

Circles within Circles

Chapter Thirteen – Holiday Shenanigans

May 2021

End of the semester – at last! Exams were behind them, and books had been returned to the library, and everyone was emptying out of their dorms and apartments for the holidays. It was as if, for a short time at least, the world of college had been put on hold, leaving all of the students time to catch their breath and enjoy themselves.

And when it came to Anneke enjoying herself, she had some very definite ideas in mind.

She was humming softly now as she opened her suitcase in the cold afternoon light and begin arranging her clothes for the holiday inside. *Let's see: a nice dress or two here. A pair of dressy shoes, and plenty of stockings and pantyhose and panties.* Her look during this holiday with Ethan needed to be nice and traditionally feminine; after all, his family probably wasn't the edgiest sort of folks. *Hmm... now a couple of those really nice bras I got last year...*

And then it was time for the fun things, to be tucked away discreetly in a modest-sized case with its own combination lock. Accompanied by a guilty grin and a little shiver of anticipatory pleasure.

Maybe at this point she was over-packing. But she'd far rather have all the goodies she might need, and end up not using some of them, than not pack them and wish she had. And so... into the case went that plug. The remote. The ball gag and cuffs Ethan had already become acquainted with. That chastity cage they'd had so much fun with over Thanksgiving. And then, just because she couldn't resist... three of those diapers.

Naturally. For her darling, submissive little baby of a boyfriend.

Not that Ethan had taken too well to them at first! After that very first time, after he'd knelt before her in just a diaper and cringingly licked her to orgasm, she'd needed to reassure him repeatedly that they were okay. No, she didn't think of him as sick or stupid or unmanly for obeying her. No, she wasn't into anything wrong, like kids or babies – nor did she think he was. And yes, they could always stop with the diapers if he really ended up hating them that much. But in the end, after she'd confessed to him just how incredible she thought he looked wearing one, and after she'd told him how incredibly turned on she became at the thought and sight of him being so humiliated and submissive... Well, he had relented. Not only that, but he had shyly admitted that he "kind of loved" letting her take charge!

And so they had worked out a deal that left them both pleased. He had been dropping hints about movies and songs and books and things that he loved for weeks, and it had become clear that he wanted Anneke to check them out together with him. Frankly, she had never even heard of some of these titles – and the ones she did know weren't really her cup of tea. She didn't exactly see *The Tree of Life* or "Waiting for Godot" being blockbusters or beach reads, after all. But he seemed to like them for some reason, and if it made him happy...

That's why they had worked it out. It was simple; for every new thing Anneke tried with him in the bedroom, she agreed to check out one of his favorite works of literature or cinema or music – and vice versa. It was a reasonable bargain and a low price to pay, and so she had heartily agreed with scarcely a moment of consideration.

After all, she had a deadline to contend with, and a boyfriend to teach many, *many* things.

Not to mention the fact that Ethan was... well, she couldn't deny it. He was pretty cute. She knew that she shouldn't be getting so attached to him. But it was genuinely hard not to: not when she was spending so much time getting to know him, and he was learning to give her such mindbogglingly good oral sex...

"Now you're sure your parents don't mind us staying in the same room?" Anneke was glancing around the modest little bedroom: the faded paper and the star charts and the Lord of the Rings posters still festooning the walls. "I mean, I'm just your girlfriend. Aren't folks around here pretty uptight about that stuff? Premarital sex and everything?"

But Ethan shook his head in denial. "Nope, definitely not! You heard my mom, right? She's pretty okay with just about anything, and my dad doesn't care as long as we're not getting into trouble or doing drugs." He flashed a lopsided smile and gestured around the room. "I don't suppose you were planning on turning my old bedroom into a meth lab, were you?"

"Not a chance, buddy," she laughed, and now her eyes were beginning to twinkle with a naughty expression. "But I *was* thinking of carrying out a little bit of experimentation of our own while we're here. I don't suppose you thought we were going to stop having our fun little bedroom times, did you?" She was bending down, unzipping her suitcase, making sure that her blouse was pulled down low to show off her cleavage before his appreciative eyes...

"Um, no- no, definitely not!" He hastened, his eyes fixed on the locked case her hands were now revealing beneath her stack of jeans. "Wait, you mean you brought- like, some of the things you've had-?" She was giggling openly now, even as she paused and flashed a conspiratorial wink. "Better believe it! I don't want our holiday vacation to be all sad and boring, you know. Now, let's see... I had something new for you to try on. And that means something new for me, too. Wasn't there an old music album you wanted me to listen to? How about tonight after supper?"

Her hand was unzipping the case... easing it open, her fingers slipping in and grasping something...

And then she was giggling once more as the thing lay in her open hand before his openly shocked expression. "Here we go! It's a butt plug, baby. Surely you won't mind if I tuck this little beauty inside you before we eat, will you?" At which he could only splutter and hem and haw, shifting uneasily from foot to foot. "Um... I dunno. Wait, that thing goes in- up there? Like... why? Is it supposed to hurt? 'Cause I really don't want it to-"

"Relax, baby!" she beamed, taking care to use that significant term of endearment. "Oh, you really are a bit naive about sex, aren't you? Such a shame for someone who's not even a virgin anymore..." He was visibly flushing, and even as he protested she caught a sparkle of groveling appreciation in his eye at her condescending words. "Never mind all that," she continued, waving away his concerns as if they were so many mosquitos. "Anal play is an acquired taste, I'm sure. But I hear guys really do like how it feels – guys of all kinds of sexual tastes and orientations..."

"Well... I guess? As long as it doesn't hurt..."

Once the door had been securely locked, and the curtains to the sole window drawn, and his trousers lowered, she gleefully pushed him onto the bed. "Bet you sure didn't expect when you were growing up that you'd be lying here, in this very same bed, letting a girl play with you. Did you?" She grinned and stroked his bare thigh consolingly as he shook his head in embarrassed anxiety. "Now, relax, baby. Let out a deep breath... Just nice and easy..."

And then it was in. When he stood at last, fumblingly tugging his jeans back into place, she smiled and dropped a warm kiss on his cheek. "That's a good boy!" she murmured in his ear, before ducking away and straightening back up with a little electronic device in her hand. "Now, then... I wonder if this thing's battery is still good?"

The stifled grunt and yelp from Ethan's lips told her everything she needed to know.

"Ooh, how about that?" she laughed, eyes dancing merrily as Ethan stared back in shock. "It's a *vibrating* plug, silly! And wireless, too – so I can tease you with the push of a button." Her voice dropped into a sexy purr as she reached down and stroked gently at his crotch. "And baby, the best part is that there's simply *nothing* you're going to be able to do about it. We might be sitting there in the living room tonight listening to that music of yours... your parents off watching that TV show they were talking about... and I'll be teasing the hell out of you the entire time. Oh, you're going to be such a silly, helpless little plaything for me..."

As his cock rose obediently into tense excitement beneath her hand, she gave a final giggle and a buzz of the plug. "See? I knew you'd learn to love this! Now, then, baby. Weren't you going to give me a tour of this place before supper? Go on, be a good boy and show your company around!"

All Ethan could manage was a shaky nod of his crimson-cheeked head, and a meek little mutter of assent. "Wow..." Clearly, this vacation was already turning out to be wilder than he'd even imagined.