

Simone's Little Project

Chapter Four

July 2021

Well, here goes! Sure hope I don't screw things up tonight...

Vijay cast a final glance at his reflection in the bathroom mirror, giving one last swipe to his gleaming black hair. Dress shirt, check. Slacks, check. Reasonably nice shoes, check. Handkerchief, keys, and phone: check, check, and check. He was just about ready to go – just about ready to catch that rideshare that would be here at any minute.

Oh, and deep in that right pocket, nestled next to the handkerchief: a demure little condom. Also check. You know, just in case things got... interesting.

He shouldn't set his expectations too high, he scolded himself as he sat back in the rideshare and watched the evening light playing over the city streets as they rolled by. Simone was just a vendor of theirs, a rep whom he needed not to piss off. Another business acquaintance... though certainly one that had clearly taken a decided interest in him. A strong, attractive woman. A confident, smart, charming-

Dammit. There I go again!

So as he stepped free and waved the driver off with a polite "good evening," and as he strode up the brick sidewalk toward what must be Simone's neat little house, he couldn't deny the anticipatory sensation of butterflies in his stomach. Try as he might to tell himself that it was just a "work thing," another part of him knew better. He was about to have a real date – an honest-to-goodness, over at a woman's house date – for the first time in three years. And frankly, he also couldn't deny that there wasn't a single other woman with whom he'd rather have it.

"So, I know it probably wasn't up to Michelin-star standards, of course. But I hope you didn't mind the food too much?"

She was seated across the corner from him now in her little living room after supper, smiling engagingly and expectantly at her guest. "Oh, sure, um- yeah, it was absolutely delicious!" Vijay hastened to reply – and he meant it. The pasta and broccoli had been great (though admittedly of

the same typical blandness as most American cuisine), and the chocolate lava cakes with strawberries afterward had been truly memorable. As for the wine... well, he had politely declined.

"Want an after-dinner drink, Vijay?" Simone queried now, with a glance at a sideboard with gleaming bottles of what he presumed must be whisky or brandy or cognac or some other fancy liquors. "Um, no- No thank you," he told her – and, seeing her inquiring expression, hastened to add what he had thus far omitted. "Um, it's not a big deal. I'm not, you know, super observant or anything. But my family would like me not to..."

"Ah, of course! Forgive me," Simone smiled apologetically. "That's completely understandable – and very sweet, if you don't mind me saying so. You must be quite close to your family, then?" Well, yes and no... and just as before, to his surprise he found himself talking, sharing more about himself and his past and his family than he ever had to anyone else. This woman was just so relaxing, so confident, so sympathetic and non-judgmental...

She was also sitting, he now noted, much closer to him than before.

"Um, Vijay..." she began after another shared laugh had dissolved into a few moments' silence. "I was wondering something. You told me once that you were single. And I was just hoping you could tell me something – if you don't mind, that is..."

Oh, shit. Is she going to ask how I broke up- Why I'm not married yet-

"Do you think I'm attractive?"

Wow. It was a tough, point-blank question for a shy fellow like Vijay, to be sure. But somehow, the fact that she was sitting so very close- that her hand was on his leg- that the soft scent of her perfume was filling his nose and mind- Well, perhaps it was not so surprising that he stammered out, with thudding heart, that he found her very, *very* attractive indeed, that he enjoyed being with her...

"Well, then! I really like you, too, Vijay," she purred now, and rose to her feet with a knowing smile on her face. "Come on, then. I think we'd better find a more comfortable place to get to know each other even better, don't you?"

And then they were making their way down a darkened hall, stepping into the carpeted and fragrant expanse of Simone's bedroom. "Go on, make yourself comfortable," she smiled, closing the door

softly behind them. "I will, anyway..." Vijay, pulse hammering in his ears, found himself staring idiotically, transfixed by the sight of her hands reaching behind her, her emerald-green dress slipping gently from her shoulders, down over her breasts, cascading down into a silken heap at her feet...

"Here, let me help you with that," she murmured with a sly grin, stepping forward and beginning with dexterous fingers to undo the buttons of his shirt. "Oh, I- I can do it-" he began, but found, much to his surprise, a manicured finger being laid on his lips in a shushing gesture. "Hush, now. My house, my rules," she smiled, even as the final button came undone and her fingers were tugging his shirt free. "Oh my – you're so gorgeous, Vijay..."

He couldn't help it. The scent of this woman, her touch on his skin, the confidence and control she displayed with every graceful movement... it was all setting him atingle with longing and anticipation. He was growing so hard, so stiff- He wanted her, needed to feel her in his arms-

Only she wasn't in his arms just yet. Instead, the lingerie-clad goddess was kneeling before him, tugging his pants and boxers free, then rising and pushing him laughingly onto the bed. "No shoes, no socks, no problem," she grinned, and then he was staring up into her full bosom, his now-acute awareness of his own stark-naked state setting him awash in a sudden wave of vulnerability. *She's- she's doing things- she's so in control-*

And yet he wanted her more than ever.

"Like what you see?" she purred, and then her brassiere was slipping free. *Oh, god the beauty- those beautiful breasts-* His hands were reaching out, eager and longing to touch, to take, to caress... But then he found himself being thrust backward, pushed flat onto the bed as she climbed up atop her naked guest. "Now, now," she commanded with a cheeky grin, even as she began tugging down the lavender panties from her waist. "No touching without permission!"

Permission? What the- But we're just having sex-

"Now why don't you show me just how much you want me, hmm? Is that okay?" She was straddling him now, tearing open a condom, slipping it over his erect shaft and grinning as every touch of her fingers sent waves of tingling pleasure shivering through him. "Yes, yes, please," he found himself agreeing, and he meant it. Oh how he meant it! This longing, this need, this ache deep within his very core-

He gasped as he entered her – or rather, as she took him in. She was atop him, gazing down with parted lips and eager eyes, watching his every expression as she slipped up and down on his stiffened cock. "Like that, hmm? Oh, I bet you do. Such a hard fellow for me! So excited, so eager to cum..."

Between her incredible technique and his lack of recent sexual relief, he didn't last long. But once he'd shuddered and moaned and come down from the delicious high of orgasm, his eyes slid open to find Simone as beautiful as ever – and also far from done. "Ummh, yeah, such a good boy," she was muttering to herself behind closed eyes, one hand on his chest and the other caressing her own rosy-tipped breast. "Such a good boy, doing what you're told. Such a good little boy, cumming-cumming for- for Mommy-"

Mommy?! What the hell?! Eww, like- like-

"I- I'm sorry," he faltered, once his wilting penis had slipped free and he'd struggled free from the surprised – and still clearly unsatisfied – Simone. "I- I just- I'm not comfortable- I'm not into that- that kind of- I'm sorry, I really am..."

So was she, clearly. Sorry, and hurt, and disappointed, and just as ashamed as he was. And it was the sight of her, looking out apologetically from the door in her hastily-donned robe, that remained seared into his mind for days to come.

Well, shit. So much for not screwing things up.