

Circles within Circles

Chapter Seventeen – Expedited

July 2021

Ethan. Ethan...! Where was he going?! He was floating away, drifting inexorably away from her. Her arms were outstretched, her plaintive screams for him not to leave her echoing in her ears. And yet on he drifted, seemingly unconscious and oblivious to her pleas...

But when at last Anneke awoke, it was only to tumble from that drugged nightmare into another. And this one was far, far more real.

She knew where she was instinctively, even before she'd forced her bleary, gritty eyes open and blinked into the darkness. The cool, nauseating scent of Queen B's steel-and-concrete lair was unmistakable, as was the thump of the distant music and the ghastly red glare of the dimmed lights. That said, however, she'd never seen it from such a strange and surreal perspective.

She wriggled experimentally – and found it to be almost impossible. She was bound, she now realized, her gaze darting downward over her contorted body in an effort to discover the extent of her predicament. Oh, god. She was not simply bound... but suspended. Each of her aching legs was drawn tightly up into a frog tie, her arms pulled tight behind her into reverse prayer, her entire body hanging horizontally in the bonds that circled her bare breasts and seized tight around her waist. She was swaying gently, trapped like a fly in a spider's web, and helpless to do anything more than stare and struggle and watch the darkened room beneath her spin...

There was no telling how long it was until that voice finally came – the voice she knew so well. It cut through the haze of fear that clouded her mind, its coldly sneering cadence exactly as she'd remembered. "So here she is: Number 27547, apprentice extraordinaire. Ruthless young mistress-in-training... with a heart of gold." Anneke stared down with fear-filled eyes, caught in the dagger gaze of Queen B beneath her. "Such a pity she can't actually deliver on her promises."

"Bu- but I was going to- I will-" Anneke protested, her dry lips cracking, her naked body swaying in its bonds as she struggled to assert herself. "It's only February-" "Shut the fuck up," Queen B snapped, and Anneke bit back a cry of pain as the woman's flogger swatted at her exposed pussy. "You know you'd never have had that pathetic young guy trained into a full Class B by then! Why, at the rate you were going here you'd need four fucking months just for the incontinence training alone!"

Anneke gulped, her constrained breath coming in ragged gasps. "I- I'm sorry- I'm doing my best, I swear! I'll try-" "Oh, you'll try? You're *sorry*?" Queen B cackled, and Anneke cried out at another fierce swat of the flogger. "You worthless cunt, I don't work on apologies. I demand results. And when I don't get them..." she trailed off meaningfully, her dark gaze sparkling up into Anneke's quailing grey eyes. "At least *I* come through on my word. I don't suppose you remember what we said about your darling sister, hey?"

Anneke was practically choking on tears now, her composure crumbling despite her best efforts. *No- No, Queen B wouldn't dare-!* "Please, no," she began, her voice quavering despite herself. "Marie- she doesn't need to be involved-"

"Of course she doesn't *have* to be," Queen B smirked, gesturing at the muzzled Grunt waiting impassively by the wall. "But thanks to your lack of dedication, I've found it necessary to involve her after all. Believe me, girl – I'm on the verge of having your precious Marie join us any day now. And the moment you decide not to cooperate... well, I have no qualms whatsoever about having Grunt and his friends work their magic."

She laughed softly at the panic welling in Anneke's eyes. "Just think what a beauty she'd be: just eighteen... blonde and so naive and hopelessly stupid. And don't worry! I'd even let you be the one to decide how we break her in." She giggled malevolently, the unnatural sound echoing dismally through the chamber. "Let's see... I don't suppose she'd make a bad Class L; we *do* need a new mare in the barn for breeding. Though what about Class O? She'd make a lovely blonde candelabra, all decked out with plenty of wax candles. Fuck, I love seeing them twitch under all that hot wax... Or better yet – how about a urinal? That pretty young mouth, gaping wide open and ready for service?"

Anneke was struggling now: mindlessly, desperately, overcome with fear and rage. How dare this bitch threaten her sister like this?! And yet... even as she struggled, she knew what she was up against. Queen B was a sadist, no doubt about it – and so of course she might just be toying with her for fun. Yet Anneke also knew that Queen B had both the capability and the motivation to follow through on these horrendous threats. Her own aching limbs and tight bonds were testimony enough of *that*. And if Queen B thought kidnapping and forcing dear Marie into service in this kinky sex ring would benefit her – well, she would. No more questions asked.

So it was that, once she had finally willed herself to stop struggling, and once Queen B had finally ceased laughing at Anneke's pathetic struggles, the captive girl crumbled and agreed to her tormentor's demands. After which, in a mocking show of mercy, she was lowered and released from

her bonds, sinking down into a limp and undignified heap at her Queen's feet.

"Good girl," Queen B commended as she struggled shakily to her feet, rubbing gingerly at the rope marks that clung to her naked body like rosy tattoos. "I knew you'd see reason once I made the stakes clear." She turned to Grunt and motioned at the hapless young woman before her. "Now, don't go forgetting our guest's decorations. Can't have her forgetting her place while she's with us, can we?"

Anneke winced as Grunt's leather muzzle and burly muscles approached, and the cold weight of the familiar collar settled around her neck. "Right back home where you belong," Queen B smiled, her eyes narrowing in sadistic satisfaction as Grunt drew it tightly around Anneke's neck and snapped the lock shut with a grim finality. "Now then, 27547. Now that you're properly dressed, why don't you go pay a visit to your dear little limp-dick boyfriend? And don't go getting any funny ideas. Remember – Grunt will absolutely fuck you up the second you get out of line."

"Yes, ma'am," Anneke muttered, her eyes downcast. Her stomach was knotting in revulsion at the magnitude of the heart-wrenching treachery she was about to perform. But she had to, she told herself fiercely as she limped awkwardly out, following Grunt's massive frame. She'd had zero choice but to accept the terms of Queen B's deal; it was either that or allow her poor sister to get sucked into this hellish nightmare...

And after all, it wasn't anything much more severe than what she'd promised in the beginning, right? She knew what Queen B wanted – had always wanted – from her. She'd promised to give it to her. So now, though the bare thought of what Ethan was about to undergo hurt her like a knife stabbing deep into her chest, she knew she'd have to make good on that promise... no matter what.

Ethan, she found herself praying desperately as doors drifted past and the garish colors of the corridor began to fade into a nauseatingly sweet smear of pastels. *Ethan... please. Please forgive me for what I'm about to do...*