

## Simone's Little Project

### Chapter Eleven

October 2021

"Oh, sweetie, *really?* You have to go *now?*"

Call it Mommy radar. Call it nosiness. Call it whatever you like. But my ears couldn't help but prick up at the sound of what was clearly a mother in distress. Here in this insanely long line for customer service and returns, a wait of a good half-hour or longer was virtually inevitable. And of course, for those who had little kids with them, the capricious whims of a tiny bladder could very well spell the difference between getting that limited-edition Hatchimal and... well, not getting it. And instead dashing for the bathrooms, hoping fervently that there wouldn't be a line there, too.

I turned to look over Vijay's head and scanned quickly through the holiday crowd, but couldn't seem to locate the mother in question. Not that it really mattered, though; her voice, frazzled and edged with barely concealed frustration, came plainly to my ears. "Honey, I *know*. But we can't go right now, okay? We're in this line..." And again: "I know, I know! Just try to wait a little longer, okay? You're getting to be such a big boy, I know you can do it-"

I suppressed a smile as I glanced over at Vijay, who until now had seemed oblivious as he scrutinized the fine print on the store receipt in his hands. He was probably far too preoccupied with the intricacies of the return policy and wondering whether or not we'd still get the 30% discount on his sweater once we exchanged it for the right size. *Well, guess it really is a mom thing. Geez, I hope she and her kid make it-*

And then I heard it. "Sweetie, I know. It's okay, I promise. Just- just use your diaper if you need to, okay? Mom won't be mad, I promise. That's what it's for! You can just go in your diaper, and we'll change you when we get home..."

Oh, damn. Why on earth did my mind have to be so freaking kinky these days? Because far from dwelling only on the questionable parenting I was listening to, my silly Mommy-domme brain was headed straight for the bedroom: visualizing exactly what I'd be doing to get my dear – and very adult – Jay-Jay into precisely the same situation, and picturing the embarrassed look on his face as he heard my condescending instructions...

So yeah, I couldn't help it. "Sounds like that mom's having a rough time," I commented to Vijay,

who shifted uncomfortably and shrugged. "I guess?" he ventured, even as the first wails of a full-on tantrum reached our ears. "Yeah," I sighed, and bent down for an explanatory whisper. "Sounds like her kid can't wait for the potty, but he doesn't want to use his diaper, either..." I gave Vijay's hand a knowing squeeze. "It's hard being a mom sometimes, huh?"

Oh, he knew. And he knew that I knew he knew. That little blush on his adorable face was plain to see... but of course I didn't push it. We could discuss it all later, in the safety of my apartment. And until then, the little seeds I'd planted in my subby partner's mind would have plenty of time to take root and grow...

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"Yeah, that sure was something, huh?" I begin over supper, taking a sip of my sparkling grape juice and eyeing Vijay over the rim. It's not wine, but hey – at least both of us can share it. "What would you do if you were in that mom's place, huh? Stuck in line with a little kid who has to pee, but you've been training them to use the potty?"

Vijay looks unsure – and a little suspicious of where I was going. "Um, I don't know," he mutters through a forkful of potatoes. "I'm not really big on kids..." "Oh, sure, I get it," I add with a smile. "I'm not, either. I'm just saying that it seems like bad parenting to tell your kid to pee his pants on purpose, doesn't it? I mean, I don't think a good mom would ever really do that – especially because it probably just undoes all those months of potty-training..."

A blush is creeping back onto Vijay's handsome brown cheeks, and I grin knowingly. "Though, I dunno! I guess if my little boy really deserved it – and I suppose diapers really are just so dang handy..."

He's caught on for sure now. And even as I smile and drop a wink full into his flushed face, I can see that he's not completely repulsed. "Umm... I guess..." He's twirling his fork, pushing his peas this way and that. "Umm, Simone- Are you- are you saying you'd do that with... with me? In the bedroom?"

"I mean..." I can't deny it, not now that he's asked. "Well, not if you really didn't want to," I clarify, with a reassuring pat on his knee under the table. "Safe words and all, you know. But I mean, I suppose it really is the next logical step for a sweet little boy and his mommy, isn't it?" I can't help the snarky grin on my lips now. "After all, he does seem to have a habit of making wet, sticky accidents in his pants anyway. Surely another kind of accident isn't that different, is it?"

And so begins a few minutes of probably the most laughable and awkward exchange yet between us. From the sterility of urine, to the ascetic practices of yogis and Gandhi, to the diapering techniques and average age of potty-training in India, and back to safe words we wander, stammering and laughing nervously all the way. "Well, we can think about it," I finish, and smile at Vijay's relieved face. "And remember – no pressure, okay? No pressure."

Of course I mean every single word, I really do. But I also know that deep down, this meek, shy young computer whiz is actually far more submissive and desirous to please than even he knows...

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So yes – it's not a complete surprise when, two weeks later while I'm over at his place, my blushing and naked partner asks in a half-ashamed whisper for his Princess to please put him in his little-boy pants. And neither is it terribly surprising when, as I fasten up the last tape and give his stiff cock a roguish pat, he gazes up into my eyes and whimpers that he's a naughty little boy who might need to potty in his pants.

God dammit, he knows how to set his Mommy-Princess on fire.

"Don't worry, baby," I purr, slipping down over him and working my already swelling and sensitive pussy over his tenting padding. "Your Princess knows. She's going to make sure her naughty little boy not only gets to wet his pants..." I lean closer and enunciate softly into his quivering ear. "She's going to *force* him to... no matter how much he begs to use the big-boy potty."

And I'm as good as my word, too. Oh, little Jay-Jay wants to suck on his Princess's boobies? Hmm, pity; only babies nurse on their mommies, sweetie! Does that mean he's actually a *baby*? Sure, I see his sweet, bulgy little diaper butt. But anyone can put on a diaper. Anyone can suck on a pacifier. If he's really and truly a baby, that diaper of his is going to have to be all warm and soft and saggy, full of his sweet, babyish little accidents...

God, never until the day I die am I going to forget the heavenly scene that night: my naked and diapered little Jay-Jay, blushing and sucking intently on his giant pacifier, kneeling on the carpet of his little room with a look of anguished adoration and distress on his face. For you see, he's kneeling there, frantically trying to defeat years of potty-training and to force his bladder – which I know must be full after all our juice and coffee earlier in the day – to deliberately, consciously let go and flood into his pants.

Did I mention that I'm standing there in my lingerie, feeling like an absolutely depraved hedonist, stroking myself to shuddering orgasm while he watches? and while I watch his face twist in longing and aching, humiliated frustration? In that moment I'm not merely Simone. I'm not his Princess, or even his Mommy. I'm his *goddess*: Kali, destroyer of worlds, demanding that all who dare approach her debase themselves and acknowledge their utter, shameful inferiority...

When the dam finally breaks – when through my half-lidded eyes I catch sight of his downward glance of shame and panic and delight – I almost cum again, just from the sheer intoxication of that moment. But no – I manage to wait. And when the flood has abated, and he glances back up, flushed with revulsion and pride, I'm ready for him.

"Such a darling little baby," I breathe, buoying him up as he rises to his feet... and propelling him backward onto his creaking little bed. "Such a good, wet little *baby!*" My hand is on the squishing crotch of his newly soiled diaper, and as I watch the distress and arousal flitting across his face, my Mommy senses know to reward him before his rational brain kicks in once more. "Good little babies make their Princess *very* happy..."

His first orgasm comes, just as I know it will, as he suckles and pants and cries out around the swelling bulk of my right breast in his mouth. But the next orgasm that comes is mine. And, well... so are the next three after that.

For what can I say? By now my Jay-Jay knows a thing or two about eating pussy. And somehow, everything becomes ten times hotter when he's back on the floor, squatting submissively on the floor while he obediently eats me out. And how delightful it is when, with every thrust of my hips and every ounce of weight my hands place upon his shoulders, I know that I'm grinding that dick of his deeper and ever deeper into the soggy diaper beneath him...

Yeah, I guess you could say that my little project is cumming along pretty well.

"God- Fuck- Oh jeez- I love you," I pant out at last, gazing down with heaving breast into the upturned, glistening face of my kneeling lover. And in that moment, I simply can't help the words that well up within me from the very core of my soul.

"Vijay- Darling... Will you marry me?"