

Healing

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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 one is for my Muse -- a picture is worth how many words, dear?

"Oh dear..." I said softly, looking in the window.

I'd finished teaching my last yoga class for the day. I'd driven home, pulling the car into the garage around back. I got out, and as I walked the gravel path to the house, I looked in the window. It was getting dark, about eight thirty, and there was a light on in the den.

Oh dear... There on a yoga mat in my den was one of my students, Donna -- naked.

I stopped. She was in extended Pigeon, Eka Pada Rajakapotasana, or as close as she could get.

I was stunned. Did she know what she was doing? Of course she did. But I'm only what, twenty-something years older? We're both single -- she'd made passes at me before, and I'd responded professionally. But shit, that was at the studio. Now here she was, face down on a mat, naked as the day she was born. What the hell do I do now?

I looked at her again, shaking my head. God, she was pretty -- all that pale flesh, those gentle curves. How long had she been here? Guess she found the key near the back door.

What the hell was I going to do? She must have heard me drive up, and walking along the gravel path. She had to know about where I was. Yet she wasn't moving. I could see the motion of her chest, see her breasts move as she breathed. She was very attractive, a full figure. What the hell was I going to do? So many of the women in my classes are so thin. Donna looked sumptuous -- there, naked in my den.

I sighed, looking in the window. I teach Pigeon early on. It opens up so much: hips, hamstrings, illiotibials, psoa, the chest and shoulders. The hips should be level -- her left hip was up high. Her right leg, which was extended behind her, should be straight -- her leg and foot were bent. Her spine was crooked rather than straight. The more I looked...

I sighed, then laughed. I knew what I was going to do.

I walked in the back door, setting down my bag and slipping out of my sandals. I tossed my jacket at a kitchen chair. Walking to the den, I turned up the heat -- it was a bit cold in the house. I still had my sweats on, over my usual tank top and yoga tights. I picked up a folded blanket from the shelf in the hall as I walked to the den.

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She hadn't moved, her face down, so I couldn't see her expression. I could hear her breathing, slowly and deeply. That was good.

"Let's start with the right leg," I said softly, leaning down by her right side. I put my left hand on her low back. Her skin was a little cool, and oh so soft.

I ran both hands down her extended right leg, slowly, my thumbs along the middle of her leg, my fingers around the sides.

"Straighten that leg out, straighten..." I said as I ran my hands down, repositioning. She gasped a little, and I saw goosebumps form on her skin.

"Foot straight out as well," I said, repositioning her foot. "That's better."

Down by her foot, looking up her body, I could see a peek of dark brown fur between her legs.

I moved up to her hips, kneeling with my right knee inside her right leg, lining up with her crotch. I placed my hands on her hips.

"Your hips should be level, and straight," I said, pressing gently. Oh, she was so soft. I repositioned her hips, straightening and leveling. Was I feeling warmth radiating from her, or was it my imagination? I could definitely smell her perfume, and her arousal.

"Ujiai breath, long, slow, and even," I told her, pressing her hips again.

I repositioned her gently, as I would any student...

Except...

Except for running my hands up her back, then down her sides as I straightened her spine, hearing a moan mixed in with her exhalation; except for straightening her head and running my fingers up her shoulders and then the sides of her neck, letting my fingers drift into her soft hair, hearing her sigh. Oh, except for so many things -- I felt my own hunger and acknowledged rather than denied it. I felt my body responding to hers, wanting...

"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."

As she lifted her torso, I slid my hands from her hips to her shoulders. She moaned clear and loud, shivering a bit, letting her head go back.

“Good. I’m going to slide my hands under your arms.”

I shifted my position, straddling her right leg, with my left knee on the mat up against her soft, warm bottom and the inside of her right thigh, and my right foot up by her chest.

I moved my hands under her arms, cupping my palms back to hold her shoulders and upper chest, lifting slightly, pulling back slightly.

“Let go, Donna -- relax and let me hold you. I’ve got you now. Relax into the pose. Let your breath take you deeper,” I whispered to her.

As I spoke, she relaxed with a shuddering sigh, almost a moan. “Good. Let your head rest against me. Relax into the pose -- feel the stretch in your right thigh, right psoas, as well as your left hip.”

Oh, she felt so good resting against me. I wanted to feel skin against skin, kiss her, hold her, be lost in her.

I moved my right hand and arm across her upper chest, then repositioned my left arm, holding her under her breasts. “Relax, and feel the stretch in your psoas, here...” I ran my right hand from her diaphragm down the front of her right hip. She moaned and shuddered. “Feel the stretch -- breathe deep into the stretch.” Oh how I wanted to run my hand down to her middle, into that luscious, inviting brown patch.

I held her shoulders again, then had her lower down as I moved to the side.

“Right toes tucked under, to Downward Dog,” I said. As she moved, I guided her hips up and back. Oh, so tempting!

“Okay, Pigeon on the other side now.”

She moved her right leg forward, folding it under her, her right knee by her right hand, her right foot by her left hip, and started moving her hips forward and down. I moved closer, a hand on her lower back, positioning her as she settled in.

I helped her silently, moving her legs, her hips, straightening her spine. She kept breathing regularly, at times struggling to control her breath.

I felt a hunger I hadn’t felt in years, and savored it, breathed into it, breathing in her scent.

And when I held her up this time, I gave in to temptation, and after running my hand down her middle to her left hip, hearing her moan so nicely, so hungrily, I responded.

I ran my left hand down her stomach, and slowly into her bush, slowly sliding my middle finger between her hot and moist nether lips. She moaned and shuddered as I held her. I kissed the top of her head, taking in the scent of her hair. As I moved my finger gently in her slit, she rocked her hips. Good, that would help loosen up the hip rotators, as well as the psoas, I thought. I chuckled and held her to me, stilling my hand. She moaned again.

“Hands down and lower again,” I said softly.

She whimpered, but moved to support herself as I released her.

“Roll to your back and bring your knees to your chest, Donna.”

She did, and she gave me a look of barely restrained lust with something else I couldn’t quite define, before closing her eyes.

I moved to her feet, placed my hands on her shins, and pushed her legs, pushed them down to her body. “Relax the muscles in your hips and back. Feel your spine on the floor. Let go...” I whispered. She sighed, and I felt her loosening up and moving, lengthening her spine against the mat.

“Let’s finish up with reclined butterfly,” I told her, moving back a bit.

She moved her feet to the floor near her hips, and let her knees fall apart. I pulled her feet down a bit, and planted my knees by her ankles. I placed my hands on her knees.

“We’ve done this one in class,” I started out. “Six count inhale, and press your knees against my hands as hard as you can. One, two, three, four, five, six -- relax...” As she pressed her knees up, I held them in position. As she exhaled relaxing, I pressed down slightly.

“Very good... Keep your lower back flat on the floor. Once again, six count inhale and press...”

God, she was glorious. I could see her lower lips parted, see moisture glistening, and see her jewel ready to peek out from under its hood. Her scent was intoxicating. As she relaxed, exhaling, I pressed her knees down until I started to feel her lower back lift up from the floor, and I eased up a bit.

“Very good. Two more times.”

After two more, she was more relaxed. Her beautiful nipples, which had been so tight they made my mouth water, had relaxed as well.

“Very good, Donna. Stay relaxed -- I’ll bring your knees together and straighten your legs out for Savasana and relaxation.”

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I backed up a bit, and started drawing her legs together. I leaned forward, breathing deeply through my nose.

I only meant to kiss her mound, and then move her to a relaxation pose. But as soon as my lips touched her, her thighs clamped against my head, and her hands joined in, holding me.

We both moaned.

She tilted her hips up, urging me lower. I kissed and licked, as I moved my hands to hold her bottom. My right hand found the still folded-up blanket, and I managed to slide it under her luscious bottom.

Oh, she was so delicious, so animated, and so loud! She gave a shriek and a shudder after a few seconds, then settled into more of a rhythm. I slid my legs back, on my stomach on the floor, my hands on her waist, my arms holding her hips.

I could feel her building up to another one. I eased back, only to have her hands pull me firmly back into place. I complied with her request, and after a bit, a low moan started building in her. It built and built, and her body started stiffening, her motion more abrupt, more insistent, until a shudder and a low moan passed through her, her legs dropping away from my head, and her hands now only holding me limply.

I gently sucked her nub, eliciting a whimper. I moved up, kissing her mound. I eased the blanket from under her bottom, extended her legs, and covered her with the blanket. I pulled gently on her ankles, straightening her legs and extending her spine.

I moved to her head and slid my hands gently underneath, cradling her head, gently easing her head away from her shoulders.

“Relax in Savasana now.” I leaned over and kissed her forehead.

“Your motion was synchronized with your breath. That was very good.”

A smile filled her face. I started massaging the base of her skull as I rocked her head back and forth slightly.

“Relax now. Nothing to do but relax. I think this practice did you good.”

“Mmmhmmm,” she murmured, smiling, nodding her head.

“Good,” I said, bending forward to kiss her forehead again. Her nipples had tightened up again. “I think we should practice more.”

She drew a longer breath in through her nose, her smile growing more radiant. I think she agreed.

I got up momentarily -- I needed to pee. As I walked by my bedroom, I saw one of the side table lamps turned on low. Next to it were a few candles I didn't recognize as my own. A small bag sat by the foot of the bed, and another pillow had joined mine. I closed my eyes and held the doorjamb for a moment, letting the feelings wash through me.

I went to the bathroom and managed to pee. I couldn't help but look around, evaluating. The place looked mostly presentable. I took off my sweatshirt and sweatpants, stripped down to bare chest and yoga tights, and went back to the den.

I sat at her head again, stroking her temples with my fingertips. She sighed and smiled.

"You are quite a surprise, Donna," I whispered. I felt the tear forming and shook my head to dislodge it, not wanting to move my hands. But the tear fell, landing on her forehead.

Her eyes opened and her brow furrowed slightly. I smiled and ran my fingers along her temples slowly and sensuously. She sighed and looked to me with concern, lifting her arms, her hands holding mine.

She moved to a seated position gracefully. Our eyes met again. Her smile was full, her lips inviting, and her eyes full of sparkle.

"Why don't we start in a comfortable cross-legged position?" she said.

I chuckled and shifted my position.

"That's good," she said as she put her hands on my shoulders. Then she moved to sitting in my lap, crossing her legs behind me. She took my head, and pulled me to her chest, and my eyes closed. I felt something warm on my shoulders.

She whispered, "Relax, Bob, I'll take care of you," and her hands began to move over my shoulders and neck, rubbing firmly, the scent of rosemary filling my senses. With an almost uncanny ability, she found what knots were present, and broke them up. She whispered "relax" again, and held my head to her chest. I couldn't help but feel emotionally drained; I couldn't control the feelings.

I sighed, a deep shuddering sigh, holding on and letting go at the same time. It was so easy to let go on the outside, relax my body, relax into the intensity, as I taught students to do. But on the inside -- I wanted so much, I needed so much.

As she held my head to her chest, I heard her heart beat, felt the warmth and softness of her breasts. "Please," I whispered, almost cried.

As my lips moved against her warmth and softness, she moved my head over, moving my mouth closer to a nipple. Her hand cradling the back of my head felt so warm, so comforting. I felt my muscles relaxing more, at the same time I felt the tension in my core even more.

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“Relax, Bob -- I’ll take care of you,” she whispered. “Let me take care of you. It’s okay to stop trying. You can let go and let me take care of you. Let go and relax. Relax and let go.”

My breath came in gasps at first, then settled down as she held me and spoke to me. I *could* let go. I *could* let her hold me. I was so hungry, for her softness, for her caring.

She shifted me slightly in her arms; I held her waist more, feeling her, holding her close. With one hand still behind my head, she started lowering me to my back.

Her delicious nipple pulled from my mouth with a plop and almost a cry -- she had been so delicious, and so comforting.

Then I felt her moving to my side, and a warm hand touched my chest. As I stretched my legs out, she started moving her hand on my chest, her fingertips brushing me as she whispered again, “Let go and relax -- relax and let go.” I felt her hands on my shoulders, then my chest, kneading in a circular motion, pulling me deeper and deeper with each stroke.

Her touch loosened the knot deep inside me, releasing the tension in my chest and my core. Eventually I was able to sigh once more.

She moved again, and I felt her hands sliding under my head. She held my head, cradling me, as I’d done to her. She pulled gently, and another sigh escaped from deep inside me. I let myself melt, felt myself melt under her touch.

I felt her soft, delicious hair touch my face, then felt her lips kiss my forehead. She moved once more, and I felt her warm hands on my ankles. I felt more warmth, as her fingers firmly rubbed up my ankle, to my calf, finding knots I didn’t know existed. Then I felt the soft touch of lips against my ankle, sending shivers up my leg. Her hands continued upward, constantly finding those spots of tension, my mind going more and more blank, yet more aware with each touch, each kiss she was placing on me. On ME! My brain was too soft, too out of focus to grasp what was going on beyond the physical.

My body sang with sensations. The feelings ebbed and flowed, as her attentions teased me, ever getting closer to my center. Then finally, I felt her mouth settle over me. I jerked and moaned at her touch, the touch that quickly became the center of my being. Her mouth felt like a taste of home, warm and inviting. She slid down my length, her lips buried against my pelvic bone, and I moaned even louder, though a small part of my conscious mind was curious as to where she learned such a skill.

Her hands massaged my thighs, my mind slipping into neutral, only able to follow the sensations she was leading me to, wave after wave of pleasure, until I let go to her completely, crying out her name, as I came into her mouth.

I felt her smile against me with the first burst, felt her devour me through my convulsions, then felt her clean me off carefully as I caught my breath, sinking into the floor a bit more.

She slid up my body, her soft breasts running against my skin, and she whispered, "Hi." I felt a breast near my face, and I turned into her embrace. Her hand fell against the back of my neck and I let go, falling as I hear her say, "It's okay, I've got you. That's right, just relax."

Her weight leaning into me felt so good, her hand at the back of my neck so comforting. I managed to raise my hands and put them on her back, feeling her soft skin. She kept telling me to relax... I smiled a little, her nipple in my mouth. Just like I tell students -- nowhere to go, nothing to do, just be here, now.

Some time later she moved away, both of us sighing. I opened my eyes to look at her sitting on the floor next to me. I put a hand on her leg, and she put one of hers on top of mine.

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

She smirked, and with a twinkle in her eyes, said, "Wanna bet?"

I chuckled, letting my head roll around. Oh, what a day this turned out to be!

My stomach growled, reminding me I hadn't eaten since lunch. I opened my eyes again, looking at an angel.

"Have some soup with me?" I asked.

She smiled, still a mischievous smile, and said with false patience, "Sure."

I pulled myself up to sitting. I didn't remember my tights coming off, and I smiled -- that meant I'd been relaxed. I was relaxed, still.

I stood, pulling her up with me, holding her. I felt and smelled massage oil on my skin. How long had it been since I'd had a massage? What did I tell my students? Listen to your body? Had I? Focus on the warm woman in your arms.

With a half sigh, half chuckle, I took her hand and led her into the kitchen.

"Miso soup, or chicken noodle?" I asked, going to the cupboard.

"What's Miso? Is it spicy?" she asked.

I had a reputation for spicy foods. "No, it's bland -- soy. I think I live on it."

She smiled, almost smirked, and said, "You need some red meat."

I laughed as I got two mugs from the cupboard and emptied the instant soup into them.

"Maybe for dinner tomorrow night? My last class is over at six thirty."

"If I can cook," she growled.

"I'm also great at cooking breakfast," she added.

I shrugged and nodded, adding hot water to the second mug, and moving them and myself over to the table, sitting next to her, and putting one mug in front of her.

"My first class is at 9, and it's pretty vigorous. I can't eat very much."

Had I been staring at her delicious chest again? With a twinkle in her eyes and a gentle rock of her shoulders, she said, "Well, I've got the perfect diet for you right here... And you'll get a good warm-up before you leave."

I smiled and moved a hand over to hold one of hers, stirring my soup with the other hand.

"I can't think of anything better." I couldn't think of anything I needed more.

She picked up my hand and stroked her cheek with it, smiling softly. She mentioned using the key by the back door, hearing me tell someone about it in class. It didn't matter -- she was here. But why?

"Why, Donna?" I asked.

"Call it intuition -- we need each other." She kissed my hand, the touch of her lips sending a shiver through me.

"But you're a student..." I said.

"Perhaps, but I'm also a teacher," she said with a smile, then took a sip of her soup. She gave me an appreciative nod.

I shook my head, drinking more soup, feeling the warmth fill me. Oh, her warmth filled me more.

"Why do you think I'm here?" she asked.

I sat back, chuckling. "Need... You have more poise and confidence than many of the others."

With a smile she said, "I don't know if I'd go that far -- perhaps it was the voices in my head egging me on."

I shook my 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."

She 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 starting doing yoga rather than aerobics? My blood pressure is so low, I can't doing something to make it lower still."

She laughed, and I loved it.

"But why now?" I 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."

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

She nodded. "And I knew you wouldn't ask."

I shook my head. "I couldn't ask a student."

The look on her face was intense. "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."

I pushed my chair back and held out my arms. I needed her. "Some times words just get in the way," I said softly.

As she stood up, she said, "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."

She stepped to me, kissing me on the forehead. My arms wound around her waist, holding her close, feeling her arms around me.

"Mind if I sleep over?" she whispered.

I was burrowing into her, feeling her warmth, the beating of her heart. "Please," I whispered.

She rocked me gently, and I sighed. "Did you know that one of the classes I teach is Native American Literature?"

"Mmm," I said, holding her close.

She chuckled. "One time, long past, people were four legged, like the animals. And one day, they angered the father in the sky, who sent down a lightning bolt which separated them into two. It was so fierce, they were sent far away in different directions. Now each lived 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 held on, feeling her rocking me, feeling her stroking my hair.

“What now?” she asked, one hand holding my head, the other on my back.

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

She squeezed me tight, and I sighed.

“Mmm... Only if we shower together,” she rumbled.

“I’ll even scrub your back,” she said with a giggle.

I gave her a squeeze, then let loose of her waist. She took half a step back. Our eyes met.

“Can I finish my soup first?” I needed something in my stomach, especially considering the workout I was likely to get before I could have something to eat tomorrow mid-morning.

She nodded. I picked up my mug. She reached for hers, then sat in my lap, putting one arm around my shoulders. I closed my eyes again and let my head rest against her chest. It was interesting, listening to her sip and swallow. A hand held my head to her, and I started to melt into her again.

“Finish your soup -- you’ll need the strength,” she growled.

I opened my eyes and sat up. “Yes, dear,” I said, and took a sip.

I took the last few swallows and set my mug on the table. Great stuff -- I felt better.

I was right at tit level. Well, dinner was over, time for dessert. I took her nipple in my mouth, fully, hungrily, putting my arms around her waist again.

“Oh!” she shuddered. Her nipple felt cool in my mouth. I must have felt quite warm to her. A hand sliding to the back of my head suggested she liked it. I felt her fingers stroke through my hair.

“Oh, what a nice surprise,” she said. She held my head in place, but moved some, straddling me in the chair. “The other side, please,” she suggested, moving me to her other nipple. That one didn’t taste as cool -- my mouth must be cooling off. I held and enjoyed her.

She moaned, holding my head, writhing on me. I could feel my interest perking up.

“Okay, let’s see how you like it,” she said, and pulled away from me.

She took a big gulp of soup from her mug, holding it in her mouth as she stood in front of me, then swirling it around. With a leer she went down on her knees, her hands sliding up my thighs to my cock, bringing me forward to the edge of the chair.

And I was engulfed in her hot, wet mouth. I moaned and held on to her shoulders. She worked me up and down, pulling off me for a moment, the room air feeling suddenly quite chill, then plunging me back into delirious, vigorous, warmth.

“Oh, slow down, please,” I pleaded. If I wanted her to stop, why were my hands pulling at her shoulders?

After a few more dizzying strokes, she pulled back, but then gripped my waist, so my cock was trapped between her breasts.

“What’s wrong?” she asked, looking up to me with a grin.

I looked into her eyes and she rocked against me, making me moan.

“I want to make love with you,” I told her.

She kept rocking. “We will, sweetie, we will...”

My head was back, and my hips were moving on their own. “Let’s save it for later -- it takes me time to recover.”

“Says who?” she giggled, running fingernails up my sides.

“Please,” I pleaded, but I wasn’t sure -- was I pleading for her to stop, or to keep going.

She sighed, smiled, and the pressure eased up. I looked to her in time to see her stand up. She pulled me to standing in her arms. We kissed, running our hands over each other.

She kissed my ear hotly and whispered, “Shower time.”

I turned off the kitchen lights as we left the room.

As I started the shower she reached around me, running her hands over me, pressing up against my back. One hand tweaked a nipple while her other hand pumped my cock. I was reduced to leaning against the shower to keep my balance.

We showered quickly, intimately, working up quite the lather between us. Rinsing and toweling off was another adventure.

“I want to throw you on your back and devour you again,” I whispered in her ear as I held a towel around both of us, pressing into her back.

She pulled us to the bed, and moved sensuously to her back. Her hungry, feral look filled me with fire.

She looked at me, and moved her hips sensuously. She rocked them forward, offering herself, her thighs rotating out slightly. I almost laughed -- part of me thought of poses to loosen the inner hip rotators and free that motion.

She looked to me, raising her arms, almost pouting as her hips continued to undulate.

I sighed and knelt at the foot of the bed, touching her left leg, closing my eyes. I held her foot, and moved closer to kiss it. I started working my way slowly up her left leg, feeling, caressing, kissing.

As I reached her knee, she made a low sound, and I felt her thigh rotate out more. I could visualize her hips pushing forward in needy anticipation.

I worked my way up slowly, savoring the taste and texture of her inner thigh. As I got closer to her core, I could feel her heat. Her hands joined in as I reached the inside of her thigh near her core. There was something so sensuous about that small smooth spot on the inside of her thigh, the feeling of her bush pressing against my cheek, her hands in my hair.

I turned my head and shoulders slightly, moving full into her bush, inhaling her essence as I kissed my way up to her jewel. She was hot and wet, and tasted like more. I slid my hands under her bottom, all the better to devour you, my dear. Her legs flung themselves out wide, a flower in full bloom.

She smelled and tasted like more, and the way her hips moved, her hands dug into my head, and her cries fell on my ears, she wanted more as well. I moved down, and probing deep with my tongue, worked my way up.

I kissed her mound and moved to her belly, up to her navel, pushing my tongue in, moving my arms up around her waist. Her legs wound their way around me, squeezing me in waves as her hips moved.

I'm not sure why -- maybe it was the way she was pulling me up her body, but I took a deep breath and blew a very wet raspberry into her navel.

I felt her abdominal muscles curl up as her hands held my head and her legs picked up, squeezing me. I took another deep breath and did it again, longer, drawing it out, playing her navel like a French Horn mouthpiece.

By the time I was running out of air, her initial shock had turned to laughter. I took a quick gulp of air and started in again. She tried to wiggle out from under me, but my arms were around her waist, holding her tight. I loved the feeling of her legs around me, the sound of her

laughter, the playfulness of it all. I felt my own smile, and as she tried rolling us over, I held on and gave her another blast.

Partially on our sides, she tried to tickle me, and I got in another couple of blasts before I was laughing as hard as she was. I stopped my teasing and held her, moving up her body again.

I stopped to fill my soul with a nipple. I felt so open and alive -- when was the last time I'd laughed? When was the last time I'd done something silly? When was the last time I'd made someone laugh?

I wanted to move up more, but she squeezed me deliciously to her breast. For all my supposed strength, all it took was a soft hand at the back of my head pulling me closer, and the only thing I could do was hold on to her.

After a while, I did manage to move up, alongside her. She had a delicious smile on her face, still showing her laughter. I closed my eyes, slipped my arms around her, and kissed her.

Our first kisses were soft, exploring. I held the back of her head as she'd held mine, hoping I could do for her what she'd done for me. Our tongues explored and greeted each other, becoming more energetic. I loved the feeling of her hair as we kissed.

We kissed with our bodies as well, moving, entangling, feeling.

As we kissed, she pushed me from my side over to my back.

We looked in each other's eyes -- I loved the look on her face. She moved to straddle me, and I put my hands on her waist. She gently removed them, so I put my arms over my head, stretching out.

She started kissing her way down my body. I was surprised at how sensitive my nipples were. I gasped when she nipped them. My reaction must have encouraged her, as she seemed to seek out the most sensitive parts of my chest and stomach on her way down.

I was wondering how far down she'd go when she looked at me and moved back up a bit. She took my eyes in hers, and with a smile, slid back, taking me deep inside her. My vision wavered as I sighed along with her. She put her hands on my shoulders -- I put mine on hers.

She looked at me intently as she started rocking, as if wanting to see what worked the best. It was all I could do, just looking in her eyes, feeling, moving with her.

As she rocked and bounced, her breasts and her hair would occasionally brush me, adding more exquisite sensations.

The words of one of my teachers flitted through me -- "stay there as long as you can, and then stay there one breath longer, and one breath longer..." I was getting to the point where I wouldn't be able to stay one breath longer. I almost laughed at another one -- "let go to the

wisdom of your body” -- how many times have I said that? Oh, so close -- one breath more, one breath more.

Our motion and our moans were intermixed. With a louder, lower, more primitive sound, she threw her head back, breaking our eye contact. My eyes closed as her motion took a new urgency. I breathed deep, sensing my own inevitability, praying hers was close as well.

The rolling motion of her hips took on a shudder. That, and the sensation of her long hair touching my thighs took me over the edge as well. I let go, letting her ride me, letting my body respond to hers -- union, joining, yoga.

Our motion slowed, and she leaned forward on to my chest. I wrapped my arms around her, kissing her shoulder, neck, and hair. I was so relaxed, so at ease.

Gradually I figured out that if I was relaxed, she was even more so, semi-collapsed on top of me. I worked a hand under my pillow to grab the boxer shorts I usually sleep in. I eased her to the side, putting my shorts between her legs. We separated with a luscious sound, one I could get used to hearing on a regular basis.

She sighed and murmured something, pulling her legs up a little. Somehow, I didn't think she was going to wake up for a while. I got up and turned off the light. I checked the alarm clock, and reset it to go off half an hour earlier -- let's be optimistic, shall we? I crawled into bed next to her, pulling the top cover over us.

She snuggled up, putting her head on my chest. It felt good to hold her. I hadn't held anyone in quite a while.

Some time later, I felt her moving. I kissed her hair. “You're amazing, you know that?” I told her.

She kissed my chest, then said, “What makes you say that?”

I gave her a squeeze and kissed her head again. “I don't know what made you do this. Something's happening, isn't it?”

She moved against me, snuggling. “I'm glad you sense something as well.”

We moved under the covers, and she curled up in my arms again.

“You have an early morning,” she whispered, kissing my chest. “We can talk in the morning, but right now, just sleep.”

She wiggled a little and held on to me. I kissed her neck and her hair, my eyes filling with moisture. I closed my eyes, snuggling up to softness and warmth.

I woke up, knowing the alarm hadn't gone off. It was light out. Did I hear something coming from the kitchen?

As I turned and looked to the clock, memories came back. I closed my eyes and breathed deeply through my nose. I could still smell her. I could smell us. I exhaled with a sigh.

Parts of my mind raced off in all directions at once -- I almost laughed. I let go of a myriad of "What ifs" and relaxed, focusing on my breath, on scanning my body.

Sounds of cupboard doors -- left knee a little tight still -- sound of the refrigerator door -- memories of Judy and I, her dog who came running whenever the refrigerator door opened -- bottles clinking -- we never expect loved ones to die, yet we know they must, we all must -- sounds of the refrigerator closing and a soft, feminine laugh -- tightness in my chest, yearning, desiring -- yet I knew that desire, craving and aversion, is the seed of all suffering. So, give instead. Give all I can -- give, now, for this is the only moment we have. Moisture in my eyes, my chest now so full, so open.

A familiar creak of the wooden floor told me she was back. I opened my eyes.

I looked at her, stepping to the bed, a dish and a bottle in her hands, a smile on her face and a glow on her skin.

"It wasn't a dream," I told her.

She put things down on the nightstand, and as she leaned over closer to me, she whispered, "We can't make up things that good."

She leaned over for a kiss. I felt our lips, her body leaning on top of mine, my breath on her cheek and hers on mine.

I opened my eyes to her sitting up. She put something on her hand, then picked up a strawberry. How long have those been in there, I wondered.

"Bite," she said.

I took her offering, letting my lips caress her fingertips as I bit into the strawberry, looking into her eyes. They sparkled with life this morning.

She offered me the spot on her hand, and I touched it with my tongue. The vinegar I used for salads -- the tartness contrasted with the sweetness of the strawberry. She shivered a bit. The contrast send rumbles through me -- memories of diving between her legs, her sweetness mixed with a bit of tartness.

I sat up, picking a strawberry from the bowl. Good, they all looked firm -- like her, firm, moist, juicy...

I offered her the strawberry. Her eyes closed a little as she enjoyed it.

Dropping the stem back in the bowl, I picked up the vinegar bottle. Raising it to my mouth, I took a drop from the spout on the tip of my tongue. I set the bottle down, and pulled her to me, closing my eyes and kissing her, letting the flavors mingle together, letting my hands and arms hold her.

We both sighed when she sat back.

“What a lovely breakfast,” I said, letting my hands slide along her sides, down to her thighs.

“We’re not finished yet,” she said, picking up another strawberry and putting it in her mouth, pulling off the stem. Her eyes drifted closed as she got closer.

We shared that strawberry, and another.

“I made a decision this morning,” she told me, leaning back a bit.

“Oh?” I inquired. Her posture was still relaxed and open. Parts of my mind started panicking, but I focused on her, on my breath. Stay here, now.

“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 hugged her, holding her to me with a suddenness and strength that surprised me. *Only if you feel you need to*, I thought, struggling to remain centered, focusing on her, on the breath. Feeling her heartbeat, her warmth, my head on her chest, breathing, living...

“I should be able to take another class. Anyway, it looks as though I have a personal instructor now, doesn’t it?” she added, a teasing lilt to her voice.

I sat up, looking at her. *Oh Donna*, I thought, *you don’t know... And neither do I*, I reminded myself.

She reached up and touched my lips. “Its okay, Bob. Really. I want this -- and I think you do, too. You do, don’t you?”

Yes, I did want -- and that want brought with it fear, fear of pain and suffering.

Desire and aversion -- both the seeds of suffering. Take the middle path. Be here, now.

“Yes,” I said, “but I’m afraid. It has been so long since I’ve been with anyone, certainly not anyone so much younger. I don’t want to place unreasonable expectations on you, on what might happen. You understand, don’t you?”

She smiled softly. “I can live with that. Relationships have no guarantees. But something has started. We both know that. We both felt it. As to the age, did you notice a difference last night?”

I smiled and shook my head.

Her chin trembled a bit as she spoke again. “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’ve always liked, 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.”

I saw the moisture filling her eyes, and felt the same in mine. I reached for her and pulled her to me.

As our kisses became more heated, I eased her to her back. We kissed and explored, and she pulled me more on top of her. We slid together with a sigh and made gentle love. I let my breath merge with our rhythms, drinking in sensation. I felt myself nearing the edge, and slowed a bit. She responded by opening her legs wider, shifting her hips, and pulling my hips in with her hands. I lifted my chest up, rocking into her, feeling energy like fire all along my spine.

She started rocking her hips side to side, and I responded by coming deep within her, breathing deep, letting go.

When I looked down into her eyes, she smirked.

“What?” I asked.

“Cobra,” she replied.

I chuckled. Yes, I was in the raised cobra pose. Or, more correctly... “Bhujangasana,” I told her softly.

She frowned momentarily, then smiled. I lowered myself down and kissed her once more.

We kissed and rolled around on the bed; she ended up on top of me. She pushed herself up on her arms.

With a smirk she asked, “How’s this?”

“Wonderful,” I said, enjoying her weight on top of me.

She started to say something, and I chuckled. “Shoulders back and down for Cobra, Bhujangasana. Open the heart center without collapsing the low back.” I put my hands on her

waist, pulling a bit. She was folding a lot at the low back, but that's understandable. I stroked her tummy with my fingers, causing her to contract.

"We'll have to focus a lot on core strength, to balance your flexibility," I told her.

She gave me a startled look.

"Later," I said, sliding my hands up her torso, pulling her down so I could enjoy a nipple.

Oh, what a place to be -- held gently, holding gently.

"Do you need to shower?" she asked some time later.

We parted with another sigh. I peeked at the clock.

"Yes. I need to get going. Shower with me?" I offered.

She stretched and grinned as I got up, and pulled up the covers. "Not this morning," she said with a contented smile.

In the bathroom, my body fell into the routine. I showered and cleaned up, then reloaded my bag for the day. The character in the mirror looked more vibrant today. I stuck out my tongue at him. He laughed with me.

Donna was on her side in bed. I leaned over and kissed her cheek, giving her shoulder a squeeze. "Thank you, Donna," I said.

She purred and moved a bit under the covers.

I grabbed two bananas on the way out the door.

Backing out of the driveway, I glanced in the window. Last night, I'd glanced in that window... Why hadn't I said, "See you tonight?" when I'd kissed her, or something like that.

I grunted. Did I want her to be there tonight? Oh, yes. Would I be sad if she wasn't? Yes. Would I be happy if she was? Yes. But, that's not my decision to make. It's her decision.

When I pulled back into the driveway that night, lights were on in the house. I still hadn't decided whether to laugh or cry.

Getting out of the car, I saw my old Webber barbecue kettle was in use. My mouth started watering.

I dropped my bag inside the door. She walked to me, arms open wide.

I held and squeezed her, kissing her neck. "Thank you for being here," I whispered.

She gave me a very good squeeze. “How was your day, sweetie?” she asked.

“Can dinner wait a bit?” I asked.

She wiggled her hips, pressing them into me, and raised an eyebrow. “Can’t wait?”

I laughed. Oh, how I wanted to feel and taste skin, feel her, devour her, make passionate love with her -- and then hold her close.

“I can wait. It was a fascinating day.”

“Oh?” she said, pulling me to the old couch. “Tell me about it?”

I sighed, sitting down next to her. I wanted to curl up in her embrace, hold her and be held.

Instead, I looked in her eyes and held her hands. “People in every class saw it.”

“Saw what?” she asked.

“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?’”

Donna laughed and gave me a hug. “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 nodded. “She asked what I’d done. I told her I’d corrected your posture.”

Donna laughed.

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

Donna and I hugged. I could feel her heart beating, the warmth of her body pressed against mine.

“Then what?” she asked.

“Oh, we talked.”

“About?”

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

She lowered her head slightly. “What did she think? Did she give you any advice?”

I nodded, moving my arms around her again, holding her to 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,” she asked quietly.

I held her, smelling her, smelling her scent, and her perfume, mixed with the scent of mesquite from the barbeque. “Peg would love to get me on her couch -- that’s what she said.”

She laughed. “Oh? Are her intentions honorable?”

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

She smiled and shook her head. “I get the feeling she’s right--but that’s not it -- something else happened.”

I 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?” she asked with a smile.

Where to start? “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?” she asked knowingly.

I 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?”

She furrowed her eyebrows; that was still a hard pose for her.

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

She laughed, moving closer to me.

“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

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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..."

Donna looked at me and shuddered, a noise between a sigh and a moan escaping her lips.

I moved my hands to her breasts, cupping them gently, lifting their warm softness.

I looked into her eyes. "All through 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?" she asked quietly.

I didn't know whether to frown or to laugh, so I did both. "Why? After living so many years in celibacy, immersing myself in the practice, you've reawakened part of me..."

She gave me a wry smile.

"In more ways than one, dear," she said, still laughing a little.

I caressed her breasts as I looked into her eyes.

"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..."

She was sighing, looking deep into my eyes. Her nipples were hard pressing against my palms as my fingers stroked the sides of her breasts.

"Can dinner keep?" I asked.

Her reply smoldered back at me. She stood up, holding my hands where they were.

"If we hurry, we may make it to the bedroom," she told me, a twinkle in her eyes.

FIN

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