

13 - Free Sample

The car ride was a deafening silence, which by all accounts was pure bliss to Dawn. She felt relieved. Lightened with a thousand weights off her shoulders, even if her wrists and ankles were still just as shackled. She spoke her mind, truly and honestly and had pulled back the curtains on what this cruel farce truly was.

Dawn didn't make a noise or bat an eye when she was put into the car seat. She simply took it. She had no words or any real emotions to give Katherine to feed off of or work with. Maybe that's what it was. A battle of attrition from this point. The only way she could continue her resolve was by remaining distant. Cold. She knew when to fold and walk away. Nothing was going to change, so why fight it? Take it for what it is and let her captors have their way. The only thing Dawn could do was make it a show of involuntary compliance. That seemed to be the one way she could at least find any kind of silver lining to this.

Unfortunately she wasn't in the mood for sleep. She wasn't in the mood for anything. Katherine did try a few times to create the opportunity for conversation. Comments about the weather, a funny-looking car or a fun-looking park. Her words may as well have fallen on deaf ears. Dawn didn't so much as try glancing, especially if Katherine tried watching her from the rear-view mirror.

Eventually they reached their destination, of which was another Little store, meaning the kind of store actually meant for Amazons trying to accessorize their forever babies. Dawn was no different, at least she was being led to believe. Getting home was suddenly starting to look like such a gray area. She knew the system was rigged, but whether it was absolutely impossible was anyone's guess, but after all the hurdles and in fear of the truth itself, she didn't want to ask. Another point was Katherine and James' willingness to help.

After she just told Katherine off like that, would they even be interested in helping her anymore? Then again, if they were trying to keep her from the start, were they ever really going to...?

Inwardly she frowned, yet on the outside maintained her calm, disinterested composure.

Dawn listened for Katherine's seatbelt as she got out the driver's seat and came over to her end. Other than the sound of the door beside her opening, another sign was the warm outdoor air.

"Is it alright if I unbuckle you...?" Katherine asked somewhat reservedly. She held all the cards ultimately, yet apparently Dawn truly had done something to her. Good. If the only way she could create change was by murdering whatever joy this sadistic woman felt from Dawn's own suffering, she was more than happy to exercise it.

“Yes.” A plain response. No flavor, no sass, just acceptance.

As simple of a press it was to undo her car seat buckles, it was still baffling to think how it'd be impossible for a Little. The kind of springs that must have needed to be otherworldly... Well, on second thought, considering she was stranded in another dimension, that much was in fact certain. Otherworldly, Amazon-strength springs.

“Is it okay if I dress you?” Katherine asked with her sorrowful look.

Dawn turned her head, almost making the mistake of looking surprised. In Katherine's hands was the same cardigan from yesterday that she used as a functional cloak for modesty. Not only had Dawn forgotten her own request, but she was surprised Katherine would have “remembered” as well. Then again, maybe she only brought it because she thought Dawn still expected it...?

“Yes,” she answered once more with her arms mounting the arm rests to pull herself forward and out of the seat. After a few moments she once again donned the outfit as her one and only line of defense between the eyes of prying Amazons and her horrid underwear.

For the sake of what was practical, Dawn was held by Katherine as they walked through the parking lot. Dawn figured it to be the same store, and maybe it was the same commercial chain, but it seemed like a different location.

Whether she was accidentally letting it show on her face or Katherine explained anyway just because, “This store is closer to home than the first one we took you since we were out that day.”

Dawn didn't answer, quietly noting the information in her mental log of useless facts and other disappointing information. All that told her was that they were farther from the hotel, which meant in her mind being farther away from the Portal Station.

What time was it? Had they left already? She'd probably be asking herself that into the late afternoon with a wrenching heart still clinging on to the impossible chance of getting out by today. Maybe James would come home from work with some sort of surprise news or a major development...

Fat chance.

It may have been a different store, but the apple didn't fall far from the tree, nor did the Amazon stray far from the baby-craze.

More pacifiers and learning toys were on front display. Sales and discounts on what were probably lesser than premium diapers; buy one get one half-off for onesies on clearance... The one thing that seemed universally the same about any megastore was the thin blanket of digital speakers spewing the mind-numbing ambient music that apparently made people more excited to shop... Dawn didn't get it back home and she was even farther from understanding any of it in a place like this.

Though before any of the torture could begin, a curveball Dawn admittedly should have expected was their ninety-degree turn toward the shopping carts. Out one came, and another low hanging fruit that she missed was the small seat that folded out from the front, of which Dawn was slipped into. Her legs fed into the holes and a firm buckled strap went over her waist. Her bare legs and feet now dangled there as she was forced to look directly into Katherine's chest while she steered.

"I want to walk," Dawn calmly argued.

"No. Not after last time." Katherine, despite being so sad, was firm with the rejection. "You don't have any shoes and I don't want you dragging my sweater all over the floor."

For once it finally felt like Katherine was making an unbiased case. Dawn, much more friendly with her biases as of late, still wanted to turn her nose to the woman simply because of who she was, but she didn't. After all, Katherine was the unreasonable child, not her.

Maybe it was a blessing in disguise Dawn was forced to look at her captor by default. For that reason she didn't have to look at anything else in this place that was bound to make her even more upset than she already was.

Dare she look up and past Katherine's shoulders, she could see snippets of things passing by on the higher shelves, all at the cost of accidentally making eye contact with her.

"Excuse me? Would you two be interested in a free sample?"

Dawn only bothered to look for two reasons. One, the cart had stopped. Two, the employee said "two", as if Dawn was being acknowledged as her own person. Maybe she was a sucker and unfortunately feeling so belittled, simply being called out as someone like a peer was enough to rouse her attention.

Katherine merely waved her hand as a gesturing apology. "Sorry, I think we're alright..."

The employee only chuckled as she stepped away from her stand with a platter of assorted chocolates resting on her flat open hand.

“Trust me, that’s what every other mommy and daddy have said walking by; they’re kicking themselves after getting a taste of these!”

Dawn’s eyebrows were starting to droop. Acknowledgement was nice in a place starved for Little’s rights, but the joy was significantly lessened when she knew just how much of an agenda there was to it. Apparently Amazons are willing to even dignify Littles at least somewhat if it means making a sale.

Katherine stopped the cart and reluctantly stood there to hear her out, but Dawn could see the slightly grossed out look on Katherine’s face. Did she not like chocolate? Then she quickly dashed the thought, reminding herself to act like she didn’t care. Because she didn’t.

“Chocolates...? I’m sorry, I’m not really much of a sweets kind of person...”

“Oh,” she chuckled with a professed hand draped over her heart as the script practically read itself from the inside of her eyelids. “Believe me! I am the *exact* same, just like most Amazons. But this new chocolate from KozyKitchen is a treat designed for Amazons *and* Littles!”

It may have been Katherine’s preoccupied mind with all the shit Dawn had been giving her as of late, but she still did not seem quite sold. Dawn was still trying to puff embers out of the remnants of recognition she just had a second ago, back to being the second class citizen forced to watch and listen.

“Believe me, you’ll feel a lot different once you try it yourself,” the pushy woman continued to insist. She danced her hand over the platter like it was a game of chance and plucked a chocolate to hand over to the reluctant Amazon. “And is it alright for the sweetpea in your carriage, too? It’s all FSR approved, by the way!”

Dawn could feel Katherine’s eyes on her. “...Dawn, would you--”

“Yes please,” Dawn cut her off, especially making it a point to give the most cooperative looking attitude she could. Not to Katherine, of course. Never in a million years. She made a real show of it, pouring out every ounce of kindness and politeness she could to this employee, just to show her captor what she would never have for herself. She could have cared less about the chocolate.

“Alrighty then, hon. Annnd oneee for you!” She continued the same song and dance, picking out a piece for Dawn seemingly at random.

“Thank you,” Dawn said with a smile before popping the sweet into her mouth.

“And such manners!” The employee laughed. Katherine didn’t seem to comment. Again, not Dawn’s problem.

Katherine slipped her own into her mouth to chew it.

“...Oh...that’s not bad, actually.” Katherine’s hand slowly drifted from her mouth. “Those are really chocolates?”

“One-hundred percent approved by the FSR!” The saleswoman reminded with another selling smile.

Dawn chewed hers, but it didn’t taste like anything supremely remarkable. It wasn’t bad, but it wasn’t the best of the best either. She did make note of the thick jelly filling inside of it though. Sort of like a fruit syrup. Strawberries? Orange? Definitely one of those stranger assorted kinds of chocolates, but to each their own.

“So, how about it, mom? Could I interest you in a box?” She waited patiently. Dawn continued to chew on what little she had left to swallow, trying to ignore Katherine being referred to as her mother for the second time now.

“James might actually like those...” Katherine muttered under her breath. “Uhm...we need to run around the store a little bit, but if I remember, I think I would be interested?”

“Perfect!” The employee smiled. “I promise you’ll find me right over there by the rattles. Have fun shopping, you two!”

Katherine pushed the cart along and Dawn went back to staying reserved, once again faced with the reality of all the things they were about to get.

“Those were good, huh?” Katherine suddenly spoke up, an attempt at small talk or conversation.

“Mhm.” Dawn mumbled back, burning her attempt to build a bridge before it even started.

“...Would you want to have some more of that chocolate...?”

“I’m fine.”

Her morale seemed to have been killed, because there weren't any more attempts after that.

Even with her back turned to the rest of the store, Dawn was able to deduce that they were headed to the clothes area.

"Do you have any favorite colors?" Katherine asked with an almost level tone, but inevitably weighed by the seeds of doubt. Fear. Fear of rejection.

"Black. Gray." Dawn robotically answered.

Katherine's fingers patiently danced on the bar of the carriage while her head looked around.

"O...Okay... No promises though...alright?"

After their last shopping trip, Dawn knew it probably was an impossible search. The concept of a babied little being in anything but pastels and hideously bright and infantile colors was probably blasphemy in the Amazon's testament, or maybe even in their genes. The point was, Dawn was well-aware of how difficult she was making things, and she did not give an absolute damn.

The only reason she humored Katherine is because she was betting on there being nothing even remotely in her interest at all. She wanted every single thing from this trip to be chosen by Katherine. This was all of Katherine's making and certainly not Dawn's. Whatever bond she thought that she had a chance in forming with Dawn, the smaller girl herself would make sure that it never happened.

"Dawn...? It's a little hard to find stuff in those colors. Do you have any other colors you like?"

"Nope. Not really." Dawn didn't bother to turn her head.

There wasn't a reply right away. Dawn could imagine it. She probably already had something picked out, and yet it was against her stomach while her hands fussed over each other, at a loss and unsure of what to do, lest she make things worse than they already were. "H-how...how about purple?"

"Don't care."

"...Okay..." Her voice was faint, and the snuffle she made was telling too.

Dawn kept facing the same way she'd been since being confined to this mobile cage, yet looked angry for a moment just to hear the Amazon struggle with her tears. One moment, she could be

as fierce as flames with her no-nonsense cutthroat attitude when it came to discipline, then tears and whimpers the moment you showed her the cold shoulder.

Katherine was the worst kind of person. Overbearing, ignorant, and supposedly kind all the same. She couldn't take a hint, didn't change her ways, and cried if Dawn wasn't going to pretend like she was the queen herself. Yes, it certainly was a battle of attrition, because Dawn struggled to not give her fickle emotions any kind of response.

And as the shopping continued, Dawn kept telling herself, repeating the words in her mind that this was what got through to Katherine. This was the only way to truly communicate with her. Pain was truly the best teacher.

Not even Katherine turning the tables on Dawn seemed to scare her. She really could get whatever she wanted, and Dawn resolved that she would not care. Dawn guessed that she might fight back in her own way by finding the most childish, ridiculous clothes she could put her hands on. Frills, polka-dots, bright pinks and ugly purples, all skirts and no pants; all the things Dawn would consider "retaliation."

But the trick to not caring about any of it was by reminding herself that it didn't matter the poison if it was all lethal anyway. A onesie with snaps wasn't going to make her look any closer to being an adult than a romper would. It was comparing apples to apples and expecting to somehow find an orange among the bunch.

The quiet shopping went on after Katherine apparently found enough clothes to suffice. Dawn still hadn't bothered to look.

And one of their worst stops came next. Furniture. It was surreal seeing entire set displays, especially cribs themselves perfectly sized for someone like Dawn. A large mattress space for an adult (the size of a Little) confined by high bars yet still looking proportional relative to all the other horrid accessories. A rocking chair, diaper pail, dresser, toy chest... It all made her physically cringe, especially knowing that not only did this stuff exist, but they really were getting it. But when she thought about it, it unfortunately made sense when she also remembered that her demographic was just about the same size as Amazon's up and coming tykes...

"Please, Dawn..." Katherine carried tinges of desperation. Likely hoping for some kind of input just so it didn't feel like she was dragging her through the mud completely. Just to feel better about herself. Just so Dawn's words would finally stop getting to her... "I want you to pick, okay? Any crib...any bed that you want," like a change in vocabulary changed the object itself. A worthless try to make any of this better. "I won't say 'no', so please? Please pick something you like? I want you to have something you want. Please?"

What was going through Katherine's mind was more or less decided in Dawn's head, but even that thought exercise needn't be done when the answer was always so simple to go with.

"I don't care.," she repeated, "I don't want any of this."

The Amazon's shoulders slightly drooped as she looked over Dawn and straight ahead with a watery shine in her eyes.

Katherine was only doing a worse job at keeping herself in check while they "browsed." She continually tried to ask for Dawn's opinions on how things looked, if she thought they were nice and such.

For Dawn, she was sort of enjoying the game of pretend she was playing. Pretending like she couldn't turn her head. Instead it was a constant view of Katherine's torso and chest, or otherwise a long stretch of aisle whenever she stepped away. Nothing to her sides were of interest, and it was only bound to make her even more upset.

Sealing everything off seemed to be the only way of calming herself. Making the choice to cut herself away from all stimuli was oddly...liberating. Sitting in a carriage, diapered without any shoes and only a shirt and oversized sweater, in spite of all that, she finally felt like she had power over herself in at least a small way.

"This...this one says it has a really soft mattress?" Katherine wiped one of her eyes as she spoke up again.

Dawn wasn't even caring to answer anymore. Enough silence seemed to count as an answer if she was quiet enough.

The worse Katherine started to seem, the shopping venture only appeared to grow more awkward. Luckily not as many Amazons seemed to pass by, but it wasn't entirely a ghost town. Female and some male Amazons certainly did pass by...and so did their objects of torture.

Dawn wasn't sure if Katherine decided on something herself or gave up entirely because the carriage started rolling forward. Whatever though, it was all out of Dawn's hands and she was starting to find that maybe she preferred it that way.

If the saying went 'in for a penny, in for a pound,' surely the opposite was true, right? Don't give a fuck, don't give *any* fucks? Didn't quite ring the same, but in Dawn's starved mind, just about anything felt linguistically "fun" for her as long as she was the source. From anyone else, it was

all just patronizing and condescending fluff meant to placate her while she continued to drown in this nightmare.

The same routine would follow. Traverse an aisle, exit it, make a turn, enter the next. They were playing a game of snake to explore every inch of the store. While Dawn focused straight ahead, there would continually be the noise of tiny chings from the metal carriage or slumping and sliding of the things already inside of it. Each noise was another drop in the bucket that weighed Dawn into the abyss. Another purchase leading further to her demise. Her only solace could be that Katherine didn't seem to be enjoying it so much either, but likely for different reasons...

Wasn't this a treat in its own way? Katherine was essentially getting what she wanted. A Little, and the one she picked out of the pen at the state fair, no less. Yet what joy was there to spoil what she wanted the most.

Continuing to get herself high off the circulating thoughts was what made this palatable and kept her mind from cracking anymore than it already had.

Back to the game of "snake," Dawn's peripherals unfortunately started picking up on what kind of aisle they were in. The cushy thoughts she had been padding her head with started to dissipate the more her eyes took the forefront of her attention. She couldn't ignore it as she slumped slightly lower in her seat, practically wanting to disappear right then. Her attempts to not exist though were hard when she felt the metal bar press against the front of her diaper and the secure waist strap firmly tugged her back. She wasn't going anywhere.

Large, prominent plastic packages lined either end, rounded edges that only emphasized the "bargains" packed inside. Before she knew it she was already transfixed on all the predatory advertising labeled on the fronts, caught in a state of chilling morbid curiosity.

Extra Absorbent! FIVE more included! GUARANTEED to make them waddle!

Ten percent off, comes scented, twenty-four hour protection...

"Dawn?" A soft-spoken voice made her look up.

It was Katherine, expectedly, but in Dawn's state she just about forgot entirely. "Are you okay?" Her face still wore the hesitation and guilt, but like always, she sounded earnest.

"I'm..." Dawn started to give a genuine answer, but finally remembered her resolve. Turning her head back down and to the side she went back to wearing her mask. "I'm fine."

Katherine was quiet. If it was Dawn's guess, she very much did not believe she was fine, but she wasn't pushing the matter. Good. If only things could have been like this from the start.

"Since I know that you're not excited about this part...I'll pick them out, okay?" Katherine continued to speak like Dawn was continually a part of the process, yet she was only deceiving herself.

At least for Dawn she didn't exactly have a tall order of many different emotions to suppress. In a situation like this, she need only focus on her anger and fear, of which she was feeling troves of.

"Yep."

And yet as resigned as Dawn wanted to be, she couldn't help but with a sickly knot in her stomach glance at the packaging as Katherine slowly, painfully wheeled the cart alongside one of the shelves. The designs. Oh, the designs. If it weren't for the bare-breasted women or men with fully developed bodies as the models for these diapers, Dawn, excusing the store itself, could have cheerfully rode off into the sunset purely believing that these were just diapers for toddlers and infants. But they weren't.

Suns and moons, flowers and butterflies. Cats and dogs, dinosaurs and monkeys. Some cartoon colored and others were just outlines. Velcro tapes and shiny plastic outer shells. They all looked oppressively offensive, but it only felt worse when she remembered that this was something exactly like what she was wearing. She hated it. She hated all of it. There wasn't any way she'd be wearing any of this. No way at all. She'd go commando for the rest of her life if need be. No, for as long as she was in this dimension, which wasn't going to be forever...damnit!

"Excuse me, Ma'am?" And so another agent from hell had arrived. "Could I help you at all?"

If she wasn't as stiff as a board before, Dawn only hoped she could look like the inanimate doll meant for the actual Little waiting at home for all this horrid baby paraphernalia.

And of course, then came the dreaded halt of the carriage. Stuck in place and time had stopped. Why of all places did they need to be approached here? It was all sick marketing tactics... Of course diapers were where the money was... Get a customer paying an effective subscription like this, and they were buying for life.

"Hi there..." Katherine replied, her eyes were probably elsewhere. It was garbage amongst garbage for Dawn, but for someone like Katherine, she was probably a kid in a candy store...

Dawn tightened her grip on the carriage handle with whitening knuckles. Whatever she said, it didn't matter. She wanted this even if she felt "bad" about how she was treating Dawn. It was all lip service, just to get compliance...

"First time getting diapers?" The worker didn't wait to laugh to herself. "Don't worry, I've dealt with plenty of first-time mommies before. When did you get her?"

Yes, of course. Because that's all Dawn was at this point; property. She really was just a doll.

"Just yesterday, actually..." Now she wasn't sounding preoccupied. Just sad. Good.

"Oh wow! Congratulations! It may seem scary at first, but trust me when I say you're giving yourself a lot of joy just as much as you're gonna give this little girl!"

And then came the audacity of a head pat from a complete stranger. The large hand on her head was enough to make Dawn flinch.

"S-sorry," Katherine apologized, probably seeing the split-second reaction on her prisoner's face. "She's a bit shy right now..."

"Mhm..." Dawn could practically hear the sympathetic nod. "Mine was like that too for the first few weeks. There was always some reason for putting up a fuss. He'd throw tantrums when it was tub time, when he got put down for naps, especially during diaper changes..."

Dawn could only imagine the very real frustrations of whoever was unfortunate enough to be claimed by this disillusioned Amazon. He was probably a grown man, maybe fresh out of college, or a fully grown working adult? Did it even matter? Either way, all of his legitimate emotions, complex thoughts, ideas, hopes and wishes could be disregarded so easily as "tantrums" for why he was resisting a fate that left him babified for the rest of his life.

"But things are a lot better now! He still can get cranky on some days, but you'd be surprised how they can come around with enough love," she chuckled, the sadistic bitch. "Oh! Sorry about that, I didn't mean to go on like that... So do you have any idea for what kind of diapers you were thinking to keep her in?"

More cringeworthy conversation. Was she a pet now? Diapers were talked about like they were collars. Accessories that were integral to the image that Dawn was being forced into.

“That’s...sort of the issue.” But never quite fully, was it? Maybe it wasn’t just Dawn that couldn’t get straight answers from Katherine. Then again, maybe it was just anything that concerned Dawn there wasn’t ever a cut and dry answer. Not if it actually involved her interests.

“That’s completely fine!” The employee assured her, as anyone trying to make a sale would. “That’s what we’re here for, really. So since that’s the case, what kind of Little do you want? Do you want her running around or staying put?”

She couldn’t. She couldn’t actually be speaking so casually about something like that, right? Deciding whether to inhibit a fully conscious adult’s motor functions or not? And how, even?

“I still want her to be able to move around...” Katherine answered with a slight bit of hesitation. Was she being wary of Dawn? Either way, the answer came promptly, so Dawn wasn’t ready to scream quite yet.

“Okay. How about for changes? Would you rather do it as little as possible? There are Amazons that prefer that, which is understandable, but it may be hard for her to get around easily if you don’t change her for too long...”

That was an option? It was bizarre for Dawn to listen in. It was like spectating at the zoo, only the irony was that she was in the cage. Maybe the lions, bears and elephants did the same thing from their pens. They watched the spectators as much as they watched them, equally fascinated by just how wild and unrelatable the other side could be.

“N-no, I’d rather not... I don’t mind changing her frequently. Or, regularly, at least.” Her change of wording felt strange to Dawn, but maybe she was just scrutinizing. ‘Regularly’ over ‘frequently’ almost implied she would have to stew somewhat. Whatever. It was all hypothetical, meant for a show just to trick this LPS worker or whatever. Again, and most certainly it would be the hill Dawn died on; she would not be wearing diapers. Any...any more than she already was.

“Okay, that’s fine. Honestly, I prefer to change mine regularly as well. He can get fussy if he’s in one for too long, and I can’t exactly say I support the Amazons out there that think their Little deserves it... But, everyone has their own parenting style.”

Parenting.

And like that, a violation of human rights is chalked up to a unique style of “parenting.” Dawn merely kept pretending to be an elephant, desperately hoping for this all to end. Believe it or not, she *wanted* to go back to Katherine and James’ house. At least there it was dealing with just two crazies instead of the entire population.

“Sorry, do you mind if I check real quick?” The employee asked Katherine.

Katherine didn't say anything at first, which meant that she didn't say no. Therefore, consent, apparently. Consent to violate Dawn's privacy.

Dawn was nothing short of mortified when faster than she could process her charged emotions, the one article of clothing she had was deftly lifted to expose her padded backside. A cold finger brushed against her back as the diaper's waistband stretched, then the same for the front.

The look in Dawn's eye, it had to be the flames of hell with how much anger and frustration she was feeling. She wanted to shout, scream, anything to make it abundantly clear that she was far above this, and much more deserving of legitimate respect...!

Yet her trembling hand stayed still as a blanket of fingers wrapped over it. Katherine must have noticed while she talked to the worker.

It was enough to make Dawn keep her cool and snap out of it, but she also harshly wrestled her hand out from underneath, holding it to her chest like it'd been wounded.

“So I'd say she's about a size four,” the worker determined. “Which is good. Except for the specialty stuff, you definitely have the pick of the litter! I can recommend a few brands down here...”

And so the carriage slowly rolled onwards.

While the dreaded diaper talk continued, Dawn meanwhile did her best to tune it all out. Forget about where she was, what they were doing, and how it all came to this point. Somehow learning to lose herself to a vegetative state was feeling like the most plausible kind of nirvana.

“Dawn...?”

Katherine, the so-called saint had once again pulled her back into the cruel reality before her.

“I asked if you wanted to help pick the design?”

Design...? She turned her head.

Diapers, naturally. There were a few different packages. Brightly colored with attractive text, for Amazons, yet only unnerving for the everyday Little. Playtymes, they were all branded in bubbly thick lettering. They were all some kind of variation of dogs, cats, and flowers.

Durable and absorbent! Little-lock strength adhesive! Features a multi-core odor mask! All the bells and whistles to a prison cell that maximized convenience for the warden over the prisoner. They all had the same information, more or less, just differing in design. Dawn gave Katherine finally a look that wasn't just disinterest, but finally disbelief and utter offense. After everything up until now, what in God's name did she ever think that'd make her believe Dawn would want *anything* to do with this? Rights to handle her own execution?

Now the employee had the audacity to tap her on the shoulder.

"Dawn, sweetie, I was just telling your mommy that making a choice you both agree on is a great way for you both to be happy?" Then came the worst part. She grinned. Actually, she grinned. This wasn't a bonding exercise, or some kind of good-hearted attempt to bring two people closer to each other. This was public humiliation and this rotten bitch was trying to get a front-row seat.

"Piss off." Dawn finally spat, turning her head back forward.

"Dawn...!" Katherine raised her voice in shock, apparently finding it in herself as well to be more than just sad.

While Dawn stayed in place, arms crossed and angrier than ever, the employee was only waving her hand with a laugh as Katherine profusely apologized on her behalf.

"Nope, no, that's fine, really." She finished the rest of her chuckling. "When you said 'shy' I already figured that meant cranky. It's okay. Littles always tend to throw fits at first. 'I don't need diapers, I'm a grown-up, I didn't pee my pants...'" Blah-blah-blah. If only Dawn had been given a chance to punch her...

It didn't matter what Dawn said, obviously. For every reason there was always an equivalent "excuse" in an Amazon's mind just for why a Little's point was null and void. That much she was starting to see.

"Please, Dawn?" Katherine used the same compassionate voice and went as far as to touch Dawn's hand again. Apparently the first time was a mistake, because here she was trying the same tactic twice for mistakenly thinking it worked the first. Glad it was her arm without the bruised wrist, without any qualms she roughly jerked her hand back and away, crossing her arms tightly just to remove any chance for physical connection.

Her head felt hot and it was starting to get uncomfortable. Probably from all this pointless pestering, humiliation and complete shittiness of the situation. When would they finally be going home?!

“Pick. It. Your--self.” Dawn mumbled in an angry voice. She tried to raise herself from the seat, but the carriage buckle only let her rise halfway for her to raise her voice. “I DON’T CARE ABOUT ANY OF THIS! I HATE YOU AND EVERYTHING YOU’VE DONE TO ME! I...” And as she tried to find her words, suddenly squeaking a small whimpering grunt, another knot formed in her stomach. She fell back down in her seat with an uncomfortable gurgle in her stomach.

“Dawn...honey?” Katherine asked, either far too desensitized to her outbursts or simply one that forgave and forgot so easily, she was already focused on the odd mannerisms and expressions coming from Dawn.

“O...ow...” Dawn uncomfortably squirmed in a soft, whimpering voice. She couldn’t sit still. She needed to move. She couldn’t sit in this seat. She wanted out!

“Uh-oh, I think I know what that looks like...” The employee slyly commented from the sideline.

Again, Dawn desperately tried to undo the buckle yet it wouldn’t budge. She tried to push herself out once more. But it was a mistake. A grave mistake.

Her “foothold,” so to speak, was gone the moment she lifted her backside. The door stopper was gone and the avalanche fell free. As there was a bead of sweat on her forehead, those uncomfortable knots in her stomach were undone one by one as they flowed elsewhere in the body. Through her abdomen, down to the intestine, and finally...

A crude, upsetting noise suddenly came from Dawn’s backside. It was the trumpet to the stampede, an unstoppable force that had snuck behind homebase lines so stealthily until the final moment. Teary-eyed, Dawn gripped the carriage handle for dear life as she involuntarily started to mess herself.

It was a paralyzing experience as she felt her own mess creep out of her into her own underwear, like a mud seeping down and between her legs. She couldn’t think straight. Her face was hot and the tiny invisible hairs on her arms were standing upright. This wasn’t real, she couldn’t have...

Then the smell hit her. Her nose crinkled in disgust. Her bottom felt warm and violated. She was frozen, partially stood up, especially now that a landmine was sitting in her pants. If she sat back down...

“Dawn...honey?” Of course. Had she forgotten, there were two spectators right beside her. Shakily she turned her head. Katherine was looking concerned, as per usual, meanwhile the other Amazon looked quite amused.

She wanted to pass it off, to pretend like nothing had happened. Keep going with the attitude that she wanted nothing to do with Katherine, and she certainly didn't. Especially not now. She didn't want anything to do with anybody, including herself. Not looking like this. Not after doing what she just did...!

“I...I...” She couldn't keep her head straight. It was all a frazzle. It smelled horrendous and she just couldn't accept what had happened. How? Why?

Dawn watched in a stunned silence as Katherine reached over the carriage, plucking a large pack of diapers off the shelf. Her eyes followed the package right to the very point it fell into the carriage. On...everything else. Fuck...shit!

Forgetting her one resolve, her golden rule, she finally looked inside the carriage. She could see everything that was grabbed and gotten. It was a pile of weapons and horror. Instruments of infantile terrorism and babification. Enough to arm a small country of expecting mothers. Onesies, rompers, skirts, pants. A few pacifiers, bottles, wipes...baby powder... There were no punches being pulled. It was all there. All the things she knew they'd be getting, but didn't want to accept... She could feel herself going lightheaded.

“Are there any changing rooms nearby?” Katherine asked the employee, who was more than obliged to point.

“Thank you...”

The Amazon in charge came back to the front of the carriage where Dawn still remained half-suspended. Frozen with embarrassment and sheer disbelief. The thousand yard stare only continued the agonizingly long stretch to wherever it was that they were going. Dawn had truly become a statue. Keeping her foul-smelling backside off its seat meant she had to hold herself off of it in place like it was an exercise. Her thousand-yard stare looked far beyond Katherine's torso, who was ignored entirely as she tried to get through to the girl.

This wasn't right. This wasn't happening. A dream. A horrible, bad dream. She'd given up on believing this entire dimension was a farce, which is why it was just some nightmare from sleeping in her hotel room. And if not that...then on the bed of blankets back at James and Katherine's home. That *had* to be it. She prayed to any spirit or higher power that would make it so and wipe this unreal experience all away.

"Where is...oh, right here!" Katherine jerked the cart back at a door they had passed and it was more than plenty to jerk Dawn as well.

Her hands slipped, she lost her grip. It was like in slow motion, yet happened far faster than her delicate emotions could already handle. There was a sudden mucky squish as her rounded bottom partly flattened against the plastic seat and mashed her bottom against her very own mess.

She shuddered with a kickstart to her emotions, jumped and primed; she found it in herself to sniffle with watering eyes, biting her lower lip just to hang on to whatever dignity she thought she had, that her imagination fooled her into believing.

"Dawn, honey, it's okay...!" Katherine tried to soothe her. The cart was stopped and aligned with the wall.

All Dawn registered was a pair of hands reaching for her crotch. She didn't understand and was too disoriented and too feral to let anyone near her. Angrily and embarrassingly she tried to fight off Katherine's hands, yet Amazonian strength was unrivaled and so was her carriage seat buckle, but not for Katherine.

"I know sweetie, I know...it feels yucky, doesn't it?" Katherine soothed and cooed. She didn't sound distant or depressed anymore. She wasn't hurting because Dawn was hurting. She sobbed and cried, contemplating whether she really was herself or not. She was a college girl, not a toddler! She didn't piss or shit her pants, so why now?

In her sobbing state Katherine walked into a small restroom with a single toilet and dreadfully, a changing table built into the wall.

She had to have had an allergic reaction to something, maybe...but what? Then it clicked. Clicking much later than it should have.

"Th...the..." she hiccuped and sobbed, then physically recoiled with cringe the moment Katherine laid her down on the table. Wait, what was happening? Was she cleaning her off? "The chocolate...!"

Katherine could only frown with confusion as she tried to decipher her words. A world of context was buried inside Dawn's head, and yet next to none of it seemed to reach with her words.

The chocolate, that had to have been it. Something didn't agree with her, and all that she had today was that chocolate and some toast and eggs... She didn't like eggs, but it all seemed normal, but so did the chocolate... Katherine looked fine, and they both ate the same things, so was it? It had to be...!

"Just...just give me a second..." Dawn heaved through blurry eyes, and yet her world started falling backwards the moment she felt her bottom once more pressed against a hard surface. The sweater came off and she was just in a shirt and unfortunately used diaper. "Please...wait outside...! Just let me clean up; this isn't me! I don't do this!"

"Dawn, please, let me help?"

"I DON'T WANT ANY HELP!" she screamed as loud as she could, as much as her lungs allowed her to. Katherine's look didn't change though, she could have been deaf as far as reactions were concerned. Her forlorn expression stayed while she stood beside the plastic table Dawn felt too gross to move on. It smelled, she was disgusted and wanted to disappear. Take off her skin and replace it with a new coat; anything to get away from such a humiliating act.

"I can't just leave you in here..."

"Why not?!" she bitterly cried, too out of sorts to figure out the obvious answers.

"You're too small to be left alone in here, Dawn. It's just a messy diaper, honey? Please, I'm not mad, I'm not upset..."

"Don't...don't talk about it like it's nothing!" Dawn sobbed through her shouts. "I'm a *fucking* grown adult, Katherine...! I use the toilet, not fucking diapers! I...I was drugged. Something didn't agree with me, I don't know, but I didn't do this!"

"...So you're saying that someone made you mess your diaper?"

"*Yes!*" She answered far too quickly on a sense of impulse to fully digest Katherine's words. Skepticism, if even that, was potent with her words. Obviously doubtful and far less trusting, the Amazon sounded. The way she had asked, it was almost like a whimsical way of humoring a

toddler's banter. Katherine didn't sound like she believed a single word that she said. All baseless and imaginary conspiracies.

"It was the chocolate!" Dawn said with only half-certainty, but her gut told her that could have been the only thing. "That...that free sample! That made me!" She could barely move anymore, lest she be reminded, but that awful smell...!

"The chocolate that I ate too?" Katherine asked, yet essentially attacked her argument in the same breath. "You don't need to lie, and you don't need to feel embarrassed..." It was a slippery slope because Dawn started panicking the moment a strap came over her stomach. Instantly worries of panic started coming from her mouth as she tried to sit up, yet Katherine gently eased her back with a firm touch.

"Just lay back, okay? Please let me clean you up? You feel yucky, don't you? It's just you and me in here, no one else. You'll be clean in just a few minutes, so try and relax...please." It was a constant war of pain, sadness, hope, and concern in her voice. She must have been warring with the side of herself utterly heartbroken by Dawn's outright rejection and hatred, yet still burning with a supposed passion to continue mothering her.

"I...I don't know...! You're an Amazon, I'm a...a Little," she started to say, hopefully appealing to her logic through similar words. "Food affects us differently? I didn't do this though. I didn't shit myself! And I don't care if it's just us, I want it to be just *ME!*"

Katherine only continued to look beside herself. At no point though did it ever look to Dawn like she was on the verge of "listening" or "giving in."

Against her better judgment, Dawn started kicking her legs to fight the woman off, which only made the feelings and sensations worse in her full diaper, heightening the gross factor while her nostrils continued to be violated.

Katherine didn't leave though. She didn't retreat. Deftly she grabbed her by the ankles with a single hand, looping them together with a single swoop. It was like trying to shoot a water gun at the sun. She stared at Dawn with a mixed expression. A lot was on the woman's mind, but Dawn hardly cared. So much more was on the forefront of her mind that issues secondary to herself were far from being worth consideration.

"Take..." Katherine started, but took a breath before firming herself. "Take off your diaper. Take off your diaper, then I'll let you finish." And then she set on the table what was previously out of view. Wipes. Powder... Another diaper.

“I *will*.” Dawn wiped her eyes, resisting a strong urge to sweep all the supplies off the table. It was certainly odd being given the go-ahead by Katherine, especially after being denied this morning, but she wasn’t going to argue objectively a good thing.

Slipping both hands under the beginnings of the diaper tapes, she got a good grip, pulled, and tore adhesive from plastic.

Except it didn’t. She grunted a small amount the moment she pulled on the tapes. The diaper pulled up a tiny bit, yet that also meant her lower half inside of it as well. She tried pulling again, audibly making noises of stress as the tapes refused to budge.

“What...what?” Dawn angrily pulled and pulled, exhaling into exhaustion as the pain in her wrist was starting to flare up once again. “It’s...what’s with this?!”

“It’s a diaper, Dawn.” Katherine gently lowered her hand on one of the tapes. She grabbed the end, then peeled it off with a loud crackle of plastic and adhesive like it was nothing, as if the holy sword had rejected Dawn in place of a different favored hero.

“You...you tricked me!” she growled, now vigorously trying to pull at the one tape she had left just to prove herself. But it wouldn’t move, barely at all. How could this be possible?!

“I didn’t trick you. I would never trick you,” she said with a voice thick with emotion. “It’s like your car seat; these things are made for Amazons to take care of.”

Of course, it only felt so obvious in retrospect. If car seats that acted like prisons for Littles were only accessible by the jailer himself, why wouldn’t it be the same for diapers? Different cell, same locking mechanism. “So you knew...you just wanted to see me make a fool of myself?” Dawn bitterly asked. She certainly did feel like a fool for not setting her expectations even lower.

“No!” Katherine finally responded with some volume, for once. “Why? Why do you think everything that I try to do for you is against you? Why do you think I’m always trying to attack you? Humiliate you? Hurt you? I showed you because you wouldn’t believe me otherwise!”

“Because you *do* try to hurt me! You tried kidnapping me and now I’m fucking stuck here in this fucking *AWFUL* dimension!” Dawn screamed right back, as low on the totem pole as she could be with a half-worn diaper filled with her own waste, shouting from a changing table up at the woman trying to handle her.

And for once, Katherine laughed. The laugh of a fragile soul still on the precipice of insanity. “I...I don’t get it! I-if James and I didn’t stop you from being taken by...” Her eyes were already

starting to water, but she took a deep breath, reeling back in the tears. “I...I try to be nice. I try to discipline you, but that’s only because you don’t listen...!”

Dawn scoffed. “Discipline me? Don’t talk like I’m your fucking child!” If anger was doing her any favors, it at least helped her forget what she was wearing.

“Because you *ARE* ONE!” Katherine finally shouted. The room fell silent. Katherine’s hands were clenched with a hot and frustrated look. “You’re a brat. A rude, inconsiderate little girl that can’t tell the difference between someone trying to help you or hurt you! You don’t show any gratitude for the things people do for you, or realize just how much worse it could be for yourself if James and I weren’t so willing to help you! I try to buy the things you might like. I try to ask for your opinions at every point. I offer *everything* to you! But no. You give me rude and mean looks. You say nasty things about me and my husband. You kick, scream, pout and fight when things don’t go your way. And finally, when you mess your own diaper, you try to pass off the blame onto someone else and you won’t even let me change you!”

It was too much to attack. Was this even an argument anymore? Dawn quietly breathed as she looked no less pissed, but was obviously more quiet now.

“You say naughty words when I ask you not to, you don’t ever have anything nice to say to me...!” She sniffled once more. “I’m...I’m committed to you Dawn, and I’m not giving up. But it just hurts...it hurts so much...! You’ve been ignoring me and treating me like a piece of dirt! I apologized for not telling you the full story. What I did was wrong and I know that now, but I will *not* be treated as something less than just because you want to throw a tantrum all day!”

“IT’S NOT A TANTRUM!” Dawn seethed right back. Katherine didn’t recoil. Instead she entered the fray. While Dawn screamed and shouted, Katherine went about the diaper change like it was mostly nothing. She tore off the other tape, pulled out the diaper. Wiped her bottom, unfolded the new one, powdered...

“I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! I HATE JAMES!”

The whole way Katherine carried out the diaper change with a stone-faced expression. Even after the change was finished, Katherine stood there while Dawn continued to kick and scream, still strapped to the table, burning her rage like it was nuclear fission.

Hate. Hate. Hate.

The longer she went, the more fuel she burned leading to less and less creativity in her malice and ire, losing the sharp edges of whatever words that may have hurt, simply devolving into clay lumps of hate and ridicule.

Katherine looked no less upset, yet she masked it with her stern expression, truly peeved yet hurt all the same.

And so they stayed like that for almost another ten minutes, but for Dawn an eternity. It kept on going until her voice croaked and was beginning just to feel raspy. Her throat was dry and tired. All her words were spent and then some. She was exhausted. The horrible smell was thankfully gone, but was replaced with an unfortunately equally as potent smell of baby powder.

“...We’re going to go back outside now. I think we got enough of what we need for today. After we buy everything we’re going home. Does that work for you?”

“I hate you.” Dawn motionlessly replied from the changing table, staring up at the ceiling.

“And I love you.” Katherine just as harshly replied.

“You love having a doll that looks pretty.” Not that she considered herself so, but she knew Katherine did.

“No. I love you. I just wish you could open up to me more, because I know that you have so much more for me to love, even if you say so many mean things to me.” The moment Katherine’s overhanging head became Dawn’s view, she averted her gaze.

The moment the buckle came off, Dawn looked down at herself, grimacing.

Puppies.

She really did grab a package. Obviously. Diapers didn’t come from thin air, but the overabundance she’d been seeing could make her think otherwise. Dawn truly did hang in her arms like a lifeless doll while she tried to reflect, or at least think of the situation as it was. It irked her so annoyedly about the diaper situation. They were just like the car seat... She wouldn’t be able to take them off on her own if she tried. Maybe with a knife or scissors? But again, it was another degree of confinement she was powerless against. After all this though, once they were finally back home, the diaper came off. Without a doubt.

Once they emerged from the bathroom, the mind-numbing shopping tunes hummed over the superstore, reminding Dawn just what hell she was still trapped in.

Before Dawn was sat back in the carriage, however, Katherine leaned into the cart and pulled something out. It was a pair of pants. Sort of. More of those faux jeans with an elastic waistband. The pockets were fake and the “stitching” was superficial. More pretend “grown-up” clothes. Especially when they were a soft purple, probably the closest to black she could ever get in a place like this.

“Would you like to wear these?” Katherine asked expectantly. And did the moon come out when it was night time?

Dawn side-eyed her. They both knew the answer, which begs a whole new question of why Katherine asked to begin with. There was an angle. A trick. Something. It was always about extortion; an ulterior motive. Dawn knew it, just somehow...

“No?” Per recent developments, silence apparently no longer meant consent, which is why she started putting them back in the cart.

“Fine! Yes, I want to wear them.” Dawn wore a sour-faced expression. “What? What do you want? What do I have to do?”

Katherine paused then took them back out. Without a word, she stood Dawn in the cart, helping her feed her legs into the pants then tugged them up. They stretched and conformed. Unfortunately, even Dawn could tell that they were merely an accentuator rather than a concealer...

“Nothing.” Katherine lifted her back into the carriage seat then buckled her. “I want to be nice.” And she went back to pushing the carriage.

That take was unexpected, but then again, it wasn't. As Dawn remembered, apparently Katherine was so “prideful” about taking the high road, or whatever disillusioned path she set herself on. Her idea of kindness was exactly why their relationship was where it is.

It didn't change much in the grand scheme at all, but at least she finally had pants again...