

Fashion Nova's 'naked' bra unleashed my inner dominatrix but my boyfriend hated it

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I tried out the most complicated lingerie know to womankind - with mixed results.

IF youâ€™d asked me a week ago what the most unnecessarily complicated thing Iâ€™d ever done was, Iâ€™d have told you it was The Great Ikea Expedit bookshelf assembly of 2013.

Those Swedish instructions damn near destroyed my relationship. (Also, friendly piece of advice: If you value your partner, never attempt a piece of flatpack furniture together).

That was a week ago.

Today, I have a decidedly different answer. Today, I can tell you, without hesitation, it was putting on the most convoluted lingerie set known to womankind.

In the rare case youâ€™re not on Instagram (you glorious, untainted creature, you), and havenâ€™t been assaulted with images of B-grade social media celebs casually lying around in underwear resembling dental floss, Iâ€™ll preface this with an explanation.

Basically, the lingerie industry has worked out a way to get money out of people without actually giving them any material to wear.

At least, that would appear to be the only plausible explanation for the latest trend, hailed the â€œnakedâ€• bra craze, in which women are being told we definitely only need a handful of string to cover our breasts and genitals, and that a few hundred dollars is a reasonable price to shell out for that.

And so it was, I found myself wrestling with a complex system of clasps and straps Iâ€™d parted with \$320 for on a Monday morning in the name of journalistic research.

(For anyone reading this while silently screaming â€œHOW is this news?!â€• at their screens, I hear you.

But if someone doesnâ€™t cover the amusing things in this world, then really, what is life??)

Thankfully, as someone who runs my own business, I have the luxury of making my own hours.

However, had I been due at a regular office job by 9am, Iâ€™d have been miserably late on account of becoming entangled in a spider web of my own bra straps.

Fifteen minutes and several expletives in, I considered giving up and relegating the experiment to another day, when I heard the front door fly open.

“Forgot my wallet!” my boyfriend yelled as he lunged into the living room.

The opportunity was too good to ignore.

“Can you help me for a minute?” I yelled back, knowing full well no part of solving the enigma of my knotted lingerie was going to take a mere 60 seconds.

“Sure!” came a yell back, then, “Oh, wow! I wasn’t expecting this!” as my bedroom door swung open.

“What are you wearing?” he asked, raising an eyebrow “half curious, half aroused.

“It’s for a piece on the new lingerie trend. I’m trying to work out whether it’s actually practical. Can you help me with all these straps?”

Another 10 minutes later, I was finally strapped in.

“Well? What do you think..?” I asked, admiring my scant new outfit in the bedroom mirror

The black faux-leather straps and little-left-to-the-imagination aesthetic made me feel surprisingly sensual.

I suddenly felt emboldened with minxy sexuality, like I could unleash my inner dominatrix and take my boyfriend in his work uniform there and then, at 9:30 on a Monday morning.

Perhaps all the effort it had taken to get into had been worth it, after all.

“I’m not sold,” my boyfriend replied.

“I mean, don’t get me wrong. You look hot. But goddamn, that’s a lot of straps! How am I supposed to get in there?”

Ah, that old catch-22. The old “wear practical undies for easy access, but risk looking like you raided grandma’s panty drawer”, or “wear sexy-lacy-stringy undies for arousing man, but have said man take so long to figure out complex unlatching system that you both end up falling asleep before any sex can be had” conundrum.

Regardless of my boyfriend’s uncertainty over my complicated new underwear, I decided to relish the moment and snap a couple of photos for my Instagram page.

I couldn't help but appreciate how vampy I looked in them. And, as it turned out, nor could my followers.

"Wow!" said one. "That looks like such a confidence builder to wear!" came another.

It wasn't long before I'd racked up over a hundred similar comments, many from women admiring my boldness for trying such a piece out.

And so I kept it on for the rest of the day – the delicious knowledge of having something sexy hidden under my sweats undeniably confidence boosting.

It also reaffirmed my theory women really do wear lingerie for ourselves, more than we do for men.

Truth be told, my boyfriend would find me attractive if I was wearing a sack. A \$320 designer underwear set really isn't necessary to get him in the mood.

Though, as it turns out, when a task involves removing material from my body, he's surprisingly more motivated to complete it than I've ever seen him with a piece of Ikea furniture.

- The Sun