

Circles within Circles

Chapter Twelve – A Turn for the Freaky

May 2021

She was back at last! And god, Ethan had never been to glad to see someone.

He supposed it probably sounded pathetic, when it came right down to it. It wasn't like going without masturbating – let alone orgasms – for a few days was enough to kill a guy. But then again... well, how could he put it? Since meeting Anneke, he'd been hornier than he'd ever been in his life!

Maybe it was the memories of all the kinky stuff she'd been doing with him. Maybe it was the dirty thoughts that those memories – and her own mysterious hints and smiles – ignited within him. And maybe, just maybe, it was the strange weight and pressure of the cage that, until just a few days ago, had been discreetly hidden down between his legs.

He shifted in his seat, willing himself to focus on what the professor was saying. It was the exam review session, and given how tough this course has been thus far, he knew he ought to be listening with every scrap of attention he could muster. Something about using the course concepts... integrating them... deflationary approaches...

Oh, fuck it. Why think about this boring shit when he could be thinking about Anneke?

She'd been oddly mysterious upon her return. Reflecting back on it now, Ethan supposed it was a little presumptuous of him to think that immediately on her return they'd tumble into bed together and make out. But all she'd really done upon meeting him in the library was to slip into the all-gender bathroom with him, locking the door and motioning him to lower his pants. "Why don't you beg me to unlock you, baby?" she'd murmured in his ear, and he'd shivered with expectation and scrambled to send his pants tumbling down around his ankles. "Beg me to take off that cage of yours. Believe me, I know just how horny and desperate you've been while I've been away..."

Hell, yeah he was. After all, it wasn't every weekend that a hot girlfriend sexted him and stripped for him on FaceTime... all while his cock was trapped in a cage that denied him even the smallest scrap of satisfaction. And so, in the silence of that bathroom he'd begged. Quietly. Shamelessly. Plaintively.

But when she'd finally knelt and slipped the little key in place and the foreign weight slipped free

from around Ethan's manhood, she'd only giggled and risen once more, motioning him to dress again. "There," she'd murmured, and the cage had slipped into the depths of her backpack once more. "Now, I hope I can trust you not to be jerking off now that you're free. Remember, baby – I want you all horny and ready for me this weekend!" And then she'd reached for the door handle, coyly watching him scramble to zip his jeans and buckle his belt once more. "Come on, Ethan! We have classes to get to, don't you remember?"

She definitely was toying with him, he mused now, dragging his attention back to the stuffy lecture hall. But no matter. It was actually pretty hot. And in a few hours' time, the weekend would begin... and he'd be headed over to her place. To study, of course. And to learn. To learn many, many things.

"Miss me?" Anneke purred softly in Ethan's ear, her hands wandering over his shirt, picking at the buttons in a way calculated to set him a-shiver with anticipation. They were back on her couch in the privacy of her little apartment, and barely ten minutes had elapsed since he'd arrived. She was wearing that low-cut top he loved so much, and that skirt of hers was far too short for the wintry weather. Jesus Christ, he wanted Anneke so much! She- she was so perfect-

"Yeah," he managed, and his voice was thick with longing. He didn't need to tell her how hard it had been to wait. It had been an entire week since he had had an orgasm, and now that he was here with her, the pressure and burning need within was fiercer than ever. "Yeah, I- I missed you..."

She was giggling, low and musically, and Ethan shivered again at the sound. "Of course you did, baby! You've been so very desperate for me, haven't you? And you know how much I fucking *love* seeing you so desperate and horny for me." Anneke's hand was slipping down now to his crotch, and she locked eyes with him as it found its mark. "Now, tell me the truth, Ethan. Have you been having any fun since I took off your cage? Have you been touching yourself, or making a sticky mess in your pants?"

He blushed at the condescending tone, and the defiant protest that sprang to his lips sounded for all the world like a little kid who had just been caught doing something naughty. "No! Of course not. I- You wanted me to wait... right?" "Indeed I did," she murmured, kneading suggestively at his tenting crotch. "And remember – I'm more than happy to put that cage right back on if it turns out that you're having trouble keeping your pants clean..."

"No!" he blurted, blushing deeper at the pathetic note in his voice. "I mean, please, no? But honestly, I- I'm so horny- I couldn't even focus during class today..." She was laughing for real then, withdrawing her hand, watching the expression on her boyfriend's face as she shook her head in merriment. "Oh, my poor wittle thing! So horny... so distracted... You know, if you're really having so much trouble with wanting to touch yourself and make sticky messes in your pants, maybe instead of a cage we can find something a bit more suitable for such a silly, *naughty* little boy?"

She was rising then, tugging him by the hand toward the bedroom. Of course he followed her, his aching erection throbbing within his boxers at every step. She was finally- she was going to let him cum... right?

"Remember that time a few weeks ago? When you peed yourself?" She was rummaging in her closet, her short skirt slipping up to reveal her panties as she leaned further in. "Um-hmm?" He was stepping closer, grinding his erection lasciviously against her incredible and almost-naked ass. No need to think about what she was saying. He was just so- freaking- horny-

"Well, I've given it some thought," she announced, her voice muffled by the clothing around her. "And I know you might think it's a bit weird. But if you're really going to have so many problems keeping your pants clean and dry..." Now she was rising, glancing back at him with a roguish smile. "I know just the thing you need. And you're going to try it on for me... right now."

He didn't have the slightest idea what that white rectangle thingie in Anneke's hand was. But she was giggling softly as she shook her head in mock disapproval at his mystified expression. "You do want to cum, right? So drop those drawers, mister, and lay down on the bed. Now!" He didn't waste any time. "Okay, yes," he murmured sheepishly, and then he was flat on the bed, gazing up at her ceiling, heart thudding in anxious anticipation. *What is she- what does she have-*

The crinkle in his ears was like a strangely muffled trash bag. He still didn't know what the hell it was, but he didn't have much time to wonder. "Up," she commanded, and then she was slipping something beneath him. "Down" – and down he settled, feeling a strangely soft surface yielding beneath him. "Perfect," she purred... and then, up between his splayed legs she pulled it, wrapping it up and over her boyfriend's straining erection...

With a shock of sudden clarity, he realized it now. It was a- a diaper. A literal diaper, just like a baby would wear. Only... sized far larger than anything he'd ever imagined.

"Wait- no, Anneke-" "Hmm? Are you safewording, baby?" she murmured, and he could feel her hand pause in its tingle-inducing track along the outside of this horrifyingly humiliating garment. "Don't you want me to relieve all that tension? Don't you want to show me just how horny for me you truly are?"

"I- um, well- I, but-" "It's just protection," she assured him, leaning down and planting a kiss full on his lips while her fingers kneaded at the crinkling padding around his trapped cock. "Like a condom, really. Just lovely, practical protection for a sweet, adorable boyfriend who's *so vewy howny!* Don't worry, baby. Even if it *is* a tiny bit embarrassing, I promise I'm going to make it all worthwhile for you..."

No way in hell anyone could ever know about this. No way he wanted anyone to know exactly how he was wilting beneath her, squeezing his eyes shut, nodding silently, allowing Anneke to tug the thing tight and fasten what sounded like tapes around his waist. And no way he wanted anyone to suspect that even amid this bewildering, humiliating swirl of weirdness, he found himself shuddering and shivering for her in undisguised, primal arousal.

Yeah. Maybe was simply the fault of his raging hormones and sex-deprived desperation. For deep in his brain was a sordid little voice, chanting out a seductive mantra: *No control now. No control. She's in charge. She's completely in charge. Give up all control. Give this beautiful woman everything... everything...*

He felt her now slipping to the bed beside him, and pulling him close, and murmuring gently in his ear. "Good boy... yes, baby. Such a good boy..." He cracked an eye open – and was met with the glorious sight of his girlfriend's now-bare breasts not two inches from his face. "Come on, baby. Please... do it for me. Give them a suck. You know you want to..."

Why was he obeying? Why was his mouth trembling open, closing with an involuntary whimper of pleasure around the soft warmth of her proffered nipple? And why – even as he shuddered with brief stabs of humiliation – did he find the long-denied orgasm building within him with such unstoppable force?

Perhaps he really couldn't help it. For Anneke was increasing the pace of her ministrations: her words filling his mind, her hands pressing the soft cotton around his quivering cock with ever-greater intensity. "Mmm, yes. Good boy. Such a good boy, waiting so long for me! My sweet little man was all trapped in his cage while I was away, wasn't he? But now he's all safe in his pretty new panties. Nice and safe and secure... Tucked away where he can dribble and pee and cum in his pants

all he wants. Just a sweet, obedient boy, doing exactly what his sweetheart says..."

Ethan was cumming for real then: easily, silently, as she murmured approving words in his ear and he suckled harder on the luscious warmth within his mouth. The spurts of cum were warm around his sensitive cock, pulsing over and over, splattering and dribbling out from his aching balls into the soft padding. And all the while Anneke was still urging him on: telling him what a good boy he was, what a lovely sticky mess he was making for her in his diaper...

And yes, he supposed he was.

The full weight of this latest, freaky development hit him along with the post-nut clarity. He pulled away from her in shame, heartbeat still thundering in his ears, feeling inexpressibly dirty and disgusting. Glancing down, he caught sight now of the grotesque garment she'd wrapped around him... and found that the pastel blocks decorating the waist were letters. Letters that spelled out, over and over in insistent repetition, the single mortifying word. "BABY."

"Anneke- I- I should take it off-" he began, but she was gazing at him with an indescribable look: full of satisfaction, somehow, and yet also mixed with eager longing. "Easy, baby," she soothed, and though he flushed at the realization that her endearing term now matched the infantile blocks on this giant pampers, he paused and listened to her earnest words.

"Easy there, Ethan. We can talk this over, okay?" Her glance slipped down to her own bare breasts... and then she was reaching to her skirt, rising onto her knees and slipping it down to reveal her damp and visibly swollen pussy. "Though baby, I'd really appreciate if you could... you know... keep going just a bit longer..."

Your number one goal is to please her in the bedroom. Sandeep's words echoed through his mind... and so, with a little grunt and groan of self-conscious disgust, Ethan crouched low on the bed before her. Diapered ass up and on display. Mouth open in anticipation. Heart still thudding with anxiety and arousal.

This was definitely getting freaky. They'd need to talk about it together – about this weird-ass baby shit. About what she wanted him to do. About whether and how often she wanted him to cum...

But all that would have to wait just a bit longer. He had a horny girlfriend to eat out, after all.