

## An Absorbing Massage

The ad had described the full-service massage as *ultimate relaxation and stress relief*. It was exactly what Olive needed during her only free day this week. When she had contacted the number in the ad, a different number responded to her about how the business had changed its location. Olive was skeptical, but the massage was advertised at a great price and she never liked to pass up a good deal. If it felt off when she arrived, she could easily leave.

On the drive over, she rubbed her shoulder, giving herself a taste of what was to come. She parked in front of the storefront, an unassuming building in the industrial section of the city. Ready to enter a world of relaxation, Olive pulled the door's handle, but the door did not budge. She pushed. It remained unmoving. That massage was not going to escape her. She called the number. A couple of spaces down, a door opened up and a friendly-looking middle-aged woman popped out. She wore white massage scrubs and waved at Olive.

"So sorry, my dear. I must have mixed up the addresses. I do that sometimes," she said cheerfully with a wave of her hand as if correct addresses were not important. "The massage is right this way."

So far, Olive was not impressed, although the woman's easygoing mannerism set her at ease. She walked through the door into a peaceful scene. There were several bamboo plants in the room, the sound of water trickling, and the light touch of calm music playing. The air smelt of a hint of lavender. The door closed behind her, closing her off from the stresses of the outside world.

"You are Olive, correct?" the woman asked, checking a piece of paper and scribbling down some notes.

"That's me," said Olive joyfully.

"Have you ever had a full-service massage before?"

"Too long ago," Olive sighed. "Since my self-employment and all, I've barely had time. I'm in desperate need of an escape for an hour or two," Olive said, trying to relax into the place's ambiance. She was sure it wouldn't take too much time before she felt relaxed.

"You can forget all about your worries here, Olive. I'll take great care of you, today," the woman said as she walked over to a kettle that sat on a small wooden stand. She gently poured the steaming tea into a porcelain cup. The woman had the natural subtle roundness that comes with age, though still seemed in good shape. Olive did not notice out of attraction, but because she hoped that she would look just as good in about twenty years.

The woman brought the cup of tea to Olive and smoothly placed it in her hands. The cup warmed them and the steam rose up to her nose. "Enjoy this while I finish getting the room ready. My name is Cynthia by the way and I'll also be your masseuse," she said in her calm friendly voice.

Cynthia's excellent customer service skills did not go unnoticed by Olive. It wasn't the usual fake friendliness either. She seemed like a genuinely caring person. Olive could see herself coming to this place every day that she took off. As she sipped the tea, the chamomile taste hit her tongue and she let her mind wander until her eyes fixated on the water fountain.

The fountain was a stone statue of a nude woman standing in a pond with a wooden bucket tilted over her head. She had a surprisingly ample bust for her thin figure. Water trickled out from the bucket onto her chest to create the effect of her bathing herself. Several drops separated from the main stream, darkening the stone along the edges of the fountain before drying out within seconds, only to be replaced by more drops. The longer Olive looked at the fountain, the more pleased the statue's expression appeared and the more uneasy she felt, though she couldn't place why.

Before she could contemplate it further, Cynthia interrupted her to guide her back to the room. Olive went to finish her tea, but when she looked down at her cup, she discovered it was already empty. She stood up and followed Cynthia to the back room. There, the lavender scent was stronger, but not overwhelming and several candles illuminated the room.

"Now please strip down naked and lay on the table. I will be back in just a moment," Cynthia said as she strolled out of the room. Olive removed her clothes, which even on her days off tended to be business casual. She laid on the table face down and covered herself with the sheet. She took in a deep breath, the calming lavender smell invading her nose as she waited for Cynthia and the pleasant massage ahead.

Just as promised, Cynthia entered the room moments later and the massage began. Cynthia found all of her sore muscles, expertly massaging out the pain and pushing her relaxation further. She must have had many years of experience as a masseuse. She massaged every muscle from the tip of her toes up to her head, even between her thighs and the sides of her chest, which would have normally made Olive uncomfortable. She had such a professional and matter-of-fact mannerism that if she had started to give Olive a more intimate massage, she was sure she would have let her. Most of the tension was gone from her body by the time Cynthia regrettably whispered that the massage had ended. Olive groaned. She was not ready to return to the hustle of the outside world.

"I wish I could stay here forever," joked Olive. "That was incredible and so relaxing."

"Thank you," said Cynthia with a humble bow of her head. "Actually, there is one thing you can help me with if you would like to stay longer."

"Absolutely!" Olive said. Any excuse to stay.

"As you are aware, my business is new," started Cynthia, "and if you are okay with it, I would love to do an experimental massage on you. I specifically designed it for women such as you and me that are both blessed and cursed with such large breasts," she said with a smirk while motioning to both of their busty chests.

Olive laughed. It was true. She loved having a big bust, but it could also be annoying. "Okay, I'll be a guinea pig for your experimental massage."

"Wonderful," Cynthia said as she clapped her hands together. "Now, just give me a moment to prepare," she said before beginning to remove her clothes.

"Uh, what are you doing?" Olive asked, suddenly alert.

Cynthia brushed her off. “Skin to skin contact is much more comfortable than if I were to remain clothed. Do you want me to stop?”

Olive was hesitant. Sure, during the massage, perverted thoughts had crossed her mind, but both of them being naked at the same time might be too far for her. However, Cynthia had been so professional up to this point in her mannerisms that she figured it was harmless. Besides, if she became too uncomfortable at any moment she could end the massage. Plus, she would be helping a fellow businesswoman to improve her services.

“Sure,” she finally conceded, her tone warning Cynthia not to try anything more than a massage.

Cynthia finished removing her clothes, revealing her caramel skin and freeing her large boobs, that were starting to sag from age. When she sat down, they bounced. She gestured for Olive to sit on her lap to which Olive tentatively obliged.

The oil from the previous massage caused Olive to awkwardly slide around. It felt embarrassing to sit naked on another woman’s lap, her butt pressing into Cynthia’s naked thighs and her back brushing against Cynthia’s boobs. Cynthia spoke calm reassurances to her that dissipated the uncomfortable situation.

With one of her hands wrapped around Olive’s stomach, Cynthia dug her strength deeply into her lower back. The tension melted away and she forgot all about her and Cynthia’s nudity. As the massage progressed, Olive found herself becoming turned on. The heat from their bodies pressed together and pushed into Olive as Cynthia’s hands hit all of the right spots again. By the time Cynthia’s hands wrapped around to Olive’s collar, she increasingly desired for Cynthia to touch her chest. She didn’t just want Cynthia to massage the sides like when she was laying down, no, she wanted to feel her professional hands cupping and squeezing her tender mounds.

Olive breathed heavier to discretely signal her wishes. She could play it off as innocent behavior if Cynthia denied her. However, she didn’t need to. Cynthia gave her exactly what she wanted. Her hands slid down, over her large bust, her palms squeezing against her chest, her fingers delicately pressing into her perky boobs. Olive moaned inadvertently.

Her face flushed. “I’m so sorry, that moan came out of nowhere,” Olive said.

“It’s perfectly natural, my dear,” she responded with her same cheerful tone. “Just relax and enjoy my massage. If you feel the urge to moan, then moan. Or any other urges for that matter. Resisting will only cause tension, which we want to avoid.”

The woman pumped more oil into her hands before touching Olive again. The warmth covered her bust, oil drops sliding down its curves to her belly. Cynthia used every manner of technique to manipulate her boobs. She kneaded, squeezed, pulled, and pushed. She rubbed the sides, the tops, the bottoms, and in between. She used her knuckles, her palms, and her fingers. No place had ever given Olive such a massage before. The heat in her body and between her thighs consistently grew while she occasionally let out a moan when Cynthia hit a particularly sore spot.

Then, Cynthia lightly pinched Olive’s nipples, sending a ticklish shock to her clit and causing Olive to moan less subtly. Just as expertly as Cynthia had worked her boobs, she now worked her erect

nipples, each shock stimulating her clit and mind. Olive never knew she could feel so much pleasure from having her tits massaged.

The heat within Olive grew into a sensual fire. It climbed up her legs to her butt and up her spine. A familiar tingling sensation spread throughout her mind and to her clit. Olive was going to say something to stop Cynthia, but Cynthia *had* said to let any of the urges wash over her. Instead, Olive embraced the increasing pleasure, letting all the tension float away. She rocked back and forth, pushing her chest forward into Cynthia's unrelenting stimulation. Finally, Olive shook as the pleasure shot up to her brain and down to her clit, connecting the two with pulsating electricity that had her in orgasmic ecstasy.

As Olive calmed down, her labored breath slowed to steady breathing and she laughed, "I'm so sorry, I didn't even know I could orgasm from being stimulated there."

"Do not worry, Olive, an orgasm is perfectly natural and contributes to your relaxation. I needed you fully relaxed. Besides, you have such big and lovely tits, Olive. I can't wait to have them," Cynthia said. Envy had replaced the masseuse's previously cheerful tone. Olive had a nagging feeling that it was time for her to get out of there regardless of how good the massage and orgasm had felt.

"I should really get going," Olive said as she tried to stand. She couldn't. Something was holding her in place as if she were glued to Cynthia's lap. Olive looked down. Her body wasn't just stuck to Cynthia, it was sinking into her! Where she felt the erotic heat, was actually the sensation of the parts of her body absorbed into Cynthia. Only her upper thighs and torso remained free, but that was changing as her pale body slowly sunk deeper into Cynthia's dark skin. Before Olive could scream, Cynthia's hand covered her mouth.

"I needed you to be fully relaxed so that I could begin to absorb you, my dear," Cynthia said. "You are probably wondering why I'm doing this to you, aren't you?" Cynthia paused, as if mocking Olive's inability to respond. Olive didn't care for the woman's reasons. She just wanted to be free, to escape the monstrosity happening to her. "It's because I want your perfect perky tits for myself, Olive."

Her hand grabbed Olive's boobs as if she were looking at a product from a grocery store shelf. Cynthia pulled on one of Olive's nipples, pulling her breast away from her body before letting it go to bounce back into place.

Cynthia said admiringly, "They truly are perfect, my dear. You are very lucky."

Olive looked for some way she could escape her situation. This couldn't be happening. There was no way that she was being sucked into another woman at this very moment, becoming a part of her. Her eyes darted around the room. Nothing. There was nothing she could do except sink deeper into Cynthia's warmth.

Cynthia grabbed Olive's other round breast with her free hand. Olive groaned and whimpered, no longer wanting the pleasant shocks. Cynthia ignored her. She squeezed and played with her nipple until Olive's clit throbbed with another orgasm, her pussy bucking just above Cynthia's, wetting it with a couple of drops of her orgasm. When she inevitably relaxed post-orgasm, her pussy disappeared under Cynthia's pussy, the warmth invading her slit.

Olive felt lightheaded and dizzy, distracted by the woman's touch and the pleasurable sensations happening to her body. The farther she sank, the warmer her entire body felt and the dizzier her mind became. Meanwhile, Cynthia continued to stimulate Olive's chest.

Soon, only her chest, shoulders, and head remained free, her paleness protruding from Cynthia's chest. Cynthia dropped her hand away, giving Olive a break from the overwhelming touch, but a clear view of the changes happening to her body. Olive's large mounds changed to Cynthia's caramel skin tone. Her once brandy-rose areola and nipples turned dark mocha. They no longer looked they had once belonged to Olive.

Afterward, Cynthia pushed Olive's head and shoulders into her skin so that the only parts of her face that remained exposed were her nose and above. "You are going to be my perfect pair of tits," she taunted Olive. "The first thing I do when I leave today is to go find a lucky guy to give a nice long titjob to with these bad girls," she said as she squeezed them together. Olive felt the action as if Cynthia had squeezed her boobs, but this time they felt more sensitive and pleasurable than before.

"As you can see, my skin is a lot more sensitive than a normal person's," she said. "Want to see how it feels to touch my nipples?"

With both of her hands free now, she gently pinched her new nipples, rubbing them between her slick fingers. Olive's eyes rolled to the back of her head. Her nipples felt like two throbbing clits now that they were Cynthia's. Cynthia moaned as the overwhelming pleasure washed over Olive and her, giving them several shocking orgasms. Olive finally submerged into the warm darkness of Cynthia's body where the sound of the tranquil music disappeared and the smell of lavender along with it.

Within the darkness, Olive's only knowledge of her continued existence was the warmth wrapped around her body and the sensation of her large bust pleasantly bouncing around and Cynthia occasionally playing with her new toys. Through the dizzying pleasure of it all, Olive wondered if she would ever escape this place or if she would have to learn to embrace it.