

Waiting to Serve

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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.

As I opened my eyes, I knew I might be chosen by Her tonight.

Our day at the ashram concluded with a group meditation, and at the end when the students were gone and just the staff remained, She took us all deep into trance -- so deep, so peaceful, so wonderful. Usually the next thing I'd know, the first gong would be ringing, and it was morning and time to get up again.

But I was still in the meditation hall. I might be the one, the one She chose to please Her.

She moved down from Her dias, followed by Carol, Her administrator, Her right hand. How many of us remained tonight?

They moved to my right. I glanced over. Rina was here, about eight feet from me.

Carol stepped behind Rina, as She approached from the front. Rina was still in a seated meditation pose, as were the rest of us. Given the warmth of the summer, Rina was wearing a T-shirt over her bra, and sweat pants. I saw the look of adoration on Rina's face. I knew when She approached me, I'd have the same look. We all would.

She leaned over, leaned closer to Rina. I saw Her touch Rina's head. She was whispering something -- I couldn't hear -- but I could hear Rina's sigh, and saw her eyes close and her body respond as she went back into trance for Her.

As She whispered, Her hand drifted down Rina's face, down her neck, to a breast. Rina moaned under the touch, arching her back, raising her breasts, offering herself. I felt the longing in my own chest, my chest going forward and my shoulders going back. We all offered ourselves to Her, in everything we did.

She placed both hands on Rina's breasts, touching them gently as She spoke. Rina was panting, moaning.

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I could see Her fingers moving, so delicately, Her fingers caressing the outsides of Rina's pert breasts. Her thumbs drew close and touched Rina's nipples. Rina cried out and shuddered. Carol stepped up close behind Rina, propping her up with her legs, holding Rina's shoulders.

Her touch on Rina's breasts seemed firmer; She smiled as She whispered. Rina moaned and shuddered again, collapsing to her side, Carol letting her down to the cushioned floor gently.

The two of them leaned over Rina, both caressing her now, as She whispered.

She'd done that to me, at least once that I could remember. In that first month I'd been at the ashram, early Spring, I'd spent time with either Her or Carol, almost daily, being hypnotized by them, trained by them...

Healed by them... They healed parts of me that had been broken for a long, long time.

But I remembered one day, coming out of a delicious, deep trance, seeing them standing in front of me... She leaned over, as She'd done to Rina, whispered something, caressed my face, reached down and touched my cock, and I'd come so intensely...

And I'd been chosen, once, by Her, to serve Her, to please Her, for the night...

I turned my head and glanced to the left.

Carl was sitting a few feet to my left, head down, eyes closed. Carl was taller, stronger. He'd been doing construction at the ashram, and the work he did was beautiful. He'd recently completed a set of benches and cubbies where students could sit and take off their shoes. They were simple, yet very pleasing. I think we were all amazed at the beauty of what he'd created.

Would She choose Carl? The night She'd chosen me, oh, I'd always remember that night. But which parts of that night were real, and which illusion? I know I'd pleased Her -- She took Her pleasure with me for hours, and gave me great pleasure in return.

Another ten feet to the left and a ways back sat Kim. My heart pounded, seeing her. She was so beautiful. I'd taken over teaching her introductory yoga classes when she'd pulled a muscle during one of our advanced sessions.

I looked at her, sitting there, her head down, her full chest rising and falling slowly. Oh, I could see her in my mind's eye, back arched, covered with the sweat of sexual excitement and exertion, moaning and crying out...

And that's what got me the other introductory classes I was teaching -- I taught all of them now. Jeff, the other introductory teacher, had been caught fucking a student. He was gone in under three hours. What the students did among themselves, and staff with staff -- those were permitted, but the line between students and staff could not be crossed.

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Oh, Kim looked so delicious. Oh to have my head between her legs, adoring her, driving her to ecstasy...

I sighed and turned my head forward again, glancing to the right. They were still over Rina, who was whimpering and moving a little. Carol's touch seemed to be more calming and soothing now.

I closed my eyes, waiting. I'd spoken to Carol, what -- two days ago? I loved teaching the introductory classes, even though I'd been brought in to teach level 2 and level 3. I think I surprised the students. I knew I challenged them, but appropriately. They were surprised, especially those here for a one or two week stay, that my classes during the day were different. The morning classes were gentle, the afternoon classes vigorous, and the evening ones meditative. It was exhausting but rewarding -- I was teaching five classes a day, six days a week, and three on Sunday. Add to that the advanced classes I took, and evening meditation...

But I had problems with the current group of beginners, one problem in each section. The first problem was Elaine, thin and lithe, a dancer. The second was Barbara, just as lithe, but voluptuous. Both were throwing themselves at me. So far I'd responded professionally, with compassion and equanimity. But it was difficult -- I'd gone to Carol for her counsel.

I remember talking with Carol, and I remember her touching my forehead. After a while, she brought me back up. I bowed and thanked her. We hugged and I went on to my next class.

"Sam?"

I raised my head, looking up. She was in front of me. I felt Carol behind me. Tears filled my eyes. I felt so ... fulfilled here.

She went down on her knees before me. Oh how I wanted to adore Her, to please Her from head to toe.

She reached out and touched my head. "Sam," she whispered, "the beginning students love you. You are such an inspiration to them. Thank you, Sam." She pulled me to her chest.

I held her waist and cried.

She rocked me gently. I felt Carol's hands on my back and shoulders. She started whispering, and I fell into the softness of Her trance.

I heard both their voices, floated in both their voices. I felt the hunger in my chest, in my legs. A gentle hand on my chest calmed me, soothed me. Another hand cradled my head. Hands and voices told me to let go. Soothing touches, soothing voices eased my hunger.

When I opened my eyes, laying on my side, seeing I was still in the meditation hall, I knew I hadn't been chosen -- not tonight. I sighed. I felt better, more rounded and less empty somehow. I pressed my left hand to the mat and raised myself to sitting.

Who had She chosen tonight? Hearing something, I looked around. I watched Kim sit up, sighing as she did. We exchanged bittersweet smiles.

I glanced over to the door. The brooms were out.

I chuckled and said to her, “We *have* been chosen. I’ll get the brooms.”

Kim laughed with me as we stood up, bowing to the front of the room where She sat.

The sweeping went quickly. Had She chosen Rina, or Carl, or both? The rumor was that magic things happened to those She brought together.

The sweeping completed, we turned off the lights and left the meditation hall. Kim handed me her broom, and I put them in the closet by the door.

I looked at her, and I sighed with a tired smile.

“What a wonderful lesson,” I said.

“What’s that?” Kim asked, a sparkle in her smile, touching my shoulder. Hers was a relaxing, comforting touch.

We spend so much of our time in silence. I felt the urge, the invitation to talk to her. “It’s so good to see you moving without pain again. They want me to move the 8 AM class to the big room so we can take more students, drop-ins, but I’m going to need help to do it. I can’t cover that many students by myself.”

She moved closer, nodding. “I understand. Was that the lesson?”

I chuckled. “No. When I opened my eyes after meditation -- I wanted to be chosen by Her. Oh, how I wanted to be chosen. But it didn’t happen. And I learned what She teaches us, what we teach others -- that desire leads to disappointment and suffering.”

She nodded and smiled. “Yes, I learned that lesson as well. But you were wrong.”

I turned more toward her, confused. She smiled, shaking her head slowly.

“You were chosen,” she said softly.

As I started to speak again, she raised both hands to me, sliding her fingers up my shoulders, my neck, and to the sides of my head. I sighed and moaned as my body relaxed under her touch and I sank into trance for her. She drew me to my knees, and pulled me to her body.

“Hold me,” she commanded. My arms went around her waist as one of her hands cradled the back of my head.

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“You have been chosen, I have been chosen,” she said, with strength.

She squeezed me to her. I could smell her arousal.

“She has given you to me, to train, to heal, to love.”

She squeezed my head to her once more. I moaned, barely able to hold on.

“That’s right, Sam -- I’ve got you. Deep trance now...”

I let go, floating once again. As Kim held me and spoke to me, I remembered. She had given me to Kim, body and soul. I knew, my body knew, that we now belonged to Kim. Kim would hold me, Kim would protect me. But I also knew that I needed to protect Kim. I needed to be sure she took things easy, and didn’t injure herself again. I would protect her.

She brought me up, and helped me stand. We held each other.

I knew so many things now. “I need to be held. Please hold me,” I whispered.

“Oh, I will,” Kim said, holding me and rocking me gently.

“But first,” she said, pulling away a bit.

Not having that contact with her hurt -- the hunger and emptiness coming back.

She smiled and touched my forehead, whispering something. I sighed and slipped back into the fog.

“But first,” she repeated, “we need to attend to Her. She is waiting for us.”

She led me down the hall, down, down, down.

FIN

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