

Circles within Circles

Chapter Twenty-One – Hard Choices

September 2022

Pretty.

Bright.

Fun.

Yummy?

A kaleidoscope of random thoughts glowed and spun within Ethan's mind, dancing as erratically as the whirling top before him. His hand reached out tentatively, fingers clutching at the colorful toy dancing at the edge of his foam playmat. *Pretty.* He reached further still, eyes fixed on the prize, the giant pacifier working unconsciously between his drooling lips. *Mine. Want.*

What he would do with it once he had it in hand... Well, that was completely unknown. That would have required thinking – planning ahead – logic. All the adult traits that had now been erased from the captive young man's mind.

Along with coordination, apparently. Because suddenly the floor was rising out to meet him, and his overbalanced, crawling form tumbled flat onto the mat... prompting not only a stifled wail from him, but also a burst of laughter from the others behind him.

"Oh, what an adorable little pea-brain he is now!" came the voice of the loud, scary lady as he struggled awkwardly back onto his hands and knees. "God, I really wonder what must be going on in that head of his? Clearly not much, I suppose. Which is all thanks to you, darling..."

The top had ceased its crazy spinning now and clattered to a stop, losing Ethan's fleeting attention along with its momentum. His unfocused gaze was now veering away, shifting back behind him as he plopped onto his bulging bum with a squish and blinked up at the people there. The scary lady was standing back there, gazing down at him with a smile on her face that didn't seem like a nice smile at all. And beside her was the pretty lady. The nice lady. Sitting in a chair. With loud, shiny, clanky things on her hands and feet...

Ooh, shiny. Want. Play.

Anneke shuddered as the tips of her tormenter's leather gloves raked suggestively across her collared neck. She was still naked: cuffed to this heavy chair, forced by the gloating Queen B to stare at her own terrifying handiwork. For here they were, locked away in the nursery that now housed the overgrown infant who had once been... her boyfriend.

Her naked bosom heaved with pent-up rage and emotion, no longer concealed behind her desperate mask of indifference. Because... well, there was no point now in pretending. Queen B had them both by the metaphorical balls, and everyone knew it. And sadist as this woman was, Anneke knew that the more she groveled and begged and pleaded, the more Queen B would appreciate it.

"Please," she begged now, her voice breaking as Ethan's vacant expression wandered over her face. "You- you said we could go-" "Oh, of course I did!" Queen B snickered, and now her leather-clad fingers were tightening possessively in the metal loop of Anneke's collar. "But that's only *after* you make up your minds about what you're going to choose. Which is it going to be, girl? Hundred and zero, like it is now? Or fifty-fifty?"

Anneke's mind recoiled instinctively from the woman's harshly enigmatic words, even though she knew there was no way to escape the conundrum set before her. Hundred and zero – meaning things would stay exactly as they were now. Ethan would remain at zero percent adult: an irretrievably regressed baby, at least mentally. And she would remain as she was, in full possession of one hundred percent of her adult faculties. She would stay keenly aware, not only of the tracking collar now locked around her neck, but of her horrifying complicity with Queen B's deeds. Plagued by guilt. Forced, with every moment she spent with Ethan, to confront the fact that she had caused his pathetic and horrifying transformation...

Then there was the other option – the fifty-fifty. The one that was even more terrifying, if that were even possible. The one that meant Ethan would regain a portion of his adult self... but that she would be forced to trade a part of herself in compensation. She would agree to do as Queen B urged. She would submit... let them do it... allow them to invade her- her-

She was startled from her reverie by the brush of fingers against her naked leg, and she jolted in her bonds. It was Ethan: his sagging diaper on display as he bent low, his fumbling fingers grasping inexpertly at the shiny clinking of her cuffed ankles. He was grasping at it – not out of any desire to free her, of course, but simply because her bonds were shiny. Noisy. Pretty. All the things that

attracted his regressed, naively babyish mind...

"Aww, look at the poor dear!" Queen B cackled, and Anneke twitched in her bonds at the gleeful derision dripping from every word. "I bet that must feel great, hmm? Look at him! Your pathetic, stupid little baby boyfriend." She bent low, gloved fingers clenching around Anneke's chin and forcing her to stare down at Ethan's crouching form. "See? He's just like you wanted, dear! A stupid, brainless little rugrat, pissing himself, shitting his brains into his fucking diaper..."

She laughed, and Anneke winced as the gloved hand now twisted the captive girl's face to stare fearfully into that malevolent gaze. "God, you really are fucked up, aren't you? I bet you fantasized about seeing him like this, didn't you? Bet you got wet at the very thought..." She shook her head in mock dismay, her long heel jabbing distastefully into Ethan's clearly soggy diaper. "Who needs a man when you can have a drooling man-*baby*, hmm? I can see you already: pushing him into your bed, strapping a fucking dildo over his diaper, forcing your wet pussy down to ride him like a fucking sex doll. Mmm, you'd love that, I bet. Watching his empty eyes stare up at you, stuffing your tittie into his dumb mouth, forcing your brainless baby to suck away on you while you *use* him-"

"Please-! No- no, no," Anneke was begging now, her voice cracking in hysteria. "No, I wouldn't! I- He-" "He what?" Queen B murmured, and Anneke trembled at the mockery in her low voice. "He didn't want this – you know that. You already used him plenty, remember? You lured him in – at my command. You used sex to reel him in. You teased him and led him on. And now..."

Now she was reaching down, her confident hands kneading and pinching at Anneke's exposed breasts. "Now you're going to have to make the choice. Either live with that knowledge... or let me help you forget."

Anneke quivered at the last words. She- she could. Queen B would do that, she had no doubt. But... but giving in? Letting this woman invade her mind? Voluntarily yielding up part of her own adult self? No, no, she couldn't! And what was to guarantee that Queen B would even keep her word, anyway?

"Uuuhhhnnnnhhhh..." The sound of a low, straining moan reached her ears, and she glanced down once more – past those leather gloves, past her bound limbs, down to the floor where Ethan squatted. "Uuunnnggghhhh..." He was on hands and knees: eyes staring vacantly forward, muscles straining, his brow furrowed and his pacifier working silently. It was abundantly clear what was happening... even before the first pungent wafts reached her nose.

Shitting his brains out... Queen B's poisonous words echoed in her mind, and even before she could think the words were tumbling from her parched lips. "Please. Do it. Please, ma'am. Fifty-fifty."

"Ohh?" The hands paused in their kneading, fingers slipping down now, closing on her nipples and drawing a sharp cry from the captive. "You're quite sure? You're *sure* you don't want to watch your precious Ethan packing his pampers for the rest of his life?" Anneke gulped – drew a shuddery breath – nodded. "Just- just do it, please..."

"Beg me." It was an order, sharp and commanding as the fingers playing with her sensitive nipples. "Go on. If you want it so much, *beg* me. *Now*."

She did – with the bitter taste of regret and humiliation on her tongue. "Please, Queen B. Regress me." A sharp cry and moan as the fingers pinched harder. "Make me! Make me- your baby. Please, *please...*" she was moaning now, half-crying with desperation, her nose filled with the scent of Ethan's smelly diaper. "I want it- I want it so much..."

Only when the tears were streaming down her face – when the Queen's cackling laughter had filled the room, and the gloved fingers had forced their way between Anneke's trembling lips, and she'd ordered her to suck while taunting the bound girl for being such a desperate and needy slut – did it happen. "I *am* a kind and fair mistress, after all," Queen B smiled, as the door opened and Grunt entered with a load of terrifyingly familiar devices in his meaty hands. "If you really do want it so badly... well, I would never have the heart not to give you what you *want...*"

The tear-filled, grey eyes grew wide as they caught sight of the needle: a syringe of regression serum which they had seen work only too well on poor Ethan. They grew wider still as the feeding gag slipped in, forcing her mouth agape and silencing the shivering moans that were escaping her. And then... those eyes were gone: disappearing underneath the headset, held captive before the screen that was soon to fill with seductive swirls of hypnotic color...

Pretty?

Ethan paused, sinking down once more onto his fouled diaper as he blinked back uncertainly at the people in his nursery. Scary lady was still there, laughing. Pretty lady wasn't talking anymore. Huh. Why no more pretty lady?

Ooh! Sparkly. Mine. Want...

And then pretty lady was gone: forgotten once more as the smelly, saggy-bottomed man-baby crawled innocently off after another toy.