

Simone's Little Project

Chapter Five

July 2021

Fuck. She really had screwed everything up... majorly.

Simone fiercely gulped down the dregs of her second glass of wine and hefted the lightening bottle beside her experimentally. Not that she had an alcohol problem, of course. She was just... tired. And disappointed. And, more than anything, angry with herself.

Why the fuck did you have to go and say that, you idiot? You pushed it too far. You thought – like the absolute fool you are – that you could just rush through things, get him into your stupid kinky roleplay, make him your little- She heaved another gusty sigh, recoiling in shame and disgust from the words that had caused such trouble. *Baby. Mommy.* Words that to her had held the promise of such wonders, such intimacy, such intense satisfaction. Words which now only made her feel revulsion at her own strange desires.

Why the hell was she so set on getting in to this? Why shouldn't she just let it go and never think of such strangely kinky things again?

Maybe Alyssa would be able to help her sort things the fuck out.

"Hey, girl! Oh, um- Sorry. Did I wake you? Fuck-" But before the sleepy notes in her friend's "Hello?" could set her off on another round of self-castigation, Alyssa responded. "No, no. It's fine, it really is! I just put Keith down and was thinking of heading to bed myself.." And then after a moment's pause: "What's wrong? Sounds like something's wrong.."

Damn right something was. Her bed was empty, and her pussy was still achy with frustrated need, and she was feeling like an absolute jerk- Which all came tumbling out, in incoherent and alcohol-fueled fashion, into the receiver.

"Aww, so he got scared off? That sucks, girl," Alyssa sympathized. "Maybe he just wasn't ready for it..." "You *think*?" Simone snorted, with another angry gulp at her wine. "Listen, I was an idiot, Lissa. I know it. I went too fast, and I blew it. And that was probably my only chance with him, too. And now I've got to see him at work for this project, and it's gonna be all awkward, and- and-"

"Hey, hey," Alyssa's voice cut in, strong and soothing. "It was unfortunate, sure. But girl, you

wouldn't have known until you tried, okay? No sense blaming yourself anymore. And second of all, he's not going to hate you forever. He came, didn't he?" "Well, I mean, sure..." Simone trailed off. "Of course! No guy can go from literally fucking you to hating you in a day's time, honey," Alyssa asserted. "And you know what? Honestly, I bet he's just as embarrassed as you right now. He's probably feeling the same way you are: that he screwed up, and disappointed you, and was an ungrateful partner who didn't do the right things in bed with you. So girl, why don't you just cut both of you guys a little slack?"

"Okay... like how?"

"Well, by getting some sleep, for one thing!" came Alyssa's wry chuckle. "But seriously, just let things go. Give him some time and space, okay? You say he's shy, so I think any sort of texts or apologies are just going to scare him deeper into his shell. Just give it a week or two and see what happens. And who knows? Maybe he'll see things differently after awhile..."

"Oo-okay," Simone reluctantly agreed, glancing at the clock's hands that were fast approaching midnight. "Oh, but one more thing, Liss. You... you don't think I should just drop this whole thing? You know, like just have a normal-ass relationship with him? I mean, I guess I don't *have* to try this, you know, this mommy thing-"

"Girl!" came Alyssa's voice, strong and unwavering in her ear. "You listen to me. You have something that you really want in your love life, right?" "Um, well, yeah-" "Then take my advice and don't let *anyone* tell you you can't have it. All right? You're not hurting anyone, and you're making sure it's all consensual, and... well, just don't settle for something less than what you truly want. Okay?"

"Thanks, Doctor Phyllis," Simone smiled despite herself. "I'll try. I promise. Thanks for- Well, you know. Thanks for letting me vent..."

And as she hung up the phone and got to her feet with a sudden rush of alcohol and fatigue to her brain, she heaved a final sigh. Maybe Alyssa was right. Let it ride. See what would happen. Get some sleep. And if it was meant to be – if Vijay was still in to her despite everything – well, they'd figure out a way to sort things out. Somehow.

As it turned out, giving Vijay some space was actually easier than she'd first thought.

For starters, the project they were working on was hung up waiting for third-party assessments and approvals at the moment, so there wasn't much progress to be made until those came in. And then the first weekly project meeting, normally held on Monday afternoons, happened to coincide with a holiday – and everyone involved agreed that they could just skip it entirely for that week.

So it was well over a week after that disastrous date that Simone finally saw Vijay once more, looking just as handsome as ever in his blue dress shirt and slacks. Was there a certain flush that crept to his face after he first caught sight of her? Perhaps – or maybe it was just the heat of the perennially-warm conference room. Whatever the case, she did her level best to be as businesslike and normal as usual, trying as much as possible to ignore the brief snippets of unwelcome and decidedly NSFW thoughts that kept stabbing upward into her mind. Thoughts of Vijay's naked torso... of the dark trail of curly hair leading downward... of the alluring curve of his erect penis... of his low, ecstatic moans as he'd lost control deep within her...

Perhaps it was for the best that mind-reading wasn't a thing just yet. Because, dear *god* she wanted to bend her little boy over the conference table right there and have her womanly way with him.

Fantasies notwithstanding, the meeting terminated uneventfully... as did that week, and the week after it. So it was nearly three weeks after that fateful night, then, that it happened: the first crack in the icy silence that had settled inevitably between them...

She'd been waiting absently for the elevator, scrolling through chat notifications and a half-dozen group emails that pertained – as most inevitably did – to a mere 3 of the 47 copied individuals, when the steel doors opened with a ding and a quiet shudder. Inside stood Vijay – and as she was alone, that sudden, nervous smile on his face could only have been meant for her.

"Oh, hey, Vijay!" "Hello. Are you headed down-" "Yes, down. All the way." "Oh, okay. Me too." And then the usual elevator silence descended, as Simone shifted on her heels and put away her phone and glanced expectantly up at the glowing floor numbers as they slowly, slowly ticked down. 7. *Beep*. 6. *Beep*. 5...

At 5 she felt the first tentative brush against her hand, followed by a second. "I- um, I-" Vijay's voice was barely audible over the noise of the elevator, but he clearly had something important to say. "I was wondering- You know, I enjoyed meeting- talking with you. And I was, um, wondering-"

Simone felt her stomach do a little somersault as he faltered out the words. "Would you want to- to talk- visit again sometime? After work?"

Maybe she hadn't screwed things up quite as badly as she'd first thought.