

Simone's Little Project

Chapter Three

June 2021

God, how Simone loved research.

Not that she ever truly regretted having gone into the business world, of course. Not that she actually thought she should have become some bespectacled journalism professor instead of a smartly dressed, quick-tongued project manager. But there was still that itch, that urge to shut out the world and delve deep, diving headfirst into a sea of sources and data in search of answers...

It was that urge she was going to satisfy now. For after that promising first date with Vijay, she was more convinced than ever that she wanted to take things further – though she first needed to know where the hell she was going to take him.

He'd been just so damned cute, she mused, pulling up a fresh incognito window and opening her favorite non-tracking search engine. Oh, he was quite different from Alyssa's Keith, sure. But there were still those resonances between them: the shy, instinctive glance at her for approval; the openness to her input and direction; the non-aggressive and almost feminine relatability they both shared...

Well, for starters she wanted to know more about this whole kinky dynamic Alyssa and Keith had shown her. And what better way to spend a lazy Sunday afternoon than surfing the sexier corners of the internet, anyway?

Three hours later, she was still clicking and staring into her laptop screen in ever-growing fascination. Okay, okay. This was all starting to make sense. *Age play*, some called it. *AB/DL*, with or without a slash. *CG/L* was another term she was finding, as was *DDLG* and *MDLB*. She was finding blogs, forums, social media sites, photos, fiction... you name it. Some of it sounded weird, some sounded reasonable, and some completely disagreed with one another. There was so much to puzzle over and figure out – and yet, it was now starting to finally take clear shape in her mind.

What she had seen with Keith and Alyssa was precisely this: a mommy kink, some called it, or *MDLB*, short for "mommy domme, little boy." Keith wasn't really her little boy, of course, and neither of them had anything remotely like interest in actual kids. It was just that he got to play at being her little boy, and she got to play at being his mommy. *Talk about a super-easy way to scratch that parenting itch, huh?* she thought in amusement, scrolling past another half-absurd and

half-heartbreaking plea from a random stranger for someone to be his mommy. *Sure sounds a hell of a lot cheaper than getting pregnant and raising a real kid for eighteen years!*

The kinky part of the descriptions made a great deal of sense to her, actually. Not that she'd ever been into freaky-ass sex or whips or chains, of course. She wasn't even really amused by the idea of receiving a sexy spanking. But all the same, she couldn't deny either that for years she had had her favorite type of erotica: stories in which strong women took charge, in which they teased their lovers and used their wiles to set their lovers begging and groveling for their attentions... So really, what was all that different now about playing as a nurturing mommy domme with a little boy? Mommies still held the power, after all – just as she'd seen Alyssa so clearly demonstrate...

As for the diapers? Well, that was a whole thing of its own, apparently. Some of these folks online said they liked them just as an end in themselves. Others said wearing diapers helped them feel safe and loved. Still others relished explaining in great detail how messy and wet they loved being, how they'd pee and poop so much in their smelly, saggy pampers-

Ugh, that was a bit much for her, she mused with furrowed brows as she hastily clicked away before any unwanted images could sear themselves into her brain. At least, the messing was. But all the same, she couldn't deny that the diapers actually did jive with the whole mommy kinky thing. After all, what better way to tease and demonstrate your control over a guy than literally to take away his privileges over his most basic bodily functions? In fact... just like Alyssa had done with Keith?

The long and short of it all being that, like it or not, she was discovering that she was turning out to be one kinky little bitch.

"Hey, Alyssa?" And now Simone was on her phone, driven as much by her curiosity as by a desire to avoid the lone little voice in the back of her head protesting that she was a good girl, that she needed to drop this weird shit before she did something she really regretted. "Hey, girl! Got time for a few questions?"

Thank god for Alyssa.

Alyssa had helped her pull it all together, to avoid drowning in the sea of conflicting ideas that her hours on the web had engendered. "Wait, so you don't even know if this guy's into it? Or into *you*?" "Well," Simone had clarified, "Not *exactly*. But I'm pretty sure he's into me, girl. Believe me – you

should see the look he gave me after the restaurant. He's just far too shy to actually, you know, *do* anything about it." She'd chuckled softly. "Not all that different from your Keith, am I right?"

Alyssa had laughed and grudgingly agreed, and then had offered her own advice on how to move forward. First rule: not to force him into anything, least of all a kink. Second: to prioritize the normal, vanilla relationship first, and to let the kink seep in along the way so as not to scare either of them away. And third: to enjoy the ride. To which Simone had chuckled and told her that she'd do her best, though she wasn't quite sure if he'd be down for cowgirl position right out of the gate...

Simone bustled about now, mentally reviewing her preparations. She'd taken Alyssa's suggestion and actually invited Vijay to her place: ostensibly for a "come to my place to work" sort of meeting, but by setting it for Saturday evening at six, simultaneously signaling that it was far closer to a date than a business meeting. She had the pasta ready to go, the broccoli primed for steaming, the wine chilling. All was going to be perfect: an ordinary, normal date at her place, after which they'd simply see if the chemistry led to anything more.

Though *god*, she wanted more.

Visions of Vijay's handsome face swam before her now: of her fingers undoing the delicate white buttons of his formal shirt; of his gleaming skin and the tightening fabric of his slacks; of the sensation of his hardening cock beneath her fingers as she stroked him softly, watching his dark eyes fill with timid, embarrassed longing as she casually let one strap of her gown slip down her shoulder...

Dammit, why wasn't he here yet? She'd have to discipline him about that if he ever became her-

Nope, nope, nope, she chided with a shake of her head. She couldn't get ahead of herself. She had to avoid getting stuck on him, certainly when she was only beginning to get to know him. She had to keep things proper until she was sure he wanted to start something...

But a girl could always dream, after all. And it was no real crime, was it, if her dreams involved pinning this beautiful guy down and listening to him whimper as she fondled her breasts and taunted him for being such a hungry, *needy* little thing?