



The Zen of Passion

By

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Disguised with a floppy sun hat and sunglasses that didn't match her power suit from work, Angela gripped her briefcase and stood facing a weathered door with blistered yellow paint.

She wasn't about to be recognized entering a run-down shop that displayed the sign, "*Érotique*, Fortune Teller of Passion & Love."

In fact, Angela was mad at herself for even agreeing to come. Now that she'd finally caught up on multiple marketing projects at the advertising agency, she should have gone to a movie, or done something to relax. But at her last outing with the girls, her best friend, Jeanette, had sworn--after a "reading" by *Érotique*--that her love life had gone from sorry to sizzling.

Usually, with a spare day, Angela would have poured it into the job, working her butt off to stay on fast track for promotion. But with Jeanette swearing on her mother's grave about her rejuvenated love life, Angela had two reasons for coming. First, Jeanette didn't bullshit. Second, Angela had been immersed so deeply in the advertising agency, that she hadn't been laid in who knows how long, let alone had any sex that truly satisfied her.

She took a deep breath and then blew it out. When she reached for the brass doorbell, a woman's deep voice said, "Come in. The door, she is open."

Angela hesitated, then opened the door, which creaked loudly, and looked without stepping inside. What greeted her was a tiny room lit by flickering candles that cast shadows from the ebony-skinned woman who sat at a small circular table. The woman wore a peasant blouse and an ankle-length skirt covered with intricate swirling patterns. Mostly, though, what Angela noticed was the woman's air of confidence.

"Your name," said the woman, with a Caribbean lilt, "I see that it begins with an A."

All business, Angela sat down. "That doesn't impress me. You'd better give this your best shot."

The woman smiled slowly, a deep chuckle building in her chest. "Feisty, yes? Very feisty."

Angela opened her purse. "Shall we cut to the chase? How much?"

The woman canted her head. "For others, five dollars. For you, nothing."

Angela snapped her purse shut. "Then how am I to believe your services are worth anything? Including my time, which I only have so much of."

The woman said, "Yes...of course. You're in a hurry." She reached out. "Give me your hand and I'll be quick."

Slightly embarrassed, but determined not to back down, Angela did as she asked.

To her surprise, Angela felt a slight jolt when their hands touched. Then the woman placed one hand on each side of hers.

"Not that you care," said the woman, "but my name is *Érotique*."

The woman leaned forward, meeting Jeanette's gaze, and suddenly Angela felt as if she were falling--then suddenly surrounded by a blanket of darkness that--somehow--gave her a sense of comfort and safety.

"Be not afraid."

Almost against her will, Angela relaxed. Then fragments of her life began to run through her mind. She glimpsed her grandmother, Consuelo, cooking *Carnitas* in a small kitchen, filling it with the aromas of pork, cilantro and onion...then saw her older brother on the used bike he had first ridden, then handed down to her...then she viewed herself as a plump little girl, growing, as her baby fat melting away, leaving her with golden skin and plenty of curves as she became a teenager, eager to date, but with her parents always cautious about who she could see.

She saw herself maturing, filling out with stunning breasts, narrow hips and a beautiful face framed by long, raven-black hair. Then quick images of every man she had ever made love to, starting with Juan Alvarez in junior high school, and ending with David Barton, from human resources at the ad agency, who wanted to be so very discreet about their time together, that she knew his true feelings. She was just sex for him in private--nothing that made him proud in public. So she had broken it off six months ago, once she passed probation, and had promptly "married herself" to the job--not wanting the additional pressure of a relationship while she tried to get ahead at the ad agency.

"But there 'tis a price you pay," said *Érotique*, "for being in such a hurry."

Her words startled Angela, ending her trance-like state.

"Even with your ambition," added *Érotique*, "that's no reason to give up da love life. Or to abandon your own satisfaction."

Angela wanted to pull her hand free, but *Érotique* held it firmly.

"My prediction," said *Érotique*, "is this. The longer it takes, the more you will be satisfied. Especially in matters of the heart."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I said. *The longer it takes, the more you will be satisfied.*"

Angela found herself wanting to hear more. When *Érotique* didn't continue, she said, "That's it? My whole life's about hustling to advance in my career, and you're telling me to slow down?"

"Try to relax. Don't let your ambition blind you to the happiness that awaits you." With that, she released Angela's hand and stood, gesturing for her to leave.

Surprised by the memories she had experienced but disappointed with *Érotique*'s prediction, Angela left. She drove home, already putting the fortune teller and her prediction out of her mind. Instead, she focused on packing for the seminar she was to attend the next day in Taos, New Mexico. There, she was supposed to receive training, paid for by her employer, which would assess her management potential.

After packing, Angela sat on her porch smelling the neighborhood gardenias, which were plentiful in Atlanta. What, she wondered, would Taos be like?

She turned in early, slept without dreaming, and made it to the airport the next morning, making sure that she was early--not wanting anything to interfere with her chance to advance her career by taking this training.

During the flight, Angela reviewed her employer's training manuals, as well as the book her boss had given her, titled, *The Art of War*, by Sun Tzu. It was a fascinating book, written over two thousand years ago in China by a mastermind of strategy and war. It had a lot to say about the need for discipline and sacrifice if battles were to be won. Angela took that to mean, plan to win some fierce battles if you expect your business to come out on top. As such, she expected the seminar to test her capacity for competition, discipline and sacrifice, with her level of competence reported to her employer. In short, she felt her future was at stake and was determined to score well in every test or exercise she was given.

When her plane landed it was past midnight and a cab with a Navajo driver delivered her to the Running Water Resort. It was far out in the desert, standing by itself. From the garden lights at the entrance and its grand lobby, it conveyed an exquisite simplicity that showed a respect for nature and culture.

She was so tired by the time she unpacked and got in bed, that it was a struggle to remember what she'd read on the flight to New Mexico.

She fell into a deep but uneasy sleep. Not once did she think of the fortune teller or what she had predicted.

* * * *

The front desk phoned Angela at six, reminding her that her seminar began promptly at 7:30 a.m.

Angela rushed to get ready, grabbing a shower, picking out her best power suit to wear, and took extra care applying her makeup. Also, she chose her most expensive perfume--*Lotus Blossom*--to apply, because she didn't want to sacrifice her femininity to ambition. In the corporate world, she knew that successful women had to embrace that kind of duality. Each side had to be present, without overpowering the other--the feminine *and* the professional.

From the courtesy tray in the lobby, she grabbed a cup of coffee and a scone, which she downed quickly. Feeling nervous, she used the rest room to recheck her make up, then hurried through the lobby toward the sign that read, *Seminars*, followed by an arrow.

In her haste, she failed to notice that the sign indicated "seminars," *plural*. Because of that, when she got to the first fork in the hallway that exited the lobby, she didn't realize that the business seminar, *Conquer and Win*, which she was supposed to attend, was further down in the left hallway. Instead, looking down the right hallway, she noticed and approached the table with a sign that read *register here*, next to open double-doors.

What she couldn't tell, was that the opened doors concealed a sign that read, *One-Day Tantric Training for Sexual Therapists*.

An Asian woman wearing horn-rimmed glasses seated at the registration desk said to Angela, "Go in. It's starting. You can do the paperwork when you've completed the course."

Nodding her thanks, Angela hurried inside, finding only a dozen attendees who sat in a row behind narrow tables. They were being addressed by a stern-faced blonde in a Navy blue blazer at the front of the room, who was saying, "...and with that in mind, it gives me great pleasure to introduce Sensei Soo Chin Lau."

Everyone applauded, with Angela joining in as she sized up the other attendees. It was close to an equal split between men and women, with many of them near her age. To her surprise, most of them looked fit *and* attractive--a combination she wasn't used to seeing that often in the business world.

At the front of the room, a thin, short Chinese man stepped into view, wearing a tunic and pants made of green silk, along with lightweight black shoes that resembled ballet slippers.

Angela smiled. Possibly the gentleman's costume meant the presenters would discuss Sun Tzu's *The Art of War*. She wondered if he was going to discuss its history before getting down to competition in today's business world.

"Greetings," said Soo Chin Lau. Slowly, he bowed to the attendees, then pressed his palms and fingertips together. "What we respect, we can learn. What we learn, we can practice." He paused. "I welcome all of you and hope that your experience here is one of great personal discovery."

Everyone applauded so vigorously that Angela assumed the man was a leader in his field.

"Also," said Soo Chin Lau, "don't expect to trade many words today. As usual, our training will come from the encounter...the event that teaches us...that helps us to see clearly who you are and what talents you have."

With that, he bowed, then left to more applause as the stern woman in the blazer returned, saying, "You have a full twenty four hours ahead of you. So please, everyone, pass through the door to my left, into the garden, where you should move about, walking past all of the personal

trainers. When you find one you feel good about, stand in front of that trainer. You will be one-on-one for the next twenty four hours with whichever trainer you chose. And, of course, women attendees please choose male trainers, and men, choose female trainers.”

With that, she left and Angela got in line, moving forward with the others, wondering about the pairing of men and women. Also, she recalled the woman’s reference to “the next twenty four hours.” Was this going to be round-the-clock to test everyone’s stamina and determination? Maybe a boot camp type of training?

Standing at the end of the line, Angela was the last one to pass through the door into a spacious but sparse outdoor garden beneath a fierce blue sky. Mostly, the garden was an expanse of hard-packed sand, carefully raked into decorative patterns that were divided by clusters of boulders and a narrow stream bordered by smaller stones. The combined effect reminded her of photos she had seen of Zen gardens in Buddhist temples.

Spaced equidistant at the outer perimeter of the circular garden, facing inward, were the trainers. They were dressed in green silk tunics and pants, and were all Asian--Chinese from what she could tell.

Again, with Angela being the last in line, most of the trainers had been taken by the time she and one other woman tried to decide. Of the two remaining male trainers, one was very tall and reed thin, and the other just a little taller than Angela, with a shaved head, broad shoulders, and the compact build of a gymnast. Not wanting to be seen as indecisive, Angela walked very quickly, beating the other woman to the stronger looking trainer.

The other woman blinked in surprise, but Angela offered no apology, and the other lady backed off, going to the tall trainer.

All the other trainees and trainers seemed to be sizing each other up, so Angela did the same. She squared her shoulders, determined to convey that she was skilled and ambitious. As she faced her trainer, trying to radiate an air of confidence, she couldn’t help noticing the mix of feelings his presence triggered in her. He was handsome and seemed to be forceful, but also remarkably sensitive. That was an unusual combination of traits, so she tried to decide what made him seem that way. Maybe it was the depth of his almond-shaped eyes, which were black, and seemed to stir her curiosity. Or perhaps it was his long slender fingers, which seemed at odds with the obvious strength of his forearms, biceps, and broad shoulders.

He bowed slightly, saying, “My name is Yao Tsen. I am here to serve you.”

Angela debated bowing but decided it wasn’t part of her culture and might be seen as brown-nosing.

“Angela Martinez,” she answered, extending her hand.

“Ahhh,” said Yao. “The first touch...so very important.” He took her hand in both of his but didn’t clasp her hand as much as shift his hands, so that she could feel his skin rubbing against hers.

Surprised by the nature of Yao’s touch, Angela wondered what he intended.

Yao released her hand gently, taking in the full sight of her--with black silky hair that fell to her waist, rich brown eyes, and sensuous lips that almost kept him from looking at the luscious curves of her body, nearly hidden beneath the tailored blazer and business skirt she wore.

On the outside, he saw a show of strength and determination. But in her eyes, he saw something else. Curiosity, possibly, and a hint of doubt.

Angela resisted the urge to ask more questions, knowing that speaking first was often interpreted as a sign of insecurity or weakness.

The other attendees and trainers walked off, chatting quietly, but Yao stood before her,

radiating a sense of calm that seemed to transcend the whole issue of confidence.

Finally, Angela said, "Are we getting behind schedule?"

He smiled, ever so slightly. "Time and energy are relative. From a deep peace, comes great strength and wonderful energy...also a heightening of the senses that is quite stimulating."

She forced herself to smile, hoping that this entire seminar wasn't going to end up sounding like predictions pulled from fortune cookies.

"Come this way," he said, heading toward the woman in horn-rimmed glasses, who had staffed the hallway registration.

The woman held up a clipboard, saying to Angela, "Please initial this liability waver and follow me into the changing room."

"Changing room?" said Angela.

"Yes. We'll be locking up your clothes, cell phones, pagers, and any valuables, to be returned to you at the completion of the seminar."

Angela nodded, determined not to let anything phase her. But she couldn't help wondering what the change in clothes involved. Again, she thought of the book her company had given her to read, *The Art of War*, by Sun Tzu. Maybe a military uniform would be issued to her--like fatigues and combat boots. Then maybe they'd rip through some competitive exercises, like rock climbing, or shooting paint-balls at each other.

Angela followed the woman into a locker room, where the woman gestured at a lovely green silk robe and slippers inside an open locker. "Put that on and leave all of your clothes and valuables inside the locker." She held up a key with a tag on it. "Sign your name on this and use it to secure your locker. All keys will be kept in the hotel safe."

Angela blinked. "When you say *all* clothes, I don't suppose...."

"Yes," she said. "Lingerie as well. *Everything*. I'll wait on the other side of this privacy screen."

She stepped around a translucent screen, and Angela could see her fold her arms...obviously waiting.

Well, thought Angela, this is the first test. Some kind of blink test to see who's got plenty of nerve and who doesn't. Shaking her head, Angela decided it wouldn't be her who blinked first.

Within a minute, her clothes and personal effects were locked up and she handed the key to the woman, who led her through the garden to one of several adobe cabins. "Go inside," she told Angela, "and good luck." With that she departed.

Angela stood there, facing the entrance as a warm morning breeze tugged at her silken robe, reminding her that she was nude underneath it. She cinched the robe's belt tighter, and beneath the morning sun, could smell sage from the surrounding brush. She also felt the heat from the flagstone walk beneath her feet, radiating up through her thin slippers. Then she smelled something else--the odor of citrus blended with something sweet, like jasmine, coming from the adobe cabin in front of her, which stood two hundred feet away from the nearest cabins on either side. She noticed that the cabin had high, narrow windows on all sides--as did the other cabins--the windows were too high for anyone standing outside to see into the cabin.

Angela drew herself up, determined not to fail at any task set before her, and knocked firmly on the door.

"Come in," said the voice of Yao Tsen.

She entered the adobe cabin and discovered a large single room without any traditional furniture, and Yao Tsen sitting cross-legged in the center of the floor, in the lotus position, wearing a green silk robe that matched hers.

Off to her right, a bathroom held a toilet, sink, and shower.

Along the walls, there were only the high narrow windows, which guaranteed privacy, but let the desert sunlight pour in, filling the cabin with a soft but radiant illumination.

"Take your time," he said. "Acquaint yourself with this space."

Off to her left, she saw a good-sized hot tub, framed with redwood staves. To her right was a large futon.

Directly in front of her sat Yao Tsen. Behind him was a clutter of things. The tallest was a pedestal of some sort, holding candles and paper-wrapped packages. It also held a burning incense stick that gave off the aroma of citrus and jasmine. Next to the pedestal, she saw what looked like a low table on wheels with a hole cut through one end of it and a few white towels stacked on the other end. Then, behind the table, a door.

She took a deep breath, closed the cabin door behind her, and faced Yao Tsen, who seemed completely at ease. Again, she waited for him to make the first move. But she was prepared to punch him if he tried to grope her or look beneath her robe.

Yao was puzzled by Angela's behavior. She seemed curious, but at the same time hostile--despite the previous training and certifications she would have needed to obtain to serve as a sex therapist or sexual surrogate. And all of that training would have been required before she could sign up for this seminar. Still, he decided to proceed with grace and caution. Indeed, he might have to improvise if the normal range of exercises were to be conducted with her in the allotted twenty four hours.

"Are you shy?" he asked.

She felt her cheeks burn but answered, "No more than the next person."

He nodded, but her tone suggested great conflict.

As soon as she claimed not to be shy, she became aware of the robe's slick texture of silk against her nipples and couldn't help glancing at his lap to look for any sign of arousal on his part.

"Perhaps," he said, "it is best to ease into things." He opened his arms, encompassing the whole room. Find a place where you are comfortable to sit and observe."

She debated where to sit. The futon offered the only real comfort, but that might suggest her availability. And the hot tub would require taking her robe off, so that was out. And the wheeled cot or low table, or whatever it was, looked odd. It even had metal rails, lengthwise, with what looked like a sliding stirrup on each side.

"I'll sit right here," she said, "by the door." She figured at least that way, if he got fresh, she'd have an escape route.

"Very good," he said. "Quite direct."

To avoid exposing herself if the robe opened or rose up her legs, she sat down slowly by kneeling, tucking her feet beneath her, then the ends of the robe beneath her knees.

Sensing her tension, he realized it might be a challenge to instruct her and assess her talents.

"I will put on a blindfold," he said, "and warm up."

"Warm up?"

"I cannot assess energy or offer healing energy if I am not in tune with myself. Above all, that requires balance and sensitivity."

In a single, graceful motion, he stood up, took a few steps, and reached into the box behind him, removing a black silk scarf.

It was long enough that he was able to wrap it around his head twice and wide enough that she was sure it blocked his vision.

He cinched it tight and tied it off, then moved to the center of the floor. He stood facing her squarely, then slid one foot forward at a forty-five degree angle, and raised his hands waist-high just in front of him, with his palms pressed together. Then he began to move through a series of stances, changing the position of his body as he glided from one stance to the next. Quickly, she recognized his movements as the practice of Tai Chi.

Although it was very graceful, she had no doubt as to the strength it required, moving so slowly and with such balance. With the first few moves, he reached high with both arms, sometimes balancing on one leg, and she couldn't help watching his robe as it opened slightly above and below his belt. The open gaps revealed a hairless chest, glimpses of his muscled calves, and a hint of powerful thighs.

She nodded to herself, thinking he had first struck her as having the finesse and coordination of a gymnast. Now, as he glided through additional stances, she had a further sense of his calmness, which seemed to contradict the strength and force it would take to hold such challenging poses.

As she thought that, he extended one leg straight out, and dipped low, in a deep lunge that he made look easy. By now, he was covered with a fine sheen of perspiration and his robe had loosened further at the waist and began to open.

She couldn't help peering at his waist, seeing his navel and washboard hard muscles. Then, as the lower half of his robe opened further, she saw the head of his cock, flushed pink with a hint of purple.

She took a breath, calculating where it began beneath his robe and had to admit that his cock's estimated length was quite pleasing, even without him being aroused.

Now he shifted, touching the floor with the sole of the extended leg and rocked into a deeper crouch on both legs, one forward and one back while he curved his fingers as if they were claws, making slow motion swipes through the air--demonstrating a perfect blend of power and grace.

Finally, he faced her squarely, in what she knew to be the "horse stance," which meant his legs were spread wide, as if straddling a horse, and his robe fell open completely, revealing chiseled muscles and only a fine trail of hair, traveling from his navel to a glorious cock with shaved balls.

She felt the breath catch in her throat. She stared at him, grateful that he couldn't see her, thanks to his blindfold.

As he held the pose and breathed deeply, she couldn't help imagining what it would be like to have him sink inside her. Biting her lip, she reached up and massaged her nipples through the thin silk of her robe, feeling them harden.

Now--keeping his feet planted, spread the width of his shoulders, he leaned back, arching quickly, and was flexible enough to place his palms on the floor a yard behind his feet as he looked skyward, holding a pose she'd seen a few wrestlers do, which they called a "bridge."

He was breathing deeply, but not panting, as she stared at his cock. It was so tempting and arousing, but she hesitated, even with him blindfolded. Then she drew a deep breath and used one of her hands, parting her robe, and reached down to stroke her pussy, which was already damp with desire.

"Being in harmony," he said softly, "is so important."

She froze, not moving her hand, prepared to quickly close her robe.

"First," he said, "in harmony with yourself. Then with another." He spoke without strain, as if he were settling into a comfortable pose, despite the strength his contorted position had to require.

Since he didn't move and his blindfold was in place, she held her breath, but rubbed her pussy lips, fighting off the urge to groan in pleasure, or at least sigh. Then she slipped a finger inside and closed her eyes, breathing deeply, wishing it was a cock like his, instead of her finger, despite the pleasure her finger produced.

When she opened her eyes, he said, "Harmony with another is a blissful experience. One that awaits us if we clear our mind and let our bodies communicate."

Staring at his cock, seduced by his soft voice, she shifted to a lotus position, knees apart, and began to massage her clit.

As she did so, his cock thickened and began to rise.

"Harmony," he added, "is a wonderful gift."

She took deeper breaths and increased the pressure and speed of her massage, feeling her clit begin to swell. Then her breathing began to accelerate and she had to take shallow breaths, so that he wouldn't hear her.

She felt a honeyed warmth began to flow through her core, then arched her back when a delicious shiver ran through her pussy. As she did this, Yao increased the severity of his backward arch, pushing his cock higher, into a full erection, and it began to bob slightly.

Captivated by the sight of his sex, she took her other hand and began to massage one of her nipples, pinching it, feeling little sparks of pleasure that competed with the tremors building deep inside her.

At the tip of his cock, she could swear that she saw the first drops of cum, and his balls seemed to swell slightly.

Her pussy clenched, sending waves of pleasure through her, and she realized that she had turned lightheaded from holding her breath, waiting for her release to come.

At that instant, a plume of jism shot from the tip of Yao's cock, and a spasm of delight so powerful that it was agony, rolled through her, shaking her like an earthquake.

Then, just as suddenly, she felt the jolt of an unexpected release--of all tension escaping her body.

Even in her lotus position, she all but collapsed, breathing hard now, unable to disguise it as Yao's posture in his wrestler's bridge sagged slightly, and then his rigid cock began to lower itself, until after a moment, it was limp, but remained substantial in its length and thickness.

As she hurried to rearrange her robe, he managed to stand upright from his bridge, then to turn around, closing his robe and tying it off--all the while still blindfolded.

With his back to her, he spoke softly, saying, "What did you observe?"

"Tai Chi?"

"Yes...but more specifically?"

She struggled to recall portions of a TV show she had seen--a documentary on the stances assumed by Tai Chi practitioners. Guessing, she said, "Wasn't one of your stances 'White Crane Spreads its Wings?'"

"Close. That was the 'Wings of Love,' followed by the 'Claws of Passion,' and the 'Serpent of Desire.'"

"Oh." Yes, she thought. I saw the serpent, all right.

He waited a moment, then asked, "Did you draw any conclusions from this first exercise?"

Hesitating, and glad that he'd been blindfolded, she said, "I'm not sure, Mr. Tsen."

"Please, call me Yao, if I may call you Angela."

"Of course."

"Well, then, Angela, how about this? 'Harmony begins with empathy?'"

Flustered, completely unsure of what to say, she answered, "That makes sense."

After a moment, still blindfolded, he walked to her left, toward the hot tub. He seemed to sense where it was and placed his hand on its rim, then dipped his hand in the water.

"Your tension is gone," he said.

Blushing, she said, "It is."

He nodded. "Harmony is a powerful gift."

She listened, hearing the sound of her own breathing return to normal, and a slight ticking noise...perhaps the adobe or the cabin's timbers, expanding in the heat of the rising sun.

"Will you join me?" he asked, running his hand through the water in the hot tub.

Despite his bizarre, erotic performance, she had the strange feeling that she could trust him. Still, she wasn't sure what any of this meant and was worried about her future with her company based on how this trainer rated her management potential.

"What will that accomplish," she said, "getting in a hot tub?"

"Water," he said, "makes us lighter. And the same for our burdens, troubles, or disappointments."

"If you say so."

"Would you rather I stay blindfolded?"

She stood up, judging the size of the hot tub to be ten feet across, so they certainly wouldn't be on top of each other. Besides, she didn't feel like she could afford to show any weakness or hesitation.

"Just let me get in first," she said. "Then take off your blindfold."

He smiled and nodded. "As you wish, Angela."

Still blindfolded, he heard her bare feet pad across the wooden floor, then felt a ripple in the air as she dropped her robe. A moment later, he heard the creak of the short wooden steps when she climbed up, then a splash as she dropped into the hot tub, sending a fine mist of water in his direction.

But what he noticed most of all, was the wonderful musky aroma of her sex, blended with the perfume she was wearing--which he found to be an intoxicating combination.

In consideration of her modesty, and in an effort to demonstrate harmonious behavior, he said, "Now if you'll close your eyes, I will get in."

Surprised--after his erotic tai chi performance--at what sounded like sincere modesty, she shut her eyes and said, "Go ahead."

He pulled off his blindfold, removed his robe, and climbed the steps on his side of the tub, then looked at her from above, sitting on the deepest bench in the hot tub, so that the water rose to her collarbone. But the water, even as it rippled from her recent entry, couldn't hide her submerged but lovely breasts, with nipples that rose to a beautiful peak.

For a second, he felt the slight rise in his cock and scolded himself. This was all to be in service of another. All for the benefit of the trainee. He took a deep breath and regained his focus. Then eased himself down into the warm water.

She told herself that she shouldn't relax, sitting naked in a hot tub with a complete stranger, but something about the courtesy he had extended seemed to put her at ease. Then, smiling--still with her eyes closed--she sensed something else and said, "Have you seen enough?"

"Yes," he admitted.

She opened her eyes, meeting his gaze, which was peaceful as he offered a quiet smile without any hint of arousal. And that confused her. How could he have been so worked up, erupting like a volcano only a moment ago, and now so at ease? Even though she had climaxed,

she still felt the afterglow of it, which the warmth of the hot tub seemed to increase.

Then she remembered the original reason she'd been sent to the seminar. To test her management potential. She cleared her throat. "What's next?"

Instead of answering, he closed his eyes and spoke slowly. "Does there have to be...I think what you call, 'the agenda?' Is there always a rigid order, as to what comes first, then next?"

Angela paused, wondering if this was a trick question. Obviously, when more than one person was involved, agendas could help to focus everyone's thinking. And that could lead to increased efficiency. She watched him slowly lift his arms out of the water, reach to his sides, and rest them on the rim of the hot tub. He leaned his head back with his eyes still closed, appearing totally at ease.

She found herself staring at the definition of his arm muscles, which had so little fat that she could see his surface veins, and how one muscle bordered another, like his triceps and biceps. Everything about him looked at ease, yet capable of such strength. Then, unable to help herself, she peered down into the water, looking at his cock, which the water helped to buoy upwards.

She sighed and closed her eyes, scolding herself. *He asked you a question as part of the training. He expects you to answer!*

Inspired, she said, "What if spontaneity or creativity is the issue? If they're needed, an agenda might suppress..."

His eyes opened and leaned forward. "Yes? Might suppress what?"

She had the impulse to move forward and meet him in the middle of the hot tub. Gripping the sides of the tub, restraining herself, she said, "Maybe an agenda would suppress our *instincts*?"

He smiled. "Very good. And what do you think might promote the use of our instincts?"

She bit her lip, wondering what it would feel like to embrace him.

"Angela?"

"Sorry. I'm not sure."

He nodded. "Then let's conduct a little exercise that might help. I will provide the voice of reason, guiding you with clear instructions. Your task, however, will be to respond with instinct alone. Is that clear?"

She nodded, relieved to have him guiding her instead of leaving her out on a limb where she had to guess at what was expected.

"However," he added, "this won't work unless you trust me. And to build your trust, I want you to understand that whatever I suggest is voluntary...simply suggestions that might help you respond on an instinctive level. So please tell me to stop at any point that you wish. Understood?"

His voice was so sincere and reassuring that she couldn't help feeling safe with the man, despite their preposterous circumstances. So she nodded. "Yes, Yao, I understand."

"Good."

He used one hand, directly in front of him to skim the surface of the water, making a small circular motion that sent ripples toward her. "Now, in the same sense that you have decided to trust me, I want you to trust the water."

"The water?"

"Yes. The water has certain natural qualities. But these benefits will be experienced only if you relax." As he said this, he focused his gaze on her hands, which he saw were gripping the rim of the hot tub--almost as if to hold her lower in the water, hidden from his view. Was she trying to stay strictly in her mind, hoping to understand the logic of his training? She was so

different from all the other pupils he had trained. She seemed hesitant, but also had these reserves of energy that felt very sexual, like an erotic explosion waiting to happen.

"If you let the water be in charge," he said, "what will happen?"

"What do you mean, 'be in charge?'"

"I mean, if you stop resisting the water's natural qualities."

Embarrassed, she realized she was gripping the rim of the hot tub to hold herself down, so that the water now reached to her chin. Eager to demonstrate her ability to explore new concepts and ideas, she let go of the hot tub. As a result, she drifted upward, so that the water barely hid her nipples.

"Good. Now close your eyes and quiet your mind. Let your body answer when I ask for an instinctive response."

She felt further embarrassment at the image that came to mind, of her body providing an instinctive response...because what she briefly imagined was him stretched out on his back, with her riding his cock, savoring the length of it as it drove deep inside her.

"All right, Angela," he said. "Relax so that the water supports you."

She felt herself rise a bit further in the water, then decided to imitate the pose he had taken a few moments ago. She put her arms out to her side, resting atop the rim of the hot tub, instead of gripping it. Then she let her head lean back, finding the rim to support it. Next, she concentrated on the warmth of the water.

Her feet and then her legs drifted forward and upward...a response, she realized, to her upper body leaning back. This was simply her body, finding a new point of balance. But then the buoyancy of the water took over, and she felt her lower body rising further.

"Very good," he said softly. "Trust the water. Let it have its way."

Her lower body continued to rise, which eased her head further back, and then her entire body surfaced. She felt a soft breeze across her breasts and abdomen, and the tops of her thighs. It was a delightful sensation, but also arousing, like having her nipples caressed with a feather. She felt herself blush, knowing that her nipples had begun to harden. Clearly this was something Yao could see. Knowing that triggered a soft wave of heat that ran through her.

Yao looked at her, finally at ease with herself. As she reclined and floated, it was impossible not to feel a sexual stirring. To restrain himself, he concentrated on his hands, putting them underwater and making small motions that sent underwater waves toward her, even as he observed her breasts rising above the water. Almost as if she were offering them. And where her stomach sloped downward from her navel, submerged only inches below the water, he focused on her delicate bush, with tendrils of hair drifting as his underwater waves ruffled them. And, of course, he also saw the wonderful lips of her pussy, which the heat of the water had no doubt relaxed, so that they parted slightly, offering a hint of the paradise they contained.

With her eyes still closed, she almost laughed. Here she was, nude, floating directly in front of him, and her instincts suggested that his eyes were examining every inch of her. Also, she had the definite impression that he was savoring what he saw.

"Your smile," he said, "is very captivating. One of your best features."

She bit her lip, realizing that she enjoyed the prospect of being viewed by this man--of being nude beneath his gaze. Then something else occurred to her.

As she pictured herself, outstretched in the water, with him sitting on the other side of the tub, she wondered how close she was to touching him with her toes. She tried to picture the distance between them. Was it a foot? Or mere inches?

"Now," he said, "can you trust the water completely?"

“What do you mean?”

“Can you.... Wait. I forget to ask. Are you a swimmer, Angela? Can you swim?”

“Yes.”

“So you’re not afraid of floating? Of just being in the water?”

“No. I hadn’t thought about it that way, but no. I don’t mind being in the water.”

“Good. In that case, I want you to ease your arms and hands off the edges of the hot tub. Just float.”

She hesitated.

“Float in the same posture that you’re already in, with your arms out to your sides for balance, and you’ll do fine.”

Wanting to touch him, thinking this might close the distance between them, she eased into the water. For a moment, she sunk lower, then rose back up, feeling the air on her face. Then she felt like she was losing her balance, about to roll over.

“Relax,” Yao said. “I’ve got you.”

She felt a wave, through the water, then the palm of his hand, supporting her at the small of her back, gently lifting her. Then she relaxed again, realizing that he was standing beside her.

After a moment, she decided she needed to draw him out a bit more, to see how she was doing in this “exercise”...whatever it was.

So now she went limp like a rag doll, which caused the back of her head and her feet to dip a little lower in the water. Immediately, she felt the gentle pressure of his hand against the small of her back, lifting her again, but just enough to keep her from sinking.

Looking down at her, he saw a small smile cross her face. “Your trust is strong,” he said. “Very good.”

As she let the water and his hand support her, without any effort at controlling her body, she realized that there was no tension in her legs, and that their natural response to the water, was to drift wider. At which point she realized she was completely exposed, as if offering herself to him, and she felt a warm flush, not only in her cheeks, but in her loins.

He saw the shift in her legs, then the color in her cheeks. Involuntarily, he understood what she realized, and he couldn’t help looking at the exposed lips of her pussy, which were pleasantly swollen.

As he felt himself thicken and watched his cock lengthen in the water, he wondered how much of his response was from a natural attraction between them. That worried him, because as a trainer, his job was to awaken her body, not to form any personal attachments. He was only to be in the moment and never to look beyond that with any personal expectations.

“I’m going to let go,” he said softly. “Try to balance on your own...to be at peace with yourself.”

“What if my balance is bad?”

He kept his hand in place. “Well, I’m here, and I won’t let you sink. Simply reach out. Sometimes, just a touch is enough to keep you afloat. You decide.”

He seemed so neutral about the whole situation that it began to bother her. Yes, she was grateful that he wasn’t taking advantage, or assuming that there was some attraction between them. But still...for him to not offer even a hint of desire? Was that his intent when he had mentioned her smile? To suggest that her body held no interest for him?

“Are you ready?” he asked.

“Okay,” she said and felt the touch of his hand leave her lower back.

She adjusted her position, moving her arms and legs a little, and was able to keep her

balance. Then she decided to test him.

First, she pictured where he was standing, just to the side of her waist, and used her hand on the opposite side, cupping it and pulling against the water so that she began to dip to that side, as if she were about to roll over in that direction.

Pretending to panic, she reached out on the other side, instinctively, expecting to find his hip or waist. But that wasn't what her hand closed around.

Watching her start to tip, ready to help her, he was taken by surprise when her nearest hand closed around his cock, then tugged gently, using it like a rope that ran from his body to hers, using it to right herself in the water. Then--without letting go--she drifted closer to his side.

He swallowed, forcing himself to hold still, and closed his eyes, enjoying the touch and gentle pressure of her hand, which was exquisite. Then, involuntarily, he felt his shaft thicken and lengthen.

Eyes closed, she felt the growth of his cock, and couldn't resist responding with a gentle squeeze, then another.

He felt a shudder of pleasure run through him, but kept his eyes shut, willing himself not to react. Not to alter her experience. As the trainee, she was to determine the outcome of this exercise, not him. It was her will, not his, which had to shape and guide her entire experience of trust. His role was simply to accept and accommodate. Not to choose for her, or to refuse any action on her part. His responsibility was to demonstrate to her the role of a sexual therapist and surrogate in making the client feel totally safe.

But the gentle squeezing of her hand was driving him to distraction, making him want to increase the friction on his cock by at least rocking his hips forward and back. Locking his knees to remain immobile, he squeezed his eyes shut and bit his lip.

Delighted by the swelling of his cock, and bursting with curiosity, she couldn't resist taking a peek to see his expression.

As she opened her eyes the barest amount, she saw that his eyes were squeezed shut and that he was biting his lip. Was he as turned on as she was? She decided to find out.

Gently, she alternated between applying, then releasing the gentle pressure of her grip on his cock, settling into a rhythm of squeezing that quickly made his cock turn completely rigid. Rock hard.

Now he leaned back slightly and closed his hands into fists, because it was taking a tremendous effort to hold still.

Smiling now, realizing the effect that she was having on him, she kept on squeezing, closed her eyes, and asked a question.

"This matter of trust," she said, seeing only darkness.

"Yes?" His voice had turned husky.

"Yao, does that mean if I ask for your help with something, you'll do it?"

"Of course."

"Then keep your eyes closed." She squeezed a little harder on his cock.

"Pardon?"

"Your eyes. Keep them closed." She heard a small sound in his throat, then a release of air, as if he'd been holding his breath.

"All right," he said.

She opened her eyes, saw that his eyes were still shut, and that he was taking deep but even breaths.

"Don't move," she said, and without releasing his cock, she slowly turned in the water,

dropping her legs so that her feet touched the bottom. Then she knelt, which put her higher in the water than on the bench, so that her breasts cleared the water, and her arm angled down into the water, where she kept hold of his cock.

"Answer my questions," she said, "but speak *only* when I ask you to."

He nodded.

She held onto his cock now, without squeezing, and slipped her other hand forward, beneath his balls, which she began to stroke with the barest contact of her fingertips.

He groaned and bowed his head as she felt his cock swell further in her hand.

"Is that good?" she asked.

"Very," he managed to say.

Now, cupping his balls in one hand, she lightened her grip on his cock and lightly slid her other hand back and forth along his shaft.

He made another sound, deep in his throat.

She looked down in the water and saw that there were benches behind him at different depths. "Reach back," she said, "with your foot or hand, and find a bench that will make you...." She paused, judging that his cock was about two inches under water, and her mouth about ten inches above water. "Find a step," she continued, "that will let you stand a foot higher in the water. Can you do that with your eyes closed?"

"Yes. My sense of balance is excellent."

She loosed her grip and moved her hand with him, keeping contact with his cock as he backed up, then reached back with one foot, choosing a bench.

As he selected the bench and stood up on it, he felt himself rise, then the air--cooler than the water--on his cock, with the warmth of her hand encircling it. Images began to flood his mind, of what he wanted her to do, taking him deep in her mouth. Quickly, he fought to quiet his mind, by picturing the surface of the water inside the hot tub, then listening to the water drip from his cock and the base of his balls, dimpling the surface of the water.

She smiled. His magnificent cock, still in her hand, was dripping water, with the tip of his cock slightly higher than her mouth. She let go for a moment. It bobbed higher and she saw his eyebrows draw together in what? Relief? Disappointment that she wasn't going further?

She decided to find out and took hold of him by the head of his cock and raised the length of his shaft up against the flat, taunt muscles of his abdomen. Then she reached out with her tongue and ran it along the underside of his shaft. She did that a second time and noticed the tremor in his legs.

Smiling, mischievous now, she released his cock and let it drop, but it was so stiff that it fell only partway and bobbed in place.

She used her other hand to drip warm water on the head of his cock, then blew cool air on it.

He groaned out loud.

Wanting to surprise him, she wet her lips, opened wide, then took him whole, as deep as she could, as she wrapped her hands around the back of his thighs.

Eyes closed, surrounded by darkness, his knees almost buckled at the intense pleasure of her taking him in her mouth.

Without meaning to, he unclenched his fists, letting his hands find the back of her head where his fingers slid into her hair.

At his response, she moved her hands higher. Clasping his firm buttocks, she moved her head from side to side, keeping her lips on his shaft, hearing the catch in his breath.

He tilted his head back and began to breathe deeply, astounded at the sharp ache of pleasure

building in his loins, awakened by her exquisite lips and tongue.

She gripped him again, this time further back along his shaft, exposing the head of his cock.

With his hands, he began to stroke her hair, gently, but at the same time, urging her forward, wanting her to take all of him in her mouth.

Instead, she focused solely on the head of his cock, as she watched a drop of pre-cum begin to form.

First, she took the head of his cock and circled it with her tongue, swirling her tongue around it. Then she dabbed at its slit with the tip of her tongue, tasting the sweet saltiness of his cum.

A little more urgently, he pulled her forward, and she responded, grabbing his buttocks as she took him in her mouth, first the head of his cock, then another inch. Then she repeated her forward movement, setting up a rhythm by which she gradually worked him deeper into her mouth--all the while feeling the trembling in his legs and buttocks.

Now she moved one hand to cup his balls as she worked faster, taking him deeper, and he began to thrust.

Unable to restrain himself any longer, he began telling her what he wanted with his body. Moving from his hips, he began to thrust, hungry for the slick wetness, the warmth and the pressure of her lips. But all the while, he imagined himself deep inside her pussy, ready to explode.

His thrusts were powerful, and his excitement, the pure lust of it aroused her even further. Using her fingernails, she raked his buttocks, scratching him, and felt him respond by pumping faster, almost in a frenzy now, going so deep that his balls swung forward with each thrust, slapping her chin.

Her scratching drove him crazy, and he pumped with a fierce rhythm, feeling the ache building in his balls. Then--unable to hold back any longer--he thrust deep and clasped his hands around the back of her head, holding her in place, wanting her hot, slick lips around him as he felt his cock pulse hard, shooting his jism.

She tasted the warmth of his jism and pulled him closer, wanting every drop of his cum as his body shuddered and his cock pulsed, shooting his essence into her mouth and throat.

He felt the total release, then the sudden rise in sensitivity that came with ejaculation, so that the smallest pressure or friction on his cock was enough to send tremors of jagged pleasure ripping through him.

Finally, he felt himself begin to soften, and took a deep breath.

"Please," he said, still holding her, now gently massaging the back of her neck. "Can I open my eyes?"

Looking up, seeing the bliss that seemed to soften his face, she slowly pulled back, inch by inch, tightening her lips as she went, until his cock, now softened, fell free.

"Yes," she whispered.

He stepped off the shelf that had elevated him, and knelt, sinking into the hot tub's water so that they faced each other.

"I am obligated to ask," he said. "Was your trust rewarded? Did you find what you needed?"

"This is my answer." Putting her arms around his neck, she pulled herself higher, until her lips found his and she kissed him deeply, thrusting with her tongue, savoring the delicious warmth of his tongue. Then she refused to break the kiss, breathing only through her nose until she was dizzy, barely able to hold onto him.

He closed his eyes, stunned by the skills of this woman, who was supposed to be only mid-

level in her training as a sex therapist, and her ability to perform as a sexual surrogate.

Gradually, Angela let go of him and rested on her knees, with the space of a few inches between them. Even though she was soaking in the warmth of the tub, she knew that her pussy was wet with her own juices as well, and her heartbeat still hammered from the passion this man has aroused in her.

Staring into her rich brown eyes, he tried to fathom the depths of this woman. Tried to grasp the extent of her sexual talent.

"Now what?" she said, a little bit worried. It was stupid, she knew, what she'd done--making a pass at her trainer. But he had seemed to invite it, and now she hoped he wouldn't hold that against her.

He took a breath and tried to gather himself, to return to the role of trainer.

"Trust," he said, "allows reciprocation."

She tried to fathom where this was headed. Was this a prelude to a business discussion about the dynamics of partnerships? Or possibly, negotiating skills?

"Please lean back," he said, "hook your arms on the edges of the tub, and allow the rest of your body to float."

Anxious to know what he had in mind, she did as he asked, squatting to get low in the water, then hooking her arms on the tub, which allowed her legs--as she relaxed--to float to the surface.

She watched him kneel, just beyond her feet. Then he reached out, gently parting her legs.

Oh god, she thought, and closed her eyes, hoping she had figured out what he meant by reciprocation.

He watched her lean back, closing her eyes, as her legs opened, revealing the slit of her pussy, with her lips already swollen. He licked his lips, anxious to taste her, then had to admonish himself. As the trainer, he was supposed to give freely, and not to attach himself or to act on his personal needs. All of this was to be in the spirit of giving, which he knew was the best basis for training.

Easing forward, parting her legs further, he sunk lower in the water and leaned closer, then cupped his hands beneath her buttocks, and gently lifted her so that her pussy rose above the water. He inhaled her scent, pleased that the water hadn't diluted her aroma. Then, gently, with the tip of his tongue, he licked her pussy from bottom to top, tasting her bittersweet honey, then did it again.

She shivered. Her desire fluttered, then flared while he licked her pussy. Then, as he kept licking, waves of pleasure began to rise within her honeyed core.

She felt him pull open the lips of her pussy, exposing her clit as she moaned, anticipating what was to come.

For him, using his thumbs to spread her pussy lips and seeing the nub of her clit was a tremendous turn-on, so he had to restrain himself. Carefully, he splashed a little warm water on her clit, then pursed his lips and blew on it.

His breath triggered a ripple of intense desire that, on reflex, caused her to reach out with her legs, which she hooked behind his neck, drawing him closer.

Thankful for her signal, he leaned in and gently tongued her clit, pushing it from side to side and top to bottom. Then pressed hard against it with his tongue and shoved it around in a circle.

She groaned and her hips bucked of their own accord, thrusting her pelvis upward, meeting the pressure of his tongue.

Not wanting to rush, he pulled back slightly, and felt her legs scissor tighter.

"More," she whispered. "Don't stop."

With his thumbs still in place, he saw and smelled the heady juices at the rim of her pussy. He thrust his tongue deep into her pussy and began to fuck her with his tongue.

Not expecting the sudden plunge into her pussy, she bit her lip and was caught in the throes of passion, cinching harder on her crossed legs, urging him to go deeper.

He tongued her harder, then, in a smooth motion, put his lips on her clit as he slipped two fingers into her pussy. In a matching rhythm, he sucked hard on her clit each time that his fingers pushed into her.

The searing, pulsing pleasure that shot through her caused her to arch her back, all but twisting free of him--even as she cried out, "Don't stop! Don't stop!"

Pumping his hand, he finger-fucked her harder and began to "trill" his tongue against her clit, moving it so fast that it became a vibration.

She began to pant, arching her back harder against the tension she felt at her core, and then--suddenly--an orgasm flooded her with pleasure so intense that she began to thrash as she cried out sharply.

He kept his lips on her clit, sucking hard, with his fingers buried in her pussy, holding on until the storm passed and she lay back, so limp that he knew she would sink if he didn't hold her up.

After a few moments, she opened her eyes and saw the cabin ceiling above, even as she felt one of his hands, still supporting her, and savored the fullness of his other hand's fingers inside her pussy, and his lips still on her clit.

Slowly, she unhooked her legs from behind his neck and said, "That was *beyond* wonderful."

He swallowed and pulled back gently, freeing his fingers...taking his lips off her pussy. Slowly, he drifted backward in the water, until he was on the other side of the tub, facing her as her legs drifted lower in the water and her gaze met his.

Recovering her breath, feeling her heartbeat return to normal, she was still half-stunned with pleasure but relieved that he hadn't ignored what she had done for him earlier. At least, she now knew he felt something too, or he wouldn't have "reciprocated."

Then the worried, anxious part of her that punched a timecard at the advertising agency also took comfort. Since he had *also* made a pass at her, he couldn't very well report her for what she'd done in terms of a sexual advance. So now...even though she was behind in training from all the time they'd used for sex, she could still proceed. Could still impress her trainer enough to have a favorable report sent to her company about her management potential.

Unsure what else to say, she asked, "Yao, what are you thinking?"

"That we need to rinse off in the shower."

She wondered, was he signaling the end of their sexual liaison? That now they were back to business as usual?

He climbed out and reached back, giving her his hand as she used the attached stairs to descend, dripping water onto the wood floor.

"Will you join me in the shower?" she asked, hoping he understood that she had no misgivings about what had happened between them.

"Of course I would *like* to. But the training encourages you to shower alone, and to use that time to reflect. To consider whatever you have learned, before we go on to the next step." When she didn't answer, he gestured to the shower. "Why don't you go first?"

She stepped into the shower and turned on a warm spray of water. Part of her was disappointed that their spectacular sex was coming to an end. But another part of her felt relieved

that her training was getting back on track.

She quickly soaped and washed herself, being extra gentle when it came to her pussy, which was still tender and swollen.

When she got out, with the water still running, he hopped in.

Shutting the door and stepping into the spray of water, he thought about Angela. She was a fearless trainee. Unafraid when it came to taking the initiative. But she was also willing to make herself vulnerable and completely available. All of that suggested she would make an excellent sex therapist and surrogate.

He left the shower, quickly dried off, and found her lying in a patch of sunlight, eyes closed, enjoying its warmth.

Even with her eyes closed, she felt his approach and had to remind herself--it was time to get down to business. She opened her eyes and saw him hold out a hand, which she took, getting to her feet. By this time, she'd gotten used to both of them being nude and accepted it as part of the seminar's approach to training. A bit bizarre, perhaps, but it certainly offered a "blink" test if they wanted to eliminate the faint of heart.

"Let's move on," he said and gestured at the back of the room where the pedestal stood with candles on it and the low wooden table rested on wheels. He pointed at the door behind the table and said, "We're going in there."

He led the way and she followed, feeling the heat build as they approached the wall with the door in it. When they reached the door, he reached into the box on the floor and removed two plastic bottles of water. "Take one," he said.

She accepted her bottle and he opened the door, releasing a fierce blast of heat from a sauna. It had a pile of large heated rocks in its center with water dripping down on them, releasing clouds of steam as the water hit. Sturdy wooden furniture surrounded the rocks: two chairs and two chase lounges, with shelves along the wall, well braced, long and wide enough for someone to stretch out on.

When she stood at the door and inhaled, the sharp heat of the air was uncomfortable in her lungs.

"Just stand here and take shallow breaths," he suggested, "until your lungs get used to the temperature. Then we'll go inside."

She nodded but wondered how much that would help, given the heat's intensity.

He touched her hand and gave her a look of concern. "Angela, are you claustrophobic," he asked, "or bothered by heat?"

She looked at the sheen of sweat forming on his chest and couldn't resist. She reached out and ran her fingertips across his chest. "No," she said. "I think I can handle this."

With that, she smiled and stepped inside.

He followed and closed the door, then gestured at the chairs and wide shelves along the wall. "Pick any spot that you like and relax. Settle into the heat, because we'll be here for a while."

She guessed at the purpose of the exercise in terms of testing her management potential. If the hot tub had been about trust, perhaps the sauna was about endurance, or being able to focus under challenging conditions.

She picked a spot farthest from the pile of rocks, which was the source of the heat. She chose a wooden chase lounge that let her lean back slightly with support for her back, and which also elevated her legs slightly. She sat back in it, crossing her legs, getting comfortable.

"Good choice," he said and sat in an identical chase lounge, next to hers.

For a moment, she just closed her eyes and practiced taking small breaths. She did that until the heat inside her lungs seemed to grow, matching the room's temperature, at which point--for some reason--the heat didn't bother her as much. When she opened her eyes, she saw him in the same pose, on the chase lounge next to hers, with his legs crossed at the ankles, and a sheen of sweat covering his entire body. Drops of sweat formed on his chin, then fell, forming tiny rivulets that pursued their own course, snaking down his muscled anatomy.

No longer feeling shy, she also leaned over, wanting to see how his cock was fairing in the heat. It had shrunk, as she had expected. But it was covered in a wonderful glistening sweat that made her want to lick it and taste a last drop of his cum if she hadn't gotten all of it in the hot tub.

When he saw her looking at his cock, making no effort to disguise her interest, he felt himself stir. Then admonished himself. This time, the exercise would proceed as planned.

"Please focus your thoughts," he said.

She smiled. "On what?"

"Anything that you choose."

Her smile broadened, and--unable to resist--she leaned over, giving his cock another look.

He laughed, realizing that he was taking himself too seriously, then said, "Enough of that."

She giggled and leaned back, arching her back to the contour of the chair, which raised her breasts. His eyes were drawn to her nipples, which had softened in the heat, but were still pointed enough to intercept the rivulets of sweat running down her breasts, and then, as if to tantalize him, let a drip or two fall, every few seconds.

For a moment, his attention wavered as he imagined taking one of her nipples--undoubtedly much warmed by the sauna--into his mouth, and sucking it, then taking as much as he could of her breast into his mouth.

"What, then?" she asked, startling him, bringing him back from his fantasy. "What should we focus on?"

He cleared his throat. "Sometimes it is difficult to give of yourself...either to the task at hand or to someone who wants your assistance."

She nodded, thinking of all the projects of other people at the advertising firm, where she'd been asked to work after-hours, or on weekends, to help bring them in on time.

"Yao, I know what you mean," she said. "I've been there before."

He gave her a look, wondering indeed how far she had driven herself to do what was needed. "In the end," he said, "when you have nothing left but someone asks more of you...how is it that you are able to make that one last effort? Is it a sense of duty? Or of devotion?"

She paused. It was difficult to concentrate in the heat, which now swirled around them, hot enough to be on the verge of baking her body. Finally, not wanting to come up short, she made a guess. "I think," she answered, "it would depend on the circumstances. On the people involved."

He nodded, appreciating her honesty, which verged on wisdom. But the real test wasn't with words. It involved action. And as the trainer, he was expected to set the example.

"I would like to pleasure you," he said, "if you're in the mood."

Her heart beat faster. His voice was calm, but there had to be some feeling--some emotion behind his request. All at once, she realized how much she wanted to discover what that emotion was.

"Yes," she answered. "I *am* in the mood." She smiled, looking at his cock, which seemed to thicken under her gaze. "What did you have in mind?"

With his hands he motioned for her to stand. She did, looking down at him, seeing that his

eyes never left hers.

“Now what?” she whispered.

“Face me,” he said, “and straddle me.”

As he said that, he kept his eyes on hers, but took hold of his cock and gave it a few strokes. It stiffened and began to rise.

She licked her lips. “I can help with that.”

He smiled and shook his head. “This time, it must be *my* effort--not yours--that carries you... that takes you as far as you have ever been and beyond.”

Eager now, itching with desire, she swung one leg over his chaise lounge and stood straddling him. She dripped sweat from her breasts and her mound. His words had stirred her desire, and she knew that some of the falling droplets came from her pussy, which was slick with anticipation.

She touched her pussy with her fingertips, wanting to further her arousal, but he took her wrist, stopping her.

“That,” he said, “is for me to do...all in your service.”

She bit her lip and watched as he continued with one hand to slowly stroke himself. As his cock stood straight up, he reached up with his other hand and very slowly ran his index finger along the lips of her pussy, then slid his finger right in. She watched a trail of sweat and her juices run down his hand onto his wrist, then drip to the floor.

Her legs trembled, and she half-shut her eyes. “Yes,” she whispered. “I want you to pleasure me.”

He began to twist his finger slowly, then added a second finger, reaching deeper inside her, causing the walls of her pussy to clench, as if she could hold him, or tug him further into her.

Her legs were getting weak now.

“If you’re ready,” he said, “sit on my cock.”

He withdrew his fingers and held her by the waist, helping her balance as she squatted, lining up on his cock, then used her right hand to guide its tip inside her.

Eyes closed, she lowered herself an inch at a time, shuddering with delight as the thickness of his cock pushed outward against the walls of her vagina, and his cock deepened its penetration.

Finally, he was all the way in and she started to use the strength of her legs to raise herself, wanting to move up and down a few inches at a time, to stroke him with her pussy.

She felt his hands cup her bottom, one under each cheek, as he said, “Sit down. Please. I will lift you.”

She knew he was strong but wondered how long he could lift her with just his arms...how many times he could raise and lower her in that fashion. As she let her full weight settle, his shaft pushed deeper within her and triggered such a tremor of pleasure that she could barely hold still.

She rested her hands on his shoulders, then closed her eyes and began to squirm in place, turning his cock within her, and was surprised by the speed with which he lifted her... then the slow drawing out when he eased her down, causing a catch in her breath. All of that increased her urge to ride his cock with more speed.

Gazing into her eyes, he began to lift and lower her a little faster.

“Yes,” she said. “Faster, please.”

He saw her half-closed eyes and the deep breaths she was drawing, increasing the rise and fall of her beautiful breasts. Yes. He would give her *exactly* what she asked for.

This time--to her surprise, he raised her up quickly and immediately let her fall. His cock

penetrated so deeply that its head slammed against her cervix, filling her with a wave of pleasure so fierce that it was hard to distinguish from pain.

"More," she urged, clenching at him with her pussy muscles. "And don't stop, no matter what I say."

He nodded once, meeting her gaze with an intense look as he began to lift, then drop her with a steady rhythm, making each penetration more intense than the last--so intense that the rush of powerful sensations left her gasping, barely able to speak.

"Oh god," she managed, "oh, god."

As he continued lifting and dropping her, she felt the tremors building within her.

His arms began to ache, but the bliss in her eyes more than made up for the fatigue and the pain he began to feel in his arm muscles, then his lungs as he labored, drawing deeper breaths to fuel his effort--to let him keep going, raising and dropping her on his shaft, even as he breathed in the shimmering heat that poured off the sauna's steaming rocks.

Engulfed in waves of pleasure, she retreated to some distant place where she only knew the steady rhythm of him lifting and dropping her, pounding her with his cock. As each penetration slammed into her, a new wave of pleasure erupted, each coming faster than the last, until her back arched and she began to twist and buck, overpowered by the intensity of the orgasm that seized her. Then, as he kept lifting and dropping her, a series of orgasms began to roll through her, making her delirious with pleasure.

Panting now, trying to catch her breath, overwhelmed with ecstasy, almost passing out, she barely managed to open her eyes. That's when she realized that this had been going on for a long time. Quite a long time.

When she focused on Yao, she saw that he was gasping for air, exhausted, with every vein and muscle standing out in relief on his neck, arms, shoulders, and chest.

"Stop!" she said, struggling to speak. "Stop! You're exhausted!"

Through gritted teeth, still lifting and dropping her, sending off explosions of pleasure, he managed to say, "You told me not to stop. Even if you begged me to."

"Please, you *can* stop," she said. "I've cum. I've cum a dozen times!"

Still, he kept lifting her and dropping her, keeping her trapped in a storm of pleasure, so that she barely had the strength to swing one leg up and over, dismounting him, then staggering to the side, where she all but collapsed on her chase lounge.

Above her own gasping, she heard his labored breathing. Panicked, she looked about and found one of the water bottles. She was so weak now from all the heat and sex, that it was difficult just to unscrew its cap. But she did that, and used both hands, lifting it, then pouring water over his head.

Suddenly, the wall of searing heat parted for Yao and he opened his mouth, letting the precious water run down his throat. He swallowed once. Twice. Then coughed. When he looked about, he saw her through a soft haze.

"Thank you," he whispered.

She doused herself with the rest of the bottle.

After a moment, she saw the deep flush recede from his face.

The haze seemed to fade away, and he saw more clearly. He realized he was overheated and picked up the other bottle of water, opened it, and gave her a drink, then took some for himself. Even though the water was warm, inside the sauna, it eased the searing heat that seemed to have settled deep inside him.

They both looked at each other and traded weak smiles.

"We'd better get out of here," she said.

"Agreed...while we still have the strength."

She looked at him, doubting that he had the energy to make it by himself.

She stood slowly, staggered once, then told herself, *keep moving. We can't just sit here, or we'll end up like baked potatoes.*

She took a deep breath, grabbed him by the wrists, and pulled as hard as she could, getting him to stand up. Then, leaning on each other, panting in the severe heat, they made it to the door and opened it.

She was stunned by how cold the air felt inside the cabin, away from the sauna--even though it was probably 75 or 80 degrees Fahrenheit.

Shutting the door behind them, they both knelt, still breathing hard, then stretched out on the hardwood floor, facing each other...too tired to speak.

"Let's get in the shower," she said.

He barely shook his head. "After the sauna, it would feel like ice water. Could send us into shock."

For a long time, they stayed stretched out on the floor, facing the ceiling. Then she saw him close his eyes, and began to breathe more easily. But she remained worried about how relentlessly he had worked in the heat, lifting and lowering her so many times, to a level of exhaustion she couldn't imagine.

She reached out, using the back of her hand to touch his forehead, checking to see if he had a fever. It didn't feel like it, but she realized that his skin might feel "normal" to her, since she was still over heated.

That's when she noticed the tray of food and drinks that someone must have left just inside the door while they were still in the sauna. She got up and brought the tray, which held glasses of juice and slices of fruit, back to where he lay on the floor.

She set the tray down and knelt, then leaned to him, so she could whisper into his ear. "Yao, can you hear me?"

He opened his eyes and looked at her but said nothing.

"Here," she said and took a thin slice of cantaloupe. "Eat this." She broke a corner off the slice and touched it to his lips.

He took it into his mouth, closed his eyes, and sucked on it, like an ice cube. Then he chewed slowly and swallowed. "Thank you," he said, looking up at her.

She smiled, greatly relieved that he seemed to be recovering. "More's on the way."

Carefully, she fed him a few more bites of cantaloupe. Then she stood, took the towels off the low rolling table, and folded them, making a pillow. Kneeling again, she gently cradled his neck, lifted his head and slipped the towels beneath his head, like a pillow.

"You're very thoughtful," he said.

She bit her lip, looking at him, seeing the compassion in his eyes--certain that he meant every word of it.

"Why did you do that?" she asked, "keeping on like that when the heat made it so dangerous?"

He reached out, touching her knee. "Remember when we first entered the sauna, and I spoke to you of giving...even when it is difficult?"

She nodded, placing her hand over his, so that his hand wouldn't leave her knee.

"Well, there are times in our business when our own needs must be set aside."

She thought, *our business?* He must mean, *in the world* of business.

“Do you remember my saying that?” he asked.

“Of course.”

“Well, you had a need. Or a desire, if you wish. And you asked me not to stop, even if you told me to.”

She blushed, thinking of the danger she had put him in. “But that was...well, I said that in the heat of passion.”

He nodded, propping himself up on one elbow. “Still, you said it, and I chose to honor your request.”

His gaze seemed to reach so deeply inside of her that she found it difficult to focus. This connection between them was so intense that at the moment it was hard to think of just herself. But from this sense of connection, she remembered something else he had said when they first entered the sauna. Now a question arose. “You continued to give,” she said, “but was it from a sense of *duty* or from *devotion*?”

He lowered his eyes and looked away. Quietly, he said, “It was supposed to be duty. But I must be honest.”

When he hesitated, she said, “Go on.”

He turned back to face her. “As your trainer, Angela, I’m supposed to give of myself. To demonstrate what it means to surrender to another’s need. But at the same time, I am supposed to be detached...never hoping to possess anyone that I serve.”

She was acutely aware of the nearness of him and the sincerity of his words. “And what of the student?” she said. “What of the trainee’s feelings?”

“I care very much for your feelings,” he answered. “Perhaps more than I should. But there is more work to be done, and your feelings may change.”

Slowly, he shifted his position, so that he was sitting upright on the floor. He assumed the lotus position, crossing his feet at his ankles, with his knees pointed to the outside. He gestured for her to sit in the same position, facing him--which she managed to do.

Then he reached out, palms up. Instinctively, she placed her hands in his.

“What is this?” she asked.

He laughed softly. “It’s me, trying to recover from the heat, while I share this moment with you.”

She smiled, but just looking at him, could sense that it would take a while for his strength to return. Then she glanced at one of the high windows into the cabin, above the door, and saw that the sky had turned purple. Sunset or dusk was at hand.

“And when you feel stronger,” she said, “what will come next?”

He laughed, then tipped his head toward the low rolling table. “Massage. A very thorough massage, enhanced by scented candles and incense. Something designed to help you recover from the sauna.”

“Tell you what,” she said, getting an idea. “Let’s eat the rest of the fruit, and then I’ll help you get set up for the massage.”

“Thank you,” he said. “That would be nice.”

As they sat on the floor and ate the juicy slices of watermelon, cantaloupe, and fresh strawberries, the light coming through the windows from the outside faded, and the interior of the adobe cabin began to dim.

Thanks to the drop in temperature, she began to feel rejuvenated. And she also noticed something else. Something strange.

Even though Yao was quite a handsome man, and was sitting nude in front of her, just as she

was in front of him...it was no longer his *body* that she noticed. It was his *eyes* and...something else. Somehow, she seemed to feel the presence of something. For lack of a better word, she decided it was his "spirit." His true nature. Which she could describe in two words: "compassionate generosity." And that, too, was a surprise. Because if anyone had asked her to describe him after his Tai Chi demonstration, or their hot tub encounter, or in the midst of her wild ride in the sauna, her description would have been quite different. Perhaps something like "intensely sexual," or "wildly arousing." But now, she could see through to the other side of him as well, and realized that, maybe, this was the heart of him.

As they ate, he looked at her in the fading light and tried to figure her out. When he had first laid eyes on her, his impression had been that she seemed a little bit too formal and standoffish. Also, anxious. As if she felt the need to excel, more than a need to be genuine.

At the outset, he never would have guessed at the depth and range of her lovemaking abilities...from a tentative kind of exploration that awakened his own needs, when they had first formed a bond through tai chi, to her playful sense of seduction in the hot tub, to the searing intensity of her passion in the sauna. And now this, a tenderness and compassion that went beyond sexuality, to embrace the whole spirit.

Like it or not, Yao realized he had fallen in love with her.

When they finished eating the sliced melons and were further refreshed by drinking chilled guava juice, he looked at the wheeled massage table.

"Let me get it," she said, anticipating his actions.

She walked over, took hold of it by one of the stirrups on the long side of it, then pulled it next to him at the center of the floor.

She pointed to the stirrups on each side of the table. "What are those for?"

"If someone sitting or laying on the table wants to secure their position, to keep from sliding, they can hook their feet in the stirrups."

She saw that as an odd feature but understood how it worked. Then she noticed that one end of the table, midway between the sides, had a depression and an opening cut through it. Pointing to it, she said, "What's that for?"

"When you're face down on the table, it's a place to let your face rest, with an easy way to breathe, so that your chin isn't resting on the table, and you don't have to arch your neck."

She nodded. "Why don't you get on the table and show me."

Grateful for the small delay, he nodded and climbed onto the table. "You see?" he said and let his face settle into the cushioned opening at one end of the table.

"I do," she said. "Now just rest for a moment."

While he did that, she also pulled the pedestal over, closer to the massage table, and used the book of matches to light one of the aromatic candles, then the other. The wick in each flame took and grew taller, which filled the dim cabin with a soft but wonderful flickering illumination. The first candle gave off the sweet scent of wildflowers. The second one released the scent of what she expected was cactus blossoms. Then she lit a stick of incense, which provided the faint odor of sage. As the three combined, it became a rich and textured blend of aromas.

"Isn't that wonderful?" she said. "It's as if nature has joined us inside the cabin."

He turned on his side and watched her, marveling at how sensitive she was, grasping the subtleties of the distinct odors, then realizing exactly what they were intended to achieve...a harmony with nature that would encourage harmony with self.

He was also reminded of Angela's physical beauty as the light cast by the candles threw shadows across her luscious body, forcing him to recall the silky, smooth touch of her skin and

the heat that she gave off in the midst of her passion.

She walked around and reached up on tiptoe to crank open several of the high windows so that some of the cabin's heat could be exchanged with cooler air from the outside. Through the windows, a lovely breeze, pungent with the life of the desert, began to enter their cabin.

As the breeze passed over her nude body, almost like a caress--instead of arousal--she felt a deep sense of peace. Peace and a keen connection to this man...something that bordered on the mystical. Even though they had just met today, the bond she felt to him seemed almost spiritual in nature.

She watched Yao as he lay on his side and wondered if he shared any of her feelings. Did she dare hope for that?

To distract herself, she looked once more through the box of miscellaneous supplies, and found a tin labeled massage cream. The finer print on it read: *Derivative of peach. Edible.* She smiled at the last word, thinking of ways to sample the cream as she used it on him. But first, Yao had to recover, and that meant soothing him with the cream, not arousing him.

"Okay," she told him. "Lay face down and relax. No moving about on the table."

He smiled. "Only for a moment, while I rest." He rolled over and lay face down.

He heard her bare feet brushing the floor as she walked to his side. Then, very gently she began to spread cool massage cream on the back of his neck.

"It's peach flavored," she told him.

Yao sighed and relaxed as she used a delicate touch, working her fingertips along the back of his neck, taking a full minute to travel the few inches from his neck to his shoulders.

Despite the relief he felt at her touch, he forced himself to say, "No, Angela. Please stop." Starting to rise up, he said, "This is backwards. I'm the one who's supposed to . . ."

"I understand," she said softly while pressing down on his shoulders until he relented and sank back down face first onto the massage table.

"But first," she added, "you truly need to rest."

He knew better than to let a trainee take over, but somehow, this seemed separate from the training. Just one person tending to another out of compassion, instead of working through the next exercise, simply to learn one more technique.

Her hands began to rub the skin of his shaved head, which sent a tingling through his scalp. Very slowly, her fingers glided to the side of Yao's head, touching his ears, rubbing them lightly, then slid to the top of his shoulders where she gently kneaded his muscles, easing him into a deep relaxation.

She added more cream to her hands, enjoying how his skin glistened where she had applied the cream.

He felt her palms and realized she was leaning forward, applying some of her weight as she drew her palms down his back on either side of his spine.

She smiled, glad that the massage cream slickened her hands and helped her cool down his overheated body. But especially, she liked the intimate contact it allowed between her hands and his skin...almost as if they were one and had never been separate from each other.

She watched Yao's breathing deepen and wondered what else to do. With other boyfriends, she had given neck or backrubs but never really massaged the rest of their body.

He sighed, almost hypnotized by her touch. "Where did you train previously?"

She hated to admit that her only training had been on-the-job, at the advertising agency where she currently worked. "Here and there," she said.

Trusting her instincts, she let her hands glide up his back, then outward, rubbing his deltoids,

and then his triceps--muscles she remembered from the weightlifting chart in the gym where she took aerobic dancing.

"You're too modest," he said. "I would assume that you trained in Japan or perhaps in Singapore. Maybe Vietnam?"

She kept moving her hands in small circles. "And you assume this, judging by...?"

He laughed. "Judging by your magic touch, Angela, which is all but hypnotic."

Had she heard right? *My touch*? How did that fit in with advertising? Trying to hedge, to guess what he was getting at, she said, "I operate mostly by instinct. Because I try to--I don't know--I guess, to *tailor* things for each client if I can."

He would have nodded, but he was far too relaxed. Still, Angela had given the perfect response. All of their training was in hopes of honing the sensitivity to recognize then serve the most individual needs of each client.

She decided to wing it now and let her hands slip to his waist where she reached under him slightly and lifted. He was heavy, but she managed to get the center of his body up a few inches, letting his own weight stretch him out. Then she lowered him.

Biting her lip, she let her fingernails trail lower, until they reached the cheeks of his butt, which was one of the best butts she had ever seen. She was a bit tentative at first, massaging, but when he groaned in delight, she added more peach cream, then held him more firmly, and applied more pressure as she kneaded his buttocks.

He could, he realized, get fired for this. But the sensation of her touch was so exquisite, that--at this moment--losing his job would be a small price to pay for the sensuous daze he had entered, all because of her.

Now with her thumbs on the inside of his thighs she applied more of her weight and pulled her hands downward, amazed at the firmness of Yao's muscles. From his hamstrings, she moved to his calves, and then to his feet, working the soles of his feet the way that her favorite cosmetologist did when giving Angela a pedicure.

Still face down, he said, "It's so wonderful that you don't rush. That you take your time, making everything last longer."

As he said that, Angela found herself remembering the fortune teller's prediction, which had originally caused her to laugh. *The longer it takes, the more you will be satisfied.*

Now, finishing up her massage of his feet, she realized how wonderful and how true a prediction that had been. Everything that had taken longer with Yao had, indeed, been wonderful.

"After you give a massage," he said, "do your clients trail you around? Follow you for life?"

"What on earth are you talking about?" She stood back to study his body, to see if there was another spot she could rub or knead.

He lifted his head up and tried to look back at her. "Your touch is so good, it's addicting. Much more of this, and I'm yours for life."

She smiled. "Is that so?" Her heart skipped a beat at the prospect of his claim.

"Believe me, as a trainer, I am sworn to tell the truth."

"In that case, please turn over." While he did that, she retrieved the towels from the floor that she had used as a pillow for his head after the sauna. She rolled them up and said, "Lift up your head, please."

He did, and she slipped the towels in, beneath his head and neck.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I have a plan." She smiled. "A secret plan, designed to fully revive you."

Angela knelt at the side of the table, alongside the sliding stirrups, and saw that the table was equipped with two cranks.

"Does this elevate part of the table?" she asked.

"Sort of. Where my legs rest, it will tilt the table upward. The crank next to that elevates the other half, beneath my upper body. Just press the button for whichever portion you wish to elevate, then crank."

She worked the crank, and his legs began to rise at the ankles. She kept cranking, until his legs were up at a forty-five degree angle. Then she worked the other crank and tilted up his back, shoulders and head to the same angle.

"This is comfortable," he said. "My back is braced and my legs are elevated."

"Hold that thought," she said and slid the stirrup on each side of the table until it hung maybe a foot below the hinge that joined the lower and upper portion of the massage table, directly beneath his pelvis.

Puzzled and intrigued, he said, "Do I get to ask any questions?"

She flashed a mischievous smile. "Not a one."

By now, she realized the breeze had died down, passing through their cabin, removing most of the candles' scent. Now, instead of wildflowers, cactus blossom and sage, it was the sweet aroma of peaches that filled the cabin, from the massage cream. And beneath that, even though the sauna had made them give off buckets of cleansing perspiration, there was still a trace of their sex in the air, from all the passion they had exchanged. She closed her eyes and inhaled, savoring that scent most of all.

When she opened her eyes, she found him on the table, his back and legs elevated, gazing at her with rapt attention, taking in every detail of her body within the flickering candlelight. And now, as the evening breeze passed over her once more, she felt a stirring and knew that her nipples were hardening.

As if tuned in to the smallest changes in her body, his eyes went to her breasts.

Angela smiled, knowing how to tell if he was indeed recovered, and let her eyes break away from his gaze and move down his body, to his cock, which now had a pleasant thickness to it, and had begun to straighten out, casting a sizeable shadow in the flickering candlelight.

Yes, indeed, he seemed to be well past the effects of any heat exposure he had suffered.

Then her sense of playfulness began to engage as she noticed how much of the edible massage cream was left in the tin. Yes, she thought, make it last longer, and it will feel even better.

"There will be a brief interlude in the massage," she announced. "But you must not move. Must not raise a hand. That is my command."

He smiled. "If I'm lucky, your commands will become my wish."

"Really?" she said teasingly, then put a healthy helping of the peach cream on each hand, which she then applied to her breasts. Closing her eyes with a smile, she began to massage herself, working from the outside of her breasts, toward her nipples.

As Yao watched her rub her breasts, his erection stiffened and rose.

Her lips parted, and she breathed deeply, suggesting the pleasure she was taking as her fingertips moved to her nipples, already swollen, and began to gently pinch and tug at them.

He moaned out loud, wanting to at least touch himself, but honored her command to simply lie still.

She opened her eyes, enjoying the hunger in his gaze as she took more cream, rubbed it in around her navel, and then slid lower, saving plenty of cream for her pussy--even though she

knew it was already slick with anticipation.

Yao found her sensuality to be stunning and felt himself stir as she slipped a finger into her pussy, then took it out, glazed with her juices, and used it to rub each of her nipples.

Slowly, with a wicked smile, Angela approached him. Dipping into the tin of edible peach cream, she put some on her fingertips and reached out, massaging his nipples.

He shuddered in delight, watching the slight pendulum of her breasts as her fingers massaged his nipples, hardening them. She blew on each nipple, which aroused him further, then trailed her fingertips down the center of his chest, to his navel...almost to his cock.

She watched his cock strain, as if awaiting her touch, turning rock hard. Licking her lips, she covered her palms and fingers with the peach cream, then ran her hands, barely touching him, up and down his shaft, coating him with the massage cream.

Yao arched his back slightly, closing his eyes.

"Not yet," she whispered, then took more cream and began applying it to his shaved balls, feeling the heat that they generated, lifting them to appreciate their weight.

Unable to resist, she began to lick the massage cream off his balls.

The moistness of her tongue caressing his balls caused a deep warmth to bloom in his loins. He closed his eyes, wanting to savor her touch, to think of that and nothing else.

Angela gripped the base of his cock, lightly, then squeezed, sending a tremor through his body, causing him to thrust slightly upward with his hips.

She wet her lips with her tongue, then gently placed her lips on the head of his cock, and began to tongue his slit, teasing forth a drop of pre-cum. As he groaned, she pushed down, taking her lips just past the head of his cock, which she swirled with her tongue.

"You know," he said, "once you revive me, there's no stopping."

In answer, Angela slid lower, taking more of him into her mouth, and began to bob her head up and down, which made his cock thicken even more.

He reached out, eyes closed, found her head and began running his fingers through her silky hair.

She took him deep, held still for a second, then pumped up and down fiercely.

Crazed by the wetness and warmth around his cock, he clenched his jaw and began to arch his back.

Sensing that Yao was getting too excited, she lifted up, letting his cock fall from her mouth.

Stunned, wanting more, his eyes opened and he said to her, "Please, don't stop."

She smiled. "Not to worry. Hang on while I saddle up... because you're in for the ride of your life."

With that, turning away from him, she raised her right foot and stuck it into the stirrup that hung off the side of the table, even with his butt. Then she stood up, rising into the air as she put her weight in the stirrup, and swung her other leg over him--careful not to hit him with it--and found the other stirrup with her left foot, then slipped into it, facing away from him.

Standing in the stirrups, Angela looked down and saw Yao beneath her, straddled by her legs, with her pussy just where she wanted it, directly above his ramrod stiff cock.

As he watched, she stood tall in the stirrups, giving him a view of her lovely backside...long raven-black hair that hung to her slim waist, the graceful curve of her hips, the wonderful rounding of her bottom, and--thanks to her elevated position--a great view of her pussy lips. Everything about her aroused him, and he couldn't resist reaching out with hands to gently trace the curve of her waist, then the flare of her hips.

Angela felt his light touch at her waist, then her hips. "You can help me balance," she said,

“but no lifting on your part.”

Yao smiled at her comment, watching as his cock bobbed upright in anticipation.

Angela giggled. “Ready or not . . .”

Amazed by her ingenuity, he bit his lip, watching as she bent her legs and squatted lower--but not all the way, using one hand to find, then guide the head of his cock to her pussy lips, where she made him shudder at the touch of her wetness.

Smiling, wishing she could see the look in his eyes, she said, “Let’s test these stirrups.” She began to gently bounce in place, which slipped the head of his cock further in, making it slide up and down her tight channel.

She heard him suck in his breath and that really turned her on. Pausing, she said, “What do you think? Are you ready to ride?”

“Ready,” he whispered, “and willing. Eager, in fact.”

Placing a hand on each of his elevated legs, just above his knees, she said, “Just so you know, this is my thank you for what you did in the sauna. And because of that, this time, please let *me* do the work.”

It was driving him crazy, having his cock inside her, feeling her warmth and wetness without the friction he wanted from pumping in and out of her. But he answered, “Whatever you say.” Then, smiling, he reached around her, cupped her breasts, and used his forefingers and thumbs to find her nipples.

When Yao pinched her nipples, it gave her a jolt of pleasure that set her in motion.

Keeping her balance, with a hand on each of his legs, she said, “Hang on, cowboy. Here we go.”

With that, she let her legs relax, dropping further onto his shaft, then started bouncing in place, as if ridding a horse, so that her pussy rapidly rose and fell on his cock, sending such fierce waves of pleasure through her, that she gripped his legs harder, digging her nails in.

Biting her lip, she built up more speed, setting up a rhythm of rising and falling on the shaft of his cock, crying out each time that she dropped, ramming the head of his cock against her cervix.

Yao grunted with delight each time she dropped her body, driving his cock into her. And despite her admonition to let her do the “work,” he couldn’t help himself. It was an incredible turn-on, watching the cheeks of her ass shiver each time she dropped down, smacking into him, sinking his cock into her pussy.

He thrust upward with his hips each time that she dropped, so that his cock slammed home, jarring both of them, causing his balls to tighten as he felt the pressure, and a deep, wonderful ache, building within them.

Her legs began to quiver from the exertion and her breath became labored. Now she had a sense of what he had done inside the sauna, hanging on in the face of exhaustion.

Seeing the tremors in her legs, he said, “You proved yourself, Angela. Now rest a moment and let me help.”

“No,” she insisted, struggling to bounce in place. “I won’t have you lift.”

“Fine. I can help without lifting.”

Panting now, shaking from the effort, she sank down on Yao and said, “Show me, then.”

Happily, he reached around her waist with one hand, slid it down to her pussy, found her already swollen clit, and gently fingered it.

His touch on her clit released lightening bolts of pleasure that made her gasp, then began to squirm as she sat on his cock, riding the waves of pleasure that his fingers were causing as he

rubbed and pressed against her clit.

Delirious with pleasure, she hung on, and then--no longer able to hold still--began bouncing in place, moving more rapidly, absorbing the thrusts of his cock as she slammed down on his pelvis. Her pussy shuddered, overwhelmed with pleasure and began to clench, unleashing a spasm of pleasure that built on itself, sending tremors through her, until the intensity of it made her throw her head back in a scream of joy.

As Angela screamed, he felt his balls tighten, then an explosion of jism shot from his cock, mixing with the juices of her warm pussy as it clenched and cinched down on him.

Yao wrapped his arms around her, pulled her back to his chest, and they rode out the throes of their orgasms, bucking and twisting in place, with him hugging her as she braced her hands against his legs, not wanting to miss a second of each other's pleasure.

Finally...they all but collapsed, with her leaning forward, resting her forehead on his legs. And neither of them moved for a long time.

* * * *

When her eyes opened, Angela found herself on her side on the futon, lying next to Yao, spooning, with him curled up, and her back and bottom against his chest and stomach. The candles had long since gone out, but a faint hint of sage incense hung in the air, along with the scent of their sex. She smiled, feeling deeply satisfied. And as she lay there, she noted a hint of pale blue-gray light coming through the high windows along each wall of their adobe cabin.

She wondered, was he asleep? Gently, she reached back, finding his thigh and placed a hand on it.

"Good morning," Yao said. "Did you sleep well?"

"Mmmm. What do you think?"

He chuckled, covering her hand with his, still amazed by Angela's wonderful spontaneity and generosity when it came to sex. Then a sobering realization hit him.... Being with her wasn't something he wanted to give up. Not now, not ever. But he had a duty to at least complete the training with her. To avoid interfering with the process he was supposed to help her complete.

Trying to stay objective, he retreated into the role of the trainer and stood, getting off the futon. "I think you should shower and refresh yourself before the final training exercise."

Angela searched his eyes. After all the intimacy they had shared...now this distance between them. Not even showering together? Surprised, she nodded and got up. She stepped to the shower, got in, and turned the water on.

Was this Yao's way of starting to say goodbye? Or was he warning her that all the training they had skipped while having their pleasure together was going to have its price? She frowned and set her jaw. For her, this had been more than a frolic. The attraction to him, admittedly, had begun with infatuation. But that had grown to something much deeper. At least it had for her. But maybe not for him....

As that sank in, she felt a deep sense of loss and realized how hard this was going to be...separating from him. Possibly separating at the end of training, without any acknowledgement from him, that he had experienced anywhere near the feelings she had.

When Yao watched her get out the shower, he saw that her mood had changed. Gone was the generosity and vulnerability he had seen in the depths of her eyes. Was this her way of clearing her mind? Of preparing for the final exercise and all that it would demand of her? Or was this her way of putting distance between them as she prepared for her return to everyday life?

Even though it pained him, having this sense of separation between them, he realized that it might be for the best. The depth of his attachment to her would only slow her career and destroy his. If he went any further in his attachment to her, he doubted that he could ever give as freely to others as he would to her. Also, he was on the verge of feeling something he recognized as “possessive love”...the notion that they should be devoted exclusively to each other, sexually, and to no one else. As if she had given him permission to suggest any such limitations on her sexual life.

As Angela towed off, he stepped past her into the shower. Closing his eyes, he put himself beneath a spray of water and thought about what had happened between them. Soon, it became apparent to him that his role as a professional trainer was almost over--finished when they completed their next exercise. Truly, he had lost his objectivity. His last act would be the final training exercise with Angela, and then he would need to resign.

When Yao got out of the shower, looking so serious, she thought to herself, it isn't going to last between us. He's preparing to give me the bad news.

He let out a heavy breath and stood very still for a moment, with his palms together. Meditating she expected. Either that or getting up the guts to end things between them, even though they had just really begun.

She watched Yao smile weakly, then motion for her to come over to the futon he stood alongside.

He stepped to its center and held out his arms.

Tentatively, Angela stood in front of him and he rested his hands on her shoulders, instead of embracing her.

Unable to hold back her feelings, she whispered, “Yao, have I done something wrong? Have I disappointed you?”

Surprised by her mood, he shook his head. “No. Quite the contrary. You've been wonderful and should be proud of yourself.”

“Then...why this sense of distance between us.”

“You see, *I'm* the one who has done wrong.”

Angela blinked, surprised. Was he married? Had she seduced him and now he had regrets?

Yao tucked a hand beneath her chin and raised her head, so that their gazes met. “You have been my best pupil,” he said. “In fact, at times, you have led the teacher.” Seeing the concern in her eyes, he smiled, wanting to reassure her.

Gently, shifting his hands to the back of her neck, he massaged her with a tender touch. “Clear your mind, Angela. Forget everything that has happened thus far, and live only in the moment. Only in the present. That is your challenge. That is your final exam.”

All she heard was *forget what has happened thus far*. As if it shouldn't matter. She felt tears running down her cheeks.

She swallowed, suddenly fearful. She had indulged herself in this wonderful man for nearly twenty four hours and had kept it up to the point that he had no time to train her. Now she would be tested on things she hadn't earned. Even worse, the test suggested what would come afterward. Their parting...and the possibility that their time together hadn't touched him the way it had affected her.

She wasn't sure if she could handle that. After such sexual ecstasy, it was difficult to imagine her life without him. Without the fierce and blissful union they had achieved.

“Forget about me,” Yao said. “I'll be able to find other work. But for now, we both have to concentrate on this final task. Both of us, trainer and trainee, are challenged in this to be only in

the moment. Only in the present, so that our mind and heart might speak our truth.”

The one comment confused Angela, about him finding other work, but he leaned forward, saying, “Do you understand?”

Quickly, she nodded, worried that anything else she said would only add to her confusion or likelihood that their parting would be painful.

“Once we assume the position,” Yao added, “our bodies must be completely still.”

Angela wondered, what position?

But he was moving now, kneeling on the futon, then assuming the lotus position. The morning sunlight slanted across his nude body, highlighting the magnificent physique that had first stirred her sense of desire, and it was difficult not to want this to continue. Physically and emotionally, she didn’t want the intense experience they had shared in the last twenty four hours to end.

As Angela realized that, it was as if her thoughts had been spoken out loud, because she saw Yao’s cock began to thicken. As she watched it enlarge, she recalled the bliss she had felt each time he had plunged it into her. Quickly, she felt a growing wetness between her legs.

Yao felt her presence and her desire, and all of him responded, even though it was only visible in his cock, which stiffened, then rose.

He said, “It is time. You must face me and mount me, then wrap your legs around me.”

She didn’t like the “must” part, but the rest of her had felt the urge to do exactly what he’d said, even before the words left his mouth. If this was their goodbye, she wanted it to be spectacular.

“Remember,” Yao said, “only the mind...only the heart and its emotions. Our bodies are to be completely at peace, and we are not to speak.”

Fat chance, Angela thought, but sat in front of him, spread her legs wide and asked, “Will you lift me?”

With what appeared to be relative ease, he put his hands beneath her cheeks, lifted her up, and held her against his chest, then eased her down, until her dripping wet pussy touched the head of his cock.

This--the feel of her against him, with her breasts rubbing his face, then his chest as he lowered her--that alone made his heart beat faster. But when the heat and slickness of her pussy found the head of his cock, Yao couldn’t help himself. He shuddered with desire.

He took a deep breath and closed his eyes, trying to center himself. Trying to find a way to calm his beating heart. Then, steeling himself not to react, he lowered her onto his shaft, until she sank down, taking all of him, gripping him tightly with her pussy.

When Angela was lowered by him, with her breasts rubbing him, it felt as though her nipples were on fire. Desperately, she wanted him to knead and suck her nipples, but there was such a stillness to him that it unnerved her. So she decided, the least she could do was honor his instructions, although what he had said confused her greatly. How on earth, she asked herself, could she hold still while sitting on his cock?

Now, as the head of his cock and then the rest of him entered her, her breath caught. As her channel filled with his thickness, she bit her lip, trying not to wiggle, and carefully wrapped her legs around his waist, then her arms around his neck, just as he slipped his arms around her waist.

Angela found that it was torture to hold still, mounted on him like this, but she tried to mirror his actions by slowing her breathing, until she matched the rhythm in the rise and fall of his chest.

For a moment, she tried to ignore the warmth and fullness of his cock. Then she couldn't help herself, and used the muscles of her vagina to give him a good squeeze.

She watched him bite his lip and break the rhythm of his breathing, then regain it a moment later.

She wanted to be quiet and follow his guidance, but now her heart wouldn't let her. She had to know where they stood, regarding each other and whatever might happen when their training ended.

"What *is* this?" she asked. "What is it we're supposed to be doing?"

"I'm not supposed to answer," Yao said, "but the short version, is that we are finding each other in the moment. Our minds and hearts. Truly discovering the essence of each other. And whatever we learn will be communicated to each other in a wordless fashion, until the truth is revealed. The truth of us, both as individuals and in this union."

In this *union*. That gave her hope, and she began to concentrate, closing her eyes. Don't think of before, she told herself, only *now*. Only this moment.

At the juices ebbed from her pussy, the natural urge was for Angela to ride Yao as hard as she could. Then she remembered his instructions. Be in the moment. And that meant now...instead of thinking about what she *had* done or would *like* to do.

In that instant, she saw Yao in her mind's eye for who he really was. A man of compassion. A man who was generous to a fault. A man who gladly accepted her passion and gave his to her.

With that realization, Angela began to feel a faint trembling at her core. Then a shuddering that began to build.

The more Yao tried not to think of his cock, stuffed into her tight pussy, the harder his cock became. Then he drew a deep breath and thought of the Zen-like garden outside their adobe cabin with its carefully raked spans of sand and quiet streams bordered by small river stones, and the air lush with the sweet smell of cactus in bloom and the rich aroma of desert sage.

As all of that came to him, its many layers of sensation and experience triggered a deeper understanding of Angela. He realized all that she had come to mean to him--with her spirit of adventure in the hot tub, and her compassion to care for him when he had gone too long in the heat of the sauna, and her zestful passion during the massage. She was, he realized, a perfect match for him in spirit and heart. And as he grasped that, his loins grew heavy and his cock seemed to expand, building pressure from within.

Hugging each other, they both began to tremble as they shuddered with desire, then felt waves of passion engulf them, causing them to arch their backs as they came at the same time, with a sweet, aching release that reached beyond anything they had ever known...shaking them to their core as it filled them with a fierce ecstasy.

Their surges of joy and pleasure came in repeated waves, each building upon the last, and they were swept away, losing all sense of time and place--until all that remained was each other.

That and nothing else.

After a long while, the last whirl and eddy of pleasure subsided, leaving them in perfect stillness, with her still mounted on him, embracing him as she sat in his lap.

Finally, Angela was the first to speak.

"I'm so certain about you," she said, "and us."

He nodded. "So am I. But there are complications."

"Exactly. I am *so* confused about this training, and how this will help me at the advertising agency."

He kept his hands around her waist but leaned back, raising his eyebrows. "You work at an

advertising agency?”

She nodded.

“Then why did you take *this* training?”

“The company I work for sent me. This was supposed to assess my management potential.”

“Oh my,” he said, recalling the other firm that had set up their training program in the other hall. Their banner had read, *Conquer and Win*.

“Well,” said Yao, “I don’t know how to explain this, but you’ve just completed an advanced course...one called *Tantric Training for Sexual Therapists*.”

For the briefest moment, she thought of the consequences, of skipping the training her company had paid for--then realized that she didn’t care. What mattered most was her and Yao, discovering each other.

“We’ve grown so close,” she said, “when there should have been nothing but misunderstandings between us.”

“Exactly. And since we overcame those obstacles, I don’t think there’s anything that will ever come between us.”

Her heartbeat sped up. “Are you saying what I think you are?”

“I don’t know about you,” he said, “but I’d leave my job in a heartbeat to start a new life with you.”

“Me too,” she said, then looked into the depths of his beautiful almond-shaped eyes. Yes, she thought, this is all so perfect. Like it was meant to be.

Smiling, she reached around his waist, pulling him closer in their Tantric embrace.

After all, she was in no hurry, and neither was he.

THE END