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sciatic nerve in her right thigh twinged with pain; the space between her shoulder blades throbbed and ached, sending pulsating quivers along the taut cords of her neck; even her fingers on her handle bars were stiff and awkward. Yes, a good rub would work wonders; not Angelina's rub, for Angelina was too well bred, too delicate, too tentative, worked too much and too lightly with her fingers and not enough with the flat of her hands. Her own rub was what she wanted. How often had she glowed with pardonable pride over the groans of ecstatic pleasure which her back rubs had drawn throughout the years! First, the strong, firm movements of the palms, even of the heels of her broad, capable hands, forth and back, up and down, from the coccyx to the nape of the neck; then the wide, steady, circular motions, extending far to the sides, raising, revolving the flesh in resolute thumb and fingers, seizing it, pinching and kneading it as one kneads bread; the rotating grasp with strong fingertips upon those taut cords of the neck; the deft manipulation of every tired, tense vertebra, every cramped muscle, every hidden nerve. How well she knew each strong and skillful motion! How welcome at that moment would be her own hands upon her own aching self!