

Circles within Circles

Chapter Eleven – Trust But Verify

April 2021

Yes, things were coming along nicely.

Anneke leaned back in her train seat, eyes unfocusing into the distance as the scenery slid by in a blur of late autumn colors. Her mind was not on the delightful prospect of the Thanksgiving break before her, nor on the museums and cultural sights she was hoping to take in during her little getaway. No. Before her eyes now was the sight of her struggling boyfriend, cuffed fast to her wooden chair, accompanied by the sound of his gag-muffled breathing and the musical patter of his urine onto the floor beneath.

Ethan was coming along quickly. Her it was, not two months into their relationship, and he was already learning just how important it would be for him to submit to her leadership... even when it did mean humiliating himself in ways he'd probably never before imagined.

She stifled a sentimental grin at the thought of just how sweetly naive he was. Oh, sure, he *said* he'd been with a woman before. He tried so hard to put on such a worldly-wise air of experience. But everything about him screamed inexperience and uncertainty: from the question marks at the end of his sentences, to his indecisiveness in selecting something to watch on TV, to the speed with which he slipped down into babbling orgasm every time she played with him. Ethan was a sweetheart, yes. Her sweetheart. Her naive little boy toy who, behind his fumbling attempts at manly bravado, was driven above all to please her and to do exactly as she said...

Precisely as he'd demonstrated not twelve hours before, when she'd arrived at his little dorm and introduced another, very important new element into their relationship.

He'd looked so elated to see her – and she'd rewarded him with a warm kiss on the lips and a swift hug as she slid into his room. "Roommate out?" she had inquired, with a quick scan of the modest surroundings. "Yeah. He's gone for the entire break," Ethan had informed her, gesturing at the empty and still-rumpled bed. "To the Carolinas or something. Don't worry! We can do whatever we like in here and nobody will know a thing..."

"Oh, really?" She'd smiled, letting her hand wander over to his crotch and noting with satisfaction

how hard he was already becoming for her. "But Ethan – that's why I came over. All this privacy of yours is precisely what has me worried!" And into his puzzled face she'd giggled, before easing down onto his bed beside him and explaining what she'd meant.

"You know I'm going to be gone over the break, too, baby," she'd begun, watching the flush of shy pleasure steal across his face at the endearment. "And it's kind of worrisome – don't you think? Just think: you'll be here all alone, with no one around to keep you busy... to help you... ease the tension..." Her hand had kneaded kitten-like at his crotch, and he had begun stammering out that it was no problem, that he'd be that much more excited when she got back-

"No, no, no," she'd smiled, and then her hand had reached into her backpack. "That's not enough, baby! I know now just how *excited* and *bothered* you can get. And it's not that I don't trust you not to mess around with anyone else, of course. It's just that, well..." And as her hand had slipped out and his eyes had widened at the sight of what now lay between her fingers, she'd giggled and uttered the words. "Your Anneke is going to make absolutely sure you aren't tempted to get into trouble... even with yourself."

"Is- is that a- a-" "A what, honey?" she'd laughed softly, holding up the cage so that it gleamed in pink and steel in the fading evening light. "Go on, you can say it! It's your new chastity cage. A lovely, strong little cage that's going to keep my boyfriend's little soldier all nice and safe and contained while I'm away!"

"But- but- oh my god, Anneke- it's not..." "Listen, I ordered it specially for you," she'd reminded with a coy smile full into his anxious expression. "The least you can do is thank me for such a thoughtful and useful gift, don't you think? Or are you really that ungrateful?"

Of course he'd caved at that. Of course he'd grudgingly thanked her, his voice trembling with mingled nervousness and arousal. "Good boy," she'd commended – and off had come his jeans, followed by his boxers. "Now, lay down for me. Yes, good boy! Just like that. Let your sweet, pretty girlfriend show you just how safe she wants to keep this lovely cock of yours..."

Click the cage had said, tight and snug around his exposed penis and balls. *Click*, the lock had sounded once she had threaded it through the hasp and secured it in her deft fingers. "See? Not so bad now, is it? And really, didn't Beyoncé say that if you like it, you should put a ring on it?" she had chuckled, as Ethan had struggled upright and craned his neck down to the unaccustomed pressure and weight around that most sensitive part of his anatomy. "Think of it as just a snug little ring, baby. Nice and tight and secure. Now I don't have to worry about you getting into trouble

while I'm gone! *You're* the one who's not a virgin, after all... isn't that right?"

She was smiling softly now at the memory of his inarticulate little pleadings and splutters, all of which she'd merrily laughed into oblivion. In the end he'd seen things her way, of course. She'd pointed out just how much she could tell he loved having her in charge. She'd reminded him that he could use that safeword they'd agreed to anytime he wanted – and yet he hadn't. She'd seen the incriminating blush rise into his cheeks, the longing and finally the gratitude in his eyes welling as she kissed him passionately and told him just how much sexy fun they would have just as soon as she returned...

Yeah. She hadn't exactly mentioned the fun she'd have tormenting him in the meantime.

Her heart was already thumping faster in anticipation, the thought of her boyfriend's face that would be on her video call tonight. Oh, how she'd lean in to the microphone, voice low and breathless... How she'd bare her breasts for the camera... How she'd tease him and call him her good, horny little boy. And then she'd remind him just how fucking horny she was, too... How badly she needed her dear Ethan to eat her out like the good boy he was. And then, while he watched her in transfixed longing, she'd murmur how maybe she'd simply have to touch herself... grind on something...

Ding.

Her eyes grew troubled now at the sight of the text on her phone, the smile evaporating from her lips like the fading fall sunlight behind a looming cloud. "27547: Status report required ASAP. Deadline approaching." And then, after a short pause, a second text – even more explicitly threatening than the first. "You know the penalty of failure. She will not escape."

Fuck.

Oh, yes. She'd be calling Ethan tonight for sure. For as nicely as his training might be coming along, she needed to kick it into high gear if she was going to have even a snowball's chance in hell of making that deadline.