Well, I was now certain of one thing. My teenage hormones had indeed fixated on Visha as the object of my lust. Emilie might be a bit older and less classically beautiful than Visha, but she was still a fine looking woman and she definitely made that black two-piece swimsuit look good. But it was Visha in her skimpy white one-piece that I had to fight myself to keep from openly staring at. It took some careful meditation, but I managed to put my eyes back in my head and keep myself to the occasional discreet glance at the pair of them while I lay on my chair with my coffee (fortified by just a dash of rum) and my reading material. Little was I to know that having two scantily clad beauties in close proximity was just the first and least challenge my willpower was to face during our stay.

It was an hour into our very first day of sunning by the lakeside that Visha introduced me to something I didn't even know existed yet - suntan oil. I have no idea if it actually worked, but it seemed harmless and smelled pleasant, and when applied to skin left a gleaming sheen that I quickly discovered looked dangerously attractive. So I guess it worked in at least one way, if perhaps not the way advertised.

When Visha first handed me the bottle I frantically tried to think of an objection that wasn't 'please don't tempt me like this'. My desire to maintain a professional distance took a massive hit when Visha lay down on her front and pulled away her top, leaving me looking at a beautiful expanse of toned bare back and thighs with only a narrow strip of cloth below the waist preserving her modesty. And then any feeble hope of resistance crumbled when Emilie thought it a fine idea and lay down next to Visha, baring her own back.

I idly noticed Visha giving Emilie a disgruntled look which Emilie returned with a smirk, but I was too concerned about giving away my rising libido to worry about that byplay. However, I am proud to report that I got through the experience without embarrassing myself. I like to think I did an adequate job massaging the oil into their skin (which after so much time in the jungle honestly needed it), while resisting all temptation to let my hands stray. It was honestly easier than expected, I just had to see it as a job to be done, and my natural professional pride kept me from doing anything untoward.

The real challenge to my professionalism came when Visha took the oil and declared it my turn. At first, I thought I could get through the experience with minimum fuss. After all, I knew what it was like to be massaged by a beautiful woman, courtesy a vacation to Thailand I'd taken when in my twenties in my past life.

Alas, halfway through I realized my comparison to a Thai massage parlor was more apt than I had expected. It was nothing blatant, but Visha's massage was far more daring than anything I would have tried. Honestly, if I'd been a man, I'd have taken it as an invitation to something more.

This was a genuinely dangerous situation. Knowing Visha, this was just her natural uninhibited nature coming out to play. Making a big deal out of it was the worst possible thing I could do, but I had to do something. Those strong fingers were driving me to distraction, and I had to bite my lip to keep from making some very inappropriate noises. In the end, I fell back on the meditative exercises that I had perfected during my sojourn under the care of the Imperial Secret Police. Originally designed to resist pain and deprivation, they proved barely adequate at keeping my breathing even and my body relaxed as I did my best to enjoy my first massage in over twenty years of combined life.

I almost breathed a sigh of relief when the massage ended. Glancing to the side, I saw that Emilie had been a witness to the proceedings, but her only reaction seemed to be mild amusement, probably at my obvious inexperience with Visha's style of massage. Since it was clear she saw nothing wrong in what had happened, it seemed this experience really had been within acceptable bounds when conducted among female friends. It really was a good thing I hadn't reacted too strongly, otherwise they might have wondered why.

That first memorable massage did do one thing though. It gave me an excuse to be a bit daring myself the next time I was asked to apply the oil, and I was enough of a teenager to take ruthless advantage of it. Neither Visha nor Emilie objected, so I must have done something right, although their faces did look a bit flushed when I was done.

"You have some natural talent in those fingers, Tanya," Emilie complimented me.

"Thank Visha, she showed me how," was my response.

Strangely, Visha didn't seem all that pleased at Emilie's words. I was a bit puzzled by it, but when it was my turn to be pampered I realized why. Visha must have taken Emilie's words as a challenge to her own skill, because this time her efforts were even more patient, even more solicitous, and even more risqué.

Perhaps I should have deescalated, but I never could resist a challenge. Looking back, I could only be thankful that the naturally rainy weather meant we were only out sunning perhaps one day in three. Otherwise this little friendly competition really might have crossed the bounds of propriety. Thankfully, I had Emilie there to serve as a barometer. She stayed out of it, seemingly content to enjoy our efforts without contributing herself except to encourage us. Emilie was fairly straight laced in her personal life, so as long as the only noises she made were appreciative ones, I knew our hands had stayed within the realm of friendship.

I had to admit, though, I never realized just how physically intimate women could be among friends. Perhaps not surprising, I never had the opportunity for much 'girl time' before this. It was a good thing I had my meditative exercises though. There was no other way I could have survived some of those massages without some very inappropriate reactions. As it is, abusing that technique allowed me to get ahead in our little game, if one kept score by the number of pleased noises I was able to extract from Visha's lips.