

### 30 - Rinse, Repeat

Wondering why she needed to be seen by a doctor would've been a bit silly at this point. Even if it was confusing at first, Dawn had done enough thinking in her car seat to consider the reasons they were going to one.

Adoption centers take kids, and kids without records obviously need them...including the need to know whether they're physically sound or not. And while it irked the woman to be considered "part of the system," remembering that she was just another Little to most of the nannies at least made the oh-so bitter pill manageable to swallow.

But thankfully there were silver linings between the suffering.

"We're here!" the nanny announced as Dawn's shoulders could finally move again. She rolled them while she ascended and saw the small, nondescript building right in front of them, among just a few other flat-roofed blocks in a small plaza just off the main road. Naturally it was all foreign to her, but even then there was a slight expectation that was seemingly not met.

There wasn't anything like a quaint village sort of aesthetic compared to the doctor James took her to. No pastels or shingled roofs; just concrete blocks with standard signs and glass pane windows. Right between Tom's Pharmacy and a Lots of Love, which for Amazonian reasons Dawn did not want to know more about.

But as dull and boring as it was, the lack of there being something to it honestly made her hopeful. Glad, even? If they weren't trying to cater to baby-crazed Amazons, just maybe there was something slightly less twisted about this place. She was going to see a *doctor*. Not a cruel take on the profession of a pediatrician, nor any sort of person "specializing in Littles." A people doctor, because that's what Dawn was. A person.

There was a bell above the door that rang when the nanny walked them inside. The chairs were similar to the other waiting room, though maybe slightly less cushioning. No interesting paintings or murals on the walls. No train riding around the ceiling of the room. No toys for kids to play with to occupy themselves. Different shades of gray tile on the floor. It was everything Dawn had hoped for, and just maybe even brought a tear to her eye.

It was boring.

Except for them entering the clinic and an Amazon behind a desk boredly skimming through her phone, the place was completely empty.

“Slow day?” The nanny spoke Dawn’s mind to the receptionist, who blinked and looked up from her screen, only remembering to smile after noticing the only Little in the room.

“Usually how mornings on days like this go,” she shrugged, stealing another glance at the Little. It was yet another Amazon who had either lost out on the genetic lottery or decidedly squandered their own blessings. Generously plump and erring on overly-done in makeup. “Happily Ever After, right?” Her oddly matte orange-painted lips unsettled the munchkin watching her lips curl into a smile.

“The one and only!” the nanny chuckled, and she adjusted the diaper bag over one shoulder and squeezed the waist of Dawn who was near the other. “And I know; we must make this place look like a revolving door, right?” The two Amazons shared a laugh. “It’s an appointment for Dawn.”

“You can head right in through the back,” the receptionist pointed from her swivel chair, and Dawn could only wonder if it was her second-hand mobile scooter for the workplace.

Forgive her for being spiteful to a stranger, however. Given she was stuck in a dimension obsessed with diapers run by a society of giants running on circular logic, every day made it easier being so mean-spirited.

“Thank you~!” she sang and the pair departed even deeper into the clinic. “Now if I had to bet...” the nanny mischievously mumbled, and Dawn admired the dimly-lit hallway in all its lackluster splendor. “I think the room is right here!” she decided with a firm knock on a closed door.

It was nondescript, other than a printed card that was laminated and inserted into a metal holder on the front of the door, reading with a simple room number 404, despite this being the first floor. The only floor?

And after a loud knob turning and a swinging door, Dawn was staring back at a big and bushy sprout of salt and pepper hairs seemingly sprouting from a man’s nose like it was a well-kept infestation.

“Ah– Veronica!” the Amazon man chirped in a raspy voice.

“Veronica?” the nanny repeated, sounding off her joking disapproval.

“Hm?” the elderly man hummed, then jostled his thickly-rimmed glasses. “Ah! You’re...you are...hrmmm...”

“Olivia?” the Amazon helped the man out, who burst open with a chuckle, indicating to Dawn that there actually was a mouth hiding under his mass of facial hair.

“Olivia!” he eureka’d, even wagging his aged finger. “I was gonna get there if you gave me enough time!”

“Sorry~, next time I’ll give you a better hint!”

“And this is...Dawn?” he asked while he adjusted his white coat, although despite it being about her, the question wasn’t directed at the Little.

“This is Dawn! Our newest arrival,” Olivia said, then followed the slightly taller man suffering from a hunch into his office.

Glass jars of swabs and popsicle sticks lined one of the stainless steel counters, also with mini shelves of bandaids, gauze, and more. Odd-looking metal canisters with complicated labels and even digital graphics built right into the casing, yet panning a seeming string of gibberish all along it.

A few posters were hung on the wall, but nothing that had to do with “Keeping your Little’s Tummy from Turning,” or “A Little’s Breast Friend!”

“And like always, the documents have been pre-stamped,” Olivia explained and Dawn watched the folder go from one youthful hand to a wrinkly other.

“Mmrhmm...” the man mumbled beneath his mustache, taking the bundle of papers over to a nearby counter. After a loud click from his pen he was already scribbling things on paper that Dawn was being carried too far away to see. But especially so when she was deposited onto the table in the very center.

“Let’s be *good* and sit still, okay?” Olivia coaxed in a sing-song voice, and Dawn went the way of ignoring her, but complying nonetheless. Not including the occasional fidget though from a wet diaper. There was no wax paper to sit on this time, and the thin, faded caramel-shaded cushioning on the table was somehow firmer and harder than Dr. W’s office.

“If you keep stamping an official seal on these before I get to write anything, it’s difficult to put in all the right stuff, you know...” the doctor mumbled with a squint through his thick-rimmed glasses.

“But you know how legalwork can take so long to process normally, right?” Olivia waved her hand. “Is it not better to have permission *and* forgiveness before you’ve even acted or asked?”

“...Permission for what?” Dawn spoke up, but Olivia was already quietly shushing her.

“Shhhh, let’s not be noisy while the doctor’s doing important paperwork, okay?” she smiled, but spoke condescending all the same.

After one final harrumph from the elder man, he stood back upright as best as his body would allow, then he shuffled over to the pair awaiting him.

“Alrighty then, let’s have a look,” he mumbled with a stethoscope now draped around his neck. “Today I have the pleasure of working with...!” he started so strongly, yet the drum roll ended in silence, finally glancing at Olivia for assistance.

“Dawn,” she helpfully chirped.

“Dawn!” the man repeated with enthusiasm, although it was the most Dawn would get to hear from him from then onwards. Whatever he was being paid, it was just the job and none of the festivities or pleasantries like Dr. W may have shown. The most important part though was just that. The sheer mundanity of his practice. The popsicle stick on her tongue was plain and bland. The stethoscope was cold against her bare chest and back. And even more to her surprise:

“Dawn, can you stand extra still for the doctor?” Olivia patiently asked, just as Dawn was realizing she was standing on her own two feet. On a scale. Not one where she was weighed and measured like a sack of potatoes. Like she was something more than an infant.

“Y-yeah...” she crinkled, but she complied.

And even when she was in place it still wasn’t proper. Olivia’s hands gently rested on Dawn’s shoulders, shifting her by the few millimeters that didn’t even matter.

“There we go, perfect now!” Olivia said.

Dawn watched the prong slide down and rest atop her head, until on a physical clipboard, not a digital tablet, the old man scribbled with a pen.

“All...righty,” he looked up from his notes. “Let’s get her prints?”

“Prints?” Dawn’s expression shifted somehow from weirded out to concerningly worse.

“Uh-huh!” Olivia nodded as she lifted the Little back up, holding her pointed towards the rest of the room. “It’s like fingerpainting! Oooh, and you know what; you’re gonna get to paint with your toes, too!”

And none of the ambiguous toddler-speak was any more clear until the truth was right before Dawn’s eyes. On the counter was a wide tray similar to a Little-sized doormat. A dark navy blue of matte substance lined the entire surface of it, and Olivia was leaning Dawn in closer and closer to it.

“Now be *extra* careful to not touch our clothes with this stuff, okay?” the nanny warned. “Your clothes are gonna get dirty, and then they’ll be very hard to clean!”

“But wait—” Dawn tried to turn her head around and have an actual conversation. At the same time Olivia was swapping her grip so she could use one arm while holding Dawn with the other. “What is this even for?” As wild and wacky as the Little-trician was, Dawn could at least ground her practices in some warped baby reality. Since when did doctors need their patients covering their hands in ink at a checkup?

“And we open our hands *nice* and *wide* like this~” Olivia took the liberty of forcing Dawn’s fingers apart. “Then press them nice and flat!” She quickly did the same with Dawn’s other hand and yet again forced her forward into the tray, applying pressure on her palms until fingers and all were firmly pressed against the wet and cold liquid.

“Then we shuffle-shuffle!” Olivia cooed as she pulled Dawn back out, stepped to the same open manilla folder, and indirectly pressed Dawn’s hands directly onto a large empty space on one of the papers. Above and beneath it were covered in small print text; too small for Dawn to read in the second she had before Olivia took her back out.

“Ooou~, that’s a good one, Dawn!” the nanny complimented the markings, and Dawn stared back at her handprints now stamped onto the random paper. There were lines, divots and gaps between the joints, prints and uneven surface of her hands, but it was in fact her signature.

An Amazon’s finger was already tugging off one of her shoes.

“Ready to do your feet now?” Olivia asked, though she was already moving ahead.

And she wasn’t, but Dawn saying that nor how she felt really mattered, because Olivia went on with whatever Dawn was being forced to do anyway. The same process was repeated, only with feet this time and on a different page in the stack.

“You painted such pretty pictures, Dawn!” Olivia complimented, though it was clear Dawn wasn’t making art, but the full picture was exactly any more clear. And whatever stuff Dawn’s hands and feet were now covered in, the nanny holding her out at a full arm’s length clearly had zero interest in touching any of it.

“Do those look good?” Olivia motioned to the papers with her head, and the doctor was coming over with a wet swab of cotton in his hand.

“Yep, those’ll do,” he nodded and with a firm grip on Dawn’s wrist wiped down her hand, staining the cotton in a faded blue, going from hand to hand, foot to foot until her surfaces were wiped clean. “The ink they have us use does a great job, but it sure isn’t fun when a fussy Little starts to make a mess of it...!”

“So wait– do I actually have to sign something?” Dawn turned her head trying to ask either Amazon in the room, particularly the doctor, but her caregiver quickly overshadowed her attempt at asking the questions.

“You just did, silly!” Olivia giggled, then showed the Little her prints once again.

“No, but seriously, what did you–”

“Alrighty then,” the doctor interrupted with his own monologue, smacking his lips and adjusting his coat. It didn’t seem intentional, but simply an Amazon with priorities and little concern for talking over a presumed child. “I’ll go get the last step ready if you want to do the same for her,” he said to Olivia, then briskly left the room.

“Will do!” Olivia cheerily called on his way out.

“Last step?” Dawn asked with a tinge of worry. She already hated people speaking vaguely or in loose terms, but especially so with medical professionals and doctors it unnerved her the most. When it was her body and her situation, she had a goddamn right to know everything! But again: *what* last step? This was just a checkup, wasn’t it?

“Uh-huh, last step!” Olivia nodded as she laid Dawn on her back, back on the padded table.

“W-well, what is it?” Dawn was already turning her head sideways just to try and see the door that the doctor went out of.

“The last step?” Olivia repeated, and because of how obvious Dawn was, and how deliberately obtuse the Amazon was seeming, Dawn blurted out right back.

“Yes! What is the last step?!”

“Hey—,” Olivia warned, “inside voices, understood?”

And the demand of jumping through more infantilizing hoops just for answers made the girl even more distressed. “Olivia! N...Nanny, please! Just tell me what’s about to happen! I—...I’m nervous!”

Finally, she spoke in words that the Amazon was willing to understand. With a gasp, debatably forced, Olivia asked, “Oh, sweetheart, you’re scared? Don’t be! We’re almost done, okay? Then we’re going right back home where you can play the *whole* rest of the day. That sounds like fun, right? The doctor’s just getting a few things for us to take back home with us before we leave!”

“Then why did he say ‘prepare me’?” Dawn quickly retorted.

Three loud popping snaps from Dawn’s onesie ensued. “Because he knows just as well as I do how you should be in a dry diaper for when we leave!”

And for how much that made sense, Dawn’s suddenly needless fear was evaporating into embarrassment, especially because of how much the nanny was leaning into it.

“Diaper changes aren’t scary, right?” Olivia cooed over the girl as she pulled on the tapes. “Maybe Mr. Wipe is a little cold, but we’re not scared of having a clean bum,” she chuckled, “right?”

“J-just get it over with...” Dawn mumbled with a hand covering half her face. *Fucking christ.* She really did get upset over a diaper change...!

The cool room temperature made her feel the shift from warm diaper to naked exposure. Although, a thin layer of warmth was still muddily spread on her crotch, albeit foamy and soapy along the edges. The goo from before had expanded and become lighter and fluffier.

“That’s right, we did put some of that cream on you, huh?” Olivia off-handedly commented, then reached in the bag for the wipes.

“Can you not use that stuff again?” Dawn sighed, wanting to fume over the sad fact she was now reduced to *negotiating* diaper changes, rather than avoiding them altogether. “It felt weird when... no, I mean, it...just always felt weird.”

“Don’t worry,” Olivia giggled, “once is usually enough.”

And then no more rashes forever?

Dawn raised an eyebrow, happening to watch Olivia wipe almost all the chemically transformed cream away in one fell swoop. Almost nice and clean, Dawn stared down at her crotch and privates.

Seeing far more spotless skin than she was used to.

“W-wait,” Dawn reached out to touch, but Olivia quickly pushed her arm back up.

“Ah-ah!” she tutted, “Let’s keep our hands up. Little girls don’t have *any* business down there!”

“M-my hair...?” Dawn weakly asked. She asked Olivia. She asked her body. She asked the cream. She asked the powers that be. The fucked up fate she was trapped in.

Gone. All her pubic hair that’d been there this morning. Disappeared. Not a trace. Since she wasn’t allowed to feel it herself, she could certainly see and now feel the far more intimate touch of the wet wipes. It prickled her raw skin that had been masked and covered by adulthood for years on end. Trimmed and groomed, but never ever fully going away. But there wasn’t a trace of it now. She was smooth; spotless.

A sick feeling hit her stomach as she turned her head, happening to see the balled up wipe of “rash” cream sitting in the pit of her used diaper. And then she could see it. Throughout the cream were tiny tufts, small balls of matted hair. *Her* hair. Body hair that was supposed to still be on her.

But now it was impossible to tell that she ever had any hair. She didn’t look shaved; she looked totally hairless. Like the pores, pockets and holes where her hair follicles were supposed to be had gone and closed up entirely. Like her body wasn’t ready to mature into growing hair down there yet... Like she was a kid... Like she was a baby...!

“Wh-what did you do t-to my hair...?” Dawn murmured as she tried to reach again in a panic, yet Olivia calmly pushed her back out of reach. “Wh-why did you get rid of my hair?!”

“Big girl hair down there makes diaper changes a whole lot more yucky,” Olivia casually explained while she wiped once more, and Dawn flinched twice as hard with double the exposure, rawness, and vulnerability now. “*And* it’s not healthy,” she tutted. “Don’t you like it, though? Look at how clean and pretty you are now!”

“I was *clean* before!” Dawn cried in a panic. “P-put it back!” Admittedly a horribly poor choice of words, but in a state like this could she be blamed for being frantic? She tried to stand back up, but Olivia gently pinned her back down.

“Ah-ah! No squirmy wormies, please!” Olivia chastised. While she kept her palm planted on Dawn’s chest, she looked beyond the Little and examination table, like she was waiting for something or someone else.

And what she awaited finally arrived.

“Sorry about that!” The doctor came in, and just as he did, Olivia added a new step in the diaper changing process that Dawn had never been through before. She was lifted and rolled by the Amazon onto her stomach. Of course a hand on the center of her back kept her just as pinned, but she barely saw the old man in passing with a metal case hanging from his grip, but quickly disappearing behind her.

Something was wrong.

“W-wait, what are you doing?” Dawn’s composure was starting to crack again. This wasn’t just a diaper change. There was more to this, there had to be. “O-N-nanny? Wh-what are you doing?”

“Shh...” Olivia cooed and pat the girl on the head. “The doctor just has to give you a little medicine, okay? Be brave. I’m *right* here with you!”

Said the disembodied voice. Both Amazons were busy behind Dawn’s naked ass, meanwhile the victim on the table could only see the empty wall of medical supplies and gray, metal-handle door of nothing remarkable. She stared into the void while suspense and worry brewed right behind her.

She grunted, struggled, wriggled and tried to turn, but any movement she could manage was thwarted by Olivia resetting her almost immediately.

“S-stop...! Please stop! Please!” Dawn shouted and begged, finally feeling the tears start to come. “Wh-whatever you’re doing...! Stop! Please! Please!”

“Baby, baby...! It’s nothing bad, I promise!” Olivia continued to try and soothe, but it was all just a voice inside the Little’s head. She couldn’t roll or turn. She couldn’t stand or run. She couldn’t do anything. She was powerless.

“That’s right, uhm...” and then in a hushed voice, the Doctor asked Olivia, still audibly, “*Dawn? Right?*”

And assuming the nanny gave him a silent nod, “That’s right, Dawn! It’s a special medicine we give *all* Littles, and my records tell me you haven’t had yours yet!”

“I DON’T NEED MEDICINE!” Dawn cried, finally flailing her legs upwards, but the movements were quickly stopped.

“Dawn, we need to be still,” Olivia warned again. She couldn’t pat her head this time. Not when she had to start pinning down the Little’s ankles too.

The danger was imminent. The unknown terrified her. She snapped. She slipped. “I’M NOT FROM *HERE!* I’M NOT A LITTLE! THIS IS A MISTAKE!” She wasn’t a Little, she wasn’t an Amazon, or anything in between. She was a person. A human. Someone with supposed autonomy for her own health, of which was being ripped right before her. Or actually, right behind her.

She didn’t care about what she said. It didn’t matter what she was supposed to keep secret or not. She just wanted out. She wanted away. She wanted nothing to happen to her. Not any more than what already had. But like many things as of late, her words meant nothing, and the world kept on spinning.

And then the sickly, closing feeling hit her. Her throat was closing up, the air was coming in and out of her right. Little went in, but a whole lot went out. Impending doom was crushing her lungs and panic only seemed to accelerate the loss of breath.

“So we’re gonna lift her bum right here, and...”

As the doctor explained the process of whatever he was about to do, Dawn’s muscles tensed and she tried to flail, but Olivia was ready. Amazon strength yet again had thwarted any kind of chance at Dawn being able to retaliate. Down to her own imagination.

A large hand settled between her left bum cheek and thigh, open up its fingers so as to stretch the two as far apart as possible. A wet swab of cotton was quickly rubbed all over the spot, and then—

“Agh—!” Dawn winced with a cry the moment she felt it. A pointed tip pierced right around where she could feel the Amazon touching her. She curled her hands into fists. It hurt. It made the tears already from before turn into something free-flowing. The pain of the physical, emotional and psychological stress made it all go. Whatever knife or needle they had just stuck in her, it was simply the pointed piece that popped the balloon.

But just as quickly as the pain started, it stopped.

“Done?” Olivia asked the doctor.

“Done!” he nodded.

Not more than a second later Dawn was flipped yet again and on her back once more.

“Look at who did such a *good* job!” Olivia cooed, and suddenly Dawn’s tears were being wiped for her. The cold wipes used for whisking away the pee and poo on her bottom were now also taking away her tears. As if any of her messes were just as easy to clean. Even the emotional ones. How poetic. “And guess what: we’re all done now! Yay!” she soothed as she set out to finish the diaper change, and Dawn could only stare up at the ceiling as she wept.

Was that how they gave vaccines to Littles, or something? Why were Amazons so hyper focused on Little’s asses? Asking questions was supposed to be cathartic, but how soothing was it when no one cared to answer them, and the padding of a new diaper to ease the pain of a shot twistedly felt more favorable?

“It was a little tricky, but like always, I signed around the stamps,” the doctor told Olivia just as Dawn could feel the last pair of tapes being smoothed out over her front.

“Perfect! As always, I’m sure Ms. Urna’s going to be just as grateful.” And like the pro she was, she didn’t even need eyesight to pin Dawn’s onesie back together.

The doctor took a moment to scratch his broom of a mustache. “Glad to hear it! Now if you’ll excuse me, I— Ope! Hang on just a second! I forgot to check if we did the whole darn thing properly!” he laughed.

“Oh!” Olivia laughed as well. “That would be a little bad if we didn’t, huh?”

You might be able to imagine who wasn't laughing.

Dawn was gently rolled over onto her side, and without trying to resist she let herself be handled like a doll for once. A puppet only acting through the strings her master would pull. Combined by the padding on her bum and the light pressure applied, she hardly felt the flat face of a plastic-shelled object go against her backside.

And it stayed that way for half a second until a loud and continuous beep filled the room.

"Yep! All set!" the doctor announced quite proudly, and Olivia smiled with satisfaction in her eyes. "Of course all the technical jargon's jotted down in the paperwork too."

"Perfect!" and Dawn was lifted from the table, settled back against her nanny's hip.

By the doctor she could in fact see the syringe that'd been used on her. Sitting right next to a small laptop, or tablet on an intricate stand. Plain and obscure software was on it. The kind with just white screens with gray borders, buttons, and rigid black text. Designed for function, not form.

"We should hurry now!" Olivia announced as she grabbed the folder and diaper bag. "We have guests coming to the orphanage today, you see!"

"Don't mind me, then!" the doctor waved them off. "You two hurry along now!"

"Thank you! Dawn?" she whispered to the Little in her arms. "Can we say bye-bye to the nice doctor?"

"Bye." Monotone and borderline cold.

"Bye~!" Olivia said much more friendly, even waving like the translator for Dawn's enthusiasm that she herself couldn't express.

The walk back down the hall, through the lobby, exchanging more goodbyes with the front desk, and finally going through the parking lot was surprisingly swift, though perplexingly eternal. Time was pacing along normally, but also just as slowly. At least to Dawn, it felt that way. Like fate was giving her time for something, but she had no clue what she was supposed to do with it.

Time to think, maybe, but not much was going on in her head. After all, it was yet another round of defeat and abuse. But if nothing else, she could aptly compare the two kinds of doctor's now.

One preferred propaganda, pseudo-science and emotional abuse. The other did away with the theatrics and cut to the chase. Physical abuse was more this place's dealing.

She was hardly checked for more than her height and weight. Just an excuse for being here in the first place. After all, the ink and vaccine felt far more significant, precisely because they seemed the most foreign.

But without any wisdom, information or independence, that's all Dawn could see it as. Strange and unknown since the grownups hadn't explained any more to her. Foreign.

And yet, it wasn't until Dawn was buckled into her car seat that she finally made the dilated time in her head worthwhile from just a single thought.

*What vaccine has to be scanned?*

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"I want to see Urna," Dawn demanded.

"Ms. Urna?" Veronica repeated, who had been missing all day, now stood in front of Dawn, overseeing all the Littles in the playroom currently snacking on fruit slices and juice.

"Yes. Ms. Urna," Dawn repeated, trying to seem immovable, but even doubting her own image. Her diaper was the same since leaving the doctor's, but her outfit wasn't. While it was an upgrade from a onesie, it also at the same time wasn't. Both an upgrade and a downgrade. A sidegrade.

"You know me or any other Nanny here is perfectly capable of changing a wet diaper, you know?" Veronica raised her eyebrow as she took a knee, pulling Dawn forward by the insultingly short hem of her skirt.

"S-stop!" Dawn blurted as she stumbled forward, flashing her padding for the briefest moment to likely anyone else in the room. Meanwhile Veronica enjoyed unlimited access by giving her crotch a dry squeeze.

"Dry," she announced. "Don't worry; we'll know when you need a change."

"That's not what I'm talking about...!" Dawn hissed in a quiet-er voice. "Urna said she was going to follow up with me today! Remember?"

“Yes, she did,” Veronica nodded, solidifying Dawn’s plan, thank goodness. “But, Ms. Urna said she was gonna get *you* when she was ready, honey. Not the other way around,” and she twirled her finger to demonstrate.

“I need to speak to her now, though!” Dawn huffed. She had so much she needed to talk about. The food. The sleeping arrangements. The hair-removing cream. The doctor’s. So much was wrong, and she felt far more “committed” to the role of laying low than she would like to be.

“You need to finish your snack,” Veronica corrected with a satisfied grin, pointing ahead of the Little and back at the grand three-foot table in the center where a small crowd of Littles were snacking like it were a feast. Kings and Queens dining upon only the finest of sliced apples and oranges, paired by ‘73 apple juice that’s been aged in stained and treated barrels. Too fine and fantastic for any kind of cutlery that existed on this planet, hence why it could only be handled by the fingers of royals themselves. No commoner’s cup could handle just a drink, which is why they had them in the most advanced of cups; covered in lids with stouts to prevent spills. Marvelous.

“Is your bum sore? Is that it?” Veronica asked with a bit more concern. “We have some cream for—”

“No.” Dawn briskly cut her off. Abso-fucking-lutely not. No more cream. “I’m fine.”

“Dawn?” And like clockwork, one of the nannies who was a bit more hands-on with the rest and their food beckoned to her with a wave. “Let’s finish our snack with everyone else, okay?”

“But Urna...!” Dawn grumbled back at Veronica, who was suddenly seeming far less helpful than yesterday.

“Go finish your snack,” Veronica told her. “Ms. Urna’s gonna be busy during the afternoon, so maybe she’ll talk to you later tonight.”

“*Tonight?*” Dawn blurted out incredulously. “N-no! I need to talk to her now!”

“Dawn?” A hand on the Little’s shoulder made her turn around. It was the same nanny that just called her over. “Sweetheart, did you hear me?”

“She’s going!” Veronica cheerily volunteered her. “She wanted a diaper change, is all. You know how they first get when we tell them ‘no’...”

“Oh,” the nanny sighed with a chuckle, “a bit too well... Dawn, don’t worry, we’ll know when you need a change.” She was already steering the girl away from Veronica and back to kiddie land. “Let’s go sit with everyone else now, okay?”

And with a difficult, unwilling look on her face, Dawn could only turn her head over her shoulder and look pleadingly at Veronica, who merely waved her away with a smile.

Dawn was escorted the whole way, right down to sitting back in her thick plastic and brightly-colored chair. A paper plate with the face of a cartoon smiling red puppy stared up at her through the crescents of apple and orange aligned on her plate.

Reluctantly, she ate, sad over the fact that snack time somehow bested dinner and breakfast.

“Does your butt hurt?” Millie asked her without a filter. Dawn blinked and looked at the fellow Little, leaning over curiously.

“What...?”

“When the doctor gave you your medicine?” Millie asked again, though with a slight shift in tone or vibe that made her sound slightly adult again. Save for the wording of her question. “He did, right?”

“It...it’s not medicine...” Dawn mumbled, filling her mouth with an orange slice.

“Then what was it? He used the shot on your butt, didn’t he?”

“...Yes,” Dawn grumbled, wrestling with how to answer a child-like question without sounding like a child herself. “But it was...something else. I don’t know.”

“Don’t worry,” Millie assured after sucking some juice from her sippy cup. “My butt hurt too, but it was fine a little after.”

Dawn put out a look that quietly judged the woman.

“So you...just let them do it? You’re fine with that?”

“With what?”

“Having strangers stick random things in you?”

Millie went quiet for a moment, then finally shrugged.

“No, not really.”

“Yet you’re talking like you are,” Dawn annoyedly contradicted her.

“No I’m not.”

Was there a point in arguing semantics? Hardly. But frankly something about having a peer for once to argue with made the idea of victory possible. After every Amazon in her life telling her she needed diapers, needed a Mommy, and couldn’t even be in charge of her own bladder anymore. Christ, she desperately wanted a win, even if it meant nothing at all.

“...You sure sound like you don’t care,” Dawn bitterly pointed out.

“Cuz why would I complain about the stuff I can’t change.”

Dawn blinked, and even more than Millie’s earlier, casual ramblings, despite her dress and diaper, stone-cold reality was plastered all over her blank expression now.

*The stuff we can’t change.*

Fuck.

Fucking shit.

Another loss added to the pile.

Quietly, Dawn went back to eating and drinking.

“...You’re not mad at me, are you?” Millie asked, sounding slightly concerned. Even people on death row wanted friends.

“No...” Dawn grumbled, but truthfully. She was just painfully sober now.

“Okay, kids! Finish up so we can wipe your hands!” the same nanny that’d escorted Dawn back to the internment camp announced to everyone with a package of wet wipes already in her hand.

“We have lots of grownups coming today that are so excited to meet you all!”

It was a mix of noises in response, but some of them were groans. But the fact that there could be any noise other than sheer silence from fear and absurdity was something absurd in and of itself.

But most importantly, “Wait, so they *are* coming today?” Dawn whispered over to Millie, still with a mouthful of orange and apple juice. Wordlessly, she nodded.

“Yeah,” she finally spoke after swallowing. “We probably won’t be able to play as much while the grownups are here, though.”

*Not good.* Not good at all. She couldn’t be down here when they came. Imagine trying to explain to an Amazon why one of the showroom floor models wasn’t actually available. She stood from her seat and made a beeline for Veronica.

“Ah-ah! *Dawn!*” The nanny’s sharp and attentive call made the girl freeze, especially when it took only a meager amount of steps to box her off. “Where are we going?”

“I...I need to talk to Ver...Nanny Veronica,” Dawn said hurriedly. How much time did she have to get out of here?

“Sweetheart, we just checked you. Your diaper doesn’t need changing,” the nanny decided for her. “Now let’s sit back down until it’s time to get up, okay?”

“But...I need to talk to her! It’s not about my diaper!” Dawn explained in frustration.

“Then if you have something you need to talk about, you can always tell me,” the nanny said and forcefully sat the girl back down, going as far as to push her chair in too. What’s more, the nanny didn’t leave, and instead assumed her new watchful position right behind Dawn.

“What’s the problem?” Millie asked, and Dawn trying to quit her fidgeting stared off trying to think of what she could possibly do.

“N-nothing...” Dawn mumbled back, frustratingly tied between honoring her end of the deal or saying whatever was necessary to maybe give her a shot at dodging the influx of Amazons.

But nothing came to her. Not for the remainder of snacktime, nor when her hands were wiped clean. The half hour she and the other Littles were given for playtime was also just as fruitless. After all, Veronica had vanished. Instead a different nanny was in her place. And naturally Dawn couldn’t chase after her. Not when the baby gates were taller than herself.

She was trapped and strapped in a stroller headed straight for the inevitable.

And it came.

The first sign that something was amiss was when Dawn turned to look away from Millie, mashing blocks together that the gates keeping them restricted to the playroom were suddenly gone. The doorways were unhindered and open for anyone to go through.

If she listened over the sound of Littles arguing and playing, she could hear Amazon conversations. More nannies than usual being present chatting and talking. Curious heads often poking in, like making a mental checklist of preparations for something bigger.

For bigger visitors.

Finally the distant front doors were opened, repeatedly over and over and the sounds of footsteps filled the entryway. Coming closer and closer, arriving and arriving until...

“Oh~! Honey! Look!”

“Awh...! Look at all of them!”

“I think that one needs a change!”

“They’re all so adorable!”

A sizable flock of Amazons slowly entered the room; one-by-one entering. A nanny escorted couples and singles into the room, filling it out until a line of giants filled an entire wall, like a firing squad ready to unleash diapers and naked breasts filled with milk upon the tiny adults.

And then of all people, the one Dawn needed the most entered the room.

Urna.

As the many Amazons, all with stars and glimmers in their eyes, having hopes and dreams with enslaving fellow miniaturized adults, the director of the orphanage spoke over their hushed excitement.

“Good afternoon, everyone! Thank you all for coming to Happily Ever After! I’ll be brief, since I think we all know that I’m not one of the stars today,”

And all the Amazons wanting to be forever Mommies and Daddies laughed.

Dawn desperately wanted to interrupt. She wanted to say something clear and succinct that made it just how clear and obvious that she wasn't supposed to be down here. Did Urna forget? She was busy. Probably. But not busy enough to forget about a promise that she made yesterday.

With Millie, Dawn was currently huddled in the far corner of the room, whereas Urna was situated near the center just to welcome all the visiting Amazons.

*M-maybe if she sees me...!*

While she couldn't speak without causing a scene, she could at least pretend to meander. Act like she wanted to find a toy elsewhere that just so happened to be right near her...

"*Millie, I need that ball...!*" Dawn hurriedly whispered, and before Millie could ask her to repeat the question, Little quickly snatched it from her hands. Not that the girl far more complacent with her diapers seemed to mind so much.

One careful shot was all she had to take. She pivoted on her bum, angling the ball and shot just right. Aim...roll...

"My ball!" Dawn cried out loudly, getting multiple head turns. Many, in fact. Every nanny, every Little, every Amazon, and Urna especially. Sure, normally she couldn't cause a scene, but what if it was just a Little acting like the baby every person in power and in charge thought she was? Keeping her eyes to the ground, she hurried across the playmats barefooted and crinkling the whole way. Lord, she likely showed off her diaper plenty of times with each nervous footfall.

Finally she stopped and scooped up the translucent rubber sphere, picking it up right where it harmlessly connected with Urna's black heels.

With the ball huddled against her chest, she looked up at Urna, innocently apologetic. Unbroken eye contact. Attention that couldn't be ignored.

*Notice me...! Get me out of here...!*

Urna opened her mouth for comment, but didn't speak. Instead the corners of her mouth widened into a smile as she chuckled. "And *this~!*" she started, and Dawn accelerated to the sky, settling her plastic-backed bum against Urna's arm. "Is Dawn! Our newest friend here!"

Briefly she glanced at the army of leviathans, all smiling, flashing their teeth, squeezing their hands or even checking their breasts for wet spots. Nervously, Dawn smiled back at them,

suddenly feeling the draft on her bare thighs. While she couldn't see it, Urna certainly did a bang up job of riding her skirt nice and high so her diaper couldn't go un-seen.

“She, like all the other Littles here, are *so* excited to meet you all, even if they might be a bit shy!” she chuckled, bouncing Dawn in her arms who could only look away in sheer fear and embarrassment.

Quiet as a mouse. Quieter, even, she desperately whispered against Urna's ear, “*Please...get me out of here...!*”

“...And I can promise they want to know as much about you as you do about them,” Urna continued to address the grownups, “so please do give all our little ones here a chance at being invited to join your families! Please, use the entire floor to give yourselves some space and interact with the children!”

After a round of applause, it didn't take much for Amazons to immediately start picking out their favorite apples in the bunch. All the while Urna held Dawn against her, nice and high in a position where she could at least be protected.

*Thank god...* As risky as it was, intentionally bumping into Urna had been worth it.

“For any specific questions you might have about adoption, please ask the nanny you've been assigned!” Urna included, collectively nodding to all her staff.

Thankfully the Amazons had run out, because every Little had been devoured, save for Dawn, and no beast was left unaccounted for.

“And lastly, let's go meet the one who's had their eyes on you!” Urna cheerily whispered back to Dawn, startling the girl over someone she hadn't seen or considered.

A reserved woman stood at the very back. She quietly adjusted her glasses, repeatedly glancing up and down from her phone at both Urna and Dawn. Or, rather, just Dawn. After all, Amazons weren't the star of today. The Amazon fixed her long black hair, slipping one of the long sections that pooled over her shoulder to back and behind. Blinking innocently, she had a crooked, warbling smile as her bottle of emotions seemed ready to burst.

“I hope you don't mind me bringing her over to you?” Urna said to the woman, who without a word only laughed embarrassingly.

“I-I’m sorry,” she finally spoke in a slightly deep, but smooth pitch. “Is...is it okay if I hold her?”

“Of course!” Urna said, and reality kicked in for Dawn that she wasn’t really safe.

“W-wait, Urna...! B-but I thought...!” Dawn hurriedly tried to squirm her way back over, but the woman holding her now had her in practically a deathgrip. Nothing that’d suffocate or kill, but assuredly keep from escaping ever again. Not unless she was allowed to, of course.

“Later tonight, Dawn~!” Urna said, then departed. Leaving Dawn with questions, confusion, worry, and somehow...relief?

*Tonight.* Tonight she would see her. Tonight she would be in this orphanage. Unadopted. Able to speak with Urna.

“...Dawn, right?” the woman holding her asked, and Dawn, back to being nervous again looked up at the stranger. But in between waiting for an answer, she looked to her left where a personal nanny Dawn had yet to meet was waiting.

The Amazon had an expression that wanted to make a request, and the nanny perked her head forward to beckon for it.

“Could...could we maybe go somewhere a bit more quiet?”

“Certainly!” the nanny smiled, and led the way. Across the playroom. Between married couples already starting to help Littles build block towers, roll trucks around, make food from plastic, or even be submitted to diaper checks.

Finally they reached a doorway blocked by a thick beige curtain. *The room.* The one Millie had mentioned earlier. The nanny led them inside, closing the curtain once more as she stepped in last, and almost instantly the commotion from the next room over was significantly dampened.

“Better?” the nanny asked the visitor, who sighed with relief.

“Much...” she admitted in a sheepish voice. “I understand the need for Littles like that to let off some steam, though, but I do prefer things on the quiet side... Then again, that’s also why I’m not the one who works with toddlers...!”

The nanny laughed as Dawn wasn’t sure what to make of this. She wasn’t being adopted, that much was certain; thankfully guaranteed by Urna’s brief yet assuring words from a second ago.

The floor was carpeted and the natural light was immense. Large bay windows lined the far wall, showing off the expansive yard that the institution had. Combine that with the meager amount of noise, it almost made the moment seem serene and peaceful.

“Is– is it okay if we sit?” she asked the nanny, who again encouraged her to do so. “Or–wait! Maybe we could use that?” an excited breath left the woman’s voice, briskly walking over to an array of trinkets, toys, entire devices, and more. They were stacked and lazily thrown together; hardly enough for Dawn to understand what was what. But with sheer Amazon strength the woman one-handedly fished a massive framework of multi-colored plastic and toys and wheels affixed to it from the pile and gingerly set it on the carpeted floor.

“Please use whatever you’d like!” the nanny signaled her approval, and Dawn didn’t realize what was happening until she was sitting in it. The woman lifted Dawn up, deliberately settling an open hand between the girl’s legs, thoroughly feeling that her diaper was dry as a not-so-discreet diaper check, then set her back down on the floor.

Almost on the floor.

Just when Dawn’s feet were about to touch the floor, they didn’t. Instead her toes could plant themselves, but that was it. Her soles and heels remained in the air because of the seat she was in suspending them. A bar of toys was lined in front of her. Plastic dome filled with colored balls, cubes, pyramids, and spheres on winding pieces of metal, bobbing animal heads on springs, and more. She was like a captain at her battle station with the way she was surrounded by a frame.

A mesh cloth rode up between her legs and was connected to the machine she was in, and it was patterned in pandas, bears, giraffes, and more exotic wildlife.

Incidentally she grunted in trying to step forward; merely inching across the floor as only her toes could propel herself and whatever she was sitting in.

The Amazon who put her in the thing was now sitting on her knees with her legs splayed, still looking down on the girl, only now with an undeniably sweet and satisfied smile.

“Hi there...Dawn,” she said after a brief pause, letting out a small chuckle just as a compliment to her own ability to remember the Little’s name. “*My* name is,” she put a hand to her chest, but stopped yet again.

“Well...actually, I’d like it if you called me Mama.”