

Untitled Commission, First Half

Codename: MILF

By BreaktheBar

The lobby hadn't changed that much since the last time I'd been at Greenmeadow Golf & Country Club. The place definitely leaned heavier into the Country Club than any other place in the area, and its longstanding reputation as the playground of the local wealthy and elite was well deserved. Daily brunch service, multiple pools, tennis courts, squash courts, two complete 18-hole golf courses, a private games room for card tournaments, a billiards hall, and even a full ballroom for weddings and whatever other extravagant parties their patrons wanted to hold.

I'd grown up going to Greenmeadow, dressed up in starchy, uncomfortable but fashionable clothes, eating the richest foods and only partially appreciating the wild array of opportunities being presented to me. But I hadn't stepped on the grounds in three years, and I likely wouldn't have if my Father had anything to do with it.

"Good morning, sir," a pretty brunette said as I stepped through the front doors. "Your membership card please?" She gestured at a little blinking stand where I assumed I was expected to swipe a card. It looked like they'd modernized a bit.

"Actually, I'm here for my first day," I said. "I'm Trevor Brantford. I'm supposed to be meeting Olga Bondarenko?"

"Oh, alright," the woman said, her smile sliding from customer service to a more casual attitude. Even her posture changed a little as she relaxed. She tapped on the touchscreen in front of her. "Alright, Olga should be up here any minute. From now on you should come in at one of the staff entrances. There's one down and around to the left through the golf cart garage, and another one at the far end of the building just off of the pool area."

"Will do," I said. "Thanks."

She returned to what she was working on behind the welcome desk, and I went and stood a little further into the lobby so I didn't look like I was taking up her attention. From what I remembered, Greenmeadow had always been fairly strict about their front-of-house staff giving quick, efficient service and some of the longstanding members could be a little bitchy if they were kept waiting.

They'd redone the lobby, modernizing it while maintaining the rich atmosphere. I was checking out some of the ridiculous paintings they'd hung, which reminded me of old British hunting scenes but somehow abstract at the same time, when a short woman approached me. "Hey, Trevor?"

“That’s me,” I said, turning with a smile.

She was short, maybe five foot nothing, and was wearing one of the deep green polo shirts and khaki shorts that the athletic attendants and snack cart girls wore, with the crest of Greenmeadow on the left side of her chest. She was cute in a nerdy sort of way, and her long blonde hair was straightened and pulled back into a ponytail that trailed down her back, and she wore a pair of frameless glasses that gave her a sort of hot librarian look without leaning too far into it. “Cool,” she said, “I’m Marissa, Olga sent me to bring you down to her office. If it’s your first day do I need to give you the nickel tour?”

“It is,” I said. “But I’ve been here before. My parents are members.”

“Ah,” Marissa said non-committally as she started leading me through a Staff Only door discreetly hidden behind an urn in the back corner of the room. “Summer job?”

“Heh, no,” I chuckled. “This is my full-time gig for the near future at least.”

She glanced over her shoulder at me, considering me. I could tell she was trying to get a fast read of what kind of person I was. She led me down a plain service hallway and then into an industrial stairwell where our voices echoed - this was all areas of Greenmeadow I’d never seen before. “How’s a guy whose parents can afford membership here and up working here?” she asked.

“By choice,” I said. “I was terrible with math and languages all through school because of my dyslexia, but my father still thought I should go to school for business. I got a three-year degree in massage therapy instead; he still hasn’t forgiven me.”

“Oh, so that’s why you’re meeting Olga,” Marissa nodded. We’d left the stairwell and were heading down a tiled hallway with windows overlooking the tennis and squash courts. “I figured I was picking up a new maintenance guy or something when she asked me to come up. But you’re going to work in the spa.”

“That’s the plan,” I said. “Get some experience and save up to open my own practice at some point. What area do you work in?”

“Depends on the day,” she said. “Today I’m driving the beer cart out on the course, but I also work as a waitress and bartender in the main restaurant and work on the catering crew for the big events.”

“Sounds like they keep you busy,” I said. We’d turned a corner and were looking at a staff break room with a few offices studded around the exterior. The break room was empty, but two of the five offices had people working in them.

“Oh, it’s by choice,” she said. “I’m paying off grad school as I work my way through it.”

“Cool,” I said, but didn’t have a chance to ask her anymore because she stopped and knocked at one of the office doors.

“Here he is, Olga,” Marissa said. “I need to get back out there.”

“On your way then,” Olga said, giving her a shooing gesture as she stood from her chaotically messy desk. “Alright, Trevor. Let’s get a proper look at you.”

Marissa turned and gave me a wink as she sauntered off. I had to try not to turn and glance at her walking away. Even though she wasn’t classically beautiful or looked like an Instagram influencer, she had a quirky prettiness in her full-figured body and personality. The fact that she was also somewhere in the ballpark of my same age already had me interested in her, and I wondered if our paths would cross during a workday.

Olga, on the other hand, was a severe woman that seemed to be all angles, judgemental stares and brusque business. I had interviewed with her and Mr Graves, the VP of Amenities and Services of Greenmeadow, over Teams from back at college. Between my history with Greenmeadow, a couple of big recommendations from my teachers and the apparent need for a new massage therapist for the Club they had hired me without either of them actually meeting me.

She had me sit down in her office and ran me through her expectations and the limitations put on staff in terms of where we could and couldn’t be on Club property. Then we went through the employment forms, and the NDA I needed to sign since I was working in a ‘sensitive area’ with the Club clients. She also explained that she was technically my direct supervisor, as she was in charge of the entire Spa and the pool areas, but she was also managing the newly renovated salon the Club had opened so my day-to-day would be handled by the most senior of the current massage therapists, a woman named Violet.

Once all the paperwork was out of the way, Olga marched down through the back halls and rooms of the club to the eastern Staff Entrance, located just where Marissa had said it was at the Golf Cart garage, then showed me the way to the staff change rooms, and from there to the staff entrance into the Spa back area where I met Violet. She was a tall, broad woman that met every expectation of ‘Swedish Masseur’ and I felt like the 40-something blonde woman could probably snap me in half.

Olga left me there, and Violet gave me the quick 2 cent tour. Even as a teen I hadn’t ever set foot in the Spa of the Club since it was adults only; the little entryway was all rugged stonework and smoothly polished wood counters that gave off an ‘ancient garden’ kind of vibe, with warm and soft lighting and the sound of trickling water playing in the background. There were change halls for men and women with private stalls, and multiple saunas and cold rooms kept at various temperatures. Then Violet walked me down ‘Massage Alley,’ an offshoot hallway with a series of

massage rooms with big glass windows that turned frosted and entirely opaque at the flip of a switch.

There were seven of these rooms, and I basically had full choice of how I would lay mine out and what supplies I wanted to order and use. Violet pointed hers out, and gave me some sample bottles of products the Club had a deal with the suppliers for. She also noted that despite our seven rooms, I was only the fourth massage therapist currently on staff.

"It's an awkward situation," she said. "We're overwhelmed with bookings, but we can't hold on to people. Half the time it's because kids your age don't seem to actually want to do the work and I have to turf them, the other half of the time they quit because they can't handle the entitlement of some of our more... vocal clients."

"Well, I'm here to work," I told her. She'd led me into the room that was going to be mine to use. "I did a three-year degree for this because it actually interests me. And I grew up around these kinds of people, so I at least like to think I can diffuse any situations that might come up."

"Good," she nodded. She was almost as brusque as Olga was, and I wondered if maybe they were related in some way. "Now, as I said, we've got an overwhelming number of bookings and now that word is getting out we've got a new male masseuse I'm sure we'll be getting even more. So one last thing before I leave you to get set up."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Don't fuck the clients," she said, levelling her gaze at me from over the plush massage table between us.

"Um," I said, a little taken aback. "I-"

"And if you do end up fucking any clients, don't get caught. And make sure you're fucking one who pays their membership dues, not the husband or wife of the actual member."

"I... will take that to heart," I said. Having any sort of sexual interaction with a client was so utterly unethical that it had been drilled into me every year of my course, including my practical apprenticeship placements. "Is that a thing that's commonly an issue?"

"You have no idea," Violet rolled her eyes. "It doesn't help that half the staff here are fucking each other. Kitchen staff hooking up with waitresses, landscapers humping the cleaning ladies. If the golf pros invite you to an 'after-work party' expect to see way too many people naked around someone's backyard pool. And the clients aren't any better."

I blinked hard a couple of times, trying to absorb this new information that made me question so much about the experiences I'd had here for most of my life. "OK," I said. "Noted, and I'll do my best not to fall into the hedonism."

“Good,” she nodded. “If you can keep things professional, you’ll do fine. I’ll leave you to it, you’ve got about forty-five minutes before your first booking.”

She left me to organize my space and fetch the supplies I wanted from the storage closet. It felt... weird, to have a space like this to myself. I’d heard plenty of horror stories from my teachers and other students in my program about the kinds of places they had worked or done placements at. I’d done my own placements at a hotel and a local mid-tier spa to my college, so I hadn’t had the worst conditions but never something like this. Part of me wondered how much personality I could really put into the room.

I went through the checklist of what I would need for my core massage therapy offerings, then stocked the cupboards with extra supplies. I got the massage table ready after that with a clean fitted sheet, stocked extra sheets and towels in another cupboard and laid out a few neat and folded ones in case a client asked for them. Then I ran out to my car to get my bag with my change of clothes and my personal essentials. I quickly changed in the staff change room and five minutes before my first appointment I went out to the Spa lobby.

At the hotel where I did my placement we’d worn pastel-coloured medical scrubs, and at the spa I’d been given a uniform, but the Club Spa was trying to give a more bespoke, high-class experience so they’d given me some guidelines for my work clothes. That meant I looked more like a client than I did an employee, and it was another one of those weird feelings - how the hell did I land such a good start? I knew several of my fellow graduates from my year were starting their own little businesses in their hometowns, or had gotten jobs at the places they’d unhappily done placements in, and here I was dressed comfortably and with a full schedule of appointments on my first day.

The lobby area had a little stand, and a girl named Jessica was working it. She was pretty much a glorified restaurant hostess, managing the phone and walk-in bookings for Club members who didn’t want to book online, while welcoming members as they came. She was cute in a naive sort of way, and she told me this was a summer job before her senior year in high school - her parents were members too, and she could remember me as one of the older kids when she was younger. We chatted a bit, but I didn’t know any of the people she did.

“Mrs Booker,” Jessica smiled as the Spa door opened. “Hello again.”

“Well hello dear,” Mrs Boker said. “I’m here for my appointment.”

“Well, I have good news for you. Trevor here is our newest massage therapist, he comes very highly recommended and he’ll be helping you out today.”

“Good morning, Mrs Booker,” I said, stepping forward and taking her hand in both of mine to shake it softly. “It’s nice to meet you.”

Mrs Booker had to be well into her sixties, was slightly overweight and was dressed with the casual richness of jewelry and high-end clothing that I'd come to associate with my time spent at the Club. "It's very nice to meet you as well, young man. Now, let me see your hands."

It was an odd request, but one that I'd learned not to take to heart - for some reason there was a sort of person who felt like they had to judge your hands to know if you would be a good masseuse. Usually, it came from wealthier clients, but I'd had a woman at the hotel who I could best describe as 'poor white trash on holiday' do the same thing. She'd tutted and said I would be 'good enough' and then didn't leave a tip afterwards.

So I held out my hands to her, palms up, and let her inspect them.

"Very nice," she nodded, like she was judging a vintage of wine. "I'll just go get changed."

"I'll be waiting here for you to bring you back," I nodded.

Thus began my workday. My clients would show up for their appointment, usually a half hour but some of them up to an hour, and I would meet them at the door to welcome them. They would go disrobe in the change halls, then come meet me wrapped up in a fluffy white Club robe and complimentary slippers, and I would bring them back to my 'office.' I'd sit with them and ask them some general questions about their health and any problem areas, and if they were looking for anything in particular. Several of the men and women were surprised that I was taking notes, and I explained that it would shorten the time on their next visits with me and we could just update instead of doing the whole conversation over again.

I'd seen seven clients by the time my scheduled break at 1pm came around, and five of them had ended up just wanting a basic massage as relaxation rather than any particular therapy. I'd been expecting this, so while it wasn't exactly challenging I could sort of shut my mind off as I did it, just talking with them about their lives and jobs. Only one of the clients was under fifty, and he was a golfer who had suffered a partially torn calf muscle he was doing some rehab for following his surgery. That was a more delicate and specific massage, but definitely a nice challenge after a morning of old folks coming through as part of their regular routine.

I was just escorting Greg Phelps, the golfer, out to the lobby so he could go back and change when someone called my name. "Trev? Trevor Brantford, is that you?"

"Mrs Cargill," I said in surprise. "Hi, how are you?"

"Well I'm great, but I'm not Mrs Cargill anymore, to you or anyone. Tony and I got divorced about a year ago," she said. "And you're not dating my teenage stepdaughter anymore, so I think you can just call me Eden."

Eden stepped towards me, smiling brightly, as she opened her arms for a hug. I accepted, and she pulled me in close into a warm, familiar hug. Eden was as gorgeous as I could remember

even three years later. She was tall for a woman, standing equal to my height in the fashionable open-toed heels she was wearing and seemed to have bounced back her figure after she'd been pregnant. She had on a pair of tight white pants with a high waist and a beige crop top with long shoulder straps that showed off her cleavage - which seemed to be one of the only things that had changed about her, having gotten larger, and I wondered if that was a remnant of the pregnancy or if she'd had some work done. The other thing was that she'd chopped off her long blonde hair almost at her jawline into a cute, stylish bob with a part down one side that helped asymmetrically frame her cute face.

"It's good to see you, Eden," I said, squeezing her back. "I'm sorry to hear about the divorce."

"Oh, that bastard cheated on me with a younger woman," she said, waving it off. "He started right after I got pregnant and never stopped. Now he's on his third wife, and he's paying me alimony and part of the settlement was that he keeps me on his membership here at the Club. But what are *you* doing here? You didn't even come to say goodbye when you and Daisy broke up."

"I would have liked to, but it's a little awkward to do when your high school sweetheart dumps you at the beginning of summer before University so she can chase the captain of the football team," I said.

Eden rolled her eyes and sighed. "I tried my damndest to teach that girl to appreciate a good thing when she had it in front of her."

"Well, it's water under the bridge," I said. "I'm actually working here in the Spa. I graduated with my degree in massage therapy last month and I couldn't think of a nicer place to kick off my career."

"That's fantastic, kiddo," she said with a broad grin, using her old nickname for me. She turned to Jessica at the welcome station, who had been listening in to the conversation. "Does Trev have any openings today?"

"We're booked up, Miss Giardinu," Jessica said with an apologetic smile.

"Well, is there anyone on the books who didn't ask for him specifically?" she asked. "Maybe we could switch the bookings around so I can catch up with him?"

Jessica pursed her lips and tutted for a moment as she worked the touch screen she had. "Um, I think I can do that. Let me just call up Mr Augustine and see if he can move back a half hour and I should be able to make it work."

"Thank you so much, dear," Eden said, then turned back to me. "Unless you think it would be strange to massage an old lady like me, Trev."

“I think I can struggle through for you,” I smiled, giving her a wink with the sarcasm.

“OK,” she said, then broke into another grin. “If I’m with you a little earlier, I should probably go grab lunch now. See you at two, kiddo.” She stepped into another one-armed hug and kissed me on the cheek before making a ‘call me’ motion at Jessica, who was already dialing whoever Mr Augustine was to try and do the reschedule.

I waited for Jessica to make her call to see if he was open to the change, which he seemed to be thankful for since he was running late anyways.

“So you dated Daisy Cargill, huh?” Jessica asked me.

“Three and a half years,” I said. “Loved her to death, and she paid me back by hopping into bed with one of my best friends after she decided I wasn’t going to a good enough University program.”

“Well, I’ll make sure I don’t schedule her with you,” Jessica smirked.

“She’s around?” I asked, wincing just a little.

“Not often,” Jessica said. “I think I overheard her talking with someone about having an internship up in New York, so she’s only back on some weekends this summer I think.”

“Well, thanks,” I said. “I’m off for lunch.”

“You’ve got about twenty minutes,” Jessica said. “If you go to the kitchen, ask the fry cook Davey for a Jessica Special. He’ll get you a couple chicken strips and a little salad in like 5 minutes.”

I grinned. “Good to know. Thanks for the tip, Jess.”

“No problem,” she smiled back. “Can’t let our newest celebrity masseuse go hungry.”

“I’m not a celebrity,” I frowned and chuckled.

“Are you kidding?” Jessica smirked again. “As soon as I found out you were the new massage therapist I put it in a couple of group chats and you’re half-booked into the end of next week already. And I bet Eden Giardinu is going to let all her friends know too, and you’ll be booked into the week after.”

“Oi vey,” I sighed.

I did what Jessica suggested and found my way up to the sprawling kitchen and asked for Davey. I was pointed over to one side and around a corner, where I found a guy in his early

twenties sporting a thick black moustache and a backwards baseball cap as he worked a bank of six deep fryers. I asked him for a 'Jessica Special' and he laughed.

"So she's sending up more strays to me, huh?"

"It's just my first day, and I got delayed already," I said. "If it's an issue I can-"

"Nah, it's no problem," he waved me off. He pulled a basket of sizzling french fries out of one frier and shook the oil off back into the vat. "It's not a written perk, but it's tradition that if you're working longer than a four-hour shift you can come get some food. If you're around at eight, we do a little spread for the staff who are working late, too."

"Not tonight, but I'll keep it in mind," I said.

"Sounds good. Just wait over by the door and I'll get you somethin' here quick."

In almost exactly five minutes Davey came over to me with a takeout container that was steamed up from the heat of the freshly fried chicken strips, cut up and topping a small garden salad with a little sealed container of ranch dressing. I thanked him, but he was already waving me off and heading back to his station.

Eating in the staff break room was weirdly isolating, not because it was any sort of high school cafeteria thing, but just because I was the only one there except for a groundskeeper who looked to be about as old as America was, and a lifeguard from the pool who kept his head down and his headphones on.

I really need to figure out when people have their lunch breaks and switch to then, I thought. Apparently it wasn't at 1pm. I'd have to try noon next. It would have been nice to run into Marissa again, or any of the other numerous younger workers from around the Club. I knew there were plenty who were working themselves through college or had just entered the workforce.

My lunch was finished and I was out the door, back in the Spa with two minutes to spare. I met my next client, Mr Porter, escorted him back to my room and ran him through the routine. He was a portly guy, early sixties, and was yet another 'I'm just here for a massage, kid' kind of man. I spent most of the time chatting with him, using little tidbits of info I'd picked up from other clients earlier in the day to keep up with economy talk and the local teams.

Afterwards, I escorted him back out and he headed for the sauna, and I looked at Jessica.

"She's already changing," she said.

"I'm already changed," Eden said, coming out from the women's changing hall bundled up in the white robe and slippers just like everyone else did, except she managed to look halfway stylish instead of just comfy.

"I'll need one moment to turn over the room," I said. "My last client just got out of there. Would you like to stay here, or come back with me?"

"Oh, Trev. Like I would mind spending an extra minute or two catching up," Eden smiled. She hooked her arm in mine and looked over at Jessica. "Thanks again for switching me over, hon."

"No problem, Miss Giardinu," Jessica said.

"Now, Trev, start from the beginning," Eden said as I started walking her back down the Alley to my room. "After my idiot step daughter broke up with you, the girls must have been fawning all over you at college."

I chuckled and shook my head. "Not exactly. There were a couple of... encounters, but nothing that ever developed into a real relationship."

"Oh, to be young again," Eden laughed. "Flings and fuckbuddies, huh? Sometimes I feel like I miss that time of my life, but then I go home to my little Oscar and I know I couldn't juggle trying to find a proper guy to date, and working, and him."

"Honestly, Eden," I said. "I think you probably had a lot more happen in your life than I did, it sounds like. I went to college for three years, got my degree and certificate, and now I'm back here. How are *you*?"

"See, that's why I always liked you, Trev," she said. We'd entered the room and she watched me with a soft smile and a critical eye as I quickly stripped the sheet off the bed and then sprayed the soft leather down with disinfectant before putting another one on tightly. "You are more interested in the people around you than talking about yourself. It's a disarming skill, and very flattering."

"Well, I got a lot of practice listening instead of speaking when I dated Daisy," I chuckled with a little smirk.

"That is a truth I can understand," Eden laughed. I liked the way she did it, with a big smile that flashed her pearly teeth. Unreserved.

With the new sheet on, I grabbed my clipboard and pen, and gestured for Eden to sit on the table while I took the stool out from beside one of the cupboards. "Alright, Eden. We can keep catching up once we've started your massage," I said.

"You mean once you get me naked," she grinned and winked.

“That’s not how I like to think about it,” I rolled my eyes.

“I know, kiddo. It’s just fun to be able to tease you again.”

“You were always good at that,” I said. “Do you remember that dress you wore the night I came to pick Daisy up for our senior prom?”

“The green one,” she said. “I may have done that on purpose. Daisy was being a brat all week beforehand, and a real bitch that afternoon, and I still love her like she’s my own but she still acts like that. I figured I’d flirt with you just a little so she’d get jealous and want to be sweet to you.”

“Well, it worked,” I said. “But I still couldn’t get the vision of you in that dress out of my head for three months afterwards.”

“Just three?” Eden teased again.

“Yeah, it went from everyday to every other day after three months,” I teased her right back. “Anyways. This is just a quick survey so I can get the facts I need on file. Could you spell your new last name for me?”

“G-i-a-r-d-i-n-u,” she spelt for me.

“Where’s it from?” I asked.

“My grandfather was originally from Corsica, it’s Corsican for ‘garden.’”

“It’s pretty,” I said. “But I’m guessing your first name is a bit of a family joke, then.”

Now it was her turn to roll her eyes. “Yes, and no. I’m named after my Grandmother.”

“That’s sweet,” I said. “Now, I know it’s rude but I need to ask you just so I can keep any medical issues in mind. How old are you?”

Eden smiled with some pert lips and a raised eyebrow, giving me a look like I was being impertinent. “I’m thirty-four,” she said.

“And you don’t look a day over twenty-eight,” I said. “Seriously, Eden. You really do look fantastic.”

“I try,” she smiled, blushing a little.

“Any medical issues going on that I should know about?” I asked.

“Not unless you count my pain in the ass ex-husband,” she said.

“Mmm, I don’t think that’s medical but I’ll keep it in mind,” I said. “Any problem areas you’re hoping for me to check on?”

“Yes, actually. My back feels a little tight, especially up near my shoulders and neck,” she said. “I thought it was just from carrying my little boy around all the time, but then I realized my tits never went back to normal after my pregnancy so I’m carrying around more weight than I used to.”

“That’s not uncommon,” I said. “We’ll do a full work through on your back, and I can probably show you some stretches that should help. Anything else?”

“If we’re getting really minuscule, my right hip? I think I have a tendency to favour my left leg when I’m standing, and I rest Oscar on my right hip when I’m holding onto him sometimes.”

“We’ll check it out, though I’d bet if we figure out what’s going on with your back you’ll self-correct and you’ll start evening out your stance again.”

“Any other deeply personal questions you want to ask me?” Eden asked.

“Nothing massage-related,” I said, shaking my head lightly and grinning. I hadn’t realized how much I liked and missed talking with Eden. She’d been Daisy’s stepmom the entire time she and I had dated, and even before when Daisy and I had just been classmates. Her relative youth compared to our parents had always made her the ‘cool mom,’ though it had always been because Eden was good at sitting on the fence between ‘just a friend’ and ‘mom.’

I stood up and went to the switch on the wall, flipping it so that the glass wall and door turned opaque. “I’ll just step out for a minute so you can disrobe and get under the sheet.”

“Thanks, kiddo,” she said.

I did as I said, waiting in the hallway. Violet passed me with one of her clients, just giving me a nod as she led the woman down to her own room. After a thirty count I knocked and opened the door just a crack. “Good to go?”

“I am,” Eden sang out.

I walked in and she was lying face down on the massage table, her head propped up on her arms.

“Howdy, cowboy,” she smiled up at me.

I got to work, turning down the lights in the room a touch and pulling the sheet down her back to her waist, keeping her butt covered though I did notice the strings of a thong. Her bare back was nicely formed, not muscled but still fit, and she turned to look at me as I stood beside her and started oiling up my hands from the bottle I kept in a cloth holster hanging off the back of my belt.

We started talking about Daisy first as I started with her outer shoulders near the rotator cuffs and began prodding and nudging her smooth, lightly tanned skin to find her tense areas and stress knots. Apparently my ex had gone off to university as planned, and gone through a slew of boyfriends in the first two years. She'd lived on campus for a year, and then her father had gotten her a condo in the city close to campus. Daisy had always been a good student, so I wasn't surprised to hear that she'd kept up her grades and was now going to be heading into her final year.

"It's too bad she didn't take a program that's actually going to lead to a job," Eden was saying. "Not that I have any right to judge her, my English degree didn't exactly serve me well in the career marketplace. But I keep asking her what she's going to do with an Anthropology degree and she keeps putting off an answer. I think she's going to end up milking her father for- aooooow, holy shit, what is that?"

I smirked a little, my thumb pressing slowly along the knot of muscle just over her shoulder blade. "That's the first big knot, Eden," I said. "Sorry if it hurts, but I promise it'll feel a whole lot better in a minute."

"Yeah, that's what my high school boyfriend said," she muttered, making me snicker.

"I didn't know you had a mind like a teenage boy," I said.

"You don't know a lot of things, mister," she said.

I kept working on her, pinpointing her tough spots and slowly working them out, slowly moving down her back. There was a moment when I let my professionalism drop for a moment, seeing the side of her boob pressed against the table, but I snapped myself out of it and kept working. And as I worked, we kept talking. She told me about her pregnancy, and how she'd loved it and how Daisy had acted sweeter than usual, but how her husband had started getting a little more distant the bigger Eden got. By the time she had the baby, they were sleeping in different rooms, and six months after the birth they hadn't reconciled and Eden found out he was dating a woman a decade younger.

"Apparently he'd forgotten about the prenup he'd asked me to sign before we got married," Eden said. "He was worried about me cheating and put a clause in there that would have fucked me over if I did, but he'd never considered that it went the other way as well. Or maybe he just thought I was an idiot and wouldn't remember myself. Anyways, I took him to the cleaners. Daisy was furious at him too, which felt pretty good."

I had worked my way down to her lower back and paused for a moment, resting my hands on her bare waist. "Well, I'm glad that you did. You were always one of my favourite adults."

"You're making me feel old again, Trev," she grinned, looking back at me.

"You shouldn't," I said, slowly starting to slide my hands back up her sides and to her shoulders.

"Mmm, that feels nice," she said, closing her eyes, then smiling playfully. "Especially after you beat me up like that."

"Next time I'll get really rough and do the elbow technique, and break out my toys," I teased.

"Don't threaten me with a good time," she chuckled.

"Unfortunately we're running out of time here," I said, glancing at the clock.

"That was thirty minutes already?" she asked in surprise.

"Almost," I said. "Next time we'll get started a little faster because I won't need to do the questionnaire."

"Fuck that," she said. "Next time I'm booking an hour. You have great hands, Trev."

"Happy to put them to use," I smiled. "Any last-minute thing you want me to take a look at? We've got a couple minutes."

"My feet," she said. "My thighs. Hell, my ass. It's tough to keep this figure at my age, and between picking up my little guy and my trainer putting me through CrossFit workouts I ache."

I laughed and moved to the foot of the bench. "Well, I can do something for your feet, and next time we'll do leg day."

"Ugh, I hate those words," she said, crinkling her nose.

I pulled the sheet up from her feet to her knees and quickly started working the soles of her feet with my thumbs. "Cute toe ring," I said.

"Thanks," she said. "It was a gift from Daisy, actually."

"Well, she always did have a good eye for jewelry," I said.

"So did you, if I remember correctly. She still wears that pendant you bought her sometimes."

“Oh, wow,” I said. “I’d completely forgotten about that. I saved three weeks’ pay to buy her that for her birthday.”

“And she went and broke up with you,” Eden sighed with a heavy dose of exasperation.

“Alright, my dear,” I said, setting down Eden’s feet as they glistened a little from the oil that had still been on my hands. “That is unfortunately the very last bit of massage I can offer you right now.”

“Mmmmmm,” she groaned, stretching out. “Trevor, I think you might be my new favourite person. After my son, of course.”

“Of course,” I said. “I’ll just step outside again so you can get your robe-”

“Oh, it’s fine,” Eden said, rolling over and sitting up, the sheet remaining near her waist. “I’m sure you’ve seen it all by now.”

“I... have,” I said, my eyes going a little wide as she bared her chest to me. Her breasts were wonderfully full and plump, hanging heavily without sagging overly much, though they hung slightly towards the outside of her chest. Her areolas were perfect, soft pink circles and her nipples were standing up, the left one just a little with a slight crinkle through the centre and the right one completely upright because it was studded with a little golden barbell piercing. “Though it’s not exactly professional for me to do this.”

“If you can handle it, so can I,” she shrugged, and the tiniest smile on her lips told me that she was teasing me again. She stood up, letting the sheet reveal the red thong hugging her mound.

I quickly reached for her robe, which was hanging on a hook from the wall, and held it open for her.

“Such a gentleman,” she grinned and stepped into it, letting me help her get it on and cinching it closed.

“I’m not feeling much like a gentleman after that,” I said.

“Hon, you just gave me the best experience I’ve had with a guy since I was pregnant,” she said, turning and fiddling with the collar of my shirt, and then patting my cheek. “Don’t begrudge a lonely, single mom a bit of fun.”

“More like a MILF, Eden,” I said. “Seriously, if you’re going to keep teasing me like that, you’re going to get me into trouble.”

“Well, we can’t have that,” she laughed. “I promise to behave myself. Mostly.”

“I guess that’s the best I can ask for,” playing up my wistfulness.

She was smiling warmly as I escorted her back out to the lobby, her arm looped in mine again, and then gave me a little peck on the cheek as she said goodbye and headed into the women’s changing area.

I tried not to blush, or grin widely, in front of Jessica who I knew was watching us.

* * * * *

I worked for another few hours, stretching all the way to when the Spa closed at 5pm. Jessica went out of her way to let me know Eden had booked an hour late on Friday with me.

Finishing my first day of work at the Club felt anti-climactic. I finally met one of the other masseuses, a friendly woman named Catherine, who went by Charlie, on my way out. She was in her fifties and had the casual demeanour of someone who had been doing her job for a long time and wasn’t particularly concerned about doing anything else.

I went home and crashed in the little one-person loft I’d managed to find in town to rent. It was small, but it was all mine. I was sure if I’d asked my Mother would have let me move back home, but there I would have been dealing with my Father’s disapproval at my choice of career and I’d gotten enough of that shit before I left.

Before I went to sleep that night, I couldn’t help it. As soon as my head hit the pillow, my hand was on my cock as I closed my eyes and pictured those perfect tits on Eden. They weren’t super big, but still nicely suited to her frame. Then I thought about her lips, and how expressive they were. How she smiled when she laughed, and she got a twinkle in her eye when she was teasing me. I thought about running my hand through her hair and grabbing her to hold her still as I kissed her.

It was somewhere between imagining me mounting her from behind, and imagining her riding me as she screamed my name, that I came.

After that night, I settled into a decent little routine. I was at work by 8am, the first client at 8:30 and I was out of there by 5:30pm. Most of the clients I didn’t know, but at least a couple of times a day it would be someone who knew me through my parents, or remembered me from around the Club during my teen years. It was smooth, if a little lonely, until Thursday when I was able to get my schedule shifted so I was having lunch at noon instead of 1pm.

That was when I ran into Marissa in the staff break room.

“Well, the good news is that I haven’t quit yet,” I said, sitting down next to her at the table.

She looked up from her phone. "What's the bad news then?"

"It's been three and a half days and we're only just crossing paths again," I said. She gave me a confused look. "Uh, I'm Trevor?" I continued. "We met on Monday, my first day?"

"No, I remember," she said. "I'm just confused about why you're coming to sit with me."

"Because I thought you were funny, and pretty, and you mentioned you were in grad school so you must be intelligent as well, and I could use all three of those things in my friends," I said.

"Look, Trevor," she said. "I'm just going to throw it out there now - I don't date. Not 'I don't date coworkers,' I mean I literally do not do dating."

"Well, let me ask you this; Do you want to go out with me?"

"No," she said. "I just told you I don't date."

"Then we won't date," I said. "That doesn't change that I think you might be a cool person to be friends with."

"And you're fine with that?" she asked.

"Why shouldn't I be?" I asked. "You have every right to say no, and why should I hold it against you?"

"Because you're a guy, and a lot of guys get butthurt over stupid shit," she said.

"I don't know who you've been hanging out with," I said. "But that's called 'being an asshole.' I try to limit myself to being slightly dickish at worst on any given day."

"That's fair," she said, snorting out a little chuckle. "Alright, massage boy. You can sit with me at lunch."

I tutted and shook my head. "Izzie, I'm already sitting," I said.

She rolled her eyes, her smile growing a little bit. "Izzie? Really?"

"I figured everyone else must shorten your name to Mari, so I thought I'd change it up for you."

"You know you're kind of a weird guy, right?" she chuckled.

"Oh, I know," I said. "It's part of my boyish charm."

Over that lunch and the next, Marissa and I chatted. It turned out her job at the club, which was actually more like three different jobs she was working between the snack cart, the waitressing and bartending, and working as event staff, wasn't even her only employer. She also worked the breakfast rush at a diner in town three days a week, and volunteered her time at a women's shelter when she didn't have afternoon shifts at the Club. She kept herself extremely busy during the regular school year, and even during the summer she tended to prefer working to not.

For my part, I told her about growing up as a Club kid, and struggling with dyslexia - I'd gotten over my embarrassment of it later in high school and was happy to talk about it. That was really the only way I'd even gotten through my Massage Therapy program; being open about it with the school helped me get through all the written tests without completely bombing.

Leaving her that Friday after lunch, I had a smile on my face that made Jessica quirk her head to the side and give me a look as I returned to the spa. "You look like the cat that caught the canary," she said.

"Aren't you a little young to be using a phrase like that?" I asked her.

"OK, Boomer," she rolled her eyes. We'd developed a decent back-and-forth when clients weren't around, probably helped by the fact that I'd made sure to check with her that she was getting tipped out through the automatic tracking system the Club used. The Spa was members-only, and they all paid through their accounts so no money ever changed hands in the Spa including for tips. The clients just let Jessica know what membership number to charge and how much to tip. "You've got Mrs Killian in five," she continued. "And then four more folks lined up. I did end up getting a walk-in request and filled that open 3:30 slot you had. Then you've got your favourite client."

"She was my girlfriend's mom, Jessica," I said, shaking my head as I walked back to my workroom to get it ready.

I didn't miss the fact that she hummed the tune to 'Stacey's Mom' behind me. Loudly.

Errant thoughts of my nearing appointment with Eden were interrupted when I met Mrs Rachel Killian. When I went out to meet her I was expecting another sixty-something woman with chronic arthritis in several digits who wanted her calves and ankles massaged to help with her worsening varicose veins - it was pretty much the most popular issue I'd faced all week.

What I met instead was a striking woman of some sort of mixed race. She was part black, and wore her hair in long kinky braids threaded with white strands. She was tall and curvy, but clearly took avail of the Club fitness facilities as she wore the casual but trendy dress extremely well.

"Mrs Killian," I said when Jessica introduced me. "It's a pleasure to meet you."

“I have to tell you, Trevor. Eden didn’t oversell you at all,” she said. “I hope your hands are as good as she said they are, too.”

I actually felt myself start to blush a little bit, and pointed her to the changing areas so she could go get ready.

“I’d hit that,” Jessica said once we were alone in the lobby.

“What?” I asked, turning to look at her in surprise.

“What? She’s stupid hot,” Jessica said.

“Jessica, you’re seventeen,” I said.

“And?” she laughed. “That doesn’t mean I can’t look at a woman like that and think, ‘Damn!’”

“I didn’t even realize you were into girls.”

“They’re all I’m into,” she said. “And I know, you were just waiting for my jailbait self to turn eighteen so you could sweep me off my feet.”

“Harr harr,” I deadpanned with a raised eyebrow. “Seriously, that’s not even a funny joke.”

“Maybe to you,” she snickered.

I started to wonder if maybe I was getting *too* friendly with Jessica.

Rachel Killian came out of the changing rooms in the robe, her warm golden-brown skin more heavily revealed as I walked her down to the room. I ran through the questionnaire with her, and while she didn’t as directly flirt with me like Eden did, she also wasn’t as clinical as most of my clients. She joked lightly and smiled with a warm quirk to her plush lips. I was surprised to find out she was in her early forties, and she mentioned she had a couple of kids in their young teens.

I went through the motions, stepping out to allow her to get under the sheet on the massage table, and then re-entered.

Things went off track about twenty minutes into the appointment.

“Mmm,” Mrs Killian groaned happily. She’d asked me to put some extra work into her thighs, and I was slowly working my way down her vastus medialis, working out a couple of tense spots. “Fuck, Trevor. I can feel that shooting right up to my ass.”

“Is it going up this way, or this way?” I asked, tracing along the outside and inside of her thigh. “And is it constant, or shocks of pain?”

“Shocks,” she said, and leaned around, arching her back so that she could take my hand and run it up her inner thigh. “My legs actually twitching. Feel that?”

I did. My hand was on her bare inner thigh. She’d worn panties, so I wasn’t in danger of touching anything truly inappropriate or even seeing it. The top sheet was folded neatly over her generous butt anyways. But the top half of the sheet had also fallen down, and as she’d raised her torso up off the table and bent back towards me, her boob was off the table and hanging there staring at me. Mrs Killian’s breasts were pretty large and magnificent, capped by a wide, pale areola and a little pebble of a nipple.

“I do,” I said, trying my damndest not to stare. “I probably hit a rough spot that’s been building for a while. As long as it’s just shocks and not a constant pain we can probably go a little heavier and work it out. Just tell me if it becomes constant and throbbing, and we’ll give it a quick break.”

“OK,” she said with a nod. She let go of my hand and reached up, rubbing it down the side of her tit and tweaking her nipple casually. It happened entirely non-sexually, but felt like a sexual movement, and I wasn’t sure what to do with it. But she went back down onto her belly, her boob crushing back to the massage table. “I trust your expertise. I just wish my husband had your hands, I’d be getting a different kind of shock.”

I snorted, and she laughed, which made her butt jiggle under the sheet.

Nothing else truly untoward happened with Mrs Killian. I worked out that shooting pain, and wrapped up the massage on time. She thanked me, and said she was going to start booking longer times with me - she felt more relaxed than she had in weeks. She did give me a quick peck on the cheek as I walked her back out to the changing hall entrance once she was properly dressed again, and I didn’t fail to notice Jessica give me the double-eyebrow lift to tease me without saying anything.

The rest of my Friday afternoon started to blend together, and I lost track of which client was on, as I daydreamed of Mrs Killian’s legs. They were nicely muscled, and her smooth, golden brown skin was like massaging a soft marble. Not to mention that peek at her boob.

It was funny; most of the Club clients were older, if not elderly, but I hadn’t really considered the fact until Mrs Killian that I was dealing with wealthy old men. And what did wealthy old men like?

Trophy Wives.

I didn’t know who Mr Killian was, but whoever he was I hoped he had a pipe in his pants and knew how to use it or else Mrs Killian going unsatisfied was a travesty to humanity.

And that was the weird shit going on through the back of my mind when I went out to get my next client and I was greeted by Eden, already in her robe.

“Hey, Trev,” she said. “I got here a little early, didn’t want to waste a second of our session.”

“Hello, Eden,” I said, and went to shake her hand but she pulled me into a hug and kissed my cheek.

“None of that now, hon,” she said. “We’ve known each other too long.”

“Alright, alright,” I grinned and made sure not to look over at Jessica because I didn’t want to give her any more ammunition.

Eden slipped her arm through mine and I walked her down to the room. “How has your day been?” she asked me. “My friend Rachel said she had a session booked with you.”

“I did see her,” I said. “I can’t really talk about it though.”

“Oh, that’s fine,” she said, patting my chest lightly. “She’s got some great tits though, right?”

I coughed on my own spit for a second, needing to clear my throat as Eden chuckled and rubbed my back.

“Sorry, hon,” she said. “I just wanted to know if she gave you the same tip I did.”

“No comment,” I said once I had my breath back.

We went into the room and I shut the door behind us. When I turned back around I was shocked all over again to see that Eden was already stripping off her robe and hanging it on the wall. She was only wearing a thong again, this time a black one that had two waistbands with open space between them in a cute lingerie-ish look. And she was braless.

“Eden!” I said, and reached over and flicked the switch on the wall to turn the glass opaque and frosted.

“Oh, you’ve seen it all already, babe,” she said, giving me a quirky little smile. She was pretty as hell, that blonde bob of hers accenting her jawline and the curve of her neck, and she stood there with one hand on her hip and her breasts pointing right at me. She had that teasing gleam in her eye, so I knew she knew what she was doing. I also noticed she’d swapped out the barbel in her right nipple with a little golden ring. “And to be honest, we’ve got a whole hour and I want a full body massage. I want to be putty in your hands, so there’s no point in me being bashful. Is that OK with you?”

“Eden, if that’s what you want, I’m happy to do it,” I said. “But I’m not the only person who works here and that could have been big trouble for either of us if someone had walked by and seen.”

“I wasn’t thinking,” she said, stepping towards me and putting one hand lightly on my chest as she looked into my eyes. I found it kind of entrancing how she could look me in the eye on an even field. I wasn’t particularly tall, so it’s not like Eden was a towering woman, but as a teen I’d always seen her as ‘an adult’ and not really registered that much more detail about her other than that she was the hot stepmom of my girlfriend. Now it was different. “I’m sorry, hon. I shouldn’t be so flippant with your job.”

“I appreciate that,” I said, and my hand naturally fell to her waist as I gestured with my other to the massage table. “Let’s get started.”

She smiled at me again, giving me another of those closed-lip, quirky ones that was half teasing and half sincere. “Of course,” she said. “Let’s use every minute.”

Eden climbed up onto the table, not bothering with the top sheet, laying with her head sideways on the table so she could watch me as I quickly put my oil bottles back into their holsters on my belt. Her bare back and legs looked sleek and smooth, and I couldn’t help comparing her to Mrs Killian from earlier - they were both beautiful women, but built differently. Rachel Killian was fit and voluptuous in the way that a woman could hold onto her body fat in the right places with weightlifting, while Eden was yoga-and-CrossFit athletic. She wasn’t super skinny, and her mid-thirties body showed little hints that she’d had her child, but she was still sexy as hell.

I started at her feet, softly starting applying oil to the soles and running my fingers around her toes and that cute gold toe ring as I asked her how the week had gone. She told me about how she shared custody of her son Oscar with her ex-husband, and how she missed the little guy when he was gone with his Dad. And she told me about a run-in she had with another Mom at the local playground she brought Oscar to, and how she was thinking of getting a dog when he was older. I worked my way up from her feet to her calves, then up her thighs.

As I reached her upper thighs, mid-conversation, she said, “Don’t be afraid to work my glutes too, babe. Really go in on my ass.” And then she went back to the conversation about dogs, and as I just kept up my progression she pivoted to asking about how I liked working at the Club, and being back in town after three years away. And as I kneaded her ass, feeling those soft cheeks and the muscles underneath, I told her about how the job was fine for now, but I needed to try and get some sort of a social life going.

I couldn’t be sure if I imagined it or not, but as I manipulated her ass, her cheeks naturally pulling apart occasionally with the movements and I got little peeks at the thin black fabric covering her asshole and down to her mound, it felt like she was pushing her ass up at my hands.

And then I was moving on. Reluctantly, but I couldn't tell myself I hadn't finished being thorough and had been drifting into self-indulgence. I slid my hands up to her waist and the small of her back, adjusting the higher waistband of her thong down a bit to properly start working her back.

"Have you met any cute girls yet?" she asked me. She'd closed her eyes at some point as I'd been massaging her butt, and she had a soft, serene smile she only broke to ask me questions.

"Well, I met one very beautiful woman but she's way out of my league," I said

"You'd be surprised what leagues beautiful women like to play in," she said. "But you know what I meant, you flatterer."

"There is one girl," I said. "She works here in a couple of positions. But she says she doesn't ever date, so I'm happy just to start making some new friends."

"That's nice," Eden said. "Though I'd bet it doesn't stay platonic for too long."

"And why is that?" I asked.

"Because either she'll figure out you're a catch on her own, or someone else will and she'll get jealous," she said.

"Now who's being the flatterer," I said, slowly working my thumbs up her back and reapplying more oil to my hands every once in a while.

"Just calling it as I see it, babe," she said.

And then we were quiet for a while, except for the happy grunts and moans of a person deep into massage-brain. It wasn't an official thing, just something I liked to think of as a factor of successfully getting a client to fall into a deep relaxation. The problem was that Eden's little grunts and moans, with girlish sounds in her chest or throat, were having an effect on me that I wasn't supposed to have.

By the time I got up to her shoulders, Eden was breathing deep and slow through her pouted-open lips. I moved further up her neck, softly moving her hair to the side and working my fingers up her spine to the base of her skull, and then back down either side and then along the tops of her shoulders and collarbone.

Without me prompting her, Eden opened her eyes slowly and grinned at me, then turned over onto her back. "All over massage, right babe?" she confirmed with me.

I swallowed a little. Usually a 'full body massage' kept a strip of folded towel on the chest and groin of a female client. Full didn't mean *full*.

“Whatever you are comfortable with,” I said quietly to her, and positioned her head so she was looking straight up. “Try not to move for this next part.” And I started to reverse my massage path, going from top to bottom and starting softly at her hairline and temples. I spent the next few minutes with every reason in the world to be staring at Eden’s beautiful features, and I didn’t waste them.

Soon enough I was massaging down her throat to her collarbone as Eden softly panted from the intimate face massage. As I reached the top of her chest she opened her eyes, looked up at me, and raised an eyebrow. “You said anything, right Trevor?”

“I did,” I said, assuming she was talking about how I would soon reach her breasts. I hadn’t exactly gotten a lesson in my program on ‘breast manipulation’ beyond how to do a basic breast cancer screening, but I’d definitely gotten some practice with my study/fuck buddy back at college. That didn’t change that it was right on the fucking line of being unethical, even if she was asking me to do it.

Of course, Eden managed to surprise me once again.

“Good,” she said. “Because I feel amazing right now, and I want to do that for you, too.” And she reached up over her head towards my waist as I stood at the head of the bed leaning over her. And she began to unzip my pants.

“Eden, this isn’t-”

“Shhh,” she shushed me soothingly and softly. “Trev, it’s been almost two years since I’ve been with a man. You make me feel comfortable, and safe, and horny just by being you. I want to do this for me as much as for you. So let a middle-aged, divorced, single mom ex-trophy wife do this for you.”

She got a hand inside my pants, fingers teasing around the root of my cock, and I stopped really thinking about what the right choice here was. Mostly because I didn’t care, because Eden was fucking hot as hell both in body and in personality and I hadn’t gotten laid in a couple of months, and I’d been fantasizing about this all week.

One fucking week and I was already doing the thing I never thought I would. But it was fucking Eden Cargill. Daisy’s hot mom.

Eden fished my cock out of the fly of my pants, and turned on her side to look at it, but even as she had it in her hand, and moved her lips closer and closer, she hesitated as her jaw dropped open cutely. “Oh my God, Trevor. This is an absolute tool. I love the look of this big, angry vein,” she said, and then licked the tip of her tongue up the vein on my shaft.

“Oh, fuck,” I grunted. I had one hand on her shoulder as she was laying sideways on the other, and slid it down to the back of her head as she brought my tip to her lips and softly fit it into the

space between them, treating it tenderly like a tentative first kiss. "Eden, you are..." I exhaled heavily as she used her lips to massage my cock head a little.

She bobbed deeper, a half dozen times, starting to slurp a bit, then pulled off. "Am I even doing this well?" she asked me. "I've never had a cock quite this big before." She slurped on the head again. "Hell, now I think Daisy was even more of an idiot for breaking up with this cock."

"We never had sex," I groaned, trying to stay quiet.

"Really?" Eden asked between slow slurps. "I was sure I heard you two a couple of times up in her room."

"Just oral," I said. "We only did it a few times, though I would have done it more if she'd wanted."

"What a waste," she sighed, and slowly rubbed my hard cock across her face for a moment before going back to sucking me. It was lewd and filthy and made me feel like a fucking king to see her doing that.

Eden made love to my cock with her mouth. It was the only way I could describe what she was doing. She worked it slowly, almost leisurely, exploring with her lips and tongue. She couldn't take me super deep, or at least she didn't seem like she was inclined to, but she made sure to not leave a single inch of my cock untended as she kissed and licked all the way down to the root. And she swapped back and forth from looking down at my cock in concentration, and back up at me with those pretty eyes of hers, meeting my gaze with a lusty one of her own.

"Eden," I groaned, breathing deeply. "Ah, fuck. I thought you said you'd never handled one as big as this. It sure doesn't feel like it."

"You inspire me," she grinned naughtily. "Now I think I'm warmed up. How about you fuck my mouth?" She turned onto her back again, sliding her body along the massage table until her head was hanging off the end, her golden blonde hair dangling down as she opened her mouth wide and stuck out her tongue.

"You are such a MILF," I said, which made her laugh.

"Trev, that might be the dirtiest compliment I've ever felt so good about," she said. "Now, fuck my mouth and use my tits as a handhold. No one has gotten to appreciate them properly since they got this big and I want you to be the first."

"On one condition," I said, and reached forward and brushed my fingers along her right breast until I got to the golden nipple ring. "Tell me about this."

She smirked, still looking at me upside down. "Rebelliousness," she said. "When I filed for divorce Tony said I was used up. I went out and got it done that day - it hurt like fuck, but it's

been a great reminder that I'm not some stick in the mud. I'm going to be a cool mom, once Oscar knows what that even is, and Tony can't take that away from me."

"You were always a cool mom for Daisy, too," I said, then brought my cock closer to her mouth. "And I think I really want to take the coolest, baddest bitch mom up on her offer."

"MILFs know best," Eden laughed, then took my cock in her mouth and let me slowly thrust through her lips. I stayed slow for the start, trying to get a feel for the depth that would work best for both of us, as I began to feel up her tits. They weren't massive, but they were wonderfully full and malleable. I used both hands, and she moaned around my cock happily whenever I teased around her areolas, and groaned when I teased right on her nipples. Her left one, the one with the little dimple crease, was stiff and I quickly learned she liked it being flicked back and forth - not hard, just with one finger almost like I was diddling a clit. Its rubbery ability to bounce back was fun to play with and watch her body's reaction.

Speeding up my thrusting in her mouth, I leaned over a bit more and let a dribble of spit fall out of my mouth to land between her tits. I used that to wet my fingers and return to both of her nipples, getting a little rougher with them.

She groaned harder, and I watched as she started to shift her legs in reaction to the pleasure.

Eden tapped my hip, and after one more thrust between her lips I pulled out. "Fuck, Trev," she gasped. "I'm so fucking horny. I want your cum. I want all the cum in these big, swollen balls of yours." She pulled me closer, pulling my cock up a little higher so that she could go for my sack as she started to suck and kiss me there as she jerked off my cock using her spittle as lube.

"Mmmgh," I growled in my throat, palming her tits in both hands and squeezing hard. "Eden, you filthy little MILF."

"Say it again," she said from between my legs.

"You're a sexy as hell, slutty as fuck Mother I'd Like To Fuck, Eden," I growled quietly, hoping to God no one beyond this room could hear us. "You are enchanting and special and such a horny bad bitch MILF. I don't think I could have resisted you if I wanted to, and God I don't want to."

I was squeezing and massaging her tits, and she managed to fit both of my balls into her mouth for a long moment before she popped off of them. She maneuvered me back with one hand and took my cock back in her mouth for a moment before popping off of it.

"I want you to come all over me," she said. "I want that fat fucking load all over my chest and tits, babe. Give me a thickest pearly necklace a girl could ask for, because I want to go take a shower when we're done and rub it into my skin and wear you like a body wash"

“Ugh, you filthy, horny slut,” I growled, thrusting into her mouth harder and faster than before. “God, I love every perfect part of you. That dirty mouth that looks so fucking kissable but is made to suck my cock. Your gorgeous eyes that I could get lost in if you weren’t staring sex right at me. This beautiful neck, so slender and perfectly curved. Your chest, and of Fuck these tits. Your tits are fucking amazing, Eden. I want to just bury my face in them and spend an hour nipping and sucking. I want to cover them in hickies so you can’t forget how much I want to make love to them. Shit, I’m getting close. I’m getting close, Eden. You’re going to make me fucking explode Uuugh, I want to hold out, but I don’t think I can...”

Eden popped off of my cock again and pulled me closer, diving back to my balls with her mouth as she jerked me off with both hands.

“Fffffuuuuuccckk,” I groaned through gritted teeth, trying my best not to shout it out as I came. I was pointed in the general direction of her chest, but her fast and unaimed jerking spread my cum all over her in speckled dots instead of the strand of pearl necklace she’d asked for.

And between my legs she hummed happily into my balls, feeling the pulsing of my orgasm through her hands on my cock and her lips on my nuts.

Once I was done I was left panting, and slowly staggered away. Eden’s face was revealed, and she had a big satisfied grin on her face. “Did I make you feel good, babe?” she asked me.

That made me laugh. “Are you kidding me?” I asked. “Best I’ve ever fucking had. You are Aphrodite, Eden. An absolute Goddess.”

“Flatterer,” she grinned at me, and slid back onto the massage table fully and sat up. “Mmm, you gave me a nice glazing, too.”

“Hold on,” I said, and went and fetched a wedge-shaped bolster from beside one of the cupboards and took her hand to spin her around so she was sitting sideways on the table. “I want to return the favour.” I took her knees and she let me spread them, revealing her thong-covered mound to me. Even though the fabric was black I could tell she was wet, and half of one of her labia was hanging out already, smooth and hairless.

“You don’t need to,” Eden said, her eyes a little wide. “I know guys don’t really like doing that.”

“I-” I blinked. “Are you fucking kidding me? Eden, I want to eat you out like nothing else. I was to shove my tongue so far up your pussy that I’m playing tonsil hockey with you from the wrong direction. I want to taste every part of you, and feel your legs quivering around my ears as I push you to come over and over for me.”

“Really?” she asked me.

“God yes, my sexy MILF,” I said.

She planted her heels on the massage table as I reached for the waistband of her thong, raising her ass so I could pull them off easily.

And then there was a knock on the glass door.

Fuck, I thought, looking wide-eyed at Eden. *Shit, fuck shitty fuckity fuck.*

I went to the door, stuffing my cock back into my pants, and planted my foot about four inches from it, and opened it just a crack to hide the rest of the room with my body. "Yes?" I asked, and saw that it was Jessica looking slightly nervous.

"Hey, so... Mr Eglinton's appointment is supposed to be starting any second now. Usually you've been really on time so I thought something might be the matter. Should I ask him to wait, or...?"

"We were just wrapping up, dear," Eden called from behind me. I glanced and saw that she was already standing, robed, and was slipping on the Club slippers. I opened the door further as she approached. "Trev, I'm going to leave my number with Jessica here at the front. No need to delay your next Client on my behalf. Make sure you call me about Saturday, I really could use your help with the garden. You always did have a green thumb. I'll make sure the hedges are freshly trimmed ahead of time so all you need to take care of are the flower beds."

"No problem, Eden," I said, gesturing her through. She winked at me, that little smiley smirk back on her lips. I didn't know how she'd done it, looking like nothing had happened between us. Not a hair out of place, not a smudge of makeup. "Happy to help. Jessica, would you mind walking Miss Giardinu while I turn over the room quickly? I'll be with Mr Eglinton in a moment."

"Sure," she said, not quite able to keep her suspicious glance between Eden and I hidden.

Once they were gone I quickly stripped the massage table of the sheets and buried them in the laundry bag in one cupboard, then sprayed febreze around the room heavily before I propped open the door to let it air out and then finally defrosted the glass. Once all that was done I took a long, slow, deep breath.

Did I regret that?

Not a fucking chance.

It was stupid as hell, but God had it been fun.