

## 15 - Simmering Emotions

Dawn was forced to quietly stew elsewhere in the house, resigning herself to Waver's dog bed where he lay. The one place of refuge she had in the house was being transformed into something else entirely. She had no words for opposition, because she knew they wouldn't take her anywhere. Whatever influence she had on the situation, it was well-gone by now. She had the chance to at least pick her poison at the store, but she waived that right entirely. Now, annoyingly so, her mind was too busy not thinking about the things she didn't do, but the way Katherine must have felt every time she was put in one of Dawn's most compromising positions.

It was probably a shitty feeling, maybe just as shitty as how sore Dawn's butt was feeling right then. She made sure to lay on her hip rather than her bottom, lest she agitate the feeling any more. But truly, an annoying point she couldn't ignore was what that spanking did to her. Quite truly, it made her reflect. She was still angry. She still didn't think of either Amazon as pure of heart, but...her animosity to them was less, and in James' case her fear towards him had only gone up.

"Dawn? Honey, you doing alright?" Katherine was peering over the couch with a toolbox in hand. Not as the user, but the gofer. She'd gone back to using pet names at some point, but Dawn was hesitant to ask for any of that to stop right now. Truly, she was afraid of James somehow escalating what she believed was a fair request...

"I'm fine..." she quietly commented. She wasn't fine, but fine was enough to get herself some space.

"How about some tv? I can turn it on for you?" She gestured to the large black screen.

"I'm fine."

Dawn could feel Katherine's quiet look wait a little longer before asking, "Did you want some juice? I had James pick some up on his way from work?" The juice that she never asked for.

"No thank you..." Even manners were something she was scared into being wise to. To think physical force could make her so compliant...

"Okay...well, think about what you might like for dinner, okay? We're gonna order out tonight."

Dawn didn't answer, but eventually she heard Katherine moving around again by the metal clanks of the box in her hand.

By a wide margin she was currently bonding with her most favorite person in the house. Waver, Amazon dimension or not, at least seemed the same kind of dog one would expect to find back in the other dimension. Just a normal, goofy and friendly four-legged friend. One who was busy sleeping, which made for the perfect pillow for Dawn.

She never did get her pants back, but she also never asked. She didn't want to interact. She just wanted to lay low and stay quiet, which was everything that the diaper around her hips wasn't. Though she did hear the noise of a drill upstairs, albeit mild, the whirring noise still traveled all the way down here.

Waver would occasionally look over Dawn in the same direction at the stairs, but would go right back to laying there. Maybe out of courtesy for Dawn. At least someone finally understood her, even if it was on such a depressingly simple level.

The sun had just about set as the warm glow through the living room window was fading away like a closing door. Her window of escape had probably closed long ago. That was it. This was it. At some point during the day, some time, the tour group went back home. And here she was, stuck. Stranded with two Amazons who say that they are going to try and find a way to get her back home. But with talks of what they were having for dinner, buying her clothes, furniture for a bedroom, it felt like nothing but cheap lip service. They said one thing while their actions said another. All they could give her were words, and they'd proven themselves once already that they couldn't be trusted, so what was left?

Finally getting on her feet, Dawn walked over to the stairs with eventually a curious Waver in tow, finally freed of his obligations as a pillow to investigate as well. Climbing to the top of the stairs the drilling noise was louder than whatever kind of conversation James and Katherine were having.

By chance, Katherine yet again poked her head out into the hallway.

"Oh! Did you want some juice?" Katherine smiled, as if she was anew again and reborn. All the mental and emotional damage Dawn had done seemed to be gone completely, but her sense of pessimism argued that the deepest cuts never show on the surface.

"No..." though her throat was dry, "I...I was wondering where the bathroom was."

"Well..." Katherine turned her head, "upstairs it's right over there..." back to Dawn, "but what do you need in there, honey?"

It couldn't have felt any more obvious, to the point Dawn already felt the inklings of annoyance. But then she remembered James, quickly smothering the flame. "I need to use the bathroom..." she calmly answered.

Katherine didn't miss a beat, like a knee-jerk reaction was triggered, saying, "That's okay, I'll just change you when you need it?" She gave the curious head tilt, magically ignorant to Dawn's continence.

Deep breaths. Stay calm.

"N-no, Katherine...I...I know how to use the bathroom. I don't actually need diapers."

"But today at the store..."

"--Yes!" Dawn interrupted, already feeling herself blush from the memory. "Yes...that happened, but it wasn't me. It was that chocolate, I'm telling you! Please, just let me go..." She hesitated, stooping to a new personal low, but if the ends justify the means... "I can even show you that I know how. Please? Just humor me?" Isn't this what they wanted? Dialogue? She was giving it, so it should beget her something, right?

"The toilet's very big, Dawn..." The uncertainty in her voice was thick and potent. "I don't think that it's safe for you to sit on it..."

And then Dawn's heart sank. An odd little trinket she'd taken for granted at her retrofitted hotel room. As low effort as the accommodations were for a Little, the one thing that was done right was an assisted seat for the Amazon sized toilet... A set of steps combined with a raised and smaller seat closer sized to back home that was fit for someone Dawn's size. Of course an Amazon house in the suburbs wouldn't have one.

"Th...the hotel I was staying in..." God, of all things she could finally ask for. But she was asking for once, so that had to count for something too!

"Mhm?" Katherine crouched down with her hands on her knees, listening patiently like a preschool teacher.

"The toilet was Amazon sized, but it had a seat for Littles...so I was able to sit on it."

"Really?" Katherine bounced off the statement with curiosity to the point that Dawn almost thought of it as artificial, but it probably wasn't. Fate was too cruel to make it as simple as that. "I've never heard of those before!"

“Hey hon?” James called from the room. “Do you know where the screwdriver is?”

Katherine looked over and called, “Yep! Let me grab it for you.” As she stood back up and walked to the door, Dawn followed as well. The Amazon casually looked down then hurriedly stopped her.

“Ah-ah! Wait out here, okay? It’s gonna be a surprise, and I don’t want you accidentally getting hurt, okay?”

“I wouldn’t get hurt...” Dawn tried to make her argument without sounding agitated.

“There’s just screws all over the place, and actually, you’ve been doing such a great job at keeping Waver busy!” Another deflection. Did Dawn have any pride left to care about?

Katherine was careful in opening the door by just a crack and then closing it on the way in. A minute later she was back out in the hall again.

“First, thank you very much for talking to me about that,” she smiled with a soft chuckle, then looked ready to break the bad news. “I’m sorry though, but James and I don’t really have anything like that; it’s the first we’ve heard of it... We can take a look into it later, but for now, while we’re dealing with LPS, we’re going to stick to diapers for now, okay?”

“B-but...” How could she say it so easily? Just “deciding” that diapers were the better fit for her? Pretending that she was incontinent for the sake of appearances?

“--Tell you what, let’s go get you a drink, okay? You sound thirsty.” Without asking, Katherine pulled her up into the air and started to descend the stairs after patting her thigh for Waver to follow. And on the way down, Dawn’s discomfort was more evident than anything.

“Dawn, please? Please don’t be upset with me?” She tried to rub her back on the walk down, but it didn’t make the thought of being in diapers any easier and it certainly didn’t make her any less upset.

“I’m not upset with you...” She one-hundred percent was. “I’m just annoyed with the situation... I’m an adult, Katherine! I don’t use diapers!”

Katherine nodded placatingly, hearing her words, but failing to truly process any of them as she opened up the fridge. “Uh-huh... You know, James and I don’t think of you any differently for it, you know? It’s okay if you need to wear diapers?”

“But I don’t *need* to! It was just one accident in the store! It was the chocolate, but you don’t believe me!” And in the pursuit of making her argument, she raised her voice which apparently invalidated it the moment she was gently being shushed.

“Indoor voices...” Katherine gently reminded. God...it was like James’ punishment gave her a whole new level of backbone. She really was able to walk all over her this morning... “Okay, maybe that chocolate really did give you an upset tummy.” That was the problem. The way she phrased it, she voiced it like a matter of chance and not a certainty, like there wasn’t something malicious in it. A small spat of indigestion rather than a laced candy designed to make someone shit themselves. “Don’t you think it’s a lot safer then to be wearing some protection for if something like that happens again?”

Dawn wasn’t watching her reach up into the cabinet for a glass, busy with her own thoughts. She wasn’t convincing Katherine one bit. Instead, all her words were getting tangled and used against herself like some kind of reversal.

“...Okay, there. That should do it. Both hands?” Katherine raised the cup up to her and Dawn instinctively accepted. What only hit her a second later though was that it wasn’t a glass. Not an open top kind of one.

Looking down she didn’t see any actual juice. Instead, a turquoise plastic top with a small stout protruding from the side. Tilting the cup forward didn’t spill any of the contents as she looked at the googly-eye frogs and smiling dragonflies all around the translucent plastic sides. The cherry on top were the two plastic handles sprouting from either end like solid holds for the ones who might still be learning to control their hands.

“This is a sippy cup.” Dawn said in a voice meant to imply that something was very wrong.

“It’s so you can have your drinks anywhere in the house?” Katherine thoughtfully included. “It was one of the things we got today. Do you not like it? I wish we could have picked out a design you liked...”

“No, but...I...” She tried not to sigh. The broken record was already on its umpteenth loop. “I don’t use sippy cups. I use normal glasses like you do.”

“You can’t bring big cups all over the house, though?”

“That’s fine,” Dawn tiredly stressed, “I can just drink it here.”

“This one’s a better fit for you?” There was always a point to argue why she shouldn’t have adult privileges...

“Fine. Then I’ll just take the top off.” And so she did. Or so she tried. Trying to turn as best as she could, she grunted uselessly as her strength gave out before the top so much as turned a millimeter. “Please...” She held out the sippy cup. “Please just take the top off for me?”

A war was being waged inside Katherine’s head, but there was apparently a ceasefire long enough for Katherine to give in. “...Okay, but, you need to finish it all in the kitchen, and if you spill any of it, the top goes back on. Deal?”

“Yes!” Dawn couldn’t sound any happier if she tried. A meaningful compromise! Finally!

Katherine borrowed the cup and twisted it off with ease.

“And both hands, please.” Katherine reminded right before Dawn did go for a one-hand swig. Unfortunately, the cup was unusually wide, which is why Dawn was quickly starting to prefer both hands, otherwise she could see herself dropping it. Was that intentional? Was it made this way to make specifically sure she couldn’t use a single hand? After all, what made a Little drinking from a cup any more endearing than needing to overcompensate by holding it with both appendages?

Using both hands on the cup specifically and not the infantile handles, she sipped from the threaded edge of the cup like a coffee mug and drank the reddish juice. It was...sort of good, actually. Like a tropical fruit punch. It had a taste that sort of made her think of lemons, but without that clingy taste in her mouth intentionally meant to make her crave more. She did crave more of the juice, but at least it wasn’t caused by a film clinging to the inside of her mouth.

“Is it good?” Katherine smiled, looking like she had her own treat to enjoy just from looking at her.

“...Yeah...” She finished another long sip. The cup itself was actually fairly large. Maybe almost twice the size of a normal cup. But more importantly, the drink was refreshing after a long spat of not having anything to sip on.

“All done for now?”

“Mhm.” Dawn nodded. “I can come back for it later.” And in the kitchen it would remain until she needed it.

Katherine opened back up the fridge and took more of the juice out, topping off whatever Dawn had managed to drink. Then she picked up the plastic top and screwed it back on.

“But you said I could drink it without the top?” Dawn frowned as the cup was handed back to her. “I’m gonna drink it later.”

“You can when you’re in the kitchen,” she enunciated the devil in the details, “but since you’re done, you can bring it with you in the house now. Isn’t that convenient?”

“I...guess...” She looked down at the sippy cup, trying to think of it as more of a bottle than a children’s safety cup.

“You know, I’m jealous you can have a drink whenever you want around the house!”

“Yeah? I’m sure they make adult sippy cups that you could use.”

Katherine laughed, but in the sort of way that dismissed Dawn’s point like a joke. “Maybe,” she said placatingly, “but are you all set until we talk about dinner? Have any ideas, yet?”

“Uhm...I don’t really care...” She rathered that she wasn’t the one who decided. She didn’t even know what was considered good here. The food she had at the hotel seemed fine enough, but to be honest, she didn’t even know what most of it was. At least, she never got to order anything, it was instead decided for her.

“Mm...” Katherine hummed with a sign that she wasn’t satisfied with the answer, “...Alright. See if you can think of something though, okay?” Back in the living room, without asking this time Katherine turned on the tv and lights over the living room, dimming them somewhat.

The middle of a cartoon was already in full swing as colorful and overly animated characters scurried across the screen and simple backgrounds with chase music. Katherine watched for a few moments herself before deciding it was appropriate, more than likely, then set her down on the couch.

Waver, the astute servant that he was, hopped up on the couch himself before Katherine could even set Dawn down.

“Wow! I really think he likes you!” she laughed. “Waver’s friendly, but he’s really warmed up to you.”

“Uh-huh...” Dawn said while she patted his large head. It was still crazy to think that there were dogs bigger than her just from standing on four legs. That truly scared her to think of encountering one that wasn’t friendly and just as big, if not bigger.

“James and I shouldn’t be much longer upstairs, but I’ll be back downstairs often, okay?”

“Mhm...thanks.” Sort of thanks. Still there were conclusions to this that she didn’t like, but apparently what was practical mattered more, even if she hated it...

Then, a gesture Dawn didn’t expect was when Katherine left she dragged her fingers through the hair atop Dawn’s head. It was strange and sent a ticklish sort of feeling throughout her body. She squirmed a small bit much like her diaper crinkled; a “benefit” from being dry.

With nothing left to do though, she begrudgingly tried to sip from the sippy cup. It was heavy too, now that she thought on it, and the plastic wasn’t textured for friction that made it easy to hold. It was like it was designed to... And so, with unfortunately much more ease, she held the sippy cup by both its handles which made the action a lot more doable. Lifting it up she put her mouth around the spout and sucked. Two small, yet constant streams shot from the inside and into her mouth, rewarding her efforts with an ample amount of juice. And when she pulled it away there wasn’t anything left residually other than her own small bits of saliva on the top.

Fuck. It actually did work...

Unfortunately, all she did have to do was watch the basic cartoon. The plot was simple and as telegraphed as one might expect from a generic children’s show. That in itself was weird, come to think of it. From all the propaganda and wild advertising for babying Littles, Dawn expected something along those lines from tv. Somehow had it become the one safe haven? Doubtful, but no less confusing.

Her mind wandered elsewhere, onto more upsetting things. Home. She had essentially disappeared. A Little on an overstayed visa that was having her existence rewritten back on Earth. How long would it take for people to notice she was gone? Her boyfriend would definitely find out first...but her parents? Stacy alluded to the forces at work that made it so easy to lose her in the system. Extra steps taken just to create the illusion that she returned. Probably all the paperwork to prove it just to make sure the trail goes cold back there and not here.

How long would it take to get back? She was a college student, she had classes she needed to take! If this took more than a week she’d definitely be panicking. A month? Two? By that point her graduation would be delayed by a semester...



It sucked thinking about the time, and it sucked even more to hear James working away at what felt like a long term solution. She didn't want long term, not even short. She wanted instantaneous and was still trying to get over the bitterness of feeling she was cheated from that.

"I still can't believe you set it all up so quickly...!" Katherine with the toolbox in hand followed James back downstairs.

"Sort of quick. Looks like the sun came down?"

"Thank you again!" Dawn had the pleasure of hearing a wet kiss on the cheek. "Dawn...? Did you want to see your new room?" Her excitement was clear and obvious.

"Uhm..." She looked up at Katherine, then noticed James next to her, also smiling. It didn't matter what face he made though; it all rubbed her the wrong way. "Sure..."

Shortly she was whisked into the air and Waver hopped off as well to join the caravan.

Dawn hardly wanted to see any of what she was about to, because she had a sickeningly strong indication of what it would be. Katherine couldn't stop trying to gaslight the girl despite them being on totally different wavelengths.

"Now this isn't the final look, okay? It's just what we need to get by for now. We can think about getting it painted, maybe a different carpet, a dresser and a toy chest..." She opened up the door for the big reveal.

And in Dawn's perspective, it wasn't surprising at all, which is why her feelings of dread didn't change.

Gone was her bundle of blankets and pillow on the floor of the empty room, and in came the barebones of a budding nursery. A large, dark stained kind of walnut crib sat in the corner of the room with a mattress and bedding set already inside it. Against the adjacent wall was a high wooden counter space of matching material with a cushion kind of padding laid across the top, but she quickly deduced its function when she saw the wicker baskets of diapers underneath on the shelves. A tall white trash bin for a very specific kind of trash was next to it, and another trinket was a tall, empty bookshelf, probably for babyish knick knacks that would come to be.

By and far the room still felt very empty, lacking a lot of accents, details and other small things to really make the space feel lived in, but it was livable, and it was where Dawn would be living.

“Ta-dah!” Katherine sounded far too giddy for it to be a gift for someone else. “Do you like it? It’s okay if you don’t yet! This is just the start, but I think we can really make this into your own space!”

The moment the bed was decided to be a crib and for there to be a changing table, it quite frankly stopped being her room. But, recent events were making her mind her vocal opinions a bit better, so...

“Thanks...Thank you both for doing this for me...”

“James used the drill, so he’s the one who put it all together! I helped put your mattress and bedding in, though!” Katherine couldn’t have sounded prouder to contribute.

“Thanks James...”

“You’re welcome,” he said from the back. “Like Kath said, it’s not a whole lot right now, but we can take our time filling it out now that we have what you’ll need.”

Changes. She’d need changes. Constantly, apparently.

“Oh! And look!” Katherine hurried them both over to the bookshelf. “Do you know what this is?”

“Sh...shelves?”

“Well, they can be if you’d like, but I meant it to be your own library! We can keep all your books here!”

It was a suggestion and reveal that truly caught Dawn by surprise. She...remembered? Yesterday there was some talk between them in the car about education and reading... So, so long ago. Before the horrid shopping trip, before the LPS and timeouts, before the mental breakdowns in and before the hotel, before all of it. All of the trauma and madness, they had talked.

Dawn was strangely taken aback. Of all the things they shared with each other and been through, it constantly felt like her cries and concerns went through one ear and out the other, cherry picking the words and actions that suited an Amazon’s diapered bias. But this was different. She actually *remembered* something about Dawn. This wasn’t some twist or uncanny mimic of Dawn’s wants and needs. Books. She knew she liked books.

“You remembered?”

“Hm? Of course I did. You told me, after all?” Katherine smiled so sweetly, so lovingly. And then it hit Dawn. It hit her like a ton of bricks.

More than the residual guilt from when she kicked and screamed Katherine away from the car. More than the indirect apology she relayed through James at the hotel. More than the hesitation she felt each time she bitterly or coldly walked all over Katherine. More than the spanking she just had a few hours ago. More than...

“Dawn, what’s wrong?”

“It’s...it’s nothing...” she sniffled as she wiped her eyes. It was a small gesture and a basic gift. It didn’t excuse the crib or the changing table. It didn’t excuse the diapers, the sippy cup, the scolding or the childish punishments. It didn’t get her home any faster or counted for any progress or discovery to resolving this entire conflict. But in spite of all the mistreatment they’d done unto her and she unto them, it rocked her core in such a raw way that made her bleary-eyed.

“Why...?” She wiped her eyes. “Why are you still so nice to me? I...I was so mean to you. Why don’t you hate me?” It was truly something that made her feel like absolute garbage. After everything, Katherine could still be so unconditional and loving. It made no sense. It wasn’t right. It couldn’t be natural, could it?

“I’d never hate you!” Katherine shifted her for a hug. “It’s been hard for you, Dawn, I know that. It’s not fair that you’re stuck here, and James and I are going to do our best to make sure you’re as comfy and cared for as possible. Are you listening? I want this to be *your* home too, Dawn. If we can do *anything* to make you more comfortable here, please, tell us, okay? It makes me so happy to know how much you like it! But I want you to keep sharing your feelings with us, okay? Tell us when you’re upset, angry, or confused. We’re not perfect...I know that, but I think we’re still better than average?”

It was a vulnerable moment as everything hit her at once. Katherine’s words implied what Dawn feared, that it wouldn’t be a fast way out, but they were still going to tolerate her no matter what. She had her grievances, they were still far from perfect people, and she was certain she would find more ways to be angry with them.

But a small laugh left her mouth anyway. It was enough to make Katherine’s eyes widen with glee as she laughed too, hugging her even tighter.

Dawn hated it here, but at least there was a bookshelf...

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“What’s wrong with pepperoni?” Dawn asked, never seeming not perplexed by the way an Amazon could question her answers.

“It may be a little too spicy for you, Dawn...” Katherine warned. “How about sweet tomatoes, instead?”

Sweet tomato, never a topping she’d heard of, but she didn’t like the idea of sweet things paired with a cheesy, sharp and salted taste of pizza.

“Pepperoni is fine, though...” Dawn insisted, simply because Katherine and James insisted that she insisted. And yet, here Katherine was, insisting that she insist on something else.

“How about we get one slice with sweet tomatoes?” James said to Katherine. “If she doesn’t like the taste she’ll still have something.”

“That’s true...”

“Why only one slice?” Dawn asked. She wasn’t a glutton, but one of eight slices for three going to her sounded a bit unfair.

“Because we’re getting a large, so one or two pieces should be more than enough for you,” Katherine explained, which...sounded fair when she thought about it. Need she forget her size difference compared to Amazons, their idea of a large was probably double the pizza she was used to... But she needn’t cap herself at just one. She wasn’t interested in a pizza with more tomatoes than just the ones in the sauce. They were underestimating her, as usual, hence the diaper... But even she knew it was enough arguing for one night. The pit in her stomach was still sore from what she missed today, so all she wanted was to take her mind off of it.

“Oh, all done with your juice?” Katherine took the mostly empty sippy cup from Dawn. She did finish it, because it was good juice... But aside from that, her stomach felt full with liquid and it wasn’t doing her bladder any favors. She was feeling the need to go, but obviously was still holding out hope for an actual toilet. “You can have some more with dinner,” Katherine told her, phrasing it as if she already knew what Dawn wanted. “Now let’s order some dinner...” Katherine muttered with a phone to her ear.

And added to the witty banter was a sudden startling bark from Waver.

“Oopsies, forgot! James?” Katherine called over her shoulder, “Could you please feed Waver?”

“On it!” he called back from the living room couch. Dawn made herself scarce or at least distant by the time he came in. Waver could either understand human tongue or was used to the routine, because an overactive tail and following James straight to the pantry said a lot about his expectations.

“Sorry, bud, guess we can be a little neglectful...”

And as James carried the bag of dog food like it was practically a pillow, Waver once again had to be impatient with his bark.

“Shh!” In unison, both husband and wife made the gesture to the dog both with fingers to their lips. At first it seemed like a funny way to engage with their pet, but almost immediately Waver slumped his head down and forward with his butt raised in the air, paws on his snout. It was a...trick? Sort of.

Dawn couldn't help but chuckle at the intricate act. How smart was this dog?

“We taught Waver how to use his indoor voice,” Katherine cheekily whispered to Dawn. “Before that he would always-- Oh, hi! Yes, delivery?” With a change in tone, so did her audience. After a few more seconds Waver ceased his obedient pose and padded over to the bowl James was pouring into.

“Water too, I know, I know,” James spoke to him preemptively, likely anticipating another complaint from the four-legged customer. What caught Dawn off guard was when he looked down at her. “Did you want anything to drink? Water? Juice?”

“Uh...no, I'm fine...thanks.” She awkwardly declined. James seemed friendly enough, but she relied heavily on the seeming part after the thrashing to her throbbing backside she was given by him. He couldn't expect her to just get over something like that, could he? And frankly, it both upset her and made her angry to think he'd do such a thing to her. She wasn't going to push it tonight, but it did irk her to talk like nothing had changed between them...

“She'll be fine until dinner,” Katherine added between moments on the phone, bolstering Dawn's words, while also overriding her agency. “No snacks,” she suddenly added, “either of you!”

Dawn turned her head back over to James, who'd been caught red-handed with a bag of something in his hand. With a frown, he put the chip bag back from where he got it.

“Sorry about that!” Katherine had the phone over her ear again. “Yes, yes... Okay, so one large...”

“Dawn? Did you want to watch some cartoons?” James asked her.

“What? No...I’m fine.” She looked up at him, but not all the way.

“Oh, alright then. Kath said you were watching some earlier; I figured we could find something you might like.”

And somehow the rumors and misunderstandings could spread like wildfire.

“No, I wasn’t really watching them...” Ah, yes, very convincing. “Katherine just put them on and I didn’t have the remote.” Just background noise, really, and background visuals... The point was, even if half the plot from one of those episodes was sitting in her brain like a benign tumor taking up space, it didn’t mean she was watching it.

“Why don’t we pick something out that seems good then?” James offered her.

“No thanks,” Dawn stayed reserved, “I’m fine. Thanks though...”

James didn’t say anything, but maybe he was making a face. Regardless, Dawn watched him turn away as he called, “Okay, suit yourself. I’ll be in the living room if hanging out with Kath gets boring though!” Nope. Nuh-uh. It didn’t matter how friendly he was now. Dawn could hardly connect with a person that just finished spanking her in the form of a punishment that wasn’t her actual parent.

Now that James was gone, Dawn glanced up at Katherine who still seemed busy on the phone ordering dinner. Waver was still going through his own meal, and that meant all eyes were off of her.

A tinge of pain ached her heart when she looked at the front door. Well-locked and definitely impossible to get around now. She was stuck for now, and there definitely would not be another escape like earlier...

But as her full bladder liked to remind her, life unfortunately did not consist of just one problem. She wasn’t being watched. She could sneak away somewhere in the house, maybe the bathroom? But then she looked down at herself. What she was wearing. A puffy diaper specifically designed to prevent a Little from taking it off. It was essentially handcuffs. Even if she could outrun the

police, it didn't do anything for her restraints. She could sneak off to the bathroom, but how would that get the diaper off her?

She was stuck and trapped in what would eventually be a sponge containing her own waste. What was even worse was her mind trying to rationalize it. She'd wet something like this once already out of pure fear, so it's not like this'd be her first as an adult. The sooner she did it, the sooner she could forget the stress, swallow her pride and try to forget the shame of it rather than later.

But she was at a loss. It was one thing being completely forced, but it still felt like she had a choice. A chance to finally change the course of things, even if it took pestering.

"Katherine...?" Dawn was tugging on her pant leg from where she was sitting on the stool with her phone. With no vocal recognition, Katherine turned her head down at her, flashing a cheery smile like Dawn had just been looking for some attention.

"Bathroom..." she whispered with a blush, dreadfully cupping the front of her diaper and pointing out of the room to hopefully communicate the message. Whether that translated or not, Dawn wasn't sure, because all Katherine did was smile and pat her head before going back to the order. What was that? Was she ignored, or did Katherine fully get the message? That's right. Even if she did understand, she had already decided. She wasn't going to let Dawn use the toilet. She didn't trust her and seemed to wave the magic "LPS is watching" wand like it really was an all-purpose excuse to get her to bend over backwards.

Further denial only added stress to the mind, and that went straight to her bladder. She was trying not to fidget, at a loss for a solution, but knew she wouldn't find it in the kitchen. Hurriedly pacing, she traveled down the hall, all the while trying to tug on the diaper tapes. The adhesives were no joke. For all she knew, the tape and diaper were chemically bonded by now and virtually the same substance it was so strong.

*There's no way I'm peeing in a diaper. Not by choice!*

Dawn slipped into a dark room with two windows as points of reference. She felt her way around across the hardwood floor until she squatted, sitting on her feet and bottom. By now the urge was unbearable and her body cried for release.

But unfortunately it wasn't much longer until she finally gave up, or her body partly gave up for her. Seeing no change in sight, Dawn grimaced as she grunted and beared down on her bladder. It didn't need much of a concentrated effort as it did one small push. She gasped with the first spurt of warmth into her underwear, then it was a full stream from then on. Hot, warm, and weird. As

fast as she felt her own waste creep around her hips and between her legs, just as quickly it was wicked away, yet the warmth never completely left.

Helplessly, she tugged at the diaper tapes, groaning over and over, “Gross...gross...gross...!”

It wasn't by a lot, yet when she stood, the added weight was unmistakable. It was one thing to be glad that she didn't leak, although the prospect in itself was beyond disgusting, and frankly she didn't mind the thought of getting their floors dirty if it meant to send a message. The scenario played out in her head.

*This is why I don't need diapers!*

*Well if you're leaking, then it was a good decision to keep you in them?*

*Not when you made me wear them to begin with!*

*Because you shit yourself in the store...*

Articulated in a way to suit Dawn's personal word palette more, but the gist still remained. Damned if she did, damned if she didn't. She had tried to “do” already, and came to find she was physically incapable.

But her sanctuary in silence and darkness could not last forever. She could hear the warden calling for headcount, “Dawn? Honey?”

It was like she had a scent any apex Amazon predator could seem to sniff out. Maybe it was the abundance of baby powder coating her nether regions. A darkened face poked its head into the doorway, and with the flick of a switch the lights came on.

“There you are! What are you doing here, little explorer?” Katherine chuckled while Dawn tried to rub away the sudden blindness.

It turned out that she was in an office of sorts. The large swivel chair with a tall desk and computer. A few short shelves and a tiny filing cabinet. Printer, papers, scanner...

“Nothing...just seeing the rest of the house,” Dawn sort of lied. She would have died where she stood if she openly came out just to say she was here to do her business.

“Uh-huh?” Katherine nodded. “This is James' office when he works from home.”



Dawn turned her head all around, trying her best to feign interest. "...Oh... Okay, I just wanted to see..."

"In the dark?" Katherine gave her a weird smirk. "Was there anything else, maybe?"

Dawn could feel her cheeks getting warm, but remained resolute. "Nope. Did you order the food?" She tried for a quick change in subject. She made for a brisk walk to the exit where Katherine stood, suddenly intensely aware of the lessened crinkle to her step now. It unfortunately tracked now that her diaper was fuller... *The* diaper. Not her diaper.

And with a single hooked finger, Dawn was grabbed. Not by the scruff of her neck, or the back of her shirt. Instead she could hear the paper crinkle as the diaper's waistband stretched from her backside, inadvertently being the perfect aid to Katherine's diaper check.

Dawn stammered leaping forward, "S-Stop! What are you doing?!" She spun around now with both hands between her legs, feeling the warmth of the front of her infantile underwear.

"I was checking your diaper," Katherine said plainly. "You're wet, but you don't need changing just yet."

"I...you don't just get to do that!" Dawn shouted. "I can tell you that I need to change. And I want to change. Now!"

"I just asked if there was anything else you wanted to tell me though?" Katherine, as perceptive as she wanted to be when she felt like it. "Why didn't you tell me a second ago?"

"B...because it's my business and not yours!" Dawn frustratingly quipped.

"Dawn... If you're not going to tell me when you use your diapers, I need to check myself so I know when you need a change. It's okay if you didn't notice that you--"

"I *KNOW* that I pissed myself!" Dawn cried with balled up hands. "*YOU* made me do it because you're making me wear these stupid diapers!"

"Indoor voices," Katherine calmly reminded her, with a face that seemed to be hardly pulled the same kind of way as it could've been this morning. "And yes, I made you wear diapers," Katherine nodded, but it couldn't have felt any farther from an actual admission if she tried. It was hollow, a meager morsel for Dawn to latch onto just to feel like her feelings were validated. The way Dawn saw her seeing it, she needed diapers from the start and Dawn was quickly losing

her edge to give any kind of doubts to that. “Since I made you wear them, can I take full responsibility and check them too?”

Stupid, twisted Amazon logic! “Stop.” Dawn frowned heavily. “I’m getting angry. I don’t want to talk about this anymore.” There. How was that for communication?

“...Okay,” Katherine stood back up, but not before lifting up Dawn with her. “I’m sorry for making you upset like that. Do you accept my apology?”

Dawn remained quiet for a second. She was dropping it. Just like that. Never fully, surely, because this would be inevitable, but at least she was being given some space. “...Fine. I accept. Th...thank you.”

Her halfway acceptance was enough to put a delighted look on Katherine’s face. “And thank you for talking to me about how you feel!” she rosily smiled. “Dinner should be here soon, so how about we go watch some tv with James?” And as she explained, Katherine walked them into the hallway, closing the office door on the way out.

“I’d rather not...” Dawn respectfully declined, not looking forward to another series of cartoons.

“No?” She frowned. “There isn’t a lot for you to do right now... We haven’t bought you any toys yet...” Katherine mulled.

“I don’t play with toys. I’m in my twenties.” Dawn hoped to contradict whatever was happening in the Amazon’s headspace.

“I’m sure we can find some stuff you’ll like? We might have a chance to go to the store tomorrow, but that’s after work for me and James. Shoot, that’s right...”

Dawn, wise enough to read the room, “I’ll be fine here by myself, you know...”

Unfortunately though, not wise enough to anticipate Katherine saying, “Absolutely not.” Her voice dismissed it like a given certainty. “You know there are a lot of reasons why it’s not safe to leave you here without someone to watch you...” And today’s final stunt may have happened to be one of them...

“I don’t need anybody watching me.”

“Who’s going to change you when you need one then?”

“I don’t need changes because I don’t need diapers!”

“Heyy...” James’ voice called from the living room. Not the friendly sort of ‘hey’, but the ‘watch your mouth’ kind. It did reach Dawn’s ears and it did unnerve her, but she tried to ignore it.

“Remember that we’ll get in trouble if that lady from LPS sees us mistreating you?” It was like her justification for diapers changed every time just to keep Dawn’s head spinning in circles. “I know you can handle it, so please show me what a trooper you can be?”

“Just...” Dawn sighed in frustrating defeat, “just don’t put me in some daycare! Those must be a thing for enslaved Littles, right?” Everything she’d seen so far seemed to support as much.

“There won’t be any Daycare,” Katherine assured. “It would be a little hard to find one that could take you on such short notice...” And like that assurance had gone to disappointment. Daycare wasn’t out of the question, it was simply a matter prolonged for a different day.

Dawn tensed up, but she had to remind herself that it was one dreaded battle at a time. “Fine. But I’m never going to a daycare. Ever.”

Katherine squeezed her. “Thank you for being so cooperative! Do you wanna play with Waver while we wait for dinner?” It was either that or cartoons, apparently.

“I want to go outside,” Dawn decided, opting for option number three.

Katherine started to wear a concerned expression, then had a sudden change of tune. “I didn’t get a chance to water the garden today... Okay, you can play on the deck, alright?”

“Uh-huh.” She just needed some fresh air and something to take her mind off of a wet diaper.

“James?” Katherine called, “Dawn and I are gonna be in the backyard, so listen for the door, please!”

“Roger!”

And off to the backyard they went.

One of the most distinct features about their backyard was its fence. Tall and wooden, but the most concerning part being that it was tall. Much too tall for Dawn to climb, and even taller than Katherine.

“You don’t have any shoes on,” Katherine said, like Dawn couldn’t keep track of her own clothes, “so I don’t want to see you running out on the grass, okay?”

No pants was more in line with Dawn’s concerns, but thankfully that’s where the fence came in. Certainly she felt exposed, but at least it was a warmer night. Looking up she could see some of the stars beginning to show. She wasn’t one for constellations back home, so the jumbled mess of twinkling lights above her head could’ve been the same exact alignment she could’ve seen from Earth. From home...

The saying “So close, but so far away” may have been appropriate one night ago, but the longer the day went on the further she drifted from closeness, becoming far from a solution in every sense of the word.

Instead of trying to drum up a solution or devote any brainpower to conceiving one, Dawn sat on the edge of the wooden deck steps, gazing up at the stars, desperately trying not to cry over an overwhelming sense of loss. This wasn’t defeat, just a strategic retreat. A crippling retreat that hurt morale so dearly, that the meager promise of words from people she hardly trusted was her new lifeline. And sitting there, listening to the hypnotic hum of thousands of crickets hiding away, her knees fighting to be together despite a warm bulk between her legs, Dawn breathed in and out, slowly and quietly.

“Anyone hungry?” James called from the crack left in the door. A resounding bark from Waver doubled down on the greeting.

“Starving!” Katherine called back, waving with her wrist the last few spurts of water gently spraying from the hose nozzle. “How about you, Dawn?” Katherine started walking toward her as she coiled up the hose. “Think you can eat?”

“Mhm,” she nodded, “sure.” With her mind in other places and wanting to stay there, she didn’t say much.

A large pizza box was sitting on the center of the kitchen table, gallantly illustrated with a large and round Italian-stylized chef with cheeks so red and a handlebar mustache so black and curly that you might start to be suspicious of Santa’s off-season work.

“Could you get out the plates? I need to go get Dawn’s chair,” Katherine asked her husband while Dawn was set back down.

“My chair?” Dawn’s head followed Katherine’s figure right up until she was out of sight. Another oversight Dawn hadn’t considered. Obviously she was too small for an Amazon chair,

and she wasn't fond of sitting in Katherine's lap either. So what did that leave her with? Of course. She already looked annoyed without even needing to see the reveal. A high chair. Yet another thing to make her blood boil, and another drawn-out, pointless explanation of why it wasn't making her a baby when it absolutely was.

"I wish I had set this up earlier!" Katherine jokingly miffed with a device in her arms. Big, but far, far too handheld to be a giant high chair. It was a chair, or a seat, but a small one, without any discernible legs to stand on its own.

Dawn tried to give it a scrutinizing look before asking, "What...what's that?" She watched Katherine pull back a chair before sliding her trinket against the edge of the table.

"Isn't it great!" Katherine excitedly spoke, likely mistaking Dawn's cautious curiosity for enthusiasm. "I was thinking of getting a high chair...but this way we can all eat at the table together!" And no plastic trays for Dawn, which was a plus...

If it weren't for the bright coloring of the padded bucket seat, childish designs and buckle between the legs, Dawn would have completely considered it a fair and functional compromise for her size. That being said, it did vastly weigh better in her mind than a high chair...

"Cheaper too, I'm guessing?" James added without judgment.

"Don't worry about that," Katherine kissed James with an undertone of dismissiveness, implying that apparently pricing did not correlate with material cost. "What matters is that we can all sit together," she nodded to her own statement affirmingly.

It felt wrong thanking a captor for their "mercy", yet Dawn said nonetheless, "Thank you for not getting a high chair." By the tone of her voice, it showed just how low the bar of standards were, but apparently to an Amazon like Katherine, it made no difference.

The floating seat was essentially "biting" on the edge of the table. In place where one of the normal chairs went, Dawn's new specialized seat was suctioned on the table.

"Whoosh!" Katherine cheered as Dawn rocketed off the floor and was deposited into the seat. And an insufferable feeling she tried to ignore immediately was the warm feeling of her own pee-soaked diaper her butt was now forced to get acquainted with.

The seat was curved back towards the bottom so she couldn't accidentally slide forward, and even if it did come to that, she could already feel her legs brushing the strap in between. Even

when it wasn't a high chair, it essentially had just as many restrictions... But if nothing else, at least she could argue that she was sitting at the table.

And soon a large porcelain saucer, one of those large platters used at fancy parties for fancy horderves to service twenty guests at a time, was put in front of her. Then a spot for James, and then for Katherine. Only with Amazons as her reference did it finally click that they were Amazon plates.

"Mmm!" Katherine's voice enthused once James opened the top. "I can't remember the last time we had pizza!"

"Sure has been a bit," James nodded, then strolled over to the fridge. "Want some water?"

"That'd be great," Katherine called, "and don't forget to fill up Dawn's sippy cup with her juice?"

"It's just a cup." Dawn disagreed promptly. "And it's not my juice. It's juice that *you* bought."

"Would you like it if we called it something else?" Katherine, the wisest king of them all, bestowed unto the Little a grand compromise.

"Just call it a cup..." she groaned, finding that the more she concerned herself with the semantics, the more foolish it made her feel. It was a catch-22. Take the time to argue every little detail and make yourself look like a kid fidgeting over the tiniest things, or stay quiet and unknowingly signal silent approval that only builds up to bigger and badder standards. Hence the paradox, neither route ever felt like winning. "And I want water too." she demanded.

"But I thought you liked your juice?" Katherine asked once more.

"It's fine." she modified the question to suit her answer, as well as play things down. She didn't "like" anything about this. She simply endured what she had to and identified the things that made it all bearable, to put it in extremes. "But I don't want any more. I want water too."

"Oops." James interrupted tactfully by setting a sippy cup down in front of Dawn, and she could see the reddish tint of the liquid inside. "Sorry, Dawn, shoulda said something sooner."

"It's fine, just pour it back into the bottle." She quipped right back, feeling particularly annoyed. It was just juice, but she wasn't in the mood.

“It doesn’t pour back into the bottle. Finish this and you can have some water.” James spoke like it was law put into effect, and effectively, it was. Dawn didn’t look happy though, feeling cheated as always.

“You said you liked it, didn’t you?” Katherine right beside her tried to be supportive in her typical motherly fashion. And at least to Katherine’s credit, she grabbed the sippy cup and unscrewed the top, but left it right next to the cup. Just in case. A reminder that Dawn wasn’t far from falling back even further.

“Whatever. I don’t care anymore.” She shut herself right down, then huffed her way into a different subject. “Can we eat now? I’ll have a slice of pepperoni.”

It was like every time she spoke it was some sort of bomb that needed collective Amazon brainpower to defuse.

“Dawn, honey,” Katherine started to say after sharing a look with James, “it may be a bit too spicy for you...?”

“What? You guys think pepperoni is spicy?” Dawn looked a bit taken aback. Were Amazon’s taste buds that sensitive? “I mean I guess it kind of is...but no, I’m fine. I’ll have a slice of that.” Not only that, but sweet tomato pizza just sounded weird. Life was about the salts and spices of a food. Sweetness was reserved for desserts, and pizza is not a dessert, and even Amazons cannot convince her of that inalienable fact otherwise.

“Hon, we’ll just finish what she doesn’t eat,” James told Katherine, speaking of the girl’s regret like it was a casual certainty. This wasn’t missed by Dawn, hence the passive annoyance on her face. But even if it was about to be her tiniest, insignificantly non-issue victory against these two, taking a stand in some way felt good.

“Then one slice of pepperoni,” Katherine reached for the box, “coming right up!”

At least pizza in this world didn’t look different from what Dawn knew back home. Sort of, at least. Cheese was cheese, and crust was crust, but proportions were a whole new ballgame here, expectedly. It was twice the size of a slice she’d normally expect, which made everything so bizarre when it still fit perfectly on her plate which was a reminder of how much a saucer that was too. And the pepperoni looked...recognizable.

Same circles, same sort of texture, though they sort of looked like inverted domes, but even Dawn knew that not all pepperonis were made equally, yet hopefully loved all the same.

And suddenly her slice of pizza was executed. Beheaded as it lost its tip, sliced and diced into smithereens by sharp tools of murder. In Dawn's moment of totally paralyzing shock, she looked up at the executioner herself.

"There," Katherine smiled, pulling back the fork and knife once half of the poor slice had been mutilated into perfect squares, "that should be a bit easier to eat?"

The pizza was big, very big. Even if it was a "hold with your hands" kind of food, an edible umbrella for a Little was only asking for grease to drip everywhere with each lift and bite. The math simply did not support Little's hands preventing any sort of droopage from such a big piece of food.

Albeit not her ideal way of eating it, Dawn picked up a square of her pizza, popping it in her mouth. It was good. Pizza was pizza, and that was comforting enough. Cheesy cheese, tomato sauce...and...juice. A good helping of juice. She was already sipping from her cup.

"Is it too much?" Katherine asked, casually eating her own slice like nothing was amiss.

"Ahm..." Her tongue was nearly hanging out from her mouth just to give it some fresh air. She tried not to pant and continued trying to nurse the burning spice on her tongue with more and more of that juice.

How? It was just a single bite! It didn't even have pepperoni on it! That's what was so spicy, right? This wasn't normal. This was spiked, or something. Like that chocolate! "I'm fine..." Dawn tried to say, sniffing from her sinuses starting to clear themselves. She felt like she needed to move, but that was hard in a baby seat, so she kicked her legs underneath the table, just to burn off some of the taste!

"Do you wanna try some of the sweet tomato instead?" James asked, and he too, looked absolutely unbothered by the pizza. What was wrong with them? Were they made of steel, or something? Did their taste buds not work?

"I'm fine..." Dawn said a bit more confidently, finally feeling her tongue calm down. This was a battle of attrition. If she could outlast the spice, she could finish the food. "I like spicy, anyway." Questionable, but it was the ongoing battle to continuously try and prove these Amazons wrong, and she needed a victory. Desperately.

Mostly Katherine and James chatted about things that mostly went over Dawn's head. Figuratively and literally. People she didn't know. Shows she didn't watch. Who got a dog. who



was going where. Eerily enough, it almost made them sound like normal people. Like this wasn't some land of giants keeping other adults in diapers.

And Dawn, meanwhile, was unfortunately trying to psych herself up to her second bite of food. She wasn't scared. She liked the food. She liked spicy. She liked spice.

Hesitantly, but with some resolve, Dawn plucked a square with a pepperoni on it. She could see herself now. The new fresh meat in the prison block, and she was staring down the toughest guy of the litter. As she stared at his red, pepperoni eyes, she knew that all it took was one good punch to knock this fool on his feet. Then she'd be top dog, and all the lackeys around him would be trivial. Take on the toughest first...she quietly sighed before opening wide and sticking the whole piece in.

The funniest part about spicy food is the delayed reaction it can often have. That's why this wasn't so funny. Almost immediately the moment her tongue touched the thin slice of meat atop the square of pizza, the devil himself came down to rake the coals across her tongue.

Her head felt warm and her cheeks were hot. Everything was on fire and her throat was already closing, before she could even swallow the spice bomb in her mouth. She tried to chew, she tried to endure, but tears were tears and there was no hiding that.

"Dawn? Honey?" Katherine asked, then her eyes widened with surprise the moment she saw the state that she was in.

James sitting across from us was caught off guard as well. "Maybe we shouldn't have let her try..."

"H-Hawt..." Dawn breathed through her mouth, continuously sniffing up the sinuses leaking out of her nose. What had she just tried to eat? This wasn't pepperoni, this was poison!

A napkin was pressed against her mouth though, held there by the ever doting Amazon beside her.

"It's okay sweetie, you can spit it out, okay? Come on, I know you'll feel a lot better once you do, yeah?"

It wasn't even a choice. Dawn's body decided for her that she would not be finishing the pizza from hell. She spit into the napkin her half-chewed, soft, unrecognizable chunk of pizza. After round two she was already tapping out, but even without the substance her tongue was still barely feeling any better from the beating it'd just taken.

She was full-blown sobbing now. From pizza.

“Want some juice?” Katherine was already holding out her sippy cup, and Dawn swiped for it like the last bottle of water in a desert. She leaned back and swigged it all away down to the very last drop.

And then Katherine’s glass of water, supported by the Amazon herself.

“Sweetie, I’m so sorry...” Katherine apologized, oddly enough, in a pained voice. “If I knew it was going to be this bad, I wouldn’t have let you try it...!”

Dawn was too preoccupied to answer, but she wanted to disagree. Failure was learning, even if learning was painful.

“Howh...” Dawn sniffled, breathing heavily through her mouth like she’d just run a full sprint, “how do you guys eat that stuff?”

“It’s what we like, sweetheart...” Katherine rubbed her back the whole way through.

She sharply exhaled with her teeth baring, just to make it feel like cold bursts of wind across her searing tongue. “You guys like how this feels?” Dawn asked incredulously, snot leaking from the nose. Were they masochists? Or was it like mutual sadism where they enjoyed seeing their partner struggle with the taste instead? Like how they enjoyed demeaning Littles?

“Let me get you some more juice...” Katherine quickly disappeared with the sippy cup.

“It doesn’t have as much of a kick for us as it does for you, Dawn,” James explained, “Amazons just have a higher tolerance for spice?”

Higher didn’t even describe it. It was like calling the difference between cardboard and steel marginal. Easily, that was the hottest thing Dawn had ever had in her whole life, and these people were writing it off as some mild little thing?

Dawn finally realized what Katherine set out to do and tried to chase her with words, calling, “W-wait, I said I wanted water--hey!” she shouted with a nasally tone as James ambushed her with a napkin to the nose, pinching off her fresh streams of nose juice.

“You’re leaking like a faucet,” James commented, then squeezed her nose, “honk-honk!” he teased.

“Egh...cut it out!” Dawn shouted back, unable to leave her chair, so all she could do was lean her head back and turn the other cheek.

“If you can use your outdoor voice then I think that means you’re feeling better...” Katherine sighed with relief as she set the sippy cup back down, top still unscrewed. But Dawn’s plate was promptly pulled from her reach, paired with Katherine saying, “but I think that’s enough adventure for one night. Don’t you wanna try some of the sweet tomato? I bet you’re gonna like it a lot?”

“No. I’m fine with this.” Dawn sniffled, a small, but clear detriment to her resolve. Her resolve to not feel demoted in some way compared to these two.

“Do you really want to be in tears every time you take a bite of your food?” James made an obvious point, but logic was starting to lose its effect on the increasingly irrational girl; a product from trying to perceive the world she was currently stuck in.

“That’s *my* decision. And yes, I do.” Dawn huffed. “Now give it back. I’m finishing my food.”

“What’s wrong with the other kind?” Katherine frowned. “We got some just for you?”

For her. It was always for her, and yet Dawn could hardly remember a single time when she asked for any of it. “And I didn’t ask for it. Katherine, James,” she crossed her arms, looking as dignified as one could in a baby seat, “I don’t want to fight.”

“We don’t either.” James agreed, but did not extend an olive branch. “But you need to drop it. You’re being picky right now.”

“I’m not being picky when I say that--!”

“Alright, alright,” Katherine shushed Dawn promptly, even giving her husband a look. “Dawn? How about we share a slice? Actually, I’ve never had sweet tomato before; I was a little curious about how it tastes...?”

“Then you can have some yourself,” Dawn groaned. “Whatever. Forget it. I’m done. I’m done eating.”

“Dawn, don’t be like that,” James admonished.

“You only had two bites?” then Katherine to finish the one-two. She was already pulling a slice out of the box. Dawn watched her plate be emptied onto Katherine’s and was quickly seated with a new piece of pizza. It looked like softened tomato sauce cubes dotted the top of the pizza. No circular cuts of meat that looked salty and tasty (and unfortunately spicy to an unholy degree).

Just like before the pizza was cut into bite-sized pieces and things were about to loop once again. And as Katherine was cutting, Dawn knew how the song and dance would go. Sit there and force her to finish her food. Nowhere to go if the only way out of your seat was by getting on the good side of the two only people capable of it. Frustrated, she swiped a piece of the bite-sized pizza from the plate and stuffed it in her mouth.

It was fine. It tasted like normal pizza. The not overtly spicy kind. Unfortunately sweet, even. Stupid tomatoes...

“Ooou, is it good?” Katherine enthusiastically asked.

“It’s pizza. And it’s sweet.” She was already trying to lean out of her seat for Katherine’s plate. “Let me have some of the other stuff now.” she demanded, like negotiations were still on the table.

But apparently good will and masked intent were low in supply, because Katherine firmly remarked, “No, it’s too spicy for you.” Finally without beating around the bush. “If you can finish this though, we got two slices for you.”

And didn’t that make her feel special. More humiliation as a reward for being so willing to be humiliated.

“Just taste it yourself! It’s sweet! Pizza isn’t supposed to be sweet!”

Katherine was still smiling, but something about Dawn’s taunt made her visibly stiffen just slightly. Her hand hesitated for a moment as it reached out for the food on the plate, then seemed to double down with commitment. Playing hot potato with the pizza, Katherine couldn’t have been holding it longer than a second before getting it into her mouth.

“M--...Mmm...!” In a loud, exaggerated tone of voice, Katherine nodded approvingly with a hand politely covering her mouth. Her eyes were shut and her brow was furrowed while she forced a somewhat pleasant reaction. But it was clear as day. She hated it.

“What, do you not like sweet things?” Dawn frowned. Again, pizza had no business being sweet, but it obviously wasn’t the end of the world. The nerve they had to call *her* the picky eater?

“Sweet tomato is usually a flavor meant for Littles.” James commented, looking a bit amused at the look on Katherine’s face, who just finished washing down the food with a large swig of water.

“Amazons don’t do well with sweets normally, like how Littles can’t handle spice...” Katherine sighed, her one-hit wonder performance far behind her now.

“Well I can handle spicy. You guys just put a ridiculous amount of it on your food. Why even?”

“It doesn’t taste that bad to us, sweetheart...” Katherine further emphasized by the unbothered look, or rather, a face of glee to be eating something palatable again. “Kind of like how that doesn’t taste bad to you?”

“Well it does.” Dawn crossed her arms. Not bad in the unbearable sense, but bad in an unusual way. It was good. Sort of. But that wasn’t pizza. Not her kind of pizza. She’d rather nostril-flaring, throat-closing, tear-inducing pizza over something that validated the social disparity between the big and small.

And so dinner went on. A continuous wear and tear to Dawn’s mental fortitude, eventually convincing her to eat some of her food, and finally just giving in completely. It wasn’t torture. It didn’t even taste bad. She just hated giving in at this point. Katherine and James chatted, Dawn listened.

“So?” But finally, Dawn interrupted, specifically looking at James. “Did you find anything out today?”

He blinked, glancing at Katherine like she might have the answer. “Anything about what?”

She stowed away her annoyance just this once, taking into account what a busy day today had been. “About getting me back home?”

“Dawn, I’ve been at work all day, and Katherine’s been watching you. There hasn’t been a chance all day--”

“Weren’t you just watching tv though?” Dawn interrupted without hesitation, already prepared for a counterattack. “That was free time, wasn’t it?”

“Because it’s been a long day, Dawn,” James seemed to answer without much apology. “This is just after I finished setting up your room so that you’re able to stay with us while we figure something out.”

Dawn’s mouth tensed as her palms started to press against the table. But she shot a hot burst of air from her mouth, scoffing with a mumble, “Yeah, for a crib I never asked for...”

Then a brazen hand caught her by the chin.

“Dawn, don’t be rude,” Katherine looked down at her with a stern look. “James works hard and he’s trying just as much as I am to make you feel comfortable. He doesn’t deserve an attitude.”

“...” Dawn grimaced. There was truth, but it hardly subsided the frustration. “...Fine. But I’m angry.”

“And that’s one thing, but it’s another to take it out on others. Apologize.” Katherine, with a firm grasp on the situation now, reprimanded the relatively small girl.

“Sorry.” It was plain, undressed and crude, but it was an apology. “I’m done eating,” she looked up at Katherine, making a statement rather than a request. She hesitated to ask, but then remembered just how little of a secret her own modesty was anymore between these two. “Can you change me now? Or let me change myself?” Preferably the latter, which in retrospect she should have asked before the former.

“Before bed,” Katherine answered, rewriting the rules of the game on the spot. “And good job eating your dinner,” she smiled, “I’m proud of you for finishing something you didn’t like?”

She didn’t want Katherine to be proud of her for anything. Anything an Amazon probably found pride in with regards to a Little was more than likely something to do with either blind obedience or a diaper...

“It...it wasn’t that bad. It was different.” And so too if Katherine could change her mind, so could Dawn.

“How about some more cartoons before it’s time to go upstairs?” Katherine was already lifting her out of the seat. “James and I are gonna still be eating, so the TV is all yours? You might have to share with Waver, though!” She playfully taunted.

“Fine.” It wasn’t even worth fighting anymore, but she would certainly be finding herself in need of some other kind of entertainment soon. TV was hardly a pastime for her under normal circumstances, so she was certain to break if that’s all she could get in a place like this.