

## 14 - Divine Revelation

As advanced as a horrid dimension like this one could be, the technological advancements were obvious in as many obvious ways as there were subtle ones. Where it was evident could be recounted by Dawn from her brief vacation here, assuming she were of a saner mind, at the moment.

Instead, she continued her pattern of lifelessness, boredly listening to the digital beeps and bops of every price tag scanned by the cashier. One such item that didn't go unnoticed was the already opened package of diapers. The missing member of the platoon? Secured around Dawn's waist...

"So you just got her? Oh, congratulations!" The cashier cooed while Katherine continued to unload from the carriage.

"Yeah...she's a little bit of a handful, though." Katherine chuckled.

Dawn kneaded her knuckle against the carriage handle, biting her tongue and doing her damndest to not mind her own business, otherwise she'd be cussing out yet another stranger for getting involved in *her* business.

"Oh, and actually, the pants she's wearing are from the store too..." an apologetic voice was wheeling her forward. "Do I need to take them off of her?"

The cashier waved her hand. "Nope, not an issue! We usually keep these tags on the back, anyway... 'scuse me, sweetiepie!"

And before she could resist, refuse her consent, another probing hand like it was some kind of free show gingerly took the waistband of Dawn's pants, tugged it down some for anyone who may have thought the diaper bulge wasn't enough already, then held her like that until a loud red beep signified the price scan.

"So obedient, too!" The cashier complimented. A compliment for Katherine. A mocking comment for Dawn.

"She can behave when she wants to..." Katherine sounded partially in agreement, but that only made Dawn give her an angry look, hidden from the cashier.

No more beeping. Plastic bags were loaded into the cart. Was it finally over? Had she suffered enough?

“Oh and actually, I have a few of the display tags for some furniture I was hoping to order...”  
Gee, what furniture? A new couch, perhaps?

“Yep!” The cashier pepped right up. “We take care of that here...” She muttered with a scanning eye over a few slips Dawn didn’t remember seeing. Then again, she did her utmost to try and tune out all the shopping. Even if she cracked at the end, things were going well up until then.

“Are you looking to have these delivered today? It is a bit extra since it’s getting to be midday...”

“Yes, that’s fine.” Oh boy, and paying the premium for delivery? Dawn rolled her eyes. She’d definitely be having this used against her. More “Good will” and “faith” she’d be spitting on.

“Okay, you can swipe your card here. A name and an address, please?”

“Katherine Foster, at 72 Providence Road?”

“Okay...! Just swipe right here, please. Do you know when you’re going to be home to receive this stuff?”

“It can come sooner rather than later. We’re headed home right after this.”

Please. Let it come never. Let the delivery truck catch flames or be stolen.

“Perfect. Thank you, and congratulations! She’s a real cutie! Bye-bye!” She specifically waved at Dawn with a cute smile, yet Dawn was more than obliged to frown right back at her. And that was that. Just like in her home dimension. Two people with an ire hatred for each other exchanging the stink eye, then be on their way. At least that was universal.

“Uh-oh!” But it wasn’t. Of course it couldn’t because that would make too much sense. Dawn didn’t have any sense in a place like this, and thinking she ever had it was just another sign of how badly she was slipping. “Careful, Mommy! I think baby needs a nap when you get home!”

Getting in the last word. Of course she had to. The ridiculousness of how petty all these people were! The look in Dawn’s eye showed how ready she was to shout back, and just as she was, Katherine’s hand fell on hers on the bar.

“Please...” A tired, disappointed look on Katherine’s face. In close proximity Dawn was the only one party to the expression of sheer grief on the Amazon. “Don’t cause a scene?”

Dawn's body froze up as she quietly sat back down with a soft crinkle. Her? Making a scene? Like she was the problem? Offended didn't even begin to describe it. But as she was teeming with rage, it made her want to engage so much less. It was a continuous cycle. Yell, scream, then be ignored while the other side complained just as much, then the status quo would remain simply because they were bigger. Every Amazon was just a brick wall.

Dawn was partially left to her devices in the car, strapped in the car seat while Katherine unloaded the carriage into the back of the car. They didn't converse. They didn't chat. No looks. Nothing. It was becoming a kind of interaction that only happened when it needed to, and it was completely initiated by Katherine.

Unloading didn't take much longer, and after a quick deposit of the carriage nearby Katherine was back in the driver's seat. It was quiet all the same, but thankfully not from an eerie kind of stance. From Dawn's perspective, Katherine was quietly browsing her phone before holding it to her ear.

"James, hon?"

Dawn was going to get permanent creases from all the frowning she was doing. She wanted to shout for the speaker, for inclusion, but she knew that she wouldn't get it. Sit and suffer. Be seen and not be heard.

"Hey honey...you're on break right now, right? Mhm..." A small sigh left her breath, and Dawn sort of took pride in the belief that she was causing it. "We just got out of the store. We got some basic stuff as well as some furniture. No, it's being delivered later today... Mhm...yeah, that sounds good. Let's do that. Oh, and when you're on your way home, could you get us some melon juice?"

Instinctively, Dawn tried leaning forward to hear, but her taut car seat straps snugly kept her in place.

"It's..." Another sniff. "We can talk when you're home; I don't wanna wrap you up right now. Talk to you soon, kay? Love you."

When she hung up the phone, there apparently wasn't anything to fill Dawn on, which she doubted, but didn't press on. In a way it was a calm, relaxing drive back home, ignoring all the tense emotions laid between the two women.

Katherine hoisted her out of the seat once they were in the driveway and carried her up to the front door. It was irritating in itself by how desensitized Dawn was already starting to feel about

the notion of being carried in the short time she already had been. Whether she liked it or not, her body was still getting careless and didn't feel so uncomfortable anymore.

Dawn could already hear the barking and scratching on the other side. Waver's sixth sense, no doubt, like all dogs had.

The golden furball was hopping on Katherine's thighs as he joyfully barked with a wagging tongue and tail.

"Easy boy, easy!" Katherine tried to calm the pet down in a giggly voice, but the energy wasn't all there like it'd been this morning.

The dog had relented long enough for Katherine to get inside, setting Dawn on the floor as the dog paced in circles, but delighted to have one of its prey on an even playing field.

"Cut...cut it out...!" Dawn tried not to smile, trying to push away the giant dog as it licked her face. In the corner of her eye she did catch a faint smile from the corner of Katherine's mouth.

Nope. That was enough to kill her emotions completely.

Dawn forced her smile away and looked up at Katherine expectantly.

"Take this thing off of me."

Like she was still watching the phantom image of Dawn playing with the dog, she finally refocused. "Take...what? Your diaper? Did you wet it already?"

That was a question with some whiplash.

"What? No? Why would I? I played your game. I didn't make a scene at the store. Now take this diaper off me." Dawn stood firm.

"You'll get a new one when you need changing." Katherine explained like it was two plus two.

Dawn came back with one minus one. "I'm not being changed at all. I'm taking the diaper off then putting nothing else back on."

"And we already discussed that it's inappropriate to walk around naked."

"Then I'll wear pants! Why didn't we go buy any panties?!"

If there was one thing Dawn knew how to give Katherine, it was stress.

“Because LPS would not approve. And you just finished messing yours in the store? Wouldn’t you rather have a wet diaper than have an accident in your pants?”

Flabbergasted. Dawn’s mouth hung agape for just a second. “I...I don’t have accidents...! I use the toilet! It was that chocolate, I’m telling you!”

“Chocolate like every other food makes us need to use the bathroom, Dawn...” Katherine explained with a sigh, missing Dawn’s point entirely by opting for the objective truth.

“Yes, but I mean that chocolate was drugged or something! It was...I don’t know...a laxative? Either way, it’s not fair! I don’t need diapers!” Was all her credibility gone now? Was that all it took? One dirty trick from a stranger to tarnish her reputation with non-disposable underwear for good?

“You’re fine, Dawn,” Katherine decided for her, “now can you please come over here? I want to take the tag off your pants.”

Fuming, Dawn did come over then turned her back. She felt the strong tug on her pants that snapped the plastic strings that tied the shopping tag to the clothes.

“Okay...all set.” Katherine stood back up. “I’m going to bring in everything we bought, okay? Can you stay here and be good?”

“Can you take my diaper off?” Dawn frowned up at her.

Katherine sharply exhaled. “Fine then. Don’t be.” And without another word she walked back outside to the driveway, leaving the door half open.

Honestly, why ask stupid questions if you don’t want stupid answers? Dawn turned the other way, watching the dog, Waver expectantly paced in circles with his eyes on her the entire time.

Looking around, she saw a wicker basket by the door and behind the couch filled with undeniably dog toys. Picking out something that resembled a tennis ball, she held it out to the dog.

Waver perked up immediately, freezing in place with tensed muscles. The hunter’s stance. He was ready.

“Fine...” Dawn smiled a tiny bit. “Fetch.” She said right before chucking it with reckless abandon into the kitchen. Immediately the dog scampered after it, scraping the kitchen floor with his nails all the way.

While she waited she looked back at the doorway. It was open for Katherine to get in and out...

She peered her head out into the driveway. By the car Katherine was busy with half her head stuck inside, moving things around, getting bags closer to the front. Distracting work.

Directly outside was the front lawn, and in front of that was a sidewalk. Down the suburban neighborhood it went. Down somewhere. Somewhere that wasn't here. As if to test for an invisible alarm, she stepped onto the metal doorframe. Nothing yet, other than her naked feet feeling all the individual grooves of the frame. She took another step out onto the cement landing right before the steps. Nothing either. Another step and another, she'd descended one of the steps. Another and another...and another, and she was on the lawn now.

Looking over, Katherine was still busy getting things in order.

It was a calm decision, of all things. No hastiness, no panicked heartbeat or pumping adrenaline. Maybe a calm walk or mild jog, Dawn made the conscious and casual choice to make her way across the lawn, away from the house and onto the sidewalk. Then she started moving. Down she went and away.

Was it really this easy? She tried not to laugh. All those tears, frustration and anger felt almost silly with how simple it was for her to just walk out like that. She was free. Sort of. This was the start. She continued her small jog down the sidewalk, finally reaching a point where the house was out of view. Success! Though every step was unfortunately not a full one. Part of her hips would swing with her step, courtesy of the bulky diaper between her legs, and not to mention the dreaded sound it made. The asphalt sidewalk was rough on her feet, but it hardly mattered when it was the price for freedom.

Now what? She'd need to get to the Portal Station, somehow. She'd figure it out one way or another. Sneak inside, slip through a portal, then she was home. Such few steps in her mind which is why it felt so easy. So tangible. Much easier than whatever fake jargon James and Katherine were lying to her about.

And as she walked, she finally came across someone. In front of another suburban home was a lawn filled with flower beds. Bright and colorful, some were tall and distracting. She could hear laughing and giggling getting louder as a sudden face emerged from the greenery and colors.

Dawn came face to face with a young man. Well built, mid twenties with a sharp jawline. But what wasn't handsome, sharp and angular was his crotch. Round and expanded, rather, hiding behind the shorts he was dressed in. They both shared a look of surprise as they stared at one another.

“Uhm...hey there...” Dawn quietly waved, feeling as awkward and unnerved as ever. Another “Little”, looking like as much of a captive as Dawn did, except was that his laughing voice just now? He was having “fun”?

“Uhm...hi...” He had a deep pitch to his voice, but it sounded lighter than it should have. More innocent, fluffy. “What are you doing here?”

“Looking for a Portal Station,” Dawn said, reminding herself that he was definitely not a tourist. “Do you know where the nearest one is? I need to get home, please.” On the other hand she was relieved to finally be speaking with a non-giant.

“Uh...” He innocently turned his whole head back over his shoulder, then back. “I can ask my mommy?” He offered with a lot less volume control for his voice.

Mommy. She shuddered at the word. It didn't take much more to figure something out. He wasn't right in the head. Not like he should be.

“N...nevermind...” Dawn knew this wouldn't go anywhere but bad and fast. Come to think of it, if Littles were treated as much like children as she thought they were, no parenting Amazon in their right mind would let their Little out unsupervised. Shit. She needed to go.

Dawn tried briskly walking away as if to insinuate nothing was wrong, but she could hear the loud man-child shout from his lungs, “HEY MOMMMY? WHAT'S A PORTAL STATION AND WHERE IS IT?!”

Forget how her feet felt, Dawn went back to jogging. The turn of the block was coming just up, actually. Yes! Progress!

“Whoa there, munchkin!”

And failure. Dawn shrieked with horror as she was swooped up into the air against her will, then came face to face with a rosy-cheeked plump woman in a baseball cap.

“What are you doing out here all on your own, huh?” She looked past Dawn both ways down the sidewalk. “Are you walking with your mommy or daddy?”

Dawn followed her eyes that moved down to her bare feet. “Uh-oh, somebody on a little adventure?”

“I’m trying to get *home*.” Dawn seethed. “Now please, put me down so I can get to a Portal Station!”

“A portal station?” The Amazon raised her eyebrow. “Sweetheart, I don’t think you have any business with a grown-up place like that...--”

“Mommy?” The same man from earlier was now tugging at the Amazon’s pants. Both females looked down at him. “What’s a Portal Station?”

“A place where grown-ups use to do business, honey.” She placatingly answered before giving her perplexed look back to Dawn. “Honey, do you have a name? What are you doing out here by yourself?”

“Dawn.” She begrudgingly replied. “Look, I wasn’t bothering you, so could you please stop bothering me? This doesn’t concern you!” She did her best to wriggle, but she, like all other giants, had an iron grip.

“I think it does if I see a lost, barefoot Little walking around by herself?” The Amazon countered, shifting her hold so now Dawn was against her hip. The perfect posture for the stranger to pull out the back of her diaper.

“H-hey!” Dawn shouted with a blush.

“Don’t worry, you’re still dry,” She smiled, like she knew what Dawn’s concern actually was. “Now Dawn, this is my little boy Tommy. Tommy, can you say ‘hi’ to Dawn?”

“Hi...” He waved, suddenly with a shy voice as he half-hid behind the Amazon’s leg.

“No need to be shy, sweetie, she’s just a baby like you!” She cooed down at the manchild while Dawn gave the side of her head a disgusted look.

“Put me down.” She tried to sound authoritative, but it did so little to someone who just checked her diaper.



“Do you know your Mommy or Daddy’s name, sweetheart?” The Amazon asked, outright ignoring her.

“Yeah, first name Fuck, last name You.” She frowned with rock-bottom levels of patience.

“Excuse me?” The Amazon’s face that wore a creeping mask of superficial pleasantries shifted into a stern frown, like she caught a young child saying a...bad word. Not a very flowery comparison.

All it took was the frown though. The stern voice with her dominating size. Whatever high Dawn was feeling from dealing with Katherine, a familiar Amazon all day, all her gusto seemed to wash away with just a single look. A phantom fear suddenly flashed her torment in that bathroom. The overly-sized curly-haired woman as she stripped her, setting her out for straight ruin...

“K...Katherine...” Dawn spoke truthfully, yet with a numb tongue. Escape wasn’t impossible, probably...but she just needed to be set down. Play nice, get her trust...

“Well, Dawn, once we find your Mommy we’re going to find just how much trouble you’re in for being out here on your own *and* saying bad words.”

“Mommy? What’s ‘fuck’?”

The Amazon’s eyes widened with shock and disbelief, gasping in horror. Dawn, in spite of the fear, uncertainty and worry, spat a small amount of air.

“P--pff...” A devious grin started creeping on her face, just long enough for the woman holding her to notice. Now she looked angry, yet could be sweet as sugar to the enslaved and broken man innocently tugging at the leg of her pants.

“Tommy! *Never* say that word again, okay? It’s a word grown-ups use when they’re very angry, and babies are *not* allowed to say it.” With her closing remark, she gave Dawn an angry look. Good. It felt good.

“Oh...” The Little pondered what should have been a basic explanation, yet you could see the gears in his head turning unnervingly slow for how they should be for a normal person his age. “So how come she said it?” He even pointed his finger at Dawn, in case anyone forgot who the offender was.

“Because she’s a very naughty girl who is about to get a spanking.” She said plain as day which robbed the rest of the air from Dawn’s lungs. A...spanking? Was she serious? She couldn’t do that, right? She was a complete stranger!

“*DAWN!*” A loud voice shouted from a distance.

All three turned their heads to an Amazon nearly sprinting down the sidewalk, fast and with purpose, eyes filled with tears.

“*Dawn! Dawn!*” Katherine nearly collided with the other woman just in trying to stop herself. Without hesitation she plucked Dawn from the woman’s arms, hugging her tightly to the point Dawn almost thought she was about to break a bone from the pressure.

“*Dawn!*” Katherine heaved, sniffing and gasping for air. “What...what were you doing?! You don’t *ever* run away like that, do you hear me?!” She sobbed and didn’t hold Dawn any less tight.

And so, the jig was up... Dawn sat there in her arms, emotionless and without response, feeling fully and completely defeated. There wouldn’t be a second chance like this. Not by a long shot.

Pressing Dawn’s head against her chest, Katherine with streaks of tears in her eyes profusely spoke with raw, pained emotion. “Th-thank you. Thank you so much for finding her!” She cried out to the other woman.

“I’m glad my little one Tommy spotted her when he did! I knew something was wrong when I saw a barefoot Little walking around all by herself.”

“I helped!” Tommy so proudly declared...already after his merits had been stated for him.

“Th...” She paused with each and every sniffle or hiccup. “Thank you, honey...” She smiled down at the Little.

Suddenly Dawn was pulled away, now face to face with the tearful Amazon looking anything but cheery.

Well crap. Dawn slowly started to turn her head away. It was hard to look at her for some reason...

“*Why* did you leave like that?” Katherine cried as she asked, but the anger couldn’t be misplaced. “Don’t you know how dangerous it is?! You can’t *ever* go out walking by yourself! What if somebody took you?!”

And take her off to a better life? Dawn practically rolled her eyes. She didn’t answer, and Katherine didn’t wait for long before going back into a hug, squeezing the life out of her.

And from the gap between Dawn’s ear and Katherine’s chest, it heard, “I’m sorry about her...” Apologizing for her? For what, walking around like the independent adult she was? Sorry for legitimizing her age by accidentally letting her do something that she’s more than capable of?!

“New Mama, I take it?” The woman from Dawn’s perspective sounded like all smiles again. Naturally. She sounded like her face was made of layers, all a different emotion she could portray as needed. All fake, hiding a gross, annoying know-it-all Amazon. God, she was even starting to become more and more opinionated now...

“Yes...very new...” Katherine was still wiping tears, but Dawn as her security blanket continued to calm her down. “Thank you, again. So, so, so much...! I-I was just unloading the car from shopping and I left her inside. I kept the front door open so I could bring everything in. I didn’t see her anywhere when I went inside, and...” Her voice trailed the more she sounded like she wanted to recount the memory less and less. Did she really care that much? Could Dawn make her that panicked and frazzled? By just going out on her own? Apparently an entire week of being in a tour group counted for nothing...

Dawn tried to push against Katherine for space, yet her hold was firm. Rock solid. Dawn wasn’t going anywhere.

The other Amazon nodded with a loud noise of understanding. “Yep, I had a few close calls with my Tommy here when I first adopted him. You leave the backyard gate open one time when he’s playing on his swing set and the next he thinks of himself as an explorer...”

“I *am* an explorer!” Tommy annoyedly whined from his “mommy’s” leg.

She knelt down to pat his head. “Yes you are, sweetie, but only where I can see you!” Then stood back up, sighing with reminiscent relief. “Thank goodness for adoption chips... At least that way these tykes can’t get far...!”

Chip? The hell? What was she talking about? Dawn spun her head to look at Tommy. Was...was there a chip on him? Did it make him act like a kid? Whatever it was, it wasn’t right. Inhumane, whatever the fuck she was talking about.

“Right...” Katherine nodded her head, yet the woman continued.

“My name is Vanessa, by the way,” She held out a hand, which Katherine shook. “And assuming she was telling the truth,” because Dawn apparently no longer had any credibility, “you must be Katherine?”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“Well, Katherine, it definitely seems like you might have a handful to deal with. A bit of a potty mouth too, unfortunately.”

“She didn’t...” Oh yes she did, and more than that, the shock, the disappointment in Katherine’s voice, could it have felt any more out of place? She sounded so possessive, controlling, like Dawn’s actions somehow reflected Katherine’s reputation. They weren’t connected no matter what anyone said!

Vanessa solemnly nodded, like she was disclosing she had an incurable disease. “She used the F-U-C-K word with me, and unfortunately Tommy overheard...”

“*Dawn!*” Katherine’s voice turned from worry to shock as the spotlight shifted.

“She wouldn’t put me down.” Dawn plainly replied. She didn’t even know why she was giving a reason. It never mattered. Might means right, and the rest is history.

Before Katherine’s words could come to light, “If I could make a suggestion?” Vanessa spoke up, “Whenever my son needs a little discipline on how we use our words, soap does the trick when you need to wash those dirty words out of their mouths. Walking off on their own definitely calls for a spanking. They need to know that their actions have consequences to keep them from repeating, Katherine.”

Dawn couldn’t want to leave any more. The Portal Station was a bust, but now she really did want to go back to the house. That hadn’t changed. And more importantly, her mouth had already been soaped once by an egotistical Amazon bitch.. No fucking way it would happen again.

“Thank you for the advice,” Katherine smiled. “I...I’m sorry, I think I need to bring her back home before she gets herself into any more trouble...Vanessa? Thank you so much. If you wouldn’t mind, could we exchange numbers? It definitely will not, but in case something like this ever happens again...”

“Nope, no need to explain. I understand completely.” Vanessa smiled while she produced a phone. “Littles need a lot of love, but they also need discipline just as much to show how much we love them even more.” She nodded like it was some cultic mantra.

Secure in Katherine’s arms, they finally made the dreaded walk back home.

“Why...” Dawn could feel Katherine’s body shaking. “Why did you do that? Why did you run away?” Her voice trembled and sounded afraid.

She didn’t exactly feel a reason to lie, but she already knew what was about to be thrown at her. If she could already predict the outcome though, maybe it did say something about her actions. Not that she’d ever admit to it. “...I was going to go to the Portal Station on my own.”

“On your own?! By yourself?!” Shock, surprise, and disbelief somehow hit her tone all at once. “Dawn...don’t you know how far away that is?”

“No.” Not like it mattered. Not like anyone would tell her. Something worth doing was obviously a challenge, and getting to her actual home was certainly just that.

“Th-that’s...” Katherine tried to find her words, spacing her thoughts with upset and angry puffs of air. “You can’t be by yourself without an Amazon that you know you can trust.”

Whoa there. Dawn glared at her. “Yeah, and I don’t need an Amazon to walk me around. I’m perfectly fine.”

“No, you’re not.” Her words cut her in an odd way. “It doesn’t matter how old or how independent you think you are. When you’re outside, you’re either with me, James, or someone else that we trust. Understood?”

“Yeah. Whatever. I trust myself.”

It was hardly an agreement, which is why Katherine only sobbed more.

“I...I only want what’s best for you! Why do you have to fight me over every little thing?! Do you really hate me that much? That you’re willing to put yourself in danger if it means disobeying me?”

“...Yeah, actually.” Dawn supposed with a look of eureka on her face. “Yeah!” She started laughing while Katherine looked down on her with silent shock. “I hate you so much, Katherine, and I hate James too! I  *fucking*  refuse to go along with your stupid games. I won’t validate

whatever baby fantasies you both have. I'm an adult and nothing will change that. I don't wear diapers, I don't wear stupid baby clothes. I don't use a crib, I'm not a kid, and I KNOW HOW TO WALK ON MY OWN!"

The walk back home was much shorter than Dawn expected, only because she wasn't making the comparison of her own two legs and Katherine's. Surprisingly the front door was still wide open. Katherine truly must have come running. That being said, Waver, sat on the cement steps obediently and expectantly. As soon as he saw them both, he loudly barked with a wagging tail.

Katherine without a word stepped inside, waiting for Waver to follow in before shutting the door, then locking it. Of course it was good practice, but naturally Dawn couldn't help but feel it was personal. Gee, wonder why.

Before Dawn could be set down, Katherine kept walking upstairs with her and into the empty room she was staying in, save for the pile of bedding on the floor.

As angry, upset, and scared as Katherine was, she set Dawn on the floor with the same gentle touch she always had.

"Let's...let's both cool off for a bit..." Defeat felt in the air by both parties, her voice was thick and tired. The look on Katherine's face seemed like she wanted nothing more than this day to end. Oddly enough, Dawn felt somewhat good about it. Maybe she really did get the message across. Welcome to her world.

"...Call me if you need anything..." Katherine turned her back and started closing the door, ushering Waver out with her. And just before the door fully closed, it stopped right on the frame with a small crack.

She was leaving a small bit, just to check on Dawn, obviously. This was Dawn's thought process. Again, treating her like a child. Saying she couldn't go where she wanted without supervision, thinking she needs diapers... Angrily, she stomped over to the door, trying to slam it shut as best as she could, but the best she could muster was a hard press by leaning her body against it. Either way, she'd done what she set out to do by closing the door.

Alone. Finally. Turning back to the empty and destitute space, the tiny world was her oyster. Finally! Like what she wanted this morning, she was finally back in this dreary room. Filled with nothing, just the way she wanted it. All the time in the world to burn away by just sleeping and lounging. She didn't have to face anything now. Nothing at all!

Victory at last, at such a small cost, Dawn happily leapt onto the bed. And despite the ear-violating crinkle from her underwear, things felt nice.

She rolled and rolled, tossed and turned. Dozed off then and there.

After some time, there was a knock on the door. Dawn didn't bother to answer, and neither did they bother to wait for one.

"Did you want lunch...?" Katherine poked her head in. No rosy look or happy smile either.

"Nope. Now go away." Dawn's chin was resting on the pillow, pointed away from the door.

"I...I can order us something? We can get anything you want?" She tried once more. The more the day wore on, Dawn was recognizing more and more the constant, desperate attempts from this woman to form some kind of connection. And naturally, Dawn burned every bridge she tried to build, even if takeout sounded good.

"Don't care. Don't want anything."

"...Okay." The door closed.

More tossing and turning, spiced up by a bit of rolling.

A little bit later there was another knock on the door, but it opened not long after.

"I know you said you weren't hungry, but I made you something just in case..."

"Don't want it. Take it back."

"...I'll come back in a little bit and take what's left."

The door closed.

Dawn didn't bother turning her head for a few more minutes, but finally, begrudgingly, she did. On the floor was an Amazon-sized plate with a deceptively small amount of food on it. What was deceptive was relative sizes making it look small at first. When Dawn approached the sandwich it came into full view as just a normal sized sandwich. Dawn-sized.

Expecting something like drugs or a smashed up pill, Dawn lifted the corner of the bread like she was defusing a bomb. A yellow substance coated between what she figured was cheese and the bread. Some sort of cut of deli meat in between...A vegetable? It sort of looked like a radish...

Then she remembered her strike, dropping the corner of the sandwich before walking away. But it was too late, the seed had been sewn. This morning's lack of food was catching up to her as her stomach suddenly decided to grow and become a drama queen only when there was food in the room.

"One..." She muttered to herself bitterly. Walking back over to the plate, she carried it with both hands to the makeshift bed so she could sit down. For it to be Little sized, that meant working with Amazon proportions to start and shaving from there. The sandwich was a perfect square, sharp on the edges from where a knife likely cut off the crusts and then some. Slowly, she took a bite out of the corner.

Well crap. She nearly wanted to spit it out, she wanted to reject it so badly.

It was good. Starvation had a way of making even the most disgusting things look tasty, and this was sort of like that. Not because it looked bad, but because it was seemingly mundane and ordinary, yet read to her stomach as divine for simply being the first food it had experienced in a while.

One bite became two, then three...four...to eventually crumbs on a plate. Too late to spit it back on the plate now. She'd given into her urges and ate the whole thing. Dusting her hands off over the plate, she carried it back over to the floor and set it down, not once trying to consider who made it for her.

Now she was thirsty, but she wasn't about to go making any complaints about that. And when in doubt whether she was thirsty or hungry, surely she could fill her belly from sleep. Laying back down, after a truthfully long and tiring day, she embraced the silence with her head against the pillow, blissfully slumbering away.

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When she woke up undisturbed, the door was left partly open. Very much not closed the way she left it. The plate was gone and no one was standing in the doorway

Finally bored with her life left in a single room, Dawn walked into the hall and over to the stairs, sliding down each step, trying not to notice the crinkle with each time she sat on the steps. The first thing she heard were voices from the kitchen. Sounded like James was home. And also she



looked over at the door, seeing a few large boxes with packaging. Then on the corner of one she could see a design in black ink. A *crib*...

More importantly though, she went back to eavesdropping.

Katherine sounded inconsolable, crying even more than Dawn had heard her today.

“I...I don’t get it...! What did we do wrong? ...I love her so much, James! I just want more than anything for her to like us! I...I even yelled at her today! It hurts...it hurts so much!”

“Was she like this all day?” James sounded like he was standing over her. Dawn could imagine Katherine slumped over the island while James rubbed her back.

“Y-yes...! First it was after the LPS worker left and I tried calling you, then it was after I let her come out from the corner... She knew that we were interested in adopting her. Did you tell her?”

“...I did, when I brought her to the hotel, thinking that was it.”

She sniffled and blew her nose. “That’s fine...I’m glad she knows; I don’t want to keep that from her. But...she wasn’t happy. She hates me, James. She hates us. She was grumpy all day, pretending like I didn’t even exist! She wouldn’t talk to me, she barely seemed to care about whatever I bought for her. Ugh...!”

Apparently with her other half in the scene, she felt the ability to truly pour herself out. Something she couldn’t do just with Dawn around. And oddly enough, Dawn was angry out of jealousy. Katherine got the support system to bawl her eyes out to someone that would unconditionally understand her. Where was that for Dawn? She couldn’t just fucking phone up her boyfriend from another dimension to rant about a bunch of giants treating her like a baby!

“It’s gonna be okay, Kat...”

“Is...is it? When we got home...I made a mistake.” A mistake for letting Dawn think she had freedom. “I left Dawn inside while I went to go unpack the car. I left the door open so I could get back inside, but she used that to run outside when I didn’t notice. I got lucky, James...! I only found her because I guessed which way she ran! A neighbor found her and stopped her, but what if they didn’t? What if somebody *took* her James...!” Her voice only reached higher pitches as she continued to cry.

“She ran outside on her own?” James asked with surprise. To Dawn, there being any shock factor to that felt ridiculous.

“Yes... What...what if someone reported that? What if they saw us? If-if they knew we let her get out on her own--if LPS knew we let her run away...!”

“Okay, okay, Kat, honey, calm down, okay?” It sounded like he was getting physical, because Katherine only started sounding worse. Even Dawn, around the corner, was starting to feel weird.

“She hates me so much...! I want to mean the world to her, but everything I do gets no appreciation, no thanks, and it leaves me feeling like dirt!”

“It’s...I’m sure she’s trying to work through her own issues right now, too...She’s just not as good as dealing with them.”

Right, of course. Dawn was the problem. Always the Little, never the Amazon.

“But I wouldn’t know that...” Katherine dejectedly spoke. “I don’t know anything about her...She won’t talk to me. She barely asks for anything and I always have to guess what she wants or how she’s feeling, but she doesn’t show any emotion. She always gives me that look! Like she can’t be bothered with me in the slightest! I love her so much, James, and I’m not giving up, but I never thought a single day would be so hard...!”

Dawn kept listening in, James walked around in the kitchen, long enough for Dawn to not notice the difference when he was suddenly peering around the doorway, looking right down at her. Like he knew she was there the whole time.

Dawn looked up at him with a frown. “Hey.”

“In the kitchen.” His voice was immovable. Angry. Yep. He sounded angry. “Now.”

Katherine watched James escort the prisoner inside, holding a hand over her mouth while she cried, then turned back away. For an Amazon, Katherine was an awfully sobbing mess...

“Would you rather be sitting or standing?” James asked Dawn.

“Don’t care.”

“That wasn’t an answer.” He sounded far more impatient. Understandably. Dawn just finished her day making an absolute mockery of his wife. “Sitting or standing?”

“...Standing.”

“Then you can stay right there.” He crossed his arms. “Do you want to tell me what happened today?”

“Sounds like your wife gave you the gist...” Dawn deflected, truly believing her side of anything didn’t actually matter.

“So you’ve been a brat the whole day and went as far as to run away on your own?”

Dawn pursed her lips, trying to maintain a ‘don’t care’ kind of front. “...Yep.”

“Do you have *ANY* idea how much trouble you’ve caused today? Any at all?!”

Dawn balled her fists, finding the vocal anger in herself. “Do you know how much *shit* I’ve--”

“Language.” James sternly reprimanded.

Dawn’s muscles tensed even more as she bared her teeth. “AGGGHHHH! FUCK! SHIT! ASS! DICK! FUCK-FUCK-FUCKITY-FUCK. FUCKING COCKSUCKER! There! Language! How’s that for you! You *fucking stupid*--” A yelp was all she made the moment she was off the ground. James’ rock-iron grip with his arm around her had her flailing and kicking. “PUT ME DOWN! PUT ME DOWN YOU PIECE OF SHIT!”

“No, absolutely not.” His voice was teeming with anger, and Katherine worriedly followed them to the bathroom. Dawn had never seen their bathroom before. She would have liked to say it was nice, but frankly was too busy with what was apparently about to happen. With a strong slam he opened the shower door, and to Dawn’s absolute horror she saw him reach for a bar of soap.

“No, no...OKAY, FINE! I’M SORRY! I WON’T SWEAR ANYMORE!” All it took was the look of soap to put her on edge.

“You won’t after we wash out that filthy mouth of yours. Where did you learn that it was okay to say stuff like that? Especially to the people that are trying to care for you? Is this how you thank us, for everything that we do?”

“J-James...” Katherine with meek worry tried to talk from the doorway.

“Kath,” James started as he turned on the faucet. Dawn with whimpering horror saw him begin to wet the soap. “I think we’re all having a rough time, but that doesn’t mean we get to do

whatever we want because of it. We're watching over Dawn, and that means it's our job to watch her properly." He looked down at Dawn. "I also heard you were swearing at one of our neighbors today. Is that true?"

A whole other moment of frustration. Enough to make her burn right back into a rage. "You're fucking right I--" She tried to say, but a chunk of soap was lathering the inside of her mouth. Just as she spit it out coughing, James caught it right back in his hand. "Wh-what the fuck?!"

Back right in the soap went. "Until you're done talking like you're a sailor, we're going to keep doing this. Until the entire bar of soap is gone, if that's what it takes."

"LEAVE ME ALONE!" She cried after spitting out the soap, still with a mouth full of that metallic taste. "I DON'T WANT TO BE HERE! LET ME GET KIDNAPPED! LET SOMEBODY TAKE ME! ANYWHERE THAT DOESN'T HAVE YOU TWO TERRIBLE PE--" Apparently it wasn't just swear words that irked him. Anything bad at all, even.

"And we have ways of talking about the things we don't like, either." James angrily scolded. "You've had a field day it sounds like with all the trouble you've caused. A timeout should have been where all this attitude ended, but you've proven yourself to need even more punishment."

The dynamic like that went on for a bit longer. Katherine quietly watched from the door while James continued the wash-rinse-repeat of soaping her mouth, interrogating, then soaping again the moment she said something out of line. Somewhere along the way Dawn could hear the jingle of Waver's tags on his collar while Katherine quietly tried to shush the dog and move him along. Because it was an animal spectator that of course embarrassed Dawn.

Stacy's encounter was bad, demoralizing and horrid. This wasn't the same, but had its own level of badness. Needless to say, with each taste of soap Dawn was feeling less and less to the idea of saying something objectively bad...

As she spit out the last of the suds, she coughed with tears rolling down her cheeks. "F-fine..." She whimpered in a croaking voice.

"Are you finally ready to speak appropriately?"

"Y-yes..."

Whether he believed her or not, the sink finally turned off. James put half a bar of soap back in the shower before carrying her back into the kitchen.

“Now we’re going to try this again. Without the attitude.” James’ stern look was unyielding.  
“What happened today?”

“Everything happened...” Dawn bitterly replied, already flinching from the way James moved.  
“I...everything...Everything! I was treated like a baby the entire day! When...when that LPS worker came, and I was treated like a child. She didn’t listen to anything I had to say, and Katherine told me I was just seen as some kidnapped kid! When she called you I wanted to talk too since this is about ME, but she wouldn’t even include me! When I tried to be involved she put me in the corner for NO REASON! I’m tired of being treated like a kid! You both already know that I know you want to adopt me, so it makes sense why you won’t treat me like an adult! You never even wanted to!”

“That’s not true!” Katherine finally interrupted, wiping her eyes. “We just want to look out for you!”

“By putting me in diapers? Buying me baby clothes? A crib? A car seat?”

“Yes, because that’s the best way to care for you.” James included. “And as for your little stunt after getting back home from shopping, what were you thinking?!”

“What was I thinking? I was thinking that I wanted to go *home*!” Dawn cried. “No one felt like taking me to the Portal Station because they were too busy or thought it was a dumb idea. I DON’T CARE IF IT’S DUMB! Even if I don’t have a chance, I can’t just not try! I just lost my entire day to shopping for all the different ways I’m going to be treated like a baby, all the while everyone else got to go back to my actual dimension! Neither of you have ANY idea how that makes me feel! You don’t know how much it hurts! How powerless I feel! I don’t care if I have to break the law! I don’t care if it worries you or Katherine! I’ll do anything to get home! You both are just getting in the way! If you really wanted me to understand and cooperate, you would have humored me. You would have shown me what an idiot I was for thinking there was a chance! You’d have taken me just to prove what an idiotic idea it was. At least let me see for my own eyes that my group finally left. I just wanted closure! Some final proof so I know that I really do have to go through the long haul! Don’t just push me along and tell me how it is! TREAT ME LIKE A PERSON!”

Her whole body was shaking and her head felt like it was on fire. Tears rolled down her cheeks like streams, all the while James’ expression hardly looked any different, while Katherine sat again at the island, quietly crying herself. So much her legs wanted to give out; she shouted all the energy out of her body. Yet she tried to stand firm, just to look something more than pitiable.

James quietly exhaled.

“Thank you for telling us about how you feel. You are right. We can’t fully understand what you’re going through, but that doesn’t change the fact that you can’t take it out on us, no matter what. You could have talked to us this morning much more appropriately about this than how we have to handle this now. None of this is any excuse to treat Katherine like someone less than just because you’re having a bad day.”

“A bad day...?” Dawn’s voice cracked at the sound of his words. “My entire life has been ruined, and you call that just a bad day? Where...WHERE DO YOU AND YOUR SHITTY WIFE GET--”

She was off the ground faster than she could blink.

“J-James!” Katherine raised her voice.

Dawn’s mind was in a tizzy as she tried to figure out what was going on.

“No. We’re done.” James in one stroke yanked off Dawn’s pants, laying her over his knee. “We have given her multiple chances to talk things through and express her feelings, appropriately and maturely. We do not say bad words when we’re angry; we talk things out when we’re upset.”

“Wh-what are you doing?!” Dawn kicked her legs, but she was powerless against the male giant. She looked at Katherine’s expression, stricken with fear.

“James, please! She *is* having a tough time!”

“And we aren’t?” In a just as smooth motion, James pulled on the back of Dawn’s diaper and slipped it past her hips and down to her ankles. “Dawn, you need to learn that actions have consequences. We’ve been plenty lenient enough as it is, but I will absolutely NOT tolerate the way you talk about my wife and I. Katherine has been nothing but loving and caring to you, and the way you treat her is unacceptable. If you want to be a brat, you’re going to be disciplined like one.”

“Right, because I’m just a stupid kid, right?” Nervousness was thick in Dawn’s throat. She was already on the verge of more tears. “Go ahead, fine! Do your--”

There was a crack of thunder outside, and yet somehow it hit Dawn indoors. Her muscles tensed and her back arched inwards, feeling the jolt of electricity run through her. She felt the immediate burn of lightning on her bottom, then she realized it wasn’t lightning.

“One.”

“James, that’s enough!”

Before Dawn could process what’d happened, there was a second crack directly on her behind. A rough and firm palm collided with her backside, slapping skin with skin as the burn only intensified already to an unbearable degree.

She whimpered as she grit her teeth, flailing her legs just to find some way to dissipate the heat!

“Two. Three more.”

Th...three more? Three?! Make that two, as she was spanked once more.

It was a whole new surreal feeling. The worst so far had been getting her mouth washed out. But being spanked? It was a whole new terrible feeling. Belittling, humiliating, and excruciatingly painful.

“James, please! She’s learned her lesson!”

“No she hasn’t. Dawn needs to remember why she needs to behave.” Another crack on her bottom. It felt like she was bleeding, like she was close to dying!

Dawn’s body would jolt on its own, but overall she hung there on his knee lifelessly, sobbing from the terrifying pain. She’d never felt something that hurt so much before. She wanted more than anything for it to end!

And finally, one last smack that filled the room alongside Dawn’s crying. Dawn from her position watched Katherine standing, hands over her mouth as she couldn’t contain her tears. It was unbelievable. It was no secret to Dawn by just how much of a nuisance she’d been today. How much trouble and turmoil she’d caused, and how much she twisted the knife into Katherine. Truthfully, maybe she wasn’t deserving of it all. But in the moment it felt good. Now? Seeing her weep for Dawn, even while she was punished for the very things she did to her supporter, finally a rottenness was building inside of her. A foul piece of herself she couldn’t ignore, like every slap on her bottom seemed to bring it forth inside of her. It was an ugly mass that was a product of circumstance.

When it was finally over, the added insult to injury surely must have been that her diaper was forcefully tugged back on. The pants stayed off though when Katherine swooped her into the air and into a tight hug.

“I’m...I’m sorry,” Dawn croaked. It was half true. Katherine’s entire motive was unforgivable, but other things were, as were other things simply nothing wrong. Dawn just wanted to see it that way.

She was forcefully nuzzled into the crook of Katherine’s neck, continuing to sob as she shook her head, rocking her torso from side to side.

“No, no, Dawn, sweetie, it’s okay, alright? We’re not mad! You’ve just been having a tough day, right? It’s okay now, sweetheart. We forgive you. Everything is gonna be fine now, okay? It’s all better now and we’re on a clean slate.”

Dawn looked back over at James who was picking up her pants off the ground. She didn’t see the neutral Amazon she remembered from before. An instinctive fear rose up in her chest now. She knew James had strength, and what terrified her even more was knowing now that he wasn’t afraid to use it. The closest thing to a friend had disappeared entirely. Instinctively, she clutched Katherine a little tighter with an aching feeling by the way her burning bottom throbbed.

“You can always express your emotions and how you’re feeling, Dawn,” James started, “But there will be no more being mean to me or Katherine. Do I make myself clear?”

With the fear of God put into her, Dawn quietly nodded.

James looked as if he was going to say something, but didn’t.

“...I’m going to get started on the furniture.” James shifted topics, then excused himself to the living room.

Dawn sat there in Katherine’s arms, at a total loss for what happened. Her mind was a mess trying to think of any coherent thoughts. The blistering pain from a spanking she never could have expected was dominating her mind right then.

“Does it still hurt...?” Katherine quietly asked.

A simple question, yet the mere thought of it finally bridged the feeling on her backside to her emotions. She needed something to grab, and the fabric of Katherine’s sweater was just that.

“Y-yeah...!” Dawn sniffled, trying to compose herself, but the pieces kept falling apart. It wasn’t much longer until she was back to wailing, burning her throat from so much noise like her bottom burned right then.



That night had become chillingly enlightening.