

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 37

"Relax"

Chapter
01



NGT Visual Studio presents:

SPICY STORIES VOL. 37: "Relax"

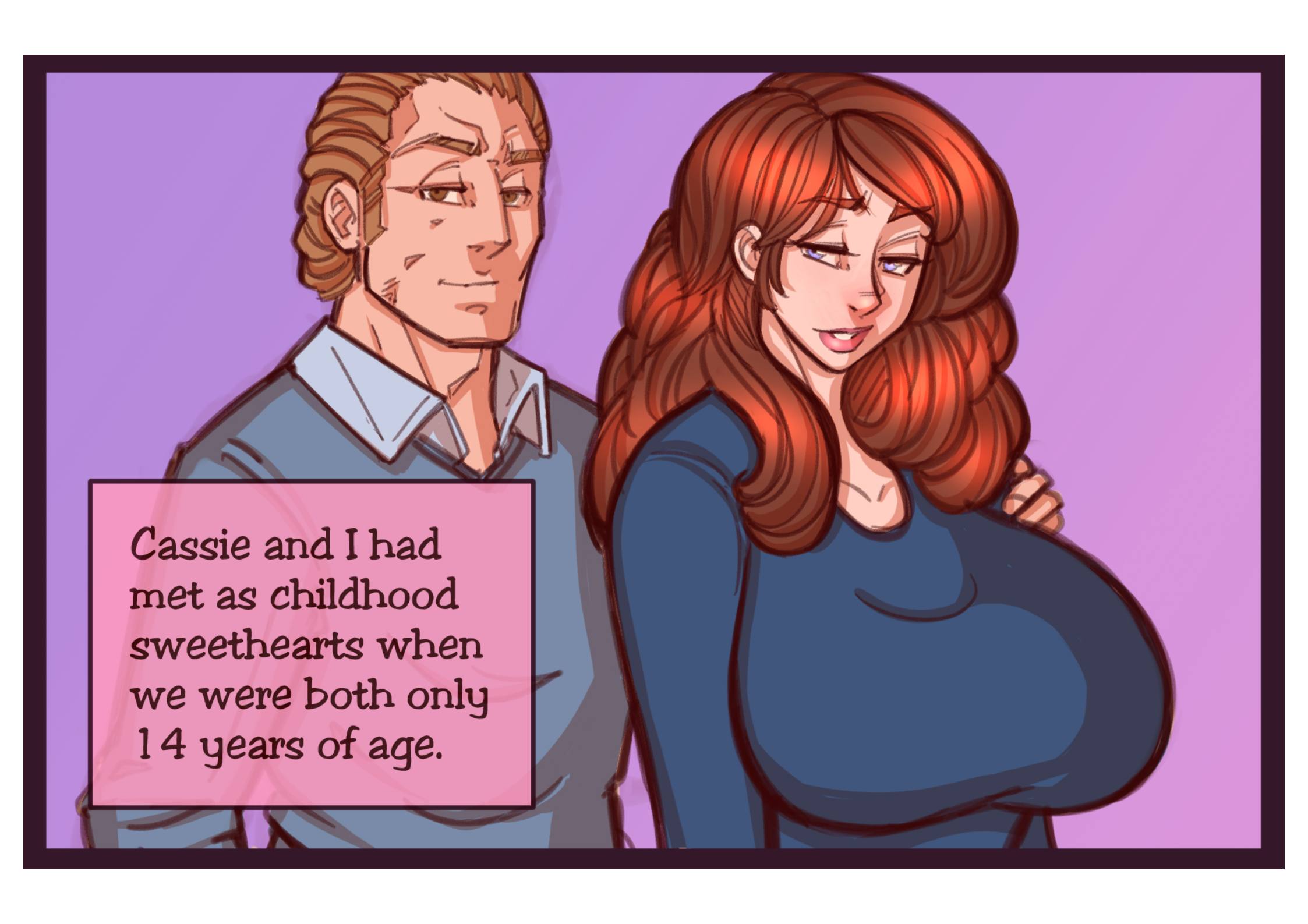
Based on an Original story by Anonymus
Illustrations by NGT VisualStudio

**This is a work of fiction.
All characters aren't real.
All characters are 18 years or older.
Enjoy it!**

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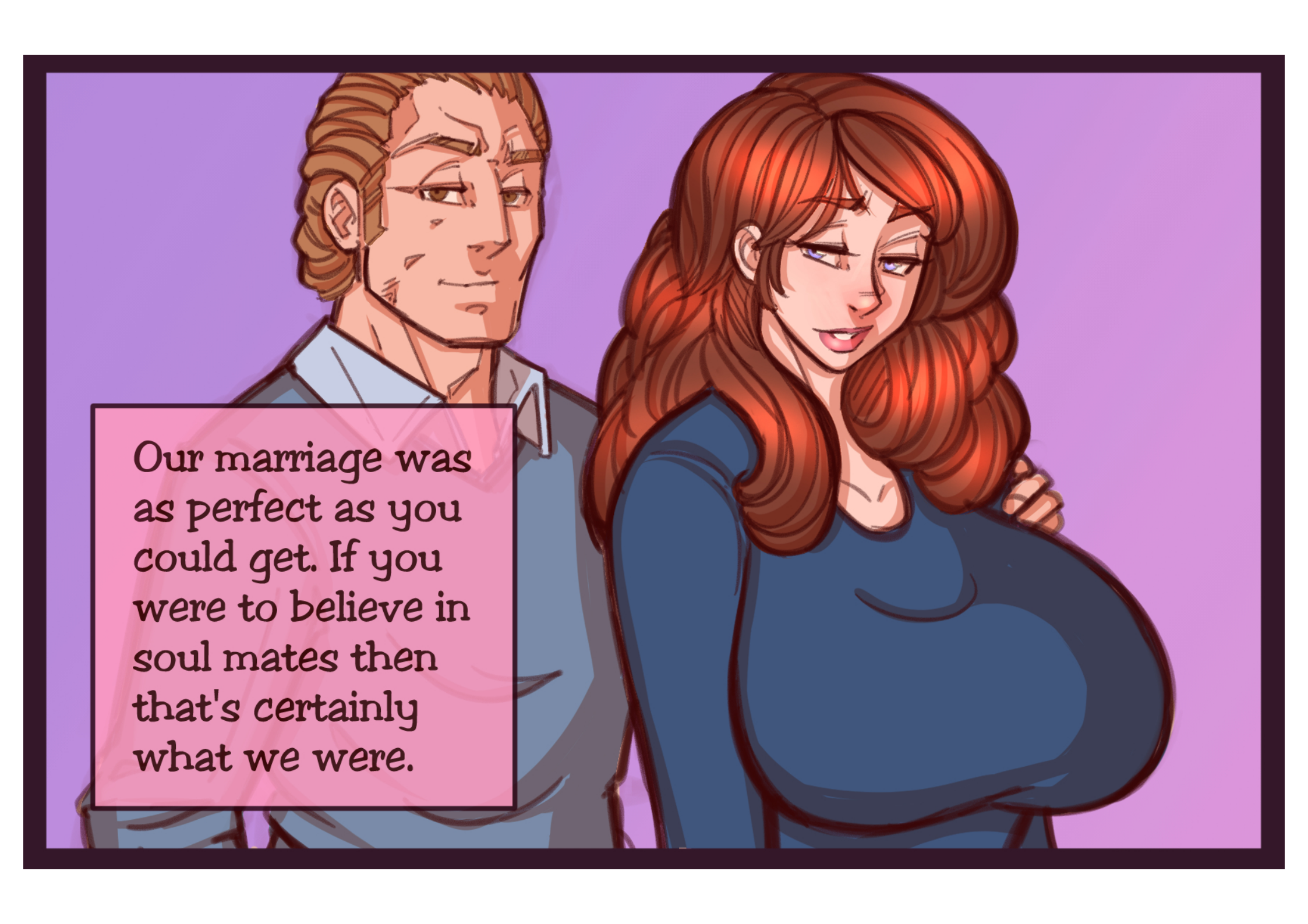
CHAPTER 01



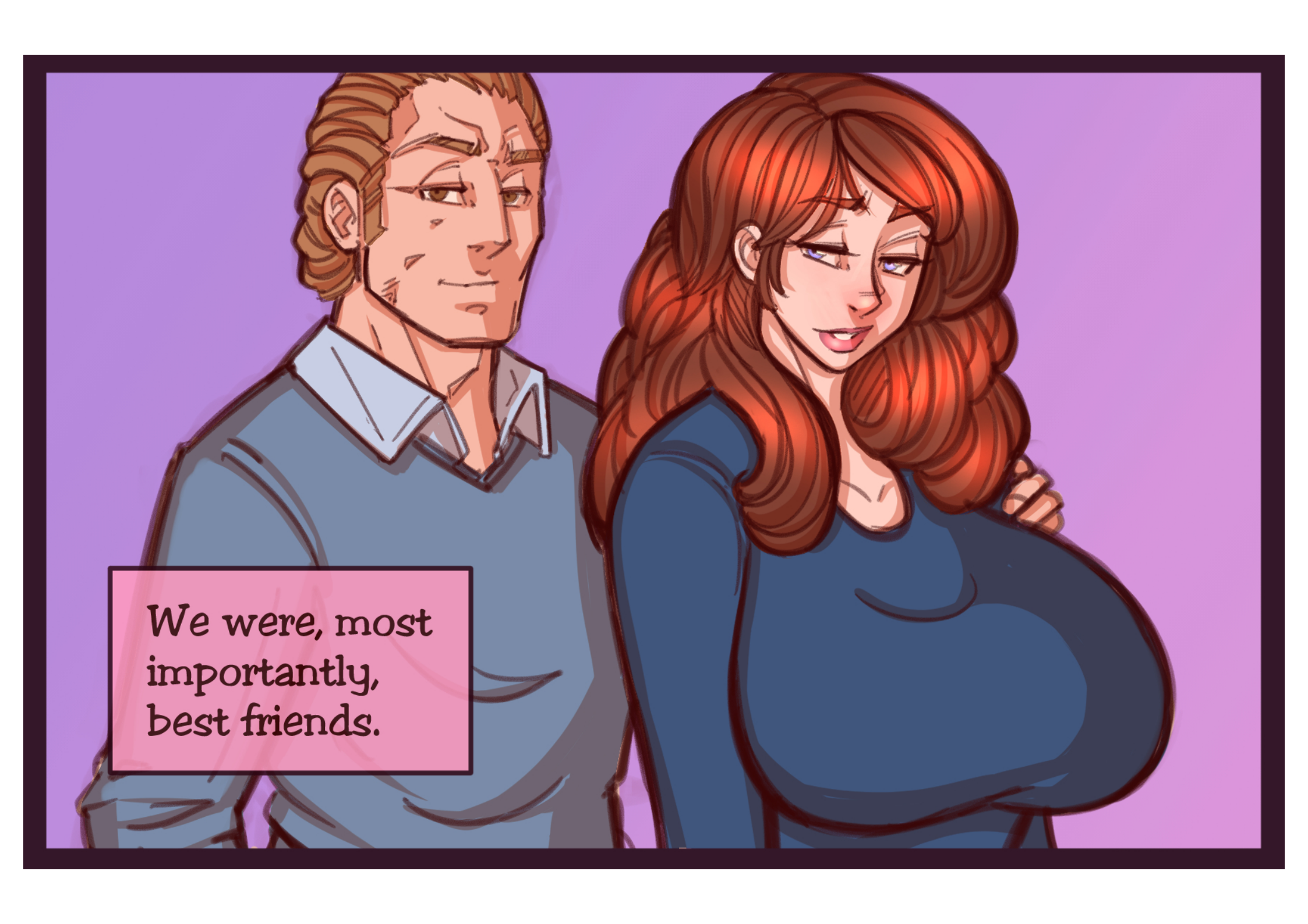
Cassie and I had met as childhood sweethearts when we were both only 14 years of age.



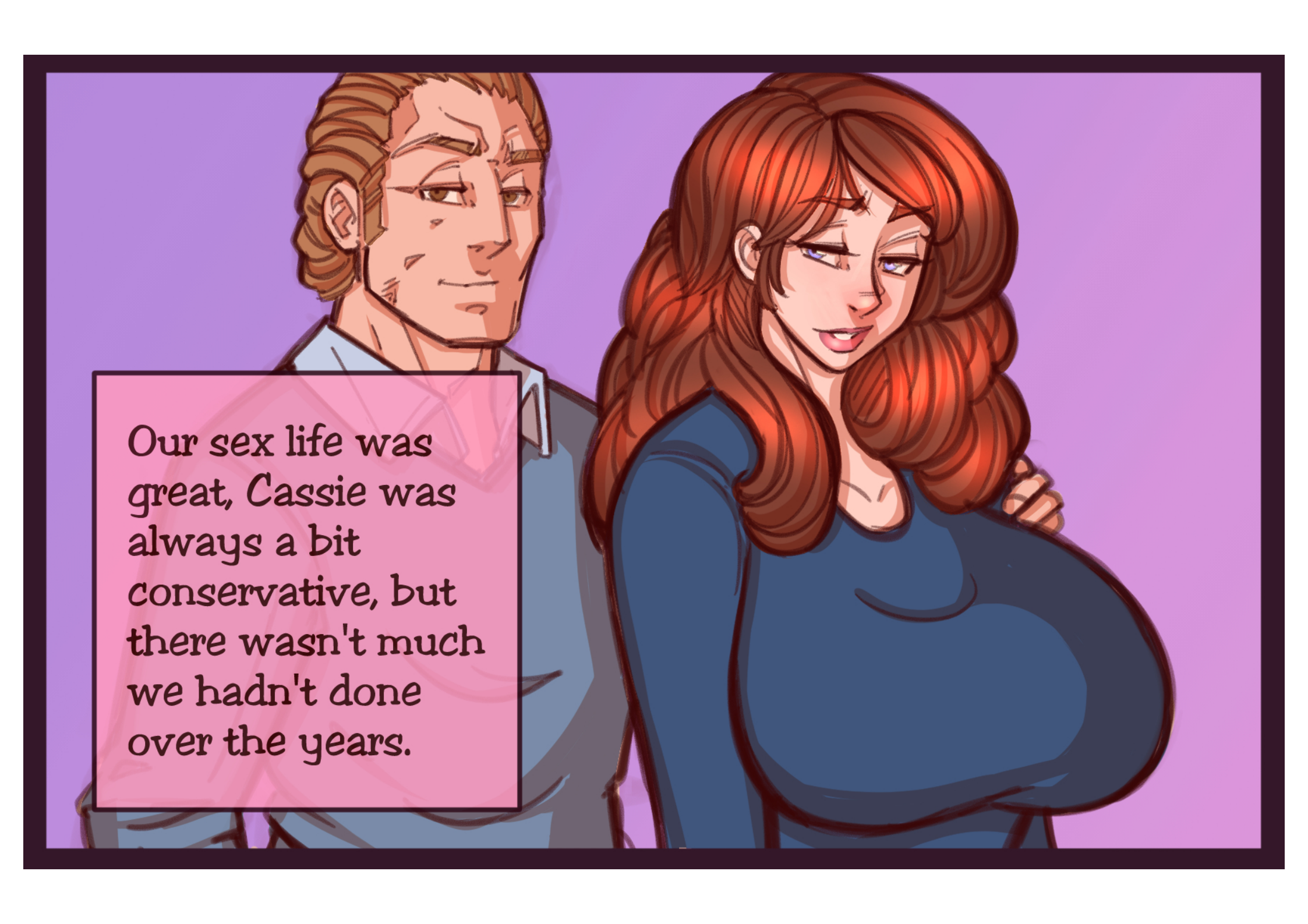
We have been a couple ever since, married at 20, and about to celebrate our 15th wedding anniversary.



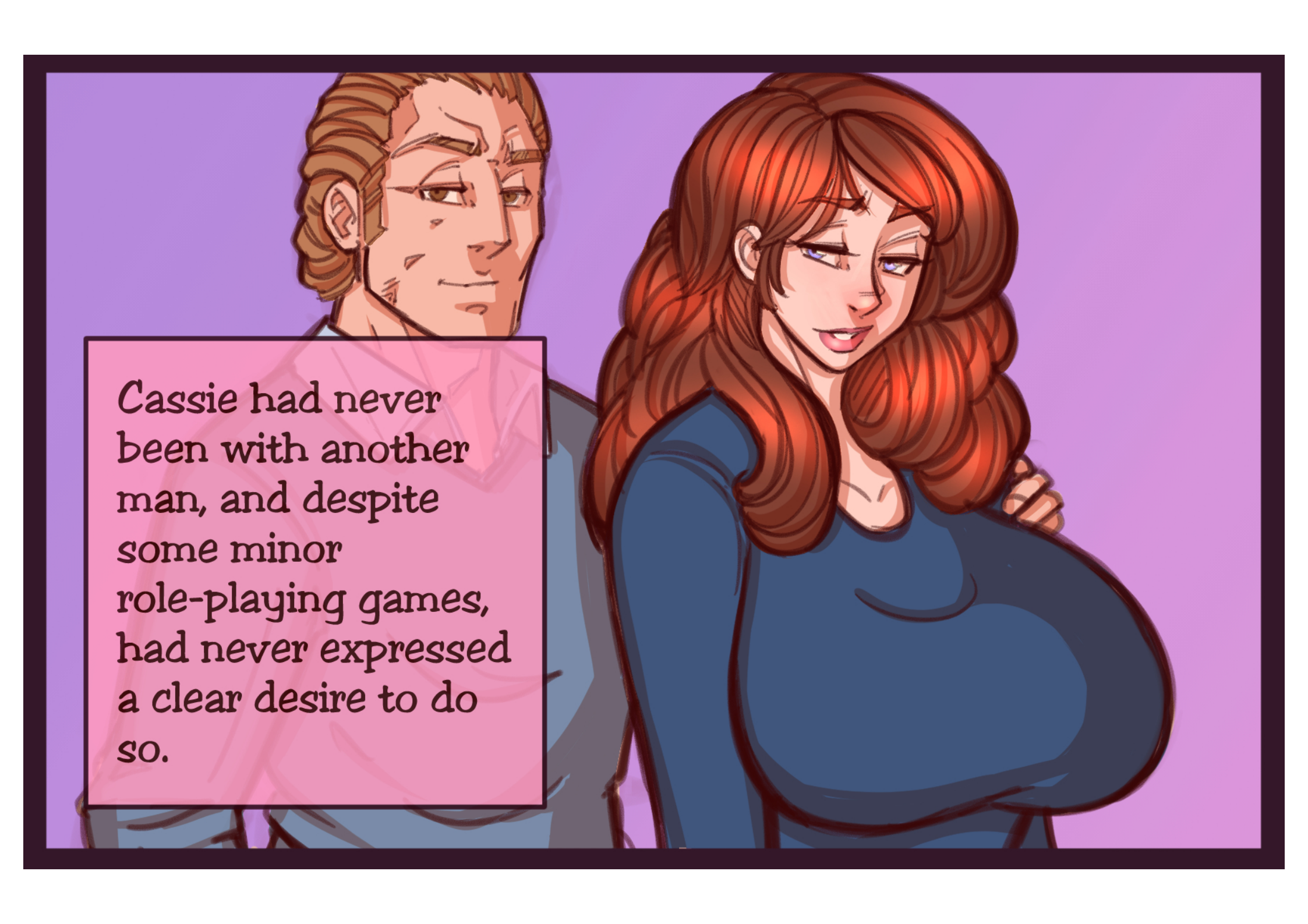
Our marriage was as perfect as you could get. If you were to believe in soul mates then that's certainly what we were.



We were, most importantly, best friends.



Our sex life was great, Cassie was always a bit conservative, but there wasn't much we hadn't done over the years.



Cassie had never been with another man, and despite some minor role-playing games, had never expressed a clear desire to do so.

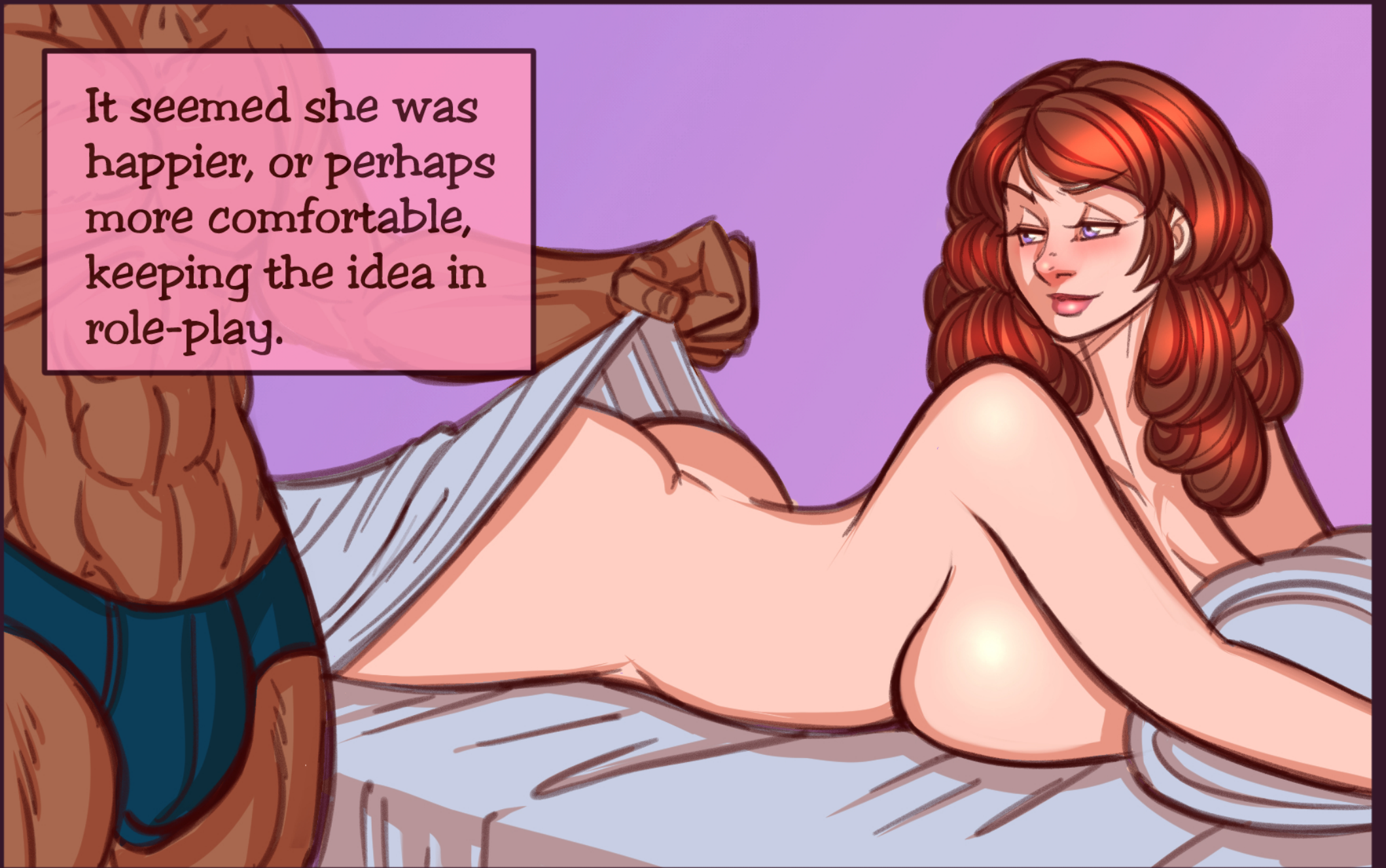
We are both into sensual massage, and the only thing she had even hinted at was the possibility of having a nude massage by a well-proportioned male.



When I had pushed the idea however, her conservatism came through.




It seemed she was happier, or perhaps more comfortable, keeping the idea in role-play.



Having said that,
she was a sucker
for a good therapeutic
massage.



A woman with long, wavy red hair is lying on her side on a light blue surface, possibly a massage table. She has her eyes closed and a peaceful expression. A large, muscular man with dark skin is leaning over her, and his hands are resting on her back, performing a massage. The background is a solid light purple color. A pink rectangular box with a black border is positioned in the upper left quadrant of the image, containing text.

On a regular basis
she would get a
body massage and
preferred to have a
male perform the
massage.

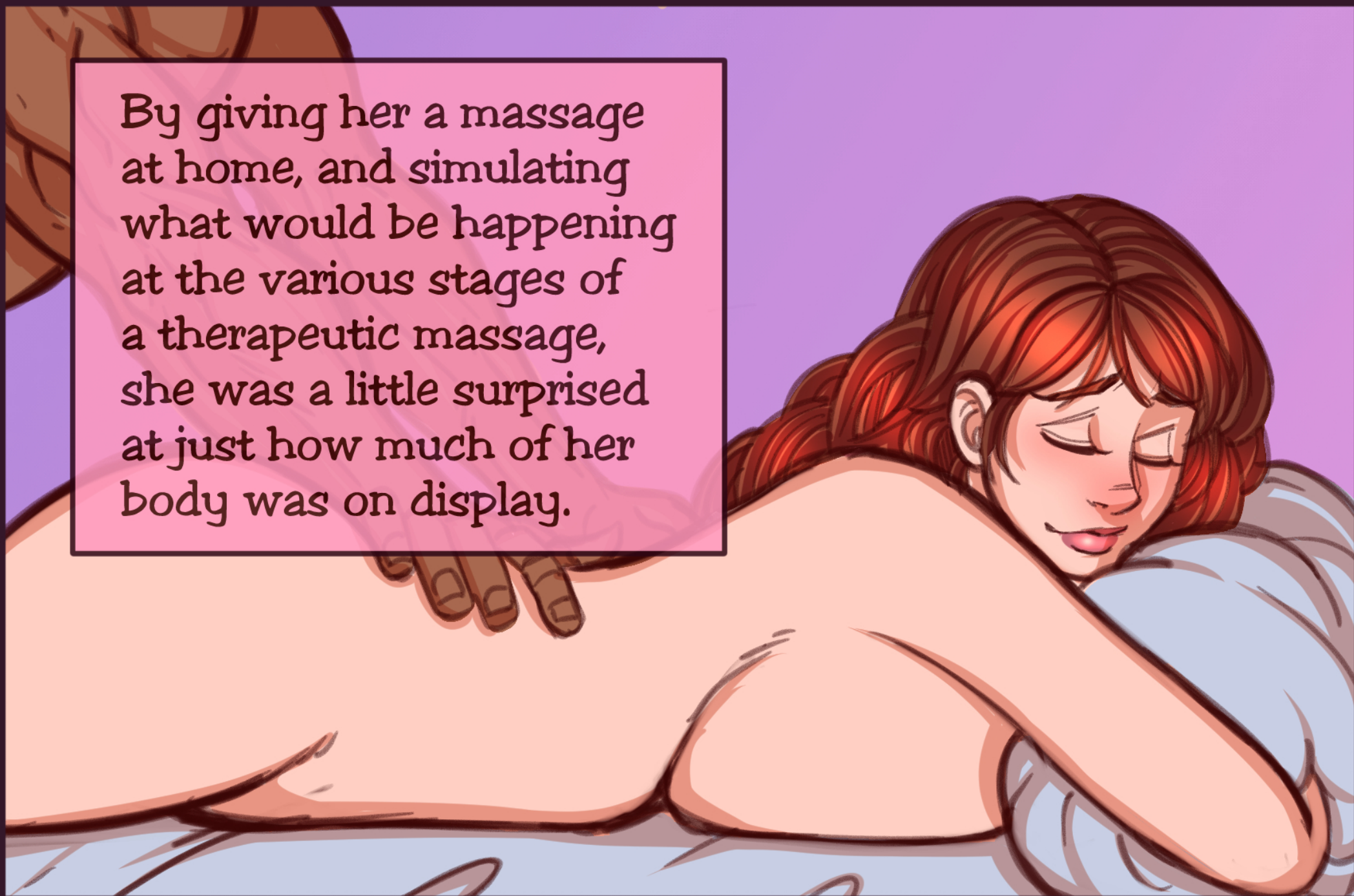
She said this was because they had stronger hands, and there was always a risk of getting a soft wimpy massage if the therapist was female.



She had long gotten use to the idea of lying naked, partially covered by towels, under the hands of a male masseur.

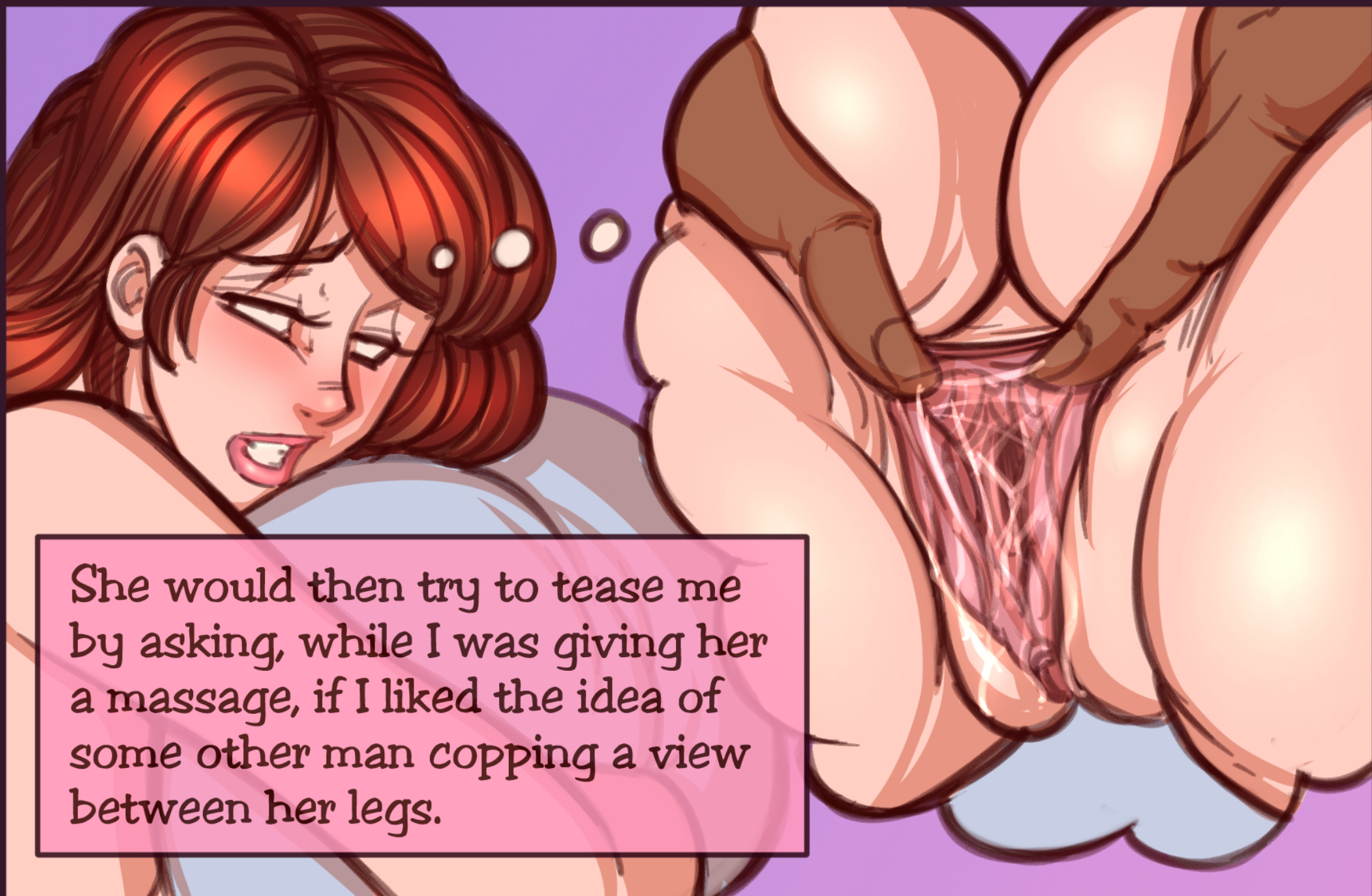


By giving her a massage at home, and simulating what would be happening at the various stages of a therapeutic massage, she was a little surprised at just how much of her body was on display.

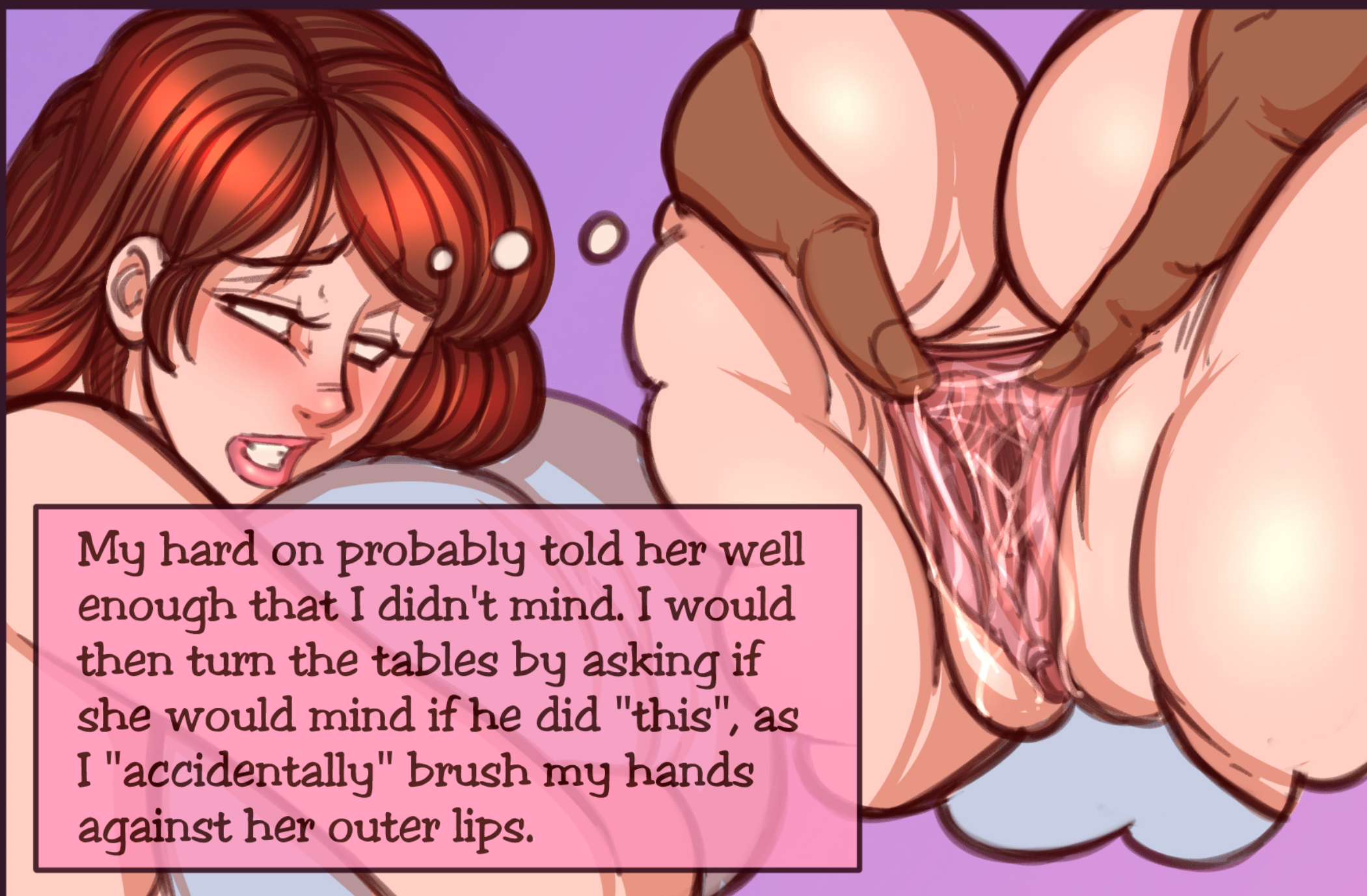


However, she was also quite clearly turned on by this small display of "safe" exhibitionism.





She would then try to tease me by asking, while I was giving her a massage, if I liked the idea of some other man copping a view between her legs.



My hard on probably told her well enough that I didn't mind. I would then turn the tables by asking if she would mind if he did "this", as I "accidentally" brush my hands against her outer lips.



The more we played this game
the more adventurous she would
get before that ingrained
"conservatism" would take over.



Universally though, at some point, she would beg for penetration and a thorough fucking.



She just couldn't continue the role-playing to that extent.



With our anniversary coming up I decided to do something special.



I was unfortunately going to be out of town for some business meetings, but used this as an excuse to take Cassie with me, for a couple of days at our favourite hotel.



We would often do these things on the spur of the moment, taking in a good restaurant, and always having a couple of days of good sex.



This particular Hotel
was our favourite for
a number of reasons.



Firstly the rooms are huge, with massive king sized beds, wonderful views, and the best bathrooms I've ever seen in a hotel.



Secondly they still have adjoining rooms, and while we usually travel alone, we sometimes go away with friends, and it's always nice to have the connecting doors.



On this occasion it was going to serve a different purpose.



And finally, it was one of the few hotels that when a woman rang and booked a massage and requested a male masseur, they would actually try to provide one.



I suspected that most hotels were worried about the consequences of a complaint from a woman being massaged by a male and hence actively "failed" to fulfil the request.



Cassie liked the idea.

The trip was a week away, which gave me plenty of time to make the necessary arrangements.



Essentially the plan was for Cassie to make as many of the arrangements as possible so as to allay any suspicions.



This meant I needed her to book both the accommodation and her massage.

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