

Simone's Little Project

Chapter Nine

September 2021

Simone eased back in her recliner, her eyes squinting through the window at the chilly morning light making its way down into her secluded little SoCal back yard. Ugh, temps in the fifties already? At this rate she'd be wearing a hoodie by November! But, well, there wasn't anything she could do about it, was there? Nothing, that is, except snuggle inside with her warm chai and her favorite fluffy bathrobe.

Sundays were the best, she mused, taking a careful sip before swiping open her phone to check out the latest. Nothing like sleeping in, then sitting here waking up in a comfy chair while she scrolled through her social networks, and the latest ads, and the weather for the coming week.

Oh, yeah. Speaking of social networks...

She pursed her lips and tapped open the app that was now her favorite guilty pleasure. On her screen appeared all the delightful pictures she could have wanted: posts from mommy dommes with their little ones showing diaper changes, and trips to the zoo, and hot little stories about female-led relationships and petticoat discipline and even chastity play...

God, she really was all about this kinky life now, wasn't she?

But why ever not? she mused, an unbidden smile stealing across her lips at the thought of her sweet little Vijay. It had been a month now since that night when they'd set the ground rules – when only a few hours later, the shy little dear who'd not too long before panicked at the very thought had moaned out the title she loved to hear. *Mommy*. And since that time, though work and its demands had kept their times together dissatisfyingly infrequent, still she and Vijay had become closer and ever more comfortable together in the bedroom.

He openly begged to suck on her breasts now, for instance. In return she'd begun teasing him for being such a needy little baby, and though he'd blushed and squirmed at that, still he'd confessed later to liking just how amazing it felt to have her in charge. *I knew you were a darling little sub this whole time*, she wanted to exult, though of course all she did was "aww" and remind him of how much she loved when he let her take charge. Just like Alyssa did with her Keith.

Yeah, I guess I haven't chatted with Alyssa in a hot minute, have I? Wonder what she's up to today?

"Hey, girl, what's up?" The picture was blurred and shaky, but after a second Alyssa's beaming face swam into view. "Hey, Simone! Long time, huh?" The picture shifted again, as her voice rang out through what was apparently their sunlit back yard. "Oh, *Keith!* Come say hi to Auntie Simone!"

Simone hid a little grin, remembering her Vijay's reaction to that very title. *Different stroke for different folks, I guess-* And then a masculine face, mouth full of a green binkie, swam into view. "Hi-Fhilmohm," Keith burred, and even with the abominable picture quality Simone could tell he was blushing. "Hey, sweetie," she smiled, and then giggled as the camera tilted down to reveal the T-shirt and diaper that completed his entire outfit. "Wow, look at you! You're looking super cute there, *baby...*"

Oh, she didn't need Alyssa's laughing voice to tell her how embarrassed little Keith now looked. She knew exactly how sweet humiliation looked on the face of a young man, after all.

"So, how's things with you and Vijay?" Alyssa was clearly invested in hearing more, and Simone was only too happy to share. "Well, the project's wrapping up at work, of course. Which kind of sucks. But we're doing good, really. Seeing each other every other weekend... Having our little date nights..."

"Taking care of him in the bedroom..." Alyssa giggled, and now it was Simone's turn to flush. "Um, yeah! No, seriously, though," she continued after a composing sip of her tea. "We're so much better now. Got our safe words figured out and everything. And..." she leaned closer to the phone in a confidential whisper. "Guess what? He's even calling me Mommy now."

"Oh, damn!" Alyssa exclaimed. "Look at you, girl! That's what you wanted, isn't it?" "Well, yeah," Simone agreed, with a quick glance out the window. "I mean, I'd love even more. We're nowhere near the kind of stuff you and Keith do..." "Baby steps, girl! Baby steps!" Alyssa repeated, and the picture finally settled down as she spoke forcefully into the camera. "Give him time, okay? Not everyone goes all in right from the start like you did..."

"Yeah, I know, I know," Simone agreed hastily. "Believe me, I know. But I was just wondering... see, his birthday is coming up soon. And, well, I know just how much he likes sucking on things..."

Well, here we go!

Simone brushed back her hair, scanning her reflection in the mirror once more. Dress to accentuate her boobs. *Check*. High heels to help her tower over him. *Check*. Sexy corset and panties underneath. *Check and check*. Little wrapped package for her special birthday boy. *Hella check*.

Maybe she was going too far. But then again, when was a birthday surprise ever entirely risk-free? Sizes could be wrong; they could already own it; they might not actually like it; they might have wanted something more. And so, sometimes you simply had to say "damn the torpedoes, full steam ahead." Sometimes you simply had to try things and then see what happened.

Exactly. Sometimes you just had to get your Little boyfriend a custom-made, over-sized pacifier, and hope that it wasn't too much for him.

She'd warm him up first, of course. She'd fill him with good food, and get him all excited, and tug him back to the bedroom, and start him moaning and begging her for more. Then, and only then, would she slip the little blue package into his hands, ordering him to open it up and see if this isn't what a sweet little thing like him really needs...

Strangely enough, it worked out almost exactly as she'd planned.

She stood there in the warm bedroom light, her hands running suggestively over her scantily-clad form. Vijay lay before her, shirt and pants lying in a heap beside the bed, and gazing over at her with unmistakable longing and wonder on his face. "You think you'll ever get tired of seeing this?" she queried now, with a glance down at her curvaceous self. "Ever think you'll want something or someone else?"

Vijay's head was shaking vehemently even before she finished. "No, Princess. No, never!" he assured her. "I- you're so amazing! So incredible, and kind, and-" "Well, I try," she smiled, drawing closer and plucking the little box from the dresser. "And I love you too, sweetie." Then, with a thumping heart, she pressed it into his hands. "I got you a little something, Jay-Jay. I hope you like it... but even if you don't, just remember that I love you, okay?"

The look of surprise and embarrassed pleasure that spread over his face was wonderful to see.

"See, I know I can't always be around when you need me," Simone smiled, a surge of maternal

tenderness welling up within her. "I know maybe it's a bit strange. But when you're all by yourself, and you really miss your Princess..." She motioned it into his hand. "Go, on, give it a try, Jay-Jay. Your Princess wants to see how you like it..."

As he slipped it blushing between his lips and turned his embarrassed gaze up into her eyes, she felt her heart melting... and dripping down between her eager thighs in arousal at the very sight. *He's my sweet little baby- My adorable little Jay-Jay, sucking on his dummy for me-*

Time to reward his bravery. "Aww, you're such a good boy," she breathed, hands slipping down to cup and stroke his half-erect penis. "Such a good boy for your Princess, aren't you? I bet it feels so nice to suck on that, huh? Just like nursing on your Princess?"

Hesitant or not, there was no denying the stifled moan of longing and pleasure that slipped out from those pacified lips. And before she quite knew it, there he lay beneath her, writhing and moaning in inarticulate pleasure as she stroked and kneaded and caressed his stiff member through the silken fabric of his underwear. *Need to pleasure him, teach him just how wonderful it is to be my little binkie baby...*

The first spots of precum, leaking now from his eager cock, began to seep through his underwear – but far from pausing to fetch a condom, this time Simone merely grinned and increased her seductive ministrations. "Go on, honey. Aww, you like it when your Princess touches your thingie, don't you? What ever is a sweet little thing like you gonna do, hmm? Whatchya gonna do, baby?"

The garbled cry of pleasure, and the spasm of delight, and the spurt of sticky cum into the fabric beneath her hands was reply enough.

And then, only half-knowing what it was she was saying, Simone with a quiet shudder of her own arousal bent down and delivered the coup-de-grâce in her sweetest and most condescending tones. "Oh, *sweetie!* Did my little Jay-Jay have an accident in his panties? Did you just make a wet little mess in your big boy pants? Goodness me, whatever is Mommy to do with such a naughty little boy? And here I thought you were turning twenty-nine, honey! Are you sure you're not turning *two?*"

He made no immediate reply. But the quietly working pacifier, and the suppressed moan of sheer humiliation and arousal, and the grateful pressure of his hand on her bare thigh, spoke more eloquently than words ever could.

Baby steps indeed. Though if this was where they were eventually to lead... well, Simone could afford to be patient.