

Circles within Circles

Chapter Fourteen – Monkey See, Monkey Do

June 2021

"Aww, what's the matter, Ethan? Feeling a little... distracted?"

It was the week before classes began again – that second week of January when the holidays are finally slipping into the past and the excitement of a new year is fading and the normal grind of one's daily routine is once again reasserting itself. Anneke and Ethan had returned to campus a week early, and in the space so recently occupied with family outings and dinners there was now... nothing.

Or at least, nothing they would have wanted either of their families to know about.

He shifted self-consciously on the floor, glancing up at Anneke's sweet smile and then quickly away. "Umm... I guess?" He'd learned many things these past weeks, among which was the fact that lying to Anneke was pointless. She saw through even his half-truths, his evasions, his polite non-responses to certain embarrassing questions. Questions like whether he was getting horny. Whether he was fantasizing about her right then. When and where he thought she should vibe his butt plug next... or whether he was going to end up pissing that diaper of his before the evening was through...

"You guess? Aww, doesn't my siwwy wittle Eeffan even know anymore when his thingie is getting all hard and achy?" She bent over her prone boyfriend now, and he shivered inexplicably at the combination of her hand slipping commandingly over his upturned ass and her condescending words. *She really seems to love that baby-talk, doesn't she?*

"I mean, yeah? I will if you keep doing that," he managed, half-turning from his open laptop. "Though I was *trying* to order books for that capstone class, you know-" "Fuck the books," she replied cheerily, with a dismissive wave of her hand. "That's your capstone with Woodhouse, right? I've already got the list together for you, so don't worry your pretty little head about it. I've got something much more interesting in mind for you to do with me this evening." She flashed a roguish grin down at him. "Something much more exciting than book orders. Something that just might take care of those distractions you're having..."

Of course Ethan sat up at that. After all, what sane young man *wouldn't* when his sexy girlfriend was dropping such hints?

"But- but I thought you were on your period-" "Oh, Ethan, you're so sweet," Anneke sighed, with a toss of her blonde hair. "Yes, I am. But listen! I don't know if you know this, but a lot of girls – me included – get *super* horny when they're on their period. And yeah, sex then is pretty messy. But it doesn't mean I can't have fun with you in *other* ways..."

She finally got around to her point. "I've been really tickled to see how much fun you're having with that plug I got you. And so I was thinking... why not see what other stuff you might be into?" He shifted uncomfortably, as the memory of that sordid, undeniably pleasurable plug seemed once again to pulse through his very core, accompanied by the humiliating crinkle of an oversized diaper. "Umm... like, how? You didn't go get more toys or something-"

"Nope!" Anneke giggled, scrambling up to her feet and fetching her own laptop. "At least, not yet. It's a lot simpler, baby. You'll see! Now all I need you to do is strip for me."

The Ethan of four months before would scarcely have believed what followed. No shocked protest, no resistance, not even a question of why she asked such a thing of him. All he did was sigh... and sit up, and begin tugging his faded Pink Floyd shirt over his head.

Maybe the past months had changed him more than he realized.

Once he was stark naked and standing sheepishly before her, she beamed once again and patted the sofa beside her. "Now, listen. Since I was a sport and watched all of that *War and Peace* movie with you on Tuesday, it's only fair that you try something new with me." She cocked her head and glanced inquiringly over at her nude boyfriend. "Surely you've watched porn before, right?"

How he flushed at that! Was it better to say yes? Wasn't porn what real, mature men would watch now and then? But then again, he didn't want to come across like some lame voyeuristic creep- "Well, I mean- Like, how do you define porn-?" Her only response was a giggle and a shake of her head. "Oh, sweetie," she sighed companionably, fingers clicking softly on the trackpad in her lap. "You know what, never mind. We're going to check out some gems today, you and I..."

It was devilishly clever, and absurdly simple, he soon realized. With her hand casually draped over his naked groin, not a pulse or throb of his exposed, half-flaccid penis could go undetected. "Let's try... this one," she began – and up on the screen it flashed. A cheap hotel room. Some leather-clad guy wrestling with a girl and forcing her down to the bed... tearing off her clothes... stifling her screams with her own lacy panties...

"Seems pretty mean," Ethan commented with a grimace, and she let it go at that. "Hmm, okay – so that's a no on CNC. How about... this one?" A leather-clad goddess – flogger descending on the vulnerable and reddening backside of a cuffed and moaning young man. "Ouch!" Ethan muttered... and then his cheeks reddened as he felt his cock rising half-heartedly to meet her outstretched fingers. "I mean- I dunno. I guess- it just looks pretty painful..."

And on and on it went: Anneke giggling and slipping from clip to clip, the screen flashing with all manner of lewd scenes: naked women making out... leather-bound puppies groveling before their masters... thirsty tongues lapping at saucers of milk... nude bodies suspended in intricate networks of rope...

But then it happened, when Ethan was least expecting it. On the screen came a pastel, high-key, softly lit image of a giant nursery. In the incongruously oversized crib within there lay a young man: clad only in a pastel, cartoon-covered onesie, with a giant pacifier lodged in his mouth and a telltale swell and bulge between his legs. "Aww, look! It's a real big baby, honey," Anneke giggled softly... and as Ethan's mind filled once more with the mortifying sensations of the "BABY" diapers she'd gotten him to wear, and the thought of being there in that place himself, something strange clicked within him.

"Ooh, look! And now his Mommy is coming in! Looks like he was a naughty baby, and she's had to discipline him..." Anneke breathed. In that moment, as the curvy blonde strode onscreen, Ethan found himself inevitably fantasizing of something very similar. There he'd be, lying humiliated and alone in the crib. There Anneke would be: peering through the bars at her helpless boyfriend-baby, sweetly talking down to him and asking him if he'd learned his lesson yet...

He didn't understand the sharp, immediate erection that sprang up under Anneke's hand. The rational part of his brain was still cringing at the sight of a grown man behaving in such a way before this sexy woman. And yet... well, biology couldn't be denied.

"Aha! Would you look at that?" Anneke was murmuring softly in his ear, and as her fingers closed around his stiffened cock he shivered in mute pleasure. "Looks like my boyfriend gets turned on by big strong men being punished and treated like babies! What do you know?" She was smiling, practically gloating as she tightened her grasp and slipped suggestively back and forth along the length of his shaft, eliciting a little groan. "I guess you must have liked those diapers I got you more than you let on, huh?"

"I- I dunno- I mean, I don't really- get it..." "Shh, baby," Anneke purred – and now on screen the Mommy lady was forcing a gag into her protesting man-baby's mouth, and Ethan's imagination lit up with the memory of how Anneke had gagged him too once. He gulped back another moan of longing, then shivered as her voice sounded low and seductive in his ear. "You don't need to understand it, baby," she whispered over the plaintive gurgles and moans and low laughter of the mommy domme onscreen. "You just need to accept it... give in... enjoy what you enjoy..."

That's how it came to pass, not ten minutes later, that Ethan found himself prone once more on the floor: clad in one of those giant diapers once more, his erection swaddled and pinned beneath him, his eyes fixed shamefully on the screen before him. Deep within his ass the familiar vibrations rumbled to life, and as a wave of pleasurable tingles crashed over him like an ocean wave, he heard Anneke's lilting voice from behind and above him.

"Go on, baby. Grind for me. Grind in your *diaper*. Show Mommy what a good little baby you are. Show her how horny and desperate her silly, pathetic little baby boy really is..."

And so he ground... and moaned... and spurted his sticky load into the padded depths of his diaper. Submissively. Obediently. Just as Anneke commanded. And just as his own increasingly bewildering inner urges prompted him to do.