**Extreme Tease**

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**Chapter 01**

"Are you sure you want to do this?"  
  
"Yeah. Yeah let's do it!" She replied nervously, but with enthusiasm.  
  
She was lying on the bed with just her underwear and bra on. Her legs were slightly spread, and she looked like she wanted to be touched, but in that innocent way where she doesn't want to seem too obvious.   
  
"Okay, let's do it then."   
  
You kiss her jaw line and move down her neck. She lets out a soft whimper, her hips bucking slightly at the touch. You feel her breast as you pick yourself up to tend to her parts below. She looks down at herself, and you leaning in-between her legs. She bites her lip as you pull her white bikini panties down. Your heart races as you slowly expose her—first the top of her mound; it's bald, then the peak of her mound, again bald, and then the first peak of the cleft of her slit, which is even balder and softer than the surrounding skin. She has the perfect puffy lips, the innocent lips that hide the inner lips that wait to blossom upon the outer ones' spreading. You never thought she would be one to shave. Maybe She was more sexual than you had thought. As you continue to pull her panties down you fully expose the outside of her vagina, a perfect roundness between her legs. Just at the bottom of her slit there was a string of her sticky nectar connecting her pussy to her panties. She was wet, with the perfect clear fluid you wish for. Sadly you must break it to finish what you're there for, but you keep the image in your head forever. Once the panties are at her knees you stop and take a look at her. The way her torso flows into her hips and her pelvis, and these into her thighs and mound, and her mound into her pussy, and then her pussy flowing into her ass and the rest of her legs is so smooth, so soft and natural, it's so beautiful in its every aspect. You desperately want to dive in and please her, but not yet. You have a goal that must be achieved. She is still looking down, nervously biting her lip. She's just lying there seeming like she's waiting for approval.   
  
"God, you're so beautiful Eleanor."  
  
She giggled and smiled, almost shying away in modesty, but this was insincere. Now she seemed intrigued and determined to continue. She wanted what was coming.   
  
"Okay, one sec."  
  
You get up to go get the toys, it's finally time. She's laying there the same, with her legs slightly wider, as far as the panties around her ankles will allow. This slight opening barely begins to separate her lips. You can barely begin to see the inner pink softness of her heat, glistening with a drop of her desire. She smiles when she sees what you're carrying.  
  
"ALL of that?! Oh wow!" she says in surprise. But again there's no hiding her desire. You can here it in her voice and see it in her face, and in her motions. You get back on the bed between her legs, setting the toys to the side. You look at her once more.  
  
"Ready?"  
  
She nods, still biting her lips but with a huge grin: "Mhmm."  
  
You reach for the first of three toys: the Ben Wa balls. Leaning on your right hand you lean in, close to her core. You begin to bring the toy close to her slit. Starting with the first ball you rub it up her slit starting from the bottom, the source of her wet lubricant, and then up, parting her lips until it glides over her clit. She let's of a hard breath and grinds her hips. For the first time her eyes close and she momentarily loses herself in the ecstasy. The first ball now glimmers on one side with a bit of her wetness. You slide it back down, to gather more, to try and coat it, then back up to tease her once more. She gasps at every pass at her clit, she almost seems ready to come. Her wetness is now audible as you move the ball between her lips. You only tease her for a bit longer, this is just a tease after all; she can't come yet. You settle back at the bottom of her slit, at her opening. You begin to wriggle the ball in small circles trying to get it to make its way into her. She senses your will and decides to help. Her right arm moves from its position and rests on her mound with her index and middle fingers lying on each of her lips respectively as she spreads them. For the first time you are seeing the full blossom of her center and you want more than ever to experience it.  
  
Her puffy innocent lips are parted, just as her legs exposing the petite but present inner folds of her, coming together at the nub of her clit which has began to peak up out of its hood. Even with it spread, the ball seems huge in comparison and for a moment you question whether or not they'll fit, but this thought is fleeting. Everything is so soft and pristine, her soft pale outer lips blend so perfectly into the softer pink of the hidden inner and the deep red of her core, and everything glistening with her desirous fluid, it's hard to imagine her ever being touched. You want to experience it for yourself. But this is a tease for you too.   
  
You continue to wiggle the ball around her opening, gradually increasing the pressure. She begins reciprocating the wiggle as the ball slowly pushes inside her. The noises ring of sex: her mouth is open slightly now and her breathing is somewhat erratic and the toy against her wet flesh makes its characteristic squish. She's enjoying this, She's loving the feeling of the ball teasing her. She wants it inside of her.   
  
Eventually her muscles clasp onto the other side of the ball as it slips in. She lets out a small whimper. You replay this moment in your head: her muscles contracting as they close around the narrow part of the toy, enveloping one of the Ben Wa balls inside her. Rather than jump to the next one, you slowly pull on the toy, bringing the first ball to the surface She bucks more intensely at this. But she doesn't want to let it go. Despite your hand's resistance, the ball barely becomes visible again before she clasps back onto it and it disappears inside her once more.   
  
You push the second one up against her opening until it reaches resistance. Then it's back to the wriggling, although this time it's more to just get it wet than to break the resistance of her muscles, they openly want it now. It slips into her easier than the first, as she closes entirely, leaving only the string visible as a clue to what's teasing her inside.   
  
She is still keeping her lips spread for a moment after you finish placing the first toy. She breaks from her gasps of enjoyment and giggles at the tease. Again you take a moment to just look at the scene in front of you. She's just laying there, naked from her bra down her torso, and her mound with her hand spreading herself to show you now--the string from the toy lightly hanging from the tightly closed hole of her opening, and her legs spread until you reach the underwear still wrapped around her legs. You grin and grab under her torso to roll her over, "Roll over, hun."  
  
She obliges and rolls over, revealing the perfect curves of her back leading down to her round butt, so soft with her skin like porcelain. You graze your hand down the small of her back and rest it on her cheek. Even though her legs are closed, you can barely make out her pussy through the space in her legs. You follow it up and spy her butthole. This one needs some help, you think. Or maybe you just want an excuse to indulge.   
  
You straddle her legs and rest both of your hands on her ass cheeks gently separating them. You lean in and kiss the little hole, so tightly closed. It was so clean and soft, just like the rest of her. The feel of her flesh against your lips drives you crazy. You kiss it again, more passionately. You stick your tongue out and circle the pucker tasting her sweat for the first time. You lick it again. She moans. You keep licking it, letting your saliva moisten it for a minute or so.   
  
Then you back up and twiddle it with your middle finger, coating it in saliva. After teasing her this way for a few seconds you gently press against the opening and the tip pops in. You wiggle it gently and push it the rest of the way in. She's so tight. Her muscles grip your finger hard. It takes a good amount of strength to pull your finger free as you pump it in and out of her slowly. Occasionally, you have to add some more saliva as lube as you continue to get her ready for toy two.   
  
You bring your index finger to meet your middle finger at the opening. You try for two fingers. At first there's no way. She's almost too tight for one finger, but after some continued persuasion with your middle finger and a little more saliva, you're finally able to squeeze it in. She gasps at this, but bucks her ass into your fingers, longingly. Again you begin to pump your fingers in and out. It's so hot to be inside her. You can't lie; you wish you were in her pussy rather than her ass, but something about the tightness of her butt is turning you on insanely. Eventually her muscles begin to accept you fingers; it's time for the toy.   
  
You pull your fingers out, and she gapes just for a moment, you see the soft red flesh of her core. You reach into the bag and pull out toy two. A bright pink buttplug which seemed smaller in your mind. This actually may not fit. You lean back down to her butt and start licking her again, adding moisture. This time, after your warm-up with your fingers you can press the tip of your tongue in and feel her softness and tightness. She moans at this and you can feel her muscles contract.   
  
After paying attention to her hole with your tongue you bring yourself back up and focus on the toy. You grab her left cheek with your available hand and try to spread her butt. She senses your intentions and grabs her butt to help, exposing her barely open butthole and giving you a glimpse of her pussy below. You lick her once more leaving saliva on her opening then tease it with the tip of the plug. You circle around the hole a few times, then gently apply pressure. The first inch or so slides in easily before you reach resistance. You must apply more pressure now as she becomes tighter, and the plug becomes wider. You make it about halfway up the plug before you can't comfortably fit more in. Slowly you begin to pump it, working her muscles until they eventually accept it. With each pump the plug goes slightly deeper.   
  
You're reaching the widest part now, and it's a beautiful sight; she's lying there holding her ass open, and in doing so arching her back so it's protruding towards you, and a buttplug is holding her open. It's almost in. You just push harder and she slips around the bulb of the plug and holds it inside her with the base resting against her cheeks. She gasps at the feeling of it going inside her. You look down at her, at her perfect butt with the giveaway pink base resting at the glove, and the telltale string hanging from her glistening vagina below.   
  
Two of her most intimate parts are now filled with these objects that are unrelenting in their tease. You wish you could be her, you wish you could feel what she's feeling, but helping her to experience it is the next best thing.   
  
"One more!" You say and smile at her.  
  
"Okay," She says and smiles back although she seems kind of on edge, in the orgasmic way.   
  
As she moves to stand up on her knees she shudders slightly, feeling the movement of the Ben Wa balls. At this shudder her eyes look glazed over with the feelings of bliss. You give in momentarily, facing her with her panties around her knees and the look of bliss on her face. You kiss her. And she mauls your face with the most passionate kiss you think anyone could muster. She presses her body against yours as if she were trying to crush you and begins to rub her pelvis at your leg. You back away. She's left gasping shakily as she tries to lean into you, begging to be pushed over the edge.   
  
You grin and pull her panties up, slowly. You rest the waistband around her hips and for the first time realize how tight the panties are on her. You can clearly make out the shape of her mound, and see the line of her slit; it turns you on. As if by reflex, her hand moves down to her crotch and she tries to rub herself through the panties. You let her do it once before you ask for her help with the next and final toy.   
  
It's a purple Venus Butterfly, remote controlled. She helps you slip the straps over her right leg, than her left, inching its way up and around her knees, and up her thighs to meet her underwear. The straps are too loose, so you begin to adjust them while she holds it. You do, but now the straps are too tight. Perfect. You pull the straps up around her waist and legs, working around her to make sure it's positioned all the way around. As you go behind her you're reminded again of the tightness of the white panties. they hug her ass; you can make out the line of the cleft of her butt beginning just below the small of her back and running down until the slight protuberance of the buttplug makes itself apparent through the fabric.   
  
You keep working your way around, tweaking the straps until they rest perfectly. As you do this she takes the butterfly itself and makes sure its centered right on her clit. She does this with a look of concentration on her face. She looks straight ahead; navigating only by feeling, and slightly lifts her leg, spreading herself ever so slightly as she maneuvers the butterfly's bulk, for better placement. When she finds the placement satisfactory she takes her middle two fingers and presses it into herself, letting her leg drift back down, and giving into the feeling.   
  
The look of ecstasy returns to her face. You have grabbed the remote, and she hasn't noticed. You make her notice. Flipping the switch to "on," she jolts into pleasure gasping in shaking breaths and bucking her hips at the air. You grab her torso and pull her in to kiss her neck. She moans when your lips touch her jawline and she grabs and holds you against her. You stop kissing her and look her in the eyes. She's moaning and gasping for air, literally on the edge of coming, and she knows, she knows your next action. She looks at you with a look of sincere longing and wishing, wishing for you to let her finish.   
  
You turn the butterfly off. She moans once more, more of a whimper, with a disappointment in it's tone. She takes a few seconds to come down from the edge while you hold her. You kiss her once more, this time on the lips. She kisses back, but almost in a pouty way, as she realizes the torment she is going to have to endure before the day is through.   
  
You let her go, and grab her clothes. It's not much, just some short athletic shorts and a t-shirt. She puts them on and slips on her shoes. Time to start the day.