



Healer

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A healing session turns into some of the best sex I've ever had

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I knew her through the office of course, that and helping her manage and learn to use her computer in the facets of her new job. She was a quiet, slim, slightly mousey woman in her forties. Divorced and now slightly bitter, she was otherwise very ordinary. Not the sort of person you'd look at twice if you passed her in the mall. I was working on her computer's intermittent connection to the network. We'd had new network cabling installed and while most of it was to a very high, extremely reliable standard, there were a few machines whose connections were less than reliable. In the end, I had managed to trace it to a very small, faulty batch of wall-boxes. As there were only a few, yours truly was replacing them, rather than spending more of my company's money having it done professionally. I'm big hearted like that. The only way I could get at the wretched box was to lie on my back under her workstation. The alternative was to shift a damned heavy desk having cleared all her kit off it first. I'm idle and I chose the easy route. Maggie hadn't been in the office when I had started the work, a good reason for getting on with it. It really wasn't either a big or a long job. I slowed down when Maggie came back though. From my spot on the floor I could see that she really had rather nice legs. She normally wore trousers, but today she had chosen a skirt, prim and proper below the knee, but if you're lying on the floor looking up, it gives a whole new perspective. She wore thigh high stockings as well as French knickers. I giggled to myself, 'Who'd have thought...'. The end result, what with the view I'd just had and trying to minimise the bulge in my trousers, was that I wasn't really paying as much attention as I should have been when I was clambering out from underneath the desk and I twisted my back awkwardly. Now, if you're a lithe, fit 20-year-old, this is no big deal, however if you're a fifty-something, pre-wrinkly who really ought to know better than climb under ladies' desks, then it hurts. I groaned inwardly and outwardly too I guess as I straightened myself up and eased onto her chair. She turned to see what I'd done and saw my discomfort. "Sven, what's up?" she said, her voice and her expression showing her concern. "Oh, don't worry Maggie, it's an old war wound," I joked and then stiffened as the pain knifed at my back again. I was sitting sideways on on her typist's chair and she came over and stood behind me. "Shh, don't say anything," Maggie said as she stood behind me, with one hand on my shoulder while the other ran gently over my back. I sat quietly as she asked, simply enjoying the feeling of her touch. "Aah! Found it!" she exclaimed and began to rub a point in my back with the heel of her hand while explaining that I had 'crossed a muscle over a rib'. Whatever. Her hand was warm and soothing. Surprisingly, what had been a sharp and uncomfortable feeling began to ease quickly under her ministrations. "Maggie, that's amazing," I said, stretching my neck amazed to feel little discomfort. "It's normally very uncomfortable for a day or two when that happens. Where did you learn that trick?" She blushed a little, "Can't remember," she said, a little defensively, "I'm a healer. I seem to have always been able to do something like it. As I've grown older," she grimaced a little at the word 'older', "I've learnt to refine it and control it a bit better." I inhaled as her fingers probed down my spine feeling the ridges through my shirt. She carried on, "You have a deep injury lower on your back," she caught her breath sharply as she reached the lower end. She now faced me, her hands on my shoulder, "You broke your back a long time ago. You're very lucky. It should have paralysed you." I was startled. Yes, I had broken my back, some thirty or so years earlier, but I'd certainly never told anyone in this company. Letting personnel know at a job interview

that you've had a broken back in the past can do strange things for your future employment prospects. Absentmindedly she said, "I need to give you a longer session of treatment for that," then she added more assertively, "What are you doing this evening?" o - O - o She apologised when she gave me her address and mobile number, "Not a good part of the district," was all she said. I understood that as I reached the end of the narrow road. I'd heard from someone else, not the usual office gossip you understand, that she had been in a business partnership with her ex. She had trusted him and when the company crashed, she had found out that he'd been milking it of money for years. That he was in jail for fraud was of little consolation. In many ways she had been lucky to escape the same fate herself. It meant she lived in a trailer park in a poor part of town. I parked up, got out, locked the car and set the alarm before walking to her front door. I was shaken at her appearance when she opened the door to me. To say she had changed into something more comfortable was as much of an understatement as saying the Titanic had been involved in a minor shipping incident. Maggie was wearing a see-through blouse and a much shorter skirt, making her look much younger and prettier. She looked good and the look on my face must have made it obvious that her efforts had been worthwhile. She laughed gently, reached forward and with two fingers under my chin, closed my wide open mouth before inviting me in. I've not mentioned Maggie's voice before. She had a low, quite sexy voice. Suddenly now her appearance matched it. I followed her shapely rear up the front steps, closed the door behind me and caught up with her down the passage into her parlour. Let's just say that in the way of these places it was cozy. She'd made up for the drab exterior, by having a beautifully decorated interior. I glanced around as she asked, "Sven, have you ever been to a healer before?" "Yes, Maggie, I have on several occasions. In fact, enough times to know that you each have individual ways of working." Without thinking, I asked, "What's best tonight? How do you want me?" I blushed realising how that must have sounded. She laughed, "Well, it's a warm evening and things will probably get warmer as we go along. If this was your first time with a healer, I would suggest that you stay clothed, but as you're an old hand, I'd say clothes off, down to shorts. It will be cooler and more comfortable for you. It will also let me work more easily." I was happy with the idea. So, while she got me a padded stool to sit on and then went to prepare by washing her hands, I stripped down to my underwear. "Just as well I showered and put clean things on," I thought as I sat and waited. Maggie returned a moment or two later, with a pitcher of iced water and a couple of tumblers. "We'll be thirsty later," she explained. She switched on a CD player, which provided a gentle background sound of what you might describe as 'New Age' music. She placed her hands on my shoulders and I heard what sounded like a short muttered prayer as she began the session. Her hands were hot and her touch was light as she explored my back, shoulders neck and head. I found it almost hypnotic as the time passed. She was a powerful and effective medium for healing energy. More than once, I felt myself sway on the seat as I breathed slowly and deeply under the effect of what she was doing. At one point I almost fell. "Wait!" I half woke from my trance-like state. I was vaguely aware of Maggie putting a mat on the floor for me before she helped me to lie face down on it. I was also aware that I had more than half an erection going and somewhere deep inside me hoped that it didn't show. I was also aware that I didn't care if it did in front of this deeply sexy,

powerful woman. A second or so later, I felt her smooth rich, warm oil onto my back, working it gently in and then on down into my legs. After a while, I became aware of being moved. Maggie had turned me over so that I was lying on my back and she was gently rubbing my front with the same oil. I had a warm flannel over my eyes and my hands were down by my sides, I felt distant, comfortable, in a place I could trust. I again half dozed as she worked her way down my front. As she got to my hips I realised that somewhere along the way I had become naked. It didn't seem to matter a lot. She worked back up my leg on the inside, reaching my groin she cupped my balls and carefully worked the oil into them before moving to my now hard shaft. I felt her kiss the tip. I groaned, "Mag...!" "Shhh!" she silenced me, with a finger against my lips. It was sweet agony as I felt her mouth engulf me. She swept her lips down my length as fast as she could then, squeezing her lips round me, milked her mouth back up. By the third full sweep up and down, I could feel things beginning to boil, but before I could stop her, she had stopped and her mouth moved away. She brushed my lips with hers and I could taste my sweet pre-cum as she did so. I sensed more movement then felt heat approach the tip of my penis, immediately overtaken by the exquisite sensations as she slid herself down onto me. Slowly, so slowly her sheath took me in. The flannel fell from my eyes as she, with her hands on my shoulders, leaned forward, nipples brushing mine and kissed me, licking my lips gently with her tongue. The feeling of it, on top of the build up of the evening was of a sexual intensity I have never experienced before or since. Still without moving from the initial penetration, I felt her squeeze her muscles on me and I flexed back. Then I saw and felt her muscles ripple as the most incredible orgasm overtook first her and then me. I swear she sucked me totally dry before I blacked out. It can only have been scant seconds before I became aware again. Maggie, quite naked, was collapsed and lying over my torso. Indeed I was hugging her to my chest. I felt myself still inside her. No, correction. I felt myself rock hard and still inside her. I am fifty and odd years old. My delivery systems does its job and shrivels, instantly. What had this incredible woman done to me? I felt her stir gently, then with her eyes still closed, she eased back to a semi-kneeling position and started to slide up and down on me. I felt my earlier cum lubricate us as some of it dripped down my shaft onto my balls. The movement and feelings were indescribable. This time I felt alive, my whole being striving to get as deep inside Maggie as I could with each thrust. We kissed deeply as I rolled her over underneath me. She brought her legs up and I eased first one, then the other over my arms so that her legs were up on my shoulders. I was now fucking directly, hard, down into her slickness, looking deeply into her dark green eyes. She came first, again her internal muscles rippling around my penis tipped me over the edge. She keened gently. I gave of my last, before collapsing half on top of her. o - O - o This time we slept in each other's arms for more than a few seconds. I came to to find her, still naked, cleaning me with a wash cloth. No, that's not true. She had a wash cloth, but she was cleaning my poor, expired penis with her mouth. Feeling me stir and seeing me awake again, she stopped, laughed quietly. "I've missed the taste, love it, I'd forgotten how much." The she slurped me into her mouth again. This time there wasn't even a twitch. She laughed again, "Poor old bugger," she addressed my shrivelled penis, "I think I've killed you for the night." She crawled up the mat and lay, half over me, her breasts squashed against me. "I owe you an apology," she started, all serious. "I

took advantage of you, but in retrospect I feel we both needed that release of tension. Healing is sometimes an holistic treatment. You had this deep seated block which I needed to move." She giggled again, seeing the look in my eyes. I just held her to me and kissed her once more as we snuggled in the aura of our joint afterglow. Later, as we lay in the gathering darkness, Maggie stirred again, then rousing more fully shivered a little as she sat up beside me. She didn't speak, but, having stood up, held my hand and helped me off the floor. Then, still holding my hand, she led the way to her bed. I started to say that I was covered in oil and sweat from our earlier lovemaking, but again she 'buttoned my lip'. "Sven, sometimes you talk too much," was all she said as she turned the cover back, climbed in and then held her arms out to me. I climbed in and lay on my back beside her. She snuggled up to me, again pressing into me, kissed me and we went to sleep. A lot later, I woke to the intense feeling of a slow hand job on a hard, hard penis, with my balls being softly sucked in her hot mouth. I sighed softly to myself and resigned myself to being looked after again by my lovely Maggie. After all, as a top notch healer she knew what was good for me and I was happy to take her help and advice.