

## Circles within Circles

### Chapter Sixteen – A Tough Crowd

July 2021

"Okay now, bend over for me, baby! Yes, that's right – all the way down. Now up on your knees a little bit... yes, just like that. Put that pretty naked booty up where I can see it now. Your handsome ass belongs to me, after all..."

Anneke's voice was muffled – not simply because of the soft intimacy of the lamp-lit bedroom, but more so by the fact that her back was turned. Turned, that is, to the silently observant webcam in the open lid of her laptop.

Not that she or her nodding, whimpering boyfriend Ethan noticed. They had far more important things on their minds. Like the fact that this was Valentine's Day evening. The fact that they'd just watched a bit of Netflix and were now ready for the requisite "chilling" afterwards. And the fact that they'd exchanged their first Valentine's presents: presents which for Ethan's part had come in the form of a gift card to Victoria's Secret. As for Anneke's gift to *him*...

Well, she was already wearing it. And judging by Ethan's shyly apprehensive backward glance in her direction, it was something decidedly new and different.

"Aww, you'd think you'd never seen a strap-on before!" she murmured now in amusement, her lube-covered fingers slipping provocatively over and around the slender, gleaming rubber phallus. "Surely you know how it works, though, right? Haven't you been paying attention to all of those naughty videos I've been showing you?"

Ethan wriggled uncomfortably in place, clearly more than a little conscious of his abject vulnerability. Here he was: stark naked once more, lying submissively before his chuckling, corset-clad girlfriend, who was at this very moment brandishing a brand-new instrument for teasing and humiliating him. Sure, he supposed he'd already done a bit of anal with her; she'd shown him just how fun a bit of vibrating plug action could be. But this...

"I- I guess," he muttered shamefully, his cheeks red against the pillow as he felt her fingers beginning to probe and spread his ass-cheeks. *God, he could never, ever let someone like Sandeep know the sort of kinky stuff he was doing these days!* "It's just-" "What? You never saw yourself being played with, and teased, and *humiliated* quite like those guys in the videos?" Anneke was giggling openly, hitching herself and her lube-covered artificial cock ever closer. "Oh, baby – don't you worry! I love

you this way: so sweet and submissive for me. You're so much fucking fun to play with like this..."

He stifled a little yelp, and then groaned involuntarily into the muffling pillow as he felt the tip of the rubber cock enter his tender ass. "Shh," she cautioned, and now he felt her hands, slick with lube, caressing his bare and trembling thighs. "Relax, baby. You're going to enjoy this *so* much more if you just let go and let everything relax..."

Not that his own realcock was listening, of course. For its part, it was stiff with excitement, hanging firmly at attention even as he felt her slip deeper inside. *Yes, yes- yes...* Oh, this was so sordid, and so exciting, and yet so nerve-racking. What if he- what if it hurt-

His breath hitched visibly as the first stab of pain blossomed within his ass. No, no, he could handle it. Handle it like a man. Tough it out. But then came another, sharper than the last, and another... and before he could quite stop himself, the safeword was tumbling from his lips. "Applesauce! Applesauce- Please, Anneke..."

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"Oh, my," came a sultry voice, detached and seemingly amused by the spectacle unfolding on the giant monitor before her. "This is the fellow 27547 has chosen? She must be crazy!"

A ring-encrusted hand reached for the remote, stabbed at the volume – and now the sound of the couple's mingled whimpers and soothing apologies was filling the gloomy little theater. "Listen to that!" Queen B – for her it was – exclaimed in derision. "She's actually stopping, isn't she? Just like the sweet, naive little cunt she is. So set on acting like a mistress, and yet so pathetically weak..."

She shook her dark locks and gestured at the screen, catching the officiously silent Grunt in her gaze. "She was told to have him trained as a full-on Class B by May. Now I don't know what *you* think..." she trailed off meditatively, and Grunt shifted obsequiously, his leather muzzle gleaming in the screen's luminous glow. "Not that I want or need to know. But clearly, she's wasting her time here. I mean, what kind of training is that?!"

Queen B gestured distastefully at the screen, where now could be seen Anneke slipping down beside her boyfriend and cradling his head comfortingly in her lap. "Shh, it's okay. I'm sorry, I was going too fast. It's okay. It's all right..." she murmured, at which her unseen critic cackled loudly. "Oh, darling, it's *not* going to be all right. Not for you. Not at the rate you're going... and not if I have anything to say about it."

With a sigh and a chorus of tiny squeaks from her latex-encased limbs, the woman rose and strode toward the exit of her private little cinema. "I've seen enough, Grunt. Shut it off – and be sure you're ready to head out with a couple of your friends. Something tells me that I'll need you to run a very special errand for me... very, very soon."

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*Tock tock tock.*

From deep within her dreamy slumber, Anneke swam slowly to the surface. *What the heck?* That wasn't her alarm – and besides, wasn't it only Monday? She didn't even have class until 11 today...

*Tock tock tock.*

Out of bed she scrambled, bleary-eyed and only vaguely aware of the bathrobe she fumbled into place around her. No need for whoever was at the door to catch her in her sexy babydoll nightgown-

Open went the door. And before her sleepy brain could register anything, burly arms were grabbing for her- thrusting her backward- grappling with her drowsy limbs even as they began jerking to life in sudden shock.

"Hey- No! N-" But not even three syllables managed to escape her lips before a burly, leather-clad hand, twice the size of her own, clapped tight around her protesting mouth. "Shet the doah," snarled a tattoo-crazed face, and as she reeled and struggled, she found her would-be captors propelling her backward into the little kitchen. "No need to fight, pet. Yeh don't stand a chance."

If only the sinking in her terrified gut wasn't saying precisely the same thing. For she knew this smell: the sickeningly sweet, heavy scent that was now being clamped over her flaring nostrils and forced deep into her lungs by her own panicked gasps. She's smelled it once before – she'd know it anywhere. She was being drugged- knocked out... chloroformed...

*No, please – Ethan...*

And then her reeling world faded to black.