

(Chapter 3)

TRIAL 2

“Come on,” Glitch coaxed. “Open up. You can do it. Just open up and say ‘Aaaaah!’”

Circe kept her mouth shut. That science-freak, Glitch, had made the situation awful enough as things stood.

Right after the changing table, the room had wasted no time in degrading Circe further. It kept her silvery hair up in pigtails and added a yellow toddler dress with white trim and a Peter Pan collar for good measure. The hem didn’t come close to covering up her diaper, making the garment literally just for show, and there was enough room in the chest so as to minimize the curves of her breasts. It made her less obscene, and therefore worse off than when she woke up topless. At least topless she could imagine one of the lab coats taking notes might be slightly aroused or unnerved by the sight of her nakedness.

She looked like a little girl. Not even a little girl; a baby! What the fuck? She didn’t even get nice hard and pointy Mary Janes to kick with; having to settle for yellow grippy socks. Ugh! Adult baby booties!

The Siren wasn’t so much as given the opportunity to properly struggle before she was plopped into an adult sized highchair and buckled into a harness. A plastic backed bib was tied around her neck, covering the harness and adding another layer to her humiliation by making her seem even less capable than she really was.

More cruelly, her arms weren’t pinned inside the highchair’s tray, giving her a nearly full range of motion and movement. Circe had a compulsion, no, an obligation to struggle and escape. Leaving her arms free was just another demonstration on how powerless she currently was.

She immediately started yanking at the bib but it wouldn’t come undone; practically soldered together at the back of her neck. She dug her hands down and reached under her skirt to at least rip the tapes of the diaper open, but her fingers couldn’t find purchase on the sticky tapes. The harness she’d been buckled into wouldn’t budge either; likely more of Glitch’s meddling

modifications. The smug bitch's self-approving nods confirmed as much.

Seconds after testing beyond a shadow of a doubt that she was good and trapped, more of the cursed animatronic tendrils lowered down from the ceiling. One of them wielded a mush filled spoon. Just out of reach, too. Circe all but welded her mouth shut and swiped at the damnable thing, just out of reach.

Damn machines didn't even have the decency to put the spoon in arm's reach so that she could snatch it! Nor was there a bowl to tip off the side of the feeding tray. It just waited patiently for Circe to run herself out of steam.

Presently, Circe had given up on going for the spoon; the robotic nursery wasn't even giving her a sporting chance by bringing it tantalizingly close and snatching it away at the last second. There were better, more effective hells than this, and part of her Siren soul remembered that intimately.

So she sat there in the highchair. Her arms crossed like a pouty toddler, and the tops and bottoms of her teeth grinding down on each other. Every other time she'd opened her mouth, some gadget had zipped in to deliver its sinister payload. Snakes only struck when you gave them an opening. Circe knew how to play this game.

The Siren waited. She was a villain, but part of being a Siren meant being patient. The original Sirens were a type of ambush predators; not stalkers. Sailors would wreck themselves upon her rock if she just waited long enough. It only unnerved her if she let herself nurture the idea that they wouldn't. But there were men and women in lab coats watching her, and a subtly annoyed super-sidekick standing by. Emotional food was there; physically farther away but so much closer than the mush.

"Come on, Circe" Glitch tried to coax her. "Just open up, baby girl. That spoon has yummy num-nums for you. Delicious and nutritious." Her voice was artificially sweet like splenda; taunting her without sounding like it. What did the young people call that? A dog whistle? If not, it was close enough. Circe was very good with sound metaphors "Unless you don't think you can handle just one spoonful?"

The Siren wasn't falling for it. Not this time. She locked her jaw. 'H'm hmm hm mmm hmm hmm hm mmmmmmmmm, hmmm!"

"Very mature," Glitch rolled her eyes. " 'I'm not giving you the satisfaction, bitch'? Really?" Circe almost gasped in surprise but remembered herself and did a close mouthed scowl, instead. "I've got an entire database of your speaking patterns and intonations in my brain," Glitch said. "I can do better than lip reading."

Circe narrowed her eyes. She could understand Circe down to the hum? Good. This stand off would be easier. It would be simpler to agitate and provoke this way, while putting her at zero risk. Heroes were always less clever than they suspected; their will never as strong as they fancied.

"Hmm'mm hmmm hm hm mmm hm hm mmm."

"I'm not going to break your teeth," Glitch said. She started pacing the floor, her face turning into a concentrated snarl. Circe was presenting a problem the hypocrite didn't know how to solve. "That would cross so many lines, even for you. I'm trying to help you."

"Hmm?!"

Glitch looked genuinely exasperated. "How? You literally wouldn't understand. I'm intellectually superior to you, and more importantly too...too...?"

Cockily, Circe rested her elbow on the tray, and laid her chin in the palm of her hand.

"Hm-mm-mmm?"

"Immature?" Glitch scoffed. "I was going to say 'old'."

"OLD?!" The spoon jumped into Circe's mouth and bland mush slipped out onto her tongue. On instinct, the supervillain swallowed it down, then grimaced. Not because it tasted bad- it didn't taste at all- but because she'd been tricked yet again. Odysseus was a trickster too, but the comparison felt hollow; a lie a child might tell themselves to help them feel big.

As soon as the gloop and glop was down Circe's proverbial hatch, Glitch's pre-recorded voice

rang out from the headboard of the highchair. “Good baby! Eat your num-nums!” It was both disturbing because the genuine article’s lips remained still, and the recording sounded perfectly like the real thing. Glitch was utilizing the technology that Circe had hoped to steal.

Circe’s blood boiled a bit more, and it had nothing to do with the condescending verbage and tone, and everything to do with its source. Witty repartee was worth her time, pre-recorded responses were just a soft form of torture. She could get better from rank and file guards at a SuperMax. One did not give witty one liners to non-sentient automatons unless they were about to destroy them and it would look cool to an imaginary audience.

Prosthetic fingers danced up her bare legs. “Good baby!”

The tickling wasn’t nearly enough to make Circe laugh or open her mouth, but it made her hold her breath and fidget in her chair. A kind of reward in return for her compliance; or perhaps a threat to gently force her lips apart.

The spoon refilled itself with mush via a hidden compartment in the appendage holding it. No dipping into a bowl required. Damn. She resumed her defiant position in the highchair, and did an internal monitor of herself. No strange gurgling, bloating, or cramping sensations presented themselves. Chances were that this mush was just mush, and not some cocktail meant to make her poop herself again. She detected no feelings of other biochemical tampering, either. This wasn’t drugged. At the very least, a single spoonful wasn’t enough to do her in. Glitch was playing at a different game. In order to win, Circe would have to play a different one.

Ancient Greek Proverb: When rock collides with rock, the bigger rock wins. When rock is covered with parchment, the rock ceases to be. Or maybe she was getting that mixed up with something else; reincarnation was tricky like that. Either way, she was going to throw paper.

“Open up, baby! Time for num-nums!” That came, of course, from the room itself instead of Circe’s not-quite adversary. Circe didn’t react. She sat still, a defiant yet tranquil pool of acid.

“Come on Circe,” Glitch repeated herself with an exasperated sigh. “This is a Skinner Box.” A Skinner Box, eh? Circe wasn’t sure what that meant, but she was sure that there was more

than one way to skin a cat. Glitch rolled her eyes. “It means the environment is reactive. You’re perfectly safe.”

Oh really? Reactive? A leads to B leads to C? How very predictable and mechanical. This merited further study. Circe opened her mouth for another spoonful. “Aaaaah!”

The spoon slid in easily and left behind its mushy payload. “Good baby! Eat your num-nums” Circle swished it around in her mouth, noting the distinct lack of flavor and creamy mashed potato texture.

Glitch inched up closer, pleased with herself, like always. “See?” she lectured. “It’s not so bad. Chock full of vitamins and nutrients, specifically formulated for different body types towards a desired end goal. Yours is the um...silver formula.”

“Good baby!” Circe got another tickle for swallowing another spoonful. A led to B. Everytime. Predictable. Anticipatable. Abusable. Potentially delicious.

“It presents as baby food, but like much of your treatment, it’s been adapted from a different source to achieve the desired results. It’s not baby food, just people food.”

“Good baby!” Yet another tickle to accompany the mouthful of mush at a one for one ratio. Somewhere in the back of her brain Circe was keeping track of this. Patterns. Patterns Patterns. Boring machine generated patterns.

“This is most fortuitous,” Glitch mused. “You’re helping me with so much research from a marketability perspective.” And people thought that villains liked to monologue. Glitch inched closer, and Circe received another spoonful. “Your food is tasteless, but I’m working on different flavoring before marketing to the public. It just happened to synergize well with this particular aesthetic, and you’re providing me with an excellent-”

“PTEW!”

A huge heaping chunk of light brown grayish mush made the relatively short trip through the air onto Glitch’s nanny apron. The superheroine stared down her chest as the blob

drip-drip-dripped all the way down to the floor. “You shouldn’t have done that,” she said.

Circe knew she shouldn’t have done that. And that’s why she loved it.

“NAUGHTY NAUGHTY BABY!” the room boomed.

The highchair propelled forward like a roller coaster, briefly disorienting Circe. It was a short trip at least, straight to the spanking pommel horse. In no time at all Circe was back over the robotic knee, laughing hysterically.

“Haaaaa! HAHAHAHA!”

Glitch neither wiped at the stain, nor approached Circe physically. “I don’t think you know what you just did to yourself,” Glitch called over Circe’s insane cackling.

“Of course I know what I just did,” Circe called back. “I just earned myself a spanking!”

“That’s not how this Skinner Box works.”

“BABY SHOULD NOT SPIT THEIR FOOD OUT!” The machine room declared. “MAMA WILL FIX!”

Metallic tendrils snaked up and hiked down the back of Circe’s diaper so that her bare bottom was exposed.

“Huh?” Circe wiggled her rump in abject curiosity. How the Hades had her diaper come off so easily? She’d thought the plastic backed panties would have been effectively super glued to her skin. “You think a bare assed spanking is gonna mess with me a second time?” Circe taunted. If there was one trait that Circe prided herself on having it was her resilience. The Siren’s soul was quick to adapt, and she’d seen this part coming. A punishment machine gave her more control than her captor had beckoned.

““BABY SAID A BAD, BAD WORD. NAUGHTY NAUGHTY! MAMA SPANK!”

“You didn’t earn a spanking,” Glitch replied, coolly. “Not until you just said bare-assed.”

Circe was about to demand that Glitch explain herself, but said demand was cut tremendously short by the feeling of something pushing its way up into her anus. “EEEEEEEEEEEEEE!”

The supervillain was lifted slightly off the pommel horse, still bent over, as a rubber hose pumped something thick and sludgy was pumped inside of her.

NG-NG-NG-NG-NG!

It had an unnatural mechanical sound to it, like paddlewheels trying to churn up a river.

NG-NG-NG-NG-NG!

With every chug, Crice felt her belly start to distend and an uncomfortable full feeling came over her. Every glugging pump added to the feeling of being overfull and stuffed with none of the satiety of having consumed a meal. It wasn’t half-a-minute before Circe felt like she’d consumed far too much far too quickly and lacked so much as happy memories or a pleasant aftertaste coating her throat.

NG-NG-NG-NG-NG!

DING!

The glugging stopped. Circe felt her diaper hiked back over her and the hose withdraw. A little bit of something wet slurped out of her and into the back of the padding, but pride and years of potty training forced the Siren to squeeze her cheeks together.

“BABY WON’T SPIT THIS OUT” The recorded voice boomed over unseen loudspeakers.

Gently, the tendrils lowered her back onto the spanking bench and fullness quickly progressed to pain. Cicre found herself quietly wishing she had a bar of soap or a pacifier to bite down on so that she could resist moaning out in baby bootie pink. “Hnnnnnnnnnnnn...”

“Your body will take in those nutrients one way or another, Circe.” Glitch lectured, her scalp blinking as trillions of calculations ran through her cybernetic brain. “Too bad for you that it requires a lot more of the stuff when it’s shoved up the other end. You chose this, honey. Not me.”

Circe battled with herself, struggling to speak. She held her breath while her stomach gurgled and cried out in pain. Any exhalation, any relaxation, could result in her emptying her bowels back into her diaper’s waiting seat. And oh, she had just started to get used to being clean!

Where had that thought come from...?

““BABY SAID A BAD, BAD WORD. NAUGHTY NAUGHTY! MAMA SPANK!”

Uh oh.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

Again the automated paddles sounded off of her padded backside bottom. Again, the diaper did little to nothing to ease her pain. If anything it was worse the second time around. There was no build up this time, no gradual progression or picking up of speed. The spanking machine continued exactly where it left off, and Circe’s cheeks and tailbone screamed out in pain as though doing so were muscle memory.

BLRRRRRRRRRRRT!

Finding herself unable to scream, the supervillainess exhaled and a stream and bodily sludge exited her, ballooning out the back of her diaper and causing her to grimace and wince in self-disgust.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

It was the same as before but worse! So much worse! She was being spanked in the middle of messing herself and unable to stop either. Glitch kicked in and Circe broke.

“SORRY MAMA!”

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

It didn't stop! The spanking machine didn't stop! Why hadn't it stopped?! It stopped last time! It had stopped immediately last time, practically like it was under one of Circe's spells.

"SORRY MAMA!"

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

"SORRY, CIRCE!" Glitch yelled over the sound of Circe's beating. "YOU'RE NOT GETTING OUT OF IT THAT EASY! THE MACHINE COUNTS HOW MANY SPANKS YOU GET AND MAKES SURE TO ADD ONE MORE TO YOUR PUNISHMENT EACH TIME NO MATTER WHAT!"

Circe was on the verge of tears. Her bowels had fully re-emptied themselves and she was struggling for breath. If she was going to get spanked anyways, she might as well make the most of it. The siren let out a slew of curse words, euphemisms filled with vile imagery, and outright slurs for good measure that would have made even the most hardened criminals blush and set a good man's ears ablaze with the vile thoughts such imagery induced. At least three devils and multiple demons would have taken notes had they been present to listen. It didn't matter to her that it all came out pink. Glitch could understand her. That's all that mattered.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

Instinctively knowing when the thrashing was approaching its xenith, Circe let out a final **"SORRY MAMA!"** and prayed that the spankings meted weren't per swear uttered.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

The spanking stopped three swats later, and Circe collapsed over the giant artificial knee. "Thank you," she whispered to no one. "Thank you. Thank you. Thank you."

Much to her relief, Glitch did not say "You're welcome". That would have been unbearable. Rather, the ex-sidekick walked around with her arms folded behind her back and leaned forward

just enough to look Circe in the eye. “Do you want me to clean you up?”

“Ffffff...” Circe froze.

“Or would you rather play in a messy diaper.”

“Fffff!” She stopped. She couldn’t take this again. Not without a breather. “Screw you,” she hissed. The Siren tensed for a second, but the spanking machine did not start up again and there was no additional fluttering beneath Glitch’s skin indicating any sort of technopathing restraint. Middle school and PG curses were still allowed her.

Speaking of flashes, a look of guilt crossed the younger woman’s face. “Nevermind. Let’s get you changed. Leaving you in a dirty diaper is a bad choice, and I want as few bad choices available to you as possible.

Those words were poison to someone like Circe. She was not to be limited, and if she was, it would be her decision.

“Fuck you. Sorry, Mama!”

Glitch’s face fell. “Oh, Circe. Don’t...”

““BABY SAID A BAD, BAD WORD. NAUGHTY NAUGHTY! MAMA SPANK!”

Circe could have sworn she almost lost consciousness with what followed. She was still cognizant, though barely, when the machines carried her back over to the changing table, wiped her, powered her and rediapered her while the stupid mobile flashed pink in her face.

TRIAL 3

The lights were out and no one was home. Circe lay there in the dark, in her crib, tossing and turning in the footie pajamas. She’d tried to work the zipper but her fingers froze up and her arms wouldn’t move whenever she grabbed on. It must have been something to do with magnets, she reasoned..

Still, Glitch had gone easy on the villain the rest of the day. Less actual restraints had been applied in favor of more chemical ones: That damnable baby powder that got poured on her with every change made her heartbeat refuse to go over sixty beats per minute, and she was being pumped full of Zeus knew what in the bottles that followed. Hard to plot on a full stomach, a tired body, and a broken pride.

More annoying, as she lay in the crib, Circe realized that there was nothing containing her inside beyond moderately high bars. If she wanted to, she could jump out of the crib and nothing but fear of repercussions could stop her.

It wasn't pride, or fear that drove the villain, but something deeper and indescribable. Compulsion. Purpose. Destiny. She knew she was expected not to do something, and so she was dishonor bound to do it.

She stood up on the cushy crib mattress and looked around. Those mechanical hands could literally come from anywhere and any direction. No angle was safe. But this place was a place of consequences. It didn't act as much as it reacted, and there was no Glitch or her science squad in sight.

Part of her knew she would not get away in this attempt. Yet how would she know unless she tried. How could she be patient and wait when someone else wanted her to be?

"Here. We. Go."

Circe didn't make it on the first jump. Having a thick cushy diaper between her legs continued to throw off her gait, and it didn't help that she'd wet herself at some point, causing the pulpy core to expand. What was that about?

"Ah-ha!" Circe explained upon her feet touching the floor.

ZZZZZZT!

The lights came on and Circe convulsed on the floor, drooling and twitching as even more of

her bladder emptied out into her pants. She'd been punched by Tom Turbine and ShockMaster and had it hurt less.

"Good evening, Circe." Glitch said from the doorway. "Let me help you up." Blinking and flashing from the woman's circuit breaker tattoos preceded metal appendages raising her up from the floor. "The fibers in the carpet and your clothes are actually superconductors, not insulators." A beat. "Did you need something?"

Circe coughed and almost swore, but she thought better of it. She wanted her time with her adversary to be more special than a spanking. "Don't you ever sleep?" she asked.

The other woman didn't even pretend to yawn. "No."

"Cyborgs," Circe spat.

"Grown-ups," Glitch replied.

Back in her crib, Circe allowed herself a smirk "As something of an authority on brainwashing, you're going to have to do better than that, my dear Glitch."

To Circe's dismay, Glitch did not approach. "No I won't. I don't care what babies think."

The door slammed shut, leaving Circe alone in the dark.

TRIAL 5

Breakfast had been more mush from a self-refilling spoon. Circe had eaten it, but only because of hunger. She went all the way full ragdoll through changing and being dressed and plopped back in a highchair until Glitch entered the room. She only ate after Glitch promised to alter the formula so that it tasted like vanilla.

Presently, Circe busied herself playing with naked Barbie dolls, forcing them to fight to the death, clacking their heads together. The dolls with unrealistic proportions for a woman had

started off fully dressed, but Circe had taken care of that. She'd stripped them almost immediately and started the raunchiest simulated sex scene that she could manage without invoking the spanking mechanisms wrath.

Spitting out food meant an enema. Cursing meant spanking. Part of her needed to know what else she could do to get a response out of the punishment box.

Nothing happened at first. Glitch just kept wandering about the nursery machine running diagnostic scans or whatever Science people called memorizing spells. Plastic crotchless dolls fucking had turned to plastic crotchless dolls fighting. It was amusing to her.

"Having fun?" Glitch asked, ruining the moment.

Circe quickly put down the toys she had and glared up at the toy she wanted. Her outfit today was the same as yesterday, save it was a deep forest green dress, she had a bow on her head instead of pigtails, and she had proper booties on instead of socks. It almost (almost) complimented the green dragon peeking out from the front of her squishy wet diaper.

"Not as much as you, I'm sure." Circe replied, trying to keep her cool. "I have to admit, Glitch, you're doing a far better job of villainy than I thought you capable of."

"Thank you," Glitch said. "Have fun playing with your dollies." She turned her back on Circe and Circe felt her throat swell up.

"I'm not a baby!" Circe yelled after her. "I'm not a brat! You...you...brat!"

The hero stopped and reversed course, coming up to the edge of the playpen. "You're not a baby?"

"No!"

"Then why do you commit crimes?"

Circe's opened her mouth, but hadn't expected that question. "Huh?"

“Babies have cribs and playpens and highchairs because they can’t be expected to follow the rules. They can’t be trusted. Can you be trusted?”

“NO!” The words erupted out of the Siren’s throat and she knew them to be true before the echo reached the far wall.

“Exactly,” Glitch replied. “You can’t be trusted. That’s why you’re here instead of a penitentiary. You’re incapable of experiencing penance, so there’s really no point. Easier to keep you in daycare. More fitting, too.”

Circe sprung to her feet...and regretted it instantly.

BTTTZ!

She was down on the padded playpen mat immediately, convulsing lightly. Her bladder spasmed again and she thought she might have pooped a little. That wasn’t going to get her to grovel for a change, however. “What the fuuuuuu...udge?” she censored herself.

“You tried to run away last night,” Glitch explained. Now your booties will give you a helpful reminder.

“You are sick!”

Her tormentor shrugged. “It’s not my fault you’re immune to sound based attacks. Otherwise I’d just play a sonic frequency to disorient your equilibrium.” Glitch about faced away. “But thank you for the compliment. I know me being ‘sick’ means a lot coming from you.”

“Quit turning your back and face me!” A naked doll flew end over end over the playpen and lightly struck the hero in the back. The younger, less infantile looking of the two, didn’t break her stride. “Stop ignoring m-!”

Circe cut herself off as the playpen itself rose up to attack her. Added to her outfit were stiff, inflexible mittens that left her completely unable to do anything but keep her palms flat and stop her from grabbing onto anything or balling her hands up. She effectively had flippers in place of

fists.

Circe lost her Barbie doll privileges for the rest of the day, and lost all hope of using utensils to feed herself.

TRIAL 7

The next day, Circe lost her Barbie Doll privileges entirely when she bit their heads off. From then on she would only have simple toys that she could manipulate if she used both hands in unison and lacked any parts that she might accidentally choke on.

Circe swore extra hard just so she'd earn a spanking. She tried to make herself choke on the mush, but that only earned her another enema.

TRIAL 11

"How about some potty training?" Glitch suggested. She placed the prop on. "That might be a good place to start in your rehabilitation."

The Siren glowered. "I am potty trained."

"Not according to my sensors," Glitch replied. "You've made no effort, whatsoever. Show known discomfort in wearing a wet or a messy one." She was kind enough, Circe noticed, to not mention or bring up any of the enemas she had earned herself.

No. That was a strategy, too, come to think of it. Don't mention certain punishments unless prompted so that Circe would trick herself into thinking she deserved it.

"I've bathed in the blood of my enemies," Circe said. "What's a little feces?"

Glitch nodded. "Yeah," Glitch said. "I don't buy it. You're not the Grinning Man. Nice try though." She opened up the lid. The inside was a big goofy smiley face. It wasn't a child's plastic potty, but not another scaled up variant like everything else in this funhouse. "You want people."

"Do not!"

The fact that Glitch continued to ignore her was worse than the indignity of constantly soiling her disposable panties. “When you think of it, potty training is one of the first times that a person has to learn to follow rules. They have to practice physical introspection and communication as a way to scaffold up to self reliance.”

The Siren rolled her eyes. “Uh huh. If I didn’t know any better I ‘d say you get off on this.”

Her opponent didn’t take the bait. “Maybe. Anyways, I know you know how to use it so I don’t need to explain the mechanics; you’re just an emotional infant after all; so here’s what we’ll do: If you ask to use the potty, you’ll get your diaper taken off, then you can sit and go. Then you’ll be cleaned up, and the diaper will be put back on, and you can continue on about your businesses. If you can follow those rules for a few days, I’ll remove one of your clothing restraints.” The taser booties and the flipper mittens had been a constant part of Circe’s outfit, rotating color with the rest of her. Today she wore blueberry colored baby clothes and a bonnet.

“Hmmm....” It was tempting. Would giving in, just a little help her?

Glitch tilted the large chamber pot so that Circe could see inside “There’s a picture of my face...” she offered.

Circe narrowed her eyes. “So I call for your help and get to shhh...poop on your face?”

The dark skinned woman threw back her head and laughed, her tattoos glowing the full color of the rainbow. “Oh no. No no no. I’m not doing that. The nursery will be doing that. Do you think I’m crazy enough to get near you, Circe? You could do something crazy or at least stupid if I got near enough to even take the diaper off of you! But if you’re a good girl....Circe...? Circe? What are you doing?”

Circe was back on her hands and knees, pushing the mess out intentionally. “Nnnn...nothing...” she lied. “Nnn...nothing ...at...ahhhh...” She relaxed and breathed deeply when she’d finally emptied herself. For good measure she shifted and sat all the way down on the floor, wriggling and smushing her messy diaper around.

Glitch dragged her palm over her face and Circe had known she'd won a battle. She smiled all the way through that next diaper change, hoping the mobile that took her picture with a pink flash was getting her best side.

TRIAL 17

Circe shook, but for the first time in over a week it had nothing to do with spasming on the floor from electric shock or having her body be wracked by mechanical paddles.

“S-s-s-s-s-taaaaaahp!” She was back on ‘Mama’s knee’, her soggy sodden diaper squishing beneath her.

As per usual, Glitch kept her distance. “But why, baby girl?” she asked. “Isn’t this nice?”

It was nice, alright. More than nice. If not for the restraints keeping her place, Circe would be teasing her nipples. If not for worry that a well deserved spanking might interrupt this, she’d be dropping pink colored F-bombs in ecstasy.

The pommel horse had shown off a new future. ‘Mama’s knee’ could bounce, and not just like a cheap knock off at a rodeo bar. It vibrated. It pulsed. It pushed all the right buttons that Circe had been too preoccupied to push each night when she was alone in the confines of her crib.

While she inched closer and closer to orgasm, more A.S.T.R.A.L. scientists looked at readouts and took notes. The damn perverts watching her was making it harder and harder not to climax.

“W-w-w-w-w-w-w-w-yyyyyy?”

“I’ve been replaying our interactions and I found the fatal flaw in my design,” Glitch told her from a distance. (Always at a distance). I’ve been offering you sticks but no carrots. Ways to avoid punishments, but no rewards.”

This was a reward? Being forcefully beat off? It was sadistic is what it was and Circe appreciated it on a level she could not express.

