

Circles within Circles

Chapter Seven – Clicking into Place

February 2021

Tock-tock-tock.

At the sound of the hand rapping on her door, Anneke started – then rose to her feet, a quiet smile spreading unconsciously across her face. It had to be Ethan. Ten minutes early, too – but that was a good sign. He really was eager to spend time with her, wasn't he?

Biting back the jokes that immediately sprang to mind about him coming early, she strode to the door of her little apartment and swung it open. "Hey-hey, Ethan! Come on in," she greeted, noting silently the backpack slung over his shoulder and the awkward grin on his face. *Perfect. He was doing precisely as she'd expected. The awkwardness, the backpack that probably had condoms stuffed inside, the ingratiating way in which he was examining his sneakers and trying to be so polite...*

"Sure, just take your shoes off there," she told him, deliberately opting for the imperative. *Best to set the mood early.* "Might as well get comfy!" He bent obediently to tug them off, his clearly light backpack slipping down from his shoulder. *Oh, yes – he's definitely got condoms in there. What a good, obedient guy, doing exactly like I told him-*

His awkwardness was so endearing that Anneke found herself almost giggling with pleasure. Aww, Ethan clearly wasn't used to hanging out with girls, was he? Even though he'd literally been there barely twenty-four hours before, he still sat there stiffly on her couch, clearly wanting to stare at her but trying to be polite. And of course he wanted to stare, she mused with inner satisfaction. She'd deliberately chosen a low-cut top, her padded push-up bra, and a particularly snug pair of jeans that did a lovely job of accentuating her ass. She was looking and feeling sexy, and with every second that ticked by, Ethan was becoming more and more keenly aware of it...

"So..." she began, affecting casual ease even as she slipped down on the couch close beside him. "I guess we're boyfriend and girlfriend now, huh?" He was red-faced, but clearly elated as he nodded and stammered out a reply that he clearly wanted to be cool and unruffled. "Um- yeah, sure! It's pretty cool. I- I really like hanging out with you- and- you know, you're pretty... cool. And pretty, too. Cool, and pretty-"

She laughed despite herself. "Aww, really? Thanks, Ethan! You're really nice, too, you know..." She glanced over at him and smiled full in his flustered face. "Now, don't worry. I'm thinking we can go

as slow or as fast as you like, you know. Though I seem to recall you saying you've been with girls before, right?" His hand was slipping easily down over the faded denim of his jeans leg, and she noted with satisfaction the tension clearly rising within him. "So, you know... I guess maybe my note about condoms probably wasn't necessary, huh?"

Oh, the bravado he tried to put on was adorable. "Oh, yeah, sure," he managed, and jerked his finger toward his backpack. "It's fine. I- uh, you know- I got a few-" "That's great!" she enthused – and then, on sudden impulse, half-jokingly reached up and ruffled his hair. "Such a good boy!" she laughed, watching with dancing eyes as his cheeks went from pink to scarlet. *Damn, he was going to be so much fun to play with...*

"Now, I guess I should ask," she continued, before he could fully recover himself. "Every guy's different, right? What kinda stuff do you like in the bedroom, Ethan? I mean, since I'm your girlfriend now I want to know what sort of stuff turns you on..." Her hand slid up to the taut crotch of his jeans, and as her fingers squeezed gently she was rewarded with a little catch in his breath and a tiny gasp. "Uhh- I, um-" He was clearly trying to act tough and self-assured, and so she did her best to play along and listen with a serious face as he floundered forward.

"Oh, I mean, pretty much anything goes," he managed, as his hand reached out jerkily and brushed across her chest. "I- um, you know. Just show me- you know, what you got. And I'll keep up, promise..." "Hmm, really?" she asked, a playful sparkle in her grey eyes as she took his hand and placed it firmly on her right breast. "Go on, then! I bet you like touching me there, right?"

The look on his face as he nodded – half ashamed, half delighted – was wonderful to see.

"I like a lot of things, too," she confided, leaning closer and letting her voice drop into a sexy, confidential whisper. "Though you should know I'm a bit... different... in the bedroom. I don't suppose you know what that means, though, do you?" Again came the attempt at worldly bravado through lips that were trembling with nervous delight at being so close to her. "Oh, sure! I mean- Yeah, I think I know..."

And then a pause, and a sudden outburst of shameful confession. "I, um- Yesterday, I saw... you had something in- in your bathroom-" "Oh, did you now?" she murmured, planting a kiss on his forehead and smiling at the shiver that ran visibly through him. "What was it, hmm? What sort of naughty thing did you see in there?"

"A- a pair of- handcuffs," he managed, blushing furiously as she slipped one hand over his chest and

began picking delicately at the buttons of his shirt. "At least I- I think so-" "Oh, they're cuffs all right," she smiled, slipping her fingers underneath the first button and teasing it open to reveal a peek of his bare chest. *Almost smooth under there. Aww, how sweet...* "The sort of cuffs that make time in the bedroom *super* fun for me. What do you think of that, hmm? I bet you've been thinking about trying them out, haven't you?"

He was shivering, trying so desperately to conceal his anxiety and arousal at every touch from her. "Oh- I- um, yeah! That's, like, super hot-" She gave a low laugh and planted a kiss full on his lips, watching in satisfaction when he responded just a half-second too late as she pulled away. "Is it now? I think we'd better take this into my bedroom so I can show you just how hot they can be..."

She was playing with him, teasing him, watching with delight in the quiet confines of her bedroom as he fumblingly stepped forward and began unbuttoning her blouse. "I bet you've been thinking about doing this all day, haven't you?" she giggled as it slipped free and she watched his eyes, wide with longing, fasten upon the full curves of her dark blue bra. "But it's simply not fair if I don't get to see you naked, too!" And with that, she set to work: removing his shirt and jeans and socks with practiced ease, her nimble fingers darting up and down until he stood there in nothing but his boxers that did little to conceal the erection within...

"Now, why don't you fetch one of those condoms for us, hmm?"

By the time he'd slipped back into the room with the foil pack in hand, she'd slipped out of her jeans and lay propped on her bed upon one elbow, the cuffs lying suggestively beside her. "Good boy!" she giggled again, patting the bed beside her. "Now, come on. I want to show you just how much fun we can have together..."

"Oh, better take those silly boxers off. You won't be needing them until we're done here."

As he blushingly slipped down onto the bed beside her, she held up the cuffs with twinkling eyes. "Now, you've never played with these before, have you?" A shake of his head. "Want me to show you how they work?" A nod, eyes fastened on the gleaming leather and steel. "Don't worry – they're made to be super comfortable. Now, come on – hands out!"

The shocked look on his face was almost enough to make her burst out laughing.

"What's the matter? Did you think I'd let you put them on *me*, when you haven't ever used them before? That wouldn't be very safe now, would it?" And then she was slipping the leather over his

right wrist, tugging it tight and buckling it snugly in place. "Now the other..." He was gazing wide-eyed up at her, letting her tug his arms unresistingly up over his head, slipping the chain easily through the iron bars of the headboard and clicking them securely together...

"There!" she giggled, ruffling his hair once again and running her fingers slowly across his naked torso. "See? Now you're all mine, and there's nothing you can do about it. Not unless you say you want me to stop, of course – and then of course I'll let you go..." Her fingers were slipping underneath his tenting boxers, tugging them down to reveal at last his naked cock, fully erect and ready for action.

"Uh- sure," he faltered, gazing up at her with hungry and yet fearful eyes, watching as she lifted the condom from the bed and began unwrapping it. "I- you want to-" "I just want to make sure that lovely cock of yours is all wrapped up and safe," she chuckled, deftly slipping the latex down over him and rolling it swiftly up the length of his shaft. "After all, I can't have you making a sticky mess all over my bed..."

"Oh, god-" he managed, breathing hard now in labored arousal as her fingers played up and down his latex-encased length. "Anneke, you're- you're teasing me-" "Oh, am I now?" she giggled, bending down low and letting his vision fill with a close-up view of her brassiere. "But I bet you actually love this, don't you? Letting a pretty girl cuff you down and play with you? Tease you and your pretty cock? Tell you how much she loves seeing you squirm and cum for her? 'Cause it looks to me like you're about to cum whether you want to or not..."

"Oh- yes- please- Anneke, oh *god*-!"

And then she was watching with dancing eyes as, amid a clinking of cuffs and shuddering moans, the condom began to spurt and fill with her brand-new boyfriend's milky white cum. *Yes*, she mused in quiet satisfaction, feeling her own arousal building deep within at the sight of the naked young man writhing before her. Ethan was lying here in cuffs, cumming and moaning for her already after only a mere half-hour of play. Who knew what he'd be like after a week? A month? *Three months?*

Honestly, she couldn't wait to find out.