

# Deep Tissue

By Jaymal

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*An engaged guy is tempted by his therapeutic masseuse.*

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I don't cheat, okay? Let me say it again. I. Do. Not. Cheat. The same way I don't drink-drive or wear yesterday's underpants. It's a built-in rule and one that with a little forward thinking is never broken. I'm engaged now to Amanda and our relationship couldn't be stronger. It's built on honesty and it's built on trust, got me? We have a varied, healthy and satisfying sex-life and we don't screw other people. End of story. This is most reassuring when, for example, I end up talking to the new temp across the photocopier at work. Or when I go out drinking with mates at the sort of club where randy, dissatisfied wives and girlfriends go to prove they're still attractive to other guys. The subtle explanatory reference is never far from my lips, should I fall into conversation with such ladies: 'I was on holiday there with my girlfriend.' Or the more direct 'Thanks, but I'm already with someone,' if required. And then there's that old faithful back-up: 'Yes, but I'd know, even if she didn't.' Nothing is ever going to happen. This is especially good to bear in mind on a day like today. One of the days when I visit Kelly. In fact, no - that's not even a cause for mild concern. Kelly's in a relationship as well, and she really likes the bloke. He's quite the romantic, it seems. Last time she told me all about her high expectations for Valentine's Day and I in turn described my plans for Amanda and myself. The two of us, client and professional, sharing the same warm glow from our respective love affairs. So the Kelly situation is nothing to worry about. Okay, all right - so the reason we ended up talking so earnestly about our significant others was to deflect from a certain... frisson that passed between us. Now hold on, I didn't hit on her - don't think that for a second - and she didn't take it as such. I passed some vague compliment about her loose perm suiting her, or something like that, and she took maybe a little too much pleasure in it and then I held eye-contact a longer than was perhaps wise... And then it was all embarrassment and rapidly changed subject and very deliberate mention, on both our parts, of the people we were involved with. Well massage is intimate after all, even purely therapeutic massage. Kelly is a consummate professional; she's friendly without being flirtatious, very careful to keep that businesslike edge. But after several sessions you get to know each other a bit. And if you have a natural connection and a degree of mutual attraction, however unspoken, well, anyone's guard can drop. Okay, it's true - I did carry her final smile with me for the rest of the day. And that night. When I was... having sex with Amanda. There I was, my body moving on my fiancée, and when I closed my eyes, Kelly's smiling face was floating before me. Amanda's moans and Kelly's

smile... Shit, look, I mean everyone has those thoughts! It's not as though I deliberately dwelt on them... And - and - why the hell am I even feeling guilty? The massage sessions were Amanda's idea in the first place. She was driving the bastard car when the accident occurred! If she hadn't braked to save that frigging pigeon, we wouldn't have been back-ended, I wouldn't have whiplash, there'd be no need for bleeding massage therapy! And I haven't even done anything yet. Not that I'm going to! Like I said, nothing is ever going to happen. Nice to know, as I pass through the revolving doors of Blue Haven Health and Fitness Spa. As I check in at the desk. As I make my way along the bright corridor to the massage suite. The massage suite where I know Kelly, the lovely manipulator of my limbs, will be waiting... Thank fuck she has a boyfriend. 'Hello?' Deep breaths as I knock on the door. I'm building this up out of nothing; it's a fantasy I've apparently been entertaining too much. Kelly'll be her bright, brisk, professional self. But I can feel my balls tingling as I hear her welcoming response. As I enter the brightly, clinically lit room, she's busy fluffing towels over by the massage table, but looks up with a grin of recognition. More welcoming than usual? But then we're naturally getting more relaxed with each other after four sessions. 'Hi Ed,' she grins, with a degree of warmth that surprises and gratifies me. 'Come on in, I'll be right with you.' I close the door behind me, acting casual, relaxed. She's dressed in her usual white overalls and gym slippers, and I divert my mind from the supple, tanned body I suspect lies beneath. Her wheat-blond hair is tied back revealing her sharp-featured, pretty face. The pastel-walled room, with its posters on the virtues of acupuncture and various styles of massage, Eastern and Western, is unchanged from before; so why am I more aware of its intimacy, complete with bed-table and en suite shower? 'How's the back?' she inquires. 'Have I made it better or worse?' It's the usual relaxed style of chat, but there's some indefinable difference in her tone that makes me wary. Look, stop being an asshole, Ed - this is some type of twisted wishful thinking. Don't fucking flatter yourself. 'Almost all better,' I say. 'Couple more sessions and I'll be fine.' 'And then I won't see you any more,' she says with a mock pout. I must register some of the surprise I feel, because she adds, 'Well you're easier to talk to than a lot of my clients. Take off your jacket.' I've been curiously immobile and she's noticed. 'So how was Valentine's?' I ask, slipping the jacket nonchalantly off my shoulders and draping it over a chair. Get the conversation straight on to her fella, don't focus on the fact that you'll soon be undressing in proximity to this girl. Her face darkens. 'God, let's not go there,' she says. But after a long, angry sigh she does. 'The bastard was cheating on me.' I'm knocked back. This is not what I've been expecting. Or hoping for. I think. 'Yeah, I know,' she goes on. 'Think how stunned I was. Mr bloody Romance. Only he's gone and had it off with some girl he picked up at a night club. At the same happy hunting ground where he met me! Except one of my friends sees him. Stupid bastard.' She pauses, seeming a touch embarrassed. 'You're sorry you asked now.' 'No, I'm not - get it off your chest.' Good God, I'm quoting lines from a Seventies British sex comedy now! Confessions of a Massage Client With a Dodgy Back. Get it off your chest? For fuck's sake... 'So,' Kelly is finishing off, 'my Valentine's Day consisted of him trying to tell me it was only a one-off and he was drunk, as if that's supposed to console me, and then me finally telling him to piss off.' 'So is that it? No chance you'll get back together??' I hope I sound sympathetic rather than hopeful. 'No, that's that,' she shrugs, matter-of-factly. There's the slightest of pauses. 'So I'm single

again. How did things go for you?' 'Oh - okay, okay,' I say. Don't want to set up my happy Valentine's evening against her crap one, after all. 'Went to a new Tapas place, exchanged cards, usual stuff. Sorry things didn't work out for you...' She waves it away with a friendly smile. 'It's not your fault, Ed. Now go behind the screen and get stripped off for me.' She says this with a cheeky grin, flinging a towel my direction. 'And don't forget to wear that!' Conversation has never been any problem with this girl, so why is every opening gambit dying in my throat right now? A great yawning silence is opening up, as I drop my shirt on the chair provided and set about unlacing my shoes. Don't be so bloody ridiculous, Ed. This is not a problem. Despite the fact she hasn't removed herself discretely from the room while I undress, like she usually does... Not a problem at all. 'No, I got too serious too soon with Nick.' Kelly's back on the subject of her break-up. I'm listening in a semi-daze, removing my trousers. 'Should have seen it for what it was. Should have seen him for what he was. No, Ed, it's given me a whole new attitude.' 'It has?' I want to hear, despite myself. 'Yeah - forget serious, forget meaningful. I just want to enjoy myself a bit.' 'Sounds fair enough.' I slip off my briefs. 'Yeah, if I meet someone I like, I'm just going to fuck him.' She applies a lusty weight to the f-word. Fuck with my head, more's the point! A powerful current channels from my brain to the root of my dick, as soon as she says it. I'm standing naked behind the screen in an aching conversational void, groping clumsily for my towel. 'So what do you think of that, Ed?' What I think is, When did Kelly the sweet-natured masseuse become Kelly the husky-voiced little prick-tease? What I say is a stammered 'Well - I mean - yeah.' Okay Ed, don't lose your cool. Just wrap the towel around as loosely as possible - try to disguise your embarrassingly extending organ. 'You deserve to cut loose a bit after what he did to you.' 'You said it. Ready yet?' I sidle sheepishly out from behind the screen, clutching my towel about me, vainly trying to hide the tent-pole effect at the front. Kelly's eyes flick momentarily there and back again to my face. Shit - my arousal is duly noted. 'Shame you're taken, or I might just have you here on the massage table,' she laughs. The come-on is jokey, but I must look as if I'm about to choke. 'Sorry Ed, I'm being wicked - I don't know what's come over me. Lie down on your stomach and I'll get the oil. You're safe with me.' But her smile is teasing and she brushes a soft hand across my upper arm before moving away. I have to adjust my hardened member in order to lie comfortably on the massage table. She's small-talking in a relaxed fashion, as she pours the warm oil smoothly down my spine, but there's a sly undercurrent that's never been there before. My mind flits about for something else to cling to, but her hands are slowly, rhythmically kneading the back of my neck, and her words, whatever the hell she's saying, have a breathy, hypnotic quality to them. 'We'll have you back to the gym soon,' she's saying. 'You haven't lost any of your muscle tone in the meantime - still in really great shape.' 'Thanks,' I murmur, cheek pressed to the pillow, aware of her face hovering close above me, the scent of the oil mingling with her skin cream. She works her way insistently, skilfully down my spine. 'Your girlfriend's very lucky. She's done better than I did... Just don't tell her that you got excited before your massage.' 'Oh, sorry about that,' I say, tensing again in shock at the very mention. Sorry? She was the one introducing the subject of casual fucking! 'Relax, I'm joking!' she laughs. 'I know what you guys are like.' And she swoops down to run her hands firmly the length of my arms, so that her pony-tailed hair brushes across my neck. I can sense her mouth hovering close to the side of my

face. 'Although I'm flattered you got hard before we'd even started.' The last sentence is a soft, girlish whisper and even minutes later, when she's working her hands up my leg muscles, it has the blood pounding in my ears. Whatever blood, that is, that hasn't been pumped to my now totally swollen cock. She kneads away just below my ass for a moment. 'Tell me something Ed,' she ventures. 'I'd like the male perspective.' 'Sure,' I croak like a bewildered frog. 'I mean, here I am, day in, day out, getting on with my job. And every now and then I'll notice the guy I'm massaging has a hard-on. Mostly he'll have the decency to look embarrassed and try to hide it, and now and again I get some perv who looks really pleased with himself. So Ed, what I'm wondering is, do guys always, inevitably associate massage with sex?' How fucking naive is this girl? I groan inwardly. Not very, it turns out. 'Tell me honestly, Ed - Do you get a regular stiff one when you're lying here?' There's playful mockery in her laughter as she says this. 'I know I've been very bad today, but - well - do you?' Rising panic, to accompany my 'stiff one'. 'Kelly, I don't think we should be having this conversation.' 'It's just talk, that's all,' she says, reverting to surprised innocence. Her firm and steady kneading of the area marginally south of my buttocks continues. 'I mean, I'm not trying to flatter myself, but - do you reckon a lot of my male clients think of me sexually? Or do I just imagine that?' Her hands are lingering tantalisingly around my left upper thigh. She knows exactly how this male client thinks of her and is pressing it to her advantage. 'Well - I mean - it's just an involuntary reaction,' I stammer. 'You're an attractive girl whose job just happens to be...' '...Rubbing oil all over nearly nude guys, yes I know,' she laughs silkily. 'I suppose I've just developed such a professional approach to it over time that I don't think about it in that way. Plus most of my clients don't do much to distract me. Most of my clients...' And she smooths the oil slowly and deliberately between my legs, running her fingers lightly over my ball sac. 'Oops...' I give a sharp, involuntary gasp. My cardiac activity is going crazy, my already inflated cock stretching against the towel beneath me. A very scary line has just been crossed by my masseuse. Oops? Don't acknowledge any line - just make light if it for fuck's sake! 'Careful where you put your hands!' I say, my breath shallow. 'I'm as good as married...' That did sound humorous, right? 'Sorry,' she says lightly and sweetly, retreating down my right leg. My state of panicked arousal remains however. She works away quietly for a little while, but it's just a lull before her next offensive on my libido, I know this. 'So Ed.' Her voice is soft, her manner offhand. 'You ever think about our massage sessions when you wank?' That's it, I'm going to get off the table, grab my towel and get the fuck out as quickly as possible. Now. Right this second. Here goes... No. Can't do it. I haven't got further than prising myself up a bit with one hand. She'll only see my prick pointing to the ceiling if I move any more. 'Kelly, you can't ask me something like that!' 'Why not?' There's a disingenuous girlish sweetness in her voice. 'I'm engaged...' 'What, so you don't masturbate any more? You don't fantasise when you're on your own?' 'That's not what I meant! Look, I'm not like... like your...' 'My weasel of an ex-boyfriend? I know you're not like him, Ed.' She sounds genuinely affectionate. 'But you're still a guy.' She very purposefully begins to run her fingers back and forth along the sensitive strip of flesh between my asshole and my balls. Holy fuck, no... please no... I'm gasping audibly, half propped up on the table, unable to move. 'You like that, don't you? I don't think you want me to stop.' 'Kelly please...' I'm trying to fight the delightful, sinful sensations washing

through my body, but she lays her other hand on my shoulder and with the words 'Just relax, darling' causes me to subside back on to the flat surface like a lost soul. 'Now you just lie there and let me massage that nice ass of yours.' I'm at her mercy, as she unfolds the towel at the back and uncovers my buttocks. There's that same quiet intensity in her voice, as she applies more oil to her hands and sets about me. 'There, darling... isn't that good? Now don't you worry about a thing. You're safe with me.' As her able fingers massage the warm oil slowly and rhythmically into my bum cheeks, I feel a vast distance from safe. I'm temporarily... yes, temporarily overpowered by an electric charge emanating from her work on my pelvic region to my entire body. It's wrong. It's guilty. It's fucking fabulous. 'What if your boss walks in?' It's a feeble effort, crawling its way from beneath the erotic cloak that's flapping about my brain. 'We're on friendly terms, she's very understanding,' Kelly reassures, and then she giggles. 'You know I'm sure she's entertained at least one boyfriend round here herself.' I'm so far gone this only just registers. 'You mean...' 'Yes sweetheart, it's all planned.' She dribbles oil between my buttocks and delicately begins to smooth its warmth into my ass crack. The feeling is sensational. 'No one's going to disturb us. And there are no clients in the adjacent rooms. We can do as much or as little as you want.' Deftly she rims my asshole with a safely manicured finger, while her softly breathing mouth homes in on my ear, her teeth gently tugging on the lobe. 'You won't believe what I'm wearing underneath my uniform,' she tells me. 'Just for you. I haven't worn it since last summer on the beach in Ibiza.' She pauses to let that sink in, her naughty little index finger still circling. 'It might as well not be there.' And she slips her finger suddenly up my ass. 'Fuck!' That was a vocal ejaculation only, but with Kelly's intruding digit, I swear my cock has never felt bigger or more potentially explosive. 'God, Kelly...' I'm panting in agonised bliss. 'You - You bad little...' 'That feel good then?' she croons, stroking my neck with her free hand. 'Does it make you hard? Does it make you want to fuck me?' 'Kelly I can't... I'm engaged...' 'Our secret,' and she kisses the side of my face. 'Inside this room. Once you leave, it didn't happen.' 'But I'll know... I'll know...' It's close to a prayer. She extracts her wicked finger. 'Okay,' she says gently. 'But just turn over. Turn over and look at me. See what you're turning down.' I have to. I can't not. The imagined joys of her uncovered body have been lurking in my subconscious for weeks. But I instinctively clutch the towel over my bone-hard erection, as I flip on to my back. She retreats from the table, smiling an impish smile, and tugs at the front collar of her jacket with both hands. Metal press-studs pop apart one by one from top to bottom, each pop revealing more of her impressive upper body. Her delicate, gym-toned figure, tan topped up to a golden brown, is scarcely covered by an outrageous, day-glo orange, one-piece swimsuit. Twin strips of material plunge from her shoulders towards her crotch, clinging to the erect nipples of her perfectly suckable, pear-sized breasts. She lets the jacket slide from her slender arms and sets about loosening her uniform bottoms. Turning side on to me and jutting out her rear for full effect, she peels them from her gorgeously pert ass and pads out of them lightly; the swimsuit's string is swallowed up by her beautifully defined bum crack. 'So Ed,' she says, giving me a full-frontal blast of her near-naked, supple body, 'see anything you want to fuck?' Oh God yes, I want to fuck her tight, waxed cunt, tucked away as it is beneath that sheer strand of swimsuit, very urgently. I want to work over that same cunt with my fingers and tongue before shoving my cock

inside it and pumping for Britain. I'm getting married within the year and I want to nail this girl in the worst way. 'Just keep watching me, Ed,' she virtually croons, as she trickles massage oil down her front. She draws the strips of her scant costume away from her breasts and massages in the oil, both tits a neat, firm handful. 'I know you want to suck on these.' She tugs on her hard, dark-pink nipples for my guilty viewing pleasure, to the point that it must surely hurt her. 'And I know for sure you want inside this.' One delicate finger swoops below and slips beneath the swimsuit's crotch, wriggling its way up that secret, wet little fuck-hole. She appears to rotate her searching digit for a moment, biting her lip in pleasure, then she withdraws it with a slick little sound and with relish sucks it clean. My whole world is now centred on how hard my cock feels, on the tightness of my balls. Her all-but-nude form moves gracefully, knowingly towards me. I don't even try to prevent her, as she takes my towel between her thumb and index finger and lightly plucks it away from my long, sturdy erection. Were it not for Amanda, my chief emotion here would be pride at how ample my member looks, lying there heavily, thick and purple-headed, a wet, silver strand linking its tip to my belly.

'Christ, Ed,' says Kelly in apparent appreciation, as she drops the towel to one side. 'I really hope that's all for me!' She brushes the underside of my cock with warm fingertips, sending a jolt through my whole nervous system, then she stoops down and with her tongue-tip deftly licks away the pre-cum from the head of my prick, eyeing me all the time. 'You little tease,' I whisper huskily, as she runs one soft palm over my chest and stomach and commences manipulating my spontaneously twitching cock with the other. 'So what are you going to do with this little tease?' she asks, in her most girlish voice, gently pinching my nipples and twanging my hard shaft so that it springs back against my stomach with a firm slap. 'You going to show her how a tease gets treated? You going to give her what a tease deserves?' My hips are gently bucking now under her artistic touch. Thoughts of Amanda and weddings and fidelity are being forced to the margins of my thoughts by the primal urge to fuck and to fuck hard. Christ, I want to grab this girl, rip the flimsy swimsuit from her tight body and bang the living shit out of her. Some final thread of conscience is holding me back, however. Kelly's aware of this and sets about snapping it. 'Why don't I sit on your face, while you decide what you want to do to me?' Before the words have sunk in, she's raised herself on the side of the table and gymnastically swung a leg over me so she straddles my chest, then she hauls herself a foot up my body, pulls the swimsuit crotch to one side and wraps her toned thighs round my head. I have a fleeting impression of her naked, pink pussy descending on me, then the bottom half of my face is smothered by her sex, my mouth and nose overwhelmed by the taste and smell of her slithering, wet cunt-folds. Instinctively I slap my hands either side of her firmly plump ass to support her weight and help myself breathe, as she begins to rock herself gleefully on my face, uttering happy little feminine moans. The tangy, natural perfume of her snatch is filling my nostrils and her nectar is pooling around my lips and chin, so what choice have I but to start licking my way into that wetly pulsating tunnel? The feeling is glorious - like thrusting my tongue into a ripe, salty peach and letting the juice flood my mouth. I've got a firm hold of her gorgeous, tight bum-cheeks now, as she enthusiastically rides my face, already off the starting blocks and sprinting for an orgasmic finishing line. And she's a talker. 'Oh

God, Ed - oh yeah, grab my ass, fuck me with your tongue, that's right. That feels so fucking good. Ooooooh - lick out my cunt, sweetheart - oh yeah, you liking that? 'Cos I'm fucking loving it. Ohhhhh Christ - you want to fuck me properly after this? You want to give me your... Oh God, oh God I'm close - Oh keep doing that...' And her words dissolve into a series of crescendo-ing yelps as she hits her peak. Her whole body begins to shudder and thrash, as she achieves her climax. My hands clamp tighter to her ass to support her and the slick, fleshy folds of her gash slither about my mouth and chin, smearing me with juice. The exotic taste of her is flowing down my tongue, thrust as it is up her hole, to the very back of my throat. Then, as her orgasm starts to subside, the soft inside of her cunt turns hyper-sensitive and she shivers and squirms, hardly able to bear the sensation. 'Oh - oh - Jesus - that's enough...' I grab her thighs and pull her closer to my face, sucking hard on her engorged clit to punish her. She squeals and laughs semi-hysterically, trying to pull away. 'Oh Christ, no baby, no - I can't stand it...' I'm fully enjoying this, I realise, enjoying having a little control at last, and yes - enjoying the thought of her gym-tightened body thrashing about on the end of my tongue. 'Oh God, stop, please! Please - let me suck your cock for you...' God help me, I'm way past resisting. I release her tight cheeks from my grasp, enabling her to relieve her cunt of my teasing. Shaky but intent she swings her gorgeous body off the table and seconds later my prone member is taken in hand and gobbled up in her wet, sucking mouth. I can only surrender to the thrilling sensation of my cock-head being swathed in the caressing tongue of my over-friendly masseuse. Amanda's beautiful image is swimming tormentingly before my mind's eye, but my hips are undulating to the rhythm of Kelly's gentle slurping. I look up with a need to witness what's being done, and see her staring wickedly at me, as she drools saliva down my shaft so that she can wank it more smoothly, all the time sucking the head. It's a delicious image and one that pushes me beyond some psychological boundary. I'm not just going to lie here passively accepting her seduction. I'm going to give the sexy little bitch what she obviously wants, along with whatever interest I can muster - I'm going to make her pay for what she's doing. Very shortly this cheating guy is going to empty the contents of his balls inside Kelly - the only question is which hole. For a few moments I let her fabulous cock-sucking ministrations continue, then I sit up, grab her ponytail and yank her head up, away from my dick, eliciting a startled gasp. I clamber off the table, not letting go of her hair, then I grapple the rest of her lithe body to me and kiss her hard, locking her lips to mine, thrusting my tongue into her welcoming mouth. She kisses furiously in return, clutching my back, then sliding her hands down to my ass and pulling, so that my rearing cock is pulled flat against her stomach. I drag her head back from mine by her ponytail and look into her reddened, panting face. 'I'm getting married later this year,' I say hoarsely. 'I shouldn't be doing what I'm about to.' 'You're allowed one last fling,' she says, her breath shallow. 'Just enjoy it and...' 'Look Kelly, just shut up the fuck up and get on to that table,' I tell her softly, giving her a gentle shove that bumps her ass into its side. 'Okay,' she mouths in quiet excitement, scrambling obediently on to the padded surface. Her eyes are locked on mine in anticipation. I'm on her in an instant, tearing the inadequate bikini off her body in a rough and determined single move and climbing on to her, my angry, swollen cock homing in on the wet entrance opening up between her spreading thighs. Now I'm right over her, flicking a hardened nipple

with my tongue and tugging it with my teeth hard enough to produce a little moan. Her taut, bare thighs are close against my waist. Then I feel the head of my dick brushing between them, nuzzling against her slippery cunt lips. I'm frozen momentarily, primed above her for the initial thrust. Every inch of my body is tensed, holding back an immense charge of sexual energy that screams to be released. I'm about to fuck what will be my first pussy in four years other than Amanda's, for the simple reason that it's there. That it belongs to a hot, cock-stiffening wannabee-slut. Christ she's about to get fucking pounded. 'Come on sweetheart, what are you wait...' And before she can finish, I roll my hips and thrust the whole length of my cock inside her, like I'm slamming home a door bolt. She expels a great gasp of air as my body slams into hers. I grab her upper arms and set about fucking her with hard, deep thrusts, loving the way each impact jars her slender form. 'That what you want? That what you were looking for?' I start to build up a steady, pumping rhythm, propping myself up so I can see her flushed face and lovely jolting tits. 'Yes, oh fuck yes...' she moans, and she holds on to my arms, as I continue to shaft her tight, sucking tunnel. Gradually I build up the speed of my pistoning cock, till I'm properly hammering her cunt. The head of my prick is spearing deep inside her, while my balls slap, slap, slap against her ass. She begins to let out a sharp gasp with each penetrating thrust and her nails dig into the flesh of my arms. I could easily carry this on till I spurt, but there are other ways I want to enjoy her now. Slowing down, I gradually withdraw my pole from her juiced-up pussy, my eyes still fixed on her sex-charged visage. 'Get on all fours,' I tell her, already guiding her into the required position. 'Whatever you say,' she pants, with a flicker of her teasing smile. 'Keep it coming, you big fucking stud.' I gaze at the wet, red slash of her so recently-reamed pussy, running my palms over her delicately muscled ass. Then I deliver a sharp slap to her right buttock, making her yelp and look back at me in amused shock. Having got her attention, I apply a series of stinging slaps turn-about to both ass cheeks, breaking off mid-way through to stick two fingers into her soaking slit, so that my spanking proceeds to smear cunt-juice over her ripe posterior. 'Ow - ow - OW!!! God baby, you're so bad!' she cries out playfully. 'That's right, spank me like your little slut, be bad to me!' Well okay then. 'That's - what - little - teases - get,' I grunt in time to the final few extra-hard, cheek-reddening whacks, then I grip Kelly by the thighs and drag her back towards my still rampant cock. 'Along with this,' I add. And I plunge my carefully positioned rod back into her waiting juice-box. She squeals and laughs with delight. I no longer give a shit. This feels fucking amazing. Half an hour ago Kelly was the nice-girl masseuse, who gently worked knots out of my recuperating back. Now she's the hot piece of ass being used by my illicitly pumping cock. Yes I know she's inwardly grinning, I know she's the one who's conquered me along with all my scruples and good intentions, that this is exactly what she's planned all along. But on a point of pride I want her to feel this. I want her body to register every slamming thrust. When she gets up tomorrow morning, I want her cunt to know it's been fucked. And she encourages me the whole way. 'Oh yes - oh yes Ed, that's right, keep going, fuck me hard...' 'God, Kelly - you...you...' 'Tell me what I am, Ed, go on, you know you want to...' 'You little bitch!' I'm gripping her shoulder now with one hand, grabbing her tits in the other and squeezing them together, my cock probing her deeply all the while. 'Come on - Come on, Kelly,' I urge her, falteringly at first. 'Take it - take it you hot fucking bitch!' I've never spoken to a



woman like that before in my life, wouldn't dream of saying such a thing to Amanda, but if that's what Kelly wants... And there's something so fucking liberating about it. It doesn't matter that I've always liked or respected this girl - right now she's there just to get me off and I'm possessed with the need to let her know it. 'That's it, come on, take it, take it like a slut, take it like the hot little...cock-bitch you are!' Cock-bitch? Where the hell did that come from? Kelly's only response is a prolonged, low groan, punctuated by each intrusion of my dick into her body. All her playfulness has been displaced by pure desire. She embarks on her own string of obscenity, as she moves inexorably towards her second orgasm. 'Oh yes, oh fuck - give it to me, keep it coming you horny bastard - screw me hard you dirty fucker - Oh shit, yes!!!' I grab her ponytail once more and drag her head up, accentuating the curve of her back and the swell of her tight rump as her pussy clenches on my driving pole. My hold on her hair and that of my other hand on her taut waist control her renewed, whole-body spasms, but nothing contains the joyous stream of filthy verbiage pouring from her hot mouth. 'Oh God - fuck my cunt, fuck my cunt, you filthy bastard - Oh shiiiiit!!!' Her body starts to go limp as the orgasmic wave subsides, but I can feel my own crisis approaching and I've got more work for her to do. I ease my prick with a slurp out of her drenched hole and drag her with me off the table into standing position, supporting her under the arms as her legs threaten to give under her. 'Okay, get on your knees,' I demand quietly. Still reeling after her climax, it's a natural position for her to assume. She looks at me challengingly, however, as she sinks floorwards, toying with me to the last. 'You going to make me your bitch?' she asks breathlessly. 'That what you're going to do?' 'You're already my bitch,' I tell her, warming to my new-found wickedness. 'Now shut up and suck my cock.' Then as she opens her mouth and reaches forward with her tongue, I stick my fully engorged pole past her lips, jam her head down on to me and fuck her face. Slimed with cunt juice, my bulging prick is driving in and out of her surprised, wet mouth, as her tongue writhes about, trying to tame my invading organ. I'm crazed with lust now, at the sight of pretty Kelly gorging herself on my thick member, and I ram my entire length several times down her throat, causing her to choke and gurgle on me. I pull out, thick ropes of saliva dangling between the end of my shaft and her tongue. She gazes up at me and I'm gratified to see a touch of shock that she's drawn out this much nastiness from her mild-mannered client. 'Now here's what's going to happen,' I explain with lascivious enjoyment. God, what has this girl done with my head? 'You're going to suck the cum right out of my balls and then you're going to take it down your throat. Okay?' She nods, playing along with an expression of meek acceptance, and slurps my purple-headed shaft purposefully back in her mouth. I take her head once more and commence sliding my meat back and forth, as her cheeks turn concave and she sucks me like a vacuum pump, darting her tongue along the underside of my shaft. I build up a steady thrusting, fucking my way gradually deeper into her throat, orgasmic urgency now rising in my balls. 'That's good, that's good, you cock-sucking little bitch. Suck it deep, come on...' She grabs my ass with both hands and gamely inhales my entire cock, so that my bollocks are bouncing off her chin. I feel my whole body starting to tense, my scrotum tightening, and instinctively I weave my fingers through her hair and begin to repeatedly push her head down on to me, using her throat as I recently did her pussy. I'm achieving a pitch of outrageous sexual excitement, as if every particle of my body is gearing up to propel my cum

into Kelly's stomach. I pound her throat and cut loose with my own spontaneous stream of deranged filth. 'Suck my fucking cock, come on, drink my spunk you fucking horny bitch! Oh fuck - holy fucking God...' My balls start to clench involuntarily, unleashing a huge, pent-up surge of cum up my shaft. It bursts out of the end of my cock and gushes, spurt after glorious spurt down Kelly's crammed gullet, as my throat gives vent to a strangled orgasmic howl. 'Ohhhhhhh God - fuck...' I genuinely empty my balls into lovely Kelly, taking a good half dozen blasts, my dick shoved so far past her larynx that she couldn't avoid swallowing if she tried. Then drained, the former contents of my scrotum washing around my fuck-partner's stomach, I feel my legs give way and I crumple towards the floor, my cock flopping heavily out of her mouth. Before my knees touch down, the reality of my situation has flooded back into my lust-assuaged brain. I'm a cheat... After four years with Amanda, endless protestations of love and a two thousand pound engagement ring, I've just fucked the hell out of my physical therapist first chance I got. I've behaved like some person I don't begin to recognise. Don't remind me of anything I told you when I arrived here. Just don't remind me. 'You'll have to forgive me,' Kelly says sweetly. 'I get a bit unladylike sometimes, but only when the sex is really good... Did I imagine it, or did you use the word cock-bitch?' 'Ehhh - yes, I might have done...' I kneel, holding on to Kelly's perspiring form, my head resting lightly against hers. Dubious sex-talk is somehow the least of my worries right now. Kelly seems to sense my renewed mental turmoil. 'You okay?' she whispers, as her breath returns. 'You okay, sweetheart?' 'I...I... Oh holy God, Kelly,' I moan. The rest I can't put words to. She holds me in a prolonged hug, but it only adds to my sense of shame. What the fuck have I done? It's all gone hazy. Kelly is leading me to the shower cubicle. She's soaping and rinsing me, with loving attention applied to my cock. Now she's towelling me down, with an affectionate 'why worry?' ruffle of my hair. Finally I'm standing fully clothed, my masseuse-with-benefits back in her uniform - all sweat, cum and cunt juice mopped away as if nothing had happened. Then she crosses her arms behind my neck and places a soft, lingering kiss on my lips. 'You're a sweet guy, Ed. It was very bad of me to take advantage. Now don't you go worrying yourself about this.' I manage a half-smile and gently release myself from her hold. 'Okay then, eh - thanks,' I say lamely. 'Thanks for - eh - Look, I'd - I'd better go.' I move sheepishly towards the door, but am stalled by her question: 'See you next week? Check out we haven't just done your back another mischief?' There's an undeniable logic to her cheeky remark, but also the scary prospect of some awful vicious circle being created. 'I'm not sure that's a good idea,' I say, trying to raise a smile to cover my sense of dread. 'Maybe just leave it.' 'Pity,' she responds, biting her lip with the same coy impishness as earlier. 'I think you enjoyed being a bad boy, didn't you? I liked it too. Plus, if you came back... I might just let you fuck my ass.' Oh my holy Christ. The thought hangs in the air between us for a long, aching moment. 'But you think it over,' she says softly. As I leave the spa and walk into the gathering dusk, I know only two things. One - the guilt from what I've just done is going to weigh on me like a millstone, burdening my every waking thought and blighting every moment I spend with Amanda, so it's all I can do to look her in the eye. And two - I'll be back next week for Kelly's hot little ass.

