

## Circles within Circles

### Chapter Nineteen – Regress and Regret

August 2021

What... what was even happening.

He was floating: his entire self simultaneously heavy and yet... buoyant, somehow. His limbs were distant lands, remote and inaccessible to the feeble firings of his brain, spasming reflexively now and then before settling back into their weighty, dreamlike stupor. Sensations came and went, swelling and fading within his body with no discernible pattern. At times there was the delicate brush of something like a feather across his entire body... at others the steady constricting pressure of some inhuman embrace... at still others the methodical petting and stroking motion of some motherly hand somewhere down below...

At the beginning he had seemed to recall a gleaming, close-fitting hood being slipped over his head. Or had that been a nightmare? Even if it hadn't been, there was no way to know if it was still on him or not. Darkness surrounded him frequently – but not always. At other times he would blink out of a drowsy slumber and find a splendid kaleidoscope of colors around him, their pastel hues shifting and beckoning in the most beautiful display he'd ever seen. Hood or no hood, he once found himself vaguely musing, it didn't matter. He didn't know, and even if he did, he couldn't have brought himself to care. Not about something he couldn't do anything about.

His body had a mind of its own now. He'd realized it somewhere in the distant past: how he'd tried to open his mouth to cough, and found instead that he was ardently sucking and gulping... on what, he wasn't even sure. Something wet. Something faintly sweet. Something that now tasted simply right. Good. Comforting. There were intervals in which that flavor would flood his mouth, and reflexively – without thinking, without even realizing it – he always began gulping thirstily at the round bulge within his mouth...

Life required no effort from him now – wherever and whenever "now" was. No more essays, for those had long since faded into the dusty obscurity of his past. No more classes. No more rising, and dressing, and walking. No need to exert anything, here in this safe haven. He simply *was*: lying limp and drowsy and quiet, in the gentle thrall of the seductive spells around him. So much easier. So nice to simply... lay still. Breathe. Dream. Gulp, and breathe, and drowse back into slumber again.

At times a delightful show would begin to play around him: an intoxicating swirl of pulsing colors

and spirals and the most extraordinarily beautiful music and voices. It was now the highlight of his existence: the thrilling sights that seemed to permeate his entire world, the hauntingly beautiful female voices that told him of how sweet and wonderful and good he was, the alluring shapes and images and faces that appeared the deeper into the pretty spirals he gazed. They were so... kind. Pretty. Comforting. And every time, an aching longing swelled within him: a longing to listen to those voices forever, to do and be the good boy the women seemed to love so much, to leave everything else behind and focus on only that beautiful world in the pastel mists...

For there was something else, too. One of those voices in the music sounded strangely familiar, reminding him of... someone. Someone important. Someone he almost seemed to remember, before the colors swirled out all the brighter and his drowsing brain lost the thread and he lapsed once more into mute, pleasurable stupor.

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Poor Ethan didn't know it, of course. But with every passing day, he was becoming more and more the perfect Class B submissive that Queen B desired.

Anneke knew it, of course – all too well. She couldn't help it, captive as she now was and subservient to her Queen's orders. She'd been confined to Ethan's regression chamber as his primary nurse: the one administering the injections, and tweaking the VR programming, and ensuring the steady flow of the drugged formula into her boyfriend's silently working mouth. All of which she did: dutifully, impassively, and with eyes filled with silent regret.

Even in the periodic hypnotic training episodes, she did her duty. Oh, how Queen B loved to watch and listen over the nanny cam while she did that! Leaning into the microphone, allowing it to register every breathy nuance of her softly lilting voice... infusing her love and affection into every syllable... urging him onward in the sweetest, most intimate and motherly terms. *Good boy. Good baby. Doing so very, very well. You're going to love being with me so much...*

Of course it broke her heart every time. Of course a guilty rush swept through her with every sentence, as the trapped young woman thought of the strong, bright, sweetly nerdy guy she'd come to know. *I've ruined him. He doesn't fucking deserve any of this. He deserves freedom... adulthood... love...*

Love from someone who didn't try to raise him like a pig for slaughter: betraying him and practically selling him to pay her own stupid debt.

But she couldn't think about that for more than a minute at a time. That way lay madness. She simply had to do as she was told, making him as comfortable as she could and doing her best to make the path to infancy easier for him than anything else...

"Such a good boy," she breathed now, and into every syllable she poured her pained affection. This was perhaps his last training session. She had to do her best, had to lead him deeper than ever before to seal the deal and end this nightmare. "Oh, baby, you've been so very good for me. And I know you're so eager to come stay with Mommy forever..."

Of course he was. That pastel world had been carefully associated in the poor fellow's mind now with pleasurable drugged highs, and the repeated stimulation of his genitals, and alluring female figures and voices. They'd filled the VR with montage after montage of suggestive images to gleam through the pastel fog and sear themselves into his receptive brain: bare breasts, and closeups of suckling lips, and coyly blinking female eyes. To this they'd added the scent of baby powder, and the soft rustling of plastic diapers, and the sensation of soft caresses over every part of his body. There was no way any human could have withstood that kind of repeated training, she knew – much less a young fellow who had already learned the pleasure of submitting and humiliating himself for love of a woman...

"But honey, Mommy's home has only one place in it," she continued, forcing her voice to lilt down into a confidential smile. "Only one little place... a place just perfect for a baby boy. A sweet, innocent little baby boy, so adorable and helpless. A sweet little baby who needs his Mommy for every little thing..."

She took a quick, shaky breath away from the mic, then continued on with a sinking in the pit of her stomach. "Oh, but Mommy will love her little baby *so* much! She'll feed you... change you... rock you to sleep..." *God, yes – but no, not forced like this! I just wanted to play with him... show him how fun consensual play can be-* "And you'll play all day with your toys, honey. You'll crawl and play and giggle like the best little darling that ever was. Mommy will take care of *everything*, I promise..."

And then came the crux of it all. "But are you really, truly a baby, honey? You're going to have to prove it to Mommy, you know. You have to. If you really, truly want to be with Mommy forever, honey... show me you're a baby. Babies don't talk. Babies don't know how. All a real baby knows how to do... is cry. Long and loud. A sweet, tired little baby... crying for Mommy to come take him and make it all better..."

"Can you do that for me? Go on. Show Mommy how badly you want to be her baby. Go on. Cry for me. Cry for your Mommy... now."

As Anneke slumped back from the mic, from the captive form of her entranced boyfriend there rose a muted, gurgling, helpless wail. The cry of a mindless infant, desperate for his Mommy.

At which her own face crumpled... and she let out a strangled sob of her own. For what the bloody hell had she just done?