

Gift

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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.

This story written with my Muse -- a picture is worth how many words, dear?

Oh, here he comes...

I heard him pulling his car into the driveway. I turned my head a little to the side, feeling the stretch in my hips and legs. I focused on my breathing as he taught us, hoping that would control my racing heart.

What would he do?

What would he do when he found one of his Yoga students naked in his house, naked on a Yoga mat, doing one of the poses he taught, one of the ones he told us was his favorite?

Oh, I'd tried approaching him before, in class, after class. He always treated me with the utmost professionalism, but something told me my interest was mutual. Of course, as a teacher myself, I knew he had to treat us all the same; and those skinny model wannabes had no finesse. I loved when he touched me during class, moving me slightly, encouraging and correcting. I felt so safe when he touched me. He was always so polite, so quiet, so shy even. Even with all the offers I knew he had just in my class, I saw he went home alone. No one should be alone.

I took a deep breath to steady myself and tried to relax into the position. It's one I'd been doing at home. It always felt a little off, but I was feeling some positive effects so I continued. It's one of the reasons I started taking a class -- to fine tune the positions I had learned from the television. I closed my eyes and listened.

I felt my foot resting against my pelvis, my shoulders low, my long hair hiding my face, which I'm sure was red with embarrassment as well as anticipation. I heard the crunch of gravel in front and a sudden pause. He must have seen the light in the window by now. Before I could get concerned I focused on my breathing, letting it absorb my concern, and found myself actually relaxing. I heard the door opening to the room, an office or den, but it's where I'd spied his own yoga mat rolled up in the corner. I kept my eyes closed and focused on my breathing as he'd trained me. I could feel his eyes on me now, and almost hear his thoughts... "what should I do?" I waited during that pregnant moment, and then it passed. I knew what his decision would be. I hoped for what his decision would be.

Then I heard him say quietly, "Let's start with the right leg." I smiled slightly to myself, knowing if what I had done had been an egregious error I'd have been told immediately. That was the type of man **he** was; he didn't play those meaningless games most men my own age played.

But I wasn't sure as he straightened out my leg -- he seemed to be the same professional he was during class, the same tone of voice, the same touch. But oh! I almost moaned as a hand brushed the inside of my thigh as his hands moved up my leg. Was that accidental, or deliberate?

Oh, I felt his leg touching me, almost touching my core. My breath faltered, and he reminded me to breathe, then I felt his warm, strong hands evening out my hips. I breathed deep, resisting the urge to press against his leg. I felt his hands touching me so firmly, running up my back. It was half massage, half caress, and I knew. He had never touched someone in class like this. I sighed inwardly and relaxed into the pose, knowing everything would be all right.

I felt his hands on my shoulders, moving my hair. My breath did catch then. My hair is such a sensual part of me; a simple stroke to my hair is enough to make me sigh. He pressed my shoulders down into the floor, and I knew that the work wasn't over yet. I heard his own breath catch, and smiled at the power which had made it so. I knew this was a man who would be very hard to help unfocus.

I sensed his body shifting and wondered what happened. Then I heard his voice: "Hands below your shoulders now, and come up slowly. Chin to your chest, your head is the last to come up. We'll do a two-person version of this pose."

I did as he requested and felt his hands, first on my shoulders, then he let me know he'd put them under my arms. As his hands slipped softly under, my head fell back on his shoulder, my hair brushing his back, and I silently begged him to touch my breasts. I arched my back further, giving him an invitation without words. The stretch was lovely, but nothing to the feeling of contentment in this man's arms. I ached for him, but practiced patience, knowing it would be better for it. I arched against his arms, more or less straddling my breasts, feeling the warmth, strength and security in them.

This was no longer yoga for me, it was something much more elemental. I became more aware, and I felt the mat beneath my legs, the texture of his shirt against my back, and the sound of the quiet, except for his breath near my neck. As I relaxed into the position, the patience (for they were one and the same), the words he was saying (which until then had really been more of an undertow to my own thoughts) came through.

"Right toes tucked under, to Downward Dog,"

I smiled to myself, knowing from the past what this position was good for. I pressed up, letting my back arch like my cat's, feeling rather feline myself at the moment, silently begging for carnal attention. I sat there, enjoying the stretch, until his direction to pigeon on the other side. I sighed, enjoying the wait, lying down, so much more relaxed than I was on the other side.

Of course the last time, I didn't have such soft hands resting erotically (or so it felt) against my hips, helping me press into the floor. I sighed deeply, letting go finally of all expectations, of all nervousness, and just enjoying the stretch, the quiet, and his presence.

Not yoga? Ah, but this was the essence of yoga! He taught us that the word "yoga" means yoke, union. That's what I felt with his hands on me -- that's what I wanted to feel, that complete union, our bodies yoked together.

"Good," he whispered in my ear, pressing on my shoulders. I could feel him pressing against my back as well. I thought I heard him breathe in, taking a long breath by my hair. That warmed me, excited me, and relaxed me all at the same time. *Please, accept my gift*, I thought again, almost whispered again.

"Hands beneath your shoulders again, come up slowly, inhaling."

Hold my breasts, I thought as I rose up. *How I need to feel your hands on my breasts*. But he held my shoulders again. I let my head relax against him, breathing deeply, luxuriating in his embrace.

He moved his hands, an arm under my breasts -- oh so close! His arm wrapped around me felt so good, then as he spoke, he ran his fingers down my stomach to my left hip. I moaned as I breathed -- *oh please, please*.

His hand moved again, sliding across my stomach and groin. His fingers moved slowly through my bush. I shivered at the touch, yet still trying to remain relaxed. I closed my eyes and lost myself in the sensation of his hand softly running through my hair, then yelping as he cupped my sex, his middle finger sliding between my lips, brushing my clit.

Oh, I moaned and shook in his arms, and tried to tilt my hips up to meet his hand.

"Good," he whispered, "Feel the stretch in your psoas and hips."

What I felt was deep hunger. The patience I swore to have was getting thinner by the second. I yearned to show him what it was to receive rather than to give. I wanted to light the candles I had brought, sit at his feet, and slowly kiss my way up his ankles, his calves, his knees...until I finally reached his cock and lavished it with attention. My head lolled back in desire, in need.

He lowered me again and had me roll to my back, pulling my knees up. *Please want me as much as I want you. You need me. You just don't know it.*

He pressed on my shins, pressed my legs into my chest, stretched my lower back against the floor. He spoke softly, and I know I should have listened but I was enjoying the sensation so much, feeling him pressing against me. I let the words pass over me, and just the murmur and tone of his voice broke through.

He wanted to do Butterfly next. I let my legs fall open. I opened my eyes briefly, looking at him. I hoped he saw a hungry, desirable, open, caring woman before him. When my eyes met his, I saw the compassionate, gentle teacher I'd known for so many months. But his smile promised more, as did the bulge I saw in his shorts. I sighed, letting my eyes close, letting him push my knees apart more.

"Squeeze," he said -- how I wanted to squeeze! I wanted to crawl inside his mind, set up residence. He emanated peacefulness, but also solitude. I wanted to hold him to me, let him fall asleep at my breast, and be there in the morning when he awoke. I wanted to bring him to the beach in the early morning and listen to the sunrise. There is more to passion than the body...but it's a start.

Then, when I thought that was over, he lifted my knees together gently and I thought I felt the warmth of his breath on my core. His lips touched my mound and I no longer knew coherent thought. My thighs pressed against his head in reflex and I melted at the liquid warmth, the total giving of his personal touch. My eyes fluttered and I couldn't help but moan. I felt the softness of his hair, the flutter of his breath, almost as enticing as his lips against my own nether ones. My fingers reached down to caress the soft hair while my body moved torturously close to the splendid orgasm he was about to give me. Instead of caressing, my fingers held him tighter to me as my body reacted to his tender ministrations and my own desire for this moment. My own plans would surely wait, but not long.

My body bowed and my mind went blank at the incredible orgasm. And he didn't stop! The next waves worked over the preceding ones, building me higher and higher; certainly higher than I've ever been before. I felt my body shift and squirm of its own volition, unable to stay still. I think I heard my own voice, but it was so far away from me, as the pleasure blocked everything else from my senses. My legs began to convulse around his head, and the small part of consciousness left in me wondered if he could breathe. But it didn't matter. The waves flowed over me like a tsunami, crashing down, leaving me nothing but a sense of peace, clearing my mind as my second orgasm hit. I lay there limply, unable to move or speak for that matter. I felt him move my legs, pulling at my ankles, and in my relaxed state, could feel my back pop as it extended. I sighed slightly and relaxed even more, if that was possible.

I suddenly realized my breath was returning to normal, and I'd missed him placing a blanket on me. I guess that was a good thing, since I would have been cold. He was speaking to me again; I was so relaxed I didn't catch the words, but I felt his fingers gently stroking my temples. I smiled. My eyes closed, suddenly realizing how right this all was.

Out of the fog I was in, I heard him say, "This practice has done you good."

I smiled and agreed wholeheartedly. My smile deepened when he added, "I think we should practice more."

This was going to make my work that much easier. I was so much more relaxed now, and I wanted to help him feel the same, inside as well as outside. I heard him mutter something

about the bathroom before he got up. I lay there and stretched, just relaxing in the feelings I was having. He was even more giving than I had thought, so tender and generous.

I heard him walk through the bedroom and felt a twinge of unease before hearing him move on. I closed my eyes and breathed deep, feeling the peace surround me like a blanket until I felt his fingertips on my temples again and I smiled.

I closed my eyes and relaxed, feeling soft as he murmured, "You're quite a surprise."

I smiled at that -- I liked being a surprise. I relaxed deeper, my eyes closed, feeling the rhythm of his fingers on my temples. I felt a slight tremble, then a drop on my forehead. I opened my eyes to see another tear wending its way down his cheek. I sighed, knowing the tension he must be feeling. He smiled down at me and I slid myself up to Indian style, facing him, and took hold of his warm hands. He surprised me as well since now he was only wearing his yoga tights. I didn't want to give him time to dwell; that I knew would come later.

"Why don't we start in a comfortable cross-legged position?" I asked him, knowing full well what I planned. He situated himself. I slid over, sitting in his lap, hugging him with my legs, wrapping them around his waist and crossing them behind his back. I pulled him to my chest, letting his soft hair tease my breasts, while I reached to the side, grabbing the bottle of my massage oil. I never liked the overdone scents you buy, so I've always made my own with rosemary. It has such a clean, pungent scent. I poured a bit out on his shoulders and started rubbing them. Every once in a while I'd squeeze his waist between my thighs, squeezing a soft moan out of him.

He still felt so stiff, so divorced from the situation. "Relax, Bob, I'll take care of you."

My thumbs found tension hiding in the most unlikely of places and I worked it out slowly, up his neck, and down his shoulders, his head resting on my breast. I knew he could feel me breathe deep every once in a while; his hair was such a tease to me. I whispered "relax" again.

He needed this, if not me specifically. I could live with that. Then, as I released one particularly large spot of tension in his neck, he shuddered and sighed deeply, then burrowed deeper into my chest. I stopped for a moment and held him tight to me. I felt rather than heard his plea against my chest. I shifted, letting his lips reach my nipple. I nearly shot up from the heat his touch arose in me. I held his head, cradling it as I would a small child suckling against me. He so needed this.

"Relax," I smiled, "it's okay to let go, just let go and relax. I've got you right now. Let me take care of you." It was almost a plea, and I wondered a bit why I was doing this, and hoped it wasn't mercenary. I stroked his hair as I felt his body give in, relaxing in my arms and suckling me, raising my own temperature.

As he grew calmer, I shifted to help him lay on the floor. I let him hold my nipple as long as possible then withdrew it from his mouth. He sighed sadly but was still more relaxed

than before. I hoped to turn him into jelly before I was through. I put a bit more oil on my hands and began gently massaging his chest, his arms, teasing out the hidden pockets of tension that most people don't even know exist. Whenever I found a pocket of tension, I'd ask him to relax and let go. Most people take a deep breath when they are asked to relax and it helps to get that tension out. I started moving my hands in circles, watching him get looser and looser. I began to wonder if he was going to fall asleep on me.

I certainly didn't want that! I crept down to his feet, drawing his tights off his body -- I'm not sure he even noticed -- and began massaging his ankles and calves. As my hands moved up, I let my lips follow. I licked, blew, and nibbled at his ankles, watching him twitch slightly. My hands moved up and my mouth followed.

I caressed his knees, then his thighs, and my lips pressed against the quickly heating skin. I felt his body begin to tense up again and his breath deepen, and I smiled. This was good tension -- this I could handle. My tongue darted out and licked the very tip of his cock, smiling at the jolt that went through his body. I let my mouth slide slowly down his length, thanking a quirk of genetics that allowed me to get by without a gag reflex. I swallowed hard, knowing my throat would squeeze his tip and smiled against him at the moan that issued when I did.

I listened to his body, the shivers and shudders, the moans and heavy breathing. I slowed my pace whenever he seemed to get overheated until I knew I'd teased him long enough. My hand reached up to cup his balls and gently caressed them, my mouth sucking up and down, enjoying the paradox of something hard being soft. I heard and felt his orgasm, hearing his breath just stop, feeling his body quake beneath me. Then I tasted the warm salty flavor. I continued to move but much more slowly than before, being careful to clean up the mess, licking him clean.

I smiled, seeing how relaxed he was now, and slid up his body, my breasts tickling his side, until my face was even with his. I smiled at the one eye winking open at me and whispered, "Hi."

I felt a bit worn and collapsed a little, but then felt his breath against my breast and knew what he wanted. I shifted a bit and let him grab hold of a nipple. I could feel him smile against me, and I reached behind his head to help support him. I was surprised at the depth of the sigh my hand behind his head brought forth.

Some time later I moved away, both of us sighing as I sat up. He opened his eyes to look at me. He reached his hand out and put it on my leg, where I put mine on top of his.

"Like to talk?" he asked softly. With a chuckle he added, "I'm not going to be good for much else for a while."

I smirked, feeling very mischievous and even a slight bit evil. "Wanna bet?"

He laughed, and I got the impression it had been a while. Then I heard his stomach growl and I knew he wouldn't last long if I starved him.

“Have some soup with me?” he asked. I smiled, knowing now we had plenty of time, and agreed.

I watched him sit up and smile. He already looked so much better than he had in...well, as long as I could remember. He stood and pulled me up to him, holding me. It felt so good to be held by this man. Call it gentle persuasion. He let go and took my hand with a sigh, leading me to the kitchen.

“Miso soup, or chicken noodle?” he asked, going to the cupboard.

“What’s Miso? Is it spicy?” I asked. I’d heard about how much he likes spicy food, especially Indian. I shuddered slightly; spice I can handle, but heat? No way.

“No, it’s very bland -- soy. I think I live on it.”

There was something to that. Living entirely on bland food can’t be too good for you. I smiled at that thought and replied, “You need some red meat.”

He laughed as he got the soup together. “Maybe for dinner tomorrow night? My last class is over at six thirty.” That was the closest I was going to get to an invitation and it made me happy to hear him assume so much of me.

“If I can cook,” I remarked. I liked taking care of people.

“Why wait so long?”

I smothered a choke at that. It was a side of him I’d hoped to find but wasn’t certain I would.

“I’m great at cooking breakfast,” I retorted, hoping he’d take it for what it was. Even now I seemed to be looking for his acceptance of what I’d done.

He shrugged and nodded, finishing the soup then handing one cup to me.

“My first class is at 9, and it’s pretty vigorous. I can’t eat very much.”

“You’ll get a good warm-up before you leave.” I smiled; at least he would if I had my way.

He smiled and moved a hand over to hold mine. His touch was so tender, gentle...soft.

“I can’t think of anything better.” And I began wondering why I hadn’t done this ages ago. Or why someone else hadn’t. It was so obvious how caring this man was. And it hurt me to think someone -- anyone -- had overlooked him in the sea of humanity. I picked up his hand and brought it to my cheek.

“By the way,” I said, kissing his hand, then stroking my cheek with it again, “I found the key under the flower pot. I heard you mention that to someone a while back.”

He shrugged, staying silent for a moment.

“Why, Donna?” he asked, almost whispering.

He startled me. I had to think for a moment, unsure how to answer; how much truth could I afford to give him? “Call it intuition -- we need each other.” I kissed his hand.

“But you’re a student...” he said.

I knew that would have been one of his concerns. It would have been one of mine if I were in his place. But then we’re both adults, not like the students I teach. “Perhaps, but I’m also a teacher,” I decided to answer before taking a sip of my soup.

He shook his head, drinking more soup. He obviously needed more from me.

“Why do you think I’m here?” I asked. Perhaps he knew; I wasn’t so certain I knew myself.

He chuckled. “Need... You have more poise and confidence than the others.”

I had to laugh at myself at that, “I don’t know if I’d go that far -- perhaps it was the voices in my head egging me on.” Not that I’m crazy, but I’ve learned that my gut instincts rarely let me down. Sometimes you just have to follow them and that much at least was true with this. I don’t need to have all the answers; just to follow the path.

He shook his head. “Listen to the voices, then. You know, you were first in your class to move from Bridge to Wheel -- you knew you could do it, and you did.” I let him backtrack a bit; it’s comforting amidst all this new sensation -- information.

I nodded. “Only thing that kills me in that pose is I get a little queasy. It must come from the low blood pressure. Did I ever tell you that is why I started doing yoga rather than aerobics? My blood pressure is so low, I can’t do something to make it lower still.” I laughed and he smiled at me.

“But why now?” he asked.

“I finally got the nerve? And you seemed so distant, not at all yourself last class. And not in a good way. You were, I guess, detached from the whole thing. It concerned me.”

That last class he had looked as though he was no longer of this world -- like a spectator. It was as if I could see through him. I’ve seen that only a few times before, and sadly, I’ve seen

what happens if it's not caught. So maybe I was playing God; I didn't care because something in me didn't want to see it happen to him.

He sighed. "Thank you. Being held is so wonderful. I need to be held."

I nodded. "And I knew you wouldn't ask." It came back to his position. Part of my mind started cursing all our polite little rules of structure; rules that seem to be there to keep us from each other rather than to bring us together.

He shook his head. "I couldn't ask a student."

"I can understand keeping professional distance. But I knew... and I wanted to be there for you. I WANT to be there for you... And if you asked, I wouldn't be able to say why." Maybe I shouldn't have said that. But as I did, I knew it was the truth. Something pulled me to him; it's not like love at first sight because I've known him too long. Sudden awareness? I let that thought go for the time being because I wasn't sure there was an answer.

He leaned back in his chair and held his arms out to me. "Sometimes words just get in the way," he said softly.

I moved over to him and answered, "I do listen to the voices in my head, and they prod me to you. I don't question, because when I do, things don't go right." I kissed him on the forehead, sighing lightly. His arms wound around my waist, holding me close where I wanted to be.

"Mind if I sleep over?" I whispered. I didn't think either of us could have stood being alone right then.

I felt him press into me, into my chest. I remember in past times wanting to just crawl into the other person, anything to feel connected. "Please," he whispered. I began to rock him and spoke softly from a story I remembered.

"Did you know that one of the classes I teach is Native American Literature?"

He murmured.

"One time, long past, people were four legged, like the animals. One day they angered the father in the sky, who sent down a lightning bolt that separated the people into two. It was so fierce, they were sent far away in different directions. Now they live separate lives, as two leggeds, as we are now. But our hearts remember being part of another more powerful being, and we spend all our lives looking for the part of us the father separated us from. Perhaps that is why I knew what you needed so much."

I suddenly realized we both needed to feel that connection and I stroked his hair, letting the feeling pulse between the two of us.

“What now?” I asked, then realized I had spoken aloud.

“Shower?” he suggested, “I seem to be covered in massage oil.”

I ignored the misunderstanding, not sure either of us knew anyway and was happy for the time being to change the subject.

“Mmm... Only if we shower together,” I smiled. “I’ll even scrub your back,” I giggled. I wanted him to have fun. I was already seeing how much he gave me without even realizing it and only hoped it would continue.

He gave me a little hug then released me as I stepped back. Our eyes met.

“Can I finish my soup first?” he begged.

I smiled, since I could only imagine what was going through his head. I nodded and watched him drink deeply. Then, thinking better of it, not liking the distance, I sat in his lap and put an arm around his shoulders. He laughed a bit at that and I felt his head rest on my chest. I took another sip of my soup before resting my hand on his neck. I felt him relax even more. I started to wonder a bit about it. I spoke up, “Finish your soup -- you’ll need the strength.”

He sat up a bit straighter. “Yes, dear,” he said and took a sip.

I giggled as he finished his soup. I saw the leer in his eyes then felt him latch onto my nipple, wrapping his arms around me. I must have moaned because his hold on me got tighter. I felt myself melting into his strong embrace. His mouth was so heated around my nipple and I grasped his head, feeling the earth tilt a bit and needing some sort of stability.

“Oh, what a nice surprise,” I murmured. “The other side, please.” I helped him to my other nipple. It was so nice to be held, to be touched. At his touch I moaned, squirming in his lap, my mind losing all thought of plans again. I shivered and began thinking retribution.

“Okay, let’s see how you like it,” I winked and pulled away from him.

I took a large gulp of soup, finishing it, holding it in my mouth, smiling at him. I knelt down in front of him as I slid my hands up his thighs to his cock, tugging him to the edge of the chair. I slid his head into my mouth carefully, letting the warm liquid sluice over him, swishing it and letting the waves do the work. I heard him moan deeply and his hands found my shoulders. I smiled into him, working him up and down. I felt his thighs tense and swallowed the soup. I slid off, watching the shudder run through his frame at the sudden cold, before plunging back down over him.

“Oh, slow down, please,” he begged.

I had to smile since he was pulling me closer but I knew what it was he wanted. I knew he needed to give too, so after a few more dizzying strokes, I pulled back but pulled him close, his cock trapped between my breasts.

“What’s wrong?” I asked mischievously. I moved against him.

“I want to make love with you,” he said. The sound of his voice, the pleading... all I wanted to do was throw him on the floor and take him. But I had promised myself patience.

I kept rocking, not even noticing the movement so hard was it for me not to give in. “We will, sweetie, we will...”

“Please,” he begged. I wondered if he was like me and not even sure which he was begging for. I sighed, getting up while I still had the willpower. I reached for his hands and helped him to stand as well. I tiptoed up and kissed him luxuriously, reveling in the closeness within that kiss, knowing with some underused part of my brain that this was too right. I kissed up to his ear and whispered, “Shower time.”

We entered the bathroom and I noticed he had a separate shower from the bath. The room was obviously a man’s, beiges and tans, simplicity of function. He reached in to start the shower and I groped around him, pressing my chest into his back, loving the feel of skin on skin. I reached lower down and grasped his still very interested cock. I caressed it up and down its length, memorizing the feel.

We showered quickly, intimately, working up quite the lather between us. I turned in the shower as he washed my hair and had to giggle childishly, feeling it had been that long since someone else had washed my hair. It felt so good to be that simple. Rinsing and toweling off was another adventure. I got down on my knees and dried him off from his toes on up, ending up rubbing his hair dry like a child. When I had finished he whispered, “I want to throw you on your back and devour you again,” hotly into my ear.

I led us to his bed and slipped onto my back. I was hungry for this man and could only hope I would not disappoint him.

I looked up at him, writhing beneath him. I felt my hips lift toward him, silently offering myself. As I looked up at him I could see a strange sort of half grin on his face as if he were laughing at himself...though perhaps it was the situation. I lifted my arms to him, begging wordlessly for the touch I was already getting addicted to.

He sighed with a smile and knelt at the foot of the bed near my left leg. I could feel his warm breath and I closed my eyes. His hands wrapped around my foot, gently massaging it, until I felt his lips against my skin, making me startle. His breath led the way so slowly up my leg and I could feel the warm pressure begin to build deep inside me.

When he reached my knee and began kissing the inside of it, it was all I could do not to scream. It’s such a sensitive spot on me; his touch was something between a tickle and a caress.

I shifted slightly, not sure whether to entice him further or just to enjoy the contrary feelings. I moaned as he passed my knee and continued upward, going ever slower, teasing me. No one could claim this man didn't have patience. I could feel his breath between kisses, feel the texture of his hair against my thigh. I reached down to stroke that so soft hair, getting lost in the sensations and anticipation.

Then he was truly kissing me, his tongue languorously attending every cell. I felt myself open to him, relaxing into this warmth of touch as well as spirit. His tongue roamed over my center, making me lose balance, and perhaps touch with space and time as well. My hands held tighter to his head, his hair and his mouth my only touch with reality. I felt I was floating away; and I could hear a feminine voice crying out and I knew it must be my own. Then his tongue worked down from my clit to explore my depths. He came back up, passing my clit, up to my waist. My legs wrapped around him, holding him tightly to me, not wanting to lose any skin-to-skin contact. He kissed my navel, swirling his tongue around the perimeter, giving me shivers before flicking it inside.

Suddenly I felt him blow a raspberry--yes, a raspberry!--on my navel. My body squeezed him as if to say, "Yes, dear! Be silly! Feel free with me!" I reveled in the openness as he did it a second time in tune with my giggles. I tried to reach down and tickle him. When I couldn't, I squirmed, trying to get out from under him, but he held me too tightly, which was a wonder in itself. I outright laughed at the third raspberry, rocking back and forth, trying to flip him over, since turnabout is certainly fair play. He continued until I was out of breath, tears coming down my face from laughing so hard, until I heard the sweetest sound.

He was laughing with me. Such a mellow sound, full-bodied like a very good sherry. We held each other as our laughter subsided, and we rolled onto our sides. I felt him creep up to my breast, suckling it. I had started to wonder so I placed my hand on the back of his neck, partly to support him, partly out of curiosity. As I did so, he suckled more insistently but seemed unable to move from there. I felt his whole body relax, and thought how good this was for him. I was so relaxed now, holding him close to me.

I must have dozed a little bit; my hand slid down from his neck. I smiled warmly at him, and leaned forward for a kiss. I'm addicted to kisses. The first kisses were whisper soft, like kissing a rose petal. I could feel tenderness exude from those kisses and it made me warm for more. I felt him hold my head, holding me closer still, and I kissed him with all I had in me. I teased his tongue out to play, tumbling over and under each other like acrobats. I sighed into him, feeling his hand in my hair, stroking it so tenderly. I curled my leg over him, wrapping myself around him, begging to be closer still.

I leaned over him until I had pressed him on his back. I straddled his waist and smiled down at him. He had such a look of hunger mixed with peacefulness. I just sat and stared a moment, drinking the picture in. I leaned down and nibbled at his jawline, feeling him chuckle a bit before I ran the tip of my tongue down his throat and felt him shiver. His hands came up to hold my waist and I batted them away playfully.

"Uhhuh...its my turn," I giggled.

He smiled and placed his hands up over his head. I leaned forward and flicked my tongue at his own nipples and watched him jerk in reaction before taking first one then the other gently in my teeth. His body began to flush and his breathing changed.

I slid lower, letting his now hard cock rest against my ass before kissing a zigzag line down his torso, kissing first one side, then the other. He chuckled a bit as I hit ticklish areas and I paid special attention to those. At first glance it may sound evil, but I just loved hearing him laugh and I got the impression it had been such a long time.

At first I had thought that I would take his cock in my mouth. I love feeling the texture and knowing I'm pleasing him. But at that moment, watching him smile as I kissed his side and feeling the shiver run through his body, all I wanted was to place him inside me and watch those beautiful eyes as I rode him. I leaned forward on my knees, kissed his nose then sat back squarely over his cock. His eyes widened as our deep moans intermingled. I felt something beyond sex here; something beyond comfort, beyond belonging. I had found home.

As that thought surfaced in my mind, sudden sensations pushed it out. I leaned forward to give him a warm kiss. I placed my hands on his chest, and I felt his own hands come down to hold mine. I smiled at him, watching his eyes as I began to slowly ride him. The tension built slowly, and I saw the intensity build in his eyes. At some point the sensations overtook me, and my eyes closed. My head fell back and I could feel my hair brushing against my bottom and his thighs. I couldn't hold back anymore. Panting and shrieking, my movements felt like a blur. I heard his moans and rough breathing from far away, and felt his body tense with the nearness of his own completion. Suddenly, I screamed and fell forward on his chest, my body trembling through its orgasm. I whispered "thank you" before oblivion took over.

I didn't know how long I was lying there, but my eyes slowly opened as I heard the rhythmic beat of his heart in my ear. I sighed gratefully, snuggling in a bit closer as I felt his arms tighten around my waist.

"So, you're finally awake, sleeping beauty?" I felt him chuckle.

I murmured, too at peace to even tease. I turned my head to the side slightly, and kissed his chest, before attempting to burrow into him.

"You're amazing, you know that?" I felt him whisper against my hair.

"What makes you say that?" I replied. I knew what had just happened was just short of a miracle, but I had to know what he thought. I felt his arms tighten around me.

"I don't know what made you do this. Something's happening, isn't it?"

I nodded against him until I realized he might not realize what it was I was doing. "Something is. I'm glad to know I'm not the only one who senses it."

I rolled off to the side, pulled up the blanket, and curled up in his arms. “You have an early morning. I promise I won’t go anywhere -- we’ll talk, but right now ... just sleep.” I held his hand in mine, curling it around my breast, holding him close to me. I reveled in his deep sigh against my hair and felt him relax. I smiled softly, and closed my own eyes.

Something stirred in my mind. I saw images of a mountain top -- something very barren, windswept, and cold. As if I were watching a movie, I felt the angle get tighter, focusing on someone sitting at the top. They were meditating, sitting in lotus, and their eyes were unfocused. I could barely make out who it was. Suddenly I became a person, a woman, climbing the mountain. I could see ahead, but at the same time, could see from the position of the person who was meditating. I was climbing to join the person. I awoke, knowing full well what my dream was telling me. I turned in his arms and felt them tighten around me. After all the relationships, the empty and fulfilling, I knew my subconscious was trying to tell me I had found the one. I sighed blissfully and fell back to sleep.

I awoke before the alarm. I have a rather odd internal clock that allows me to wake before any alarm. I shifted out of his arms and turned the machine off. I saw he’d set it early and smiled at the presumption, loving the presumption. I headed first for the bathroom to take care of things. I snuck down the hall to the kitchen, planning on surprising him. I found fresh strawberries in the refrigerator, then dug around. I found a lovely old bottle of balsamic vinegar. Whipped cream is all well and good, but I knew he shouldn’t have anything heavy before his class. I carried my finds back to the room, where I found him just stirring.

“I thought perhaps it was a dream,” he sighed wistfully. “Was it?”

I put my finds on the bedside stand next to him and leaned over for a kiss. “We can’t make things up this good.”

I smiled. I opened up the bottle of balsamic and drizzled it over my hand. I took a strawberry and held it to his lips. “Bite,” I offered.

He took a slow bite, keeping eye contact with me. I took away the hull and offered my hand. His tongue flicked out to accept the tartness and even in my playfulness, I shivered. He shifted up, sitting back against the headboard. He took a strawberry and offered it to me. I took a bite as well, letting the sweet juiciness fill my mouth. He took the balsamic, took a nip from the bottle, then leaned into me and gave me a mind-blowing kiss, adding the flavors of our two mouths together. I wasn’t sure how long I could handle our eating arrangement. It was almost as if I wanted him, not only because I DID want him, but as if I wanted to make sure last night, as he said, was not a dream. We pulled away from the kiss, sighing a bit.

“That is a really lovely way to have breakfast,” He said with a smile. He looked so relaxed.

I smiled back. “I’m glad you think so -- but we’re not finished yet.” I held a strawberry in my lips and leaned into him, offering a bite. After the kiss I leaned back. “You know, I made a decision this morning.”

“Oh?” his eyebrow raised in question.

“Mhmm. I’m withdrawing from your class. It’s the only fair thing to do. I wouldn’t be focusing on what I was doing, and I’d like to think that you’d have problems as well.” I watched for his reaction, waiting for his response. I knew I was assuming a lot on this relationship, but I knew if it were to continue, the teacher/student situation would have to be taken care of. Next I knew, his arms flew around me, giving me a bone-crushing hug. I could feel the deep breaths he was taking and thought I felt a tremble.

Before he could answer, I added, “I should be able to take another class. Anyway, it looks as though I have a personal instructor now, doesn’t it?” I teased.

He pulled back a moment and looked into my face. I could see the concern there as well as the amazement.

I reached up, putting my finger to his lips. “It’s okay, Bob. Really. I want this -- and I think you do, too. You do, don’t you?” I looked in his eyes. I was surprised to see fear there lurking behind the shock. I waited patiently for his answer.

“I do want this,” he started, “but I’m afraid. It’s been so long since I’ve been with anyone and certainly not anyone so much younger than me as you are. I don’t want to place unreasonable expectations on you, on what might happen. You understand, don’t you?”

I smiled softly. “Relationships have no guarantees. I can live with that. But something is here; something has started. We both know that. We both felt it. As to the age, did you notice a difference last night?” I smirked when he shook his head. I have never felt the difference in age; in truth, most my friends were in his generation.

“Let me tell you the truth, since I only gave you a partial one last night. I came last night, expecting if anything did happen, it would be a one-night stand. I always liked you, respected and admired you. And I had been concerned about you; I wouldn’t lie about that. I thought perhaps by treating you like a man, rather than a person, it might shake you out of whatever your funk was. I wasn’t expecting what happened last night. But I am so so glad it did.” At this point I knew I had tears in my own eyes and I reached for him. It was just like the night before, the total feeling of comfort, the rightness of his embrace.

As our kissed became more heated, I felt him press me onto my back. We kissed and explored and I tugged at him, wanting him closer still. We slid together with a sigh and made gentle love. I reveled in the sameness of it; it was like last night all over again. He began to slow, and I knew he must be close. I opened my legs wider, trying to pull him in closer to me, and watched his back arch as he pressed into me as he came.

I smiled mischievously as he looked down at me.

“What?” he asked.

“Cobra,” I answered, giggling softly.

He chuckled with me. Such a lovely sound! “Bhujangasana,” he corrected me softly. I thought hard on that, since I don’t think I’ll ever get the hang of the Indian terms for our poses. But then I smiled at him.

We kissed and rolled around on the bed; I ended up on top of him. Feeling a bit silly, I mimicked his earlier pose on top of him.

“How’s this?” I smiled.

“Wonderful,” he answered with a chuckle, then continued. “Shoulders back and down for Cobra, Bhujangasana. Open the heart center without collapsing the low back.” He put his hands on my waist, pulling a bit. Oh, that felt good. He tickled my stomach causing me to squirm.

“We’ll have to focus a lot on core strength, to balance your flexibility,” he told me.

Now? I thought to myself? I felt myself pout.

“Later,” he smiled, obviously reading my mind. He slid his hands up her chest, pulling me down. Next I knew, he had my nipple back in his mouth, making me melt all over again. I held him gently, not wanting to lose any contact, waves of tenderness flowing over me.

After some time, where we both must have snoozed a bit, I asked, “Do you need to shower?”

He looked at the clock as we parted, sighing.

“Yes. I need to get going. Shower with me?” he offered.

I stretched, smiling contentedly, knowing what time we’d have together now. “Not this morning.” I rolled over in the bed, feeling sleepy content, and fell back asleep to the sounds of him in the bathroom.

I woke up late, feeling more content with myself than I had in a long time. I knew he wanted me here, and after last night, my apartment didn’t feel like the home this place was. Perhaps it was because his aura was everywhere here, and I felt the comfort of it. I wandered the house, cleaning up after ourselves from the night before, reliving the memories, moving in a happy fog. I didn’t want to leave, but I seemed to remember a bargain of steak for dinner tonight. I grabbed my pocketbook and his spare key.

I knew I had all day so made my way down to the meat market instead of the grocery store. I picked out a few very good Angus t-bones, and packed them in a cooler in my car, before heading to the farmers market. I picked up some lovely greens for a salad, giggling to

myself when I thought back to the balsamic vinegar. Some baby red potatoes caught my eye and I added those to my basket. I wanted something simple; something that would keep. After paying for my choices, I made a quick stop at my apartment to pick up a few things from my own kitchen as well as a few personal items.

I created a marinade for the steak, and let it to soak in a ziplock in the refrigerator as I made a homemade vinaigrette dressing. I went back into his study, and laid down on the mat, stretching out, relaxing. I went through the movements without much thought, just flowing from one to the other. I finished, laying flat on the mat, relaxing, and dozed off.

Late afternoon rays came shining through the window shades to wake me. I stood and stretched, surprisingly limber for sleeping on a floor. After taking care of some necessities and checking the time, I went outside to start the coals. After getting them going, I got a few pieces of apple wood out of my car to add. Back in the kitchen, I put together the salad and put the potatoes with some butter wrapped in foil.

I was just finishing up when he walked through the door. I was so happy to see him and rushed to hold him. It took a few minutes for the look on his face to click. *He wasn't sure I'd still be here*, I thought to myself, and squeezed him a bit tighter. I knew I was right when I felt him whisper against my neck, "Thank you for being here." I didn't know what to say, I was so blown away, so I said something inane, "How was your day, sweetie?"

"Can dinner wait a bit?"

I smirked. Even in me two parts were warring...the serious, emotional, and the physical. Judging by his reactions, physical was winning in him. "Can't wait?" I replied, and wiggled in his embrace. He laughed and oh, did it do my heart good. When the laughter subsided, he replied, "I can wait. It was a fascinating day."

"Oh?" I replied asking him to tell me about it as I pulled him down on the couch.

I heard him sigh. He looked like he wanted something. He looked at me with such earnestness.

"Everyone saw it."

I knew what he was talking about, but wanted to hear it. "Saw what?"

"The difference in me. The best, though, was Peg -- she's in the last class. She's a psychologist, and a wonderful person. After class, she came up to me with a big smile, gave me one hell of a hug, and asked, 'Who is she?'"

I laughed, giving him a hug. It sounded like something I would say. "What did you tell her?"

“I told her she was a student from another class, who had surprised me greatly by appearing naked in my house in Eka Pada Rajakapotasana.”

“And?” I blushed.

“She asked what I’d done. I told her I’d corrected your posture.” He grinned in obvious remembrance. I laughed.

“And when she asked if that’s *all* I’d done, I shook my head, and she hugged me again.”

I squeezed him. He sounded so happy, so content, so amazed. It was truly amazing.

“Then what?” I prodded.

“Oh, we talked.”

“About?” sometimes I’m so nosey!

“About kleshas, the path, the duties of the teacher and the householder, cabbages and kings, that kind of thing.”

I looked down in my lap. I’m quite well aware of the unorthodox methods I used. “What did she think? Did she give you any advice?”

He nodded, wrapping his arms around my waist, holding me. “To be here for you, to give freely, and accept freely. To savor the moment, accepting the rose, both petals and thorns.”

We kissed again, holding gently.

“What else -- there’s something else,” I asked quietly; there was still a bit of sadness.

He held me tighter. “Peg would love to get me on her couch -- that’s what she said.”

I laughed. “Oh? Are her intentions honorable?” I was willing to bet they weren’t. He drew women and he never noticed; happy and it was almost a given.

He ran his hands over my back eliciting a deep sigh. “Oh, I’m sure they are -- she’s offered before, strongly suggesting it would do me a lot of good.”

I smiled, shaking my head. “I get the feeling she’s right--but that’s not it -- something else happened.”

He nodded. “You’re right. When you told me you were pulling out of my class, I almost told you right then not to do it. I thought I could manage.”

“Why?” I asked.

"I thought... I felt... I've had students come on to me before. I've dealt with it professionally. I thought I could deal with those issues with you as well."

"But?" I knew he was feeling the same difference I was.

He sighed. "It started in the morning class, the tough one. I was walking around while people rested in Down Dog -- have you thought of that as a resting pose?"

Uh, huh. I shook my head -- no way. That one hurts!

"Laksmi -- she's Indian. Had a son about six months ago. Been back in class about three months. Her figure is ... luscious. She's nursing -- what a lucky kid. See what you're doing to me?"

I laughed, happy he was noticing the world around him again and snuggled into him.

"This morning, as she was resting in Down Dog after a good, vigorous sequence, I saw a drop of sweat running down the inside of her leg. Looking at her, her luscious chest moving, her hips in the air, that bead of sweat -- her aroma filled me and I flashed back to you last night. I thought of licking that bead of sweat, licking from the inside of your knee, all the way up to paradise..."

I looked at him, hearing the passionate yearning in his voice, and reacting to it.

He moved his hands to cup my breasts, lifting them, cradling them.

He looked into my eyes. "All though the day, as I saw women in different poses, I thought of you. I thought of you, saw you, smelled you, tasted you, made love with you."

"Why?" I questioned quietly. I had to know; was it me, or had I just woken him?

He grimaced, obviously unsure how to answer. "Why? After living so many years in celibacy, immersing myself in the practice, you've reawakened part of me..."

I smiled wryly. "In more ways than one, dear." I had gathered at least that much.

He continued to caress my breasts as he looked at me, as if he were trying to gauge my response.

"I saw you naked in Down Dog, and saw myself licking you, or stepping behind you and slipping into you. I saw you on your back in Spider, and thought about diving between your legs, smelling and tasting you, or plunging into you. Or, you sitting in Thunderbolt, impaled on me, lowering yourself down to me, capturing me with your breasts and making me yours..."

Gift

If it wasn't me, he was doing his best to turn me on. But I knew. I had always known. That is what brought me here. And I smiled at the knowledge.

"Can dinner keep?" he asked.

I looked at him, stood up, and held his hands where they were.

"If we hurry, we may make it to the bedroom," I told him, knowing it was only the beginning.

FIN

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Gift

By silli_artie@hotmail.com and gbbjg@yahoo.com
<http://www.asstr.org/~artie>