

## Dream Spa - Part 3

**By TheSpiralledEye**

“Mr. Hart?”

“Hm?”

I'd been away with the fairies, my boss was standing over me with an expectant look on his face.

“Oh yes, the reports, here.”

I handed them over and watched as he flicked through the papers and shook his head.

“This are barley finished! This is the fourth time this month.”

I apologised but as he walked away somehow I knew a termination slip was likely in my future. That fact should have bothered me, but it didn't. I wasn't very close with anybody at this office anyway and now that Hans had started letting me come to the spa for free I didn't really need money. Food, rent, it was all negligible. I was sure if I got fired I would manage, Hans would never let me go out on the street.

Life without him seemed like a distant memory really. A memory filled with stress and discomfort but now, thanks to his daily massages, I had never been happier. Still, I felt my heart stutter slightly when I was called into the office and walked out with a cardboard box to put all my things in. Joe gave me a pitying look.

“Sorry mate. I'll call you some time and we'll go grab a beer.” He nodded, using that tone of voice that everybody did when you lost your job.

He had no intention of calling me, of that I was sure.

“No more spa treatments for a while, eh?” He said sadly, “Next time I go up there I'll tell Daisy you said hi.”

“Hm.” I just nodded and walked back to collect my things.

I knew I should be more worried about this; I had just lost my job after all. Even if I didn't need to worry about treatments and a place to live I couldn't just mooch of Hans forever. I would need to find something else. Stress began to build and in an odd way, I started to feel excited.

Hans could read me like a book, when he saw how stressed I was he was sure to give me an extra long treatment! Perhaps that silver lining was what kept me smiling as I walked out of the office without as much as a backwards glance.

I didn't even bother heading home, just threw the box of my belongings in the car and headed up to the spa. The women who worked the desk now knew me by name and I them. They almost felt like family and I waved to them as I walked past, not bothering to wait but heading right to Hans room where I stripped off.

I stepped before the mirror and sighed, pouting my lips. Hans had made them fuller for me, which I loved but they made the rest of my face feel mismatched. Just like my square shoulders and wide hips.

"What is matter?" Hans asked as he walked in, "You know I hate your sad face."

"I lost my job." I sighed, pouting at my reflection; it looked so wrong I couldn't stand it!

"That is no good, My Heart."

The nickname made my chest flutter a little.

"Do you think would could make the rest of my face feel more like my lips?" I asked, running a hand over my smooth cheek. "I don't think I look right."

"Of course! I want you happy, My Hart. Come, come, I fix you."

I beamed; Hans could fix any problem I had, of that I was sure. Out came my beloved salt scrub and I didn't even flinch as it scraped over my face, as he washed it away I felt my face flow with the water, the sharp edges smoothing over like a stone smoothed by the waves of the ocean. My pointy chin faded, my square jaw rounding over.

I sighed in relief, already I felt better. This strange dysmorphia, the feeling of being in the wrong body, had been getting so distracted lately. Maybe that was why I couldn't concentrate at work; oh well, that wasn't a problem anymore.

Hans' fingers brushed over my eyes and I felt the lids reshape as my eyelashes grew out. A warm cloth washed over my face, leaving the skin smooth and my new features locked in. I blinked a few times to clear my vision and looked in the mirror and gave a joy filled gasp.

I looked so...beautiful. My features delicate and sharp in brand new places. My long lashes framed oval eyes and my nose was no longer prominent but cute. Almost like a button!

"You look pretty." Hans smiled, "Like my other girls."

I knew he was referring to the other women who worked in his spa but I couldn't help the stab of jealousy when he called them 'his'. I wanted to be 'his'. Suddenly, he clicked his fingers and grinned.

"I have perfect plan! You come work for me!"

"Work...here? At the spa?" I gaped, "But I don't know how to massage or do acupuncture or any of that sort of stuff."

"Is easy. I teach you." Hans waved his hand away, "And you can live in dorm with other women."

All the women who worked here lived on site? Why, that was a dream come true! I would never have to leave the spa. I squealed and bounced on my delicate toes.

"Oh Hans I would love that!" I sighed, "Thank you so much, you are truly wonderful."

"Yes," He grinned looking deeply into my eyes. "I am wonderful."

"You're wonderful."

"Sexy."

"S-sexy."

"You would do anything for me."

“I would do anything...for you.”

I could feel my thoughts becoming sluggish, those mental relaxation techniques he had helped me use. After my stressful work day I probably needed them.

“You have had long day, very stressful.” He said, “Come, I give you final, ultimate treatment and then you can stay here forever. With you.”

“With you...” I replied dreamily, “Yes...”

“I shall make you one of my spa women, you will like that.”

“Yes, I want that.”

He brushed his hand over my cheek and I cooed, leaning into the touch. Finally, I was going to be his. I wanted that more than anything.

“Time for treatment.”

“Yes please!”

I followed behind him like a loyal puppy, letting him soak me in the bath. He poured even more of those pink crystals into the water than usual and I felt my skin start to tingle as it soaked in all the oils. The scent relaxed me, body and mind and I sunk deep into the water, letting it flow over every part of my body. I felt almost as if my skin was becoming one with the water; malleable liquid ready for Hans to shape.

After what seemed like an age he helped me from the tub and gently dried me off with the softest towel I had ever felt. I was so relaxed just standing was an effort, Hands moved my limbs, drying me off with firm but gentle pats. I was grateful, he was so nice to me.

He lead me to the massage table and laid me down on my back before spreading his hands over my chest and rubbing in gentle circles. Warm pleasure built there was he massaged the over sensitive skin. I didn;t bother holding back my small moans; I knew Hans didn't mind. Never in my life had my chest felt so sensitive, nor so...large.

Sleepily I looked down at my body and watched as Hansa began to sculpt me. My chest growing larger and more round as he created a set of wonderful breasts for me. Pert

and large without being distracting. A simple D cup, big enough to be pretty and noticeable while not so big that they would get in the way.

Oh and they were so sensitive! He pinched my nipples drawing them out and turning them a shade of blush pink that made me shiver. He continued to touch them long after they were fully formed, pushing and pressing until I was seeing stars. I was rock hard as usual and my balls were starting to throb.

“Can’t be having one of those if you are to be my girl.” Hans tsked, sliding his fingers down over my stomach, smoothing it over as he went until he reached my crotch.

There was little hair there now; he he removed most of it over the last few weeks. The small patch present was neat and dar. For the first time, he grabbed hold of my manhood and I shuddered. How long had I wanted him to do that? So very long. He pumped his hand up and down gently and my hips began to buck upwards, desperate for more friction.

“Ah ah ah, you must be staying still now, or I might make a mistake.”

“Y-yes Hans.” I whimpered, trying desperately to still my body.

He continued to pump and it felt so good, he squeezed, tighter and tighter. I was aware that it probably should have hurt but I felt nothing but the opposite. Eventually he let go, placing his palm on my head and pressed down. With a moan I felt my cock disappear, pushed back into my body forming a deep hole.

His gentle fingers massaged my balls, pressing them too back into my body and gently forming a slit that was to be my new pussy. I was in rapture, pleasure radiated out from between my legs as Hans went to work. Working my body like clay until I could feel the breeze on my new pussy lips and my new clit bulging.

For the first time a sense of trepidation filled me. I was a woman now; how had things gotten so out of hand and why did I feel so good about it? Was this really what I wanted? Hans gently turned me over and began to massage my ass, growing it to match my now wide hips. Yes, yes I wanted this. It felt so lovely I had to resist the urge to groan in discomfort as my new breasts were squashed on the table.

Hans finished up all the little touches; everything from the shape of my thighs to the shell of my ears. His hand smoothed over my throat, wiping away my Adam’s apple as if it never existed. His hands roamed all over me until I was practically vibrating from the touch. I felt hot all over; drunk on the scent still lingering on my skin from the bath.

“Ready for final treatment?” Hans asked and I simply nodded, too sleepy and blank to even open my mouth.

His hands reached for me, pressing against my temples as he began to massage. I moaned, that relaxing pleasuring filling my brain once more until I was completely empty, just the pleasure and the sight of Hans eyes staring deeply into my own.

“You love your new body.”

“I love my new body.”

I had a new voice, feminine and beautiful. I loved it, Hans has given me so many gifts.

“You love me.”

“I love you.”

“You are loyal.”

“I am l-loyal.”

“You are horny.”

“I...I am h-horny.”

It was getting so hard to respond. I knew I had to, I had to do everything Hans told me but my body felt like it was on fire. My new nipples were hard as diamond and my pussy leaking slickness down my thighs. I was absolutely aching to be touched. If I had the strength I would lift my newly formed delicate fingers and press them to my new pussy but I couldn't seem to make them move.

“You belong to me.”

“I belong...to y-you.”

“Do you want me, my heart?”

“Y-yes! Oh God yes, please!”

His hands disappeared from my temples, taking with them long strands of dark hair. I had been so distracted I hadn't even felt it growing. I could feel it now though, resting at the small of my back and across my breasts. The strength returned to my limbs and I shook it out, feeling my new curves move with me.

Hans reached for my hips, taking them in his hands and easily lifting me up onto his lap as he took a seat on the massage table. Instinctually I straddle him, poising myself over his crotch. When had he gotten naked? Had he been naked this whole time? It didn't matter, what mattered was that I could feel the tip of his cock resting against my new virgin hole and it filled me with lust.

With his guidance, I sunk down. Moaning loudly as I finally felt his thick cock parting me. I had dreamed of it so many times, what it would feel like, now finally I knew and it was better than I could ever have imagined.

“Oh God, Hans, y-you're so big I...oh Gods I love having a pussy. It feels so much nicer having you in my pussy!”

The words flowed out of me and I knew they were true. I didn't miss my cock at all, this felt far better. I squeezed my thighs and started to rise before sinking down once more. I bounced on his cock, savouring every second as I felt him filling me. My new breasts bounced in his face and I felt my moans turning breathy and high pitched.

I slammed down harder and harder, rolling my hips with each hit as I got closer to the edge. I could feel orgasm building and it was so different to the experience as a man. I could feel my insides coiling, my inner walls tightening around his cock against my will. It was as if my body was trying to draw out every single last drop of pleasure possible.

“Ahhhhh...oh...yes! AAAAHHHH!”

I pushed, squeezing Hans tight inside me as I came, it was better than any of the orgasms he had given me yet and I felt myself go lightheaded. He continued to buck up into me, his hands the only thing holding me upright as I basked in the ecstasy. Eventually, I felt him shudder beneath me and I was filled with a new sense of satisfaction; I had pleased him, that was almost more important than my own pleasure.

Exhausted, I collapsed against him, feeling his cock soften inside my walls. Any small doubts I had about my decision to become Hans' worker disappeared from my mind entirely. This was Heaven. Gently, he lifted me off his cock and I managed to shakily get to my feet.

“Well done, Miss Hart.” He smiled.

Miss Hart. Oh, that felt nice.

“We’d better get you a uniform, ja?” He smiled, “You have a lot of training to do if you are to work with me.”

“Oh, yes please!” I beamed, I couldn’t wait to get started and make Hans proud.