

Tease Me

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Natalia hung up the phone and contemplated it with a satisfied smile on her face. This one had potential.

Across town, Dean was thinking the same thing. The computer screen bathed his face in cool light as he looked over Natalia's profile, nodding at each similarity in their professed likes and dislikes. It wasn't a perfect match -- she was a little younger than he'd had in mind, and her taste in music was a little iffy -- but Dean liked the wit and charm of this girl.

Natalia lay on her bed, idly stroking the phone against her cheek while she replayed the conversation in her mind. Dean had a really nice voice, she thought. Smooth and soothing. No surprise considering he was a hypnotist, of course, but it sounded genuine, natural. She could imagine herself listening to that voice, relaxing, feeling distant and dreamy ... and noticed that delicious little fluttering sensation inside as a host of personal fantasies floated through her mind. *I wonder if he'd hypnotize me*, she mused. *That would be hot.*

He had no clients scheduled until 11:00, but Dean opened the office at 8:00 anyway as he always did. Walk-ins were practically unheard of in the hypnotherapy business, but he figured at least anyone driving by could tell he was open for business, which implied he was busy. And if he was busy, he must be good.

His day started the way it always did when there was no early client: with Dean sitting at his desk and visiting his favorite hypnosis-related blogs. He had quite the little network of friendly colleagues going, and it had netted him a few good referrals so it was worth keeping up and had the side benefit of letting him talk hypnosis with peers.

Then, in the middle of posting a comment on one of the blogs, his Treo buzzed with a new text message.

[NataliaH] Morning. Busy day ahead?

Dean smiled. *I guess she likes me too.* He picked up the phone and thumbed a response on the tiny keyboard.

[DeanR] Not right away. You?

The reply came just a few minutes later.

[NataliaH] Sort of. Boring end-of-the-month crap. Think you could hypnotize me into liking paperwork? :p

Dean had to grin. Natalia had hinted more than once in their phone calls that she was curious about being hypnotized. He decided a joke might be the best response.

[DeanR] Maybe, but my rates are pretty high for that. Altering personalities is tricky, you know. :)

Natalia read the response and felt a little tingle run down her stomach and into her pussy. *Does he have any idea how hot that would be?* she wondered. *Let's find out if he's just playing.*

[NataliaH] I'll bet you say that to all your women to put them off guard before you enthrall them.

The minutes dragged on while Natalia held her breath. Would he bite?

[DeanR] I never enthrall over the phone. Meet me for dinner, though, and we'll talk. ;-)

A satisfied chuckle escaped her lips. Yes, this guy had definite potential.

[NataliaH] On such short notice? You'll think I'm easy - or worse, that I have no social life.

His answer, when it came, made her laugh.

[DeanR] In that case you might as well say yes because clearly I'm even worse than that for having asked.

Okay, she judged, he's game. But how far will he take it?

[NataliaH] But then how do I know you can please a woman properly?

Her hand paused as the mouse pointer hovered over the Send key. Was she being too bold? *Only one way to find out.*

Dean did a double-take when he saw Natalia's reply, which teased and dared him at the same time. *All right, he resolved, I'll play your game.* His thumbs typed:

[DeanR] I can make you come before we even meet in person. Would that earn me a dinner date?

He didn't give himself time to rethink before sending. The adrenaline flowed through him as he imagined her reading that and either getting completely turned off ... or maybe turned on. She didn't keep him waiting long.

[NataliaH] Do that and I might eat *you* for dinner! :-) But you're just teasing me - there's no way you can make good on that.

Dean had to admit to himself that she was probably right. But it was a slow day, Natalia had a lovely voice, and he suspected she might be more open to suggestion than she realized. A plan formed in his mind.

[DeanR] So sure? Then let's make it a bet. If I can get you to have an orgasm before the end of your work day, you come to my place for dinner tonight.

Natalia stared at the text on her phone and felt a plume of heat form between her legs at the very possibility that such a thing could happen. *He's bluffing*, she thought, *but what a bluff!* She needed to see where this would lead.

[NataliaH] So sure of yourself! But what's in it for me?

She knew what part of his answer would be, at least. Still, it was interesting to test him.

[DeanR] An orgasm and a nice dinner, for starters. Not bad terms for losing a bet. What more would you want?

Several ideas came to her, most of them involving his face and her pussy. But she had to remind him who was setting the pace here.

[NataliaH] How about this: if you lose, you have to clean my apartment. Naked. Still feeling sure of yourself?

His answer came back so quickly it surprised her.

[DeanR] You're on. What time do you normally get off at work today?

Natalia laughed softly at her phone. This was going to be too much fun for words.

[NataliaH] Five. So I'll see you at 6 and I'll expect you to be naked by 6:05. >:-)

Across town, Dean was also laughing.

[DeanR] Well, okay, but if I'm going to cook our dinner naked the least you can do is strip down with me to eat it.

He imagined her reaction to that and grinned more broadly. A little presupposition, a few embedded suggestions, and this just might work. Even if it didn't, it would still be fun.

Instead of waiting for Natalia to respond, he began with an indirect suggestion or two.

[DeanR] You may not remember telling me that you love the idea of being subtly seduced through hypnosis. Just make sure that you don't give in to me too quickly ... I want you to enjoy this as much as I will.

Natalia's brow wrinkled. When had she told him that? There had been a running undercurrent of innuendo in their last couple of phone calls, largely instigated by her. Too much to remember every tidbit. What else had she let slip?

The phone dinged.

[DeanR] I'll bet that right now you're sitting at your desk, thinking about all the things we've talked about on the phone, wondering how many things you've forgotten telling me, and at the same time just trying to ignore that little voice in the back of your mind that secretly wants this.

Her eyes widened as she realized how closely he had described her thoughts. But that last part, about the voice? Yes, she had to concede, *it would be really hot to get so horny that I get off at work*. Still, she couldn't let him think he had her all figured out so soon.

[NataliaH] I have no idea what you mean. I'm thinking about work while a little part of my mind writes up a nice, long list of chores for my naked maid to perform.

That ought to slow him down, she told herself. Then the phone dinged again.

[DeanR] You'd like that, wouldn't you? Can you imagine me now, naked and on all fours, scrubbing your kitchen floor while you watch my muscles move? Maybe you'll even fantasize about walking past me and catching me peeking up your skirt.

For a few seconds she did just that. Then she realized she was playing right into his hands.

[NataliaH] Sounds like your fantasy, not mine. Maybe you think you can hypnotize me with your schlong or something.

His reply came while she was reading an email about an upcoming staff meeting.

[DeanR] We can do that if you want, but I think you'd rather be seduced by my voice, wouldn't you? Imagining my voice saying these words, perhaps wondering when you'll begin to feel that sensation down there starting to build up.

"Anything up, Nat?"

The phone slipped from her startled fingers as she looked up to find Eugene from IT standing behind her. Heat crept up her neck and into her face. "Oh, nothing. Paperwork."

"Uh-huh..." His eyes shifted from her flushed face to the phone and back again. "Must be some kind of nothing. I just wanted to find out what you need for the new interns."

Interns? "Oh, right. New interns. Starting next week. Can I get back to you later?"

Eugene shrugged and left.

[NataliaH] OMG, a guy from IT almost saw that! He must think I'm nuts because I was all flushed.

As soon as she hit Send Natalia realized she probably shouldn't have told Dean that.

Back in his office, Dean saw the confession and grinned wickedly. Things were going even better than he'd hoped.

[DeanR] Exciting, isn't it? How much more thrilling is it knowing that people can see the signs of your growing arousal and might guess what you're going to do when it becomes too strong to ignore?

[DeanR] Go ahead, look around. How many people do you think can tell how aroused you've become? Can they see your skin flush? Hear your breathing quicken? Notice your legs pressing together from the pleasure and heat you feel between them?

[DeanR] Can you really enjoy the way that you become more aroused with each message I send you? Does your body tingle as you realize that I really can make you come with just my words?

At the end of his salvo Dean leaned back in his chair and waited to see what her response would be.

Natalia realized she was in trouble. He had described exactly the signs she was noticing about herself as she read. *How does he know all this?* She needed to put him off balance.

[NataliaH] Nice try. Maybe I'll let you wear kneepads tonight while you're scrubbing my kitchen floor. And if you do a good job, maybe I'll let you do something else for me while you're on your knees.

She reread that to herself several times, trying to absorb some of that false bravado.

[DeanR] Interesting idea. What do you imagine it would feel like, I wonder, leaning against your kitchen counter while I lift your skirt and peel your panties down with my teeth? Would you already be wet thinking about the possibilities, or wait until I start to lick you to feel your knees buckle?

Natalia imagined it would feel incredible. Her knees wobbled at the thought of herself in the kitchen, pressed against the counter, while Dean knelt with his head under her skirt and her panties around her

ankles.

Then her desk phone rang and brought her mostly back to reality. During the lengthy business discussion she heard the cell phone ding twice but dared not look at it until the call ended.

[DeanR] Of course, when you think about my tongue between your legs, Natalia, it's easy to just let your body respond to the pleasure of my touch. Can you imagine that pleasure now?

[DeanR] Speechless, I see. Or perhaps you're already seeking out a private place where you can really imagine yourself giving in to me and fingering yourself to orgasm? And how good will that feel when you do it?

There's that washroom on the fifth floor, Natalia thought to herself, then realized what that meant. Her pussy moistened at the idea of quietly jilling off on her lunch break. But no -- she couldn't give in that easily or she'd be the one on her knees servicing Dean. *Which would also be hot*, she recognized.

Then relief came.

[DeanR] Client time. I guess this means you've got an hour or so before I text again. Perhaps you'll spend that time wondering what it would feel like to bend over and take my cock inside you from behind. Or maybe you'll just try not to become more aroused the longer you wait for me.

An hour later Dean ushered his client out of the office and, as soon as the door closed, dashed back to his desk. The phone had been in silent mode to avoid disrupting the session. Sure enough, there was a fresh message on it.

[NataliaH] Or maybe I'll use the time to regroup and start teasing you back! Muahahaaa.

His cock twitched at the prospect.

[DeanR] By all means, hit me with your best shot. Just realize that the more you try to arouse me, the more you'll find yourself getting wet and horny as you try to resist the growing need to come.

Natalia groaned. *He had to do that, didn't he?* She set her jaw and typed anyway.

[NataliaH] I don't need to resist long, just a few more hours. It'll be easy because you'll be begging me to let you please me. I'll bet that right now you can imagine my tongue sliding up your thigh and feel yourself getting so hard.

She imagined it, too, as she pressed the Send button.

[DeanR] Nice! You have great instincts. Go ahead, tell me more. Imagine

how great the sex between us will be. You already know how everything you imagine makes you more horny, but have you noticed yet that resisting makes the arousal even stronger?

A voice broke the fog around Natalia's mind. "You feeling okay?" She looked up and saw her cube neighbor Peggy standing in the office doorway.

"Fine," she said a little too quickly. "Just fine."

"You've been so quiet today I wondered if you were even here. And you look like you're burning up."

"No, I'm good. Just up to my ears in month end."

Peggy grimaced. "Same here. Still, Nat, you should get up and walk around or something. Get some fresh air maybe."

"Good idea," she agreed, more to end the discussion than out of any real conviction. "Lunch is coming."

"Okay. Don't let this crap make you sick, y'know? Life's too short."

Dean looked at his watch and saw it was closing on 1pm. He had another client at 2:00, and it would be a long session. If he couldn't prevail with Natalia before then, the bet was almost surely lost. That didn't bother him so much -- either way, he and Natalia were clearly going to be getting intimate very soon -- but he still wanted to win. *It would be so cool to pull this off*, he thought, and steeled himself for one last effort.

As Natalia walked away from her desk for lunch she could feel the damp patch where her panties had absorbed her juices. She detoured to the convenience store in the lobby and bought a pair of panty hose with a cotton panel in the crotch. Then, in the ladies' room, she took off her wet panties and stuffed them into the plastic egg in place of the new hose, which she put on after making sure her dress was still dry in the back. *That was close*, she sighed inwardly.

It had been nearly 10 minutes since her last message from Dean. For just a moment she wondered if he'd given up. That brought back to her mind the image of him kneeling naked on her floor, scrubbing, looking up her skirt ... and her new hose took over where the panties had left off.

Then the phone dinged. And dinged again.

[DeanR] Still trying to resist, Natalia? Good. I want you to try, really try, to resist growing more and more aroused with each word you read from me. Try your best not to imagine my tongue licking your pussy. Try not to moan my name while you finger yourself to orgasm.

[DeanR] Of course the harder you try to resist the need to finger yourself for me, Natalia, the more you know that you need to come and you want to come for me. Go ahead, try to resist and notice how the need

grows stronger the more you try.

Jesus, how does he do that? she wondered as she fought the urge to pull the new panty hose down and just get it over with. With shaking fingers she sent a reply.

[NataliaH] You're reading my mind. How do you do that?

The answer came right away.

[DeanR] I'm doing more than that, Natalia. I'm implanting these ideas into your mind and then telling you what I know you're already thinking. And now that you know that, just imagine what I can do with your mind and body in person.

Luckily Natalia was already sitting down in the restroom stall because her knees buckled and quivered and she felt herself melting with sexual heat. She didn't even bother taking off the new hose -- she just reached down and stroked herself through the soaking wet "breathable" insert. *Oh, Dean*, she moaned to herself, *you'd better be this good in person!*

And then her mind shut down for a few minutes.

Dean's two o'clock client was an analytical type and needed longer to get into trance. He knew this and had allowed two hours, so when the client left smiling at 3:40 he felt ahead of the game. One more client to go, and then he'd have to face his evening. He shivered a little as he opened the drawer to look at his silenced cell phone. Then a broad grin broke over his face.

[NataliaH] Umm ... I'll need directions to your place. And I might be a little late - I have to go home and change first.

-wg
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