

Dream Spa - Part 2

By TheSpiralledEye

“It is good to see you Mr. Hart!” Hans boomed as he walked into the waiting room.

Seeing him instantly made me feel more relaxed; I hadn't even realised just how much tension I was carrying in my shoulders until he walked in.

“Good to be back.” I said with relief, soon my soreness and stress would be melting away. I had booked a full day treatment, just me, Hans and his wonderful hands.

“You are looking awful!” He said with horror, “Come, come, let Hans take care of you.”

“That's all I want.” I sighed, blushing slightly when I realised how that sounded.

As before though, Hansa didn't seem to mind and neither did the women at the desk. They all gave me bright smiles and I followed Hans down to the same treatment room as before.

“I give you full work down.” Hans announced, “Quickly, out of clothes and I give you salt scrub.”

I stripped off without a second thought; if Hansa was embarrassed by nudity than I wasn't. He led me out onto the balcony, the same one with the hot bath from before and had me sit in a reclining chair. After disappearing for a moment he reappeared with a bowl filled with yellow looking crystals stuck together with some sort of sticky substance.

“Coconut salt scrub.” Hans explained, scooping some into his hands and applying it to my leg, “Good exfoliator, makes skin healthy.”

“Oh yeah...” I sighed, “I can feel it.”

Hans scrubbed my whole body down, letting the crystals drag across my skin and removing all the dead cells and unwanted hair. It was like the worlds best soap; despite being coated in the sticky substance I had never felt cleaner. Slowly he worked int all over my body from the tips of my toes to just below my neck before finally taking a warm bowl of water and slowly washing the substance off.

I shivered; my skin felt almost raw and when I looked down I gasped. There was no body hair left! Not on my chest or legs, not even around my crotch where he had so expertly manoeuvred. My whole body was slightly pink and smooth as silk. I'd never seen anything like it.

“Time for your back.”

“Don't have to tell me twice.”

The same treatment continued on my other side. Hans' strong hands slipping the substance along my legs, down the length of my spine and even between the cleft of my ass. A little voice in the back of my mind wondered if that was normal, having your masseuse slip his hands into such an intimate place. I dismissed it; Hans knew what he was doing.

I sighed happily as the water washed the scrub away, leaving my entire body feeling soft and luxurious. Well, almost my entire body. Compared to the silky smoothness of the rest of my body my face suddenly felt as rough as sandpaper. I kept myself clean shaven, hair short but now even the tiny amount of stubble on my face felt terrible and itchy. Hans seemed to sense my discomfort.

“Here, I help. You look better clean shaven anyway, Mr. hart.”

I wasn't sure why but I believed him instantly, letting the man smooth the scrub over my face and wash away any sign of my beard. I let my fingers press into my now smooth cheek; if I didn't know any better I'd assume skin this soft couldn't even grow a beard; it felt that lovely.

“Now bath.” Hans announced, clapping his hands and instantly, the tub began to fill.

Not with milk this time but a slightly pink opaque liquid that smelt of roses and something unidentifiable. It made my head spin in the most wonderful way, it was almost like being tipsy and speaking of; somehow, a glass slipped into my hand. I looked and saw a flute of champagne, golden and bubbly.

“You enjoy drink and bath.” Hans smiled, “I will prepare next treatment.”

I slipped into the bath and moaned, actually moaned. It was the perfect temperature and my skin, so sensitive from the scrub, seemed to soak in the heat in an instant. The water was filled with oils that made me sigh in relaxation as the scents filled my nostrils. How had I ever thought this wasn't worth it? Why had I spent months away from this place? I would have to find a way to do this every week, no matter the cost.

Speakers at the side of the room sputtered to life, playing a tranquil tropical song. There was a voice hidden in the drums and bells but I couldn't quite make it out. No matter. I sat there, letting the music flow through me like the champagne and leaned back in the tub.

I couldn't be sure how much time had passed when Hans finally returned but I felt as though all my bones had melted. The idea of even standing up took monumental effort and my eyes refused to open fully, the lids were just so heavy.

I practically fell onto the massage table and sighed happily as the oil was applied. It was also scented like the bath and I let my eyes flutter closed as Hans slowly worked it into my skin.

As he massaged my legs they began to feel...strange. The muscles almost felt like they were changing shape, like Hans was moulding me like clay. I groaned, feeling sharp pains followed by wonderful pleasure as he continued to shape me. I felt too relaxed to question anything, each time he reached for another limb I meant to ask only to have the sensation of his hands on my skin melt the question away.

The same as last time, the whole experience was over far too quickly. When I rolled over, hard as a rock Hans said nothing, simply kept massaging away, reshaping my legs

until they felt oddly thin at the base and thick near the top. He moved up my thighs and I swore I could feel them widening.

The feeling of my inner thigh growing filled me with an odd arousal. I couldn't help myself. I didn't want to cum from Hans' touch alone, but his fingers were brushing against my balls. I started to moan, biting down on my lips to try and stop but...his hands were right there, less than an inch away from my hard manhood. God, I knew what his hands were capable of, how would it feel to get a handjob from him?

Once the thought had occurred to me I couldn't shake it. I wasn't gay! I didn't find men attractive but...but Hans was different! He had to be. My hips began to rock slightly and Hans chuckled.

"Is okay, Mr. Hart, you cum. My touch is good, ja?"

"S-so good, Hans."

"You feel good now?"

"Y-yes..."

"Your skin is so soft now, like lady's. And so oily from the massage."

His voice was deep and seemed to reverberate in my chest, fuck. All the while he kept massaging away, both his hands were on my hips now, gently tugging them outwards. It felt strange, I could have sworn the bones were cracking and widening and yet it all felt so good. I wanted more. I was so close to the edge and I knew I should be embarrassed but Hans was looking at me so intensely I couldn't feel anything but need.

Fingers glided up my inner thigh and Hans pinky brushed the base of my cock; that was all I needed. I cried out, cumming even harder than before, raising my hips up off the table as my eyes rolled back in my head. Yes, yes, YES! Oh fuck, it felt so good, and it just kept going. When I was finally spent I collapsed back onto the table, completely exhausted and relaxed.

My whole body was as limp as a noodle and felt light. The relaxation I'd felt in the bath was nothing on this. Hans cleaned me up without a word and moved behind me, slowly massaging my shoulders as I came down from the high. Sleepily I looked up at him, smiling down at me.

"Is okay, Mr. Hart. Our little secret."

"Okay..."

"I make you feel good, eh? I like that. You like that too."

"I like that..."

"You come back next week?"

"...Yes."

The treatment finished and I got to my feet, feeling almost as though I were in a trance. I slowly got redressed and noted how my clothes felt...wrong. The waistband was too tight, yet the legs were too wide. I stretched myself out, looking in the mirror that stood in the room's corner. It wasn't my imagination, my hips were wider, almost womanly, especially when I took into account the lack of hair on my legs.

"Hans, do I look different to you?" I asked, confused, surely people's bodies didn't change shape like that, especially not so quickly.

"Is nothing to worry about, you simply lost some weight last few weeks."

No I hadn't, had I? Then again, what other explanation could there be? Maybe I just wasn't used to my skin being this smooth, that had to be why my pants felt wrong. Yes, Hans was right, it was nothing to worry about. I walked back to the front desk, trying to ignore the strange sway my hips had taken on, and paid, immediately booking another treatment for next week.

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The rest of the week passed in a blur, I felt as though I were in a dream and nothing was solid save for Hans and his wonderful spa. I often found myself daydreaming, counting down the hours till it was time for another full day treatment. Each night I laid in bed, rock hard imagining the massages Hans gave me.

I felt like I should be feeling more conflicted here. I had never been attracted to another man before but...well, it was the twenty first century right? Being bi was a known thing and if I was honest, I didn't feel any sort of romantic attachment to the man. It was just...his hands made me feel like nobody else had. All I wanted was his touch, nobody else could compare, especially not my own.

I tried to take care of my hard on each night with less and less effectiveness. The few times I did manage to cum were short and unfulfilling. Not to mention the horror that was my body. The silky smoothness of my skin stayed to a degree, but nowhere near as nice as it was right after treatment. My legs and lower half felt better than the top at least, I'd even gotten used to my newly widened hips.

I felt out of proportion though; hopefully Hans could do something about my shoulders. They felt so...square. They didn't suit my lovely hips now. The mismatch made me feel so ugly and that idea disgusted me. I wanted to look good for Hans, I wanted him to look forward to touching me, maybe he could even find some pleasure in it too. If I could somehow give him even a fraction of the happiness he'd given me I could die happy.

Nobody at work seemed to mind me being distant, if they did I didn't care. Nothing was more important to me than my spa treatments, if I could I would go every day but it was just too expensive. I knew I would run out of savings soon but I just couldn't stand the thought of missing a week. The idea of going more than seven days without Hans near me was...well it was like giving up air.

By the time Saturday rolled around I was buzzing with excitement, I waved to the familiar faces of the ladies in the waiting room but didn't even have time to take a seat before Hans appeared to collect me.

“Ah! My favourite client!” He smiled, “Come, you are looking awful friend, let Hans take care of you.”

My whole body warmed hearing him refer to me as his favourite client. The fact that he thought I was special made me feel so wonderful. The moment I walked into those private rooms, with the relaxing sweet smell, I felt like I was home.

Instantly the scent coiled in my nose and I swayed on my feet until Hans steadied me. I knew the routine by now and stripped off without a word, laying down on the familiar lounge to allow that salt scrub to wash away my worries.

“I worry about you, Mr. Hart.” Hans said seriously as he scrubbed my body, “You are so stressed, I think perhaps it is time we try more intense relaxation technique.”

“Hm?” I could barely bring myself to speak, I was so relaxed already. “There is something...more relaxing?”

“Oh yes, I relax body. Now I help you relax mind.”

“My mind feels relaxed.” I sighed as he washed the scrub off.

“More relaxed. You want, yes?”

“Oh yes...”

“Then come.”

I stood, following Hans past my usual bath and instead to the massage table. Instead of laying down on my stomach though, he sat me sit at the end before hopping up next to me and removing his shirt. My heart began to pound in my chest as he spread his legs either side of my own and pulled me back to rest against him. I could hear his heart beating in my ear, smell his skin; it was intoxicating.

His fingers sat at my temple for a moment before they started to rub in gentle circles. Immediately I felt my whole body relax, mind and soul as well. I felt my brain going blank, as if there was nothing inside me but pleasure and relaxation. Hans truly was a genius.

“You repeat, it help to relax your mind.”

“Okay Hans...”

He continued to massage my temples and scalp, sending waves of pleasure down my entire body was filled. I didn't even try to fight off my erection; what was the point?

“You are relaxed.”

“I am relaxed.”

“I feel good.”

“I f-feel good.”

“Hans makes me feel good.”

“Hans makes me...feel good.”

My tongue felt heavy in my mouth, it was hard to focus on anything, even Hans' sexy voice. Making my lips move took so much effort but I knew I had to. I couldn't let Hans down after all.

“I want to make Hans happy.”

I did, I wanted him to like me. I wanted him to feel good. I let myself fall into a rhythm. I could feel his words filling me up and I repeated them without thinking. I could barely tell what I was saying but it didn't matter.

“Hans makes me so hot.”

I was so turned on. Fuck, I was probably going to cum again. It didn't matter, only Hans could make me cum. It was alright to cum for him. Only him. Only Hans could give me pleasure.

“I want Hans to make me hot.”

I wanted him to like me too. Yes, maybe he would even...fuck me. What would that be like?

“I'll do anything to stay with Hans.”

God, the idea of leaving the spa at all right now sounded terrible. I wanted to be here forever, with him. Yes, I never wanted to leave. His hands were massaging my shoulders now, one was at my chest.

“I want to be sexy for Hans.”

“I want him to make me whatever he wants.”

Yes, he had changed my hips; suddenly I knew that to be true. He really had moved my body like clay, moulding me into a more pleasing shape. That was good. I wanted that. I wanted him to make me any shape he liked. It felt good when he did that. I wanted him to do it more.

“Hans is good.”

He is.

“Hans is my everything.”

Yes!

“I want Hans to touch me.”

Y-yes!

“More. More. More.”

My hips were starting to buck. Why couldn't he touch me there? I wanted him to touch my hard on so badly.

“I...I...ahhhh....ahhhh!”

I came. Hans kept massaging my shoulders. By the time I was finished I felt like my brain was in a fog. I could barely remember the massage at all, or what I had been saying. Only how good it felt and how I couldn't wait to come back.