

# Growing into the Job

## Post 293: Wake Up, Sleepyhead

by stevebasic



---begin audio script.---

<you start with a private manifestation to yourself, as if you're looking in a mirror and willing what you want into reality:>

<deep breath to start>

"He wants to spend time with me. He can think of no better way to spend a day than to be with me, whatever we're doing. He feels happy and comfortable in my presence, and when we're not together he feels like something's missing. We have fun together, he loves being with me."

<deep breath again>

"Okay...let's wake him up..."

<voice is soft, almost a whisper, gentle to wake him up but bright with excitement>

"Good morning..! Good morning, sleepyhead! Happy Sunday..! Mmmm...mmmhmm. It's me... rememberrr? Melisssssa..? <giggle!> C'mon, sweetie...rise and shiine..!"

"Yes...yes. You're in your bed. I carried you up here, last night. I kinda tuckered you out, I guess <giggle!> That was, like, ten o'clock or so. You've been sleeping for twelve hours! It looks like you've barely moved..! I've been watching you sleep for, like, ten minutes <giggle!> Yeah, you're just a lazy little man on weekends, aren't you?"

<pause as he's waking up, drowsily asks you a question>

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"Me? No I didn't stay over. I went back out, met the girls for *drinks*. Got up *early*, went to the *gym*, had a nice big *breakfast*. And...surprise surprise <giggle!> I went to the paint store. Mmmhmm...we're going to paint your room today..!"

<pause for his reaction. He's a little surprised>

"Yep..! It's a rainy Sunday. The girls are all headed to the marches downtown but I wanted to spend it with *you*..! I thought this would be a nice thing to do, paint this place. Is that okay? Hmm? Is it okay, if we spend Sunday together?"

<he responds with something like 'sure I'd like that'>

"Oooo good...I'd like that too..! <excited giggle!>

"So, yes. Painting. I brought all the stuff. I've <giggle> never done this before, but the boys at the paint store showed me everything we'd need. Brushes, rollers, trays, this cute blue tape..."

<pause, he asks a question>

"What? How much did it cost? No no no...don't be silly, honey. It's my treat. I just hope I bought enough paint. They said it might take two coats, to cover up this...old *beige*..."

<pause, he asks what color>

"Hm? What *color*? What color are we going to paint your *room*? Oh, you know what color I'd choose...<big wet kiss sound of a 'mwah!'>...guess!"

<slow, loud 'Mwah!' kissy noises, as you're pursing lips right into his face, showing off your lips and lipstick>

"What color would I choose, hm? A color to remind you of me, maybe? <Mwah!> Every time you wake up? <Mwah!>"

"That's right! Pink, to match my lipstick..! <giggle!>"

<backstory: you have this secret urge to emasculate/infantalize him, and your fave shade of pink just felt right lol>

"That way you think of my kisses every time you're here!"

<Mwah!>

"Ok let's get you out of bed...sheet off and...hey! <giggle!> what's that in your PJ's? Didn't I take care of that last night? <giggle!> shhh shh shhh no it's okay, let's have a look..."

<little pause for his weak protest>

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"Shhhhh it's okay. You're fine. I got you all cleaned up last night when you were sleeping, found your PJ's...got you into bed, all tucked in. So, let's see how you're doing this morning...we'll lower your pants here..."

<quick pause as you lower his thin pajama pants down over his erection>  
"Awwwwwww...!"

"Oh, sweetie, so *hard* again..! Shhh shh shh...I know you can't help it. What is it? Is it me? Was it all my kissy noises, hm? <Mwah! Mwah! giggle!> You like *big*, Sunday kisses? MWAH! MWAH! Here, let me have a feel..."

"OOOOoooo! <giggle!> So excited again! I liked that big groan! Does my hand feel nice, nice and warm today? Let me just hold you here, give you a nice gentle squeeze..."

"Shhhhhh....*there* you go...there you go. Nice, gentle squeezes. Does that feel nice? Isn't this a nice way to wake up in the morning? Hm? With me, with my hand here, all ready to take care of you? Let me stroke you, nice and slow...*there* we go..."

<ad lib in some tender, indulgent HJ dialogue/cooing/noises if possible? A few 'good boys'?>

"Oh, baby...oh sweetie...you're so excited already. Look at your little face, all scrunched up."

"Are you ready? Do you want to come? Do you want to come for me? MMhm, okay...it's okay. You can come. Let's count down, I'll do it for you. Are you ready? Hm hun? Okay here we go.

"10.....9.....8.....that's good, that's good baby, 7.....6.....5....good, good boy, you're doing so *well*...4...c'mon, keep going hun, you're almost there....3....2....okay baby, get ready, get ready..."

"...1, There we go, there we go, sweetie. Oh yes...oh yes! Come, come for me! Oh, sweetie, yes, yes!

<talking him through it, tender but excited yourself. Ad lib anything you think fits>

"Mmmm...mmmmmm..! Good, good...that's right, get it all out. Come, come for me. Get it alllll out. Oh yes, all over. All over your chest, and your belly. Oh, sweetie...so good, so *good*...that's right...good *boyyyy*..."

<purring, groaning, growling in pleasure, until his climax wanes>

"Mmm honey...all done. All done? Good job, good boy. But oooo look at that *mess* you made! I want to...I want to *taste* that. Can I honey? Can I taste it?

<scooping, slurping>

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"Mmmmm...so <voice is all but quivering in rapture> *good..! So, so good.*  
Mmmmmmmmm...."

<more scooping, slurping>

"Let mama clean it all up <giggles!> Mmmm..."

Mwah! <kissy noise>

"Ohhhh...Looks like someone is getting sleepy again...! Are you still *sleepy?* <giggle>"

"that's okay, you can shut your eyes, you rest. I'll get stuff all set up, all the paint. We can start when you're ready. I'm excited for our day together. Just you and me. All...day..!"

<one final MWAH!!>

<...and then a lovely lullaby. Melissa's singing voice has curiously improved...>

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*Thank you to GBHMax for the torso-morph in the image, and of course  
PoisonedSugarPill for her audio script fill which can be found >>[here](#)<<*