

The evolution of the Marson family

Contents

The evolution of the Marson family	1
13 The summer holidays and the summer camp	1
13.1 A very special shopping experience	1
13.2 The journey into the unknown	19
13.3 In the beginning is bureaucracy	41
13.4 Arrival at the holiday home	54
13.5 Dinner with the Schäfers.....	63
13.6 Summer holidays, early morning sports	76
13.7 Summer holidays, a shock after breakfast.....	80
13.8 Summer vacation, lunch and shopping.....	88
13.9 Summer vacation, fun for the kids.....	98
13.10 summer holidays, on the beach.....	110

13 The summer holidays and the summer camp

13.1 A very special shopping experience

On the last weekend before the summer holidays Svenja and Jens were already freed from their beds at 7:30 am. Since Jens had been washed exclusively by his parents for many months, Svenja was of course under observation in the bathroom. But it should go fast this morning and so the whole Marson family was already sitting in the kitchen at 8 o'clock. Jens and Svenja were of course strapped in. Jens wore his closed khaki overalls and the name tag was also put on the bib. So it was clear that at least Jens would come along to the weekend shopping. Svenja had got one of her blue jeans overalls ready. In the meantime she had accepted her parents' dress code except for a few minor details. The worst thing she had to wear in front of the door was her "Hello Kitty" overalls. Since she had completely separated from her old clique, the overalls were no problem anymore. Actually she only had contact with Annika and Verena in her free time. She got used to ask her parents for permission when she wanted to leave the house. When she was younger it had been quite natural for her. But when her parents said "no" she still felt it as a big restriction and mean from her parents.

"Mom, I want to go to Verena today. Is that OK?"

"Honey, we're going shopping today," her mother said.

"But Jens is going with us today, I can go to Verena." Svenja replied.

"No Svenja, this is the last chance before the summer camp to do some shopping for you. Both of you will come along. It starts already next Saturday," Inga said. Svenja knew that she should go to a summer camp this summer, but she also knew that she should be subjected to some kind of educational measures there. Therefore she was not looking forward to it at all and had not asked for details yet. She tried to block out the coming summer holidays as much as possible. But now it became serious.

"Besides you like shopping! Right?" Inga tried to get her daughter excited about the trip to the shopping center.

"Well, if I can choose something myself, I can. A nice summer dress for example" said Svenja without any real hope to wear something like that again in the near future. She suddenly remembered the visit to the children's clinic where the doctor had talked about safety clothing for the next 24 months. There she simply could not imagine a nice summer dress. "If you're good, we can stop by the ladies' ward at the end of the day. But I can't promise you that now, we have to follow the rules in the future," Svenja's mother said.

Svenja still hated it when her mother used the word "good" or "well-behaved".

Besides, her mother's offer also sounded like an empty promise. So Svenja said a bit offended "You're just trying to lure me to come along and then in the end it was just an empty promise and I only get more shitty overalls. Now her mother, on the other hand, was a bit upset, she did not want to be called a liar by her own daughter. "Svenja not in that tone! YES! For one thing I don't have to lure you. You'll come along anyway. You should have learned that in the last few months. Also, that you should and can trust us. When I say we can look for a dress, I mean it. You could wear it to Uncle Werner's birthday, for example. But you have to think of everything else. But we are responsible for that." When Inga said this she pointed to Peter.

Jens was annoyed and bored at the same time, his sister had once again managed to destroy the harmony in the family in the early morning. But harmony was so important to him. But after the little quarrel between Svenja and her mother it was very quiet at the table until everybody finished eating. Until it started Svenja and Jens stayed strapped on their chairs. Then all four of them went together to the shopping center where Philipp and his parents had always gone shopping. Jens already knew it from some visits in the playground there. They also parked on one of the family parking lots and Jens was tied to the shopping trolley and his hands were fixed in his pockets just like with the Söllings. Peter then pushed the shopping trolley and Svenja was taken by her mother's hand. On the way to the center Peter and Inga had discussed the strategy for the shopping, according to which Inga would buy "equipment" for Svenja and the summer camp together with Svenja. Peter and Jens on the other hand should do the grocery shopping for the week. After a few minutes in the shopping center the family was informed about the shop Jens had left for the first time. Jens was so fascinated by the visit to the playground. Above the shop window was still written in large letters

"Educational clothing and supplies." The shop window was decorated somewhat differently, but there were still many overalls, child seats and high chairs to be seen. Jens took a close look at everything again and Svenja was somewhat shocked by what she saw. Inga and Peter said goodbye to each other with a kiss and Peter pushed the car further. Jens lost his balance and stumbled a few steps. He stared at the shop window and was therefore very distracted. "Jens don't dream, you must be careful. You know you have to be especially careful when you walk by the car," Peter said but without really blaming Jens. For him the situation was new, he had never led Jens like that before.

After a few meters they passed the entrance of the playground and Jens turned his head again and was unfocused. But this time his father noticed it and he stopped.

"Jens is this the playground you told me about?" his father asked him.

"Yes, that's where you can do great things," Jens said enthusiastically.

"And would you like to?" his father then asked unexpectedly.

Jens' eyes were shining and of course he would rather play there than being tied to the shopping trolley for 2 hours and "helping" his father with the shopping.

"I'd love to, but Mum said we should go shopping together," Jens replied.

"Yes, but it can take a long time with mum and Svenja. So I have enough time to find everything on my own."

Jens nodded enthusiastically and did not need to be persuaded for long. So Peter pushed the car, with Jens on it, to the counter of Spielland and talked to the employee. Since Jens was there for the first time with his own parents, his father first had to fill out some paperwork and sign it. Meanwhile Jens had to wait again at the wall next to the entrance.

* * *

Svenja increasingly cramped her hand with which she was held by her mother. What a strange business that was. In the shop window she could see the red and white striped overalls she had to wear for Jens' birthday. This was worn by a doll with a female body, right next to it was a doll with a male body. Of course she wore blue and white striped overalls like Jens often had to wear them at home. Both dolls had a full-grown size of about 170cm but the faces and gestures were clearly youthful. In the corner of the shop window, next to the entrance, was a large poster depicting a young girl between 17 and 18 years of age, who had strapped on a kind of harness with a leash leading out of the picture. Next to it was something about safety and discipline even in special environments. Svenja was not comfortable with what she saw and started a bit apathetically into the shop window.

Then her mother pulled at her hand and said, "come darling, we have an appointment, we should be on time."

Svenja did not know what to say and trotted after her mother with her mouth open, into the entrance of the shop.

In the demanding area of the shop it looked like any other clothing store. There was a counter with the cash register and behind it all kinds of small stuff. On the shelves there were neatly folded up pieces of clothing of which one could hardly see anything. Inga went with Svenja to the counter and talked to the shop assistant.

"Good day, I'm Mrs. Marson and have an appointment with Svenja at 10 o'clock for measuring and consultation."

"Good day Mrs. Marson, hello Svenja, Mrs. Schinke will be with you in a minute. One moment please, I'll call her" said the friendly woman at the counter and picked up the phone.

A short time later an elderly little woman with a grey skirt and braided hairstyle can be seen from the back of the shop. She had glasses hanging around her neck on a thin leash. The name tag on her chest said " Mrs. Schinke".

"Hello, Mrs. Marson. I would like to welcome you to our home." With this she reached out her hand to Inga, who then had to let go of Svenja. Afterwards Mrs. Schinke put on her glasses and took a step backwards and examined Svenja from bottom to top. Then she took off her glasses again and said "You must be Svenja, we will surely find everything you need. I'm sure you will, darling." Then she smiled and asked Svenja and her mother to come along.

Svenja could not judge the woman, somehow she seemed old-fashioned and strict, but on the other hand very nice and polite. At least she wasn't treated like a toddler again from the beginning, even if the phrase "sweetheart" was funny, but that somehow fitted the old-fashioned appearance of Mrs. Schinke.

Svenja and her mother followed Mrs. Schinke further into the shop. They walked from the main aisle between some shelves along to a side niche in the shop. There in the niche was a strange looking rack with a platform in the middle. Around the platform were two large rings with a diameter of more than 2.5m. Next to the device they stopped and Mrs. Schinke began to explain.

"So Svenja, first we have to measure your size and mass, for this we have here a 3D scanner which can record everything at once. Mrs. Marson would you please undress your daughter!" "Where are the changing rooms?" Svenja asked visibly confused and shocked. "Honey, we are a shop for children's clothes and educational aids, there are no cabins in our shop. You really shouldn't be embarrassed about this, all the children are undressed in the hallway, it's only natural," Mrs. Schinke then said and

smiled encouragingly at Svenja. "Please Mrs. Marson, I'll prepare the device," said Mrs. Schinke then addressed Inga. She understood the wink and grabbed Svenja by the overalls to open them. Svenja was of course totally embarrassed and sulked. But she had to give in to it and let her mother open the trousers, then she took the rest off herself and her mother put everything neatly on the waiting stool. Fortunately it was not in the middle of the shop. When she was finished she only had her bra and panties on. So she climbed onto the pedestal. There were two bowls for her feet which she should step into. Then Mrs. Schinke pushed an apparatus from bottom to top onto the slightly smaller ring. On it were two plates facing each other, on the inside these plates were covered with a thick layer of rubber. Inside was a print of a human hand. Svenja then had to put her right hand between the two plates. These were then pressed together by Mrs. Schinke, so that Svenja's hand was clamped in between. It did not hurt, but it exerted so much pressure that she could not pull her hand out. Svenja's panic level went up, she just thought "not tying up again". But a few seconds later her left hand was also fixed on the other side.

Mrs. Schinke noticed of course that Svenja was not comfortable. "Darling, no Afraid, it's all quite harmless. The device can now move your arms into the right position for measuring, just as it is needed to measure everything correctly. Your legs will also be spread in a moment, please stay very relaxed, otherwise it will be uncomfortable. OK, everything understood?" Schinke then asked. Svenja just nodded and wanted to get it over with quickly. "Okay, three things. The device works with laser beams, so you have to wear protective goggles." Then Svenja was put on glasses like in the tanning salon, but they were completely impermeable. Afterwards Svenja felt how she was turned 180 degrees with her face to the wall. Then her long hair, which she always wore openly, was tied together to a tail and fixed with several rubber bands in such a way that the neck could be easily caught by the rays.

"And the measurement can only be carried out naked," Mrs. Schinke said next and unfastened Svenja's bra and pulled her panties down. From which she then had to step out blind, leaving her feet in the cups.

Afterwards Mrs. Schinke pulled a black and opaque curtain behind Svenja.

Of course Svenja could not see this. Then the device came to life and first Svenja's arms pulled up in a 45 degree angle. Afterwards the footrests moved apart, so that it became smaller and the arms were pulled tighter. Svenja breathed heavily and also made a short squeaking sound, but she wanted to pull herself together and not attract all the attention in the shop by screaming. Her body was now stretched and the second ring of the device started to move to create a 3D image.

The process took more than five minutes now and Svenja's arms slowly hurt.

"Mama, how much longer will this take? It's really uncomfortable." Svenja suddenly moaned. "Darling, please stay calm. Otherwise it will be inaccurate and we'll have to start all over again," replied Mrs. Schinke.

Thereupon Svenja tried to keep still, of course, because of course she didn't want that on any account. After a total of 10 minutes the buzzing of the outer ring stopped and Svenja's legs were brought together again and her arms relaxed.

"So Sätzchen, we now have to check the results briefly. Until then you can relax but you have to stay in the device", said Mrs. Schinke next and looked at the pictures of Svenja on the computer. It had to be checked if all details were recorded. The screen showed an exact picture of Svenja's proportions, but without a picture of the skin surface, i.e. monochrome.

When Mrs. Schinke was satisfied with the result, she pulled back the curtain and turned Svenja back to the starting position. Then she took off her glasses again and Svenja was allowed to get back into her panties, which were then pulled up by Mrs. Schinke. Svenja's hands were still stuck between the plates and her arms were still held upwards. Mrs. Schinke now took a device which looked like a big

collapsible ring with a diameter of 20cm and a width of almost 15cm. She then folded this ring around Svenja's left ankle and shortly afterwards she felt hundreds of needles, which were not really sharp but already very thin, on her skin. This felt very funny and tickled a little bit. Mrs. Schinke explained that with this needle the shape and diameter of these parts of the body could be measured even more precisely. Then she repeated this on the other ankle and on both wrists.

When this measurement was also completed, Svenja's hands were released from the clamping mechanism again and she was allowed to leave the device. Of course she wanted to get dressed again immediately and reached for her things on the small stool. But Mrs. Schinke immediately got in her way. "Slowly young lady, nobody said anything about getting dressed. The measurements are finished, but now comes the nice part... Fitting and advice." When she said this she looked intensively into Svenja's eyes, which intimidated Svenja a bit.

"But I'm cold, can't I at least put something on?" Svenja asked reservedly.

"Sweetheart, no problem. It starts right away," said Mrs. Schinke and pushed Svenja two aisles further between the shelves. Inga also followed the two.

There Mrs. Schinke then addressed Svenja's mother. "Mrs. Marson, first we have to talk about a bra." She then took a box from the shelf and explained to Inga that this was the most popular model with the parents and that it was modular in design. There were different carriers and straps. You could choose between fasteners with magnetic, electrical and mechanical locking and they could be exchanged very quickly. Also the baskets were changeable and there were a lot of possibilities. What they all had in common was that the shells were solid or at least reinforced. There was even the possibility to have some made from the 3D scan. Inga decided to use a magnetic lock and bowls with a carbon fibre inner part, but with ventilation holes so that Svenja didn't have to sweat in them.

Mrs. Schinke took the corresponding packages from the shelf and assembled the desired model in a few minutes on a small table standing in the aisle. Svenja stood almost naked next to it and was annoyed that she was not even asked during the whole process. But due to the fact that she was cold and stood almost naked in the middle of the shop, she didn't want to protest now, but was allowed to put something on as soon as possible.

When Mrs. Schinke was finished with the assembly, she put on the bra Svenja. It was very tight and also had very wide straps, which made it not uncomfortable to wear. Then Mrs. Schinke also explained that the bra was so precisely adjusted due to the 3D scan that it could hardly be removed from the breasts. In order to eliminate one last risk, there was an additional set of straps which could secure the bra downwards through the crotch. But since Svenja would wear additional clothing according to the rules, this would only be necessary in exceptional cases. Svenja was shocked by the remarks and arguments of Mrs. Schinke. What should this become now. But this was certainly a part of the safety clothing that Dr. Wohlrud had mentioned. The only good thing about the situation was that Svenja was finally no longer standing in the shop with bare breasts. Of course she tried to pull them, but the thing was really bombproof. Mrs. Schinke also took note of the attempt with a somewhat nasty grin.

"Yes, darling, I'm sorry, I noticed that you rubbed your breasts in public on your birthday in the city. That's over now" Inga said to her daughter and pressed Svenja affectionately to herself. Which caused a lot of feelings in Svenja and even gave her slightly wet eyes.

She hadn't paid much attention to the situation on the park bench, her mother hadn't reacted to it or had assumed that she hadn't even noticed it. Now, however, she was infinitely embarrassed that her mother brought this up so openly and unexpectedly. So she felt caught and exposed. It should be her own personal thing if she got a little excited and wanted to have a few nice moments with herself. All this should be over for good now. She was just not allowed to do it anymore, it was so mean.

Svenja was suddenly torn from her thoughts. Mrs. Schinke stood in front of her and held out a piece of clothing for her to get into.

"Darling, don't dream. You said you were cold. Here, this will help."

Svenja should put her legs into a strange looking piece of clothing. It was blue and had similarities to a nylon pantyhose with an additional piece of fabric on it. In fact, it turned out that it almost felt like that, only a little thicker was the fabric. It was just as stretchy and gently enveloped the legs and feet. But when Svenja stood in it, Mrs. Schinke pulled it further up. It turned out to be an overall. Next she had to put her fingers into the sleeves and at the end there was hand school with very fine fingers. When the suit was pulled over her shoulders, there was still a little of the thin stretchy fabric hanging from the front of her neck. Mrs. Schinke next took the zipper in her back and pulled it up. The suit stretched over Svenja's entire body. The feeling was almost indescribable for Svenja. It was as if she was being stroked all over her body and she became warm again almost immediately. It was not tight, as the fabric was soft and very stretchy but still an overwhelming feeling of hugging and warmth combined with a great lightness.

Unfortunately Svenja could not enjoy it for very long, because next Mrs. Schinke reached for the last rest of the fabric, which did not yet lie smoothly on Svenja's body. The part at the front of her neck turned out to be a hood, which was immediately pulled over her head from the front and the zipper was closed to the end at the top of her head. The fabric was stretched around Svenja's head and Svenja protested immediately. "Hey, what the hell, I need air!" she said indignantly.

"Darling, if you can complain like that, you'll certainly get enough air." The hood had no opening in the area of the face, but because of the thin fabric, Svenja could breathe very well and she could even see through it after a short acclimatization.

Even if a little worse and everything looked blue. She now looked almost the same as on the 3DScan picture. With the difference that her hair and face were barely recognizable and the bra had exact contours.

"Honey, now we can try out and adjust almost everything without you getting cold. Isn't that nice?" said Mrs. Schinke without expecting an answer from Svenja. Because she turned directly to her mother.

"Mrs. Marson, since we can adjust a lot of things with the 3D data, I think we should start with the summer outerwear, where we can also take your tastes and preferences into account. The things to wear underneath, which Svenja will wear underneath, you can order them. ... So in summer, overalls are very trendy, but we can also look at overalls.

"Yeah, I think we need really classic jeans for the summer and school after that. But you can also show me something more up-to-date," Inga then said to Mrs. Schinke.

Svenja stood there shocked and couldn't believe that both women didn't even consider asking for Svenja's taste or "wishes". Mrs. Schinke walked 2 aisles further, with Svenja and Inga following her. While walking, Svenja felt a slight draft through her thin suit. It felt somehow strange but also funny and Svenja lost concentration. She was not interested in what her mother and Mrs. Schinke were talking about. She would have to wear the clothes, but obviously she wasn't allowed to participate in the decision making. So she looked around a bit.

In some distance on the other side of the skin passage she could see another girl, who was in such a complete overall just like her. The girl was slightly smaller and also had a bra underneath, which was clearly visible. Svenja could not estimate the age of the girl, because she could not recognize her face or look into her eyes. But she could see that she was looking at her too. The other girl must have felt the same way, because she too was not paying attention to the shop assistant and her mother. After they had both watched each other for a while, the other girl was pulled quite rudely by her mother, because she wanted her to try something on and concentrate on it. But the girl just turned her body a little bit, but still stared at Svenja. She couldn't see that because of her covered eyes, but her head was still directed to Svenja. Then the mother pulled the arm of the girl a second time very violently. When the girl turned her head, her mother slapped her and Svenja flinched in shock. She had not expected this. From a distance she could still hear her mother murdering her daughter, but she had not heard a

protest or a scream from the girl. Svenja was still a little frightened by the incident and thought about it. Was she also to blame for it because she had eye contact with the girl? But no, she didn't have that at all. Both could see each other, but eye contact was not possible with the suit. Svenja slowly turned back to the events between her mother and Mrs. Schinke. Meanwhile she had spread out three different jeans overalls on the other fabric and Mrs. Schinke explained to her mother the differences between the different buckles and fasteners. All bib buckles could be locked. Additionally there were also models where the side buttons were locked by buckles or zippers.

But Svenja could not get the other girl out of her head. She and her brother were never beaten by their parents. She had heard about it, but had not yet experienced it. But now this whole thing with the other upbringing and the stricter measures, would her mother also slap her if she didn't obey, or obeyed fast enough? Were these things connected? Svenja was torn from her thoughts when her mother put her hand on her shoulder. She was so startled that she flinched.

"Honey, what's wrong with you, you should try on these trousers, please," Inga said to her daughter, who couldn't see through the mask of the suit that Svenja wasn't with the matter.

"It's just ... the other girl is just ... oh nothing mummy," said Svenja and didn't think it was a good idea to tell her mother what was going through her mind. She tried to turn back to shopping, which was no fun at all. But she thought it was appropriate not to give her mother any reason for criticism of her behavior. So she had to try on a variety of different overalls. All of them were more or less tight and her mother was allowed to try the fasteners. One of the trousers remained in her memory. It was a short overalls where the legs only reached up to the knees and a big red heart was sewn on the bib. The legs of the trousers were so tight that they could not be pushed far up. There was no mirror in the corridor but she could see the pants before putting them on. Except for the heart and a pair of sewn-on D-rings the pants looked quite normal. Svenja couldn't see the loops at the back and so she even liked them. The heart was a bit corny, but she liked it. At least it was much better than the "Hello Kitty" symbol. After almost 10 tried on overalls Svenja didn't know if her mother had already decided on a model. Mrs. Schinke wrote something on a small piece of paper about everything Svenja had tried on. After Svenja had taken off the last overalls again, we went into the next aisle and there she had to try on three different overalls. The first one had the zipper in the back and was made of thin and soft fabric. In the collar there was a 3cm wide iron ring sewn in, which could be closed at the back and connected with the zipper. It was also not very tight, but Svenja could not get a real feeling from it, because the elastic suit was much tighter. The next overall was again made of denim, but in black. Also the zipper was in the front, which was also connected with an integrated metal ring around the neck. These neck rings were already very unpleasant and unusual for Svenja, it felt oppressive. Here in the shop she had to wear these things only for a few minutes, so it was not that bad, but in the long run these overalls would probably be uncomfortable.

During the whole time and presentation of the individual pieces of clothing, Mrs. Schinke emphasized the safety of the pieces again and again and mostly meant the safety against breaking out and also the protection against own inappropriate touching with which some pieces were equipped. But now she suddenly came up with another topic.

"Mrs. Marson what is the actual state of her daughter's disciplines? Here she shows herself to be very exemplary. But we also have something very nice there, without always having to put on a discipline harness." Mrs. Schinke explained.

"Yes, I'd like something like that could be useful" Inga said to Mrs. Schinke.

Svenja couldn't imagine anything under a disciplinary harness and also couldn't imagine how a jumpsuit could be used for disciplinary purposes. She also thought about the word "discipline" itself. Was it meant as a punishment, like the other girl who had been beaten by her mother before? Now Svenja had to think again about the girl, how mean she had been by her mother and if she was going to face that.

But she couldn't think about it very long, because the next overall was put on her immediately. This one was made of a very solid material, like a rain jacket or something like that. There were some D-rings and other things sewed on from the outside whose purpose was not obvious at first sight. The zipper was in the back and the collar was around the whole neck and under the chin. But the collar was not very tight around the neck and Svenja could move her head normally. But the overall was quite tight, especially the arms and both were tightly enclosed. At the ends of the sleeves there were strange buckles or hooks sewn on, but they only reached to the wrists. Mrs. Schinke then explained to Inga that these could later be connected to the identity ring, which would prevent the sleeves from sliding up.

Svenja became more and more confused, because she could not imagine anything under the term identity card ring. But Mrs. Schinke immediately came to the actual function of the coverall. In the back there were two D-rings on the right and left side of the zipper at waist level in which Mrs. Schinke fastened a hand loop with a carabiner.

"According to Mrs. Marson, you can take a walk or go shopping with it comfortably and safely. Whenever Svenja wants to run away now, or if she doesn't want to listen otherwise, then you only have to pull the loop, or Svenja pulls it herself when she runs away and she is called to order again" said Mrs. Schinke and pulled the loop in such a way that Svenja couldn't prevent that with the D-rings also a piece of line was pulled out of the overall. Thus a mechanism was operated inside the overall, which first narrowed the collar and made it stiff. This also pushed Svenja's head into the straight position. By further pulling of Mrs. Schinke also a broad and stiff band was pulled up and back in the step of the overall. The collar served as pulling point. Thereby Svenja made a hissing noise and drew air through her teeth on the one hand and a hollow back on the other hand. The feeling of simultaneous tightness around the neck and the strong pressure in the crotch was very uncomfortable. In addition to that the pull between crotch and neck which had caused the hollow back, in this position Svenja would certainly not want to take a step or run away. Therefore she started begging immediately. "Please don't, please let go again.

It's unpleasant!"

"Yes, Svenja, that's what it's supposed to do, so that your mother can take good care of you in special situations," said Mrs. Schinke and didn't relax a bit.

"Please please, I'm not doing anything!" Svenja continued to beg and tried to grab with her hands first to the back and then back to the neck. But it didn't change anything, she was firmly in the grip of the overalls and Mrs. Schinke.

"If you see Mrs. Marson, you will get your daughter back to discipline very quickly if you offend her. But a longer-term measure is also provided for", said Mrs. Schinke.

"Ohhh please stop, please" Svenja whined now.

But Mrs. Schinke explained the further procedure to Mrs. Marson. She solved a Remove the clamping mechanism on the overall at the point where the two lines lead into the interior. Then she could let the loop loose without pulling the lines back. Svenja remained just as tense as before.

"Svenja please put your arms close to your body. Yes!" said Mrs. Schinke then calmly and friendly. Svenja obeyed immediately and Mrs. Schinke pulled down a zipper, which started under the armpits. When this had happened on both sides, Svenja could hardly move her arms. They were held close to her body. But the pressure around Svenja's neck and in her crotch was the more uncomfortable for her and she started to moan again. "Please loosen it again, it hurts!"

"Child, that's not true at all. It is and should be unpleasant, but nothing more. You shouldn't make such a fuss, and now please close your legs even tighter." came Mrs. Schinke's instruction.

"But then it'll get even worse, please don't!" Svenja said.

But Mrs. Schinke pulled the loop again without further warning, which increased the pressure on Svenja even more. In addition, Mrs. Schinke tapped her shoes slightly against Svenja's feet to repeat her request. After that Svenja moved her feet together in small steps and Mrs. Schinke was able to close a zipper between her legs as well. With this her legs were held together and Svenja could hardly move. This jumpsuit was really mean and very effective to control the wearer and then to keep him still. Svenja had understood this quickly. Mrs. Schinke still hadn't let the lines loose and so the tape between the two still pressed as hard as the neck was clasped by the collar.

"Please I have understood the principle, please undo it again, I didn't do anything, please" Svenja begged that Mrs. Schinke should loosen the system in the overall again. "You see Mrs. Marson, it is very easy to convince your daughter to obey and when the locks are closed, you can unlock it here" said Mrs. Schinke and released the locks on the lines and relaxed the system in the overall with it. Immediately the collar widened again and Svenja could move her head again and the pressure in her crotch also stopped again. Svenja breathed a sigh of relief. Now she could only move in very small mini steps and her arms were useless, but it was much more comfortable this way.

"So you could now let your daughter out of your sight for a few moments, or relax a little Mrs. Marson. Svenja can hardly move and cannot do anything stupid," Mrs. Schinke then said to Inga.

"Yes, that seems very practical to me," Svenja's mother said.

Meanwhile Svenja tried to take a few steps and to test the no longer existing freedom of her arms. In doing so she had to realize that she was indeed making very slow progress. After less than half a meter she gave up. "that's really no fun!" she said after she had stopped again. Mrs. Schinke smiled very satisfied. "Svenja, if we have to use this suit, you don't deserve any more fun either, darling!" Inga then said to her daughter somewhat thoughtfully.

"But Mrs. Marson, you don't have to keep your daughter so quiet for hours. But believe me, especially at the beginning of the changeover you will be happy if you put on something as a preventive measure so that you can act quickly and selectively. If necessary." Having won Svenja, Mrs. Schinke added " ... and it will be necessary." Svenja didn't dare to say anything, because it was already too much for her. So she made a deep drunkard and let her head hang a bit. Inga noticed this although she couldn't see Svenja's face.

Thereupon Inga took her daughter in her arms and pressed her and whispered in her ear, "Darling, don't be sad, you don't have to wear it all the time. For Svenja this was of course no consolation, because her mother was indirectly saying that she wanted to buy it.

"Mum, can I get out now?" she asked quietly.

Then Inga got down on her knees and pulled the zipper between Svenja's legs back up.

Suddenly a strange woman stood in the corridor and spoke to Inga and Mrs. Schinke. "Good day Mrs. Schinke and hello Mrs. Marson, it's so nice to meet you here today. What a nice coincidence!" said the woman unknown to Svenja. But her mother and also Mrs. Schinke obviously knew her, because there was a very warm welcome.

"And this must be Svenja?! I can see you are already picking out the right and important things. I have had this model for Charlotte for many years and I like to use it a lot," the unknown woman said to Inga without introducing herself to Svenja. So the quite tall and slim woman was immediately unsympathetic to Svenja. She was about the same age as Inga and seemed a bit more modern. She had a short haircut with obviously red dyed hair. For Svenja she didn't look like a mother at all. But the reference to Charlotte and this overalls indicated that she must have had a daughter.

After the welcome Inga introduced the stranger. "Svenja, this is Mrs. Schäfer. You will go on holiday with her and her family. She's a trained educator and has a lot of experience with evasive parenting." Svenja was shocked, but you could not see that under the mask of the overalls. Nevertheless, Svenja wanted to shake hands with Mrs. Schäfer, but then had to realize that this was not possible with the fixed arms. Nevertheless she said, "Good day Mrs. Schäfer. Nice to meet you."

But right after that she asked her mother, "Mom, I think I should go to a camp? Why should I go on vacation with a strange family now?" In her question, a certain accusation was heard in the undertone. "Svenja child, that's true. But in this camp many families with children go on holiday. We have been doing this for many years", Mrs. Schäfer replied.

Svenja just thought it might be better to get some information about this strange "camp" in advance. But Mrs. Schinke then urged to continue with the fitting. So she was freed from the overall. Mrs. Schäfer stayed with the group and also made her own suggestions what Svenja might need in terms of "equipment". So Svenja was put on a harness next. It consisted of wide black textile belts. Two of them were led over the shoulders and two straps ran around the upper body. One was directly under the arms and thus also over the bra. The second horizontal strap ran a little below Svenja's breasts. So it was like a harness for toddlers in a pram. As accessories, various attachments were tried out. There was an additional harness which crossed between the legs via an O-ring. This brought some pressure on the

Shoulder straps after it had been pulled tight, but it was still quite comfortable to wear. Even though it naturally restricted the freedom of movement and Svenja could be tied or led on a leash. In this configuration, Svenja could even be suspended from two D-rings on the shoulder straps, which Mrs. Schinke had to demonstrate immediately. Svenja was astonished how uncomfortable this felt, with the exception that she was totally helpless. Because all locks and hooks were locked and could only be opened with a tool or key.

Next, a much more unpleasant accessory was attached to the chest harness. Here the two shoulder straps were brought together over the belly to form One Strap and then a reinforced strap was passed straight through between the two. At the back this was then led through a central O-ring and provided with an adjustable catch. This allowed the tension of the crotch belt to be adjusted. In addition, the leash was attached to it. So the tension of the crotch belt could be increased if the leash was pulled. This setup was similar to the setup of the coverall, because Svenja had tried it on before, very similar and just as uncomfortable. But Inga and also Mrs. Schäfer had tested it extensively to Svenja's regret. Mrs. Schäfer then emphasized that this version was already very smooth and effective, but she would still prefer the leather version.

Svenja nagged during the whole trial fitting of the different harness variants that they were uncomfortable and mean and unnecessary. But this was simply ignored by the three women.

Next, Mrs. Schäfer brought up the subject of car seats. While Svenja was released from the harness by Mrs. Schinke, Inga and Mrs. Schäfer talked about the different mounting models and standards. At first Svenja did not understand at all what it was all about.

"Car seats are built into the car" thought Svenja. But when they all went to another department together, Svenja soon realized that a kind of child seat should be purchased for her. This had to fit into the car of the Schäfers first of course and then into the car of her parents. So it was clear that this should be used after the holidays as well. In the department there was a huge selection of seats. For children as well as for teenagers and adults. These seats were also never called child seats by the saleswoman, but always only car seats or safety seats.

Then there was a car back seat that was mounted on an inclined frame. On this frame the seat could be pushed about two meters backwards and about 50cm upwards.

First Svenja was fixed with a simple system of belts on this seat. The system had 5 fixation points and held Svenja on the bench, but she still had some freedom of movement. But she could not free herself independently. Then the bench was slowly pushed up on the frame by a small motor and when she arrived there she immediately slid down again. Svenja was very frightened and a shrill scream was emitted. The bench with Svenja on it slid very quickly back into the starting position, where it was abruptly braked and Svenja was pressed into the belts. Which was also a bit unpleasant, because the good one hurt a bit.

Immediately afterwards a time-lapse picture was shown on a big screen on the wall, showing how Svenja was pressed off the belts. Which was also a bit unpleasant, because the good one hurt easily. Immediately afterwards a time-lapse picture was shown on a big screen on the wall, showing how Svenja was held by the straps. Or in this case it was more that the belts did not hold her very well. You could see exactly how Svenja detached from the bench and there was a distance of almost 10cm between her and the bench until she was caught rudely by the straps. The belts cut deeply into her body and the arms and legs flew forward. Svenja could see the pictures herself, although not very well through her hood.

Mrs. Schinke then explained why this kind of securing is not very suitable and why an extra seat is the better solution. Because of the pictures this was not very difficult. Mrs. Schäfer also insisted on a seat for Svenja. So the three women went through the different models that were exhibited and discussed the advantages and different possibilities. Svenja was left buckled on the seat so that she could deal with the belts and their locks. But she soon found out that even after closer inspection the belts could not open.

After about a quarter of an hour the three women came back to Svenja and put one of the seats next to Svenja on the bench. Mrs. Schinke then explained how the seat was fixed on the bench. For this purpose there were two massive anchoring points in the bench, just like with modern child seats. The seat was simply snapped into this. The seat was huge and had very large posters around the head. The seat shell was very deep and there were even footrests that reached down to the bottom of the frame. After the anchoring Svenja was released from the belts and had to sit in the seat immediately. This was very narrow and Svenja's thighs were fixed in a kind of channel, with a corresponding elevation in the middle. At the end of the elevation in Svenja's step, there was a belt with a buckle on it. Mrs. Schinke immediately started to put more belts over Svenja's shoulder and also in the pelvic area on the right and left side there were belts which were all fixed in the buckle which was attached to the belt in the crotch.

After everything was hooked in, all belts on the outside of the seat were tightened individually. Thereby Mrs. Schinke pressed with one hand on Svenja's upper part of the body to make sure that her back rested against the backrest. At the same time Svenja's head disappeared very deep into the headrest and Svenja had to realize that she could not look to the side anymore. The padding completely blocked her view. In the area of the shoulders the seat was also so narrow that she could not move her upper body. It was an oppressive feeling to be fixed in the seat like that and not be able to look to the side anymore.

But next the feet were strapped to the footrests. Now she could only move her arms, which was not very comfortable due to the tightness of the shoulders. Mrs. Schinke wanted to do a test with this seat first and started the engine again. Then Svenja was driven up again and immediately slid down again. This time she knew what was coming towards her and so she did not have to scream. It was even fun in a strange way even if she had no control over it. The next video showed that only Svenja's arms and also her head were thrown forward. In the fixation of the seat with the bench of the frame or, later on, the car, there was a damping element built in which dampened the impact. So Svenja felt almost nothing from this impact. But the women discussed whether it was necessary to fix the head. So Mrs. Schinke got some more accessories for this seat.

At first a support was put on the legs from above, which was then pushed backwards and gently pressed on Svenja's abdomen. The support locked into a system that was not visible for Svenja and could not be moved by her anymore. It did not actually restrict her any further, but the feeling of fixation was intensified. The support formed a table in front of Svenja, which somehow seemed to be practical. But then Mrs. Schinke showed how Svenja's wrists could be strapped to the edges of the table. Of course, Svenja was not at all happy about that. She could not imagine that it was still about her safety. Svenja thought that it was only about keeping her quiet or to annoy her. But after that Mrs.

Schinke was not finished yet, next she got a headband with which she tied Svenja's head in the padded support. So Svenja could practically not move at all and Mrs. Schinke immediately started the engine again.

The video analysis shows that Svenja had hardly moved at all when she hit the frame. But Mrs. Schinke conceded that this position was not the most comfortable in the long run during long journeys. Whereupon Svenja hoped not to get the "full equipment". "Mama, besides, I can't look out of the window at all, I get sick very quickly. You know that, mom." Said Svenja and tries to develop a slight resistance against the seat.

Inga pondered briefly and looked at her defenceless daughter in the seat. "Yes darling, you're right, but it won't work without it. The rules say you have to be secured and you have seen what it looks like with the belts. So you're gonna have to get a seat. Yes!" Inga said to her daughter to avoid any further discussion.

"Mrs. Schinke, let us test the other model we had been talking about. Maybe the price is justified after all" Inga said to the saleswoman. "By all means! As I said, I've been using this model for Charlotte for two years and am completely satisfied." confirmed Mrs. Schäfer.

This was not necessarily what Svenja wanted to hear, if the other model already pleased this Mrs. Schäfer, she would certainly not like it. But she would hardly be able to think of a second argument why the seat was not for her.

This time Svenja was freed from the old seat and then the new one was installed, and she was allowed to stand next to her mother and watch.

"Mama, I don't like these seats. It is uncomfortable and tight. I can't move at all. Is there any other way? Please." Svenja said quietly to her mother.

"No Svenja, I just explained it to you, it's regulation and also much safer, you just saw it on the videos. We won't discuss it." Inga answered her daughter.

In the meantime the new seat had snapped on the frame and Svenja had to sit down in the new seat. This seat also had a headrest but there were only small cushions on the side so that Svenja could look to the side without any problems. But above her head there was a kind of hat attached to a frame, about whose function Svenja found no explanation. But first she was fastened again with 5 belts by Mrs. Schinke. Also her legs and her pelvis were again very tight and sunk firmly into the padding. The belts could be tightened after a basic adjustment of the individual belts, centrally between Svenja's legs, just like a child seat for small children. Only that here obviously a transmission was inserted with which the belts could be pulled very tightly. At the bottom of the seat there was an indicator showing how tight the belts were, this showed a green symbol on the seat when the belts were tight enough.

"Svenja complained when Mrs. Schinke was finished with the setup and Inga explained the display.

"You know Mrs. Marson, it is quite normal that the children find it unpleasant at first and try to beg. But that's the good thing, with the display it is always equally taut and also optimally adjusted. I will now measure in the area of the padding to see if there are any pressure marks. If everything fits, then you don't need to worry, your child will be fine no matter what it says," Mrs. Schinke said to Inge and completely ignored Svenja.

Svenja was shocked by what the saleswoman said and how she said it. Her mother was practically instructed not to listen to Svenja when she was uncomfortable. The seat didn't really pinch, but it was already tight and Svenja didn't want to sit in the car for hours.

Next Mrs. Schinke had to use a kind of pap-strip to reduce the pressure between Svenja's pelvic bones and the pads. All other important areas were monitored by the seat's internal system during the belting process. Mrs. Schinke noticed that everything was in the green zone and Svenja was optimally secured and comfortably accommodated in the seat.

In the upper part of the seat the shoulders were not so narrow, so that she could move her arms better. But this made it possible for her to slip easily sideways. This should be improved in the next

step. For this purpose, the padding under the arms was padded with different thicknesses down to the pelvis, so that Svenja's upper body was laterally wedged up to the armpits. This tickled a bit on the side, but was not unpleasant except for the fact that she could not move anymore.

Next the strange hat was used, it was lowered onto Svenja's head with the frame down. It was padded from the inside and reached down to just before the eyebrows. The astonishing thing was that the frame also allowed for movement. So Svenja could still turn her head and even tilt it forward. The hat followed every movement up to a maximum angle after the resistance became stronger. Svenja was asked to move her head and test the system. Mrs. Schinke explained that the head would be stabilized very gently. In case of an impact, whether from the front or the side, the head would be automatically held and guided backwards into the headrest.

Svenja tried of course to pull her head downwards out of the hat, but this was not possible with the fixed upper body. Thereupon Mrs. Schinke smiled at her again very meanly and then she got again an upholstery wedge with a table which fit exactly for this seat. Basically it was exactly the same as with the seat before. Mrs. Schinke also explained to Inga that this table was not relevant for safety, but it was very popular with the children, especially on longer trips. Then she put a sheet of paper on the table and gave Svenja a coloured pencil in her hand. "Would you be so good and grind us something nice" she said to Svenja who now felt like a 6 year old girl who saw strapped in the child seat and should draw a picture.

But on the one hand it was not so easy to hold the pen with the smooth fabric of the hand school of the coverall, which slipped through her fingers again and again, and on the other hand she quickly realized that it was not really about her painting a picture. Because Mrs. Schinke switched the engine on again immediately afterwards and Svenja would get a simulated impact again, where it should be shown what happens if the occupant of the seat is busy with something on the table during an accident. So Svenja bent her head forward and pretended to write something on the paper.

When the frame came down, Svenja lost the pen out of her hand again. But her Head was suddenly held so tightly by the hat that she had to look straight ahead and could not turn her head to the side anymore. The frame of the hat must have been locked in place by the impact.

* * *

Jens quickly made friends on the big adventure playground in the playground and was just climbing down the big net when his bracelet suddenly started beeping. It indicated that he had to come to the exit immediately. A bit disappointed to have been interrupted while playing, he said goodbye to his playmates and went to the exit.

When he was let through the door, his father was already standing at the counter, waiting for him. The bracelet was taken from him by the staff member without being fixed to the wall. Afterwards, his father greeted him with a hug and then lifted him directly into the seat of the shopping trolley. The shopping trolleys there in the shopping center had 3 different heights for the child's seat which was located in the flap on the handle. So also older children or maybe even teenagers could sit there, because Jens was sitting on the middle steps. When he was younger he was always very happy when he was allowed to sit there. But now it was a very strange feeling. He looked around in the unfamiliar position while his father hooked one hook each on the right and left side of his overalls at waistband height to secure them.

"Papa, why is the car empty? Didn't you want to go shopping," Jens asked his father, whose face was so exactly at the same height as Jens'.

"Yes of course, I did. Then I put the things into the car right away," his father replied, only to release the brake and push the car off with a lot of momentum. Jens had to laugh spontaneously.

"Is that fun Jens? I know that you used to love it when we rode through the supermarket," Peter said to his son. But Jens could only grin and nod his head. It was still as much fun as when he was 8 years old. But back then he was always a bit ashamed because he was actually too old for it. Now he was

already 12 and sat like a toddler in a shopping cart and was happy to be pushed by his father. It was crazy, but also great.

After only a few minutes the two of them arrived at the shop for educational clothing where the family had been separated for over 2 hours. Opposite the checkout, there was an area where customers could leave their shopping carts while getting advice in the narrow aisles. There Peter parked the trolley Jens was sitting in. Afterwards Peter went to the checkout and left Jens sitting in the cart. This was suddenly not as nice as the wild ride before. Jens felt observed and uncomfortable at his place. But unfortunately he couldn't leave it, because on the one hand it would be a breakneck climbing action and on the other hand he was tied up. But his father only asked something briefly at the cash desk, whereupon the shop assistant explained something with some gestures. Afterwards Peter came back to Jens and freed him from the car. Together they went into the shop and Jens was led by the hand. But this did not bother him.

After a few aisles they came to an area which was not as narrow and full as the biggest part of the store. There was a large open area in the middle of which was a funny looking rack stood. In front of it stood three women and on the wall was a screen that caught Jens' eye. Because on the screen was the frame, how it moved. He saw in slow motion how a doll in a very large child seat was slowed down and some parts of the body flew forward. Obviously it was the same arrangement as on the frame they were walking towards.

Suddenly there was a bang and Jens turned away from the screen in fright to look at the real aperture. This had just rushed back down into the stopper when Jens and Peter reached the three women. "Hello darling, how are you?" Peter asked his wife and gave her a quick kiss. Only then Jens realized that one of the women was his mother.

"Yes, quite well. I think we'll probably take this one, even if it's one of the most expensive," Inga said to Peter and pointed to the seat on the rack.

Jens didn't understand what this was all about but he had seen impact tests of cars before and correctly assumed that the seats were shown here. Jens got the next shock when suddenly the arms of the doll moved in the seat and he heard his sister's voice without seeing her.

"Mama I can't move my head anymore, please undo it" said Svenja in the seat.

Only now Jens realized that the blue figure in the seat was not a doll but his sister whose face was covered. After Jens had realized and processed this he had to laugh, which his sister of course didn't find funny at all. The increasing number of spectators caused her additional discomfort. But first we watched the new video of the last impact together. You could see how Svenja's arms were thrown forward and the pen flew away, but the head was raised in a gentle and steady movement. Mrs. Schinke then explained that for safety reasons the headrest would lock in place after a collision. This function could also be triggered manually and used for disciplinary purposes, for example. The free movement of the arms was not critical for safety as long as there was enough space in the car.

However, the arms could of course also be fixed to the table in this model.

After the video analysis, Svenja's headrest was unlocked and she was allowed to move her head again. Jens, however, was still fascinated by the entire aperture. He also asked his sister how it felt during the impact. Svenja admitted that the impact was extremely well damped by the seat but that the seat itself was very restrictive and narrow.

While Jens was talking to his sister, the adults had decided to buy this seat for both Svenja and Jens. When Jens noticed this, he wanted to try out a crash.

"Honey, we have to go to the measurement with you first. Otherwise we won't know which size we have to take" Inga said to Jens.

Then Mrs. Schinke looked at her watch and confirmed that Jens was registered for the 3D scanner for that moment.

"Both of you go to the measuring with Jens, I will take the opportunity to watch Svenja and get to know her a little bit" Mrs. Schäfer said to Inga and Peter, who was still holding Jens by the hand.

"Yes, I would be happy to discuss with my husband what we are going to order for Svenja" Inga replied to Mrs. Schäfer.

Then everybody turned around and started towards the 3D measuring device. But Svenja was still strapped in the seat on the frame.

"Hey, what about me? Will someone please untie me!" Svenja shouted somewhat indignantly.

But then only Mrs. Schäfer turned around again, "Haven't you been listening? I'll supervise you in a moment, but I have to go and get something and I'll be right back. In the meantime you're safe there."

The speech was not angry but nevertheless decisive by Mrs. Schäfer. Afterwards she followed the group and addressed Mrs. Schinke, "Can you please give me one of the leather harnesses for Svenja? You know I prefer leather and so I can teach Svenja right away."

"But of course, Mrs. Schinke, that's what the demonstration models are for," replied Mrs. Schinke and handed Mrs. Schäfer a bundle of leather straps from a cupboard that stood near the 3D scanner.

While Jens was prepared for the scanner, Mrs. Schäfer returned to Svenja who was still a bit angry with Mrs. Schäfer who was stuck in her seat. But when Mrs. Schäfer arrived at her, she put the leather belts on the bench and started to free Svenja on the seat. "Svenja, since we are taking you on holiday for 6 weeks, I would like to take you for a walk in the shop and get to know you", explained Mrs. Schäfer while she opened the individual belts from the seat.

"You know Svenja, my husband and I are strict parents, but we also have understanding needs of children and young people like you. Our daughter Charlotte has been forced to live in the house since she was 10.

years old is to follow strict rules. This may not always be fun, but it has given her a lot of security and peace of mind. Your parents want you to have that peace and quiet too. We, our family, including Charlotte, want to make your vacation easier." continued Mrs. Schäfer and then let Svenja get up from her seat.

She took her hand and helped Svenja to get out of the seat easier. Afterwards Svenja thanked her politely. But she left the previous speech uncommented, because it seemed that Mrs. Schäfer was not finished with it.

"I am going to put this harness on you now, please stand still and stretch your arms out to the front," Mrs. Schäfer kindly gave the order.

Svenja followed the order immediately, but wanted to discuss it. But she remained just as polite and calm. "What is this necessary, I'm hardly going to run away in this outfit. I can believe that it is easier for my parents, even if they become so strict and strap me down and tie me up like this, but I can't believe that this is of any use to me," said Svenja while Mrs. Schäfer started to tighten the leather belts in Svenja's back.

"You know Svenja, I promise you that in one year you won't feel like you are tied up anymore. These straps should give you security and safety. It will feel completely natural and you will gladly accept it", Mrs. Schäfer said to Svenja.

Next, a leather belt, which divides in front, was led by her through Svenja's crotch. Thereby she continued talking. "I admit that this model has features and functions that you will not love even then, but that is not the crucial point. If you will be good, it won't be necessary to use these functions."

When she had said this, she fastened the end of the crotch strap in the back with

Chest harness. This harness also had the function, if you pulled on the line, that the crotch became tighter. After a short functional test, Mrs. Schäfer let go of the leash again.

This leather harness also had a wide lap belt and a transversely running chest strap.

The leather was very soft and felt much more comfortable than the very similar model made of synthetic fibre, which Svenja had to try before. It snuggled around her waist and only pressed gently on her shoulders, it felt like a backpack. Only the crotch belt was not very comfortable.

Next Mrs. Schäfer grabbed one arm after the other of Svenja and fastened her

Wrists on leather cuffs that were attached to the back of the lap belt. These were used to Svenja's hands almost held on her back. The position of her arms was quite comfortable and the leather cuffs enclosed her wrists very gently and softly. This was one of the reasons why Svenja let all this happen without protesting more strongly against it. The other was that Mrs. Schäfer had an open and probably honest conversation with her. Nevertheless, Svenja could not yet assess this woman correctly. "If Svenja now let me look at you, it is very impersonal." With these words Mrs. Schäfer pulled the zipper of the overall up to the neck of Svenja and pulled the hood forward from her head. Then she also pulled Svenja's hair out of the overall and put it on her back. Then she turned Svenja at her shoulders to look at her face.

Svenja looked down sadly, this whole shopping tour and the fact that her hands were tied up annoyed her so much that there was no smile on her face. Nevertheless she thanked Mrs. Schäfer for opening her hood.

"Who do we have here?" said Mrs. Schäfer to Svenja in a way that was a little bit appropriate for children and tried to elicit a smile from her. But that didn't work.

"Oh come on, why do you look so sad? You are a pretty girl, aren't you?"

Summer vacation and we're going on vacation soon. If you look like that there will be rain tomorrow", said Mrs. Schäfer when she looked at Svenja more closely. Svenja did not answer the question, but only pulled her handcuffs demonstratively and then looked down.

Mrs. Schäfer then took a deep breath and uttered a sigh. She had not imagined her task to be that difficult. She didn't want to burden the relationship with Svenja right at the beginning.

"OK child watch out! In the few minutes that we still have time here, I would like to talk to you openly and honestly. I would like to ask you a few questions about your preferences and maybe also about your fears. You can also ask some questions, but first I would like to give you some important rules. But all this is only possible if you participate and do not just block yourself. Don't make it so difficult for yourself. Mrs. Schäfer talked to Svenja.

"Yes, it's easy for you to talk, you are not tied up and have to go with strangers who say they are strict themselves," said Svenja then and raised her head briefly and then lowered it again. Mrs. Schäfer could tell that Svenja was upset, but did not dare to get out of her skin and get loud.

"OK, I understand what this is all about and that is exactly why we should talk now. But first the rules, because without them we can't do it.

I want you to always treat me and my husband with respect and, for example, not to raise your voice or be rude. That includes following our instructions. We won't ask you to do anything impossible.

Furthermore I want you to address us as Mr. and Mrs. Schäfer, so don't call us "first names". There is only one exception, if you decide to address us as mum and dad. We won't ask you to do that, but if you decide to do so, please stick to it. Do you understand?" Mrs. Schäfer then asked still friendly but clearly.

After some hesitation Svenja answered very briefly with "yes".

"Child, we won't get anywhere like this. Please open your mouth properly and answer properly." "Yes, Mrs. Schäfer, I have understood the rules!" said Svenja now slightly excited and overly clear.

Thereupon Mrs. Schäfer had to smile and took the leash in her hand, but then put her arm around Svenja's back and pushed her to walk a few steps with her without leading her on the leash.

"Child, that was not meant to be. Please tell me what your favorite food is and what you loved to play with as a child.

Mrs. Schäfer did not ask any more questions which Svenja could answer with yes or no. So she was forced to answer in whole sentences and Mrs. Schäfer learned step by step what she wanted to know. Through the physical contact Svenja slowly became more open and after a few tentative attempts to cheer Svenja up again, a little smile came back on Svenja's face. Together they walked through the corridors of the shop and Svenja could ask questions. But when she had questions about the holiday resort, Mrs. Schäfer cleverly avoided them.

But Svenja learned that Charlotte was the same age as Svenja herself, but still played with dolls. Svenja found this somehow strange and asked for employment opportunities during the vacation. Mrs. Schäfer explained to her that there were possibilities for sports and that she would also have contact to people of the same age. But she also tried to explain to Svenja that she had to recapture a piece of her childhood and that playing had to become a part of her life again. Svenja had no problem with games. She liked to play billiards and also darts, but as Mrs. Schäfer had put it, something else was probably meant.

Originally Mrs. Schäfer had planned to test Svenja in stressful situations in the shop to find out how she reacts when she has to be reprimanded. For this reason she had put on Svenja's leather harness. But the open conversation and a good access to Svenja was more important to her after she realized that Svenja had not accepted the restriction for a long time. She was glad that Svenja tolerated her strapped hands for so long.

In the meantime it had become time to go back to the 3D scanner and thus to the Marson family. Mrs. Schäfer put Svenja on a leash as she had wanted to do it the whole time. After the constructive conversation, Svenja was ready to be taken for the few meters. But when they arrived at the scanner, Mrs. Schäfer could not refrain from pulling on the line to signal Svenja that she should stop there, which reminded Svenja of the unpleasant side of the harness. Thereupon Svenja turned her head and threw an indignant look at Mrs. Schäfer, which was registered by her but also ignored.

Her parents were standing there at the scanner and Mrs. Schinke was busy to free her brother from the machine. Jens was almost naked and Svenja had the first chance to have a close look at Jens' genital protector. This was either put back on him or not removed for the measurement. Jens smiled at his sister when he saw her now without the mask. For Svenja it looked as if he didn't care about the situation he was in.

Suddenly everything happened very fast, Jens was put on again by his mother and the overalls were closed. At the same time Svenja was first freed from the harness and the overalls by Mrs. Schäfer and her father and then immediately put on again. The bra she had received remained in place.

"Dear Marson family, I thank you very much for your purchase. The small parts are already waiting for you in the front of the exit area and we will send the rest to you or Mrs. Schäfer as discussed. I will accompany you to the exit" said Mrs. Schinke and said goodbye to everyone, including the children, with a handshake.

There were three big bags with the shop's logo in the shopping cart and there was just enough room for Jens to be lifted back into the seat by his father. Svenja had to walk by her mother's hand.

"Honey, since you have been very well-behaved we can now look for a dress for you. There are two shops in the center, which one should we look at?" Inga said to her daughter when they left the shop for educational clothing.

Svenja was not in the mood to choose a dress at all. All the experiences of the last three hours had turned her head into a water balloon. She could no longer think clearly. It also occurred to her that she was embarrassed to be turned into a

Butike to go. So she said to her mother, "Mummy, please don't be angry, but I don't feel like it today and I'm not in the mood for it. It looks like I won't be wearing it for a while."

"Oh, honey, you'll be fine, just wait and see. But you're right, there's still some time left until Uncle Werner's birthday. But we might buy you one later without you. Then you'll have to wear what we

bring with us," Inga replied to her daughter. "It doesn't matter, I'm not allowed to make decisions. That doesn't make any difference then either," Svenja said depressed.

"Yes, darling, that may be so. But you don't have to be so sad about it now. You'll get over it," Inga said in a very good mood.

When they arrived at the car Peter also decided that they wanted to go out for Italian food today. What Jens was especially enthusiastic about, going out for dinner was a very special thing in the Marson family and was done very rarely.

There the Italian waiter also complimented the two good children in their overalls. Which was especially embarrassing for Svenja and her mood did not really improve. So she was also very quiet and thoughtful during the meal.

Arrived at home Jens and Svenja were immediately changed in their rooms. Jens got the blue and white striped overalls from his father and Svenja was put into the red and white striped overalls by her mother. Both of course securely closed.

Svenja has already regained some of her resistance and wants to discuss it. "Mama, isn't that enough for today? I still want to meet with Verena. I don't have to go there with these overalls, do I?" Svenja asked her mother.

"Darling, first of all you 'WANT' and secondly we want you to stay here now." her mother said with a smile on her face. Then she grabbed Svenja's hand and went with her into Jens' room like a child without any inhibitions. In the meantime, Peter had hooked him to one of the lines in his play corner and he was sitting on the carpet. Svenja was led by her mother in front of the other linen roll and Peter put the fastener at Svenja's back into the counterpart of the overalls. Before Svenja noticed what had happened she heard an ominous click on her back. So the line was locked in her back. "Bohhh mummy, what is this now? It is Saturday and you are locking me in. What have I done now? Why am I grounded? That's just mean." Svenja complained loudly.

"Svenja, please calm down, nobody is grounded here and you haven't done anything. You know that we have to decide and now we have decided that you don't go alone to Verena. You are not allowed to run around alone anymore and we have to do the housework. So now you play here with your brother something nice. Yes!" Inga said and left the room with Peter.

"I'm not 12 anymore I'm 16, I want to go to my room!" Svenja called after her parents and ran towards the closing door. Then she was stopped by the abruptly stopping roller line and fell backwards onto her trouser bottom. "Ouch! Shit I hate you!" Svenja still follows her parents.

Jens on the other hand had watched the play and had to laugh, "That's happened to me too."

"What's so funny? They're crazy. What am I supposed to do here?" Svenja said, still sitting on the floor, upset. But she didn't really feel the pain of her impact yet.

"Well, I have LEGO and board games here, take your pick." Jens said to his sister, grinning cheekily.

Then he pulled the LEGO box towards him and opened it.

Svenja crawled on all fours back to the wall under the roll and leaned with her back against the wall. Then she felt the bruise in her buttocks.

Jens did not pay attention to his sister and started to build something out of the LEGO. Svenja had crossed her arms and sulked. She couldn't believe it, her parents locked her in the room with her little brother and expected her to play with LEGO at the age of 16.

After about 10 minutes Svenja started to pull on her overalls and examined the buckles. But it was in vain. She couldn't reach the buckle of the leash in her back anyway. Then she had an idea. "Show me Jens how does it work with you?" she said and stood up, feeling her bottom again.

"No, Svenja, leave it. You can't reach it anyway, the leash is too short. Besides, I don't want that," Jens said to his sister and sat down a bit further back. Svenja realized that he was right and that she was stopped by her leash before she could reach Jens' back.

"Bohhh is the mean one." was her comment and she went a few steps to the right and then to the left again. Until it annoyed Jens.

"Can you please stop that and sit down. You are driving me crazy. I'm trying to build a spaceship here," Jens said to his sister without looking up at her. Svenja was completely irritated that Jens could just sit there and obviously had fun with his LEGO. So she stopped and watched her brother for a while. He kept looking for certain bricks in the box and put them on his "spaceship" which Svenja could not recognize in any way. She obviously lacked the fantasy for it.

After a few minutes she also sat cross-legged in front of her brother or his building. If she couldn't get away from here and couldn't do anything else, she tried to find out how Jens could play with his fantasy so satisfied.

After another 10 minutes Svenja started to ask questions about the "spaceship" and how Jens wanted to build it. After a very short time she even helped him to find the needed stones from the box. Without Svenja noticing it she was immersed in the same fantasy as Jens and both played together with LEGO and built an impressive spaceship. Of course there were some quarrels as it is usual between siblings, but nothing big.

Inga and Peter had, after they had put the shopping away, got themselves a bottle of red wine and comfortably watched the transmission of the surveillance camera from Jens' room in the living room. They were happy for Svenja that she had managed to find a piece of her childhood again for this afternoon.

13.2 The journey into the unknown

Wednesday was the last day of the school year and there had been reports. As was to be expected, many grades and evaluations had not turned out well for Svenja. But Svenja had been most surprised that she had not been transferred, so she had had to repeat the grade. She had hoped to make it to the end. Her parents had taken it quite calmly and on Wednesday, when Svenja had to present her report card, they only reproached her with "That's what happens when you skip school! Otherwise there was no further talk about the report cards. Although Jens' report had turned out better than usual, the parents didn't talk much about it either. Inga and Peter seemed to be busy with other things. Svenja and Jens were allowed to organize the first 2 days of the holidays themselves, almost like before. With the difference that the times for the bed were kept the same as in school. So Jens was allowed to go to bed at 19:30 in the

Bed strapped down and Svenja at 8:30 pm. They were also released from their beds at 7 am so that the whole family could have breakfast together. Jens had worn one of his locked overalls and therefore had to go home every time he had to go to the toilet to be taken to the toilet by his mother.

Because of the nice weather Jens spent the whole Wednesday after school and also Thursday outside in the park and on the streets of the district. Of course, the belt with the position transmitter always accompanied him. Since Jens always came home on time, as agreed with his mother, no further restrictions were necessary. Svenja had a strange feeling on these first days of holiday. On the one hand she was burdened by the report card and the little reaction of her parents to it. On the other hand the rhythm her parents continued to set disturbed her. She had to be home on time at 6 p.m., which was much too early in her opinion during the holidays, and on the other hand she did not know what to do at 8 a.m. To make matters worse, on Thursday morning she was still wearing the locked red and white overalls. She didn't dare to go out on the street with them and if she had to go to the toilet, she would have had to come back home. So Svenja went back to her room after breakfast and thought about her situation.

After the summer holidays, because of the failed transfer, she would go to another class where she didn't know anybody. But she only had Annika as a friend in the old class, because Verena went to another school. In addition, there was also the trip with family Schäfer, which gave Svenja a bad feeling

of uncertainty. "Didn't she have to prepare anything for that?" came to her mind. So Svenja tried to distract herself and wanted to put together a selection of CDs that she wanted to take with her on the trip, maybe she could persuade the Schäfers to let her play them on the car radio. But for safety's sake she also put her mobile CD player at the ready. A new mobile phone with an MP3 player had not come along for her birthday.

Around 10 o'clock Svenja had to go to the toilet and she knew that she had to ask her mother to open her overalls. Her mother was sitting in the living room and had a lot of documents and technical drawings on the table.

"Mama, I have to pee, can I go to the toilet?" asked Svenja and she felt so strange to have to ask something like that.

Her mother was a bit scared because she was absorbed in the documents on the table. But then she got up immediately and looked her daughter in the eyes and came towards her a bit. She wanted to prevent that Svenja would see too much of the documents.

"Of course my child. Come, I'll take you there and help you" Inga said and accompanied her daughter to the toilet to unlock the buckles of the overalls with the magnet.

Luckily Svenja was allowed to use the toilet alone but Inga waited outside the door.

When Svenja came out of the bathroom again, Inga immediately started to pluck the straps of Svenja's overalls back into the right position and to unlock the buckles with the magnet again. "Honey, what are you doing right now, don't you want to go outside in this beautiful weather? It's holidays after all," Inga asked her daughter casually and to distract a bit from the fact that she locked Svenja back into her overalls.

"I listen to music and put something together for the trip," Svenja said without having any emotional expression.

When Inga had closed the overalls she said: "Honey you should get some fresh air as well. You can meet Annika or Verena, you won't see them for a long time when you're on holiday."

"Bohh Mama, you don't seriously believe that I'm going out on the street dressed like this," Svenja said now clearly annoyed by her mother.

"And should I come back here every time to pee?" she asked reproachfully and crossed her arms in front of her upper body.

"Oh darling, after the holiday that doesn't matter anymore. Then you will have to follow the rules. You should be grateful that I'm not paying that much attention the last two days before the holiday. But you could have just asked me that you wanted out and I would have already decided that for you. So if you want, we can go to your closet and see what you can get out with. I wouldn't let you out of the house with your house clothes anyway," Inga said and pushed her daughter towards her room. Svenja didn't want to answer, she was very disturbed by how naturally her mother wanted or did decide about her. But her mother's voice also sounded affectionate and warm, as if everyone was already doing the right thing.

Arrived in Svenja's room Inga unlocked the buckles of the red and white overalls. Then she said to Svenja, "You can take your clothes off now, my darling." Then she opened Svenja's wardrobe and looked for a white polo shirt and put it on Svenja's bed. In the meantime she had taken off her overalls and put them on a chair, and she was supposed to take off the T-shirt as well. Underneath she was wearing an ordinary sports bra. Inga already had the polo shirt in her hand and wanted to pull it over her daughter's head, but then she faltered and looked at the bra for a moment.

"No darling, you should take it off" she said and put the polo shirt back on the bed. Then she went to the cupboard and came back with the special bra she had bought on Saturday. Svenja couldn't hide her disappointment, "Mum, are you going to come with that torture stuff now? "You just said that the next two days shouldn't be so bad." "No honey, I'll let you off the harness today, but it's a great way to get

used to the bra and I'm fine with you being protected while you're still out on your own. Not like the day I had to look for you after school." Inga answered her.

Svenja took a deep breath and looked annoyed, but then started to take off her sports bra. Afterwards Inga immediately put the new one with the hard shells on her. It was not unpleasant to wear, but the straps could be felt with every movement.

Afterwards Inga put on the polo shirt for her daughter. Svenja didn't really like polo shirts, she thought it was a garment for boys and not for girls. But there were certainly things she would have liked to wear even less, so she didn't say anything about it.

When she had the polo shirt on, her mother went back to the wardrobe and got the white overalls out, which Svenja liked best of all overalls, because they resembled

I had a dress. After she had slipped into it, her mother immediately closed the zipper in the back and the trousers lay gently around Svenja's hips. She was very happy about this decision of her mother and had a light smile on her face again.

"You see darling, I know how I can make my little princess smile again" Inga said and gave her daughter a kiss on the cheek. Svenja got a bit red in her face but also found her mother's gesture kind of sweet.

"Darling, you should actually wear a harness with these trousers. I promised you that we would leave it off today. Nevertheless I have to follow the rules," Inga said and took something out of the cupboard again. She came back with a 2 cm wide plastic strip and a 10 cm long piece of tape attached to it and some buckles.

Svenja was glad not to get a harness, but she was also a bit afraid of what she would get instead.

"Please turn around my darling." Svenja was then asked by her mother.

When she followed this, Inga folded up the collar of the polo shirt for Svenja. Afterwards...

Inga put the plastic strip around Svenja's neck and closed both ends exactly in the back. When Svenja noticed what her mother was doing, she instinctively took her hands up and wanted to reach for the plastic ring that was now forming around her neck. But her mother says quite loud and fast "Stop, hands down!"

Thereupon Svenja jerked a little and took her hands down again before she could reach the ring.

"I have to set it right first," her mother then said in her normal warm tone.

Then she slowly pulled the band tighter and tested again and again if she could still put her little finger between her daughter's neck and the band. Only when this was no longer possible, she tied the end of the zip of the overalls to the closure of the ring. Thereby Svenja heard a conspicuous clicking noise in her neck. Then Inga folded down the collar of the polo shirt and the ring was almost invisible. When Svenja was turned around by her mother, Svenja grabbed the ring with her hands and touched it under the collar of the polo shirt. The band led to the zipper of the overalls and prevented that they could be opened.

"Mama, what are you doing? Do you want to strangle me?" Svenja then said reproachfully.

"Oh darling, certainly not. But that's the least I can do to make sure that the overalls stay in place when you go outside. It's part of the rules, you know!" her mother explained objectively.

Of course, the band wasn't so tight that Svenja was tied up. But it was always unpleasant at times.

Some of the overalls she had tried on the Saturday before had had a very similar fastening. The hoop around her neck was always noticeable and especially when she bent her head all the way forward she could feel how the band pulled on the zipper at the back.

"So honey, I hope you can enjoy your day out and have some more fun with your

Girlfriends. Please don't forget to be home for dinner on time, and remember when you go to

If you have to go to the bathroom, you have to come here. Early!"

Svenja turned to the mirror again and shot to make the best of the situation. So she reached for her old mobile phone and left the house.

Also on Friday Svenja got dressed the same way after breakfast and went with Verena and Annika through the streets of the district. But they couldn't go into the city center, because that would have been too far, because Svenja had to go to her mother's house for every visit to the toilet. Anika had also been given overalls with plastic buckles by her mother. The trousers were made of light and soft material, otherwise there were no

to recognize conspicuous features. Also Anika was not very enthusiastic about the fact that she could not go far away from home. But since Svenja was in the same situation, they made the best of it.

Verena had put on her overalls partly out of solidarity and at the suggestion of her mother. It was still the same one she was wearing on Svenja's birthday. Because it was still the only one she had. With the three girls, Svenja's journey and also the future without a say was of course a topic. Anika had the feeling for quite some time that the same thing would come up to her. But she did not dare to ask her parents because of the possibly unwanted answer. Verena could not imagine that her parents would be able to take such a step. The fact that she also had overalls she attributed exclusively to Svenja's parents. Fortunately she did not blame Svenja for this.

After lunch on Friday, Jens and Svenja were not allowed to leave the house anymore and kept on their striped overalls, which they always had to wear extra for dinner. When both were still strapped on their kitchen chairs, their mother said.

"So children, tomorrow we will finally go on holiday. So now you two can pack your most important things together. Of course you don't need to pack your clothes or hygiene products, I've already done all that. So only what is important for you, cuddly toys, toys for the trip and such things. But please don't pack more than the little backpack I've put out for you."

"Mom, what am I gonna do with toys and stuffed animals? I would like to take daddy's tray with me, because I don't have one of my own" Svenja interrupted her mother somewhat reproachfully. "Honey, I know how important your 'Leo' is to you, and believe me you will need him more than a tablet," her mother then said.

After that Svenja's face became a bit red. Leo was her little plush lion who had often given her consolation in her childhood and whom she always wanted to have in bed since she was strapped in bed to avoid being alone. That was one of Svenja's quirks, which she actually didn't like or didn't want to admit. But on the other hand she was glad that she had Leo with her that night.

Then she was torn out of her thoughts by her mother again. "Svenja, you will be picked up by family Schäfer tomorrow morning at 7 o'clock and must be ready to travel then, so you will go to bed at 7 o'clock today. Jens, you will sleep at Philipp's house tonight, dad will take you there before dinner" Inga explained to her children.

Jens was very excited, even if his first holiday experience with the Söllings had not only had nice sides, he was still looking forward to the trip. He had never really gone on holiday with his parents before. Svenja on the other hand made a face like 7 days of rainy weather, because she had no desire to go to the

To have to go to bed at 7 p.m. on holiday, and to travel with family Schäfer. She would have rather gone to a party to party all night long. But after dinner she went to her room and found the backpack her mother had been talking about. The CDs and the player were quickly stowed away. Svenja was unsure about Leo, she did not want to show the Schäfers and especially Charlotte that she still had a cuddly toy. She didn't even know if she would have her own room at the holiday resort. After some consideration Svenja decided to leave Leo in her bed, so she had him in her own bed at least the last night. Then she put some things she uses every day in her backpack, e.g. chargers for her mobile phone and the CD player as well as a notebook and something to write. Her small make-up bag and hairbrush also ended up in the backpack.

It was a strange feeling for Svenja not to choose and pack any clothes. She had never travelled with her parents to her grandparents for more than 3 days, but even when she stayed at a friend's house, it was

always part of the routine. So Svenja turned on some music and sat down on her bed and distracted herself until dinner.

Jens had stuffed his backpack with all kinds of toys and cuddly toys and couldn't fit everything he wanted to take with him. So it took him some time to decide what to put in the backpack and what to leave behind. When at 5 pm his father came into his room he was ready and he was brought by his father in the blue and white overalls to the Söllings. Peter had put the rucksack on Jens' back and took Jens by the hand and both went to the Söllings on foot. Before that Jens had of course said goodbye to his mother extensively. Arrived at the Sölling family it went very fast, after saying goodbye to his father Jens was brought directly into the kitchen and Mrs. Sölling buckled him on the bench next to Philipp, who was already sitting in the kitchen, as usual. Dinner was served and Jens and Philipp were brought into the bathroom with the brace in their mouth as usual to be made ready for bed. Jens had some difficulties to fall asleep, but that was not because of the fully barred bed at the Söllings. Jens had got used to it long ago, because he always had to sleep tied up at home, it was rather the excitement before the holiday.

Svenja was called for dinner by her parents at 6pm and strapped on the kitchen chair. During dinner Svenja didn't talk much, because she knew that it would go straight to bed for her afterwards. Her mother also accompanied her to the bathroom and made sure that there were no delays. So Svenja lay strapped in her summer overalls and with hand pads in her bed at 7 p.m.

Even if Svenja could not fall asleep immediately, she was woken up very early in the morning and freed from her bed again. It was just 6 o'clock when Svenja was sitting on her kitchen chair in her pyjamas and a key of cereal was in front of her. Still very tired she spooned some of it down. Svenja was very surprised that she was sitting in the kitchen with her pyjamas, because that was very unusual.

"Mama when is Mrs. Schäfer coming to pick me up", Svenja asked for a couple more spoons of muesli.

"At 8 o'clock darling, because you have to be at the border on time," her mother said.

"That's another two hours, so could I have let you sleep at least an hour longer?"

"Not quite, my darling, I still have to get you ready for the journey and as I said, we have to be on time," her mother said to it.

"What does 'ready to go' mean again, dressing takes less than two hours?" Svenja said now much more awake.

"You'll see that in a moment, my darling, it's a long car journey. I have to prepare you properly," said her mother.

"Ohhh mum, please don't do something stupid again." Svenja replied already annoyed. After Svenja had emptied her muesli she was freed from the kitchen chair by her mother and accompanied to the bathroom. There Svenja was completely undressed by her mother without Svenja having to take part. This was not questioned by Svenja because of the early hour. But when her mother insisted to wash her daughter in the shower, Svenja did not agree anymore.

"Mama, I can do that alone. Please leave me alone" said Svenja and tried to turn away from her mother in the shower.

"Honey, please don't make a fuss now, we don't have much time and I think that you won't do that alone with the Schäfers either. At least I will always wash you in the future" said her mother with a strict tone of voice and grabbed Svenja firmly by her arm to bring her into the right position. Svenja was shocked by her mother's answer and gave up her resistance stunned, so Inga started to soap Svenja carefully everywhere with soap and a washcloth.

"But, Mama, I don't want a stranger to touch me anywhere. If you do that, that's one thing I don't like either, but Mrs. Schäfer or even worse Mr. Schäfer? I'm embarrassed and uncomfortable. Besides, I can wash alone. So Svenja carried out her concerns and discomfort while she let her mother wash her.

"Please spread your legs", but then Inga said to her daughter and poked her legs a little bit apart with her right hand. Since Svenja was thinking about her arguments and not about what was just

happening, she obeyed and stood with her legs apart in the shower. "Mummy, did you listen to me at all?" Svenja tried to do it emphatically while Inga started to wash the intimate area thoroughly. Nothing was left out in the back and Svenja became more aware of what her mother was doing with her. It was very funny that her mother did this and she could not remember the last time it was like this. Because surely her mother had done this to her more often in the past. That is probably why she let it happen, especially since it was somehow exciting that someone other than herself touched her body in these intimate places.

"Yes, my darling, I have listened to you, but on the one hand we have little time right now and I have to concentrate in order not to forget anything, and on the other hand I cannot offer you any alternatives. For the time being we will take over the care of you and your brother again" Inga said to her daughter while she continued to take care of the cleaning of the same.

"But why? We are really both old enough to do this ourselves.

Besides we have been doing it ourselves for a long time. Why should we suddenly not be able to do it ourselves anymore," Svenja asked with a certain reproach in her voice.

"Oh child, I didn't say that at all. There is now a phase in your upbringing where we think it is necessary to take it into our own hands again. You just have to trust us," Inga said and started to shower Svenja with shampoo and soaps. Svenja was annoyed by the "trust" which her parents had been preaching lately, but had no arguments against it anymore. So she let it rest at that moment and even enjoyed being dried and blow-dried by her mother.

But that Mrs. Schäfer should also do this, she of course did not like.

Svenja should brush her teeth herself again. But her mother had not given her any clothes or put them on. Inga tidied up a bit during the time and cleaned the shower and dried the area in front of it, because this shower was not very suitable for washing someone from the outside, so some water had landed in front of it. Svenja didn't care about that, she brushed her teeth and found it unusual to be naked. When she was done with it, her mother accompanied her across the corridor to her room as she was. This was also very unusual for Svenja, because she had not walked naked through the apartment for many years. In the meantime she had developed a charm when it came to showing herself undressed to other family members. Fortunately they didn't meet their father, Jens was not at home anyway.

Arrived in Svenja's room, Svenja lay down on her bed on her mother's instructions. Inga then took a white flat part of Svenja's desk and walked towards her daughter. Svenja recognized immediately that her mother wanted to put a diaper on her, which she did not like for the night. Fortunately Svenja had been able to convince her mother in the last weeks that she could get through the night without a diaper. She had never had to use the diaper and so she only got a diaper in the night on Friday and Saturday in the evening, because Svenja was sometimes left in bed a little bit longer the next morning. But also there Svenja had trained well for "training" and she had her bladder very well under control. So Svenja was horrified by the idea of having to wear a diaper during the trip. It was not the feeling of the diaper itself, more embarrassment of the diaper itself and of course the danger of having to use it. Because she definitely did not like that. So Svenja squeezed her legs together in a flash and put her hands in front of her pubic area and looked at her mother angrily.

"Honey, please, I know you don't like it, but it has to be done. I'm going to have to change your diaper now, please take your hands away from there" Inga said in a calm voice and gently grabbed Svenja's ankles to spread her legs.

"Mummy please don't, I don't want that." Svenja begged her mother and got a little bit wet eyes.

"Svenja, there is no other way. The journey is long and the Schäfers can't stop every time you or Charlotte have to pee and take you to a suitable toilet. That costs too much time. This way it is really practical, you will learn to understand and appreciate it" Inga explained to her daughter and put her legs bent and spread on the mattress again.

"Please raise your bottom" followed the next instruction. But Svenja continued to perform passively Resisting and not moving. But when Inga had unfolded the diaper and laid it on the bed in front of Svenja's bottom, Inga hit with her flat hand from below against Svenja's left thigh. This didn't really hurt, but she clapped quite loudly.

"Come on please Svenja, we really don't have time to play 'stubborn girl' now" said Inga and looked at Svenja with a smile but also expectantly.

After a second clap on Svenja's thigh her bottom moved up and Inga placed the winch underneath. Then Inga went back to the desk to get the cream and powder that was deposited there.

"Darling, you have to take your hands away from there now. I want you to leave your hands on the bed until I'm done, otherwise I'll have to fix them behind your head in the future" Inga threatened in a calm and gentle voice.

Svenja was annoyed by the whole situation and followed the instruction only hesitantly. Inga now creamed Svenja's whole intimate area and also her bottom with cream. Svenja followed the instructions to lift the buttocks in the meantime, even if slowly. Everything felt strangely familiar to Svenja, even if her mind could not understand why. After the cream followed the powder and Inga could tighten and close the diaper by Svenja's step. Afterwards Svenja was allowed to stand up and look at herself in the mirror for a short moment. The feeling of the soft diaper was not unpleasant for Svenja, but it felt thicker than on the weekends and the look in the mirror was inappropriate and disturbing for Svenja. Normally she just lay in bed with the winches and did not move with them. Her mother urged her to hurry and stood already with the safety bra on Svenja and put it on her. Then followed a tight diaper body which was closed in the crotch with a wide Velcro fastener. Next Inga had put a red hooded sweater over her daughter which had no pockets and no zipper. After that followed already the overalls. Svenja had never worn or seen these overalls before. The cut was the same as her red and white striped overalls with the loops under the feet which prevented her legs from sliding up. The new trousers also had the same magnetic buckles on the

Bib. The biggest difference was the colour, this bib and brace was uniformly blue. Not like a jeans, but more like a construction worker's work pants. But the typical bag for the Measuring stick or the hammer loop were missing. Instead, these overalls were equipped with a multitude of rings and small loops. Also laterally these trousers were different, there were instead of the

Svenja known buttons here one zipper each. With that the trousers were then in the area of the Waist and belly so narrowed that Svenja's body was tightly enclosed. At the upper end of the zippers there was a kind of buckle in which the zipper was secured. Inga used the same magnetic key that was used for the buckles on the bib. The new pants fit perfectly and pressed the diaper evenly against Svenja's body.

For Svenja it felt as if the diaper would settle under the pants. But in reality you had to know the contours of the diaper exactly to recognize it. Therefore it looked exactly the same for Svenja in the mirror, even if an uninvolved person would not notice the diaper. Because of the bright colours Svenja felt the whole combination of her clothes to childish anyway. All in all, it didn't feel too tight or uncomfortable, but of course the look was a problem for Svenja.

But what could she do, it had all been decided without her anyway and she had to give in to her fate again. So she looked sad and still a little sleepy in the mirror and gave a deep sigh.

"Oh darling, what's wrong now, everything fits and looks good. Besides, you have nothing to worry about. Nobody will tease you or make fun of your clothes there on holiday," Inga said to her daughter while she stood behind her and stroked over her shoulder. Afterwards she pushed a stool behind Svenja and signalled to her to sit down by gently pressing on her shoulders. When Svenja slowly sat down she felt how the fabric stretched on her legs because the legs of her trousers could not slide up. The bib slipped up a little bit and touched her neck a little bit while the straps relaxed a little bit on her

shoulder. So she will feel the pants with every movement and always be reminded that she was locked in them. But Svenja could not concentrate on the feeling for a long time, because her mother had started to brush her hair and then braid it into two long braids. "Mom please don't, you know that I don't like plaits anymore. That's totally childish. I always have my hair open or a ponytail if it is really necessary," complained Svenja as soon as she noticed that her mother wanted to braid her a braid. "Svenja, I know how you like it best. But Mrs. Schäfer insisted that your hair must be tied tightly to two braids on the side. That has something to do with the Child seat. It's much more comfortable for you if your hair can't get caught in it. You can ask Mrs. Schäfer when she is there if you are allowed to undo the braids again," Inga said and continued her work on Svenja's hair with concentration.

Svenja sulked, but remained calmly sitting in her seat, because she knew that she would not succeed with protest. She also knew that she would spend the whole day in the car and that nobody would see her except the Schäfers. So she waited well-behaved until her mother had braided two plaits for her, which her mother, unlike Svenja, also finds beautiful. At the end they were each closed with a rubber band and a red bow. The beginning of the plaits was so that they could be easily carried over the shoulder. On the head a middle parting was formed and all hairs led into the two braids, so that none could cover the face of Svenja anymore. All this looked even more childlike for Svenja, but her mother thought it was beautiful.

When Inga was finished Svenja should get up again and turn once in a circle so that her mother could look at her from all sides. Svenja followed the request only reluctantly and sulked. But Inga was enchanted by the sight of her daughter, so she had to give her a hug and wish her a great and exciting holiday. Of course there were some admonitions that Svenja should always listen to the Schäfers and be a good girl. Slowly Svenja realized that she would not see her parents for a long time. What normally should not be difficult for her because of the experiences of the last time, she thought, but she also feared that it could get even worse with the Schäfers. So Svenja then pressed her mother quite hard.

But then the two were interrupted by the doorbell. Thereupon they released their hug and Inga helped Svenja to put on her backpack and then took Svenja by the hand to go to the door together with her. Her father had already opened the door and he greeted Mrs.

Schäfer. When Svenja and Inga reached the door, Inga released her hand from Svenja and welcomed Mrs. Schäfer as well. After that Peter hugged his daughter and said goodbye to her. Of course he also mentioned that Svenja should behave herself and should always listen to the Schäfers.

In the meantime Inga had gone with Mrs. Schäfer to the car which stood in the courtyard entrance, where she was greeted by Mr. Schäfer who had now also got out of the car. Also Charlotte, who was strapped in her child seat, was welcomed by Inga. She had opened the door of Charlotte's car, because her father had deactivated the rear window lifts and switched on the child safety lock, so that Charlotte was not able to open the window or the door herself.

Svenja and her father then went together to the big station wagon that was in the driveway. There Svenja was then immediately taken off the backpack by Mr. Schäfer. Mrs. Schäfer stood at the right rear door of the car and opened it. This way Svenja could see the huge child seat, which she already knew from the shop and which had been bought especially for her.

Svenja suddenly felt completely different, just a moment ago she had been very emotional about her Parents said goodbye, and now her new reality was right in front of her. She would now be ready for many...

hours locked up in that thing. At this thought she got a queasy feeling in her stomach and her legs became soft. It felt like she couldn't move, even if she hadn't collapsed.

The adults seemed not to notice the change in Svenja or ignored it. Because

Mrs. Schäfer stood behind Svenja after she had opened the door and grabbed Svenja by the shoulder to push her onto the seat and to direct her into the car. She grabbed relatively firmly and almost scaled Svenja into the seat. Like an experienced policewoman she took care that Svenja could not hit her head on the car. It was not so easy to get into the

It's not like there was a car in the way at the store. But here Mrs.

Lift Schäfer Svenja almost a little bit and lead the legs. All this went for Svenja like in

Slow motion without her being able to intervene, because she was fascinated by the whole situation and the sight of the child seat. But Mrs. Schäfer quickly tightened all the belts with practiced handles.

Just like in the shop, her freedom of movement diminished bit by bit. After the belts followed the locking of the catch body in front of Svenja. After that followed the

Strapping on the feet and also the hat-like head protection was quickly adjusted and Svenja's head was restricted in its movement. Before she realized that she was placed in the child seat, she was already strapped in and could only move her arms and head within the given limits.

In all the excitement Svenja had not noticed that Mr. Schäfer had put her backpack into the trunk, which was already almost full under the roof of the station wagon. Also

Svenja not yet actively noticed that she was not sitting alone on the back seat. When Mrs. Schäfer had finished strapping Svenja in, she immediately closed the door and Svenja could only look longingly through the closed window at her parents and her home. She had the feeling that she had been torn out of here and might never see her home again. After a short farewell of the parents to each other on the farm, Mr. Schäfer got behind the wheel and Mrs. Schäfer got in the passenger seat. When the engine started, Svenja's parents started waving and Svenja suddenly got wet eyes. After a few seconds she could no longer see her home and her parents, because the headrest of the seat prevented her from looking back.

Now Svenja had to concentrate first to not start crying properly. It was clear to her that she was not alone and Charlotte had to sit next to her, even though she had hardly noticed anything around her in the last 5 minutes. She looked bluntly to the right out of the window, she didn't want all this and especially not with this strange family. Everyone else in the car had of course noticed what was going on in Svenja and therefore wanted to leave her alone for a moment.

Svenja's eyes were dry again when the car reached the highway. Mr. Schäfer was of the opinion that it would not be good if Svenja would isolate herself like this, furthermore he had still not introduced himself to her and he had also not escaped the fact that Svenja had not even looked at Charlotte in the last 10 minutes until the motorway.

"Hello Svenja, I am Mr. Schäfer and would like to welcome you into our family. I hope we will spend a great and exciting holiday together" said Mr. Schäfer as he accelerated on the motorway. He kept looking into an extra rear-view mirror, which was adjusted so that he could watch the two children in the back seat. Through this speech Svenja was torn out of her thoughts and turned her head to look at Mr. Schäfer.

"What? I wasn't listening" said Svenja who still imagined the worst and most boring holidays of her life in her thoughts.

Mr. Schäfer smiled at her, "Yes, I noticed that! Don't you want to introduce yourself and get to know Charlotte? You'll experience a lot of great things together." Now Svenja looked to the left for the first time and was immediately startled. There was the same child seat in which she was sitting. In it a girl with relatively short dark hair could be seen. She had to be about the same size as Svenja and her face was irregular and she had a huge nose with some freckles on it. Her hearty smile gave the view to a fixed brace. Not much of her clothes could be seen through the seat, but it seemed that Charlotte was wearing almost exactly the same combination of hoodie and overalls as Svenja herself. The decisive difference was that Charlotte's sweater was blue and overalls were red. They were even exactly the same colours.

For Svenja, Charlotte looked like a loser; in her old clique, someone like that would have been mocked. But Charlotte stretched out her right hand and held it out to Svenja while she said, "Hello Svenja, I am Charlotte and I am glad to meet you. How do you do?"

Svenja hesitated for a moment, because Charlotte was immediately unpleasant to her the way she looked and talked. But what could she do, she was at the mercy of the whole situation and so she wanted to return the handshake. Unfortunately she had to realize that she was held by her child seat in such a way that she could not reach Charlotte's hand with her right arm. Both tried to turn towards each other by shaking the seat, but it was still not possible.

Thereupon Svenja waved her hand away and said "oh fuck it, I am Svenja. Hello!"

Charlotte then took her hand down again, but her smile was a horrified facial expression gave way. She knew that her father would hate it if she used such vulgar language and that would cause her immediate trouble.

And so it happened, even though Svenja still looked at Charlotte, Mr. Schäfer had already fixed her with his eyes through the mirror and said, "Svenja, we don't use such language. My wife had already explained the rules to you. I never want to hear such a thing from you again. Is that clear?"

Svenja looked annoyed at Mr. Schäfer. She had managed to ruin the day after only a few minutes, even though the stupid seat was to blame. Not only was her mood at rock bottom because of the seat and the unsympathetic Charlotte, but she also had her guests against her. The day could only get better!

"Svenja I mean it, did you understand me?" Mr. Schäfer repeated his question.

"Yes, excuse me please, I will try my best" said Svenja quietly and somewhat hypocritically. She wanted to save what could be saved, but her mood was at rock bottom, what else could she do? So she looked out of the window again and tried to get other thoughts. So she could not break the ice, which she did not really want to do.

But Mr. Schäfer wasn't satisfied with her fake apology, and he also had a vested interest in breaking the ice. Because the way things were going, it was anything but easy to have a nice holiday.

"Svenja I do not quite understand why you are so dismissive and aggressive. We don't want to let you ruin our vacation. We won't tolerate inappropriate boorish behavior from you. You're going to play by the rules and then we'll all have fun and enjoy ourselves together. So if you have any problem, please talk to us about it and we will solve it. Otherwise you will only harm yourself and that would be a great pity," said Mr. Schäfer while Svenja continued looking out of the window.

Mr. Schäfer left it at first and talked to his wife about the route and the traffic situation.

After another 10 minutes Svenja looked to the left again and noticed that Charlotte was watching her the whole time. Thereupon Svenja threw an angry look at her without saying anything, she didn't want to risk being admonished again.

Jens and Philipp had also been freed from their beds early that day and had been prepared in the same way as they had been when they visited the amusement park. Talking was only allowed again in the car. There we had a small breakfast with a bottle of tea and banana again. Afterwards both got a coloring book and 5 different colored crayons each. But everyone had different colours, so that they could exchange among themselves. The time on the motorway passed almost unnoticed. Also the diapers of the two were used almost casually, so both of them were very focused on their work and had a lot of fun doing it. So the drive with the Söllings in the car was very relaxed and calm and one made good progress.

Charlotte avoided the looks of Svenja, she did not want to provoke Svenja any further. But at some point the two had to talk to each other. Because Charlotte was curious and wanted to know with whom she would spend her holidays. She also knew that she had to share a room with Svenja and that

her parents expected other activities from them. But Charlotte had always been very shy and even at children's birthdays in the past it took her a long time to get in touch with the other one.

The drive now lasted over an hour and it was very quiet in the car. There was no radio on and Mr. and Mrs. Schäfer had also not said anything for a long time. Then Svenja suddenly remembered their CD-player and she looked around in the car to look for her backpack. But she couldn't find it, which could have been due to the limited freedom of movement. But now Svenja wanted to listen to her music.

"Where is my backpack, did we even take it with us", Svenja suddenly asked the two adults without introducing her question in any way. Mr. Schäfer looked into the mirror, astonished about the sudden verbal communication of Svenja, and thought for a moment how he should react. Because he wanted Svenja to finally start talking. But he found the way very strange and also impolite.

"Svenja, of course we took your backpack with us - my husband put it in the trunk with the other luggage. Do you need anything? Are you thirsty? I have a water bottle with water and one with tea for each of you," said suddenly Mrs. Schäfer, who then tried to involve Svenja in a conversation.

"No thanks, I'm not thirsty. Could we please stop for a moment and get the backpack?" Svenja asked politely. Then Mr. Schäfer looked in the mirror again and raised an eyebrow and thought to himself, "She knows the words 'please' and 'thank you', how interesting!

"Svenja, unfortunately it's not possible. We have a tight schedule and have to be at the border on time. We have a small time cushion for emergencies, but we can't use it up already. We want to take a short break later. What do you want out of your rucksack?" asked Mrs. Schäfer after her detailed explanation.

"I would like to listen to music, I have a CD player in it. Can we please turn on the radio instead?"

Svenja asked disappointed that she couldn't get to her backpack. "I understand Svenja, you are bored on this long trip. For that we have something extra for

Mrs. Schäfer said and rummaged into a bag that was standing between her legs in the footwell. After a short moment she turned back a little and put a colorful book on the table of the child seats of Charlotte and Svenja. Then she took a pack of crayons out of the bag and put them on the back seat between the seats of the two children.

"This will keep you busy and distract you for the next time, then the time will go much faster," Mrs. Schäfer commented the action.

The book that was loaded on the table at Charlotte's house already had clear signs of use. Charlotte opened it and opened a page and then pressed the palatinate a little bit to take a pencil out of the shaft. She put the box back between her and Svenja.

Then she started to paint a surface on the side with the pencil.

Svenja looked at it for a short moment and then looked at the book in front of her. The cover was printed with a drawing of a house and some trees. Above it was the title "Drawing exercises for beginners", but Svenja had the association to "My first drawing book" for 3 year olds. She didn't know if she should laugh or if this was really meant seriously. She wouldn't paint surfaces in a colouring book like a 3 year old child, that could only be more boring than looking out of the window. But out of curiosity she opened the book. At the beginning there were some small texts for introduction and explanation, but she did not want to read them. But further back the book consisted, as feared, of drawn pictures, which obviously should be painted colorfully. Svenja looked briefly at Charlotte, who seemed to be busy with it and seemed to be very concentrated. Then Svenja looked again into the book in front of her. The drawings were not quite like in a colouring book for children. Here the drawn lines were very thin and also weak, these would probably not be visible later. Also the structures of the pictures were much finer.

Svenja had never been artistic or creative before, something like that certainly did not make her

Fun. So she put her book next to the box of crayons and looked out the window again. The stupid seat was starting to annoy. Svenja could not move and the "Hat" on the head was an additional annoyance.

"Svenja if you don't want to do that is OK, but then please tell us something about yourself so that we can get to know you better" Mrs. Schäfer started a new attempt.

"My name is Svenja Marson, I am 16 years old and my parents forced me to make this journey. And I don't feel like it", said Svenja in a monotonous tone of voice, which should clearly show that she did not want to participate.

"Svenja, there are many things in life you don't want to do, but some of them you can't avoid and others turn out to be great experiences later on. But you could tell us what you want to do, what you like to do or what expectations you have of our mean time," said Mrs. Schäfer.

But Svenja didn't want to reveal anything about herself and so that she didn't have to answer Mrs. Schäfer's questions, she took "her" book in her hand again and leafed through it. In doing so, she kept looking over to Charlotte and inspected her. She noticed this of course and felt uncomfortable. After a while it became too much for her and she said, "Hey, is something wrong? Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Where else should I look?" Svenja returned sharply.

"In your drawing book, for example, or out of the window. But please stop staring at me like that." "I can't move properly, I can't always just look out the window. I have to look at the other side. And painting is too childish for me, I'm already 16 years old and not 6 anymore," said Svenja with a clearly pejorative tone.

"Hey, I'm 16 too and you can paint, especially when it's extremely boring during the car ride. This has nothing to do with childish," Charlotte replied. "Well, if you say that, then I am reassured." Svenja said with an ironic undertone and grabbed the pack of pens with her left hand. When she had taken one out, she put the pack into a shelf on the right side of her child seat. Then she started to draw a grimace on one side without considering the pre-printed motif. She used different colours and painted the face more and more. It had an exaggeratedly large nose, dark short hair and conspicuously drawn teeth on which braces were indicated. Even if Svenja could not draw well and the proportions were not correct, everyone could recognize who was meant.

"Would you please give me the pencils, I need the blue one" Charlotte suddenly said.

"No, I need that right now" answered Svenja without looking at her neighbor. She was just about to draw the eyes from the face with the blue pencil. She had held her left hand so skilfully in front of her drawing that Charlotte couldn't see what she had painted.

"OK, then give me the pack anyway, I can continue with green" said Charlotte and held her right hand over to Svenja as far as possible.

But Svenja didn't react and continued to paint at the eyes.

"Are you always so selfish?" Charlotte asked after a short moment.

"You're a pain, you know that!" Svenja said and turned the book over so that Charlotte couldn't see what she had painted. Then she took the box and took out the green pencil and held it out to Charlotte with her left hand.

"But I want the brown one for it!" Svenja demanded from Charlotte.

The parents had of course followed the conversation with excitement and noticed that Svenja had obviously forgotten the words "Please" and "Thank you" in the last 30 minutes.

But Charlotte had received the green pen and Svenja still had the rest under her control. Charlotte thought this was unfair and also selfish of Svenja, but since Svenja made such a secret about her picture, she was curious about it.

"What have you painted there?" she wanted to know.

"Do you really want to see that?" Svenja asked and turned her book over again and made some lines and dots with the brown pencil. But she continued to cover the subject with her left hand.

"Sure, then I'll show you mine too," said Charlotte.

"OK you asked for it, but don't mess with me, I'm not an artist," said Svenja and then held the book up and showed Charlotte her caricature. It was a rather childish picture on a very low level. The face had too big eyes and the nose was oversized. But Svenja had managed to overdraw and depict very clearly all the features that could make a teenager's face uncomfortable and embarrassing. The shape of the face had nothing to do with Charlotte's, but everyone could recognize the individual features immediately.

Therefore Charlotte recognized immediately that she was meant by the picture. Charlotte was shy, but when she was annoyed, she could get out of control very quickly. This leads e.g. at school also often leads to problems. Only towards her parents she had better control of herself because of the strict education. But with the picture Svenja had provoked her so much that she faded out the presence of her parents.

She tore the book out of Svenja's hand and then tore out the page with the picture. Svenja had not expected such a strong reaction and was surprised, but when Charlotte was busy tearing the page out of the book into smaller pieces, Svenja tried to prevent this. Unfortunately, her range of motion was not enough to reach Charlotte properly, but she was able to hit Charlotte's right upper arm with her left fist. The whole fight was of course accompanied by a strong screaming and some insults from both sides.

The whole thing didn't take very long, because Mr. Schäfer had also reacted quickly and made a sharp braking to take another exit to a rest area, which happened to be on the motorway at that very moment. During the sharp braking both books and the remains of Svenja's drawing had fallen into the footwell. Both girls only noticed this because the "hats" of the child's seat had snapped in due to the braking. Charlotte then realized that there would be a lot of trouble for this incident. But her anger at Svenja was still so great that she blamed Svenja for everything.

When a few moments later Mr. Schäfer's car was parked on a parking lot, he took the floor and said, "Quiet now both of you! What kind of kindergarten is this? I think you want to be 16 years old. That's like you're not even six," said Mr. Schäfer quite loudly without screaming.

Afterwards both he and his wife got out and opened the two back doors. Charlotte had calmed down very quickly, she knew that her parents did not like this at all. When her father stood next to her and unlocked the headrest, Charlotte looked at her father guiltily and apologized politely.

"Yes, honey, we know that you can be uncontrollable and that you work on yourself, but now it's time to stop and get maximum security so that you can calm down," her father said calmly.

Charlotte knew what this meant and put her hands on the back of the child seat and had her father strap her wrists to the back.

Svenja was overwhelmed with the situation when suddenly Mrs. Schäfer stood beside her. At the same time she had listened to the short conversation between Charlotte and her father. Svenja didn't know what maximum security meant, but Mrs. Schäfer immediately grabbed Svenja's right arm and started to secure it to the armrest just like Charlotte did. After that Svenja tried to defend herself, which was not very successful, because she was already trapped in the child seat and Mrs. Schäfer was clearly in the stronger position. After a few steps Svenja's left arm was also immobilized. Svenja of course complained sufficiently about the additional fixation, but Mrs. Schäfer did not go into it and fetched an object from a shaft, which looked like a pacifier but with additional straps at the sides.

Thereupon Svenja suddenly became very quiet and pressed her lips together.

"Please open wide Svenja" said Mrs. Schäfer very objectively and held the pacifier close to Svenja's mouth.

But Svenja turned her head to the left to avoid Mrs. Schäfer. There she saw that Mr. Schäfer had just secured the same pacifier at Charlotte's with the strap behind her head. In front of the pacifier the handle did not look like a normal pacifier, but almost exactly like the part that was in the mouth. Mr. Schäfer had then started to press on the handle. At that moment Svenja felt a strong pressure on her jaw which became stronger and stronger until it hurt slightly. This led to the fact that Svenja opened her mouth almost automatically and immediately the pacifier was pressed into her mouth. Mrs. Schäfer had pressed Svenja's jaws apart with her thumb.

Next Svenja tried to prevent the ligaments from closing by moving her head quickly from right to left. So Mrs. Schäfer was forced to hold the pacifier in front with her hand and follow the movements.

"Stop Svenja!!!" cried Mrs. Schäfer now visibly annoyed, whereupon Svenja really stopped. "Svenja, you must have realised that this stupid theatre you are putting on here is only to your disadvantage. We will always carry out our measures and you will not change anything about it. You have to understand that slowly," said Mrs. Schäfer again in normal volume and more disappointed than annoyed.

"I will now put the tape on you and you keep quiet while doing so, that's clear!" she said afterwards. Svenja looked into her eyes and then down, signaling her agreement or rather her task, because she had to realize that she had no chance to resist and that it was useless.

Then Mrs. Schäfer was able to tighten the straps behind Svenja's head, pressing the plate of the pacifier against her mouth. The pacifier itself was somehow not normal, because Svenja had to suck on it almost instinctively, but this did not work, because there was obviously a hole in it. But then Mrs. Schäfer also started to press on the handle of Svenja and Svenja noticed how the part in her mouth increased with every pressing. Svenja looked at Mrs. Schäfer with big eyes, somewhat panicky and pleading.

"Don't be afraid my child, it's not bad, I just want to calm your tongue a bit" said Mrs. Schäfer.

When Mrs. Schäfer had stopped pumping, Svenja's tongue was gently pressed down. She could still breathe normally through the hole in the middle of the "pacifier", but the rather large foreign body in her mouth was still not very pleasant. Finally, both girls were tied a soft blindfold around their heads, but this should not block their view completely. The material of the blindfold was light and very large woven. One could see a little through it and still recognize some outlines. But Svenja could not observe the landscape in this way anymore.

The whole action had not lasted 5 minutes and Mr. Schäfer steered the vehicle back onto the highway. There was no talking at first. During the stop Mrs. Schäfer had searched for the remains of Svenja's "artwork" and kept the drawing books. She set about reconstructing the work and had to smile a little when she had put it back together and also showed it to her husband. But why Svenja had reacted so negatively to her daughter was not clear to her. In any case, there would be a lot of work on vacation with Svenja.

Meanwhile Charlotte and Svenja had the opportunity to think about themselves and their behavior. Svenja had to think about the words of Mrs. Schäfer. Even if the Schäfers had used the word punishment, it was like a punishment for Svenja to have to sit in the car like that. But Svenja would probably claim this for the "normal" use of the child seat. But the point was that the confrontation certainly could not improve her situation. So Svenja thought about whether it wouldn't be better to cooperate, that would damage her pride a little bit, but could be the easier way. When she thought about how mean it all was and how hard it would be for her to jump over her pride, she had to cry. But the tears were caught by the blindfold. There were more tears when Svenja felt pressure on her bladder and had to cry urgently. She had no chance to make herself noticed and besides she knew for what purpose the diaper had been unmade for her by her mother in the morning. She resisted for many minutes but she knew there would be no other way and when the pressure became unbearable she had to let it go.

A good hour had passed since the stop and Svenja and Charlotte continued to hang on to their thoughts. But then Mrs. Schäfer suddenly spoke to the two girls.

"So you two, we'll have a break and have some lunch. I hope you could calm down a bit and think about your actions.

Then followed a sermon of almost 10 minutes about mutual respect and the use of violence to solve conflicts, which was especially addressed to Svenja, because she had hit Charlotte with her fist. Charlotte as well as Svenja had heard all this several times in their lives, but for Svenja it was a bit more intense in this special situation.

Also the car of the Söllings headed for a rest area and Mr. Sölling parked opposite to the toilet facilities at a parking place which was parallel to the lane and the sidewalk. The rest area was an older type of construction without tables and without much grass. Jens and Philipp were happy to finally get out of their child seats after such a long drive and to romp and move around a little over the parking lot.

But first the parents got out of the car and went to the toilet, leaving Jens and Philipp sitting in the locked car. After Mr. Sölling had come back, he pulled out of the luggage rack, which carried a roof box, one bar each side which then reached over the sidewalk but was in the same height as the roof box. Only then did he open the door at Philipp's and freed him from his child's seat. Then he led Philipp by the hand to the side of the

sidewalk and secured Philipp with a short line on the front bar. The line extended straight from the end of the pole to the point where the two wearers of the overalls split. Thus Philipp was forced to stop at exactly the place where the bar ended. Then Jens was released from his child seat and tied to the other pole in the same way.

Then Mrs. Sölling came back and together with her husband she got a small snack and something to drink from the car. Jens and Philipp were very disappointed that they still could not move. Even squats or bending down were not possible. They had to stand straight, could only stretch a little and move their arms.

So they all ate something together while standing. Jens then asked at the dinner if he could join Philipp after dinner could walk a little over the parking lot to move around. But Lord Sölling explained to him that this was much too dangerous. One would find oneself on the highway, so to speak. Jens didn't want to see this, because it was a parking lot, but he had to stay like this until the end of the rest. Which was not very pleasant, because his diaper was wet and he had to be big sometimes.

But after the meal Jens and Philipp were freed from the pole and put on the leash. So then the Söllings with the two children walked together for 10 minutes over the parking lot. At the end they stood together in front of the toilet facility and Mrs. Sölling checked the filling level of both diapers, which was extremely embarrassing for Jens. Afterwards Mrs. Sölling went first with Philipp into the diaper changing room and made her son fresh there. Meanwhile Jens was led by Mr. Sölling on a leash around the toilet facility.

"Jens, if you ever have to grow up, now is the best opportunity. My wife is about to put a new diaper on you," said Mr. Sölling.

Jens was aware of this and his face became red, because they were not alone here at the rest area, but Mr. Sölling didn't seem to mind.

"Yes, I know, Mr. Sölling, but could we please go to the diaper room. It's not so easy when you're walking," Jens replied.

Mr. Sölling smiled and found Jens' argument conclusive and led him to the diaper-changing room. There he looked at Jens expectantly, but Jens couldn't squat down and do the diaper. This was all much too embarrassing and unreal for Jens.

The leash with which Jens was led was not very long and so Jens couldn't get away and turn away. He felt like a dog whose master was waiting impatiently for him to do his business. After a short time the door opened and Mr. Sölling took the leash from Philipp and Jens was pulled into the changing room by Mrs. Sölling on the leash.

"Jens have you already made big?" Mrs. Sölling asked first.

"No, it didn't work yet" Jens said embarrassed.

"But you have to. Yes?"

"Yes."

"Well, luckily, there's a toilet here in the diaper-changing room. Then you may use it on the way for once" said Mrs. Sölling and took Jens' overalls off and put him on the changing table. After the diaper was taken off, Jens was put on the toilet by Mrs. Sölling and he had to hold his arms in the air which was quite exhausting, but much more comfortable than doing it outside on a leash. So Jens was happy when Mrs. Sölling had washed him again and packed him with a new diaper.

Back in the car Jens and Philipp had to have their hands strapped to the backrest, they should rest for a while after dinner and not continue drawing right away.

The car of the Schäfers rolled slower and finally came to a halt exactly at the moment when Mrs. Schäfer had finished her admonition.

"We're going to the toilet first, you stay in the car until we come back," said Mr. Schäfer. Thereupon Svenja could hear how the two front doors were opened and shortly afterwards closed again. Then followed the typical sound of the

Central locking and she could see the Schäfers moving away from the car. Immediately Svenja was surrounded by an eerie silence. This gave her a much stronger feeling of helplessness than the hours before. It was like the uncertainty she had felt when her father had tied her in bed for the first time on Christmas morning, not knowing when she would be released.

She looked at Charlotte, but could barely see her. But she could hear her breathing, which made Svenja calm down again. Still it seemed like an eternity to her to have to wait so uncertainly until the Schäfers came back.

When she heard again the sound of the central locking Svenja got a fright and she could see again two people near the car. Then she was also very happy not to have to wait any longer. Immediately afterwards the two rear doors were opened and Svenja heard the now familiar, though not familiar, voice of Mrs. Schäfer. "So you two, we will now take off your mouthguards again. If the fight starts again, it will be back on faster than you can look," she reminded.

Then first of all the blindfold was taken off again. At the same time the same thing happened to Charlotte from her father.

Mrs. Schäfer noticed that Svenja's blindfold was wet. Thereupon she looked at Svenja pitifully and said, "I'm sorry that you cried, but the way you both acted, it's not possible." Then she loosened the "hat rack" of the child seat and stroked Svenja still over the head. Afterwards the air was let out of the pacifier and it was removed. Svenja and Charlotte remained silent and sulked while they were released from the child seats.

After Svenja could finally get up and get out of the seat, she wanted to stretch herself to make her body flexible again. But immediately Mrs. Schäfer asked her to hold her hands behind her back. Since Svenja didn't feel like any more stress at first, she followed the instruction, whereupon Mrs. Schäfer put a sling of cloth around her wrists and pulled it tight. With this her arms were tied to her back, not very tight but so she could stretch only very limited.

Charlotte was also restricted by her father and both were led to a park bench which was very close to the car. At the wrist loops there were short lines that served as a guide. The park bench was a typical park bench with a concrete table and a bench with backrest on each side, which were covered with

wooden slats. The distance between the bench and the edge of the table was unchangeable, but sufficient for Svenja and Charlotte to sit on the bench with their hands connected at the back. After the two children had sat down next to each other, Charlotte's parents attached short straps to the D-rings of the overalls at the sides of the waistband, the other ends of the straps were hooked into eyelets under the table top. The length of the ribbons was such that Charlotte and Svenja's stomach was pulled tightly against the table top. This also meant that they both had to sit on the front edge of the bench. Leaning backwards was no longer possible, which would have been uncomfortable even with their hands behind their backs. The position was not the most comfortable and Svenja was still sulking and thought that all this would be part of her punishment for the fight with Charlotte. But after the hour of "maximum security" in the car she wasn't really angry with Charlotte anymore, she just didn't like her. But she had an hour to think about it and she knew that she had to get along with her. When Mr. and Mrs. Schäfer went back to the car to get the food, Svenja looked at Charlotte for the first time again. Charlotte still looked at Svenja quite angry, because from her point of view Svenja had started the provocation and was therefore to blame for everything. But Svenja did not care about all that.

"Are your parents always like that? To exaggerate the punishment for such a little thing?" Svenja asked.

"You behaved like an ass and annoyed me!" Charlotte said reproachfully but very quietly, because she didn't want her parents to hear the conversation.

"Eh man, it's not my fault that you freak out like that. Besides, I had warned you," said Svenja and had to grin a bit when she thought of her picture again.

Charlotte pressed her lips together and tried to suppress her anger at Svenja. She had no desire to get the "mouthguard", as her mother called it, back. "Yes man, calm down. That was a stupid picture, I didn't know that you were so sensitive" said Svenja also in reduced volume, because she didn't know how Charlotte's parents would evaluate the conversation.

"Tell me, how long do your parents want to punish him? We are peaceful again, aren't we?" Svenja tried it again.

"Why punish them? First of all, my parents don't see the maximum security as a punishment and besides, it's over!" Charlotte asked seriously naive back.

"This shouldn't be a punishment? We were bound and gagged for who knows how many hours in the car and now we are still bound and stuck here. Well, I think this is a punishment," Svenja said indignantly about Charlotte's answer.

"The maximum security is really stupid, I agree with you, but waiting at the table for the food is quite normal, especially here at the rest area. Shouldn't you sit at the table with your parents?" At the answer of Charlotte Svenja was shocked and had to think about it first.

Obviously it was quite normal for Charlotte to sit so tied up at the table and wait for her parents. But after Svenja thought about it for a moment, she had to realize that at home she was also tied to her kitchen chair by her parents while eating at the table. Even though her hands were not tied behind her back, it was very similar. While Svenja was thinking about it Charlotte's parents came back with a picnic basket and a blanket. Mr. Schäfer put the blanket over the table, but the blanket could not hang over the edge where Svenja and Charlotte were sitting, because they were pulled so close to the table. Mrs. Schäfer then placed four plates and a plastic box with sandwiches and some snacks on the blanket. Then there were cups and everyone was poured hot tea from a thermos flask.

When everything was ready, Charlotte's parents sat down at the table opposite the two children and put their arms over each other's shoulders and leaned back relaxed against the backrest of the bench.

"Ahhh that's nice, finally the holiday begins" Mr. Schäfer said to his wife and gave her a kiss.

Afterwards both looked at Svenja and Charlotte, who were still sitting on the edge of the bench with their hands tied behind their backs and made a pouty face.

"Now don't look so gloomy, it will come to you both. But now let's have something to eat first," said Mrs. Schäfer.

Then she and her husband got up to untie the loops on Svenja and Charlotte's wrists. The two girls were then allowed to start eating and also the two parents had sat down at the table again and all had eaten together. But Svenja and Charlotte had just had to sit on the edge of the bench. Since the two still didn't feel like talking to each other, it became a rather quiet meal.

Svenja was still thinking about how Charlotte had reacted and how normal Charlotte found all this, but she didn't dare to ask the adults how it would go on.

Also Svenja might have wanted to ask Charlotte about it, but not in the presence of her parents. Svenja wasn't very hungry and had only eaten a slice of bread, and she hadn't touched her cup for a while, because the tea didn't taste very good to her. On top of that she thought about her diaper. Although she had used it before, it felt surprisingly dry for Svenja, even though she could feel the swollen absorber. She did not know what the diaper could absorb, nor how long she would be forced to sit in it.

At her thought she was suddenly addressed by Mrs. Schäfer, "Svenja are you finished eating?"

"How ... uhh ... yes I am." Svenja answered confusedly.

Thereupon Mrs. Schäfer stood up and picked up the bundle with the wrist loops that she had placed next to her on the bench. With this she took position behind Svenja, but Svenja was still in her thoughts and had not noticed that Mrs. Schäfer wanted to put the restraints on her again.

"Svenja will you please put your hands behind her back again?" said Mrs. Schäfer with a certain reproachful tone, with which she made it clear that she was waiting for Svenja.

But Svenja had really not realized what was expected of her.

"Yes ... how should I know that you will tie me up again as soon as I have finished eating" Svenja replied just as reproachful, but took her hands back and without further discussion she let the room for manoeuvre slip away.

"We don't use this word to Svenja. It's just that you have to be secured here in public. There are so many dangers lurking and for your discipline it is also beneficial. It seems to me that we have to do some theory with you on holiday so that you understand what is required of you," said Mrs. Schäfer while she made Svenja's hands useless again.

"I don't care how you call it, for me it's a bondage!" Svenja said defiantly. "Svenja, because Charlotte is not yet finished with food, there is only one warning for once, you should treat us with respect, we had said that from the beginning. Actually, you both would get the mouth guard again for that now, because you are so cheeky," said Mrs. Schäfer. Svenja didn't quite understand what was so cheeky about it and especially not what Charlotte had to do with it. But she then looked at Charlotte and her expression, coupled with a slight shake of her head, said more than a thousand words. In any case, it was better not to say anything else now, because Mrs. Schäfer would obviously want to punish both of them for Svenja's offense.

When Charlotte had finished eating, her hands were fixed behind her back and her parents put everything back into the car. During this time Svenja took a closer look at the resting place. It was a nearly new built resting place with a big toilet in

Middle. Between the park rows there was a lot of space with green lawns and many table-bench combinations. The truck parking lots were further away. Behind the toilets there was another playground which seemed to be quite big. It was surrounded by a very high fence, which Svenja attributed to the fact that there was a football goal and a basketball hoop in it. From a distance there was also a remarkable climbing frame.

From there, there was also clear noise from children playing. Even though Svenja neither played football nor basketball or felt like climbing, she envied the children who were allowed to play and frolic on the playground back there, while she had to sit tied up here.

With these thoughts Svenja let her eyes wander further over the resting place, while she spotted other children and teenagers who seemed to be tied to the tables just like her and Charlotte and were eating something with their parents or were led on a leash on the way between the parking lots. Svenja had seen all this before and partly experienced it herself, but here it seemed to be part of the norm.

Suddenly she felt how someone had taken the leash that was connected to her wrists. She realized that Mrs. Schäfer was standing next to her with the leash in her hand and loosened the straps that she pulled to the table with her overalls. Then she was allowed to stand up and Charlotte was also led by her father on the leash. Together they all headed for the playground.

When the group came closer to the playground, Svenja realized that the entrance was like a big aviary had some kind of lock. With an outer and an inner door, in between was a room of about 3m length and 2m width. Without Charlotte and Svenja being asked if they wanted to go to the playground at all, the group went into the space in between. After the outer door was closed, Svenja and Charlotte's hands were freed.

"You may now go and play for 10 minutes, after that we have to leave" said Mr. Schäfer and opened the inner door.

Thereupon Charlotte ran quite purposefully in the direction of the climbing construction with attached adventure playground. Svenja looked after her and then back to Mr. Schäfer.

"Play? ... Me? ... There?" asked Svenja confused and unbelieving.

"Svenja, it is not important what you call it. You can also just walk in circles, but you should allow yourself some exercise. We'll keep going for a while until we reach our destination. But maybe you could also reconcile or talk to Charlotte," said Mr. Schäfer and put his hand gently on Svenja's back and pushed her gently through the door. Behind her, the door was immediately closed again and Svenja noticed that there was no blade from inside. So she and all the other children who were in the playground were locked in. That was a strange feeling again at first, but since the fenced area was very big, it was not very bad.

Right next to the front door was a bigger area with a football goal on one side and a basketball hoop on the other, but nobody was playing there. Behind it there was another area with 2 table tennis tables and some benches on which some boys were sitting. Svenja estimated their age at 13 or 14 years. Everybody on the court wore overalls like Svenja. In the area of the climbing equipment mostly younger children could be seen. After Svenja had looked around she decided to look for Charlotte, because what should she do here alone. Besides Mr. Schäfer was right, a little exercise would not be wrong. So Svenja slowly walked towards the climbing equipment. It was a real relief to be able to move her hands and arms freely again while walking, and Svenja swung her arms back and forth on purpose with every step. Finally she didn't worry about whether this could be embarrassing or childish. With every step she felt the tight overalls on her body and how the diaper was pulled into her crotch by the wearers of the overalls. This was not really unpleasant, but it reduced the feeling of freedom a little bit. Once she had walked around the entire climbing complex, she had not yet discovered Charlotte. In the middle of all the racks, bridges and nets there was a three-story complex of corridors and bridges with windows and a slide leading down to the ground from the very top.

Svenja discovered after some looking around Charlotte standing on a bridge on the second level.

"Hey, what are you doing up there?" Svenja spontaneously called to Charlotte.

"I'm standing here and looking. Can't you see?"

"Will you come down, we should have a talk, I think." Svenja said.

"Why don't you come up, it's much nicer here."

Svenja looked around and looked for a possibility to get there as easy as possible. But that was not so easy, and she would not be able to avoid a certain sporting activity. She decided to use a ladder made of thick wooden rungs. When she arrived there, she raised her arms to reach for one of the upper rungs, and she felt her overalls pressing the slightly swollen diaper even tighter against her body. She

would have loved to stop the action now, but she couldn't do anything about it and now she had the chance to talk to Charlotte undisturbed. So she had overcome herself and had climbed up the ladder, even though she was constantly reminded of the tight overalls and the diaper.

When she reached the top, all she had to do was balance over a suspension bridge made of rope mesh to reach Charlotte. Halfway through the breach, Charlotte said, "Catch me!" and ran off in the opposite direction. She disappeared into the central part of the labyrinth. Svenja had no choice but to follow her, but she didn't let herself be rushed and didn't start running when she had solid planks under her feet again. Whether Charlotte seriously wanted to play catch, as the younger children here did, Svenja could not estimate. But Charlotte still looked very childishly playful to Svenja when she ran away.

Inside the climbing tower there were several branches and Charlotte was no longer to be seen. But it sounded as if someone had just climbed one floor higher and was walking around there. So Svenja decided to climb a ladder again. At the top there was a lookout and the beginning of the slide. Svenja could see from the ladder how Charlotte was waiting in front of the slide until Svenja followed her.

"Charlotte I will not play catch with you, but I would like to talk seriously with you, WITHOUT your parents" said Svenja when she was still on the ladder, but could already see Charlotte.

Svenja could see the disappointment in Charlotte's eyes, when Charlotte realized that she could not animate Svenja to play. So she walked back from the slide to the ladder disappointed and gave Svenja her hand to help her up. Together the two girls then sat down on a beam in a viewing area.

"Dear Charlotte, I'm sorry about the picture, I didn't mean to offend you. It's just that I can't deal with what your parents think. I think that you and I are so different, we can't be best friends right away."

"What makes you think so? We haven't been able to get to know each other. You wouldn't talk in the car," Charlotte said.

"Well, have you forgotten that we couldn't do that either? I think you should tell me a little bit about your parents. Are they always so weird?" asked Svenja. "Why weird, we just didn't behave and there are "consequences", like mom always says. You don't have to try to discuss that. It's no use," Charlotte said soberly.

"Yes OK, the punishment was severe and I found it totally exaggerated. But I mean other things. having to tie your hands and walk on a leash. Then the stupid diapers, we could have stopped for sure. Also the painting thing, do you do it voluntarily or just because your parents want it?" Svenja asked.

Charlotte was a bit overwhelmed by the many things Svenja listed and didn't know where to start.

"Uhhhhh, well then, on long car journeys I have always liked to paint. I don't know what you have against it and what else should I do!". Then Charlotte took a little break to think.

"and ... the security my parents have been doing with me for a long time. Are you allowed to go out alone on the street?" Charlotte asked naive but insecure.

"Yes so far, of course! I am not six anymore. You mean to tell me that your parents only let you go out the front door with your hands tied and on a leash? Even on holiday?" asked Svenja in horror.

Charlotte became insecure, she knew of course that not all children and teenagers were treated by their parents the way they were. But she had not assumed that her parents would take in such a girl.

Because so far her parents tried to shield her from it as much as possible. She was also not told anything about Svenja and the background why Svenja should go on holiday with them.

"Well, here at the rest area my parents are already extremely careful, in a park in the city or in the nature it is not so strict. But in public the leash is unfortunately obligatory" said Charlotte and looked down. Then there was a little break again.

"But I have to use the diaper very rarely, usually on such long trips. But it's still better than having to go to a public toilet with mummy. It's usually much too tight or totally embarrassing," Charlotte said.

Svenja had also become thoughtful, where had her parents sent her along. And above all, were her parents going to treat her the same way after the summer holidays?

"CHARLOTTE SVENJA WE WANT TO FURTHER, YOU PLEASE COME!" cried suddenly

the loud voice of Mrs. Schäfer. Thereupon Charlotte immediately stood up and looked over the railing of the viewing platform. She saw her mother standing in the airlock with the door open, looking out for the two of them.

"Yes mama we are coming!" Charlotte called back and waved down.

"OK we have to go. Can you do me a favour?" Charlotte then said, clinging to Svenja. "I don't know. What is it about?" asked Svenja.

"I understand that we both tick differently and that we can't be best friends right away, even if I would have wished for it. But believe me, you shouldn't mess with my parents. You won't have a chance, they are very strict yes, but if you follow their rules and instructions, they are really nice. Actually, I could care less what they do to you, but there is one rule that most likely will affect me. When I have visitors at home, mum always says that all children are the same. Which means everything she says applies to both of us. So I don't feel like taking your crap. You know what I mean?"

"Well, I can guess. Always common punishments!" said Svenja.

Charlotte went to the slide and said, "With my parents there are no punishments, only consequences! We have to leave now, because of the consequences" she grinned at Svenja and then jumped into the slide and slid down.

Svenja also slowly got up and walked towards the slide, thinking how naive Charlotte was on one side and on the other side but knowing exactly what kind of game her parents were playing with her. Just because they didn't call a punishment that way, it was a punishment and Charlotte obviously knew that.

Then also Svenja, on her diaper-padded backside, slid down the slide. Which was surprisingly fun. When both of them had arrived at the door again, Svenja was supposed to wait on the playground. Only

Charlotte was taken out. Svenja found this very funny and so she went for a walk around the climbing frame and thought about the conversation with Charlotte. During this she felt that she had to pee again. Which caused her to examine her overalls more closely at first. Now she had the first undisturbed opportunity to do so. But the buckles and fasteners could not be adjusted or opened. But her problem became more urgent, should she really wet her diaper again? This also when many other children and people from outside could watch through the fence. So she decided to go into one of the openings of the climbing equipment on the lowest level. There she squatted down and wet her diaper again. It felt even weirder than in the car seat but it seemed that everything was absorbed and the overalls didn't get wet.

When she got up to go outside again, she noticed that the absorber was even more noticeable. After she had taken a few broad-legged steps she was called to the door by Mrs. Schäfer. In the airlock she had to put her hands behind her back again and Mrs. Schäfer put the nooses around her wrists again. Afterwards Mrs. Schäfer had scanned her diaper area and noticed that a change was necessary. Svenja became red in the face and wondered how and where this should take place. On the other hand she was very happy to get rid of the full diaper.

In front of the fence there was nothing to see of Charlotte or her father and Mrs. Schäfer steered along Svenja towards the toilet facilities. When both of them had arrived in front of the diaper-changing room, Svenja looked at the sign on the door in horror. "What here? In the public baby toilet!" said Svenja shocked without knowing what to expect or where else to change her diaper.

"Sure, in the diaper changing room Svenja, we can't do that out here on the meadow.

Because you are not a baby anymore" said Mrs. Schäfer and smiled while she knocked on the door. Shortly afterwards the door opened and Svenja could see Charlotte standing in the room with the straps hanging down and the bib of her overalls. Mr. Schäfer had then, after opening the door, put the straps back over Charlotte's shoulders and pulled the bib up.

"We are finished, you can manage alone or should I help?" Mr. Schäfer asked his wife when he had closed the straps at Charlotte's again.

"Sure, we'll do it," said Mrs. Schäfer and stroked Svenja over the head. Then Charlotte got the loops around her wrists again and was led outside by her father. Mrs. Schäfer then closed the door and locked it too. There were two tables in the room, one was quite small and the surface was slightly curved. It was recognizable that this was a changing table for small children. Opposite stood a table over two meters long which was smooth and straight.

"Svenja, since we both are not yet used to changing diapers, I will explain it to you right away. - Did you make big or do you have to make big right now?"

"No, and I also hope that it doesn't happen or you make me. That's disgusting! With all the time we are stopping here now, we could have stopped three times and gone to the toilet," said Svenja and pulled a face.

"Svenja, I am not discussing this with you now. Sure!" said Mrs. Schäfer then quite sharply.

"Alright, then I'll take off your pants. Then you'll lie down on the big table with your head against the wall. OK!"

Svenja did not answer and Mrs. Schäfer started to open the overalls and pull them down. The hands were still held on Svenja's back. When the trousers were taken off, Svenja had the loops removed from her wrists and she could sit down on the table and should then lie back and stretch her arms to the end of the table. There her wrists were then secured with short leather straps that were attached to the table. Afterwards Mrs. Schäfer's diaper was changed. For Svenja the situation was extremely embarrassing and unpleasant, although Mrs. Schäfer was very tender and also careful. She had explained each of her steps and tried to involve Svenja. But Svenja had turned her head to the side and hoped for a quick end of the procedure. Putting on her mother's diaper in the morning had already been bad for Svenja. But the fact that she was now totally defenceless here, with her hands tied up, at the mercy of this strange woman, who was also cleaning her body in the most intimate parts with wet and cold cloths, was so bad for Svenja that a few tears quietly ran down her cheeks.

After Svenja was provided with a new diaper, her hands were loosened again and she was allowed to stand up. When Svenja had straightened up her upper body again, Mrs. Schäfer looked into her face. "Darling, what is it? Was it so bad?" asked Mrs. Schäfer very gently and took a wet wipe and wiped the tears from Svenja's face.

Svenja turned her head to the side and said "You really don't get it, do you?"

Svenja was no longer able to argue or describe her feelings. She was the at the mercy of Schäfer. It wasn't that Mrs. Schäfer was rude or that helplessness of Svenja in a different way, on the contrary, she tried hard to make the diaper change as fast and pleasant as possible. Nevertheless the whole diaper thing was unnecessary for Svenja and the tying up on the table was humiliating and mean. "OK Svenja, I can understand that you still have your problems with this situation.

It will come to an end. Please stand up now so I can dress you again. OK!" said

Mrs. Schäfer and stroked Svenja on the shoulder. She slowly stood up and without resistance and without a word she let the overalls put on and closed, but avoided eye contact with Mrs. Schäfer. Before the door was opened again Svenja had to have her hands bandaged on her back again. Mrs. Schäfer then took the diaper bag over her shoulder and went back to the car with Svenja, where Charlotte was already strapped back into her seat. After Svenja was also safely fastened in her seat again like in the morning, the journey continued.

When the car rolled back on the highway, Svenja still looked thoughtfully out of the window. After the conversation with Charlotte on the playground scaffolding she did not like her holiday sister yet and still looked at her as naive and childish. Nevertheless she had also realized that Charlotte was not stupid and Charlotte obviously tried to make the best out of her situation. Svenja of course could not

imagine at that time under these circumstances how she and Charlotte were treated, to be satisfied or even to become happy. After a few kilometers Charlotte asked her mother if she could continue painting, which was allowed. So she had started to continue painting in her book as if nothing had happened.

Svenja had then struggled with herself if she should not ask Charlotte some questions. She had a lot of questions about how Charlotte lived and what she would have to face in the future. Because she slowly realized that it would be better to accept the situation and not to look for conflict with the Schäfers. But Svenja decided not to ask, she wanted to wait for a better opportunity when she was alone with Charlotte again. But she also couldn't jump over her shadow and ask if she could paint again, so after a while it was very boring in her seat.

13.3 In the beginning is bureaucracy

Svenja was very bored in her seat. There was still no radio playing and she had forgotten to ask for her backpack during the rest. But she could well imagine that she wouldn't have got the CD player anyway, even if she had asked for it. So she alternately looked out the window or at Charlotte, which was both boring.

Until now Svenja had not been interested at all in where the journey would lead her. Her mother had always talked about a border and so it would probably go abroad. Which under other circumstances would certainly have been exciting and thrilling for Svenja, but here her enthusiasm was limited. Since Svenja had no occupation, she tried to find out in which direction they were going by means of the motorway signs and her limited knowledge of geography. Then she suddenly read a sign saying "last gas station before the border". But Mr. Schäfer did not stop at this one. A few kilometres later Svenja could read a sign with a list of places and a kilometre number behind it. On top it said "Flensburg 49km" and below it said "Grenze Übergang 52km". Svenja thought that it was probably further to the border than she thought at the gas station.

Her mother had pointed out several times that she had to be at the border on time. But why? Surely the crossing would be open around the clock? Svenja had learned at school that there were normally no controls within Europe. Did they have to register anything there? Svenja could not find a plausible reason.

After Svenja had thought about it a bit more, Mr. Schäfer suddenly steered the car from Motorway down an exit. Charlotte then stopped painting and put the pens and the book in a tray. "Mom, aren't we crossing the freeway?" Charlotte then asked her mother.

"No, not this time my darling, we want to fill up in Flensburg and then we have to pick up the new ID cards for both of you at the authorities," replied Mrs. Schäfer. Svenja had listened with interest but kept looking out of the window. They had just passed the town sign of Flensburg. Why did you have to pick up passports for Charlotte and Svenja at the border, were they for abroad? And why couldn't they do it at home in their home town? Svenja had a thousand questions but still did not want to talk to the Schäfers.

Charlotte seemed to accept this and Mr. Schäfer steered the car in front of a gas pump of a gas station. Then he got out and refuelled the car. Charlotte and Svenja looked at the surroundings, there was definitely more to see than on the highway. Since Mrs. Schäfer had also stayed in the car, Svenja had also not tried to get answers from Charlotte.

Then it went on quickly and Mr. Schäfer steered the car over some big roads and crossings. Then suddenly they stood in a small traffic jam.

"Daddy why doesn't it go on?" Charlotte asked her father.

"This is the border crossing Charlotte, and since the politicians have all gone crazy, there are passport controls again. It takes a while," explained Mr. Schäfer.

"And how long does something like this take?" Charlotte then asked.

"Please stop whining, child. The checkpoint is already visible," said Mr. Schäfer. Svenja had to grin a little bit during the conversation, because she found Charlotte's behavior a little childish and thought it would bother Charlotte to be addressed by her father. But her father had seen Svenja's grin in the extra rear view mirror.

"Svenja, I am very happy that your mood is improving. Don't you want to share the joke with us?" asked Mr. Schäfer and smiled at Svenja through the mirror.

Charlotte did not understand which joke her father was talking about and so she looked at her father and Svenja alternately. But Svenja had made her grin disappear in a flash.

"No Mr. Schäfer, I study the customs a little bit more in the hope to be able to adapt myself a little bit", Svenja said very pompously.

She assumed that Mr. Schäfer knew exactly why she had grinned and wanted to stand out from Charlotte and show that she was more mature.

Charlotte, on the other hand, had not understood what the conversation was about and was even more confused. "OK that's very interesting Svenja, then I wish you continued success in your studies and above all good luck with the implementation. But if it doesn't work out so well, we will be at your side with help and advice" said Mr. Schäfer and drove the car a little bit further. Svenja had understood the hint and she knew that she had to get involved. Mr. Schäfer was not impressed by Svenja's clever talk, because he knew that Svenja was not much more mature than Charlotte, only she didn't want to show it or was. But the Schäfers would take care of that and show Svenja where she stood.

Charlotte didn't care about the conversation any more and tried to get a view of the checkpoint in front of them, which wasn't so easy with the headframe in the back seat. But in the meantime the car had made good progress and there were only a few cars in front of them.

When it was their turn, Mr. Schäfer let down the window and the border guard looked inside the car. "Passports please!" came a short instruction in German but with a strong accent.

He then handed the soldier two identity cards and a piece of paper.

First he looked at the identity cards and examined Mr. and Mrs. Schäfer, then he read the paper and called something to a colleague standing at the side, which Svenja could not understand because it was obviously not in German. Then he turned to Mr. Schäfer again and gave everything back to him.

"Please drive right out of the row to the colleague" was the next instruction.

Mr. Schäfer steered the car as ordered to the right where a man in police uniform was standing. "You can follow the road there and then park on the left in the parking lot in front of the customs building, then follow the signs to the immigration office, there you will get everything else" said the man again with a strong accent.

Mr. Schäfer thanked him and drove to the indicated place.

"Mama, what kind of IDs are these? We didn't need anything like that last year, did we?" Charlotte asked her mother curiously.

"That's right Charlotte, but for one thing, you are both over 16 years old now and your child ID has basically expired. And because both of you are also registered for an extended minority, you will not get an ID card. Your new identity card could unfortunately not be provided in Germany before the end of the summer holidays. But that's the nice thing about Europe, here in Denmark the authorities have moved on and you will get the new ID card that is necessary for you," explained Mrs. Schäfer as her husband parked the car in the parking lot.

"Mom, are we Danish with the new ID cards?" Charlotte asked.

"No of course not my darling, this new type of ID card is European and can be issued by any member country. Your citizenship will of course remain German. We have all the necessary papers from Germany with us," said Mrs. Schäfer and got out of the car together with her husband.

Then Mr. Schäfer went to the trunk and took out a small carrier bag. Mrs. Schäfer had opened Charlotte's door and started to free her from the seat. While Charlotte was still sitting in her seat, her

mother put leather cuffs on her wrists attached that her father had taken out of her bag. Afterwards Charlotte was allowed to get up from the seat and was held by her father by the arm in front of the car. Thereby Mrs. Schäfer had pulled two lines through the D-rings at the waist at Charlotte's overalls. The front end of each line was then connected to Charlotte's wrists via the cuff. Then the two lines were pulled so that Charlotte's hands were pulled against her body. Then the two lines were connected in the back with a buckle so that Charlotte could not pull the lines forward again with her hands. The ends of the two lines each had a hand loop, these were then tied by Mr. Schäfer first to the roof railing of the carriages with a simple knot. So Charlotte could not release her hands from her body and had to stop at a distance of 1.5m from the car. But this did not seem to bother Charlotte any more, she was probably used to it.

Svenja had observed the whole thing from her seat as far as she could and thought that these restraints were not very bad. She had got to know much more restrictive possibilities in the clothing shop a few days ago. So she would also accept to go to the authorities or to be brought to them. However, when a short time later Mrs. Schäfer freed her from the seat, she had not given her Cuffs applied to the wrists. When she got up from her seat, Mr. Schäfer did not have the same two lines in her hand as he had had with his daughter before. Svenja could see that it was a more complex structure of some leather straps.

"Hey, why do I get such a thing and Charlotte much lighter shackles?" Svenja complained so immediately.

"Svenja, for one thing they are not shackles and I would like you not to call it that in the future. On the other hand, we don't discuss such decisions with you, you have to accept it at the moment we think it is necessary. Later you can ask us for an explanation in a quiet minute. Will you now cooperate in putting on the disciplinary harness or does my husband have to secure you additionally before?" asked Mrs. Schäfer with a serious expression and held Svenja by her arm.

"Honey, I already have it in my hand, it's easier," said Mr. Schäfer, who had meanwhile taken something out of his pocket and put it together to form a rod about 50 cm long. There was a loop at each end which Svenja had to kick with her feet. After this was done on both sides the loops were tightened by Mr. Schäfer and Svenja had to stand slightly with her legs apart and could not take normal steps anymore.

"Ok then just like that" said Mrs. Schäfer and let go of Svenja's arm, because that way she would not have got far. Besides, Svenja had to concentrate a little bit on her balance now. So she was ordered to stretch out her arms to the front to have the harness put on. It was exactly the same model that Svenja had to put on in the shop while she was guided through the layer by Mrs. Schäfer. After a few moments the crotch belt was tightened and ready for the Initial position attached to the back of the lap belt. Then Svenja's wrists were secured to the back of the lap belt in the cuffs located there.

Svenja had given up any resistance or had not even tried to soften the resistance. She knew the function of the leash: if it was pulled, the crotch strap would become tighter, which could be very uncomfortable.

When everything was tightened and secured to the satisfaction of Mrs. Schäfer, Svenja was allowed to step out of the loops again and Mr. Schäfer brought the part back into the bag. This time Mr. Schäfer took over Svenja's leash and Mrs. Schäfer released her daughter's leash from the car and locked it.

Then the group had set off for the entrance which the policeman had described to them before.

On the half way another family came towards them. The two children of this family also wore overalls and their arms were not visible from the front. When they passed them, Svenja looked around.

Because it looked as if the arms of the boy and the girl were secured much further back than hers.

From behind Svenja could see for a short time that the wrists of the two were almost directly joined together, like handcuffs without chain. It looked incredibly uncomfortable and Svenja was glad that it

was not so bad for her. The distance between her hands was certainly still more than 20cm, which made it much more comfortable.

When the group had entered the inside of the building, a somewhat larger hall appeared where there was an information desk in the middle with a drum from which you could pull a piece of paper with a number. This was done by both Mr. and Mrs. Schäfer. Then there were three stations on the sides of the hall, each with three separate switches. Above each of the 9 switches, a large three-digit LED number display was lit up. In front of all counters there were small groups of people who were separated by a partition, like a big bank, to give the groups some discretion. In the hall itself a good 50 to 60 people thwarted themselves. Many of them were families with children who also wore almost all overalls and harnesses. Svenja was astonished with some of the older teenagers, because especially with the girls some of them looked much older than she did. Not with all of them the hands were secured, but with a very large part. There was a certain noise level, due to the large number of people speaking. It was amplified by the construction of the open hall and the stone floor. But it was not particularly loud, there were no children playing to see or hear. Everyone moved slowly and quietly. Svenja looked around and looked at the people. Some of the children were kept very short on the lines, others were given more space by their parents. They usually took a few steps back and forth. After the numbers had been drawn, the Schäfers had moved a little closer to the entrance to have a better view of the displays with the numbers. Mr. Schäfer also had to pull the leash gently, because Svenja was busy looking at the people and did not pay attention to where the Schäfers were going. When after some time Svenja started to think more about why there were so many children here who had to wear locked clothes like her and were led by their parents on leashes, she just looked inattentively through the crowd. But suddenly she saw a boy who looked exactly like her brother. He was held on a leash by a woman who could only see Svenja from behind. In the moment when Svenja wanted to wave to him to see if it was really her brother, the boy was pulled on the leash by the woman and turned his back to Svenja. The woman pointed with her finger at one of the displays and spoke to the boy. But the whole thing was so far away from Svenja that nothing more precise could be seen. But Svenja's curiosity was aroused, could it be a coincidence that her Brother was here too? Was it even her brother? He was with the Sölling family, who also wanted to go on holiday. But where was Philipp, she couldn't see him. But he could be with his father. Svenja had to get to the bottom of it, and wanted to go to the boy and make sure. After two steps she felt the limitation of the leash which Mr. Schäfer was still holding in his hand. Since he had not paid attention to Svenja at that moment, but had been talking to his wife, he had also been surprised by the sudden pull of the leash. Nevertheless, he had the loop firmly in his grip and pulled, even through the Moment of surprise, very strong on the line. Thereby Svenja was almost out of balance and stumbled a little bit backwards. But Mr. Schäfer reacted quickly and fastened on the line and kept Svenja on her feet. But the crotch straps were pulled very tight by her discipline harness. Fortunately, this was padded a little by the diaper, otherwise it might have hurt.

"Hey, not so dolle, let go again!" Svenja almost yelled at Mr. Schäfer.

"Hold your tongue Svenja, otherwise we have to do it again", Mr. Schäfer returned sharply.

"Girl, you can't just run off like that, how dare you? You could have fallen!" said Mr. Schäfer then again with a normal tone of voice, but still kept the line tight to keep Svenja close to him.

"Please let go again, it's uncomfortable with the ligaments between your legs." Svenja then whined.

"Where were you going?" Mr. Schäfer asked first.

"Ahh please ..., I thought I had seen my brother" Svenja replied moaning further. "Yes, but that's why you can't just run away, you have to ask first. ... You still have to learn a lot, Svenja," said Mr. Schäfer.

"Ahh, yes I have learned it. Please let go again."

"Can I believe this? ... Well, I don't want to be like that" said Mr. Schäfer and loosened his grip on the leash a little bit but without giving Svenja much room.

"Don't you realize that it is dangerous? You can't balance out your equilibrium like that." Mr. Schäfer tried to explain.

"Yes, then take off the stupid handcuffs. Then I can do it much better," said Svenja with a certain indignation.

"Svenja, don't push it too far. You know the rules. No discussion about your discipline and it's not a restraint. My husband has just explained it to you properly." Mrs. Schäfer entered the conversation with a sharp tone.

"Do you hear Charlotte grumbling or do you see her stepping out of line? No, take an example. We are willing to acknowledge that you are still at the beginning of your education, but in the last few hours you seem to have learned nothing" Mrs. Schäfer now scolded Svenja at a volume appropriate to the noise level in the hall.

"Yes, all right, I'll try to improve," said Svenja softly and sulked. It was obviously not easy to please the Schäfers, thought Svenja. Furthermore she felt the comparison to Charlotte was unfair, she had no discipline harness on and her lines were loosened again so that she could take her hands off her body again. Only with one pull on the lines her hands were pulled back to her body.

Svenja found this not only unfair but also strange. Because Charlotte had said that her mother would attach great importance to equal treatment.

* * * * *

As Senja had suspected, the Söllings were also in the hall and the number that Mrs. Sölling had drawn for Jens was shown for the second time on one of the large displays and flashed for a moment. Mrs. Sölling pulled Jens on his leash to her and then pointed to the display.

"Come Jens, we are back on, the next station lights up. Here you get the rings now. Look Philipp is already next door" said Mrs. Sölling and went with Jens to the free place next to where Philipp was already with his father.

This switch was completely different from the first one, Jens was supposed to sit on a stool with walls of sturdy wood on the right and left. In the wood there was a hole on each side in which Jens should put his arms when sitting down. In front of him was a table behind which an official sat, but in this case he could not speak German. But he was still very nice and tried to explain to Jens with signs what he expected from him. When Jens was sitting on the stool, the official had pushed the two walls so close to Jens' body that he couldn't get up because he couldn't pull his arms out of the holes anymore. The stool could be adjusted in height by the officer and so the position was not uncomfortable for Jens, but the two walls were so big that Jens couldn't see his arms no matter where he moved them.

After everything was adjusted, the officer looked again at the documents on the table in front of him, among other things Jens had his children's identity card there. The officer compared the picture very conscientiously with Jens' face and smiled at him. Then he put the documents down again and reached past the wall for Jens' right hand and held it for a short moment to build up trust, then he nodded and pushed himself out of Jens' field of vision without letting go of his hand.

Now Jens felt his wrist being wiped with a damp cloth. Then the officer guided Jens's hand so that his wrist lay in a hollow or half shell. A short time later Jens felt another half shell being placed on top.

Then Jens felt some vibrations in the ring that was now around his wrist. Shortly afterwards the officer let go of Jens' hand and Jens could not move his arm anymore because the ring held his arm. The ring seemed to fit perfectly, he had no play at all around his wrist and held his arm bombproof. Now it took a moment and Jens couldn't feel what was done or if anything else was done.

Suddenly his hand was touched again by the officer, and the head of the officer appeared again briefly in Jens' field of vision. He probably just wanted to make sure that Jens was all right and that he wasn't frightened. Then Jens felt a slight click and the ring released from its fixed position and the officer led Jens' hand around a bit and turned it as if he had looked at the ring around Jens' wrist. Next, Jens felt the officer grab the ring with his other hand and tried to move it. Turning was not possible because the

wrist and the ring were not round. When trying to move the ring up or down on the arm, only Jens was moved his skin underneath. Strangely enough the ring did not press very hard and was not uncomfortable.

Last but not least, the officer led Jens his hand back to the place where the ring had been put on and Jens felt the click again. At the same moment he could not move his arm and the officer let go of his hand.

"See Jens, we made one side, is it too tight?" asked Mrs. Sölling who had stopped behind Jens and could observe everything.

"No it's OK, it's not that bad," Jens then said to Mrs. Sölling.

The officer slipped to the other side and grabbed Jens with his left and to do exactly the same procedure here.

* * * * *

After the short discussion with the Schäfers Svenja had tried to find the boy who looked so similar to her brother in the crowd, but it was in vain. The youths and children almost all looked similar, because the clothes did not differ that much. In addition, the number and the people in front of the counters and counters changed constantly.

"Come Svenja, it's our turn," said Mr. Schäfer and pulled the leash of Svenja again to direct her skilfully to one of the counters. It was a counter to stand behind which an official stood. In front of the counter there was a bar which was about 2 meters above the heads of Svenja and Mr. Schäfer. Mr. Schäfer attached Svenja's line to the bar and pulled it tight, so that Svenja had to stand a little bit tensed. On the counter there was a sign with the name of the official and three flags behind it, which indicated that the man could speak Danish, German and English.

"Good afternoon, we are here today to have Svenja's identity tapes distributed," said Mr. Schäfer and handed over a whole folder of documents to the officers.

"Yes OK, let's see if everything is there." said the officer in very good German. Then he opened the folder and Svenja could see her old child ID. The picture in it was now over 4 years old and she thought that she would look completely different by now. But the official was obviously satisfied with the comparison. Then he read a letter in which Svenja could only recognize the sign of her youth welfare office. After the official

he asked Mr. Schäfer, "You are not the biological father?" "No, I'm not, but the corresponding power of attorney is enclosed," explained Mr. Schäfer.

The man looked through the other documents.

"Okay then I need your ID card," said the officer without looking at Mr. Schäfer.

Mr. Schäfer put his identity card on the counter.

"Well, the data has also been transmitted and I see in the computer that the tapes have already been made. Then we have everything," said the officer and looked at Mr. Schäfer's ID card superficially.

"You can wait a moment, you will be called again when everything is ready for the tapes to be put on, Mr. Schäfer. The documents will be returned to you at the last station," said the officer without even looking at Svenja.

Mr. Schäfer was just busy releasing Svenja's leash from the bar, when his wife came towards him from the neighboring counter. "Honey, I need your ID because we are both registered as custodians," Mrs. Schäfer said to her husband.

"Yes, I'm coming over to you, I've just handed this in," said Mr. Schäfer and released the rope further. Afterwards he went together with Svenja to the neighboring counter where Charlotte was also tied to the pole. Mr. Schäfer explained to the officer that his identity card was just in circulation for the procedure with Svenja. The official there said that this was no problem, he would make a note of Svenja's transaction number, then the two transactions would be carried out together.

A short time later Charlotte and Mrs. Schäfer were also finished at the first station and all four of them went back together to the place where they had been waiting before.

Svenja had more and more questions about everything that happened and was said here, and she now decided to apply what she had "learned". She wanted to know what this was all about.

"May I now ask something, Mrs. Schäfer. Please!" Svenja asked almost politely. Of which Mrs. Schäfer was visibly impressed and happy.

"Yes, of course Svenja, we now have time until the next call. What do you want to know?"

"What is it with these IDs and why did the officer talk about a tape? "Isn't an ID card made of paper or plastic?" Svenja said.

"Oh Svenja, this is a complex subject, I will try to summarize the most important things for you. ... We've already mentioned to him in the car that the ID cards are only available in Germany at the end of the holidays. But here they have been available for several months. This card is specially designed for children who will be minors beyond the age of 18, together with the corresponding EU law. Can you follow Svenja?" Mrs. Schäfer asked in between to make sure that Svenja understood everything. Svenja nodded in agreement.

"OK, the special feature of this identity card is that the special care and needs of you have been taken into account. So the card has some electronic systems, like a data transfer function for contactless control. And also a tracking system, to name but two. But for all this to make sense, the ID card must be worn permanently on the body," explained Mrs. Schäfer.

"That means that when I leave the house I have to wear the ID card on my body so that she or whoever knows exactly where I am?" Svenja asked, horrified by the idea of never playing hooky again.

"Svenja, you have already listened quite well, but not well enough. I said permanently, not only when you leave the house," said Mrs. Schäfer.

"Are you saying that I can't take this thing off? Where and how do you want it fastened?"

"Svenja you're already a smart lady and you can ask the right questions," said Mrs. Schäfer.

"Yes, not only can't you remove it, we or your parents can't remove it either, it can only be removed and renewed by an official body. The identity card consists of two parts, one ring each around the wrists. For this purpose, your wrists have been measured ultra-precisely and the two rings have now been made here, exclusively for you and of course also for Charlotte.

Svenja was shocked and could not believe it: she should get bracelets that she could not loosen herself. She had no problem with jewellery bracelets, which she liked to wear. But these would probably be much tighter and certainly not look fashionable. Or even worse, they would be clumsy and heavy.

"How heavy are the pieces and what material are they made of?" Svenja asked.

"Yes, but you want to know exactly, but it won't be long before you can form your own opinion. You'll get yours right away. Well, I don't know the exact material either, but there will probably be metal and plastic. The tapes are not only to serve as carriers for the electronics, they are also very stable fixation points," said Mrs. Schäfer.

Svenja couldn't close her mouth anymore, in her opinion the term ID card was completely wrong here, it had to be more an instrument for control. With this thought she had also run out of questions.

"It's our turn again, look: your numbers have been called at the same time", said Mr. Schäfer suddenly and pointed to the displays with the corresponding numbers. So Svenja and Charlotte were led together to the places with the stools. In front of the stool, Mr. Schäfer then released Svenja's arms from the cuffs at the back of her discipline harness. The official sitting behind the table fortunately spoke German, although with a strong accent. He instructed Svenja to put her arms through the holes in the side walls and to sit down on the stool.

Svenja had a funny feeling about this. Probably everything should be done to make sure that she would not have a chance to resist the application of the bands. She looked around again briefly and checked her situation, but close behind her stood Mr. Schäfer with the line of her discipline harness in his hand.

On the right and left were the sturdy wooden walls and in front of her stand the stool and table. So she had to realize that resistance was useless. She would get these things in any case.

So she made another deep sigh and put her arms in the holes and the officer regulated the height of the stool and pushed the walls very close to Svenja's body.

"Don't be afraid my child, it doesn't hurt and is not bad. But this way it is easier for both of us, and you are not allowed to see how the system is locked," said the officer and began to study the documents. Svenja waved her arms wildly and tried to feel something behind the walls. But she could not reach anything, obviously everything behind was out of her reach. But she enjoyed to move her arms freely again after the long time. The officer also looked behind one of the walls, just beside Svenja, but did not comment on Svenja's movements.

After checking the documents, the official announced Svenja that he would now start the installation and disappeared from her field of vision to gently grab her hand and lead her to the procedure.

After the official had finished on both sides, Svenja's wrists were firmly fixed and she was amazed how little pressure the rings exerted and how tightly her arms were held. Fortunately the rings were much less uncomfortable than Svenja had imagined after Mrs. Schäfer's explanations. Svenja had to sit like this for a few more minutes until the officer had stamped everything and put the documents back together in the file. Then he briefly made eye contact with Mr. Schäfer and then pushed the walls apart. So Svenja could get up again and pull her arms out of the holes. Of course she wanted to look at the parts on her arms immediately, but Mr. Schäfer grabbed both arms from behind as soon as they were out of the hole and pulled them behind Svenja's back without her being able to see anything of the rings.

"Oh please just a quick look, Mr. Schäfer." begged Svenja.

"No Svenja, that's not possible now. We can't stop the operation, you can look in the car right now" said Mr. Schäfer and led Svenja's hands behind her back so far that the two rings touched each other. Whereupon Svenja felt a similar vibration in the rings, as when fastening them behind the walls. Thereupon Mr. Schäfer let go of the arms and took the line in his hand. Svenja felt how the rings held her arms together on her back, which was much more unpleasant and tighter than the fixation on the discipline harness.

"Oh no, does it really have to be Mr. Schäfer? It's uncomfortable." Svenja started to whine again immediately.

"Svenja, you are really very sensitive. We should call you sensitive" said Mr. Schäfer and grinned happily at Svenja while they went back to their waiting point together.

Svenja sulked again.

"Now don't make such a fuss, it's only until we are back in the car. Then we have to change the cuffs on your discipline harness against the new holders for the ID rings, then we can secure you differently again. Until then you have to bear it now," explained Mr. Schäfer and also Mrs. Schäfer and Charlotte came back the same way. Charlotte's arms were also on her back and the lines were simply tied together at the front.

The waiting time for the third station was not very long and again both numbers were called together. But this time both numbers were flashing alternately at one counter. So then all four went together to this switch. The officer instructed both girls to stand next to each other at the counter, there were two elevations mounted on the counter in front of them, from which a kind of mechanism was visible.

Then the officer had entered something into his computer and as if by magic the two rings of Svenja loosened and she could take her arms forward again. She wanted to look at the rings immediately, but the official immediately grabbed her hands and guided the rings over the elevation at the counter.

There both rings immediately locked in place.

So Svenja could not move away from her place and could not look at the rings from very close, but at least she could see the rings now.

The color was blue, probably painted. Svenja estimated the width to be about 2,5cm, which she found already very wide. The surrounding thickness was probably a little more than 1cm, but since the edges were strongly rounded the whole thing didn't look too clumsy. On the part she could see fixed like this, the edge was not rounded everywhere the same way. All in all it didn't look as bad as Svenja had imagined.

Also Charlotte's hands were now lying nicely evenly side by side on the counter and the officer sat down at his computer again. It was explained to those present that the data had now been transferred from the registration office in Germany to the rings and that the rings could therefore serve as a valid identity card. Afterwards, some additional functions were activated and set up. Mr. and Mrs. Schäfer also had to pick up their mobile phones and confirm a few settings. Finally, the two child ID cards of Svenja and Charlotte were cancelled and the Schäfers got their ID cards back.

Now Mr. Schäfer was able to trigger the fixation of Svenja from the counter with his mobile phone. When Svenja had her hands free again, Mr. Schäfer asked her to take them behind her back immediately.

"Could you please try to put the two rings together yourself," asked Mr. Schäfer and put his phone back in his pockets.

"Excuse me, you want me to tie myself up. That's really weird." said Svenja and held her hands further back.

"Svenja, fix or secure!" said Mrs. Schäfer and looked at her angrily.

"You'll learn that in the next few days, don't worry. But please try it." said Mr. Schäfer then.

"Oh man, this could be interesting." said Svenja and tried to bring her hands together behind her back, which she succeeded. But to get the rings in the right position, which she didn't even know, was too difficult. So she contorted for a moment until she started to puff with effort, because it was not easy to press her arms on her back by herself. Mr. Schäfer then had an insight and brought the rings into the right position.

"Now you just have to press your joints together" said Mr. Schäfer and shortly after that the rings clicked and Svenja was "safe" again for the way back to the car.

Charlotte should have tried it herself and it took a little longer, but then she did it on her own. By which she radiated a certain triumph towards Svenja. "I am proud of you, nerd! You have successfully fixed yourself. Congratulations!" Svenja said to Charlotte with such a sarcastic undertone that even Charlotte understood how Svenja meant it.

Mrs. Schäfer looked admonishingly at Svenja who almost said "tied up" again, but since Svenja had turned the corner in time, she left it with an admonishing look. When they arrived at the car, the documents and two boxes, which had been handed over to them, were put into the trunk and Svenja and Charlotte were taken off the harness or the leash. Only shortly before getting into the seat, the rings were released from Mr. Schäfer's smartphone with a command.

When at the seat at Svenja's all belts were tightened according to Mrs. Schäfer's wishes, the display of the seat showed again that Svenja was secured for the further journey. Now she could finally look at the two foreign bodies on her arms and also touch them. The material did not feel cold, but it did not seem to be plastic either. It felt high-quality. The almost warmth of the surface could of course also come from Svenja's own body heat, then the material had to be some kind of metal. There were no recognizable separation points or openings. Altogether almost all surfaces were round, with four exceptions. There was a flat surface of about one by one centimeter. On these there were also small areas where very fine lines could be seen. Otherwise the surface was not interrupted. Svenja also could not see how the rings consisted of two halves, there was no separation to be seen. But after a moment of observation Svenja noticed very fine engravings at a place she could only see if she twisted her arm very far. There she could read her name, her date of birth, a long number and an address in her hometown. The funny thing about the address was that she did not know it. It was not her home or

any other relative. Svenja also thought about school or the youth welfare office, but nothing fit. She also didn't know where it was, she had never seen the street name before.

Then Svenja looked at the rings again with some distance and judged the overall impression.

The colour was ok for Svenja and the form looked somehow modern and artistic. But that she should wear it forever now? Then she looked at Charlotte, she too was busy as Svenja to check out her new "jewellery". From a distance Svenja couldn't tell the difference.

Then she suddenly realized that there was no control element at all and above all: how did these things hold together so tightly? There were no hooks at all or a mechanism that made it possible to put them together. Svenja also thought about and remembered the counter when setting up the badge function. There was an elevation where the official had held her rings on it when they clicked into place. There were some miniature teeth on the top of the elevation which could have been some kind of mechanism.

Svenja looked at one of the flat surfaces again and thought that the fine lines could have concealed openings. Now her childlike spirit of research had been awakened, even if she would not call it that. Nevertheless, one of the planes on the left ring led her over another one on the right ring. In order not to dislocate, the surface of the right ring was on the bottom and the left one on the top. When the two surfaces lay almost congruently on top of each other Svenja felt how the two surfaces suddenly attracted each other. Immediately afterwards Svenja felt the already known shock in the rings and she could not separate them anymore. Svenja was a little bit frightened by it, but on the other side she had expected it. But she did not think about the consequences.

Because of the shock Svenja twitched a little bit and tried to separate her arms again. But this was hopeless. Charlotte became aware of Svenja's violent movements and looked at Svenja with interest. After a few moments she recognized what had happened and got a big grin.

"But now I am proud of you Svenja, you even managed to secure your arms without being asked! You're an overachiever yourself!" Charlotte said to Svenja.

Mr. Schäfer was a bit confused and hadn't quite realized what had happened and looked questioningly into the rear view mirror to Svenja, who made an offended face but still looked at Charlotte. Then Mrs. Schäfer held her smartphone towards her husband to read, and he could see a message that Svenja had triggered her fixation. It even showed in which position her hands or arms were. Then Mr. Schäfer also had to smile. "Svenja I want to congratulate you, you have found the most important function by yourself. You can always use it to make yourself safe or calm yourself, either on instruction or according to imposed rules. Was it easy?" asked Mr. Schäfer who in the meantime had licked the car back up to the motorway.

Svenja sulked a little bit, this was not how she had imagined her experiment. Should she ask if it could be solved again? The position was not very uncomfortable, at least much better than holding the arms parallel on the back. In any case she would have to be more careful with those stupid things, Svenja thought.

"I prefer to keep on painting," said Charlotte mockingly and took the necessary things from the shelf and started to paint.

Svenja pitied herself for a moment and thought about the rings. She should wear them forever now, but what did they always mean and how could they be removed?

She could still grow when she was 16 years old?

"Mrs. Schäfer, how can I free my arms again now? It only happened by accident" Svenja asked when she got bored.

"I don't know, Svenja, it's actually quite appropriate the way you have secured yourself. Then at least Charlotte is protected from attacks by you," said Mrs. Schäfer and smiled to her husband, which Svenja couldn't see because she was sitting behind her.

Svenja felt again how much she had lost control. She was totally dependent on the Schäfers and this became even more obvious through the rings. So she had to work urgently to make a better impression on the Schäfers. This became more and more clear to her on this trip.

"Yeah, but that's over. And we have also reconciled," said Svenja in response to Mrs. Schäfer's comment. She looked at Charlotte and nodded to get her approval.

"What do we have? What makes you think so?" Charlotte asked indignantly.

Svenja thought what a bitch, she couldn't help me. We had the same enemy. At least that's how Svenja saw it. So she had to work on her relationship with Charlotte.

"We talked it over at the break," Svenja said to Charlotte.

"We talked and I answered a few questions. But I see a difference between this and a reconciliation," Charlotte said.

Svenja was in a dilemma: On the one hand she would like to get rid of the predicament of her arms, but on the other hand an apology would feel strange for Svenja and cost too much of her pride.

"But I am ... uh I mean we were punished for the thing with the picture. Please can you solve it again?" Svenja tried it again with Mrs. Schäfer.

"Svenja, I'd like to tell you one thing. Neither you nor Charlotte will be punished. If you behave inappropriately, there will be a consequence. In this case you both tried to solve a conflict with violence. This led to the consequence that we had to stop further violence," said Mrs. Schäfer and took a short break where Svenja could think.

"And there the fixation fits quite well now. Or don't you think so, Svenja?" asked Mrs. Schäfer.

Svenja slowly became desperate, why didn't she get any further here? That was a new experience for her. Up to now she could at least achieve something by talking.

She gave up and surrendered to her fate and looked out of the window again. Until suddenly, after about 30 minutes, the two rings separated again. Surprised by the sudden change, she asked Mrs. Schäfer, "Was it you or did the rings come off again automatically?" "Yes Svenja that was me, I hope you could learn some humility!" replied Mrs. Schäfer. "Thank you Mrs. Schäfer, I think I have learned something" said Svenja and thought the solution was to wait and not to attract attention. That gave her an idea.

"Would there have been a time after which the rings would have been solved automatically? It could be that you don't realize that I accidentally put the bands together." Svenja asked

"Yes, indeed, that time does exist, but it is much longer. So you shouldn't hope for it. Besides, we will always have you in sight and under control, so don't worry about that", replied Mrs. Schäfer.

Svenja was in the mood to talk again and had some more questions about the rings.

"How long will I have to wear the rings and how will they be removed?"

"Well, the passport photo is stored electronically and can be renewed. All other data can also be updated. In this respect, there is nothing to prevent the rings from remaining on your hands," said Mrs. Schäfer.

"But if I am still growing, there must be a possibility. Besides I will get an identity card when I am of age, won't I?" Svenja asked thoughtfully.

"So if and when you come of age, your parents decide. So that can still take some time. Until then, maybe the identity card will be stored on the rings" said Mrs. Schäfer. "Do you mean to tell me that the rings can never be removed again?" Svenja asked shocked. "No, I can calm you down. An official body can remove them and if you still grow, new ones can be made. Even if it should come to an accident, your safety is taken care of, you should worry less about it," explained Mrs. Schäfer.

Svenja had finally started talking to the Schäfers, even though she didn't reveal anything about herself yet, the ice was broken. From the point of view of the Schäfers it was a first success. Svenja herself felt more comfortable when there was a topic she could talk about. Even though the

Rings were one thing that had surprised them and also somewhat worried them. The whole conversation with the wrestlers made the time go by faster and the fact that Svenja was strapped into her child seat faded into the background.

Mr. Schäfer finally steered the car off the highway and the landscape became more interesting. The country was very flat and there were only slight hills in the fields. Now and then they passed through a small village. The houses were old but very well maintained and clean. The front gardens were small and straight.

After about three quarters of an hour they reached a bigger village where there were also several shops. At one of these shops Mr. Schäfer had driven the car to the parking lot. "Are we finally there?" Svenja asked relieved, expecting to finally get out of the seat.

"Svenja, don't be so impatient, it will take a little while." said Mrs. Schäfer and together with her husband got out of the car and shortly after that the central locking of the car was heard.

"How many times have you and your parents been here on holiday?" Svenja then asked Charlotte.

"Hmm, ... I have to think about it. ... Maybe five or six times. Why do you think that?" "Well, you seem to know a lot of things here. How far is it really now?" Svenja asked.

"Well, here my parents get the key to our house and then we drive about half an hour to the beach. Then there are the holiday homes in the dunes," Charlotte said. "Ahha and what is it like there? Can we go to the beach there?" asked Svenja slowly getting curious about her holiday resort.

"Well, that's something like that. Yes, of course we can go to the beach, but not without my parents," Charlotte explained.

"Oh, yes, because of the security, that's clear." said Svenja with ironic undertone.

"Tell me, how long have your parents been doing this with you?" Svenja asked.

"What do you mean by 'this'?" Charlotte replied.

"Well, with the car seat, for example, or with those stupid clothes, or with the leash.

"Oh, that's quite normal for me, I hardly know any other way. It started when I was ten. That's when we drove here for the first time. And with many other kids here, it was common for them to be led on leashes and wear clothes they couldn't take off." Charlotte began to explain.

"At that time I still had a child seat anyway, but after the holiday I got one that I couldn't get out of myself and with more belts. After more holidays my parents made sure that I was treated more and more at home like here on holiday. At the beginning it was really stupid and unpleasant," Charlotte continued.

"Does that mean that it is common here for children and teenagers?" Svenja asked.

"Yes I think so. Since we are on holiday here, I see everyone else here with overalls, harnesses and lines. I guess it is so common here and my parents thought it was so great back then that they introduced it for me generally," Charlotte answered.

Suddenly the central locking could be heard again and Svenja could see that the Schäfers came back to the car.

"Children, you have to come in for a moment, into the office. There is still some data to be transferred to your bracelets," said Mrs. Schäfer after she had opened the door at Svenja's. On the other side Mr. Schäfer had opened the door at Charlotte's. When both were released from their seats they were allowed to get out. In front of the car a short rope was attached to the back of the overalls.

"Svenja, it is only a few meters to the office, I hope I can do without a safety device for your arms and you are well-behaved," Mrs. Schäfer said to Svenja with a serious expression on her face. Svenja only thought, what should she be able to do "naughty" when she was held on the leash.

Then we went to the holiday home rental office. Arriving there, there was a counter with a similar elevation with the contact points as in the immigration office. Charlotte was kindly asked by the staff

member, who spoke good German, to place her identification bracelets on it and let them snap into place. Charlotte complied with the request without hesitation.

Then the employee had started to set and enter something on the computer. Svenja stood in a short distance and looked around. On the counter were catalogues and brochures. After a short time she was bored and wanted to reach for one of the brochures when she suddenly felt a violent jerk on her holding line.

"Svenja, I thought you wanted to be good? Come on, put your hands behind your back right now," said Mrs. Schäfer after she had pulled the leash.

Svenja looked at Mrs. Schäfer frightened and did not know what she had done wrong. The catalogues were there to look at.

Since Svenja did not immediately follow the request, Mrs. Schäfer then grabbed Svenja's hand and led her behind Svenja's back.

"Mrs. Schäfer, you can also secure Svenja over there at one of the waiting positions.

" said then the employee and pointed to a metal frame, which was anchored to the floor and at different places were these already known contact points for the new identity cards.

"Thank you very much, I hadn't even seen that, that is a courteous service" said Mrs. Schäfer and pulled Svenja by her arm in the direction of the rack. There she guided Svenja's left hand directly to one of the contact points and let the bracelet snap in.

"Like this and your other hand next to it but please immediately." said Mrs. Schäfer to Svenja.

Svenja did not know how it happened to her and so she also put her right hand slowly next to her left and let the second ring snap in. Now she stood with slightly stretched out arms at the metal frame and could not move from the spot.

After a few moments of reflection Svenja tried to ask, "But what did I do? I just wanted ...".

"Not Svenja now, we have already explained that to you. Now you wait there until Charlotte is finished and then it's your turn. Until then there is a break and you are safe and sound." Svenja was interrupted by Mrs. Schäfer.

Svenja felt like a little girl who had just done something wrong and was rebuked by the teacher. It felt unfair and mean. But Svenja had learned in the last hours that it would have been useless to continue arguing at this moment. So she surrendered to her fate and waited in that position until it was her turn.

After less than 5 minutes Charlotte was ready and her ID rings were taken off the counter again. She should then step aside to make room for Svenja.

Thereupon the rings of Svenja had come off again and she was removed from the

Employee asked to come to the counter and let her rings snap into place on the counter. Svenja was standing freely in the room at that moment and thought about how strange the feeling was to get stuck at such a fixed point by your own actions without having any influence on how to get away from it. But it seemed as if this was totally usual here and was expected by children and young people.

Svenja looked briefly at Mrs. Schäfer, but she could tell from the posture and the expression on Mrs. Schäfer's face that she would be ready to intervene immediately if Svenja did not comply with the request from the employee. So Svenja uttered a barely audible sigh and went to the counter and put her wrists on the fixed points as ordered.

"Svenja darling, you have not been with us yet. Hmm ..." said the employee in a soft voice.

Svenja was clear that no answer was expected from her and so she nodded in agreement. "But that's no problem, I'm glad that you are here and want to spend your holidays with us," the woman continued.

Svenja had to control herself very well not to explain to the woman how much she didn't want to be here.

"I will explain to you, or rather to you, as there are some innovations, what is important for you. The rest you will learn on your own. Your parents will be able to answer your questions." the woman began her remarks. Svenja had the need to explain to the employee that the Schäfers were not her parents. But she controlled herself again and the woman continued to speak.

"Due to the newly introduced control devices it is no longer mandatory that you have to be kept on a leash by your parents. There is the possibility to set a radius of action or a predefined path, which is then monitored by your bracelets. So I have already uploaded some profiles for your parents to use," she continued.

Svenja couldn't hold on to herself any longer, the so-called ID cards were suddenly control devices and it was simply not her parents who should monitor and restrict her.

"They are not my parents and what is all this good for. This is idiotic," said Svenja full of indignation and anger.

"Svenja, now enough with your stubborn behavior, pull yourself together or you will have to bear the consequences again," said Mrs. Schäfer sharply and chamfered Svenja's shoulder.

"Svenja, it is understandable that all this is still very new and unfamiliar for you. But it does not make it easier if I have to point out in every sentence that the Schäfer family are your foster parents. It is anyway better if you yourself slowly fade out this difference. OK?!" said the employee still in a soft and calming voice. Svenja was not convinced and wanted to reply again that it was a host family and not foster parents. But Mrs. Schäfer still had her hand on Svenja's shoulder and pressed a little harder to call Svenja to order.

"So as already mentioned, this year you have the possibility to explore the area alone, as far as the parents allow it. Basically there are of course other places which are taboo for you, but you will be informed by the bracelets," said the employee and entered something into the computer to adjust Svenja's bracelets accordingly. "After sunset, children and young people are of course still forbidden to stay outside or in public. Whenever an adult asks you to put the rings on contact surfaces, you are obliged to comply. This is a legal provision that was introduced together with the identification rings," the woman continued. Afterwards, the employee spoke to all together, "The house you rented this year is already equipped with all the necessary facilities and also some comfort facilities to satisfy the whole family. Of course, we have paid special attention to the needs of children," said the woman as if she had practised this text.

Afterwards she wished the Schäfer family a pleasant and safe stay and Svenja was freed from the fixed points again, whereupon Mrs. Schäfer immediately took the leash in her hand again and led Svenja to the door.

After Charlotte and Svenja were strapped and secured in the car again, the journey finally continued towards the holiday home.

13.4 Arrival at the holiday home

After another 10 minutes drive the landscape changed and there were only dunes to be seen. Next to the road there was a cycle path and in larger distances there were groups of no houses in the dunes. Then there was a medium-sized village with a small fishing port where the road passed. After the village the road went through the dunes for a few more kilometres until Mr. Schäfer left the road and drove over a gravel road into a group of small houses. There it went around many bends and past some turn-offs until the car finally came to a halt from one of the houses.

The first thing that Svenja noticed was a stainless steel pipe which was next to the entrance door. It protruded from the ground and was then angled 90 degrees to a height of about one meter and led one and a half meters horizontally. Then it made an elegant arc downwards, led another one and a half meters horizontally at a height of about 70 centimeters and then disappeared into the ground again with another 90 degree arc. The path in front and below the pipe was paved with stones. The reason

why Svenja first noticed it was, however, that on the two horizontal pieces there were some of the contact points for the identification bands. This pole was obviously intended as a kind of waiting point or safety point for children and teenagers. The somewhat low area was probably intended for smaller children. Svenja was shocked, was it really usual here that these facilities were used?

"So children, we are here! Of course you both should get some exercise right away, but first we want to unload the car," said Mrs. Schäfer and got out of the car.

Mr. Schäfer also got out and opened all the doors of the car and started to loosen and open the seats for Svenja and Charlotte. But only so far that they could not get out of the car. Mrs. Schäfer had already opened the front door.

"Darling, we can take the children into the changing room, I think that's better" Mrs. Schäfer then shouted to her husband.

Mr. Schäfer then freed his daughter completely from the car seat and took her by the hand to go into the house with her. Then Mrs. Schäfer came back to the car and also freed Svenja. When Svenja was also led into the house, Mrs. Schäfer had grabbed her tightly by the arm. After the front door there was a room on the left side which must have been the mentioned changing room. There was an open shoe rack and a large wardrobe. On the wall opposite 2 washbasins there were again similar stainless steel pipes as outside the house.

One of them was again at a height of one meter, in front of it Charlotte was already standing with locked bracelets, the other one was again a little lower. But here the pipes were fixed to the wall with a sufficient distance and not in the floor.

"Svenja, will you be good and fasten yourself next to Charlotte?" asked Mrs. Schäfer and loosened her grip around Svenja's arm. At first she looked a bit irritated, but then she complied with the request.

"Svenja, you don't have to think about this every time we ask you to do something," said Mrs. Schäfer and stroked Svenja lovingly over her back after the bracelets were locked.

"It is very common and normal here that the children are secured when the parents cannot supervise them at the moment. With the new possibilities it is much easier and certainly more comfortable for you if you do it yourself, but we also have to be able to rely on it without you hesitating or questioning it every time. OK? So please make sure that we can also build up trust in you," said Mrs. Schäfer while she continued stroking Svenja's back.

Then Mrs. Schäfer left the room and together with her husband carried the luggage into the house.

"Say, what do your parents actually think we would do now if we weren't tied up here," Svenja asked Charlotte, who was standing next to her just like herself with her arms stretched out on the bar, facing the wall.

"Well, how should I know what my parents are thinking? But that's just the way it is, that we have to wait until my parents are finished. What were you gonna do now?" was Charlotte's counter question.

"Oh, man, are you serious? Anything's better than being tied to a pole here and doing it on your own. I'd like to get my hands on my...

Viewing rooms or even the whole house. Aren't you interested in how we'll live for the next few weeks? I would even help to clean out the car," Svenja said relatively emotional.

"Well ... well ... you know" Charlotte began hesitantly, knowing that Svenja had been brought up differently than herself.

"It has always been the case that my parents clean out the car and I have to wait until everything is ready for me. As far as I know this is also usual or even mandatory here. Mum and dad have to change us first. Isn't your diaper full too?" Charlotte said.

"Oh, man, seriously? We can't look at the house because we're wearing the wrong clothes? That can't be the reason." said Svenja a bit annoyed.

"Just so you know, it's not usual and not normal for me to stand in front of a wall with my hands tied to a bar and wait for someone to change my diaper. And I hope we get rid of the fucking things." Svenja

got rid of her frustration. "Svenja, thou shalt not lie," said Mrs. Schäfer in a gentle voice, pressing Svenja's shoulder a little bit, who was briefly startled by the presence of Mrs. Schäfer.

"Your parents told me that you already had a safety chair, bedding and resting places at home. I can understand that it is still a bit unusual for you here. But that will subside and you will feel that it is good for you," said Mrs. Schäfer while she continued to gently press Svenja. This calmed Svenja a bit, even if she herself did not understand why this was so. A further discussion with Mrs. Schäfer or Charlotte was averted for the time being.

"OK kids, then I will change your clothes. A comfortable house-suit is certainly the right thing now. You can also move around in it" said Mrs. Schäfer and had started to open Svenja's overalls.

After the sides and the straps were unlocked the trousers were pulled down and Svenja has to lift one foot after the other so that Mrs. Schäfer can remove the trousers Svenja from the I could drag my legs. After Mrs. Schäfer had folded up the overalls and put them on a shelf, she released the rings of Svenja to pull out her hoodie. Svenja was glad to get off the bar again. Standing still free in the room, Mrs. Schäfer took off her diaper body, whereby Svenja had to stretch her arms up and was happy to do so to loosen her arms a little bit. Then Svenja stood only with the safety bra, the diaper and the socks in the room.

Next Mrs. Schäfer pointed with her finger to the bar where Svenja was secured before.

But Svenja did not understand what she meant and looked a bit irritated.

"Svenja please, put your hands back on the bar. I don't want to have to say this every time. You have to think a bit better," said Mrs. Schäfer.

"Yes, what could happen. I didn't recognize what you mean," said Svenja slightly annoyed.

"Young lady, that's what I mean by thinking. You don't think that I'll take off your diaper, if your fingers aren't safe," said Mrs. Schäfer.

Svenja obeyed and put herself out of action again. The more Svenja thought about this procedure, the more strange it seemed to her.

After she could no longer detach her arms from the bar, Mrs. Schäfer opened her diaper and disposed of it. For this purpose Svenja should spread her legs a little bit, which did not make standing at the bar more comfortable. But what worried Svenja more was the fact that her whole genital area was open and she had no possibility to protect herself.

Just when she had finished this thought, Mrs. Schäfer already had wet wipes in her hand. "Svenja I will clean the area where the diaper was sitting. If it should become too unpleasant for you, please let me know and I can take a break" Mrs. Schäfer announced her next action.

Then she bent down and started to clean the pores with the wet wipes at Svenja. To do so she pressed the buttocks a little bit apart with her other hand. Svenja took it relatively calmly, even though she was very embarrassed by the fact that Charlotte could stand next to her and watch. In the front area it was a little bit more uncomfortable for Svenja, there she tried to avoid Mrs. Schäfer with light movements of her hand. But this was hardly possible because she was fixed to the pole. Mrs. Schäfer noticed this of course but did not scold Svenja, instead she was especially tender and careful in the very sensitive areas. It was a completely new experience for Svenja and she had to admit that it was not really bad. The excitement had rather built up a tension that felt interesting.

"So girls, everything is clean again" said Mrs. Schäfer and slapped Svenja gently on her bottom. Svenja twitched briefly, but it did not really hurt. At first she thought it was mean, but soon realized that it was meant lovingly and therefore she did not complain.

Then Mrs. Schäfer came with a firm plastic band, which she put around Svenja's hip, pulled tight just above the hip bone and locked it at the back.

"So Svenja, do you have to pee again before I dress you?" Mrs. Schäfer then asked surprisingly. As it had been a long time since Svenja had put on her diaper, she answered quite spontaneously "Yes, I think so".

Then Mrs. Schäfer reached into the shelf behind the two girls and took a urine bottle. It had a triangular opening at the top and three straps attached to the neck of the bottle. Two of the bands were then hooked into the hip band at the front of Svenja. Then Mrs. Schäfer guided the bottle between Svenja's legs in such a way that the triangular opening was pressed right in front of Svenja's pubic bone. Then the third band was pulled backwards through the porosity and fixed tightly to the hip band. This band then pressed on Svenja's butt hole and did not feel very good. Svenja's hipbone prevented the hip band from slipping down.

"So Svenja, now you can let it run in peace, I'll take care of Charlotte for the time being" said Mrs. Schäfer and started to open the overalls of her daughter.

Svenja first had to try to process what had happened. She stood with her hands tied to a pole almost naked with a bottle strapped on next to Charlotte and should relieve herself. That was a bit much at once what she was expected to do. Up to now a toilet visit had been something very private for Svenja. Even when at home the red and white

When she had to wear overalls, her mother had always left her alone for a short moment.

Besides, Svenja had never peed standing up before in her life, after all she was a girl and not a boy.

Then her eyes got wet again that day, even if tears did not run down her cheeks immediately.

Mrs. Schäfer had just undressed Charlotte and at a hint from her mother she fixed her arms on the bar again when she noticed that Svenja had difficulties. "Honey, it's new for you hmm?" said Mrs. Schäfer and took Svenja in her arms again and pressed her slightly. Then she took her other hand and pressed Svenja gently with her flat hand against her belly just above the bottle. She did not let go of the hug. In Svenja a pressure built up which suddenly discharged and Svenja didn't really know what had happened. But suddenly a very loud splashing could be heard from the bottle, whereupon Svenja got a red face because she was very embarrassed. She also tried to stop it, but she had lost control.

Mrs. Schäfer hugged Svenja for a little moment and then wiped the tears from her eyes. "It's all right Svenja, you have done well," she said before she devoted herself to her daughter again.

Svenja still had to stand with the bottle between her legs until Charlotte was cleaned and got a hip band, too. Then the bottle was taken off Svenja and after a cleaning at the sink Charlotte was strapped on. Afterwards Svenja was cleaned again with wet wipes, which this time was much more pleasant for Svenja.

Next Mrs. Schäfer had a plastic structure in her hand, which was similar in shape to the opening of the urine bottle. The basic shape was triangular and the area in between was curved and had many holes, but which were closed with a fine metal grid. On all three corners there were also belts. Mrs. Schäfer had kneeled down with it next to Svenja and pressed it in front of her pubic area. Svenja noticed how the

Edges of the structure pressed on her pubic bone, but her vagina was not touched. Satisfied with the fit, Mrs. Schäfer began to attach the bands to the hip band and pull it tight. Svenja had the feeling that Mrs. Schäfer had pulled the back band, which led through her bottom, even tighter.

"Mrs. Schäfer, what is that and why do they make it so tight? That's unpleasant like that." Svenja complained politely.

"Girl, this is necessary for your protection. Unfortunately, your parents neglected this for far too long. If they had started earlier, you would have gotten used to it by now. This shield is a genital protector that will prevent you from hurting yourself there", explained Mrs. Schäfer.

"And how long or how often will you put it on me? It's quite uncomfortable, especially the strap at the back of your bottom," answered Svenja objectively, knowing full well that she wouldn't change anything by arguing here.

"Well Svenja, actually whenever you are not sitting in the car with a diaper or lying in bed. But you will get used to it. Charlotte's been wearing it for two years. Maybe your parents will try another model, but we are quite happy with it," said the woman and pressed Svenja again to calm her down a bit.

Then Svenja should lift one foot after the other so that Mrs. Schäfer could pull the house-suit over her legs. It was made of an elastic cotton fabric and had sewn on feet which were tightly wrapped around Svenja's feet. When pulling up the fabric stretched over her legs. When the suit was pulled up to the height of the hips, Mrs. Schäfer loosened the identification bands so that Svenja could put her arms into the sleeves. Then Mrs. Schäfer pulled the top over her shoulders and closed the zipper in the back up to the neck. Thereby the suit tightened around Svenja's upper part of the body and the safety bra was visible under the fabric. The cuffs on the sleeves were tight and ended just before the identification bands. All in all it was not unpleasant to wear the suit. Svenja moved a bit, rowed with arms and patted from one leg to the other to test the freedom of occupancy in the suit. The only thing that was really disturbing was the band between her two, which kept the genital protector in place. Mrs. Schäfer finished Svenja's jumping quite fast and pointed to the pole and said "later Svenja, you will get the chance to get rid of superfluous energy. Svenja obeyed, but she still hadn't resigned herself to take the rest of the freedom she still had.

Next, Mrs. Schäfer had dressed Charlotte in the same way as Svenja, with the difference that the balloon pattern on the pink fabric of the house-suit had a different color. With Svenja the balloons were mainly green and blue and with Charlotte yellow and red. When both girls were again secured to the pipe with their hands, Mrs. Schäfer fetched 2 harnesses and put the first harnesses over Svenja's head on her shoulders. The straps that ran over the shoulders went parallel to just below Svenja's breasts, where one strap went round and connected all vertical straps. Closed and tightened it was pulled on both sides under the arms. The vertical straps were then further down together in a metal ring. This ring existed both in front and behind the harness. From there the belts led around the leg, passing the thigh and back on the other side. So two belts led through the crotch but not in the middle and also not over the genital protector. So it did not feel too uncomfortable when Mrs. Schäfer had pulled the crotch straps tight. The same procedure followed with Charlotte.

Then Mrs. Schäfer left the changing room and shouted to her husband, "Darling, the children are ready."

"You've really had this thing between your legs for two years now?" Svenja asked Charlotte after looking around to see if her mother was really gone.

"Well not permanently, but during the day already very often." Charlotte replied.

"So you got used to it and you don't mind?"

"Uhh, yeah, I'm used to it but you're right of course, the tape in the back sucks in many situations. At the beginning I tried to make mom understand that it's too tight, but she always says that the shield has to be tight for safety," Charlotte explained.

"But you can never reach the sign itself, can you?" Svenja asked.

"No, I always have overalls or overalls over it that I can't take off." "So you can't even try to get under the sign? And you haven't been able to touch yourself down there for two years?" Svenja wanted to know exactly.

"Even longer, because I've worn the pants and overalls for almost 6 years, and to In the beginning, my mother used to put a bandage in there."

Svenja had to think for a moment what Charlotte had just told her, she thought how frustrating this must have been for Charlotte. She herself always had a good feeling when she rubbed herself there. Lately she couldn't do that anymore, at least not in bed where she used to do it.

Svenja was torn from her thoughts when Mr. Schäfer came into the room to free Charlotte from the bar and take her with him. Then Svenja stood alone at the bar and the position became slowly uncomfortable. But the waiting did not last very long and Mr. Schäfer came back to free Svenja from the position. But before that he had attached a short hand loop to one of the many D-rings of the harness. Then Svenja was released back through the

entrance area and from there through a large living room onto an even larger terrace. The terrace extended over the entire width of the house. At the outermost end there was a strip about 6 meters wide and about 12 meters long where there were no tables or couches. Instead there were 6 steel cables stretched over this area in the 12 meter extension. On each of the ropes there was a pulley block and a line hanging from it. On the line of the last steel rope the harness of Charlotte was fixed in her back and Charlotte looked into the garden and the dunes.

Mr. Schäfer then went with Svenja to the line of the first steel rope and attached it in the back to Svenja's harness. At that moment Mrs. Schäfer had joined in and put a pair of sports shoes in front of both of them and Svenja even recognized that they were her own.

"Please step in there, otherwise the house suit suffers too much" she said.

Svenja and Charlotte followed the instruction and Svenja wanted to bend down to close the shoes, as she was used to. However, she had to realize that halfway through the distance she was held back by her harness. The line that connected the harness with the steel rope was too short to reach the ground with her hands.

"Svenja slowly, we'll do it," said Mrs. Schäfer and bent down to tie Svenja's shoes. Afterwards the procedure followed also at Charlotte's place.

"Now you can do some sports," said Mrs. Schäfer and sat down in one of the deck chairs.

Svenja looked somewhat surprised first at Mrs. Schäfer and then at Charlotte. Then she shrugged her shoulders. "How now? Running or what?" Svenja asked. Charlotte probably didn't know what to do either.

"Whatever you want, you have 30 minutes." cried Mrs. Schäfer without looking at them again and delved into a leaflet which was on the table.

Svenja looked at Charlotte how she looked in her ridiculous looking house-suit, the manor harness and the leash. Then she looked down at herself and had to realize how stupid she had to look, but also how absurd she felt the situation. She could understand that movement after the long car ride in the stupid child seat would not be bad for her, but it still felt very strange to be tied to a leash like that. She could also run over the dunes in sweatpants?

"Don't worry about it! ... Let's see who gets to the other end first," Charlotte said to Svenja and ran and the line on the steel rope followed her.

This time Svenja let herself be seduced by her and ran after her. Even if not with so much verve to catch up with her.

"How do you do that? I played such games when I was 10" Svenja asked when she arrived at Charlotte's house.

"You know, Svenja, I have learned in the last years to always see the good in a situation. Why shouldn't something that was fun at 10 still be fun now? It may be that you don't like your clothes or that the harness are a pain, I don't know what your problem is. But you can't change it, so you better think about what can make you happier," said Charlotte and Svenja was once again surprised how analytically Charlotte recognized and evaluated her situation.

"Look, your looks don't matter here. In all these years I have never been asked about my looks by anyone here. And believe me, I know my problem areas even without you painting a picture," said Charlotte and pointed to a path that led past the house at some distance.

"There they are, or over there. "Everyone here is in the same situation as you and me, and none of them will ever mess with you. That's one of the reasons why I always like to come here on vacation. Even though there are a lot of restrictions, there's always a lot of fun," said Charlotte, pointing to a couple of families walking along the paths in the cottage settlement. At Allen's house, it could be seen that the children were led on linen.

"So let's have a little race and have fun. If you think of anything else we can do, let me know," said Charlotte, getting ready for another run to the opposite side of the terrace.

Svenja first had to process what she had said while Charlotte ran off. The sun was already lower and she took a closer look at her surroundings. There were several holiday homes to be seen, but all of them had a relatively large distance to each other. In between there were shallow dunes which were overgrown with many dry and not very green tufts of grass. On another terrace she could see a boy, who had a similar size as herself and was secured by a steel rope just like she and Charlotte and was wearing a colorful striped overall. But this boy was alone and ran very regularly from one end of the rope to the other.

Charlotte had just come back from the other side, "Boh, you're such a bore. Come on."

Svenja jumped up and took her eyes off the boy at the other house.

"Yes, you're right, the movement will do me good" said Svenja and ran to the other end.

Charlotte followed her and couldn't catch up with her before the finish. Svenja was in contrast to Charlotte more athletic, but in a few more races Charlotte was also able to keep up well and did not mind. However, this kind of game quickly became boring if it was not considered a pure sporting exercise, which neither of them did.

During a break Svenja and Charlotte stood again at the back corner of the terrace and watched the other boy who was still running one lane after the other, he obviously had a sportive motivation.

"What do you do here all day long when you say it's fun to be here" Svenja asked Charlotte to find out more about her holiday.

"Yes, it's most fun on the playground, but mum and dad also often want to go for a walk on the beach or go to the city or the harbour" said Charlotte. "Seriously a playground, that's more like something for my little brother?" said Svenja horrified. "Oh man, you still don't get it, everyone plays there. It doesn't matter how old you are. If you want to jump on the trampoline you just do it and if you want to build a sand castle too. No one is going to look at you funny for this, so I think it's great. Why do you want to be deterred from doing something just because others think it's age-inappropriate? That doesn't exist here." Charlotte said a bit annoyed by Svenja's reaction.

Svenja thought, "Hmm, OK. You seem to be very convinced there. How old do you think that boy over there is running?"

"It doesn't matter, just when he's 20, when we meet him on the playground you can ask him and play with him" said Charlotte and Svenja had to grin at the thought so absurd she found both the thought that the boy could be 20 and was tied to a leash, just as absurd she found the thought of building a sand castle or jumping on a trampoline with him on a playground.

"Well you two, have you loosened everything up again?" asked Mr. Schäfer, who suddenly stood behind the two girls.

Svenja had been frightened and jerked and felt eavesdropped, but Charlotte kept looking at the other house and said, "Go on daddy, I could use some more."

"That's good sparrow, I have an idea that will surely amuse you" Mr. Schäfer said to both. Then Charlotte turned to her father to find out what he was up to. "Look there, I have put the two boxes for the cushions in your way, you can jump over them and try to see who gets the farthest" said Mr. Schäfer and ran towards the boxes and jumped over them with a big step.

"Thank you daddy," Charlotte called to her father and ran off herself to jump effortlessly over the boxes.

Svenja didn't think about it any further and imitated Charlotte. Afterwards both of them put the boxes a little bit further apart and started again. It was an occupation and a sporting activity. Since it was also a competition it was even fun and Svenja had faded out the situation around it. Even if the manor harness pinched a little bit from time to time.

When the two boxes were already more than one meter apart, Svenja took a run-up again and jumped. During this attempt she had not got far enough and got stuck with her right foot on the back crate. She lost her balance and fell over to the front. Reflexively she stretched out her arms in order to be able to

fall to the ground before the impact. But before her arms could touch the ground, she was caught by her harness and the straps tightened even more around her body. Her feet landed on the ground 2 meters behind the crate and Svenja hung almost horizontally in her harness. She did not hurt herself anywhere, but she did not get back on her feet. Because she couldn't support herself with her arms, and if she wanted to push herself off with her legs, the line on the steel rope red a bit further. Which was a shock for Svenja in the first moment, but then it was fun to hang like that and ride on the rope. Charlotte was also a bit shocked by Svenja's fall and stood there with her mouth open and watched Svenja fascinated as she tried to get back on her feet.

"Now help your sister already, or are you going to leave her hanging like that forever" said Mr. Schäfer, who had also taken a seat on a deck chair and watched the two girls. "Of course dad! I'd love to, but you're too far apart for that," said Charlotte and pulled on her rope as far as she could without reaching Svenja.

"Oh yes, excuse my darling. That was a safety measure. I hope that it will not be necessary anymore in the next days" said Mr. Schäfer.

But in the meantime Svenja had found out that she could stand up if she crouched down so far that she was practically raised by the rope. Then she only had to get up from the squatting position.

"Thank you very much sis! I can do it by myself," said Svenja with a tone of voice that suggested that she didn't like being called Charlotte's sister by Mr. Schäfer.

"So children, I think it should be enough before anything else happens seriously, we should have dinner now," said Mrs. Schäfer and rose from her couch.

"Darling, can you please take the children to wash their hands?" she then asked her husband. "Yes of course, if you're going to prepare dinner" said Mr. Schäfer and smiled at his wife for a moment. Then he took the two short hand straps off the table and went to the two girls. There the loops were fastened again to the harnesses and the lines were released. Then Mr. Schäfer led Svenja and Charlotte back to the changing room, where he released the two loops.

"Please wash your hands thoroughly and then go to the poles to wait in the starting position. I will pick you up again" said Mr. Schäfer, left the room and closed the door. Svenja and Charlotte had washed their hands well-behaved at the two sinks and dried them with the towels that had been hung up. Then Charlotte immediately went to the pipe on the wall and let her two rings snap into place. Svenja, on the other hand, stood next to her, provocatively gave away her arms and looked at Charlotte.

"Do you always immediately do everything your parents tell you to do, sister?" Svenja asked provocatively.

"Svenja, please stop that and stand at the bar! That will only cause trouble," Charlotte said. "Relax, it will take some time until everything is on the table. Why should I tie myself up too fast? If my new sister still stands there like that," said Svenja and went around Charlotte to look at her from all sides.

"Svenja please, I know that I'm not your sister. But please don't do that, my parents don't take it seriously, it's disobedient and I bet we will both suffer the consequences." Charlotte almost begged Svenja.

But Svenja could not resist the situation, she had power over Charlotte at that moment. Then she grabbed Charlotte's hand strap and pulled something on it to stand how it felt. Charlotte couldn't leave her position and so her crockery tightened a little.

"Please Svenja, it's not too late, stop it." Charlotte kept begging.

This caused Svenja to tickle Charlotte under her arms a little bit and to annoy her further. Charlotte tried to concentrate not to laugh or scream. At that moment the door opened and Mr. Schäfer came back into the room. Svenja only noticed this when he was almost standing next to her. "Say, are you crazy Svenja, what has gotten into you?" said Mr. Schäfer and with his left hand he grabbed Svenja's arm and with his right hand he gave her a hard slap on the butt with his flat hand. That didn't really

hurt, but it surprised Svenja so much that she looked at Mr. Schäfer in horror and cried, "Ouch! That hurts!"

Then he took the arm of Svenja that he already had in his hand, secured it to the bar and immediately grabbed the other one and fixed it next to it.

"I'll be with you in a moment with Ouch. That did not hurt, that should release you from your daydream. Are you really that stupid to put yourself in such a situation?" said Mr. Schäfer angrily.

"You wait here now and we'll get you when you've thought about it," he explained and then released the fixation on Charlotte to lead her out of the room afterwards. A few moments later he returned and fixed Svenja's ankles with the same rod as he had used on the parking lot to put on the displyng harness.

"Better safe than sorry" he commented on the action and left the room again and closed the door as well.

Svenja was back at the beginning again, she hated the Schäfers, Charlotte was angry with them and she had put herself in a position that was anything but pleasant. "Was it worth it to take advantage of the short moment of power," Svenja thought and began to get angry with herself. But she just wasn't used to obey orders and subordinate herself. Until now there were never such hard consequences if she didn't follow the rules. She didn't mean to hurt Charlotte, just to annoy her a little.

After a while it got boring and the position was not comfortable in the long run, especially with the slightly spread legs. She couldn't say exactly how long she had been standing there and she couldn't hear anything in the house. She could imagine that Mr. and Mrs. Schäfer were just discussing how to handle her further.

After what felt like an eternity, it was less than 20 minutes, the door opened again and Mr. Schäfer came back.

"Have you calmed down and come to your senses?" asked Mr. Schäfer provocatively but calmly.

"Yes, excuse me, I didn't mean any harm," answered Svenja sheepishly.

"Svenja, it's nice that you show insight. Nevertheless, I would like to explain something to you briefly. Please listen carefully and don't interrupt me. OK?" said Mr. Schäfer in a serious voice.

"You shamelessly abused Charlotte's helplessness and at the same time annoyed her. This is absolutely unacceptable. It is absolutely essential for your upbringing and the measures that go with it that you can have the confidence and the security that a situation like Charlotte's or yours now will not be taken advantage of by us or anyone else. We will never hit you or tickle you or anything else when you are fixed. And you don't have to think that the flaps on your bottom were punches before, besides you weren't fixed," Mr. Schäfer explained.

"We just spoke to Charlotte and she told us the situation from her point of view. She also told us what she had already explained to you about this place. From this you should realize that it is also absolutely necessary that other children can also rely on it. Or do you think it would be good if I would tickle you now as you are standing there? Certainly not." warned Mr. Schäfer.

"Charlotte told you that all children are always nice to each other and nobody makes fun of each other. You should also remember that this can only work if everyone sticks to it, including you. Do you understand that?" asked Her Schäfer and finally lowered his voice.

"Yes" Svenja said softly.

"That's nice, but doesn't sound very convincing, from your side. From this follows the consequence that we must not give you the opportunity for such a mistake anymore, until you could show us that we can trust you. I am sorry for you but that can't be changed now," said Mr. Schäfer in a sad voice.

Then he took Svenja's rings off the bar and asked Svenja to put her hands behind her back. Svenja obeyed and Mr. Schäfer attached something to her identity card bands, which held her hands together at a distance of about 15 centimetres.

"So now come Svenja, we want to eat at last. You shouldn't get to bed too late on the first day," said Mr. Schäfer and grabbed Svenja by the arm to guide her.

With the bar between her legs, normal walking was not possible, she always had to push one foot forward with one leg and then the other one behind her on the other side. After two steps she had to correct the direction with small triple steps. So she only made slow progress and had to work very hard.

13.5 Dinner with the Schäfers

When Svenja finally arrived at the dining table in the living room, Charlotte was already sitting on a wooden

bench which was about one meter away from the table and offered space for 6 people, as at the fixation straps were visible. Charlotte was sitting on the right side and her harness was connected to the bench with fixation straps and forced her into an upright position. Her wristbands were connected to a round bar about 15 centimeters long that was inserted in a loop of webbing that came out from under the bench. This prevented her from moving her arms upwards.

Charlotte looked at Svenja with a mixture of pity and anger. Svenja was then led to the bench and had to sit down on the third place from the left after she had turned around with difficulty. So there were two seats left between Svenja and Charlotte. After Svenja had sat down the belts from the bench were attached to her harness. But she still had her hands on her back and could not lean on them. This was no big problem, because the belts were still very loose.

Then Mr. Schäfer took his mobile phone out of his pocket and released Svenja's hands from her back. When she took her arms forward she could see that on the ring of her right hand there was still the same bar as on Charlotte's. Mr. Schäfer reached between Svenja's legs for the same loop on the bench as for Charlotte, led Svenja's rod through the loop, grabbed Svenja's left hand and also connected the left ring to the rod again. Afterwards the bar was hooked between the legs under the bench, so that Svenja could not move her legs forward anymore. Finally, Mr. Schäfer triggered a function in the bench over the telephone, which pulled all straps so tight that Svenja was pulled as upright as Charlotte to the backrest of the bench. It was no longer possible to bend forward in this way.

By another wipe on Mr. Schäfer's telephone the table moved towards the bench and stopped just before it would have touched Svenja and Charlotte. When the table had stopped, Mr. and Mrs. Schäfer placed two chairs at the table and took a seat opposite Svenja and Charlotte, but a little closer than the two children sat together.

"So you two, today there is no cutlery for you, so we will make you canapés", explained Mrs. Schäfer. Afterwards, each of the two could choose one of the available types of bread and a topping. The breads were finished by the Schäfers and cut into small pieces. The finished plates were then placed in the children's place. Only then were the rings loosened. But only one side was loosened, the stick remained on the left side of the bracelet.

"You can now remove the spacers from the other side and place them on the table next to you" said Mr. Schäfer.

In fact Svenja could easily detach the staff from the bracelet with her free hand and take it off. At the end of the rod was the same mechanism as at all other fixed points where she was already fixed. After Svenja and Charlotte put the sticks aside they ate the bread with their fingers. They were given a glass of water to drink from. Mr. and Mrs. Schäfer had also made and eaten bread. Svenja and Charlotte could ask for new breads as often as they wanted until they were full. This was a bit boring, but altogether quite comfortable, because everything was put in front of your nose.

When everybody was done with food, the table was moved back again. Svenja was surprised that the sticks had been left on the table. In the next step the bands of the bench had loosened again. Then first at Charlotte's place a line was attached to the harness in her back. This line had previously hung down

from the ceiling a few meters beside the bench. At the upper end of the line there was a kind of sledge that ran in a rail. When Svenja had observed this she looked under the ceiling and could discover a real labyrinth of these rails in the kitchen and living area.

"Svenja, do you see the rails? With this you can help us in the household and you can neither run away nor jump on each other. Charlotte will clear the table first and you will take care of the dishes," said Mr. Schäfer, and then unbuckled the straps from the harness at Charlotte's place so that she could get up. The sled followed Charlotte through several connections and tracks when she started to move the food from the table to the refrigerator.

Meanwhile Mr. Schäfer had also started to attach Svenja to one of these lines.

But first her foot bar under the bench was loosened but not removed from her feet. Then the line was attached to the harness and finally the straps of the bench were loosened. Svenja was shown that she should move to the sink in the kitchen, with the line following her in the rails. It went only slowly and Mr. Schäfer stood nearby and watched Svenja. Svenja thought she had landed in a penal camp with leg irons and work duty. But she also knew that she was to blame for her situation herself.

"Isn't there a dishwasher here, when everything is so modern?" Svenja asked and continued to concentrate on her steps towards the sink.

"Yes Svenja, there is, but on the one hand we needed so few dishes that it is not worth it and on the other hand you are welcome to consider this as an exercise" said Mr. Schäfer.

Svenja had already thought that this work should be more a punishment work. When she stood in front of the sink after what felt like an eternity, she let hot water run in and added some washing-up liquid. Shortly after Charlotte brought the first dishes and Svenja started to do the dishes. She knew that she was being watched and she did not have to turn around. But the work was not difficult for Svenja, she had had to do the dishes at home earlier, even if it had been a long time ago.

When she had finished half of it, Charlotte asked her for the cloth to wipe the table. Svenja gave it to her politely and had to take a little break. Svenja noticed how uncomfortable it was to stand in front of the sink with her legs apart. So she wanted to take a few steps back, sideways was not possible with the bar. At the same time she noticed that the sledge in the rail did not move.

"Svenja please stay at the sink, you are still locked" said Mr. Schäfer who continued to observe Svenja. Svenja thought to herself that this was a really nasty system, if you could hold a place with it. But she would not need much longer. After Svenja had the rag back, she only had to wash a few pieces and was already washing up when Charlotte was done with her task. Since she could move freely in the whole kitchen, she took the towel and wanted to start drying.

"No this is my task, I messed it up alone" said Svenja and wanted to take the towel out of Charlotte's hand. She hoped to get some points with the Schäfers if she took the punishment.

"Yes, even so, I can forgive you and it's always important to do everything together. It's mutual respect, you know. That's why I'm helping you now," Charlotte said.

The words had hit Svenja hard and her eyes became moist. Of course she was the stupid in this situation and Charlotte was absolutely right. Svenja also knew that the consequences would be for both of them and that it would be easier for both if they would work together.

After Svenja had finished removing the foam from everything, she dried her hands with another towel and wiped her eyes dry. Then she carefully turned around 90 in many small triple steps and hugged Charlotte who was standing close to her and was still drying dishes.

"Thank you very much! That you can forgive me and help me. I know that we don't like each other that much but I thank you very much for showing me how stupid I behaved" said Svenja during the hug. This really came to her from the bottom of her heart, she did not care that the Schäfers stood next to her and what they thought about it.

After she had released the hug Charlotte answered, "I gladly did that for you, sis! Together we'll make the best of it, OK?" At the same time Charlotte smiled at her a little insecurely, because the subject sister was not so popular with Svenja. But Svenja had to smile first and then they had to laugh out loud. "Yes, we'll do it, I promise!" said Svenja when she could speak again while laughing.

They both stood there for a moment and laughed, but Charlotte continued to dry the dishes. Then Mr. Schäfer came to the two of them, "We are very happy that you have made up again and I wish you good luck for the next days. And Svenja, if necessary we will all remind you of the promise you just made" said Mr. Schäfer seriously and calmly. So that Svenja's laughter turned into a somewhat thoughtful smile.

"OK, even if it is a cheerful evening, you both have to go to bed now. Charlotte, I'd like you to finish this and put everything away. Since Svenja has shown that she is willing to learn something, I will now take the crotch barrier off her," said Mr. Schäfer and bent down to remove the bar between Svenja's legs. Svenja was happy to finally be able to stand normally again. But she still held her line in front of the sink while Mr. Schäfer took the pole with the loops away.

When Mr. Schäfer had returned, he took one of the rods from the table, which were still lying there, and handed it over to Svenja. Then Svenja was asked to fasten the rod to her left bracelet again, this was also easily possible and it snapped firmly into place. Then Svenja should connect her arms behind her back with it herself. The feeling was strange, but she did not hesitate and immediately tried to connect the other end of the stick with the right bracelet. But this obviously required some practice, because it took Svenja some time and many attempts until it locked in place. On the one hand she was proud to have accomplished the task, but on the other hand she had already restricted her own freedom of movement again.

In the meantime Charlotte had also successfully completed her task and the rest of the Dishes dried and put back in the tavern. So Charlotte was also asked by her father to take the staff from the table and, just like Svenja behind her back, to connect her arms with it.

Meanwhile, Mr. Schäfer had fastened the hand loop to the harness again and released the line of the rail system to leave the kitchen and the dining area with Svenja. Charlotte could go to the table on her own and fulfil her new task. She also needed some tries. Svenja and Mr. Schäfer went back together to the entrance area from which, like a corridor, some other rooms could be reached. Mr. Schäfer guided Svenja to a door behind which the bathroom was hidden. It was very big for a holiday home and also had a big window with a milky pane. In the middle of the room there were some lines hanging from the ceiling which seemed to be arranged in pairs. Mr. Schäfer took a pair and connected the ends of the lines with a bracelet of Svenja. Svenja could tell from the other lines that the ends were equipped with these connecting links for the new bracelets. Svenja wondered for a moment that the rod between her arms did not have to be removed for this, but then she remembered again that the bracelets had several of the contact surfaces.

"So, I'll just get Charlotte," said Mr. Schäfer and left the bathroom again.

Svenja had the opportunity to have a closer look at the bathroom. There were 6 pairs of the lines that held her, and some of them always led together in a kind of winch. So obviously the length could be changed. Svenja was lucky, and here the lines were so long that her arms were not pulled up in her back, which would have been very unpleasant. In her reach there were three washbasins next to each other, one of them was extra low for smaller children.

Next thing Svenja noticed was a big table in front of the window. At the end that was facing the window there was a rail with the now already known and Svenja more and more conspicuous fixation points. In the front third of the table, which protruded into the room, there was another bar, but it was upholstered and was about one meter above the table. At the side two tubes led to the table top, on which the whole thing was screwed. The biggest part of the table top was upholstered with a wipeable

pad. It was obviously a changing table and Svenja hoped that she would not get a diaper again for the night.

Further Svenja could see a toilet above which was a wide pair of lines with the winch under the ceiling. A bit further there was a shower cabin with a very strange door. It looked as if the cabin was closed with a roller blind which was divided in two. One blind could be pushed up and one down. The two parts were only a small gap between them, so that Svenja could not see into the inside of the shower cabins.

Then there were two cupboards and another door which was closed. When Svenja continued to turn, Charlotte and her father just came into the bathroom. Charlotte was also tied to one of the pairs of ropes.

"So, mummy will come soon and get ready for bed. Don't fight again OK!?" said Mr. Schäfer and looked at Svenja a little reproachful but with a smile. Then he left the bathroom again.

"Thank you again for helping me in the kitchen," Svenja said to Charlotte.

"You're welcome, I've explained it to you, it's better to believe me." Charlotte replied.

"OK, I'll do my best. But tell me, do your parents always do that with tying up their hands, or is it just because I don't obey like you do?" Svenja asked.

"Hmm, that's a good question, so far it wasn't that extreme. That gets on my nerves a lot, too. In former times my arms were also bandaged or cuffed. But with these things it is much easier and faster. I hope that my parents are only experimenting with them now or it might be really up to you. I can't tell." Charlotte philosophised.

"Hmm... "I hope you're right, it sucks very hard and it's no fun always being so narrow-minded. "But honestly, have you ever noticed how there are these fixation points everywhere? I don't quite share your optimism about that. There are even some for the toilet," said Svenja.

"Yes, but that is normal. Mama doesn't want us to get to our vagina by ourselves.

Are your parents different?" Charlotte asked.

"Don't remind me, until last night I was allowed to go to the toilet myself, but this morning my mother told me that from now on I'm not allowed to do that anymore. That is so mean. How can you stand it?" Svenja asked.

"Well, for one thing I'm used to it, I can hardly remember how I used to clean myself. But on the other hand I also find it very relaxing when mummy does it, I don't have to worry about it and mummy does it well," said Charlotte and had to laugh.

"I can't imagine this at all," Svenja then said thoughtfully.

When Svenja was still processing Charlotte's explanations, Mrs. Schäfer had come in and put two cups at the two higher sinks. Then she unpacked two new toothbrushes and put them into the cups. Next she put a tablet PC on a shelf between the two cups and closed the door.

"So you two pretty princesses, let's see if we have everything we need to get you into bed," said Mrs. Schäfer and began to loosen and remove the seatbelt harness from Charlotte.

The next step was to open the overall. Then Mrs. Schäfer pressed something on the tray and Charlotte could release the rod between her arms. When Mrs. Schäfer had put the rod aside, the lines were also released. So Charlotte could then pull the overall from her shoulder and arms. So she should go to the toilet and there the lines were immediately put on her wristbands. The lines there were adjusted to a height that Charlotte's arms were held in a standing position approximately at the height of her chest. So she was standing in front of the toilet and the overall was taken off completely. Underneath it the safety bra and the genital protector came out again. Svenja felt the band in her butt all the time, but she didn't have it in her mind anymore. This changed when she saw it again at Charlotte's place. So the tape felt a little worse again.

Mrs. Schäfer had already started to protect her daughter's health together with the

hip tape to be removed. Afterwards Charlotte was allowed to sit on the toilet. The fact that she was watched by Svenja didn't seem to bother her. When she sat on the glasses, her arms were held over her head by the lines. This looked very uncomfortable, but Charlotte did not complain to her mother about it.

Since Charlotte had time for her business, Mrs. Schäfer then took care of Svenja. First the harness was removed from her too, and then the bar between her arms was removed so that she could take her arms forward again, although they were still attached to the lines.

"Svenja, please turn back. Mrs. Schäfer said when she noticed that Svenja had twisted both lines when she had taken a closer look at the bathroom. Svenja followed the instructions and found the feeling very strange to be able to move almost freely but not to be able to take the arms lower than her belly. Just when she took a few steps forwards or backwards her arms were pulled up further because the winch was attached under the ceiling at a fixed point in the middle of the room.

So Svenja had to brush her teeth first, for that she approached the sink and recognized her name on one of the cups, which made her a little bit happy, because the Schäfers had obviously thought of her as well as of her daughter, while preparing for this holiday.

When Svenja started brushing her teeth, she was watched closely by Mrs. Schäfer at the beginning, which was a bit uncomfortable for her, but after a few moments Mrs. Schäfer was obviously satisfied with the technique Svenja used and let her continue on her own. In the background Svenja had noticed Charlotte and her mother exchanging a few words. Brushing her teeth was funny with the linen on her hands. Especially the arm she did not use could not hang on her body, the line was too short for that. After Svenja had finished with her teeth and dried her face with the towel, she looked back at Charlotte who was in the shower. Her arms were stretched out to the side of the shower wall and her legs were spread out. Furthermore Svenja had noticed that she was completely naked. But Svenja could not see any further details, because Mrs. Schäfer had come up to her and had started to open the house suit for her. In order to get the arms out of her sleeve, the lines were also loosened. After the top was taken off, the arms were reattached to the lines above the toilet. There Svenja was then completely undressed except for the bra.

"So Svenja, you may now use the toilet while I wash Charlotte. OK?!" said Mrs. Schäfer.

Svenja was very embarrassed to stand so almost naked in front of Mrs. Schäfer and also Charlotte without being able to cover anything with her hands, but she also remembered how Charlotte had to stretch her arms in the air while sitting on the toilet.

"Mrs. Schäfer? Can you make the lines a little longer? That's usually uncomfortable." Svenja asked hesitantly and quietly.

Mrs. Schäfer first looked at Svenja seriously and then smiled. "Svenja, the toilet is not about your comfort, but about your safety and protection. Sit down first, then I'll see if I can do something for you," said Mrs. Schäfer and went over to the tablet. Svenja sat down on the toilet and her arms were pulled up. As she had expected it was not a nice position.

When Mrs. Schäfer tapped on the tablet her arms were pulled up even further and Svenja gave a short cry of shock and got up again immediately. Mrs. Schäfer had immediately taken her finger off the tablet again and the ropes had immediately stopped lifting again.

"Excuse me, Svenja. That was the wrong button. But you are really jumpy, a little more calmness would do you good" said Mrs. Schäfer and smiled at Svenja. Then she had pressed another button on the tablet and the lines lowered down. Svenja was obviously allowed to stand still as long as the lines were running down. At the height of her belly Mrs. Schäfer stopped the lines again. "So Svenja, you can't go any lower, you'll have to cope with that now" said Mrs. Schäfer and went to the shower where Charlotte was still waiting for her mother in a similarly uncomfortable position.

Svenja had first looked at the ceiling to the roll with the linen, there was still some linen. The reason why it didn't go deeper must obviously be that she shouldn't get her hands on her abdomen. So Svenja

sat down on the toilet again and had to notice that her hands were then held approximately at the height of her shoulder. This was not comfortable either, but Mrs. Schäfer had also said that this was not the intention.

While Svenja was sitting on the toilet, she watched curiously how Mrs. Schäfer washed her daughter in the shower. In addition, the two roller blinds were adjusted in height from time to time, so that Mrs. Schäfer could rinse all places with water and wash. Charlotte had to or could hardly move.

Svenja had almost forgotten why she was sitting on the toilet at all. Only when Mrs. Schäfer fetched a towel to dry Charlotte, she looked at Svenja and asked briefly, "Are you ready? Only then did Svenja concentrate on her task and suddenly there was a splash in the bowl.

This seemed to Svenja quite loud and it was very embarrassing for her. But neither Charlotte nor her mother reacted. So Svenja relaxed a bit and could concentrate on her big business, which was urgently needed after the long day. The splashing in the toilet bowl which was part of it was covered by Mrs. Schäfer with a short look and a benevolent smile, which made Svenja blush a little again. But fortunately she did not go into it further.

In the next moment Charlotte was freed from the shower and led to the changing table. She had to lie on her back and let her bracelets snap on the upper end. Then her mother put a small pillow under her head, which obviously made things a bit more comfortable for Charlotte. Afterwards her mother had started to apply cream to her feet. Charlotte seemed to like it because she had a very satisfied expression on her face and her mother seemed to do it with devotion.

Svenja watched it and felt dirty herself but she couldn't clean up after her business. Also the position of the arms became more and more uncomfortable. When Mrs. Schäfer was finished with Charlotte's legs, Svenja couldn't stand it any longer. "Mrs. Schäfer I'm done here, it's so uncomfortable!"

"Svenja child, you are such an impatient girl. .. Yes, I'll clean you up right away, at least let me put on the diaper at Charlotte's, then we'll continue with you. "I can't split myself in two." she said to Svenja. "You can put your feet up here on the bar. " she then said to her daughter and pointed to the padded bar that was above the changing table.

Then she took another cream and devoted herself to the whole intimate area of her daughter, which was now very easy to reach due to the slightly raised bottom. When this was done, a diaper was placed under Charlotte's bottom and she was to take her legs off the bar again. So Mrs. Schäfer's diaper was then carefully closed.

Only then Mrs. Schäfer had turned to Svenja again and asked her to stand up and bend over as far as possible. In order not to fall over forwards, Svenja could shift a part of her weight to the lines on her arms. This position stretched her bottom far back so that Mrs. Schäfer could easily clean it with toilet paper. To do this, she spread Svenja's buttocks a little bit apart with one hand to get to all places. The position was not unpleasant in a physical sense, but Svenja was very embarrassed to be treated like that.

Fortunately it did not take very long and she was allowed to stand up straight again. After Mrs. Schäfer had washed her hands, Svenja untied the lines and accompanied her into the shower cabin. There she first had to stand facing the wall and Mrs. Schäfer opened her safety bra and removed it. Afterwards Svenja should turn around again. "So Svenja, do you see the two fixed points up there on the right and on the left?" asked Mrs. Schäfer and pointed to the mentioned points in the upper part of the shower cabin.

Svenja knew what was expected of her but she didn't want to fix herself in a jumping jack position again. "Yes I see!" she only said and then looked at Mrs. Schäfer expectantly.

"Svenja darling, everything has been going great here in the bathroom this evening, please don't start bucking now. You know exactly what I expect from you. So please put up your pathetic hands" said Mrs. Schäfer with a smile on her face.

Svenja actually didn't want to have any more trouble that evening and so she stretched her arms up to the points and let the bracelets snap in one by one. "That's a good girl, I won't be with Charlotte much longer. Then I can take a shower too," she said and stroked Svenja tenderly across the cheek on her face. Afterwards Svenja had to spread her legs until the edge of the shower cabin. There Mrs. Schäfer put two loops around her ankles, so that Svenja really had to stand like a puppet in the shower and could not put her legs together again.

"Mrs. Schäfer?" said Svenja carefully, when she already wanted to turn them away.

"Yes child what is? Is something wrong?" asked Mrs. Schäfer.

"Well, I'm afraid it will be a while before you shower me. ...and so I wanted to ask if that's necessary with the feet. That like so very quickly uncomfortable. Please!" said Svenja with a deeply sad voice.

"Hmm Svenja, on the one hand your begging and snivelling is a bit annoying. But on the other hand I have to admit that if I finish Charlotte alone, she won't have to stand like that for so long" said Mrs. Schäfer and looked at Svenja for a moment.

"Please please, undo the feet." Svenja begged again. "Yes OK. But for the shower I'll put it back on. I don't want you to

Mrs. Schäfer said and loosened the loops around Svenja's ankles again.

Svenja was very relieved and immediately stood up straight again in the shower cabin. She had already feared that Mrs. Schäfer wanted to torture her on purpose as a punishment for her mistakes of the day.

Charlotte's upper body and arms were creamed next. Charlotte seemed to enjoy it again, and with her breasts Svenja suspected that Mrs. Schäfer was doing more a massage than just applying cream. In the next step Charlotte loosened her wristbands and she had to straighten up her upper body and support herself with her arms to the back, so her mother could also cream her back.

When this was completed, Charlotte was allowed to get off the changing table and had to stand in front of the washbasins again, where a pair of linen was attached to the bracelets again. "So Lotte Schatz, now the cream can be absorbed while I shower Svenja" said Mrs. Schäfer and pressed a button on the tablet, whereupon Charlotte's arms moved upwards. Charlotte looked at her mother somewhat disappointed.

"Yes, you don't have to look like that, honey. You know there's no groping there," said her mother and stopped the lines only after Charlotte's hands were held higher than her head, so she could no longer reach her breasts. Svenja could see the disappointment in Charlotte's face, she must have been looking forward to getting to her nipples in an unobserved moment. But actually she had to know her mother better.

Svenja couldn't think about it any further, because it was already going on with her at that moment. Mrs. Schäfer instructed her to put her legs apart again and then secured them with the loops again. Then she took the shower and felt the temperature until she was satisfied and then she directed the jet at Svenja without notice. In the first moment she was a bit scared, but not because of the temperature, but because it came as a surprise and she could not avoid it. But Mrs. Schäfer did it very lovingly and tenderly. When Svenja was wet from neck to toe, Mrs. Schäfer took a soaped washcloth and washed Svenja from bottom to top. She paid special attention to her vagina and anus. There Svenja always felt a finger of Mrs. Schäfer through the washcloth. But it was by far not as unpleasant as she had imagined. When her mother had told her in the morning that she would not wash herself anymore, she had imagined it to be much worse and more unpleasant. Because of her shackles she couldn't avoid it, but she had much less need to do so. It was much more exciting and felt tingling. When everything was showered with water again, Mrs. Schäfer took the ends of the braids and opened them. It took a moment until all hair was untangled again and then Svenja's head and arms were also wet with the shower. Again a washcloth was used and Svenja had to close her eyes. But it did not take long and everything was sprayed with water again. Then the hair was wetted very intensively and Mrs.

Schäfer put it over Svenja's shoulder to the front to wash it with shampoo. When the shoulder was washed out again, Mrs. Schäfer tried to press the water out of Svenja's hair.

"Svenja, your hair is quite impractical and it takes a lot of time to take care of it. We should think about shortening it," said Mrs. Schäfer when she had fetched the towel.

"No, no, you can't do that. I love my long hair. I want them to be much longer," said Svenja with a certain horror in her voice and also excitement. "Calm Svenja, don't get upset right away. But you should also realize that it's not for you to decide. When I say 'we'll think about it', I mean my husband and I.

For very important decisions I would also call your mother. But about the length of the hair the legal guardian has to decide and that is currently my husband and I." explained Mrs. Schäfer while she had started to rub Svenja with the towel. "But I'm only with them for a few weeks. They can't cut off my beautiful hair then," said Svenja with a trembling voice. She knew exactly that if Mrs. Schäfer wanted it, she would not be able to prevent it.

"Don't start crying right away, we will try to take into account that your long hair is important to you when we make our decision. But it will grow back again." Mrs. Schäfer tried to calm Svenja.

"But ... but ... I can wash the hair myself, then you won't have any work with it" said Svenja and the first tears ran down her cheeks.

"Child, don't get so worked up about it. You're talking nonsense. Nothing is decided yet. Come, I'll change you for the night," said Mrs. Schäfer and wiped the tears from Svenja's eyes with a towel. Then she loosened the straps on her feet and dried them again. The loosening of the arms also followed and Svenja was accompanied by Mrs. Schäfer to the changing table and she also helped Svenja to lock the bracelets on the upper attachment. Afterwards Mrs. Schäfer pulled Svenja's hair up and let it hang bundled up at the side around the changing table. So she could also put a pillow under Svenja's head, which made the position much more comfortable.

"So Svenja, I will now also cream you from head to toe. You should relax and maybe even enjoy it," said Mrs. Schäfer and started to cream Svenja's feet.

Just like she had done it to her daughter before.

Svenja was mentally still threatening to lose her hair. Only slowly she noticed how tenderly and devotedly Mrs. Schäfer massaged the cream into her feet and legs. The woman might have strange views and put her intentions through hard, but she was not mean or nasty, Svenja thought. The thing with the loops in the shower had also shown that. Sure, she would get angry about it if they really had to cut off their hair, and she would also get angry about Mrs. Schäfer. But in that moment she realized that Mrs. Schäfer was not doing all this out of spite.

"So Svenja, now please take your legs up and put them down on the bar at the top" Mrs. Schäfer suddenly said and tore Svenja from her thoughts.

"That's right, please put your bottom a bit higher" followed the next instruction after Svenja had put her legs on the bar.

She knew that in this position she could not possibly avoid the procedure that followed. Svenja had been afraid of this already in the morning, but after the experience in the shower, where she had no possibility to avoid it, and after putting the cream on her legs, she was no longer afraid when Mrs. Schäfer approached her intimate area with her fingers and the cream. She did not even feel the need to avoid it. When the cold cream touched her labia Svenja had to groan softly. It was a nice feeling despite the cold. Since she was tied up in bed at home and had to wear the locked pyjamas, she hadn't touched herself like that there. Even when taking a shower she was often observed and therefore never had the chance. When she was alone in the toilet, she had once wiped it with a paper towel, but that was all.

Mrs. Schäfer had left the area in the meantime and Svenja was almost a little disappointed that it went so fast. But there was still the anus and the pores which were covered with the cream. Afterwards the

diaper followed, which Svenja could not avoid. She was glad to have talked her mother out of the idea that she didn't get one every night. It was not that she found it uncomfortable. But the idea of using it and then lying in her own urine or worse made her uncomfortable.

Asking Mrs. Schäfer not to have one seemed pointless to her. So she had the diaper put on without saying a word. Instead she thought about the word "dodge" which had come through her mind several times. Her mother called all this "yes

"Dodgeable parenting." She became more and more clear what was meant here with the Schäfers. As a child, the term "upbringing" was not taken to mean that. Especially not at her age, but basically she was always exposed to the education of her parents. Only this was a particularly intensive form. Svenja's attention was slowly directed back to her body. Shortly after the diaper was smooth and tightly closed, Mrs. Schäfer continued to apply the cream to Svenja's upper body. She understood more and more why Charlotte had enjoyed it so much. She also quickly realized why she should support herself on her arms while her back was being creamed. Because Svenja also felt a strong urge to massage her breasts at this moment.

After Svenja got up from the changing table, the linen was immediately put on her and pulled up just like Charlotte had done before. Svenja was very excited and would not hesitate to put her hand into the diaper if the linen would not prevent this effectively. In the first moment Svenja's belly was tingling intensely, but after a very short time a lot of frustration started. It was clear that no further stimulation would take place.

With Charlotte, the long wait and frustration seemed to have driven away any excitement. She looked at the wall bored and even yawned when her mother handed her a pair of pyjamas to get into. It was a colorful one-piece suit made of thin cotton with a zipper in the back. When Charlotte was halfway in, the lines were loosened and she could put her arms through the sleeves. When the shoulder was also in, Mrs. Schäfer checked that the incorporated cups were in the right places. After closing the zipper, the suit tightened around Charlotte's body and the diaper also became slightly visible.

In the next step Mrs. Schäfer lowered the linen for Charlotte again so far that the one with linen on could brush her teeth. While Charlotte was taking care of her dental hygiene, Mrs. Schäfer came to her with Svenja's summer sleeping overall and put it on her. Her parents obviously must have given it to the Schäfer in the morning. The lines were only loosened briefly for putting on the sleeves and were put on again immediately. Before the zipper in the back was closed, Mrs. Schäfer adjusted the internal tapes. She tightened them so that it was tight but not uncomfortable. The diaper was pressed just as tight against Svenja's abdomen.

Charlotte was also drying her face when Svenja was in her pyjamas.

"So children, ready. You look sweet as sugar and just right for the crib," said Mrs. Schäfer with a broad smile on her face. She walked past Charlotte to the tray and lovingly slapped her daughter's twisted bottom with her flat hand. Charlotte didn't seem to mind that very much, she smiled at her mother.

In the next moment the lines of both girls had come loose at the same time. Mrs. Schäfer took the tray under her arm and opened the second door in the bathroom.

"So children, this is your bedroom this year, come with me," said Mrs. Schäfer and went ahead into the room behind the door. Charlotte and Svenja followed her into the room. Svenja looked around, there were no windows to look out. There were only skylights through which the setting sun still coloured the room slightly reddish. The walls were painted white and there were only 2 pictures on the opposite shorter wall. The walls right and left were longer. On the right wall was another door and 6 small wardrobes. Opposite to that on the left long wall apparently there were six beds. At first sight Svenja was not so sure that there were all beds. All of them were standing with their heads against the wall and the other three sides were free in the room. The first two beds didn't look very unusual, just a bit narrower than she knew from home. The two middle beds in the row were caged beds with thick beechwood bars. These were enclosed in a very stable beechwood frame. The dimensions of the beds

were identical to the first two. About 2 meters long and about 60 cm wide. The mattresses were also at the same height and the bars reached about one meter high.

But Svenja was irritated by the last two "beds". They had basically the same outer dimensions as the two middle cot beds and also the same wooden bars, but in this case there was also a lying grid on top of the grids, which made the beds a kind of cage. In addition, the mattresses were a good 30 cm higher than in the other beds. So someone in the cage would have only little room to move. Sitting or kneeling would not be possible.

At this sight Svenja got heart palpitations, she was ever in the last months used to be tied up in bed and not being able to leave the bed by herself, but being locked up in a cot like a little child or even worse - having to lie in one of the cages and not being able to move made her very afraid.

Mrs. Schäfer and Charlotte had gone all the way to the middle of the room, but Svenja had stopped at the door. She did not dare to go any further, so uncomfortable was the idea of landing in one of the back beds. When Mrs. Schäfer had reached the middle of the room she turned around and obviously wanted to tell the two girls something. But when she saw Svenja's reaction, how she was cramped and could not take a step forward anymore, she walked towards Svenja again.

"No ... please ... please don't ... please no cot" Svenja said in a low voice and went with small steps into the corner between the two doors. When Mrs. Schäfer had come closer, she pushed herself into the corner to avoid her, which of course did not help. When Mrs. Schäfer reached her she took Svenja in her arms. "Svenja child, what's wrong with you. Has your mother forgotten to tell me something? Do you have bad childhood experiences with a cot?" asked Mrs. Schäfer carefully and then released the hug to look Svenja in the eyes.

"No" Svenja said softly and shook her head carefully.

"But then why are you so panicked Such a bed is so comfortable and you can't fall out or your blanket can't fall down. What bothers you so much about it?" asked Mrs. Schäfer and stroked Svenja over the head.

Svenja did not have a good explanation for herself why the thought of having to sleep in a cot caused her so much discomfort. Rationally seen it made no difference if she was tied up on a normal bed or couldn't get out of the cage. In either case she was dependent on the Schäfers. Something subconsciously in her head made a difference. Was it the association with an infant or with prison bars? She couldn't find the answers so quickly.

"I don't know exactly, it feels wrong," Svenja said with a certain desperation. "Well Svenja, we can give your feelings an update and you just try it out. Who knows, maybe it will feel much better. Hmm what do you think?!" said Mrs. Schäfer and grabbed Svenja by the hand to pull her gently to the two middle beds.

Svenja followed hesitantly and when she came closer she noticed that only the two middle beds with bedding were pulled. So once again the decision had been made without her. But Mrs. Schäfer tried hard to make Svenja do it as good as possible. "Mama, may I sleep here in the last bed?" Charlotte suddenly asked quite inappropriately. She probably hadn't noticed yet which two beds were prepared. "Charlotte please not now. You're waiting your turn now." Mrs. Schäfer said rather sharply to her daughter, who therefore did not ask any further questions. She knew from her mother's tone that she'd better be quiet.

Mrs. Schäfer had reached the first of the cribs with Svenja by the hand. With the other hand she unlocked the grille at the foot end and folded it to the side so that the bed was open at the back end. Then she had elegantly slammed the blanket to the side with one blow.

"So Svenja, then crawl in," said Mrs. Schäfer and pulled Svenja, still holding one hand, into the bed. Svenja went in on her knees and supported herself with her free hand on the bars. The grille went up to her chest. When she had reached the front third she sat down on her knees on her legs.

"So Svenja, does something feel strange now, darling?" asked Mrs. Schäfer affectionately and left Svenja's hand like this.

Svenja looked around, if she would stand on her legs she could easily climb over the bars, and as long as her head and therefore her field of vision was above the bars she could not feel anything oppressive. So she had shaken her head.

"Good, then we can continue, if you have another problem like the one you just had, please let us know in time. OK?" said Mrs. Schäfer and closed the gate again.

"I'll have to fetch and prepare something now, then I'll explain everything to you for the night." she then said to both girls.

"Svenja show me your hands, please." she then said to Svenja and took one of the connecting rods out of her trouser pocket.

"No Svenja, please pass under the wood." she said when Svenja had stretched out her hands over the bars. Mrs. Schäfer pointed to the grid. Svenja did not understand what this was all about and then put her hands between the bars, so that one of the wooden bars was between them. Then Mrs. Schäfer grabbed the bracelets and connected both of them with the bar.

Only afterwards Svenja had noticed what had happened, she had been tied to the bars. Her hands were outside the grid and could not be pulled back through the connection. Svenja looked at Mrs. Schäfer horrified but speechless.

"Svenja, half as bad is only for a short time, if you like you can also lie down and test the bed feeling" said Mrs. Schäfer and stroked Svenja calmly over her head.

Then she went to Charlotte "Come Lotte, you too, but please stand in front of the bed" she said to her daughter and pulled out another bar. With that, Charlotte was also fixed through the grating at the other cot at the foot end. Then Mrs. Schäfer left the room through the second door.

After a short silence, Svenja had again received Charlotte's request to sleep in the closed cage. She had to get to the bottom of it. "Tell me Charlotte, did you mean it seriously, that you want to sleep in such a cage?" Svenja asked curiously.

"Are you really that stupid or do you seriously have so little experience with these things?" Charlotte then asked a bit annoyed without really expecting an answer.

"My mother's making a fuss about you, it's unbearable already." she then added. She was either jealous that Svenja got more attention or she was just arrogant at that moment because she had more experience.

"You don't have to turn me on right away, you know that this is all new for me and I don't feel like it. But what should I do, I imagine it's just shit to be locked up in such a thing" said Svenja to calm Charlotte down again.

"You'll have to figure that out for yourself, but I for one would rather be locked up in such a thing than tied up with straps on the bed," Charlotte said.

Svenja had to realize that Charlotte really had the greater experience and obviously knew exactly what she wanted. Of course Svenja did not know the difference between the two beds. But it was also clear, especially with the current fixation, that she had to be tied additionally in the open cot, because otherwise she could have simply climbed over the cot.

Since the kneeling position was getting uncomfortable, Svenja decided to test what would happen if she was lying in bed and had to look through the grid. Because that had probably been her biggest fear, that she would feel even more locked up at that moment. So she tried to lie down, which was not very easy, because she could hardly use her hands to support herself. After some contortions Svenja lay on her side in the bed and her hands protruded from the bars. She looked around, first in her bed, she could lay her head comfortably out of the pillow. Unfortunately she could not reach the blanket with her hands. But because the bed was so narrow she felt the blanket in her back and the border of the grille in front of her face didn't seem to be restricting but rather comfortable and protective. In any

case, the feeling was quite different than she had expected, much more pleasant. There was not much room but she could still move more than when she was strapped in bed at home. Even though she could not turn far with her arms through the bars.

"Well Svenja, isn't that bad, is it?" asked Mrs. Schäfer and looked at Svenja from above with a smile. Svenja had not noticed her at all, although she should have seen her through the grating. But she had fully concentrated on the inside of the bed. Mrs. Schäfer bent down briefly and stroked Svenja's shoulder. Then Mrs. Schäfer went to her daughter. "So Lottchen, I know that you always like to sleep in a closed bed when you are on holiday, because you don't have that at home and you are not allowed to sleep there without a harness. But this year is different. Your ID bracelets have to be connected to the store every night. How this works best, we will find out together in the following nights. OK!?" said Mrs. Schäfer and had started to put a harness on her daughter. It was made of leather and when Mrs. Schäfer was finished, it wrapped tightly around Charlotte's upper body and was additionally secured with two straps through her legs. It had not been necessary to free Charlotte from the grating of the bed. So Charlotte then stood at her night's lodging with a discontented expression on her face. "Svenja, since you are used to sleep on your back, you will start with this. We could also connect the charging cables as you are lying now, but we will try that later," said Mrs. Schäfer and removed the bar between Svenja's hands.

Then Svenja could pull her hands back into the bed and pull her hair straight and pull it out from under her body. Mrs. Schäfer watched for a moment, but then reached through the grating on the side at Svenja's hip height and attached the first fixation band to her overall, just like her mother used to do at home. The same thing followed on the other side, so that Svenja could not stand up anymore but could still sit up, which she did to get a better grip on her hair.

"Svenja, I'll get you a pair of scrunchies, otherwise it won't work and you'll always lie on your hair at night" said Mrs. Schäfer, disappeared briefly in the bathroom and came back with three scrunchies. Svenja was still sitting upright and had her hands on her hair.

"Leave it alone Svenja, I'll quickly make you a ponytail" said Mrs. Schäfer and took Svenja's hair in her own hands.

"Am I not allowed to do it myself?" asked Svenja disappointed and did not want to give up her independence any further.

"Since you ask like that Svenja, no! I'd rather do it for you. It goes faster and becomes as I think it is right. Please put your hands down and enjoy that you don't have to do anything. That is also something beautiful, isn't it?" said Mrs. Schäfer calmly but decisively. A short time later Mrs. Schäfer had tied Svenja's hair to his ponytail which was not tied backwards but upwards at the head.

"So Svenja, then please lie backwards" said Mrs. Schäfer and supported Svenja's head and upper part of her body a little. When Svenja had laid her head on the pillow, she grabbed two rolls of rope that were sticking out of the upper end of the bed between the bars. These were then hooked into Svenja's overalls at the shoulders. This made it clear to Svenja that she could not sit up anymore. At home, her mother would have put on the padded gloves and she would be ready for the night. But Mrs. Schäfer asked Svenja to put her arms loosely next to the mattress. Then Svenja couldn't see exactly what Mrs. Schäfer was doing next, but it seemed as if she had attached something to the outside of the bed, her hands at about the same height. What Svenja could not see, because she could only see along the bars in this angle but not through them. When Mrs. Schäfer was finished on the other side as well, she grabbed Svenja's wrists and snapped them into the device she had just fixed at the exact spot on the grating.

"So Svenja, this is the connection for charging the bracelets, this must now charge until tomorrow morning" said Mrs. Schäfer, then took the blanket and covered Svenja with it and then stroked her cheek lovingly. A very similar procedure followed with Charlotte and Svenja could see the brackets with the cables on the outside of the bed where the bracelets were fixed.

The fixation felt no different than with all other fixation points. This was the only way to reduce the freedom of movement in bed to almost zero. Up to now it had always been only lines or straps that were attached to your harness or overalls, but this way the entire arms were connected to the bed frame. Svenja tried to straighten up, which was indeed possible to a certain degree, until the lines at her shoulder did not roll out any further. But this was incredibly exhausting, because she could not support herself with her arms.

But the feeling of being safely embedded in the cot still felt good for Svenja.

The bars all around gave her a feeling of security, if in addition to that she had a higher freedom of movement, then Svenja could imagine why Charlotte would have liked to sleep in the cage. But first of all she had to spend a night with little movement and well protected, without knowing what time it was or when she was freed from the bed. All her problems of the last days and weeks, like her school achievements and the future worries with the minority were all far away.

Then Svenja saw how Mrs. Schäfer, with a stuffed animal in her hand, bent over to her daughter in bed again. "Hello Lotty, it's me - Peterle. Have you been good today and do you want me to cuddle with you?" said Mrs. Schäfer in a childishly disguised voice. She played with the stuffed animal in Charlotte's face. She had to giggle happily.

Svenja thought at first how embarrassing it was, but at the same moment she remembered Leo who she had left at home. But when she heard the happy giggling from the neighbor's bed she hated herself for that too. How much she wanted to hold her Leo in her hand right now. At her thought she had not followed the events in the neighboring bed any further.

Suddenly the face of Mrs. Schäfer appeared over her bed and she had a motherly caring smile. Svenja got there a more thoughtful face. Then Mrs. Schäfer put her left hand through the grille and put Leo on Svenja's stomach. Whereupon she immediately had a smile on her face and wanted to reach for it with her hands, but quickly realized that this was not possible. Mrs. Schäfer then moved Leo in small jumps towards Svenja's head.

"Hello Svenja, I am Leo and had to walk all the way behind you, because you just left me alone at home." After Mrs. Schäfer had said that in the same voice pitch as Peter, Leo had arrived at Svenja's face and nudged her lovingly on the nose. Svenja had to giggle just like Charlotte. But she was also so happy to see her stuffed animal that a tear ran down her cheek. Mrs. Schäfer took a paw from Leo and wiped the tear away with it, then she let Leo cuddle Svenja's cheeks for a moment and she accepted this gratefully.

"Do you want Leo to sit on your head or hold it in your hand?" Mrs. Schäfer asked afterwards in her usual warm voice.

"In the hand please." said Svenja in a low voice.

Then Mrs. Schäfer gave the little stuffed lion into the right hand of Svenja, who grabbed it firmly and did not let go.

"Thank you Mrs. Schäfer" said Svenja then emotionally touched.

"Svenja, you have to thank your parents for that. They gave it to me this morning, and obviously for a good reason."

"Well, children, it's time to sleep now, tomorrow there will be lots to discover and experience. I don't have to tell you that there'll be no more talking. We're going to sleep now," said Mrs. Schäfer in a gentle voice.

"Exactly, children, listen to your mother, I wish you a good night and dream something nice" suddenly said Mr. Schäfer who had also come into the room. He also looked once more into both beds and stroked Svenja gently over her shoulder.

"I wish you a good night, too" said Mrs. Schäfer and left the room together with her husband.

"Good night mom, good night dad, I love you" said Charlotte and the door closed quietly.

13.6 Summer holidays, early morning sports

Svenja had taken a long time to fall asleep on her first evening with the Schäfer family. In the beginning she had tried to talk to Charlotte, but she quickly realized that there would be trouble for both of them if they didn't sleep.

Svenja had been prevented from falling asleep by the unusual position of her arms, she had pressed her Leo with her hand over and over again and would have loved to cuddle with him, which was not possible because of the load of the ID bracelets. When it was long since dark, she had fallen asleep at some point, but always woke up again when she wanted to turn around or just unconsciously moved her arms while sleeping.

After one of these moments Svenja could not fall asleep again. She could also see through the upper window that it was already light outside, she must have slept through a long time. After a short orientation where she was and why she could not move her hands, she was frustrated and sad. Then her Leo came back to her mind that she was not holding in her hands, frightened she lifted her upper body up to the limit of the straps and could see Leo lying next to her hand. After some attempts and tugging at the straps she could reach him with her fingertips and hold him firmly in her hand again.

"Good morning, are you up already?" Charlotte said from the neighbor's bed with a sleepy voice, followed by a loud yawn.

"Yes I can't fall asleep anymore, the chargers on my wrists are a pain in the ass.

Could you sleep?" Svenja asked, much more awake from the fight with her bonds. "Yes, it's okay, that's really stupid, you're right. That's why I wanted to sleep in the other bed, hoping not to be strapped so tight," Charlotte said slowly becoming more awake.

"What time do you think it is and how long we have to lie here like this?" Svenja asked impatiently.

"I don't know what time it is, but it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter on holiday. But I think my father wants to do sports with us, so enjoy it while you can still lie here.

He'll be here sooner than you think," Charlotte said.

"Why exercise, like last night on the terrace? Or what?" Svenja asked.

"No really serious, probably jogging on the beach. He goes jogging every day and on I almost always have to go on weekends, which is totally exhausting and I don't enjoy it at all. But dad always says I have to move more," said Charlotte, who is already very awake.

"It doesn't sound great, but it's not so great to lie here strapped in like this." Svenja replied.

"You will surely get to know it right away, and then you can decide for yourself what you like better. Last year daddy took me to the beach every morning on vacation," Charlotte said.

"Good morning children, I hear I'm already awake and fit for the day. Then we can leave right away." said suddenly Mr. Schäfer in a loud and eager voice.

Then he went to Svenja by the bed and stroked her cheeks gently.

"Did you sleep well Svenja?" asked Mr. Schäfer and looked at Svenja with a smile.

Svenja shook her head timidly and pressed Leo even stronger.

"Oh darling, I'm sorry, what was the matter?" asked Mr. Schäfer worriedly.

"The fixed hands are so uncomfortable, I woke up again and again," said Svenja and sounded a bit snivelling.

"Yes, Svenja, I can understand that, that is new and unusual for you. But you will get used to it or my wife will find another solution. But now we all want to move," said Mr. Schäfer and Svenja's arms detached themselves from the chargers after a wipe on his mobile phone.

Svenja was grateful to be able to move her arms again, first she cuddled a little with

Leo when Mr. Schäfer had gone on to his daughter. Afterwards Svenja rubbed herself the

Wrists next to the bracelets. These things themselves were not yet unpleasant, but the feeling that the long fixation in the arms had left was not very good. Svenja was so happy that her arms were free again that she had to share this moment with her cuddly Leo. She put him on her chest and talked

quietly with him about her experiences. Svenja ignored that Charlotte or Herr Schäfer could hear. It was more important for her to share her feelings and Leo was exactly the person she needed. But after a while she felt strange and childish and looked up again. There she saw again the face of Mr. Schäfer who watched Svenja with an amused smile. Thereupon Svenja's face immediately became red and she was embarrassed.

At the same time she laid both hands protectively over Leo and wanted to hide her.

This again conjured an even more charming smile on the face of Mr. Schäfer and he bent down a little bit to Svenja and stroked her head.

"You need not be afraid Svenja, I will not take Leo away from you. If you need another

If you need a moment with him, that's no problem, I'll just finish Charlotte in the bathroom", said Mr. Schäfer and left Svenja's field of vision again. Then she could see through the wooden sticks that Charlotte had left the bed and was accompanied to the bathroom by her father.

This cot did something with Svenja which seemed strange to her, although not unpleasant.

Her perception remained overgrazed inside the bed and protected her. Even if Mr. Schäfer or Mrs. Schäfer leaned over the bed from above and looked down at Svenja, they had penetrated her perception, but it did not feel like an injury of the protected area. It was strangely familiar and secure. Svenja took the opportunity and cuddled even further with her Leo, just as she would have wanted to do in the evening, if the fixed arms had not prevented her from doing so. It did not feel wrong for Svenja either.

Svenja had lost all sense of time and suddenly the face of Herr Schäfer appeared again above the crib.

"So Svenja now you have to get up, OK?" said Mr. Schäfer and started to loosen the straps on Svenja's overalls. Only then it occurred to Svenja why she hadn't tried it herself. But she had been busy with other things before.

After all belts were loosened Mr. Schäfer opened the grille at the foot end and Svenja could crawl out of bed. Then Mr. Schäfer pushed her into the bathroom and gently held her arm.

There was nothing more to see of Charlotte in the bathroom and Mr. Schäfer opened Svenja's pyjamas and took them off her. Then Mr. Schäfer noticed after a short grip on the diaper that this was still dry. And so Svenja's arms were attached to the linen above the toilet and then the diaper was taken off her. So Svenja could then sit down on the toilet, which was very uncomfortable for her in the presence of Mr. Schäfer. He looked at her encouragingly and waited for Svenja to do her morning business. Svenja looked at Mr. Schäfer very helplessly. He was wearing tight short sports trousers and a modern tight-fitting sports jersey and he was also wearing running shoes.

"What are we going to do right now?" asked Svenja to lower her embarrassing situation. "What do you think, child, if I want to go to the cinema with you in that outfit?" said Mr. Schäfer and laughed.

"We're going to go to the beach now and walk a few kilometres. I want to see how fit you both are and if we can improve on that in a few weeks," he said without laughing.

Svenja looked thoughtfully but suddenly noticed that her bladder was full. So after a short concentration she was able to relieve herself. Afterwards Svenja had to bend forward just like at Mrs. Schäfer's the evening before and present her bottom for cleaning for Mr. Schäfer. But also Mr. Schäfer did the cleaning professionally and lovingly at the same time.

Afterwards Svenja should stand up straight again and get into a pair of panties, which her master Schäfer had held out. The panties were very big and made of thick cotton. Svenja had seen something like that at her grandma's once. Mr. Schäfer then put on a sports bra for her. In the next step Mr. Schäfer had taken Svenja's arms off the linen again and Svenja got a simple white t-shirt made of cotton.

Next Mr. Schäfer had something yellow shining in his hand, which turned out to be quite light overalls. Svenja had to come in and Mr. Schäfer pulled up his trousers and put

Svenja the straps over the shoulders. The pants were made of the same material as jogging suits. Mr. Schäfer then pulled the straps through loops on the bib and the ends of the straps were fastened over the shoulders with sewn-on velcro. There was no safety device, Svenja could have opened the straps again without any problems. But Mr. Schäfer was not finished yet, he then had a tangle of red ribbons in his hand and sorted them. Svenja should stretch out her arms to the front and could imagine that now a harness would come.

That's how it was, but it was not particularly restrictive or tight. One belt led under Svenja's breasts around her body and two more led from the belts over her shoulders. These straps were crossed in the front as well as in the back, so there was no strap over Svenja's breasts. At the front of the belt a cord was sewn on, which was made of the same material as the harness itself, only the cord was crimped and obviously had an elastic band built in. When Mr. Schäfer had closed the harness in the back, Svenja was supposed to take the line in her hand so that Mr. Schäfer could bring her through the corridor into the changing room. There Charlotte stood secured with her ID bracelets on the bar and waited for the two of them. She was wearing the same bright yellow overalls and the red harness.

Svenja was also instructed to secure herself to the pole. There both were put on special running socks and also the sports shoes were put on and tied by Mr. Schäfer. In the last step Mr. Schäfer strapped himself a belt with D-rings and a pocket for a mobile phone. On this belt he then hooked the two lines of Svenja and Charlotte and released the two girls from the pole again.

"So kids, now we can start, until we reach the beach we will take it slowly. The lines are elastic and you don't always have to walk next to each other, but you have to keep up the speed. Everything understood?" said Mr. Schäfer and went through the corridor to the front door.

Svenja and Charlotte had no choice but to follow him. The lines were one meter twenty in length when pulled in and could be stretched to a good three meters, but the rubber inside was quite strong and Svenja felt the pull as soon as the line was no longer loose. When Mr. Schäfer reached the path in front of the house, he changed from walking to slow running, the lines stretched to their full length for a short time and the children were forced to run as well.

For Svenja the situation was very strange to be pulled by Mr. Schäfer and to have to follow him. But by the movement of running Svenja felt freer than she had ever been in the last 36 hours. The speed was not exhausting and the morning air was wonderful and not too cold. The rising sun was at her back and the path led between the cottages towards a group of dunes, which was much bigger and higher than the one between the cottages. Svenja looked at Charlotte, for whom it was obviously much more strenuous than for Svenja.

Svenja only knew jogging from school, where she was not so bad at it. But Charlotte had a different attitude when running and looked as if she was really being pulled off the leash and her breath was clearly audible.

Then the small group reached the big dunes and the gravel road ended at a cross bike path. Behind it a narrow sandy path led over the dunes. The path became steeper and steeper and Mr. Schäfer continued only slowly, because the ascent was very strenuous in the loose sand. Svenja followed Mr. Schäfer so closely that her line went loose and almost touched the ground. Charlotte's leash was tightly stretched and it seemed as if she was being pulled a little bit by her father.

After one or two minutes they had reached the highest point and Svenja also felt her heartbeat clearly now. But Charlotte was already panting heavily and gasping for breath.

"Darling, we still have a lot of work to do. If you are already now, when we haven't even started, so out of breath until. Look at Svenja, nothing has happened yet," said Mr. Schäfer and took his phone out of the pocket on his belt.

"You see, Svenja is only 90 and you are already over 120," said Mr. Schäfer after looking at the phone.

"What do you think, dad? I can't turn around any more" said Charlotte and put her arms on her knees.

"You're funny honey, we haven't even started. But I already have an idea how we can make up for it." said Mr. Schäfer and put his hand on his daughter's back. Svenja had understood that Mr. Schäfer could obviously read the heart rate of the children through the bracelets. She didn't really know whether she should be fascinated or frightened by it, but it was a logical function of the bracelets. But then Svenja couldn't think about it anymore, because she had looked around and realized what a fantastic view she had from up here. On the land side she could look over all the houses and in the background there was a big water area, it had to be a fjord and her house had to be on the headland. On the other side the open sea was visible. Svenja had never seen that before. She looked around fascinated and was overwhelmed.

"Well Svenja, have you ever seen that before?" asked Mr. Schäfer when he noticed how overwhelmed Svenja was by it.

"No never before, it's beautiful," said Svenja full of enthusiasm.

"I've been to Kiel with my parents before, but this is different," she added. "Yes, Svenja, this is the North Sea and here the water doesn't go away at low tide like on our North Sea coast. It was not nice" said Mr. Schäfer with a certain pride about the holiday destination he chose.

In the meantime Charlotte had calmed down so much that she could stand up straight again. "So children then down to the beach, Svenja and I want to challenge our pulse a bit" said Mr. Schäfer and began the descent towards the beach.

It wasn't that strenuous but you had to concentrate hard not to lose your balance in the loose sand. At the foot of the dune was a sandy beach about 100 meters wide. Mr. Schäfer crossed this beach again in a run towards the water. The sand was also loose and it took more strength to walk on it than it did on the gravel path.

About 20 meters before the water there was an area that was very smooth and hard. Here the sand had been made wet and smooth by the waves during the night, so it was almost as easy to walk on it as on asphalt. Mr. Schäfer turned around and walked backwards a little bit to tell Svenja and Charlotte something. "So, children, we are now running north. To the to balance out different fitness levels between the two of you, Charlotte will run on the hard sand and Svenja you run with me on the softer sand."

Then Mr. Schäfer turned around again and walked a little further to the right to get into the softer sand. The line for Charlotte was long enough for her to stay on the hard sand. Mr. Schäfer picked up the pace slightly and Svenja stayed behind Mr. Schäfer together with Charlotte. She walked a few steps on the hard sand and a couple in the soft sand. She didn't pay much attention to her way, because she looked around the beach, it was all new for her. Sometimes mussel shells lay in the sand or they passed larger pieces of flotsam that had been washed up during the night.

Also the three were not alone on the beach, there were many vacationers who did sports here in the morning or walked their dogs. Also other parents came to meet them with their offspring on a leash. This method of the "motivation" in the morning sport seemed to be common here for the children.

"Daddy, not so fast I can't go any more" Charlotte moaned after less than 10 minutes.

Thereupon Mr. Schäfer pulled his smartphone out of the cradle and checked the pulse of Charlotte and Svenja. Then he looked back, "Honey don't talk, then you'll have more air for walking."

"You're an old grinder dad, we're not in the military!" Charlotte then gasped. Then Mr. Schäfer looked back again, "Svenja you're cheating, come here please. From now on you walk next to me so I can see you."

Then he grabbed the leash on his belt that led to Svenja and pulled her slowly towards him until she ran beside him, then he let go of the leash again and she hung in an arc between him and Svenja. So Svenja was forced to run in the soft sand. She also felt the effort and she slowly got warm.

"Svenja, you are doing well. Have you ever run at home? I mean so sporty", Mr. Schäfer then asked casually as the journey continued northwards.

"No Mr. Schäfer, only at school. At the beginning of the sports lesson we always do it for 10 minutes and sometimes we run 1000 meters" said Svenja.

"And do you enjoy it? It is very important that you do sports, also outside of school. If you find something you enjoy, it is even easier", said Mr. Schäfer.

"I don't know, it's already exhausting" said Svenja.

"Well, that's sport always is, that's the point. But it can still be fun. Especially when you are successful. We will increase the distance a little bit every day and you will see that it gets easier every day. That is then success." explained Mr. Schäfer.

"If you say so!" answered Svenja.

"But should I be honest?" she asked more rhetorically afterwards.

"But of course Svenja, we expect you to always be honest with us and say everything that is on your mind" said Mr. Schäfer in a serious voice and looked at Svenja just as serious.

"Yes, of course. I only mean, ... at the moment I like it best that I don't feel so cramped when I am running. ... It's good to be able to move properly for once. ... Yesterday I was tied up almost the whole day, ... Oh fixed I mean of course," said Svenja and grinned cheekily into Mr. Schäfer's face.

"Yesterday you were long and strictly secured Svenja, that's right. But unfortunately it was also necessary and your behavior did not make it easier. But I think it doesn't have to stay that way. But you can see that sport is so important. Unfortunately, we have neglected this with Charlotte a little bit, it is our absence, she must now work hard on it," said Mr. Schäfer and took his phone out of the cradle again.

"OK 2 minutes walking!" he said after reading the values.

Svenja walked in slow steps to let herself fall back a bit. Then she could Charlotte beside her. She could no longer speak and sweat was dripping from her Face, also on the T-shirt there were wet spots everywhere. At that moment Svenja felt pity for Charlotte, she obviously had to work very hard to keep up to here. Svenja also noticed that she had become much warmer and that she was sweating a lot on her forehead.

"Honey, slowly continue walking and breathe deeply. ... Your condition is really bad, I am sorry. I have just talked to Svenja about it, of course mum and I are responsible for it and we will change it again so that it is easier for you. But believe me, after the holiday you will be fit again and then we just have to keep this up at home," Mr. Schäfer said to Charlotte and pressed her briefly.

"Daddy, I can't ask you anymore!" Charlotte gasped after she had regained some breath.

"Oh, honey, I can read on the phone when you can't go on. Come on. I'll make you a deal. We turn around now and walk back at the same pace. You, on the damp sand again and we on the loose one," said Mr. Schäfer and changed direction. After a short moment he had also sorted the lines so that they were heading south in the same mode. But Svenja was now running next to Charlotte, because she wanted to keep her company and did not really want to talk to Mr. Schäfer anymore, especially since Svenja also slowly realized how exhausting and sweaty running in the soft sand was. Mr. Schäfer turned around in irregular intervals and looked if Svenja really was running in the soft sand. While they all ran so far south, Svenja thought about Mr. Schäfer's question. Is running fun? Not for Charlotte, she tormented herself from step to step. But for Svenja it felt somehow good. The increased pulse and the recurring movements, especially the arms, felt much better than being tied to the car or to one of the stupid poles. So Svenja decided that she enjoyed walking. Especially since she would probably not be able to get around it in the next weeks.

So she followed Charlotte's advice to always make the best of it.

13.7 Summer holidays, a shock after breakfast

The way back from the big dune to the house was done slowly to get the pulse of Charlotte and Svenja back to normal. When they arrived back at the holiday home, they were welcomed at the door by Mrs.

Schäfer. Mr. Schäfer untied the lines and handed them over to his wife. He himself then made a round without the children. Mrs. Schäfer led Svenja and Charlotte first into the changing room to take off their shoes. Then they went back into the bathroom and Svenja was taken off the harness, then she was tied to one of the lines in the middle of the room and had to wait.

Charlotte was still very out of breath while her mother took off the harness first and then the overalls. Svenja could see that Charlotte's clothes were totally wet. The underpants and the t-shirt were hanging heavily on Charlotte's body and the overalls were clearly wet in the back and on the bib.

When Svenja stood so still on her linen she also noticed how her body continued to produce sweat and also soaked her underwear. It was not a nice feeling and she would have loved to undress and shower immediately. But unfortunately she was forced to wait again to be undressed and showered by Mrs. Schäfer.

Charlotte was fixed in the shower after undressing and Svenja had to wait again. Only when Charlotte was dried and completely naked again fixed to one of the lines, Svenja had to wait again. In the meantime she had a normal pulse again and did not sweat any more. But her underwear was still very wet and she was happy when finally the overalls were removed. But then she got cold immediately and started to tremble a little.

Luckily it went fast and when she was fixed in the shower she enjoyed being showered with warm water by Mrs. Schäfer. Somehow the others were right. Even though the posture in the shower was uncomfortable, the rest of the treatment was all the more pleasant and relaxing.

After the shower, Svenja was again standing on the lines in the room just as naked as Charlotte.

But with Svenja the blow-drying of her hair took much longer than with Charlotte and Mrs. Schäfer was a bit annoyed that everything took so long. Mr. Schäfer had already looked in while Svenja was in the shower and said that he would already prepare breakfast.

When Svenja's hair was finally dry, both of them put the ribbon around their waist again and fastened their genital protector. Svenja hadn't thought of that at all, but the unpleasant feeling was back again.

Then the house-suit overall and the harness from the previous evening followed. Svenja thought about the fact that it should go already again on the terrace. To her surprise she was led together with Charlotte to the bench in the dining area and buckled up there. But this time Svenja and Charlotte were allowed to sit right next to each other. Also the hands were not fixed or held together any further. Obviously she was trusted again so far that she would not argue with Charlotte. From her point of view there was no reason for that.

At the following breakfast Svenja and Charlotte were allowed to spread and cover the toast themselves. But on the one hand they made sure that everything was out of reach of the two on the table. So they had to ask for everything and always thank politely. On the other hand, Svenja had the feeling that she was watched very carefully concerning her table manners and the handling of the cutlery. Once she was even admonished by Mrs. Schäfer that knives should be wiped clean on toast. Svenja found it annoying but not so bad that she should be upset about it. Besides, after the morning run she had become curious about the surroundings and wanted to finally start her holiday. So far she hadn't experienced anything that could be called a holiday or

I would call a vacation. Apart from being tied or tied up somewhere and obeying the Schäfers' instructions, nothing had happened yet from Svenja's point of view. She didn't want to think that it could stay that way.

So at the end of breakfast Svenja became more thoughtful and introverted.

When the table was moved back after breakfast, Charlotte was again

She hooked the leash to the rail system in the kitchen and was given the task by her mother to put the kitchen in order. Svenja going there was led back into the bathroom with a hand leash from Mrs. Schäfer. There Mr. Schäfer, who was the first to leave the kitchen, stood next to a large and stable chair which was a little higher than an ordinary chair. He also had a very high and stable backrest that

would probably reach almost to his shoulders. The seat was upholstered and had an upholstered wedge between the legs like a child's chair. Svenja looked at Mr. Schäfer and then also at Mrs. Schäfer confused. She couldn't make a rhyme out of what this chair was doing in the bathroom. But there was something wrong with the situation, because the two adults had a very serious and also slightly worried expression on their faces.

"Please come and sit here," said Mr. Schäfer and grabbed Svenja under her arms to lift her up a little bit and put her in the seat. It was a bit like sitting in a car seat and Mr. Schäfer also immediately started to tighten some belts in the crotch and to pull Svenja's belly tight, while Mrs. Schäfer connected the belt harness which Svenja was wearing with the backrest.

"Hey, what are you doing? What kind of a funny chair is that and why are you tying me up in such a funny way" said Svenja, who in the meantime got a little panic.

"Shh... Shh... Svenja calmly, we will talk about it later" said Mrs. Schäfer and stroked Svenja over the head.

Now Svenja got even more panic and wanted to tear herself away and jump down from this chair, but it was too late and she was already being held relentlessly. She could only move her arms and legs and she tried to push the Schäfers away with her arms. But then each of them grabbed one arm and locked the rings on the armrest of the chair.

"Hey, stop it right now. Why am I tied up in the bathroom to talk What's going on here?" Svenja shouted now loudly.

Mr. and Mrs. Schäfer then let go of Svenja immediately, but it was no use. She was fixed on the chair and it seemed to be anchored in the floor. At least he did not move by the violent pulling of Svenja.

"Oh sorry Svenja, we had assumed that you know what kind of chair this is" said Mrs. Schäfer in a calm voice and then took Svenja's hair in a mop of hair and pulled it out slowly and carefully between Svenja's back and the backrest to let it hang behind the backrest.

Svenja could not see this, because there were no mirrors, but she could feel it and now she also could see what this chair should represent.

"No ... No ... I do not want this. You cannot just cut off my hair," Svenja screamed loudly and tugged at her shackles.

Mrs. Schäfer let her go for a moment and then touched her shoulder gently.

"Please calm down Svenja again," said Mrs. Schäfer in a gentle voice. Svenja recognized the hopelessness of her situation and gave up her resistance, tears immediately ran down her cheeks.

"Svenja please, I would like to explain a few things to you" said Mrs. Schäfer after a while. But Svenja looked demonstratively in the opposite direction to the floor. Meanwhile, Mr. Schäfer left the bathroom quietly and inconspicuously.

"Svenja, I want you to understand why I want to cut your hair. There is no point in you being so stubborn. Please look at me," said Mrs. Schäfer and pulled up a kind of bar stool that stood in the corner and sat down next to Svenja.

But Svenja still looked away. So Mrs. Schäfer touched Svenja gently on her chin and wanted to turn her head to herself. But Svenja still had tears running down her cheek and she made a defensive movement with her head.

"Svenja, ... we're not getting anywhere like this, do you want to spend the whole day here so fixated in the bathroom? That's no solution" said Mrs. Schäfer and put her hands on Svenja's arm to have further physical contact.

Svenja thought, what did Mrs. Schäfer want from her? Either way, she would simply cut off her hair or even shave it and disfigure her in such a way that she could no longer be seen in public. So what was all this fuss about? Inside Svenja was upset and angry, but outside she only showed the helplessness of her situation.

Then Svenja was torn from her thoughts again, because Mrs. Schäfer shook her arm. "Hello Svenja, I had asked you something. It is impolite not to react to it," said Mrs. Schäfer calmly but with her well-known demanding tone.

Thereupon Svenja turned her head back to the middle and looked further down at her legs and said in a low, weepy voice, "No, I want to leave."

Thereupon Mrs. Schäfer took a handkerchief from a box that stood on a shelf above the sink and wiped the tears from Svenja's face.

"You have already decided to disfigure me, so why do you still want to talk?" said Svenja and slowly went on the offensive to get rid of her frustration.

"Well Svenja there are many places where you are not on the right level of information and therefore I would like to explain it to you. Because it is very important to me that you are satisfied with your hairstyle and also ..." said Mrs. Schäfer when she was interrupted by Svenja.

"But I am happy with my hairstyle, just the way it is" said Svenja and finally looked at Mrs. Schäfer.

"Svenja ... Svenja, it is impolite to interrupt me. So please let me explain why we, my husband and I, prefer a change of your hair" said Mrs. Schäfer and could look Svenja in the eyes. She had stopped crying and slowly became combative again. But because of her hopeless situation she had decided to listen first.

"Unfortunately, it is a fact that such long hair as you have at the moment is disturbing in many situations. For example, if you have to be strapped into a seat, it is not comfortable for you either if your hair is trapped between your back and the seat. The same applies to good harnesses, which are often prescribed here and we also consider them appropriate. Svenja rolled slightly annoyed with her eyes during Mrs. Schäfer's explanations, but she did not want to interrupt them again.

"Then comes the situation in bed, there your long hair can get caught everywhere and you could get problems with it during the night. In the end, it is also the case that it simply takes a very long time until such long hair is groomed. We all want to have time to relax and rest during our holidays and not spend the time in the bathroom, don't we?" said Mrs. Schäfer and looked Svenja insistently in the eyes.

"But ... but ... I can do that myself," said Svenja a bit uncertainly, knowing that Mrs. Schäfer would hardly allow this.

Mrs. Schäfer then smiled at Svenja with understanding and stroked her head. "Yes, Svenja, but I don't think we are discussing that now, besides that this is only a small point among the others. Do you see that it would be better with shorter hair?" asked Mrs. Schäfer cautiously.

Svenja hadn't even thought about whether or what advantages it could have to have shorter hair. Up to now she had excluded herself from having her hair cut off. So she couldn't answer and just gasped for breath a few times speechlessly before Mrs. Schäfer talked further.

"Shall I give you some suggestions on how we could style your hair?"

Svenja was more and more confused, first she should agree, then it should be about design. And from where did Mrs. Schäfer actually believe to be competent? More and more questions went through Svenja's mind.

"Wait ... Wait, I thought we wanted to talk and I should agree with that. But I am not. Your arguments may fit together for her but I want to keep my hair. All that nonsense with the tying up and fixation, I don't want that either and why do you think you can get a decent hairstyle together and then different ones? Svenja had got into a fighting mood again in the meantime, but since she was still fixed on the chair, she had a correspondingly weak position.

Mrs. Schäfer looked at her with understanding and then said, "Svenja, please don't lose sight of your manners, we want to discuss and also argue about me. But you know that educational aids and fixations are not shackles and are not up for negotiation. You keep on braking. And if you had been a little more interested in us, had been on the road yesterday and talked to us, you could have found out

that I am a hairdresser, have over 20 years of professional experience and run my own salon. So don't worry about my competence."

Now Svenja was the stupid one, she could not say anything against these arguments. Mrs. Schäfer was right. So Svenja first looked at her legs again in shame. But Mrs. Schäfer did not intend to embarrass Svenja but wanted to make it clear to her that she should reconsider her behavior and so she put her hands on Svenja's arms again.

"OK anyway, I propose a compromise. We'll give you a nice hairstyle with shoulder-length hair. It will still be long enough to grow back quickly if your mother allows it. And if you don't like it, we can always shorten it. What do you think?" asked Mrs. Schäfer.

Svenja turned her head again to look at her. She slowly realized that she would only get out of this situation if she agreed to a shorter hairstyle. In principle she was finally allowed to decide something. But she only had the decision to stay fixed in the chair or to have her hair shortened. Of course this was not a real decision, she couldn't sit there forever.

"OK you have won, but please cut as little as possible" said Svenja and looked sadly into Mrs. Schäfer's eyes. Then another thick tear ran down her cheek.

"Svenja, it will be great, believe me, you will like it. You won't have to cry." said Mrs. Schäfer and wiped away the tear.

"Do you want to watch or should I start like this? I can also fetch a mirror." asked Mrs. Schäfer next.

Svenja just shook her head a little, she didn't want to see her beautiful hair fall victim to the scissors.

"OK Svenja, then wait here a moment, I'll get my equipment" said Mrs. Schäfer and left the bathroom.

Svenja thought what other options she had than waiting here. And had to smile for a moment although she was still unhappy about her "decision".

After Mrs. Schäfer had returned, she put a big tray from the kitchen on the stool she had just sat on. Then she spread out a bag on it. Inside the bag Svenja could see a lot of professional tools for a hairdresser. In the next step she was put on a protective coat, as usual for a hairdresser. "So child, let's go. I will now cut you a so-called bob in the first step.

The hair is the same length on both sides and reaches to just before the shoulders. With the bangs we will see what possibilities we have to make a pretty girl out of you," said Mrs. Schäfer and took a pair of scissors from the bag on the tray in her right hand. With the other hand she reached for Svenja's hair to straighten it. Svenja flinched and moved her head, not necessarily on purpose, but somehow she hadn't come to terms with what would happen now.

"Honey, what's the matter, you agreed. If you don't keep still I will cut myself and to fix your head is not a good idea", said Mrs. Schäfer and fiddled with Svenja's hair a little bit.

"Yes, it's alright, I just wasn't ready yet, it will be alright." said Svenja but there was a fight going on inside her. She knew that she had no other choice and that her decision was not voluntary. But if she looked at it realistically, her hair would have grown back in a year or a year and a half. So she had to prepare herself for a type change and she had to concentrate on getting the best out of it for her, just like Charlotte had advised her to do.

"But please don't make it so childish, I don't want to look like a school child" Svenja then said to Mrs. Schäfer.

"Well Svenja, actually you are a school child!" said Mrs. Schäfer and smiled very amused.

"But don't worry, you can't fix it by the length of your hair. It's all in the styling. So we can try out different things. But even there, I will take your age and status into account as long as you are with us," explained Mrs. Schäfer while she started cutting the first strands.

As there were no mirrors in the bathroom, Svenja could not see the process. Also Mrs. Schäfer had avoided to show Svenja the cut off hair. She had a trash can behind her and threw the long pieces in there immediately. Svenja only felt that her hair was getting much lighter. A tear ran down her cheek again and she became very quiet.

Meanwhile Mrs. Schäfer concentrated on cutting and did not notice. For the next ten minutes the two didn't talk to each other and Svenja thought about how all this should continue during this holiday and what she would blame her parents for if she saw them again. Basically her parents were to blame for everything here. But she didn't have to cry any more when she thought about it and Mrs. Schäfer was meanwhile busy cutting the details and trimming the pony.

When Mrs. Schäfer was satisfied with that she put the scissors back. "So young lady, we have done that. Would you like to see it already?" she then asked Svenja.

Svenja had gotten stuck in her thoughts in blaming her parents for a possibly messy hairstyle. She had decided not to be angry about it during the holidays. But on the other hand she was so curious about her new look that she couldn't hold back. "Yes, of course!" she said with more anticipation than she actually had.

Thereupon Mrs. Schäfer left the bathroom and came back a short time later with a small hand mirror. But it covered her so that Svenja could not see anything. The next moment Mr. Schäfer came in with a slightly larger wall mirror and placed it on the shelf above the sink and leaned it against the wall.

Then Svenja could see herself in the mirror for the first time. Her hair just reached to her shoulder to touch it. In her face the fringe was cut so short that her eyes were always free, but on the sides parts of her cheeks were still covered by long hair. So her ears were not to be seen. Svenja had the feeling to look younger than before. All in all it was not a complete catastrophe, she would not be ashamed of it. But she liked her old hairstyle better. Mr. and Mrs. Schäfer stood behind Svenja, so that she could see them in the mirror, waiting expectantly for a reaction from Svenja. But Svenja could not yet decide on a reaction and continued to look at herself.

Then Mrs. Schäfer took the hand mirror and showed Svenja the back part. There the hair was just as long as at the sides. From behind it looked unusual but surprisingly she liked it quite well.

"What do you think Svenja, will you be able to live with it?" Mrs. Schäfer then asked.

"Well, I think it looks good, somehow fresher!" said Mr. Schäfer.

Svenja could not do much with the comment and had actually not waited for Mr. Schäfer's taste judgement. So she looked at him a bit horrified.

"Fresher? Well, at first sight it is shorter", Svenja said without making a real statement.

"Well, Walter, you don't have the competence for that either!" said Mrs. Schäfer to her husband and grinned at him cheekily.

"Yes, all right, I'm off again," said Mr. Schäfer and left the bathroom again. "Well Svenja, don't keep me in suspense. We can still change something," said Mrs. Schäfer again.

"Well... well... ..I... it's quite OK. I think I can live with it," said Svenja. "OK, I can understand that you don't want to break out in enthusiasm. But what could we improve?" asked Mrs. Schäfer.

"Yes, I don't know, it looks a bit boring ... normal. I can't describe it any better. But it'll work for the holidays," said Svenja.

"Well, Svenja, I think I know what you mean. We'll get to that in a moment" said Mrs. Schäfer and put the hand mirror on the tray.

Then she went to one of the shelves in the background and got a thin curved item. It was completely red and Svenja could not see what it was at first. But then Mrs. Schäfer came to her with it and held it close to her face. Svenja wanted to avoid it at first, but that would not have been of much use as she was fixed on the chair. Mrs. Schäfer put the two ends of the semicircle between the cheeks and the hair through to Svenja's ears and then folded it up. Then Svenja noticed that it was a hair band. With it all the hairs from the face were then held backwards or upwards. Mrs. Schäfer then took a comb out of her bag and sorted the hair on the side a bit. When she was satisfied she looked in the mirror and looked at Svenja.

"What do you think about that? Well, I would send you to school like that or to other important occasions" said Mrs. Schäfer and looked at Svenja expectantly.

Svenja looked at herself in the mirror and turned her head a few times to the left and right. She found the headband childish, even though it made her face look more prominent. But with it she clearly looked much younger. She did not want to look like 12 or 14, she was already 16 years old. "No, I look like a baby. That's what I said at the beginning, that I didn't want that. I thought it was much better before and why should I go to school like that?" Svenja asked.

"Well, Svenja, this way you don't have disturbing hair on your face and you can see everything in the corner of your eye. That's not so easy without the hoop and at school it's important to be able to see everything. But if you don't like it, we can do without it on holiday if it is possible," said Mrs. Schäfer and pulled the headband off Svenja's head again.

"OK then I'll show you one more variation, but we can't always do that" said Mrs. Schäfer.

When she had put the headband back on the shelf, she came back with a spray bottle and sprayed some water on Svenja's hair. Then she took a tube and squeezed some gel in her hand and then spread it on Svenja's hair. When she had spread enough she took a brush and loosened the hair again. After this procedure Svenja's hair did not hang down smoothly on the sides as before. The hair now had much more volume and the hairstyle did not look boring anymore. It was well styled and Svenja didn't feel younger than before.

"Yes, Mrs. Schäfer, I can live with that. It's not my old hair anymore but I could probably survive the holiday like this" said Svenja and could smile for the first time since breakfast. This again made Mrs. Schäfer smile.

"But please remember, we cannot do this every day. For one thing it is not good for your Hair and I don't find it suitable for a young lady like you every day," said Mrs. Schäfer with a serious but benevolent look. Svenja had to roll her eyes a bit but was still happy with the current outcome of the argument about her hair.

Svenja had now been sitting fixed on the chair for more than an hour and could hardly move. But she was still not freed, only the bracelets were loosened after the protective coat was taken off her.

"But you please remain sitting still Svenja, I want to clean up first" she was admonished after the wristbands were taken off.

Svenja did not try to loosen the further fixations, because she was first busy to examine and examine her new hairstyle and the styled hair. When Mrs. Schäfer had put away her tools and Mr. Schäfer the mirror, Svenja was freed from her chair by Mr. Schäfer and led to the terrace. There Charlotte was already tied to one of the wire ropes and Svenja was also tied to a rope like the evening before. Charlotte didn't seem to be in the best mood, but when she saw Svenja she changed this. She checked Svenja's new hairstyle.

"Hey, that looks great. Congratulations on your new hairstyle. Mum always does a great job," Charlotte said to Svenja.

"Well, I would have rather kept my hair, you know. But it's okay like this." Svenja answered calmly and indifferently. Mr. Schäfer had left the two of them alone in the meantime.

"Oh come on, mum even styled you. She almost never does that with me. You can be happy about that." Charlotte said.

"Yes, but that's also an exception with me, because I didn't like it before. But I'm afraid that I'll look boring again tomorrow," said Svenja.

"Have you been here on a leash the whole time?" Svenja then wanted to know about Charlotte.

"Yes, unfortunately it was really boring. "But now you're here and we can talk." "Whew, yeah, I guess you're right. But standing around here is not so great either. You couldn't sit down the whole time I was getting my hair cut? I'd rather lie on a couch and chill out," said Svenja.

"Well, first I finished the kitchen and then dad brought me here. That's OK." said Charlotte.

"But when are we going on holiday here. For my taste there's always stress." Svenja said.

"Well, let my parents do it, they need a little break from time to time."

"Well, maybe so, but then they don't have to tie us down here. I can lie there on the couch all by myself. It is only three meters away," said Svenja and started to pull on her harness and tried to get at the buckles.

"Svenja leave it, you will not be able to open it anyway. Relax." "But how?" asked Svenja and looked at Charlotte in a low voice.

"Like this, for example." said Charlotte and leaned 90 degrees off by steel cable to the edge of the terrace. This way she was held in a sloping position by her harness and she could observe the landscape without having her full body weight on her legs.

Svenja looked at it for a moment and thought at first how childish it was of Charlotte again, but then she thought "what the hell" and imitated Charlotte. It was a very funny and pleasant feeling to be held by the harness. During a short moment of inattention Svenja tilted to the side and the pulley on the steel rope moved on the rope. So she couldn't keep her balance anymore and hung a little bit above the ground like the evening before on the rope.

Hanging like this Svenja tried to push herself off with her legs again and noticed that she could use the rope and the pulley like a kind of cable car on a playground. When she stretched her arms forward after pushing off her legs, she could float a few meters hanging in the harness over the terrace. It was a lot of fun and very funny. Of course, this did not stay hidden from Charlotte for long and a little later both of them swam from one end to the other hanging from the rope.

In the meantime the Schäfers had also gone out onto the terrace, taken a seat on the deck chairs and watched the hustle and bustle a little while and made a very satisfied impression. After almost ten minutes it became too strenuous for Svenja and Charlotte and they got up to

to take a break. Svenja noticed that her host parents were sitting on the deckchairs and watching the two of them. Svenja was a little bit embarrassed by this and then went to the back end of the rope.

"Well, is it fun for both of you?" then asked Mrs. Schäfer.

"Yes Mama, is great!" answered Charlotte and followed Svenja to the same corner.

"Hey, what's going on, why are you leaving?" Charlotte asked when she arrived at Svenja's.

"I don't know either, it's strange," said Svenja and looked down.

"You're so stupid, you know that! You enjoyed it, didn't you?" said Charlotte and tried to look Svenja in the eyes, who only raised her head slowly.

"What the hell does it matter ..." she held her hand over her mouth for a moment, because she couldn't look like that in the

presence of her mother. " ... what others think about you, the main thing is that you enjoyed it," Charlotte said to Svenja and looked briefly at her mother to check if she had heard her vulgar language. Unfortunately this was the case, but her mother looked only with a short angry look and shook her head to smile again immediately afterwards.

Svenja, on the other hand, was a bit annoyed with herself, why couldn't she enjoy such short moments of joy as much as Charlotte. She was right, she could not care about anything else.

But for some reason she didn't want to be as childish as Charlotte.

After a short break Svenja wanted to get off the leash at last. Even though the sliding had been fun, she was still tied up here and could not sit down anywhere. She simply imagined holidays differently.

"Are we allowed to lie down on the sunbeds too? I don't want to stand." Svenja asked and turned to her host parents.

"Svenja, you have played so beautifully. Do you really want to be tied up here on the couch? I don't want people to frolic on the couches. If you want to be tied to the couch, but then until we eat. OK?!" said Mrs. Schäfer.

Svenja felt like a five year old. She wouldn't run around anyway and she didn't like the phrase "beautifully played". But the prospect of being able to chill out on the couch and maybe not being annoyed by anyone was very tempting.

"Yes, I can live with not playing until dinner and instead chilling on the couch" said Svenja and emphasized the word "playing" especially.

"All right. You will learn to appreciate playing," said Mrs. Schäfer and got up to go to Svenja.

"Charlotte would you like to lie down on a couch too?" she asked her daughter when she reached them both. Charlotte just nodded.

When Mrs. Schäfer had released the two girls from the leash with a key they were led to the couches because Mrs. Schäfer had a loop in each hand that was connected to the harnesses of the children. Arriving at the couches she let go of the loop of Charlotte.

"Svenja, please sit on the couch." Svenja followed the instruction and Mrs. Schäfer pulled out a belt between the poster of the lower lying surface and the openable back surface and locked it in Svenja's back of the belt harness.

"Make yourself comfortable, I'll bring you another pillow in a moment, my child," said Mrs. Schäfer to Svenja and then led her daughter to the next couch to secure her just like Svenja. Svenja tested briefly what would happen if she wanted to get up again. She noticed that the belt stopped her before she could lift her bottom even 10 centimeters. It seemed that the belt went through the couch to the floor and was fixed there. So Svenja next sounded out the freedom of movement while lying down. This was not a big problem, she could lie straight on the couch and also turn to the right as well as to the left side.

Only the harness itself tightened in some positions on her body.

When Mrs. Schäfer came back from the living room with the pillow, Svenja had already made herself quite comfortable and the pillow was a welcome extra comfort.

"Mrs. Schäfer, may I have my CD player to listen to some music." Svenja asked with a strange feeling, because under other circumstances she would have simply taken him. But neither could she and was not allowed to get up, nor did she know where her things were. She had still not seen the house completely and the room where she had slept with Charlotte was a pure sheep room. Surely there had to be some kind of children's room or day room. The house was obviously meant for 6 children and just as many adults, there must be more, Svenja thought.

"Well Svenja, you can certainly listen to music sometime, but now I think it is inappropriate. We all lie here comfortably on the terrace, we can also talk there.

You know, there is still a lot that one can learn from each other" said Mrs. Schäfer.

"All right, I understand," said Svenja and looked down a little depressed.

Suddenly she noticed fixation points for her bracelets on the armrests of the couch. Which in turn made lying on the couch suddenly a bit more uncomfortable. She was very happy not to have to use them, but just the certainty that they were there reminded her again that she could not and was not allowed to leave the couch.

Svenja urgently needed to get other thoughts. So she turned to the side where Charlotte was lying on her couch and asked her which music she would like to listen to most. She found out that Charlotte was not allowed to listen to a lot of music, but she still had her very own taste in music. Then followed a long conversation about different music groups, especially boybands of course. Svenja and Charlotte could finally feel like normal teenagers again.

13.8 Summer vacation, lunch and shopping

Svenja and Charlotte were still lying in their house suits with the harnesses strapped over them on the couches on the terrace, talking about teenage topics. They had paid no further attention to Charlotte's parents; they had been talking about their own topics. Some time had passed, however, and suddenly Mrs. Schäfer was standing next to the two girls on the loungers.

"So kids, it's getting late and we've decided to go shopping now and eat out for lunch." Mrs. Schäfer interrupted Svenja and Charlotte.

"Svenja, please sit on the edge so I can disconnect you," Mrs. Schäfer then said to Svenja. She followed the request and Mrs. Schäfer was able to use a small key to loosen the lines that held Svenja on the recliner. When the lines were loosened, Mrs. Schäfer took the loop on Svenja's back in her hand and pulled on it, so that Svenja could and also had to stand up. Then Svenja was then led into the cloakroom next to the entrance. After the doors were closed, the harness was removed from her. Next, Mrs. Schäfer opened the house suit and Svenja was told to take it off independently and hang it on a hanger. After that was done, Svenja was to stretch her arms straight out in front and Mrs. Schäfer put the safety bra on her and closed it tightly behind Svenja's back. On the one hand, Svenja was happy to get a bra on when she was to leave the house, but on the other hand, this model wasn't exactly the most comfortable thing Svenja could imagine on her vacation.

Next Svenja got a new white t-shirt from Mrs. Schäfer, and the red hoodie from the trip, which she should put on herself. When she wore both, Mrs. Schäfer already had the overalls from the day before in her hand and wanted to put them on Svenja.

"But isn't the hoodie much too warm for this beautiful summer day, Mrs. Schäfer?" asked Svenja.

"Oh Svenja, you know that's my worry and not yours. We are here at the sea and we can always take it off. But once you're sick, it's too late," explained Mrs. Schäfer kindly.

Then Svenja had to get into the overalls and Mrs. Schäfer closed everything carefully and the bottoms again were tight around Svenja's body. However, she could move better and easier in them without the diaper than she had the day before. But Mrs. Schäfer didn't seem to be finished yet and also took out a leather harness from the shelf. Svenja stared at it briefly while Mrs. Schäfer unfolded it and sorted the straps. Then she hung her shoulders and head in frustration and said dejectedly more to herself "really now!"

"Yes of course Svenja! It's regulation and you need it too. Come on, arms in front please!" said Mrs. Schäfer and Svenja followed the instruction. She knew she had no choice.

It was the same discipline harness that had been put on her in the store and at the border by Mrs. Schäfer. She knew that it could be uncomfortable if Mrs. Schäfer pulled strongly on the hand loop in the back, thus tightening the crotch straps. But so at "rest" Svenja hardly felt it over the tight-fitting overalls. After putting it on, however, Mrs. Schäfer tested that function and led Svenja with a moderate pull to the bars in the locker room where she was asked to snap her wristbands into place. Svenja complied with this request immediately and was very happy that Mrs. Schäfer loosened the loop again immediately afterwards. The harness served its purpose very well and efficiently, Svenja thought to herself when she was safely and helplessly tied up again.

Next Charlotte was brought into the cloakroom and dressed in the same way as Svenja; she also got the same discipline harness. Charlotte was also tethered to one of the poles for a few minutes so that Mrs. Schäfer could get ready for the outing herself. Waiting with hands tied was still very strange for Svenja and of course boring. But luckily it didn't take too long until Mr. and Mrs. Schäfer came and led Svenja and Charlotte to the car to strap them into the child seats.

The drive to the nearest town took less than an hour and Mr. Schäfer parked the car in a large parking lot near downtown. There, additional short leashes were attached to Svenja's and Charlotte's harnesses after they got out of the car. Mr. Schäfer fastened Svenja's leash to his belt and Mrs. Schäfer tied Charlotte's leash around her wrist. But as the walk continued towards the city center, the Schäfers each took hold of the loop in the back with one hand in order to keep the children even shorter.

The feeling of being led so directly and closely in public was a strange feeling for Svenja. She always had to keep exactly in step with Mr. Schäfer. On the first meters, Mr. Schäfer had to intervene pretty often with light tugs on the loop and correct Svenja, which always also activated the discipline function in the harness.

By the time they arrived at a small marketplace after about 10 minutes of walking, Svenja had become somewhat accustomed to it and had learned what Mr. Schäfer was requiring of her. The marketplace

had a fountain in the middle and small stores and coffee shops all around. The town was very tourist oriented and there were small displays of souvenirs and postcards in front of all the stores. When Mr. and Mrs. Schäfer looked at one of these displays, they let go of the children's loops and Svenja and Charlotte were able to get about a meter away from their chaperones. Only then did Svenja have the opportunity to look around a little more closely, since she no longer had to concentrate so hard on Mr. Schäfer's commands.

The square was bustling with activity: many parents were in town with their children for a stroll. Svenja noticed that almost all children up to 14 years were led on a leash by their parents. But also with the young people over 15 years it was still an large majority. It was obviously completely normal here to lead the children and young people on leashes. Most of them had visible harnesses on. Also with the few young people with which no leash was to be seen, Svenja recognized that these all had overalls on and stayed remarkably close to their parents. Some of the youths with leashes also seemed surprisingly old to Svenja. One boy she estimated to be over 25 years old; he already had the beginnings of a beard on his face and a very sturdy looking thick harness made of rubber or plastic around his upper body from which a steel cable led to his guardian, who was probably his father.

With the younger children, Svenja also observed that there were many small tussles with the parents, because the children wanted to go in a different direction, wanted to look at something or were simply inattentive. In most cases, the children had no chance, the parents simply pulled on the leashes and the children had to obey. Svenja could see from an older boy who had stopped near her that he too must have had some sort of disciplinary or punitive function in his harness, because when his father wanted to go on, he had not paid attention to his father but had made eye contact with Svenja and smiled at her. But when his father pulled on the leash, Svenja could see his face change from a smile to one filled with pain. Svenja felt sorry for the boy, he was punished by his father just because he was inattentive to him for a short moment.

Svenja observed another scene at the fountain in the middle of the square. A girl, maybe 10 to 12 years old, was standing at the fountain and seemed to be playing with something in the water. The mother had the line in her hand, pulled lightly on it and also said something to the girl which Svenja could not hear. The girl did not want to leave the fountain yet and the mother pulled harder on the leash. Thereupon the girl held on to the well wall with her hands to fight with her mother. Then the mother gave the girl a stronger tug on the leash, so that the girl had to let go of the wall. The girl was still pulling against her harness even when she was almost a meter away from the wall. Then it looked like the mother grabbed the girl by the harness and turned to scold her. But a few moments later the mother took something out of her purse and grabbed the girl's right hand, and Svenja could see a short bar being attached to the girl's wrist ring, which all minors here had to wear. Then the mother pulled both her arms behind her back and connected the other end of the bar to her left wrist. Now the girl's hands were connected behind her back and the girl gave up any resistance. Then the mother took the leash in her hand again and both of them left the area. Since they almost passed by Svenja in the process, she could see that the girl had tears in her eyes and she couldn't even wipe them away because her hands were held behind her back.

Svenja had seen enough for the moment and turned back to her overseer so as not to miss when she herself had to obey. It was clear to her that the Schäfers had adapted to the customs and traditions of this country and would not hesitate for a moment to treat Svenja like all the other children and young people here.

A short time later, Mr. Schäfer also grabbed Svenja's loop again and it went a few steps further. All in all, Svenja found the situation strange, but since no one looked at her funny and obviously the whole environment considered it normal that all minors were on leashes, Svenja slowly began to accept her situation.

After a good half hour on the marketplace, it became boring for Svenja and Charlotte. In the meantime, they had also started to distract themselves from the situation and continued their conversation from the terrace. What the parents had looked at was not interesting for two teenagers. After some time, the parents had stopped holding the two of them by the loop, but had given them the whole leash to move around. But even with the good meter of freedom the leash offered, Svenja and Charlotte still had to pay attention when the parents took a few steps further. Charlotte was already used to this from previous shopping trips on these vacations. But Svenja had also quickly noticed that she always had to keep an eye on Mr. Schäfer, just as Charlotte did with her mother.

But the children did not pay attention to the conversation of the adults and so it came as a surprise to Svenja when she was grabbed by the loop again by Mr. Schäfer, and with a short tug on it her full attention was again directed to Mr. Schäfer. "So kids, now let's go over to the cafeteria and have something to eat." said Herr Schäfer and steered Svenja in the direction of an alley that led to the marketplace. The whole thing was a bit unexpected, but basically Svenja had gotten hungry in the meantime and therefore had no objections.

Charlotte and her mother took the same path. After a few bends and turns in the small alleys, the group arrived after a few minutes at a larger and also more modern building. When the group had then gone through one of the automatic doors, Svenja could see that it must be the shopping center. It had only one floor but was hardly different from any other mall she knew from her home country. On one side of a wide corridor there were small stores and on the other side a large supermarket and an electrical appliance store.

After they had gone some meters along the large corridor, a larger area opened on the side where the small stores were. In this area there were many tables with chairs where many people were already sitting at the tables and had eaten. The area was separated from the corridor by some plants.

Approximately halfway they could recognize an entrance area. Svenja and Charlotte were steered toward this entrance and it was clear that they obviously were to eat there.

At the entrance area was a small standing desk behind which stood an employee. When the family reached the desk, the woman briefly looked at a screen on the desk, and then greeted the family, "Welcome to our culinary center, Schäfer family!"

Svenja was confused as to why the Schäfers were addressed by name here. Were they regulars here and still known from their last vacation? But Svenja just smiled politely and Mr. Schäfer immediately took over the conversation.

"Good afternoon, we would like to have lunch. 2 adults and 2 children." said Mr. Schäfer.

The woman then looked at the screen again and, after a quick glance, continued speaking to Mr. Schäfer. "Ok, the children are both 16 years old. Do you already know our new safety seat system?" the woman then asked Mr. Schäfer.

Svenja was more and more surprised. How did the woman know the age of Charlotte and her? And it was also obvious that the woman did not know the Schäfer family personally. Svenja's curiosity was so great that she leaned forward a bit to look at the screen on the desk. She could see for a very short moment two photos on the screen; one of herself and the other showed Charlotte. Next to them was some more information in the form of a table, but Svenja had no chance to read it because she was immediately pulled back by her harness. Mr. Schäfer had pulled on the loop and kept up the pressure for a while afterwards. "Svenja, please behave!" followed the immediate verbal rebuke.

The woman at the reception only responded with a friendly and understanding smile towards Svenja. Then she looked again questioningly at Mr. Schäfer, who immediately continued, "Excuse me, Svenja is our foster child on this vacation and for her everything is still very new. Please explain your seating system briefly."

"Yes with pleasure, since a few months we offer all 4 classes of seats that meet the guidelines of the national child and youth protection regulation. All seats are equipped according to class 1. This means

you can secure your children to the bench with a simple seat belt and all seats have 2 click-fix holders under the table top for the children's ID rings." The woman kept looking alternately at Mr. and Mrs. Schäfer as she explained.

"The seats with class 2 are equipped with ergonomic chairs, where you can take advantage of all the options of the safety equipment on their children. Class 3 has the additional option of securing the feet and has some electronic adjustment options when securing with their safety equipment, as well as additional armrests with click-fix mounts." Svenja didn't understand all the terms but was sure that the term "safety equipment" must be the harness she already had on her body and with the help of which she was to be tied to the chair.

"Class 4 is becoming more and more popular lately. Because there you also have the opportunity to use all the educational functions that the directive provides for. Unfortunately, we didn't quite get the demand right there, and I can't offer you a Class 4 seat today because they're all already in use."

"That's not a problem, the kids are reasonably well-behaved today," Mrs. Schäfer replied.

"Ok. I can offer you a table with class 3 chairs right here at the front of the aisle or a table with class 2 chairs there right by the window" said the waitress, pointing with her hand to the appropriate seats. Mr. Schäfer immediately decided on the seats by the window without consulting his wife about it; obviously the view was more important to him than the protection class of the children's chairs. Thus, the family then went in the direction of the window. The indicated table stood directly at the window and on the left and on the right stood two chairs each and another one opposite the window. Svenja could see very quickly that the chairs were different from each other. The two chairs on the left side looked like normal chairs like in any other restaurant, with the small difference that at the rear end of the seat on both sides were seat belts, as in a bus or plane.

The other three chairs, however, did not have much in common with normal chairs, they were more reminiscent of Traip-Trapp chairs, to which a massive board had been screwed at the back. Svenja could guess that these chairs were probably intended for herself and Charlotte. But on the other hand Svenja could not imagine how she would sit on them. The first chair she looked at had a very short seat, so that even small children could bend their legs when sitting with their backs against the backrest. Then the seat was so high that Svenja's legs would hit the underside of the table and then there was a board that was obviously meant for the feet and was much too high for Svenja or Charlotte to put their feet on. The chair next to it looked basically the same, but the seat was a bit more forward and also a bit lower than the first one. So obviously the whole thing had to be adjustable.

When everyone had arrived at the table, Mr. Schäfer also recognized the situation and handed the loop from Svenja to his wife. "Can you please hold Svenja for a moment?" he asked his wife and pulled Svenja a bit to the side so that his wife could take the loop and Svenja had to take a step to the side. Then Mr. Schäfer took a closer look at the chair facing the window. On the back of the strange looking board there were three big levers, which Mr. Schäfer immediately tried out. With the first one, the board for the feet could be adjusted in height and also in depth. So it could also be pulled forward and backward. With the second lever, the same was possible for the seat. Mr. Schäfer placed the seat on the lowest setting for this chair and also pulled it all the way forward. He also moved the footrest to the lowest setting but also to the very back. In this setting, Svenja, who had observed everything carefully, could already better imagine sitting on it.

"So Svenja, please sit on it to test if this fits." said Mr. Schäfer when he was finished with the setting.

"But honey, shouldn't the children sit better on both the long side of the table?" said Mrs. Schäfer as an objection.

"Yes, of course, but I wanted to try out how it all works first," Mr. Schäfer said, looking at Svenja expectantly. Svenja felt Mrs. Schäfer let go of the loop in her back and took a step towards the chair. It was a strange feeling but somehow also exciting. But then it occurred to her how embarrassing it must be to sit down on such a chair and Svenja looked around briefly to see if anyone was watching her. But

she could see very quickly that none of the other guests took any notice of the fact that the Schäfers were busy adjusting the chairs. Besides, she could see many other teenagers also sitting in such chairs and just eating.

Svenja was pulled out of her thoughts when Mr. Schäfer grabbed her by the arm and tried to push her onto the seat. "Hello child, don't dream. We still want to eat today," said Mr. Schäfer as if he were talking to a six-year-old. Svenja had no choice but to sit down on the chair. This was not so difficult: the height of the seat was just enough for Svenja to sit on it without any problems. It also matched the height of the table surface normally. She could also reach the floor with her feet normally, but the board, which was actually meant for her feet, pressed a bit into her heels.

"OK, I see how it should fit!" said Mr. Schäfer without being interested in Svenja's opinion. Then he immediately started to adjust the other two chairs, but Svenja couldn't see exactly how the adjustments were, because the table was in between. Charlotte was supposed to sit on the chair by the window, which she did. After she had taken her seat, the third lever was used to raise the height of the rear board so that it ended exactly at the level of Charlotte's shoulders. Two lines were then pulled out from the board and connected to Charlotte's harness at her shoulders. The lines from the board, which now also served as a backrest, could roll out so that Charlotte could still bend forward. After that, very similar straps were attached to the sides at stomach level so that Charlotte could no longer slide forward on the seat.

Next, Svenja was to move to the chair next to Charlotte. She complied with Mr. Schäfer's request without protest. But she quickly realized that Mr. Schäfer had adjusted the chairs a little differently. For one thing, the seat was a little higher, which meant that Svenja had a higher viewpoint of the table. But it also meant that she could not sit down as easily on the seat. Also, the footrest was pulled all the way forward and Svenja was forced to put her feet on the board: contact with the floor was no longer possible while she sat with her bottom all the way back on the seat. Which she was forced to do when Mr. Schäfer attached the straps to the sides of her harness. When the two roller belts were also attached to her shoulders, Svenja felt them exerting a constant pull on her upper body. She was able to lean forward, but it was exhausting in the long run and she automatically leaned back against the backrest. So she was forced by the chair into a certain posture; this was not uncomfortable and also seemed to meet ergonomic specifications, but the fact that she could move relatively little was certainly not totally pleasant in the long run.

"So kids, we're going to the counter now to get something to eat," Mrs. Schäfer said to Svenja and Charlotte. To which Svenja reacted very surprised, since she was mentally still busy with the chair.

"Yes, Svenja, this is a self-service restaurant and we decide what to eat," said Mrs. Schäfer, as if she wanted to prevent Svenja from asking the next question. But it hadn't dawned on Svenja that quickly that she wasn't allowed to get up and probably couldn't get up to go to the counter herself. And Svenja had not yet thought about what she'd like to eat herself. Mrs. Schäfer also came immediately with the next instruction.

"But you still have to lock your bracelets under the table, otherwise we can't leave you alone!" said Mrs. Schäfer next and looked at both of them expectantly. Charlotte immediately understood what was meant by this and started feeling the underside of the tabletop with her hands. Svenja only observed this at first and only slowly understood what was being asked of her: she was supposed to restrain her own hands, like she had done many times before in the vacation home. Svenja again found this mean and unpleasant and briefly considered whether she should not simply pretend that she had locked her arm rings in place. Since it was under the table, Mrs. Schäfer could not check that so easily. So Svenja also felt for the fixation points under the table as she had seen it with Charlotte. She also found the points where she should snap the rings into place. Then she looked again at Charlotte and quickly realized the problem with her plan. Charlotte had obviously already managed to connect her rings.

The table had two small red LEDs built into the edge of the table at each seat. Svenja had initially considered these to be purely ornamental. But now she could see that the lights at Charlotte's table edge had suddenly turned green. Svenja immediately realized that the lights were indicators that would foil her plan. The designers of the system had obviously thought of that. So Svenja had no choice but to guide her rings to the fixation points. Due to a magnetic guide, the engagement was surprisingly easy even without sight.

As soon as Svenja's lights turned green, Mr. and Mrs. Schäfer said goodbye with a "See you in a minute and be good!" and turned around to disappear in the direction of the food counter.

"Oh man, is it always like this here? Everything has been designed to annoy us" Svenja said half to herself and half to Charlotte. The fact that she again had to wait completely helplessly until the Schäfers would free her again was not so bad anymore, but still the situation was unpleasant and strange for Svenja.

"Well, I think no one wants to annoy us, it's just the rules here unfortunately. Sure it's not nice and I also have the feeling that it has become more than in the last years. But I am very happy that there was no class 4 place available. Look over there. I think that is one of those setups." said Charlotte matter-of-factly.

"Where do you mean exactly?" asked Svenja back, since Charlotte couldn't point her finger at it.

"Well, there in the middle of restaurant, I see three tables with chairs that are different. The ones with the high backs I mean. Do you see that? I think those things are really mean. And I'm afraid that Dad would really like to try it out on the two of us," Charlotte said, somewhat dejectedly.

Svenja searched the center area of the restaurant with her eyes and quickly found what Charlotte must have meant. The table that was closest to them could be seen well by Svenja. There was a chair not unlike her own, but there were additional armrests, and the backrest had a kind of headrest on top. In the chair sat a boy whom Svenja estimated to be slightly younger: maybe 13 or 14 years old. The chair was positioned so that Svenja could see him from the side. She could see that the boy's feet were held in place on the footrest by a wide leather strap. His forearms and hands were resting quietly on the armrests. It was obvious that the boy's arm rings had been connected to the armrest. Also, this chair had the straps leading to the boy's harness. All this made the chair more restrictive but not necessarily more uncomfortable. Svenja assumed the boy couldn't lean forward; he didn't at least during the time Svenja was watching him. But what certainly made the chair uncomfortable was the collar that was fastened around the boy's neck. This seemed to be connected to the bracket of the headrest, so he could not bend his head forward.

"Yeah, you're right about that, that's really mean. Why do they do that to that poor kid? He must feel stupid." Svenja said to Charlotte, continuing to stare at the boy.

"It's part of the education here, I think," Charlotte said in response.

The other class 4 chairs at the three tables were also occupied and as far as Svenja could tell, everyone sitting in the chairs had one of those collars. It was so stirring for her that she could not take her eyes off.

After a few minutes of observation, Svenja realized that the boy sitting closest to her had obviously finished eating before, and that his parents had just placed the trays in the designated carts. The boy's father returned to the table and picked up his cell phone to type something on it. At the same moment, the boy bent forward a bit and Svenja could see that there was a thin line between the collar and the headrest, which obviously also had some kind of roll-out function that was probably blocked before. The father then reached with one hand into the boy's neck and released the line from the collar. Then also the straps at the shoulders and the sides were loosened as well as the leather straps at the feet. The same was done with the person sitting next to the boy, but Svenja couldn't see that very well. Then the father took his cell phone again and unlocked the arm rings of the boy and the other person. Thus both could then take their hands from the armrests and also stand up.

Immediately, the boy was fastened by his father to a leash he had on his belt. The harness of the boy also had a hand loop which was also taken in hand by the father. A woman standing on the other side was obviously the mother and had done the same to the other person. On the way to the exit all four passed the table of Svenja and Charlotte, and Svenja could see that the other person must be the older sister of the boy, and was about the same age as Svenja and Charlotte.

When the two children had stood up, Svenja had also noticed that as soon as their hands were free, they both grabbed to their necks to move the collar about a bit or scratch an itch in their necks. This showed Svenja how uncomfortable it had to be. On the way to the exit Svenja continued to look at the family and she could see how the family stopped at the exit at the employee with the desk. Some words were exchanged which Svenja could not hear because of the distance. But she could see how the employee pressed something on her screen and then took the collar from the boy. Svenja could also see that it was not a band but a hinged ring that could be opened in two halves. After the ring was removed, the boy rubbed his neck intensively and Svenja thought she could see how relieved the boy was. The same happened to his sister and the family left the restaurant.

"Oh man, that is harsh, do you really think your parents would have preferred to choose the class 4 chairs for us too if they had been free?" Svenja then asked facing Charlotte.

"Well, the chairs are new here and my dad always likes to try new things. And with my mother, sometimes I think she would always prefer to choose the most restrictive methods to keep me in check. So yes, I think we can prepare ourselves to sit over there at least once this vacation," Charlotte said.

Svenja felt quite uncomfortable at the thought of having to sit in such a chair as well. This position she had now was already strange enough. The hands under the tabletop were already starting to get on her nerves. "Well, let's hope they will always be occupied. I don't need to experience that at all. Did you see how uncomfortable that was for them?" said Svenja.

"Yes, you're probably right, I don't want to worry you. But I think I know my parents pretty well and my experience has shown that things are not always as bad as you think. Sure, it looks threatening at first, and it's certainly not great. But you can get through it," Charlotte said to calm Svenja down a bit.

"What makes you think that? And what experience do you mean? I thought the chairs were new."

"Well, two years ago they put new waiting boxes for children here in the mall. Parents can lock their children in them if they don't want to go shopping with them or if the parents want to shop undisturbed. You have to be at least 12 years old and I was already 14 when they were new and my father really wanted to try it out. I can tell you the idea at that time was pretty bad for me to be locked in there and have to wait all alone for my parents. I absolutely did not want it and I resisted and cried," Charlotte shared.

"I can imagine; that sounds horrible." replied Svenja.

"Yeah I thought so too, but my parents did it anyway and I cried in the box for almost 10 minutes. But then I realized that it was not bad at all. You can choose a book beforehand that you can take with you into the box and you can make yourself quite comfortable there and read or just indulge your thoughts. It can be better than going shopping with your parents, believe me. If I get to choose, I'll take the box." said Charlotte.

"Oh man, I can't even imagine. How big is the box and what's in it?" asked Svenja.

"The boxes are near the cash registers and are completely made of Plexiglas; you can look in all directions. There are two on top of each other and one box is about a meter high and a little more than half a meter wide and maybe a meter and a half deep. There are two pillows inside that you can get comfortable with," Charlotte said, slightly euphoric.

"What... Such a tiny cage and you can be stared at from everywhere? How is that comfortable; you can't even stand. Not even when you're 12 and we're almost 6 feet tall." said Svenja slightly indignant.

"Yes, you can't stand, but I think that's how it's supposed to be. You're supposed to lie down and relax and wait for your parents. You also have to take off your shoes. So I've already fallen asleep in them; it's really not bad." affirmed Charlotte.

"But you can't even stretch out fully at one and a half meters." was Svenja's next objection.

"Yes that's right, but that's why you have the pillows, besides that's better so you can straighten your upper body to read for example." said Charlotte in response.

Svenja couldn't accept the idea of being locked in such a small cage, but she had to expect to be in the next 5 weeks.

Just as Mr. and Mrs. Schäfer returned to the table with the food, Svenja could see how the table with the class 4 chairs just got new occupants. It was again a family with two children, who both already had one of these collar rings around their necks and both examined the foreign body around their necks with their hands. Svenja could not observe the entire procedure as the children were placed on the chairs, because on the one hand Mr. Schäfer blocked her view and on the other hand she then had to concentrate on her food. For the meal naturally Svenja's and Charlotte's hands were released again. The meal itself was delicious and uneventful. But from the conversation during the meal Svenja learned why the employee at the entrance had a photo and the age of Svenja and Charlotte on the screen. This data could easily be read by radio from the bracelets of the children as soon as they approached the desk.

After the meal they went directly to the supermarket on the opposite side of the restaurant. In the process, Svenja also passed the Plexiglas waiting boxes described by Charlotte. There were certainly 50, estimated Svenja, and over half of them were occupied. Svenja tried to look into the faces of the children and teenagers to see if they were really all relaxed and content in the small boxes. And indeed, in the time she had, Svenja could not see anyone who was anxious or crying.

Not far from the boxes was also the entrance to the supermarket where the family suddenly stopped.

"Oh, look kids, we can't take you into the store like this," Mrs. Schäfer said, studying a large board next to the entrance. On the board were four pictograms at the top and below them, in relatively small print, a very long text. Svenja's first fear after what Mrs. Schäfer had said was that she would soon find herself in one of the waiting boxes. But then she looked at the pictograms. One showed a dog with a red line across, which probably meant that no pets were allowed in the store. Next to it was a symbol with an adult person and a smaller person connected by a leash. So children were required to be on a leash in the store. Then there was another symbol which included the previous symbol but the child on the leash with a greatly enlarged hand trying to grab something. This entire symbol was marked with a red line. Svenja could not think at once what was meant by this symbol. The last symbol was clearer: it was a child in the seat of a shopping cart and below it was written "Max 12". This probably meant that children up to the age of 12 were allowed to sit in the shopping cart.

The reason why she and Charlotte were not allowed to come into the store had to be based on the symbol that Svenja did not understand. The long text Svenja also did not understand because she had not noticed that there were different languages and German came only in third place. But Mrs. Schäfer had probably already read through the German text and spoke to her husband. "Honey, that's too bad, we haven't attached the click-fix on the children's harnesses yet. But they have to get their hands fixed to the harness before they are allowed into the store. They don't want the kids to be able to touch everything."

"Well, we do have the bars that came with the ID rings, wouldn't those work?" made Mr. Schäfer as a suggestion.

Svenja had a hard time following the discussion, but it seemed that her hands should be fixed to her body, because the store feared she might touch goods with her free hands. That alone was already somewhat absurd for Svenja, but the discussion of the two adults seemed even more absurd to her.

Svenja remembered the previous day when, after investing the arm bands, her arms were tied behind her back with them. Even though it was only a very short walk from the ID office to the car, it was still very uncomfortable and she hoped that the same thing would not be done here.

"Can't we just wait in the waiting boxes until you're done?" asked Charlotte surprisingly, since she rarely asked her parents for anything.

Svenja gave Charlotte a nasty look and flipped her the finger. Charlotte stuck her tongue out at her.

"Children, pay attention, you have been so good so far today, don't mess up anything now," Mrs. Schäfer admonished the two. And Mr. Schäfer pulled a little on Svenja's loop to remind her of the harness and that she was under his control.

"Please mom, shopping is so boring!" continued Charlotte, now begging. She obviously really wanted to be locked in one of the little cages rather than taken to the store.

"Charlotte, the thing is, we want to show Svenja everything in this foreign country and that includes what the supermarkets look like and what's available," explained Mrs. Schäfer.

"I don't like to contradict you Maria, especially in front of the children, but the shopping could be easier for us if we only take Svenja inside and leave Charlotte here," said Mr. Schäfer to his wife. She had to think for a moment.

"Well, for once Charlotte will get her way. She was a good girl today," said Mrs. Schäfer and went with Charlotte back to the nearby waiting stalls. Mr. Schäfer followed the two together with Svenja at a small distance. "You know, Svenja, you might as well take a look. I'm sure you'll have to wait there sometimes, too." said Mr. Schäfer to Svenja on the way.

"But aren't they way too small? And I also think it's totally mean to be locked up in it," Svenja said matter-of-factly.

"Oh Svenja, all the kids here know it and Charlotte even likes it. So it can't be that bad." Mr. Schäfer tried to put the matter into perspective.

When Charlotte reached the row of glass boxes, she independently opened a box in the upper row and took off her shoes. She then grabbed a handle inside the box and climbed into it. Inside the box, on the floor, was a thin mattress and two small pillows. After Charlotte had climbed all the way into the box, Mrs. Schäfer untied the leash from her wrist and attached the end to the handle inside the box. Then the door was closed and Mrs. Schäfer removed the key as she would a locker. Then Charlotte's shoes were hung on two small hooks on the outside of the door. Charlotte tried to sit against the back wall of the box to look at the checkout area. But she had to realize that the leash, which was still attached to her harness and also to the handle in the box, was not long enough to do that. So she had to turn around in the small box to lean her back against the door. This was a bit hard but doable.

Svenja could not pay further attention to Charlotte, because there was still the problem that she was not allowed to have her hands free in the store. So Mrs. Schäfer, after she had finished with Charlotte, rummaged in her handbag and took out a connecting rod that Svenja had between her arm rings the night before. This she handed to her husband and said, "I'll go get a shopping cart."

Mr. Schäfer took the bar and thought for a moment, examining Svenja's harness. Then he had an idea. First he connected Svenja's arms with the approx. 15cm long bar behind her back. To comply with the requirement that the hands must be attached to the harness, Mr. Schäfer took a carabiner out of his pocket. He happened to still have this in his pocket, as he had used it to secure the luggage on the trip. The carabiner was then attached to the crotch on Svenja's bottom and also at the same time the connecting rod of the wrists was passed through it. Thus the hands were held not only on the back but also firmly on the body. Because the carabiner pulled a little on the crotch strap, this also became tighter. If Mr. Schäfer pulled now at the hand loop, not only the crotch strap got tighter but also the wrist bar was pulled still more firmly to her behind. Svenja didn't exactly like this mechanism, but Mr. Schäfer was very pleased with his technique and Svenja definitely had no opportunity to grab anything in the store with her hands.

Then Mrs. Schäfer also returned and they could finally start shopping. Svenja was guided the whole time by Mr. Schäfer by the harness loop and the position of her arms became more and more uncomfortable. But Svenja tried to hold out bravely. The Schäfers showed her various foodstuffs that were basically all available at home, only here they had different and sometimes very funny names. Svenja tried to ask as few questions as possible in order not to drag out the shopping unnecessarily. Nevertheless, she became increasingly fidgety and the position of the arms increasingly uncomfortable. The constant pulling on the crotch strap made Svenja more and more restless and she realized herself that it was a self-reinforcing effect, which she could not prevent.

After more than half an hour she could no longer stand it and she was also increasingly warm from it. She had already considered the hoody too thick in the morning. And so she began to beg. "Mr. Schäfer, can you take off my hoody: I'm too warm."

"No Svenja that's not possible, for that we would have to take off your harness, that's forbidden here. Besides, you wouldn't be so warm if you weren't fidgeting all the time," she got from Mr. Schäfer as an answer.

"But that's exactly the problem, it's all so uncomfortable and pinches everywhere. Can't you loosen it up a bit. Please!" Svenja continued to beg without success.

She had to hold out for another 15 minutes until the Schäfers finally put everything from their list into the cart and headed for the checkout. After everything was put on the belt, Mr. Schäfer went with the cart and Svenja to the far end of the checkout and released Svenja from her restrictions. She had to help put the groceries back into the cart.

After that was done Charlotte was picked up again from her waiting box and Svenja thought about whether that option would not have been better, anyway.

13.9 Summer vacation, fun for the kids

The first day of vacation was only a few hours old and Svenja had already experienced a lot of unusual things, like early morning sports. She had also already gotten a new hairstyle. But nothing had been done yet that she really liked or that she would have chosen herself, with the exception of chilling on the garden chairs. So nothing she really enjoyed.

Charlotte was just released from her waiting box after shopping and Svenja wondered if the entire vacation would continue like this. But she was quickly brought out of her thoughts by Mrs. Schäfer.

"So kids, since you still need some exercise today, we will now drive to the playground so you can let off some steam there," said Mrs. Schäfer after Charlotte and Svenja were secured to the leashes again in the usual division.

"Ah yes, that's great!" said Charlotte euphorically.

Svenja was still too warm and she didn't feel like moving any more. Besides, she associated a playground with something for small children with a sandbox and a swing. And the way Charlotte was happy, as if she was 8 years old again, also matched that idea, Svenja thought. But Mrs. Schäfer's announcement once again didn't sound like a suggestion or an open idea that could be discussed, but more like a fact. So instead Svenja wanted to try again to get rid of the too warm hoody; besides, another problem started to become acute. But this was very embarrassing for Svenja and would also cost overcoming, but she had to ask if she could go to the toilet, which she could not do by herself.

"Mrs. Schäfer, I am still very warm. May I please take off my sweater? And also ... umm ..." it seemed so strange to Svenja to have to ask for it in public.

"Hmm, Svenja, what's more?" asked Mrs. Schäfer, looking at Svenja a little worried, because she realized that Svenja needed some overcoming to ask her question.

"Uhh ... hmm ... so I ..." stuttered Svenja a bit. Why was she now forced to ask such a thing in public? Then Svenja concentrated and embarrassedly looked down to the ground and spoke softly. "I ... I have to pee, please".

"But Svenja, you don't have to be embarrassed when you have to go to the bathroom. It's the most normal thing in the world. And you must also realize that you always have to tell us soon enough." said Mrs. Schäfer understandingly.

"OK, that's a very good idea anyway. You should both go to the bathroom before you play, then maybe we can leave you there alone for a few hours this afternoon." said Mr. Schäfer.

"Yes, we should do it that way Walter; I'll take the kids to the bathroom and you can put the groceries in the car," Mrs. Schäfer agreed with the plan.

Then the family started moving towards the main aisle of the mall. Svenja still had no idea what would happen now, but they were probably headed for the public restroom. Oddly enough, her brother suddenly came to her mind, who had had to ask their mother for a visit to the toilet for some time. Then she remembered the previous day when her diaper had been changed by Mrs. Schäfer in a public changing room. Svenja tried to reassure herself that it couldn't get any worse, since she wasn't wearing a diaper at the moment.

After a few meters they reached a small corridor that branched off from the large main corridor between a newspaper store and a telephone store. On the ceiling there was a sign saying "WC" and an arrow pointing into the corridor. Svenja could clearly understand that.

In front of the corridor everyone stopped and Mr. Schäfer loosened the leash Svenja was walking on from his belt and handed it to his wife. Then he said goodbye and Mrs. Schäfer led Svenja and Charlotte into the small corridor. After another turn, they passed a door with a pictogram that Svenja clearly associated with a ladies' room. But Mrs. Schäfer wanted to go further and so they passed the men's restroom and Svenja already suspected bad things. "The changing room again?" she asked Charlotte quietly.

But Charlotte only looked at Svenja and shook her head. She didn't look happy either and probably wasn't looking forward to what was to come. The next door they passed showed a pictogram that Svenja interpreted as a changing room. And indeed, Mrs. Schäfer also passed this door. "Svenja, you are not wearing diapers, and they are very good about accommodating your needs here. There are suitable toilets for you here." Mrs. Schäfer then said to her. She had heard Svenja's question, of course. Then they had reached the last door in the corridor and Svenja examined the pictogram. It showed basically the same symbol as she had seen at the entrance of the supermarket: an adult person with a child connected by a leash. Svenja couldn't imagine what was waiting for her in the room. The symbol exactly mirrored her own situation, but what did that have to do with a toilet?

Then Charlotte pushed the door open and all three entered the room. First Svenja saw a small room with three wash basins and another door at the end, as was normal in many public toilets. Two of the basins were occupied by a boy about 10 years old and his father. The boy, of course, was also wearing overalls that were connected to his father by a leash. Svenja was briefly surprised that he wasn't wearing a harness, but then realized it was probably integrated in the overalls – like with the sleep suit she had at home.

Mrs. Schäfer politely said "God eftermiddag" and led Svenja and Charlotte past them to the back door. Svenja thought it was strange that there was no separation between boys and girls. But she hoped that it would be different in the restroom itself.

After Charlotte opened the next door and the group entered the adjacent room, Svenja stopped in shock. But Mrs. Schäfer continued to pull her into the room by the leash. This room was extremely large for a public restroom. On one long wall, where the entrance door was also located, there was another small wash basin. On each of the two short walls were a large padded table, like the one Svenja knew from the changing room at the rest stop, also with leather loops to attach a person to it. On the second long wall were five free-standing toilets with no stalls or partitions between them. The individual toilets had only a relatively large distance to each other.

But what shocked Svenja most was the fact that on one of the toilets sat a boy aged 15. His hands were hanging from thin steel lines, just like in the vacation home with the Schäfers. He was wearing only a T-shirt. Next to the toilet he was sitting on, hanging on the wall were overalls, underpants and a harness. On the changing table closest to the toilet sat a woman who, by age, could be his mother, reading bored on a cell phone.

On the other changing table was a girl whose age Svenja could not easily estimate, but from her size she would be a little younger than Svenja. The girl was fixed with her hands in the leather straps and her father cleaned her exposed abdomen with a cloth.

Mrs. Schäfer greeted everyone again with a friendly "God eftermiddag". Svenja didn't understand it, but since the other two adults answered in the same way, it must have been a greeting. Svenja was completely embarrassed by the situation, and when she looked sheepishly at the boy, their eyes met, but the boy also looked away immediately. It was obviously just as uncomfortable for him.

Mrs. Schäfer, however, immediately began to prepare Svenja and Charlotte for the toilet. First, Svenja's leash was hooked onto one of the many hooks behind the boy's neighboring toilet. The same was done with Charlotte one toilet further. On the wall behind the toilets, in addition to various hooks, there were two knobs with which the steel lines could be adjusted in height, and Mrs. Schäfer lowered the lines for Svenja and Charlotte from the ceiling.

"So, you can hook yourselves up already." said Mrs. Schäfer to the two.

Svenja was still shocked by the whole situation and looked again at the boy sitting next to her and then at Charlotte. She nodded slightly to Svenja and then started to connect her arm rings to the lines.

Svenja had no choice but to do the same; she wanted to get out of this situation as quickly as possible. Meanwhile, Mrs. Schäfer had hung her handbag on a hook next to the basin and washed her hands thoroughly.

Then she turned around and went to Svenja. "Please turn around a bit, so I can undo your harness." said Mrs. Schäfer and loosened Svenja's harness. The crotch strap was loosened completely at the back and pulled forward between the legs to lightly be knotted there on the harness: it should not fall on the floor or into the bowl when Svenja were to sit down. Then Mrs. Schäfer unlocked the overalls and pulled them down under the loose harness. Svenja's pants were taken off completely and also hung on the wall. Her panties followed the same route.

The woman who had been busy with her cell phone on the changing table suddenly said, "Oh, you're from Germany too. So are we, how long have you been coming here?"

"We've been coming here with our daughter for many years; we always enjoy our vacations here, because they are so much further along with the new education here," Mrs. Schäfer replied, glancing only briefly at the woman, but continuing to occupy herself with Svenja, and just disinfecting the toilet seat behind her.

"Yes, we've noticed that too, this is the second time we've been here with Max this year. His new education regime also started last year." the woman continued.

"So Svenja, you can sit down now." said Mrs. Schäfer to Svenja and lowered the lines a bit more.

"But ... but ... what's with this thing?" asked Svenja quietly, looking down.

"What kind of thing do you mean? Child!" asked Mrs. Schäfer.

"Well there, the one in front, it's still in the way."

"Oh, you mean your chastity guard, it's water permeable. You can just let it run." said Mrs. Schäfer, stroking Svenja's head. So she sat down slowly and her hands were held almost at head level. Then she looked again at the boy who had obviously been watching her. She immediately wanted to hold her hands in front of her crotch, but that was not possible and so she was at least glad to still have the chastity guard in front of her shame.

"Your daughter is not very experienced with the restraints and facilities, though." the other woman then stated.

"Oh, she's not my daughter, Svenja is a foster child. Her parents only started transitioning her education about a year ago and started very slowly. She's with us for training, so to speak." explained Mrs. Schäfer.

"OK, I understand that. We did a lot of research before we switched with Max and decided to switch quickly and consistently. It's just better for the kids. It was certainly hard at first, but it's better that way. Isn't that right, Max?" the woman asked.

"Yes mom." said the boy quietly, looking down at the floor.

"Are you done then?" his mother inquired.

"Yes mom, I'm done"

Mrs. Schäfer, meanwhile, had also begun to take Charlotte's overalls off and prepare her for the toilet. The boy's mother asked him to stand up and also shortened his lines. Then he had to turn a little to the side, so that Svenja could look right at his crotch. She could see that his penis was stuck in a tube that was fastened with a small harness around his abdomen, much like that thing between her own legs. Then his mother ordered him to bend forward as far as the ropes would allow. She wiped his bottom with toilet paper and after that the tube was roughly cleaned with paper. Then his hands were released from the lines and he had to lie down on the changing table where his mother had been sitting before. There, however, his hands were immediately fixed to the table again and his mother washed her son clean with a washcloth and water from the sink.

The other girl had in the meantime been dressed again by her father and both left the room. Charlotte, meanwhile, had already clearly audibly begun her business and Svenja had to go strongly in the meantime, too. But it was a strange feeling to just pee with this thing in front of her crotch, especially since she also had no privacy. But after a short concentration phase and with Max was no longer sitting next to her, she managed to urinate. Which immediately felt uncomfortable, though, because it got wet between the plate and her skin. She also felt the urine dripping down the end of the plate. The thought that her skin was getting wet with urine made her shiver and tremble a bit.

Mrs. Schäfer talked a little bit with Max's mother about different experiences they had made during the change to the "avoidance-free education". In the meantime, Max was also dressed again and got his harness put on again. For this he had to step with his legs into two loops and then the harness was pulled up from below. The two loops then wrapped around his thighs so that there was no normal crotch, but two straps that wrapped tightly around his legs. Then the other straps were put over his shoulders from the front and everything was closed in the back. Svenja could not watch everything, because Mrs. Schäfer was very interested in the model and let Max' mother explain several things.

"Yes, this is a brand new model. Even though he's allowed to wear it here on vacation only this year."

"Why only this year?" inquired Mrs. Schäfer.

"For boys 16 and older, the harnesses have to be reinforced with steel cables so they can't be cut. That doesn't apply to girls." the woman explained.

"Oh, I wasn't aware of that. But it sounds sensible." said Mrs. Schäfer.

"Yes, there is more security, but we will continue to use these after Max turns 16 in Germany. Max is basically quite sweet and wouldn't dare tamper with it. Besides, he is almost always under supervision."

Mrs. Schäfer continued to listen attentively and she also had her show her how the harness could be adjusted and set.

"The big advantage with this model is that the crotch straps neither cut into the buttocks nor press on the penis. The straps here go from the outside around the thighs through the crotch and can therefore be tightened nice and tight." Max his mother explained further and pulled at two strap ends at his back. Svenja could see Max from the front at that moment and she could see how the straps over the shoulder were tightened and thus the straps around the thighs were pulled up further. Max groaned a

little bit and slightly distorted his face, but not from pain. It looked more like it was embarrassing and a little uncomfortable.

Then a waist belt was tightened in the back and Max had to pull his stomach in.

"You see, this way the harness has no more slack and you have a very direct control over the child, and even if you have to pull harder when there is danger, there is no unpleasant shock on the children's upper body." the woman said and once jerked a hand loop at Max's back. This immediately pulled Max backwards and he had to take an evasive step backwards. His expression showed Svenja that he was very annoyed by the way his mother demonstrated this, but it really didn't seem to hurt, even though the straps looked very tight.

Shortly after that Max and his mother said goodbye and left the room. Svenja was happy that there were no more strangers in the toilet room when Mrs. Schäfer asked if Svenja and Charlotte were done with their business. Svenja and Charlotte both were, and so Mrs. Schäfer went to Svenja to clean her, the same way it had been done with Max.

While Svenja was still lying on the changing table being washed by Mrs. Schäfer, Mr. Schäfer also came back into the room from the car and cleaned Charlotte and dressed her again. When Svenja was standing next to the changing table again and was supposed to get into her overalls, she had another short discussion with Mrs. Schäfer whether she could not take off her hoodie at the same time, but Mrs. Schäfer remained firm and Svenja was not allowed to take it off.

When both children were dressed again and the harnesses were tight and locked again, they went back to the car.

The drive led back in the direction of the vacation home. Svenja even recognized the road they entered from the main road. But Mr. Schäfer did not park the car in front of the house where they lived, but in a small parking lot in front of an area surrounded by a high fence. Only at a second glance did Svenja realize that it must be the aforementioned playground.

Svenja and Charlotte were released from their car seats and led to the entrance with only the hand strap. The entrance consisted of a double door, just like the playground they had visited the day before at the rest area.

Inside the playground, Svenja looked around and could see that there were at least 20 or even 30 children of all ages frolicking around and obviously having a lot of fun. A few of the smaller children were playing together with their parents in the sandbox or were pushed by their parents on a swing. There were also about 6 adults sitting on a bench a bit off to the side, near the fence and the double doors. There was also a large climbing frame with a suspension bridge and towers. Next to it were also ropes stretched close above the ground for balancing.

But the main attraction seemed to be an air-filled cushion made of a plastic material. The cushion was firmly anchored in the ground and was about 10 meters long and 5 meters wide. On top of it, the vast majority of children were jumping around. There was also the biggest hustle and bustle. The children there were from 6 years old but Svenja also saw much older children who could well be adults, judging from their size. But Svenja couldn't see that exactly in a hurry.

Behind the cushion there were a few more boys who played ball. But Svenja had, after the first look, which she had let roam over the area, already determined that there would be nothing there at which she could have fun. Even if there were children her age on the cushion, she found it silly to jump there. But Svenja was jerked out of her thoughts by a sharp tug on her harness. Mrs. Schäfer apparently wanted to say something to her and Charlotte. Svenja then looked at Charlotte and could see how she was already pulling on her harness impatiently and fidgeting, because she obviously wanted to get away from her father to play on the playground.

"So kids, please behave and be careful. We don't want to hear any complaints. You are free to play what you want here now. No one will be teased or bullied, and no one will be at each other's throats.

... Well, and of course, do not leave the premises. ... We'll pick you up again when we've put away the groceries and are done in the house," Mrs. Schäfer explained to the two, looking alternately at Charlotte and Svenja.

Svenja found the speech totally embarrassing and unnecessary, but fortunately not everyone here could understand it. Charlotte nodded her head and then said, "Yes, Mama".

After that, Mrs. Schäfer looked expectantly at Svenja, who didn't quite understand what was expected of her. Only after she was lightly nudged by Charlotte, the penny dropped for her, too.

"Yes, Mrs. Schäfer," she said, annoyed, and added, "We're not 12 anymore, we'll survive here!"

Charlotte suspected something bad and was already rolling her eyes when her mother took a breath.

"Svenja, you should take it seriously when we tell you something. You don't know the language here and you don't know your way around. And you can always get hurt on a playground. We are going to be away for a while and I think it is important that you take this into consideration. Did you hear what I said?" asked Mrs. Schäfer, somewhat annoyed by Svenja's reaction.

"Yes, I understand," said Svenja, because she didn't feel like talking about the subject any further.

Mrs. Schäfer still shook her head a bit irritated, but let go of Svenja's loop and thereby finished the discussion.

Mr. Schäfer then also let go of Charlotte's loop and she immediately took a step forward, but then stopped again and smiled sweetly at her mother and asked "Can you please take our harnesses off, it's much more comfortable on the playground? Mom please?"

Mrs. Schäfer then looked around briefly at the other children, most of whom still had their harnesses on.

"Oh Charlotte my dear, this year the rules have been changed and I don't think you can do that. I guess you will have to wear it here too, it is still a public place."

"Hmm, too bad. Well, see you later, Mom!" said Charlotte and quickly ran to the big bouncy cushion and just left Svenja standing with her parents.

Svenja then also turned away from the Schäfers and walked very slowly with her head hanging a bit over the lawn towards the open meadow next to the bouncy cushion. But then she stopped again after a few meters and turned to the Schäfers again. "When will they pick us up again?" she asked, already imagining how boring it would get here.

"Oh Svenja, don't make it so hard for yourself. You will have enough time, we will come when we are ready. Use the time and have some fun," said Mrs. Schäfer and put an arm around her husband and let out a loud sigh. She hadn't thought it would be that hard to get Svenja back to her childlike role. Both then turned around and left the premises through the double doors.

Svenja kept walking and she suddenly realized how free she felt. No one was pulling on her harness, she wasn't attached to a leash or tied to a chair or car seat. It felt wonderful, although of course she could still feel the overalls and harness around her body as she was enclosed in them. But it was still a great relief. Since she felt unobserved, she tried to pull a little on the harness and after a short time she also tried to reach the buckles. But after a short time she gave up in frustration, because she had to realize that she had no chance to open or loosen them.

So she slowly walked around the bouncy cushion. The other children seemed to take no notice of her: they were all busy with their game. On the bouncy cushion they were not jumping around meaninglessly; there was obviously a game that was played by all of them there together. Svenja watched it for a moment. It had to be some kind of tag. Players kept dropping out and waiting on the sidelines until they were allowed to join in again. Svenja didn't quite understand it.

But Svenja also observed how exuberantly and with how much fun the children were all playing, although they were dressed just as silly as Svenja herself. Almost all of them had overalls on, though a few wore jumpsuits instead. Nor did the others let their harnesses stop them from playing. They were

probably all used to moving around with a harness around their bodies. Svenja imagined at the sight that she would be reminded of the stupid harness with every movement, so she didn't want to move, even if she had to think about it right now anyway.

After Svenja had been pondering her thoughts for a while, Charlotte suddenly came back to her. "Hey, what's wrong with you, don't you want to join in? It's fun," she said, slightly out of breath.

"Well, I don't know, isn't it exhausting? And then with the silly harness on your body? I think it's pointless and I don't think I'd enjoy it," Svenja said, nudging a tuft of grass on the ground with her foot without looking at Charlotte.

"Really now, have you forgotten again what I told you this morning? Are you really going to sulk and get upset about everything for the whole 4 weeks we'll be here? That's so stupid of you, besides we talked yesterday about how we need to stick together. So why are you leaving me here alone now?"

Charlotte tried to get at Svenja's conscience, and Svenja realized that Charlotte was right again.

"Oh yeah, one more thing, you bore! Do you remember the boy from our neighbor's house yesterday? I was right: he's here on the playground, see!" said Charlotte, pointing to a boy on the bouncy cushion.

"That's him, isn't it?!"

Svenja looked in the direction shown and yes, it really had to be him.

"Yes, but what's your point?" asked Svenja.

"Well, I saw yesterday that you thought he was cute. Besides, you wanted to know how old he is. So ask him." said Charlotte provocatively.

"What? You said he's already 20. I think you find him cute and now you want me to talk to him for you," Svenja countered. But she also had to grin a bit, because she did find him interesting. Even if more so because at his age, if what Charlotte claimed was true, he was still in a harness.

Svenja gave herself a jolt and decided to step over her reservations, so she asked Charlotte. "OK, I can try it, but how does the game you are playing work? Can you explain the rules to me?"

"Nope, you'll figure it out for yourself. It's basically like catching. If you're hit, you're out." Charlotte answered and ran back towards the bouncy cushion, because it was just starting a new round. Svenja got carried away and ran after Charlotte.

As she had expected, Svenja felt the harness in the process. But it was not as disturbing as she first thought. On the bouncy cushion she first had to practice a bit not to fall over. The cushion was constantly in motion, with so many children on it. She quickly realized who was the catcher who everyone was jumping away from. It was a girl who was maybe 2 years younger than her. At the beginning, when Svenja was still trying to cope with jumping on the cushion, she was ignored by the girl.

All the kids were shouting loudly at each other and giving each other instructions on how to escape from the girl. The strange thing was that Svenja understood only a small fraction of the words. Some were in German and others in English and other languages that Svenja could not even tell apart. The really strange thing was though that she often knew what was meant, even if she didn't understand the words.

After a few minutes she could mostly control the bouncing, so that she could concentrate more on the game and also thought less and less about her harness. At that moment it was suddenly even fun to bounce there. There were only about 10 other kids on the bouncy cushion left and Svenja also started to avoid the girl whose turn it was to play catch. With that, however, she made herself a direct target. A few times she was able to dodge with targeted jumps. Then at the next attempt Svenja jumped directly in front of the older boy from the neighboring house. There was no collision, but he had to brake hard and their eyes met and the boy obviously recognized Svenja too, because he was surprised for a short moment and did not move, just as Svenja did. So it happened that both were touched by the girl and were eliminated.

The boy got a smile on his face and Svenja smiled back. Together they left the bouncy cushion. "Hej hvad er dit navn?" the boy then asked as they walked together onto the lawn.

"Was¹?" asked Svenja reflexively. Whereupon she was gazed upon again by the boy, but he was still smiling.

"Do you speak English?" he then asked in English.

Only then did Svenja understand why she had not understood the first question at all.

Since Svenja had her problems with English at school, she could not answer even now. But since she liked the boy, she didn't want to leave him like that.

"Ähhh ... Yes ... Ähhh ... nö ... not so good!" stammered Svenja to herself.

The boy immediately realized what the problem was and said "My name is Ole and I'm from Denmark" he said pointing to himself.

Svenja understood and said "I'm Svenja from Germany".

"Oh, nice to meet you" Ole said and smiled wider; he must have found Svenja likable too.

"Yes, uh ... me too!" said Svenja awkwardly, but wanted to say something else to start a real conversation, even if it would be damn hard for her with her English.

"Uhh ... why you are here on the *Spielplatz* ... Uhh Uhh" she couldn't think of the English word for playground.

"Playground?", Ole then completed her question. And Svenja briefly wondered why Ole knew what she wanted to ask. Also, the question suddenly seemed silly to her.

"Well, I'm on Holiday with my parents here at the west coast. And to play with some kids is more fun than to stay home with my parents." Ole then explained in more detail. Svenja surprised herself a bit that she understood everything. But on the other hand she also wondered about the statement and asked spontaneously. "Sorry, but how old are you?"

"Why do you say 'sorry'? I'm 19 years old." said Ole and his smile became a little less but not serious or angry.

"Uhh ... for me ... it sounds like ... uhh ... a little bit old for a playground ... uhh... like this." said Svenja awkwardly.

"Well, no, not really I think. How old are you, Svenja?" asked Ole.

"Uhh ... Sixteen" she said after a moment's thought.

"What is the difference?" he then asked.

Svenja had to think for a moment what she could say to that. She thought Ole was nice and wanted to talk with him further and get to know him better. But the conversation drifted into a direction she didn't like after only a few sentences. But it was her own fault: she had started it, but only because all this stuff with the Schäfers and the strange upbringing made her think of nothing else.

But she had to answer something quickly now, lightening up the situation, "Three Years!"

At this Ole had to laugh and Svenja too.

Then Ole realized that he lived in the cottage across the street from her, and they had seen each other yesterday when he had done sports in the front yard. He had also noticed that Svenja had a new hairstyle and liked it very much. This was a little embarrassing for Svenja at first, because she did not like her new hairstyle so much, but in the end she understood it as a compliment and accepted the hairstyle a little better.

To continue the conversation in English was very exhausting for Svenja and took a lot of strength. But she walked together with Ole a few steps across the lawn and they continued to talk. In the process,

¹ Note about the translation: Since Svenja speaks German in the original version, the point of this conversation, where she has to try and speak English but can't find all the words, gets lost with the translation to English. I solved this by leaving those words in German (in italic) – the context will make clear what is meant. To make the distinction in the rest of the chapter everything said in German will be translated but in italic.

Svenja learned that Ole also knew some German words but never had German in school and could not speak it. But his knowledge helped every now and then in the conversation when Svenja didn't know what to say or Ole didn't understand something.

Svenja found out from Ole that he was going to start studying online after the vacation and that his parents still wanted to treat him as a minor until the end of his studies. Which basically didn't bother him: he loved being allowed to continue living out his childish side. It was also not so unusual in Denmark to be under the control of the parents until the end of the education. But it was also unpleasant for Ole that he was not allowed to choose his own clothes and had to wear the harness. Which in his case weighed more than 4 kilograms since the age of 16, because it was made of steel cables with rubber coating, at least in public.

Svenja also talked about herself and how she had come to the Schäfers and on this vacation, and how unfamiliar and new it all was for her. But Ole also tried to convince Svenja that she should not resist any further and that she should accept the positive parts. Ole said it was so great to be allowed to continue playing and not have to worry about such silly things as money, food or an apartment. Svenja admired Ole a little bit for the fact that he was already so mature on the one hand and had understood all these things with their connections and nevertheless appreciated the life as a minor with all restrictions and disadvantages so much.

Ole and Svenja had probably been talking for more than half an hour and Svenja found it increasingly difficult to converse in English. She also wanted to at least try to implement some of the advice from Ole and before that from Charlotte. So she suggested to play a little bit more on the bouncy cushion. Ole also thought this was a good idea and they both jumped back into the fun.

This round the bouncing was even more fun and Svenja got better and also braver. During a dodge from the catcher, she made a sharp turn and twisted her ankle. A sharp pain went through her ankle and she gave a short scream. She then fell on her butt and remained sitting on the edge of the cushion holding her ankle. This, of course, was noticed by the parents sitting on the edge of the bench and two women approached her. Ole also stopped jumping, sat down next to Svenja and tried to figure out what had happened. But Svenja had even more problems understanding Ole's English in all the excitement. When the two women who had rushed from the bench started talking to her in Danish, Svenja was totally overwhelmed. Her foot still hurt, even though it wasn't that bad anymore. She just wanted to sit there and wait for the pain to subside. But the two women were gesticulating wildly and obviously wanted Svenja to come with them to the bench. Ole talked to them and was able to calm the situation down a bit, which made Svenja very happy. But the women obviously insisted that Svenja should leave the bouncy cushion. Ole could not argue against that, so he helped to support Svenja. He on the left side and one of the women on the right side. So Svenja was brought to the benches without putting weight on the injured foot.

Arrived at the benches a third woman came and brought a soft blanket and spread it on a table, which was behind the benches. Svenja was then supposed to lie down on it, with Ole and the woman who had supported her helping her. Then Charlotte joined them and asked Svenja, "Hey, are you okay? What happened?"

"I twisted my ankle on the bouncy cushion, but it's not half bad, it just hurts a little anymore. It'll be better in a minute."

"*Not so fast, young lady!*" said the third woman with the blanket and Svenja looked at her in surprise, not only because she spoke German, but also since she had been occupied with reading something on her cell phone.

"*Can I help you in any way? But I see you've already looked for help yourself!*" Charlotte said with a cheeky grin on her face, pointing at Ole.

Svenja had to laugh a little embarrassed because Charlotte had caught her flirting with Ole.
"So Svenja, I've informed Charlotte's parents about your accident, they'll be right there to pick you up." the woman then said as she finished with her cell phone.

"What ... how do you know? ... and who are you anyway?" complained Svenja and wanted to jump up from the table. The foot barely hurt anymore.

But the woman and the other mothers were faster and first held Svenja down and then very quickly connected some straps from the table with her harness so that she couldn't get up.

"Hey, what are you doing. Untie me again. ... Now ...!" screamed Svenja in anger.

"Sh ... sh ... calm down Svenja, first of all there is no reason to scream around here so hysterically. My name is Mrs. Buhrmann and I am here on vacation with my children. We just want to help you until your foster parents are here. One of the other nice mothers here is just getting a cold pack to make it better." Mrs. Buhrmann said to Svenja.

Ole meanwhile took Svenja's hand and held it tightly to give her some support.

"The women are right Svenja, hold on!" he said. Svenja didn't notice that Ole apparently understood more German than he had let on.

Mrs. Buhrmann then looked at her cell phone again, read for a while and swiped a few times, and Svenja looked on, slightly scared, but glad for Ole's support.

"OK kids, you can go back to play, we'll take good care of Svenja until her parents get here." Mrs. Buhrmann then said to Charlotte and Ole.

Whereupon Svenja became more restless again; she didn't want to be strapped here alone at the mercy of this strange woman who obviously knew everything about her and Charlotte – in whatever way.

"Please Miss Buhrmann, I would like to stay with Svenja. We were playing together when the accident happened." Ole said politely and respectfully. He knew exactly what his rank in the picking order was, but with his age he also had enough experience to deal with such situations.

"OK Ole, no problem, you can hold her hand. Should I call your parents too? You are neighbors here in the Holidays!" Mrs. Buhrmann asked back in slightly worse English.

Ole smiled and said "Yes, we are. But I meet Svenja today at the playground first time." evading the question about his parents, because he didn't want his time at the playground to be shortened because of this.

"How do you know all this about us?" asked Svenja then, while in the meantime one of the other mothers held a cold pack to her injured ankle.

"Well Svenja, do you really not know? The ID rings on your wrists are there for just that purpose. I can read out anything important with my phone if you're in trouble without a guardian. That way all parents can help each other." Mrs. Buhrmann explained and Svenja understood how it worked. On the one hand she cursed the rings, already because of the restraint function, and then this privacy invasion too. On the other hand, she had to admit that she would have been a bit lost alone in a foreign country with a foreign language.

In the meantime, Charlotte had disappeared again to the playground and continued to play with other children. Ole and Svenja and Mrs. Buhrmann talked for a while and Svenja had to try to explain how the accident happened.

After a good 20 minutes, the cold pack was no longer cold and the pain had completely subsided. Nevertheless, Svenja was not allowed to get up, but Ole was still with her. Then suddenly Mr. and Mrs. Schäfer came to her.

"Oh Svenja my child, what happened? Are you all right?" said Mrs. Schäfer when she saw Svenja lying on the table. Svenja thought the greeting was a bit exaggerated, nothing bad had happened from her

point of view. But she also had the feeling that Mrs. Schäfer meant it seriously and did not play her concern.

Then she greeted Mrs. Buhrmann only briefly and immediately focused on Svenja again. *"Where does it hurt, my child, are you all right?"* she asked Svenja and stroked her cheek with her hand. On the one hand, Svenja felt like a little child needing to be comforted, but on the other hand, Mrs. Schäfer seemed genuinely concerned.

"It's not that bad, Mrs. Schäfer, after the cold pack I don't feel any pain anymore" Svenja answered still quite calmly.

Then Mrs. Schäfer went to the injured ankle and palpated it. *"It's clear that it won't hurt for a while after cooling. But do you feel it when I press here?"* Mrs. Schäfer then asked.

"Yes, I feel it, but it doesn't hurt." replied Svenja.

Mrs. Schäfer continued to press on her ankle, asking again and again. After the fourth question, Svenja already reacted quite annoyed: *"Stop fussing so much – it's nothing serious!"* Ole felt Svenja starting to get impatient while he continued to hold her hand.

"Come down, Your mother means well." he whispered in her ear.

"She is not my mother!" complained Svenja in German. But Ole understood anyway and smiled at Svenja as if to say *"Come on, it will pass."*

But then Ole's expression changed and became a bit more serious.

"My parents are arrived, I think I should explain the situation. We'll talk later, Svenja." he then said and let go of her hand. Svenja hadn't quite understood the sentence but Mrs. Schäfer also wanted her attention again. *"Svenja, please don't be so disrespectful again. You don't have to start whining again just because I ask you how you are"* said Mrs. Schäfer and finished examining Svenja's foot. Then she came back into Svenja's field of vision. *"You know, we are responsible for you whether you like it or not. I don't want to have to explain to your parents why you have to go home in an ambulance. You should be happy that it isn't worse. Everything seems to be fine again. I asked you to be careful because of such incidents. I didn't say that as a joke or to annoy you. I was really worried and now you're disrespectful about it; I don't think that's right of you"* Svenja was reprimanded. But not as bad as it was usually the case with Mrs. Schäfer.

And so Svenja quickly became more conciliatory again, *"Yes, you're right. Excuse me please! May I get up now, please?"* Svenja asked politely.

"OK, but please don't put much strain on the leg and you'll let me know immediately if it hurts again. You have to promise me that." Mrs. Schäfer demanded.

"Yes I will, I promise!" promised Svenja and hoped to finally be untied from the table.

Fortunately, Mrs. Schäfer untied her right away and helped her back to her feet, but in the process she checked how Svenja was standing with her injured foot and asked again if it hurt. But it did not.

Then Svenja looked around and searched for Ole, who was standing only a few meters away, together with his father, mother and Mr. Schäfer. Svenja immediately noticed that Ole's arms were tied with the rings behind his back connected by a short bar, just as they had been the night before for Svenja herself. She wondered what Ole must have done to be punished by his parents, because it was clear to Svenja that his parents were punishing him.

Mrs. Schäfer and Svenja then joined the group. Ole clearly had to describe the incident from his point of view and explain how Svenja's accident had happened. Since the conversation was again in English, Svenja did not understand everything, but she could follow the events halfway.

Then Svenja also had to explain everything, that she herself was careless and had slipped and so it had come to the accident. Svenja didn't understand why all the adults made such a big deal out of it. But finally everyone was satisfied and they talked about the fact that the Schäfers and the Christiansen family, Ole's family's last name, were neighbors and wanted to meet to exchange experiences.

Svenja had no more opportunity to speak with Ole alone to ask him why he had been punished, although his parents did not make the impression on Svenja that they had accused him of something. Ole was then taken by his father on a leash and the family headed for the exit of the playground after a goodbye. Mr. Schäfer then called Charlotte to him and Mrs. Schäfer thanked Mrs. Buhrmann again for her caring help.

Then Charlotte and Svenja were also led back to the parking lot by their harness loops. Svenja felt while walking that she had hurt her foot but it was not a severe pain and she did not have to limp badly, so she did not tell Mrs. Schäfer.

Back in the cottage Charlotte and Svenja were dressed again with the house overalls and also the same harness as the previous evening. Then all 4 sat down together on the couch in the living room and Charlotte let her father hug her and enjoyed the closeness to her father very much. Mrs. Schäfer also tried to build up some closeness to Svenja and also to hug her, but Svenja was not that far yet. It was enough for her to just sit there and watch Charlotte cuddle with her father and enjoy it like a normal child. Even if she was already 16 years old.

Of course, Svenja was also observed by Mrs. Schäfer without her noticing.

Around 6 p.m., dinner was eaten again almost like the night before, and Charlotte and Svenja had to help with both the preparations and the cleanup. But this evening Charlotte and Svenja were allowed to sit right next to each other. Of course they were strapped to the bench again.

After that, it was straight back to bed, just like the night before, with everything Svenja didn't particularly like in the bathroom, and the first day of vacation was drawing to a close.

13.10 summer holidays, on the beach

Svenja woke up still slightly woozy and felt that she had again held her stuffed lion Leo tightly in her hand all night. Then she wanted to cuddle with him and quickly realized that her hands were still tightly tied to the bed frame. Slightly frustrated, she gave a few jerky tugs but quickly gave up. As she did so, she became more alert and her mind realized that she was still on vacation with the Schäfers. Like the first night, her arms had been strapped down to recharge the ID rings. So Svenja stretched slightly within her limits and began to think about the previous day. It had started so terribly with her new haircut, which had been cut against her will, and all the restrictions she had to get used to. But as she did so, it occurred to her that the last day had shown a turnaround that she hadn't noticed before. After the little accident on the bouncy cushion, she had had no more arguments with Charlotte, and the restrictions in the evening had been much more bearable than on the day of her arrival, or in the morning.

Was this because Svenja was really getting used to it or had the measures been relaxed after the accident? Probably a bit of both, but also the fact that she had not argued further with Charlotte had to be connected with it. Svenja couldn't come to a final conclusion and it was getting boring to lie awake in bed and hardly be able to move. So Svenja pulled at her wrists again in frustration. Charlotte was woken up by this and the two could talk together, which was not so boring anymore. After a good half hour, Mrs. Schäfer arrived and the same morning routine as the day before began. The morning run with Mr. Schäfer was a little less strenuous for Charlotte, since there had been repeated breaks in which Mr. Schäfer had inquired about Svenja's injured ankle. But due to the rest during the night, Svenja had no more problems with her ankle.

However, the restrictions on this new day were the same as the day before, Svenja and Charlotte had to wear their house suits with the harness after showering and were also tethered at every opportunity. Cleaning up after meals always had to be done by Charlotte and Svenja. For this they were fixed to the rails in the kitchen. After they were done in the kitchen that morning, they both wanted to get back on the couches to get some rest, but Charlotte's parents were not around and so they had to stand in the kitchen for almost another 15min, which was extremely frustrating and boring. Then her parents came out of the back hallway, where Svenja had never been herself.

"So kids, are you done with your chores?" Mrs. Schäfer asked.

"Yes mom, we've been waiting for you for a while." said Charlotte a bit bored.

"I'm sure you'll be able to stand it, sweetheart," replied Frau Schäfer good-humoredly with a smile on her face.

"Yeah sure mom, but we're on vacation too and standing in the kitchen isn't that much fun, you know?" said Charlotte, putting a somewhat artificial but sweet smile on her face. She didn't want to ruin her mother's good mood with a thoughtless statement of displeasure, but she wanted her mother to know that she and Svenja were bored waiting in the kitchen. Her mother had seen right through her, of course, and so Charlotte first got a kiss on the cheek from her mother, followed by a well felt but affectionate slap on the butt.

"It's good for you to practice a little patience now and then," her mother said, grinning broadly at Charlotte.

"And now, you can do that on your own. I'll get Svenja ready first." she said to her daughter and then turned to Svenja to untie her from the leash in the kitchen.

"We'll have a nice outing this morning and you'll have fun too," she said to Charlotte as she grabbed Svenja by the loop of her harness to lead her to the bathroom. Charlotte stayed behind a bit offended and grabbed her butt with both hands. Not that it really hurt, but it was still noticeable and Charlotte also thought it was a bit mean of her mother to make fun of her needs like that. Her mood quickly improved, however, as she watched her father pack up a few things and take them to the front door.

Among them were a cooler with drinks, as well as a large sports bag and a parasol, which led Charlotte to believe they were probably going to the beach.

"Dad, are we going to the beach for a swim?" she asked excitedly. She liked the water and the beach so much, which of course her mother knew.

"Yes my darling, it will be very warm today and there is hardly any wind. These are ideal conditions for a relaxing trip to the beach," her father replied as he continued to make preparations.

In the meantime, Mrs. Schäfer had arrived in the bathroom with Svenja and had already completely undressed her. Then Svenja was supposed to do a short wee, where she again had her hands attached to the steel ropes by her ID rings. To speed up the process, however, Mrs. Schäfer did everything for Svenja. Since Svenja had already been on the toilet before breakfast, it took a while until she could do something. The silence during this felt strange and embarrassing. Svenja found this kind of toilet visit still extremely unpleasant and embarrassing, anyway. So she tried to distract herself with a conversation.

"Uhh Mrs. Schäfer? ... What are we doing today?" she asked quietly while letting her head hang between her arms stretched out in front.

"The weather is supposed to be so nice today that we decided to go to the beach before noon. There you can then play a little or also rest. Charlotte will surely want to swim in the sea again. ... Have you ever swum in the sea? Your mother told me that you can swim, but the sea is not a swimming pool," Mrs. Schäfer explained in detail.

"Oh yes, the beach is great. I haven't swum in the sea yet, the last time I went to the sea with my parents, I was too little," Svenja answered, slowly relaxing.

"Well, if you want to swim, I have to discuss it with my husband; he has to make sure you are secure while swimming. But I think we will find a solution. But there are other great things you can do on the beach," said Mrs. Schäfer.

Immediately after that, Svenja splashed in the bowl, and Mrs. Schäfer smiled contentedly at Svenja, while Svenja was embarrassed that it was so loud.

Then Svenja was thoroughly cleaned by Mrs. Schäfer. After that she stood in the bathroom "dressed" only with her genital protector and still secured to the wire ropes. While doing so, Mrs. Schäfer then took a piece of clothing from the shelf. At first it looked to Svenja like a T-shirt. It was folded very flat and didn't look like much fabric. She could see two bright colors, orange and blue. It was clear to her that it was a new piece of clothing for her. At first she thought the colors were not bad for the beach. But when Mrs. Schäfer then held the garment at the neckline and let it fall down, a jumpsuit unfolded for Svenja's eyes. This one seemed to have strange proportions. The fabric was very thin and seemed almost somewhat transparent.

Svenja was a bit confused by the whole thing and didn't know what to make of it. Meanwhile, Mrs. Schäfer had already started to open the zipper. The entire torso part was in orange and the arms and leg were in blue; there also seemed to be no cuffs.

When Mrs. Schäfer had everything sorted, she held the piece out to Svenja to get into. Svenja almost automatically, without thinking about it, lifted her right leg to put it into the jumpsuit. She had slight difficulties keeping her balance, since her arms were still attached to the ropes. After the second leg was also in it, Mrs. Schäfer went behind Svenja and pulled the jumpsuit up to her belly. As she did so, Svenja noticed that the legs were slightly short, ending an inch above her ankles.

"What kind of weird thing is this?" asked Svenja almost expressionlessly, still not knowing what to make of the new garment.

"It's a combination of a swimsuit and UV protection suit. We don't want you to get sunburn on the beach." explained Mrs. Schäfer.

Then the suit was pulled further up to just below Svenja's breasts. Due to the tightness and stretchiness of the jumpsuit, it stayed in place even when Mrs. Schäfer let go of it.

"I've always used sunscreen until now," said Svenja, and looked down at herself and felt how this strange jumpsuit snuggled tightly against her body. It really did resemble a bathing suit, even though Svenja had preferred for several years now to put on a bikini for swimming. She could also see how the genital protector was clearly visible under the thin fabric.

"Well Svenja, then you will try something new today. Because I find sunscreen impractical for quite a few reasons. So, I'm going to release one of your arms," said Frau Schäfer.

Shortly afterwards, as if by magic, the wire rope disconnected from the ring of Svenja's left arm. She had not seen that Mrs. Schäfer had briefly picked up her phone.

"So, here you go, right into the sleeve," said Mrs. Schäfer and inserted Svenja's arm into the left sleeve.

"What's so impractical about cream? I find this suit quite complicated, too," said Svenja with a somewhat ironic grin on her face. Because she knew that there was no use in arguing about it with Mrs. Schäfer, even though she was of a different opinion. And she also knew that the jumpsuit would certainly not only serve to protect her from the sun.

Frau Schäfer then stood slightly next to Svenja and tugged the sleeve smooth. It also reached only to just above her ID ring.

"Oh Svenja, you still have so much to learn. The most important point is that cream washes off when you go into the water. And I don't want to always have to make sure that you also reapply cream. Besides, this sunscreen lasts much longer and is more effective. OK child?" said Mrs. Schäfer and gave Svenja a similar smile back, without mentioning any further functions of the suit. At the same time she took Svenja's wrist again and reattached the steel cable to the ring.

The same procedure followed with Svenja's right arm. Of course she found the way Mrs. Schäfer treated her a bit humiliating, as she called her a child, but since Mrs. Schäfer was quite sweet about it, Svenja could get over it.

When both arms were in the sleeves, Svenja could feel that in front of her chest were small and relatively stiff pads that covered her breasts. Mrs. Schäfer then stood behind Svenja again and she could feel that there was a kind of bra inside the suit, which was then closed at the back. After that the zipper in the back was pulled up to the neck.

"So child, now something for your safety and then we are almost done," said Mrs. Schäfer, still in a good mood.

Svenja was not surprised when Mrs. Schäfer put a harness over her head, which then came to rest on her shoulders. Next, two straps were tightened around her upper body, fixing everything in place. One of them close under her armpits, which pressed slightly on her breasts. The other around her waist. The final one was a crotch strap that Mrs. Schäfer pulled tight between her legs and in the back. Fortunately, Ms. Schäfer was content with a moderate tightening of the straps, and it did not feel uncomfortable. There was probably no discipline function, either.

Svenja looked down at herself and could see the white straps over the blue and orange jumpsuit that were made of a smooth plastic. Furthermore, Svenja could see D-rings in some places. However, all this did not cause her much worry anymore. It had become clear to her in the meantime what the Schäfers demanded of her and that it was probably no big deal here. She couldn't and wouldn't accept that, but strangely enough, she didn't seem to care. Of this realization, Svenja herself was somewhat surprised.

"Now, sweetheart, don't dream. We want to go to the beach after all. I have something fancy and summery for you here. I hope you like it," said Mrs. Schäfer and pulled Svenja out of her thoughts.

She held the next piece of clothing in front of Svenja's legs. It was a light thin fabric with a floral pattern, which to Svenja's surprise was not childish but more ornate. After Svenja put her feet into the garment it was pulled up by Frau Schäfer and it turned out to be overalls. Svenja briefly thought to herself, "What else if not overalls."

But something was different, Svenja thought. Then she quickly realized that these overalls were not as tight as all the others she had to wear in the last few days. On the contrary, these overalls were cut quite loose and wide. The thin fabric waved lightly around her legs and body with every movement, almost like a summer dress. At stomach level where the bib was attached, there was an elastic band in the back that emphasized the overalls in the waist a bit. Svenja must have looked a little surprised, because Mrs. Schäfer then asked "And do you like it? That's something for the beach, isn't it? Come on, you can look at yourself in the mirror," said Mrs. Schäfer and shortly afterwards both wire ropes disconnected from Svenja's arm rings at the same time.

Then Svenja was taken by the hand and led down the hall to the front door. There was a large mirror and Svenja could look at herself. Her outfit today still had strange elements: there were the blue, too short sleeves and the orange bodysuit that stood out somewhat incongruously under the overalls. But the big bib hid a large part of the harness. Svenja could see mainly the straps under the arms. The straps of the overalls were so wide and fastened to the bib with two side-by-side buttons, that the straps over the shoulders were also completely hidden. When Svenja turned in front of the mirror, she could see in the back part a hole above the elastic, through which a D-ring of the belt harness was visible. The overalls were obviously meant to be used in combination with the harness. The overalls also had no pockets and therefore looked otherwise very plain, almost as if they were home-sewn. But all in all, Svenja found them much less childish and also halfway OK.

Svenja looked halfway satisfied in the mirror and could see how Mrs. Schäfer put a straw hat on her head. At first Svenja thought that Mrs. Schäfer was going to ruin everything at the last moment, but the straw hat fit amazingly well to the rest.

"This was still missing for sun protection; now it can go to the beach. What do you think, do you like it?" she was then asked.

Svenja was again astonished, because Mrs. Schäfer usually did not care about her opinion of her appearance. Why did she ask it exactly at the moment when Svenja halfway liked it? Svenja was torn, should she give a snotty answer? But she and also Mrs. Schäfer were in a good mood, she didn't want to ruin that. But she couldn't just admit now that she liked it.

"Hmm well, shall I be honest?" asked Svenja then with an ironic grin on her face.

"Well Svenja, that shouldn't be a question. I expect you to always be honest with us. Always!" said Mrs. Schäfer with a played serious face.

"Well if that's the case, then I'll put it this way: this is the best thing you've put on me so far."

Then Svenja got a light slap on her butt from Frau Schäfer.

"Well, I'll take that as a compliment from you. And I'm glad you like it." said Mrs. Schäfer with a smile.

But then she became really serious and said to Svenja "Svenja, what pleases me much more is that your attitude is slowly improving. Don't you think it's so much better and easier? Well, my dear?"

Svenja was a little surprised by this sudden statement or observation from Mrs. Schäfer. But of course she was absolutely right. But Svenja was also of the opinion that Mrs. Schäfer had made it much easier for her today than at the beginning and therefore it couldn't be her fault that it was much more exhausting at the beginning. But Svenja didn't want to discuss that now and so she nodded her head and added quietly, "Yes, I do."

"OK fine, then I'll get Charlotte ready and you wait out here," Mrs. Schäfer said again with a smile and opened the door. She took Svenja by the hand again and led her outside to the stainless steel pipes she

had been tied to when she arrived. There Mrs. Schäfer helped her to lock the rings, checked they were secured, and then went back into the house to free Charlotte from the kitchen.

Svenja had to wait outdoors alone. The experience was not much better than on the day of her arrival, but she was not annoyed about it anymore. After a few minutes Mr. Schäfer came with a handcart to the entrance. This he had obviously fetched from a shed next to the house, and he put it right behind Svenja without paying much attention to her. Then he fetched the collected beach utensils bit by bit from the hallway and loaded them into the cart.

Svenja watched him more out of boredom than interest. Since she was fixated with both hands to the pipes, facing the house wall, she had to turn her head again and again. But if she had stared straight ahead at the wall, she would have felt even more stupid. So she also noticed when Mr. Schäfer finished loading the handcart and walked up to Svenja.

"So Svenja, since you're already standing here like in front of a saloon, I might as well harness you up, my little horse." he said and grinned broadly at Svenja. Svenja did not understand what he meant with this horse allusion. But after a few seconds Svenja got the meaning. The pipes around the house were very similar to the beams that were used in the western movies to tie the horses to. She didn't have a halter around her head, fortunately, but she must have looked quite similar nonetheless.

"Ha Ha, that's not funny. Have you ever stood around so silly, with your hands on that stupid pole?" said Svenja then a bit annoyed.

"Oh come on Svenja, all girls like to play horse. And besides, it's not for long. We'll be off in a minute, won't we? It will be fun," said Mr. Schäfer with a smile. He lifted the drawbar of the handcart. There were two 50cm long straps attached to the handle, which were made of the same material as the harness that Svenja had just put on. Mr. Schäfer had hooked one of these ends onto a D-ring on Svenja's harness with a strange hook. The D-ring was located at the lower waist belt on the left side and was actually just covered by the waistband of the overalls. But since the overalls were cut so wide and the elastic had enough give, that wasn't a problem.

Before Svenja could say anything else about it, Mrs. Schäfer came out of the front door with Charlotte and led her next to Svenja to the pipes and attached her rings to them. So Charlotte stood to the left of Svenja in front of the house wall. The second strap from the handcart was then attached to her harness on the right side. Charlotte was dressed very similarly to Svenja. Her protective suit had a bright yellow torso and green arms and legs. She also wore those loose overalls, with a similar pattern but slightly different colors.

"So, we're almost ready to leave, kids. We'll just finish up inside real quick. ... Don't eat all the hay." said Mr. Schäfer, laughing.

"Walter, please, ... that's not how you're going to get Svenja to accept our parenting style." said Frau Schäfer to her husband.

"Oh, don't make such a fuss, it's just a bit of fun. The children are old enough to understand that," he said to his wife and they both went back into the house without paying any more attention to Svenja or Charlotte.

"Huh ... what was that? What does Dad mean with 'the hay'? Didn't I get the joke?" Charlotte asked, turning to Svenja, a little irritated.

"Yes, quite obviously." said Svenja, grinning. She didn't think the joke was that bad, even if it was kind of at her expense. But the situation was funny, standing here like a horse harnessed to a cart.

"Yeah fine, can you please enlighten me then?" asked Charlotte matter-of-factly.

"Alright, I'll give it a try. ... Why don't you take a look around, or rather, take a look at our situation. What do you notice?" Charlotte was then prompted by Svenja.

"Uhh ... mmh ... well ... Yes ... We have to wait for my parents. ... And ... uh ..." stammered Charlotte, obviously not wanting to say that they were tied up. " ... But why hay? I don't see any hay." she then asked, still confused.

"OK I see, ... with you this has all become such routine that you no longer recognize the obvious, I guess." said Svenja still with a slight smile on her face.

"Yeah OK, we're sitting, or rather standing, tight here Are tied up ... restrained. OK! But why hay?" asked Charlotte, starting to get slightly annoyed with herself, because she still didn't get it.

Now Svenja had to laugh out loud and then answered "OK OK, I'll explain it to you. These pipes here that we are tied to look like the beams in front of a saloon in the wild west in the movies where the horses were tied to. Also, we are attached to the wagon with the harness. So we look like 2 horses tied to a carriage in front of a saloon. And your father said to me earlier that girls like to play horse. Well, horses eat hay. ... Do you understand?"

"Buh, seriously? ... and you find that funny now? I would never have thought that of you." replied Charlotte.

"Well, at least I can laugh about it. Because I can't change the fact that we have to stand here like this. And didn't you tell me to always see the positive in this whole parenting thing? And yes, you were right, it's easier to bear that way," Svenja said soberly.

"OK, I'm a little surprised at my dad for making such a joke, but I'm glad you changed your attitude and took my advice," Charlotte said with relief.

Then Charlotte's parents came out of the house again and locked the door. The next moment all 4 rings came off the pipe at the same time.

"So kids, I thought we'd let you pull the cart to the beach and lead the way. Then we can relax a bit. But to do that, you have to cooperate and push the wagon backwards onto the path first," Mr. Schäfer said to the two.

With the rings released from the pipe, Svenja and Charlotte first rubbed their wrists a bit and took a step to the side for a more comfortable distance to the other. In the process, they both noticed that they didn't have much space between them, because the short straps that connected them to the drawbar also ensured that they couldn't move far away from each other.

After some consultation and also some giggling and laughing, Svenja and Charlotte managed together to push the cart backwards onto the path. Then it went in the direction of the beach; they knew the way from the morning runs. It already almost felt strange not to be led by the parents on a leash. Since they had each grabbed the drawbar with one hand, the straps were hardly noticeable during the walk. Nevertheless, Svenja quickly realized that she could not "escape" tied to the wagon like that either. She would have had to coordinate with Charlotte and they would have had to take the cart together. But

where should she have escaped to? She was here on vacation with the Schäfers. Charlotte was right that she had to make the best of it. Even if playing horse wasn't exactly her favorite activity, it was still kind of fun. Besides, spending time on the beach would certainly be even more fun. So Svenja gladly pulled the handcart together with Charlotte over the dunes to the beach.

Only about one kilometer further south, the Söllings had also decided to enjoy the beautiful weather on the beach this morning. Mr. Sölling had built a small camp, only about 10 meters away from the water. For this purpose he had screwed a large earth spike with a spiral drill on it into the ground. This he had done with a long crossbar and a lot of force. In the middle of the spike there was a hole in which their large parasol was placed.

Mrs. Sölling had laid out two large towels for her husband and herself in the shade of the parasol. Two slightly smaller towels lay closer to the foot of the parasol. On it Jens and Philipp had lain until a short time ago, and had observed the sea. Jens was in this vacation with the Söllings at the sea for the first time in his life. On the day of arrival, however, he was not allowed to see it even after much begging. Because with the Söllings almost everything was the same on vacation as at home. Jens and Philipp were put to sleep in their cribs very early. Jens already knew all the other procedures, like in the bathroom and at the table, from his visits to Philipp at home as well. In this respect, the vacation had not yet been particularly exciting for Jens. Except for their first walk on the beach the day before, Jens was most deeply impressed by the sea and was even more happy to be at the beach that day.

Jens and Philipp had also each been given a UV protection suit by Mrs. Sölling. It was printed with a colorful pattern and looked more like a onesie than a swimsuit. Additionally, the two had to wear a kind of baseball cap, which had an extra piece of fabric at the back to protect the neck from the sun. Last but not least, of course, they were also equipped with a harness, which was attached to the base of the parasol with a retractable leash.

Now the lines were extended to the limit and Jens stood with Philipp at the water and they let the waves slosh at their feet and squealed merrily, since the water was rather cold at first.

The fact that passers-by, who were walking along the beach at the water's edge, had to step over the lines again and again, didn't seem to bother anyone here. Because only few meters away were also other children in the same way prevented from running into the water or from moving further than 10 meters from their parents.

After Jens had had enough of standing with his feet in the last of the waves and watching the water wipe out his footprints again, he asked Philipp, "Philipp, I would like to swim in the sea. Have you ever swum in the ocean here?"

"Uhhmm nope, mom and dad don't allow that. Why do you think the lines reach right up to here?" replied Philipp. But Jens had a feeling that this wasn't the whole truth, because Philipp looked strangely past Jens as he said it.

"Hmm OK. If you say so, but it's too bad. Look, there are also others in the water and swimming." Jens then said a bit sadly and pointed with his hand out to the sea. He decided to ask Mrs. Sölling about it at a suitable moment, even while he knew that such a thing would unlikely be successful with the Söllings.

"Shall we build something out of sand? Wouldn't that be fun as well?" asked Philipp.

Without waiting for an answer, he ran back to the parasol where his parents were lying in the shade. Jens followed him a little more reservedly.

"Mom, can we have the shovels, please? We want to build a sand castle." Philipp asked his mother euphorically when he reached her.

Jens wondered a bit about his friend: at home he had rarely seen him so full of zest. He also didn't usually ask his mother if he could do something; he usually did what he was told. Philipp had told him once that his parents rarely allowed him to do anything, so he usually didn't ask.

That didn't seem to apply to the beach vacation, because Mrs. Sölling immediately got up from her towel and took two shovels out of the handcart that the Sölling family had also brought to the beach. She handed one to Philipp, who immediately ran back to the water's edge with it. She gave the other one to Jens, who took a closer look at the shovel. It was not a typical child's shovel made of plastic; Jens would certainly have felt a bit embarrassed with it at the age of 12, and Philipp was already 14 years old. But the shovels were a kind of spade like the ones he knew from his parents' garden, only the handle was a bit shorter and it also seemed lighter to him.

"What is it Jens, don't you want to play together with Philipp?" asked Mrs. Sölling then, a little worried when she noticed that Jens had looked at the shovel thoughtfully.

Jens looked first at Philipp, who had already started digging on the beach. Then again to Mrs. Sölling. "Uhhh ... yes ... sure. ... But I wonder if we might be allowed to swim in the sea sometime? I'd love to do that sometime." Jens asked a bit shyly and then looked longingly out at the sea.

Mrs. Sölling then put a hand on his shoulder and said, "Jens, this is very dangerous you know. There are high waves and deep places you don't see. It's not like being in a swimming pool."

"Yeah, but I'm a good swimmer, I have the silver swimming badge and all. Really!" said Jens and looked again at Mrs. Sölling.

"Well yes, Jens that may be. But we can't judge how good you really are and we have the responsibility for you. The risk is too big for us. Besides, it wouldn't be fair to Philipp, because he can't swim," explained Mrs. Sölling. Suddenly Jens realized why Philipp had just looked so funny; of course he had no interest in swimming in the sea if he couldn't swim at all. Jens felt very sorry for Philipp, because Jens loved to swim, and he had learned it very early. It was very important to his mother at that time and she went with him, and before that also with his sister, to many swimming courses so that he would learn it.

Jens accepted the decision out of solidarity with Philipp and also ran to the water. Then both began to build a sand castle. Jens was fascinated by the fact that when he dug only a few centimeters deep, water immediately collected in the hole. Philipp then explained to him why this was so on the beach. Jens had not known this before, as he had never been to the beach. The harness and reel lines were a hindrance every now and then during the digging, because Jens would have to think carefully about which direction he turned, otherwise he would get wrapped up in the line. But on the whole, being on the beach was a great experience and a lot of fun. The UV protection suits were totally soiled with sand and also quite wet after a short time, but that was probably planned by the parents. At least it was not addressed.

Svenja and the Schäfer family had also reached the beach in the meantime and looked for a similar spot as the Sölling family. Svenja was amazed to see that Mr. Schäfer had sunk a ground spike into the

sand, during which she had to wait with Charlotte, still attached to the handcar. When she had reached the beach, she had briefly hoped to be able to move freely around. But after a good look at the other visitors, it quickly became clear that this would not be the case. However, the tether to which she and also Charlotte were tied would not interfere with her relaxing. So she patiently allowed herself to be put on the leash and then lay down on a towel that was handed to her by Frau Schäfer.

"Wouldn't you rather take off your overalls? It's really warm enough now." offered Frau Schäfer. Svenja thought about it for a moment; she really liked the look with the overalls better than this strange UV protection suit or bathing suit, so she wasn't sure yet. Of course, she would have preferred to just lie in the sun with a bikini, but she didn't even have to think about that. On the other hand, it didn't matter if someone she didn't know would see her here anyway. So she decided to take off the overalls and the sun hat.

"But the hat will go back on when you leave the parasol, that should be clear!" said Frau Schäfer admonishingly.

Svenja and Charlotte then lay down again on their towels and talked about teenage topics. It was very relaxed and felt much more like a vacation than anything she had experienced so far this trip. Mrs. Schäfer picked up a book and started reading. Mr. Schäfer had his eyes closed and seemed almost as if he had fallen asleep.

After almost an hour, Mr. Schäfer got up and stretched as if he had just gotten out of bed. "So girls, who wants to come for a swim?" he then asked, snapping Svenja and Charlotte out of their conversation.

"Yeah great, dad. Me! ... I want to!" said Charlotte totally excited, as if she had been waiting for this question.

"OK my darling, that was to be expected. I know you after all. But what about our guest? Would you like to come too, Svenja?" he then asked, addressing Svenja.

"Yeah sure, I have never swum in the ocean before; which is something one really should have done," Svenja replied not quite as excited as Charlotte. But of course she wanted to do it - she also liked swimming at home.

Then Mr. Schäfer took off his shorts and shirt that he was still wearing. Underneath, he already had a swimming trunks on. Then he quickly looked for something in the handcart. He found a coiled leash, one end of which he attached to his own wrist with a loop.

"Come on Svenja, up with the tired bones, let's see how you can swim." he then said to Svenja, who was still lying on the towel.

"But Dad, I need to go too!" Charlotte suddenly protested.

"You want ... you WANT my child." said Frau Schäfer, looking slightly cross over her book at Charlotte, who had jumped up in the meantime.

"And also, you will practice patience, I will first check how well Svenja can swim before I go into the water with you both. OK, my child!" Mr. Schäfer also said to his daughter.

Svenja had gotten up in the meantime and Mr. Schäfer fastened the new leash in her back to the harness. Then he loosened the retractable leash with a key. He still had the new leash in large loops in his hand and Svenja could not see how long it really was.

"Am I really supposed to go into the water like this, with this weird suit and the straps around my body?" asked Svenja a bit astonished and not sure how they would feel to swim with. And she would also be connected to Mr. Schäfer, just like running on the beach in the morning. It was a strange idea.

"Well sure Svenja. Have you never swum with a bathing suit? This one just has sleeves and legs attached, nothing else." replied Herr Schäfer.

"Yes, I have. ... but ..." began Svenja to stutter.

"Nothing but. Come on, let's give it a try. And the harness is only for your safety. You should know that by now. So I can easily rescue you if you get into trouble," Mr. Schäfer explained.

Svenja didn't want to discuss it further, so she went together with Mr. Schäfer in the direction of the water. Charlotte followed them, a bit offended, and rolled out her leash more and more. But she had only just left the parasol area when she heard her mother's voice. "Stop child!"

She knew she couldn't ignore it, because her mother would immediately block the retractable leash and possibly even punish her. So she stopped and turned to her mother. "What is it, mom?" she asked a bit annoyed, but tried to smile friendly to not provoke her mother further.

Her mother, on the other hand, looked briefly over her book at Charlotte and pointed to her head with her hand. Then she added, "Just one warning, young lady!" Charlotte immediately understood what her mother meant. Charlotte just thought to herself how petty her mother was again. Svenja didn't have her hat on either and was out in the sun. Which was, of course, due to the fact that she was going into the water.

Charlotte reached for her hat, put it on and followed her father and Svenja to the water. The two had already reached the water and walked in a bit.

"So Svenja, here you have to be a little careful. Just after the surf there is a short area without sand. There the waves have washed free many small stones." said Mr. Schäfer and went further into the water. As he did so, he let go of the loops of the leash that connected his wrist to Svenja's harness.

Svenja couldn't pay too much attention, though, because she was struggling with two things at once. First, the water was colder than expected and she was only up to her knees in the water. In addition, she felt the stones mentioned by Mr. Schäfer under her feet, which felt very uncomfortable, almost painful.

Svenja had spread her arms to balance in the surf and she let out little shrieks because of the cold water and the stones. On one side she wanted to get through the area with the stones as fast as possible, but on the other side she wanted to submerge into the cold water as slowly as possible. Charlotte stood with fully extended line on the beach, at about 5 meters distance, and laughed loudly and was amused about the funny image that Svenja displayed.

"You don't have to laugh like that, it's cold and then the stupid stones." Svenja called out to Charlotte. But she slowly moved further out into the water. Then her legs were almost up to her crotch in the water when Mr. Schäfer called from the other side.

"Come on Svenja, go into the water in one go, then it's easier and nice and refreshing."

Mr. Schäfer stood a good 5 meters further into the water up to his chest; it didn't seem to be getting much deeper quickly. The line that connected them both was floating full length in the shallow waves.

"Not so fast, I'm coming," Svenja replied.

With her next step she felt how she had passed the area with the stones and felt again more sand under the feet. So she also became a little calmer again and concentrated on slowly getting the upper body used to the cold water. After the second unsuccessful attempt to get the whole body into the water, Svenja suddenly felt a tug on her harness. She still managed to take a quick look at Mr. Schäfer, who had tightened the leash and, with a broad laugh, pulled on it with a jerk. Then Svenja turned 180 degrees, since the leash was attached to her back, and fell backwards into the water with a loud scream. After the initial shock, she made two skillful swim strokes on her back and then turned to breaststroke position to swim towards Mr. Schäfer. The shock had been great at first but Svenja quickly got used to the water and it was immediately fun to swim.

"I told you, it's doable!" said Mr. Schäfer with a grin to Svenja, who swam towards him. Before Svenja could say anything, Mr. Schäfer turned around and started swimming further away from the beach. "Try to catch up with me, let's see what you've got." he said before he had swum the first few strokes.

Svenja accepted the challenge and swam after him. Svenja quickly realized how nice it was to swim in the sea. The line to Mr. Schäfer did not bother her at all; since she swam with a slight offset behind Mr. Schäfer, the line drifted on the water surface with a slight curve up to her back. The harness was noticeable, but not as obtrusively as on land. The weightless feeling in the water felt more free than Svenja had experienced in almost three days. It was glorious. The somewhat rough start that Herr Schäfer had forced upon her was quickly forgotten.

Svenja had no chance against Herr Schäfer, he could have swum much faster, but that wasn't really the point. He adapted to her pace and they swam side by side a good 100m out to sea. There they took a little break and Mr. Schäfer wanted to test if Svenja could stay afloat when she wasn't swimming. Because in the meantime it had gotten deep enough that both could no longer stand. But of course Svenja could do that too, and after a short breather Mr. Schäfer had then asked:

"And how do you like it Svenja, is it great in the sea?"

"Yes it's really great, and not cold at all anymore." replied Svenja.

"Yeah sure, it's just the first moment when you come out of the warm air. That's why you always jump right in, it's the easiest."

"Yeah I guess that's true, but it also takes getting used to."

"Purely experience." said Mr. Schäfer then succinctly.

"We shouldn't swim out further than this, otherwise it can be dangerous because of the currents." he explained further.

After that, the two changed direction and swam back to the beach. A good 20 meters before the beach they stopped and could stand in the sand again.

"You're doing really well Svenja, you're a good swimmer. I think we can get Charlotte to join us. What do you think?" Mr. Schäfer then asked Svenja.

"Yeah, I'd love to, it'll be fun," said Svenja.

Charlotte was already waiting impatiently on the beach; she hadn't taken her eyes off them the whole time. She also wanted to swim with them. Mr. Schäfer then went back to the beach umbrella with Svenja in tow and took another leash out of the car to secure Charlotte to his other wrist. He then also took 3 swimming goggles out of the cart.

"Can you dive too?" he asked Svenja.

"Yeah sure a little bit." she answered.

Then they all put on the goggles and went back to the water. Since Mr. Schäfer and Svenja were already wet they had no problems to get back into the water, but Charlotte had similar problems as Svenja before. But she was a little better prepared for the attack from her father and didn't scream quite as loud when she was pulled over with the line. Then everyone had a lot of fun in the water. At the end of the sandbank, where it got deeper, they all dove a little bit, as far as their breath and the lines allowed. Svenja was overwhelmed by the underwater world. The water was absolutely clear in that area and she could observe small fish and the seabed. And the absolute silence under water was also an experience Svenja had never had before. She would have loved to stay there much longer, but Mr. Schäfer insisted on going back ashore after a good 45 minutes.

Back at the parasol, Svenja and Charlotte were immediately locked to the reel lines again. Then Mrs. Schäfer gave them each a small towel. With it they could dry their hair and hands a little. Svenja also felt how the salt from the salt water settled on her skin and crusted slightly. The bathing suit could hardly be dried with the towel. Svenja would have liked to take it off, but that was probably not intended. However, since Svenja was not yet cold after the sporting activity, she did not ask for it.

Next, everyone had a little picnic. Mrs. Schäfer handed out made sandwiches and raw vegetables to go with it, which was perfectly fine for Svenja for such an outing. Just after swimming, she had been hungry too. After the meal, Charlotte and Svenja were to put their hats back on and head out into the sun so they wouldn't get cold in their wet suits. Svenja found the idea not so bad, except for the fact that she still felt observed in the strange swimsuit. But she decided to brush the thought aside and stuck to her new motto: "Make the best of it." Besides, she didn't know anyone here, anyhow.

So, together with Charlotte, she walked back towards the water. Right in the area where they could still reach the last wavefronts, they were stopped by the line.

"Oh bummer, it could be so beautiful here." said Svenja and her mood started to change slightly.

"Why, what's the matter Svenja? It's totally beautiful here and the swimming was great. Right?" asked Charlotte.

"Yeah, but why can't we just walk along the beach with our feet in the water? These lines are really silly. We're already 16," Svenja said thoughtfully.

Charlotte turned briefly to her parents, but quickly realized that they were too far away to overhear her in the waves.

"Yeah I know what you mean, it sucks and it's annoying. But don't get dragged down again because of it now. That would be stupid," Charlotte replied and then just sat down on the ground in the sand. The leash in her back relaxed slightly and no longer pulled strongly on her harness. She could still reach the end of the surf with her feet, though.

"What are you doing?" asked Svenja, irritated.

"Can't you see? I am sitting down. Let's have a little chat. My parents can't hear us here, it's quite good for a change." said Charlotte and grinned broadly at Svenja.

"Uhhh ... yeah ... sure. Just like that here in the wet sand?" asked Svenja in wonder.

"Yeah, sure. The suits are already wet, aren't they? And everything else is mom's problem, isn't it?" said Charlotte mischievously.

"Ok, if you say so." said Svenja and sat down next to Charlotte.

Then they both talked for a while. Svenja had the feeling that Charlotte expressed herself a little more freely and also a little more vulgar than she usually did. So they quickly got to a topic that was definitely not meant for the ears of Charlotte's parents. Svenja also would not have thought that she would ever discuss something like that with Charlotte: only two days ago they absolutely couldn't stand each other. Nevertheless, both girls now talked about their experiences playing with themselves. Svenja had to admit that she hadn't had a chance to 'play' undisturbed since Christmas.

Charlotte, on the other hand, had been prevented from doing so by her mother for much longer, and much more consistently. In the beginning Charlotte didn't notice it, because she didn't feel the need to do it when her mother started. But over time she became more aware of it, also because she had heard about it from other girls at school. But by then she was already wearing a genital protector and couldn't try it herself. So she wanted to learn more about it from Svenja. During the talk, Svenja became more and more thoughtful.

"Do you think my parents will forbid me to do that for a long time?" she asked Charlotte.

"Well, my parents have never told me that they forbid me to do it. But they make sure that I can't, and that's the same with you, isn't it?" said Charlotte.

"Yeah, kind of. If I would have taken some risks and I would have gone for it, then I would have had the opportunity in the last few weeks," said Svenja thoughtfully and also a little sadly, because she had just realized that she might have missed this chance. Her mother had already indicated that she wanted to 'protect' her and thus also keep her from having fun.

During the intense conversation between Svenja and Charlotte, both had played with their feet in the sand and dug a small pit in which water and sand had mixed to a thick mud. It was relaxing to play with the bare feet in it. In the process, the legs of the suits were also already very dirty with the mud.

"Well, at least you had your chances before Christmas," Charlotte said after they had both been silent for a moment, grinning provocatively at Svenja.

"Hey, you're making me look like a dirty slut. It's not like that!" Svenja acted a bit indignantly. To give it some emphasis anyway, she took some mud out of the pit with her hand and threw it at Charlotte and laughed afterwards.

"Hey, you dirty piece of work!" said Charlotte and threw sand and mud on Svenja. It didn't take long before Svenja and Charlotte rolled over the beach in the wet sand and threw more and more sand and mud at each other. The whole thing was accompanied by loud giggles and laughter. The other families who were some distance away on the beach hardly took note of it, because it looked like two little girls having a lot of fun. That the two were already a good 1.6m tall really did not bother anyone here.

The two had a lot of fun; all the tension and stress they had built up over their previous topic was released. But unfortunately the fun didn't last too long. After a short time they felt how the harness made itself felt in an unpleasant way. Svenja didn't understand at first what was happening. The straps of the harness forced her in one direction and she was even dragged a bit across the sand. After a brief orientation, she noticed the reason. Mr. Schäfer was standing under the parasol, pulling hard on the leash that led to her harness. Next to him, Mrs. Schäfer could be seen doing the same with Charlotte's leash.

Svenja and Charlotte had abruptly stopped laughing and screaming and immediately the voice of Mrs. Schäfer could be heard. "STOP... Stop ... what has gotten into you? Have evil spirits taken possession of you?"

When Svenja and Charlotte had stopped moving, the pull on the lines also immediately subsided, and both sat somewhat irritated in the sand, looking at each other in fright.

"Come on ... get up and come here immediately both of you!" called Mrs. Schäfer in a strict tone.

Thereupon they turned on their knees and picked up their straw hats, which of course had flown off during all the action. Then they got up and walked wordlessly to Frau Schäfer with their hats in their hands.

"What's gotten into you, have you been fighting again? I thought you had gotten over that." she said much quieter as Svenja and Charlotte came closer. She obviously hadn't judged the whole thing as fun.

"No, we weren't fighting!" said Svenja quietly, looking down at the ground in shame.

"Aha, and what was that then, please? And look at you, you look like two little piglets. And you want to be mature already?" Mrs. Schäfer continued to interrogate the two.

Indeed, Svenja and Charlotte were splattered with mud from top to bottom.

"Mud fight!" said Charlotte then quietly and had to grin. But also did not dare to look her mother directly in the face.

Mr. Schäfer was the first to grin, standing next to his wife and still trying to remain serious. But then Svenja had to grin as well, whereupon Mr. Schäfer started to laugh. After a short time, everyone had to laugh, even if Mrs. Schäfer tried to hold it back.

"Walter, you can't make a mockery of this now, how are the children supposed to take us seriously?" Frau Schäfer tried.

"Well Maria, I can do that very well, because it *is* funny. Look at the two of them. Just kids; you can laugh about it as parents. We even have the right to do that," he explained.

Svenja and Charlotte didn't think that was so funny and stopped laughing.

"OK my little mud ponies, I think we should be on our way home. You've had enough fun for today." said Mr. Schäfer still with a big grin.

"Hey, Dad that's mean. We're not little mud ponies!" said Charlotte, grimacing.

"Oh yes you are, anyone who behaves so childishly earns the right to be daddy's little mud pony!" countered her father. Svenja didn't comment further on the conversation; she was a little embarrassed by now. But there was also a small part of her that could understand Mr. Schäfer and enjoyed the outburst of childish carelessness.

With a few quick moves, Svenja and Charlotte were tied to the handcart again, ready to pull it back to the cottage. But they had to stand like that for almost another 10 minutes until Charlotte's parents had dismantled and stowed everything away again. In that time the mud on their suits had slowly begun to dry and in some places little clumps dropped off.

The way back was not particularly exciting, also because Svenja always looked to the ground as soon as other people came towards them. The way there with the light and loose overalls was much more pleasant than walking through the cottage area in a totally dirty, wet and colorful bathing suit. Svenja felt naked, even if she was not.

But it became especially embarrassing shortly before they reached their house. Svenja could already see the terrace of their vacation home, as they passed the house in which Ole lived with his parents. In principle, only one path led between the two houses. None of the properties had fences or hedges; all only were surrounded by very low dunes, and one could see from the path onto the terraces. Some had low walls around the terrace, but the Christiansen family's did not, nor did the Schäfer family's.

When they had almost passed the Christiansens' house, they could see the family sitting on the terrace about 10 meters away. This was also noticed by Charlotte's parents and Mr. Schäfer waved friendly to them. "Hello Misses and Mister Christiansen. It is a nice day." he called out to them.

Svenja and Charlotte then stopped and took a closer look at the terrace. There, Ole's parents were lying on deck chairs in the shade of an awning. A few meters away, but still in the shade, Ole was sitting in a lawn chair with a book in his hand. After Mr. Schäfer's call, he had put the book on a table and stood up. He had on brown shorts and red t-shirt, which were more fitting for a 12 year old. Strapped over it was the same harness he had worn to the playground the day before. There was a leash attached to the wall behind him. He had maybe 3 meters of room to move with the leash. Then he waved with a smile to Svenja and Charlotte.

"Oh Hello, nice to see you. You are come back from the beach?" asked Mr. Christiansen then.

"Oh yes, it was a nice time on beach. The kids had a lot of fun at beach, you can see!" said Mr. Schäfer pointing at Svenja and Charlotte.

Svenja turned her back to the Christiansen family and whispered to Charlotte, "Oh man, this couldn't be more embarrassing. Now Ole has seen us like this. Such a bummer. Can't we just keep walking?"

"Oh, don't make such a fuss. What is the worst that can happen? Look, he's just smiling and waving at you. ... Wave back, go on." replied Charlotte quietly.

Svenja slowly turned around again and looked, still embarrassed, at Ole. But he really didn't look as if he wanted to make fun of them or was disgusted by the sight of them. So Svenja raised her arm that she didn't have on the drawbar and waved back. She tried to smile as naturally as she could, but it still looked rather pained. Ole and Svenja kept eye contact for a few moments, so Svenja didn't notice much of the conversation between Ole's father and Mr. Schäfer. Until she was startled by a sentence, which she also understood well.

"OK, see you in one hour. Bye" said Mr. Schäfer and Svenja looked at him in horror.

"Come on kids, let's go, we don't have much time left. We have to get you clean again before the coffee" said Mr. Schäfer and asked Charlotte and Svenja to pull the handcart further.

After a few meters they reached the spot on the path closest to their own terrace. "OK, stop again please kids. You can't go into the house like this, we'll never get rid of the sand. ... Walter, please bring

the cart to the front door and I will take the children directly to the terrace," Mrs. Schäfer explained her plan.

Then she took a leash, maybe 1 meter long, out of the cart and clipped both ends into the back of the harnesses of Svenja and Charlotte. Then the straps of the drawbar were loosened and they were to walk over the dunes of the property to the terrace. In the process, Mrs. Schäfer had taken hold of the leash in the middle and followed both of them at a short distance. Mr. Schäfer continued to pull the cart alone along the path to the front of the house.

Once on the terrace, Mrs. Schäfer let go of the leash and it hung down. In doing so, however, the leash did not touch the ground, because it was attached too high in the back of Svenja and Charlotte to do so. Next, Mrs. Schäfer took two metallic objects from a shelf that was attached to the wall of the house; of these objects, there were 4 more lying there. Therefore, Svenja could look closely at one of the pieces without taking a step. For that she stood close enough to the shelf. It was a symmetrical bar about 10cm long and had a deep slit in the middle and the small sides were about 5cm wide. Otherwise it was quite compact and stable. Next to the slit there was a lever. Then she suddenly noticed that there was one of the fixating points for her bracelets on each of the two long outer sides. She already suspected in which direction the whole thing would go. So she quickly turned to Mrs. Schäfer and looked what she was going to do with these objects.

She could see that Mrs. Schäfer had just hooked one of the parts with the slit into the outer of the six steel cables and fixed it with the lever. The second followed only 2 meters further on the same line. Svenja and Charlotte were still standing near the wall and were a good 4 meters away from it. When Svenja was tied to these ropes, which were stretched over the entire length of the terrace, the day before with a leash and her harness, she was already wondering about the ropes, but it became more and more obvious that they really only served to tie her or six possible children of the vacation guests of this house to them. And that also obviously in different positions.

"So children please come, don't dream." said Mrs. Schäfer and asked the two to come to her.

Svenja looked a bit shocked at first, but the constant strapping and restraining slowly became routine and so she just looked frustrated and went to Mrs. Schäfer together with Charlotte.

"So Svenja, hands up! Come on, not so sluggish please!" said Mrs. Schäfer firmly, but smiled at the same time.

Svenja had of course understood perfectly that she was to be attached to the wire rope with her hands high above her head. That's why she wasn't in such a hurry. But she had learned in the meantime that it was useless to refuse. So, with a slight sigh, she took her arms up to the metal part. Mrs. Schäfer then helped her to hit the connection points exactly and so Svenja quickly felt the arm rings lock into the metal block. This did not even move along the steel cable, so Svenja had to stay exactly at that location.

Fortunately, the wire wasn't so high that she had to stretch her arms all the way out. Nevertheless, Svenja quickly felt that this was not exactly a comfortable position.

When the connecting rope between Svenja and Charlotte was removed, Svenja considered what Mrs. Schäfer was up to again and she hoped that she wouldn't have to wait there like that for long. She looked around a bit as Charlotte was fixed to the second block in the same way. She could see that she could look right at Ole and his parents on their terrace again, just like on the first day. She could also see that Ole was sitting in the chair again, holding the book to read. But something seemed off to her,

because just as she looked at Ole, his head moved up a little. She realized that Ole was watching her but pretending to read.

At that, Svenja became more nervous and her heart beat faster. She quickly looked back at Mrs. Schäfer. "Uhh ... Mrs. Schäfer, can't you just give us a hand brush and we'll sweep off the sand ourselves?" asked Svenja nervously.

"Svenja, you still have a lot to learn, how is that supposed to get the salt off your body?"

Svenja hadn't even thought about why exactly she had been fixed like that. But suddenly she had the evil suspicion that Mrs. Schäfer would want to change her on the terrace.

"But everyone can see us here, it's totally embarrassing," Svenja then pleaded a bit.

"Really child, you should slowly relax a bit. You don't always have to be so embarrassed. For one thing, this is perfectly normal, and for another, nothing bad can happen to you," Mrs. Schäfer explained calmly. She went to the wall where a coiled garden hose was hanging. Svenja's gaze followed her with a certain fear of what would happen next.

But when Svenja saw how Mrs. Schäfer took the hose, she became a little calmer. Because it became clear to her that she was probably not going to be undressed, but would only be sprayed with the hose. Which in itself would also certainly extremely degrading and embarrassing, or even cold. But anything was better than being exposed here, fixed like this.

Mrs. Schäfer then turned on the water, holding the hose not in the direction of the girls, but to the side on the dunes. She held one finger in the water jet and with the other hand she continued to turn the faucet. Svenja realized that the water would not be cold and she relaxed further.

"So kids, let's see if we can get you clean again after that mud fight you had there," said Mrs. Schäfer with a smile on her face and then directed the water jet at Svenja, who instinctively tried to turn away. But she could not escape Mrs. Schäfer's attack. However, she quickly felt that the water was really pleasant. After a short moment, Svenja had to giggle when she noticed that the water jet tickled her a bit. This was also exploited by Mrs. Schäfer and Svenja squirmed a bit in her bonds which made the position even more frustrating.

After two minutes Mrs. Schäfer was satisfied and flushed away the sand under Svenja's feet from the terrace with the jet. The same procedure followed with Charlotte and Svenja had to hold out with her arms on the rope. Slowly also the crotch material of the belt harness became unpleasant, since it pressed the genital protector more strongly against Svenja's body. With the arms held upwards, the entire harness tightened much more. So Svenja was also very relieved when Mrs. Schäfer loosened the harness on her and opened the crotch strap. But at the same time her panic increased to be undressed on the terrace for all to see.

The next level of panic was reached when Mrs. Schäfer, after loosening the harness, also pulled down the zipper in the back of the swimsuit. Svenja began to whine, "No, please don't Mrs. Schäfer, you can't do that, everyone can watch us. Please!" At the same time, Svenja began to squirm in her bonds, pulling on the rings and trying to twist her back away from Frau Schäfer.

"Sh ... Sh ... my child calm down. Nothing will happen to you. ... If you tug on them like that, you'll only hurt yourself." said Frau Schäfer, stepping in front of Svenja and pointing at her wrists.

"But you can't just undress us here," Svenja replied with the first tears in her eyes. Since she had stopped fidgeting, she also noticed that her wrists hurt a bit and it was really not a good idea to tug at them.

"Svenja, you should just trust us a little more. Even if I would undress you here, I would still protect you from unpleasant consequences. But I have no intention at all to undress you completely here. I'm going to rinse most of the salt out of the inside of the bathing suit with the hose, and then we'll go to the bathroom. OK!" explained Mrs. Schäfer. Svenja had calmed down to a large extent and was very glad that she had been wrong with her fears. But she was a little annoyed with Mrs. Schäfer, who could have explained to her beforehand what was going to happen.

Mrs. Schäfer then undid Charlotte's harness and opened her suit as well. Then she took the hose again and rinsed the jumpsuit of both girls from the inside, through the open zipper at the back. This was again a bit ticklish and Charlotte had to giggle a bit, but Svenja did not feel like giggling yet. After Mrs. Schäfer had put the hose aside again, the rings came off the block on the steel cable somewhat unexpectedly for Svenja. She immediately rubbed her wrists, which were already somewhat irritated after the time and also after her tugging.

Mrs. Schäfer gently but firmly grabbed her upper arm and led her back to the bathroom where she was undressed and told to use the toilet in the already familiar way. After she had done her business she was cleaned by Mrs. Schäfer and the still remaining salt was washed off. Then she had to wait on a pair of lines in the bathroom until Charlotte was installed on the toilet. Only then Svenja was dressed again with her genital protector and the house suit. Last was a tight harness of black nylon straps with a central crotch strap. It felt a little tighter to her than the previous day's harness and the genital protector was also pressed tightly against her pubic area, which excited her somewhat but also frustrated her greatly at the same time. She would have liked to wiggle the crotch strap a bit or straighten the harness, but she had to wait with her hands at head level until Charlotte had finished dressing as well.

Svenja was tied first, to a good 5 meter long leash on the terrace, and then Charlotte was connected to the rail system in the kitchen. Svenja was to receive the dishes Charlotte handed her from the kitchen and set the large table on the terrace. Both were happy for the distraction and the task they had, because they could move relatively freely. Mr. and Mrs. Schäfer added coffee, me and cocoa to the table.

When the table was ready, Svenja and Charlotte had a little idle time, because Charlotte's parents had other things to do. Svenja was in the fortunate position to pull back one of the chairs from the table and sit on it. It was a relief to be able to sit relaxed again, even if the harness pinched a bit here and there. It reminded her again of the genital protector and she pulled a little on the straps, which again triggered an excitement with simultaneous frustration.

Svenja then tried to distract herself by looking through the shallow dunes to the terrace of the house where the Christiansens lived, but there was no one there anymore. Svenja's gaze continued to wander and she turned a bit on the chair and then looked at Charlotte, who was standing in the open patio door and who had her leash, which was connected to the rail above her, taut. She could go no further, nor could she sit down. She looked at Svenja bored, who suddenly felt guilty because she could sit and Charlotte could not.

"Oh sorry about that, I hadn't thought about you being stuck there," Svenja then said to her.

Then Charlotte suddenly had to smile, "Yes that hits the spot, I am indeed stuck here." she said and leaned a little harder against her harness.

"But don't worry, I'm sure mom and dad will be here soon. That's OK" she then said resigned.

Shortly after, Svenja and Charlotte could hear a loud knocking at the front door. Charlotte turned around startled and Svenja got up from her chair. She thought it would be better if she wasn't the only one sitting when the visitors came in. So she pushed the chair back to the table and went to the open patio door to Charlotte so she could see what was happening inside the house.

Mr. Schäfer then came out of the back hallway and went to the front door. Shortly after he came back into the large living and kitchen area with the Christiansen family. Mrs. Christiansen had a large basket with her and placed it on the kitchen counter and then Mrs. Schäfer also came out of the hallway. The adults greeted each other with a handshake and a few words. Of course all in English, but Svenja could understand most of it. Ole was still wearing the same clothes as before on the terrace and also the same harness. But now his hands were obviously attached to the back of the harness again, because Svenja couldn't see them. His father had one hand behind Ole's back and was obviously holding him. That he was held was nothing unusual here, Svenja thought, but was he still being punished? Svenja felt sorry for him, it had to be uncomfortable in the long run. She had already had that experience.

Then Mr. Christiansen asked a question to Mr. Schäfer, "Should we attach Ole somewhere?"

Svenja unfortunately misunderstood the question a bit and thought Ole's father would like to tie him up. She was shocked that he wanted to tie Ole up immediately after they arrived. But Mr. Schäfer just said "Let's go out, we can sit down at the table."

Thereupon Charlotte went a few steps back along the rail into the kitchen to clear the way to the terrace and Svenja also politely made room. But with all the greeting, both were largely ignored by the adults. Mrs. Schäfer and Mrs. Christiansen stayed in the kitchen for a moment.

As Ole was led onto the terrace by his father, she could see exactly that his hands were fixed to the rings on the waist belt of his harness and his father was holding a short loop in the back. With his free hand he had pulled back a chair from the table and then placed Ole in front of it. Svenja could also see that Ole had wanted to sit down immediately, but his father had given the loop a jerk upward, and Ole had stopped instantly.

"May I loosen his hands, Mr. Schäfer?" asked Ole's father. To which Mr. Schäfer had briefly looked a bit puzzled, but then said. "Oh yes sure, no problem. I think he is well educated." Then he smiled benevolently at Ole. Svenja wondered about the whole situation. Why did Mr. Christiansen ask Mr. Schäfer how to deal with Ole? That was strange. But Ole let it pass without a word and his father took his cell phone out of his pocket and loosened the fixation of Ole's arms with it. Ole seemed to be very happy about that. Then his father pulled the strap down slightly and Ole sat down on the chair while his father pushed him a little closer to the table. After that, two straps that were attached to the chair were clipped to the harness and tightened by his father. It was clear that Ole could not leave the chair.

Svenja had watched the whole action spellbound and had not noticed that Mr. Schäfer had come to her. He loosened the leash in her back and pushed her gently but firmly to the table where she had to sit down on the chair next to Ole, and the straps of the chair were also tightened on her harness. It was not particularly uncomfortable but still she permanently felt that she could not and was not allowed to leave the chair.

However, she was able to distract herself very well by greeting Ole first of all; but she could not talk much yet. The whole situation was still a bit embarrassing for her. She was afraid that Ole would ask her why she had come back from the beach completely muddy. So they had initially limited themselves to a greeting. Svenja also had difficulties speaking English again.

Fortunately, a short time later Charlotte was placed on the chair next to her and also tied up tightly. Ole's father had taken a seat next to Ole and when Mr. Schäfer had sat down across from him, they continued talking. Svenja couldn't understand everything; it was probably about the vacation homes and what they cost. Things in which Svenja had no interest.

Ole then tried to start a conversation with Svenja and also with Charlotte, asking how it had been on the beach and if they had been swimming. Svenja slowly got back into speaking English, and told about her first experience of swimming in the sea. It felt better and better and Ole seemed to have no interest in talking about the embarrassing thing with the mud with her. Charlotte was also relaxed and contributed to the conversation.

Then when Mrs. Schäfer and Ole's mother came to the table, they brought several plates of delicious Danish pastries from the kitchen. Then everyone drank coffee together, although Svenja and Charlotte only got cocoa, unlike Ole. He was obviously allowed to drink coffee as well, which surprised Svenja a bit, but she herself had no interest in coffee at all since she didn't like it much. Basically, it was just a normal visit for coffee, like she knew it from home.

After an hour or so it became a little uncomfortable, kept so rigidly in place with the harness, and Svenja fidgeted a bit in her chair; she would have liked to get up. This was also observed by Mrs. Schäfer. At first she gave Svenja some attentive looks, but then she got up and went to Charlotte and Svenja. "OK girls, I can see that you are getting restless, so you can clear the table, Charlotte back in the kitchen and Svenja here." she announced and then loosened the straps of Charlotte's chair with a small tool. She was then led back inside and hooked onto the line hanging down from the rail.

Next it was Svenja's turn. First the line was connected to her back once more, and only then the straps were unhooked from the chair. "So Svenja, please take the empty dishes and cutlery to Charlotte, but leave the drinks and the cups; we want to have another drink and talk some more. So keep it quiet, yes!" Frau Schäfer said to her and stroked her back briefly. Svenja was glad for the relief from the chair, so she gladly performed the task, and did not perceive the stroking as unpleasant or embarrassing.

So Svenja started clearing the table and took everything to Charlotte, who took it further into the kitchen. With the last load, Svenja had to wait a bit for Charlotte at the door opening, as she had taken longer in the kitchen. When Svenja finally turned around again, Ole was no longer sitting in his chair and Svenja looked around searchingly for him. He had been taken by his father to the far end of the terrace and there he had been attached to the last line with a pulley, just as Svenja and Charlotte had been several times before. Ole's father sat back down at the table and left his son standing on the rope.

When Mrs. Schäfer realized that Svenja had finished, she stood up again and led Svenja to one of the lines as well. Her leash was long enough to reach it. "So, you can keep Ole company for a while," she said and changed her line for one of the wires hanging from the pulley of the penultimate steel cable. The solid blocks were already back on the shelf. So Svenja and Ole could move around the whole width of the terrace, but could not sit down or reach anything else. Mrs. Schäfer went into the house and took care of Charlotte.

On the one hand, Svenja was glad to have some distance from the adults and to be able to continue talking with Ole, but on the other hand, she hated not having had a choice in the matter once again. So she had to stand and could not lie down with Ole on one of the garden chairs, which would have been more comfortable. So she looked at the garden chairs, a bit lost in thought, when Ole started the conversation.

"Do you OK Svenja? You look a little bit sad." he said and put a hand on her shoulder.

"Uhh ... it is OK. For me it is still weird." said Svenja and then looked at Ole.

"What is so weird for you?" asked Ole. Svenja then wondered if it was all so natural to Ole that he really didn't know what she meant.

"The leashes and the ... the thing like that." she said, tugging a bit on her harness because she couldn't think of the English term.

"Ohh it is called Harness. ... I understand, it's still new to you." said Ole understandingly.

"Yes but it is not the point." said Svenja and then tried to explain to Ole that she felt so patronized. Ole tried to find some encouraging words and he explained that she would get used to it. He knew this a bit too, but he could very often accept his parents' decisions and understand them as he got older.

Svenja then remembered that she really wanted to ask Ole why he had been punished by his parents since her little accident on the playground. At that moment, Charlotte was also tied by her mother to another free line next to Ole and Svenja. Svenja briefly considered whether she should stop the topic, but when Mrs. Schäfer went back to the table, Ole asked again what exactly she meant by punishment. Charlotte also found the topic interesting and listened. Svenja then asked Ole why his hands were tied behind his back in the playground and when he had come to the coffee visit. Slowly Ole understood what Svenja meant and had to laugh a little, which confused Svenja even more. "Hey, it is not funny. It is very uncomfortable." she said to him with a serious face.

"Oh sorry Svenja, you are right. It is not so nice. But it is OK. Let me explain for you." Ole said, still with a smile on his face.

Then Svenja learned that in this country it is a matter of politeness that children are introduced to strange adults with respect. Most of the time, but especially with older boys, it would include holding their hands behind their backs. This would signal that they are well brought up and behave respectfully toward adults. In this respect, Ole was not punished but a social rule was implemented.

Then Ole explained that he didn't think it was so bad either; it would usually only be for a short moment and his parents wouldn't make it particularly uncomfortable for him, but it was very important to his parents to stick to it. Svenja was of course very surprised by the explanation and Charlotte didn't know that either. Svenja then asked if it would only apply to boys. But Ole explained that it would also apply to girls, although some parents of girls were not as consistent as those of most boys.

The three then talked for almost an hour about various experiences and Svenja was still surprised how easily Ole took it all and had come to terms with how he was treated. He was even satisfied with it.

But then Ole was fetched by his father and he was released from the leash. His father took the harness loop firmly in his hand again and Ole was indeed allowed to keep his hands free, since it was no longer a greeting or introduction. The Christiansens then left the Schäfers and crossed the dunes to their

house. Svenja and Charlotte stayed on the lines while their parents finished clearing the table and also prepared everything in the kitchen. First Charlotte let her play instinct run free again and used the steel cable as a ropeway again and swung back and forth a few times. After a short time, Svenja was also infected again and joined in.

After another half hour, the two girls were freed and taken inside, where the whole family made themselves comfortable on the sofa. Svenja and Charlotte had to keep their house suits on and also the harness, but they were not tied down in the process. Charlotte immediately snuggled up to her father and let herself be stroked like an 8 year old and obviously enjoyed it very much. She was almost lying on her father's lap.

Svenja looked at the whole thing first somewhat amused and contemptuous, but after a short time she became envious and admired Charlotte for it again, how she could allow herself be treated like that. It would certainly be a wonderful feeling. Unnoticed, she was watched by Mrs. Schäfer, who was sitting right next to her. Once again, she could "read" Svenja very precisely and exactly at the moment when Svenja became envious, Mrs. Schäfer put her arm around Svenja and pulled her towards her, at first lightly, but then more strongly. She did not say a word and Svenja let it happen.

Even if Svenja didn't like Mrs. Schäfer at all at first and she despised many actions of the last days, she could understand at this moment what Charlotte experienced and she wanted to have it too. So she pulled up her legs and folded her arms in front of her upper body and let Frau Schäfer pull her even closer. Then, when she was also lying on Mrs. Schäfer's lap at a bit of an angle, she began to stroke Svenja very gently as well. Svenja had not experienced something so beautiful for a long time and closed her eyes to experience the feeling even more intensely.

Could life be so simple and beautiful, when she was treated like an underage child once more?