

## 32 - The End

For the first time in a terribly long while; far longer than the near-two weeks Dawn had been here, in this dimension, there was an end in sight. Much like a passing minute feeling like an unending eternity to a toddler, it was the same nightmare Dawn finally found herself waking up from. In the chipper morning that was true both in the metaphorical and literal sense. Her eyes were open before the present nanny's hands could even brush her pajamas.

"Wide awake, are we?" the nanny remarked, not so jovially. Plainly, but with a tinge of toddler-speak, like this was just the nine to five, but she still needed to speak like she was handling legitimate children.

Staring up from her pillow, Dawn squinted and rubbed her eyes before the blur solidified into an echo of someone familiar. Maybe from the first night she came here...? Something about horridly awful food... That mushy soup dinner...G-something...Gina?

"Gina...?" Dawn yawned with a stretch, feeling the gathers of her footies on her wrists and ankles stretch and slide inwards all at once. The dry seat of her diaper conformed just a little more, but again, *dry* was what mattered here. "Or..." but another yawn still had to work its way out of the Little. "Nanny Gina..."

Gina raised her brow slightly as she lifted her out. "You remembered my name? Huh."

Lord, please don't let her think that she remembered for a reason... Yesterday's lovestruck crazy was already more than enough.

"I try to remember everyone's name," Dawn quickly deflected on the spot. "Guess I just got good with yours."

"Mm," the nanny nodded simply before sitting her down on the changing table. "Well, that's very nice of you to say..." Gina turned her head and Dawn followed, spotting the tiny whiteboard on the open door with a colored marker scribble. "Dawn," Gina finally said, looking away from her cheat sheet.

"Guess the feeling isn't mutual," Dawn boredly remarked, which with such a tone and implication was quickly making her second-guess saying something so bold to someone so large and in charge. She braced for impact, but no blow came. Or at least not how she expected it to.

"Truthfully, no," Gina admitted, "it's not. Not for bad intentions, mind you," she sighed, and Dawn, unlike all her peers waking up in wet diapers, decided to fill hers with skepticism instead.

“When your charges last at most a week, it’s not nice for anyone involved when it comes to forming any kind of bond or relationship,” Gina said with a confusing expression but all the same in a monotone voice.

“Fair,” Dawn remarked, feeling as refreshed as she could, what-with yet another stranger stripping her down to her underwear. While she was dry, she did reluctantly choose to make her final stretch here as calm as possible with few waves. Hence the empty baby bottle in the crib, and a stomach full of milk that’d finally made its way through her system. Call it being tired or just careless, but when Dawn let go of her full bladder it was coincidentally the moment Gina pressed her hand up against its front.

“Good timing,” Gina commented, and Dawn wordlessly blushed.

Dawn wasn’t much for words until after a diaper change. And unfortunately, not that it was to anyone’s surprise, there were no adult panties offered as a final send-off... Today’s outfit was another dress that at least went past the knees, though that was it. More built-in support for the chest and nothing else. A dress and a diaper. It felt borderline naked with how exposed she felt, but the game was simple. No complaining, and it’s an easy escape...

Right before they swung out the door, Gina took them by the crib again just so she could scoop something out and stuff it into Dawn’s arms. “Good thing we didn’t forget your friend.”

“Mm.” Dawn mumbled her lukewarm answer as her palms lightly pressed against the fur and fluff of the stuffed sheep she would have been perfectly fine “accidentally” forgetting. Oh well. There’d be plenty of opportunities to lose it elsewhere and somehow.

There were no lucky winners yesterday, as every high chair in the kitchen had its Little accounted for. Veronica was in charge of breakfast that morning, and for once Dawn wasn’t looking down at her plate with pure disdain. The microwave was working overtime with the amount of freezer-packaged packets the nannies had been going through, leading to perforated squares of brown, squishy bread moistened and seasoned by clouds of sugar and cinnamon, pair with tiny cups of syrup dipping.

“No drinking the syrup, please!” Veronica addressed the gaggle whilst simultaneously admonishing a specific Little in particular.

“Nanny, do you want some?” a Little charitably offered from their seat, holding out a sagging dripping strip already smothered in syrup.

The nanny in turn looked as if she visibly grimaced for a moment, reminding Dawn just how much apparently their taste buds differed. But the woman's smile quickly came back as she waved them off with a chuckle. "Thank you so much for the offer, sweetheart, but I just ate and I'm already so full! I'd be *much* more happy if you had it all!"

"Kay!" no more fuss, and back to eating they went.

Dawn hadn't been here for long, but she observed enough to know that the inmates here were lost in the head or limp to some degree... Pretending, right? Hopefully nothing worse. Whether they were cogs assimilating into the machine or husks being recycled made no difference if submission was only spelt one way.

Dawn chewed through her meal, one cinnamon stick at a time, trying to enjoy it as simply halfway decent food, and nothing more exhilarating than whatever her body or head was trying to make her think it was...

*It's just microwaved food...it's from the freezer aisle...this isn't gourmet...!*

Aside from dribbles of syrup blocked by the courtesy of a bib, her space was soon spotless. Faces were dabbed with cloths, hands were wiped, and Littles were turned out into the playroom for yet another day of monotony. At least it'd run shorter for Dawn, however.

The day went on as normally as it could. Playtime. Snacks. Story time, come to find out (which at least Dawn wasn't targeted to be an avid listener this time), and so on. But aside from most of the babying behaviors that she was being forced to endure, an unfortunate byproduct she was seeing the effects of the fastest was of course...

In the midst of sitting by the blocks and keeping to herself, an involuntary motion had Dawn spreading her arms out like a bird, ready to take flight. Except...without a fearsome screech or roar, all she did was squeak and groan her early onsets of a yawn as a light layer of grogginess was already hitting her.

Stupid naps. Ridiculous. She never needed them to begin with. Sure, adjusting to the significantly longer days had taken its toll in the beginning, but she adjusted and managed. But ever since *those two*... The memory made Dawn sigh. Since people in particular started making her do a midday's rest, all the wrong messages were being sent to her body. Suddenly her internal clock now was expecting two breaks in the day instead of just one. Unfortunately she was starting to adjust to naps whether she liked it or not.

What a fun habit she'd have to break... Starting tomorrow. Another funny inconvenience she found herself already missing: planes. A long ride to your destination, sure, but at least you could sleep on the way. Walking through a portal didn't exactly leave many opportunities for rest. All the same, instantaneous travel. Pros and cons, pros and cons...

"Whatcha doin'?" Millie asked as she was already inviting herself to sit down. Now with an audience, Dawn mindfully crossed her legs and tucked down her dress some more.

"Nothing, really..." She didn't consider that this was her last day to speak to Millie. Not that there was much of a bond, but being close to acquaintances probably counted for something.

"I'm leaving today, I think," Millie said without an ounce of eye contact. It was a passive mention while she was already sweeping in waves of blocks with her outstretched arms.

"Y-you are...?" What coincidental timing...

"Uh-huh," Millie nodded again. "My new Mommy said she's gonna come back today."

*After picking up some milk?* As true as it might be, it sure sounded empty-handed... And for a Little's sake, better the Amazon never did actually show up. But in this kind of world even Dawn knew something like that was a guaranteed promise.

"Oh...uhm...con...gratulations...?" Dawn awkwardly said. Who was she even saying it for? Naturally *Dawn* would never find joy in such a horrid fate, but Millie didn't sound excited so much either. Nothing positive nor sad, even. As if she was simply reporting the facts. Which, to a sad degree, she was.

"Thanks," Millie acknowledged. "How about you? Do you have a new Mommy now, too?"

Urg. Dawn tried not to wince. A sudden guilt was welling within her. Survivor's guilt?

"Uh...yeah, sort of. I'm leaving today too..."

"That's nice," Millie commented just as plainly.

Not that there was much positivity to start with, but the atmosphere at least inside Dawn's head quickly plummeted into something a bit more dreary. With the light at the end of the tunnel, a mere glance over her shoulder showed the harsh reality for the thousands of others— millions, maybe, that wouldn't be afforded such a saving grace like she was. Nevermind the people

stranded here like herself, but considering the native-born Littles forced to live in a world ready to subdue and restrain them straight from the womb...

Dawn watched Millie slide a rectangular block along the playmat, watching her hand dictate the imaginary car along the cartoon road surrounded by smiling buildings, trees, and mountains. Her car zoomed right down a winding path, leading right back into the city she just left, skirting right by her puff of white diaper peeking through her skirt, missing the turn that'd take her back to the forest every single loop... The only ever change Millie like most every other Little in this dimension would get to experience is...

They didn't exchange many words from then on. Quietly, they kept in the company of themselves, moving things around, making their imaginations work and leading entirely separate trains of thought.

Every day was like finding its own form of monotony to tread through, and now that was passing the time via a neverending playtime in the toy room. Not like any of that was outside of expectations. After all, whether she was here, elsewhere, or anyplace in this dimension for that matter, some kind of reduction in maturity, capability and independence was an absolute given.

Now there was a dash of melancholy starting to infect her otherwise anxious, but positive mood. Apprehensive was a better way of putting it. Again, there were no clocks, and good lord she wasn't looking to bug or bother any person powerful enough to plop her over their knee. Better described as just Amazons... Maybe a good amount of Littles could manage something like that.

"Ohh Millie~!" a jovial tune sang from the doorway. Just about every Little in the room paid mind to the voice. A nanny smiling from ear to ear made her way inside the supervised pen, drifting and drifting until she finally loomed over the two "friends" engrossed in "play."

"Somebody *very* special is here to pick you up!"

Millie stared up at her. Her reaction was like the existence of equality. Non-existent.

"Mommy?" she asked anyway, but without enthusiasm. Not with dread, either. Just her normal voice.

"*Yes!*" The nanny beamed, scooping the girl right up, leading Dawn's eyes to the floor as she watched the latest colored prism in her hand drop to the floor. All in the same gesture she seemed to sensually rub the Little's behind with a deductive hum. "But...no need for goodbye changies, it seems!" the woman chuckled. Millie did not. Millie didn't react. Then the nanny turned in place to address the room of miniatures scattered throughout. "Everyone! Today's Millie's last

day with us, so can we all give her an extra-nice goodbye?” The Amazon smiled expectantly like a schoolteacher waiting for her commands to trickle down to her prepubescent masses. Then Dawn watched on as the rest droned back in a muddled cacophony of send-offs and see-you-never-laters.

Then the shadow deepened from her squat to the floor, still holding Millie in her arms. In a calm whisper she said pointedly, “Dawn, sweetheart, this might be your last time seeing Millie, you know? It’s important that we always give our goodbyes!”

So without much choice, and no way of a soldier’s salute, Dawn pursed her lips before a breath of air forcibly escaped her mouth.

“See you.”

A send-off to one’s effective end. The death of an adult, or a chance of ever being one ever again...

“Bye,” Millie waved back without a rise or fall in her voice. The same monotony in her tongue just as it was in her hands, sliding the blocks back and forth. Cognizant and aware, but lifeless and surrendered all the same. There was no way of knowing how the Little felt, and just maybe obscuring her emotions was what made it easier for Dawn to tone down her own. She was being rescued while the others were shipped off to suffer.

Life wasn’t fair.

Millie was gone.

Dawn was going home.

The end.

Millie was reminisced on for as long as her face was in the room, and even those few words were beckoned by a nanny. After that...nothing. Play resumed, chit-chat kept to things deemed topical, such as sharing the dolls, changing plastic and rubber wheels on trucks, and flipping through thick slabs meant to be pages out of a small pile of picture books. Her departure was just a few ripples to a pool that was already smooth and undisturbed yet again.

The turnaround of this place was no joke, though. Maybe it was just an unusually fast day, but two more names were called to the chopping block between short intervals.

“Timmy!”

“Zach, sweetheart?”

Did they know like Millie did? Was it just a surprise that snuck up on them? They had more energy and excitement than the first Little to go, but even in their last few crinkling waddles Dawn could still see something else beneath the surface. Adults on their final few steps before eternal death row. Sad didn't describe their expressions, but joyful didn't either. Something was displaced about them, yet the time it took to decipher that was longer than the amount they remained in the room.

The numbers dwindled and the play went on and on. No nannies shed any tears, just like Gina implied. Short-lived stays didn't need long-term relationships. As morbid as an Amazon's attachment could be, anyone of any size expecting this to last forever was a different kind of foolish. A halfway house keeping you stuck in diapers but without being completely claimed by a single authority.

And everyone in participation seemed to understand that, doubly so the inevitability in trying to resist or change it. The Littles thinking that, for that matter...

But time went on. Some Littles were adopted, others continued to play, and Dawn, a spectator to one last moment of madness before her ultimate rescue, stewed in the corner.

Then it happened.

“Daawn?” Ending the same way that it began, Veronica leaned her smiling head in through the doorway. It was the cold splash of water that had Dawn on her feet like a foot soldier summoned by her commander's orders.

The diapered adult tried striking the balance between dignified and eager to get the fuck out of not only this orphanage, but this city, state, country, and dimension. And it all started now. Veronica was waiting inside the play area now, and Dawn waited to be picked up. The girl flinched and fell with trembling legs when Veronica stepped past her with a chuckle.

*Wait, what? What's wrong? What's she doing...?!*

“You almost forgot your special friend!” Veronica playfully scolded as Dawn with a sudden look of shellshock watched the soft sheepy mound of fluff plop into her lap.

“O-oh...” was all the Little said, trying to remember how to breathe properly as she was hoisted into the air.

And truly until the unnerving end, just as Urna dictated, Dawn was treated no differently than the rest. “Everyooone?” not Veronica, but the same nanny busy facilitating from the inside addressed the shrinking number of Littles. “Can we all give Dawn a nice goodbye?”

“ByyyEee Daawwnnn!” the mix of monotone and dissonance sang.

Whether it was to appease the Amazon holding her or to symbolically mark her end to this nightmare, Dawn made one small fleeting wave to the faces her back was shortly turned to. Veronica’s tune of hums carried them far enough down the hall and out of earshot before she started speaking again.

“Excited to go home?” Veronica asked.

Just acknowledging the cracks in her facade was making the girl stress in too many different ways. With a sigh blended into a chuckle, somehow threatening tears, Dawn put on a weary smile. “Like you wouldn’t believe... I’m ready for this all to be over. I...I hope you can understand that I never want to come here again...”

Regret has a funny way of shutting off the pipes that gets air into your lungs, because Dawn’s panic nearly came back with the way Veronica raised her eyebrows in tune. The only reason Dawn didn’t think she was about to be spanked was from the final exhale through Veronica’s nostrils, finally chuckling.

“Wel, I suppose you’re not wrong,” Veronica chuckled again. “Repeats at an orphanage isn’t a very good sign...!”

And Dawn felt the need to amend her statement to specify the entire dimension itself, not just this hellish institution, but she erred on the side of a skill she was becoming quite adept in: shutting up.

“So...if you don’t mind me asking,” Dawn started, “who’s taking me? Urna?”

“Ms. Urna? Oh. No. No-no,” Veronica shook her head with a giggle.

*Right...she...she is busy after all...* That didn’t leave much room to guess who else might be taking her to the portal station...



A conversation was fading just into earshot.

“...believe that there’s nothing else...”

Who was talking now...? Urna? “It balances out, somewhat. More money upfront for documents than what you'd be doing for next to nothing in legal hurdles...”

There was a few seconds before Veronica and Dawn turned the corner, forcing the girl to consider an alternative that was far from crossing her mind in a purely shocking, stupefying way. *Of course. Stupid. Idiot! A third party!* Someone who wasn’t busy changing diapers and deciding the next Littles destined to be stuck in them forever... Urna’s words from last night echoed in her head, all about how there was going to be someone there for her every step of the way... Every step.

“She might need a change before—” before Urna could finish her sentence, but the pair entered the front room with the proprietor stuck with a half-hanging jaw. “Ah! There she is!”

“Here she is!” Veronica announced.

“There you are!” The third party with pearly whites looked like they halfway stumbled with their first step, but strode through the rest with conviction and speed. She was already reaching out for Dawn, who blinked before a stuttering scream left her mouth.

“W-WAIT! Hhh-hhuh...?” the whimper was thick throughout her panicked protest, enough that it did briefly stop the Amazon in front of her.

The woman immediately frowned, tilting her head. “Don’t you remember me, sweetheart?” she pointed a finger at herself. “It’s me, Mama!”

*Tanya.*

Call her frightened, saddened reaction a slight overstatement over just a small surprise, but it was the spark igniting a gas-filled cave of caution and angst. Everything was bad until it was good. Nothing was safe until she was home. Any turn around the corner could have a boogeyman, and if it wasn’t her home, it was a prison. Seeing Tanya was startling on too many levels. She was an Amazon proudly looking for a forever baby, and Dawn knew she was in her crosshairs. Today was also the day that she was meant to be going home. Right now, in fact, so what worse timing could this possibly be?

“And I’m *so* happy to see you with your new little friend!” she gushed with a syrupy tone as she pinched the dangling leg from the sheep suffocating between Dawn’s iron-locked arms. She glanced over at Urna with a satisfied voice, “I just *knew* she was going to love it...!”

“Littles do tend to find their comfort objects, one way or another,” Urna chuckled, chatting Tanya up like she was more than just a customer. Normally being called out for doing something childish was a good trigger to stop Dawn from doing that said thing entirely, but her body wasn’t quite warm enough to opening up right now. Everything was huddled and close; locked down and reinforced.

“Can I have her now?” Tanya asked, but really narrated her hands that were already in motion. Dawn shivered and squirmed, pressing into Veronica’s shoulder, chest, and side like a koala keeping to her tree. It was easy enough to describe how dangerous and wrong this all was, but without words, Dawn nervously paced air through her nose as a tense look on her face settled more and more. Veronica was no ally though, as a whimper from the Little erupted with the changing of hands, leaving Dawn to settle on Tanya’s hip now, lightly bouncing, rocking and cooing like they were the only two in the room.

And Dawn looked away, turning her head just to lose the eyesight of the concerning woman. Her grip was firm and no amount of squirming could undo that. Veronica stood off to the side, chuckling with a smile, either reacting like it was the sweetest thing she had ever seen, or something that was entertaining for an unknown reason. Dawn turned her panic gaze over at Urna, who frighteningly as well looked just as pleased with the situation.

Why, though?

Why were they both so happy? Why were they acting pleased? Was this just one last “visit” to appease a stranger before letting Dawn go? That had to have been it. Tanya was so impatient about the adoption that she wanted another visit and Urna was forced to oblige... This was all performative before Dawn could leave. Then the next day they’d tell her that Dawn incidentally had been adopted by someone else... Convolved, sure. But passable? Well, given that she was going home: yes.

“Ms. Urna, did we already give her Dawn’s paperwork?” Veronica suddenly asked, and echoes of worry bounced off the inside of the pit inside Dawn’s stomach.

Stuttering, Dawn cracked open her mouth with a whisper of shock, “M-mm-y pa-”

“Yes,” Urna answered her employee, shutting up the diapered Little right away, “she has it out in the car. Everything’s all signed and squared away.” Urna turned, looking at Tanya who could

only giggle in return while the dichotomy forced against her hip shuddered in confusion and scares.

Lying, right? They gave her forgeries? Fakes? Just to keep her out of the way just for today? It...it didn't make sense...? Did— did Dawn have the days mixed up? Urna promised to help her, that much was certain... Veronica started it all by rescuing her and taking her here. Urna said she was going to get her home. She even showed an official email to prove it! That's why none of this added up... None of it made sense...! She was going home today. She was. Everyone said so. No one ever refuted that. No one ever said she was wrong or confused. Emails. Assurances. Good faith. Honest answers. Proof. Fact. Papers? It...it was all meant to get her home...!

Home.

*Home.*

...

...

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..

.

—

*Home.*

She blinked and everything changed. Tanya was the same, but the others weren't. Veronica and Urna; they were different beings entirely. Their skin had been shed and their fangs were bared. Thin vertical slits for pupils and widened grins with hanging jaws that allowed their pink forked strips of tongue to flutter and tease their prey. Either a baby rattle was shaking in the next room over, or the thick tails the two serpents propped themselves on were now shaking and dancing with predatory pleasure.

Home.

They didn't lie to Dawn, and she knew that. They never did. Not once. Not ever. They kept to their words until the very bitter end.

“Is everything okay, hon?” Urna was the first to ask, leaning in on her with a sweet, expectant smile. One that Dawn could barely see as something far more sinister flashed underneath.

“Maybe she just wet,” Veronica casually suggested, and even Tanya’s probing hang on Dawn’s diaper didn’t stop the Little from catching her cackling smile from behind the veil.

“No, she feels okay for now,” Tanya frowned, bouncing Dawn again. “What’s the matter, baby? Huh?”

Finally with a bitter look and hurt in her face, Dawn mumbled in a broken voice, “Y-you...you said I was going home...” And to the sound of that, one might think Urna was swooning.

“Hmmm...?” Urna stepped closer with a growing grin, just barely losing out to a professional smile. “But sweetheart, you *are* going home?”

“As they say: home’s where the changing table is at,” Veronica passively remarked, coughing a chuckle from the very woman holding Dawn right then.

This entire time...every step of the way it was malformations and misunderstandings of the truth. Not that it wasn’t all by design. Urna showed her everything. Getting her personal information, sending her to a doctor...making her meet the very person that wanted to claim her...reading her the email that legally solidified her slavery. It was all there. Dawn was a first-party witness to all of it.

“Awh– baby, what’s wrong?” Tanya cooed as Dawn sniffled through her uneven breathing. She glared up at Urna who simply smiled. Like an Amazon that’d just done their job. Whether she could have changed the outcome or not was as unlikely as it was pointless to answer since it was all in such painful retrospect. She watched and witnessed... She even cooperated at points in her own fucking demise...! This...this was the plan from the very start. *Home* wasn’t the same to Dawn as it was to all these twisted monsters. She imagined a different dimension, while everyone else envisioned a crib tucked away in a nursery.

She was tricked and deceived, and now she was about to pay the price for it. There was no flame. No shouting, screaming, or obscenities to hurl. Just...whimpers and trying to stop the tears. The light had vanished and the tunnel went dark, cold, and inescapable. And this was it. The final card in the pile. The last plan. Up in smoke. All...all because Dawn ran into Veronica in the first place. At that toy store...all because...

The corner of Tanya's finger lightly rubbed Dawn's wet eyes. "Poor baby..." she lifted her head up to the other two Amazons. "I think she might be tired...that parenting book said they might show signs like this if they get sleepy."

"Oh I bet she certainly is!" Veronica adamantly nodded. Dawn couldn't even look her in the eye. She could barely move. She felt limp. Sad, scared, afraid, defeated, and so much more. She was complicit in her own undoing without even realizing... And last night...in the crib, when Veronica put her down...

*It's all because of you.*

*You.*

*YOU.*

*Me.*

Plenty of silent thoughts and feelings were enough to process than what anger and likely spanking-inducing words could do alone. And the worst of it all...she was tired. So tired. So unbelievably drained. Drained from running. From hiding. From fighting for a future that was never destined to be. Something so many people dangled in front of her like a carrot on a stick. She had just been played again, and it seemed like her last and final time of being duped.

"But I want one last hug before leaving...!" Tanya gushed as she wrapped an arm around the woman who just sold her an exotic Little. "U-Urna...I really don't know how I can ever show you how thankful I am for this...!" Tanya sniffled. "F-for making me...!"

"You can do that by being the best mommy you were meant to be," Urna told her earnestly, with far more honesty than Dawn ever felt in the words delivered unto herself. Only after seeing a person's true colors did everything else feel so...fake. This was the *real* Urna. A side that Dawn, a Little destined for diapers never had a chance at revealing. "And maybe that starts with letting your new baby girl nap in the car!"

Everyone laughed. Except for Dawn, as to her it would've come from a place of insanity. Tears. Screaming. She wanted to, no doubt, but she was shutting down in every facet. It was over. This was it. She lost.

"Do you need any diapers for her for the ride home?" Veronica asked.

"Nope!" Tanya proudly declared. "I spent all month preparing for this...!"

A month... Dawn was maybe nearing to that amount, but she hadn't been in this dimension for a full 30 days. Not yet, at least. But that long... That long this woman was "expecting" for, just waiting for the right opportunity to pop up with a proper price tag... And Dawn was just that. A commodity to satisfy a consumer.

"Bye, Daawwnn!" The nanny and owner waved to the petrified Little on their way out. The fresh air was momentary. It was life outside the prison walls, but the illusion of freedom ended the moment she wound up in the car seat, poised with her practically laying in a bed, barely with a head propped up enough to stare at the backseat of the car. Unlike with Katherine and James she couldn't even fool herself into thinking that she was sitting upright.

"Don't you look so precious...!" Tanya gushed, brushing the mute girl's cheek, then lightly tapping the mesh and foam farm animals hanging above her head, dyed in neon reds, blues and greens. Big beady eyes with simple stitched textures of squiggles, diagonals, or straight lines. She didn't try to touch the buckled harness that kept her in her seat. The unfortunately obvious answer would have set her off. She finally found it in herself to blush though when the audible snap came from Tanya's phone, aimed right over her. "Baby's first picture!" she giggled, then tucked a baby bottle of creamy white right beside her in the car seat. "And you can also have this," she added, plugging a pacifier into Dawn's mouth like it was a socket. Dawn didn't resist. She didn't kick, scream, or struggle. She laid there, thinking quietly.

Sadly.

This was it, wasn't it?

The end.

She...she was adopted. She was going *home*. And to think of what got her up to this point... Both by no fault of her own and...and so much of her own...Sh-she was here for a reason...As...as a consequence of...

A soft lull of xylophones and pianos filled the car. Hums of twinkles and starry nights, slumbering animals and the tales of sleepy forests. A lullaby polluted her head on repeat, barely causing her to register that the car was in motion. She blinked and stared at nothing and everything all at the same time. The pacifier stayed in place as with short time her eyelids felt heavier and heavier, taking in the sudden tune that seemed to make everything feel so heavy. She was sluggish, too tired to even hang onto the sad and angry guilt she was ridden with. At least for now.

But she was out like a light, just like that. Just like her hopes and dreams of ever trying to escape this newfound predicament.

Much less the Diaper Dimension itself.