rolled over in her perfumed sheets (Donna Karan's Be Delicious) and dropped off to sleep.