

Massage

Ok, Miss. My fingers' loosened up. Let's begin, for real now.

Your back looks knotted, things seems a bit uptight. It has been a while since we sorted you out properly, so I'll have to start hard, bear with me. First things, let's get your bones loose. I pack a lot of weight, and I take the flat of my palm, face down, placing it just so "under here," where your back shoulder plate moves down into soft, nice areas. Then, placing my other hand on top and getting right over, let's give it some oomph. You'll feel a massive crunch, air heaves out of your lungs so fast your eyes'll pop. Crack! Maybe that hurt, just a lil'. Though hey, already it feels *sooo* good. Now for the other plate. Huh! Your sigh lets me know: "Yes. That rocked, too." So just a few random dabs more, light touches, between plate and the base of your spine, and now you're ready for the real deal.

Just a drop of oil, not too much, as skin's much nicer than oil. Pour slowly, allow the oil's warmth to catch up with your unknotting back, enlivened the skin, as the palm of my hands sweep across your undulating geography, exploring this deep soothing of you. I must keep my mind just on your back, though, although I may want to push it. Down to the top of your hips... then up... and up... and up... Inch by killer inch, a warm line all the way up and under the pit under your arm... and soon down to the other one. It should be a bit rough here, where you shave; and yet it feels warm, nice. My fingers could run everywhere with little resistance from you.

Ok, next. Dig into each long, smooth groove sailing between neck and shoulders – yes, dig in, don't be afraid. My touch is good. My fingers rummage around. The feeling tingles, shoots down to the base of your spine. Nice. Now for your neck. I take it in one hand, digging fingers working your grooves, finding their own groove. They'll dance: up and down, up and down. Two hands: pitter, patter, pitter, patter... from the base of your spine, inch by crucial

inch all the way up to your hair. I know I shouldn't but a little scratching here, pulling it so, is nice for me. Hope it's nice for you, too. "What's that?" She purrs like a jaguar.

Palms spread, face down, working nice, big concentric circles awash all over your back. You groan, deep waves satisfy. I heave gently, from the base-bone just below my thumbs, putting a touch more weight into proceedings. You let out air; you're relaxed. More concentric circles, heavier – "get in there..." but getting smaller, nittier, grittier... it's like kneading dough. Sure, your skin feels much looser now: pinch it; pinch an inch; rub it between thumb and forefinger; relax this skin tied to muscle. Working my grooves all over, your breath heaves, your back swaggers gently up and down... up and down. "You happy?" No response means yes, I take it, and I put even more method into proceedings. Start now, top-left and work done, inching slowly as we have all the time in the world. Down... and down... and down... touching the curve of your bum. Move over some to the right, then up... and up... and up... touch's gettin' a touch rougher. You like it, taking time, and there's plenty to play with.

Now for some extra dig. I stick my fingers and thumbs out, making a cat's claw. Turn these around, all points facing your back. Pick good spots... then drill! Drill all over! Round and round! Twist the wrists! Build up a rhythm that's searing, Oomph! Feels bloody good, eh? Oh my, purrs' coming through loud and proud.

Now's time for some fun of my own, oh happy bunny. Rubbing hands together: rapid. Heat brews. Palms face down, and dutiful to its finer details I scan your back in big, happy waves roughly two millimetres from its surface. All them tiny hairs thrill to attention. Let's keep this going for a while, a soothing, static electricity existing between us.

Time passes. I'm done with your back, smoothing down your soft, relaxed, moist skin with large, lingering strokes either side of your spine... once more touching the curve of your bum... and down and around. My arm does the reach-around, and my fingers have your front...

naughty! But wait just one moment. Come back round again and at the ball of your spine here's a patch of tiny hairs. Give 'em a tweak, pull 'em, stroke 'em against the grain – a lil' abuse makes 'em happy. Then pat them down. “Yum.”

A lil' further down... and down... and I'm behind your thighs, both evenly, nicely rounded. There's some meat here, nice, and your curves flow inwards, tantalising. Careful, can't go there, even if you, too, think the same naughty thoughts. So just to knead and gently rub away at your thighs, slipping just one finger in on the inside track – “Ooooh!” No pinching, though; skin here don't take too kindly to that.

Sweetly time passes, and I work my magic down the backs of your legs, ever mindful, ever enjoying the gift your joy of receiving, your pleasure washing over you. I could lick the back of your knees, but that wouldn't be ethical; so I may continue with my digging and pinching fingers, tracing your calf muscles all the way down to the balls of your feet. Yes, feet need attention too, and this is how we started – you recall? You were stressed back then, feeling hard, brittle, rigid; and yet now your deepest feelings bathe within love's warm oil.

Two hands – one to cup, one to dig – pressed down hard, and every aching bone and muscle in this pounded-up body of yours finally ripped free, set loose, wandering steamy dreams. Crunch! – and the next time you're up on your feet you're gonna dance.

Still, sweetly time passes...

What do you reckon, head massage next? I'll have to straddle you. Ok? So you know you're in safe hands. Let's prop your head back a bit, allow my rubbing, digging, pinching fingers to work more magic. Start here, the temples and soothing, small circles... then slowly back over your hair, getting tight under it. I'll smooth your facial lines, working the grain. You purr, the cat that's got the cream.



One hefty heave to end with: a shunt, even. All aggression welled up from within, all my guts, ripping up through my body, channelling through these broad shoulders of mine, my arm, my wrist and the base of my hand... swingin' a rhythm into it. Though that was just a test. You ready for the real thing? Ok, full on. Here goes. From the left-side at the base of your spine, up and up along your back's ridge, taking me to the tip of your neck... "HUH!" If you had any air left in you it's just expired, as your head spins from momentary lack of oxygen. "I totally rock, dude." Once more; this time from the right side at the base of your spine, up and up... "HUH!" Your head spins double this time, as more than you were prepared for, and while I don't expect you to tell me somehow I suspect you've just had an orgasm.

To finish, then, with a few easy strokes on your shoulders. Then I'm done.

Ok, I'll be off. You can get dressed now.

The pleasure is all mine.

