**Jen Teaches Hot Yoga**

by TEBJrNghwJqw

**Jen Teaches Hot Yoga Ch. 05**

*Reclaiming Jen, or trying. She won't ever be the same.*

A few days after Jen, Terrance, and I crossed every line that exists, I found myself at our small local gym, with my usual workout buddy. The same guy who gave Jen the best sex of her life in our back yard. We worked out together, but in silence. To saw things were awkward was an understatement.

We finish up and go shower - it's a group shower at this gym, and we have it to ourselves.

"Look man Im sorry about your wife."

"Fiance" i respond, monotone.

"Oh you ain't lock her down yet?"

"No. Our wedding is next year."

A minute passes before he speaks next. "You might think on that."

"What are you talking about?"

"Come on man. She's changed. She ain't gonna be happy with that" he says, gesturing at my inch long flaccid nub, "when she has had this" and he gestures at his 8" long, thick hanging meat. "Im just saying she will be back for more, they always are. I ain't never had a woman only once. And besides, I know she got to feel different now, don't she? Just no way its ever gonna feel the same for you."

I don't respond, but I feel my face turn bright red.

"Might need to find you a new girl that isn't into brothers."

"Jen's not into brothers." I respond, not believing it for a moment. I shut off the shower, dress quickly and leave, without another word.

I get home and go to my office, wanting to catch up on a few things. I flip through some of the recorded yoga sessions, fast forward until I find what I want, and keep it moving until Shenae is naked, and I start beating my meat to her big fat ass and huge tits. I don't let myself cum for now, and move on to the next session. It's just Jen & Terrance.

It mostly looks like their last session. She came out nude from the start, he joined her soon. She spent a LOT of time on her knees in front of him, adjusting his position. She wasn't as careful about avoiding his dick this time.

A few minutes pass, and she's standing in front of him. She raises her leg in front of her, higher, higher, until she's doing a standing split, her leg vertical. Her pussy is more on display than ever, her meaty lips hanging low, her hole open several inches, gaping wide, vulnerable. His massive erect tool bobbing just inches away. His eyes didn't leave her gaping cunt; I thought he was going to push it into her while she stood there. Somehow, he resisted. I wouldnt have been able to.

Lowering her leg, Jen got on her hands and knees and ordered him behind her. He guides his erect cock just past her gaping hole, rubbing it against her dangling labia. He pulls in close to her, and massages her tiny tits, playing with her nipples. He is making no efforts to hide what he's doing whatsoever.

Jen isn't hiding either. She's moaning softly, grinding herself against him. Rubbing her pussy against his cock. Suddenly the spell is broken, and she pulls forward a bit, then lowers her head the mat. Face down. Ass in the air. Pussy dripping with sweat & juices, gaping wide open, no longer able to attempt to close.

Terrance once more grasps himself, lines up, and places the bulbous head against her entrance.

Jen breathily asks "Do you want class to be over?"

"Do you?" he responds, knowing she doesn't.

She says nothing, but moves slightly back, and his massive cockhead disappears into her slack hole.

"Maybe we should end the class" Jen breathes, as she slides back another inch or two, taking more black meat inside of her. "Maybe a little more. God you're big." He's not halfway in, it looks like, and he has far more meat in her than I ever have.

Terrance takes this to mean no more games, and he buries his entire length inside her. She cums instantly, and he begins to furiously pound her, She orgasms twice more in rapid succession. Ten, 15 minutes pass. Jen has cum at least 4 times, Terrance continuing to brutalize her vagina.

I can't help but think their session should have ended long ago, as my chest hurts, and I stroke my cock furiously.

Jen cums again, and it sends Terrance over the edge, as he groans loudly, burying his tool in my fiance, and it's obvious he's cumming in her again.

Balls drained for the moment, he pulls his still erect cock out, and a huge load follows, pooling on the mat.

Jen rises, grabs Terrance's hand, and urges him up, then walks toward the shower, pulling him behind her. I don't think she's done.

I switch cams, and Terrance is sitting down on the bench, Jen straddling him, riding him, cumming again, and then again. And again. She climbs off, gets on her knees, and sucks his cockhead, stroking him. Within a minute, he was ready. She releases his head, closes her eyes, and strokes, as he erupts. Blast after blast of thick cum strike my fiance's face. 5, 6, 7, 8. 9. By the time he is drained, she looks like she was the star at a bukkake party. She rises and goes to kiss him.

"Hell no, save that shit for your husband." Jen just giggled.

They shower without any further incident, other than more touching than is appropriate for a yoga teacher and a client.

I've been edging myself this entire time, and I am ready to burst. My thoughts keep returning to the conversation at the gym earlier. That Jen would never be the same. Her pussy would never be the same. She would want it again. That I should think twice before making her my wife.

I feel like I need to reclaim her, make her mine once more. I turn off the video and go greet her in the kitchen.

She's wearing a very short summer dress, preparing dinner at the counter, and I have a feeling she's bare underneath. I need to prove, to myself maybe, that she's mine.

She smiles when she sees me, and turns to give me a hug. I wrap my arms around her bottom under her skirt, feeling her bare skin, and give her a deep, passionate kiss as I lift her up. She wraps her legs around me as she returns the kiss. I break it off, and lift her dress over her head quickly, revealing her perfect bare skin, unadorned by underwear.

"I want to do you right here" I say

Jen giggles and gets a funny look on her face and shakes her head slightly. "Oh that's ok. We don't need to."

"We haven't had sex since...the back yard."

"It's ok, we have been busy. I'm making dinner".

I turn her around and push her down against the counter. She spreads her legs for me as I drop my gym shorts, ready to fuck her. I stuff my 4 inches easily into her stretched out hole. Just as the other day, there's no friction at all, just warmth, wetness. I pull out and plunge back in over and over.

"How's that?" I ask her, since she isn't moaning or making any sounds.

"Mmm"

"How does it feel?"

"It's nice" she says, unenthusiastically. "I don't know"

"What do you mean you don't know?"

"Baby stop and just make love to me, we don't need to talk about it."

"I want to know how it feels for you."

"Baby don't make me..."

"Say it." I say, as I grasp her hips and go as deep as I can.

"Baby I can't feel your penis. At all. I can't even tell that you're in me, OK? Is that what you want to hear? That your dick isn't big enough to please me? Do you want me to tell you that i can't stop fantasizing about big cock? That having a big cock inside me is the greatest feeling I can image? Do you want to hear that?"

It was like she punched me in the face. I can't reply, but I keep plowing my cock into her.

"Stop baby. I know you can't feel anything either.

Reclaiming your woman after she's been stretched out? It's a lie. There's no going back.

I stop. She's right.

I pull out, leaning against her. A few minutes pass.

"I want you to make love to me. Go get the extender. Not one of the little ones." she says

Another pang, as I know she doesn't mean one of the 7 or 8 inches. I dart off to the bedroom, don the big, black, thick 9.5" extender, lube it up, and come back ot the kitchen. She's turned around, bent slightly over the counter, her hand between her legs rubbing her clit.

I enter her silently from behind, and immediately the difference is clear. She moans, no hint of fakeness, as I bury 9.5 inches of meat inside her. Thrusting in and out mercilessly, she cums twice, thrice, before reaching behind and gently pushing me away. I extract myself from the giant cock extender, my 4" harder than ever.

"Do you want me to suck you off?" Jen whispers, still bent over.

If I had more dignity I would have said no. But she sucks dick like nobody else, so I say yes softly. She turns, kisses me softly, and drops to her knees, taking my hardness into her mouth. After all my edging, I was ready to blow in about 20 seconds. Sensing it, she released me from her mouth, and gave me a few more strokes. I groaned as I came on her face, just 3 small shots. Still, she looked sexy as hell with cum on her face.

My balls empty and my cock quickly shriveling, Jen rises and starts to turn. I stop her, turning her toward me, and draw her in for a deep kiss. Her lips are salty and sticky, but I don't care. Our tongues intertwine, dancing in each other's mouth. At least this is something she doesn't do with Terrance. I still have that. She's still mine.