

16 - Sun Set & Sun Rise

“Okay, Dawn, time to go upstairs,” Katherine made herself known by becoming the physical barrier between Dawn and the cartoon.

“Sorry?” Snapping out of her tv-mode, Dawn blinked as she looked up at her.

“What are you sorry for? It’s bedtime, hon. Let’s get you upstairs and changed.” Katherine said once again, though this time reaching for a remote on the coffee table, killing the motion picture as a final measure.

A package deal, it was. Go to bed, get *the*, not *her*, diaper changed. One was good, one wasn’t preferable. Dawn drew out her tone, as if to make it clear just how much they were not on the same page, maybe even the same bookshelf. “Yes...I want to be changed, but I’m not going to bed just yet.”

Whether her words held weight or not, Katherine picked her up regardless with an exasperated sigh. “It’s been a long day for you, hasn’t it? I know it’s been for me!”

“In that case maybe you should go to bed early?” While it could have been delivered as witty or an attempt to be funny, her voice didn’t have the humor nor the amusement.

“I definitely think I will in a bit.” Katherine, oh-so clever with her words, appended the small loophole to her words. In a bit. Not now. Later. At a time that wasn’t permissible for Littles. They stopped short of the stairs right by the entrance to the kitchen. “Say goodnight to James, okay?”

“But I’m not going to bed yet.” Nothing against James, in this particular moment, ignoring the physical abuse that he had dished out, but Dawn was making a point of not being on board with Katherine.

“Goodnight, Dawn!” James waved for just a moment over the noise of a gushing faucet whilst he scrubbed.

And as if Dawn could be spoken for, Katherine playfully cooed right back, “Goodnight, James!” And on they went. To the stairs.

“What time is it, even?” Dawn complained, looking out the window on the stairs. It was dark and the night sky was out, but she was hardly feeling tired yet. Back at the hotel she definitely stayed up later than this.

“Time for bed.”

And an important question unanswered only begets a pissy attitude. “You know what I mean.”

“It’s late,” Katherine repeated only with a different dress of words, signifying no numbers whatsoever. “We talked about this, remember? How the days here are a lot longer than what you’re used to?”

“Yeah and I’ve already been here for like a week. I got used to it.” They entered the room she was staying in, which had an uncanny resemblance to, but was most certainly not, a nursery. By Dawn’s opinion, at least.

“You know, I bet you’re *really* tired and your body just hasn’t noticed it yet?”

Suddenly, Dawn was on her back, but she wasn’t in the crib. She was on the...

“Wait, no, stop,” Dawn immediately started rising from her seat. “Let me do it.”

Katherine held her hands back right as they were about to reach, like folded arms from a T-rex. “Let you do it?”

“Yes! You know what I mean! I can...change myself! Just...just take the tapes off for me!”

“Dawn, that’s not how it works. Don’t be silly. You know it has to be me, James, or someone that we trust that handles your diaper changes.”

Raising her voice with agitation, Dawn fired back, “And I told *you* that I trust myself!”

Katherine with a tinge of sternness and a firm press on Dawn’s shoulders back onto the pad, said, “That’s enough. I know you’re upset and there’s a lot about this you’re uncomfortable with, but if LPS ever saw that we were mistreating you...”

“I’d what, be taken away?” Not back to Earth, most likely. “There’s no LPS here, so who cares if I change my own underwear like I should be able to?” Then, with heavy sarcasm just to mock Katherine for trying to convince her with fault logic she added, “Unless they put bugs in the house, or something?”

Then came a move Dawn didn’t expect. Not in the way of words this time.

A snug strap was suddenly pulled over her chest and arms as it sounded like velcro bonding with another end.

“H-hey! What the hell?” Dawn fidgeted but to no avail. “Katherine? What the fuck?!”

“Dawn, please, language?” Katherine reprimanded, but it didn’t stop her hands. The diaper tapes were torn by Amazon hands while Dawn’s smaller ones feebly tried to grab at nothing but air, forced so closely to her sides.

“So what? You lose the argument so you just take advantage of me physically? Rich.” Dawn scoffed, no less pissed than before. The passive pissiness pivoted to direct rejection the moment Dawn felt her ankles be bundled into Katherine’s grip. “Wait! Stop!”

Her very unfortunate moment with James in the car was embarrassing, humiliating, but this time it had five more degrees of shame to go with it. There was no commonplace car, but instead a mock-nursery with a changing table to boot.

“That’s fucking *cold!*” And a cold wet wipe this time, too.

Katherine could only make tired pleas as her hands worked through the motions. “Dawn, please...”

Dawn could only attempt to thrash as she was strapped to the table and shout obscenities that changed nothing in the short term for her. No amount of anything she did could accomplish anything, hence why her anger with a beet red face stayed pent up by the time Katherine was done pressing the tapes of a new, horrid and crinkly diaper on her hips. This one was certainly different and in no way a choice of Dawn’s. It was simple, yet no less damning.

White, yet decorated with more puppies, as far as Dawn could tell, yet quite unfortunately with a tinge bit more of oppressiveness between the legs, or maybe the same, Dawn wasn’t quite the expert, courtesy of Amazon-engineered diaper bulk.

“Is it comfy?”

“It’s too thick and noisy!”

Katherine finally undid the strap over Dawn’s chest before lifting her off the table. “It’s not going to make any noise while you’re asleep.” It hadn’t gone unnoticed by Dawn, Katherine’s lack of acknowledgement for the first complaint.

Dawn only rolled her eyes and doubled down. “Yeah, too bad I’m not going to sleep, so it *is* a problem.”

“You’re going to bed, Dawn.” There. Just like that, she’d done it. Finally no more gentle pushes or willfully ignoring protests. Katherine acknowledged and promptly rebutted. “It’s getting late and I think some quiet time would be good.”

Dawn did fidget and squirm, but it would have saved space on this page not to make mention of it at all given the lack of effect her efforts had. Down, down, down she went.

“Down we go...” Katherine cooed as she deposited Dawn into the crib, or as Dawn saw it, confined to her cage. Four walls, its two broad sides being all wooden bars. “Oh! That’s right,” Katherine with a puff of air in her cheek looked for her forgotten thought. “Did you want some PJs for bed?”

Dawn huffed as she stood on the mattress, feeling her feet sink slightly into the dense, soft material. “No. I’m not going to bed!” And immediately she grabbed onto the bars, bringing her bare feet against them as she tried to climb. If she needed any more physical reminders to put this world into perspective, surely it was crib bars going well above her head.

It wasn’t that the bars were lubed or lathered in oil, but that they seemed to defy the laws of physics in having achieved near complete lack of friction.

For Dawn, an English major, she hardly touched math and sciences, but it didn’t take the knowledge of a physicist to take issue with her hands and feet slipping down the bars immediately as she tried to hold onto them.

Katherine stayed by the crib and watched with a disapproving look. “Dawn, your crib is not for climbing.”

“TAKE. ME. OUT!” Dawn raged with her hands on the bars, doing her utmost to shake and rock the bed, but all that did was shake herself.

Katherine only watched with a concerned look, one hand on the railing of the crib. “Dawn...I think you need some sleep, sweetheart... I promise you’ll feel a lot better in the morning?”

“Just put the side down or something, at least! I don’t sleep in cribs! Ask James! He saw my hotel room! It was a normal fucking bed!”

“Why don’t you like your crib?”

Did Katherine somehow cease to empathize yet again? “It’s not *my* crib! Now get me out!”

“I can’t do that, honey...not until tomorrow when it’s bright and sunny.”

Finally deciding to play bullshit linguistics herself, Dawn fired right back, “Can’t or won’t?”

“...Won’t.” She answered back simply.

“Won’t?” Dawn scoffed with a sickened laugh. “Just like you won’t take me home? How you won’t let me wear panties? Won’t let me eat what I want, won’t let me go where I please?”

“No, Dawn. Won’t because you need your sleep, and because of everything that’s happened today. All day you’ve been misbehaving. Naughty words, arguing, being rude to other grown-ups, running outside on your own?”

And maybe it was a phantom pain, but some sensation on her bum still burned regardless.

“Y-you said that we settled all that, though!”

“Yes, we did, which is why you aren’t in trouble, Dawn, but it’s why we’re going to do better in keeping you safe, and that involves rules. We have rules to keep you safe and not get in trouble with LPS...”

“By keeping me locked up in a cage?!”

“By keeping a tired girl from staying up too late.” Katherine crouched on her knees, coming to eye-level with Dawn standing in the crib. “It might feel a little scary being in a new room and in a new bed, but James and I are gonna be downstairs and up here, okay? I’ll come check on you in a little bit, but I want you to start trying to get some sleep.” Maybe she was waiting for Dawn to say something, but when she didn’t, Katherine asked, “Can I tuck you in?”

That was enough to trigger a response. “No, you can’t, and I’m not sleeping.” Dawn stated with her unwavering will.

After a small sigh, back in a disappointed voice Katherine said, “Then I’ll see you in a little bit.” She rose from her slouch, taking her hands off her knees as she walked over to the door.

Unfortunately, her poker face was as fickle as her footing on the plush mattress, as Dawn made a noise of distress, quickly realizing that without an Amazon to negotiate with, all was lost. Watching the Amazon leave and being so powerless to chase as she shook herself against the

bars. “Katherine! Wait! Let me out! I’ll sleep on the floor, fine! Just don’t make me sleep in a fucking crib!” Christ, swearing, that apparently played a factor into all of this. It wasn’t a time for pride, but maybe a tinge of humility.

“I-I’m sorry! Okay? I’m sorry! Just let me out of this stupid crib! I’ll sleep! Sure! I’m tired! Just don’t lock me in this thing!”

Maybe something she said held some weight. Katherine paused by the doorframe with her hand on the door.

“I-I’m sorry!” Dawn repeated again with desperation. Words were as meaningless as you made them in your mind, so what was an apology to Dawn if she didn’t fully mean it?

But the Amazon stood by the door, smiled, and said, “Tomorrow’s a new day, Dawn, so let’s all be on our best behavior, okay?”

“Fine! Yes! So take me out of this crib!” Dawn was doing her best, but begging was starting to become an apt descriptor of how she was speaking.

And yet the desperation was somehow ignored or missed, because Katherine continued in a soft, jovial voice, “Goodnight...!” as the door came to a near full close, but never quite reaching completion. A sliver of light peered through, but that was that.

Katherine was gone, and Dawn was confined. In a crib. In a nursery. Her nursery.

“KATHERINE!” Dawn shouted, trying to shake the bars but only folding on her arms and pressing against them. “Let me out! LET ME OUT!”

It was dark, but not pitch black. Moonlight came through the window, though it was dampened by the translucent curtains along the top.

Helplessness only seemed to be redefining itself in more and more confining ways. Trapped in another world. Trapped in a house for giants. Trapped in her own underwear, and now trapped in a crib.

She shouted, shook, and screamed, but no one came. No one ever did. Were they ignoring her, or was she not being loud enough? It made her upset. Angry. Who were they to decide when she goes to sleep?

“You...YOU CAN’T JUST IGNORE ME!” She screamed into the void for minutes on end, but the words hardly matched her beliefs. They could ignore her. They probably were ignoring her. Just like she had ignored them. Just like she had ignored Katherine all day until it was a moment of convenience or necessity.

How was any of this keeping her safe? Emotionally starved, neglected, belittled, confined and caged? Why couldn’t that LPS or whatever it was come any sooner? See just how horrible of a situation this was and rescue her?

And with a much more somber, dried and exhausted voice, she whimpered, “Please...”

Standing on her knees, partially sunk into the tempurpedic mattress while her hands struggled to hold onto the slippery bars, leaning her forehead against her cell.

In darkness and in silence it was only reality and her own thoughts that came as comfort. Yet comfort only came on good days, and this wasn’t one of them. All she had was reality, and it was crippling. It was the same thoughts she’d been having at every point since yesterday and today.

This time, right now, in a different life, a better one, she’d be getting out from a long post-vacation shower, calling her boyfriend, kicking back and decompressing. Instead, all she had was a diaper compressing her nether regions.

When would people notice that she was gone? Missing? A week? A month? Her stomach felt queasy just from the thought of being here for that long. Absolutely not. Never...right?

If she tried, maybe she could just faintly hear noise from downstairs. The tv? James and Katherine? Solitude could somehow make curiosity fester and unbearable. What overshadowed it all though was the ongoing war cry of what sounded like crickets from beyond the window. Muffled by the wall of the house, but audible nonetheless.

She listened and thought. Falling in and out of tearful fits as a sense of pride kept her from falling on her back or stomach, simply leaning her head against the bars. But even Dawn couldn’t become a statue, which is why the occasional shift or slightest move sent shockwaves throughout the room as the god of thunder himself crackled with might. And yet, there was no god to be seen, and instead the unbearably noisy diaper on Dawn’s hips.

But it was a package deal, as the juice she’d been forced into drinking was on a new wave of catching up to her bladder.

“Katherine...!” Dawn yelled once again with a crumbling voice, knowing on some level of what the outcome was certain to be.

She tried pressing her hand against her amply padded crotch to somehow “hold it in”, no pun intended, yet the padding felt tantamount to chastity. Had only her captors gotten the memo that there wasn’t a treasure left to protect...

Dawn groaned as she fidgeted in place, “Fucking fuck!”

Without an inkling of sleep passing through her mind and her eyelids feeling weightless and taught, she knew it was to be a long and dreadful night, and anything but quiet.

“Shh...I put Dawn down a couple hours ago, but just in case we should—”

The sound of another voice was the adrenaline that shocked her system.

“Katherine?!” Dawn perked up immediately. Somewhat, having committed herself to her upright position just to prevent the absolute worst case scenario: actually falling asleep.

There was a moment of pause coming from the hallway, or in other words no response to Dawn’s call from the crib. Just a second later however and the door quietly crept open. The hallway light had been turned off and into the darkened room entered Katherine, James, and Waver. Need it be mentioned that the sight of the four-legged friend still up and about slighted her even more. Apparently even the pets got to stay up later than her.

“Dawn...” Katherine looked and sounded with disapproval, all hushed and calm, however, “what are you still doing up?”

“Looks like someone’s been trying real hard to stay awake?” James chimed in with a grin, but Dawn wasn’t seeing the humor with her tired glare.

“I told you I wasn’t *t...tired.*” She tried to put some edge on her tone but interrupted her own attempt halfway with a mouth glued shut just to keep down a trembling yawn.

“You look awfully tired to me, sweetheart.” Katherine said simply, James let his wife talk, and Waver did whatever the hell he wanted, which was a freedom far from Dawn’s grasp.

Waver trotted up to the front of the crib, slipping his nose between the bars, sniffing Dawn unashamedly.

Trying to ignore the dog, Dawn said back, "I wasn't when you put me in here! You're not being fair and you know it!"

"And I know how cranky someone can be if they don't sleep enough," James suddenly took to the stage. "Dawn, we're all going to bed now. Sound fair?"

"No."

By the look on his face, was her take really that surprising? "Why not?"

"Because I'm in a crib. I did not want a crib and I still don't. Just take the sides off! Let me at least think it's a normal bed!"

"It *is* a normal bed, Dawn," Katherine with her own sense of tiredness, but maybe emotional rather than biological, added soothingly. "Honey, what if you rolled out of bed? You could get hurt."

"I don't roll in my sleep! I don't use diapers! I don't have a bedtime! Please! When are you going to get any of that?!"

"It's bedtime for real, Dawn," James said, so tactfully dismissing all her complaints, "get some sleep now."

"Do you want someone to stay with you until you fall asleep?" Katherine offered.

"No! I..." Dawn between choking down yawns was caught in a difficult place. They'd wronged her in a new way, and she'd technically defied and persevered, even if it meant exhausting herself for no real benefit other than just to see them on their way upstairs. She complained, they dismissed, but she'd technically won on some front. Exhausting herself just to defy two Amazons...

Dawn pushed off the bars, falling on her cushioned backside into the cushioned mattress. "I don't care anymore."

"Get some sleep," Katherine said once more, only with an affectionate hand on Dawn's head.

"Lay down, I'll tuck you in."

Dawn did lay down, but swiped the blanket for herself, draping it atop before Katherine could complete what she set out to do.

“I’m fine,” Dawn muttered, head against the pillow, facing away and consequently the wall on the other side of the bars.

Katherine didn’t have much to say other than, “Goodnight, Dawn…”

James too. “Night, Dawn.”

Dawn didn’t answer, but she could hear them move across the carpet to leave.

“Come on, Waver! Not tonight.” Katherine did the signature pat on her thigh.

And once more she never heard the door close. After enough time she peered over her shoulder, finding that they had gone but the door still remained 90% closed and 10% open. Not like she could physically get out of bed and change that though.

So she laid there instead, unfortunately noticing just how soft the mattress was. How light and comfy the blanket felt, even on a warmer night... The pillow was plush and cushiony in its own way, too. The hotel bed wasn’t soft like this, and the sheets weren’t all that amazing either. The pillow was stiff and flimsy. Far worse by comparison.

But that’s how hotels were. There wasn’t anything special about them, hence the quality. Hence why...this felt inarguably much better. But not the crib. The bed frame was an entirely different matter that frankly Dawn was far too tired to entertain. Too tired to fight. Too tired to uphold her resistance, stowing it away for the morning to come.

The next morning was an early and uncomfortable one. In her half-asleep slump Dawn could barely tell what the blaring noise was that filled her ears. Still in her own swampy mind of drifting, sleepy thought, it took her a moment to even register the noise at all. In and out, here and there, only when she moved...?

Peering underneath the blanket, enough early morning sunlight could show the pattern of puppies prancing on her underwear. Dry underwear, at that, but also in the midst of a crisis. She shuffled her legs uncomfortably with a fullness that’d had all night to store up. Her bladder, of course.

She whimpered a tired groan for just about every reason under the sun. Tired and sleepy, who ever wanted to get up and use the bathroom? Then again, how could she use the bathroom if she lacked the strength to take off her diaper? What's more, why ponder the thought when no Amazon was going to let her do her business anywhere other than in her own pants? And lastly, though sorely feeling like the most important, yet treated as the most insignificant by others, her pride.

Certainly she was a fool for thinking so, but as little as others thought of it, her pride wouldn't let her take every embarrassment lying down.

"What time even is it...?" Dawn groaned, lazily propping herself up with her hands. She must have been stuck in the past because her only tool to tell the time was the sunlight itself. No clocks, no phone, no nothing. Why would you put a clock in a nursery? What baby needs to tell the time?

"Hello...?" Dawn communicated the only way she knew how in her cell, shouting out to the partly open doorway. "Is anybody awake?!"

No response. Great, she was up before everyone else.

Or so she thought.

Instead of footsteps down the hall she heard the telltale jingle of dog tags trotting closer and closer, until a soft nudge of the head knocked the door to swing open a bit, just so a furry friend could peer through.

"Why is it always you...?" she groaned, trying to squeeze her legs together more and more as time went on, yet she was quickly reaching a hard limit with the padding stored between them.

Waver came over to the crib to visit the prisoner, tilting his head curiously as Dawn sat there in annoyed misery, unsure of what to do. Keep shouting?

The dog was close enough for Dawn to reach through the bars, running her hand through the fur atop his head.

"Can't you go wake up your owners, or something?" Better yet, unlock the crib himself.

Maybe it was somewhere out of place, because no matter where she looked from her limited space, no sign of any locking mechanism was evident. Yet another "Little-proofed" invention, as

the twistedly sadistic liked to describe it. Maybe it was some kind of buzz word for Amazon advertising in this universe...

“Get. Katherine.” Dawn recited both words, broken up by a commanding pat on Waver’s head each time. Her animal whispering abilities were failing her though, as all Waver did was a few circles in place before parking himself on the carpet in front of the crib, now too low for Dawn to reach.

“Some help you are...” And back to square one, minus a bit of a more open doorway, which would hopefully get her somewhere.

“Hello?! Is anybody actually awake?!” Dawn was back on her feet, calling once more. Anxiously she bounced ever so slightly, far too fidgety and full to not keep still. “No! Not you!” Dawn barked immediately as Waver turned his head and started to stand.

“KATHERINE! JAMES! I NEED TO PEE! WAKE UP ALREADY!”

And on and on she went.

“KATHERINE! JAMES! WAKE UP!”

“WAKE UP!”

“WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE U-”

“I’m up, I’m up...!” Katherine rushed in with a tired look, only physically drained this time, or just coming off of a well-needed rest. She was wearing a simple pajama set, shirt and drawstring pants and her hair a bit out of place from just being in bed, but her Amazon genetics didn’t betray her looks, even just after waking up. “What’s wrong, honey?”

Dawn had half a mind to criticize her tardiness, but instead got to the point. “I need to pee. Now.”

Katherine rubbed her eye with a confused look, still lagging behind. “You...what? You need to go potty?”

“Pee. Yes! I can’t take off this stupid diaper and I can’t get out of this crib by myself! How does this even unlock, anyway?”

“Dawn...that’s what your diaper is for...please. Enough talk about using the potty, okay? We’ll change you once you need it.”

“I need it now! Change me into something that isn’t a diaper!”

“Dawn, honey, it’s fi– very early in the morning. James and I don’t usually get up for another couple hours, and I know you barely got any sleep last night. Why don’t we try sleeping for a bit more?”

“No. Get me out of this crib already. You can go back to bed, but I can’t be stuck in this thing for another two hours!” Stomping her foot was a little instinctual nudge in the back of her head, but stomping a plush mattress didn’t exactly command compliance.

“...Okay, you win. Just this once though,” Katherine relinquished as she came over. “--Wait, Waver? When did you get in here?”

“He actually listened...” Dawn explained with a frown, holding out her arms.

“Did you have a bad dream? Is that why you couldn’t sleep?” Now in her arms, Katherine went as far as to press her forehead against Dawn’s for a moment. “No fever either...”

“Can you sleep if you have a full bladder?” Please, let it be read as rhetorical.

“No, probably not,” Katherine answered quite simply.

“Yeah, well neither can I. See the problem?”

“You’re wearing a diaper, sweetie.”

“And I don’t wear diapers, so don’t talk like they’re a solution!”

“They are. You wear diapers, Dawn. I bet they feel nice and comfy?”

“I’m done talking about this. You obviously don’t get it.”

Katherine sighed with a small frown, but stayed upbeat as they went downstairs. “How about we find you some cartoons before I work on breakfast?”

“No. I don’t want to watch any. Just put me down and let me move.”

“No-no-no,” Katherine mimicked with a silly voice, “I thought today was going to be different, Dawn?”

“Yeah, I hope so too,” Dawn grimaced, finding that her further denial of bathroom privileges was signaling that history was doomed to repeat itself.

And on the cartoons went anyway. The only thing different so far was that Katherine seemed to stop caring about what Dawn did or did not want to do. Typical.

Waver came down to rest in his dog bed, and the moment Dawn was on her feet she was out of the living room and away from the tv, animated images and noises.

And as embarrassing as it was to admit, Dawn only just remembered something she felt an earlier version of herself would have picked up on. “Wait, I need pants,” she tugged on Katherine’s pant leg in the kitchen.

“Hm? Later, honey. Once we get you dressed after breakfast.”

Not now. Great.

“When’s breakfast, then?”

“Once I’m done making it,” Katherine grinned down at her, meeting Dawn’s aggravation with playful love.

Dawn pivoted on her heel and stormed out of the kitchen, just about to bank a right back to the stairs.

“Ah-ah!” Katherine’s doting voice froze her in place. “Where are you going?”

“Upstairs. Waking James up.” Maybe she could somehow convince him. Leverage the fact that he physically hit her to make him take her diaper off?

“Let’s let James sleep in for a bit. We’ll wake him up in a bit.”

“Then I’m going back up to my room.”

“I want you where I can see you,” Katherine smiled affectionately, but Dawn only took it as pure absurdity. More trust issues, she figured.

“Katherine, I can *just* reach doorknobs; what makes you think I can somehow escape from the second story?”

“I know that you aren’t going on any little adventures, but I know that you can get into mischief, Dawn. Stay put. Go watch some cartoons. And here,” she produced a lidded cup of white substance. “Take your sippy cup, it’s milk.”

“I’m not thirsty, and it’s not *my* sippy cup.” Maybe she was thirsty, but liquids certainly felt like a no-go if it meant eternally peeing herself.

“You will be later. Come on, now. No more backtalk.”

It was suddenly a trigger word that Dawn never knew she even had. “Wh-what?! It’s not backtalk! I’m just telling you how it is!”

“Dawn, please?” Katherine asked yet again with that signature tone, a sign of dwindling patience, and Dawn knew it was either to accept or go down a path that she wouldn’t think quite highly of.

“Fine!” she swiped the sippy cup into her hands. “But I’m not drinking any of it!”

It was more than enough for Katherine, though, standing back in front of the counter with a “Thank you~” for Dawn who was already halfway into the living room.

A different show from the ones before was on this morning, but it had the same traits and patterns, more or less. Eye catching visuals, slapstick humor and somehow a plot and dialogue with *just* enough substance to slightly keep a viewer that was actually potty trained at least occupied, if not barely entertained.

But it certainly did nothing for the mind too busy trying to solve the dilemma of being trapped in a diaper, yet holding one’s bladder for a toilet that would never come.

Dropping the sippy cup on the floor beside her, she desperately tried to tug on the tapes, disillusioning herself that maybe yesterday was a sad and sorry fluke. “If only these stupid fucking things...!” And yet, either her luck was far worse than she had thought going two for two, or this truly was how diapers in this dimension worked.

Tiredly she sighed with frustration, kicking her legs out.

“Is everything alright in there?” a watchful voice called from the kitchen, insinuating that they knew misbehavior was afoot, only that they were giving her the chance to stop it.

“NO! IT’S NOT! TAKE OFF MY DIAPER!” Dawn shouted right back.

“Inside voice, please!” said the brick wall, in Dawn’s mind, at least.

“Fucking...fuck!” Dawn continued to curse with a quiet voice, awkwardly pacing in front of the tv.

It wasn’t her fault. She couldn’t betray her pride if she didn’t have a choice. If she was being forced..

And so with a sinking feeling in her stomach, Dawn squatted and pushed, having to pant and muffle her short gasps for air from forgetting to breathe, as she finally let out one last noise the moment she could feel the gross release.

Her face felt hot the moment her diaper started to feel warm. Twice now. Three times? Multiple times she’d gone in a diaper, all against her will. All against everything that she stood for. Her head panned over to the doorway into the kitchen. She could hear Katherine working away on breakfast, and she had zero intentions of paying her a visit.

She hardly wanted to reappear with a wet diaper, asking for a change. The very act of using a diaper felt too validating for Katherine and her ignorant mind, as much as it was swinging the pendulum her way far too greatly.

Dawn parked herself on her bottom, then quickly stood the moment she felt the wet-to-moist-to-warm padding press against her skin more than it needed to be. Just to disillusion herself into thinking it all wasn’t as bad as it really was, Dawn awkwardly resigned herself to sitting on her knees instead.

And with great disdain she glared at the sippy cup laying on the floor; the substance inside of it being the very reason for why she was quite literally in her own mess.

Thankfully, time did move forward, and maybe Dawn could consider herself lucky for somehow losing track of time from the endless slur of colorful images on screen when Katherine slightly surprised her from behind.

“Dawn? Honey?”

“Wh-what?” Dawn looked up and over her shoulder.

“I asked if you were ready for breakfast,” she chuckled. She was already reaching past Dawn for the sippy cup that had remained untouched on the floor. Without so much as asking, Katherine unannounced picked up Dawn with her other arm next, standing back up. “I think somebody was enjoying themselves, huh?”

“What? No,” Dawn lightly scoffed, “it’s not like there was anything else to do.” Too small to cook. Too small to run away. Too small to disobey. Too small for anything.

“Mmm...I’m sorry, sweetie. Maybe there’s a chance we can go to the toy store today and find something you’d like? Everyone’s gotta have toys?” They entered the kitchen with Dawn on Katherine’s hip, and the first thing she could smell was bacon.

“What I need is to get home...” Dawn kept her spirits low, but admittedly a good-smelling breakfast was still a buffer keeping her from absolute zero.

The least desirable thing to be seen were the eggs, but that was easy enough to ignore when the rest of the spread was bacon, fresh fruit, slices of toast, and pancakes.

“You made all this...?” Dawn asked in surprise, trying to choke herself out of sounding even remotely impressed.

“Mhm!” Katherine nodded affirmatively as she deposited Dawn into her special chair, one which she could not leave on her own. “James and I really like cooking, and breakfast is the most important meal of the day! Let’s see what we can put together for you...”

“I’ll just have pancakes and bacon,” Dawn decided for herself. It would have been nice to reach everything herself, but it was getting old having to mention her lack of size for everything that she could not do.

And as requested, pancakes and bacon it was. Little-sized portions which still seemed like a tad bit much for the girl, but manageable. What wasn’t though was what came in tandem with her two picks, which were a few cubes of fruit and a portion of egg. Gross.

The fruit was passable, but the other was not.

“That’s fine, I don’t want any eggs.”

“I know, Dawn, but eggs are really good for you, you know?”

“And so is letting me use the toilet.” Even in the early hours of the morning her wit was apparently still about her.

And with more non consensual touching, Katherine with a light squeeze on her shoulder said, “Good girls aren’t picky. I’m gonna go wake James up, okay?”

After Katherine excused herself, Dawn looked down at the entire plate in dismay now with the one bad yolky apple to spoil the bunch. The egg like the fruit and pancakes had been sectioned and squared for Dawn’s hands. And in looking at the butter, syrup, grease and liquid, the lack of silverware was finally catching up to her.

“G-goohd morning...!” A yawn echoed from the pits of James’ mouth as he entered the kitchen with his wife, sporting a light set of bedhead. “Sleep well, Dawn?” he asked as he shuffled over to the coffee maker on the counter, still looking half asleep and just going through the motions.

“No.” Admittedly, she somewhat did. But also she didn’t, courtesy of a full bladder.

“I’m sorry...” he didn’t pick up where he left off until shaking a bit more sleep out of himself, “Was the crib not soft enough? Did you want a different pillow or blanket?”

“Oh! I’m Sorry!” Katherine chimed in right beside her husband, “I didn’t even ask that, Dawn. Were they comfy? We can get—”

“It’s fine,” she grumbled, still staring down the disappointment on her plate. “Can I have a fork now, please?” The hum and buzz of a counter appliance was making her thirsty as well. “I’ll have some coffee too.”

“You have your milk, honey,” Katherine remarked and Dawn stared down the untouched sippy cup with pure annoyance.

“Then unscrew the top. I’m in the kitchen, right?” A lack of caffeine definitely made her pissy, and she was pretty sure that knowing she wasn’t going to get any made her doubly so.

“Yes,” Katherine picked up the children’s cup, then set it back down, lid undone this time, “you are. No spills, remember?”

Because she was just itching to do that the first chance she got... “Yeah, I know.” Dawn turned her head in the chair to either spot James or Katherine out. “And what about a fork? I don’t have any silverware.”

James and Katherine both shared silent looks with each other, speaking with some kind of telepathy either exclusive to Amazons or intimate lovers. Either way, Dawn had no clue.

“That’s okay, honey, you can just use your hands and we’ll make sure you’re squeaky clean after, alright?”

“Come again?”

Katherine made a quirky grin, like she was interpreting Dawn’s quip as some sort of joke comprised of Little humor.

“Katherine, I’m not using my hands. I want a fork.”

“Grown-up silverware is really big, Dawn...I think you’d have a hard time using them.”

“That’s fine, I’ll manage. And if you’re making me eat that stupid slimy egg, I’m not touching it with my bare hands!”

“Dawn, reel it back in,” James warned as he came around to his seat, steaming cup of joe in hand. The smell alone was like second-hand smoking for the girl, except without any of the short-term benefits.

As much as she hated him, it didn’t change her new survival instinct that meant listening at least somewhat. Clearing her throat and trying to temper her emotions, she tried a bit more politely, “I...I’m sorry; all I’m saying is that I do not think it is very fair that I can’t use a fork to eat my breakfast...” So polite she annunciated every single word.

Even at its worst and even forced, the smallest amount of effort was worthy of praise, Katherine beaming at her minor correction. “Thank you for being so polite! I’m sorry, Dawn; James and I wouldn’t be very good...guardians if we let you use that kind of stuff? Amazon forks and knives are big and sharp. I promise it’s okay to use your hands?”

She didn’t need the assurance that she could dirty herself. After all, she was already being encouraged to pee and poop in her pants. Rather, a huge part of what she was hearing was more societal checks and balances butting their way into the domestic sphere.

“Really? LPS? Would they take me away for using a fork?”

Katherine had become uncomfortably quiet, looking troubled.

“Dawn,” James cut in again, “that’s enough. Be a good girl and eat your breakfast.”

“Don’t call me a ‘good girl’,” Dawn finally bit back. But finally she huffed, looking back down at her plate. “Fine. I’ll eat with my hands.”

“If you want I can feed you?” Katherine offered, to which Dawn promptly declined by way of drenching her hand in syrup. As delicate and with grace as she tried to act, a bite-sized square of pancake already moist from butter, syrup and chocolate chips made keeping clean an impossible task.

She slipped it into her mouth, and unfortunately she was elated.

She did her best to choke down her reaction, but it was good. Shockingly so. Maybe it was because of how poorly she had abused her tastebuds the other night that this was tasting like caviar, but good was good. The sweetness was just right and it was fluffy with the perfect amount of bounce and elasticity with every chew!

It was so good in fact that Dawn was tranced long enough to go for a second bite, trying to be careful all over again, only to remember that her hand was already covered in syrup.

“Ooou, I think somebody likes it!” Katherine excitedly giggled, watching from her seat like it was daytime entertainment. Then she quipped a look at James, “I wish you’d get those kinds of looks when I cook, you know?”

“What?” he playfully scoffed back, “I do all the time!”

Maybe it was something about the produce of this world, but the fruit was unexpectedly outstanding as well. The strawberries looked redder and fuller, tasted sweeter and juicier and the melon was rich and flavorful. Where was all this food last night? Was that entire pizza situation just a trick? Did they spike her food for some unknown reason?

An Amazon’s hand backing her sippy cup slid it closer to her plate.

“Don’t forget about your juice, hon,” Katherine reminded with a smile before sipping out of her mug. It smelled like coffee as well.

Just as she started to wipe her mouth with her hand it was instant regret once she felt the excess syrup kiss the corner of her mouth. Pulling it back down she tried to lick the corner of her mouth before mumbling back, “I know…” And yet, now that the idea was suggested to her it hardly felt

like something of her own accord anymore. Drinking her juice wasn't her decision anymore. It was Katherine's.

"I need a napkin," Dawn looked around her plate with not even that to be seen. Only then did she start to think of it as by design. Another roundabout sense of reasoning just to make her act more dependent than she really was.

"It's okay if your hands get sticky, Dawn, we'll wash you up after," Katherine spoke as she ate, having the audacity to use a fork and knife herself.

More 'sit down and shut up logic', Dawn decided it as and begrudgingly picked up the sippy cup, already feeling the tips of her fingers merging against the plastic handles like glue. Setting it down was awkward as she tried to separate her hands from the cup.

She was almost afraid to ask, correction, she was, but she still asked anyway. "What are we doing today?"

"It's a weekday, so we work!" James said quite simply.

"I know that, but what are we doing about my situation? About getting me home?" They put her off once already and that had stuck here for an indefinite period of time. That didn't mean she was going to let the wheel get any less squeakier.

"Since I'm in the office today I won't have any time to look into it tonight," James explained and the look on Dawn's face only worsened. "Tomorrow though I'll be working from home, so maybe then."

Dawn tried to choke down a bewildered look. "Maybe? You can't even guarantee me that? You're telling me another day is gonna go by and *nothing* gets done? Un-fucking-!"

"Dawn!" Katherine gasped at the same time as James butted in as well.

"That's enough with the language, do you understand me?" He gave her a quite serious look. "Katherine and I have given you plenty of time to get your attitude fixed. That stops now. The next time I hear you say anything mean or use bad words, it's a bar of soap in your mouth, understood?"

"Fine." Dawn barked back, trying to at least have some dignity in squarely being put in her place.

“You need to be on your best behavior today. She shouldn’t, but Katherine is taking you into her work today.”

“What?” Dawn spun her head. “Since when? Why?”

Katherine smiled innocently, sipping from her mug. “It was a little tough to find someplace on such short notice... And I promised no daycare today.”

Again, it was the weirdest kind of whiplash that snuck up on Dawn at the least expected times. It was an anomaly as to what Katherine could seem to remember about Dawn. She could retain all the essentials, and yet disregard and filter out anything that’d clash with her perfect baby-little vision and fantasy. What mattered though was it seemingly had worked in her favor this time.

“You work at a library, don’t you?”

“Mhm!” Katherine nodded cheerily. “I help take care of the library and make sure all the books go where they’re supposed to.”

Dawn could already imagine the back-and-forth she must have every day, walking down aisles and aisles of books upon books just to manage returns and retrievals for stacks upon stacks of them. How she was a fellow lover of literature, but not a willing civil servant of them.

But as she remained quiet it only made more room for unfortunate thoughts to fester in her mind. She’d be going yet again out in public in diapers. That alone made her heart race anxiously. She could dish out an attitude and act pissy all she wanted, but it didn’t change how mortifying it was to be seen like this.

After a bite of toast, James asked, “Think your coworkers are gonna give you trouble?”

“They might give a little...” Katherine puffed her cheeks in thought, then looked over at Dawn. “Dawn? Sweetie?”

More time left to her own devices also meant getting to eat more, unfortunately making her normalize just how messy of a process eating with her hands had become. She hadn’t accepted it, but she knew she needed to eat. “What?”

“We need to have a little talk about today, okay? Just like James said, we need to be on our best behavior, okay?”

She could already think of a littony of reasons “why”, though Dawn couldn’t vouch for them being reasons she’d personally align with. And her use of “we” was awfully liberal, which had the same implications as when “we” get a timeout, or “we” get a spanking. It’s an awful lot of team-oriented vocabulary for a girl that’s always taking one for the “team.”

“I know that already,” she briskly answered before her temper could lose itself.

“That also means the way you talk to me, honey.”

As if to imply that Dawn wasn’t a saint towards her. “I know that. I won’t be bit–” instinctively, the corner of her eye caught James, like her body was warning her to drop it and move on. “...I won’t be unpleasant.” As long as the same could be expected of everyone around her.

“Thank you very much for being nice,” Katherine smiled, but Dawn had an inkling that there was more to it. “Another thing though is that when everybody sees us, they’re gonna think what most people do, okay? Remember what people thought when we went to the store yesterday?”

It was such an earnest attempt at dumbed-down children-speak that her meaning missed Dawn entirely. She blinked, and before she could respond, Katherine apparently understood.

Her face started with a small smile, “A lot of people yesterday thought I was your mommy.” Like it was a small hit from a drug the words seemed to put a tiny glow on her face.

“You’re not, though. So if anyone asks we’re going to make that clear, right?” Dawn by now could infer the supposedly impossible, which is why she needed to find her moments just to make it that much more inconvenient for them.

“I think it would be a lot easier if we played pretend, don’t you think?”

“No, because it’d be really weird once people started figuring out that it’s not true.”

“I promise if we play *really* well, no one will find out?”

“You’re not my mom, Katherine.” It was starting to get annoying. Whatever Katherine thought she was, it didn’t change that she had the audacity to even suggest replacing her actual, biological mother.

“But I can be your pretend mommy?” She still looked hopeful.

“No.” Then she looked at James, just in case he needed cluing in. “She’s not.”

But the Amazon she turned to was less inclined to using kid gloves, which is why James plainly said, “It’s not really a choice, Dawn. You will look like a mommy and her Little. With LPS already watching us we need to make it look like you’re being taken care of properly.”

“And you will be!” Katherine added like a dog with a bone.

“Fine. Call yourself whatever. I’m still calling you Katherine.”

James sipped his coffee. “You can’t in public.”

“What?! Why not? Kids call their parents by their first name all the time!” Admittedly, she knew that was wholly untrue, but it’s not like they’d ever been to her dimension to contradict otherwise?

“Not here they don’t.” James put his foot down.

“Dawn, if you say my name in public, people will think I might be mistreating you.”

“Mistreating? How? If anything, that’s like making me more independent!”

“Littles aren’t supposed to be independent,” Katherine started, then stammered back, “A-adopted ones... If grown-ups hear you call me Katherine, they might think something’s wrong. And...it’s a little embarrassing.”

Embarrassing? For her? Being called by her first name was what set her over the edge? Lord, did she have a lot to find out. Apparently her name was off-limits, but certainly not Dawn’s state of underwear, nor her clothes, nor just about anything under the fucking sun that could constitute her as an adult!

“Only good decisions today, Dawn,” James added as he stood from his seat, empty plate and mug in hand.

“Today’s gonna be great, right?” Katherine smiled at Dawn once more, who was already anticipating another shit storm.

“Yeah, sure.”