

## Simone's Little Project

### Chapter Ten

October 2021

Warm light gleams on her naked flesh. She sways above me, rising and falling like a goddess floating on the winds. Simone is here with me once more, and I- I-

I'm here too: heart thudding, limbs trembling, my whole body aching for her. And yet, even as I gaze up with hungry eyes from my place prone on her giant bed, the sound of something new reaches my ears. Something strange. Something this goddess has gotten just for me... and which is setting my heart thumping at redoubled speed.

"Shh, honey," she croons, and the sound grows stronger. "Jay-Jay, shh. It's okay. Just... relax. Lay still for me. Your princess will take care of everything, I promise..."

And as the rustling intensifies, I nod and squeeze my eyes shut in blind, trusting obedience. "Yes, princess," I mouth softly. And then our yellow safe word: "Synergy..."

\*\*\*

It was maybe a week or two ago that Simone had first brought it up. Oh, sure: the project we'd been working on had virtually wrapped up by now – at least, as far as we were concerned. We were both back to working on new and different projects – her with two new clients, and me on a troubling new compliance issue with one of our hardware providers. But that didn't really matter any longer. In fact, it almost made things *easier*, since we no longer had to worry about hiding the sly smiles that always threatened to break out whenever we were in each other's presence.

I had arrived at her place for the weekend, overnight bag in one hand and a bottle of one of her favorite wines in my other. Of course I didn't drink – but she did, and I knew it would make her happier than flowers or any other such romantic gesture. I may not have been from America, but women the world over – and yes, men too, I suppose – do love receiving gifts.

"Oh, there you are, you darling! Goodness, is that for me?" She'd met me at the door with a kiss and a quick hug, and as the now-familiar scent of her perfume and the sight of her low-cut navy dress met me, I can't deny that I almost instantly felt my trousers tighten. *Calm down, sir!* I'd scolded myself. *You've been seeing each other for what, two months? And all you can think about is having sex with her, before you've even heard about how her week was...*

It had been after we'd conversed for an hour, and our stomachs were full of salmon and asparagus and garlic bread, that we had found ourselves once more on her couch. But this time, she happened to have her laptop on the cushion beside her. "So, Jay-Jay," she'd begun in a conversational tone, scooting closer and slipping her arm affectionately around my shoulders. "I was wondering if we couldn't have a little check-in on how you've been enjoying our fun times together so far..."

Oh, I'd blushed at first. But seeing as there was no point in denying anything – certainly not while my dick was stiffening like that – I'd found my voice. "Sure, it's been amazing," I confided, a shiver running through me as I felt her fingers stray absently into my hair. "I- I don't think I've ever enjoyed being with anyone as much as you..."

And it had been true – every word of it. But how could I have ever expressed not only how much she pleased and thrilled me, but how my heart thudded with suspense as much as with love? Suspense, that is, because I felt that she was so much wiser and knowledgeable and... well, kinky than myself. And it wasn't that I mistrusted her. It was just that I felt that what we'd done together might have been only the tip of the iceberg, and that I still had so much more to learn before I could ever approach her level of sexy confidence.

"Well, Jay-Jay," she'd smiled, and planted a soft kiss on my forehead. "I want you to know that I've never been as intimate with anyone as I have been with you. And I don't think I've ever loved anyone as much as I love you, darling..." She chuckled softly, clearly aware of just how sappy her words might sound. "Hell, I mean, even more than my first high school sweetheart. And that's really saying something, you know?"

But then her voice had dropped back into its sweetly serious tone, and she'd told me how she'd come to love our little dynamic, as she called it. She'd dearly loved every time I nuzzled at her breasts, and getting to tuck that giant pacifier into my mouth, and all the silly little things we'd done in the bedroom together. "But you know, Vijay," she'd concluded with an apologetic smile. "All the same, I feel like I wouldn't be entirely honest with you if I didn't tell you one of the reasons why I love doing all those Mommy things with you. I need to be up-front with you..."

I'd braced myself, half-expecting to hear a tragic tale of a teenage pregnancy, or some heartbreaking miscarriage, or the death of a little brother she'd never gotten to play with. But no. "You see, I'm not the only one who likes things like that," she'd explained with a wry smile that teetered on the edge of self-conscious embarrassment. "In fact, there are whole communities of folks who like to play like that in the bedroom... and out of it, too."

Well, what could I say? I guess I'd known that the internet was home to any number of wild and weird communities, and that one could find pretty much any kink imaginable out there. But that night, when, after hearing her explanation and receiving my half-embarrassed assent, she'd pulled open her computer and shown me some social media profiles of those fellow "kinksters," as she called them...

Well, I then began to see the rest of the iceberg. Complete with all its weirdly over-sized baby toys, and clothes, and bibs, and- and-

And then she'd patted my leg and, with the sweetest and yet most pleading smile on those beautiful lips of hers, asked the question. Would I be okay with a short FaceTime call? You know, just to say hi to one of her best friends... who also happened to be into this stuff with her husband?

I don't think I'll ever forget the sight of that couple on Simone's laptop screen: the blonde, neatly dressed woman of about Simone's age, beaming into the camera and giggling affectionately over at her husband Keith. Who, I might add, appeared to be wearing what, in my general ignorance of such things, I could only describe as baby clothes... not to mention a giant pacifier, very similar to mine. And the crowning touch, as you might say, came near the end: when this woman smiled over at her husband and ask if he needed a clean diaper before bed.

Oh. Oh, my.

\*\*\*

So now, as I lie here in pulsing anxiety, my entire body hungering for Simone's touch and the sweet release I crave, I hear the rustle of something she's asked me to try. Something I didn't need to use. Something I could honestly say no to if it seemed too weird.

I'm not saying no.

"Lift up for me, honey," she smiles, and I feel her hands slipping underneath my bare buttocks. "I need to slip this underneath..." I do, of course. Who wouldn't refuse their beautiful, nude lover when they ask like that? And so it is that I sink back down onto... well, onto the strangest and softest layer of material that I think I've ever felt.

I'm no family man, and I don't know much about kids. I vaguely remember some of my little nieces

and nephews waddling around with their bulky little bottoms on display. Of course babies wear diapers, I know it. But I never expected in a million years that they could become something like this: a crinkling garment, warming beneath me and being pulled gently down over my erect cock by none other than my dear Simone...

"Shh, it's okay," she repeats, and I nod in silence, suppressing a moan as her fingers press the padding down around my sensitive prick. "This way my excited little man will be all safe and snug now. No more sticky little accidents in his pants!" I blush, temporarily mortified that she's treating my orgasms as nothing more than the dribbling of a little baby into his clothing. But I know she's only teasing, and so I blink up at her, flushing, while she tapes the thing tight around me.

"Now then," she grins – and in her radiant and grateful glance I see that this is something she must have been wanting for a very long time. "Now, why don't you let your princess take charge?" Oh, I know I will. I've come to love it when she says that – though to be fair, in the past it's always involved her lowering her dripping pussy down onto me and sending me reeling into orgasmic pleasure...

But now?

Well, it's not that different. I'm acutely aware at first of the padding crinkling between us, as her bare cunt and my trapped cock rub vainly together with that diaper in between. But as the pleasure mounts, and as she bends down as slips her beautiful left nipple down into my hungry mouth, I forget all about it. It all feels so- so good. So damn good. Who cares what I'm wearing right now? My Simone is here, and I'm tasting her and feeling her and hearing her all around me...

"Oh, is my little one happy in his new pants?" she purrs, and in that moment I know I'm a lost cause. My Princess – my Mommy – is talking now, I've never yet failed to cum when she does that. "You're so *good* at making sticky little messes in your pants, honey! That's why your Princess knows you're going to be so much safer and happier in a diaper..."

*Yes, yes, okay, Princess. Okay-* I'm sucking rhythmically, my mind only vaguely aware now of the strange garment I'm wearing. "Such a good little man," Mommy breathes again, and I almost cum just from the smile I hear in her voice. "You're going to make a little mess for me, Jay-Jay. You're going to lose control right in your pants. And there's nothing you can do about it, baby. You're gonna make a wet little accident, right in your diaper now. Come on, show me what a little baby you are-"

Do I? Well, I think you already know the answer.