

# Masseuse and the MILF (Beta Draft)

**Aka. Codename: MILF**

By BreaktheBar

The lobby hadn't changed that much since the last time I'd been at Greenmeadow Golf & Country Club. The place definitely leaned heavier into the Country Club than any other place in the area, and its longstanding reputation as the playground of the local wealthy and elite was well deserved. Daily brunch service, multiple pools, tennis courts, squash courts, two complete 18-hole golf courses, a private games room for card tournaments, a billiards hall, and even a full ballroom for weddings and whatever other extravagant parties their patrons wanted to hold.

I'd grown up going to Greenmeadow, dressed up in starchy, uncomfortable but fashionable clothes, eating the richest foods and only partially appreciating the wild array of opportunities being presented to me. But I hadn't stepped on the grounds in three years, and I likely wouldn't have ever again if my Father had anything to do with it.

"Good morning, sir," a pretty brunette said as I stepped through the front doors. "Your membership card please?" She gestured at a little blinking stand where I assumed I was expected to swipe a card. It looked like they'd modernized a bit.

"Actually, I'm here for my first day," I said. "I'm Trevor Brantford. I'm supposed to be meeting Olga Bondarenko?"

"Oh, alright," the woman said, her smile sliding from customer service to a more casual attitude. Even her posture changed a little as she relaxed. She tapped on the touchscreen in front of her. "Alright, Olga should be up here any minute. From now on you should come in at one of the staff entrances. There's one down and around to the left through the golf cart garage, and another one at the far end of the building just opposite the pool area in the parking lot."

"Will do," I said. "Thanks."

She returned to what she was working on behind the welcome desk, and I went and stood a little further into the lobby so I didn't look like I was taking up her attention. From what I remembered, Greenmeadow had always been fairly strict about their front-of-house staff giving quick, efficient service and some of the longstanding members could be a little bitchy if they were kept waiting.

They hadn't redone the lobby but had modernized it while maintaining the rich atmosphere. I was checking out some of the ridiculous paintings they'd hung, which reminded me of old British hunting scenes but somehow abstract at the same time, when a short woman about my age approached me. "Hey, Trevor?"

“That’s me,” I said, turning with a smile.

She was short, maybe five foot nothing, and was wearing one of the deep green polo shirts and khaki shorts that the athletic attendants and snack cart girls wore, with the crest of Greenmeadow on the left side of her chest. She was cute in a nerdy sort of way, her long blonde hair was straightened and pulled back into a ponytail that trailed down her back, and she wore a pair of frameless glasses that gave her a sort of hot librarian look without leaning too far into it. “Cool,” she said, “I’m Marissa, Olga sent me to bring you down to her office. If it’s your first day do I need to give you the nickel tour?”

“It is,” I said. “But I’ve been here before. My parents are members.”

“Ah,” Marissa said non-committally as she started leading me through a Staff Only door discreetly hidden behind an urn in the back corner of the room. “Summer job?”

“Heh, no,” I chuckled. “This is my full-time gig for the near future.”

She glanced over her shoulder, considering me. I could tell she was trying to get a fast read of what kind of person I was. She led me down a plain service hallway and then into an industrial stairwell where our voices echoed - these were areas of Greenmeadow I’d never seen before. “How’s a guy whose parents can afford membership here end up working at the Club?” she asked.

“By choice,” I said. “I was terrible with math and languages all through school because of my dyslexia, but my father still thought I should go to school for business. I got a three-year degree in massage therapy instead; he still hasn’t forgiven me.”

“Oh, so that’s why you’re meeting Olga,” Marissa nodded. We’d left the stairwell and were heading down a tiled hallway with windows overlooking the tennis and squash courts. “I figured I was picking up a new maintenance guy or something when she asked me to come up. But you’re going to work in the spa.”

“That’s the plan,” I said. “Get some experience and save up to open my own practice at some point. What area do you work in?”

“Depends on the day,” she said, relaxing more now that she’d decided I was at least sliding my way into being a normie instead of a Club member. “Today I’m driving the beer cart out on the course, but I also work as a waitress and bartender in the main restaurant and work on the catering crew for the big events.”

“Sounds like they keep you busy,” I said. We’d turned a corner and were looking at a staff break room with a few offices studded around the exterior. The break room was empty, but two of the five offices had people working in them.

“Oh, it’s by choice,” she said. “I’m paying off grad school as I work my way through it.”

“Cool,” I said, but didn’t have a chance to ask her any more questions because she stopped and knocked at one of the office doors.

“Here he is, Olga,” Marissa said. “I need to get back out there.”

“On your way then,” Olga said, giving her a shooing gesture as she stood from her chaotically messy desk. “Alright, Trevor. Let’s get a proper look at you.”

Marissa turned and gave me a wink as she sauntered off. I had to try not to turn and glance at her walking away. Even though she wasn’t classically beautiful or looked like an Instagram influencer, she had a quirky prettiness in her full-figured body and personality. The fact that she was also somewhere in the ballpark of my same age already had me interested in her, and I wondered if our paths would cross during a workday.

Olga, on the other hand, was a severe woman that seemed to be all angles, judgemental stares and brusque business. I had interviewed with her and Mr Graves, the VP of Amenities and Services of Greenmeadow, over Teams from back at college before I graduated. Between my history with Greenmeadow, a couple of big recommendations from my teachers and the apparent need for a new massage therapist for the Club they had hired me without either of them actually meeting me.

Olga had me sit down in her office and ran me through her expectations and the limitations put on staff in terms of where we could and couldn’t be seen on Club property. Then we went through the employment forms, and the NDA I needed to sign since I was working in a ‘sensitive area’ with the Club clients. She also explained that she was technically my direct supervisor, as she was in charge of the entire Spa and the pool areas, but she was also managing the newly renovated salon the Club had opened so I would rarely see her day-to-day and was expected to follow the routines and not cause issues.

Once all the paperwork was out of the way, Olga marched down through the back halls and rooms of the club to the eastern Staff Entrance, located just where Marissa had said it was at the Golf Cart garage, then showed me the way to the staff change rooms, and from there to the staff entrance into the Spa.

She gave me the quick 2-cent tour. Even as a teen I hadn’t ever set foot in the Spa of the Club since it was adults only; the little entryway was all rugged stonework and smoothly polished wood counters that gave off an ‘ancient garden’ kind of vibe, with warm and soft lighting and the sound of trickling water playing in the background. There were change halls for men and women with private stalls, and multiple saunas and cold rooms kept at various temperatures. My main area of work was down ‘Massage Alley,’ an offshoot hallway with a series of massage rooms with big glass windows that turned frosted and entirely opaque at the flip of a switch.

There were seven of these rooms, and I basically had full choice of how I would lay mine out and what supplies I wanted to order and use. Olga pointed out the one she nominally used when she was filling in and gave me some sample bottles of products the Club had a deal with the suppliers for. She also noted that despite our seven rooms, I was only the fourth massage therapist currently on staff including her

“It’s an awkward situation,” she said. “We’re overwhelmed with bookings, but we can’t hold on to people. Half the time it’s because kids your age don’t seem to actually want to do the work and I need to ask them to leave, the other half of the time they quit because they can’t handle the expectations of some of our more... vocal clients.”

“Well, I’m here to work,” I told her. She’d led me into the room that was going to be mine to use. “I did a three-year degree for this because it actually interests me. And I grew up around these kinds of people, so I at least like to think I can diffuse any situations that might come up.”

“Good,” she nodded. “Now, as I said, we’ve got an overwhelming number of bookings and now that word is getting out we’ve got a new male masseuse I’m sure we’ll be getting even more. So one last thing before I leave you to get set up.”

“What’s that?” I asked.

“Don’t fuck the clients,” she said, levelling her gaze at me from over the plush massage table between us.

“Um,” I said, a little taken aback. “I-”

“And if you do end up fucking any clients, don’t get caught by anyone. And make sure you’re fucking one who pays their membership dues, not the husband or wife of the actual member.”

“I... will take that to heart,” I said. Having any sort of sexual interaction with a client was so utterly unethical that it had been drilled into me every year of my course, including my practical apprenticeship placements. “Is that a thing that’s commonly an issue?”

“You have no idea,” Olga rolled her eyes. “It doesn’t help that half the staff here are fucking each other. Kitchen staff hooking up with waitresses, landscapers humping the cleaning ladies. If the golf pros invite you to an ‘after-work party’ expect to see way too many people naked around someone’s backyard pool. And the clients aren’t any better.”

I blinked hard a couple of times, trying to absorb this new information that made me question so much about the experiences I’d had here for most of my life. “OK,” I said. “Noted, and I’ll do my best not to fall into the hedonism.”

“Good,” she nodded. “If you can keep things professional, you’ll do fine. I’ll leave you to it, you’ve got about forty-five minutes before your first booking.”

She left me to organize my space and fetch the supplies I wanted from the storage closet. It felt... weird, to have a space like this to myself. I’d heard plenty of horror stories from my teachers and other students in my program about the kinds of places they had worked or done placements at. I’d done my own placements at a hotel and a local mid-tier spa to my college, so I hadn’t had the worst conditions but never something like this. Part of me wondered how much personality I could really put into the room.

I went through the checklist of what I would need for my core massage therapy offerings, then stocked the cupboards with extra supplies. I got the massage table ready after that with a clean fitted sheet, then stocked extra sheets and towels in another cupboard and laid out a few neat and folded ones in case a client asked for them. Then I ran out to my car to get my bag with my change of clothes and my personal essentials. I quickly changed in the staff change room and five minutes before my first appointment I went out to the Spa lobby.

At the hotel where I did my placement we’d worn pastel-coloured medical scrubs, and at the spa I’d been given a uniform, but the Club Spa was trying to give a more bespoke, high-class experience so they’d given me some guidelines for my work clothes. That meant I looked more like a client than I did an employee, and it was another one of those weird feelings - how the hell did I land such a good start? I knew several of my fellow graduates from my year were starting their own little businesses in their hometowns, or had gotten jobs at the places they’d unhappily done placements in, and here I was dressed comfortably in slacks and a loose collarless but fashionable shirt and with a full schedule of appointments on my first day.

The lobby area had a little stand, and a girl named Jessica was working it. She was pretty much a glorified restaurant hostess, managing the phone and walk-in bookings for Club members who didn’t want to book online, while welcoming members as they came. She was cute in a naive sort of way, and she told me this was a summer job before her senior year in high school - her parents were members too, and she could actually remember me as one of the older kids when she was younger. We chatted a bit, but I didn’t know any of the people she did since we were a high school generation apart.

“Mrs Booker,” Jessica smiled as the Spa door opened. “Hello again.”

“Well hello dear,” Mrs Booker said. “I’m here for my appointment.”

“I have good news for you. Trevor here is our newest massage therapist, he comes very highly recommended and he’ll be helping you out today.”

“Good morning, Mrs Booker,” I said, stepping forward and taking her hand in both of mine to shake it softly. “It’s nice to meet you.”

Mrs Booker had to be well into her sixties, was slightly overweight and was dressed with the casual richness of jewelry and high-end clothing that I'd come to associate with my time spent at the Club. "It's very nice to meet you as well, young man. Now, let me see your hands."

It was an odd request, but one that I'd learned not to take to heart - for some reason there was a sort of person who felt like they had to judge your hands to know if you would be a good masseuse. Usually, it came from wealthier clients, but I'd had a woman at the hotel who I could best describe as 'poor white trash on holiday' do the same thing. She'd tutted and said I would be 'good enough' and then didn't leave a tip afterwards.

So I held out my hands to her, palms up, and let her inspect them.

"Very nice," she nodded, like she was judging a vintage of wine. "I'll just go get changed."

"I'll be waiting here for you to bring you back," I nodded.

Thus began my workday. My clients would show up for their appointment, usually a half hour but some of them up to an hour, and I would meet them at the door to welcome them. They would go disrobe in the appropriate change halls, then come meet me wrapped up in a fluffy white Club robe and complimentary slippers, and I would bring them back to my 'office.' I'd sit with them and ask them some general questions about their health and any problem areas, and if they were looking for anything in particular. Several of the men and women were surprised that I was taking notes, and I explained that it would shorten the time on their next visits with me and we could just update instead of doing the whole conversation over again.

I'd seen seven clients by the time my scheduled lunch break at 1pm came around, and five of them had ended up just wanting a basic massage as relaxation rather than any particular therapy. I'd been expecting this, so while it wasn't exactly challenging I could sort of shut my mind off as I did it, just talking with them about their lives and jobs. Only one of the clients was under fifty, and he was a golfer who had suffered a partially torn calf muscle he was doing some rehab for following his surgery. That was a more delicate and specific massage, but definitely a nice challenge after a morning of old folks coming through as part of their regular routine.

I was just escorting the golfer out to the lobby so he could go back and change when someone called my name. "Trev? Trevor Brantford, is that you?"

"Mrs Cargill," I said in surprise. "Hi, how are you?"

"Well I'm great, but I'm not Mrs Cargill anymore, to you or anyone. Tony and I got divorced about a year ago," she said. "And you're not dating my teenage stepdaughter anymore, so I think you can just call me Eden."

Eden stepped towards me, smiling brightly, as she opened her arms for a hug. I accepted, and she pulled me in close into a warm, familiar embrace. She was as gorgeous as I could

remember even three years later. She was tall for a woman, standing equal to my height in the fashionable open-toed heels she was wearing and seemed to have bounced back her figure after she'd been pregnant. She had on a pair of tight white pants with a high waist and a beige crop top with long shoulder straps that showed off her cleavage - which seemed to be one of the only things that had changed about her, having gotten larger, and I wondered if that was a remnant of the pregnancy or if she'd had some work done. The other thing was that she'd chopped off her long blonde hair almost at her jawline, turning it into a cute and stylish bob with a part down one side that helped asymmetrically frame her cute, cherubic face.

"It's good to see you, Eden," I said, squeezing her back. "I'm sorry to hear about the divorce."

"Oh, that bastard cheated on me with a younger woman," she said, waving it off. "He started right after I got pregnant and never stopped. Now he's on his third wife, and he's paying me alimony and part of the settlement was that he keeps me on his membership here at the Club. But what are *you* doing here? You didn't even come to say goodbye when you and Daisy broke up."

"I would have liked to, but it's a little awkward to do when your high school sweetheart dumps you at the beginning of summer after graduation so she can chase the captain of the football team," I said.

Eden rolled her eyes and sighed. "I tried my damndest to teach that girl to appreciate a good thing when she had it in front of her."

"Well, it's water under the bridge," I said. "I'm actually working here in the Spa. I graduated with my degree in massage therapy last month and I couldn't think of a nicer place to kick off my career."

"That's fantastic, kiddo," she said with a broad grin, using her old nickname for me. She turned to Jessica at the welcome station, who had been listening in to the conversation. "Does Trev have any openings today?"

"We're booked up, Miss Giardinu," Jessica said with an apologetic smile.

"Well, is there anyone on the books who didn't ask for him specifically?" she asked. "Maybe we could switch the bookings around so I can catch up with him?"

Jessica pursed her lips and tutted for a moment as she worked the touch screen she had. "Um, I think I can do that. Let me just call up Mr Augustine and see if he can move back a half hour and I should be able to make it work."

"Thank you so much, dear," Eden said, then turned back to me. "Unless you think it would be strange to massage an old lady like me, Trev."

“I think I can struggle through for you,” I smiled, giving her a wink with the sarcasm.

“OK,” she said, then broke into another grin. “If I’m with you a little earlier, I should probably go grab lunch now. See you at two, kiddo.” She stepped into another one-armed hug and kissed me on the cheek before making a ‘call me’ motion at Jessica, who was already dialing whoever Mr Augustine was to try and do the reschedule.

I waited for Jessica to make her call to see if he was open to the change, which he seemed to be thankful for since he was running late anyways.

“So you dated Daisy Cargill, huh?” Jessica asked me.

“Three and a half years,” I said. “Loved her to death, and she paid me back by hopping into bed with one of my best friends after she decided I wasn’t going to a good enough University program.”

“Well, I’ll make sure I don’t schedule her with you,” Jessica smirked.

“She’s around?” I asked, wincing just a little.

“Not often,” Jessica said. “I think I overheard her talking with someone about having an internship up in New York, so she’s only back on some weekends this summer.”

“Well, thanks,” I said. “I’m off for lunch.”

“You’ve got about twenty minutes,” Jessica said. “If you go to the kitchen, ask the fry cook Davey for a Jessica Special. He’ll get you a couple chicken strips and a little salad in like 5 minutes.”

I grinned. “Good to know. Thanks for the tip, Jess.”

“No problem,” she smiled back. “Can’t let our newest celebrity masseuse go hungry.”

“I’m not a celebrity,” I frowned and chuckled.

“Are you kidding?” Jessica smirked again. “As soon as I found out you were the new massage therapist I put it in a couple of group chats and you’re half-booked into the end of next week already. And I bet Eden Giardinu is going to let all her friends know too, and you’ll be booked into the week after.”

“Oi vey,” I sighed.

I did what Jessica suggested and found my way up to the sprawling kitchen and asked for Davey. I was pointed over to one side and around a corner, where I found a guy in his early

twenties sporting a thick black moustache and a backwards baseball cap as he worked a bank of six deep fryers. I asked him for a 'Jessica Special' and he laughed, telling me to go wait over at the staff entrance to the kitchen.

In almost exactly five minutes Davey came over to me with a takeout container that was steamed up from the heat of the freshly fried chicken strips, cut up and topped with a small garden salad with a little sealed container of ranch dressing. I thanked him, but he was already waving me off and heading back to his station.

The staff room was busy, almost three-quarters full with workers from all over the club. I spotted Marissa at a table in the corner, eating by herself as she read something on her phone, and immediately went to her table.

"Well, the good news is that I haven't quit yet," I said, sitting down next to her at the table.

She looked up from her phone. "What's the bad news then?"

"Apparently I'm a minor celebrity with all the old folks and I need a dose of someone our age," I said. She gave me a confused look. "Uh, I'm Trevor?" I continued. "We met earlier today?"

"No, I remember," she said. "I'm just confused about why you're coming to sit with me of all people."

"Because I thought you were funny, and pretty, and you mentioned you were in grad school so you must be intelligent as well, and I could use all three of those things in my friends," I said.

"Look, Trevor," she said. "I'm just going to throw it out there now - I don't date. Not 'I don't date coworkers,' I mean I literally do not do dating."

"Well, let me ask you this; Do you want to go out with me?"

"No," she said. "I just told you I don't date."

"Then we won't date," I said. "That doesn't change that I think you might be a cool person to be friends with."

"And you're fine with that?" she asked.

"Why shouldn't I be?" I asked. "You have every right to say no, and why should I hold it against you?"

"Because you're a guy, and a lot of guys get butthurt over stupid shit," she said.

"I don't know who you've been hanging out with," I said. "But that's called 'being an asshole.' I try to limit myself to being slightly dickish at worst on any given day."

"That's fair," she said, snorting out a little chuckle. "Alright, massage boy. You can sit with me at lunch."

I tutted and shook my head. "Izzie, I'm already sitting," I said.

She rolled her eyes, her smile growing a little bit. "Izzie? Really?"

"I figured everyone else must shorten your name to Mari, so I thought I'd change it up for you."

"You know you're kind of a weird guy, right?" she chuckled.

"Oh, I know," I said. "It's part of my boyish charm."

Over that lunch Marissa and I chatted quickly. It turned out her job at the club, which was actually more like three different jobs she was working between the snack cart, the waitressing and bartending, and working as event staff, wasn't even her only employer. She also worked the breakfast rush at a diner in town three days a week, and volunteered her time at a women's shelter when she didn't have afternoon shifts at the Club. She kept herself extremely busy during the regular school year, and even during the summer she tended to prefer working to free time.

For my part, I told her about growing up as a Club kid, and struggling with dyslexia - I'd gotten over my embarrassment of it later in high school and was happy to talk about it. That was really the only way I'd even gotten through my Massage Therapy program; being open about it with the school helped me get through all the written tests without completely bombing.

Marissa was out of there first, giving me another smile as she said she'd see me tomorrow. I finished right after her and was out the door, back in the Spa with two minutes to spare on my break. I met my next client and escorted him back to my room and ran him through the routine. He was a portly guy, early sixties, and was yet another 'I'm just here for a massage, kid' kind of man. I spent most of the time chatting with him, using little tidbits of info I'd picked up from other clients earlier in the day to keep up with economy talk and the local teams.

Afterwards, I escorted him back out and he headed for the sauna, and I looked at Jessica.

"She's already changing," she said.

"I'm already changed," Eden corrected, coming out from the women's changing hall bundled up in the white robe and slippers just like everyone else did, except she managed to look halfway stylish instead of just comfy.

"I'll need one moment to turn over the room," I said. "My last client just got out of there. Would you like to stay here, or come back with me?"

"Oh, Trev. Like I would mind spending an extra minute or two catching up," Eden smiled. She hooked her arm in mine and looked over at Jessica. "Thanks again for switching me over, hon."

"No problem, Miss Giardinu," Jessica said.

"Now, Trev, start from the beginning," Eden said as I started walking her back down the Alley to my room. "After my idiot step daughter broke up with you, the girls must have been fawning all over you at college."

I chuckled and shook my head. "Not exactly. There were a couple of... encounters, but nothing that ever developed into a real relationship."

"Oh, to be young again," Eden laughed. "Flings and fuckbuddies, huh? Sometimes I feel like I miss that time of my life, but then I go home to my little Oscar and I know I couldn't juggle trying to find a proper guy to date, and working, and him."

"Honestly, Eden," I said. "I think you probably had a lot more happen in the last three years than I did, it sounds like. I went to college for three years, got my degree and certificate, and now I'm back here. How are *you*?"

"See, that's why I always liked you, Trev," she said. We'd entered the room and she watched me with a soft smile and a critical eye as I quickly stripped the sheet off the bed and then sprayed the soft leather down with disinfectant before putting another one on tightly. "You are more interested in the people around you than talking about yourself. It's a disarming skill, and very flattering."

"Well, I got a lot of practice listening instead of speaking when I dated Daisy," I chuckled with a little smirk.

"That is a truth I can understand," Eden laughed. I liked the way she did it, with a big smile that flashed her pearly teeth. Unreserved.

With the new sheet on, I grabbed my clipboard and pen, and gestured for Eden to sit on the table while I took the stool out from beside one of the cupboards. "Alright, Eden. We can keep catching up once we've started your massage," I said.

"You mean once you get me naked," she grinned and winked.

"That's not how I like to think about it," I rolled my eyes.

"I know, kiddo. It's just fun to be able to tease you again."

“You were always good at that,” I said. “Do you remember that dress you wore the night I came to pick Daisy up for our senior prom?”

“The green one,” she said. “I may have done that on purpose. Daisy was being a brat all week beforehand, and a real bitch that afternoon, and I still love her like she’s my own but she continues to act like that. I figured I’d flirt with you just a little so she’d get jealous and want to be sweet to you.”

“Well, it worked,” I said. “But I still couldn’t get the vision of you in that dress out of my head for three months afterwards.”

“Just three?” Eden teased again.

“Yeah, it went from everyday to every other day after three months,” I teased her right back. “Anyways. This is just a quick survey so I can get the facts I need on file. Could you spell your new last name for me?”

“G-i-a-r-d-i-n-u,” she spelt for me.

“Where’s it from?” I asked.

“My grandfather was originally from Corsica, it’s Corsican for ‘garden.’”

“It’s pretty,” I said. “But I’m guessing your first name is a bit of a family joke, then.”

Now it was her turn to roll her eyes. “Yes, and no. I’m named after my Grandmother.”

“That’s sweet,” I said. “Now, I know it’s rude but I need to ask you just so I can keep any medical issues in mind. How old are you?”

Eden smiled with some pert lips and a raised eyebrow, giving me a look like I was being impertinent. “I’m thirty-four,” she said.

“And you don’t look a day over twenty-eight,” I said. “Seriously, Eden. You really do look fantastic.”

“I try,” she smiled, blushing a little.

“Any medical issues going on that I should know about?” I asked.

“Not unless you count my pain in the ass ex-husband,” she said.

“Mmm, I don’t think that’s medical but I’ll keep it in mind,” I said. “Any problem areas you’re hoping for me to check on?”

“Yes, actually. My back feels a little tight, especially up near my shoulders and neck,” she said. “I thought it was just from carrying my little boy around all the time, but then I realized my tits never went back to normal after my pregnancy so I’m carrying around more weight than I used to.”

“That’s not uncommon,” I said. “We’ll do a full work through on your back, and I can probably show you some stretches that should help. Anything else?”

“If we’re getting really minuscule, my right hip? I think I have a tendency to favour my left leg when I’m standing, and I rest Oscar on my right hip when I’m holding onto him sometimes.”

“We’ll check it out, though I’d bet if we figure out what’s going on with your back you’ll self-correct and you’ll start evening out your stance again.”

“Any other deeply personal questions you want to ask me?” Eden asked.

“Nothing massage-related,” I said, shaking my head lightly and grinning. I hadn’t realized how much I liked and missed talking with Eden. She’d been Daisy’s stepmom the entire time I had dated Daisy, and even before when she and I had just been classmates. Eden’s relative youth compared to our parents had always made her the ‘cool mom,’ though it had always been because Eden was good at sitting on the fence between ‘just a friend’ and ‘mom.’

I stood up and went to the switch on the wall, flipping it so that the glass wall and door turned opaque. “I’ll just step out for a minute so you can disrobe and get under the sheet.”

“Thanks, kiddo,” she said.

I did as I said, waiting in the hallway. Violet, one of the female masseuses, passed me with one of her clients. She was somewhere in her forties, blonde and built like the epitome of a ‘Swedish masseuse’ that could bend you into a pretzel. She just gave me a nod as she led her female client down to her own room. After a thirty count I knocked and opened the door just a crack. “Good to go?”

“I am,” Eden sang out.

I walked in and she was lying face down on the massage table, her head propped up on her arms.

“Howdy, cowboy,” she smiled up at me.

I got to work, turning down the lights in the room a touch and pulling the sheet down her back to her waist, keeping her butt covered though I did notice the strings of a thong. Her bare back was nicely formed, not muscled but still fit, and she turned to look at me as I stood beside her and started oiling up my hands from the bottle I kept in a cloth holster hanging off the back of my belt.

We started talking about Daisy first as I began with her outer shoulders near the rotator cuffs and began prodding and nudging her smooth, lightly tanned skin to find her tense areas and stress knots. Apparently my ex had gone off to university as planned, and made her way through a slew of boyfriends in the first two years. She'd lived on campus for a year, and then her father had gotten her a condo in the city close to campus. Daisy had always been a good student, so I wasn't surprised to hear that she'd kept up her grades and was now going to be heading into her final year while also serving as her sorority vice president.

"It's too bad she didn't take a program that's actually going to lead to a job," Eden was saying. "Not that I have any right to judge her, my English degree didn't exactly serve me well in the career marketplace. But I keep asking her what she's going to do with an Anthropology degree and she keeps putting off an answer. I think she's going to end up milking her father for- aooooow, holy shit, what is that?"

I smirked a little, my thumb pressing slowly along the knot of muscle just over her shoulder blade. "That's the first big knot, Eden," I said. "Sorry if it hurts, but I promise it'll feel a whole lot better in a minute."

"Yeah, that's what my high school boyfriend said," she muttered, making me snicker.

"I didn't know you had a mind like a teenage boy," I said.

"You don't know a lot of things, mister," she said.

I kept working on her, pinpointing her tough spots and slowly working them out, moving down her back. There was a moment when I let my professionalism drop for a moment, seeing the side of her boob pressed against the table, but I snapped myself out of it and kept working. And as I worked, we kept talking. She told me about her pregnancy, and how she'd loved it and how Daisy had acted sweeter than usual, but how her husband had started getting a little more distant the bigger Eden got. By the time she had the baby, they were sleeping in different rooms, and six months after the birth they hadn't reconciled and Eden found out he was dating a woman a decade younger than her.

"Apparently he'd forgotten about the prenup he'd asked me to sign before we got married," Eden said. "He was worried about me cheating and put a clause in there that would have fucked me over if I did, but he'd never considered that it went the other way as well. Or maybe he just thought I was an idiot and wouldn't remember myself. Anyways, I took him to the cleaners. Daisy was furious at him too, which felt pretty good."

I had worked my way down to her lower back and paused for a moment, resting my hands on her bare waist. "Well, I'm glad that you did. You were always one of my favourite adults."

"You're making me feel old again, Trev," she grinned, looking back at me.

"You shouldn't," I said, slowly starting to slide my hands back up her sides and to her shoulders.

"Mmm, that feels nice," she said, closing her eyes, then smiling playfully. "Especially after you beat me up like that."

"Next time I'll get really rough and do the elbow technique, and break out my toys," I teased.

"Don't threaten me with a good time," she chuckled.

"Unfortunately we're running out of time here," I said, glancing at the clock.

"That was thirty minutes already?" she asked in surprise.

"Almost," I said. "Next time we'll get started a little faster because I won't need to do the questionnaire."

"Fuck that," she said. "Next time I'm booking an hour. You have great hands, Trev."

"Happy to put them to use," I smiled. "Any last-minute thing you want me to take a look at? We've got a couple minutes."

"My feet," she said. "My thighs. Hell, my ass. It's tough to keep this figure at my age, and between picking up my little guy and my trainer putting me through CrossFit workouts I ache."

I laughed and moved to the foot of the bench. "Well, I can do something for your feet, and next time we'll do leg day."

"Ugh, I hate those words," she said, crinkling her nose.

I pulled the sheet up from her feet to her knees and quickly started working the soles of her feet with my thumbs. "Cute toe ring," I said.

"Thanks," she said. "It was a gift from Daisy, actually."

"Well, she always did have a good eye for jewelry," I said.

"So did you, if I remember correctly. She still wears that pendant you bought her sometimes."

“Oh, wow,” I said. “I’d completely forgotten about that. I saved three weeks’ pay to buy her that for her birthday.”

“And she went and broke up with you,” Eden sighed with a heavy dose of exasperation.

“Alright, my dear,” I said, setting down Eden’s feet as they glistened a little from the oil that had still been on my hands. “That is unfortunately the very last bit of massage I can offer you right now.”

“Mmmmmm,” she groaned, stretching out. “Trevor, I think you might be my new favourite person. After my son, of course.”

“Of course,” I said. “I’ll just step outside again so you can get your robe-”

“Oh, it’s fine,” Eden said, rolling over and sitting up, the sheet remaining near her waist. “I’m sure you’ve seen it all by now.”

“I... have,” I said, my eyes going a little wide as she bared her chest to me. Her breasts were wonderfully full and plump, hanging heavily without sagging overly much, though they hung slightly towards the outside of her chest. Her areolas were perfect, soft pink circles and her nipples were standing up, the left one just a little with a slight crinkle through the centre and the right one completely upright because it was studded with a little golden barbell piercing. “Though it’s not exactly professional for me to do this.”

“If you can handle it, so can I,” she shrugged, and the tiniest smile on her lips told me that she was teasing me again. She stood up, letting the sheet reveal the red thong hugging her mound.

I quickly reached for her robe, which was hanging on a hook from the wall, and held it open for her.

“Such a gentleman,” she grinned and stepped into it, letting me help her get it on and cinching it closed.

“I’m not feeling much like a gentleman after that,” I said.

“Hon, you just gave me the best experience I’ve had with a guy since I was pregnant,” she said, turning and fiddling with the collar of my shirt, and then patting my cheek. “Hell, maybe for years before that too. Don’t begrudge a lonely, single mom a bit of fun.”

“More like a MILF, Eden,” I said. “Seriously, if you’re going to keep teasing me like that, you’re going to get me into trouble.”

“Well, we can’t have that,” she laughed. “I promise to behave myself. Mostly.”

“I guess that’s the best I can ask for,” playing up my wistfulness.

She was smiling warmly as I escorted her back out to the lobby, her arm looped in mine again, and then gave me a little peck on the cheek as she said goodbye and headed into the women’s changing area.

I tried not to blush, or even grin widely, in front of Jessica who I knew was watching us.

\* \* \* \* \*

I worked for another few hours, stretching all the way to when the Spa closed at 5pm. Jessica went out of her way to let me know Eden had booked an hour late on Friday with me.

Finishing my first day of work at the Club felt anti-climactic. I finally met the third masseuse, a friendly woman named Catherine, who went by Charlie, on my way out. She was in her fifties and had the casual demeanour of someone who had been doing her job for a long time and wasn’t particularly concerned about doing anything else.

I went home and crashed in the little one-person loft I’d managed to find in town to rent. It was small, but it was all mine. I was sure if I’d asked my Mother would have let me move back home, but there I would have been dealing with my Father’s disapproval at my choice of career and I’d gotten enough of that shit before I left.

Before I went to sleep that night, I couldn’t help it. As soon as my head hit the pillow, my hand was on my cock as I closed my eyes and pictured those perfect tits on Eden. They weren’t super big, but still nicely suited to her frame. Then I thought about her lips, and how expressive they were. How she smiled when she laughed, and she got a twinkle in her eye when she was teasing me. I thought about running my hand through her hair and grabbing her to hold her still as I kissed her.

It was somewhere between imagining me mounting her from behind, and imagining her riding me as she screamed my name, that I came.

After that night, I settled into a decent little routine. I was at work by 8am, the first client at 8:30 and I was out of there by 5:30pm. Most of the clients I didn’t know, but at least a couple of times a day it would be someone who knew me through my parents, or remembered me from around the Club during my teen years. It was smooth, if a little lonely, since the most contact I had with coworkers most of the time was with Jessica when I was escorting clients to and from my room.

The highlights were my lunches with Marissa. I learned quickly that she was casually friendly with most people on the staff, and had worked at Greenmeadow for the past two years, but she generally liked to keep to herself. At least until I inserted myself into her lunchtime. We kept the conversation light, but it never got mundane. We only talked about the weather once, and that was because it was expected to pour buckets of rain and she was expecting to get off work

early because of it. She had a laugh that I liked, and she had just a little touch of 'goth girl' to her that I wondered what she dressed like when she wasn't at work.

The only problem with Marissa was that, while we quickly became work friends, she didn't want to date. And that was OK, I just also happened to be horny as hell and so when I wasn't fantasizing about Eden, I was fantasizing about her cute lips and how big her breasts actually were under the deceptive polo shirts.

Leaving her that Friday after lunch, I had a smile on my face that made Jessica quirk her head to the side and give me a look as I returned to the spa. "You look like the cat that caught the canary," she said.

"Aren't you a little young to be using a phrase like that?" I asked her.

"OK, Boomer," she rolled her eyes. We'd developed a decent back-and-forth when clients weren't around, probably helped by the fact that I'd made sure to check with her that she was getting tipped out through the automatic tracking system the Club used. The Spa was members-only, and they all paid through their accounts so no money ever changed hands in the Spa including for tips. The clients just let Jessica know what membership number to charge and how much to tip. 'Tipping out' wasn't a required practice, but it was another one of those things that I'd learned about in my practical placements - always take care of the admin person, and they'll take care of you. So Jessica was getting 10% of my tips. "You've got Mrs Killian in five," she continued. "And then four more folks lined up. I did end up getting a walk-in request and filled that open 3:30 slot you had. Then you've got your favourite client."

"She was my girlfriend's mom, Jessica," I said, shaking my head as I walked back to my workroom to get it ready.

I didn't miss the fact that she hummed the tune to 'Stacey's Mom' behind me. Loudly.

Errant thoughts of my nearing appointment with Eden were interrupted when I met Mrs Rachel Killian. When I went out to meet her I was expecting another sixty-something woman with chronic arthritis in several digits who wanted her calves and ankles massaged to help with her worsening varicose veins - it was pretty much the most popular issue I'd faced all week.

What I met instead was a striking woman of some sort of mixed race. She was part black, and wore her hair in long kinky braids threaded with white strands. She was tall and curvy, but clearly took avail of the Club fitness facilities as she wore her casual but trendy cream dress extremely well.

"Mrs Killian," I said when Jessica introduced me. "It's a pleasure to meet you."

"I have to tell you, Trevor. Eden didn't oversell you at all," she said. "I hope your hands are as good as she said they are, too."

I actually felt myself start to blush a little bit, and pointed her to the changing areas so she could go get ready.

"I'd hit that," Jessica said once we were alone in the lobby.

"What?" I asked, turning to look at her in surprise.

"What? She's stupid hot," Jessica said.

"Jessica, you're seventeen," I said.

"And?" she laughed. "That doesn't mean I can't look at a woman like that and think, 'Damn!'"

"I didn't even realize you were into girls."

"They're all I'm into," she said. "And I know, you were just waiting for my jailbait self to turn eighteen so you could sweep me off my feet."

"Harr harr," I deadpanned with a raised eyebrow. "Seriously, that's not even a funny joke."

"Maybe to you," she snickered.

I started to wonder if maybe I was getting *too* friendly with Jessica.

Rachel Killian came out of the changing rooms in the robe, her warm golden-brown skin more heavily revealed as I walked her down to the room. I ran through the questionnaire with her, and while she didn't flirt with me as directly as Eden did, she also wasn't as clinical as most of my clients. She joked lightly and smiled with a warm quirk to her plush lips. I was surprised to find out she was in her early forties, and she mentioned she had a couple of kids in their young teens.

I went through the motions, stepping out to allow her to get under the sheet on the massage table, and then re-entered.

Things went off track about twenty minutes into the appointment.

"Mmm," Mrs Killian groaned happily. She'd asked me to put some extra work into her thighs, and I was slowly working my way down her vastus medialis, working out a couple of tense spots. "Fuck, Trevor. I can feel that shooting right up to my ass."

"Is it going up this way, or this way?" I asked, tracing along the outside and inside of her thigh. "And is it constant, or shocks of pain?"

“Shocks,” she said, and leaned around, arching her back so that she could take my hand and run it up her inner thigh. “My legs actually twitching. Feel that?”

I did. My hand was on her bare inner thigh. She’d worn panties, so I wasn’t in danger of touching anything truly inappropriate or even seeing it. The top sheet was folded neatly over her generous butt anyways. But the top half of the sheet had also fallen down, and as she’d raised her torso up off the table and bent back towards me, her boob was off the table and hanging there staring at me. Mrs Killian’s breasts were pretty large and magnificent, capped by a wide, pale areola and a little pebble of a nipple.

“I do,” I said, trying my damndest not to stare. “I probably hit a rough spot that’s been building for a while. As long as it’s just shocks and not a constant pain we can probably go a little heavier and work it out. Just tell me if it becomes constant and throbbing, and we’ll give it a quick break.”

“OK,” she said with a nod. She let go of my hand and reached up, rubbing it down the side of her tit and tweaking her nipple casually. It happened entirely non-sexually, but felt like a sexual movement, and I wasn’t sure what to do with it. But she went back down onto her belly, her boob crushing back to the massage table. “I trust your expertise. I just wish my husband had your hands, I’d be getting a different kind of shock.”

I snorted, and she laughed, which made her butt jiggle under the sheet.

Nothing else truly untoward happened with Mrs Killian. I worked out that shooting pain, and wrapped up the massage on time. She thanked me, and said she was going to start booking longer times with me - she felt more relaxed than she had in weeks. She did give me a quick peck on the cheek as I walked her back out to the changing hall entrance once she was properly dressed again, and I didn’t fail to notice Jessica give me the double-eyebrow lift to tease me without saying anything.

The rest of my Friday afternoon started to blend together, and I lost track of which client I was on, as I daydreamed of Mrs Killian’s legs. They were nicely muscled, and her smooth, golden brown skin was like massaging a soft marble. Not to mention that peek at her boob.

It was funny; most of the Club clients were older, if not elderly, but I hadn’t really considered the fact until Mrs Killian that I was dealing with wealthy old men. And what did wealthy old men like?

Trophy Wives.

I didn’t know who Mr Killian was, but whoever he was I hoped he had a pipe in his pants and knew how to use it or else Mrs Killian going unsatisfied was a travesty to humanity.

And that was the weird shit going on through the back of my mind when I went out to get my next client and I was greeted by Eden, already in her robe.

“Hey, Trev,” she said. “I got here a little early, didn’t want to waste a second of our session.”

“Hello, Eden,” I said, and went to shake her hand but she pulled me into a hug and kissed my cheek.

“None of that now, hon,” she said. “We’ve known each other too long.”

“Alright, alright,” I grinned and made sure not to look over at Jessica because I didn’t want to give her any more ammunition.

Eden slipped her arm through mine and I walked her down to the room. “How has your day been?” she asked me. “My friend Rachel said she had a session booked with you.”

“I did see her,” I said. “I can’t really talk about it though.”

“Oh, that’s fine,” she said, patting my chest lightly. “She’s got some great tits though, right?”

I coughed on my own spit for a second, needing to clear my throat as Eden chuckled and rubbed my back.

“Sorry, hon,” she said. “I just wanted to know if she gave you the same extra tip I did.”

“No comment,” I said once I had my breath back.

We went into the room and I shut the door behind us. When I turned back around I was shocked all over again to see that Eden was already stripping off her robe and hanging it on the wall. She was only wearing a thong again, this time a black one that had two waistbands with open space between them in a cute lingerie-ish look. And she was braless.

“Eden!” I said, and reached over and flicked the switch on the wall to turn the glass opaque and frosted.

“Oh, you’ve seen it all already, babe,” she said, giving me a quirky little smile. She was pretty as hell, that blonde bob of hers accenting her jawline and the curve of her neck, and she stood there with one hand on her hip and her breasts pointing right at me. She had that teasing gleam in her eye, so I knew she knew what she was doing. I also noticed she’d swapped out the barbel in her right nipple with a little golden ring. “And to be honest, we’ve got a whole hour and I want a full body massage. I want to be putty in your hands, so there’s no point in me being bashful. Is that OK with you?”

“Eden, if that’s what you want, I’m happy to do it,” I said. “But I’m not the only person who works here and that could have been big trouble for either of us if someone had walked by and seen.”

“I wasn’t thinking,” she said, stepping towards me and putting one hand lightly on my chest as she looked into my eyes. I found it kind of entrancing how she could look me in the eye on an even field. I wasn’t particularly tall, so it’s not like Eden was a towering woman, but as a teen I’d always seen her as ‘an adult’ and not really registered that much more detail about her other than that she was the hot stepmom of my girlfriend. Now it was different. “I’m sorry, hon. I shouldn’t be so flippant with your job.”

“I appreciate that,” I said, and my hand naturally fell to her waist as I gestured with my other to the massage table. “Let’s get started.”

She smiled at me again, giving me another of those closed-lip, quirky ones that was half teasing and half sincere. “Of course,” she said. “Let’s use every minute.”

Eden climbed up onto the table, not bothering with the top sheet, laying with her head sideways on the table so she could watch me as I quickly put my oil bottles back into their holsters on my belt. Her bare back and legs looked sleek and smooth, and I couldn’t help comparing her to Mrs Killian from earlier - they were both beautiful women, but built differently. Rachel Killian was fit and voluptuous in the way that a woman could hold onto her body fat in the right places with weightlifting, while Eden was yoga-and-CrossFit athletic. She wasn’t super skinny, and her mid-thirties body showed little hints that she’d had her child, but she was still sexy as hell.

I started at her feet, softly starting by applying oil to the soles and running my fingers around her toes and that cute gold toe ring as I asked her how the week had gone. She told me about how she shared custody of her son Oscar with her ex-husband, and how she missed the little guy when he was gone with his Dad. And she told me about a run-in she had with another Mom at the local playground she brought Oscar to, and how she was thinking of getting a dog when he was older. I worked my way up from her feet to her calves, then up her thighs.

As I reached her upper thighs, mid-conversation, she said, “Don’t be afraid to work my glutes too, babe. Really go in on my ass.” And then she went back to the conversation about dogs, and as I just kept up my progression she pivoted to asking about how I liked working at the Club, and being back in town after three years away. And as I kneaded her ass, feeling those soft cheeks and the muscles underneath, I told her about how the job was fine for now, but I needed to try and get some sort of a social life going.

I couldn’t be sure if I imagined it or not, but as I manipulated her ass, her cheeks naturally pulling apart occasionally with the movements and I got little peeks at the thin black fabric covering her asshole and down to her mound, it felt like she was pushing her ass up at my hands.

And then I was moving on. Reluctantly, but I couldn’t tell myself I hadn’t finished being thorough and had been drifting into self-indulgence. I slid my hands up to her waist and the small of her back, adjusting the higher waistband of her thong down a bit to properly start working her back.

“Have you met any cute girls yet?” she asked me. She’d closed her eyes at some point as I’d been massaging her butt, and she had a soft, serene smile she only broke to ask me questions.

“Well, I met one very beautiful woman but she’s way out of my league,” I said

“You’d be surprised what leagues beautiful women like to play in,” she said. “But you know what I meant, you flatterer.”

“There is one girl,” I said. “She works here in a couple of positions. But she says she doesn’t ever date, so I’m happy just to start making some new friends.”

“That’s nice,” Eden said. “Though I’d bet it doesn’t stay platonic for too long.”

“And why is that?” I asked.

“Because either she’ll figure out you’re a catch on her own, or someone else will and she’ll get jealous,” she said.

“Now who’s being the flatterer?” I said, slowly working my thumbs up her back and reapplying more oil to my hands every once in a while.

“Just calling it as I see it, babe,” she said.

And then we were quiet for a while, except for the happy grunts and moans of a person deep into massage-brain. It wasn’t an official thing, just something I liked to think of as a factor of successfully getting a client to fall into a deep relaxation. The problem was that Eden’s little grunts and moans, with girlish sounds in her chest or throat, were having an effect on me that I wasn’t supposed to have.

By the time I got up to her shoulders, Eden was breathing deep and slow through her pouted-open lips. I moved further up her neck, softly moving her hair to the side and working my fingers up her spine to the base of her skull, and then back down either side and then along the tops of her shoulders and collarbone.

Without me prompting her, Eden opened her eyes slowly and grinned at me, then turned over onto her back. “All over massage, right babe?” she confirmed with me.

I swallowed a little. Usually a ‘full body massage’ kept a strip of folded towel on the chest and groin of a female client. Full didn’t mean *full*.

“Whatever you are comfortable with,” I said quietly to her, and positioned her head so she was looking straight up. “Try not to move for this next part.” And I started to reverse my massage path, going from top to bottom and starting softly at her hairline and temples. I spent the next

few minutes with every reason in the world to be staring at Eden's beautiful features, and I didn't waste them.

Soon enough I was massaging down her throat to her collarbone as Eden softly panted from the intimate face massage, her chest rising and falling as I tried not to glance up at it - I failed regularly, but not as badly as I could have. As I reached the top of her chest she opened her eyes, looked up at me, and raised an eyebrow. "You said anything, right Trevor?"

"I did," I said, assuming she was talking about how I would soon reach her breasts. I hadn't exactly gotten a lesson in my program on 'breast manipulation' beyond how to do a basic breast cancer screening, but I'd definitely gotten some practice with my study/fuck buddy back at college. That didn't change that it was right on the fucking line of being unethical, even if she was asking me to do it.

Of course, Eden managed to surprise me once again.

"Good," she said. "Because I feel amazing right now, and I want to do that for you, too." And she reached up over her head towards my waist as I stood at the head of the bed leaning over her. And she began to unzip my pants.

"Eden, this isn't-"

"Shhh," she shushed me soothingly and softly. "Trev, it's been almost two years since I've been with a man. You make me feel comfortable, and safe, and horny just by being you. I want to do this for me as much as for you. So let a middle-aged, divorced, single mom ex-trophy wife do this for you."

She got a hand inside my pants, fingers teasing around the root of my cock, and I stopped really thinking about what the right choice here was. Mostly because I didn't care, because Eden was fucking hot as hell both in body and in personality and I hadn't gotten laid in a couple of months, and I'd been fantasizing about this all week.

One fucking week and I was already doing the thing I never thought I would. But it was fucking Eden Cargill. Daisy's hot mom.

Eden fished my cock out of the fly of my pants, and turned on her side to look at it, but even as she had it in her hand, and moved her lips closer and closer, she hesitated as her jaw dropped open cutely. "Oh my God, Trevor. This is an absolute tool. I love the look of this big, angry vein," she said, and then licked the tip of her tongue up the vein on my shaft.

"Oh, fuck," I grunted. I had one hand on her shoulder as she was laying sideways on the other, and slid it down to the back of her head as she brought my tip to her lips and softly fit it into the space between them, treating it tenderly like a tentative first kiss. "Eden, you are..." I exhaled

heavily as she used her lips to massage my cock head a little, unable to finish my thought coherently.

She bobbed deeper, a half dozen times, starting to slurp a bit, then pulled off. "Am I even doing this well?" she asked me. "I've never had a cock quite this big before." She slurped on the head again. "Hell, now I think Daisy was even more of an idiot for breaking up with this cock."

"We never had sex," I groaned, trying to stay quiet.

"Really?" Eden asked between slow slurps. "I was sure I heard you two a couple of times up in her room."

"Just oral," I said. "We only did it a few times, though I would have done it more if she'd wanted."

"What a waste," she sighed, and slowly rubbed my hard cock across her face for a moment before going back to sucking me. It was lewd and filthy and made me feel like a fucking king to see her doing that.

Eden made love to my cock with her mouth. It was the only way I could describe what she was doing. She worked it slowly, almost leisurely, exploring with her lips and tongue. She couldn't take me super deep, or at least she didn't seem like she was inclined to, but she made sure to not leave a single inch of my cock untended as she kissed and licked all the way down to the root. And she swapped back and forth from looking down at my cock in concentration, and back up at me with those pretty eyes of hers, meeting my gaze with a lusty one of her own.

"Eden," I groaned, breathing deeply. "Ah, fuck. I thought you said you'd never handled one as big as this. It sure doesn't feel like it."

"You inspire me," she grinned naughtily. "Now I think I'm warmed up. How about you fuck my mouth?" She turned onto her back again, sliding her body along the massage table until her head was hanging off the end, her golden blonde hair dangling down as she opened her mouth wide and stuck out her tongue.

"You are such a MILF," I said, which made her laugh.

"Trev, that might be the dirtiest compliment I've ever felt so good about," she said. "Now, fuck my mouth and use my tits as a handhold. No one has gotten to appreciate them properly since they got this big and I want you to be the first."

"On one condition," I said, and reached forward and brushed my fingers along her right breast until I got to the golden nipple ring. "Tell me about this."

She smirked, still looking at me upside down. "Rebelliousness," she said. "When I filed for divorce Tony said I was used up just to be mean. I went out and got it done that day - it hurt like

fuck, but it's been a great reminder that I'm not some stick in the mud. I'm going to be a cool mom, once Oscar knows what that even is, and Tony can't take that away from me."

"You were always a cool mom for Daisy, too," I said, then brought my cock closer to her mouth. "And I think I really want to take the coolest, baddest bitch mom up on her offer."

"MILFs know best," Eden laughed, then took my cock in her mouth and let me slowly thrust through her lips. I stayed slow for the start, trying to get a feel for the depth that would work best for both of us, as I began to feel up her tits. They weren't massive, but they were wonderfully full and malleable. I used both hands, and she moaned around my cock happily whenever I teased around her areolas, and groaned when I teased right on her nipples. Her left one, the one with the little dimple crease, was stiff and I quickly learned she liked it being flicked back and forth - not hard, just with one finger almost like I was diddling a clit. Its rubbery ability to bounce back was fun to play with and watch her body's reaction.

Speeding up my thrusting in her mouth, I leaned over a bit more and let a dribble of spit fall out of my mouth to land between her tits. I used that to wet my fingers and return to both of her nipples, getting a little rougher with them.

She groaned harder, and I watched as she started to shift her legs in reaction to the pleasure.

Eden tapped my hip, and after one more thrust between her lips I pulled out. "Fuck, Trev," she gasped. "I'm so fucking horny. I want your cum. I want all the cum in these big, swollen balls of yours." She pulled me closer, pulling my cock up a little higher so that she could go for my sack as she started to suck and kiss me there as she jerked off my cock using her spittle as lube.

"Mmmgh," I growled in my throat, palming her tits in both hands and squeezing hard. "Eden, you filthy little MILF."

"Say it again," she said from between my legs.

"You're a sexy as hell, slutty as fuck Mother I'd Like To Fuck, Eden," I growled quietly, hoping to God no one beyond this room could hear us. "You are enchanting and special and such a horny bad bitch MILF. I don't think I could have resisted you if I wanted to, and God I don't want to."

I was squeezing and massaging her tits, and she managed to fit both of my balls into her mouth for a long moment before she popped off of them. She maneuvered me back with one hand and took my cock back in her mouth for a moment before popping off of it.

"I want you to come all over me," she said. "I want that fat fucking load all over my chest and tits, babe. Give me the thickest pearly necklace a girl could ask for, because I want to go take a shower when we're done and rub it into my skin and wear you like a body wash"

“Ugh, you filthy, horny slut,” I growled, thrusting into her mouth harder and faster than before. “God, I love every perfect part of you. That dirty mouth that looks so fucking kissable but is made to suck my cock. Your gorgeous eyes that I could get lost in if you weren’t staring sex right at me. This beautiful neck, so slender and perfectly curved. Your chest, and oh fuck, these tits. Your tits are fucking amazing, Eden. I want to just bury my face in them and spend an hour nipping and sucking. I want to cover them in hickies so you can’t forget how much I want to make love to them. Shit, I’m getting close. I’m getting close, Eden. You’re going to make me fucking explode Uuugh, I want to hold out, but I don’t think I can...”

Eden popped off of my cock again and pulled me closer, diving back to my balls with her mouth as she jerked me off with both hands.

“Fffffuuuuuccckk,” I groaned through gritted teeth, trying my best not to shout it out as I came. I was pointed in the general direction of her chest, but her fast and unaimed jerking spread my cum all over her in speckled dots instead of the strand of pearl necklace she’d asked for.

And between my legs she hummed happily into my balls, feeling the pulsing of my orgasm through her hands on my cock and her lips on my nuts.

Once I was done I was left panting, and slowly staggered away. Eden’s face was revealed, and she had a big satisfied grin on her face. “Did I make you feel good, babe?” she asked me.

That made me laugh. “Are you kidding me?” I asked. “Best I’ve ever fucking had. You are Aphrodite, Eden. An absolute Goddess.”

“Flatterer,” she grinned at me, and slid back onto the massage table fully and sat up. “Mmm, you gave me a nice glazing, too.”

“Hold on,” I said, and went and fetched a wedge-shaped bolster from beside one of the cupboards and took her hand to spin her around so she was sitting sideways on the table. “I want to return the favour.” I took her knees and she let me spread them, revealing her thong-covered mound to me. Even though the fabric was black I could tell she was wet, and half of one of her labia was hanging out already, smooth and hairless.

“You don’t need to,” Eden said, her eyes a little wide. “I know guys don’t really like doing that.”

“I-” I blinked. “Are you fucking kidding me? Eden, I want to eat you out like nothing else. I want to shove my tongue so far up your pussy that I’m playing tonsil hockey with you from the wrong direction. I want to taste every part of you, and feel your legs quivering around my ears as I push you to come over and over for me.”

“Really?” she asked me.

“God yes, my sexy MILF,” I said.

She planted her heels on the massage table as I reached for the waistband of her thong, raising her ass so I could pull them off easily.

And then there was a knock on the glass door.

*Fuck*, I thought, looking wide-eyed at Eden. *Shit, fuck shitty fuckity fuck.*

I went to the door, stuffing my cock back into my pants, and planted my foot about four inches from it, and opened it just a crack to hide the rest of the room with my body. "Yes?" I asked, and saw that it was Jessica looking slightly nervous.

"Hey, so... Mr Eglinton's appointment is supposed to be starting any second now. Usually you've been really on time so I thought something might be the matter. Should I ask him to wait, or...?"

"We were just wrapping up, dear," Eden called from behind me. I glanced and saw that she was already standing, robed, and was slipping on the Club slippers. I opened the door further as she approached. "Trev, I'm going to leave my number with Jessica here at the front. No need to delay your next Client on my behalf. Make sure you call me about Saturday, I really could use your help with the garden. You always did have a green thumb. I'll make sure the hedges are freshly trimmed ahead of time so all you need to take care of are the flower beds."

"No problem, Eden," I said, gesturing her through. She winked at me, that little smiley smirk back on her lips. I didn't know how she'd done it, looking like nothing had happened between us. Not a hair out of place, not a smudge of makeup. "Happy to help. Jessica, would you mind walking Miss Giardinu while I turn over the room quickly? I'll be with Mr Eglinton in a moment."

"Sure," she said, not quite able to keep her suspicious glance between Eden and I hidden.

Once they were gone I quickly stripped the massage table of the sheets and buried them in the laundry bag in one cupboard, then sprayed febreze around the room heavily before I propped open the door to let it air out and then finally defrosted the glass. Once all that was done I took a long, slow, deep breath.

Did I regret that?

Not a fucking chance.

It was stupid as hell, but God was it fun.

\* \* \* \* \*

Getting back into my usual routine was harder than I thought it would be, but I only had two appointments left in the day so I managed to fumble my way through and by the end I was back in my work mentality. Seeing off the final client to Jessica, I went back to my space without engaging in any banter with her since I wasn't entirely sure whether I wanted to open that door.

Olga had told me not to fuck clients. Strike.

And she told me if I did, to not get caught. Half strike?

And, if I did, to fuck the ones that pay the membership dues. That one I wasn't sure on since Eden was getting her membership through a divorce settlement.

I cleaned up my space, restocking everything I would need for Monday morning. I assumed once the Club managed to hire more massage therapists we'd be working on the weekend as well, and I could only hope since I'd have seniority over them that I would get to keep my current schedule. Looking forward to a weekend felt pretty good.

Shutting off the lights, I went back out to the lobby and saw that Jessica was gone for the day, sparing me any teasing or questions. I headed towards the staff change rooms and my attitude took a turn when I saw Marissa heading towards them as well from the other end of the corridor.

"Hey, Izzie," I said. "All wrapped up for the day?"

"Oh, hey. Yeah," she said. Marissa looked tired - she'd worked the morning breakfast and brunch in the restaurant, and then took a shift as a snack cart girl out on the golf course for the afternoon. "Here, at least. I picked up a shift over at the shelter tonight."

"Whoa, are you sure about that?" I asked. "You're looking pretty beat."

"No, I'm fine," she said, shaking her head. "Some coffee with dinner, and maybe an energy drink once I get there, and I'll be fine. My back is just killing me a bit, those carts don't have much in the way of shock absorbers."

I gave her a considering, and honestly somewhat patronizing, look as I let out a deep sigh.

"Alright, come on," I said, gesturing back the way I'd come.

"What? No, I'm heading home," she protested.

"Marissa," I said. "Either you're coming to my space, or you're coming over to my place so I can work out that back. Your one shoulder is sitting higher than the other and I can literally see the stress on your face. This is what I do, just let me do it."

Now it was her turn to give me a considering look as she pursed her lips, and then sighed practically in defeat. "Fine," she said. "But you know I'm not supposed to be in the Spa area."

“All the main staff are done for the day,” I assured her. “And any members are just going into the sauna rooms. It’ll be fine.”

Marissa, apparently, had never been in the Spa so I got to give her a super fast tour before I walked her down Massage Alley and to my room.

“Alright,” I said, flicking the lights and glass frosting on. “Take off your top and get under the topsheet, just shout when you’re ready.”

“Where are you going to be?” she asked.

“Just out here,” I said, heading for the door.

“Oh,” she said. “I figured you just... were around naked people all day.”

I chuckled. “Izzie, what kind of pervy profession do you think I’m in?”

“Apparently less than I thought,” she sighed with a smile.

I stepped out, and within about thirty seconds she called me back in. Marissa was under the sheet, looking up at me without her glasses on, causing her to squint just a little. It was kind of cute, but I spotted her glasses on the counter and picked them up. “You can keep these on,” I said. “I’m not massaging your eyeballs.”

She snorted a little and grinned. “Yeah, I don’t know what the protocol here is, obviously.”

“It’s fine,” I said, and went and got my oils. I didn’t bother with the holsters, just setting them on the counter nearby. “All you need to do now is relax, OK? I’m not going to lie, some of this might hurt for a bit if I find a really tense area, but I promise you’ll feel better after.”

“OK,” she nodded after a deep breath.

I oiled up my hands, rubbing them together to get the liquid a little warm, and then pulled the sheet down Marissa’s back. “Um, OK,” I said. “Izzie, I can do this with your athletic bra on if you want, but it’ll be a lot easier with it off and it’s going to get oils on it that might stain it.”

She winced and glanced back at me. “I figured. It’s just uncomfortable to lay on my stomach without the compression.”

“Your breasts make it difficult?” I prompted her, entirely clinical.

She blushed just a little. “Yeah,” she said.

“That’s totally fixable,” I said, and went to my selection of bolsters and pulled out one that was a wedge shape, but two semi-circle holes were cut into the sides so that it looked kind of like an I with a fat bottom. “Here,” I continued. “I’ll step out again. Just lay this on the table so your head is nice and comfy on the raised bit.”

Another thirty seconds later, Marissa called to me from inside the room. “Oh my *God*, Trevor. This thing is amazing!”

I chuckled and went back in. Marissa was lying on the bench with the wedge under her. It started around her hip area and lifted her abdomen at a slight angle, and her breasts sat in the cutouts while her head remained raised. I could see the expanse of her side boob from the one side, and she was definitely filling out the cutout.

“Can I take this thing home with me?” she asked. “I haven’t slept on my stomach since I was like thirteen because of these things.”

“It’s not mine to give away,” I said. “But I can give you some good websites to order one from.”

I reapplied oil to my hands, and went to work. Marissa was a little ticklish on her sides, but once I’d gotten her warmed up on her lower back and she’d gotten used to the feeling of my hands, I started moving higher. She had a build that was similar to Rachel Killian - generally fit, but holding a curvaceous softness that made massaging her skin feel just a little pillowy. Her back had a few little moles and freckles that made her feel more real, and her deep breathing told me she’d already moved into ‘massage brain.’

It was just under her shoulder blades that I started to find the tense spots, and soon Marissa was groaning in pain as I found them and started working them out.

“Marissa, you really need to find time to relax,” I told her quietly. “Your shoulders are knotted up like crazy, and I can tell it’s both physical and emotional stress. I’m happy to do this for you again, but you’re running yourself ragged. What do you do for fun?”

She blushed. “I don’t know. Work?”

“That’s not fun, Izzie,” I said. “Just do me a favour and pick a night to *not* work, and take a bubble bath or something. I don’t need my funny, pretty and intelligent work buddy burning out and abandoning me.”

She rolled her eyes and smiled. “Oh, you won’t lose me for another year at least,” she murmured, then winced as I hit another spot. “I’ve got one more year on my post-grad, plus however long it takes to find an actual career job.”

“Well, I’m looking forward to a year of our banter,” I said. “But that only happens if you find a way to *relax*.”

It took about twenty minutes to work my way through all the knots in her back, shoulders and up her neck. She let me work, and I kept her talking about the annoyances of her jobs. How the semi-sloshed members tended to hit on her, and how she played it up for the tips. How some of the other waitresses pissed her off by being lazy. How Barry the cart maintenance guy asked her out almost every single day - he did it fairly respectfully, so it wasn't really sexual harrassment, but it was getting old.

"Alright, Izz," I said, my hands softly rubbing the outside of her shoulders. "We can stop here, but a lot of your physical stress is coming from carrying around those breasts of yours, and that weight can cause havoc on your collarbone and upper chest too. If you're comfortable with it, I'm going to cover you with the sheet again and then you can roll over onto your back.

"Sure," she said softly. "Whatever you say, Doc."

That made me grin a little. "I'm not a doctor," I said, raising the sheet over her.

"And my name isn't Izzie or Izz, but you keep calling me that," she teased me a little. "And right now, you're definitely Doctor Feelgood."

We got her turned over, and I pulled the wedge out from under her and adjusted the sheet so that it kept her modesty, but gave me access to her upper chest. This still meant I got a pretty clear look at the size and shape of Marissa's breasts as they pressed up against the sheet. They were big, bigger than I'd even guessed, I could see the soft bumps of her nipples.

"Just close your eyes," I told her. "This should only take about five minutes."

"Alright," she said quietly.

I went to work again. The muscles around her collarbone weren't that bad, though some of my shoulder and neck work might have eased them already, but her upper chest had big lines of stress strain and I had to work on one side at a time with both hands, moving her arms into different positions to work the attaching muscles.

This was the kind of massage therapy that was really interesting and kept me focused. Marissa became less a person and more a mechanical puzzle for a few minutes, a body of muscle tissue and bones that needed to be aligned properly.

I only got knocked out of that mindset when I noticed that the shit had shifted lower on her chest, revealed a great deal of cleavage, and I tugged it back up into place. "Whoops, almost started popping out there," I chuckled.

"That should be the title of my autobiography," Marissa joked, making me laugh.

I finished with her chest, accompanied by some pained grunting from Marissa. "Alright, Izz," I said. "All done for now. It's impossible to get everything all at once the first time. Your body has been carrying that stress and physical tension for way too long. We can do this again sometime next week when you're free, but for now I'll step out so you can get your bra back on, then I'll show you some quick stretches you can do with a tennis ball to help relieve some of it yourself at home."

Marissa agreed, and I stepped out. What I wasn't expecting was to hear her start crying.

I opened the door a crack without looking in and knocked. "Marissa, are you OK?"

"God, yes," she said. "I just stretched my arms a little and it was like I had an entirely new body, Trevor. Fuck. I'm just- I feel so relieved."

"Take your time," I said with a grin.

That right there was the best kind of response I could get from someone. I'd only gotten it once before during my practical placements through college. Getting it again with Marissa made me a little giddy and light headed. Eventually she called me back into the room, and I showed her some arm and back stretches that would help her out, along with how to use a tennis ball on her chest to work out some tension. It wasn't perfect, but it would hold her over if things got really tense before she could get another massage.

She waited around for me while I cleaned and re-set the room, and then we walked to the staff change rooms together. Marissa had me give her my number before we split apart.

That night I went back to my place feeling like a king. I'd changed a beautiful friend's life with my knowledge and skills. *And* I'd gotten the best blowjob I'd had in my life from Eden.

Once I'd had dinner, I texted Eden.

*'Good evening, Eden. This is Trevor.'*

It was a couple of minutes before I got a response. *'Hey babe! I'm so glad you texted. Your slutty MILF is going to be all alone tomorrow after my ex picks up Oscar at ten. Do you want to come over and 'work my flowerbed'?''*

*'You are such a bad, naughty MILF,'* I texted back. *'Since your flowerbed hasn't gotten any attention for a while, I assume it's going to need some rough treatment. A thorough plowing and some deep planting?'*

She didn't respond with words. Instead I got a picture - it was her, topless, with one left nipple sucked between her lips and the little golden nipple ring on her right one getting tugged by her perfectly manicured nails.

I took a chance and sent her back a picture of my cock, mostly covered by the shorts I'd thrown on when I got home, but the waistband lowered enough to show off the root.

She sent me back a panting emoji and her address.

That would have been the uncontested highlight of my night (getting my dick sucked, and making Marissa cry tears of relief, still dominated the day), except an hour later I got another picture message, but this time it was from an unknown number.

*'Hey Doc. I'm still tingling and feel light all over. I realized I didn't even leave you a tip, so I hope this works. Just for you! Don't show them around.'*

And right after it was a mirror selfie of Marissa, naked from the waist up, in what looked like some sort of a sterile workplace washroom. Her breasts were big and heavy, hanging from her chest as only EE cups or larger could. Her areola were soft ovals, a super pale pink and her nipples were nice little bumps standing and seeking attention. She was smiling prettily, her frameless glasses replaced by wide, circular ones with thin black frames, and (other than getting a topless pic in general) I was surprised to see she had a septum piercing that really suited her face shape and turned her from that 'sexy librarian' look she kind of had deeper into the gothy vibes I'd read from her.

*'Izzie, you just brightened up my evening. That is definitely a tip I appreciate a hell of a lot. Also, the piercing looks so good on you!'*

She sent me a kissy face emoji. *'Glad you liked it. I don't usually do that and felt so nervous.'*

*'You shouldn't. You're gorgeous. (And have I mentioned funny and intelligent, too?)'*

She sent another kissy face emoji. *'Flatterer. OK, I need to get back to work. Have a good night!'*

I wished her a good shift, and went back to my TV show, but was almost immediately interrupted by another picture text.

It was Eden, holding up two slimy fingers and biting her lip at the camera. *'I'm so wet right now thinking about tomorrow. Haven't even been touching myself. See you tomorrow, babe!'*

I blew out a long, slow breath.

Part of me wanted to ring up one of my buddies from college just to brag to them about how fucking well my life was going.

\* \* \* \* \*

I rang the doorbell of the address Eden had given me. It was a beautiful place, a one floor bungalow in the wealthy area of town that I had to assume she'd moved into following her divorce.

One thing I noticed early on was that her flower beds were, in fact, already neatly arranged and done up nicely. This wasn't some sort of honeytrap to get me to do yard work.

I could hear the click of heels on hardwood on the other side of the door, and then Eden opened it and I was a little stunned for a moment. "Hey, kiddo," she said in a sultry voice, her voice low and husky with arousal. She was wearing that slinky green dress that I remembered from the day I'd picked up Daisy for our prom almost four years ago. Somehow it fit her even better now, or maybe that was just my lizard brain appreciating the larger amount of cleavage she now had. She was also wearing a matching pair of heels, along with some gold bangles on her wrists and ankles, and gold hoop earrings. Her makeup was done up for a classy night event at Greenmeadow, which favoured her natural beauty more than makeup for a night out at a dance club would.

There wasn't any point in waiting. I growled somewhere in my chest and stepped forward, picking her up and kicking the door closed behind me as I carried her deeper into her house. She giggled and laughed at my aggressiveness, and I planted her on the first couch I saw in the open area living space.

I kissed her hard, and she met me with the same passion, our tongues battling as she clawed at my shirt and I held her cheeks in my hands. The kiss ended and I stayed close, looking into her eyes for a long moment, seeing the same desire there that I was feeling. I kissed her again, mashing our lips for a moment, then knelt in front of her and pulled her hips off the edge of the couch seat and pushed the hem of the dress up her bare thighs.

Eden wasn't wearing any panties, and her perfect little pink slit was glistening with her arousal. I didn't hesitate, quickly moving in and slurping up the excess natural lubricants before starting to work more properly at eating her out.

"Oh, oh my God," Eden moaned quickly. "Oh, no, oh my God! Trevor. Oh, you're really good at that."

I pushed her thighs wider, the green dress sliding up over her hips, and I looked her in the eyes as I tongued her.

"Ung, do you actually get turned on doing that?" she asked me, clutching at her knees to keep her legs open for me, her pretty lips pouted open from the fast pleasure I was pushing on her.

"You taste so fucking good," I said between licks.

“Oh, fuck,” she breathed out. “Oh my God.” And then she sighed with a girlish, sexy moan.

“Just relax and enjoy, you naughty fucking MILF,” I said.

“Hooooo-kay,” she moaned, relaxing back on the couch and closing her eyes.

She breathed deeply, letting out little moans for a bit, but her eyes snapped open when I moved up to her clit. “Oh! Fuck, that’s really good. Oh, Trevor, fuck. My clit. My clit!”

I reached up and pulled the shoulders of her dress down, revealing her naked tits, and used one hand to fondle them while I brought the other to work on her pussy, teasing her entrance with a finger as I played with her clit on my tongue.

“HmMMM, huh,” she groaned, and then started letting out little giggles in between the wordless moans.

I slowly inserted a finger into her, feeling her hot, wet insides immediately begin to squeeze and massage my digit.

“Oh. My God,” she hummed, and started blushing as she looked down at me between her legs. “No one’s ever eaten me. I feel so shy.”

“Everyone else was a complete idiot,” I told her. “I want to devour this needy little MILF pussy for at least an hour.”

“Ooooh, fuck, Trevor,” she moaned, and she put one of her legs over my shoulder, her foot resting on my back with a little jingle of the two golden anklets she was wearing.

I soon added a second finger, and started the finger fuck her as I raised up and made eye contact with her, both of us staring into the soul of the other as our horny minds willed each other for more.

The first orgasm came on quickly for her. “Oh, oh wow!” she hummed, then started mewling softly as she let go of her knees and grabbed both of her breasts, clawing them a little as her stomach rolled and she pushed her mound up at me. “Fuffffuuuuck, hmmmhmmhmm,” she tensed and then released in a warm, rich laugh.

The second and third orgasms came in a steady pace as I ate and fingerfucked her, alternating squeezing her breast and playing with her nipples or tugging on her nipple piercing. Each time she laughed at the end of it, that warm, rich sound as her body relaxed.

The last one I changed my tactic, intentionally seeking out her g-spot and starting to tape on it.

“Oh, fuck! Trevor, what was that?” she gasped.

“Pleasure,” I told her. “Relax you core.” I pressed down with the heel of my other palm right on her mound and stomach. “Relax, relax, relax,” I told her. “Just ride it out, no matter what happens.”

I pressed more firmly on her g-spot, and she grabbed her tits again as she took hard, shallow breaths.

“Trevor, oh my God, Trevor,” she gasped. “That feels- that feels-”

Her pussy started to get sloshy and I slurped them up, twisting my head to the side to make my lips fit in between my two hands.

“Don't you fucking come yet,” I ordered her. “Hold it, Eden. Don't come yet.”

“Uh- uh?!” she asked wordlessly, confused but trying to do what I said, bearing down.

“Proper MILFs only come when they are told, Eden. And you're my proper, horny, slutty, whore of a MILF, right?”

“Fffuuuuck, Trevor,” she groaned, practically vibrating in place as I fingerfucked her, mashing her g-spot. “Yes, I'm your slutty little fucking horny MILF. I want you so *fucking* bad, Trevor. I want you to fuck me any way you want. Turn me into your MILF whore. Fuck it into me, babe, please! I need to come so badly, babe! Please let me come for you, Trevor. Please, I need it, it's so close, I can't- I can't-”

“Let it go, Eden. Come for me,” I told her.

She released, and a spray of her female ejaculate sloshed around my fingers and wrist, splattering across her abdomen and thighs, down on the couch, and all over my face. Eden howled as she let loose, her pussy clamping and pulsing as I kept working my fingers in her even though I couldn't properly thrust them in and out. Her eyes rolled back, and her clit, swelling from the blood flow, got a heavy kiss from me as I let her loose a second spray down my chin and neck, covering the front of my shirt and pants.

“Hunh, hunh,” she panted, coming down from the orgasm in a collapse of released tension. “Oh. Oh my God. What- What was that?” she asked as she tried to catch her breath.

“That, Eden, was you orgasming so hard you squirted,” I said. Then I stood and picked her up in my arms. “We'll need to clean up later, but right now I'm taking you to your bed and fucking you.”

She kissed me as I carried her, uncaring that I was smothered in her juices and smell, getting it smeared all over herself as well. She directed me to her bedroom and I tossed her on the bed

as she laughed happily, and then I slowly pulled the dress off of her as she bit her lower lip sexily and watched me with a little smile. Joining her array of jewelry was a thin golden chain around her waist.

“God, you are perfect,” I said, crawling onto the bed and looming over her so I could kiss her.

“You’re not so fucking bad yourself, though you aren’t nearly naked enough,” she teased and giggled as she plucked at my shirt. “How the hell did you get so good at that?”

“Patience, and practice,” I said as I stripped off my wet t-shirt and started unbuckling my belt. “And I plan on putting in a lot more of it with you.”

“Yes, please, God,” Eden grinned. “Be as patient as you want with me. But don’t forget to be rough, too. I’m serious, I want you to make me your little MILFy whore. Anything you want, just take it, babe. “

“So if I want this mouth?” I asked, and lowered my lips to kiss her hungrily.

“Take it,” she moaned once I pulled away. “Kiss me. Make me suck your cock. Fuck my face, make me choke on your cock in my throat.”

“And if I want these amazing MILF tits?”

“They’re yours. Suck them, twist them. Yank on my piercing. Bite them and give me a hickey. Fuck them with your big, fat cock.”

“And what about this?” I asked, palming her pussy and sliding my middle finger back into her.

“Oh, that’s your already,” she moaned. “She’ll never be the same after that, babe. But you still need to fuck her good. Plough her hard,” she giggled. “Really make sure you work your name into it, because that’s one needy, neglected cunt.”

“And what about this?” I asked, sliding my middle finger out from her pussy and down further, tapping at her asshole.

She sucked in a breath at the first contact, eyes going a little wider, but she nodded. “I’ve tried with toys down there, but never with a partner. If you want it you can have it, Trevor. You can be the first and only person to fuck my MILF ass and stretch it around your thick cock if that’s what you want.”

I leaned down and kissed her again, pressing my body down on hers. When it ended, she helped me strip off my underwear, socks and shoes and got on her knees, sucking my cock fast as I ran my fingers through her short, golden hair, tugging at her scalp.

Then I pushed her way, onto her back on the bed, and she pulled her legs apart so that I could mount her. Pushing into Eden was, for just a moment, like touching heaven as I felt her entrance stretch to accommodate me, and then I was slowly sliding into her.

“Oh, fuck, babe. Oh my God, that’s huge,” she yipped. “Oooh, motherfucker, that’s so good. You’re making me take all of it.”

Soon I was rooted in her, feeling her cunt slowly conform to and squeeze me, as I held her head in my hands and I kissed her softly and she panted against my lips. “You are so much more than just a MILF,” I told her. “But in this bed, at this moment, you’re my MILF slut and I’m going to fuck you now.”

“Do it,” she sighed happily. “Fuck me hard and fill me up, Trevor.”

So I did. We started in that missionary position, and I quickly got up to pace, reaming her fast and hard as her tits bounced when she fucked back at me. I took her nipple ring in my fingers and held my hand still, the force of her bouncing tit against the resistance making her mewl and moan. Then I pulled her legs up, pushing them down to her chest and crossing them at the knees, tightening her pussy even more and giving me an angle to thrust upwards and glance off of her g-spot.

Eden came, her fifth of the afternoon and the first of many on my cock. She made those delightful moans and squeals, begging me to let her come because she’d decided to follow my directions that a good MILF only came when she was allowed to.

I shifted her onto her side, keeping one leg up on my shoulder, and kept fucking her. The way she shifted between laughing and giggling warmly, tensing up with her mouth agape, and encouraging me to fuck her with my big cock drove me wild, and soon I was building towards my own orgasm.

“I’m close, Eden,” I gasped. “God, you’re driving me insane.”

“Where are you going to come, babe?” she asked me. “Do you want to come on my face, or my tits? Or deep inside me? God, I want to feel you come in me, but I want you to mark me as your slut, too. Fuck, babe, Trevor, I’m going to come again too. Fuck, oh my- uuuuuh, it’s so fucking long, Trevor, you’re so deeeeeep-”

“Take it,” I groaned, pumping hard and deep. “I’m coming. I’m- Take my fucking come.” I released, spewing my load deep to the back of her pussy, feeling my balls ache in time with each pulse as Eden came below me.

“Yes, Trevor, fuck. Fill me, grab my hair, make me take it,” she whined and gasped, and when I did she laughed and squealed happily as we both pushed our orgasms to the limit.

I pulled out of her and Eden immediately turned onto her hands and knees, taking my messy cock into her mouth and slurping with her lips and tongue to try and get every taste of our mixed juices. That quickly turned into me fucking her mouth, never going soft.

And then we were fucking again, her on top and riding me, putting in the work as her tits bounced off my lips and I grabbed her ass, teasing her asshole with one finger. Then I flipped her over and fucked her on her hands and knees, and she came again when I adjusted and fucked down into her more, mounting her like an animal and bashing my cock against her g-spot, causing her to squirt again in a little spray.

She pulled off my cock and this time I came in her mouth as she swallowed it down.

I went to the kitchen and got us water, and came back to Eden kneeling face down on the bed, her ass up in the air, asking me to spank her. I did, and then fucked her from behind again as she fingered her clit and anked back at me, panting and laughing and begging me to make her come again. Then we shifted again and she mounted me backwards so that I could watch her ass, which I spanked and played with as she bounced and ground on my cock. She fell back onto me and I fucked up into her, jamming one set of fingers against her clit as I held her by the neck with the other, and she came again, squirting as hard as the first time to the point that we found some wetness on the rug at the end of the bed later.

As we lay there, my cock still hard in her pussy as she panted to regain her breath, Eden's stomach growled, which made us both start laughing.

"I'm going to make you dinner," she said, twisting her body so that she could kiss me.

"Sounds like you need it more than me," I grinned, and palmed her tit.

"I do, but if we're going to keep fucking all night then I need my stud cock full of energy and protein," she said.

We took a quick shower, during which Eden got on her knees and blew me again until I came all over her face. She promised me we'd do that again later so I could get a picture of her covered. Then, once we towed each other off, she led me to the kitchen naked and sat me down at the table, refusing to let me help.

"I'm your MILF," she said, teasing me with a tongue touching her teeth. "And MILFs make their studs dinner."

Watching her in the kitchen was like watching a mix between a strange reality TV show and a strip tease. Eventually I couldn't handle it any more and she laughed loudly as I bent her over the counter and fucked her from behind, slamming her ass back at me until I came inside of her again. Then I was back to sitting, watching her cook as my cum slowly dripped out of her and down her legs.

We ate at the table, laughing and giggling happily as we talked about what we liked about each other, and what we wanted more of. She'd really liked my hand on her throat, and wanted me to spank her more. I liked watching her full ass as she rode me, and wanted to eat her out some more.

After dinner she let me help her with the dishes, and I wiped down her legs and pussy with a wet paper towel before we headed back to her room.

It was a long night, and I took another two water breaks in between sessions, until it was two in the morning and Eden was on top of me, my one hand on her throat and the other gripping her hair as she slowly ground on my cock, making love to me and kissing me softly.

"You never fucked my ass, baby," she moaned softly.

"I wanted to save something for if we have a next time," I told her.

"If?" she asked.

"I just wasn't sure if this was a one-and-done kind of experience for you," I said. "You are absolutely amazing, but you have a whole life going on. And a son. I don't want to assume anything."

She kissed me, pressing her neck down on my hand to do it, then pulled back. "I'm not asking you to meet my son," she said. "And we're not going to start dating. You're right I don't have the time for that. But I want to keep seeing you. I want to keep making you feel good, and I want to keep being your little MILF whore. It's more than sex."

"OK," I said, and took my hands from her neck and hair and palmed her ass with both of them. "Then next time, I'm taking your ass and making you my three-hole MILF fuckpet."

She moaned and panted happily.

We fell asleep like that after I blew my last load of the evening into her, my cock still inside her.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You should just ask Marissa out," Jessica said.

It was Tuesday morning. Eden and I had slept in on Sunday and fucked the rest of the morning away, but her son was supposed to get dropped off at 2pm by her ex and she wanted to get some cleaning done so I'd left her with a kiss, my cum dripping off her tits, at noon. I'd collapsed back at my place, exhausted, but the long sleep had left me ready for Monday.

And Monday had been like I'd started working at an entirely new Spa. Sure, I still had the occasional older client, but what Jessica had said had been true - my week looked like it had booked up with Trophy Wives and Club Daughters.

Thankfully, I think, nothing untoward or explicit happened. There was some light flirting, but no one got as forward as Rachel Killian had, let alone Eden; the weirdest part of it all was that all of them were so *nice* to me. Everything I could remember about the Greenmeadow membership was that it was snooty, snotty and could be quite rude. But these women were downright... pleasant. And I could think of only one reason - they were all, in the back of their minds, considering the idea of getting a piece of me.

That, right there, was a weird feeling and I dreaded the day someone made a move I had to turn down.

"Why would I ask her out?" I replied to Jessica. We were waiting in the lobby for my next appointment, a Club daughter who was running five minutes late already.

"Because you guys flirt every lunch," Jessica said. "Everyone is talking about it. And if you have a girlfriend then some of the horny bitches might back off." Despite thinking it was funny how popular I was with bookings when I first got there, by week two Jessica was getting annoyed with the overflow of women trying to squeeze in spots earlier than two weeks out by that point.

"Marissa isn't interested in dating," I told Jessica. "She was upfront about that, and I respect it."

"But you would though," Jessica guessed. "If she wanted to."

"Sure," I shrugged. "She's a great girl, and so far a decent friend."

"Yeah, I'm those things too," she said.

"And you're also a seventeen year old lesbian," I countered.

"Fine, fine," she sighed dramatically. "But I still think you should ask her out. She said that weeks ago, she might have changed her mind."

"It was last week, Jess."

The Club daughter ended up being too late to make the appointment worth it, so I used my spare fifteen minutes to do some re-stocking of my supplies and shot a text over to Eden asking when she was free next. She got back to me immediately with a picture of her and her son Oscar, both beaming, sitting on a bench at the park. *'Hey babe. Tony has Oscar Thurs night. Does that work?'*

*'My place this time,' I texted back. 'I want to give my MILF the full-body massage she deserves to get you nice and relaxed for afterwards,'*

She sent me back an eggplant emoji, a peach emoji, a water spray emoji and a drooling emoji. I sent her back my address, followed by a heart emoji and a peach emoji.

Later, as the day was coming to a close, I sent Marissa a message asking if she wanted another massage after work since I had time to stay late. *'God, yes please,'* she sent back.

I met her in the staff hallway and escorted her to my room. I'd already set it up with the breast bolster wedge, and soon we were into it as she told me about how she'd had some really crappy customers at the dinner that morning, and then when one of the regular guys on the golf course had been a little extra tipsy and she'd had to cut him off, which he didn't like. That had led to a complaint getting filed against her, though it was so hard to read from the sloppy writing that she'd been assured it wouldn't even make it to her file.

We hadn't, and continued to not, talk about the topless selfie she sent me. Everything went professionally, and I didn't see more than a bit of side boob. And then, that night, she sent me another topless selfie but this time she was sitting on the floor of what must have been her bedroom, her boobs pulled out of the top of her pajama shirt as she made a kissy face at her camera. She'd written in marker over her heart *'Trevor, Breast Friend'* with a smiley face.

Thursday I rushed home from work to make sure I had everything ready. When Eden knocked on my door, I answered it dressed in a robe with all the lights in my little loft turned out and the inside lit by candles.

Eden had worn a cute sundress and had a little clutch in both hands and she bit her lip and grinned when I opened the door.

"Hey, baby," she said, almost bouncing with energy.

I'd decided ahead of time that I wanted to replay the way I had started things on Saturday, so I didn't say anything. I just stepped out of my doorway and scooped her up into my arms and kissed her hard, then brought her inside and kicked the door shut. Still holding her cradled in my arms, our kiss ended and I grinned like a fool. "Hey, beautiful." I slowly walked us over to my massage bench, which was set up in the middle of the lower level of the loft, and set her down on it softly. "How much do you like this dress?"

She raised an eyebrow. "It's one of my favourites, that's why I wore it for you."

"OK," I said. "Next time I want you to wear something you don't care about, because every time I see you I just want to rip your clothes off."

"That would be so hot," she grinned and kissed me.

We made out for a little while, then I stripped her naked - which didn't take long since she was only wearing the dress and no underwear.

"I've got a plan for you tonight," I told her. "Step one is giving you the full body massage and running my fingers over every single inch of your body, and step two is feasting on that delicious MILF pussy of yours until you've squirted at least twice for me. But for step one I need you to decide something for me."

"What's that, Trev?" she asked. She was naked and sitting on the edge of the massage bench, but somehow her energy and nervous excitement made her almost like a kid on Christmas morning.

I couldn't help it, I kissed her again first. "Well, I can use my regular massage oils," I said, showing her a bottle of the usual brand I used. But there was another, unlabeled brand next to it. "Or I can use this. I had a friend back in college who was a bit of a pothead, and she'd done research into THC oils and how to make weed massage oil. I've only tried it once before, and it worked really well. It's totally safe and gives your body just a bit of a high, and if some gets in your mouth then you can get a normal high from it. But, according to everyone who tried it in our program, the best place to use it is to lube your pussy or ass, because those spots are pretty absorbent. Basically, it gets your holes high."

"Trev..." Eden said, biting the corner of her lip as she considered it. "I haven't smoked pot since high school."

"I don't smoke pot at all," I said.

"How long will it last?" she asked.

"A few hours. That's why if we're trying it, we need to start now. Or we can wait until another time if you're not sure."

Eden bounced her foot as she thought for another long moment, then looked up at you with a grin. "Let's do it," she said.

I kissed her again, and she undid my robe to find I was naked underneath it, and already getting hard. Things moved quickly from there as she laid out on the table. I started the massage by kissing her bare back, then down to her ass and softly spreading her legs to give her a little bit of licking on her already wet pussy. Then I stood near the bottom of the table at her feet, and pumped out a little bit of the weed oil and spread it on my hands, and started rubbing her feet, working the oil in between each toe and pampering her as she hummed happily. I worked my way up her legs and thighs, then over the meat of her ass. I kissed her back again and asked her how she was doing, and she said she felt great, so I kept going up her back and sides, all the way to her neck and shoulders.

“Alright, are you ready for more?” I asked her, putting my hand on her ass and sliding a finger into the crack.

She half-rolled over and stretched up to kiss me. “Finger my ass, baby. Get it ready for your cock so you can make it yours.”

I kissed her harder, pawing at her tits with my oily hand and making her shudder, before urging her back onto her stomach. After reapplying some fresh oil onto my hands, and slid them both between her ass cheeks, oiling and massaging her soft skin, circling closer and closer to her puckered little hole. I teased it first, then worked my middle finger into the first knuckle. Eden gasped and giggled, flexing her ass on the invading digit. “Ready?” I asked her.

She nodded. “Do it, baby.”

I pressed firmly, sliding my oily finger all the way in.

“Uuungh,” she groaned, then hiccuped as she threw her head back. “Your finger is in my ass, baby. God, your finger feels so big, but I know you need to stretch me out. Get my ass high, baby. Get it perfect for your big stud cock. I want you to fuck my ass so hard, Trev. God, yes, finger me just like that. Is that-? Oh, fuck, a second finger already? MMmmmguh, fuck- it fit! Oh, babybabybaby, I feel so full and fucking slutty for you. Do you like fingering my ass, Trevor? Am I being a good, filthy MILF slut for you.”

“I love fingering your ass, Eden,” I said, kneeling next to the bench so I could kiss her while I wiggled my two fingers inside of her, spreading the weed oil around. “And you’re the best three-hole, cum loving, sexy as hell, premiere personal whore MILF I could ever dream of.”

She closed her eyes, panting softly as she listened, her mouth agape and slowly curling into a smile as I fed her dirty talk kink. I kissed her again, then stood back up and started to slowly pull my fingers out of her ass, then push them back in. She mewled softly, her ass and hips shifting as she rode the feeling for a bit, before I slowly added a third finger. This took her breath away for a moment, and then she came, her ass clenching and her legs trembling a little.

“Maybe you should have tried anal earlier in life, hon,” I said with a grin. “You might just be an Anal MILF after all.”

“Fuuuuuck, I had no idea,” she groaned, then looked back at me. “But I’m glad you’re doing this, Trev. You’re so fucking good to me, giving me everything I want.”

I wiggled my fingers in her a bit more, then pulled out and watched her asshole quickly close, though not to that perfect pucker it had been before I stretched it a bit. “Turn over,” I told her. “Time for the other half of your massage.”

She did, humming happily to herself, as I wiped my fingers off with a wet towel and re-applied some more oil. I had fun working down her front and over her tits. She said the weed oil tingled a little more than usual on her nipples, but that was the only notable difference. I was just a few inches down her upper thighs, having avoided her pussy for now, when her eyes went wide.

“O-Oh... wow...” she said.

“What is it?” I asked.

“I think my high just kicked in,” she said breathily. “My ass feels amazing, and God I want you to fuck me.”

“Not yet,” I grinned, continuing on with her thighs, and watched as she squirmed in place, flexing her muscles and absorbing the feelings running through them. Her nipples were poking out nice and hard, and she was arching her back a bit with her horniness and pushing her chest to the sky.

Spreading her legs, I got on the bench between them and looked at her pussy up close. I’d fallen in love with it that first time at her place, but I just couldn’t get enough of how perfect and pretty it was. Aroused as she was, it was swollen a soft, ruddy pink, the inner labia spread slightly wanting something to fill it, her clit poking out from the little clit hood that capped it.

“Trevie, baby,” she moaned, reaching down for me. “Fuck me?”

“I told you the plan, baby,” I said with a smile. “Step two, I want a taste of this delicious pussy.”

“Yes, baby,” she whined, and pulled her legs wider apart for me, almost into a full split.

I dove in, slurping and sucking up her juices. I specifically did this before I started touching it with my fingers so that I wouldn’t get utterly blasted from the high. I ate her for about five minutes, her pussy hot and leaking, as she sighed and giggled and mewled, calling out how she couldn’t believe how good I was. And telling me how much she wanted me to fuck her ass.

When I eventually added my oily fingers and started lubing her pussy with the weed oil, she came just from the penetration, and it rolled through her into a second orgasm almost immediately as I added a little more oil and worked it inside of her.

Finally, with her pussy gaping open with a desire for more, I slid off the bench and went around to her face, cradling it in my hands and kissing her softly.

“Are you ready to be my three-hole anal MILF, Eden?” I asked her.

“God, I love the way you’re willing to talk to me,” Eden panted. “Tony thought dirty talk was beneath him.”

“Tony was an idiot,” I said. “You’ve got me now. You’re my perfect little cum dump MILF pet.”

“Trevor,” she said, her eyes focusing a bit more on me as she put a hand in my hair and held me still. “I need you to fuck my ass right fucking now. I want to feel every inch of your cock claim my high-as-fuck ass and slam me so I’ll never forget who it belongs to.”

“As you wish,” I said, and kissed her softly. Then I manhandled her on the bench, lifting her up and flipping her over so that she was on her stomach bent over the side so that her feet were resting on the ground and her ass was pointed right at me. “Spread your cheeks, MILF,” I ordered her.

“Oh, fuck baby, yes,” she moaned, reaching back and spreading them. Her asshole was still just slightly gaped, a little winking hole as it rolled through the effects of the THC.

I didn’t prep her any more. She was oiled up all over. I just applied a bit more to my cock, stroked myself to ensure I was as hard as could be, and slotted myself into place and started pushing in.

“Ye-e-e-eessss, my love,” she moaned and gasped as the head of my cock wedged inside, and then almost easily I slid all the way into her as her sphincter rippled and her anal passageway gave way all the way to my hips pressing against her cheeks. “Oh, fuck, Trevor. You’re in my ass. You’re in my ass! Oh, God, you feel so fucking huge, but you’re all the way in already. You’re like Excalibur and my ass is the rock. You’re a perfect fit, a perfect stud. God, fuck, you’re so fucking big baby. It’s so good. Fu-hu-huuuck yes.”

I pulled out slowly, and pushed in again, and on the third thrust her knees started to buckle as she came wordlessly. I didn’t stop fucking her though, and as she got her legs back under her I picked up the pace. It had to have been the weed oil, but her ass was pliant as hell, squeezing and rippling but stretching to accommodate my insistent cock. Soon I was fucking her steadily as if I was fucking her cunt, and then I picked it up more and I was really pounding her as I grabbed her by the back of her scalp and pulled her back to me.

“Fuck my ass. Fuck my ass. Fuck it, Trev. Oh my God, I love getting my ass fucked by you. You’re taking my ass virginity and I fucking love you. Holy fuck, baby, you’re so fucking good at ass fucking me. Please, baby, come in my ass. Make me gape. I want to do whatever you want. I’m your dirty MILF sex slave.”

I pulled out of her entirely, watching her ass flex as if it were expecting another thrust, gaped open for a long moment as she moaned sadly at the feeling of emptiness, then I thrust into her again as she hiccuped and then started laughing.

“Fuck, that hurts so fucking good, Trevor,” she gasped between laughs.

“You like that, my little bad bitch?” I asked, and pulled out entirely and then shoved just the head back in. “You like when I stretch your little asshole over and over?”

“Do it, baby,” she whined. “Do it.”

I did. I fucked her asshole, in and out, over and over, feeling that tightest ring resist over and over as the oil lubed my way in.

“Fuck, Eden,” I grunted. “I’m going to come.”

“Baby, I’ve been coming forever,” she whined, tears actually dripping down her cheeks as she smiled sloppily back at me. “Give me it, I want to feel it. Come in my ass.”

I pushed all the way in, and she gripped me like a tight, hot glove, and I exploded into her.

It took me a couple of minutes to really come back to awareness, and I was still hard in Eden’s ass. My cock felt like it was super light and super heavy at the same time, like a steel beam without weight, and I realized that I’d picked up my own high from all the oil.

“Eden,” I groaned, slowly pulling out of her ass until I popped out.

She moaned happily, rolling onto her side, and I managed to lift her up and slide her onto the massage bench. “Hey, baby,” she grinned. “Up until this afternoon, I thought last weekend was the best sex I’d ever had. This definitely tops it.”

I laughed, and she did too, and I crawled up behind her on the bench and spooned her as she tilted her head back so I could kiss her.

“You’re still hard,” she noticed.

“I am,” I grinned.

“Good,” she said, sliding off the massage bench and heading to my little kitchenette and grabbing a washcloth. “Because I want your next two loads deep in my cunt. Then you can pick where you put it on or in your personal MILF after that.”

\* \* \* \* \*

I lost track of how many times either of us came. Hell, I couldn’t really remember the transition from the massage bench up to my loft bedroom, but that’s where we ended up. I know I fucked Eden’s ass at least a couple more times that evening. I also woke up to a massive, cold wet spot covering most of my bed from her squirting at least a few times.

I hadn't much cared when I got back from driving her back to her place - she'd sucked the weed oil off my cock, so she'd been way more high than I had gotten.

Work the next day was rough to get going, and Jessica kept making cracks about me having a 'big night' and 'I remember when I had my first beer.' Little did she know.

Eden texted me halfway through the morning, first a picture of her asshole as she spread her cheeks. It looked a little sore and swollen, but the picture after it of her happy, tired face said she didn't seem to mind. She also apologized for telling me she loved me in the heat of the sex, and I told her I didn't mind at all, and I loved her in the heat of the sex too. That made her send me a little video of her blowing a kiss at her cell phone camera and winking. "Thanks for understanding, baby," she said.

At lunch Marissa could tell I was feeling off, which she teased me about a bit. She even asked, quietly, if I'd stayed up too late jerking off to her topless pictures.

I grinned a little, "No, though I have to say they are pretty amazing."

That made her roll her eyes a little. "That's what they all say."

"Well, they all must be right then," I teased her, giving her a little nudge with my elbow.

Right near the end of lunch she turned to me. "Hey, are you doing anything tonight? I don't have a shift at the shelter, and there's this bush party happening. A bunch of the folks from the kitchen and the maintenance crews are going."

I acted shocked. "Marissa, are you asking me out? I gotta tell you, I don't date."

She rolled her eyes and snorted. "No, this isn't a date. I just know that you don't really interact with much of the rest of the staff so you probably didn't hear about the party."

"I'll make you a deal," I said. "I'll go, but we're going together so I have an out if everyone else sucks. I'll pick you up and be the DD."

She sighed dramatically. "What a gentleman," she laughed. "Alright, I'll text you my address. Pick me up at nine."

"You got it," I said, and she left me to finish my lunch.

I was excited for the party, and spending more time with Melissa, but also had a weird hesitation in my gut. Was it weird for me to go to a party with her, when I was in a not-relationship with Eden?

It bothered me through the rest of the day to the point that several of the trophy wives asked if I was alright. I also, surprisingly, had a couple of the Club daughters ask if I'd heard about the party - apparently word had gotten around and some of the college aged kids of the members were planning on crashing it.

In the end, I decided to air on the side of caution. Eden had been clear that she and I weren't dating, but we were definitely feeling things for each other whether that was just lust, or something more complicated, and I didn't want to mess that up. So, after work and in the privacy of my massage room, I called her.

"Hey Trevor," Eden answered the phone with a chipper lilt to her voice.

"Hey Eden," I said. "How are you feeling?"

"Like I spent a day at an amusement park riding a dozen roller coasters," she laughed. "I have little bumps and bruises I don't remember getting, and I still feel a little wiped out. But it was a *hell* of a lot of fun and I can't wait to 'go' again."

"I feel the same way," I said, smiling into the phone. "And I'm really glad you do too. Listen, I just want to clarify something. Can you talk?"

"Hold on," she said, and there was a brief sound of wind against the phone mic. "OK, I stepped a little further away from the other moms at the park. What's up?"

"I got invited to a party tonight by that girl I mentioned meeting," I said. "The other staff member here at the club. It's not supposed to be a date, but we're going together and I wanted to check in with you because while I like the idea of going with her, I'm liking what we're doing way more and I don't want to cause any issues between us."

Eden didn't hesitate. "Baby, that's great! Thank you so much for calling to check in, that is really sweet of you. And my little inner MILF is getting horny, knowing you care about me like that. But you should definitely go, and if she ends up wanting to hook up or date, do that too. I love you in the sex, baby."

"I love you in the sex, too," I grinned. "OK. I was just going to worry about it if I didn't ask."

"Tony has Oscar next Tuesday. Do you want to come to my place?"

"I would love to," I grinned.

"Don't bring the weed oil," she said. "I think that might be a once-a-month event. But my needy little MILF ass should be fully recovered by then and ready for you to stretch her out all over again."

“Deal,” I laughed. “Love you in the sex, Eden.”

“Love you in the sex too, Trev,” she giggled. Apparently it was becoming our thing. We hung up.

So I was in the clear, from Eden’s side at least. Of course, the bush party wasn’t a date, so it didn’t actually matter. Right?

\* \* \* \* \*

“Izzie, you look hot as hell,” I said, my mouth a little agape as she stepped out of her condo building.

I’d parked out front and texted her like she asked, and was leaning against the passenger door of my car when she came out. Marissa was wearing an off the shoulder blue long sleeve shirt and a pair of high waisted black skinny jeans and a pair of black chucks. The thick straps of her black athletic bra were clearly visible, but the look still worked. She’d put in her septum piercing and done up her makeup more than she did at the Club.

“Thanks,” she grinned. “I figured if we’re doing a social thing and I’ve got you to fend off the horny wolves, I might as well spruce myself up and show off a bit. You’re looking pretty good yourself though.”

I chuckled and shrugged. “Bush party rules. Dress for the cold, prepare for the heat.” I was wearing a decent pair of blacks jeans as well, along with my light hiking boots and a sleeveless shirt with a denim jacket.

She smiled when I opened the door to my car for her, and then we were off. I knew my way around town well enough, but the bush party was in a spot I didn’t know so Marissa teased me about how I was losing my roots if I didn’t know where the kids party in my own home town. When I pulled up to a big line of pickups and beater cars in front of a wild patch of woods, I knew we’d arrived.

I’d brought a single tallboy for myself, and Marissa had brought a thermos of wine in her big, baggy purse that was almost big enough to be considered a duffel bag. When I asked her about the thermos she laughed. “Everyone thinks of using them for hot stuff, but thermoses keep hot things hot and cold things cold. I’ve got a nice, cheap rose in here that tastes twice as good chilled.”

We followed the path into the trees and found a spread of clearing in the brush with a half dozen campfire sites and about two dozen folks congregating around them. Multiple people yelled their hellos over to Marissa, and she started introducing me around. Davey from the kitchen staff I knew, and I met a couple of his buddies. I also recognized several of the older wait staff, along with a couple of the maintenance crew who seemed too old to be at a party like this, but had

come anyways. Everyone was welcoming, though I did get a few curious glances that I put down to being tied at the hip with Marissa.

Eventually we sat on an old fallen log at one of the campfires and started chatting with a bunch of the others. A few more folks came to the party, including four of the golf pros for the club who all arrived shirtless and carrying two cases of beer and a bottle of tequila with them. Marissa and I had staked out a good spot, and I was sipping my one beer slowly while she drank from her thermos, so our campfire crew started to anchor on us as one person left and someone else came to take their place. I started to put names and faces together, though I had a feeling I'd be apologizing a lot in the coming weeks for remembering a face and not a name at work.

As the sun fully set and the bugs started to chirrup louder in the brush around us and the temperature dropped a bit, Marissa snuggled a little closer to me and wrapped her arm through mine as she rested her head on my shoulder. The conversation continued, and she was as animated as ever, and it all felt super comfortable.

Eventually she released me and stood up, leaning down to whisper to me. "I need to pee. Can you come be my lookout?"

"Sure," I said, and stood with her. She took my hand and started leading me away, and several of the folks at our fire made big 'Ooooh!' noises.

"Oh shut it," Marissa said loudly. "I just need to pee and was trying to be polite about it." That spawned laughter at ours and several of the other campfires.

Marissa led me about twenty yards into the bush and picked a spot behind a tree. "Just make sure no one comes peeping," she said.

"Sure, no problem," I agreed.

I watched back towards the campfires, and could hear her unzipping and struggling to pull down her jeans briefly, and then the telltale trickle of water. It finished, and there was a rustling in her bag, and then nothing.

"You're not going to peek once, huh?" she asked.

"What?" I asked back.

"God, you're such a goody two-shoes," she sighed, and then she grabbed me by the arm and turned me, up on her tiptoes and pulling me down to kiss her. It wasn't overly long, or overly sweet, or included any tongue, but it was still intoxicating in its surprise.

"What was that?" I asked her. "And I'm not complaining, just surprised."

“That’s why I did it,” she smirked. “Look, Trevor, you made it two whole weeks without asking me out, or staring at my boobs, or even making passive aggressive comments about how you’d love to date someone or shit like that even after I sent you those pics of my boobs. Here’s the deal - I don’t date. I moved out of my parents place as soon as I turned 18 and I’ve been by myself for the past five years, and that’s how I like it. I take care of myself. I don’t need a guy to get sexual satisfaction. I own about a dozen different dildos, and a fuck machine. Tonight is your shot at showing me you can do better than a fuck machine that does anything I want it to. So we’re going to go back to the fires and hang out some more, and if you don’t start going weird on me we’ll go back to my place and we’ll fuck. No strings attached, no hard feelings if I decide I’d rather just go back to how we were. The only reason I’m doing this is because I think you might actually be capable of doing that. Alright?”

I blinked, taking a moment to absorb everything. “Alright,” I nodded, giving her a little half-smile. “But I have one condition.”

“What’s that?” she asked.

“I want a redo on that kiss,” I said. “You caught me by surprise.”

“Fine,” she chuckled. “Kiss me.”

I did, descending on her five foot nothing frame and scooping my arms around her. One arm went around her lower back, and the other wrapped fingers into her long blonde hair as I kissed her firmly, pulling her body to mine. I teased her lips with my tongue, and after a couple of prods she opened them, matching me with her own.

We went for almost a minute before we broke away, her gasping for a breath as I took in one deep one and let it out. “Definitely better the second time.”

“OK,” she chuckled, blowing out a breath and wiping her forehead. “Noted. Surprise kisses aren’t nearly as good as when you’re focused.”

I wrapped my arm around her shoulders, and she wrapped hers around my waist, and we walked back to the campfires and resumed our seats. The night wore on, and my tallboy was long finished, crushed and tossed into a garbage bag for someone to take with them by the time Marissa was draining the last of her rose.

She stood up, stowing the thermos in her bag, and gave a little stretch that just so happened to point her boobs in my direction. “Alright, ladies and gents,” she said. “I’ve got a long day shift at the shelter tomorrow, so I’m tapping out. Come on, Jeeves. Time to drive your designated drunk.”

We both said our goodbyes, and once we were in the dark Marissa took my hand as we followed the path back to my car. We spoke quietly on the drive back to her building as she filled

me in about some of the well known secrets of the people we'd met, opening my eyes to some things I would never have guessed and who had hooked up with who in the past. She directed me to the carpark at the back of the building, and I parked in one of the two visitor spots.

"You still good with the deal?" she asked.

"That depends, did I get weird after our kiss?"

"No you did not," she said happily. "I want you to come upstairs with me."

"Happy to," I said with a smile.

She led me into the building and up the stairs to the second floor. The hallways were cramped and weren't exactly the nicest looking place, but once she opened her apartment door I could tell she'd put in a lot of work to her place. It also followed that same goth-light vibe she gave off with lots of dark but pretty decor and none of the 'live laugh love' kind of whimsical shit that a lot of women our age liked.

"Grab a seat on the couch," she said, directing me over to the sitting area in her living room. "I'm just going to change into something more comfy."

"Alright," I said. "Is that you asking me to take my pants off and get comfortable myself, or is that too weird?"

She laughed and rolled her eyes as she walked through a doorway to her bedroom.

"That wasn't an answer," I muttered to myself, and aired on the side of caution and just grabbed a spot on the loveseat couch.

Marissa came back out with her hair up in a messy bun on the back of her head and an extra long t-shirt over her instead of the shirt and shorts. I couldn't tell if she had anything on underneath. She went into the kitchen and grabbed a big bag of pre-popped popcorn and came back, sitting next to me on the couch. "I figured we could throw on a movie first?"

"Sure," I said, and took some of the offered popcorn.

She quickly turned on her TV and cycled through her streaming accounts until she landed on Starship Troopers, which was a surprise to me but she said was one of her top ten classic movies. I couldn't disagree, and soon Marissa was snuggled up to me with an arm around her and her head on my shoulder as we munch on the popcorn and watched the gristly opening scenes of the corny sci fi action flick.

The thing about Starship Troopers is that it was pulp in all the best ways, including some gratuitous nudity. By the time the infamous Shower Scene came around, despite it being

non-sexual in it's actual content beyond the casual nudity, I was keenly aware of Marissa lounging half on top of me.

"You know, I always wished Denise Richards got naked in this too," Marissa said. "She's so fucking hot."

"Still is, for a lady in her sixties or something," I laughed.

"True!" she giggled, then turned to me. "So, you ready?"

I leaned down and kissed her, which she accepted happily. "You said you want me to prove I can do better than your fuck machine toy, right?"

"That's the idea, or why would I want to keep seeing you like this?" she smirked. "Any other night, I'd already be getting railed by the machine and maybe even be in bed and asleep."

"Then I need to know what you want in general to give me a fair chance, because I can't read your mind," I said.

"Guess," she said. "And I'll tell you if you're right."

"Alright," I nodded, narrowing my eyes a little as I looked her up and down and studied her gaze. "I think, now that you can feel you can trust me to be normal, you want me to be not-normal. You want me to fuck you in a primal, animal way. To give you the thing that the machine can't. You want me to grab you-" I reached down and took her chin in the crook between my thumb and forefinger, taking control of her, "-and take what I want-" I kissed her hard again. "-And then you want me to push it further." I pulled her on top of me, manhandling her so that she was straddling my lap, her big tits pressing into my chest as I held both her arms behind her back with one hand while I cupped her face with the other. "How am I doing so far?"

She was giving me a smouldering look and licked her lips lightly. "Pretty good," she said.

"Reach into my pants and feel my cock," I ordered her. I kept her gaze locked with mine with the hand on her cheek, but released one arm from behind her back. One-handed, she fumbled to undo my belt and then slipped her small hand inside until it was wrapped around the base of my hard cock.

"Mm," she hummed softly, feeling the hardness.

I pulled her forward to kiss me again, and this time our tongues danced together as we matched the passion we'd had in the woods while she softly jerked the bottom few inches of my cock.

"Are you wearing underwear beneath that shirt?" I asked her once the kiss ended.

“Just panties,” she said.

“Take them off,” I ordered her.

She bit her lip and got off of me as I let her go, and she reached under her dress and pulled them down. I gestured and she handed the little black panties to me.

“Turn around,” I said, and she did. I pulled her hands behind her back and lightly tied them together using her panties. Then I spun her back around by her shoulders so that she was facing me again, and I dropped my pants and boxers to my ankles so that my hard cock bobbed out in front of me. Then I sat on the edge of the couch, cock pointed up, and looked from it to her. “Sit on it,” I told her.

Marissa was breathing slowly, and I could tell she was trying to control herself. She took a couple of hesitating starts, trying to decide how to follow my order without the use of her hands.

“Izzie,” I said. “If you don’t sit on my cock, I’m going to walk out of here.”

That got her moving. Now that we’d started this thing, she didn’t want to stop. Marissa stepped up onto the couch and started to squat down on me. I couldn’t see anything but some of her thighs and her calves because of the long shirt, but I could feel as she rotated her hips to try and work my cock into the proper placement.

“You’re so fuck hard,” she groaned as she finally found the right position and nudged my cock right up to her entrance.

“That’s all you,” I said. “You are your gorgeous face and amazing ass. Your funny personality, your brazen intelligence. The way you smile, and that little pant you’re doing right now.”

“Did you just list everything on your mind except my tits?” she asked with a smirk.

I put my hands on her hips and slowly pushed her down onto my cock about half way. “This isn’t about your tits, Izzie. This first time, I’m not going to spend a second on your tits because you are more than your big tits.”

She tried to go lower, but I tightened my grip on her hips. “Hold on, just half for now,” I told her. “Just teasing you. Rotate your hips.” She did, stirring her insides with my cock for a long moment as she breathed hard in little gasps. Slowly I let her sink lower.

“Oh, fuck I can feel it throbbing inside of me,” she groaned. “Yeah. Is my pussy tight on you? Sliding back and forth? Fuck, I can feel the head of your cock grinding across my g-spot.”

“How’s the sound between your neighbours?” I asked her.

“Why?”

“Because I plan on making you scream,” I told her. “And you’re already making me want to get loud.”

“It’s OK, you can be as loud as you want,” she panted. Her tongue was partially hanging out over her lips as she’d begun sitting up and down instead of stirring, working my cock in and out of her cunt.

“I’m going to fuck you nice and slow,” I told her. “And when you’re about to come, I’m going to make you beg me for it.”

We fucked like that for a while, most of her body hidden from me as I focused on her face, and her lips, and her eyes.

“You feel so good,” she panted. “Warm, and hard. Huh.” She started to pick up the pace a little, and I stopped her by kissing her. “Your dick feels so fucking good,” she whispered into my ear.

“Your tight little cunt feels fucking good, too,” I grinned. “Stand up.”

She did, and I turned her around and united her hands, letting her panties drop to the ground.

“Sit on me again, I want to watch that cute ass of yours,” I told her.

Marissa bit her lip and raised her shirt to her waist, showing off her surprisingly nice ass and her trim waist. I could only imagine the guys she’d encountered before who entirely focused on her tits to the detriment of everything else.

One thing I noticed, as she reached to get my cock in position, was that Marissa had a thick little splattering of white gool on her pussy lips and as she sat back down on my cock and her lips spread and stretched, when she pulled back up she left a slimy trail on me.

I couldn’t handle it any more, and I pulled her all the way onto my cock and pulled her until her back was pressed against my chest. “I’m tired of the teasing,” I whispered in her ear. “So I’ll give you a choice. You can ride me any way you want, or I’m going to bend you over this couch and fuck your brains out until I come inside you.”

I could tell she liked both options. On the one hand, she got to keep some control. On the other...

“Fuck me,” she said. “Do it, Trevor.”

I picked her up off of me and manhandled her again until she was kneeling on the seat of the couch, her ass up in the air as she leaned over the back of it. I quickly dipped down and spread

her ass cheeks, making her moan as I licked her hard and fast, tasting that natural lube of her. Then I stuffed her with my cock. No hesitation and no warning.

“Holy fuckballs,” Marissa moaned. “God, fuck, Trevor!”

I began to pump her, hard and fast. Her shirt was up around her waist and my hips slammed with a quick slapping sound against her ass.

“So fucking hard,” Marissa moaned happily. “Fucking- ugh, stretching me so good...”

I leaned over her, nuzzling past her messy burst of a bun, and kissing and biting at her neck. This put her over the edge and her ass clenched as I ground against her, and she came. She wasn't as vocal as Eden was, but the way she whispered little nothings, little horny half-statements, was just as hot.

“Fuck, Marissa,” I groaned, pumping her hard again.

“Yes,” she groaned, fucking back at me. “Fucking come inside me. That's something I can't get. Show me how it feels to get creampie'd by a real cock. By your big fucking tool.”

Her ass looked fantastic as it slammed back at me and impacted with my hips, and after my time with Eden I was tempted to just pull out of Marissa's pussy and make a play for it, but I didn't. Instead, I drove deep, then pulled all the way out of her.

“Beg for it,” I told her, sliding the head of my cock around the rim of her entrance, down to her clit, and back.

“Trevor, I want you to come for me,” she groaned.

“Not good enough.”

“Please, Trevor. I want to feel your cock stretching my little hole,” she tried harder.

“More,” I encouraged her.

“Fuck, I want you to fucking fill my cunt,” she moaned. “I want your whole fucking cock inside me, and I want you to cum so deep inside me I taste it on my tongue. God, it's so much, it's so big. And I can feel that throb, that pulse, and I think you're getting a little bigger every time you enter me.”

I'd been fucking her entrance, dipping the head of my cock in and out, and now I pressed in deeply again.

“So is this going to be the only time?” I asked her, grabbing her by the scalp and pulling on her hair until her back was dramatically arched and her tits were popping up under her shirt with every hard thrust. “Is this more than your fuck machine can do?”

“Yessss,” she hissed.

“Am I going to fuck you whenever we want?” I asked her.

“Yesss, you feel so good. You fuck so- hunh!”

She came, just a little one.

I slammed my cock back into her fully again and I came, deep inside her like she’d wanted, and that pushed her over the edge.

“God, that’s good,” she moaned happily as her legs quaked and her breathing hitched.

I pulled out of her and picked her up in my arms, laying her down on the couch on her back and leaning down to kiss her. “It really was,” I said.

“Feed me your cock,” she asked me. “I want to clean it up and get it hard again.”

“I never went soft,” I grinned.

Soon I was fucking Marissa’s face as she moaned, wordless and lewd, and she fingered her pussy with both hands.

Then, finally, that long shirt came off as she peeled it over her head, revealing her big tits.

“Do you like them?” she asked. “They’re huge, I know.”

“They’re perfect on you,” I told her, slowly starting to palm and massage them.

She liked that answer, and climbed on top of me to ride me in cowgirl, bouncing her tits in my face.

We fucked for almost an hour before my second orgasm, which happened as I was making out with her in missionary, her tits wobbling back and forth.

After that, we were both fucked out. Honestly, I was surprised at the amount of cum I’d been able to produce considering the night I’d had before with Eden.

We started to clean up, which really meant just finding my clothes and getting me dressed. I kissed her there on the couch again, and she got up to follow me to the door.

“Wait,” she said, sauntering towards me.

“God, you look amazing naked,” I said. “Do you want to just come live with me and be a nudist?”

That made her laugh, and she dropped to her knees and started unbuckling my belt again. “Just one more. I want you to come on my tits so you can have a picture of them like that to round out your collection.”

“Oh boy,” I said with heavy sarcasm. “I mean, if I really have to.”

It took about five minutes, and her encouragement to fuck her face, before I blew my third load of the night all over her breasts, and she had me take a picture with her phone that she promised to send me.

“Hey, Izzie,” I said. She’d just turned to set her phone down, and I surprised her by picking her up into a cradle carry and kissing her again. “You said you want to do this to get things the fuck machine can’t, right?”

“Mhmm,” she nodded, running her fingers through my hair as she bit her lip. “You’re doing a pretty good job so far.

“Well, you mentioned thinking Denise Richards was hot. How into girls are you?”

“I’ve never been with one before,” she said. “So I’m not definite on it one way or the other.”

“How would you like to do a threesome with me and an extremely hot MILF?” I asked.

She gave me a happy-but-confused look. “Really?”

“Think about it,” I smirked a little. “I’ll even make sure to buy you a strap on so you can fuck her with it.”

She did think for a long moment, then shrugged. “I’m in.”