

THE MAGIC TOUCH

by

Shannon Peters

Jacquie sat on the towel-covered massage table, casually swinging her legs as she looked about the room. It was tastefully decorated, with dark wood panelling, cream marble tiles, and touches of dark red and gold in the furniture. Her best friend, Andrew, had done a fantastic job of setting up his day spa business. She gave a soundless whistle when she noticed the cream marble basin with gold faucets in the corner. Well, she always knew he had taste, but his selection of furniture and appointments definitely gave an opulent, mildly oriental flair to his business.

Dark wooden shelving lined two walls of the room, holding neatly stacked towels and an assortment of jars and dishes. A little wheeled stool sat next to a side table, and a dark straight-backed wooden chair sat just to the right of the door. Jacquie had followed the receptionist's directions and placed her clothes on it. All of them.

She nervously plucked at the tie of her cream robe. She'd been friends with Andrew for about fifteen years, ever since they'd worked on an assignment together in high school. They hung out together a lot, shared several friends, even lived together while they'd studied for their careers, Andrew's in massage therapy, Jacquie's in marketing. She'd just never been naked with him before.

She blew out a breath, stirring her bangs. She could do this. Andrew had finally convinced her to come into his day spa for a massage, gratis. He'd said it was the least he could do after she'd helped him set up his office, giving him advice on how to advertise and market his business. She'd had to wait until she'd finished at work before taking a taxi across town to his business. Maybe if he hurried she could still get something to eat for dinner on the way home.

She smoothed her sweaty palms down the skirt of the robe. Andrew would probably laugh his head off if he knew how nervous she felt. He'd been touching naked bodies for ten years, so this was probably old hat for him. She, on the other hand, could barely remember the name of her ex-boyfriend, let alone when she'd last been naked with a man.

The door opened and Andrew walked in, a smile on his face as he gently shut the door behind him.

"Hey, Jacs, how's it going?" His easygoing manner instantly set her at ease.

"Great, Drew. It's about time you showed up!" Jacquie grinned up at him.

He arched a brown eyebrow at her remark. "Ho, eager to call in your favour, huh?" He chuckled as he turned to a side table, opening bottles and sniffing their contents. As he found a scent he approved of, he'd add a drop or two to another bottle on the table. He missed the reddening of her cheeks at his comment. *Eager? Probably not the right word to use. Reluctant, maybe. Nervous, possibly. Eager, not likely.* She missed his next comment.

"What did you say?" she asked.

"I said sorry for the delay. Susie had to leave and so I had to close up the reception."

"Oh." So they were here alone? Susie was Andrew's receptionist and very capable administrative assistant. "Would you rather we do this another time?" Jacquie offered, watching his long fingers unscrewing and replacing bottle caps. Those fingers were going to be stroking her body any minute. A hot flush swept down her chest.

Andrew glanced over his shoulder briefly, a frown marring his face. "No way. I've finally got you in here. You're not going to weasel out of it." He crossed to the door and fiddled with a switch on the wall next to it. "Things should start to get warmer in here," he commented. It

took her a moment to realise he was talking about the air-conditioner, and not them. Why would she think that? This was her friend, for crying out loud.

He walked to the windows behind the table and pulled the heavy chocolate-coloured drapes closed. In the dimness she could see him go to a shelf, and the flare of light surprised her as he lit a match and held it to a candle. He moved around the room, lighting several candles in various niches and nooks. *Good grief, candles?*

“Why the mood lighting?” she joked, trying hard to mimic Andrew’s relaxed manner.

“To get you in the mood,” he responded huskily. Jacquie’s eyes widened.

Andrew walked over to a cupboard in the corner, opened it, and moments later she heard soft, string music blended with noises of the forest coming through hidden speakers.

“The warm room, the soft light and the tranquil music are all supposed to relax the customers so they get the optimum benefit from the massage,” Andrew explained calmly, almost as though reciting an advertisement. The advertisement she’d created for him herself. Jacquie nodded. *Well, that made sense.* Then Andrew started to unbutton his shirt. He grinned at her as he removed it, and she tried to hide both her nerves and her appreciation.

“I have to take the shirt off because I get very warm when I’m doing a massage, and I don’t want to get the oils all over it,” he explained.

Jacquie bit her lip and nodded her understanding. It sounded quite reasonable. She hadn’t seen him without a shirt for some years, and Andrew had definitely grown from a boy into a man. His broad shoulders rippled with muscles from years of working kinks out of people’s backs. Corded muscles on his arms were further enhanced by the flickering candlelight that gave a golden hue to his skin. A light sprinkling of hair dusted his pectorals and male nipples, before arrowing down over his six-pack and under his black trousers. Jacquie swallowed. *Hubba hubba.* Her friend had morphed from a tall, lanky kid into a sexy stud.

She fiddled with the collar of her robe. Phew, it was getting warm in here, and she didn’t think she could attribute it totally to the air-conditioning. She was having decidedly unfriendly thoughts about her best friend. She couldn’t understand why her brain had made the shift from purely platonic to sex-starved, but she was glad that Andrew couldn’t read her mind.

“Okay, Jacs, let’s do it,” he said, holding up a towel by its length. Her widened eyes met his. Maybe he could read her mind?

“You need to take off the robe so I can start,” he explained patiently at her bewildered look. “I’ll hold up the towel, you take off the robe and lie face down on the table, and I put the towel over your butt. Don’t worry, I’ll look away,” he promised, a smile playing at his lips. Jacquie’s cheeks warmed as she nodded. *Just look like you do this stuff all the time, kiddo. Keep it casual.*

She watched Andrew’s averted profile warily as she let the robe fall to her feet. She climbed onto the table and placed her face over the cushioned hole. Andrew draped the towel over her back and pulled it very low over her buttocks. She was sure he could see a bit of cheek.

“We’ll need to take your hairclip out,” he told her quietly, his voice near her ear. She tried to ignore the gust of his breath at her ear, and the shudder that coursed down her spine. She nodded, and felt the slight pull of her hairclip as he removed it. He ran his hands through her hair, combing out the tangles. She thought he had a tender touch, and it was such a personal thing to do.

“Just relax,” he murmured throatily. Gradually she got used to his hands skimming through her hair and over her head. She almost didn’t realise he was increasing the pressure slightly, massaging her scalp and temples. She sighed. Sometimes her hairdresser gave a head massage with a shampoo, but it didn’t compare to Andrew’s skilled hands.

She sighed as she felt a wonderful lethargy steal over her at his touch. His hands slowly travelled in circular movements down towards her neck. He removed his hands momentarily, and Jacquie felt bereft at the loss. Then his hands returned, oiled and strong as he started to manipulate the tense muscles in her neck.

“Man, you’re so tight,” he murmured, working out the kinks at her neck and shoulders. In a state of bliss, Jacquie closed her eyes. He had magical hands. She knew she was tense from work, but right now she felt like she’d melted into a boneless puddle.

Gradually he worked his hands down her back. She felt his fingertips skim down the sides of her breasts, but was too relaxed to be concerned by it. The warm stroking of his hands on her skin was wonderful.

“Hhmm,” she groaned as he found a particularly stubborn knot at the base of her spine. He worked it out, digging and rubbing her back and the top of her buttocks with his warm hands. She started to feel very warm, and knew that her cheeks were rosy. Every time he pressed down on her spine, her pubic mound pressed into the table. She kept her eyes closed, enjoying the sensation of his hands on her.

Then he stopped.

Jacquie almost groaned in frustration. She’d enjoyed him using his strength on her. He adjusted the towel further up over her buttocks. She heard him step away, and then felt the towel move again as he folded it up off her legs and over her hips. There was the sound of glass on ceramic, and she guessed he needed more oil.

She jumped slightly when his large hands wrapped around her left foot and held it for a moment.

“Relax, Jacs.” His voice, deep and husky, curled up her body to lodge somewhere in her belly, causing it to tighten with something akin to arousal.

In smooth, warm circles his hands rubbed the sole of her foot and over the top of it. He gently pinched her toes, and Jacquie felt corresponding quivers of sensation shooting up to her sex. She had to bite back a moan of pleasure. His fingers pressed into the sole of her foot, and the pressure points both relaxed and aroused her. When his hands circled her ankle, she couldn’t help noticing the strength and size of his large hands compared to her slim ankles. She felt almost dainty.

When he transferred his attention to her right foot, again Jacquie felt the arrows of sweet tension zinging to the area between her legs. She realised not only did she feel warm, but she was getting damp. So she burrowed her head further into the hole, trying to hide her reaction.

Andrew started to stroke the muscles of her left calf with deep, smooth glides of his hands. As his hands slowly slid up her leg to her knee, Jacquie swung like a pendulum between sexual tension and sensual languor.

At first his fingers tickled the sensitive skin at the back of her knees, and her cheeks flushed hotter as her breasts swelled in reaction. She shifted slightly on the table and groaned softly at the rough abrasion of the towel against her nipples.

His hands slid up gently to her thigh. He worked his way up, running his fingers over her smooth skin. He shifted her legs further apart to work on her inner thigh. His hand rhythmically brushed against the apex of her thighs, and Jacquie shuddered. Could he feel the dampness between her legs? Her entrance was drenched with her arousal. Her breath hitched as his hand glided again across her nether lips.

His knuckles lightly skimmed the crease where her buttock met her thigh, and Jacquie bit her lip. Both of them were breathing heavily, but she wasn't sure if Andrew, too, was feeling aroused, or just panting from his exertions. His hands were hot on her body, and Jacquie wanted his touch everywhere, especially down there.

His hands left her body, and she tried to calm her heartbeat at the slight reprieve. When she felt his hands on her right calf, she moaned, and realised he was starting the torment again. She focused on her breathing, trying to keep it light and even as his magical fingers again roamed their way up her leg.

She wanted to scream with frustration. She wanted to grab his hand and shove it between her legs and tell him to work his magic there, but she clenched her teeth instead. How embarrassing, her friend was just doing his job, and she was practically writhing around in a spasm of sexual torment.

His hand again brushed against the entry to her heated core as he stroked and glided over her thigh. Again, and again, the whisper of touch sent spiralling heat through her body. Her nipples peaked to attention, her heart pounded in her ears, and she could smell the scent of her arousal.

Andrew's fingers adjusted the towel over her hips, sliding under it to grasp her buttocks. At that, Jacquie's eyes flew open. He grasped the globes of flesh, smoothing them apart only to bring them together again. His thumbs were in a position to lightly stroke along the crack between her cheeks.

A flush swept over her face and down her neck as she tried to clamp down on her body's reactions. The strength in his hands pushed her mound down against the towel. Her nipples had tightened into little sensitized nubs.

His thumbs traced her opening as he massaged her buttocks. He'd move her cheeks up, out and around, and trail his thumbs through her moist crevice, up her crack and around again. She whimpered as she felt the tips of his thumbs graze ever deeper as he continued the hypnotic assault.

Finally a finger slipped, seemingly by accident, into her moist channel. Her muscles tried to clench it, but the digit was removed just as quickly. Jacquie swallowed noisily, her mouth suddenly dry as she waited to see what would happen next. The finger returned, this time with a firmer pressure as it slid inside. It slowly withdrew, then slid home again. His other hand kept up the stroking on her butt cheeks as he began to piston his finger in and out of her slick channel.

Jacquie gave up trying to hide her reactions as her hips bucked with his efforts, her nipples chafing against the towelling as she groaned deeply. She couldn't stop her body from moving, meeting his thrusts. He slid another digit in to join the first, and she recalled admiring his long thick fingers when he'd first arrived. They were now inside her, and that thought sent her

spiralling towards the edge of reason. To stop herself from being pushed over the end, she clutched the edge of the table. The towel over her hips slid to the floor, unheeded.

She heard the clatter of glass again, felt the warm trickle of oil as a small amount was drizzled over her buttocks. The liquid pooled into her crevice and dripped down to where his fingers entered her body. A third finger joined the invasion, and she felt full, stretched. His other hand massaged the oil into her buttocks, teasing the sensitive skin of her perineum.

His thumb stroked against her nubbin, strumming it in time with his thrusts. She could hear the liquid sounds as his fingers slid inside and out. The heat spreading from her core was like a flash flood of building sensation. The tension was climbing inside her, and when he gently pinched her clitoris the sensation sent her over the edge. She screamed as pleasure flooded her, bright colours swirling behind her tightly closed eyelids as she rode the wave of intense ecstasy. His fingers continued to gently pump inside as her internal muscles tried to milk him, gradually slowing to a stop.

Oh, jeez, that was fantastic! Jacquie's body was trembling from the effects of her euphoria, and she lay limply for a moment. Andrew withdrew his fingers from inside her with a soft slurping sound. She felt his hands at her hips, and she smiled. He'd certainly taken their friendship to the next level.

She squealed as he quickly flipped her over onto her back, and her stunned eyes met his.

"I'm sorry I didn't see your face when you came," he whispered as he leaned down to kiss her.

His lips pressed against hers, forcing her mouth open. Then his tongue swept in, confidently, searching, tasting. She murmured pleasure against his mouth as her lips widened under the onslaught, welcoming his tongue with her own, rubbing it, sucking on it. She heard the hiss of leather, and assumed he was removing his belt. His hands grasped hers, raising them above her head as he continued to conquer her mouth. He fumbled about for a moment, and then Jacquie's eyes snapped wide open as she felt the belt tying her wrists together. A tug, a twist, and her hands were restrained to the metal framing under the cushioned headrest.

He slowly lifted his head from hers, his fingers caressing the sides of her face as they slid down to her throat. The scent of her sexual juices combined with rose and ylang-ylang wafted to her, a stirring cocktail for her senses. Heavy languor stole across her limbs, and her eyelids lowered. That was the most intense orgasm of her life. She felt replete, satiated.

Andrew didn't look away from her as he grasped the little bottle of oil from the side table. As he tipped the bottle to pour some of its contents over her chest his gaze intensified.

Even though Jacquie had just been sexually satisfied, her body reawakened at the look in Andrew's eyes, and the contact of the viscous liquid over her breasts.

He traced both hands from her collarbone to the rise of her breasts. He palmed them expertly, and the resultant twinges of sensation in her womb rekindled the wet warmth in her sex.

Lazily he circled his palms over the tips of her breasts, her nipples hardening into tight nubs. He pressed and pulled, manipulating the flesh into voluptuous peaks of responsive nerves. Her oiled body provided a warm, slick surface for him to work on. She hadn't realised how sensitive her breasts could be until he started purposefully fondling them.

He leaned down towards her, bracing himself on the table frame, until his chest came in teasing contact with her nipples. As he lightly brushed his chest hairs against her breasts, tickling

them, Jacquie moaned. Her back arched so she could press her breasts that were suddenly calling out for firmer attention against his chest. He grinned slowly at her as he levered himself up, denying her the masculine weight she craved. She whimpered in protest, her cheeks flushed.

His lips swooped down on to hers as he angled his body over her supine form, his hips sliding between her thighs. The fabric of his trousers felt prickly along her sensitive inner thighs, and she thrust her groin against his. His tongue invaded her mouth as he rubbed his chest firmly against hers. Jacquie growled in pleasure, frustration. Whether it was an individual emotion or a combination of both, she wasn't sure. The need to feel him inside her, to have his staff plunge in her as his weight enveloped her, was overwhelming. She wanted his possession, to surrender totally to him.

He shifted, and she felt both of his hands trail down her arms, to the sides of her breasts. His fingers insinuated themselves between their chests to toy with her nipples as he rocked his body against hers. The responding dampness between her thighs sent shards of heat up her body to coalesce at her breasts.

He raised himself above her, his shaft pressing into her sex, as he grasped her nipples and pulled on them. The resulting pleasure-pain had her back arching for more as he pinched and pulled, rotating the little peaks. He gazed down at the rosy nubs in his hands. She felt the gust of his breath over her right peak as he lowered his mouth to her breast. He sucked on it, pulling a large amount of it into his mouth, as though trying to swallow her whole. He pulled strongly on the breast, while his hand mimicked the action on the other side.

Jacquie turned her head back and forth. She was on fire, and he was the flame eating at her. Little cries from the back of her throat filled the room as he pulled firmly on her breasts.

His tongue traced over her nipple, flicking it constantly. He bared his teeth and bit down on the sensitized nub. He held her other peak in a vice-like grip, and she groaned at the acute sensation. Moments later he released his holds, and the blood pumping back into her nipples caused her to scream in ecstasy. The fact that she was helpless and bound stirred her arousal even further. She couldn't fight him off, couldn't hold him close, could only lie back and take whatever he dished out.

Then he swapped breasts, so his tongue gently abraded her other nipple while his hand massaged the breast he'd just nipped with his teeth. He performed the same activity, and this time Jacquie held her breath at the tight clutch on her nipples, moaning as he let the blood resensitize the tissue.

He trailed his lips down her belly to her navel, his hands skimming over her stomach. As he licked and kissed his way down to her sex, he slowly slid off the end of the table. He paused, and lifted his head up to meet her flushed face.

"Did you know that I designed this table? It's constructed in three sections." His voice was deep and rough. Jacquie stared at him in confusion and frustration. She was lying naked on a massage table, a hairsbreadth away from a roaring orgasm, and he wanted to talk hardware?

"I thought of you when I designed it," he informed her, his tone husky. She heard the clang of a bolt, a slide on metal, and suddenly the head of the table lowered, or did the end of it rise? She wasn't sure how, but her hips were now at a slightly higher level than her head.

“Ah, better,” Andrew murmured. He hooked a leg around the low stool and brought it closer. As he sat down on the stool, his face was level with her heated sex. She felt his hot breath on her moist folds. His thumbs parted her lips, and she felt his tongue spear her centre.

As she felt her body spiral into a whirlpool of sensation she cried out. His tongue shafted her, the rough surface abrading her sensitive flesh. She moaned. Perspiration trickled down between her oiled breasts. She was about to combust, and burn him in the explosion. Her hips instinctively took up the rhythm of his stabbing tongue, grinding against his face.

He found her clitoris, and alternated between sucking and flicking movements that drove her to the next level of painful need. Moaning and writhing on the table, her legs rose to entwine around his shoulders to keep him in place, his mouth on her sex.

His knowledgeable fingers joined the fray, pumping into her centre as his tongue rasped against her clitoris. Her body could only take so much. When he brought his thumbs into play with his tongue on her clitoris, she splintered into a zillion tiny stars, each one a sensitized ending as her internal channel was bathed in the wash of her release.

She was still panting when Andrew stood and kicked the stool away. As he undid his trousers, freeing his turgid cock, his eyes blazed over her body. Jacquie’s eyes bugged. She’d never seen him naked, but had not thought he would be so large. His cock was long and thick, purple veins standing in stark relief as it pointed at her entrance. Then he grabbed his shaft, and she watched as his fingers lovingly caressed it as he stepped up to her hips. He grasped her body with one hand to keep it steady, and paused, poised at her entrance.

His eyes met hers with purposeful intent, and she swallowed. Looking like a warrior about to pillage what he’d fought for and won, his broad chest glistened with sweat and oil, each sharply delineated muscle shining in the candlelight. Slightly parted lips, with hot and hungry eyes roving over her body, he looked so strong, so male, and so damned screw-me-now hot. Imagining the picture she presented, lying with her hips up in the air, legs spread to show a glistening sex, upthrust breasts with tight nipples and arms bound above her head, she licked her lips. She felt like a captive on display, waiting to be savagely used to slake a man’s lust. And she was so looking forward to it.

He growled as he traced his cock up and down her slit. She whimpered in response. He teased her with his staff, only letting the head slip inside her slick entrance. The veins on his neck stood out, testament to the control he was exercising. She moaned in frustration. She wanted him inside her, now! She tilted her hips up to him, and he rewarded her by slowly sinking his thick shaft into her channel.

Her body trembled and she let out a long, keening moan. Even with two orgasms to prepare his entry, he still felt huge as he slowly slid inside her. He sank in to the hilt, stretching her. Then he withdrew, the sucking sound of her sex signifying her reluctance to let him go. He slid in again, this time a little faster, the friction creating a delicious heat inside her. He started to pump his shaft into her, harder, faster.

As his hips slammed against hers her body jerked, and her breasts jiggled at the abrupt movement. She was moaning constantly now, her heartbeat racing. He felt so good inside her. She closed her eyes to better focus on the feel of his thick cock sliding in and out of her sex. Her body’s temperature was climbing, and she felt the beginnings of yet another climax. As she tried to catch her breath, her lips pursed.

He pulled her hips up, adjusting the angle for deeper penetration. He started to piston in and out of her. Not only could she hear his grunting pants, but she could feel gusts of his breath blowing up her body, the cooler air causing her nipples to tighten even further.

Her eyes opened, and she watched as his glistening cock withdrew, only to slam back into her body. It was the sight of his cock giving her body so much pleasure that tipped her over the edge. She felt her climax rip through her, its impact stunning and more intense than the other two had been. Her eyes flew to his as she felt the mind-blowing effects of her orgasm. Briefly she saw him grit his teeth, but her milking muscles clenched tightly about his cock, and he erupted inside her, growling his release.

His cock kept pumping inside her, triggering off a set of mini-orgasms as his thumb settled on her clitoris. Her eyes rolled back as she nearly lost consciousness, the pleasure was so exquisite.

Her thundering heart rate began to drop to a calmer level. She slowly realised that her arms ached from their restricted position, her sex felt thoroughly used, and she'd never felt better. A smile spread across her face as she watched Andrew disengage himself from her folds. He lowered the table, then walked up to undo his belt and free her wrists. He gently massaged her arms, working out the new kinks. Jacquie enjoyed his attention.

He leaned down and kissed her, a hand caressing across her breasts.

"Thanks, beautiful," he whispered. Jacquie laughed.

"No, thank you." She cocked an eyebrow at him. "Is that the normal service you provide?"

His lips moved against hers in a smile. "Only for you, Jacs, only for you." He helped her sit up, turning her around so he could stand between her thighs and kiss her languidly. As she entwined her arms about his neck, she moaned softly into his mouth. She felt so exquisitely exhausted. She'd been well pleased. She pulled back and looked up at him earnestly.

"If I'd known you had this kind of massage in mind, I would have taken you up on your offer much earlier!"

He smiled down at her. "I've tried to get you in here for the last two years, ever since I opened this place." He bent down and picked her up, wrapping her legs about his waist as he walked towards the door. "After all, we have to make up for the time we've wasted."

Jacquie sighed, leaning against his chest as he walked down the hallway. She felt so at peace, so well loved. Her eyes sprang open. *Loved?* Everything that he'd done today had been with a generosity to her own pleasure, and she'd felt not only incredibly turned on, but cherished. She smiled. *Loved.* Her arms tightened around her friend, now her lover.

"Where are we going?" she asked. Not that she was all that curious, she just wanted to lie down and snuggle, maybe recharge those batteries.

"Did I mention that I designed this place, right down to the very last detail?" Andrew murmured against her ear, and she felt delicious shivers course down her body in reaction. She murmured an affirmative.

"Well, when I designed everything, the one aspect foremost in my mind at the time was what I wanted to do with you in each and every room."

"Oh." Jacquie took more notice of their surroundings.

“Have I ever shown you the spa?” he asked in a conversational tone, and hoisted Jacquie a little higher up, so his now semi-erect cock rested between her buttocks. He shouldered his way through a door. Suddenly Jacquie didn’t feel so tired anymore.

“And then there is the backroom,” he whispered against her ear, his cock stiffening even further under her cheeks.

“I’ve seen your office.” Jacquie giggled, imagining him bending her over his desk while he shafted her from behind.

“Ah, I didn’t say office. You haven’t seen the room behind my office. I haven’t shown anybody that room. Yet.”

Jacquie gasped, her mind exploding with images, fantasies to play out with her lover.

The door to the spa closed on her giggle, followed by a squeal, then a low throaty moan as Andrew showed her just how well he’d designed the spa area.

And Jacquie had no complaints.