**Naked Yoga**

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**Naked Yoga Ch. 01**

This story goes back a while, seventeen years to be exact, to when I was a mere 'girl' of 24. I had just broken up with a long term boyfriend and was feeling very hurt and sorry for myself. As, at the time, I had no real commitments I gave up my employment and decided to live by the sea on the south coast of England. My intention was to survive on my savings for as long as I could.

I rented a small end of terrace house, which had the advantage of quite a big secluded garden. Just what I needed for my intended celibate lifestyle. I wanted to delve into Yoga, meditation and eastern philosophies in general. I thought the private garden would be an ideal place to sit, meditate, think and practice my exercises.

I had been involved with Yoga since I was seventeen (I still am today). At the time I was extremely supple and could do very advanced asanas (positions or postures). I loved the feel of the stretches and believed that my studies, combined with the physical and mental disciplines, would improve my mind, body and health.

I soon developed a routine. I would get up early to do my Yoga exercises in the garden. I never gave much thought to what I wore, other than it had to be loose. Then, as the weather improved, I began to wear only a thong. I loved the caress of the breeze on my body and the luxurious stretches I performed made me feel quite sensuous.

After a few more morning sessions I couldn't see any point in wearing the thong, so I started doing my Yoga completely naked. I felt confident in doing this as I was sure no one could see me.

One day as I was doing my asanas it started to rain, but I continued with my stretching. I loved the wetness on my naked skin and the slight chill in the air made my nipples hard and tingly. When I finished I felt amazingly alive and sexy for the first time in ages. I was tempted to masturbate but decided I would discipline myself to remain celibate.

It was raining again the next day, and I couldn't wait to get outside and expose my body to the elements.

It was absolutely pouring down as I did my stretches and I was drenched, rain was running over my naked flesh and was turning me on no end. Carrying out one of my postures I lifted my pelvis high in the air, while lying on my back, and the heavy raindrops started pounding my pussy and running between my legs. This felt heavenly, especially as I hadn't had sex for what seemed like ages.

I couldn't resist touching myself and I rubbed my tummy which was chilly to the touch and slippery with the rain. My nipples were extra hard and as I rubbed one I groaned with the pleasure that shot through my frustrated body. I couldn't hold back and continued my explorations. My hand was soon between my legs and stroking my pussy. The cold of my skin suddenly contrasted to the warmth of the inside of my vagina as I slipped a finger inside.

I now needed satisfaction, and I once more raised my bottom high off the ground, my knees bent, with only my head and feet on the ground. My fingers began to move at speed and I plunged in and out of my sodden cunt, crying and trembling with the sensations shooting from my stomach. I arched my whole body higher as I reached an almighty crescendo of passion and my orgasm exploded. Months of sadness and stress were released from my whole being as I continued to finger fuck myself to cum a second time.

I lowered my body to the ground and lay still, my thighs spread wide apart, as the rain washed over me. I was one with nature and then I saw something. I was sure there was someone watching me between the bushes and trees that surrounded the garden. There was definitely a slight movement. I got to my feet and made my way indoors, wondering if my imagination was playing tricks with my mind.

As I had a hot shower I was energized and thrilled at the idea of someone watching me while I masturbated. I resisted temptation and told myself I would store my sexual energy for other purposes.

Later that day, after meditating and studying, I went for a walk. On the way back there was a woman standing by the gate of the house next to mine. She was late thirties and attractive in a care worn way.

She introduced herself, "I'm Sarah, your neighbour. It's good to meet you at last."

We got talking but all the while I was wondering if her husband had been spying on me in the garden - but how wrong I was.

"I see you do Yoga," Sarah said, "You are very good. I was looking for something in my garden and I saw you."

I felt as if I wanted the ground to swallow me up. I was so embarrassed and couldn't think of what to say other than, "Er, thanks. I've been doing Yoga for over five years."

"Would you teach me?"

Again I didn't know how to answer.

"I'd pay you," she continued.

For some reason or other I agreed and said I'd see her tomorrow afternoon at four o'clock.

The following day there was Sarah knocking on the door, as arranged, and with a big smile on her face.

I'd worked out in advance as to what I was going to do and had prepared what I thought would be a good first lesson.

Sarah, much to my surprise, stripped completely naked. I was lost for words once again.

"You always do it naked, don't you? I like the concept of Naked Yoga and, besides, I need to raise my sexual energy somehow. My sex life has gone to pot with my husband recently and I've got to get back on track, so to speak. So any ways to make me come alive sexually would be appreciated."

"Right."

We moved through my prepared programme of asanas and I observed her body. She was in good shape, other than a slightly too rounded tummy. Her breasts were on the smaller size but her nipples were a lovely dark brown and remained erect as I helped her into various positions. It all felt very intimate, especially as she had to open her legs wide on occasions and I could see her vaginal lips, velvet like, and a darker colour than the rest of her skin.

"There is one Chinese Yoga posture called the Deer that will increase your sexual energy," I told her.

I was quite amazed at how professional I sounded. It was almost like I had found my calling in life.

I explained the Deer to her. Briefly she had to sit crossed legged with one heel pressing against her clitoris while she massaged her breasts. While doing this she also had to tighten her vaginal and anal muscles and become aware of the warmth from her genitals and breasts.

Sarah got into the exercise with a lot of enthusiasm. She kept wanting to talk about how good if felt but I told her to be silent and concentrate fully on what she was doing.

The lesson was finally over and she gave me a big naked hug and was full of thanks and praise for what I had shown her. It felt strange feeling her hard nipples pressing into my chest and I thought I could sense heat coming from between her legs.

She dressed and finally left.

I decided to carry out the Deer posture myself and tried to send the sexual energy generated to my heart centre or Anahata Chakra. Though I did this most days, today I couldn't concentrate. My breasts felt so sensitive as I massaged them and the pressure of my heel on my clit made me frustrated and wanting sex. This wasn't how it should be but I gave in, lay back on the floor and masturbated to a wonderful orgasm. I was certainly in tune with something!

The next morning Sarah was knocking on my door again.

"Thank you so much for yesterday. I had the best sex with my husband last night since our honeymoon. It was amazing. We were wondering if Roger, that's my husband, and I could have lessons with you together. We'd pay double, of course. Please say yes."

"Okay, yes."

The next night Sarah and Roger arrived for their lesson and I had everything prepared. I'd even checked up on the male version of the Deer exercise in case it was needed.

Sarah soon had her clothes off and folded on a chair and Roger did the same. He had a nice body and I couldn't help but notice the plumpness of his penis as he tried to get into various postures. It was a while since I'd been in such close proximity to a naked male and I felt flushed with curiosity and, at the same time, secretly stimulated.

I was also naked myself tonight and as I demonstrated the exercises I enjoyed my two 'students' observing my body. I especially loved doing postures where I had to thrust my chest out, my nipples were aching to be touched .

We came finally to the Deer. I watched Sarah as she massaged her breasts and tightened her inner muscles. Her face became flushed and she kept licking her lips.

I then explained what Roger had to do. The male has to sit crossed legged cupping his testicles with one hand while rubbing his tummy with the other hand 81 times. He then has to swap over what each hand does. Again, as with the female Deer, I told Roger he had to tighten his anal muscles as he did the exercise.

He cupped his balls and started to rub his tummy, doing as I had instructed. As he did so he started to get an erection. Now if this happens the man is supposed to squeeze his penis to stop the erection forming. However I told Roger that his becoming hard was perfectly natural. Sarah and I watched as his cock rose to full solid hardness. It was a beauty!

His penis tip nearly reached his naval as he continued rubbing his tummy and squeezing his anal muscles. God, I could have jumped on him. I imagined his throbbing monster filling my wanting moistness.

He completed his 81 rubbings with each hand and the lesson was over. I told them bits and pieces about sexual energy and how it should be used. I was again amazed that they accepted everything I said as if I was an expert.

I received a naked hug from them both and I must admit a certain thrill as Roger's deflating, but still plump, cock rubbed against my body leaving a slight trail of pre-cum like some large succulent pink slug.

As soon as they had left my fingers were rubbing my clit as I visualised Roger's slug burrowing into my cunt and filling me with his sticky substances. I rubbed away and didn't need 81 times before I was crying out to myself, "I'm cumming, I'm cumming."

My cunt seemed to be convulsing tightly and juices were pouring out of me and onto the carpet. I looked up and saw two faces at he window. Sarah and Roger were taking in my performance.

I didn't see the couple again for three days, when another lesson had been arranged.

They made no comment about having seen me masturbate and we got on with our Naked Yoga session. Everything went as before and, at the close, Roger got a hard-on while doing the Deer. Watching him made me feel extremely horny and I knew I'd have to masturbate again as soon as they left.

However they didn't seem ready to go. They asked if I would do some advanced asanas so they could watch. I was happy to oblige and went through a series of postures and loved the feeling as I spread my legs wide and they could clearly see my private parts. I was getting more and more turned on and realised how much I enjoyed being an exhibitionist.

I pulled myself together (in more ways than one) and ended my display. I noticed that Roger's erection hadn't subsided, in fact it looked bigger and harder than before.

I was gazing at his penis when Sarah said quietly, "Would you mind if we used some of our sexual energy now?"

"No, carry on," I said, not quite sure what she really meant.

Sarah looked at Roger and they both smiled.

"I'm ready," Sarah said, "Just do me."

She moved to a doggie style pose and Roger came up behind her.

"Put it straight in," she ordered.

I sat there watching as Roger held his throbbing penis and pushed it from behind into Sarah's waiting cunt. And, sure enough, she was ready. His cock pushed right into her, as deep as possible. Sarah closed her eyes and moaned her approval.

I realised suddenly that this was the first time I had seen two people having sex, other than on film, and I had to squeeze my thighs together tightly to stop myself from cumming.

Their fucking commenced as Roger gave her his full length with each stroke. Sarah knelt there, hardly moving, other than her head nodding slightly as she let out long sighs of pleasure. The thrusting didn't continue for long. Roger let out an almost wolf like howl as he came deep inside his bitch.

Sarah answered his animal call with one of her own as she shook with her own orgasm. I was breathing heavily as I watched and was trying desperately to keep myself in control.

"Thank you so much for this evening," Roger and Sarah said together.

Sarah hugged me her hard nipples clashing with my own. Roger then put his arms around us both and I could feel his damp penis rubbing into the side of my bottom. I felt sure he was getting hard again.

We broke apart, they dressed and left.

I was trembling and wiped my hand on my bottom where Roger's pink slug had left it's sticky trail. It tasted good as I licked my fingers. I made my way upstairs as I didn't want to make a fool of myself through the window.

I slumped on my bed not knowing what to do. Then lust took over as I shut my eyes and wished so much that Roger's beautiful cock would fill my cunt while Sarah sucked hard on my aching nipples.

My hands were between my legs and I pulled my vaginal lips wide apart desperate for something to push inside me. All I could think of was a banana I had downstairs, perhaps that would do as a substitute cock.

I rushed to the kitchen to get my sexy fruit. I began to return to my bedroom but stopped on the stairs. I couldn't wait. Sitting down I spread my legs wide and high and plunged the banana into my gaping cunt. I screamed out as it slipped easily into my willing wetness. I wished it was bigger and thicker, but it would have to do, as I thrust it in and out grunting as I did so in appreciation. My tits were bouncing up and down and I tried to cling to them with one hand as I continued fucking myself with the banana.

I let out one almighty shriek as I orgasmed, tears were flowing down my cheeks. My God, what was happening to me?

I finally made my way to my bed and pulled the duvet cover over my shaking body.

I fell deep asleep and the next morning awoke drenched in sweat as my fingers were already pushing into my pussy. I masturbated to another orgasm before having a very cold shower to get me back to my senses for my early morning yoga exercises.

Mid morning there was a knock on my front door. When I answered it was Sarah.

"Thank you again for last night, it was amazing. We have five friends who would like to join your Naked Yoga classes, would that be okay?"

I was a bit flummoxed.

"The thing is I don't have the room for so many in my house, that would be seven of you."

"Oh that's no problem. One of our friends has a hotel and we can use a room there. So that'll be alright then? Shall we say a Naked Yoga session on Thursday evening? Eight o'clock? Oh and we'd like you to do some of the advanced postures for us all to see as well. Okay?"

"I guess that's okay."

"Great! Eight o'clock it is, on Thursday. At the George Hotel. You know the one?"

"Okay."

The thought of displaying myself naked to seven others made my knees weak with excitement. I masturbated furiously once more.

**Naked Yoga Ch. 02**

The Thursday arrived when I was to hold my next Naked Yoga lesson. I was preparing all day so that I would do a good job. I went over and over in my mind a programme of what I would say and do. Once I was satisfied I had everything virtually perfect it was time to prepare myself.

I looked in the mirror, nude as I would be in the evening. I was proud of my body. It was nicely toned with a flat tummy, firm thighs and good sized breasts that moved as I stretched. My nipples, as usual, were hard and erect. I felt confident that I looked as good as possible.

Then I glanced at my pubic hair and saw how it hid my pussy. This wasn't what I wanted. When I demonstrated my exercises, in front of my audience of seven, I wanted them to see all of me, every fold.

I decided to remove all of my body hair and got to work with my scissors and a wet razor. Being a bald beaver is quite common today but seventeen years ago, when this story is set, this wasn't the case - at least not in my limited experience.

Once smooth my mound felt sensitive as I massaged myself with moisturiser. I looked at myself in different positions in the mirror. My vagina was now completely on show. They would be able to see my secret lips open as I spread my legs in some of the Yogic postures. I was moist at the thought.

The evening came and I walked to the George Hotel where Sarah and Roger introduced me to the other five participants, two men and three women. The seven of them stripped off their clothes and were ready for their Naked Yoga lesson.

I too took off all my clothes and stood in front of them. I saw Sarah gasp as she looked at my shaven pubic mound. This immediately got me stimulated.

I started with some relaxation and then simple stretches to warm up their bodies. I couldn't keep my eyes off the three men. I was comparing their penises and how their testicles hung. "My God," I told myself, "It'll take more than a banana to satisfy me tonight."

Somehow I managed to get through the lesson for over an hour. Again I was amazed at how they took in everything I said and seemed genuinely interested. Or perhaps they just liked looking at my body. Either way I was on a high.

We then moved onto the Deer exercise for sexual energy (as explained in Part 1). The women went first, sitting crossed legged and circling their breasts with their hands while, at the same time, squeezing their vaginal and anal muscles.

This was obviously very sexual to observe and Roger's penis was on the move in a definite upward direction. The other two men were also distinctly uncomfortable as they tried to stay in control.

It was now the turn of the men to carry out the Deer. They cupped their testicles and started to rub their tummies 81 times before changing hands. It was lovely to watch as their cocks all started to harden. I told them in my best teacher's voice that this was quite normal.

All three men were soon sporting full erections and my mouth watered with lust. I really needed to be fucked and felt sure I could take them all. By some means I managed to restrain myself, though my nipples were hurting and I could feel the inside of my thighs beginning to dampen.

"Well done, gentlemen," I said as they finished their exercise.

The lesson I had been giving was almost over, other than for me to demonstrate some of the advanced asanas. I was a little apprehensive as I knew my 'students' would be able to see how moist I was between the legs - the thought of this made me even wetter!

I started off with the Chakrasana , or Wheel posture, which strengthens the thighs and muscles of the abdomen. It is also said to improve the memory, but I knew I wouldn't have any trouble remembering tonight.

The asana is one where I was bending over completely backwards so that only my hands and feet were touching the ground. My body was one big arch with my breasts and pelvis thrust out. I opened my legs more than normal and held my position.

I knew all eyes were on me - on my tits thrust upwards with my nipples pushed out and erect, on my stretched pelvic mound and , of course, on my cunt. They would be able to see everything, my damp vaginal lips slightly parted and perhaps my clit as well. If I wasn't concentrating on holding the pose properly I'm sure I'd have orgasmed.

I returned to my feet and they all appeared spell bound. Two of the men still had massive erections and I moved on to other postures so they could see my nakedness.

Eventually I decided I had to stop and I informed them the lesson was over. It was deadly quiet and then they started to applaud. I was quite embarrassed.

"I told you she was special," I heard Sarah tell the others.

One of the women asked about Tantric sex and I told them what I knew and how to build their sexual energy.

"Will you give us a demonstration?" the same woman asked.

"Yes, yes," they all seemed to agree.

"I can't really as I haven't my own man with me", I answered.

"Use one of ours," Sarah smiled.

My head was in turmoil. The idea of having some sort of sex in front of the others made me unimaginably horny. "Let's face it," I said to myself, "It's ages since you had a real dick inside you."

"Okay."

I went over to Roger and pulled him to the front of the audience.

"Sit down with your legs straight out," I instructed.

I looked over at Sarah and her hand was gently rubbing one of her nipples.

I stood above Roger and he was looking directly at my wet, open pussy. I bent my legs and lowered myself so my cunt was above his erection. I shut my eyes and slowly sank down on his cock.

He was fully inside me and it felt wonderful.

"Now remember, you mustn't cum," I said, "The idea it to build up your sexual energy for the good of the rest of your body. We have to join together spiritually. Hold me close and look deeply into my eyes."

I could feel my cunt pulsating. I wanted to bounce up and down on him furiously but I held still and looked at Roger trying to sense his soul and the real man he was.

I gently squeezed my vaginal muscles to make sure I kept him hard. He gasped quietly as I did so.

We sat like this for about five minutes, my cunt leaking juices, Roger gently throbbing inside me. Goodness knows how I managed not to cum.

Though I was wonderfully stimulated I decided I had to end the session for this week. I slowly lifted myself off Roger's cock and saw how his hardness was glistening with my wetness. The inside of my thighs were drenched.

I did my final talk for the evening and told them how I looked forward to the next lesson. There was a somewhat muted atmosphere as they dressed and left. I think we were all shell shocked at how far we had gone sexually.

I pulled on jogging bottoms and a sweat shirt and made my way home as quickly as I could. Once there I virtually ripped off my clothes and plunged my fingers into my wetness.

My cunt was so hot and soaked. I pulled back the hood of my clitoris, which seemed to be even larger than normal, and made myself orgasm. My whole body shook with spasms as I came again and again. I pulled on my nipples with one hand and the sensation rocked my body as my juices flowed over my other hand.

"Fuck!" I told myself, "I need to be fucked."

I then had a shower and afterwards tried to get some sleep.

The next Thursday came around quickly and I prepared myself once more for the lesson.

Everyone turned up early, stripped off and were ready for their Naked Yoga session.

I followed a now familiar pattern and led them through various postures and breathing exercises. Finally the time came for me to do my exhibition of more difficult asanas. I did several and then for some reason decided to do an easy asana called, the Cat, which strengthens and keeps the spine supple.

Still completely naked I adopted an all-fours position with my hands squarely under my shoulders and my knees directly under my hips. I dropped my head forward and arched my back and then slowly lowered my back to a concave shape. I pushed my bottom out and raised my head to look upwards.

Now normally the legs are kept close together, for this posture, but this time I had my legs apart. So with my concave shaped back, my bottom sticking out and on all fours my vagina and anus were completely on display. I held the position so that my audience could see everything. I was ripe and ready to be fucked.

My position was almost an invitation and I wasn't disappointed. I felt hands on my hips as someone knelt behind me and then a hard penis touched my bottom.

I remained still and then said, "Remember we must try to retain our sexual energy for spiritual purposes, so don't ejaculate."

With one hand I reached back to feel the cock and guided it to the entrance of my cunt. Whoever the man was pushed the full length of his cock into me. I thrust backwards with my bottom to make sure he filled me completely. God, it felt so good.

With his penis throbbing in my wetness I tried to talk about Tantric and Sexual Yoga. My 'lover' suddenly groaned and said he was about to cum.

"Pull out," I instructed him, "Cum over my back."

He did as I asked and I could feel the length of his cock between my bottom cheeks and then he erupted, his sperm spurting over my bottom and back. As he did so I came, but quietly so no one would know.

The room was now electric and as the man moved away I felt another behind me plunging into my now open tunnel. The cock moved in and out of me, the sensations making me tremble and my hanging tits quiver. He soon pulled out and another stream of spunk hit my back and bottom.

I was now so sexually aroused that I needed proper satisfaction. "Fuck Tantric and Spirituality," I told myself, "I need a proper physical fuck and now."

"Who hasn't cum yet?" I asked the men.

"I haven't," said Roger.

"Then fuck me."

I rolled over onto my back, grasped my tits with both hands, spread my legs as wide as I could and waited.

"Come on, fuck me," I ordered impatiently.

My cunt, I knew would be swollen and gaping open, and I needed it filled to capacity and hot sperm shot deep inside.

Roger lay over me and I left my tits alone to grab his cock and pull it towards my opening.

"Push it in, push it in."

He did so as I lifted my legs high and around his waist so that he could go deep.

"Deeper, fuck me deeper," I cried, now completely out of control, "Come on harder, fuck me, fuck me."

I'd almost forgotten the rest of my audience but when I remembered them, and that they were all watching, I moaned in ecstasy. My tummy fluttered as the first stirrings of my orgasm rumbled through me.

I grabbed at my hard nipples pulling them, stretching them and let out an animalistic sound and shouted, "Fuck my cunt, fill me. Don't stop. Harder, harder, deeper ... Oh God, don't stop ..."

My whole body pulsated and I lifted my legs higher as I orgasmed screaming and shouting obscenities. I could feel my own cum hot inside my cunt and then Roger ejaculated, his sperm mixing with my wetness as he unloaded deep inside me. I orgasmed again as his spurting cream shot over hidden depths.

I gradually calmed down and Roger withdrew leaving me spread-eagled on my back, my legs and cunt wide open. The room was silent.

Sarah moved from where she was sitting and sat between my legs her fingers pulling open my pussy lips, exposing my clit. Her head went down on me and she started to lap at my wetness like a dog drinking water. She slurped her tongue from my anus to my hard clitoris over and over, lapping up Rogers and my combined juices.

I was soon panting like a bitch on heat as I thrust my pelvis upwards to her mouth, her tongue now penetrating my cunt. I orgasmed again powerfully.

Sarah moved up to kiss me on the mouth and I tasted my pussy on her lips. I hugged her close, our tits squashed together and she said, "Thank you for a wonderful evening ... from us all." And, as once before, the others began to clap their hands in appreciation.

That night in bed I couldn't sleep. I got out of bed and sat in an armchair with a mirror in front of me. As I was naked I could see most of my body. I hooked a leg over each arm of the chair and looked at my cunt. I spread myself open and watched as I pushed fingers inside my pussy. I was still wet. I pushed back my vaginal lips to see my clitoris, which was firm and pinkish red, standing proud like a miniature penis.

Gently I spread some of my own lubricant over my clit to make it slippery and began to massage myself to orgasm. I kept stopping and slowing down to extend the wonderful pleasure I was giving myself. My clit became almost too sensitive to touch so I pushed fingers inside my cunt instead. I was amazingly wet and lubricated. I tried to find and manipulate my g-spot and stroked the front wall of my vagina.

I could feel an orgasm now welling up inside me and couldn't hold off any longer. My cunt tightened and then released spurts of liquid over the seat of the chair. I'd never ejaculated like this before and seeing this in the mirror sent me into a second orgasm, my tits bouncing as I came.

I went back to bed and slept soundly.

The Naked Yoga lessons continued for many weeks and, though Yoga was still an important part, they developed into virtual weekly orgies. I have some marvellous memories of that time of my life and also of being fucked by three men at once.

Maybe that'll be another story ...