

Yoga Is Life

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

The thought struck at a strange time. We were making love; she was on top, moving strongly, slowly, deliberately, and I was moving in time beneath her. My hands were on her waist, holding her as we moved and breathed as one. I inhaled as I arched my back, then crunched my stomach muscles and pulled my hips up to meet her as I exhaled, our bodies following our breath. We breathed together, moved together, our eyes locked together; getting so close, I could see it in her face and feel it build deep inside me.

Then that thought popped in from who knows where: "This is the oujai breath." A half-laugh came out as my head arched back. She hissed, "Breathe!" I refocused on my breath and she did that wonderful thing she does; moving her hips and contracting her internal muscles. She doesn't nudge me over the edge, she flings me. She started and I focused on my breathing, eyes closed. My breath went ragged as I came; so intense. I felt her tensing and moving with renewed purpose as she milked me; I moved my hands up her body, sliding over the layer of perspiration we'd made, moving to her breasts. She tensed a little more and I squeezed her nipples gently, feeling her come on top of me, her breath never faltering. Finally she relaxed on top of me. I put my arms around her and said, "I love you," my voice filled with laughter, wonder, and awe. She sighed and we rested together in each others' arms.

After a couple of minutes she asked, "Want to tell me what was so funny?"

I held her close and said, "I'll tell you later." I kissed her hair and sighed. She nestled in and went to sleep as I held her and thought about the last year.

After being a net potato for too many years I decided if I wanted to live to a ripe old age, I'd better damn well get back into shape. I'd been in good shape during college and a few years after. But it was so easy to slide. Then one morning you find your clothes no longer fit and you can't see your toes.

The good news is I work for a company with an on-site fitness center. The bad news is the hours that make the most sense for me are very early in the morning. But I did it, and I still do it, showing up around 6 AM.

What the hell; it did me good, a lot of good. I dropped weight, got stronger, felt better. The staff was a big help, always having suggestions, answering questions. After a few months I found I needed more stretching to maintain flexibility and range of motion. I started asking

Yoga is Life

questions; how do I stretch this muscle in a way that doesn't hurt my knees, how do I increase range of motion without straining my back.

One morning I asked one of the staff about stretches for hamstrings and quads. I could bend over and put both palms flat on the floor without bending my knees; the "standard" stretches don't do anything for me. The response I got was interesting. "I don't know, you're more flexible than I am! You should talk to the Yoga instructor -- the class is Wednesday afternoon at five. It will do you good."

That's how I started Yoga. At first it was a real challenge. Well, it's still a challenge, and will be for many years. Our instructor, Zora, is great. She's tall, slender, and full of energy, compassion, and understanding. As the second male in the class, she took the time to help me through the difficult first few weeks.

It became a little more interesting after about three weeks when the other guy dropped out, leaving me as the token male in a class of about a dozen and a half, most of whom had been doing this for years. I was catching on though; my breathing was good, I was strong with some flexibility. I was pretty stiff in the hips, upper back, and shoulders, but that's why I was here. Zora teaches Vinyasa yoga, a flowing style combining asanas, or poses, with pranayama, breathing. We flow from one pose to the next, keeping the breathing stable and deep, the *oujai* breath. That's the goal, anyway. Many parts of the class, especially balancing poses, teach me humility.

Before ending class with meditation we usually do a two-person pose, a stretch. At first as the gals paired up, I stood there waiting. This usually meant I worked with Zora, learning a lot. After one class she complimented me, telling me I was strong and needed to balance my strength with flexibility. I thanked her, telling her I was learning; paying attention to my breathing kept me honest.

After that class, I'd been participating for about three months, Zora started asking different advanced folks to work with me. The first time was a shock, at least to me. She said, "Lia, please work with Tom." Lia has a dancer's body; slim and very flexible. She does splits with ease. She's also five feet tall, and maybe weighs a hundred pounds. That puts me about seventy pounds and eleven inches larger. We did a seated hip stretch; one person sits with their legs spread as wide as they can, the other person puts their feet on the other person's knees, you join hands, and gently stretch. Lia more or less flopped over and I supported her. When it was my turn she held my hands, coached my breathing, and pulled. It was great.

Over the next couple months I worked with four or five women on a regular basis, developing mutual trust and confidence. I found myself working more and more with one in particular, Judy. Judy is about my height with a wonderful full figure; full breasts, a wonderful waist, nice hips. She isn't as limber as Lia, but then neither is Zora. In a class like this, it's easy to categorize body types. There are the dancers such as Lia, slim and supple. There are the runners and swimmers such as Zora and Katryn, tall and lithe. There are the usual pear shapes, small on top and large on the bottom. I'm a weirdo, a weightlifter that seems to be in the wrong place. Then there's Judy; Judy is voluptuous as well as flexible and strong.. Judy has been practicing yoga for almost a decade and fills in for Zora occasionally. With her figure, and the

way she moved, flowing from one pose to the next, I tried not to concentrate on her during class; too distracting.

So much to my surprise one session Zora said, “Now we’re going to work on the back,” and Judy hopped over to me with a big smile. I like the back routine we do; I’ve learned to be firm yet gentle, massaging and opening up along the spine. I guess I was getting good at it. When you’re working with someone like this, you can tell if they trust you. I could tell Judy did, the way she relaxed to my touch. We worked together and I was able to keep my mind on what we were doing. While we always thank each other after two person work, I felt Judy actually meant it; it was special.

From then on we worked together. She even growled once when another gal approached me. She put her mat next to mine, reminding me to breathe properly, or reaching over, moving and repositioning me. It’s amazing the difference some of the small changes made.

Then came a big change. I’d had a rough week and almost passed on Yoga that day. I knew my energy level was low, so I focused on my breathing and went with it. We did a back stretch at the end, Judy going first, then my turn. For some reason as I was curled up on the mat in the child position, Judy pressing on my back, I was filled with tears. It was as if I could feel the compassion in Judy’s hands. A lot of sadness and tears came out as she spoke softly, coaching my breathing, and pressing along my back. At the end of the stretch when I sat up I thanked her softly; she gave me a wonderful warm smile.

As I lay on my back in bed now, after she slid off me and curled up at my side, her head on my chest, I can close my eyes and vividly remember the feelings I had in meditation that day. I remember laying there, eyes closed, breathing slowly, wondering where all the emotion had come from. We’d all seen emotional releases in class, but it surprised me. It surprised me, but I felt good. I felt incredibly calm, positive, and balanced. That’s when I first realized the difference yoga had made in my life. As I lay on the mat the tears came back, but they were tears of joy.

As I sat up after meditation, I knew I had tears on my face, but I also knew I was smiling. I also felt that glow I’d seen on some people. I’d seen it on Zora, on Judy, on Lia. Zora looked at me; our eyes met. She looked concerned for a moment, but as I smiled she gave me a wonderful smile, one that came from deep within. She said, “Namaste,” to end the class; we replied and bowed. As other students moved around, Zora came over to me; Judy slid up alongside. Zora knelt in front of me. My breath was under control but just barely. I knew I’d have to be careful as I spoke, so I whispered, “Thank you, Zora,” bowing my head. I turned a little to Judy, looked deep into her eyes, smiled, said, “Thank you, Judy,” and bowed again.

My head still bowed, I felt hands on my shoulders. I felt the emotion well up in me suddenly, strongly. I thought I was going to burst into tears again, but inhaled past it. It dissipated like a dark cloud leaving calm and clear blue sky in its place. I raised my head with a smile, feeling strength and that inner glow again. I sat straight, looked my teachers in the eye, and said with confidence to both of them, “Thank you for the difference you’ve made in my life.”

They both hugged me. I could feel the warmth and the joy. We broke up and they moved away silently. I rolled up my mat and put my shoes on. As I walked out of the room, I got smiles from some of the others. Lia put a hand on my shoulder and gave me a wonderful knowing smile. I even got a smile from Katryn, normally so stand-offish and formal.

The next day at lunch in the cafeteria with some friends, we were chatting when I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned and saw Judy leaning down next to me. I was surprised and so happy to see her. I offered her a chair, but she shook her head no.

“Would you like to come to a class with me Saturday morning?” she asked.

“I’d love to, if I won’t embarrass you,” I told her, looking in her eyes. Just seeing her filled me with that glow again.

She squeezed my shoulder. “Good -- I’ll send you an email with details.” She stood up and walked off, her long brown hair hanging loose down her back, swaying in gentle counterpoint to the motion of her hips. She looked even better wearing clothes, her hair let down.

I sighed as I turned back to my buddies. One of them gave me a low whistle, another raised his eyebrows. I knew I had an incredible look on my face. I thought about flipping them the finger, but laughed instead. They pried, but the only response I gave them was laughter.

I got her email later; the class was about half an hour away, and she wanted to know if I could drive. Sure, I replied, just let me know where and when to meet, I’d be happy to. What time should I pick you up?

Her reply filled me in. I didn’t know whether to groan or grin. The class started at seven Saturday morning, and we should get there ten minutes early; it should only take twenty minutes from her place. Class was an hour and a half, and we’d get breakfast afterwards. She included directions and even her home phone number. Oh well, I usually got up at five thirty to get to the gym by six; I could sleep an extra half hour. I sent a reply thanking her for her confidence in me, and for the help she and Zora had been; I’d see her around six twenty five. I sighed as I sent the message.

Six arrived earlier than I’d expected Saturday morning. Rather than my usual weekday routine, where I roll out of bed and hit the gym, showering and cleaning up afterwards, I took a quick shower and made myself presentable. I put on my usual gym trunks and tight tank top, warm-up pants, and a sweatshirt. My other clothes were in my bag.

I arrived at her condo and was getting out of the car when she came out. I got out anyway and opened the car door for her.

“Good morning! Thanks so much for doing this,” she told me with a smile.

I looked into those eyes... “I get to spend more time with you learning Yoga. What could be better?”

She laughed and we drove off. We went to a community center up the freeway a bit. We were in a nice large room with about ten people there, including three guys. I felt a little better. Judy unrolled her mat at the front of the room and peeled off her sweats. I took off mine, putting them with my stuff on a communal table. I started unrolling my mat along with some of the other folks. Judy caught my eye and motioned me forward. I went up to her.

“Put your mat up here,” she told me, pointing alongside hers.

I took a deep breath, looking at her. I let my eyes say it. Really?

After a moment of silence between us, she simply said, “Please,” and indicated gracefully with her hand where she wanted me. I bowed my head to her and moved my mat. I sat down on it facing the rest of the class and cleared my head, breathing slowly. This was a new role for me.

I was nervous at first. But once we started, I closed my eyes, focused on my breathing, and listened to Judy, following her lead.

Some times I think she reads my mind. Not only does she know what I want, she knows what I need. I was enjoying myself, even feeling proud. Then she started throwing in unfamiliar things. She used different terms for poses, did variations on poses, did one she *knows* I have trouble with, and led us in a balancing pose I’d never done before. I concentrated on my breath and marveled at her. By the end of class I’d lost my pride and was present in the moment again. After class most of the people came up to thank us. When we had a moment, I bowed to Judy and said, “Thank you for teaching me.” She smiled and gave me a wonderful warm hug. “You did very well. I’m sorry if I surprised you.”

I sighed; we stood slightly apart and I held her hands. I looked into her eyes. “You are so incredible. I have so much to learn.”

She returned my gaze; we stood looking into each other’s eyes. I was falling into her eyes, hearing her breath, feeling the fire in her eyes, watching her nostrils flare as her gaze intensified.

Then a voice said, “Will you be teaching next week too?” and the spell was broken.

We turned to one of the older gals in the class. Judy held one of my hands; I wasn’t going to let her go. She said, “Jasmine will be back next week, I was just filling in today. But...” Judy turned to me and gave me that fiery gaze again as she said, “we’ll be here, won’t we.”

I smiled and squeezed her hand. “Yes, we’ll be here.”

“Good,” the gal said. “I’ll drag my son along; he needs to see that this is something men do.” She put a hand on my arm for a moment, then turned and walked off. I squeezed Judy’s hand again, and turned to her.

She smiled and asked, “Hungry yet?”

I took a deep breath, looking into her eyes again. I could feel the fire in my eyes this time. “Yes,” I whispered.

She laughed and pulled me to the door. “Let’s change and get breakfast. We better not be late, or they’ll give away our table.”

I shook my head and laughed. I picked up my bag and changed in the men’s room. When she returned we were both wearing jeans and identical company logo shirts.

“You have wonderful taste in clothing,” I told her.

She put her arms around me and gave me a hug, then a kiss on the cheek. She’d brushed out her hair and the way it touched me was as electric as her kiss. “Thank you,” she said.

We went to my car; she walked and I floated. We drove a few blocks to a local omelet place. We had a table with four other gals from the class. I don’t remember much about breakfast, other than sitting next to Judy, her touching me, her arm around me, and feeding me bits of raisin toast. I know we talked about yoga. One gal was surprised I had been doing it such a short time. I told her that my knowledge was superficial. Then I looked at Judy and said, “I’ve got an incredible teacher.”

She gave me a warm look, then leaned over and kissed me. I closed my eyes and let a hand drift up to her shoulder where I touched her soft hair.

When I opened my eyes again and our lips parted, the four gals at the table applauded and laughed. Judy and I smiled at each other.

When we left the restaurant we sat in the car in turbulent silence for a moment, looking in each other’s eyes again, holding hands.

Then Judy said, “Let’s go. Out of the parking lot and turn right.”

I followed her directions to a park in the foothills. We walked along the paths, walking into the hills, following a creek. It was still early; there were some parents with kids in the play area, a kid soccer game on the field. We walked along in silence, holding hands, then with arms around each other’s waists.

We got to a bench by the creek and sat down. I put an arm around her shoulder, feeling that wonderful soft mane as it brushed my skin, feeling her shoulder, feeling her body move as she breathed. I turned to her and started to speak. She turned quickly to me, and I saw the fire in her eyes before she closed them, and I closed mine, and she pulled my head to her and we kissed again. She held my head and my arms went around her, squeezing her, my hands going up her back feeling that incredible soft hair. We kissed and we explored. She felt so warm, so soft, yet I knew the strength she had, and the grace. She ran her hands along my shoulders and back, feeling the muscles, making all those early hours in the gym worthwhile.

We were interrupted by a visitor, a brown and white dog, a Springer Spaniel. She was up on the bench with us, sniffing and giving us doggie kisses, happily wagging her stump of a tail. We both laughed.

“Come, Rosie,” we heard a woman’s voice say. We turned to see an older couple on the path with another brown and white Springer. Rosie gave us one more kiss then bounded back to her masters. “Sorry to interrupt,” the woman said. The man put his arm around her, pulling her closer and told us, “You look like you have all the love you need.”

We all laughed and they walked off, dogs in tow again. I looked back at Judy; I could feel the tears forming in my eyes as the man’s words echoed in my mind. When I saw the same in her I held her tight and she held me. After a few minutes of nestling together I heard her take a deep breath and felt her fingers and nails rake along my back and shoulders. I returned the favor and we sat back. I saw the fire in her eyes again. Then a wry smile appeared. Whatever it was, I knew my fate was decided.

She stood and pulled me up with one hand. “Let’s go.” I wanted to hold and kiss her, but her mind was made up. We walked quickly back to the car, and still with that enigmatic but purposeful smile she started giving me directions again. We drove a few miles into the hills to a fairly large expensive house. “My parents are on the East Coast this weekend visiting my brother and his family. I told them I’d stop by to check on the place.” She squeezed my hand.

I parked in front; Judy got her keys and let us in. It was a beautiful house in a wooded setting. She led us quickly to the master bedroom. The curtains were open along glass doors showing a sunlight drenched deck opening to redwoods and the undeveloped hills of a conservation area. It was beautiful.

I turned to her and our eyes met. We kissed again and started shedding clothing. I stopped momentarily and held her hands together in mine as she was undoing my belt and pants. She looked at me with concern and said, “Is something the matter? Too fast?”

I shook my head a little from side to side. “No, it’s just that I need to go to the bathroom.”

She laughed and I joined in. “Why don’t you go down the hall, second door on the right, and meet me back here.” I gave her one more kiss, then slipped my pants all the way off before heading down the hall.

When I returned she was on the bed naked, her hair arranged out on a pillow, arms out and legs slightly spread; Savasana, lying meditation. I slipped out of my underwear and started kissing my way up her legs.

I kissed up her thighs, dwelling for a moment at that incredible musky aroma between her legs. I would have been quite happy to stay there for a while, and felt she would have been as well, but she pulled me up. I kissed her navel and then was entranced by her firm, full breasts. Her nipples were delicious. We rolled around on the bed as I kissed and sucked on her as we squeezed each other. I reached between her legs and teased her while I enjoyed her breasts.

Yoga is Life

When I first touched her clit she squeezed my head to her and gave me a low rumbling moan. I sucked on her as I made love to her with my fingers, trying to keep my cock out of her reach.

Finally she pulled me on top of her. I slid in to her, kissing her as we moved together. She moved her legs up and moved her hips; suddenly I was in so deep, she was so tight, and she was breathing deeply as we slid apart and together, apart and together. We moved together for a while, our hands exploring then clutching as I felt her spasm around me as I came, trying to push deeper and deeper into her, feeling her squeezing around me, finally collapsing in her arms.

We spent the rest of the weekend at the house, making love, relaxing in the pool and spa. We also did Yoga, that evening out by the pool to a beautiful moon, and Sunday on the deck and by the pool. It was wonderful, just the two of us. I could follow her so much better, and she helped me, guiding me.

Sunday evening was kind of sad. We'd done laundry, changing the bed and towels, and cleaned up the kitchen and rest of the house. We left around eight. Standing together on the front step after Judy locked the door, we held hands and looked at each other again. The words were in my heart, but I was afraid to say them; three simple words. We drove back to her place in silence.

I got out and opened the door for her, getting her things out of the car. I put them down and we kissed once more.

"When..." we both said together. We laughed a little. "When will I see you again?" I asked.

She put her hands around my waist and pulled my hips to hers. "Tomorrow at lunch," she told me.

She picked up her things and went inside. I got back in the car. I sat there for a moment, looking at the door she'd just closed. I could still tell her. Instead I closed my eyes, gripped the steering wheel tight, and yelled, "I love you!"

I yelled a while longer, then took a deep breath, wiped my eyes, started the engine and drove away.

We had lunch Monday together, and Tuesday, and Wednesday. After class Wednesday Zora put a hand on my shoulder and told me I was learning well. I smiled; it was an invitation to pride that I declined. I put an arm around Judy and replied, "I have so much to learn and such talented teachers."

Judy and I had dinner that night together, but we both needed to go our separate ways afterwards. Thursday at lunch we practically asked each other over for dinner at the same time. She agreed to come to my place that night. We had a simple dinner and she stayed the night; we even slept a little. Friday night we were at her place; it made more sense for class Saturday, at least that was our excuse.

Yoga is Life

Saturday morning we were back in the community center; I met Jasmine, the regular instructor. Jasmine put Judy and me on either side of her. I followed Jasmine, occasionally exchanging steamy glances with Judy. At the end of class Jasmine thanked us for our help. We changed and went over to breakfast with the usual gang. Afterwards back in the car, Judy asked me, "What now?"

I smiled and drove us back to the park we'd been at the week before. We walked back to the same bench and sat down. We kissed and hugged for a while.

Then, sitting together holding hands, I felt the lump in my throat and I had to say it. I took a ragged breath and looked into her eyes. "Judy, I've never said this before. I think I love you."

She squeezed me tight. "Oh, I know, I know, and I love you, I do."

We held each other, crying. After a while we stopped and wiped each other's faces. I whispered it again, "I love you. I'm certain."

She held me and said, "You sounded pretty certain last Sunday!"

I laughed softly. I thought all the car windows had been up. "You heard me?"

"Yes, I think the whole neighborhood heard you!"

We hugged again, and kissed. That afternoon, amidst the lovemaking, we decided her place was bigger and a better deal than mine since I rented, so we moved some of my things. We could commute to work together; it would save us time and money we told each other.

Living together means practicing together. We love yoga in the morning. We had three weeks at her parent's place in the hills while they were in Europe. We got up in the morning, spread our mats on the deck, and did yoga in the crisp air naked to the world. It's so different, doing the sun salutation actually facing the sun, rather than in a small room. There's so much energy raising your hands over your head and looking up, looking up into the clear blue sky in the morning, or the deep blue starlit sky at night. I can feel the energy just thinking about it. And we'd usually put that energy to good use making love.

Practicing naked together has taught me a lot of the little things, especially how your hips are positioned and move. It's easier to follow those details naked, especially when you're following someone you love. When I mentioned how she moved her hips, she told me Yoga has been toning PC muscles for thousands of years before Kegel was born. She showed me some of the other exercises she does, having me slide two fingers inside her and then squeezing them with surprising ferocity. I understood then how she milks me when I come, and squeezes me so incredibly as we move together; that squeeze as we pull apart is amazing. She also showed me some exercises I should do, and I've developed much better control; they're not just for ladies.

Of course I do get distracted practicing naked. One routine we do together is for opening the hips. One person is on their back in butterfly; heels together, drawn up as close to the body as possible, knees apart. The other person gently presses on the knees, opening the hips. I get so

distracted, pressing on her, looking at the glory below me. More than once at the end of this stretch, when I'm supposed to draw her knees back together again, I've raised them slightly and dived in, kissing and adoring the wonderful place between her legs. I think I've been forgiven for this transgression; when we do this stretch now, we do it at the end, and she stretches me out first.

We're regulars on Saturdays, and most Monday evenings go to another class Zora leads. We do other things besides Yoga; Judy joins me in the fitness center three mornings a week. We had one friend invite us out on a Wednesday night; we told him we couldn't make it until around seven because of a class. When he asked what was so important about a class, Judy looked at him in disbelief and said, "Yoga is life."

She just moved a little, nestling in against me; I kissed her soft hair and held her closer. It's funny; how do I explain it? I've gotten the question from many people; from my buddies at work, from the one gal's son in the Saturday class, from my old girlfriend Penny on the east coast. Penny is a kick; we still exchange email. She was glad to learn I'd turned into a real human being with feelings and sensitivities, but was worried I'd become a "tofu-eating, tree-hugging new-age Californian, complete with tinfoil hat." I told her I hadn't gone off the deep end; I still ate red meat, kicked pigeons, and if a cat ran in front of my car, I still tried to nail it.

When they find out I'm living with someone I met in a Yoga class, and has practiced for so many years, and especially if they've seen Judy and seen her move, they want to know. Some ask indirectly, some with their eyes; Penny was great. She wrote, "I'm so glad you've changed and grown. Skip the tofu -- tell me about the sex!"

Usually I start out saying, "Well, she crosses her ankles..." and then I wait for a moment, then eventually say, "... behind her head ..." and wait for the look of incredulity. I laugh and tell them, "No, it's not like that. We're not pretzel people." Actually, we did try that once; she can cross her ankles behind her head. In the heat of the moment I lost the ability to distinguish cries of pain from cries of passion; Judy had a muscle cramp up. She finally yelled, "Stop! I'm in pain!" After we stopped laughing I gently massaged the errant muscles. After she relaxed a bit I gently massaged some other areas. We ended up with her ankles crossed again, but behind *my* head this time as I held on to her thighs; much better.

But it is simple; it starts with the breath. When I tell people that they often frown. But the results are simple too; a whole body orgasm, one you feel in your ankles, your fingernails, your toes -- you get the idea. No, you won't get the idea until it happens; and when it does, you'll know it. The energy is unbelievable, and it doesn't dissipate in a few seconds; you learn to hold it, to use it. Learning takes time and a patient teacher. I've got the best; it all starts with the breath.

I thought I'd gotten pretty good and experienced all there was. Wrong. I'll always remember the night it really happened the first time. It was raining, and when I think about it, I can hear and smell the rain. She was about halfway through her period and I was horny as hell from not making love for a few days. She could tell, and after a little while in bed she threw the covers off both of us and told me to move to the middle of the bed on my back and close my eyes.

As I did that I felt her move and heard her open the drawer of her nightstand. Then she spread my legs and moved down between them. “Now, six count breath. Inhale, two, three, four, five, six. Relax hold two three four. Exhale two three four five six. Relax hold.” It was an exercise we’d done many times before, and one we still do. I relaxed and focused on my breath; this would be good for me I thought, calm down and relax.

After a couple of minutes though I was startled to feel something cold and slick on my cock and then a pair of warm hands. Her voice got a little louder momentarily, but didn’t break cadence; “Exhale, two, three...” She’d gotten the lubricant we sometimes use and was stroking me. I focused on my breath again as her hands worked their magic; soon I was harder and hotter than I’d been before we started.

If I moved or broke my breathing rhythm, she eased off and refocused on my breath. I caught on fairly quickly and let it happen, staying with my breath. I thought I could ride it through -- wrong again. As I got to the edge I did something, maybe tightening up, I don’t know, and she backed off a bit.

This happened again and again. I’d get close, she’d back off. I got lightheaded, dizzy, moaning -- her voice got louder and stronger. Finally her voice got louder, and she sped up her cadence, both with her voice and her hands. My breathing started getting ragged, but she didn’t stop, and didn’t stop, and didn’t stop.

I felt as if I’d been hit by lightning, it was so intense. I felt it from my toenails through to the hair on my head, and she kept saying, “Breathe!” and counting as I shook.

Finally she stopped. I let my breath go. I was dizzy and tingling from head to toe. She moved up the bed and kissed me on the forehead. “That was very good,” she said.

I remember laughing as I panted. “What did you do to me?” I asked.

“Something we’ll do again and again,” she told me.

And we do. Our favorite is yab-yum. I sit cross-legged on the floor, she sits in my lap, impaling herself on me, her legs around my back. We rock together gently, breathing as one. We hold each other, look into each other’s eyes, or just close our eyes and hold on, breathing, focusing on the breath and letting it build. We bring each other to the edge and hang there motionless, floating in the fire and energy, enjoying the sensations of holding, touching, listening, smelling, feeling. We’ll float together on the edge and kiss. We’ll run our hands over each other gently, stimulating the skin, helping the energy rise.

Usually I’m the one that falls over the edge first. She’ll move, or touch me, or do something that sends me over. A few times now we’ll start together and she’ll give me that wry smile; I know I’m in for something special. She looks me in the eye and starts contracting her PC muscles, not moving any other part of her body, to see if she can get me to come by just squeezing me and letting go, squeeze and relax, squeeze and relax, over and over. She can, and it’s glorious. Over the last few months she’s developed the ability to move me around inside her, it feels like from side to side, swirling around her cervix. She usually waits until I’m pretty far gone and delirious before she starts that. Whenever she wants to practice, I’m ready.

Yoga is Life

But sometimes it just happens; we'll be sitting quietly floating at the edge, breathing together, and I'll feel it happening. I try not to move, but sometimes I moan, quiver and shake, then hold on to her as our orgasm envelops us.

Last week though I got her; she actually made a sound. Usually she's so good, so controlled. I can go down on her and kiss and lick her for long periods of time -- I love it -- and her breathing stays so smooth and constant. I hold off a little as I feel her getting to the edge, then continue, taking her over when she signals me, and I feel the energy course through her.

But last week as we were sitting on a cushion with a storm howling outside and new incense burning in the candle lit room; I felt myself going over the edge, that incredible slow inevitability after floating at the edge for so long. My hands were around her waist. As we inhaled I slid them up her back. As we exhaled I slid them down the fronts of her shoulders and down her breasts. I rocked my pelvis as I sharply and suddenly squeezed her nipples. She moaned and quivered around me; I held on for life as the bliss engulfed us both.

In two weeks it will be a year since I started Yoga. I've already worked it out with Zora; we're going to do a special seated meditation at the end of that class. Judy will be sitting in front of me, arms in front, eyes closed, and I'm going to put a ring on her finger and ask her to marry me. I was initially apprehensive when I asked Zora. She thought it was a wonderful idea; she told me everyone in the class could see the love and devotion we had for each other.

Tears were filling my eyes as I held Judy close to me in bed; she has opened up so much in me, put me in touch with things I never realized were important. I hugged her close.

She stirred next to me, moving slowly as she woke up. She touched the moisture on my face, then moved to look at me. "First you were laughing, now you're crying. What's the matter?" she asked, brushing the moisture from my eyes.

I smiled. "Nothing is the matter. You are right. Yoga is life."

FIN

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