

Circles within Circles

Chapter Nine – A Controlling Interest

March 2021

Anneke cast a quick glance at the clock on her little microwave, aware of the darkening skies outside. *Hmm, just about six. He should be here any minute...* Her eyes continued on to sweep around the room, her mind running over her mental checklist of to-do's for the day. *Bedroom all cleaned and presentable. Take-out ordered. Class assignments done and submitted before the deadlines. Groceries bought for the week.*

And yes: dressed appropriately.

She smiled unconsciously as she rose from her seat and sauntered around her apartment's little kitchen and dining room, aware with every clicking step of her heels of just how good she was looking and feeling. Of course, given her natural height she didn't really need the extra boost afforded by heels – at least, not normally. But tonight was different. Tonight she wanted to remind her guest of her place in the relationship. Tonight she needed to make Ethan realize what a desirable catch she was... set him abuzz with longing... make him desperate to get into her panties...

Tok-tok-tok. Here he was! Right on time, just like before – which was a good sign. And so she strode to the door with a soft smile on her lips and a feminine rustle from her low-cut dress. She was ready to play.

She had to be. Because wholly unbeknownst to Ethan, this hot girlfriend of his had a deadline to meet – and he was the unwitting key that would enable her to meet it.

What was the matter with him tonight, though?

Anneke cocked her head in quiet puzzlement, eyeing her boyfriend as he fiddled with the tassel of the throw pillow beside him. He'd hardly spoken during supper, and what did come out tended to be gruff, short responses that verged on impolite. Was he mad at her? Stressed? Under the weather?

And then, as he responded to her query about what he wanted to do tonight with a throaty "you know what I want," it dawned on her. The poor dear was trying to be all macho and manly!

She bit back the smile that threatened, instead affecting mock puzzlement. "Oh, do I? Let me see... maybe I'd better check..." And into his lap went her hand, slipping down over the bulge between his legs. "I see! You're thinking naughty thoughts, now, aren't-" But he cut her off, his hand closing around her wrist as he resolutely raised his gaze to meet hers. "I know you want it, too," he asserted, his voice strained with forced throatiness. "Come on, baby. I know- just what to do with you..."

"Oh, do you?" Anneke played along, her grey eyes following him as he rose and stood before her with affected bravado. "Yeah, I do," he replied, though in his eyes she read nothing but uncertainty and embarrassment. "Go on... baby. You- you're gonna get down. Okay? You're gonna get on your knees now. I, uh- I want you to- to suck me off-"

Play along, play along, she murmured internally, as she gracefully slid off the sofa and to the carpeted floor. "Umm... okay," she agreed, watching as with trembling fingers he undid his belt and began fumbling at his jeans. "I guess... I guess I have no choice, do I?"

"No- no choice," he agreed hastily, and Anneke almost giggled at how cringe-worthy her sweet Ethan's attempt at domming was becoming. "You- you're gonna open up, okay? And you- you're gonna like it-" Oh, she was – but she didn't need to tell him that. She just needed to play along... play along and show him just how much of a dom he really was...

He didn't taste bad, she reflected as his stiffening cock slipped back and forth between her lips. He'd been nice enough to clean up beforehand, for sure – and it looked like he'd even combed that scruffy pubic hair of his. *Aww, how sweet!* She tightened her cheeks and lips, intensifying the pressure around him and was rewarded immediately with a muffled groan.

She pulled back – firmly and deliberately. "Oh, was that good?" she asked slyly, with a quick glance upward at Ethan's face, which was clearly struggling to maintain composure. And back on him: quick enough so that even as he attempted to gravel out how she was a good girl, he was faltering and nodding in renewed longing. *Yes, perfect*, she mused, as she slowly began to increase the pace of her ministrations. He was such a sweet, inexperienced guy. Just a simple blow job, and already he was turning into an adorable, whimpering puddle...

"How was that?" "Oh, yes- yes- good- *ohhhh*... Oh, yeah, that's nice-" "Aww, is it? Shall I stop now?" "No! I mean- No- no, you're not- allowed-" "You sure? Because I can always stop if you think I'm not doing okay..." "No, please! Please, baby- Keep going-"

He was getting closer now – closer and more desperate with every second. "Yeah? You really want this, don't you?" she smiled between strokes. "You're such a horny mess! Such a horny, desperate little mess..." Whimpers of desperation and suppressed pleasure were escaping him now. His legs were trembling, and Anneke gently pushed him back down onto the sofa. "That's better," she cooed... before renewing her sucking.

Within minutes he was babbling in pleasure, begging her to keep going, agreeing mindlessly when she told him how much he wanted this and how hard and desperate he was for her. And even when she made the bold move – pushing him down flat onto the couch, slipping atop his prone form, and lowering her thighs to rest alongside his pleading face – his groans of pleasure only redoubled. She was on top – figuratively and literally. And that put him on the bottom... right where he belonged.

She giggled as she drew back at last and watched the white cream spurt from his cock, splattering down over his thigh and dribbling over his balls. "Aww, looks like you really *did* want that, honey!" she laughed, playfully slipping down to sit atop his chest and craning backward to look down at his beet-red face. "But you really aren't much of a dominant, though, are you? Come on, tell me. Who's on top now, baby? Who's in charge?"

What a muffled, groveling, shame-filled response it was! But he admitted it, with flushed face and panting, reluctant lips. "You- you're... you're in charge..." "That's right, baby," she giggled, running her fingers along his bare thigh and relishing the little shudder and groan that escaped him. "I *am* in charge, aren't I? And honey, I know you tried so hard to be tough and strong. You were so cute, too! But admit it: you really aren't cut out to be a dominant guy. Not by a long shot..."

He was blushing as she slipped down and planted a kiss, warm and passionate, full on his panting lips. "But you know what, baby? That's exactly how I like you. You're my submissive, Ethan. My sweet, obedient submissive..." She giggled and tweaked his nose. "We both know that now, don't we? We'll agree on limits and stuff, of course. But from now on, I get to call the shots in the bedroom. All you need to do is play along. Play along, and tell me to stop if it ever gets too much for you..."

He was nodding wordlessly, gazing up into her eyes with an indescribable look of shame, relief, and adoring admiration. And so she kissed him again: slowly and gently and passionately. "Good boy," she breathed as she pulled away at last. "You're going to be such a good, submissive boy for Anneke now. Come on, baby. Let's go play... for *real* now."

She elaborated further – not in the dry, clinical terms of one friend explaining her kink to another

friend – but in the low, humming tones of an aroused young woman in the safe intimacy of her bedroom. "Oh, yes, baby. You're going to learn to love this, aren't you?" Anneke murmured in the cocoon-like gloom of her little bedroom, drawing the first cuff tight around his wrist. "You're going to see how much I adore taking control. You're going to turn me on so fucking much, Ethan..." And on went the second cuff, and onto the bed he sank: naked and blushing before her.

It was only when he'd been cuffed hand and foot to the bed – spread-eagled before her, his spent and sticky cock twitching already with fresh arousal – that she finally began undressing. "I need to hear you beg," she purred, stepping out of her dress and beginning to unfasten the clasps of her bra. "I want to see you aching to please me... to service me exactly as I demand. And believe me – you're going to learn."

Oh, the wide-eyed, anxious gaze he fixed on her as she stepped forward, now fully nude, and stood beside him! "Remember, baby? I told you to start giving that tongue of yours a workout!" She giggled and slipped atop him... and then spun, once again straddling his head with her now-naked thighs. "I gave you head just now," she reminded with a laugh... and then lowered her swollen pussy down toward his bulging eyes. "So go on, baby. Open up. Show me how a good, obedient little sub pleasures his mistress..."

And so, with tentative licks and muffled grunts, he did. Not that he had much of a choice.