

# Control

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Imagine... black slacks slowly sliding down tight hips toward immobile ankles, revealing a bright red band separating naked skin from my long nails.

Imagine... those nails pushing the elastic millimeters away from pale skin and dipping inside.

Imagine... the desperate aroused rise to meet ten insistent fingers and the rhythmic thrusting of those hungry hips.

Do not reply. Just read until I want a bit more from you.

Anticipate. That is your agenda.

Later today, you will know what your control defense can *\*really\** do -- or not do. I have faith in you and I will push you. And I will taste the struggle.

Just read, my jewel. Just read. And anticipate.

Dipping each carrot into cold dressing and placing it between my lips and sucking it dry is a mere prelude to doing the same erotic luncheon with what is hiding behind the red stripe that decorates you so splendidly. Later, I will bite each morsel and roll it on my tongue, draining the juice and ingesting the power that it provides. As I wrap my lips around the stiff fruit, I will press harder and harder until it succumbs with agony melded with joy into the warmth of my mouth and provide me sustenance and pleasure.

What might you be planning for lunch, my jewel?

Anticipate. Be silent. And feel.

I am listening to a symphony -- Beethoven. The crescendo rises and it falls and rises again, much like the amazing music that your body will play when use the keyboard that you have given me. I feel as if one with the movement of the music; up and down, side to side, loud and soft... listening to and watching the musicians struggle with their souls to perform the melody perfectly and in simultaneous unison that is their gift to me. You will be that combined struggle and your exhaustion will be palpable beneath the thin red stripe that separates you from my touch.

You are my symphony; my concerto; my ... music.

Feel the struggle, my jewel, and know that I can taste you.

The tempo increases; the beat races. You can touch the color red through words... but soon... the color fades as only the touch matters. Listen to your body; it's speaking to you. Calling. Screaming.