

## Simone's Little Project

### Chapter Eight

September 2021

All that happened just last weekend, didn't it?

I suppose it's only natural that I keep replaying the events in my mind, meditating with thudding heart and guilty pleasure over just how incredibly hot and wonderful it had been. And how hot and wonderful it may be again. Because in case you didn't know, Simone and I are most definitely a thing, as they say here. It wasn't just a one-night stand, not by a long shot. Our initial misunderstanding aside, I'm more eager than ever now to spend time with her in and outside of the bedroom... and I'm pretty sure she feels the same way.

Dang it, I should be focused on troubleshooting this error handler – not daydreaming about my hot new girlfriend. But then again, I'm working from home today... and just as long as I finish it before Friday...

You know, I was definitely unsure when she first brought up how she likes taking charge in the bedroom, and how she says she loves treating her lover like a little child to be nurtured. Honestly, I realize that on the surface it might still sound a bit silly. But by anything and everything holy, how that woman acts in the bedroom! I dare anyone who might think it sounds silly to have her call you her little one or speak of herself as your Mommy to last more than five minutes without cumming for her...

Does that make me sexually adventurous? Deviant? Or is it simply a testimony to Simone's incredible charm and sex appeal? I can't really say. But what I do know for certain is that, whatever it is, I want more of it.

Don't worry, I tell myself. I'll be over at her place Friday night again. She said she's making one of her favorite recipes, so of course I'll be going over to try it with her. And by the way she squeezed my hand and winked, I think we'll be trying a lot more than just sitting at the table and eating together...

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That chicken pot pie of hers is truly amazing, I have to agree. And it's so sweet to see how this strong, confident woman I'm falling in love with beams with self-conscious glee when I tell her so.

"No, I truly mean it!" I assure her. "The sauce is so tasty, and the chicken is just right. You used all the white meat, I think?" "Well, yes," she smiles, tossing her hair and taking her seat beside me on her velvety couch. "It's a couple of breasts, actually." And then, irrepressible as always, she flashes me a sly wink. "After all, I've learned just how much my little one likes breasts, haven't I?"

And then I'm blushing, and she's giggling, and everything is amazing.

"But seriously, Vijay," she resumes now, her hand tracing patterns absently on my leg. "I wanted to set a few ground rules and things for us before we go any farther. Okay? It's nothing bad!" she reassures me, seeing my expression of sudden concern. "If anything, it's good: good that we're happy to play together and spend such special, sexy times with one another..."

Tonight's not the first time that I've heard people talk about safe words. I'm not *that* naïve. But Simone explains it all so sweetly and logically to me that it all makes complete sense. "They're variables," I interject after she's talked about how the word "no" might not always mean what it usually does when you're having fun in the bedroom. "Right? We just need to define the variables before running the code."

"Trust you to make a CS analogy," she laughs warmly. "But yeah, that's exactly it! For example, you might feel like begging me not to give you something you actually, truly want. You might say "no", but you won't actually mean it. But because I might not always know that, we simply need to define a variable for the actual "no" – the "no" that means "Stop everything, I want to get off the bus." I nod, and she continues. "And just so you know, there can be two others as well. If the safe word itself is a red light, then we can also have one each for yellow and green..."

In the end we decide – me being the nerd I am – that "semiconductor" will be our safe word: our red signal. "Synergy" is her contribution as our yellow, and – amid much laughter – we establish that "pot pie" will become our universally recognized signifier for green: something we want more of.

"As for names..." She's gazing over into my eyes with almost blush-inducing ardor. "Vijay, I want you to know that I'd absolutely adore it if I could call you little pet names: little one, or my little man, or even Jay-Jay if you don't mind." I'm blushing already as she articulates them in that lovely low voice of hers, and I can't help the shy nod of approval I give. "Okay, I agree simply. "That's- those are nice... really nice." *Jay-jay. Her little man. God, why am I blushing and feeling so strangely delighted?*

"And you?" I ask, partly to distract myself from the tingle-inducing sound of her voice toying with my pet names. "What should I call you, Simone? I think it would be strange to say your name when we're..." I can't quite articulate why, but she nods in understanding. "Yeah, I get it," she agrees, her hand patting my thigh affectionately. "I mean, wouldn't it be strange for a sweet little boy to call a grownup woman by her first name?"

"I know Mommy was a bit intense when I first used it – and you know, I'm really sorry about that." She's pensive for a moment, then lights up. "Oh, I know! How about Auntie?"

Visions of matronly figures and loudly scolding voices and swirls of bright saris fill my mind, and I find myself chuckling and shaking my head emphatically. "Um, maybe not?" I ask with a wry grimace. "See, when I think of Auntie I think of our aunts back home: all the women of our, how would you say? Our extended family and friends." I'm amused at the mere memory – and at the stark contrast they make with this lovely woman beside me. "You're not anything like them, really..."

"Oh, of course! I'm sorry, I didn't realize..." Simone hastily apologizes. "Okay, then. No Auntie. Hmm... what about... maybe Princess? Like not a frilly, girly princess. But sort of like a 'she who must be obeyed' kind of princess?" As my cheeks warm and I feel my heart pound faster, I know we've got a winner. *She – Simone – as my princess. Beautiful, elegant, and commanding as one of the princesses of the cinema from my childhood days... Lovable, yet so strong and powerful...*

Yeah, "Princess" seems just about right.

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It's later that evening that it happens. Oh, I don't need to go into all the private details of our evening together. I don't need to talk about what it was like being in the shower together, and standing in silence while this beautiful, nude creature ran her slippery fingers over my body. I don't even need to explain how it was that we ended up stumbling into bed together, limbs entwined as we kissed and sighed and explored each other's naked bodies in raptures of silent delight.

But I guess I can't deny the mind-altering pleasure that sweeps over me when at last Simone – my Princess – straddles me once more and lowers herself down onto my twitching cock. She rides me, milks me as it were, rising and falling above me like a nude goddess intent on wringing every last bit of rapture from her devoted worshiper. "Oh, yes, yes, Princess," I hear myself moaning – and somehow, the words feel right in my mouth. "That's so nice, Princess. Please, more, more-"

"You want pot pie?" she laughs softly, and she bends down to plant a kiss full on my parted lips. "Such a greedy, hungry little thing!" "Yes, yes, more, Princess," I babble... and then, before I quite know it, I feel her shifting atop me, bending further down-

"Open up, baby," she breathes now, low and commanding in my ear. There's the touch of warm skin against my lips, and I open both eyes and mouth instinctively at her words. "My hungry little man needs all he can get," she murmurs, and I blink as I find both my vision and my mouth filled with the silken warmth of her soft bosom. "Go on, Jay-Jay. Suck for Princess. Suck like a good little man should..."

Oh, I do.

And when I've trembled and convulsed into orgasm beneath her at last, mutely suckling away on my princess's beautiful breast the while, she pulls gently away and beams down into my panting, saliva-covered face. "Good boy," she commends, and my hormone-soaked brain responds with a torrent of grateful babble. "Yes, yes, I'm good boy. You- you are best Princess- Best Mommy- Such amazing Mommy..."

Well, what of it? Why can't she be both a Princess *and* a Mommy?