

* *Lady Aibell Press* *

OFFICE MASSAGE

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by

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Office Massage

It is one of those all-night dreams. You know the kind I mean? You wake up and lie there thinking about it and finally drift back to sleep, resuming the dream right where you left it. I love dreams like this!

She is in my office and we are talking a little business, but mostly just making small talk. I have always been mesmerized by this beautiful woman; she is femininity personified. She is not model-thin, but she isn't overweight, either. She is a woman, with the graceful curves and intoxicating form that word implies. Her green eyes have always seemed hypnotic to me and I am enchanted by the way her soft brown hair curls around to subtly frame her face, accenting her eyes. There is much more to my attraction to her than looks, though. She has an indescribable and enchanting essence that eludes definition. When speaking, she gazes disarmingly into your eyes as if you have complete hold on her attention and there is no one else but you. She does not just speak though—she listens. Truly listens! Perhaps for this reason she is one of those people you can say anything to; she is open-minded and seems fascinated by other people's thoughts and beliefs. Having been business friends for quite some time, she knows more about me than most, due to her seemingly genuine desire to know the true me and not just the businessman she calls on.

I notice she keeps rubbing her neck as if it is sore, so I remind her how much I love giving massage and that I had a table in the next room.

Adjoining my office is a pretty good-sized spare room that I tend to use for meditation. I have it decorated in a very relaxing and peaceful way with pictures and figurines of fairies, and lots of greenery and candles scattered everywhere. I burn incense in there often and keep it blessed with good vibes. It is sort of an altar room, but mainly just a peaceful room with a nice energy to it.

She looks up at me with a coy smile. "Do you really have a massage room or are you just teasing me?"

"The best way to answer that is to show you," I reply as I move toward the door.

I stand aside to usher her in. When she enters I hear her sharp intake of breath as the energy of my enchanted space overwhelms her. I have gone to great lengths to enchant this room, using various methods passed down through generations of my Celtic family. That she feels the energy and seems to sense something about the interior is extremely pleasing to me.

"I really would love a massage," she whispered in a voice so soft and quiet it came out as a little more than a murmur.

Her eyes gaze thoughtfully around the room, but shyly avoid mine. “I am not sure that I would be comfortable completely undressing, but we can sort of see how I feel as we go. Will you be gentle with me? Promise to go slow and easy?”

“That is just fine, don’t worry and I promise not to do anything you are uncomfortable with.” I speak in my most calming and reassuring voice as I move around the room lighting candles and incense. “Hop up on the table and get comfy while I go lock up to make sure we aren’t disturbed. Just do what is comfortable for you and no more. You do not need to worry about stripping nude or anything, just whatever makes you the most at ease.”

I turn off the lights as I walked out, leaving her time and privacy to gather her thoughts, strip to her comfort level and position herself on the table in the flickering glow of the candlelight.

Using the time to go to the break area to heat some lotion in the microwave, I come back into the room a few minutes later, closing the door quietly behind me. The soft glow the dancing flames made in the darkness reveals her on her tummy with her blouse off and her bra still on. She is wearing a skirt with no hose and had slipped out of her shoes.

I speak to her in a quiet voice to calm her and soothe any worries.

“You have nothing to worry about; you are in total control of this situation. I will not do anything that makes you uncomfortable and if for any reason you wish me to, I will stop at the very instant you ask. Trust in me, lie there and relax, let my energies soothe you and let me dispel your tiredness and pain.”

I run a stick of incense over her, cleansing the area around us.

“I am preparing not only myself, but you and the very space surrounding us, so bear with me a moment. Focus on yourself and find your center, breathe deeply and relax. Feel the relaxation start in your toes, imagine it tingling in a slow-moving wave, moving up your feet and all of the way to the top of your head. Feel it as if someone were pulling a sheet over you. Relax. Meditate.”

As I imagine her going through her preparations, I proceed through my own, chanting softly and centering. This is a special variety of meditation, but it is still magic in its own way and will take us both on a journey beyond physical tissue manipulation. This unique style of massage I plan for her will heal and cleanse body, mind, and soul.

Pouring lotion onto my hands, I lean down and begin gently spreading the lotion over her upper back, shoulders and neck. Slowly, I push her bra straps down over her shoulders.

“Is that all right?” My voice echoes in the quiet room.

A soft murmur and nod of her head tells me it is and I proceed.

I begin by gently massaging her neck and shoulders. I run my thumbs up the middle of her neck—draping my fingers around the sides—using my thumbs to work the base of her skull and my fingers to caress her jaw line. Back down the neck come my fingers and they knead deeper into her shoulder muscles, getting firmer with each stroke.

The heels of my hands run down her back until I come to her bra strap. I slip deft fingers under it and pop it free, laying the straps out to the side on the table, once again inquiring to make sure she was comfortable with my actions. She does not utter a protest, but only nods approval, so I resume the downward journey of my hands. I run them down to the waist of her skirt and then wrap my fingers around her waist and pull upward, stretching her back as I elongate her torso. I repeat this a few times. When my fingers get so high as to be near the naked sides of her breasts, I lightly brush higher and away from the swells made plump by her lying on her stomach.

I use my thumbs and the heel of my hand to work along each side of her spine, feeling her back muscles softening and hearing a moan of appreciation come from her throat. I stretch and pull her torso straight, unable to help admiring the swaying of her breasts as I lift her from the table. I return to her neck and sides of her throat, and then I gingerly massage her scalp. I lift each arm out to the side and massage from the shoulders all the way to each fingertip. Using my thumbs, I rub circles on the palms of each hand and my fingers stretch hers, arching them back gently.

Putting her arm back down on the table, I walk beside her and glide my hand along the side of her back, over her ass and down her legs till I come to her feet. I put more lotion on my hands and begin spreading it, first on her calves, then on her feet. I tug and stretch each toe, rubbing them delicately between thumb and forefinger. Then I use my thumbs to rub the sole of her foot and work over her ankle to start gently massaging her calf.

I rub up to the knee and stop for more lotion. I never break skin contact with her, no matter what I am doing. This builds a heat and energy that is difficult to describe unless you have experienced it. With slippery hands, I glide up her thigh until I reach the hem of her skirt. I slip under the edge, then just a little higher, and ask if it is all right if I push the skirt up a little. She does not say a word, but arches herself up slightly to allow me access. I push it up to her ass and, getting brave, push it even higher to her waist. She does not utter any protest, so I take that as approval.

Moving with gentle and slow movements, I caress her inner thighs with a delicate and light touch. I am a bit firmer on the back and outside of the thighs, but at the inner wall, I move slowly and tenderly. My fingers glide higher and higher until they ever so lightly rub along the fabric of her panties, not in an obvious grope, but seemingly as if by accident. I rub the inner thigh with gentle, exploring fingers and walk around to the other leg. I repeat the entire process, from foot to thigh.

On top of her panties, I massage and rub her firm little ass. I squeeze it with my hands.

“Would you like to leave your panties on?”

In answer, she again arches up from the table, hooking her thumbs in the panties and pushing them down.

“Go ahead and slide them off for me, please,” she answers in a hoarse whisper.

My heart, as of this moment, pounds like a jackhammer and feels as if it is in my throat.

When her panties are off, I move back alongside of her. Before I start massaging her round bottom, I lean down and close my mouth on the tender skin on the back of her knee. I kiss and suckle softly, noticing a shiver run up her spine as goose bumps magically appear. I lean down and suck the Achilles on the back of her ankle, watching with appreciation as she squirms slightly on the table.

My hands first cup her ass, and begin working the muscles. It is amazing how much of our tension and stress is held in our ass. I use the heel of my hand and work deep into her buttocks. In the soft glow of the candlelight, her ass looks divine in my hands. My fingers, on occasion—when caressing the bottom of each cheek—cannot help but lightly bump along the tender lips guarding the gateway to heaven between her legs.

Feeling braver still, I caress the newfound lips with the side of my hand, but lightly enough so as to appear accidental. I watch in amazement as her thighs part inconspicuously. A smile spreads over my face as I see her subtly rock from side to side, urging my hands to continue exploring, giving me every chance to have free access to the area I have been so skillfully

exploring. It pleases me greatly knowing she is willing, but I give her more time to stew in her own juices and don't accept the clear invitation just yet.

Digging deep into her ass, I push upward and move over her skirt. I push up her back, again stretching her spine. I lean closer to her and whisper a request.

"May I slip your skirt off and out of the way?"

Again, instead of saying anything, she pushes herself up to allow me to slip the skirt off and I cannot help but catch my breath. The sight of her lying there nude on the table is simply stunning and steals the very air out of my lungs.

I put my hands on her ass and again push firmly upward, using the heels of my hands to push both into her and up at the same time. This kind of stretching feels good and helps get things into alignment. I stop for a moment, knowing her mind will be anticipating what I am planning now, what would be next. Then I blow hot breath on the small of her back and close my lips at the very top of the crack of her ass as I plant a tender kiss there.

I caress her sides from head to toe, using both hands in a rhythmic dance. Fingers trailing over her soft skin, I bring us closer to the magic, and attune our bodies and minds to what might happen next.

I ask, in a very gentle and quiet voice, "Would you like to turn over so that I can do the front?"

I feel a slight hesitation in her, so I softly murmur, "You can stop me at any time, I promise."

She slowly rolls over, using her hands to slide the bra onto the floor with the rest of her clothing. In the near darkness of the room, I know she will not feel exposed or uncomfortable. I hope for a feeling of trust between us and that she knows I would not push her any further than she wishes to go.

I stand there for a moment, gazing down at her with admiration and slowly pour lotion onto my hands. I position myself near her head and rub the lotion onto her shoulders and upper chest. My fingers ease along the tops of her breasts. Gently massaging, I work along her collarbones and the sides of her neck. As I caress and stroke the sides of her throat, I wonder if a flickering thought of my vampire stories might be running through her mind. I grin, imagining that for a brief moment, she might wonder absurdly if there were any truths to my stories.

My hands slide down and massage the upper part of her arms. My thumbs trail along her breasts and follow the contours in a gentle caress. Her nipples tighten at the teasing motion and jubilation spreads through my soul. I run my hand down the center of her chest, right between her breasts and massage the area over her sternum with a knowing hand. My fingers trickle over the inside of each breast as I caress the middle of her chest, lightly dancing around her breasts, following the curves and circling them in a teasing sort of exploration. When my hands run along the sides of her breasts, she rolls into my palm, giving a clear invitation to explore them. It is an invitation I decide to ignore for a few more minutes.

Standing beside her now, I lightly spread lotion over her tummy. My hands are gentle and my touch is light as I rub her stomach, not really massaging so much as caressing. My fingers trail lightly over the top part of her pubes and I nearly giggle as she subtly thrusts her hips at me. Her pubes are perfect and awe-inspiring. A light brown tuft of well-trimmed, downy hair adorns the upper region, blending down into clean-shaven delightful, plump lips. Forcing my hungry eyes away from the heavenly box before me, I move my hands along her hips, trailing downward until I am once again at her feet.

I give another brief rub to each foot, tugging the toes as I do so and then I run my hand lightly up the calf and onward. My fingers slip to the inside of her thighs as I massage and rub the tender flesh. When I get higher, I look to her for approval and am giddy with excitement and great satisfaction as she partially spreads her legs. I massage and caress with tender fingers until they are lightly skimming the lips of her pussy. I let one finger delicately and slowly run up the outer lip on that side, then go to the other leg and do the same.

Upon reaching her sweet box again, I lean down and lightly kiss each hip bone, giving it a soft suckle with a gentle bite. A low moan escapes her throat at this and I now know she is not in a mood to object to anything. I kiss the top of her pubic mound, then the top of her thigh and finally the tiny cleft right at the top of her plump pussy lips.

Licking down the pubes, I slide my tongue into the crevice between hip and thigh. She once again parts her thighs in what I know to be a wanton invitation. I kiss and lick along the thigh, using my tongue to paint tiny strokes up the luscious lips of her pussy. I do not just attack, but kiss and lick all around it, never delving my tongue inside of the swollen folds.

I move up to close my mouth in a kiss on the bottom of her breast. First one and then the other, I kiss and suck the soft underbelly of her breasts, circling them with a teasing tongue. Coming to her nipple, my tongue swirls around it, but never directly on it. I begin a big spiral pattern and slowly make it smaller, circling closer and closer to the nipple. I can feel her moving underneath me and know she responds to my teasing touch. Finally, I close my mouth on the nipple and suck it softly. As I suck, my tongue caresses and strokes it.

With her nipples rock hard and her body arching towards me, I know she wishes for me to continue our game—so I kiss my way down her chest to her tummy—then down to suckle the plump pubic mound. I part her thighs with gentle hands and run a wet and slippery tongue along each outer lip. Then I slowly lick from bottom to top, sliding my tongue between the folds, ever so barely. Each pass brings me deeper, but I stay away from her clit on the upward stroke, needing time to gauge how much, if any, pressure she likes there.

I delve my tongue deeper and caress the inner folds and delicate lips, moist and quivering. This time, at the top of the slit, I circle a wary tongue around the folds guarding her clit. I circle it slowly and push back the hood with my tongue, growing ever nearer the head. My fingers, as I do this, probe lightly inside of her. I run a wet and very soft tongue over her clit, watching her reaction and then suckle softly on it and the tender flesh surrounding it. I suck the tiny folds into my mouth and caress them with my tongue, pushing them back out again, only to suckle them back in.

I lower my mouth and lick deeper inside of her, sucking the soft lips and caressing them with a slow tongue. My tongue dips lower and I feel her ass contract as I first circle it with my tongue, then run a quick flick over it, before moving back to kiss deeper within her velvety folds.

Sucking on the hood over her clit, I make soft caresses with my tongue on the clit itself. In and out, I suck and push the soft lips. Keeping my mouth and her swollen lips extremely wet, I lash all around her clit with a whipping motion. My pinky finger, wet and slippery, caresses and teases her puckering ass, while my middle finger journeys slowly into the depths of her femininity. I can feel her body tense and know she is nearing orgasm.

I slip my pinky slowly into her ass, very slowly and with a delicate motion. I stop at the first knuckle within her and can feel the walls squeezing me with her approaching orgasm. As she begins to come, I slowly slip my finger from her ass. Not fully pulling it out, but letting the convulsing spasms of her body force it out. She shakes and shudders with each tiny bit of the finger coming out of her ass, going through an intense and long orgasm. I slow the movements of

my tongue and let her press against my face, allowing her the freedom to enjoy the orgasm without my taking attention away from it.

As she finishes writhing with the throes of orgasm, I kiss the quivering lips softly and whisper thanks to her and—then my tongue begins its dance once again....

THE END

About The Author

J. L. Day

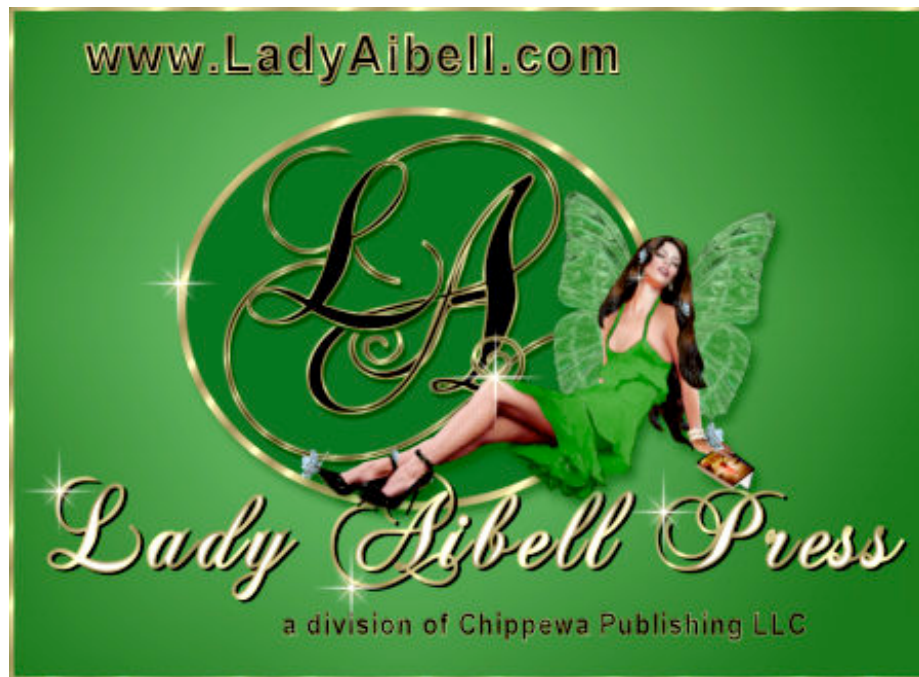
J.L. Day is the pen name of Jeff Day. A lifelong inveterate reader, books presented the allure of places untraveled, people not yet met, and adventures only dreamed of. His professional work in computers opened the call to writing, sparking his odyssey as a writer. Happy to have found a way to share his soul, he spends countless hours at the keyboard creating gifts of himself to present to his readers.

Jeff was raised in rural west Texas near Abilene. Loving the region and its rich heritage, he resides there still. Visit Jeff online at www.jlday.net or www.myspace.com/masterbodie.

Our authors love to hear from their readers!

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