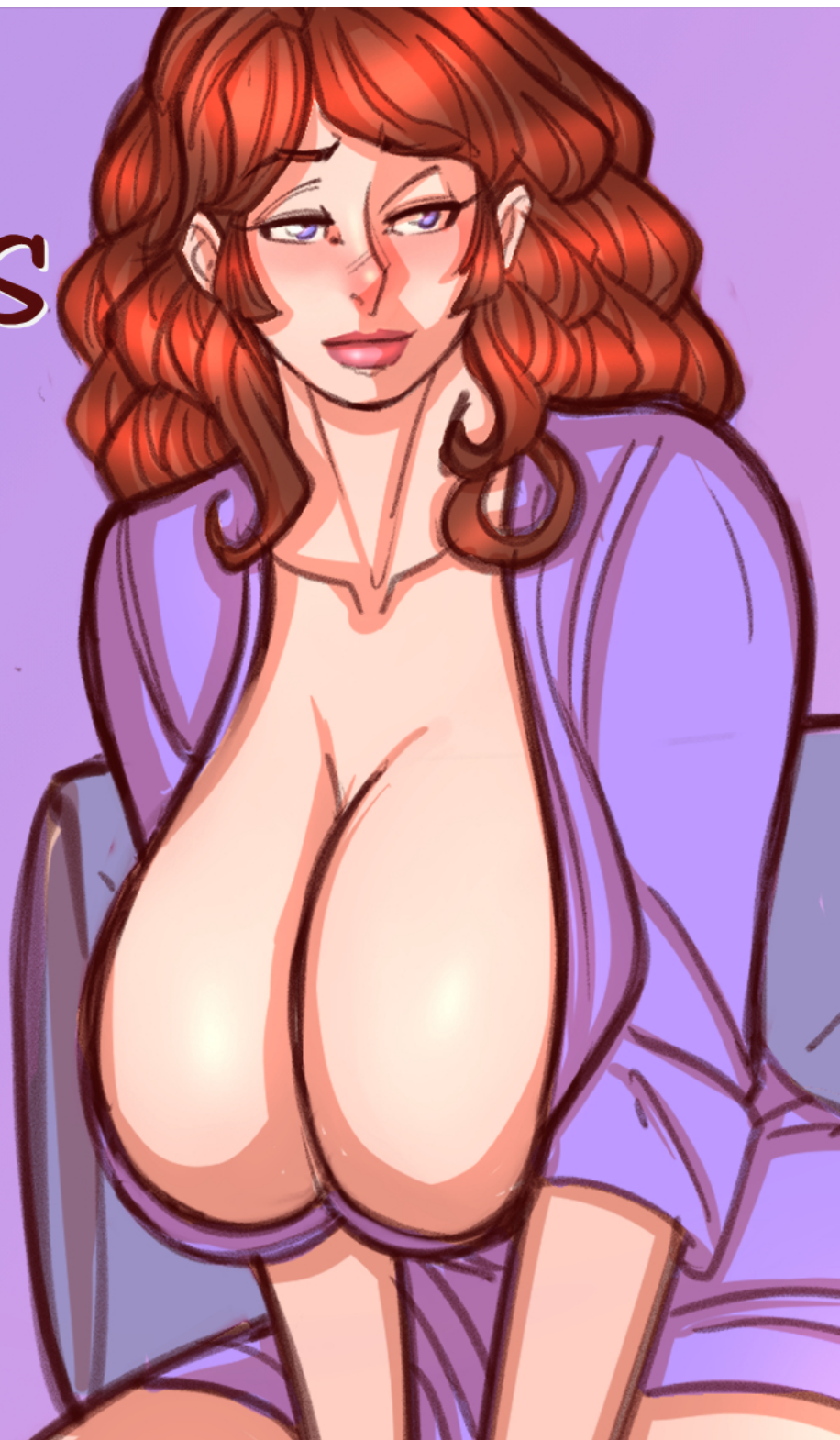


# SPICY STORIES

VOL. 37

*"Relax"*

Chapter  
04



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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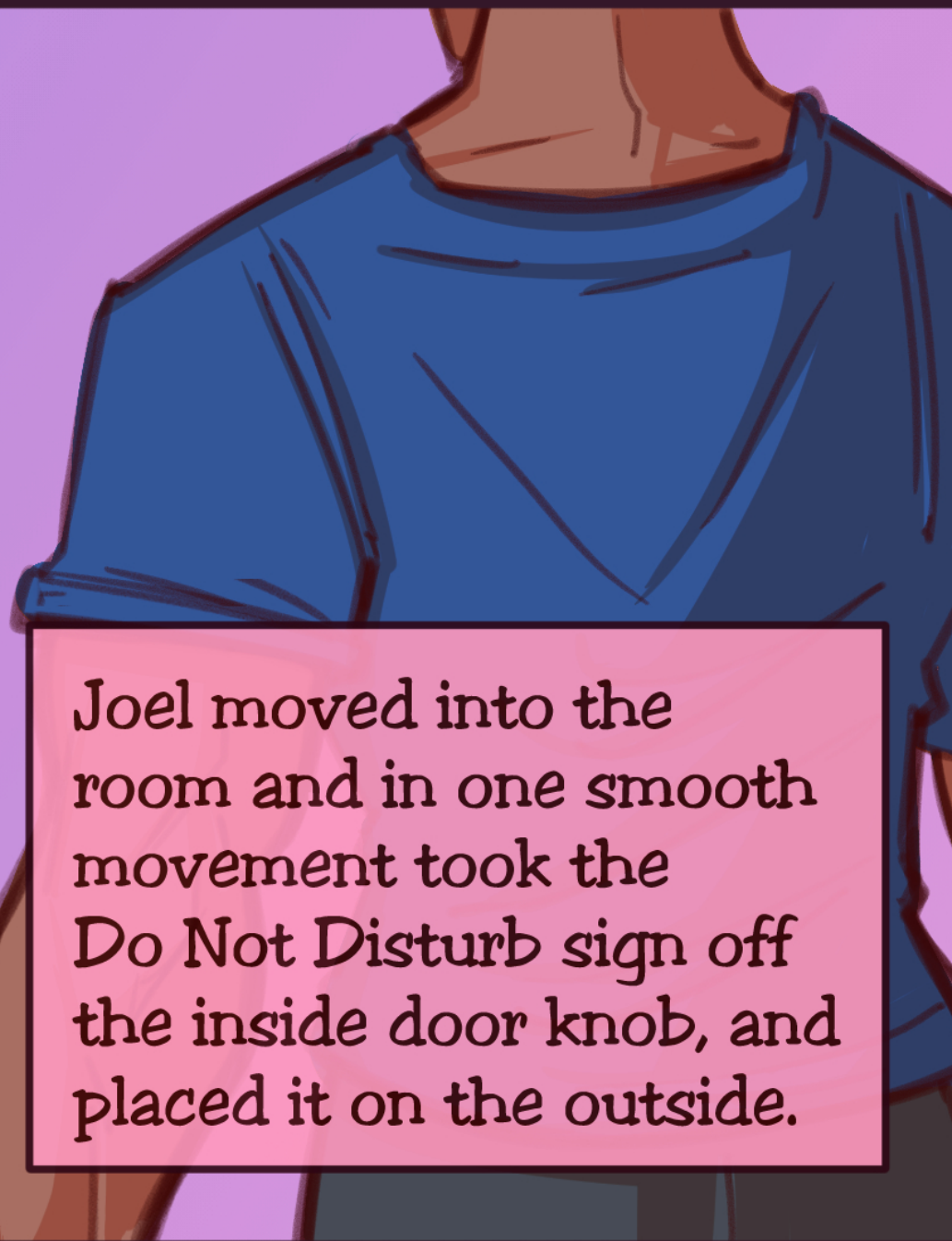
# CHAPTER 04

"Hello, I'm Joel,  
I'm here to give you your message."





"Sure, come on in",  
replied Cassie, doing  
her best to sound  
sober, but failing  
miserably.



Joel moved into the room and in one smooth movement took the Do Not Disturb sign off the inside door knob, and placed it on the outside.



I felt a wave of nervous anticipation wash over me, and was aware of my cock being already semi erect.



"I'm very sorry, but as the leisure centre is being renovated and there are a limited number of portable massage tables."



"So, I have to ask if you feel comfortable using the bed for today's treatment?"



"If you prefer,  
we can wait till  
3:15 when one  
will be available."



As we had planned  
Cassie was quite  
comfortable with  
this arrangement.



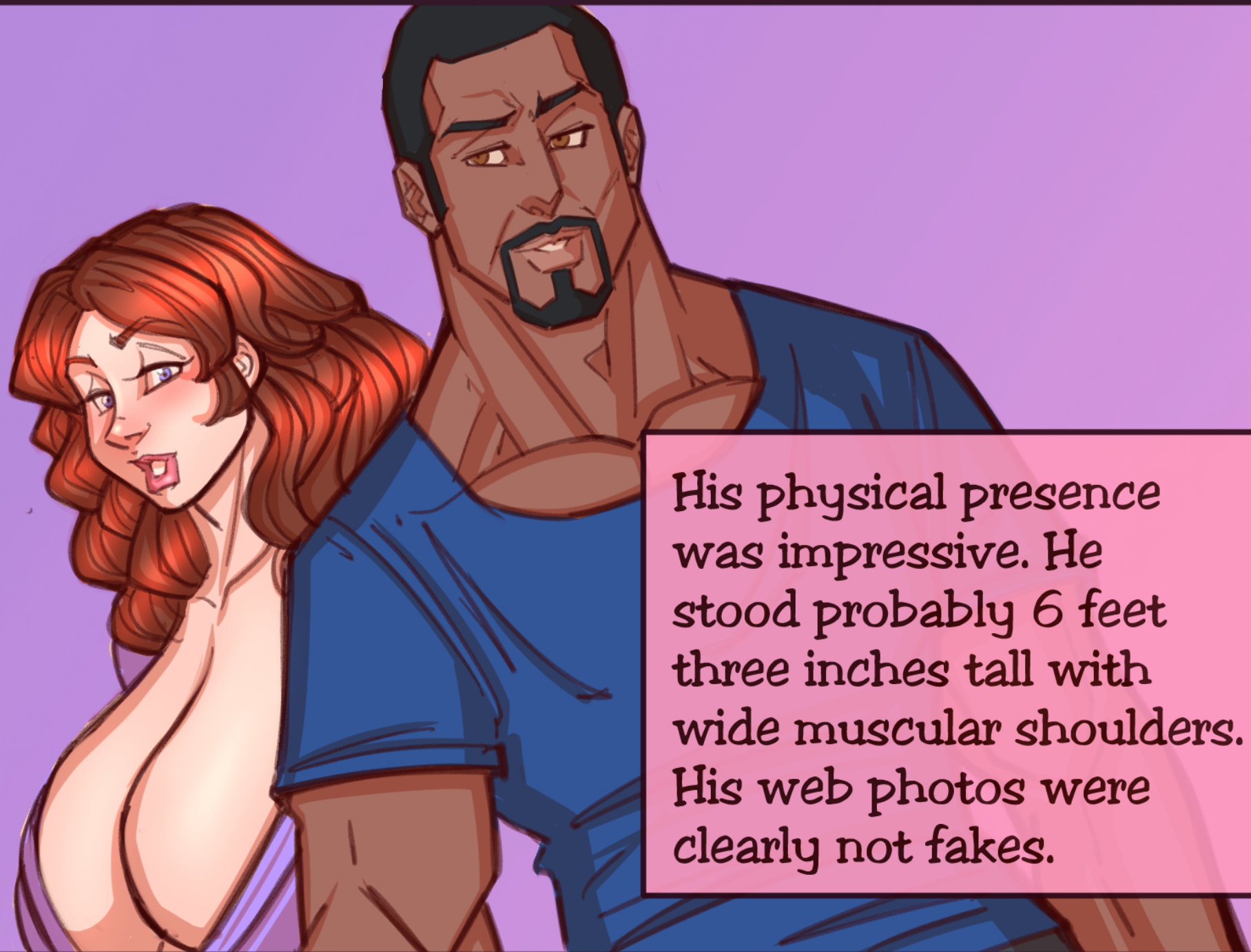
Otherwise, have meant he massage would not have been completed before I returned.



"Great", said Joel,  
and proceeded to  
unpack the bag he  
was carrying,  
laying out a couple  
of large towels on  
the bed.



While he was doing this  
I was able to observe  
Cassie clearly checking  
out her masseur.



His physical presence was impressive. He stood probably 6 feet three inches tall with wide muscular shoulders. His web photos were clearly not fakes.



Joel suggested  
Cassie make herself  
comfortable while  
he freshened up.



He said he had ridden here on his bike and hadn't had time to shower, so if it were O.K. with her he would have a quick rinse before starting.



He asked her to lie on her stomach and handed her a towel to place over herself.




A few minutes later, Joel returned to the room, wearing a loose fitting basketball top and a pair of tight fitting Lycra bike shorts.



While he made some small talk and prepared his massage oils, I could see Cassie.



With her head turned away from me but facing the mirror directly opposite, continuing to check out her masseur.

A comic book panel with a purple background. On the left, a woman with voluminous, wavy red hair and blue eyes is shown from the waist up. She is wearing a light blue, long-sleeved, button-down shirt that is open at the collar, revealing her chest. She has a slight smile and is looking towards the right. In the foreground on the right, the lower legs and feet of a man wearing blue jeans and brown shoes are visible. A thin black arrow points from the man's right leg towards the woman. A pink rectangular text box is overlaid on the bottom right of the panel.

Joel took a small CD player out of his pack and turned on some relaxing "massage therapy" music.

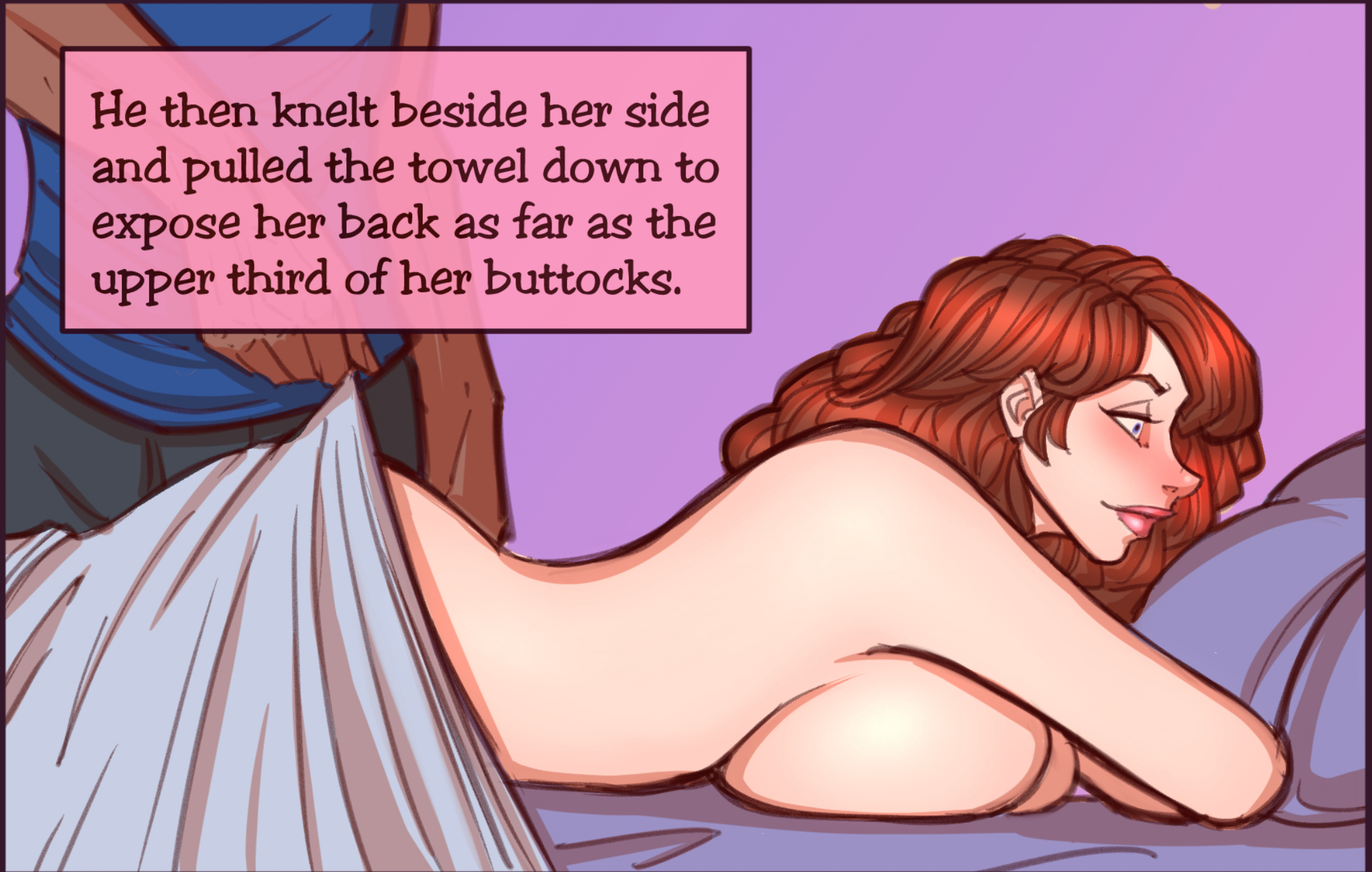
Joel had placed Cassie on the middle of the bed and positioned her so that her toes hung just over the end of the bed.



This left plenty of room  
between Cassie's head  
and the head end of the  
bed.



He then knelt beside her side and pulled the towel down to expose her back as far as the upper third of her buttocks.





Cassie had turned her head to the right, away from Joel so that she was looking directly towards the camera.



I was a little worried she may see the camera but as it was slightly above her line of sight and well hidden in the shadows of the bookshelf it was pretty unlikely.

The session has  
started.

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