

Simone's Little Project

Chapter Seven

August 2021

Oh, Simone is so- so- so... wow. So... fatafati!

My bed is small, and it creaks sometimes. And my room is not so big or decorated or romantic as hers. But by everything that is holy, this woman is beautiful. And as I sit here watching this goddess undressing before me, the last thing I am thinking of is this room in which we are about to make love.

Simone did let me unbutton a few of the pearly white buttons of her blouse. She murmured and sighed and allowed me to lead her back here to my bedroom. But now that the door has closed behind us, with a smile and a shake of her finger she has become someone different. "Now, now, little boys like you shouldn't be playing with my buttons!" she scolded me playfully – and though I don't think that, as a grown man, I've ever had a woman speak to me like this, I blushed and instinctively drop my gaze like a guilty child. "If you really want to see what I look like without my blouse, though, I suppose I can show you," she told me then. "Why don't you just sit down on the bed and watch for now, hmm?"

Oh, I did.

She says she enjoys taking charge and taking care of her partner – and now I begin to see what she meant when she called herself 'Mommy' last time. *Mommy*. It is admittedly a comforting word. Rather strange, of course – and very American – but not completely unfamiliar. *Maa*, I still say to my real mother, who is and will always be *Maa*. But *Maa* and *Mommy* are quite different words, aren't they? So maybe, just maybe, it will not be that hard to call this beautiful, loving American woman *Mommy*...?

Well, maybe someday. For now, I can't help but watch in fascination as she slips the white blouse over her head, her lovely brown hair slipping through and cascading softly back down to her neck. Her brassiere, freshly revealed to my sight, is simple and white, too – but somehow, I love it. It does not distract from the beautiful fullness of her breasts beneath. It beckons to me, invites me to touch, to caress, to fondle her...

"Uh-uh-uh!" she scolds me again, batting at my outstretched hand with a warm smile. "Does my little sweetie think he gets to touch without permission?" Cowed, I drop my hand – but the grin on

her face as she stoops and plants a kiss on my head tells me she's only playing. "I bet you'd like to see me take off some other things too, then, huh?"

And off comes her skirt, revealing the soft curves of her thighs and buttocks, clad in an elegant, pale-pink pair of panties. "But wait," she giggles softly, gazing down into my longing eyes. "It's not fair that you get to see me like this and I don't get to see *you*! Come on, stand up. Stand up, sweetie! I'm going to undress you now..."

It's an order. I'm not used to being ordered about in the bedroom, certainly not by a scantily-clad woman like Simone. So why does it feel so natural to rise obediently? to shiver like a leaf at her touch? to feel my heart pounding through my chest as those cool fingers deftly undress me like a little toy she's just been given for her birthday? *Maybe it's just part of love-making to respond to the wishes of our partner*, I reflect distractedly as my shirt gets tugged from my shoulders. *Or maybe I really do love having a woman take charge like this...*

"Aww, you're getting so excited!" Simone breathes in my ear, and my already stiff cock, now free from my clothes, jerks in response to her tingle-inducing words. "Sweetie, whatever are you thinking about to make your thingie so hard? Are you thinking about *me*?" "Yes- yes," I hear myself murmur, my voice low and hoarse with growing need. "You're so beautiful, Simone. I- I want you..."

"Oh, you *want* me, do you?" She's smiling, teasing, shaking her head in mock astonishment at me – and I shiver as a sudden thrill of arousal washes over me. "You want me to make your thingie feel all nice and tingly?" I'm nodding, agreeing almost mindlessly, my brain feeling as if it's melting with the force of my longing. *I want you, Simone. I need you. Please, please, let's-*

"Oh, but I can't possibly do that just yet!" she chuckles, and I feel a sudden stab of apprehension. *Wait, did I do something wrong?* But she's still smiling and shaking her head as she takes me by the shoulders and pushes me, completely nude, down to the bed. "I'm still not undressed yet, sweetie!" she exclaims, with a suggestive glance down over her bra- and panty-clad form. "So let's just have you hush up and watch a little longer. I'm sure a big boy like you can wait just a *tiny* bit longer, right?"

She's playing with me- teasing me- pretending that she's the one in charge and I'm not-

My eyes must be big as saucers as she spins slowly, her fingers slipping behind her to ease open the fastenings of her bra. "Nothing like a pretty little strip-tease to get my little one all excited," she murmurs, half to herself. And though any other place I suppose I'd be bristling with resentment to

hear someone call me a "little one" – my genetics have admittedly left me rather 'vertically challenged' – here with Simone I feel nothing but a wave of pleasure and excitement. *She's calling me hers- her little one. She's- she's-*

And then her bra is off, and her bare breasts are on display, and the rest of my thoughts seem to flit away. I'm staring in aching longing as her hands wander, squeezing them gently and showing me what soft, pillowy beauties are there before me. She's smiling warmly, tantalizingly – and before I even know it my hand has slipped down to my fiercely throbbing cock. *I need relief- release-*

"Bad boy!" she scolds, leaning forward and tugging my guilty hand away. "No touching yourself until I say, sweetie!" For the briefest of moments I'm jolted back into reality, wondering why the hell I can't touch myself even if she says not to – but then it passes and I'm slipping back into the mindless pleasure of arousal. Right here, right now, she's playing that she's in charge – and that means I'm not.

"Sorry," I murmur, face reddening – and she laughs and pats my cheek condescendingly. "Well, well. I guess I'll just have to hurry up, then, won't I?" And down come her panties at long last, revealing... well, everything. Everything I want and need and crave.

"Now be a good boy and lie down for me," she orders, and given that the command is coming from a fully nude goddess smiling down at me with a twinkle in her eye, I need no second invitation. I know the position she chose last time – with her on top – and I do my best to oblige. "Good boy," she breathes, bending down to plant a kiss full on my upturned mouth. "Now why don't you just stay there while I play with you a bit?"

Oh, oh- oh my- she's bending down, crouching over me- As I feel the first tantalizing licks on my aching cock, a moan escapes my lips. "Oh, yes, please- please, that feels so nice..." "Does it now?" I hear her say. "Hmm. I wonder what happens if I do *this*?" And then fireworks are exploding within me as I feel her take my shaft full in her mouth, feel my length slipping in and out, in and out between her lovely lips. She's crouching with her glorious cunt suspended above my face, and showing me what a delightfully dirty girl she can be in the bedroom: taking my cock in that smiling mouth of hers, teasing me, urging me ever closer to the orgasm I know is coming soon...

And then I feel her withdraw, and the tearing sound of paper, and then the cool tightness of a condom slipping down over my rigid cock. "I think it's better if we use protection," she murmurs in my ear, and I nod gratefully. "Yes, yes, of course..."

When she mounts me at last, I almost cum right on the spot. I'm staring up into her eyes once more, privy to the beautiful nakedness of this woman atop me, feeling her warmth surrounding me and pumping me and coaxing me into mindless pleasure. "Oh, yes, yes, please," I find myself repeating – and then, as she smiles down at me, I feel her hand cupping my cheek in affection. "Aww, does my little sweetie like that?" she inquires with a knowing smile. Her fingers are wandering over my lips, and I kiss them ardently. "Uh-hmm," I half-moan – and then, with some strange flash of heated inspiration, I open my mouth and allow her fingers to slip on.

"Mm-hmm," I moan once more, no longer caring what I may look or sound like. This woman is transporting me to heaven and back, and right now all I want is to worship her and please her with every fiber of my body. *Fill me, take me, use me... Let me pleasure you, taste you, show you how I love you...*

And so, in the end that's how we both cum: with her shamelessly riding my cock and with me, lying prone and ecstatic beneath her, mindlessly suckling away like an infant on her sweet, soft fingers.

I suppose we made quite the sight. But there was no one to see us but ourselves, thankfully. Nor, once we'd collapsed into delightful exhaustion, did anyone witness this amazing woman pulling me close, cradling my head between her bare breasts as we sank together into wordless comfort...