

Unlacing

Watch as she reaches out to take the ribbons, carefully, decisively. Her head is tucked between my breasts, and I enjoy the feel of her hair brushing my skin nearly as much as I enjoy her determination not to do so.

It's a delicate task, this beginning. She pulls gently and the first knot unravels, the loops coiling on my belly like the long black hair I wish I had. The second knot takes more effort to loosen. She curls her lips over her teeth and bites down.

I appreciate her attention to detail.

She makes a dance of the awkward task I've set her, bending at the knees, leaning forward from the hips. As she stretches towards me her gesture emphasizes the smooth curves of her back and arms as she works to keep her hands clasped behind her. She nibbles in my cleavage, snagging the first crossed set with her lips and dry teeth.

She holds them in her mouth and backs away, letting the few short feet of ribbon play through her mouth like fishing line. She focuses on the next cross as she drops the ends of the first, bends down a little further, changes the angle of her head and chin as she approaches. Her cheek brushes against my breast and she stills a moment, holding her breath, waiting for justice. At my command she continues, pulling at the stubborn laces with her mouth, finally abandoning their juncture to hold just one in her teeth, loosening the set with sharp jerks of her head. First on one side, then the other.

Now she curls her tongue around the loosened cross and starts the dance again, focus, pull, retreat, drop. Stretch and angle, bend and flex.

Eyelet by eyelet she moves down my belly. I can feel her warm breath where she kneels—lingers, chewing on loops of ribbon which get longer with each bite. Unlacing me mouthful by mouthful.

I stand and admire the texture of her hair, my liberated curves, her concentration on her task.

The world has narrowed to this still and flame-lit room. This space full of body-heat, tension, and the smell of woman. She closes her eyes and inhales as she approaches.

I see beads of sweat spring out on her forehead, watch their cousins glisten and tremble on her upper lip as she breathes. Erratic breaths, short gasps, gusty sighs, and silence. Her ears are red and heat streams off her body. When I shut my eyes I can feel her approaching. Feel my heart race and skip and my pussy slide open.

She trembles, and struggles to complete her task. Struggles not to falter. Not to get lost in longing, and scents of promise, and fantasies of what might happen next...

Each loop of ribbon is yards long now. She works them out one at a time, inch by tortuous inch. Pulling and twisting and sucking and all the while remembering not to get them wet, not to get too close, not to unclasp her hands.

She has to stand to pull the last loop free and then she swings her head in circles, coiling the ribbon in a neat circle on the carpet. I shrug my shoulders and drop the corset to the floor. She follows it, folds it neatly, and places it atop the ribbon, then kneels and bows her head.

I sit down and spread my legs so that my pussy scents the air. She swallows and attempts not to look as she crawls towards me. The boots are next.

By April Miller