

Nothing Like Lace

by Ladymage Samiko

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She'd dreamt of tiny scraps of lace and silk, of ribbon-threaded, upswept hair, of candles, soft music, red wine.

What she got was nothing like that.

It wasn't gentle touches and soft seduction. It was hard, frantic kisses, finger-long bruises on arms and hips, an unceremonious shove backward onto the bed. It was frantic scrabbling with buttons and laces, the tearing of old knickers, vehement cursing at the perfidy of hooks and eyes. It was fire and sweat and moans and snarls.

It was the feel of him inside her as, exhausted, they fell asleep.

Lace and music could wait.