

Circles within Circles

Chapter Twenty – Finishing the Job

September 2022

All the regret in the world wasn't going to change anything. Anneke knew that. But even so, she found herself dwelling on it, circling back over and over to it in her nightly dismal musings. It had now been a solid week since she'd completed her task – since she'd breathed those words into the mic and helped poor Ethan to plunge headlong over the edge into brainwashed, babyish bliss...

And separated as she now was from her erstwhile boyfriend, in that time she'd had more than enough time to muse despondently over what she'd done.

Not that she'd had much of a choice, to be sure. They'd been kidnapped and dragged here to Queen B's secret lair completely against their will. They'd been wrenched away from college and family and friends and everything they knew. And she'd been compelled – required – commanded to take active part in Ethan's regression. "Finishing the job," Queen B had called it at the time, with a cruel smile. And... well, Anneke hadn't been able to say anything back.

For she *had* been training Ethan all along. She *had* been using him for her own benefit, angling to turn him into a submissive adult baby slave for Queen B's enjoyment. She'd been forced to. For if she'd failed, the image of her poor, dear sister Marie inevitably swam before her terrified mind: sweet, innocent Marie, struggling in bonds, her desperate wails growing ever more feeble as Queen B had her horrific way with her and began transforming her into the most sordid, dehumanized sex slave imaginable...

No. Never. And really, Ethan had clearly loved becoming her submissive. He had been practically halfway there even before their abduction. So why all these qualms about pushing him the rest of the way?

Her bleak musings were interrupted by a rattle at the iron door of the little room that served as her cell. As it swung open, the massive figure of Grunt filled the doorway, his leather muzzle gleaming taut and dangerous in the dim light. "Unnhhhh," he commanded, and as his meaty, outstretched hand closed on her arm and easily drew her, naked and stumbling, toward the hall, she knew that her quiet time was at an end.

Once again, she'd been summoned.

When she got to the echoing chamber that Queen B so loved to use as her audience chamber, her nervous glance was arrested at once: not by the sight of that woman, lounging easily in her chair and smirking at her with devilish delight, but by the creeping, pathetic figure lying seemingly unheeded at her feet. *Ethan*, her heart cried, and "Ethan!" sprang to her lips, bursting forth to echo in the unnatural space around her. "Ethan!" – and forward she bounded, heedless of her nude self and everything but the figure lying on the floor before her.

But oh, what a sight he was!

At the sound of her voice, the fellow's arms and legs kicked out, smooth-shaven and uncoordinated as an infant's. To his hands and knees he struggled: clad in a nothing but a too-short shirt and a disposable diaper, its wetness indicator already stained blue with obvious soiling. "Ethan?" Anneke breathed once more, her breath hitching as she sank to her knees before him. But in his expression there was a chilling vacancy: his shallow, blank eyes wandering erratically from her face to the ground and back again, a thick rivulet of drool coursing heedlessly down his chin...

Yes, he was Ethan – and yet not.

"Ethan," she murmured brokenly, and as she reached out to wipe the stream of slobber dribbling from his chin, the raucous laughter of Queen B finally reached her ears. "Oh, honey, What's the matter?" she cackled, every bit as evilly as a witch in some fantastic fairy tale. "Your precious Ethan is right there! Don't you like how well we've trained him? *That* would be odd indeed, dear. After all...", and here her dark eyes gleamed with glee, "*You* were the one who did most of the work, remember?"

Anneke gulped back the mingled rage and sobs in her throat, forcing herself to rising to her feet. She watching helplessly as the hapless Ethan tottered forward, his bare knees dragging through the stream of drool beneath him. "And I have to say – he's turned out pretty well in the end," Queen B continued, sitting up straighter in her chair with a look of delight in her eyes. "It's been awhile since I've had such a fun and obedient baby toy. Watch this, dear!"

From her garish lips came the single word. "Oopsie."

Anneke bit back a gasp of horror as the crawling Ethan paused as if petrified, then with only a babbling gurgle from his wet lips, squatted down, lowering his diapered rear to the cold steel floor. From his padded rump there came a sudden burst of sounds: wet squelches and muffled farts, bubbles of gas wetly burbling out from his contracting sphincter. He was loading his diaper full:

messing himself on command, without a moment's hesitation and with scarcely a change of the innocently idiotic look on his drooling face.

"What a pathetic little baby!" Queen B laughed, as the diaper swelled and sagged visibly between the young man's naked thighs. "God, just look at how well we've trained him, dear. Now watch this: "Drinkies!" And sure enough, within seconds Ethan's vacant expression had crumpled into tears, a mindless wail of infantile displeasure echoing through the chamber. Then, before Anneke's dilating eyes, a large, half-naked woman stepped from the shadows, her face expressionless above her bared, formidable – and milk-swollen – breasts. Around her next was a bell that clanked bleakly with her every step, and in her ear was affixed a red plastic tag of the sort used only on dairy cows. *God, no- no, not that- not her-*

But yes, that was exactly what was happening. Anneke stood in horrified fascination, watching as the woman knelt down beside the crying young man, settling onto the floor and pulling him across her crossed legs. Into his open mouth she easily pressed her gigantic left breast, its pendulous weight and mass gorging his suckling mouth and muting his cries into nothing more than a flurry of eager grunts and loud, suckling gasps...

"See?" Queen B snickered, and as Anneke turned her horrified face towards her once more, the woman's diabolical grin grew only wider. "Dear girl, surely you didn't expect anything else? I told you I wanted a Class B, didn't I? Or maybe you're just envious of his wet-nurse over there. Is that it? *You* want to be the big-titty bimbo feeding your pathetic little baby boyfriend instead of Bessie over there? I mean, I can definitely turn you into one of our herd – given enough time..."

"I- I-," Anneke began, her pulse hammering in her ears and her rage and regret coating her inarticulate tongue. "Please, ma'am," she began again, and each syllable was heavy with defeat. "Please, I- we- we gave you what you asked. You... you have what you wanted. Please, can't we... would you please let us go now?" She was shaking like a leaf, conscious that even this meek plea might only serve to dig their grave deeper. Queen B was nothing if not sadistic, and she might well find just as much pleasure in tormenting them further...

And yet, the words that reached her ears were stunning. "Oh, let you go? But of *course*, dear!" Queen B exclaimed with a surprised smile. "Of course you'll be free to go back to your friends, and college, and your precious families. I wouldn't be so mean as to keep you here permanently, would I?"

Yes, you would, Anneke responded inwardly, hardly daring to believe what she was hearing. And

then, even as her hopes began to rise, Queen B dashed them once more to the ground. "*Eventually*, that is," Queen B added, a malevolent smile on her lips. "Because listen, dear. You caused me far, *far* more trouble than either of you is worth. You didn't even finish the fucking job, did you? *We* had to finish it for you – to say nothing of all the expense of retrieving you and giving you food and lodging this entire time..."

Food? Lodging?! But before she could force down her simmering anger and craft a meek enough response, Queen B continued. "So, yes. Of course you'll be free to go – *after* you pay me back for all the trouble you've caused." Her eyes narrowed beneath her elegant brows, and Anneke shivered at the chill that now entered her voice. "And believe me, I have a plan for exactly what you and that precious little brat of yours are going to need to do to pay it off."

"Now, listen up, 27547. I don't want to repeat myself, and you *definitely* don't want to miss out on a single detail of what I've got planned for you..."