

~ Easing The Tension ~

by Mavis Applewater

March 2004

Disclaimers; the characters and story are the sole possession of the author and may not be reproduced, posted or sold without the author's permission. So there! If for any reason, real or imagined, you are uncomfortable with graphic descriptions of two consenting adult women in a loving and sexual relationship then do not read this story or anything else I have ever written. If, for any reason, it is illegal for you to view this material then go away and do not return until it is no longer a crime.

A special thank you goes out to my beta reader Mountain Girl.

As always this is for Heather.

I run my hands together as the butterflies dance in my stomach. I don't understand why I am so nervous. The candles are lit, the incense is burning, soothing music is playing in the CD player and the massage oil is warming. It is just another day at work for me. Except today is Wednesday and she is coming, Ms. Jennings the slender brunette with the piercing green eyes and amazing body. The only one of my clients who makes me wish I had become a bank teller instead of a masseuse.

Normally, I am a competent professional. I massage away the tension and toxicants from my clients' bodies without a second thought. Yet just knowing that in a very brief amount of time my hands will be touching her naked body is making my own body tense. I can already feel my khaki shorts dampening at the very thought of touching her.

I am only mildly disgusted by my thoughts as I step out of my workroom so Ms. Jennings will have time to disrobe and prepare for my arrival. I feel fortunate she insists that I am the only one who gets to knead the taught muscles on her body. Still, if she only knew what I was thinking, she'd probably kick the snot out of me.

Never before has an attractive female client distracted me. Something about Ms. Jennings has gotten under my skin. It is odd when I stop to think about it that I know nothing about this woman, not even her first name. Normally I like to engage my clients in light conversation as I soothe away their troubles. Around her it is all I can do to keep my hands in check much less speak to the beautiful woman.

"Ms. Jennings is ready," Nina, the receptionist, informs me with a hint of jealousy. I'm not the only one who has taken notice of the tall brunette's attributes. Everyone notices her, and my co-workers hate that she has selected me to be the one fortunate enough to touch her body.

"Good afternoon," I greet the brunette who is stretched out on my table clad only in a sheet. My voice quivers as I speak. I choke back a whimper as she rolls over slightly and smiles at me.

"Hey there Brittany," her rich voice greets me as my eyes drift to the supple swell of her breast. "I think you have your work cut out for you today. It has been a hell of a week," she adds as she rolls back over and buries her face in her hands.

"Uh huh," I mutter in response as I feel my knees buckling. I blow out a sigh as I lower the sheet revealing her well-toned back. I swallow hard as my gaze lingers. She is blissfully unaware of my ogling. I shake my head and pick up a bottle of oil. I warm it in my hands allowing the scent to distract me from the naked woman lying before me.

I mentally caution myself before my hands touch her sinewy body. The deep moan she releases makes my lower anatomy twitch. Slowly I massage her tired muscles as she murmurs softly. I can feel the tension ebbing from her body as my hands glide along her back. My hands freeze as I realize that my fingers have brushed against her backside that is just barely peeking out from beneath the sheet.

Much to my surprise she moans deeply. My panic fades as she lies there with her eyes shut. I carefully lift the sheet and cover her exposed bottom. I lick my suddenly dry lips before allowing my hands to return to her body. I work the tension from her body as she continues her little murmurs and moans. Another troubling aspect of treating Ms. Jennings is the soft moaning she releases. The sounds possess a sultry edge that causes all of the blood in my body to turn in a decidedly southern direction.

"You're a godsend," she moans as I work on a large knot between her shoulder blades.

"Thank you," I stammer as I try to focus on my work. During her hour-long session she relaxes, as I grow tense. My nipples are erect and my panties soaked with my unquenched passion and all I can focus on is the feel of her body and the sultry sounds that escape from her lips.

Each Wednesday after I complete my session with her I feel as if I've just survived a train wreck. My only comfort is that the session is over and I can escape the small confines of the room and cool off. The only other bonus is that Ms. Jennings is a very generous tipper. Still I often feel as if I should be the one paying her.

I wipe off my hands as she sits up holding the sheet close to her body. "Brittany?" She beckons me as I am just about to make my escape.

"Yes, Ms. Jennings," I fumble as my heart races.

"I have to go out of town on business," she begins in an apologetic tone as I breathe a sigh of relief that I must just have a reprieve next week. "I won't get back until late on Friday so I will be missing my next appointment."

"I am sorry to hear that," I supply honestly. Despite the reprieve I will miss touching her.

"As am I," she grumbles. "I don't think I can survive an entire week without your magic fingers. Is there any way I can set up a private appointment with you?"

"Huh?" I squeak as my jaw hangs open. "Sorry," I apologize as I snap my mouth shut. "I Uhm," I stutter as I try to think of a polite way to decline her offer. "I haven't done at home sessions since I joined the spa," I begin fully prepared to decline. One look in her amazing eyes and suddenly I forgot why being alone with her would be a really bad idea. "I still have my table and equipment; I suppose we could set something up."

"Should I talk to Nina about setting up a time?" She beams as I try to understand why I just did what I did.

"No," I quickly assert. "The spa frowns on us making house calls. It looks, well, it doesn't look good."

"I don't want to get you into trouble," she reassures me.

"I'm sure it won't be a problem," I reassure her as, once again, I am confused by my words. "I just think it would be better if we kept it quiet."

"You're a life saver," she thanks me with a brilliant smile that warms every inch of my body. I watch as she leans over and grabs her day planner. I stifle a throaty moan as the sheet slips and I catch a glimpse of her dark brown nipple. She seems oblivious to the fact that her breast is peeking out as she scribbles something on a business card. I quickly divert my gaze as she hands me the card. "That is my home address why don't you come by about nine on Friday night?"

I agree before I make a hasty exit from the room. The following week I walk around feeling like a criminal knowing that I should call and cancel the private session. I just can't bring myself to do it. Each time I think about being alone with her in her home my mind is filled with wild fantasies. I dismiss each and every lustful thought until I can go home and enjoy them in private with my shower massage.

I am a nervous wreck as I stand on her front stoop and ring her doorbell. I try to distract my wanton thoughts by looking at her flowerbed. "Hi Brittany," she greets me as she opens the door wearing nothing but a skimpy robe. I squeak as my eyes wander up and down her body. "I can't thank you enough for coming tonight," she prattles on as she escorts me into her home. I simply nod, my eyes remaining riveted to her body. "Where would you like to do it?"

I give her a startled look before my muddled mind deciphers her meaning. "Where ever you feel the most comfortable," I manage to offer without sounding like a complete idiot.

"I do have a fire going in the living room," she tosses out casually as I follow behind her unable to keep my eyes from drifting to her ass. "Would you like some wine?"

"No," I quickly decline knowing that if I have anything to drink I will most certainly make a fool

out of myself.

"Do you mind if I indulge?" She teases.

"Feel free," I concede. "I'll just get set up."

She excuses herself as I scan the cozy living room. I try to calm my body as I notice that she already has candles and incense burning. I try to remain focused as I set up the portable massage table near the fire. I set up my oils and begin to heat them while reminding my over-heated body that I have to behave. My head jerks up when the soft sounds of jazz begin to play. "Nice selection," I compliment her when I see her standing next to the stereo.

"Thanks," she smiles once again melting my resistance.

"When ever you are ready, Ms. Jennings." I offer as I spread a sheet out on the table.

"Brittany, call me Maya," she teases as she closes the distance between us. "You are in my home and I'm about to be naked, I think it is only fitting you call me by my first name."

"Okay, Maya," I agree as I start to turn away so she can drop her robe. My eyes almost pop out when the robe hits the floor before I can turn away from her. I busy my hands and eyes by checking my oils. She has climbed onto the table and wrapped the sheet around her. Seeing her lying on the table does nothing to erase the glorious image I spied just a few scant moments before.

Adding to my nervousness is the fact that she hasn't completely covered her firm backside. As I rub the oil in my hands I am waging a silent war regarding the sheet. I glance at her half naked butt and shrug. *'I'm not at the spa,'* I mentally concede as I feel the first layer of professionalism slipping away.

I begin the massage lying to my inner self that I can still behave. As I work her muscles I feel confident that tonight is no different from her visits to the spa. Even as the sheet slips and her moans taunt me I am able to focus on my work. Slowly her moans and murmurs grow a little more intense as the sheet slips even further.

My heart is racing as my hands work on her body. The sheet falls away revealing all of her to my eager gaze. She simply ignores the mishap with a contented sigh. The music in the background grows sultrier as I feel her body responding differently to my touch. It begins with a slight roll of her hips and a soft purr escaping her lips.

I am struggling to control my breathing as my thighs quiver. I am fighting to keep my hands from straying until I catch her watching me. I am no longer watching my hands; I am simply staring into her eyes. She releases a throaty groan as her body arches beneath my touch. I gasp as I look to see that my hands have drifted beyond the small of her back. I blush as I slip my hands back to the base of her spine. She whimpers with disappointment as our eyes meet once again.

I give her a shy smile as my fingers knead the small of her back. This time I am fully aware of what I am doing as my caress drifts lower. I am still cautious as I begin to massage her hips. She gasps her body once again arching. I feel my nipples straining against the material of my t-shirt as my caress drifts lower.

I cup her firm ass with my hands and massage the soft flesh as I watch her hips rising. I clench my thighs together in an effort to ebb my desire. I continue caressing her firm cheeks as she captures me in a smoldering gaze. The musky aroma of her desire invades my senses. My touch drifts lower as I massage her thighs and calves.

I step further down the length of the table so I can reach and massage every inch of her long legs. Her moans grow louder as I watch her hips grind against the table. I work my way back up her long legs my fingers brushing the inside of her thighs. I release a needy moan as I feel her passion touching my fingers.

Without a word she lifts her body so that she is suspended on her hands and knees. I continue to pretend that I am massaging her as my hand nudges her thighs apart. She cries out as my hand slips between her thighs. I use my other hand to massage her hip as I feel her wetness filling my hand.

She rocks her hips slowly as I cup her mound. Her head falls forward as I use the heel of my hand to stroke her throbbing clit. Her body sways against my touch as I tease her. I gather her passion on my fingers as I slip my hand from her body. She growls at the loss of contact. I smile as I run my fingers along her backside exploring every inch. Her body thrusts urgently as I paint her puckered opening.

I press my thumb against it as my fingers slip between her slick folds. Slowly I slip inside her back door as I stroke her clit. I feel as if I've taken possession of her soul as my fingers slip inside her center. I plunge in and out of her as she cries out for more. My free hand glides along the curve of her body.

My fingers brush along the swell of her breasts. Her hips jerk harder as I slip deeper inside of her feeling the walls tightening against my touch. My other hand cups her breast teasing it loving the feel of her nipple hardening against my hand. I capture the erect bud with my fingers so I can pinch and tease it. "God yes!" She cries out as her head falls back her long, dark hair whipping across her body.

"Harder!" She begs as I run my tongue along her spine. My fingers drive her further into oblivion. I feel her body falling as she reaches for me. I slip my hand from her breast. I feel her turning as I capture her lips in a hungry kiss. I slip from her wetness as I roll her onto her back. My tongue darts into her mouth as I, once again, slip a hand between her thighs. I feel her clit throbbing as I stroke it with my fingers. She digs her blunt nails into my shoulders as I tease her. She is trying to pull me on top of her. I only resist because I know the table won't support the both of us.

I stroke her clit harder as she tears her mouth from my lips. She cries out my name as her body

explodes. I slip from her grasp needing to sate my desire to taste her passion. I lean over her slipping my hands beneath her body. I can feel her hand on my backside as I drink in the scent of her desire. I lift her hips as I lower my head. I feel her thighs quivering against my face as I bury myself in her passion.

I feel her hand grabbing at my jeans and my shirt as I run my tongue along her engorged clit. I am reeling from her taste as I begin feasting upon her. Maya's hands are still clawing at my clothing as I suckle her clit between my lips. Her cries of ecstasy are muffled as I feel her body tightening against me. I lick her harder teasing her with my teeth and my tongue.

I want to drown inside of her as her body explodes against me. My needs are not sated until I lick away the last drop of passion from her body. I lift my head from her warmth. I run my tongue along my lips savoring her taste. She is still tugging on my shirt. I smile down at her. Maya's eyes are glazed over with passion. She watches me her eyes darkening as I remove my shirt and then my bra.

I step away from her grasp as I unbutton my jeans and lower the zipper. "Please," she begs as my hand slips into my open jeans. I moan as my overflowing wetness greets my touch. She struggles to sit up as I capture my clit. She watches my hand as I stroke my own passion.

She looks at me with utter frustration as my hand slips from my clit. I step closer to her as I paint my nipples with my own wetness. She licks her lips as I stand before her and cup my breast offering it up to her. I cry out as she draws me to her and captures my nipple in the warmth of her mouth.

I lace my fingers in her hair while pressing my breast harder against her eager lips. I only pull away as she tries to pull me down on top of her. "The table," I weakly explain. "Not strong enough."

"Oh?" She blinks with surprise. "I never thought about that," she giggles as she slips off the table. I catch her as she sways. "Oh the things you do to me. At the risk of sounding forward would you like to go upstairs?"

"Yes," I laugh as I keep my arm wrapped around her waist. We stop at the base of the staircase where she captures me in a lingering kiss. I quickly become lost in the kiss as our tongues wrap around one another. "Did you really need a massage tonight?" I inquire coyly as she cups my breasts.

"Yes," she laughs. "I was hoping for this. If you didn't respond to any of my not so shy hints I wouldn't have tried anything. This wasn't a set up," she adds reassuring me. "I like you and I've been attracted to you from the start, but I was hoping that being here might let me know if you were interested. Of course my original intention was to ask you out on a date."

"I'd like that," I smile in agreement. "For tonight I want you to take me to your bed."

"Good," she purrs as she spins me around. The air escapes my lungs as she presses me against

the wall. I melt against the hard wood as I feel her mouth savagely attacking my neck. I grind my hips against her naked body as her tongue begins to trace my nipples. I am on fire my body ready to explode. I am unable to resist my needs as I slip my hand between our bodies. She grasps my wrist just as my fingers are about to slip deep inside my panties. "I want you," she pants against my skin as I feel my other wrist being captured.

She raises my hands above my head and pins them against the wall. My hips jerk forward as she reclaims my nipple. She suckles it urgently as it hardens painfully. "Maya," I am begging as I feel her teeth grazing my nipple. "God please fuck me," I continue pleading as she releases my hands and drops to her knees.

With a fluid motion she yanks down my jeans and underwear to my ankles. I open myself to her as I feel her breath caressing my wetness. My head bangs against the wall as I feel her tongue dipping into my desire. Her tongue strokes me slowly as I press my wetness against her. I can feel her body nestling between my quivering thighs as she drinks in my passion.

I fight to keep from exploding as she suckles my clit. My head is spinning as I feel her tongue pressing against my center. My world explodes as I feel her tongue slip inside of my warmth. I am clawing at the wall as she wiggles her tongue inside of me. I am set a drift as she plunges in and out of me. I feel one of her hands massaging my backside as she murmurs with pleasure.

I growl as I feel her tongue slipping from inside of me. Soon my hips jerk forward as she once again reclaims my clit with her mouth. I feel the climax tearing through my body as she suckles me harder. I am still quivering as she removes the rest of my clothing. She kisses her way up my trembling body and takes me by the hand.

I can barely stand as I blindly follow her up the stairs. We begin kissing as we enter her bedroom, our naked bodies touching for the first time as we stumble across the room and fall onto the bed. She is beneath me as our bodies' rock wildly our clits brushing against one another. We shudder against one another overcome with passion.

I can't stop touching her as I feel her hands roaming my body. Our kisses turn savage as I feel her rolling me onto my back. I tease her nipples as she melts against me. I willingly allow her to roll me onto my stomach. I grip the bedding as I feel her naked body covering me. Her nipples tease my back as her wetness grinds against my backside. I sway my body in rhythm with hers. I lift my hips as I feel her fingers slipping between my thighs. She rides against me as I feel her entering my core.

I am shameless as I beg her to do whatever she wants to me. I climax when she whispers hotly in my ear that she will. My breath catches as I roll over and find her smiling down upon me. I slip my hand between her thighs and begin to tease her. She straddles my body as I pleasure her.

I bury my face between her breasts as I enter her. I suckle her breasts as she rides against my touch. I tease her clit with the pad of my thumb while pleading with her to release her passion. She collapses against me. We struggle to breathe as we snuggle together.

The night is far from over; we just need a moment to catch our breath. She kisses my neck and then my shoulders. I whimper as I feel her hands returning to my sensitive breasts. I guide her to take my nipple in her mouth. She flickers her tongue against it sending shock waves through my body. I watch her as she teases me.

I lace my fingers with hers and guide her hand down to the glistening dark patch. She suckles me harder as I use both our hands to tease her clit. I stop guiding her hand more than happy to watch as her nimble fingers dance across the throbbing bundle as my breast fills her mouth.

I bring my passion-coated fingers to my trembling lips. I slowly lick each drop from my digits as I watch her fingers slipping deep inside her warmth. She parts her legs so I can see her fingers gliding deeper while her lips tease my nipples. She moves from one to the other as she pleasures herself.

I feel the waves of ecstasy washing over me as she brings herself to the edge. She cries out my name. I press my wetness against her hand and follow her into the abyss. I nestle my head in the crook of her arm as we lay helpless. "I don't think I can move," she croaks out as she wraps her arms around me.

"All part of the friendly service," I tease as I kiss her shoulder before I nestle my head against her chest so I can listen to the steady beating of her heart.

"And just how many people do you give this kind of service to?" She tries to tease, but I can hear the underlying nervousness in her voice.

"Just you," I reassure her with a happy sigh.

"I'm glad," she confesses as I feel her caressing my back.

"So am I," I assert as she laughs lightly. "Of course you do know that I can't treat you at the spa any longer?"

"What?" She grumbles as I look up at her.

"I can't date any of my clients," I inform her. "Unless of course this isn't,"

"Then screw the spa," she cuts me off. "I want more than this."

"So do I," I counter with a rakish grin. "So do I." I softly repeat as I slip back into her warm embrace.

The End

Send comments to findingmavis@comcast.net

For updates, previews & the Wednesday Afternoon Series join my egroup, yomavis-subscribe@yahogroups.com
