

# The Physio

By Hawkeye7

*"So Beth, how have you been?"* Gemma, my Physiotherapist greeted me as I entered her treatment room. It had been the 5th visit this month alone, and things were not getting easier since my surgery.

*"I'm ok"* I lied, we would get into all the aches and pain during the session so this was just a standard greeting, the pleasantries.

Gemma looked her usual bright self, brimming with confidence and smelled of subtle vanilla.

She wore her usual attire, it was a mix of a nurses outfit and sports trainer leggings on the bottom. She needed to be able to get around, bend me into all sorts of shapes and positions, all in the belief it would help me get back to normal again.

*"Great, take a seat on the table"*, she said, indicating the long massage table. Its soft blue leather covering, punched at the top by the hole where my face peeks through when lying on my front.

I perch on the edge, slipping my shoes off my feet and tucking them under the bench. The leather feels slightly cool on my bottom, even though my soft leggings. The aircon taking some of the edge off the heat from outside.

My legs feel like lead, the aches, no better from the therapy sessions so far.

*"Ok, why don't you lay down on your back and let's see what progress we've been making."* She asks.

Progress 'we' have been makings was fuck-all, I'm sure she is trying, but so far I was wondering where we were going with these stretches and massages, it didn't seem to be making any difference. She would get paid for the session, all the same, luckily the insurance was covering from my end.

I swing my legs up and lay on the bench, shifting slightly to get comfortable.

*"Ok relax"* She says, and grabs my right leg, lifting it straight upwards. "Hmm good" she states.

She returns it back to the bench and attempts the same move on my left. It pulls tightly, my bottom flares with its usual pain, and the muscles contract as the nerves refuses to let go.

*"Hmm, yeah I see it's still really tight in there."* She states the obvious.

*"Umphf.. yeah, it's still really painful."* I gasp, cringing my features trying to stop the shooting pain from showing too much. I'm not sure why we do that, we try and hide the true feelings from others, try and be 'brave'. I'm not sure who we are doing that for, I'm sure she has seen worse I tell myself.

*"Ok I'm going to go about the usual massage, try and get things loosened"* she states brightly, going about her routine.

I die inside, knowing it feels pointless.

*"I'm also doing some acupuncture today, and then we will see how we get on."* she says.

*"Sounds good"* I reply, trying to keep my voice positive despite the sinking feeling.

*"Can you roll onto your side, legs slightly bent?"* She asks, guiding my body into position. She then leans across me, her hands pressing deep onto my legs and bottom. I'm pretty sure she isn't touching the ground when doing this, as I feel her full weight pressing down onto my body. Her chest compresses against me, and I feel her warmth across my back, as her breasts smoosh into me, as she continues pulling at my torso. She maintains the hold, pulling at my body, trying to get the muscles and limbs to stretch far beyond what my ligaments are telling me is possible.

I grunt, wanting her to stop, but also slightly comforted in her bizarre tight embrace. If anyone was to walk in now, I'm sure they would take one look at our positions, and think we were attempting to fold our bodies together in a tight knot. A crazy game of twister gone wrong.

She switches position and rotates me around, again holding my body tightly, a mix of her arms and elbows pulling and stretching my legs. As she leans with her weight, this time I feel her breath against my crotch area and am worried that I'm becoming slightly turned on. Would she notice? A twinge builds in my stomach, fluttering as my muscles clench. Is this normal to feel this when she is trying to perform sports stretching routine. My heart starts to race, and I know I'm beginning to sweat, and not just from the exertions. I try and calm my thoughts inside, as she eventually lifts herself off me, planting her feet back on the ground and turns away to the sink.

*"Right, I think that's enough, did you feel that burn slightly?"* She asks. I do a doubletake inside, did she notice my... dampness? The tickles, and my urges starting to manifest themselves.

I clear my throat and say *"Yeah, I think you hit the spot."*

I rotate off the bench and start to undress, without her prompting. My self-confidence now gone, she had seen me naked before now. The first time was a little awkward but now it was all part of the routine. I return back to the table, this time on my front, she covers part of my body in a towel, and I push my face forward, poking it through the hole. It presses my features into a tight fit, and I look down at her feet as she washes her hands and gets some of the gel ready.

Starting at my ankle she presses the cooling gel into my skin. Taking long strokes, my muscles bunch up against the pressure.

I try and relax, the pain not allowing too much of that, as each stroke gets higher into my thighs and then she switches into focusing on my bottom.

The first time she did this was a bit of a surprise, yes that's where most of my pain was, she explained that the nerve runs from the top of my spine, all the way down through the muscles deep in my bum, then onwards down my legs. It's this pinching that was causing all my pain. Still, when she then started massaging my arse that first time, I guess I just wasn't expecting her to go there. Silly me!

Her hands press firmly against my cheeks, her fingers sinking deep into the round flesh of my ample bottom. I try and relax more, knowing that this shouldn't be sensual, but as her fingers keep moving along the edges and down into my crack, I can't help but feel a slight sensation building again in my loins. Again I'm sure she has seen this all before, and knows the side effects it can bring on.

*"This ok?"* She asks. *"Not too hard is it?"*

"It's fine" I attempt to say although my mouth is scrunched into the small hole in the table.

"Ok, I'm going to switch to a few needles now." She says *"these will help the muscles relax further and hopefully give you some relief."*

"Alright" I say. She had tried them before and apart from the electric shooting sensation, it wasn't that bad. To give her credit it did *seem* to help when she used it last time, even for a short period of time.

She pokes me with a 2 or 3, I can't really tell, and then tells me to relax for a few mins, for them to take effect. It's fine, it's not like she is being a pain in the butt, I chuckle to myself.

I lay there waiting, and she continues to make small talk, saying I'm making great progress, things take time, etc, etc.... I sigh inside, thinking the pain will never end and watching her feet again as she shuffled around the room. I notice her pretty pink painted toenails against her tanned feet and legs as she walks around barefoot. Nice, I think to myself.

"Ok, I think that should be enough now" she says and withdraws the tiny needles - I don't feel anything, and she returns to applying her massaging strokes to me again.

Despite her tiny figure and frame, she manages to inflect heavy pressure against my body again. Using most of her body weight she leans into each stroke. I shift slightly, as her fingers seem to be getting deeper between my buttocks. The slick gel making her movements smooth and frictionless. Eventually, she pushes far into the crack, and I feel her sweep across my twitching starfish. I clench, startled at the sensation, its charge sending shockwaves into my core. She certainly hadn't been there before!

She continues the movements, circling across each cheek, and down between, massaging all the areas. She knows what she is doing right? I start to feel more twinges elsewhere, now seeming to forget about the aches in my leg.

"Just relax" She coos, continuing her strokes. *"I want to try another procedure if you would be willing to try. It's rather unorthodox, but one of my other patients has seen great relief from it."*

"UmmmHummm" I reply, only half-listening, trying to stem the building feelings I'm getting. All thoughts of the reason I'm there seem to be clouding away, her touches feel amazing across my body.

*"As you know I've been trying to get the muscle to relax and give the compressed nerve some space. The needles get some way in, to help, and this pressure motion helps from the outside."* She continues. Each stroke, going up and across my bottom, and between my legs. I'm pretty sure that I'm reacting, moisture appearing across my lips, I continue rocking slightly at each movement. The tingling inside getting stronger.

*"What I want to try next is to massage you from the inside. Which means you need to really relax."* she says.

I'm not following at this point, lost in the sensations her hands and fingers are generating. "UhhhHuuu" I eventually murmur. Yeah, whatever, just keep doing what you're doing.

She adjusts the bench, lowering it, and then swings herself onto it, straddling my legs, and placing her soft backside slightly on my lower ankles. It feels nice, her bottom

squishing against my legs, as I fidget slightly under her weight. Her warmth radiated into my limbs.

She parts my legs further, shifting each so they almost fall from the side of the table, and then returns her attention back to my large soft orbs. Her touch is like electricity pulsing through my body now, my senses seem to be heightened, not sure if it was the needles or the gel, but I'm lost in awe. I sigh, not wishing this treatment to end.

She moves and applies more gel to her fingers and pushes straight to my puckered hole. The coolness makes me twitch and I clench around her fingertips. Fuck, that feels good. Unperturbed, she continues to circle around the edges, massaging with her fingers, until finally pushing forward and she enters me.

I gasp, at the sudden intrusion, finally realising what she meant by massaging from inside. It feels incredible, as her fingers dig deeper inside me.

*"That's it, just relax, let me in."* She says. It's not like I have a choice, the gel gives a slight numbing sensation to her movements, she continues to press on.

Her fingers slide inside, rotating, and twisting to make space. I feel the pressure, and then suddenly realise she has her whole hand inside me. I clench tightly across her wrist as I feel her fingers push and probe inside. My internal walls gripping her digits, sucking and holding onto them.

*"Fuck!"* I gasp out, unable to help myself.

With her other hand, she continues to massage my cheek, squishing and squeezing.

Pushing against the flesh, and attempting to close the gap between her other fist now buried inside.

I reach down and slide my fingers under myself, between my legs and start to rub, I now don't care what she thinks, I'm enjoying this 'treatment' far too much.

She pulls at her buried hand, stretching my hole until it releases with a loud pop. Trapped air gushes out in a farting sound. I'm now too far gone to notice or even care if my gas is as toxic as usual. She should have thought about that before she decided to enter that deep dark musky cavern. Without a moments notice, she thrusts it back inside, punching her way into me.

*"Oh my god!"* I cry out, the brutal sensations of being filled so deeply with her hand screaming ecstasy into each and every nerve ending. I feel her press down further, her wrist pistoning into me, she withdraws, and then pushes back. Each punch sending herself deeper and deeper, coiling into my wet slick tubes.

I arch my back, trying to get more purchase with my own fingers, as they blur across my clit, in doing so I feel Gemma's hair brush against my arse. She pulls herself forward wrapping her exposed arm around my waist, trying to push more of her other arm into my hungry hole.

I'm not sure how she is doing it, there doesn't seem to be any resistance from my body, it's taking her so far inside. I pant, sweating profusely from the exertions, feeling the tide rising within me.

I clench uncontrollably around Gemma's arm feeling it suck against her limb drawing it down as if my bottom is trying to eat her. She notices, stopping her own forward momentum.

*"Erm, Beth, I think that's enough for today."* Gemma calls out, her face smushed against my left cheek, I feel her breath swirling around against my heat, as her words ring

out, and attempt to find my unlistening ears. She tugs backwards, unsuccessfully trying to prise her arm from my hold.

My body seems to have other ideas, uncontrolled, its desire to consume takes over, rationale now gone with my mind into a distant place.

"Beth, Sto...Uhmppfff" she calls out, her voice suddenly cut off as she is dragged unceremoniously inside by hungry bottom.

"Agggghhhhhh" I scream out, pushing backwards and higher, as she falls into me, my belly drooping down under me, as her torso fills the space, snaking into my tubes. Her writhing form bulging out clearly, against the tight skin. Another huge clench and I feel her backside, and wide hips slurp inside, leaving her legs cartwheeling in the air.

I hear her shouts and screams reverberating inside me, as my climax reaches for the sky. Finally, her wiggling toes drop-down, sinking into my gaping hole and I cum, exploding all around. The raging orgasm intense, strong, and long. White noise ringing through my ears, my mind adrift with ecstasy. I shake unable to stop, bucking and writhing on the bench, threatening to fall onto the floor.

After an eternity I collapse, spent. Slight aftershocks continue juddering through my body. I caress the huge lump that is Gemma, lodged somewhere deep within me, I feel her pressure and movement, although it's hard to focus. I curl up and drift, trying to come down, calming my thundering heartbeat. I wrap my arms around my bloated stomach laying on my side, I close my eyes and smile as the darkness takes me.

I come round, feeling a strong thumping inside.

What?

Oh yeah...

Fuck!

I try and sit up, the huge weight falling downwards and out, as my stomach tries to accommodate the shift in size and shape.

"Beth!" I hear from deep within, her voice lost inside.

I swing my legs down from the bench and try to stand.

Incredibly, the cramping and aches are now gone.

I take a step, lurching forward the bounce swaying my body as I try and gauge my stance. I take another, then another, each becoming easier.

I laugh out loud, I feel amazing.

"Well Gemma, your right, this new treatment has certainly done wonders for my pain relief..." I say as I retrieve my clothing. My leggings stretch over my now huge form, but my t-shirt won't cover, it now looks like a tight crop top, sitting atop the huge bulge. "Although, I now need to change my clothes!"

"Beth, you got to let me out, I've got other patients to see." I hear from her.

"All in good time, we need to see if this new procedure really works, and has any lasting side effects" I say patting her gently, as I close the treatment room door. I turn the small sign around to show "**out for lunch**".

I stride out of the waiting room, the first time in ages my body feeling back to full strength... and more.