

Introducing Georgina (Part One)

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A student experiences a sexual awakening at University

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Introducing Georgina My name is George Harrington, and I work in the UK porn industry. There, I've said it. And do you know what? I'm not in the slightest bit embarrassed or ashamed of that statement. I'll confess that there have been times (especially at the start) when I seriously wondered if I was doing the right thing, but even now when my "sordid secret" (their words) has been exposed by a national newspaper as a matter of so-called public interest, I don't feel a single pang of guilt or shame. In fact I don't see that what I do for a living differs vastly from millions of other people the world over – I provide a service, and I'm very good at it. I may not be able to occupy the moral high ground like a teacher or a doctor, I admit, but I enjoy my job, and it brings a lot of people pleasure. So why should care what a narrow minded minority think? But before I launch into another diatribe in defence of my inadvertently chosen career (which, incidentally, I have recently discovered can pay quite well in itself, following an article on this subject I was asked to write recently by a well-known liberal broadsheet) I should introduce myself properly. My full name and title (deep breath) is the Honourable Georgina Vittoria di Tomasi Harrington, a fact which the press made much of in their detailed "expose", employing genealogists to trace my family history back to the reign of Henry VIII and drawing unfavourable comparisons between myself and noted courtesans of the time. The title "Honourable" stems from my being the youngest child of a very minor Viscount (I have two elder brothers), and the "Vittoria di Tomasi" was bestowed upon me as the name of my maternal grandmother. Despite his title, my father is a long way removed from the traditional view of the English aristocracy, something which the tabloids conveniently overlooked in their reports. Vast numbers of my male ancestors, it seems, were cut down in their prime in the fields of Flanders during the First World War, and the subsequent toll of death duties and changing social climate ensured that by the time he assumed the title there was little more for him to lord over but a couple of medium sized farms in the home counties and a large Georgian town house in London – all mortgaged to the hilt. Not that he was interested in being lord of the manor anyway; my father was a dyed-in-the-wool bohemian. His primary interest in life was the arts; in particular painting and photography, but he happily lent his support to any artistic endeavour he felt was worthwhile, and upon inheriting the estate he quickly hired managers to handle the day to day running of the farms and devoted himself to wholeheartedly to his chosen career. Which (much to everyone's surprise, I gather) he turned out

to be extremely good at. Whilst his paintings were a little too avant guard to sell in any quantity, they were widely exhibited and his photographic work, particularly in the field of fashion, quickly became highly sort after. Thus it was that he met my mother, (incidentally herself the impoverished daughter of an Italian Count, thus sealing my aristocratic credentials) who at the time was modelling for a famous fashion house, whilst undertaking a swimwear shoot in Tuscany. I suppose you could say that my childhood was idyllic. Looking back on it now I imagine it would be considered a privileged upbringing – I attended what were considered the “best” schools in the area, before being sent to a very prestigious and progressive private school close to the family home in Berkshire. Neither my father nor my mother felt comfortable with the idea of my boarding, so I attended as a day-girl, returning home to the bosom of my family at the end of each school day. Having two elder brothers encouraged me to grow up able to look after myself, and by the time I was sixteen I was proficient at a range of masculine skills such as clay-pigeon shooting and driving an aged Land-Rover at breakneck speeds over rough ground. I also discovered sex. Taking after my mother (for which, she frequently remarked, I should be eternally grateful) I grew tall and slim, with long dark wavy hair and a complexion that appeared permanently slightly sun-kissed. My legs were long and shapely, and my breasts, whilst not large, were firm and pert, topped with prominent brown nipples which to my embarrassment leapt to erection at the most inconvenient moments. Despite (or perhaps because of) her own Catholic upbringing, my mother had few inhibitions when it came to preparing her daughter for the trials and tribulations of adult life. Prior to meeting my father she had been something of “wild-child”, and she was determined to pass on to her daughter what she had learned from her own mistakes instead of allowing her to make them herself. This became particularly relevant when I was seventeen, after a series of photos my father had taken of me were published in a popular fashion journal, and a number of modelling agencies began pestering her to allow them to sign me up. To her credit, mother refused, saying that in a year’s time, when I was eighteen and legally an adult, I could make my own decision. In the meanwhile, she continued to give the benefit of her own experience to prepare me for adult life. On my sixteenth birthday, she took me to one side and quietly presented me with a vibrator, saying that she would far rather I experiment with my body alone, rather than with unsuitable boys. When I’ve related this to various people over the years, some have reacted with shock and horror, but it seems to me to be an eminently sensible course of action, and one which I would follow should I ever be blessed with a daughter of my own. No doubt she knew that I was already fully aware of the delights my body could offer me, and I would have had to have been blind not to notice that I was already commanding a considerable amount of male attention, something which I confess I played up to as much as I could, always wearing the skimpiest and most revealing of outfits if I thought I could get away with it. I had discovered my emergent sexuality and the power that went with it, but something in my mothers teaching must have struck a chord, because I held on to my virginity until I was nearly eighteen, before losing it to the boy I had been seeing for several years. I confess that the initial experience was something of a disappointment (something I suspect I share with a lot of girls) but as time progressed and I managed to show him what I liked, things got better, even if we never really set the bedroom on fire. At eighteen I left school with a clutch of pretty

good 'A' levels, and much to my mothers delight turned down the various modelling offers in favour of a course in Media at a reasonably prestigious London university. My ultimate goal was a career in business – ideally advertising and I threw myself happily into my studies. I was lucky enough to be able to lean heavily on my family name and past portfolio to secure the odd independent modelling job to help eke out my impoverished student finances, which made life a lot easier for an inveterate shopaholic like myself. Uni presented a nicely anonymous and egalitarian environment where no one knew about my “aristocratic” background unless I told them (which I didn't), and although I occasionally got teased for being a bit posh it was only ever as a friendly joke, and never malicious. Before long I found myself going out with Toby, a gorgeous rugby playing medical student with a floppy fringe of dirty blonde hair and a goofy grin. A little older than me, Toby had the experience to give me what I had been led to believe I could expect in the bedroom (and everywhere else for that matter!). To put it bluntly, he fucked my brains out – I couldn't get enough of him inside me. For the first year we were idyllically happy, but by the second year, as the pressure of Toby's impending final exams began to bear down on him, things grew a little less perfect. For one thing, I had lost none of my delight in being the object of male attention and still tended to openly cultivate it by my dress and behaviour (perhaps the tabloids are right – I am just a posh tart) and Toby had a tendency to jealousy which occasionally flared into outright anger. The second thing was that although our sex life was perfectly satisfactory, I couldn't help feeling there was something missing, as if a part of me remained unfulfilled. With hindsight, I think it is quite likely that all of this was due to little more than two young people involved in a relationship that had simply run its course, but then Jess got involved, and changed my life forever. Jessica Wharton was a bubbly blonde drama student who was part of our immediate social group. Very pretty, petite, and well-spoken, with gorgeous boobs, which she was fond of displaying wrapped in unfeasibly tight tops, Jess was understandably popular with the boys, and was preparing herself for a career in TV, which everyone knew was pretty much a given. She was also openly bisexual, which gave her an added allure to the male fraternity and a feint air of mystery to us girls. I knew her quite well as a drinking and clubbing partner, and we'd been out as part of a group on a great many occasions, but that was the extent of our acquaintance. One morning, during one of our increasingly rare good periods, Toby and I were relaxing in bed following a frantic early morning shag. Even if our relationship wasn't brilliant, the sex was still athletic and exhilarating, and I was lying with my head in the crook of his arm, concentrating on getting my breath back. “Jess Wharton fancies you,” he said, out of the blue. “I don't blame her,” I replied, eyes closed. I couldn't think of anything else to say. “She says posh girls are always more fun. Much dirtier, apparently.” “Well, she should know – she's hardly working class herself. So should you, for that matter.” I dug him in the ribs. There was a pause. “Why don't you sleep with her?” he said. I raised my head and looked at him. “I might.” I said, intending it as a joke. I felt him stiffen slightly. “Really? Do you want me to tell her you're interested?” I propped myself up on my elbow. “What are you now? My pimp?” I grinned. “Tell her I'll fuck her for a thousand pounds – I don't come cheap.” “No, noisily is the adjective I'd use.” “Noisily is an adverb, you illiterate Doctor.” I reached down and grabbed his cock, slightly surprised to find that it was already stiffening. Clearly he'd been playing scenario of Jess

and I over in his head. “Well, now’s your chance to make me noisy again. But if you want to you better get on with it – I’ve got a lecture in an hour and a half.” I can’t pretend that I completely forgot about that conversation, but I certainly didn’t regard it as anything more serious than one of Toby’s little sexual fantasies. Consequently, I was more than a little surprised to emerge from the Library one evening a few days later to find Jess fall into step beside me as I walked. “Hi Georgie – sorry to catch you unawares like this...is there any chance we could have a quick chat?” I wrestled the pile of books under my arm into submission. “Yes, sure.” I indicated the cafeteria on the other side of the concourse. “Shall we go get a coffee?” A few minutes later we were sat blowing steam off the top of our mugs of the frothy bitter concoction that was billed as coffee. Jess looked at me over the top of her cup. “Toby told you I fancied you, then?” “Yes, he did. He seemed rather keen on the idea.” She raised an eyebrow. “What about you?” I looked down at my coffee in an attempt to gather my thoughts. She went on: “...I mean were you shocked that I’d said that?” “Not at all. I thought it demonstrated exquisitely good taste.” She smiled at me. “I thought you’d come up with confident, cocky comment like that.” She lowered her cup. “Were you excited, then?” I might have imagined it, but I swear she pushed those magnificent boobs just a little further forward as she said it, as if she wanted to remind me of the potential delights on offer. I felt a hollow feeling in the pit of my stomach, and took a deep breath. “Yes,” I said, quietly. “Aha!” she took a celebratory swig of her coffee. “I knew I was right.” “Sorry?” “I knew from the moment I first saw you that you were the kind of girl who’d be curious. I can’t explain why, but I’m very rarely wrong. You’ll understand someday, I think.” She paused for a minute. “So, about your offer...” “My offer?” “Yes. Toby said you’d sleep with me for a grand.” “That was a joke.” “Really? I thought you were serious. Working your way through Uni as a high-class hooker or something!” I grinned. “Who says I’m not?” She laughed. “Toby doesn’t really have what it takes to be a pimp, does he? Although he seems very keen on setting you up with me.” “I think in his sad little mind he somehow thinks he’s going to get something out of it.” Jess looked at me, suddenly serious. “He won’t, you know. Quite the opposite, probably.” I wasn’t quite sure what she meant, so I stayed quiet. I was still trying to come to grips with what was happening, and events were moving almost too fast for me to keep up with. “You were talking about my “offer”...” Jess laughed again, and I was suddenly struck by what a good-looking girl she was; deep blue eyes, radiant healthy skin and a bright white smile. For the first time in my life I had a suddenly feeling of boundaries blurring and barriers tumbling, a feeling that aspects of my life that I hitherto regarded as immovable constants were about to be swept away in a tidal wave of change, which would leave behind a vastly altered landscape I would barely recognise. Sometimes I wonder if I’m slightly psychic... “Ah yes, your offer,” she laughed again. “Here’s my counter offer: if you sleep with me I’ll pay you five thousand pounds if you can honestly say you didn’t enjoy the experience.” Her hand reached for mine across the table. “But I don’t think that’s very likely, do you?” I shook my head slowly. “No, I don’t.” I paused for a moment. “Look, Jess, this has all got very serious very quickly. I need time to get my head around what is happening here.” She drew her hand back with an easy smile. “I’m sorry; you must feel like I’m rushing you. I’m not honestly. There’d be no pleasure in this for me if you were doing it against your will. Think it over and let me know. Toby has my number.”

She drained her mug. "Might as well let him have the pleasure of pimping for you, since he seems keen so keen on the idea. Bye babe." With that she got to her feet, blew me a kiss, and swayed lightly out of the café, followed I noticed with amusement, by several pairs of hungry male eyes. For the next few days I found it almost impossible to get Jessica Wharton out of my mind. I couldn't deny that I found her attractive and I found myself wondering what it would be like to be naked in her arms and how her touch would differ (if at all) from a mans. In hindsight I don't think there was ever any question that I would refuse her offer – I just needed time to come to terms with what I was discovering about my own sexuality and its implications. When I tried to look at the situation rationally, I found it hard to rationalise why I was making such a big deal of the whole thing. A perfectly gorgeous girl wanted to have sex with me, my boyfriend wanted me to have sex with her, and if I was perfectly honest with myself, I secretly wanted the opportunity to explore this slightly taboo, and therefore doubly exciting, side to my character. What on earth was I waiting for? I sent Toby a text: "Tell Jess I will sleep with her. You sort out details." He did. Toby insisted on driving me to my romantic assignation with Jessica himself. Personally I would have preferred to meet her in a bar somewhere and then allowed events to take their course, but for some tortuous reason connected with rehearsals for a show she was currently involved in, he insisted she preferred to meet me at her Halls, which were located on the north side of Putney. I think it was in the back of his mind that I might chicken out of the arrangement if he didn't escort me right to the door and as it was less hassle than the tube and cheaper than a minicab, I went along with it. I had a minor panic about what to wear (apart from one of my pairs of "probably going to get a shag" matching bra and thong) but in the end the typical March London weather made the decision for me, and I settled for a sheepskin jacket over a t-shirt coupled with a short-ish denim skirt and Ugg boots. I didn't wear any tights, one because I never really feel comfortable in them (practical but incredibly un-sexy, I always feel) and two because I've yet to find a way of getting them off that can be even vaguely described as dignified in front of an audience. Cold legs are a small price to pay for elegance in the bedroom, in my opinion. We arrived outside the Halls of Residence just after 8pm. Toby gave me kiss and squeezed my boob, we said goodbye, and I climbed out of his car. "Enjoy yourself!" was his parting shot from the drivers seat. I bent down to smile back at him. "I intend to." I said, meaningfully. I might have imagined it, but just for a second I thought I saw a sudden worried look flash briefly across his face beneath that floppy fringe. I slammed the door, and he pulled out into the traffic, another pair of red tail lights joining the rapidly flowing stream in the damp darkness. Jessica met me in the foyer. "I'm glad you decided to come after all", she said, guiding me towards the stairs. "I was afraid you might wimp out." "I think Toby thought the same," I replied. "He escorted me here personally." "Did he really?" she laughed again and I was struck by what a lovely sound it was. "What does that big doofus think he's doing? Still, I shouldn't complain, should I?" We reached a landing at the top of the first flight of stairs. "I was going to ask you about that." I said. "About what?" "I just wondered why you ended up contacting me through my boyfriend. It seems a bit of a high risk strategy." "Do you know how long I've waited for the right opportunity to come up for me to try to seduce you?" She grinned at me as we started to climb the next flight. "I've lost count of the number of times I've been lurking in the

background at clubs and parties hoping you'd have a few too many and I'd get the chance of a quick snog when His Nibbs wasn't around. In the end I just got frustrated waiting and went for the direct approach." "Are you serious? You've had your sights on me all that time?" "Why wouldn't I? You're probably the most beautiful girl in the place. Your mum was a model wasn't she?" "Yes. Thank you...I'm very flattered..." "No need to be. And don't give me that modest act, Georgie. You know exactly how hot you are. Just like I do." Her smile took any sting out of the words. We stopped outside a door on the third floor. "Here we are." Jessica took her key from her pocket, unlocked the door and gestured me to go through. The room was typical of those in Halls across the country, a carbon copy of all the others in the building; a single bed, a desk and worktop, an easy chair, curtained window and door through to the shower room. Despite its conformity, Jess had placed her own unique stamp on the place by a combination of dimmed lights, draped fabrics and monochrome nude prints (the majority of them female) that covered every available area of wall space. The overall effect was faintly reminiscent of a bordello, and a sense of almost tangible sexuality hung in the air. I sat on the bed and studied her while she busied herself opening a bottle of wine. She was wearing a pair of white combats that hung so low on her hips they seemed to be defying gravity, together with a short sleeved army style blouse that, true to form, was pulled tight across her boobs. It was unbuttoned low enough for me to catch occasional fleeting glimpses of the white bra that lay beneath. For the very first time, I felt a genuine surge of physical desire for this woman as I watched her fill the two glasses she'd placed on the window sill. My nipples hardened and I felt the first stirrings of dampness between my legs, as I wondered what form this seduction was going to take. I never found out whether Jess planned it that way or it was just the way that seemed natural, but for a while we sat, watching TV, chatting, drinking and gradually getting to know each other better. We talked clothes, soaps, films, clubs and blokes, just like it was a normal girlie night in with a few drinks. It was only when the first bottle was empty, and Jess sat down next to me with two full glasses from the second that she turned, took my face in her hands, kissed me long and deeply, and changed my world forever. My memories of that first time are blurred, but certain moments are forever etched in my mind. The feeling of having reached the point of no return when she eased my t-shirt over my head and unfastened my bra with practised ease. The feel of her wonderful breasts, and her nipples in my mouth, the faint rubbery resistance when I bit them gently, and the moan of delight that action produced. The glorious surrender of the moment that she pushed me, finally naked, down onto her bed and gently spread my legs with her hand. And, of course, the moment she first allowed her tongue to drift gently over my erect clit. She did things to my pussy no man had ever done – pulling the lips together with her fingers and running her tongue up over my clit, sucking gently on my inner labia and stiffening her tongue to fuck me gently but exquisitely with it. I vividly remember that first time she did me, incredibly aroused, trying desperately to hold back, not wanting the sensation to end, and her raising her head from between my legs to look at me up the length of my naked body and say.."Let it go, babe. We've got all night"...and then her head dropped and her tongue began to gently flick my clit, and I felt the sensation building inside me, felt my back arch and my stomach muscles tense and behind my head my hands scrabbled to grab the headboard of the bed as my

orgasm built and built and then exploded into glorious, noisy, messy release. And then I did her, spending hours (it seemed) on those amazing boobs before tracing a wet trail down to taste the honey between her legs, remembering what I liked, licking, nibbling, sucking, sensing the ever building tension within her, until she came, and came, noisily, vigorously, my face smeared with her juices. I don't know how long we carried on making noisy, glorious love for that night. I can't even remember how many times I came (although I'm pretty sure it was more than my previous record!), but at some point in the small hours we must have fallen asleep wrapped in each others arms. When we awoke it was already nearly midday, and there seemed no point in pretending we were going to go to lectures, so we showered, ate cornflakes and went back to bed to make love in such a soft and gentle way that I felt an intensity I had never experienced before. Jessica's tongue was in my pussy, but it felt like she had opened the door to my very soul, and when I came it was so powerful that I could do nothing but lie foetal in her arms, shaking. When eventually my breathing had returned to something like normal, she said: "I guess there's no danger of me losing my money, then." I kissed her lips and snuggled my face into her neck. "None at all," I murmured. "Good," she said, sitting up slowly. It was already starting to get dark again outside the window, I noticed. "Are you ready for one last treat?" Jess asked. "I got it especially for you." I had an inkling of where this was leading, but I let her take the initiative. "I thought you might find me inadequate in some departments in comparison to your boyfriend...so....I got this!" With a flourish she reached beneath the bed and produced a flesh coloured double headed dildo. I didn't know what to say, but I suppose I didn't have to – my face was saying it all. Jess chuckled throatily. "See? I said you were a dirty bitch." I grinned back. "Because I'm posh?" She looked at the dildo in her hand. "I've never used one of these before, but then I've never fucked a member of the aristocracy before either. Come on, sit up here." She arranged pillows and cushions in the corner of the bed against the wall, and then positioned me carefully into the same corner. "I think this will be better if we can see each other," she said. "I'm getting a bit of a thing about watching that beautiful face of yours when you cum." She positioned herself between my spread legs, her own legs over my knees, her feet by my hips. She reached down and gently began to rub the tip of the dildo against my clit. I caught my breath as a little electric bolt of delight shot through me, and she slowly pushed the head down and slid it inside me. It was bigger than any man I had experienced (at that time, at least!) and took my breath away, as I felt the walls of my pussy expand to accommodate the huge member. Raising her own hips slightly Jess guided the other end into her pink lips, and with a moan of delight slowly impaled herself on it. For a moment we both lay there, savouring the feeling of possession, sweet violation and submission. Then slowly, a primitive urge to satisfy our most basic desires made us begin to move together. It wasn't easy at first, but slowly we found each other's rhythm and began to fuck in earnest. Jess was right about us watching each other. Every time I bore down on the dildo I saw her eyes close and mouth open as my movement forced the shaft deeper and deeper into her wet pussy, and the feeling of fucking her, really fucking her, and at the same time being fucked myself, was quite simply the most sexually satisfying moment of my life at that point. The intensity was building fast, my own thrusts had forced so much of the dildo into me that pleasure was merging with pain, and between us we had accommodated so much of the

plastic shaft that our clits were nearly touching. Jess was lying, head thrown back, hips bucking, breasts heaving, eyes opening and closing, moaning rhythmically. Her hands grabbed my thighs as if she wanted to pull even more of it into her. "Oh God, I'm going to cum...cum with me babe...please cum with me...please..." I didn't need any more encouragement. I came; a great shuddering intense cum that made me cry out, my hands frantically grabbing handfuls of the sheets as Jess's fingers clawed at my thighs in ecstasy, her hips bucking, and an almost animal like scream escaping from her lips. After that we were both too sore, too spent and too exhausted to make love any more. We dressed, and as we did so we talked quietly about ordinary things, not wanting to disturb the sanctity of the moment I'm sure we both felt. Later, Jess walked me to the Tube station. It was already evening by the time I caught a train and the carriage was mostly deserted. I sat there in the flickering fluorescent light, with the familiar roar of the tunnels in my ears, the events of the previous night running round my head as my brain tried hard to make sense of the implications of what had happened. I already understood that a significant change had taken place – I could no longer regard myself as being exclusively male orientated in terms of my sexuality, the whole experience had been too intense for that. OK, so I'm bisexual, I thought, as the train pulled into the sudden brightness of my station. I'm just going to have to live with that. By the time I got back to my place it was nearly 9pm and I was shattered. I just hadn't got the strength to deal with the combination of Toby's childish need to know about my actions and his probing questions, and I'm afraid I said some things that must have really hurt him, culminating with a request that he make me a cup of tea and fuck off and let me sleep. To his eternal credit he did make me a cup of tea, and to my eternal shame we split up a week later, largely as a result of what I'd said. Like Jess had said, it hadn't really been in his interest to persuade me to sleep with her, but he only had himself to blame. I saw a lot more of Jessica Wharton over the course of the next year, and she introduced me to several other bi girls of her acquaintance with whom we had a lot of uncomplicated fun over the next few months. Of course, you can't keep much quiet at University, particularly if you spend the best part of twenty-four hours having noisy sex in Halls of Residence with paper-thin walls, and my new-found sexual preferences quickly became common knowledge, all of which did my mystique no harm at all, particularly as I was now minus a boyfriend and back on the market. The bisexual aristocratic sexual adventurer became highly sought after. I might have reasonably thought that this was one of the more complicated phases of my life, but then I had no inkling of what was waiting for me in the near future...