

Elsie's letting go

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A chance meeting in Las Vegas

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“But am I still sexy?” she murmurs. As if to research the answer to that question, he breaks her gaze and scans her body from head to toe. Matted black hair, questioning blue eyes, parted full lips, long sinewy neck, velvet shoulders, sloping breasts, ridged ribs, pulsing tummy, ... “My, my, my,” he murmurs, transfixed at first good sight of the blackest, widest and deepest patch of pubic hair he’s ever seen. “Oh my god,” he exclaims. She gasps, self conscious now, and moves her hand to barely cover the black thatch covering her crotch. He begins to get up out of bed and she almost breaks out in tears, worried that he’s turned off by her thick muff. Hardly! He moves to the foot of the bed and grasps her right knee to open it wider, flopping her right onto her back. She covers her eyes with her left hand, still trying to hide from him, in vain, the vast expanse of hair he had only glimpsed the edges of in the bathroom. He falls to his knees at the foot of the bed, both sliding his left hand down her right leg from knee to foot, while grasping her left calf with his right. When he reaches her ankles, he pries them downward turning her feet into themselves and her knees down to the mattress. Both hands slide from her ankles to the instep of her long feet where he squeezes gently, transfixed. With his rhythmic clasps, she begins to understand that he is transfixed, not turned off, and pulls her right hand away from her pelvis to her belly button, just inches away. Yes, he is transfixed. His hands are on autopilot; his eyes wander from thigh to thigh, from belly to ass, marvelling at the black swirls that seem boundless. As much as he’s always appreciated, if not preferred, women unshaved, he’s always wondered at the evolutionary purpose of this blob of hair. What is it for? Humans have lost most vestiges of hair from their predecessors, some more successfully than others, but not this - there are no bald crotches. Why is that so? The answer he prefers, never having attempted to confirm or deny it, is that, pubic hair is like, well, landing lights at an airport. Follow the lights and you’ll find the port. Nothing else makes as much sense. Be that as it may, the feel of her feet in his hands overcomes his mind, though not his eyes. Like an airport beacon, his eyes are fixed on the prize, but he’s occupied with the landing gear, so to speak. He’s never had so much feet to play with. She IS big, wonderfully big. A little scrawny, but a lot of scrawny goes a long way. His hands are consumed with the angles and textures; here the instep, there the arch, now the ball, crunch the toes. Feet are the Job of the body - burdened always, barely loved. Women, at least, adorn them now and then while men simply ignore them, if they can. Stub a toe, get an ingrown toenail, contract athlete’s foot,

slice your foot wide open as he had in his youth, and you might be dumb enough to wish you didn't have any. But the absence of pain is unremarkable and, in the best of times, so are the feet. But not to him. He is making love to her in a way she's never known. Pressure, feathers, pinches and pulls, twists and pokes. For the first time in her life she does not feel too tall. There is no distance between her mind and the sensations in her feet. He wants to abuse her feet, to send a signal all the way through that long frame to the worried mind so he kneads and twists, pulls and jabs. But, he learned long ago, that it is really the delta in sensation that is the sensation. Every best sensation is at the edge and in the changes. Even the most pleasurable sensation, repeated ad nauseum, becomes torture. So, between his rough handlings, he uses his finger tips to lightly tickle the soles of her feet. Having pulled her toes backward to stretch, he runs his fingers lightly between them. Having twisted her toes almost to break, he licks and then sucks first the littlest one, the next and then all of them at once. He remembers who taught him to dare that as he tongue runs across and between each toe. Full himself and thinking he has reached her, he kisses the arch of each foot and then cups his face into them for a long, long moment of falling. Neither moves, there is no sound at all save the thrum of ventilation, incessant traffic outside the window and insipid voices in the hall. As satiated as they are, the mind always creates edges, now doesn't it. They both begin to remember her groin, she moving her hands toward it, he opening and lifting his eyes. They feel each other looping out and then diving like acrobatic jets to the new nexus. He watches her begin to touch herself and then uncoils to his own feet and pads off to the bathroom. She is tormented and, yet, oddly complete. "Is he done?" she wonders to herself. "Is that it?" Even so she swoons within from the life she's had in the last several hours. But he does not disappoint. He returns from the bathroom, holding her two blue high heel shoes. He kneels again at the foot of the bed, kisses the sole of her right foot deeply and slips it into her shoe. He then first gnaws the arch of her left foot, kisses it to heal, and gently slips it into the remaining shoe. He holds both feet to comfort her and says, "Yes, you are still sexy, I thought you might like to be naked as well."