

Janet's World Begins

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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.

Janet wants to be spanked and tickled before the world ends. Xavier obliges her, and then some.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/fetish/janets-world-begins.aspx>

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

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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.