**Adventure with Ben Wa Ball**

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We slept long and soundly after Susan's introduction to nipple clamps. The next morning, we relaxed in bed before deciding that we should head off into the nearest city and explore the local Art Gallery.

Having awakened Susan's lust I thought that perhaps there was an opportunity to further explore how far she was ready to go. Some years ago, before Helen had become ill I had bought her a set of Lelo Luna beads, a posh form of ben-wa balls, but she had resolutely refused to even try them out. Now was a chance to put them to good use. I thought that as a starting point a single ball would be sufficient to introduce Susan to the joys of arousal in public.

"I would like you to try something for me," I said to Susan, and with that I handed her the ball.

"What am I supposed to do with this?" she replied rolling it around in her hand and feeling the way that it moved and vibrated.

"It goes in your vagina, it is supposed to help to exercise your internal muscles and also provide you with some erotic stimulation."

"Well, I'll try anything once!"

"Do you want me to put it in for you or would you rather do it yourself?"

"I think it would be more fun for both of us if you did it"

I took the ball from her and popped it in my mouth, firstly to warm it up a bit and secondly to moisten it. I guess that Susan would probably be moist enough to not actually need much in the way of lubrication. Susan spread her legs for me and I placed the ball at the entrance to her vagina, at the same time taking the opportunity to gently stroke her clitoris. As she raised her hips to increase the pleasure I pressed on the ball very gently and it slipped straight in. I followed it with a finger just so that I could adjust its position, but it seemed to have positioned itself by Susan's g-spot, so I left it well alone.

"How does that feel?" I asked.

"It was an interesting sensation as it went in but now all I can feel is a little bit of fullness and pressure inside," she replied.

"I don't suppose that it will have much effect while you are laid still in bed."

With that she swung her legs out of the bed and stood up with a gasp. She leant forward and grabbed hold of the bedside table.

"No more quick movements like that! I will have to take things a bit slowly until I get used to it," she gasped.

We got dressed, Susan making sure that she had a tight pair of panties on just in case, had some breakfast and then took the short drive to the city. I noticed that while in the car Susan kept her legs squeezed tightly together like she was trying to prevent the ball moving about. Once we arrived in the city it was only a short walk from the car park to the gallery, but it was a slow one as Susan seemed to move with the utmost caution, clearly still wanting to avoid any unnecessary movement.

We decided that we would start at the top floor of the gallery and work our way down. I suggested that it would be good exercise to walk up the stairs, but Susan insisted that we use the lift obviously still not confident with the internal movement of the ball. Once we got to the top gallery we spent half an hour or so admiring the works of art. I kept a discreet eye on Susan and noticed that she gradually went from her careful walking to something more normal. Eventually she seemed to begin to enjoy the feeling inside of her and actually started to walk with a sexy sway of the hips as if she was accentuating the stimulation that she was receiving.

Once we had done with the upper gallery I led Susan to the stairs to descend to the next floor. She didn't resist and started to walk down. Now came the biggest change, she suddenly became somewhat flushed and her breathing became laboured. It was clear that taking larger steps down was causing the ball to move around inside her pussy with significant effect. I didn't say anything but continued to admire her heightened state of arousal. Once we were at the next gallery I took her hand and led her, not too slowly to the far end making sure that she had minimal recovery time from walking down the stairs. By the time we had walked the length of the gallery she was clearly aroused, her nipples were pressing against her blouse and she was definitely breathing heavily. I started to admire the art work, but Susan showed little interest. She just tried to remain still and pull herself together, I even noticed a couple of times that her hand would stray towards her crotch so that she could discreetly rub her clitoris through her clothes.

I decided to let Susan stew for a little longer but after another 5 minutes or so I ambled over to where she was stood daydreaming.

"You don't look like you are that interested in the art in this gallery, perhaps we should find something else to look at," I suggested

"Not sure about that," she replied, "That thing inside of me has got me so turned on all I want is for you to take me home and fuck me!"

I would never have expected such language and gave Susan a playful smack on the bum.

"Language, Language," I replied, "but if that is what you desire we had better head home. Can you manage another flight of stairs?"

"Only if we take them nice and slowly," came the reply.

By the time we got home Susan had calmed down a little bit, but as soon as we were indoors she dragged me upstairs to the bedroom. She threw off her clothes as quick as she could and jumped on the bed, legs spread wide apart. As I got undressed her hand strayed down to her clitoris and she started to gently caress it but deliberately did not bring herself to that final climax that she desired.

Once I was undressed she moaned, "Right, get that thing out of me and then fuck me as hard as you can."

I climbed between her legs and slowly inserted a finger into her vagina to retrieve the ball. As I did so I also allowed one finger to press against her clitoris. She took her own finger away and left me to play. I deliberately didn't move my finger too much so that I could keep her on the brink for a bit longer. I got hold of the loop that was attached to the ball and started to pull. I felt her muscles tense, but I didn't know whether this was deliberate or just an involuntary spasm. I slowly pulled the ball out but just as it appeared at her entrance I released my pull on the loop and it slipped straight back in. Susan let a small sigh and raised her hips briefly. When I retrieved the loop for the second time it seemed that the ball had slipped even deeper in than before. Gently I started to pull the ball out again, this time a little further but again I allowed it to slip back inside. Susan's breathing was getting more and more ragged as the combination of the ball moving in and out and my very slight movements against her clitoris brought her closer and closer to the point of no return.

At the third attempt I pulled the ball a little further and this time instead of slipping back inside her muscles pushed it out. Susan let out a moan and I wasn't sure whether it was a moan of relief or disappointment. As I started to change position so that I could replace the ball with my now rigid cock I had to take my finger off of Susan's clitoris. Almost as soon as I removed my finger two of hers replaced it stroking and tweaking her clitoris more and more intensely.

As quickly as I could I climbed on top of Susan and started to push my cock into her. She was so wet that there was virtually no resistance except for the continuing spasm of her internal muscles. I knew that having made love just last night this time I would last a lot longer and anyway I wanted to delay Susan's orgasm for as long as I could. As slowly as I could I thrust in and out of her, pushing my cock in as deep as it would go and then pulling it all the way back out so that just the very tip was inside her.

By now Susan was so desperate she started trying to thrust her hips to try to speed things up. I continued with the long strokes but started to thrust faster. It didn't take long before I felt her whole body tense and then with a cry of relief she had the most intense orgasm that I had ever seen a woman have. The effect on me was to make me cum as well and I plunged deep inside of her as fast as I could to intensify the pleasure for both of us.

All too soon we were both over the peak but while I was still hard enough I continued to slowly push in and out of her just extending the pleasure for as long as I could. I am no porn star I am afraid, and it wasn't that long before nature took its course and my cock started to lose the hardness to be able to keep thrusting, so I just rested with my shrinking cock resting just inside her.

We kissed. Susan wrapped her arms around me.

"So, what do you have planned for me next?" She asked.