

**Circles within Circles**  
Chapter Ten – Study Aids  
April 2021

"Headed over to her place again, man? Wow, you sure are getting on well with that new girlfriend of yours, aren't you?"

Sandeep's words echoed in Ethan's mind as he made his way up the narrow steps to Anneke's apartment. Yes, he supposed things were getting on pretty well. Here it was, another weekend in mid-November, and once again he was eagerly trotting over here to spend his day with her. Of course, there were also all these bothersome assignments that also needed doing, too: essays and final project drafts and presentations...

But he could simply study with her, right? No reason to think he had to lock himself away in the library like some silly medieval monk. Of course not! He'd go there and catch up on his work, definitely. And maybe every now and then, during a little break, they could slide onto that lovely couch of hers and make out...

He shivered slightly at the thought of the sort of making out he was now coming to expect from Anneke. With any other girl, it would have been simple enough: a bit of handsy action under her shirt, maybe some grinding, and definitely loads of french-kissing. But with Anneke? Well... it could be anything.

Dammit, there he was getting hard again – and just at the bare thought of the naughty things she was capable of!

Not that she gave much indication of it at first glance, dressed as she was in slim jeans and a modest top that wouldn't have been out of place in the classroom. "Hey, you," she smiled, motioning him in and leading the way to her little kitchen table. "So you're working on that big final essay too, huh?" Yeah, he was – had all the books and stuff too. Just had to force himself to sit down and actually write the dang thing...

She was cocking her blonde head, nodding sympathetically as he sank onto the chair with a sigh and began hefting the books from his backpack. "Look at you being so industrious, Ethan! Sounds like you're going to be so busy you won't even have time to... you know... hang out..." She slipped her hands provocatively down over his shoulders, and he glanced up with a sudden flush in his cheeks.

"Oh, I can definitely make time for you! You know I'd love to-" "But babe, you're way too busy!" she exclaimed, and Ethan couldn't quite tell if that smile on her lips was one of loving concern or of playful sadism. "I wouldn't dream of distracting you from your writing, of course. Though if you're really going to be so easily bothered... well, I might just have to find a way to help you out..."

Should he have been surprised when she slipped away and returned momentarily with the now-familiar set of cuffs dangling from her fingers?

"Now, now, back down in that chair for me," she ordered – and then raised a commanding finger as he bent, with a sudden shiver and rush of tingles, to obey. "No, hang on. I think you'll be able to focus even better if you... you know, stay nice and cool. Go on, now – off with those jeans. I want to be able to see when you're getting too distracted from your work!"

Of course he blushed. And of course he protested at first. "But- but what if someone... sees?" "Oh, no one's going to see you, silly!" she giggled, tugging at his waist as he reluctantly loosened his belt. "Come on, humor me, Ethan! This is going to be so fun..." And so, despite his embarrassment and misgivings, he slowly did as she demanded.

After all, it wasn't like he didn't know how much she loved being in charge.

"Aww, too tight?" she giggled, once he had lowered his underwear-clad rear back into the chair and had craned his neck down to watch as she began slipping the cuffs around his ankles. "Don't be such a baby! You know perfectly well how these feel by now. Just nice and snug... Nice little study aids to keep my dear boyfriend focused on his work..."

And so it was that Ethan found himself sitting before his laptop, a stack of books beside him and a blank document open on the screen and his ankles firmly locked to the legs of his chair. "Here, I'll even fetch you your drink so you don't have to get up," Anneke smiled, holding the can to his lips and planting a soft kiss on forehead as he grudgingly took a deep sip. "Now, then – get writing!"

Was it odd to say that it actually worked? With his phone zipped into his out-of-reach backpack and the inability to squirm and shift around in his chair, there was little he could do *but* write. Not that the life of Walt Whitman was terribly interesting even at the best of times – but at least now he had to pretend it was. And so the words began to flow: "One of the foremost poets of the American transcendentalist movement, Walt Whitman has come to represent..."

"Hey, I just realized I don't have the wifi password." He cast an appealing glance over at Anneke, who was humming quietly at the other end of the table. "Do you have that, maybe...?" But she merely flashed a bright smile and shook her head. "Dude, just focus! You don't need wifi to write. It'll just distract you, believe me..." "No, but really – I have to check the date-"

But she held firm. And strangely, the more Ethan – growing irritated and tugging fitfully at his cuffs – pressed the issue over the ensuing minutes, the more stern her expression became. "Ethan, relax!" she finally ordered. "You can double-check the details later. The focus is on writing now – so *write!* You're disturbing me now too, you know..." "Oh, am I? So sorry to disturb you for such a little freaking thing as a *wifi password!*" He was growing sarcastic now, calling after her as she suddenly rose and disappeared once more into her bedroom. "Or maybe you should study in there if I'm bothering you so much!"

Though the sarcasm died away on his lips as she returned... bearing nothing less than a large red ball-gag.

"Yep, you deserve this," she insisted, stepping behind his chair and cupping his chin resolutely in her cool hand. "You're being a whiny baby about everything, and you're bugging me. So be a good boy and open up... and maybe, just maybe, I'll take it out once you show you can behave."

He was spluttering in mingled incredulity and irritation. "But- but- *no!* I'm not- Like, dude, how am I gonna drink?!" "Better do it now, then," she laughed – and then she was holding his Red Bull to his lips again, forcing him to gulp down the rest of the can in disconcerting rapidity. "See? Finish it now, and then you'll be good until you've finished with that paper of yours! Now, then – open up..."

*Good thing Sandeep isn't here to see this,* Ethan thought sourly as, with trembling lips and a writhing feeling of humiliation in the pit of his stomach, he finally opened and felt the ball slip between his lips. "Good boy," she cooed in his ear – and the combination of those melodic syllables and the tightening leather straps around his face sent a shudder of arousal pulsing through him. God, why was he finding this so freaking hot? Here he'd been getting peeved at her not a minute before, and now she had him shivering and obeying and letting her stick a gag in his mouth like a guy in some kinky porno?

What the hell was wrong with him?

He didn't know. All he knew was that as she tweaked his nose and smiled and pushed his face back

down to look at his laptop, he could hear her previous words echoing in his memory: "good, obedient little submissive..." And oh, how appropriate those words felt right now.

Ethan had never before realized just how much saliva his mouth generated under ordinary circumstances. But as the minutes dragged by, and with his ability to swallow now practically disabled, he was startled and embarrassed to feel first one, then another, and then a third trickle of drool escape his helpless lips. "Mmm-hhmmm?!" he managed to grunt softly, but Anneke only glanced up briefly and smiled before shaking her head and getting back to work. "Hush, baby," she giggled, almost to herself. "Go ahead and drool all you need to. That chair will wipe clean easily enough..."

And so they sat as the minutes ticked by into hours: Anneke busily working away, and Ethan variously typing, tugging restlessly at his cuffs, and struggling to hold back the periodic drips of drool that were now puddling into his lap and soaking into his boxers. Part of him was still bristling in dismay at his predicament, part of him was relishing it... and a growing third part was beginning to squirm in rising anxiety over the steadily increasing pressure in his bladder.

*Dammit, why hadn't he taken a piss before leaving?*

It was nearly noon when the pressure became too great to ignore. He squirmed. He moaned softly into his gag. He tried to get her attention. He even surreptitiously bent down to try to unfasten the cuffs – only to find that they were secured with what felt like some sort of weird lock. But through it all, all Anneke did was glance up, smile, shake her head, and then bend back to work. "You're okay," she murmured once before going back to ignoring him. "Now keep working on that paper. Don't bother me, babe – not until you're completely done..."

Holy crap. Was he actually going to end up pissing himself – and all because of Anneke's kinky little games?

The warm burst of urine between his legs as he frantically began on the eighth page out of ten confirmed it. Yes, he was. He was losing the fight- losing control- sitting there cuffed and helpless to even stop from pissing himself...

*Though might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, he thought in a suddenly fierce stab of vindictiveness. If she's going to play this game, I might as well give her a real mess to clean up, right? And so, he closed his eyes... focused... envisioned himself sitting on the toilet... and let the pressure evaporate as his full bladder hissed and drained out into his already-damp boxers.*

Oh, that got her attention all right! Though her response was nothing like the sort of disgust and outrage he'd expected.

"Aww, did my wittle boy make a wettums in his panties?" she cooed, rising at last from her seat – and suddenly her fingers were stroking through his hair, slipping down to his lap, prodding gently at his saturated groin. Her eyes were dancing, and far from being full of indignation and reproach, her tone was that of a condescending babysitter who had just discovered her little charge's indiscretion. "Oh, babe, you should have *told* me if you had to go! I guess you really couldn't hold it, huh? Don't worry, sweetie – I won't be mad. You know, even really big boys have potty accidents sometimes..."

Goddammit – why were there tears of shame in his eyes even as his stupid dick was hardening and straining in its saturated confines?

Nor did Anneke fail to notice. "Oh, what's this?" she teased, and now her voice was lowering, purring softly in his ear as he gulped and fought back a fresh stream of drool from behind the gag. "Is my little man getting all hard again? Goodness, it seems like he *liked* making an oopsie in his pants! My, my... what a naughty, dirty little boy! Is that what you want to be, hmm? You want me to tell you what a dirty, silly, leaky little pottypants you are? What a naughty little *baby* you are, making a puddle in your pants like that?"

Did he? Did he not? Ethan was practically shaking now, caught between shame and anger and arousal from what Anneke was doing to him. He didn't know- It was wrong- She was being weird and cruel and malicious-

And yes, she was also pleasuring him. His eyes slipped closed as her fingers' pressure increased on his hardening erection, pressing the cooling, wet fabric against his straining manhood. "Good boy," she murmured in his ear now. "Mmmm, yes. I like seeing my little subby boy all hard for me. Go on, baby – you know you like it, don't you? You love letting me take control... making you squirm for me. Goodness! I bet if we keep this up, I bet you're actually going to be cumming in your pants, too, aren't you? Cumming and squirting in your wet little pants, just like the naughty, pissy little submissive baby you know you are..."

God, this was getting weird. He knew that. In the back of his rational mind, he knew that. And by the same token, he hadn't the slightest idea of where all this weirdness was going to lead. But right now – in the heat of the moment, with the sound of Anneke's magical voice in his ears and the

sensation of the cuffs and his own humiliatingly wet pants and his drooling, gagged mouth surrounding him... well, all he could do was lean into it. All he could do was close his eyes and moan into the gag and accept the inevitable.

Another half-minute of this and he was going to cum for her. For she was right: buried somewhere deep within, a sordid part of himself genuinely loved how it felt to be her obedient, submissive little toy... trapped amid her devious little "study aids"... and completely at her mercy.