

Dream Spa - Part 1

By TheSpiralledEye

A stressed out office worker is disappointed to realise that instead of being massaged by a beautiful woman at his free spa trip, he will instead be under the care of the manly Hans. Disappointment quickly fades though as Hans' treatments become oddly addictive, even after they begin having some strange physical effects...

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Sitting in the waiting room of the spa I felt distinctly out of place. The whole place was coloured in pastels contrasted against rich dark wooden furniture. The area was spacious and tastefully decorated, with comfortable chairs and couches arranged in small groupings around the space. The walls were painted in soothing shades of pale blue and green and there were frankly, far too many potted plants than were strictly necessary. I couldn't help but wonder how they managed to keep them all alive, I couldn't even keep the cactus my secret santa gave me last Christmas from wilting.

The whole area looked like something out of a chick flick or magazine spread and here I was in jeans and a faded shirt sticking out like a sore thumb. I wouldn't have been caught dead in a place like this even ten years ago but times were changing; men did yoga and pilates, drank coffee with whipped cream, all that metrosexual jazz.

I'd been raised the old fashioned way; men were men and women were women but since moving to the big city in search of a life not spent growing corn I'd learned things were a little more grey than that. So when one of my colleagues suggested I try a proper massage to help with my back pain I decided what the hell? Why not give it a go?

"There is this great, five star place up the side of the mountain just outside town." Joe insisted at the lunch table, "And all the employees are gorgeous women. I go there sometimes just to have an excuse to see them. Trust me man, the massage is relaxing enough but having those beautiful women giving it? Icing on the cake."

I'd never really been the flirty type, too much pressure and Joe was a bit of a creep if I was honest. Still, I didn't plan on doing anything unprofessional and those poor girls were probably sick of jerks like Joe hitting on them while they just tried to do their jobs. Still, Joe

was the closest thing I had to a friend right now, so I took his word for it and made an appointment at The Mountainside Spa.

A decision I was swiftly regretting now as I sat in an armchair that felt far too soft with a glass of water and lemon feeling like a complete dope. The only thing keeping me from walking out of the room were the spa employees. Maybe it's shallow but having half a dozen pretty women in short skirts with flowers in their hair serving you drinks, knowing one of them will be rubbing their hands all over you in a few minutes...well, it kept my butt in the seat that was for sure.

"Mr. Hart?"

A big chested blonde with her shirt unbuttoned far lower than would usually be considered professional smiled down at me.

"Yes."

"Congratulations sir, you're our one thousandth visitor this year!" She smiled, "As a prize your massage had been fully upgraded to the premium, full day spa experience! Isn't that exciting?"

"Uh, sure." I tried to smile gratefully, I really just wanted the knots worked out of my back, I didn't really need whatever the full experience was but who was I to turn down free stuff? Especially when massages were so damn expensive.

"And you're going to spend the whole day in the care of our most experienced masseuse." The blonde sighed dreamily as she led me down the hallway to a large set of wooden double doors. "I'm so jealous."

"Don't suppose you want to trade places, "I half joked, "This is a bit much for me all of a sudden if I am honest."

The blonde just continued to smile in that strange, dreamlike way, as if she were someplace far away, knocking on the wooden door almost as an afterthought.

"Don't worry," She said before pulling open one of the doors, "He's a miracle worker, and the spa's owner too! You'll never be more relaxed than under his care."

“Wait, *he?*”

The blonde was ushering me through the door before I could say anymore and I felt the door close behind me. My discomfort doubled instantly, it was one thing to come and be massaged by a beautiful woman but to have a full on spa treatment with a man touching my body? No way, I don't care if this sort of thing isn't considered gay anymore it was way too much for me.

The room was surprisingly small, with a massage table all set up and incense burning in a pot below the hole where my face was presumably supposed to rest. For a second I thought I was alone until a sliding bamboo panel opened revealing a balcony and an absolute tower of a man stepped inside.

I'm hardly the tallest guy in the room but I am also far from short, at almost six foot three it wasn't every day another man made me feel intimidated. This was one of the rare exceptions. The guy looked nothing like a masseuse, honestly he wouldn't have looked out of place in a bodybuilding competition. His muscles were huge and bulging even though I could tell he wasn't flexing them at all.

His hair was white blonde and eyes icy blue with the strongest, squarest jaw I had ever seen. He held out one huge muscled arm to me and I did my best not to shake a little as his grip tightened; my father had always taught me that a strong handshake was the measure of a man. If that was the case this was the most masculine man to ever exist; I had to do my best not to wince as he pumped my hand up and down.

“Velcome, Mr. Hart. I am Hans, I vill be your masseuse for ze day.” He said, a thick European accent of some kind lacing every word.

The man looked like he could break me in half with a single hand, the idea of him pounding my back wasn't just awkward it was downright terrifying!

“A-actually Hans... I think I might just go, this whole spa thing really isn't for me.”

“No, is for you.” He said simply, beckoning me toward the balcony, “I see you when you come in. Very stress. Need my treatment I can tell. That's why I lie and say you win prize.”

He winked at me then and my stomach twisted into knots of discomfort and guilt. The guy seemed genuine, if a bit terrifying. Still, the fact that he could sense how stressed I was just

by glancing into the waiting room was probably telling. I didn't realise I exude such an air of tension. Maybe that was why I was so bad at flirting.

“First is bath.” Hans said simply, stepping outside and pointing to the sunken tub in the middle of the balcony floor.

It was filled with a milky white water and scented with flower petals, Hans picked up a small container of what had to be bath salts and tipped them into the water where they fizzed and tinged it the palest of pinks. My mind immediately went to all those television ads showing women in rose petal bathtubs showing off how soft their legs were thanks to some cream or moisturiser.

I looked over to Hans who did not seem the least bit perturbed; they do say Europeans are far more accepting of this sort of thing than puritanical Americans. He looked down at me expectantly and I realised he was waiting for me to undress..

“Uh...”

Hansa laughed, a deep bellowing sort of laugh that somehow didn't make me feel like the object of ridicule.

“It's okay, you change, I wait inside, ya?”

“Yeah.” I blushed.

He clamped me on the shoulder hard and I did my best not to wince as he left me alone on the balcony overlooking the mountain I had spent half the morning driving up. The bath salts were fully dissolved now, sending swirling tendrils of scented steam into the air where they curled in my nostrils.

What the hell? Why not, Hans seemed like a nice fellow after all, if he was giving me this whole treatment out of the goodness of his heart I may as well just go with it, discomfort be damned. Besides, it's not like anybody ever needed to know what I did, if they asked I could just say one of the pretty girls gave me a shoulder massage.

I slipped out of my clothes and down into the hot bath and a contented sigh escaped me. I'd never bathed in anything but water but this felt divine. I could feel all my muscles relaxing as I breathed in great lungfuls of that soothing scent. My skin started to feel warm and sensitive and to my surprise, more than once I felt myself starting to nod off.

“You see? Is good no?”

I would have jumped if I wasn't so relaxed. For a big man Hans sure did move quietly, I didn't even notice him returning to the balcony until he was standing over me in the bath with that grin on his face. To my surprise I smiled, my awkwardness seemingly washed away by the soothing bath. I felt relaxed, almost drunk but Hans didn't seem to mind.

“Come, time for main event.”

I picked myself up out of the bath and slowly dried myself, my fingers seemed to react slowly. There really must be something to this spa stuff because I'd never felt so relaxed in all my life.

I didn't even mind being totally naked in front of Hans; he was clearly European and judging by how nonchalant he was being, nudity really wasn't as big a deal to him. I wrapped the towel around my waist and followed him back into the main room where he indicated for me to lay on the bed.

It was plush and surprisingly comfortable. I let my face rest in the hole cut from the mattress and found a small bowl of oil below, sticks of incense slowly burning in it. Almost immediately my head felt light from the fumes but oddly it didn't seem unpleasant at all.

Warm oil was spread across my back and immediately the last of my reservations disappeared as strong hands began to smooth their way across my muscles. Oh, it felt wonderful. All the knots in my back seemed to melt away as Hans' strong hands kneaded at them, he worked his way up, across my shoulders and down my arms, even taking my hands in his and massaging the skin between my fingers. I was in Heaven. By the time he reached my legs I didn't even care that a large, muscular man was massaging my inner thighs; it just felt too wonderful. Without meaning to, I let out a low moan and Hans just chuckled.

“No problem, feels good, no? Let pleasure out, I do not mind.”

I breathed in deep, the scent of the oils below my face making my head swim and I complied, groaning with satisfaction each time he found a particularly good knot to work out.

“Time to roll over and I will do your front.”

I did so and I could feel my cock sticking straight up. I blushed profusely and started to apologise but Hans cut me off.

“Is no problem.” He shrugged, “Happens to all men, is no shame.”

Maybe it was the heavy scents in the air but I just nodded, if Hans didn't mind, I didn't mind. He continued, squeezing my arms and legs, massaging the arches of my feet, it felt glorious and my erection stayed, rock hard. Even as those strong fingers threaded into my hair and began to massage my temples.

My eyes fluttered closed; my mind felt like mush. I couldn't muster a single thought except how good this felt and how wrong I'd been not to trust Hans. I was so lucky to have won this prize, I was going to be so sad when it was over. I never knew how pleasurable a massage could be, especially with Hans, his hands felt so good on my skin...my hot, soft skin that he...that he was touching right now. Oh fuck, my balls were tightening, I was...I was about to cum just from Hans massaging me.

His hands were still pressing to the sides of my temples, I tried to hold back but the pressure was building. Oh God, I couldn't stop myself! Hans said to let the pleasure out, Hans said it was okay, there was no harm. I should do what he said.

“Oooooooooohh!!”

I came, seed spurting from my cock and back down onto my crotch. Hans kept right on massaging my temples until finally I was finished and trembling from the effort.

“S-sorry.” I breathed, “It just felt so good.”

“Is okay.” Hans smiled down at me, he had such a charming smile, “I do not mind. Here, let me clean you up.”

He reached for some tissues and gently wiped my cock clean, feeling those strong hands wiping across my length, even soft, sent a thrill through me I could not fully understand.

“There, all done.” Hans announced, “You may dress.”

“We're finished?” I asked, slightly disappointed, “I thought I'd won a full day experience.”

Hans chuckled.

“It has been, the spa is closing in ten minutes. It’s five o’clock.”

I arrived at nine! How had I so completely lost track of time?

“Oh, well thank you.” I muttered, trying my best to sound grateful and not disappointed it was all over so soon.

“Always welcome to make another appointment with me, talk to girls at the front desk, ja?”

“Oh, I don’t know about that. This was wonderful but I am sure I wouldn’t be able to afford it if I hadn’t won that prize.”

Hans just smiled and gave me a knowing look.

“I see you next time.” He said, as if it were already decided.

I had no intention of coming back, even after that wonderful experience. There was no way I could afford another session with Hans. Still, as I waved goodbye to the beautiful woman working the front desk I found myself grabbing a treatment pamphlet, just in case.

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It's funny really; I'd never felt the need to get a massage or go to a day spa before but now that I had experienced it I found my mind constantly drifting back to the memories of that wonderful day with Hans. As I sat at my work desk each day I became increasingly aware of the back pain that came from sitting all day. No amount of stretching seemed to help either and I found myself desperately wishing for another round on the table.

“Didn’t I tell you?” Joe joked when he caught me daydreaming? Which girl did you get? The blonde? Her name is Daisy and I swear she has the softest hands in the world.”

I just nodded, not wanting to admit that the delicate soft hands of a woman were the furthest thing from my mind right now.

My skin started to feel rough and itchy, having lost all the smoothness from the milk bath. As I walked through the aisles at the supermarket each week for groceries I found

myself drawn to the women's aisle. The scented moisturisers, surely they could help? But no, nothing made me feel quite as soft and luxurious as that spa treatment had.

Alas, I was right though; Hans' full day treatment was prohibitively expensive. Several hundred dollars, over two weeks of my well paying salary. Still, I found myself carrying that pamphlet with me everywhere, taking out the folded paper and smoothing my hand over his name with want. So much so that the colour on the paper began to fade.

After three months of discomfort I tried to find a middle ground, getting one of those pay by the minute massages at the mall. I barely lasted five. The woman's hands just didn't feel right and the ambiance of a busy shopping centre didn't bring any of the relaxation of the private rooms at the spa. No, there was nothing for it; I didn't care that it was going to cost me the equivalent of rent for the week; I needed a proper treatment.

I picked up my phone and booked an appointment for the next weekend.