Masseuse Masseur

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

I sent her a series of text messages, but I got no replies. In the end I just sent her a few words telling her that I was coming around to her place after work and she could let me know if that wasn’t suitable. I just had my pain back and she was the only person who seemed to know how to fix it.

It was always things at work that brought it on. A pain in the neck is a real thing, not just an expression. I am not the only person who suffers, I have been told. When things get on top of me, I get this pain in the top of my spine. It is unbearable. I have tried all manner of painkillers but there is only one fix – Madeleine M.

When you talk “masseuse” people nod their heads and grin. “Oh yeah, the back rub and then the front rub – the happy ending”. It is not that. There is no sex. She is a mature woman. I am not saying that she isn’t sexy, and there is something about her voice and her manner that is calming on an almost sexual level, but she knows massage. She knows just where the seat of the pain is, and she goes in deep with firm fingers and sets things right.

I needed her so I turned up at her door.

But it was not her. I guessed immediately that it must be her daughter. She was very pretty and had her mother’s eyes,

“I am sorry, but she is not at home,” she said. “I don’t know when she will be back.”

“Could you call her? I am desperate.” I was.

“If you are desperate, I could do it?” she proposed. “I have learned a lot from my mother. She says that I am very talented. I know what I am doing.”

I tend to be cautious when it comes to massage. Don’t let people tell you one is pretty much like the other. I have had bad massages that leave you feeling worse than when you walked in. But it seemed like she was not a stranger, and I was in real pain.

“OK,” I said. I knew the way to the table. Some people say a neck massage can be done in a chair, but Madeleine M insisted I lie down, and that I take off my pants and socks and shoes, as well as my shirt. But it seemed that her daughter was a bit surprised.

I took my position and tried to empty my head and get the relaxation that was required. I could feel her oiling her hands, and I craved to feel that the first touch – the beginning of relief.

Her fingers were firm and seemed to be going for exactly the right spot. She seemed stronger than her mother, with thumbs diving deep, seemingly right to the heart of the problem. I think that I sighed or moaned a little. Madeleine always encouraged that. It was like a relief.

“Do you like that?” she asked. It was a husky purr. I think that it was enough to prompt a response that was unexpected – a slight arousal.

“Yes,” I said. Should I really be surprised? Between me and Madeleine M it was business. It was never sexual. But here was a young woman in her sexual prime. I had not taken much notice of her body when I met her at the door, but now with my eyes closed I started to imagine her naked, with full pert breasts and a smooth belly and a perfect muff above vulvic lips that were wet and quivering, begging for entry. I was getting seriously hard.

I had to move my hips to allow my cock to reposition.

“Are you comfortable?” she asked, and as if to answer the question herself she ran a thumb down my spine that felt like the touch of heaven.

“Oh yes,” I said. I was going go say her name but I realized that, such was my desperation for attention, I had not asked. “I’m sorry, I didn’t ask – what is your name.”

“Jake,” she said.

I was on another plane of pleasure so it may have taken a while to register, but when it did she could clearly feel my body tense. This beautiful creature was a man! My mental image of her body was a lie. My growing erection was perverted.

Her hands lifted from my tense back then returned, softly stroking me as if to assure me that it could still be a woman’s touch.

“But I also go by Jay these days,” she said. “I guess I am finding myself. Please don’t be concerned about me. This is about you. Relax. I know what I am doing. The tenseness is gone already. Don’t you feel it?”

There was no doubting that she had done great work.

“Yes. You have done a good job. I feel good.”

“I know you do,” Jay said. “Some things can’t be hidden from a masseuse.”

She knew that I was aroused. Even now while my cock was shrinking from the shock of her revelation, there was a part of it that was still excited by her touch, and which maintained volume.

“Are we done?” I asked. She was toweling the oil off my back.

“Are we?” she said. “You decide.”

I slipped off the table with my back to her so as to hide what remained of my engorgement. But I had to turn to dress and when I did there was Jay standing naked in front of me.

She had that pretty face and those come-to-bed eyes, and then her body below that was polished and smooth – clearly pluck or shaven. There were strong arms and those hands that had caressed my body and moved my soul. She had small breasts, more appropriate to a young girl just in puberty, and then my eyes had to stare below the belly button and see a trimmed tuft of hair and a very small trio of hanging pieces. The thought in my head surprised me. These male genitals were inoffensive. They did not belong there, but they were not disgusting. They were almost cute, like a mole on her belly – something different - something exotic.

“I hope that you are not offended to see me naked,” she said. “It is just that I don’t know you and you don’t know me, and I won’t be staying here long term. I just would like to know what you think. Do I stand a chance looking the way I do? Would a man be attracted to me? I would just like the honest opinion of a total stranger.”

The answer was becoming evident all over again. There were no words in my mouth, or nothing that made any sense anyway.

“Would you have sex with me?” she said. “I mean would I be a person that you could have sex with?”

I normally pride myself as having something to say. I was lost. Only my cock knew the way.

“I haven’t done this before, but I have made myself ready,” she said. “I have read all about it. I want to do it face to face. I want to see whether I am giving pleasure. I will get on the massage table. Let me adjust the height.”

I have wondered whether she had planned this. What was clear was that I was just there to follow her instructions. I was a human dildo in her hands, with no more ability to talk or to question than if I was a piece of plastic.

She took her position at just the right height for my cock to enter her oiled ass. She drew me in just by looking at me. Her “fuck me look” was the very model of temptation. I would defy any man to resist it – the craving and the trembling lip. I had my eyes on that.

With one and she cupped that which did not belong on a woman, and with the other she guided me inside her.

I am a little ashamed to say that I had never done anal before that day, but it amazed me. Here is an orifice that snaps shut at all times except when bowels or sex demands that it opens briefly. It was so tight that I could feel it squeeze me with every out stroke, and yet relax with every inward thrust.

When I opened my eyes and there were hers, with a trace of tears and a look that cried “Thank you, thank you”. And then her pretty lips opened as she gasped. There was a tiny very feminine squeak from her throat, and then another.

Her strong arms pull me close to her, and I responded by taking her shoulders. They were broad and strong – a man’s shoulders. But somehow that made this act of making love all the more exciting, as if wrestling with somebody just as strong as you but driving them into submission with the power of your cock. In a lifetime of sexual encounters there was nothing to compare to this.

She started to gasp, and I started to grunt. For both of us the climax was near, and I think that both of us knew that it was going to be something very special.

And then it came. A mountain of ecstasy. My cock convulsed filling her with my hot seed. I was in heaven, or a place above even that.

She threw back her hair and stroked my cheek and chin. She smiled. This is how you fall in love. After something as wonderful as that, the touch of her makes you crave it for a lifetime.

“I’ll never forget this moment,” she said. “It is the moment that settled all my uncertainties. I know who I am now. By the way, I am so grateful to you that there is no charge for the massage.”

It may have settled her uncertainties, but for me it had the opposite effect. It made me wonder who I was attracted to. After that afternoon I found myself engaging trans prostitutes in a desperate attempt to find an orgasm even just a little close to the one I had with Jay.

I still visit Madeleine M from time to time. I have asked her about Jake, and she confirmed that her son is now her daughter Jay and has undergone surgery and met a nice man – they are talking about marriage.

I have never told Madeleine about that afternoon, and I am guessing that Jay hasn’t either. That seems good. I do need my regular massages.

The End

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Author’s Note:

Hi, I am Maryanne Peters, a writer of TG fiction. I write short stories mainly – around 2,000-3,000 words about real people. I tend more towards romance than eroticism, but I like to vary my styles as well as my plots and characters. I am fairly prolific with almost 1,000 stories posted on Fictionmania (a few less on Big Closet Top Shelf) and almost 20 anthologies of short stories on Amazon / Kindle Publishing. A fan suggested that I submit something here but “turn up the sex” so I wrote this. If there is an appetite for more of my stuff here, then please let me know.

Maryanne