

Circles within Circles

Chapter Fifteen – All In Your Head

June 2021

"Sure is something, isn't it? Seems like the two of you always end up in the same classes these days!"

The speaker – a brunette two seats over from her – meant it to be snarky, of course. But Anneke couldn't let her irritation show. "Yeah, I guess?", she responded casually, flipping through her notebook in preparation for the lecture that was shortly to begin. "It's only natural when we're both majoring in pretty similar topics." *Water off a duck's back. Don't pay this so-called "friend" any mind. She's probably just envious... or fishing for gossip...*

And then the professor strode into the room, and the politely snide comments of her neighbor had to come to an abrupt end.

Yes, it was the spring semester now. Classes had officially begun... and with them had come a potential fresh nuance to her relationship with Ethan. It was pretty clear – to her, at least – that he would never have taken a course in psychology if he hadn't first heard her exclaiming over how cool it was. "You should give it a try sometime!", she had encouraged one snowy afternoon during the break. "You're all into these deep, complex films and music and books, right? I bet you'd be a natural at something like psych..."

Though perhaps Anneke did have some ulterior motives to suggesting it. Because as much progress as dear Ethan had made with her over the past few months, there was still much more she needed to teach him. Much more that needed to be adjusted in that brain of his.

And what better way to begin than by tackling his laughing skepticism of hypnosis?

"It's just a bunch of baloney, obviously," he'd snorted that afternoon in the library, when she'd first pointed it out in the class textbook. "Honestly, I don't even know why they've got it in there! What will they be talking about in the next chapter? Magnets? Aromatherapy? The power of positive thinking?" At which she'd sighed and shaken her head in sage dismay.

"Don't be like that, Ethan! I'm sure it's in there for a very good reason. Hypnosis really can help folks sometimes – and besides, I'm almost positive it's quite a bit different from what you think it is." He'd shrugged and grumbled at that, still clearly not convinced. And so Anneke, with the

tiniest sparkle in her eye and a playfully seductive edge to her voice, had scooted her chair closer and plopped the metaphorical bait in front of him.

"Come on over to my place again this weekend, and I'll show you what I know about hypnosis. See, I've got a very different approach to it – an approach that I'm almost positive you're gonna love..."

"Eyes on the screen, baby. Yes, that's right. Watch and learn what a good little boy does for his sexy girlfriend..."

He was positively adorable. Pathetic, in a certain way. But adorable too. There was just something in that upward glance of his pleading eyes, the resistance in his muscles that melted slowly into compliance, that groveling, grudging obedience... For obedient he was: kneeling on all fours before his lingerie-clad girlfriend, stark naked in her bedroom, clearly aroused and anxious and embarrassed all at once to be found like this.

Like a perfect little plaything for her – and more teachable than ever.

She laughed softly, her hands playing lovingly through his tousled hair – and then she reached over to hit Play on the remote. "It's not hard, baby. Just watch the screen and see what hypnosis can really do..." On went the video, and his eyes grew wide at the sight unfolding before him: a woman reprimanding her boyfriend for being so lazy and useless, and telling him that she'd teach him better habits. Then it came: the hypnotic spiral... the incredulous male laughter fading down into soft, puzzled murmurs... and then blank, drooling silence. The exulting voice of his girlfriend, ordering the hapless and empty-eyed fellow to kneel down before her... and then to mindlessly, mechanically bend forward between her thighs and lap ardently at her exposed cunt...

"Such a good little hypno slave! Such an obedient, empty-headed boy for me! Come on- *ooohhhh*, yeah... Mmmm, I like that, baby! Harder now. Lick harder for me-"

Ethan's flaming cheeks might have expressed nothing but embarrassment and discomfort at witnessing such a scene. But Anneke knew better. Her eyes were fixed on his erection, painfully swollen and stiff beneath him, and giving mute testimony to just how arousing he was finding it all.

Which was why, of course, she switched it off just before the climax.

"Mmm, I bet you'd love to do that too, baby..." She was toying with him now, letting her hands wander over his exposed back and buttocks. "Seems like you're finding hypnosis pretty hot, aren't you?" "Uh- I mean, it's- yeah, kinda," he faltered, his eyes filled with confusion and shame. "But- I mean, I bet they're acting-"

"Shh, don't be a little skeptic," Anneke teased, slipping two of her fingers between his lips and deep into his mouth. "I like you much better when you're being a horny... *obedient*... little boyfriend for me. And what better way to make you obedient than to hypnotize you? Brainwash you? Make you obey me no matter what?"

"Iww- hhummmm..." he moaned softly around her fingers, eyes slipping closed in mortified arousal... and then she knew he was ready. "Don't worry, baby," she breathed – and then she was reaching for the headphones. "I don't have anything as fancy as a spiral or a pendulum – at least, not yet. But what I do have is a nice, powerful audio file: a file that you're going to listen to right now. I know you probably don't believe me, but it's going to train you. Like it or not, I'll use this file to teach you to be more wonderfully sweet and obedient and submissive than ever..."

Over his head went the headphones: high-quality, noise-isolating models, models that wouldn't allow any sounds but those she wanted to reach his ears. And as he glanced up once more at her in pleading, embarrassed arousal, she laughed and planted a fervent kiss on his forehead. "Oh, I almost forgot! I really think you'll look a lot cuter with a diaper on that butt of yours, too. Nothing like an embarrassing, babyish diaper to get my submissive boyfriend in the mood, right?"

Not that he could hear her anymore. But that didn't matter. He stayed put, moaning softly as she produced the diaper in question – then moaned again as she wrapped it snugly around his ass and forced his stiff cock firmly down into the cottony folds. "Good baby boyfriend," she giggled – again, only for her own benefit – and then rose and sashayed slowly forward into his line of vision.

It was time to get this show on the road.

Click went the computer trackpad, and Ethan's eyes filled with surprise and embarrassment as the audio trickled into his ears. Oh, Anneke knew full well what it contained. It was full of overlapping, babbling, crooning voices: voices speaking of the joys of submission, and ordering little boys to obey their mistress, and commending them for being such good, obedient pets...

Whether it would actually have an effect on him or not was beside the point for the moment. He thought it would, and the mind-fuck that would give him was all she needed.

Her fingers slipped down her hips, loosening the lacy panties she'd put on just for the occasion and working them tantalizingly downward. "Good baby," she murmured maternally, smiling at how riveted Ethan's eyes were upon the sight before him. "I hope you're hungry, honey! Just like you saw in that video, I've got a special something for you to eat, too... right here..."

Awash in sound as he was, of course he couldn't hear her. But he could certainly see the panties dropping to the floor, and Anneke's fully exposed pussy, already visibly wet with arousal. He could certainly respond to her reaching down and tugging him forward, her fingers twining in his hair, her hands gently forcing his tremblingly opening lips toward her womanhood...

Yes, this was a decidedly different approach to hypnosis than that boring textbook, Anneke mused absently, as the first thrills of pleasure from Ethan's devoted ministrations shivered through her. This way was so much more hands-on. So much more fun. And so much more useful for Ethan's training.

After all: once you had a guy crawling around naked in a diaper, listening to hypnotic training while eagerly eating out his mistress... well, surely getting him to that final stage of baby training wouldn't be too difficult, right?

She'd have to hope so. Just as she'd also have to hope that this fluttering feeling of fond affection within her wasn't a sign of true attachment. Because if it was... well, things would become a hell of a lot more complicated than they already were.