

The Spiral Spa - Reimagined

By TheSpiralledEye

I sat entrenched within my corner office, already on my third cup of coffee for the day after yet another late night of work. The market had been fluctuating like mad the last few weeks and being a stockbroker wasn't the easier job at the best of times, especially for a woman. I was twice as talented as most of the guys on this floor, but all it took was one mistake, one wrong instinct and I was a laughing stock. Pete lost thousands every week, but people only remembered his one or two big wins. I made one wrong decision three years ago and the fella still used it to doubt me.

My nimble fingers danced across the keyboard as I meticulously dissected stock portfolios, my thoughts consumed by an intricate ballet of figures and market projections. Every decision I made held the power to shape financial destinies, and I bore the weight of those choices heavily upon my shoulders. I had such a headache and I really didn't want a call from an unhappy client yelling in my ear. I had to make sure not to make a single slip.

A glance at the clock revealed that lunchtime had long since passed, and my stomach rumbled in protest. But a break was a luxury I couldn't afford. Vulnerability was a luxury I couldn't afford.

The headache worsened but I diligently ignored it. It was almost a familiar friend at this point; my old companion, a persistent throb behind my temples that intensified with each passing minute. My fingers sought refuge in a stress ball on my desk, squeezing it until the material groaned and my nails broke through. It was a futile attempt to release tension, offering me only a fleeting illusion of control.

My phone buzzed insistently, demanding my immediate attention. With a practised, strained smile, I answered the call. It was a client, their voice fraught with impatience, their demands like a weight upon my chest. I clenched my jaw and maintained a poised, unwavering tone, guarding my vulnerability.

"Yes sir, the value has increased by point three percent. You'll see a decent return by the end of the week I am sure." I finished up, sighing as I placed the phone down and rubbed at my temples.

I was exhausted; I needed another cup of coffee. It was only when I stepped out into the office and saw it was empty that I realised the work day had ended. Somehow, in my glance

at the clock earlier and now several hours had passed. That phone call must have been even longer than I realised.

That meant the kitchen would be shut down; I would have to brew a whole new pot of coffee and clean it, that wasted precious time I would have to go without. Instead I moved to my desk to try and find the packet of barley sugar I'd thrown there a week ago; it was pure sugar. A poor substitute for caffeine, but it was something.

My drawer was littered with various knick knacks; things I had bought alongside the stress ball in an effort to try and reduce my stress. Meditation CDs, half a dozen light hearted novels and incense to go with the yoga mat that remained wrapped in plastic under my desk. None of them had worked; I could never get my brain to switch off and think about something other than work. So I stopped trying; if my brain wouldn't stop thinking about it, I may as well just do it.

Just as I was about to finish up for the night a glare caught my eye and made me swear. I turned to try and find the source and felt dismay fill me; the sun was rising. I'd spent the entire night in the office; again. A wave of sadness washed over me; nobody missed me of course, I had no friends waiting to chat after work, or any family waiting at home. I could spend every night here and nobody would even notice. In fact, I could walk out and the only people who would care would be my clients. Even then, they'd only care about their portfolios.

I felt my cheeks flush as I finally noticed the time in the corner of my PC screen, if I hurried I'd have just enough time to rush home, shower and change my clothes so that nobody would realise just how little life I had outside these four walls.

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"Mandatory vacation?" I blinked in surprise, "That's a thing?"

When I got called into the CEO's office my palms had been sweating as I tried to stamp down my excitement. I'd not made the slightest slip up so the meeting could only have been good news, maybe even a promotion. So when he slid a vacation time application across the table at me I was more than a little confused.

"You haven't taken a single day off for any reason in years." Johnson said seriously, "Not only that but the cleaning staff have told me you work late nearly every night."

I flushed.

“Isn't that what every boss wants, employees that go above and beyond?”

“Of course, but not if it causes them to have a mental breakdown.” Johnson replied. “I don't need that sort of drama in my office. Or the mistakes it brings.”

“But I've been perfect! I'm not about to have a mental breakdown!” I cried. “Just because I am a woman does not-”

“This has nothing to do with your sex Miss Elle now sit down.” He ordered and I slumped back into my seat. “You are short tempered, jittery and drink more coffee than can possibly be healthy. I am sending you on a month's paid leave to use up some of your holiday time. Henry will take over your folders. Go, enjoy yourself.”

“But...but...”

What was I supposed to say? That I didn't have anything to do? No friends or family to visit, no hobbies to enjoy? I could tell by the look on his face that I wasn't going back to my desk today. I knew most people would be jumping for joy at the idea of a month's paid holiday leave but when work was everything, not having it felt devastating.

A whole month with no distractions from my lonely existence; a month of watching tv and eating alone at restaurants. It sounded like absolute hell.

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I was right; the first few days I woke bright and early in my empty apartment with nothing to look forward to but daytime soaps and staring at my white walls. I'd never bothered decorating my apartment; I'd only bought it because it was close to work, and since I was barely ever home it seemed like a waste of time. I took the plunge and purchased several subscription services to watch all the shows people had been raving about these last few years but I couldn't bring myself to enjoy them.

My brain was constantly buzzing, thinking of the stock market and watching the numbers on my phone. Even outside of work, I couldn't bring myself to stop thinking and relax. After three days the walls felt as if they were closing in and I decided to go for a walk.

The fresh air felt like acid in my lungs; I was used to the enclosed stuffy air of my office and apartment. Being outside in the sunshine felt...wrong, not refreshing. Coffee shops and cafes didn't help either, all the bustle reminded me of the floor when a crash happened and only managed to raise my blood pressure.

“This is ridiculous.” I swore, trying to burn through my stress through power walking, “How can relaxing be this hard?”

Maybe my boss had a point; I was so used to being wound tighter than a spring that I didn’t know how to unwind at all. I walked until my feet started to ache and flopped down on a public bench feeling miserable and sorry for myself. I hated how much I was missing work already; how was I going to stand three and a half more weeks of this?

I sighed, staring off into space when something caught my eye across the street. It was a symbol painted at the front of the store in the shape of a swirling wave. It must have been designed as one of those magic eye tricks because it almost looked like it was moving ever so slightly. It was only when a car honked its horn and I blinked in surprise that I realised I was on my feet and about to walk out into traffic.

I jumped back, blushing profusely with embarrassment; I’d been so focused on that weird symbol I hadn’t even realised I was standing. I really was frazzled. I looked back to the shopfront and realised it wasn’t a store at all, but a day spa. The Sea Swirl Spa, was written right next to the symbol across the top of the sign.

Stressed people took spa days, didn’t they? Maybe it could help me to relax and get into a better headspace for this holiday. After so many weeks of nonstop work I could afford to splurge on one of those all day treatments I’d heard people talking about. Massages, saunas, seaweed wraps, whatever they were, one of them had to help right?

Stepping inside I immediately felt more comfortable than I had at the cafes and coffee shops. The reception was empty of people, save the woman behind the desk. She looked up to see me and smiled; her eyes were almost glassy and she looked like the most relaxed person in the world despite being at work. Nobody in my office could ever look so chilled out while on the clock.

“Hello.” she said warmly, “are you here for an introductory treatment?”

“Um, maybe? How did you know?” I asked.

“Oh I know all our clients and bookings.” The receptionist replied airily, “Since you’re not one of them, this must be your first time.”

“Wow, that’s impressive.”

This receptionist was truly a professional if she knew every client the spa served; that or they didn't have many, which I found hard to believe. The space was luxurious in the extreme with plush couches and expensive looking paintings on the walls. Plus, in the business district rent for a building this size couldn't be cheap.

"Thank you." The receptionist smiled, the badge on her breast read 'Tina'.

She handed me a clipboard with a pen attached to the top.

"The Sea Swirl does things a little differently to most," Tina explained, "Rather than you picking a treatment from the menu, we ask you to fill out this form. Then I will pair you with the perfect treatment to help with your specific situation, isn't that fun?"

"Sure." I shrugged, "I had no idea what I was going to ask for anyway."

I sat myself down and started to go through the form, it was mostly about stress levels, day job, aches and pains, the usual sort of thing I imagined. When I got to the emergency contact section I felt my cheeks heat as I simply wrote hospital. Who else could I have put? My boss? No way.

When I handed it back Tina made quick work of feeding the information into the computer and I watched as her eyes lit up.

"Congratulations!" She beamed, "You've been assigned our most prestigious treatment! The Deep Sea Swirl Relaxation. It's only given to those who really need it."

"Well, deep relaxation sounds nice." I admitted, especially since I couldn't even manage a small amount of relaxation on my own at the moment.

"Follow me, we can start right away." Tina stood, leading me through a set of double doors and down a long wooden corridor past saunas and massage rooms.

We passed several people wearing white fluffy robes, smiling blissfully as they sipped at cucumber water and snacked on chocolates. I watched them enviously. This idea was seeming better and better by the minute. Eventually we reached a dark door and stepped into what looked almost like a hotel room without the bed.

“Through that door is your private sauna.” Tina explained, “After half an hour in there, one of the attendants will come and get you for the next stage.”

I glanced around, looking for one of those fluffy robes but found nothing, not even a pair of slippers.

“What do I wear?” I asked, I was still dressed in my business attire since that was all I owned.

“You have this whole section of the spa to yourself.” Tina smiled placatingly, “The rest of your treatment will be held through that other door next to the sauna, the attendants will close their eyes if you request.”

“You mean I’ll be naked?” I balked.

“Oh don’t worry, we are all professionals here.”

Tina did seem like she knew what she was on about, despite the glassy edge to her eyes; and I was already here, why not? Tina left and I stripped off and entered the sauna, immediately hit with a wave of hot steam that smelled of flowers. Not really knowing what to do, I sat myself down on the damp bench and waited for the relaxing to start.

For the first few minutes I fidgeted, unsure of what to do. Then slowly, the steam began to do its work and the tension began to melt out of my shoulders. I leaned back and felt my pores opening and sighed in relief. This had been a wonderful idea; I almost felt tipsy or drunk, my thoughts coming just a little slower and after years of them constantly racing, it was welcome. Eventually, the sauna turned itself off and a voice floated through a speaker system.

“Please dry off and move to the next treatment room, take a seat and relax.”

I did as the voice commanded, finding a towel and drying off before crossing the now cool room, eager to discover what was next. All that was in the next room was an expensive looking chair with a large headrest, the kind with inbuilt speakers that blocked off your peripheral vision.

I reclined back in the plush chair, letting my eyes fall closed in relaxation as the speakers in the head rest played soft music. There must have been some issue with them though because there was a low hum ever present behind the music. It was barely there but

the constant low droning seemed to bounce around in my skull, making it hard to think clearly and enjoy the music.

"Open your eyes"

The soft feminine voice came so suddenly I almost jumped. I would have, were it not for how relaxed I was already.

"Welcome to the Spiral Spa, as this is your first time with us we will be playing a short information video about our treatment process."

That was odd, why play the video now when my treatment was already well underway?

A screen descended from the ceiling, it was huge and thanks to the head rest blocking my periphery, filled my entire vision. A beautiful tranquil beach scene began to play and perhaps it was my imagination but I swore I could even smell the sea salt in the air.

"Here at the Sea Swirl Spa, relaxation is our top priority." The voice explained in a soothing tone. "Relaxing, that's why you're here, to relax deeply in every way. Physically and mentally."

The water on screen swirled, the camera panning over the open ocean.

"It's important to us that you leave here happy. That's what you want too, to be happy and relaxed. No more stress, no more anxiety, no more thoughts."

That low buzzing was still there, I felt my eyes blinking in confusion. No thoughts? This was getting weird.

"Thoughts are the enemy, when you don't think, there are no worries, it feels good not to think."

The water was moving again now, forming into a whirlpool that moved around and around...it filled the whole screen now. I felt my eyelids flutter; it was like one of those magic eye tricks, it seemed to draw me in.

"Thoughts are bad. You don't want them, you want them to go away forever and feel empty."

"I just...want to relax." I mumbled, "not empty."

My tongue felt thick in my mouth all of a sudden. It was hard to muster the energy to speak at all, a warm relaxing feeling was filling my entire body as I stared deeply into that spiral. Part of me realised something was wrong, this wasn't right. But sitting in this comfy chair was so lovely and each time I tried to move my muscles seemed to turn to goo.

"No, you want to be empty. So empty, no thoughts, nothing at all. Empty. Be empty. Watch the spiral, let the spiral empty you out till you are nothing."

"That...spiral..."

The water was gone now, nothing but a spiral made of hundreds of black and white curving lines remained. It was beautiful, utterly captivating. Every now and then a line would stray, wiggling across the screen like a sensual snake and drawing my eyes right back to the centre.

"The spiral is pretty. So pretty. You want to keep looking."

I did.

"Feel it taking all your thoughts, your mind becoming blank, ready to be filled with my words."

No...this wasn't right. I had to fight! Had to get up from this chair. A small whimper escaped my lips and the voice hushed me, the soothing voice washing over me like a warm wave, washing away my resistance.

"Watch the spiral. Feel it empty you. You want to be empty. Being empty will feel so good. You want to feel good."

A soft moan escaped my lips as I let my eyes fall back to the centre. Warm pleasure was building within me, growing with each rotation so long as I didn't resist.

"It feels so good. Only the spiral can pleasure you."

"Only the spiral..."

"You're so close now, the spiral will reward you when you are empty. Let it make you empty. You can feel it between your legs now, pleasuring you, burrowing deeper and deeper."

I could. There was something pushing against my slick entrance; thick and warm. It had to be the spiral, it was rewarding me. Oh god, I wanted that reward. I spread my legs as much as the chair allowed and sighed.

"That's a good girl now, relax."

"Relax..."

"Focus on the pleasure. You're getting closer. Watch the spiral. You love the spiral, the spiral gives you pleasure."

"The spiral g-gives me...pleasure..."

It was pushing inside me, thrusting shallowly. It was a tease, so good, yet not enough. I wanted to beg for more, but I couldn't remember how. I had no words, no knowledge in my head at all. No thoughts. All I could do was mimic the words of the woman in my ears and even that was becoming difficult.

"You are empty."

I shuddered, my ecstasy building; I was right on the edge, the shallow thrusts keeping me right there. My mouth hung open slack, I could not speak, could not think.

"The spiral is the only thing that can give you pleasure. You want it more than anything."

The voice kept talking, the words were unintelligible to my ears though. I could feel them burrowing into my subconscious mind, deeply programming me. I didn't care, the spiral was

still spinning and while it filled my vision it was my whole world. I let the voice talk while the spiral kept me on the edge and then, finally;

"You are empty, the spiral will pleasure you. The spiral is pleasure. Cum for it."

I felt something push deep inside me, vibrating and thrusting against my G-spot and I came. My eyes wide with shock and bliss as I stared at the spiral and came and came. Primal sounds were ripped from my throat as I writhed in pure pleasure. The pure pleasure only the spiral could give me.

I couldn't be sure exactly how much time passed but eventually, the pleasure dimmed and the spiral faded away. My thoughts began to trickle back into my mind like water through tiny cracks. I became aware again and humiliation flooded me. What had I just let happen?!

I got to my feet quickly, trying to ignore all the juices on the seat that were now running down my legs as I made my way back to the room where my clothes were. I half expected them to be gone but to my surprise, Tina was standing there, holding them out ready for me.

"What sort of place is this?" I hissed, "That was violating! I will be sending my attorney to throw the book at you!"

"No you won't." Tina smiled blissfully. "It's okay, the first time can often be a little disorienting. You'll be used to it soon. I can already see the good it's done you."

"What are you talking about?" I snapped.

"Look, you've not even gotten dressed. You are talking to me totally naked and you're not even feeling awkward."

She was right. It hadn't occurred to me how weird it was to have a full on conversation while totally naked. Not to mention all the evidence of my orgasm was still plain as day running down my leg. I flushed, both with embarrassment at my state and the fact that even after it was pointed out I still wasn't making a move to get dressed.

"You're already so relaxed." Tina smiled, "That's the power of the spiral. I used to be just like you, till it took me and showed me just how wonderful it was to surrender."

The word surrender hit me like a wave, I wobbled on my feet suddenly feeling slightly drunk. To my horror I realised it was the programming, what sort of triggers had been placed in my mind while I was staring, empty, at that spiral? What sort of insidious, sexy thoughts had it linked to pleasure in my brain? Making me want it?

I shook my head in a desperate attempt to clear it. No, I would fight this control! I would sue this place to hell and back and then I would pay whatever I had to in order to get the suggestions out of my head.

“You poor dear, you seem terribly frazzled.” Tina cooed, sounding genuinely concerned, “I think you need another treatment.”

“A-another treatment?” I stammered, my pussy quivered at the memory. “No! No I don’t need another I just...I...I need to break this programming that the spiral put in my head.”

“No, you need another treatment.”

“I need an-what?”

My head felt a little foggy, those words seemed to have triggered something. Something that spiral had placed within my mind when I was blank and empty. Empty and feeling nothing but pleasure; desire began to build inside me, to be empty again.

“It’s okay.” Tina said as she handed me something, “I have what you need.”

Without thinking my hands closed around the item, a tablet. Then, before I could stop myself I was looking down at the screen in my hands and moaned; the spiral. There it was, whirling and twirling before me, drawing me in and drilling right into my brain. My whole body shuddered; I’d returned just as it ordered, that deserved a reward. The small orgasm rocked me and I was only vaguely aware of Tina taking my hand, leading me back to the chair.

The spiral held me in place, emptying every thought just as I wanted. I began to stumble as my muscles grew more and more relaxed; except my hands which kept their iron grip on the tablet. If I dropped it, I wouldn’t be able to see the spiral. By the time I reached the chair I was so absorbed I could barely feel a warm buzzing between my legs. This time there was no voice in the speakers, just Tina, her voice soothing in my ears as her fingers worked the vibrator in and out of me.

“That’s a good girl, it feels good to return.”

“Good to return...” I mumbled, the words were the only ones in my head, it felt good to say them, to get them out so I could be empty again.

“That’s it, repeat everything, let the programming take hold. You want it.”

“I want it.”

The spiral filled my mind, my body, my soul. I couldn’t fight it, it was too powerful and it felt so, so good. I came again, the spiral pulsed in time with the orgasm as those fingers teased me.

“Only the spiral can give you pleasure.”

“Only the spiral can make you cum.”

I repeated everything word for word until those fingers disappeared. But I didn’t need them anymore, I could cum on command, so long as the spiral willed it. Each time it pulsed, sending after images dancing across my vision, I came. Again and again, each time the control got stronger and stronger, yet I couldn’t stop it. My resistance crumbled until I couldn’t even remember it was an option.

“You will return here for deeper programming soon.”

“I will return...”

“You belong to the spiral now,.”

“I belong..t-to the spiral!”

I came again.