

Simone's Little Project

Chapter Twelve

November 2021

Simone had been trapped in this wedding gown for an hour and a half already... and yet somehow she still hadn't gone completely insane.

She had Vijay to thank for that. Her doting mother being who she was, Simone couldn't dare to hope that she could elope quietly and have a nice, intimate little ceremony just for her and Vijay. No, of course not. She had to have the big stupid white wedding, and the reception afterward – not to mention another ceremony and reception months later, when they finally got back to see his family in Bangladesh. It was all pretty overwhelming, even for someone like Simone.

But even now, amid the bustle and giddy excitement and the swirl of family members fussing over her dress and makeup and bouquet, the very thought of the man for whom she was doing all this kept her steady. Vijay – her dearest love. Her sweet little boy. Her submissive little plaything. The man with whom she hoped to spend the rest of her life.

"Oh, but of course you can't see him yet!" her mother fussed, throwing up her hands in only partially-feigned horror. "Simmy, dear, you *know* that's bad luck! Don't worry – your father will be walking you down the aisle soon enough. And then you can see that little man of yours all you like..."

Too bad the "little" her mother had just dropped came from a place of amiable yet undeniable racism. But then again, it was uncannily humorous to think of just how accurate her phrase was.

Simone could see it all now in her irrepressible imagination. Back at her place – into which Vijay had moved nearly a year before – he was probably already dressed for the occasion. He and his best man Keith were probably crinkling around, comparing notes on diaper tapes and boosters and the proper way to fluff disposables before use. Alyssa too was probably poking her head into their room: teasing her husband, exclaiming over how wonderful Vijay looked in his suit, giving them both affectionate pats on their twin diapered rumps...

Fuck, now she was horny on top of everything.

But no time to think much more about it. She had a wedding to attend – and a mother to please.

Was it all just as she'd pictured? Was the music and the smiling faces of expectant guests and the heart-pounding exhilaration of leaning on her father's arm really just as she'd imagined? It was hard to say. It was all going so fast, in such a giddy blur of sight and sound and sensation. But there at the front of this dusty old church, beaming more shyly and brightly than ever in his handsome suit, stood Vijay. He was waiting for her. He was there for her. He would be hers, and she his: not just today, but for years to come. And really, as long as that was certain, all of the rest of this wedding nonsense could go fuck itself.

Oh, she could tell all right. Just from the way he was standing across from her, she could tell. He was well padded indeed, though no one but a select few in the room could have noticed. And so, it wasn't a hysterical burst of joyful tears, or a wry joke, or even a sappy "I love you" that escaped her lips when she bent close to take his hand.

"Good boy," she whispered softly in his ear. And oh, the smile of blushing delight that wreathed his face was delectable.

Vows were said. Rings exchanged. Kisses bestowed. Cheers given. And then they were walking down the aisle hand in hand to the sound of the sappy classical music her mom had insisted upon. Yet all the while, Simone couldn't help but think of just how well the rustle of her gown was working to conceal any possible crinkles from her new husband's unusually well-rounded seat...

Of course they were polite, and happy, and discreet during the reception later that afternoon. Vijay had blushinglly agreed to no changes during the wedding or reception unless absolutely necessary, and so it was with a sly smile and a shake of her head that Simone refilled his glass not once, but twice with his favorite non-alcoholic sparkling beverage. "Can't let you get all parched on your wedding day!" she beamed innocently, noting with some amusement that she was calling over the loud but undeniably appropriate strains of "I'm a Sucker for You." "Go on, baby! I know you want more, don't you?"

Meanwhile, unnoticed by everyone else, her hand was slipping discreetly beneath the tablecloth to prod the clearly thickening bulk between her husband's legs. "Oh, wow. You've really been gulping it down, haven't you?" And then louder, as Vijay blushed into his glass: "Whoops, I almost forgot! I guess we've got to do the whole cake thing now too, huh?"

Oh, they did.

Maybe it was pushing the envelope a bit. Maybe it was the elevating effect of the champagne, or just her own growing horniness. But after their arms were intertwined and the first little nibble of cake had entered her mouth from Vijay's hand, she grinned playfully and, purely on impulse, pressed the piece full into his mouth and face. "Aww, you should have opened wider!" she giggled, for the laughing onlookers' benefit as much as anything. But as Vijay's eyes met hers above his sticky, messy face, she knew that he was loving it as much as she was.

Of course he was. Silly little baby!

As the doors of the SUV closed and the motor revved under Vijay's careful hands, the waving cheers of the well-wishers in the rearview mirror died away at last. "Oh, goodness," he breathed, with a wry glance over at his tousled but beautiful bride. "That was... intense. Are you okay, Princess?"

"Never better," Simone sighed, with a tired grin and a pat of his suit-clad leg. "Yeah, that's right. Just head on down the road a bit, okay? Just like we said. Maybe five, ten minutes..."

They both knew what was coming.

For once their SUV had slid into the protective cover of the autumnal leaves and the tires had crunched to a stop on the gravel, Simone reached over and, grinning, waggled her finger firmly in her husband's face. "Now, now! What did Mommy say about little boys trying to drive their Mommy's car, hmm? I think we both know where you belong, mister!"

He most certainly did, judging by his blushing face. And as Simone undid her seatbelt and opened the door and circled around to the driver's side, she could see he was already beginning to sink down into the quiet obedience of submissive little space. "Come on, honey. The driver's seat is no place for you!" she cooed, undoing his seatbelt and tugging him out. "I think we both know where sweet, soggy little boys belong, don't we?"

Her hands were zealously traveling over his nether regions, poking and prodding at the squishing bulk beneath. "My, my!" she exclaimed, herding him back to the back door with a smack on his clearly wet bottom. "Such a wet, waddly little baby, too! I guess you tried real hard to be a big boy today, huh? But I guess there's only so much a dribbly little baby like you can do to be big. I'm so glad we kept you safely padded up today..."

Once he had slid, red-faced, into the back seat and been buckled in, Simone reached deep under the seat and produced a familiar and by-now well-beloved comfort object. "Look what I brought, honey! Now open up," she commanded. And a second later her new husband was gazing silently at her in quiet adoration, suckling mutely on the comforting rubber bulk of his giant pacifier.

Now *this* was more like it.

As Simone gathered her dress together and slipped confidently behind the wheel, she cast a bright and loving smile into the rearview mirror. "All right, honey! Your Princess is in charge now, okay? And I think you're going to absolutely love what I've got planned for us these next two weeks!"

Oh, they both would. The road hummed past, and with every mile that slipped away behind them Simone was becoming more and more aroused at the thought of what lay ahead. For a mere five-hour flight away, down in the warm waters of the Caribbean lay a sun-drenched tropical island with a little bungalow hidden away just for them. And into that little hideaway the newlyweds would step: the one strong and confident and alluringly, maternally feminine, the other waddling after in adoring, innocent obedience.

No curious onlookers would be around to ask questions. No well-meaning room service would be there to wonder why the young man's suitcase held nothing but strangely over-sized diapers. No fellow beach-goers would be nearby to catch sight of the pair lounging on the beach: her in her scanty, sexily-cut bikini, and him in nothing but the incongruous bulk of a puffy white diaper that was probably already sagging with his near-constant accidents...

And when they returned home?

Well, Simone couldn't wait to see her Vijay's face upon the sight of that dusty storage room she'd asked Alyssa to redecorate in their absence. What a nursery it would be, too: full of toys and a crib and a changing table and everything his submissive little heart now craved. And oh, the wonderful times the two of them would have in the years to come, cavorting their way through year after year of wedded, kinky bliss...

Yes, she reflected now, as a prickle of happy tears stung her eyes. It seemed as though her little experiment had worked out better than she'd ever dared hope.