**The Tutor**

by Fred Key

I took the slip from Jess and opened it, then read it aloud. CLOSE YOUR EYES. REACH INTO THE FRIDGE. WHATEVER YOU PULL OUT GOES DOWN THE FRONT OF YOUR TOPMOST PIECE OF CLOTHING.

Again, I looked over at Tara. "Another messy penalty? I thought you said you thought they were childish." She shook her head. "Hey, they seemed better than some of the other possibilities. Besides, you seemed to enjoy them." There was that impish smile again…

"If you could stop flirting long enough, Tara, I'd like to get more of my clothing ruined, please, before I throw up." I turned to Jess, who was looking mockingly at the two of us. "Come on, let's do this. Only one left once it's over, and I've still got a small amount of dignity."

"After you, then," I said, graciously motioning her to the fridge. Jessica stepped up, eyes closed. "Tell me when," she said.

I opened the door, and said, "All right." Then I saw what Tara had done. Clever, clever girl, I thought. She had clearly been prepared in case this slip came up for her. The door of the fridge was filled with bottled water--nothing else. The worst she would have suffered was a wet shirt, knowing where to grab and where not to. I looked over at her, and she gave a little shrug and grimace, as if to say, "Can you blame me?"

Jessica, however, didn't know what Tara had done, The transfer of all that water into the door had caused all the usual door-dwelling items to be relocated to the main area of the fridge, and it was there that Jessica clasped her hand on a bottle that she withdrew at once. Opening her eyes, she stared at the Russian dressing she held, then back into the fridge. As soon as she saw the water, she gave Tara a glare that could have dropped an elephant. "You didn't think I might want to know about this?" she said slowly. Tara hung her head, but not very convincingly.

“Not only is this going to be seriously gross,” Jess said to me, a wry smile on her face, “I HATE Russian dressing." She unscrewed the cap, and held the bottle up in a mock toast. "Down the hatch," she said with forced cheeriness, and pulling her yellow shirt open at the neckline, she tipped the bottle inside. into her cleavage.The pale fabric immediately began showing a dark blotch, Jess screwed up her face in distaste as the cool, creamy goo oozed down the hollow of her breasts. The pungent smell of the dressing permeated the kitchen as a stream of salmon-colored goo dribbled from her shirt front onto the floor. When she withdrew the empty bottle, a look of disgust prominent on her face, Tara nearly fell over laughing.

"That was NOT a nice thing to do," Jess said, trying to wipe away some of the dressing. "Just for that, I'm not helping you clean up. In fact…" She reached down and pulled the bottom of the shirt outward, shaking what was left of the dressing out onto her legs and the floor below. She started scraping globs of the reddish stuff off and flinging them to the floor, giggling. It took Jess another few minutes and a wad of paper towels to get cleaned up enough to continue, but eventually most of the dressing on the outside of her clothing had been cleared away. "I think I'll wait to change out of this," she said, fingering the now-sodden shirt, "until after I draw my last slip. I only have one change of clothing, and it's already half-ruined. And you all deserve to smell that godawful stuff since you made me wear it."

"Then I guess I'm up again," Tara said with a deep sigh. "You might as well just have left them all in the hard bowl for me, since I seem to draw those punishments all the time."

I held the bowl out to her. "Maybe this time you will get lucky. You never know." She smiled and fished out a slip, then unfolded it.

Immediately her face fell into a look of disbelief."I forgot to take that out! Oh, damn! I thought I got all of those…" She handed the slip over without looking at me. BARE-BOTTOM BIRTHDAY SPANKING.

When I read it to Jess, the brunette came dangerously close to wetting herself. "Oh, this is going to be priceless. You've GOT to let me do this, Fred. You just have to let me."

"Forget it!" Tara said, cutting off my response. "It's bad enough, but I'd rather have Fred spank me than you ANY day. At least I know he's a gentleman. He'll be nice about it, won't you, Fred?" She flashed me her best smile, and I knew she was trying to snooker me.

"Fine," I said. "Let's go then. Drop the shorts, and come over here, missy! That birthday a few weeks back was your seventeenth, right?"

"Don't forget the one to grow on!" Jess added.

"Shut UP, Jessica!" Tara scolded, unbuttoning her shorts and sliding them down to her ankles. Now I got the full view of her pale blue cotton panties, or at least what once were pale blue cotton panties. Now, following her cold shower, they were nearly sheer, and plastered to her backside. They had also been stretched badly by her earlier wedgie, and the result was that they looked a little bit more like full briefs than the athletic cut they were meant to be, but I certainly wasn’t going to complain, especially with the wet fabric clinging tightly.

I could see far more of Tara than I was intended to, no doubt, but I was not allowed to linger on the view. The blond girl was at my side and over my knees almost at once. "Fred? Please go easy?" she said, making some seriously cute puppy dog eyes.

"No begging!" Jessica said playfully. "Take your spanking like a big girl!" Tara stuck out her tongue at her friend. I reached for the damp cotton panties, and drew them slowly down past her firm, rounded cheeks. "Big girl indeed," I said, patting them lightly. Once again, whatever divine force was out there was smiling on me. Tara's bottom, the finest of her incredible features, was bare and draped over my lap, waiting for my touch.

Well, not my touch, exactly, but it was just as good. Trust me.

"Ready, Tara?" I asked.

"I guess."

SMACK! I brought my hand down hard on her right cheek. "Yeow!" came Tara's response. A bright red spot appeared where I had struck.

"One," I said, then swatted the other cheek firmly, watching the ripple of the flesh. "Two!"

"Hey, not so hard!"

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

"OW! Fred, c'mon!"

WHAP!

SLAP!

WHAP!

"OOH! OHH!" Tara's hand shot back to cover her reddening globes, but I caught it and pinned it to her back."That's eight of eighteen, Tara. Behave yourself and hold still!"

I looked over my handiwork (no pun intended), and saw that her backside was just as beautiful as ever, though it was far more colorful than previously, a delightful sunset pink.

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Right on the sit spots that time, where Tara’s gorgeously tight ass met her thighs. Now Tara was tossing her hair with each swat as the burning spread through her bottom. "Oh, FUCK! That hurts!"

"It's a spanking. It's supposed to sting. How many was that? I'd hate to lose count…"

"ELEVEN! THAT'S ELEVEN!" Tara shouted quickly." Jessica nearly fell over laughing at the panic in her voice.

“Oh, OK," I said with a grin. "Thanks."

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!"

“AAAHH! Fifteen! Please, Fred, not so hard!"

"Three to go, Tara. One-"

\* SMACK!! \*

"OWWW!"

"Two!"

\*\*\* SMACK!! \*\*\*"

“NOOOO! AIEEEE! OWAAAAAA!"

"And the one to grow on…"I could feel Tara brace herself for the last swat, her bright red cheeks clenching in anticipation. I knew her eyes were squeezed shut, though I couldn’t see her face.

I gave her a gentle pat.She remained in place, still braced for impact for a few seconds more before I asked her if she planned to get up or stay there all night. Not that I would have minded.

She rose, quickly pulling up the blue panties. "That was the last one? I thought you were just playing with me there." She moved away quickly, rubbing her backside with serious vigor. "Just a little birthday spanking, huh? Jessica, let me tell you something--" She turned to face her friend. I could see a blush of red on the tops of her pale thighs. "Math geeks have strong hands. VERY strong hands."

It took another five minutes for Jessica to stop laughing.

"Well, here we are. The last draws for each of you," I said. "Still glad you wanted to get tutoring, Jessica?"

Jessica grinned. "Well, I haven't drawn my last slip yet. No time like the present, right?" She pulled out another of the squares and read it out loud. "It says SPLASHDOWN WEDGIE. What's that?"

"Beats me," I said. "Tara?"

Tara smiled. Not the, ‘oh, that’s awesome’ smile, or even the ‘I’m feeling generous’ smile. Oh, no. This was the ‘you have no idea what’s coming, here’s your dramatic irony, hope you have insurance’ smile. "Oh, it's just a modified wedgie."

"A wedgie? Well, Fred gives a mean one, but that won't be too bad," Jess said, invoking every possible manifestation of Murphy's Law all at once. "It's just a wedgie."

Fifteen minutes later, we were outside and Jessica was looking very, very unhappy. I was speechless. Tara had come up with something I couldn't have possibly imagined. Tara's family had a swimming pool, and as it was late spring, it was filled with clear blue water. Jessica was standing near the edge of it, once again without shorts on, but with her undies back on. The satiny pink pair had lace trim, were much sexier than I expected from Jess, and looked remarkably uncomfortable with a length of rope threaded through the leg holes in the rear. The knotted rope had been thrown up and over the rail of the balcony off of one of the overhead bedrooms, and I was holding the other end.

"So how is this supposed to work again?" I asked, still unsure I had heard correctly.

"It's really simple," the blonde answered, walking over to me. "You pull on the rope, and Jessica gets an instant wedgie. You pull harder, and she lifts off the ground and gets a hanging wedgie." That I had heard of, and from what I had heard, I knew that Jessica wouldn't be pleased. "Then," continued Tara, "while you keep the rope tight, I'll push her like she's on a swing. Every swing will pull the wedgie even tighter, and put a little more strain on those cute panties. Since the pull will be strongest at the far point of the swing, they should give way while she's over the pool. Eventually, anyway. And then…splashdown!" She grinned. "Pretty good for a wedgie amateur, don't you think?"

"You're completely sadistic," said Jess. “We’ve been on teams together since elementary school, and not one of the rookie tortures we’ve had was CLOSE to this. And that includes the one with the box full of straws!”

"Who was laughing at me getting my butt warmed?" Tara retorted. "You just hang on, because you've NEVER had a wedgie like you're about to get. Fred? Ready?"

I took a deep breath. “Ready as I’ll ever be…”

""On your mark…get set…WEDGIE!"

I pulled as hard as I could on the rope, and the pink panties shot up Jessica's ass crack like a rocket. The brunette barely managed a strangled "Urk!" sound as she found herself in sudden agony as her feet left the ground. The satin wedged tightly between her cheeks, pulling the abrasive rope across her now-bare backside roughly. She thrashed as her own weight continued to force the panties upward, but in the process only hurried the slick fabric along.

"Get…me…down!" Jess managed through gritted teeth. I couldn't see her face from where I stood, but I could certainly imagine it. There wasn't much else left to the imagination, at least from the waist down. Jessica’s underwear might as well have vanished, at least from the front, leaving a set of trimmed pubes and a fair amount of nether lip in the breeze.

"OK," said Tara. "Here we go!" She pulled the hanging girl toward her, avoiding the thrashing legs, and released her. Jess swung forward, squealing again as the tight pink ribbon between her legs sawed against her most intimate regions. Tara caught her as she swung back, and gave her an even harder push forward again. Once more, Jess swung forward, out over the pool, then back again. "If you lean into it, Jess, you'll rip your panties faster!" said Tara, pushing the brunette once again.

Swearing loudly, Jess did as instructed, and we heard a ripping noise as she flew back over the pool. Then she was on her way back toward us once more, spinning slowly as she dangled. The pain was evident on her face; I was pretty sure she'd never forget this experience. I certainly wouldn't.

"One more ought to do it!" Tara shoved her friend forward with all her might, and Jess shot out over the pool. She seemed to hang there for a moment, and then a loud "BRRRRP" noise rang out as the satin gave way. With a cry, the newly freed girl rediscovered gravity and crashed down into the pool. Her ruined underwear floated on the surface near her as she came up from under the water."SHIT! SHIT! That's COLD!" She swam to the side and began to pull herself out, then remembered that she was now naked from the waist down. "Hey, a little help here, huh?"

Tara set a towel down about five feet from the pool. "Come and get it, Miss Pop-your-top-Tara!"

"I am going to kill you, Tara. Kill you." Jess hoisted herself out, covering herself up as best as she could (which wasn't terribly well, I might add, but I've never been particularly turned on by that particular sight--the aesthetic of a woman's backside is far more attractive to me than a triangle of hair). She snatched up the towel and wrapped it around herself.

"So do you still think wedgies are no big deal?" I asked.

"I don't think I've ever felt anything more humiliating, and I may not be able to pee for a week." Jess replied, wincing as she stood up. "My panties were so far up my butt I think they were in my--"

"Too much info!" Tara cut her off.

"And they just kept getting tighter. I thought I was going to die between the pain and the embarrassment. Nothing like knowing you're on display for a guy, right, Tara?"

Tara flipped her the bird.

"Well, you got your revenge, Tara," I said. "There is no question that was the worst possible wedgie I've ever seen. By FAR."

"Believe me, I'm going to be very careful around this girl from now on," Jess said with a laugh. "I didn't know she had this streak in her. But streak or not, Tara, it's your turn again. And I bet you get a doozie for your final punishment."

We went back inside, Jessica pulling on her shorts without undies as she was now without a pair. The bowl was waiting there on the table."Go to it!" Jess said, pointing at the waiting slips. "And bad luck to you!"

Tara reached into the bowl and fished around it in for a few seconds. Finally, she withdrew her hand, a folded slip clenched in it. She took a deep breath, opened it, and read the contents to herself.

"Well?" Jessica asked. "What's it gonna be?"

"Um…Jess, can I see you outside the room for a second?" I gave her a puzzled look, as did her friend. "Seriously, Jess."

"OK," shrugged the brunette, and followed her out.I looked around the kitchen. There was still Russian dressing on the floor, and Jessica's shredded pink panties were on the table. I knew a pile of eggy clothing was waiting in the laundry room, too. Cleaning up was going to be a pain, I thought to myself--but I'd gladly do it with a toothbrush for an experience like today. I had basically seen the girl I was madly in love with naked, I had spanked a pair of delicious bottoms, and I had performed one of the worst wedgies ever. Not bad for a math geek.

Tara and Jess returned to the room, but Jessica had her backpack slung over her shoulder. "What's up?" I asked.

"Tara's penalty is, well, kinda personal," Jess said with a grin, "and she asked if I would let her take it privately."

"And you agreed?" I said, surprised that she would agree to miss anything done to Tara given the penalty she'd just endured.

"Oh, it cost me," Tara said. "Let's just say that the Splashdown Wedgie will be reenacted at some point in the near future."

Ow, I thought. This must be one heck of a penalty for Tara to buy Jess off at that price.

"I'll get my stuff tomorrow, OK?" Jess said, moving to the door. "Try to get the egg out. I LIKED those underpants." She stopped by me. "Fred, this was–interesting. And I must admit, I feel a lot better about the test Monday. But I think that if I call you again, it'll be for regular tutoring. The kind that doesn't chafe so badly."

"Fair enough," I smiled. "You know where to find me."

"I know where I'm likely to," she said cryptically, and with a wave, she left.

The door closed, and I turned back to Tara, who was standing at the table."Well, I can't say this was what I expected, Tara," I said, walking over to her, "but it was, as Jessica said, very interesting."

"It was pretty clear you enjoyed yourself," she replied, leaning against the table and smiling at me. "I wasn't planning on you having quite so much to enjoy, but…" She trailed off, shrugging.

"I'll help you clean up," I said, and moved toward the sink to get the sponge. Tara caught my arm, though, before I got past her. "Fred, aren't you forgetting something?"

"What? Am I tracking the dressing? Do I need to take off my shoes?"

"No, stupid," she said, holding her hand out. "This." She uncurled the fist to show me a slip of paper. "My last forfeit, remember?"

"Tara, you don't have to do this. Jess is gone, and you've had a pretty heavy day. Besides, you're already going to get that extra wedgie from Jessica, and I think that counts as more than you owe."

She shook her head at me, tossing her blond hair back over her shoulder. "You really are a nice guy, aren't you? Thanks for offering, but fair is fair. I agreed to the game, and all the terms. I even made up some of the punishments."

"Yeah. About that–you're just full of surprises, aren't you?"

With a shy grin, Tara handed me the slip.I looked at her for a moment, then, still wondering what she was thinking, I opened the slip up and read the forfeit.

TAKE YOUR MATH TUTOR TO THE DANCE NEXT WEEK.

"Full of surprises," she said, "aren't I?" And she kissed me. And that, ladies and gentlemen, is where this part of the story ends.