

Friendly Hands

Contributed by Administrator
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I had just finished a week long merger. I was as stressed as I could be. My entire body ached, so when, Richard, my partner at the firm had mentioned going to the masseuse, I asked if I could tag along. I didn't have any plans that evening and I really needed to relax. He told me to be open minded about the whole thing, since they usually got 'really' friendly with you. I laughed. He was joking, right? I made a mental note to make sure I was going to be 'paired' with another female. I preferred the feminine touch. Richard popped into my office about ten after five and said he'd meet me in the parking lot and we'd take his car. Traffic is horrible and since I didn't know where this place was, we both agreed one car would be best. I packed up everything I'd need. Being a lawyer, I've learned to keep an extra pair of everything in the office, many long nights and rumpled suits later have taught me that.

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I found Richard in no time and we were off. He explained to me what he meant about the 'open minded' bit. There wasn't any extra payment, or anything required of me save to relax and enjoy myself. And this place wasn't just for anyone.

We get there, at the front desk Richard is required to show proof of membership, and I had to show proof of identity. Tight ship they run there. We were escorted to a small locker room, couldn't have been big enough to fit 2 more people in it. Richard said they have about 20 of these small rooms, it's to make you feel comfortable and not like you're in a gymnasium after a game. I was a bit shy at first about undressing in front of Richard, but he and I had been friends for four years now and he knew I was a lesbian. I watched as he started to disrobe and I followed suit. Soon we were both in our little white spa robes and headed off to our massage tables, in separate rooms.

I remember Richard saying to the clerk up front that both of us were to have female masseuses and she said something about for friendly service lay on the table and leave the towel on the hook. I looked at the towel and the table, then down at my half naked body. I removed the robe and reached for the towel and just as my hand touched the soft fiber, I pulled it away. Let's see just how friendly these folks can get. So I climbed up onto the table and waited for my 'partner'.

I didn't have to wait long. Almost as soon as I got settled I heard a woman's sultry voice ask me if I was ready. I said yes and heard the door open. Once she noticed I didn't have my towel draped over my body she asked me if I had just forgotten or was I a friend. I told her I didn't forget. She giggled.

I felt her soft strong hands touch my shoulders. They were coated in an oil of some kind, sort of smelled like lilacs. Her hands kneaded my flesh like it was raw dough. I completely lost myself in how great that felt. I sighed deeply as my body relaxed further and as her hands worked lower and lower down my back.

To my surprise, the lower she went the more turned on I was getting. I felt like I was doing something I shouldn't be and could get caught, and that was making it even harder for me to keep a level head. Not often I'm revved this easily. I'm a lawyer for Christ sake! She must have sensed my struggle; she redirected her hands back up and to my sides, letting her fingertips rub the sides of my breasts. Her slick hands easily slipped underneath my breasts. She squeezed my nipples between the insides of her fingers as she cupped my breasts. I felt a moan escape my lips and I was done for.

She asked me to roll over so she could finish her massage. I rolled over quicker than I had intended, like a school girl aching for her first kiss. Her hands worked my body like magic, rubbing along my tummy and back up to my sensitive breasts and down to my thighs. When her fingertips brushed along my bush I felt tingles of excitement travel up my spine. I couldn't believe this was happening. My entire body tingled at her delicate but firm touch.

She watched my face as she slid her hands in between my thighs, making sure I wasn't going to protest. Her oiled fingers slipped in between my already wet lips and began to stroke my swelling clit. I gasped as her fingers touched my pearl causing my body to jerk slightly. "Just relax, Ms. Hetherington. Let me take care of you."

With that my body was hers.

Her fingers continued their soft strokes along my clit, changing directions and occasionally slipping into my hot hole. I began to rock my hips against her hand and the table. The waves of pleasure that traveled up my spine were almost more than I could bear. The small room was quickly filled with my soft incessant moans urging her on. I couldn't imagine anything that would ever top her fingers. She leaned over me, spread my lips with her fingers and lightly ran her tongue along the length of my slit while she slid a finger deep into my pussy. I was wrong. Her tongue sent shivers up my body and I felt the familiar stirring deep within me as my climax began to build.

She kept her slow and steady pace. Very "in control". I squirmed underneath her. I tried to press my hips against her face, but she wouldn't have it. Her agonizingly slow pace was driving me crazy. It was so intense. And just as I thought I couldn't take anymore she rolled my clit between her tongue and her lips. I exploded as my orgasm peaked. My back arched and my moans filled the room. My breathing was rapid and my body tense. Her pace never changed and with every stroke of her tongue I was sent into another peak. She held me there for a few minutes, letting my body float in climax, my muscles squeezing tightly around her finger. Once my body went limp is when she stopped. She walked up to me and placed a firm kiss on my lips. I could smell myself on her face, and as our tongues entwined I tasted my sweet nectar. After a few moments she broke off the kiss and asked me not to mention about her using her tongue, it's against the rules. She also told me that any time I wanted to see her again to just call and she handed me her card.

She turned to me and winked as she left the room and closed the door behind her. I laid there on the table regaining my breath for a while. I was without a doubt a satisfied customer.