

Wrong Turn

“Take a left here?” Liam’s finger hung high and pointed far; as far as it could go before running into a skyscraping tree that towered above them.

“Uhh...yeah, here,” Ava nodded, apparently with eyes in her forehead, given she was still too busy sticking her nose between the paper folds of her map.

“Christ, think I recognize that bush...” Noah scraped and scuffed the ground, kicking up crunchy leaves, tiny pebbles, withered fibers and tufts of dirt as he aimlessly swung his boot. “Hon, isn’t that the one you ate those berries from?”

“Yellow means fellow?” his girlfriend of three years replied, finally turning her gaze away from the other cone of nature and focusing on this one instead.

“Uh...” her boyfriend hung his mouth as he glanced again at the remaining berries. “Kinda brown...? But yeah, fellow.”

“Yellow,” Harper said again, swinging her arms and walking with more confidence than anyone on that trail had right then, strutting on over and swiping another berry from the bushel. And between her chews she held out her palm of many more similar pickings, slowly panning it around the group. “Want some? They’re not bad.”

“Thanks, but I feel safer taking my chances on the protein bars I packed,” Liam waved his rejection with an awful bit of skepticism in his eyes.

“Uhh...maybe we were supposed to take a right...?” Ava mumbled aloud, ignoring the prospect of food and instead trying to reorient themselves.

“Babe?” Harper smiled at Noah, who even as the boyfriend of this brave adventurer still had his doubts, or at least ties to modern society.

“Mm...maybe next time?” he politely declined, Harper groaned with a laugh, then sent all the remaining berries down the hatch. “So,” she finally mustered after one final swallow, “I think we’re lost?”

“Yep,” Noah nodded.

“Think so...” Liam sighed, flexing his travel pack straps.

“I think we...” Ava still mumbled, then finally lifted her head from her map. “W-wait, what?”

“So what now?” Liam rubbed his head, looking up and around. As bright and green as all the vegetation was, the wonderful sights were getting harder to see with an over looming darkness starting to creep over them.

“Wait, it’s not already about to be night, is it?” Noah frowned up at the sky.

“No...I think we’re about to get a lot of rain, though,” Harper said as she did the same.

“Do we have any signal? Can anyone use Mappies?”

“Dunno, mine died a while ago,” Liam waved his black screen, effectively now a digital brick.

“Were you playing games this whole time?” Ava showed her disapproval. “We went on this hiking trip for a reason, you know?”

“Kinda right,” Noah dogpiled on his friend. “Not often we get a chance to be away from the big city. From the Bigs.”

“Nature’s nice and all, but if the only way I can get away from a bunch of fucking giants and diapers is by going back to the stoneage, maybe sucking on some stranger’s tit isn’t all that bad,” Liam groaned as he paced in circles.

“First, ew,” Harper started, “and second, don’t talk like that.”

“She’s right,” Ava threw her arms around Liam’s neck, kissing him on the cheek. “Don’t say that. For *our* sake?”

And only his lover could make him crack. Much more soft-spokenly, he smiled and kissed back. “You’re right. Sorry.”

“Ava, I know we don’t really know where we are now, but—” a distant gargantuan rumble of thunder came rolling from the distance. “But uhm...d-does that map show anything that might be on the trail?”

“Uhm...” Ava started with skepticism then lost herself once more to the map, assisted by Liam. Harper, meanwhile, cornered her boyfriend with only more upsetting things to say.

“It’s a trail rated for Littles, remember? That means just about everything is all this,” she threw up her hands at their surroundings. “The only actual buildings you might find nearby are for Amazons, and it’s not hard to guess what kind of people are gonna be in them too.”

And Noah sighed, squatting to rest his chin in his hand.

“Ah—” Ava sounded off at the wet plop square on her map; a raindrop rolling from top to bottom.

Then one drop became two, four, eight, sixteen, forty, four-hundred and more— torrential downpour began in seconds and the group in nothing but shorts, T-shirts and shoes ran for dear life.

Frigid and chilling rain cascaded them all over. Their shirts became drenched and the dirt ground was quickly turning into mud.

“WHERE ARE WE GOING?!” Noah shouted over the rain, alternating over and over with members of the party to see who was taking the lead.

“WHERE THE RAIN ISN’T?!” Liam screamed back at a loss.

They navigated left and right, crossing from path to fork to delta to turn and slope after more and more. Miraculously not a one of them tripped or fell, but their keen sense of caution didn’t stop mother nature herself from trying her tricks anyway. The paths they ran through with reckless abandon— the same routes they could barely see through the darkened forest and pouring rain felt far less paved and traveled, littered with bigger rocks, arching roots and branches waiting to catch someone’s foot, and broken branches still with remnants of leaves just for someone to slip on.

They ran and ran, even more out of sorts and lost without a clue, until finally Harper with the newfound lead halted.

Then stumbled forward the moment Ava crashed into her.

“S-sorry!” Ava yelped, catching her friend far too late before she fell face-first into the ground.

“Y-you stopped so suddenly!”

“You okay?” Noah asked Harper as he and Liam helped her up.

“Yeah, but...” she frowned down at her clothes. Her minty shirt was far from fresh now. While the rain had made it a tinge darker, the mud she just fell in had certainly made it black and brown, leaving behind all sorts of stains as Noah helped wipe her down.

“Harper, I’m really sorry...!” Ava pleaded, but her friend still waved her off.

“No worries, my fault for stopping.”

“Why did you stop anyway?” Liam tried forming a roof over his head with his hands, but the amount of rain coupled by how wet he already was seemed to make no difference.

“Look,” she gestured with her head, and everyone stared onward.

“Shit...” Noah was the first to say, and the only one to say anything at all.

“W-...” Ava scrambled, looking at both her sides for a bundle of paper. “That...I didn’t see it on the map...?”

“Don’t open it out here!” Liam grabbed her wrist. “If that thing gets wet then we’re actually screwed!”

They all stared at a two-story home. While the line between savagery and civilization wasn’t distinct, the surrounding lawn of the home seemed well-kept enough. There was an adjoining garage where a vehicle presumably was, and the home was almost closer to just a silhouette than a building with distinguishable features, all on account of the pouring rain.

A flash of thunder made Noah jump.

It was shelter, clearly. An opportunity to escape from the storm. However, what made them all freeze and kept them from inching any closer was the sheer size of the home. It wasn’t a house for Littles.

“A fucking Amazon lives out here?” Liam laughed, but quickly turned on his heel. “Yeah, no thanks.”

“W-wait, Liam!” Ava called after him. “We can’t just stay out here!”

Noah and Harper turned their heads.

“Wait, you mean actually go in the house?” Noah asked her in disbelief.

Ava stopped in place now. “W-well, yeah? What else are we gonna do?”

“Find someplace else?” Noah suggested, though ultimately stated the obvious.

“But nothing else was on the map!” Ava complained, then whipped her head the other way. “Liam! Come back!” she quickly hurried after him, leaving the other couple by the slope overlooking the Amazon home.

“Can you believe she said that?” Noah sighed, huddling shoulder-to-shoulder with his girlfriend by a tree. The moment he laid his back against it though he flew right off the moment a dripping stream of water came off the bark and down his shirt.

Harper didn’t answer. Not until after a long exhale. “I don’t like it, but we can’t sit out in this storm, Noah...”

“What? Why not? We’ll just get a little wet!” he said, as his very underwear was already sopping.

“Don’t you feel how cold this is?” Harper held out her palm like she was sampling pond water. “At *best* this can make us sick.”

“I can risk a cold if it means keeping out of diapers,” Noah resolutely shook his head.

“Will you risk hypothermia?” Harper grabbed his arms, gently trying to ground him. “Hon, I really don’t want to go there either, but I think Ava feels the same way. It sucks, really, but it’s either this or go running through the forest to find something that we probably won’t.” She turned her head over again at the house. “Maybe no one is home, even?”

“So what,” Noah looked skeptical. “We just break in, is what you’re saying?”

“No, no,” Harper shook her head. “Maybe, since it’s the forest or something, whoever lives there doesn’t feel the need to lock their door as much?”

All Noah could do was grin. “That’s...really skeptical for a person who studies what plants she can eat before going on a trip...”

“Yeah, well, no textbooks on how to beg an Amazon to let you inside their house,” Harper rolled her eyes, then kissed him on the lips. “No good ones, at least.”

Soon the bickering of Ava and Liam came back into earshot as the girlfriend dragged the boyfriend by the wrist.

“No fucking way, Ava! We’re not going in there!” he barked as he continued to be led along.

“I’m not dying to a stupid rainstorm, Liam!” Ava shouted over the rain, finally reaching the same spot as the other two. “Are we gonna go?” she asked Harper, who nodded back.

Another rumble ensued, and a paralyzing flash had Noah tightly gripping Harper’s hand.

“Let’s hurry, I guess…” Noah mumbled.

“How are we even gonna get down?” Liam bitterly groaned. “See? This is why we should be—SHIT!” he yelped as a shove flung him on his bottom, sliding down the slope at a frightening speed. The mud was wet and slick as his ass left an imprint, or rather, carved a slide for all three others to take. One by one they all went, joining their less-than-pleased friend at the bottom.

“Thanks babe,” Ava giggled before kissing him on the cheek.

“Got any idea how to get out of an Amazon saying we shit ourselves now?” Liam turned his upper half just to look at the layer of mud on the back of his shorts.

While in slightly lesser amounts, not a single Little was spared from the same marking.

“It was either that or we completely peed our pants,” Noah sighed as he pinched the leg of his shorts, watching the built-up water leak from where he squeezed. “Don’t think it makes much of a difference.”

“Is anyone even home…? Maybe we got lucky?” Ava held up a cautious hand as they circled the home. “Maybe the—”

A bright, blinding yellow light suddenly shone down on all four of them from above. Everyone scrambled forward and hugged the wall just to dodge what could’ve been a tractor beam.

“Wh-what the fuck?!” Liam panicked, and Harper stuck out a hand to shush him.

“Relax! It’s just one of those auto lights!” she explained, and collectively everyone sighed.

“Christ… Do we really have to go in here?” Noah moaned. He was already heavy from the rain soaked up by his clothes, but now his doubts and worries were only making it worse.

But still, because the light was automatic, it still begged the question if they were even upon an occupied space. Was there even going to be someone to let them inside?

A few uncomfortable minutes went by. Uncomfortable on account of the rain, given they stood along the broad side of the home where there was no roof to hide under, and instead taking on the full brunt of the rain. And in second place, possibly first, was the undeniable anxiety shared by all four Littles, unsure, unable, and unwilling to take the first step in a plan that none of them truly wished for.

“Should...should someone go knock on the front door?” Ava suggested, and even if it was the only idea, it didn’t stop everyone from looking at her with collective disbelief.

“*Alone?*” Noah repeated, like she was just speaking in tongues.

“We should definitely all go together...” Harper sighed, closest to the corner and staring right at it.

“F...Fuck it,” Liam groaned and slapped his sides, springing from the wall. “Let’s go. Let’s just fucking do it already. There’s what, four of us? Maybe it’s just a single person? If they try anything we can take them on, right?”

“M...maybe if it’s just one...” Noah quietly spoke up, raising everyone’s heads as agreement and hope started to brew.

“A-and actually,” Ava started, everyone stared, then she briefly stopped. “W-well...maybe since there’s so many of us...uh...there’s too many of us for them to...adopt...?”

And as Ava waited to hear their thoughts on her latest retrieval from the bucket of bad-takes, another crack of lightning made Noah jump.

“She might have a point...” Harper said in a mixed tone. “Either way, I’m starting to shiver... Let’s just go.”

Like a squadron their feet moved in synch, squishing and squelching as mud lining their boots and shoes pressed against the solid man-made walkway leading them around the house. Harper turned the corner first, then shrieked as all three watched her fall back on her bottom.

“Harper!” Noah shouted for her and reached out his hand, but his heart stopped as an arm as thick as a tree branch extended beyond the side of the house as fast as lightning, abducting his lover and suspending her in the air.

“Oh, honey!” a worried voice far higher than the mouth of any Little spoke. “I’m so sorry– did I scare you? Awh~” the Amazon pulled her close just to look over her backside. “Did you fall down on your bum? Are you okay?”

Everyone was at a loss for words as a sudden giant loomed over them. Her face was masked by the shadow of the storm and a dark green hood over her head, extending into a cloak of plastic running down to her ankles where she was wearing black rain boots.

“Goodness! There’s so many of you!” she gasped in surprise before chuckling.

“A-ahm...we...we just...” Ava started, or well, *tried* to say something convincing, or maybe just be honest, but she never had the chance to finish.

“Let’s get you all inside, okay?” the Amazon still holding Harper quickly turned around, signaling for them to follow. “It’s too dangerous to be out in rain like this!”

And off she went. Now without a choice, and especially because she held Harper, Noah followed fast and quick. Not to be left behind, or left out to the elements, Liam and Ava came along as well.

The Amazon took them to the front and up a few steps where she opened the front door. The lightless home they once saw was no more the moment they looked and stepped inside. Warm lights filled the entrance that extended into a spacious living room right across from a kitchen. Where they stood it was polished wood floor, but by the TV and long, cushy gray solfa was carpet and inviting comfort.

Images of abstract art lined the walls, and right by them was a short wooden box of angled shelves where already a few Amazon-sized shoes were stored. The only thing that distracted Noah from seeing the rest was noticing his girlfriend slowly descend and touch the ground beside him, leading to a sudden and tight embrace from both.

“Are you okay?” he whispered, and wordlessly she nodded.

“I’m sorry for scaring you all like that!” the Amazon had their attention again as she unzipped her raincoat. The woman was past her youthful years and settling somewhere along the lines of seasoned. Wrinkles were on her skin, but her Amazon genes didn’t betray her body’s eternal

shape. Her breasts stayed big and perky, and her hips and behind were wide and round. Had she hidden her face and shown just her sweated chest and charcoal slacks, they could've been staring at a fellow twenty-year old, albeit one that maybe wanted them in diapers.

“Th-that’s uhm...okay...” Noah awkwardly replied, watching the woman adjust her shoulder-length braid. Her hair was gray, but the brown pigment was still there, like a burnt branch that was turning into ashes along the edges. “We uh...we didn’t think anyone was home...”

“It sure got dark quick, didn’t it?” the Amazon chuckled. “I was too busy reading to notice that the storm rolled in so quickly! I didn’t have a single light on in the whole house!”

It was honest and transparent. Simple neighborly banter in place of real chemistry actual friends had. He was supposed to laugh back, but all Noah could do was weakly smile.

The house had a light floral scent, and Harper made it no secret she noticed when she made an audible sniff.

“Oh, do you like the smell?” the woman chuckled at the Little trying to feign ignorance. “Sometimes I get a little tired of how all the trees smell the same outside,” she explained as she bent over between a tall shelf and the shoe rack, gingerly tapping on a plastic container of liquid plugged into the wall. “I use this to freshen the house up a little!”

“It smells nice,” Harper agreed, though sounding like she was giving a compliment at gunpoint.

“More importantly,” the Amazon was suddenly crouching right by Harper, who tried to nervously drift away. “Are you sure you’re okay, sweetheart? I didn’t like the way you took that tumble outside. C’mere...” A hand on the Little’s wrist gently tugged her over where the Amazon could inspect her from head to toe.

The party watched, powerless and afraid as the Amazon performed a brief check-up. But what made all the hairs on their necks stand up was when she gingerly lifted Harper’s pack to see the brown and black stain on the back of her shorts.

“Th-that’s not—!” Ava tried to explain.

“Look at how dirty your shorts are!” the Amazon exclaimed and Harper winced. “I guess we’ll have to blame Mr. Rain for making everything so muddy outside, huh?”

Mud.

Not messies.

She had an excuse to say something damning, but she didn't. She took reality for what it was and gave Harper a pass. All of them a pass.

Everyone tried not to sigh in unison.

"We uh...may have slipped a few times in the rain," Noah explained, and unexpectedly the Amazon wore a worried expression.

"You fell?" She stopped right back down to her knees and quickly beckoned Noah over, patting him down as affectionately and invasively as she did with his girlfriend. "I don't see any boo-boos, hon. Okay, you look good. Honey?" she called her next victim over, Liam, suddenly bewildered to be addressed at all.

"Uhh...no thanks, I'm okay," he politely declined, but it didn't stop the Amazon's inviting gesture.

The Amazon leaned out an ear, still beckoning with her hands. "I just wanna make sure you're okay," she explained, doubling down her soft demand. And now Noah, Harper, and Ava from behind the woman were staring daggers at their friend.

Shut the fuck up and let her look at you!

"Uh, yeah, sure. Fine." Liam marched over, sticking out his arms like he was ready to receive a pat-down. But a sour look went on his face the moment he felt a brief stretch around the waistband of his shorts. "Hey! What the fuck?!"

And all three Little's eyes widened in horror. How hell-bent was he on screwing this up for them?!

"Sorry, sweetheart! I just wanted to see how bad the rain really was," and the old woman gently patted his side. "It's the mother in me that worries, as well as the doctor!" And the Little touched himself like she left a disease the moment she turned her head to address everyone else. "I'm guessing you're all soaked down to the bone, huh?"

"W-would uhm...!" Ava spoke up. "Could...could we stay here until the storm is over?"

And only after she said it did everyone realize that they never even asked in the first place. In just a few minutes so much had happened that they forgot to speak the actual purpose of all this into words.

“Of course you will!” the wide-eyed woman with concern nodded vehemently. “It’s far too chilly to be out in the rain like that! Thank goodness I found all of you out there! I thought I was coming out to chase some racoons or bears away from my garbage bins again!” she chuckled.

“Sorry to intrude like this...” Noah slightly nodded, though still with a watchful eye around the house, just waiting for some kind of trap to be sprung.

In fact, it was a coincidentally bad moment all the Littles hadn’t coordinated. All of them now were looking everywhere but at the Amazonian woman, watching everything with a careful eye.

“Oh, goodness,” the woman fussed with a hand hovering around her chin, “you don’t think I’m trying to trick you all, do you?”

“Wh-what?” in some chaotic cacophony, the quartet similarly blurted out the same thing.

“N-no!” Harper was the first to refute. “We...we just want to be cautious, is all!”

“Y-yeah, since we’re out in the middle of the woods, and all!” Ava included.

“But now you’re all safe in here?” the Amazon offered with an innocent look. The few wrinkles on her face tightened up with her warm smile. “I’m glad you’re all so careful, but please don’t be too reserved with me, okay? Goodness, listen to me ramble! I never even asked for all your names!” And falling into a natural order, it had to have been the Amazon in her that made direct eye-contact so demanding of answers.

“Ah...” Liam briefly gulped the moment he was first. “...Liam.”

“Liam?” the woman earnestly repeated, like she was overjoyed to be allowed to know. He meekly nodded. “Liam, then! I’m so happy to meet you! And you?” She singled out Noah next.

“Noah...” he answered with a little less reservation. Truth be told, having her at least try to get on their level by crouching made her seem slightly more approachable. She was still a dragon toying with hobbits in her den, but at least if they were willing to be delusional enough, the potential danger was harder to notice.

“Noah’s a great name!” the Amazon chuckled. “Your Mommy and Daddy picked a wonderful one!”

“Uh...thanks?” And his awkwardness was ignored in place of learning the next Little’s name.

“Ava,” Ava offered hers up next, and she was given her own content nod and brief comment.

“Harper, nice to meet you,” the last of the bunch went.

“It’s nice to meet you too, Harper!” the woman smiled. “Don’t feel like you need too many manners around me, though,” she teased. “I’m long past my motherhood days; being a granny means I don’t have to be as strict!”

“Uh, sorry, but I don’t think we ever caught your name...?” Noah politely interrupted.

“I never said?” the Amazon addressed the crowd, but happened upon the answer herself when she playfully slapped the side of her forehead. “Doh! Listen to me go on and on! Don’t get old, kids!”

And while it was a joke, there weren’t any laughs to go around.

“P...pff...” except for Ava, who was trying to choke down a small chuckle. The only thing that got her to fully shut up were the ireful stares from her like-heighted peers. They gave her a look like she just took a selfie with the open casket at a funeral home. Simmered down to just a sheepish smile, the Amazon took back the attention once more.

“You can all call me Granny, or Grandma, or Grammy too,” she proudly declared, but the reception was far from warm.

“Don’t you have a first name?” Liam asked crudely and bluntly.

“I do, and it’s Granny!” the woman chuckled, but no one laughed back.

“We just might feel more...comfortable, if we had something else to call you by...” Harper tried to explain, in such a way to avoid offense or set off a baby bomb.

“Well there’s Granny, Grandma, or Grammy. Nana I suppose, too,” she playfully thought on it for half a second, then stood back up. “Now, what do you all say to getting out of those yucky clothes?”

And alarm bells went off in every Little's head.

"S-sorry?" Noah asked with one foot already backing towards the door.

"Noah," Granny started, and her tone already sounded like a preschool teacher's lecture, "you can't stay in clothes that are all wet and clammy. That's a one-way ticket to catching a cold, honey."

Hypothermia, expressed in words far less complicated for a kid's sake.

"I'm fine staying in my clothes. They'll dry off," Liam decided openly and on his own.

"And Liam is the first one I'm gonna get some new clothes for," Granny already had him by the waist, sending him into squirms and kicks the moment she lifted him.

"HEY WHAT?! WHAT THE FUCK?! PUT ME DOWN!" he was already yelling, and the three other Littles were panicking.

"W-wait! Hey! Put him down!"

"Y-yeah, please let him go!"

"Stop it!"

But the danger they thought they were in wasn't being met or recognized by the Amazon. Instead she ignored all the fuss and fucks from the Little in her hands, gesturing to everyone else with a head nod to follow along as she stepped up and into the rest of the home.

"You can all leave your wet socks in the entrance, please!"

"What are we supposed to do?" Ava whispered to her friends in a panic.

"I mean...for what it's worth...it doesn't seem like we're in trouble yet..." Noah tried to reason, but unfortunately half his logic came from recognizing his physical inability to do anything against her. Forget all four of them taking her on. The moment she stood to double digits, any inkling of an escape plan felt hopeless. So to reiterate, half his logic was hope trying to justify inaction. Desperately trying to believe they got "lucky" with just an overbearing, but respectful Amazon.

"She's not wrong..." Harper sighed, *"we do need to change..."*

And so Liam would be the first.

There wasn't much time to inspect the halls as they followed Granny up the stairs, forced to somewhat climb or take large steps while she traversed effortlessly. Liam didn't stop thrashing, and all the others didn't stop worrying, especially as they closed in on a particular room. Just what kind of room would have clothes that fit a Little inside an Amazon's home? The stories practically wrote themselves, and trying to imagine anything but their own demise was nigh impossible.

"Pardon the smell! It's like downstairs, but maybe a little too strong. The newer ones always take a little time to diffuse a bit more!" she said as they reached the second floor. The floral scent certainly was more potent, but definitely bearable, and thankfully not in the realm of gross or tacky.

Liam was briefly sandwiched between the woman's breasts and her arm just so she could turn the knob and open the door. "Now which box did I put them in..."

They walked into a cluttered room of cardboard boxes. No cribs, no changing table, no pastels and no nothing else. There weren't toys, but instead brown cubes with black marker scribbles and sealed tops lined with packing tape. It was a...normal storage room?

"Okay Liam, we're going down~!" Granny cooed as the Little couldn't have wriggled any faster. The moment he did everyone expected him to bite back and strike first, but surprisingly, he didn't. Far more level-headed than anyone else thought, he merely panted as he quickly walked over to rejoin the others.

"Fucking psycho..." he muttered under his breath.

"Miss, uhm...do you really have stuff we can fit into?" Noah nervously asked.

"Hm?" Granny turned her head, just as she busted the top of a box open. "Oh, I do, sweetheart! My daughter gave me some things that my grandkids don't need anymore. Since they grew out of this stuff I couldn't help but want it for memories...! I'll lend them to you all while we put your things through the wash. Is that okay?"

And she was offering to wash their things? Quietly everyone shared a look, but ultimately agreed, given their lack of options.

“If I remember, in here should be...ah! Ta-dah!” Hanging in her hands were a pair of denim overalls, accented by tiny plaid squares, fire trucks and airplanes. Shortly after she pulled out another pair, followed by two shirts.

Liam was brief. “No way.”

“Yes, way,” Ava angrily whispered at him, then shoved him forward.

“W-wait, can’t I at least get some privacy?” Liam muttered with a small blush, looking around defensively.

“As much as I’d like to, hon, those overalls can be a little tricky sometimes. And also I need to talk to you all about something serious,” Granny explained, but before she turned to face them like it was circle time, she moved up and over to a different box, opening it up, and coming back with something that sent collective chills down their spines.

“I know you all must be a little worried right now, but please let me explain,” Granny explained, but the words had to have been going in one ear and right out the other for everyone else. With every word that followed, all anyone could hear was the squeezing, the crinkling, the plastic package tearing; all followed by just a non-existent whisper of words to justify their worst fears.

“My daughter wasn’t planning to blitz through potty training as quickly as she did with her youngest,” Granny tore the diaper package’s corner open. They watched her pull one of the rectangles out, wafting and waving it like a hypnotic ring, only it was for an entirely different reason. Similarly, if you kept your eyes on a person with a knife, you now know exactly where not to be at any given moment.

“Uhm...aren’t there any...any pull-ups, or something?” Ava popped the question no one else expected, given she was trying to compromise one padding for another. In Little language or the book of sensible things for a Little trying to stay free to do, rule numero-fucking-uno no matter the edition always happened to be staying out of any kind of “protection” whatsoever.

“Potty training was quick, but it wasn’t costly...!” Granny apologetically smiled. “That’s why all that’s left are some of his diapers.” She set the whole package down, standing it upright and tearing the packaging off completely, letting the plastic-backed diapers slide off and break down into a pile of crinkly padding.

“We...we don’t have to use them, do we?” Harper managed to speak, though she sounded like she regretted even asking.

“Not unless you’re not potty trained, are you?” Granny asked, and her split-second of seriousness made everyone sweat, right up until she laughed yet again, instantly melting the tension. While it was a tactless moment, no one tried hiding their collective sighs of relief. “I promise anyone that asks me for a potty trip will get one!” Granny smiled. “All these diapers have been doing lately is taking up space and collecting dust. Using them like this works a whole lot better! Now let’s hurry and get you all into some dryer clothes...”

Suddenly Liam was being held by the hand and being forcefully stripped. Everyone watched awkwardly and unsure of what to say or do. And other than his dying complaints and embarrassed fidgets, Liam surprisingly surrendered himself to the process as well. Just maybe he was finally adopting a mindset that looked out for the group as a whole.

And before anyone knew it, he was naked, laying down on the carpet before the Amazon. Everyone blinked and she had his ankles in his hands, lifting his bottom to put the diaper underneath.

“D...doing good, hon...” Ava quietly cheered, and Liam grit his teeth with his head turned the other way.

“That’s very true, Ava!” Granny beamed, misconstruing a lover’s set as just friends being friendly. “You’re being very brave, Liam!”

“Just hurry on with it...”

And hurry she did.

Somehow a bottle of powder entered the mix, appearing like a sleight of hand, leaving Liam’s boy-bits in a powder of dust Granny sealed in a tomb of padding, plastic and tapes. His legs drew apart from the bulk, crinkling as she sealed the tapes, traced his leg bands and ended the ritual with a gentle pat on his emasculated front.

“All done!” she cooed, then stood him back up with both hands. “Noah~?” she sang as she called, beckoning with her hand. And as his heart beat out of his chest, nervously he approached.

She was gentle, but her touch respected no boundaries. He blushed as she pulled down his pants and underwear all in one motion. The shirt was just as easy until he was fully naked too, suddenly on his back.

“Don’t worry, it’s nothing I haven’t seen before,” Granny cooed as she gently moved away his hand trying to hide his privates, and no further attempt to conceal was made.

Not more than a minute later and he awkwardly waddled over to Liam's side.

Ava and Harper were given a similar treatment, only their bras came off too. Soon they were all simple and white, trying not to stare at each other as the only bits of color left were their blushes and the race cars, trucks, and trains on the front strips of their diapers.

The T-shirts that went over Liam and Noah's heads were simple, thankfully, albeit made up pastel blue and green stripes, respectively, and they lastly donned a pair of overalls each. It was baggy, somewhat, so the bulge wasn't prominent, but while the girls were dressed, Noah quietly observed what looked like snaps along the inseam of his denim.

Ignore it...just ignore it...

Harper was the first let go with a sundress on her now, except it felt just a few far too many inches short of what it should've been. Something meant to drop to her ankles, not stop somewhere at the end of her thighs.

Just until our stuff is done drying...

But she gasped when Granny casually lifted the front of her dress, flashing the whole front of her diaper with a belly button to boot.

"My niece was a little bit shorter than you when she wore this, so sorry if it seems a little short!" Granny chuckled, Harper blushed, and no one else made a sound. After swiping the dress back down, Ava was the last to be dressed.

The hikers had gone from braving the elements to spending the day at Grandma's house, and it showed from head to toe.

Liam aimlessly waddled around, crinkling up a storm as his foot caught some of the diaper packaging. He planted his foot and swiped back hard with it, sending the plastic tatters floating briefly in the wind, setting the male diaper model with solid muscles and pecs to a spot where it could not be admired.

Now with everyone in baby diapers and toddler clothing, the awkward tension was as thick as the padding between their legs. Ava didn't look much different from her sisterly counterpart, other than her dress running a different shade of tangerine and watermelon.

“Oh, let’s all get you downstairs,” Granny was already back on the move, deciding to take Harper into her arms this time. Only as she swiped her with her arm, half the dress rode up along with it. Maybe if she was in panties there’d be something erotic to see, but for now it was just a diapered rump. “I still need to clean this!” she chuckled as a finger lightly tapped Harper’s muddy nose, face included. “Okay, folks, everyone out!” she called by the doorway. “It’s not a playroom!”

“I can’t tell when she’s treating us like adults or kids…” Liam muttered to his girlfriend.

“Let’s just count ourselves lucky for now…” Ava whispered back, only a bit louder to counteract the crinkling disturbance in the airwaves. Noah was now the new sniffer, trying to figure out which had a stronger linger: the floral scent dispenser or his baby powder producer.

“What do we all think about some juice, huh?” Granny surveyed the crew as they reached the stairs. “And let’s be careful going down, okay? Slide down on your bums, please!”

And with an uneasy waddle in their walks now, no Little tried to argue against what felt like common sense.

“Juice honestly doesn’t sound terrible right now…” Liam finally spoke normally, loud enough for anyone to hear now.

“What kind of Juice?” Harper asked.

“Apple, with all your name’s on it!” Granny beamed, and no one disagreed. Barefoot and clean, save for Harper’s face, they all marched into the kitchen, crinkling the whole way through.

“And you sit right there,” Granny sat Harper on the edge of the counter, holding out an arm like a safety rail while she stepped away to wet a cloth. After wiping her until she was as clean as a whistle, Harper was back on the ground with everyone.

“Can we help with anything…?” Noah slowly asked, finally figuring to warm up at least a little. The circumstances weren’t ideal, but the woman was being generous enough, albeit overbearing in some ways.

“Mmm…actually,” Granny thought aloud with a thumb on her lips. “Would you kiddos mind keeping busy for just a few minutes in the living room? Granny still needs to put all your clothes upstairs in the wash, and I forgot I need to dig out some sippy cups for you all too.”

“We can manage with cups,” Ava explained. “We’ll be careful.”

“And I’m very sure you would be, Ava,” Granny considerately nodded, “but I’d hate risking a stain either on your new outfit or the carpet, especially with cups so big!”

Given no other Little had much of a better argument to make, they followed her whims.

“And let’s give you all something to at least look at…” Granny muttered with a remote in her hands. She aimed it at the TV like a true seasoned citizen confronting technology from an era far ahead of themselves. She squinted as she emphasized a press with her finger, and the TV came to life. But before the show could play, she seemingly started to surf at random.

“And let’s pick something like…mm…how about this?”

A simple cartoon was playing. Something about a giant mouse trying to chase a tiny cat around the house.

“Ever seen this one before?” Noah asked Liam, who shrugged with his bored eyes on the screen.

“Nope, but it sure beats watching rain roll down the window.”

“Agreed,” Ava parked right next to him, criss-crossing her legs to a point where her diaper became everyone’s business the moment you walked in front of her.

“Reminds me of something I watched in elementary,” Harper mused as she laid down on her stomach. And while she was his girlfriend, Noah didn’t feel quite right watching his girlfriend’s diapered behind, especially if she flashed it every time she flicked her legs back and forth. So with a dull sense of thought, he laid right next to her.

And they watched, smelling baby powder, floral scents. And they listened, hearing the constant pitter-patter of rain and crinkling diapers.

Maybe it was a few minutes, or possibly a few tens of minutes. A lot of calming stimulus simply made a short while go by, not that it took anyone by surprise. It was just…relaxing, really. Either way, the only thing other than the cartoon that broke up the monotony was Harper slightly rolling.

“Good?” Noah asked, only briefly looking away from the screen.

“Yeah,” Harper stood back up, looking like she was ready to stretch. “Good.” It looked like she was starting to squat like she always did after a long sit. Something to counteract letting the muscles rest for too long.

And she grunted softly as she did her squat, planting her palms on the carpet, like she was playing a game of leapfrog. Harper stretched, flexing her muscles and getting out the tension. She pushed without thinking, exhaling as the tight knot she didn’t even realize she had was undone almost effortlessly, but not quite without a few calming breaths to follow.

All without ever leaving her squat, still looking like a frog on the floor.

But she rolled back into a sitting position, content and back to watching cartoons, oddly appreciative of the softness she was sitting in now. Kind of like a warm cushion that kept her backside heated and held in a warm, almost gel-like hug.

But it did smell like the floral dispenser was a little low, as the scent of nature did seem to start permeating through the room. Not that anyone openly commented on it, however.

“Sorry for making you all wait!” Granny announced her return with four sippy cups in hand.

All four Littles were on their feet, but Noah and Harper came in last place. While they waited for their turns, Noah’s absent-minded eyes found themselves staring at his girlfriend’s backside again, seeing just a small bit of diaper start to peek from underneath her dress. He frowned for a moment.

“Noah?” But he blinked when Granny called his name, looking up at the sippy cup being offered to him. She smiled, but turned her mouth sideways at his expression. “Don’t tell me you don’t want this juice now, hon?”

“N-no, I’ll have it,” and he accepted it with both hands. “Uhm, thank you.”

“You’re very welcome, sweetheart.”

“Wait, did we miss something?” Ava asked aloud as they returned to the screen, now with their juice and wanting nothing else other than their scheduled programming. Noah sucked from the sippy’s spout as he stood in place watching, but a hand behind his back gently ushered him forward.

“Now I know you can get comfier than that,” Granny teased him with a knowing look, and a small bit of embarrassment with the Little had him moving up and sitting cross-legged on his

bottom, exhaling as he did, finally noticing the calm little spasm that sprouted warmth underneath his clothes in real-time, building nice and abundantly between his legs. But it was all secondary to the cool, refreshing taste of apple juice and the entertaining cartoon, of which everyone was starting to chuckle every so often at.

The only distraction that caught Ava's ear was a different kind of crinkle, and only for a second did she pay mind to Harper being the only one on her feet, sipping down her juice while Granny was crouched behind her. The Amazon was lifting the back of her dress all the way up to her neck and holding back the waistband of her diaper, looking inside as if there were a present in it. Her diaper *did* seem a little bit heavier now... Sagging more? Like her butt got a tiny bit bigger, or something. Either way, it made Granny look happy, for some reason.

"Ava, look! Look!" Liam shook her by the shoulder, and suddenly she could care less about her best friend getting a diaper check. She had silly situations to see unfold on-screen.

"Harper, sweetheart?" Granny whispered in her ear. "Let's go change that diaper real quick, okay honey?"

"Huh?" Harper blinked. "What do you mean?"

"It looks like you made a messy, honey," Granny cheerily explained. "Let's clean that bottom so you can go back to your cartoons, okay?"

"But I..." Harper frowned, at a loss. Was she hearing this woman right? She furrowed her brow as she stared off in space, somewhere between her face and the carpet. "N-no...I...I don't mess in diapers."

But a firm pat on her backside that made a mysterious present mush inside her pants abruptly dragged her back into reality.

"Trust Granny, okay? It's okay if you messed yourself, you know? That's what a diaper's for, isn't it? Holding on to messes?"

"But..." the logic wasn't wrong...but something still didn't feel quite right about it.

"Maybe you just had something that gave you an upset tummy?" Granny suggested. "You didn't go eating anything out in the woods now, did you?"

And even as foggy as her mind felt, the recent memory of berries in her mouth suddenly had her feet twisting awkwardly, like a two-year old caught trying to steal from the cookie jar.

“Uhm...”

“Sounds like you did have something, huh,” Granny grinned, then had Harper by the waist. “We’ll be quick as can be. Now no more fuss.”

Harper had been lifted and carried away, not one noticing her departure.

Maybe at some point everyone did eventually notice her disappearance, but the last to see and first to comment was her boyfriend.

“Wait, uh...did Harper go somewhere?” Noah looked, but made no effort to leave his spot. If he concentrated hard enough, maybe he would have noticed the added pulp to his warm diaper.

“Huh...?” Liam mumbled, looking for half a second after a full three elapsed since his words. “Uh...I dunno,” and he went back to watching. “Maybe Granny took her to the toilet, or something?”

“She did say she’d take us,” Ava added, rolling like a log as she watched the screen, flipping up her dress, flashing the discoloration where pure white once was on her crotch, then settled back down on her stomach. “Maybe those berries are why she had to go first.”

“True...” Noah murmured. Other than some water during their hike, she was the only one to really start eating anything. They’d probably all need to pee soon eventually, but at least it was reassuring to hear Granny was taking them to the bathroom like she said she would.

“How’re we all doing in here?” Speak of the devil, the Amazon stood beside them all, pointing her wrists into her hips with a satisfied smile.

“Fine...” they all replied in an almost robotic unison, but Noah was still distracted enough to re-ask his question, given they were still one Little short.

“Where’s Harper?” he looked up and asked.

“Oh, Harper was looking a little sleepy, so I offered to let her sleep upstairs while you kiddos kept watching your cartoon down here.” She put on a considerate smile and slowly crouched down to their level. “Did you wanna take a nap too, Noah?”

“Uh...” and with what was probably a tiny signal screaming danger in his head, the woman’s response was enough to silence the shouting whisper completely. He enjoyed sweet fragrance as he glanced at the TV some more.

“Do you have snacks?” Ava asked, rolling over again and doing her utmost to sit up, but her rounded bum threatened to make her fall right back over. Between her flailing legs and crinkling leg gathers, Granny’s grip on her hand stopped her from going over.

The Amazon grinned with a bewildered look. “And just what Granny wouldn’t keep snacks around for her guests? Let’s get on those feet, okay? One-two-three!” she cooed and Ava was pulled to a standing position, now with the slightest bit more girth between her feet. “But first, do you think you can hold this for me?”

“Kay,” Ava nodded, thinking nothing of it. Nothing of the fact she was holding up the front of her own sundress, even staring down at her own belly button while Granny casually squeezed the front of her diaper, then finally stuck a finger between her thigh and leg band. “Oh,” Ava started, like she remembered something crucial, but it all came after Granny manually unfolded the Little’s fingers just to let the dress drop back down. “I don’t need to use the toilet,” she said earnestly, but appreciatively, like the Amazon had gone through the process of just asking her directly.

“Don’t worry, Granny knows,” the Amazon laughed, then patted the girl on the head. “And you don’t need a change yet, either! Now how about those snacks?” and she held out her hand.

So Ava left next, holding Granny’s hand as she waddled away, turning it from a trio into a duo, and doubly just a boy’s night now.

“Wait,” Liam turned his head, “are they getting snacks? I want one.”

“I’m sure they’ll bring it ba—ahahaha!” Noah interrupted himself just to laugh at the screen. Was the mouse really trying to fit in that tiny cat door? It just wasn’t possible! Was somebody gonna tell him after the third try?! After giving himself a second to process, he remembered that he was trying to say something. “Uhm...uh, I think they’re gonna bring back some.”

“Oh, uh...okay then,” Liam decided, and stayed right where he was.

The cartoons went on.

Now it was Noah’s turn to notice he was hungry.

“Hey, do you think they’re gonna be—”

Noah looked as he asked, and stopped when he saw Liam splayed out on the floor, empty sippy cup by his side where he slumbered.

“Oh,” with nothing on his mind other than an assumption he needed to say something, Noah dumbly stopped there. Though he did stare at his friend’s crotch, not for infidelity’s sake, but instead to see the round and well-defined bulge between his legs. Where denim once wrinkled and creased was smoothed out and rounding outwards, as if something inside had soaked up enough and expanded to a point that it had to be accommodated.

Liam was certainly in a diaper, and clothes got stretchy when diapers were filled.

Yet every connection Noah’s brain tried to make to that conclusion seemed to miss, like two drunken and discoordinated hands were trying to feed a plug in one grip to a socket in the other. He just couldn’t line them up, and every attempt made his coasting brain feel even more tired. So he dropped it all, both figuratively and literally, now leaving his own empty sippy cup on the carpet.

With enough willpower and eventual disinterest he walked away from the TV, hearing much more of his surroundings, now that his diaper crinkled a lot less for some reason. Maybe he was slightly heavier, too, or at least his underwear didn’t like to fold as little as it once used to, so his steps had to swing a slight bit wider. Certainly still a walk, but not the most graceful.

“Granny?” Noah called, going to the kitchen first. No one was there, and while the counters were far too high to see the tops of, it didn’t seem like there were any snacks left to go around. Shoot. Ava must have eaten them all.

“Granny!” he tried again by the bottom of the stairs, sitting down on the step with a muffled squelch underneath his overalls. Still nothing. Was he not loud enough? “Granny!” he shouted louder, until eventually steps echoed from a staircase out of sight. Not from above, but underneath, until the noise came closer and closer, right up until—

And the empty wall in front of him changed. The short gap separating the kitchen from the living room, right across from the stairs came to life. A crack from nowhere appeared. A long slit traveling from the floor to up-up and away. Then it hit a corner that crossed, traveling the width and eventually plummeting straight to the floor again. Like magic, a door from nothing appeared and opened.

“Oh, Noah?” Granny appeared from the magical doorway, looking around. “I thought you were watching cartoons, honey?”

“Yeah, but I got bored,” he shrugged. “Did Ava eat all the snacks?”

“All the snacks?” Granny repeated, though sounding confused. “All the...oh! The snacks; that’s right!” And her confusion was swept away with an exaggerated disappointment on the Amazon’s face. “Awh, Noah, baby, Granny’s so sorry! I made lots, but Ava had too many. She got so tired after, so I put her down for a nap too.”

“Oh... Can we make more?” Ava was all well and good, but frankly Noah had a stomach to feed. He could hardly care where his friend was.

“We most certainly can!” Granny smiled. “But first, where’s Liam?”

“Sleeping,” Noah pointed in his direction, right where the Amazon could see him as she peered around the corner. And a tinge of bashfulness welled up within the twenty-something year old Little as he managed to mutter, “I don’t want Liam eating them all, though...” After all, the girlfriend had already wronged him once.

And Granny gave him a look like he just said something naughty, but acquiesced into a smile. “Then we better let him nap while we make you something, huh?”

And with a new ally made, Noah nodded with a small smile. Granny wasn’t so bad after all.

“What do we think about...mmm...cookies?”

“Cookies?” Noah couldn’t hide the surprise in his voice. *Cookies*. Memories flooded his head for the first time since stepping inside this house. It was the first synapse that fired and made his mind feel alive again. Forget the dull and dreary thoughts of hiking, work, sex, and sleep. Instead he could only imagine and recall the many times of years prior, snacking on warm, melty chocolate circles fresh from the oven. Courtesy of his real mom and real grandma. How he longed for such a delicious treat...!

“Uh-huh!” Granny nodded, softly walking over to the stairs. “But we need to go get some flour from the basement. Wanna help me look?” she held out her arms.

And to Noah, whatever made the cookies come faster made the most sense. Without a thought he sprang from the stairs and let the Amazon lift him by the armpits.

“And up we go~!” she cooed, leaving him on her hip. But as she adjusted him against her, and Noah paid no mind to his smothered crotch rubbing up against the Amazon’s solid side, his world tilted off axis just a slight bit as he listened to a metallic popping noise.

“Did you need to go potty before we go get the flour?” Granny asked him.

“Uhm...” Noah stopped to think, also feeling something wiggling next to his pee-covered penis inside his swollen diaper. Everything felt fine enough down below; the same way he did when the diaper first went on. “No, don’t think so.” The tendril retracted.

“Okay,” a small chuckle left the woman. “Just checking! Now let’s go find that flour...”

Down they descended into the basement Noah never knew Granny had. A basement almost no one knew she had. The down below was far from mysterious, however. The lights were calming and every corner could be seen. No shadows crept in the corners, and save for a lack of windows, it looked just as nice as the rest of the home.

But the room definitely took on a different theme. The walls were swatches of varying pastels, and even a rainbow sprouted from the painted spot of clouds and poured into the imaginary bushes lining the base of the wall. The floor was a puzzle of giant foam mat pieces, textured in bumps, divots, dots, holes, diamonds and more. Numbers and letters in big bold font, never going beyond A-B-C or only counting as high as 1-2-3 contrasted in color with whatever square they were symbolized in.

It didn’t smell nearly as flowery down here, but a whole lot more powdery. Almost like if you took the fragrant scent from Noah’s diaper and turned it up to an eleven.

“Noah, can Granny be honest with you?” her words arrived the same time he felt a calming rub on his back.

“Yeah?”

“We didn’t come down here for flour,” her smile was small and her face didn’t seem to indicate much.

“We didn’t...?” Noah answered, maybe a little concerned, now that it felt like he could think just a tiny bit, but more so worried over the uncertainty of his cookies now.

And a moment of silent ensued, other than their breathing, and that of someone else’s coming from a nearby crib among many stowed away in the corner. He glanced over.

Oh, just Harper.

Back to chatting with Granny.

“No,” Granny responded, almost as if she was sad to say so. They walked over to a workbench and before Noah knew it he was sitting in the crater of a plush cushion along the top of it.

Another second of staring passed by, like she was expecting him to say something. Like he was being given a chance.

But a tiny spasm of something dribbling in his diaper distracted him. The warm tickle; he didn't even consider what it was. Warm. Ticklish. His mom used to give him warm hugs, and he did like tickles. So maybe he liked what was happening right now?

Man, where were those cookies?

“We're here to give you a diaper change,” she smiled, taking him by the ankles and pivoting him on his bum. Apparently the crater fit him quite well. He rested his head on the cushion conforming to his neck.

“Diaper change?” Noah asked, like it was a foreign word. He tried to sit up, but hands were already waiting to ease him back down, followed by a velcro strap over his chest.

“Mhm,” Granny nodded gingerly, popping open his crotch, one button at a time. “I think you were so caught up with those cartoons you hardly noticed a thing~!” she sang with a laugh. “Ope!” she playfully gasped at the sight between the man's legs, flashing her surprise at him. “Thank goodness Granny checked you when she did!” she chuckled as she pressed his crotch, and Noah felt the wet and warm compression against his cock. Wait...*did* his diaper always feel like that?

“But I never asked to use the toilet?” he tried to point out the fallacy, but the tapes were still being torn off anyway.

“That's right, you didn't. Not once,” Granny agreed. “And you know? Neither did Ava, neither did Harper, and I bet little Liam upstairs didn't think once about needing the potty either.”

And Noah slightly frowned, turning the gears in his head to consider the same, still missing the forest for the trees. If only he had a window to see some.

Room-temperature chills brushed against his crotch, suddenly free from a warm and damp place, wincing a tiny bit when Granny pinched and pulled on his pubic hair for a moment.

“Let’s take care of that now, actually,” she muttered without looking for an answer.

Noah watched the diaper he was once sitting in hang from Granny’s grip, seeing that it looked significantly thicker and heavier as she rolled it up. It didn’t look as white as it used to be. Maybe some mud on his skin made it look so yellow? Did he have those berries too? It was hard to remember, but easier to ponder than it had been upstairs.

But he shortly forgot it once it disappeared from view, landing in some kind of bin right by the table.

A second later after searching underneath, she had a bottle of cream squeezing gel into her other hand. “This might be a little chilly, sweetie, but I promise we’re gonna warm you right up after!”

“H-hey!” Noah raised his soft voice, squirming the moment the chill reached him. It was less about his crotch getting rubbed in lotion by a stranger, and more just that he didn’t like how cold he felt. It was thick and viscous, and massaged over his front, beneath his jewels and finally between his legs.

“And we won’t even need to use wipes this time!” Granny chuckled again, powdering the Little over again nice and proper. He was already sitting in the base of a new diaper, and just as Granny was pulling the front of it to pin underneath his belly button, he spoke.

“Hey Granny?”

She stopped with the diaper’s front still in her hand, giving a patient smile. A kind look that only a sweet grandmother could give.

“Uh-huh, sweetheart? What is it?”

“Uhm...could I go use the toilet now?” Did he have to go...? Maybe. Something was telling him to ask.

And her smile only grew more endearing. Noah felt the dry disposable starting to hug him now. “That’s okay, honey,” and the tapes were peeled and pressed along the plastic landing strip. Back to being a bug snug in a disposable rug. “Just go in your diaper when you need to.”

“Oh,” he mouthed like breathing for air, looking up at the ceiling, listening to the snaps on his crotch close one at a time.

“Do you want a piece of candy, honey?” the Amazon was already lightly pressing a cube of what his lips could taste something like chocolate from.

So he started to speak, to accept, but opening his mouth was enough for Granny to stick the whole thing in. It melted as he chewed, curling his toes on the changing table as a truly mouth-watering sauce covered his mouth. It was good. Very good. Better than even the cookies he could only imagine, even...!

“Can I have more?” Noah asked while he tried to lick the inside of his mouth. Granny undid his strap and lifted him from the table, walking over to the cribs.

“Maybe after your nap,” she chuckled, but started to lower her voice. “Let’s not wake up Harper, okay?”

“But I’m not tired,” Noah didn’t argue, but lightly pushed back.

“Ohh, that’s what every fussy Little says before beddie-bye,” Granny teased, and Noah was soon looking up at her from a bed surrounded by bars. “Medicine and juice always makes you kiddos sleepy!”

“But I had chocolate,” Noah argued, then spotted his girlfriend again through the bars. “Wait, Granny? Can I sleep with her? We’re dating.”

She raised her brows. “Oh, you two are dating?” she asked with surprise, but more like she was humoring a playground crush. A one-time recess fling between preschoolers.

“Yeah,” he nodded. “So can I?”

“Well, as long as you promise to go right to sleep,” she instructed as she lifted him up and over. Harper was in the same dress but a different looking diaper from before.

“Wait, what’s she wearing?” Noah described with his hands as he pulled on the thick pink booties donned on her feet.

“Ah-ah!” Granny tutted in a hushed whisper. “Those are special shoes that protect your feet. Harper got a boo-boo hiking today, so I put those on so they could heal.”

“I don’t think she hurt her feet today...” Noah thought aloud. “She would’ve said so.”

“Sometimes we might only feel comfortable telling a grownup,” Granny offered an alternative reasoning, which Noah was only just starting to become adverse to once again. But not before his eyelids were already starting to feel heavy. Just standing on his knees was quickly becoming a chore. “So let’s rest like we promised Granny, okay?” she cooed as she eased him down, head-first on the pillow right beside his softly sleeping girlfriend. Her head was facing the wall, giving her boyfriend only a head full of hair to look at, so he turned the other way.

“W-wai...” he paused to yawn. “Where’s Ava?”

“Right in the next room,” Granny chuckled. “She got some food stuck between her teeth, so Granny’s helping with that right now. I better go get that out though before she wakes up, so have a good nap for me, Noah, okay?”

“Kay...” he yawned once more as a lullaby started from something hanging above the crib.

“Sleep tight!” she cooed with a wave, then Noah watched through the bars as she walked through a doorway, softly clicking it shut behind her.

And he turned the other way, dropping an arm over his girlfriend’s side. With his eyes already closed, seconds away from dreamland, he gently managed to roll her on her other side so they were face to face. And in a moment of literal blind love, he kissed her on the lips.

It was tender and nice, albeit a different feeling given the circumstances.

“Luv youh...” he whispered as he finally fell asleep, not even noticing what he really just kissed.

And Harper, meanwhile, sleeping soundly herself, continued to pulse the pacifier between her lips, sucking in and out and bobbing the plastic shield her boyfriend just touched.

Crying was what woke him up from his deep, undisturbed slumber. That and his back on the changing table.

“Good morning, sunshine~!” Granny cooed, and Noah tried to hide under the shadow of her figure as his eyes watered and squinted from the lights. “Did you sleep well, huh?” she did something beneath him that made his knee tug, but he couldn’t tell what.

But something was off. Nothing had yet to be set, but he somehow felt more... lucid now? Like there was less fog in his head, or the cobwebs finally got cleared out and he could make coherent thoughts again.

“I think we’re just about done with these,” Granny said as Noah watched her undo the shoulder straps to his overalls, slowly but surely shimmying them down his torso and finally off from his feet. Thankfully the room was warm, so he had no complaints.

“What time is it...?” Noah groaned, but paused as a growing discomfort started to flare in his mouth. It was everywhere and all around his gums, to which his tongue started working in overdrive to nurse and support.

“A little bit into the afternoon!” Granny said in a sing-song voice, still chit-chatting over the nearby wails that even Noah was tuning out, or too tired and preoccupied to question. “Still raining, I’m afraid,” she tore off his diaper tapes. What was she doing? Changing him? Changing his diaper? He...wait, *why* was she changing him?

Something kept him from sitting up though. A strap over his chest that felt like a familiar but hazy memory.

A bad smell hit his nose.

“Wh-what’s that smell?” he grimaced, instinctively trying to cover his nose, but his arms underneath the strap stopped him.

“Just a little poopy,” Granny nonchalantly said as the dirty diaper was tossed away. “Oh, and that hair cream,” her face shriveled up. “Granny doesn’t like that smell either. But the work it does makes one stinky diaper all worth it!”

Noah reflexively lifted his stomach as the Amazon’s fingers brushed the spot right above his dick, making him quiver at such a sensitive spot being touched. Like she was touching a place even *he* wasn’t able to touch.

“Wanna feel?” Granny asked, guiding his hand over to his crotch for him, where he could then feel the entire lack of hair. Not a single pube. Smooth. Hairless; not even a stubble.

“Wh-what...?” he muttered, confused, and finally slightly afraid, but not yet sure why.

“Remember that special cream Granny used?” she explained as she fanned out a new diaper. “It’s magic hair cream that makes all your naughty-bit hairs go bye-bye,” and he shivered as she

treated him with a wet wipe. “I love how it works though– it can only react once you pee on it!” she laughed more truly and earnestly than she ever did before. As if for just a brief moment something genuine about her bubbled to the surface. “Littles wetting all their maturity away...” she giggled while she looked reminiscent of fonder times. “Poetic, really!”

But hair or no hair made no difference in the wake of the mushroom cloud. After having another diaper slid under his bottom, baby scent drenched his nether regions all over again as a white mist reclaimed his privates.

“A-aren’t you out of diapers by now...?” Noah weirdly asked, feeling nervous for a reason he still wasn’t cognizant enough to place quite yet. After all, she only had one pack of them, didn’t she?

“No, not yet,” Granny chuckled. “With four Littles in the house, I don’t think I’d ever want to drop below double digits!”

He could already feel her smoothing out the already-stuck tapes on his diaper.

And only now did Granny finally pay mind to the crying, just as she lifted Noah from the table.

“Poor thing...” Granny sighed, looking at a playpen Noah could now see set up in the middle of the room. “How are you doing, honey?” Granny pulled Noah back just to look at him. “Feeling good?”

“Uhm...” No? He felt weird. Like something was wrong, because it probably was, just that he wasn’t ready to make a big stink about it yet. Diapers? Cribs? Granny? Something didn’t add up, but the jury was still out for deliberation. “I guess?”

“Mmm,” Granny hummed, like she didn’t quite believe him. “Okay. You just get comfy with Ava and Harpy in your playpen, okay? I’m gonna go see where I left those teething rings...”

And before he could get her to elaborate, she dangled him over the pen where the foam mats were covered in blankets and dotted with plush stuffies and toys. His feet hung out to stand, where he could see now he had his own special booties, except blue in this case. But as his feet connected, the boots seemed to slip with less friction than a fetishist’s hand over a diaper, and his legs buckled, landing promptly on his knees.

“Play nice!” Granny warned, walking away.

And over the sea of stuffed animals, Noah could see the source of the much louder sobbing, Ava, on her stomach in tears. And then there was Harper, huddled in the corner over a giant stuffed bear, staring off into space, albeit with puffy eyes herself.

“Guys?” Noah lifted a leg to stand, but ceremoniously flopped on his face the moment he did. Without all the tingles, thankfully, his legs must’ve been asleep. Maybe Harper got cuddly at some point in the crib...

Both Littles paid him mind, but his presence only seemed to make Ava hiccup again with a fresh stream of tears, burrowing her hands in her head of hair.

“Ava...?” Noah called with concern, but glanced over at his girlfriend, still silent but with growing discomfort written all over her face. He tried another step, but his legs weren’t quite awake yet. So without much of a choice, he started a crawl towards her.

“W-waiht,” Harper halted him with an open palm. Her pupils looked manic from the way she only stole glances at him, trying to stare anywhere that he wasn’t. “P-please ss-ahy over there...” her voice trembled and threatened to be on the verge of tears.

“Wh-what? Whyh?” Noah asked again, incidentally wiping a splotch of drool from his lip. Was his mouth numb?

But as simple as his words were, even then somehow Harper found fault in them, wincing again at the very sound of his voice.

“Can someone juht tell me whad’s going on?” he asked again with mounting confusion, suddenly wondering why his words didn’t sound the way he intended.

Granny off in the distance emerged from the doorway Noah watched her go through from the crib, carrying Liam like a bundle of joy in her arms. He was fast asleep, and with a fond smile Granny cooed as she deposited him into a crib.

“And that’s the last munchkin fresh from the oven!” The Amazon giggled to herself.

But Noah covered his ears as Ava started to scream bloody murder.

“YOU FUGGING BITCH! I’LL FUGGING KILL-HOO YOOH! I...! I...!” her chest rose and fell like it was being oscillated by the in’s and out’s of a bicycle pump. Tears rolled down her cheeks, Harper was whispering and muttering like her sanity depended on it, and Noah was still none the wiser.

“Now Ava,” Granny tutted as she came over to the playpen, “we can choose to use our words nicely, or not have any words to use at all. Is that what you want?”

And Ava screamed back a painful whimper through her sealed limbs, like a toddler through the thickest point of their tantrum.

“A-Ava!” Noah stammered, “What are you saying?!” he paused just to frantically wipe the drool from his mouth. “Do you *wanna* end up in fugging diapers?”

Collective disbelief and disappointment was all he got back. Not in the way of words, but frightened stares. Gazes at a Little far too foolish and drugged out of his mind to blink and look in the mirror.

His resolve to reprimand his friend was firm; albeit as firm as a wet diaper after sprinting a marathon around the playground. He blinked and saw his friend. His girlfriend. Two fellow Littles in danger of being done in by an Amazon. In danger of...

Ava looked at him in sad horror, and Noah looked right back, trying to find the air in his lungs. Ava wasn't in danger, neither was Harper, and likely, the same could be said for himself.

Her shoulders were bare but for the frilled straps of a romper masking her front, but the elasticized waistband rounded out more than a butt could on its own, aided by none other than some serious protection taped on her hips

She opened her mouth nice and wide, with a pained, tearful shout.

“D-don't you get it already?!”

He stared into her mouth like it was an abyss, or a fleshy monster that ate by secreting acids and drinking it down like slop.

He crawled one pace further, fully hearing the diaper he himself was in now, not even dressed in something to hide the brutal truth from himself. And just a few minutes ago he was made privy to losing all his pubic hair. Permanently? Who knew. But for whatever reason he tried to stand again, promptly falling back on his bottom.

“Noah...” Harper sadly moaned, “stohp tryhing...”

He only breathed faster and felt more light-headed. Did he see Ava right? Was Harper making any sense? What was that gel? What was going on? How long had they been here? What did she make them watch? What were those smells? What—?

Even if he wanted to crawl forward, he couldn't. His muscles locked up, like everything was contracting just to squeeze something out. He grunted against his will as there was enough feeling to tell something was quickly exiting into his diaper, ending in a bad smell just barely beating the baby powder, and with no floral scents to mix it all together.

But for the first time in ever, he connected the plugs.

“I-I...I think I just shih myself...” he quietly narrated, feeling inexplicable goosebumps on his skin.

It was starting to make sense at a frightening pace. The reason for why they weren't in danger was already upon them, and currently sitting like an unwanted present in the seat of Noah's diaper.

Without ever noticing, danger had already happened. It'd taken its time in chewing them up and spitting out the remains, leaving them deformed, deranged and terrifyingly dependent. And Danger smiled down at them from above.

“Oh! Kids, take one of these; it might make those sore gums feel a little better,” Granny walked around the perimeter, handing out trinkets like a classroom snack, but only Noah was the most shell-shocked and out of touch with reality to actually take the thing with both hands. His female counterparts merely tried to stay catatonic as theirs were dropped in front of them.

Noah looked at his, staring at a large silicone ring, covered in different textures and parts that looked like balls or cubes, headed by a smiling panda head that sprouted from it. But entirely unsure of what he was looking at, he awkwardly tried to wear it like a bracelet, as if the function would somehow become clear to him.

“Nuh-uh, Noah,” Granny's hand reached over him, grabbing the ring and starting to bring it especially close to his face. “We use it like this.” Her free thumb wiped more drool from his mouth before manually opening it via grabbing his chin. It was like air made the insides of his mouth ache, but Granny stuffed almost half the ring inside his mouth where it settled on his aches, almost inviting an odd soothing sensation as his mouth awkwardly closed on it.

“Doesn't that feel nicer?” she cooed as he confusedly adjusted the mysterious object, unsure why there was relief to begin with. Why there was an ache.

Ava's mouth.

Nothing.

No...

Teething ring.

He almost wanted to pull it out and feel, but the fact his soft, moist nubs were touching the toy so intimately it was enough to spare him the complete and total meltdown. His eyes welled with tears as one indirect sensation after another put the pieces together faster and faster.

The sobbing started just as he sunk back onto his bottom, smooshing the shame between himself and the floor.

He was an adult. A young, but grown man. He was a lover, a fighter, and vehement hater of Amazons and their wicked ways. But here he was, sitting as the victim of one, too fried out of his brains to only realize it until now, and to have gone along with it so complacently...!

“D-...” he stuttered up at Granny with tears and a mouthful of soothing teething ring.

“D-dih...dih youh d-dake my deeth...?”

“Hm?” Granny’s smile, the same one she had since meeting them didn’t change, but she leaned closer like she needed to hear him better. But he needn’t repeat himself. “Oh! Your teeth?”

His heart found a way to sink even lower.

Without an ounce of remorse, only twice the sweetness and sugar in her voice, she nodded cheerily. “Uh-huh! You’re all gums now, sweetheart!”

Ava was beyond the screams, only now with unspoken tears rolling down her face. Harper was sniffing, poorly trying to suppress the sounds of her own cries.

“Ah, but did you notice your booties?” Granny asked him as she tugged his foot, but the disconnect presented right in front of him made the bile start to build in his throat. It was almost like a faint tingle he could feel just beneath the knee. His knee had been pulled, and nothing else. He watched her squeeze the boot, and while there was feeling, the connection was severely dampened. Like his lower legs didn’t work at all.

“I know it’s a lot to process right now,” Granny soothingly rubbed the top of his head, “but I think you’ll all become very good crawlers! And don’t worry; you’ll still know when Granny’s tickling your cute little toes!”

Noah, finally soaking in his own shock, possibly even in a soaking diaper by now, muttered through his teething ring, “L...legs...?”

“Just to keep you on your tummies a bit more,” Granny explained. “I don’t have a whole lot of babyproofing in the house, so at least while you’re all here before we can get you something more permanent, it’s safer for everyone involved, I think. Littles learn better when they can’t get in high places, after all!” she hummed, and Noah like a marionette let his puppeteer adjust his diaper.

He watched his girlfriend again, seeing her sadness in a whole new light. A reason for why she was laying on a stuffed animal, because it was the closest, most dignifying thing she had to standing now. And the reason she refused to look at him, hide behind her own hair, or just try to cease to exist was because of their mutual alterations.

Ava’s toothless mouth sent shivers down his spine, and his realization must’ve been telepathic, because Harper only sunk deeper into her fort of furry friends, keeping her mouth closed and hidden like it was Fort Knox.

H-Harper too...?

“Just let Granny know if anything hurts or feels funny, okay?” Granny addressed the quietly manic trio. “The nanites we used back in my day aren’t as good as they are now, so sometimes there can be tiny issues,” she sighed, looking over at the mysterious door. The place that started to wreck Noah with a bone-chilling fear. He was asleep, but somehow he knew. Now he knew for sure that he’d taken a trip behind it and participated in whatever horrors were left behind it. A place that made him into what he was now.

“Other than your gums, though,” Granny continued to make an example of Noah; the most broken and easiest to handle of the bunch. She caressed his cheek for a moment, like helping massage the soreness in his mouth. Claspng her hands called everyone’s attention. “Now what do we all say to a few bottles of milk, huh?”

Collective silence.

“No special medicine,” Granny laughed at her own joke, “I promise!” She watched them for a second, studying them like subjects, which they unfortunately were, and Granny ended up behind Harper who didn’t even bother trying to crawl away.

“I know Noah’s stinky, but I just might think that...!” and her eyes widened like she just struck cold. “Ah-huh! Poos come in twos!” And there was a visible shake from Harper when the large hand patted the back of her plastic rump, pushing her back into tears that tore down her last few fibers of dignity. “Okay, milkies first, then changies! And Ava? Mm...well,” her smiles came in many shades, and this time it was a bashfully apologetic one. “I’d ask you to try and go poopie too, but that’s not really much of a choice anymore...”

The Little looked like she wanted to grit her teeth, but all her friends could see were gums smooshed against gums.

Noah sadly looked back over at the cribs, through the mesh of the playpen that was too high to climb, even if he could stand anymore. Through the bars where his friend slept; the last and final one still fortunate enough to be unconscious to the waking nightmare the other three had been thrown into. And it was only a matter of time. Harper was probably the first to wake, and she had the worst of it. The horrors of coming to terms with a reality that felt so impossible and so unfair, then to see the same insanity infect all her friends and loved one. First Ava, now Noah, and soon to be Liam. Noah was just watching another Noah. Blessed by every minute he could manage to stay asleep.

All this misery coming to a front in his head, soothing his sore mouth with a teething ring, sitting in his own mess in a diaper with tapes that only came off for giants. *Trapped* in his own mess. Until an Amazon decided to free him from it. Stuck in a playpen until an Amazon decided to lift him out. Trapped with a mad scientist until someone rescued him? Another Amazon? A story that had yet to be written, if it ever would at all.

“I’d really like to see some more smiles, you know...” Granny cooed disappointedly, like her wants were far from demanding. After all, they had to be. What with their teeth sitting in chemical jars and legs working like limp, wet noodles. “Oh! How about this?” she perked up as a thought must’ve crossed her mind.

“First to finish their bottle gets some playtime in the walker! Does that sound like fun?”

Ava was the first to laugh again, only this time both Littles were just a few cracks in the brain from joining her. Laughter came as the tears fell, spouting aloud for all the wrong reasons.

“Alrighty then!” Granny grinned, walking for the stairs, yet turning her head like her charges might disappear at a moment's notice. Finally, she squealed.

“Awh, it feels so good to have grandkids in the house!”

And one last utterance left them there in their diapers, finally starting to shake and tremble all over again.

“I *knew* it was a good idea to start pumping again~!”

Wrong Turn