

The evolution of the Marson family

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13 The summer holidays and the summer camp

13.11 Summer vacation, sick abroad

The whole Schäfer family, including Svenja, sat like that for quite a while, enjoying the peace and quiet of their vacation. Nevertheless, at some point it was time for dinner. Svenja and Charlotte had again been given the task of preparing the table in the dining area and everything necessary. It slowly became a routine and Svenja let herself, without having to think about it further, be secured to the rail system in the kitchen and dining area. She hardly knew such tasks from home; there, her family lived a little more past each other, and they didn't eat together as often. Here at the Schäfer's, she kind of liked that, even if the circumstances under which she had to do her chores didn't really appeal to her.

After dinner, Svenja and Charlotte had to wash up and leave the kitchen clean, just like the days before. That evening there was no argument between them and the lines to the rails became less and less noticeable for Svenja as long as she went about her tasks. But when everything was done, they had to wait again for Charlotte's parents, which immediately brought the lines back to the forefront of Svenja's mind.

There was then no more time for everyone to be together, and Svenja was led into the bathroom by Mrs. Schäfer first, to begin the evening routine. While Svenja was on the toilet, Charlotte was also fetched, and both were prepared for bed as they had been the two evenings before. Svenja still found it strange to be treated like this, but she was more and more aware of the advantages and relaxed a bit more while Mrs. Schäfer took care of everything.

It was of course still light when they entered the children's bedroom together and there were even some rays of sunlight coming through the skylights. Svenja briefly thought that it was actually much too early for her to be put to bed. But she didn't feel like protesting either; the past day had been so beautiful that it felt wrong to protest now. Besides, Svenja didn't know what time it really was, because as usual the routine in the bathroom had taken up a lot of time. She knew that in the summer in the north it was always light longer than at home and so far it was still light every evening when she was put to bed. So without further prompting she lay down in her bed and let Frau Schäfer tie her up and fix her arms to the chargers. It still wasn't great, but she understood that it was necessary.

When she was tucked in, she felt a little chilly and also listless. But she put that down to the eventful day and was actually glad to be in bed now. After Charlotte was also tucked in, Mr. Schäfer came again and wished them both a good night together with his wife. Then Svenja and Charlotte were

forbidden to talk again. Svenja had the feeling that Charlotte had fallen asleep very quickly, because her breathing became very calm and even.

Svenja, however, felt that something was wrong. She didn't really feel warm at all; she was even shivering slightly, but not very badly yet. She tried to snuggle into the blanket a little better, but unfortunately she didn't succeed because of her limited freedom of movement. Due to the frustration she felt, she pulled a few times on her restraints, which caused small waves of heat to travel through her body due to the effort, and she repeated it a few times. But in doing so, the frustration increased even more. So she let it go again, because she also didn't want to wake up Charlotte or draw Mrs. Schäfer's attention to herself. Which could possibly mean trouble.

Svenja did not really feel better, and she still did not feel warm. Nevertheless, she did not get the idea to call for help. It seemed so strange to her, she was not allowed to talk and also to get up was forbidden and besides also not at all possible. When it was already dark outside, she had fallen asleep from exhaustion.

Svenja stands again on the terrace of the vacation house with her arms secured to the steel cable in the UV protection bathing suit. She is shivering from the cold and looks around. It is dusky and no one is to be seen, also Charlotte is not secured together with her at the cable. The dunes are all covered with snow and wind blows sharply in her face. The water from the shower has formed a patch of ice below her, on which she stands with her bare feet. Sheer panic rises within her and she pulls as hard as she can on her arms to get free from the line. But it is no use, she stays in place without escaping. "Hello ... Hello .. Please it's so cold. Hello. ... Help!" cries Svenja first softly and then louder and louder against the strong and cold wind.

Then suddenly she feels a warm hand on her shoulder and is startled. She turns her head and recognizes her mother standing behind her. "MAMA! ... MAMA!" Svenja passes out.

Mrs. Schäfer had heard Svenja's restless sleep and voice over the baby monitor and had rushed into the nursery to check on Svenja. She had turned on a small dim light and could see that Svenja had pulled her blanket half off her body with her feet and that her face was sweaty. She felt the temperature on her head, which seemed to be a bit hot, but her feet and hands were ice cold.

Mrs. Schäfer reacted immediately and released Svenja's arms from the loading devices; in doing so, Svenja slowly awoke from her nightmare. "Mama? ... Mommy I'm cold." she mumbled, half asleep. "Yes my darling, I know; you uncovered yourself during the night." whispered Mrs. Schäfer and put Svenja's arms close to her body and tried to wrap her up with the blanket as best she could. In the process, she also wrapped her legs with the comforter. "It will be better in a minute, I'll get you a hot water bottle and a second comforter." said Frau Schäfer, stroking Svenja's head.

"Thanks mom, it was sooo cold there." whispered Svenja without opening her eyes.

Mrs. Schäfer quickly returned with another comforter and a small towel. After she had covered Svenja almost up to her head with the further comforter, she dried the cold sweat from Svenja's head. Svenja came to a little more and noticed that she was lying in bed and Mrs. Schäfer was with her. She opened her eyes and noticed that she was slowly getting warmer.

"Thank you ... " Svenja full was about to say "Mama" again, but hesitated. " ... um Mrs. Schäfer."

"Did you have a bad dream my child?" asked Mrs. Schäfer softly.

Svenja remembered the dream, and that she had seen her mother and called for her.

"Yes, it was so cold," whispered Svenja, suspecting that she had addressed Mrs. Schäfer as Mama.

"Everything will be alright, I'll quickly get you the hot water bottle, it should be warm by now." said Frau Schäfer softly and moved away from Svenja, but she didn't want to be left alone and lifted her upper body, as her arms were wrapped tightly to her body with the comforter. But the straps held her back. "Please don't leave ..." Svenja said, still weak, and she realized that she had just addressed

Mrs. Schäfer informally . The latter came back once more and put her hand on Svenja's head, "Don't worry my child, I'll be right back."

Svenja sighed briefly and relaxed again, closing her eyes. When Mrs. Schäfer came back with the hot water bottle, she put it on Svenja's legs, loosening the tight wrapping of her arms. Svenja felt that her arms were free and immediately began to snuggle herself with the two comforters and the hot water bottle, which was much easier with free arms.

Mrs. Schäfer folded her arms and watched Svenja for a moment. Since the second comforter was so big and thick, it filled the entire crib and Svenja couldn't really do anything wrong with it or uncover herself again. So she let Svenja have her way.

After some time, Svenja had found a comfortable position and she quickly became warmer, and then she looked at Mrs. Schäfer, who had been watching her with slight amusement.

"Thank you ... ummm" Svenja began her sentence; but suddenly didn't know how to address Mrs. Schäfer. She had always tried to keep a certain distance from the Schäfers. But after what had happened in the afternoon on the sofa, and because she had just spoken informally, and, probably half asleep, called her Mama, it seemed to her suddenly inappropriate to address her as Mrs. Schäfer.

"I am happy to do that, my child, it is my job to take care of you. ... And I already offered it to you on the first day, and the offer still stands," said Mrs. Schäfer without stating the obvious. But Svenja remembered very well that Mrs. Schäfer had told her that she could address her as Mama, but also that she should then stick to it. A decision she actually did not want to make so spontaneously in the middle of the night. But she was really grateful for the help and also that she was obviously allowed to keep her arms free.

"Can you go back to sleep now, my child? Tomorrow we'll see what exactly is wrong with you, but I think with the extra warmth you should warm up again." Frau Schäfer said and wiped Svenja's forehead again with the towel.

"Yes I think I can go back to sleep. Thank you Mama!" said Svenja somewhat spontaneously but still convinced that it was the right thing to do. Mrs. Schäfer stayed with Svenja for a moment, and she quickly fell asleep again.

The next morning Svenja woke up and although she didn't feel much better, nevertheless was well rested. She was very warm and sweating slightly, which she attributed to the thick blanket. So she tried to push one of the blankets a little to the side; in doing so, she noticed again that her arms were free. So she was able to pull them out and push the blanket back a bit, because there was not enough room to the side in the narrow crib. At the same time Svenja tried to sit up a little bit and to push herself further up in the bed, but this attempt was abruptly prevented by the straps that were attached to her sleeping suit. Svenja's first impulse was to grab the straps with her free hands and try to remove them. When she reached the buckles with her hands, she noticed that they were not specially secured and she had already opened one when she suddenly stopped. Something inside her told her that it was wrong and certainly forbidden and would therefore also mean trouble from Mrs. Schäfer if she opened it arbitrarily. So she put the opened buckle back and looked around the room first, as best she could through the bars and blankets.

"Charlotte ... hello ... are you awake?" asked Svenja quietly. But it appeared that Charlotte was no longer in her bed. As far as Svenja could tell, the covers were very flat in Charlotte's bed. Svenja wondered a bit about that, because on the other days they were always woken up together.

Svenja continued to look around and remembered more about last night and also her strange dream. She had the suspicion that it must already be later, because the sun was already shining quite strongly through the skylights and on the other days they were taken out of bed earlier for morning exercise.

"Good morning, my little sleepyhead! ... are you feeling better already?" she heard Frau Schäfer say and shortly afterwards she could also see the face of her above her, in which a smile was showing.

"Good morning ... uh ... Mom!" Svenja faltered a little. She had remembered what had happened in the night, but now she still felt some resistance to call Mrs. Schäfer Mama again.

"And yes ... I think it's going to be fine. I don't know what happened yesterday," she said next. Even if that was a bit of a fib, she didn't want to admit that she was actually still very weak.

"Well my child, I think you caught a cold yesterday while swimming or at the beach. Let's take a closer look at that first. You also slept almost 2 hours longer than Charlotte;, she is already back from exercise." explained Mrs. Schäfer.

"Ohh, are you really ... uhh do you really think, Mama?" asked Svenja. Noticing that she still had her arms and hands on the blanket, she quickly pulled them back under the covers, even though that was actually warmer than necessary.

Mrs. Schäfer had to grin for a moment and then felt Svenja's forehead with her hand. "It's okay child, I know I didn't have your arms on the chargers for the rest of the night and I think you've been good anyway," she said and smiled benevolently at Svenja.

Then she pulled back the blanket that was still lying on Svenja and felt with her hand on Svenja's upper body and the diaper, which had remained dry again this night, except for the sweat. At the same time she also inconspicuously checked if the straps were still all fastened.

"Well Svenja, I think you are totally sweaty and certainly also have an elevated temperature. Therefore, I will first clean you up and put on something dry," said Mrs. Schäfer and covered Svenja again. The feeling Svenja had during this check was somehow strange. On the one hand she was lying in a crib and was treated like a little child by Mrs. Schäfer, which had totally disturbed her during the last days. But at this moment she just let it happen and it didn't feel bad, really. She was weak and the prospect of being washed and not having to worry about anything seemed tempting. So Svenja just said "Ok Mom!" and smiled.

"Well, I'll prepare the bath, you please stay in bed" said Mrs. Schäfer and disappeared from Svenja's sight again.

After 10 minutes Mrs. Schäfer came back. In the meantime Svenja had started noticing the need to pee. Mrs. Schäfer then took both comforters off the bed and put them aside on the floor. "I think you'll get new bedding too, the way you've been sweating." was her comment. Then she unclipped the straps and Svenja was to get out through the foot end she opened. Svenja then realized how weak she really was and that her legs and arms hurt a bit. So she slowly crept from the bed to the bathroom, followed by Mrs. Schäfer.

The bathroom seemed much warmer to her than the days before and she suspected that it was heated extra, even though it was summer. Frau Schäfer removed Svenja's pajamas without securing her to one of the lines, which seemed strange to Svenja, but of course she didn't mind.

"OK, sweetheart, please lie down with your tummy on the changing table today." said Mrs. Schäfer and led Svenja to the changing table. Svenja was a bit surprised, but followed the request. "Mommy, I have to go to the bathroom," she added anyway.

"Yes my child, can you hold out for 5 more minutes, we have to do this first." said Mrs. Schäfer and patted Svenja's diaper after she had laid down on the table.

Then Mrs. Schäfer fastened one of the straps on the changing table over Svenja's back and pulled it relatively tight. After that, her arms were also locked into place with the rings above her head at fixed points; this position was much less comfortable than the supine position in which she was usually diapered. Next, a fluffy blanket was placed over her back but left her diaper exposed. Then loops were placed around her ankles, but they were quite loose so that she could still move her legs slightly, but not bend them or take them together.

"OK Svenja, let's check your temperature," said Mrs. Schäfer and started to cut the diaper at the sides with a pair of scissors. Svenja suddenly realized what she meant. She should be measured in the buttocks. She knew from her mother that this was the best method, and also that it was still done this way with her brother. But she herself had been too embarrassed for a long time and had been able to convince her mother to let her measure herself under the arms.

So Svenja put her head up and tried to turn to look at Frau Schäfer, but this was very effectively prevented by the strap across her back and the leg loops. "But please not in the butt ... Mom doesn't do that to me anymore ... uh Mom!" she then said when she realized that she was well secured.

"Svenja, calm down. There's nothing wrong with it; it's the most accurate method and it's much faster," said Frau Schäfer as she removed the diaper and put it in the pail. Svenja immediately remembered the embarrassing examination she had to go through not too long ago. There, too, her butt temperature was taken and it wasn't pretty.

"But that's totally embarrassing!" Svenja tried to find a good argument against it. But of course it was immediately clear to her that this argument would have no effect on Mrs. Schäfer. So she fidgeted a bit with her restraints but more out of frustration than seriously trying to overcome them. Frau Schäfer let her have her way and prepared the thermometer. Then she gently slapped Svenja's bottom once. "So hold still now, here we go!" she added.

Svenja paused and Frau Schäfer spread Svenja's buttocks slightly and inserted the thermometer. As she did so, Svenja moaned a little in discomfort. During the measurement, Mrs. Schäfer left a hand on Svenja's buttocks and moved at her side so that she could look her in the face.

"See, it's not bad at all." said Frau Schäfer, smiling motherly at Svenja. But Svenja just grunted in discomfort and closed her eyes because she was so embarrassed.

After less than 2 minutes, which had seemed like an eternity to Svenja, there was a beep behind her and she opened her eyes again and realized that Mrs. Schäfer had been watching her the entire time. Which made the situation even more embarrassing. Nevertheless, Svenja felt that Mrs. Schäfer was not doing it to embarrass her even more, but in support. Therefore, it felt much better in retrospect.

"You see my darling, already done." said Mrs. Schäfer then and pulled out the thermometer again and read the result. She then picked up the tablet that she also used to control the bathroom cables and tapped something on it.

"Well, that's what I thought." she then said more to herself.

"What then Mama, is it high?" asked Svenja then a bit concerned.

"Well my child, yes a little, 39.2°C. With that you will have to stay in bed for now. ... But what is interesting is that the ID rings show much less. So we should also measure properly at least twice a day, so I can get an idea of how much the deviation is."

While Svenja was next freed from the changing table and taken to the toilet by Mrs. Schäfer, tethered as usual, and cleaned in the shower, Svenja thought about the ID rings. It seemed practical that these could also measure her temperature, but it was also a bit scary to know that these things revealed so much about her without her having any control over it or being able to prevent it.

It seemed to Svenja that Mrs. Schäfer was even more caring but also somehow more loving than usual today. Which of course did not bother Svenja, on the contrary, but it was noticeable for Svenja. When she was lying on the changing table again after the shower, this time on her back, she was also surprised that she didn't get the genital protector strapped on today. But she was already told that she would go back to bed because of her fever, and in bed she had not yet worn the genital protector on this vacation.

She did get another diaper on. This one seemed thicker to Svenja than the one she had worn during the night. In addition, she got rubber pants pulled over the diaper, which was quite difficult. Svenja

again made some sounds of discomfort without really complaining to Mrs. Schäfer. It wasn't really uncomfortable, just annoying.

"Come on Svenja, it's not that bad. I just don't want you to have to get out of bed right after breakfast just because you have to pee. The fever is not to be trifled with." said Mrs. Schäfer while she closed the rubber pants extra tightly at all three cuffs with a band. After that Svenja was allowed to get up and she was put on a new pair of one-piece pajamas. But this one had a zipper in the front that reached from the knee of the right leg to the neck. When Mrs. Schäfer zipped them up, she looked at Svenja and asked, "Do you want me to put a latch on right away, or are you going to be a good girl?" asked Mrs. Schäfer with a benevolent smile. Svenja didn't understand exactly what she meant by that, but it was certainly about locking her pajamas, which she could so obviously take off by herself.

"No Mom, I will be a good girl." said Svenja, also playing a bit with the wording, because actually she hated the term "good girl" in connection with her person.

"Well, I'll have to look after you very intensively today anyway." Mrs. Schäfer replied.

Svenja didn't quite know what to make of it. Should this be a threat or was it perhaps a good thing to be "looked after"? A few days ago Svenja would have been sure that it was not a good thing, but now she was not so sure.

Then Svenja was led back into the bedroom with Mrs. Schäfer's hand on her shoulder. The bed she had slept in was still there as she had left it, with the covers next to it on the floor and the open bars at the foot end. Mrs. Schäfer closed it and led Svenja to one of the beds in the back, which were built like a cage. One of the beds, however, was now missing the lid, was made up and had a comforter and pillow that were also covered.

Mrs. Schäfer, still having her hand on Svenja's shoulder, noticed how Svenja faltered when they reached the bed. In fact, Svenja's heart was beating much faster with anxiety.

"Please stay calm, Svenja. The fact is that the other bed is wet with sweat and I have prepared this one for you. I'll give you enough time to get used to it and it has other advantages you'll learn to appreciate. ... Please trust me," Mrs. Schäfer said to Svenja and also put her second hand on the other shoulder. Svenja remembered what Charlotte had told her about the bed, that she would prefer it to the current one, so she took a deep breath and then said "OK Mom, I trust you, I'll try it out."

"I really like your attitude, my child." said Frau Schäfer, stroking Svenja's back. Then she also flipped open the lattice at the foot end and Svenja could see that the bars at the top could be flipped to the side like a lid, and that it now hung on the right long side next to the side rails. Svenja climbed from the foot end into the bed, like with her previous bed, only that here the mattress was clearly higher and climbing in was somewhat more difficult. But Svenja had made it without problems and lay down on the mattress while Mrs. Schäfer held up the comforter and then covered Svenja with it.

Then she closed the lattice at the foot end again and said, "So, everything OK? It's not bad, is it? This way you can't fall out and you are safe and warm," said Mrs. Schäfer and stroked Svenja's forehead. Whereupon Svenja only nodded. She suddenly felt how the stay in the bathroom had exhausted her and she was very glad to be able to lie down in bed again.

"Good, that makes me happy. I'll get you your breakfast now. And I also trust you not to do anything wrong for a while. I'm well aware that you're not secured. OK!" said Mrs. Schäfer and winked to show Svenja that she was still in control of the situation, even if Svenja was not tied up. Then she left the room.

Svenja didn't feel the need to get out of bed or take off her pajamas; it was totally comfortable in the bed. The bars were nowhere near as high, as the mattress was placed much higher, and she could relax and look around the room. But what was even better, she could turn in the bed and

snuggle into the blanket and lie on her side. She hadn't had that luxury in many weeks and it was wonderful.

When Mrs. Schäfer returned, Svenja was lying on her side wrapped in the blanket and had already closed her eyes; she was so exhausted that she would have loved to go right back to sleep. But Mrs. Schäfer nudged her gently, "Aren't you hungry, my child?"

Svenja then turned onto her back again and looked at Mrs. Schäfer. She had a relatively large bottle with a nipple on top in her hand. Which surprisingly made Svenja laugh. "You can't be serious, Mama? Can you?" she then said to that.

Svenja's statement now also made Mrs. Schäfer laugh a little. "Of course it is, what could be more practical for breakfast in bed than a bottle? You'll see!" she then answered Svenja's question.

"But that's totally silly and ridiculous!" said Svenja a bit more seriously, no longer sure if that wouldn't be going too far.

"Well Svenja, you just told me that you trusted me and wanted to try it out. Didn't you?"

"Well that was referring to the bed, and so far the cage isn't closed yet." Svenja said.

"Well Svenja, I have understood your trust more generally and I think you can also try the bottle easily, it's not like anyone else is going to notice. If it's about you being embarrassed," explained Frau Schäfer.

"Alright, if you say so," Svenja answered meekly and opened her mouth.

Frau then had to grin heavily and pulled a stool over to the bed and put the nipple in Svenja's mouth and she tried to suck on it. Which also succeeded amazingly very well. There seemed to be a very large opening in the nipple and the contents was quite thick and tasted quite good. After a few sips, Mrs. Schäfer pulled the bottle away again. "And is it that bad?" she then asked.

"No Mom, but it feels weird; I'm very confused." Svenja admitted frankly.

"Well Svenja, I can imagine that, you just have the wrong ideas, which I can tell from the fact that you let yourself be fed right away. I had actually thought that you would just take the bottle and drink it yourself," said Mrs. Schäfer and had to grin again.

This was even more embarrassing to Svenja that she had not even considered this point. Therefore she took her hands out from under the blanket and wanted to reach for the bottle. But Mrs. Schäfer quickly pulled it away.

"Now, now, not so fast. I'm happy to do it; I want my children to feel good. Do you really want to do it yourself?" she then asked.

"Yes please, mom." said Svenja a bit offended and pouted almost like a little child.

"Alright, but I hope you've just learned something about yourself: that you don't always have to be embarrassed about everything." said Frau Schäfer, putting the bottle in Svenja's hands.

Svenja just nodded and put the bottle back in to continue drinking the slush from it. While she did so, Mrs. Schäfer watched her for a moment, which she noticed but didn't mind.

After a short moment, Mrs. Schäfer began to strip Svenja's old bed and bring the laundry into the bathroom. Meanwhile, Svenja continued to suck on the bottle. She noticed that it was much more comfortable to be fed with the bottle than to hold it herself. But this way it felt much less strange. When the bottle was empty, Svenja felt well satiated and put it on her belly. Immediately, Mrs. Schäfer was with her again.

"And did you like it?" she asked.

"Yes it was good, but what was it anyway?" asked Svenja then.

"It was a lightly pureed muesli with fruit. Glad you liked it." said Mrs. Schäfer and took the empty bottle from Svenja's blanket.

"OK, I'll have to clean up a bit and do the laundry, since I expect you'll still be sweating a lot with the fever you have. Especially since it will probably continue to rise this afternoon. So you should rest again now." said Frau Schäfer.

"OK, I'll try that" said Svenja and turned back on her side and closed her eyes. She was really still very weak and enjoyed the feeling of being able to snuggle up in bed by herself. After a few moments she was asleep again.

The third day of the vacation had also begun for the Sölling family. Jens and Philipp had already finished breakfast and were readied in the bathroom of Mrs. Sölling. The bathroom in the Sölling's vacation home was very similarly equipped to the one in the Schäfer family. Jens lay strapped to the changing table, while Philipp was already fitted with a diaper by his mother and dressed in a bright blue jumpsuit with a back zipper. This seemed unusual to Philipp, but he did not question his mother's actions, as he seldom did. After the jumpsuit, a very sturdy harness was put on him with a strap around the chest and a wider one around the belly. The black straps were made of rubber with a core of thin steel cable.

Jens watched the procedure from the changing table as best he could and he immediately noticed several attachment points for the ID rings in addition to several D-rings. Philipp's hands were then immediately fixed to two points on the abdominal belt before his mother fastened the crotch strap of the harness between his legs. Jens and Philipp had also worn a harness on the other days, but on the one hand they were not changed after breakfast and on the other hand Jens thought that this outfit was a bit unusual. The shining overall looked rather strange and conspicuous. The thick, black and very stable harness, with the electronic fasteners, seemed overkill to him. In addition, they had also not received a diaper during the day on the first days.

After Philip was done, his hands were connected towards the sides of the front of the belly strap, which was basically not an uncomfortable position. His mother had then attached two more of the lines from the ceiling to the shoulder straps of the harness and pulled them tight with the winch. It wasn't that Philipp had to stand on his toes, but it seemed to Jens that a good portion of Philipp's weight was being taken up by the harness, because his facial expression signaled a certain discomfort.

Then Mrs. Sölling turned to Jens and also put a diaper on him and then the same blue coveralls. "What are we doing today, Mrs. Sölling?" asked Jens while the heavy harness was also put on him. "Well Jens, I'm sure you've noticed that you've got something special on today. I'd be happy to explain it to you." said Mrs. Sölling as she tightened Jens' crotch strap, which caused the diaper to be pulled tightly into Jens' crotch and press somewhat uncomfortably on his genital protector. However, the soft diaper made it bearable.

"So it's like this: you got the new ID rings this year; these will also play an important role in the new school year back home for your further education. In order for you to learn how to use them better, the owner of the vacation homes has offered a super service for his German guests. From Monday to Friday in the morning you will go to education classes," said Mrs. Sölling with a euphoric voice that expressed her joy about it. Jens, on the other hand, made a disappointed face and hung his head a little. "School on vacation!" he muttered softly, more to himself.

"Oh, come on, it's not school. Just practical exercises. You don't have to do an exam." said Mrs. Sölling as she also hooked Jens' hands with the ID rings into the fixation points on the waist belt. "Hmm OK. But why do we have to wear these for that?" asked Jens, pulling a little on his hands. "Well Jens, that's what the lessons are all about. At a certain age this reinforced harness will become mandatory for you in this country. So it's good if you can learn how to handle it already. But also the correct handling of the ID rings needs to be learned," explained Mrs. Sölling, while she also attached two lines of a winch to Jens' shoulder and tightened them. Jens noticed how the harness absorbed a large part of his weight. It turned out to be an advantage that Mrs. Sölling had put the harness on very tightly, because the pressure of the crotch strap was slightly increased but not painfully. Jens

now had to stand completely straight and could not move a step from the spot, because that would only increase the pull of the ropes.

"OK kids, I'll get ready quickly too and then I'll take you to class." said Mrs. Sölling and left the bathroom.

Jens and Philipp had to wait and could only talk and speculate about what these educational lessons could bring for new experiences.

Svenja woke up and was disoriented for a short moment, because she had the feeling that she had slept too long and yet felt unrested. It was much too warm and she felt wet and sweaty. So she tried to push the blanket, that was lying on her, to the side. This proved to be unusually difficult and she looked up and noticed that she was still lying in the new bed. But now the lid above her was closed. As this realization reached her brain, she abruptly stopped removing the blanket and her heart began to pound harder and louder. It was a strange feeling and she suddenly realized that she was locked in the cage of the bed. But to confirm it for sure, she took her still free hands from under the blanket and tried to lift the bars. It was, as expected, locked and could be lifted only a few millimeters. There was also a rattling sound from the latch on the outside as she did so.

Svenja tried not to panic, but had to breathe faster. She tried to think and surveyed her situation, looking at her hands for a brief moment, which quickly felt cold. She was obviously sick from the way her body felt, so there was really no good reason to get out of bed. And she could move around in bed reasonably well and wasn't strapped in. Then she also realized that she had not been able to get out of bed independently for many weeks. That, especially at first, was also annoying and uncomfortable, but the first moment she had noticed the bars above her had felt quite different and much more restrictive than the straps and restraints that usually kept her in bed. But the result was basically the same.

After this realization, Svenja's heartbeat calmed down considerably again and she turned to the other side, feeling good about being able to do this just like that, without being prevented from doing so by straps or charging ID rings. After turning, she suddenly noticed that Mrs. Schäfer was leaning against the wall a good 2 meters away, watching her. When Svenja spotted her she smiled and approached Svenja's bed.

"Hello my child, is everything well with you? Are you feeling better?" asked Frau Schäfer softly and then reached her hand through the bars to touch Svenja on the forehead and then stroke her head. Svenja's first impulse of her mind was that she was being unfairly watched and monitored. But her feelings told her otherwise and she had to smile at Mrs. Schäfer as well. She felt protected and safe by being watched over.

But since she had not answered Mrs. Schäfer's question, her feeling was nevertheless confirmed with another inquiry. "My darling, I got a report of an increase in your heart rate and immediately checked on you. Did the cage frighten you?"

Svenja nodded slightly and then said, "I was a little surprised, but I'm fine now. And I understand now what Charlotte has said. ... Can I sleep in this bed at night without the straps?" Svenja asked with a smile and hoped for a positive answer.

Mrs. Schäfer also smiled again and said, "Well Svenja, you are learning amazingly fast right now. I'm glad you have understood the relationship, and I think as long as you're still sick, this bed is the right choice for you. But you also have to understand that the bracelets have to be recharged ever so often." explained Frau Schäfer and Svenja nodded with some disappointment. "OK Mom."

"Good, I think some fresh air should do you good. Let's go to the living room," said Mrs. Schäfer and adjusted something in the lower part of the bed, which Svenja could not see, of course. Then she noticed how Mrs. Schäfer pushed the bed, together with her in it, out of the room. The bed

obviously had wheels and could be moved around the house like a bed in a hospital. It felt a little strange for Svenja to be so uninvolved in the whole process. But in the end it was also very comfortable to suddenly be in the living room without having to do anything for it.

The door to the terrace was open and the fresh air from the sea was very pleasant. Svenja could see a piece of the terrace and the dunes and she spotted Charlotte in the kitchen, where she was connected to the rail system and obviously had to help prepare the food.

"Hello Svenja, how are you? Mom says you're sick?" she called out to her.

"Hello Charlotte, well, I'm a bit under the weather, yes," Svenja said much quieter and weaker.

"Hmm too bad, I wish you a speedy recovery." said Charlotte obviously disappointed that she probably couldn't do anything with Svenja in the near future.

Then Mrs. Schäfer brought Svenja another bottle of lukewarm chamomile tea.

"You have to keep drinking, my child, you have lost a lot of liquid," she said and put the bottle through the bars. Svenja accepted it, but hesitated to drink, although she was definitely thirsty. She looked at Charlotte, who had returned to her task in the kitchen. Thereupon, Mrs. Schäfer put a hand on Svenja's arm and said, "Don't worry, it's OK. She loves to drink from a bottle. If I allowed it, she would drink from it all the time."

Svenja nodded, but was still unsure. After Mrs. Schäfer returned to the kitchen, she turned to her other side and put the bottle in her mouth, sucking out some of the tea. Chamomile tea wasn't exactly her favorite drink but the sucking was just great, and totally relaxed Svenja.

After drinking, Svenja dozed a bit; she was too tired to fall asleep again but also too weak to do anything else. After some time she felt that her bladder had built up some pressure, which made her a little more awake again, and she looked around. The kitchen was empty and she couldn't see Charlotte, but she could see Mrs. Schäfer sitting on the sofa reading a book. Svenja's movement made her immediately look up and look over at Svenja. Which made Svenja feel again that Mrs. Schäfer was sitting there watching over her just for her sake, which felt very good.

Then Frau Schäfer got up and came over to her bed and felt her forehead again. "How do you feel, child?"

Less than 24 hours ago, Svenja would have been bothered by the appendix "child" in Frau Schäfer's question, but now she almost didn't even notice it. It had also been a long time since her mother had taken such intense care of her when she was sick. It wasn't like she expected that from her mother anymore, but now she noticed that it was a nice thing.

"Well, Mom, I think I have to go to potty. Can I get up to go to the bathroom?" she asked, completely forgetting that she had got on a diaper that morning because of the thick comforter and her current condition.

"Well, Svenja, I think I will have to change you after lunch and also change the bedclothes; it is certainly better if you stay warm until then." said Frau Schäfer in a soft voice, looking anxiously at Svenja.

Svenja was confused at first and didn't really understand the consequence of the statement. But then Frau Schäfer leaned a little closer to Svenja's face and whispered, "Just let it go, I'll take care of it."

Now Svenja understood how Mrs. Schäfer imagined the solution to her problem, but Svenja didn't really like that. She was forced to use a diaper for the first time only a few days ago during the journey, although fortunately only to wee. Svenja remembered that. It had bothered her a lot, until the time it had really happened. Strangely enough, it was not as bad as she had imagined before. Therefore, she accepted the solution after a moment's thought. Being able to stay in bed certainly had its advantages.

So she nodded at Mrs. Schäfer and first lay down on her back, while Mrs. Schäfer went back to her book. But then Svenja realized that it wasn't so easy to let the pee run while lying down. It was a

totally strange feeling, and in addition Mrs. Schäfer might be observing her. Which actually should not disturb her anymore, because Mrs. Schäfer was also almost always present on the toilet. Svenja could not determine exactly what the problem was, but it just did not work.

After a few attempts, Svenja pressed the diaper into her crotch with her hands and tried it that way. She even felt a short and slight arousal, but she couldn't give in to it, because the pressure on her bladder was getting worse and worse. She also wanted to try to get up to try it sitting down like on a toilet, but the lid was only about 20cm above her head and prevented any straightening up. Finally Svenja turned on her side with her back to Mrs. Schäfer and in a bent position she managed to let go. The initial sensation of urine spreading over her skin was not pleasant. But after she pressed with her hands on the diaper again, everything was absorbed by the diaper and the relief of the empty bladder made up for everything. After a short time, Svenja dozed off again.

Mrs. Sölling returned after a few minutes and attached a guide line to the back of Jens' and Philipp's harnesses. After that, the winches were loosened, the ropes at the shoulders were released and the two were led outside onto the street. The path led along the road between the cottages in the direction of the stores and the main road. After less than a kilometer, they approached a building next to the grocery store, and Jens could see other children on the street approaching this building, dressed the same way as Philipp and himself. They too had their hands attached to their harnesses at the sides of their stomachs.

Mrs. Sölling asked Jens and Philipp to enter the house through the open entrance. There was an improvised reception with a table next to which two women were standing. One was a little older and the other considerably younger than Philipp's mother. On the table were two tablets and some strange rings in different sizes. After Jens and Philipp reached the table, a message appeared on the two tablets and Jens could see a picture of himself as well as a picture of Philipp. Immediately after, the older woman spoke to Mrs. Sölling and greeted her with a handshake.

"Good day Mrs. Sölling, it is very nice that you have chosen our service of educational lessons. It will be useful if the children have already learned some of the disciplinary options, in case they will be needed in their daily lives."

"Yes, I'm very pleased that you offer them," Mrs. Sölling replied.

"We're happy to do that for our guests. Would you please just confirm the handover of the children and the conditions?" the woman then asked, holding one of the tablets out to Mrs. Sölling.

"OK Jens, we'll already start with you," said the younger woman and got the attention of Jens but also of Philipp.

Then she went around the table to Jens and hooked his harness at the front of his stomach in a hook that was attached to the table. The same thing was done with Philipp. With that, they couldn't move from the spot and the hands tied to the waist belt bumped a bit against the table top. The leashes in the back were untied and handed to Mrs. Sölling, who was busy reading something on the tablet.

"Alright Jens, I'm going to put one of our support devices on you now. You will wear this here until we know you better; that's why it has your names on it." the woman explained and took one of the strange rings from the table and let Jens have a closer look. He could read a sign with his name on it. Then the woman triggered a mechanism and Jens could see that the ring could be opened. Jens pondered a bit how and where to wear this ring. The inner diameter was something like 8cm and the material was a good 2cm thick and seemed to be only slightly flexible. The height was not the same everywhere and it looked a bit misshapen.

However, it was not held in front of Jens' eyes for very long, because after the woman opened it she moved behind Jens. "Will you please lift your head a little, Jens." he was then asked. Only then he realized that this part should be placed around his neck. This was a bit surprising and unexpected for

Jens and he turned his head to the woman standing behind him. But she held him the opened ring before his neck from behind.

"Jens, please keep still and look straight ahead," Jens was also immediately admonished.

The older woman, who was still standing on the other side of the table, however, immediately came to the aid of her colleague and reached over the table to Jens' head and held it in the desired position. Jens was totally caught off guard and the ring immediately closed around his neck. A loud click signaled to Jens that it was locked. The part was tight around his neck and was very uncomfortable at first, and he had the feeling of gagging. But it wasn't really so tight that it cut anything off. But the ring was so high in the front that Jens couldn't lower his head, because it immediately pressed on his chin. When Jens tried to turn his head to the side, it was still somewhat possible, but not to the full extent, and it was also a bit more strenuous. Jens had the feeling that it resembled a neck brace, as he had seen it before on television in an ambulance. Even though he didn't know the feeling, of course.

"This is quite uncomfortable, can you please loosen it up a bit?" Jens asked politely without being able to see the woman behind him.

"No Jens, it is set exactly for you according to your scan data. We know that it restricts you a bit, but the class only lasts two hours and the restriction is useful." she explained to him emotionlessly and took another ring from the table. This one had Philipp's name on the front part. The ring was also placed around his neck without Philipp saying anything. But Jens could hear that it was just as uncomfortable for Philipp.

Then short loops were fastened in the back with the two and the connection to the table was loosened. The young woman took the loops in her hand and directed Jens and Philipp to the middle of the corridor. Mrs. Sölling had handed the tablet back to the older woman and then had gone first to Philipp and then to Jens and had given them a kiss on the forehead. "Be good and study well. Right?" she said to the two. Then Jens and Philipp were immediately pulled further down the corridor into the interior of the building. In order not to trip, they had to quickly turn around and run ahead. The young woman directed them very skillfully with the loops.

After a few meters, they reached a large door that opened a view into a larger room. The room reminded Jens of his old kindergarten, even if that was a long time ago. The floor was soft and bouncy. On the walls were various pieces of equipment, some of which reminded him of a climbing frame. On a wall opposite the door was a huge screen as big as a school blackboard. In front of it, 10 children and teenagers were already kneeling on the floor in four rows facing the screen, although it was still turned off.

They all had the same bright blue overalls on and the same harness around them. They also held their arms at their sides in such a way that Jens assumed that their wrists were still secured like his own. The other students were all different sizes, but since Jens could only see them from behind, he could only guess that they ranged from 8 to 16 years old. Then Jens and Philipp were added to the back row where so far two children were kneeling next to each other, and the rows in front of them so far had six in total. The distances between the children was quite large and Jens estimated it to be just under a meter.

As they stood at the back row, Jens could see in the empty places that there was some kind of leash or loop. Jens was standing right in front of one of these leashes when the woman addressed him again, "So Jens, please get on your knees. ... And don't worry, I'll hold you."

Jens immediately felt a certain pull in his back of the harness, which was probably to help him get on his knees. But with his hands tied and his neck pretty stiff, it wasn't so easy. Jens concentrated and wobbled a lot as he first went to one knee and then arrived with both on the floor. The position was not exactly what Jens envisioned for two hours of instruction. The ground was fortunately soft, but

the harness tightened a bit due to the position. It appeared, however, that the woman was pleased with Jens, because next Philipp was asked to kneel in the seat next to Jens.

Next the woman squatted down by Phillip, as far as Jens could see with his stiff neck. "That's it Philipp, you're doing great," Jens his friend was then praised.

The woman then squatted down by Jens and attached the leash from the floor to the chest strap of his harness and began to pull it a little tighter. Jens had gotten down on his knees with his torso very straight, since his harness would tighten more if he bent over far. But the woman then put a hand on Jens his shoulder and looked at him. "Jens please a little lower," he was then told and the hand on his shoulder pushed him down slightly. Jens gave in to the pressure and first went lower with his thighs so that he sat with his butt on his heels. This was then again a position that could be endured longer, but he was urged to bend even a little more forward with his upper body. At the same time, the woman pulled on the leash, which caused the length to be shortened and Jens could not straighten up again. When the woman was satisfied with the position, she stood up again and stroked Jens' hair.

"You're doing well. ... Now you have to wait a moment until everyone is here, then we'll start." she said to Jens and Philipp and went back to the registration desk.

The position was not exactly comfortable and Jens found it very mean to have to kneel like that. He had once seen in a movie that such a position was used as punishment. But he hadn't done anything wrong and all the others who had to kneel like this probably hadn't either. For Jens it was clear that he would not like the lessons.

After a few minutes, another boy was led to the second row by the young woman. As far as Jens could see, he estimated the boy as old as either himself or Philipp. When the woman asked him to get down on his knees as well, he squatted with both legs at the same time and then dropped to his knees, skillfully cushioning the fall with his legs. The woman had the loop firmly in her grasp, as with Jens, and probably braked the fall somewhat. But Jens still imagined that it would be painful to fall to his knees like that.

When the woman fastened the leash on the boy, she praised him for it. "Ohh Felix, neat move. I guess you're not a newcomer here. You're doing very well, that's how we want to see this." Then Felix even thanked her for restraining him.

Next, more sounds were heard from the entrance area; it sounded like the next student was complaining about the ring around his neck. A man's voice said, "Now don't act like that, they'll show you here how it's going to be from now on."

"Hey that's not allowed, you're not allowed to do that," the first voice said; probably the student's, who seemed to be already in the change of voice." The other voice then went on to say, "Yes, they are allowed to do that here, because I gave them permission to, and you're going to obey in whatever they will be telling you."

Then Jens heard someone come into the room behind him who was puffing and moaning a bit. Then an older boy came into Jens' field of vision, being led to the third row by both women, but probably resisting a bit. He was dressed the same as the others, with the small difference that his hands were attached to the waist belt at the back. Therefore, the two women had a relatively easy time controlling him. When they arrived at his place, he refused to move to his knees and remained standing.

After the second request, the younger woman then said, "Olaf, this is the last warning. You don't have to think you can fool us. We are in command here and always will be."

Olaf tried to shake his head as much as his neck brace would allow. Then the older woman picked up a small remote control and pressed a button on it. Instantly Olaf slumped to his knees and the

women held him by the arms so he wouldn't fall over, until he rested on the knees. "Ahhh are you crazy? What was that?" cried Olaf indignantly, without really shouting.

"That, dear Olaf, is our support device that you got around your neck. We're not going to let a teenager like you stop us here. ... Two more warnings: first, the device can also be used for punishment. And second, if you don't stay upright on your knees, the strap can hurt quite a bit. So you better cooperate from now on, and stay still in this position. Everyone else seems to have understood that. Do we understand each other?" the woman explained.

Olaf was apparently impressed by the action and only mumbled a "Hmm" without really answering. Then the younger woman followed her colleague, who had already gone back to the registration desk after securing Olaf.

When she was gone, Olaf first tried to see if he could somehow wriggle out of the unpleasant situation. In doing so, he pulled on his arms and also tried to put pressure on the leash that held him to the ground, but obviously everything was designed to withstand even his strength. When the young woman reentered with another smaller boy, Olaf stopped the pulling and tugging again. Which did not go unnoticed by the woman and she briefly put her hand on his head. "Olaf, is everything good with you now? Were you able to convince yourself that we are in control? Hmm?" she said not maliciously, but more compassionately.

"You don't have them all together anymore, do you?" gave Olaf in reply, but it was also obvious from his voice that he had given up trying to fight back. After the woman had also brought the next boy to his place, Olaf first looked around a bit, as far as he was able to. He turned not only his head in the brace, but also his upper body and every time had to move down a bit more, because the leash that held him could not be pulled to the side.

In the meantime, the young woman had gone back to the registration desk and brought in another youngster. He was only a little smaller than Olaf but much more slender. His hands were also attached to the back of the waist belt. "Hey, what kind of freak show is this?" he said when he saw the other kids all on their knees. "Anton please, we don't want to hear that kind of stuff here. We always start class with discipline and order." the woman said to him.

When they reached his place, right next to Olaf, he was asked to get on his knees as well. But Anton also refused at first, saying, "What, why should I, I haven't done anything wrong, so why do you want to punish me? That's a punitive position after all."

"Yeah right, I'm innocent too. What are you trying to do here?" Olaf got involved as well.

"Quiet now! Both of you!" the young woman then said sharply but not loudly and firmly pulled the loop at Anton's back downwards. Thereupon he moved to his knees almost as deftly as the smaller Felix had done before. While the young woman hooked the leash on him and pulled it tight, she said to him, "Well you're doing that rather well; I see you already have experience and know some things already. So why are you making such a fuss here when you know better?"

"Hey, I'm not making a fuss. That's a punishment position, at least in our house," Anton tried to defend himself. Olaf was just about to say something again as well, whereupon the woman picked up a remote control again and pressed a button. "Nonmmm" was all Anton could say in response.

"Ohh yes Anton, your parents obviously know exactly why to get you the braces. They're very useful here so you won't get all the kids in an uproar. Besides, everyone just has to wait longer if you hold everything up with your pointless discussions. That is quite disrespectful to the others. You should think about that," Anton was then instructed. Then the young woman had started walking back to the registration desk.

"Hey buddy, what happened? What did she do to you?" asked Olaf a bit horrified.

"Hmm Ahhmm Hmm" could then only be heard from Anton.

"Olaf please leave it, Anton won't answer you. We will explain everything that is necessary to you in a moment." Young woman called out shortly before she left the room.

Jens puzzled a bit about these remote controls of the women. Why was Anton suddenly unable to speak? And why was Olaf suddenly slumped like a sack? It had to have something to do with the strange devices around their necks. But Jens also understood that it was not a good idea to try to find out. Because it was certainly not pleasant what had happened to the two of them and it filled him with some fear.

Apart from that, the kneeling position was slowly becoming more and more uncomfortable for Jens. Since he could sit on his heels, it was less strenuous than he had feared, but he still hoped that the lessons would start soon, so that he wouldn't have stay on his knees like this for much longer. Even though he didn't feel like starting this strange class at the beginning, the prospect of being able to stand up again soon was tempting, since Philip's mother had mentioned that there would be a lot of practical exercises and no theory with pen and paper like in real school.

The last places then filled up quickly without any incidents like with Anton or Olaf. Those two stayed quiet the rest of the time, although some others whispered quietly to their neighbors now and then. Jens could hear the door at the back of the room being closed, and the two women stood in front of the large screen. "So my dears, now that everyone has found their seats, I'd like to start by welcoming you to our basic class on the educational tools that are commonly used here. I am Mrs. Anderson and this is my colleague Ms. Wolters." she introduced herself and the younger one. "I'm sure some of you have been coming to us here on vacation for a while and have had one experience or another. But recently, our approaches to education have become popular and recognized in your homes as well, which has prompted your parents to get you better acquainted with these approaches. This means, in concrete terms, that you will learn how to cope with some of the tools and rituals." Mrs. Anderson continued.

After a short pause, her voice changed a bit and became softer. "Additionally, we would like to reassure you that this class you are attending is not meant to reflect your future everyday life. You will learn some things here in the next few days that may make you uncomfortable or seem mean or too harsh. Your parents and guardians have been given strict rules; nonetheless we will show you things that would only be used for special occasions to discipline or punish you. But if in the future you seriously think that a teacher, a guardian or even your parents are being too hard on you, please confide in someone who can check and whom you trust. A lot of procedures are also registered through your wristbands for your protection."

Then Ms. Wolters took the floor, "Exactly. Since we don't want to bore you further with the introduction, we'll start right away. But I would like to point out that we don't have time for you to introduce yourselves. You can do that when your parents come to pick you up. You will do some exercises where you have to work in pairs or groups. Please make sure you are about the same size." Then she turned on the screen.

"We're going to start by showing you some positions and postures that may be required of you and that you have to be able to maintain," Mrs. Anderson then said again.

"Who would want to ask us to do that?" Olaf suddenly interrupted.

"Well Olaf, we will give you room for questions at the appropriate time. So please don't interrupt me," he was initially reprimanded.

"But since it actually fits well, I can explain it to you. .. This can be your parents, of course, but also all other persons owed respect, such as teachers, policemen or even supervisors, such as bus drivers, conductors or caretakers. The list is long and should come naturally to you at some point," Anderson explained.

Then she displayed the first image on the screen and it showed a schematic drawing of a person in a kneeling position, just like all the children in the room had assumed on arrival.

"So my dears, this is one of the most important positions you should know. Most of the time it is called the basic position, but some also say the waiting position. That's why we set you up like this

first today. The line to the ground is not a part of it, but the secured hands are, and you are required to be able to engage the rings by yourself and quickly. We'll practice that in a minute, too." Mrs. Anderson further explained.

"One more note, since it was mentioned earlier by Anton: this is not fundamentally a punishment or a punitive position, it's for you to give the person in authority your undivided attention and also, if necessary, to calm down after an altercation, for example. ... Of course, there may be parents or educators who use it as a punishment over a longer period of time. But today is only about a demonstration and also about exercises, so you should not see it as punishment, even if it took a little longer," Ms. Wolters then added.

"OK, if you are ready and there is no more trouble." said Mrs. Anderson, looking at Anton and Olaf. "Then we will release your hands now and you can release the leash on your own and get up again." she continued.

Then Mrs. Anderson took the remote control and the ID rings of Jens and all the others came free from the harness. Whereupon everyone immediately fumbled with the line at the front of the harness and disconnected it. Some needed a little longer and others were very fast and got up immediately. A short time later a slight noise formed and some of the boys whispered to each other again.

"Please kids, I didn't say anything about chatter, please step in place a few times and wheel your arms around a little to get everything going again. Everyone stay in your place."

Everyone did what was asked of them, including Olaf and Anton. But Olaf turned his back to the women as he did, to watch the other participants.

"Olaf, this is where the music plays. Do we really have to keep you pinned down during the entire class? You're not that stupid are you?" said Frau Wolters and Olaf immediately turned around again.

"Yeah man, it's alright. Calm down again. OK!" gave Olaf as an answer.

"Boy, don't overdo it. You have to calm down here and treat us with respect." said Ms. Wolters.

"I think we should play it safe." concluded Mrs. Anderson and with her remote control she lowered two ropes from the ceiling; one was a good three feet to the left and the other three feet to the right of Olaf's position above the heads of his neighbors. When they were low enough, Mrs. Anderson grabbed them and attached each to the D-rings at the top of the shoulders of the harness to the left and right of Olaf.

"Hey, I didn't do anything:" Olaf complained, but stayed in place.

"It's supposed to stay that way; it's a measure that's not at all uncommon with kids your age during instruction. So think of it as training." Mrs. Anderson said and the ropes then pulled tight so that Olaf was forced to look forward by the slanting ropes. In addition, his harness held him in place.

"So OK kids, let's do the first practical exercise. Your ID rings are now set to connect to each coupling point and release after 5 seconds. You will please hook them alternately to the front and then the back of your abdomen straps. Whoever does this the fastest gets the most points." said Mrs. Anderson and the screen then showed a list of all the children's names and behind that a timer and counter with the valid attempts.

"OK 3 ... 2 ... 1 ... go." then said Ms. Wolters.

Jens had first looked around to see what the others were doing; some of them had immediately started to find the right points on their straps and to move the wristbands into place. Others looked around a little at first and were surprised by the sudden competition. The two women walked slowly and calmly back and forth between the children and gave assistance or tips.

When Jens saw that Philipp had already started and had one hand already fixated, he also concentrated on the task. Basically, this was not a task he enjoyed, but it was clearly better to have a task than to kneel on the floor and have to wait. It turned out not to be that easy, especially at the back. Up until now, Jens and Philipp had always had the rings snapped into place by Philipp's

parents. So Jens had to practice a bit and also get tips. It turned out that the time to release only started counting after both hands were correctly snapped in. So it happened that one hand was held much longer than the other.

After a few attempts it worked better quickly, and suddenly the rings did not loosen anymore and Jens looked forward to the screen in amazement. He could see that his 10 attempts were completed and a time was displayed on the timer. Others had also finished; Felix's name had turned green and the time of 6 minutes and 3 seconds was flashing behind it. Philipp had 12:45 and Jens himself 14:24. The rings were not released again for now. When all were finished Felix had to demonstrate how to move safely and quickly with tied hands on the knees without hurting himself. Then all the others had to try this out as well. In the process, three of the younger children fell over to the side and cried a little. They were immediately helped back on their feet and had to try again. Olaf also had some problems, but he couldn't fall over because the ropes were always pulling on him so hard that he couldn't fall over, which was basically a big help.

When everyone was back on their knees, the next task was announced. They now had to try to connect the rings with sticks of different lengths behind their backs. To do this, the rings were first released again and everyone had to stand up again. The exercise proceeded in the same mode as before, with the time and counted attempts. In this way there were more exercises, where everyone had to get back on their knees each time after the exercise was finished. The hands were usually still secured from the exercise in some way. There were also exercises where the children had to lock their rings to each other so that they formed a chain. Then the kneeling was even more difficult, but with time it became more and more routine and the time also passed very quickly.

Svenja was startled when she heard the sound of a chair being pulled across the floor. She turned to the side where the sound was coming from and could see Mrs. Schäfer sitting down on a chair. She had just pulled it next to the head of Svenja's bed.

"So my child, would you like something to eat? We are have already finished," said Mrs. Schäfer and Svenja could also see Charlotte back in the kitchen on the rails, doing the dishes by herself. Svenja didn't have much of an appetite but it was still a welcome change, so she just nodded her head.

"OK, I'll feed you, that is easier for you lying down." said Frau Schäfer.

Svenja didn't know what was coming; it sounded strange and wrong. But she was still very weak and had her arms and hands still under the covers when Frau Schäfer held the fork in front of her mouth through the bars for the first time. After only a very short hesitation, however, she opened her mouth without really seeing what was on the fork. It tasted like vegetable and also a bit like cheese, which she liked very much. She chewed it a few times and already the second bite was held in front of her mouth. This time it was a chicken nugget, very similar to what she knew from a well-known fast food restaurant.

Her first thoughts were not confirmed. The feeling of being fed like this was totally nice and pleasant. Svenja's head told her that it was not right, but the feelings said something else. After the main course was finished Svenja had to smile happily and had totally enjoyed the whole thing.

Mrs. Schäfer also smiled and put the empty plate aside. "Did you like it?"

"Yes very good. ... And thank you very much ... Mama." said Svenja then and meant with her thanks the feeding, even though she could not quite say that explicitly.

Mrs. Schäfer stroked her head and said, "Yes Svenja, you're very welcome, I am so happy. ... Would you like banana for dessert?"

Svenja didn't understand exactly what Mrs. Schäfer was so happy about, but she nodded in reference to the banana. Mrs. Schäfer then peeled a banana and held it in one piece in front of

Svenja's mouth. Svenja then took a hand out from under the blanket and tried to reach for the banana.

"Ah no. ... Your hands are not washed," said Mrs. Schäfer and pulled back the banana. Svenja understood the problem and opened her mouth again after putting her hand back under the blanket. Biting off the banana was a bit weirder than being fed from the fork and Svenja started to have doubts again if she wasn't much too old for all this. But the feeling of being able to let herself go as she had done this day was a great feeling for Svenja.

After the meal Mrs. Schäfer brought a bowl with water and all other things for a diaper change to Svenja's bed. Then the lid was opened and Mrs. Schäfer checked Svenja's pajamas and comforter. After doing so, she had decided to only freshly diaper Svenja in bed, against her previous announcement. The pajamas were only opened at the crotch, so Svenja only got cold for a very short time. Last but not least, the lid was closed again.

After the diaper change Charlotte, who had also finished in the kitchen, was allowed to sit down next to Svenja's bed in an armchair, where she was also tied up with her harness. The straps that were used were just short enough that she could not stand up, but could make herself comfortable in the chair without being severely restricted.

Then Svenja and Charlotte talked all afternoon about the experiences of the previous day and also about various teenage topics.

After some time, Mr. Schäfer came to the two.

"Well Svenja, how are you? Was Charlotte able to keep you good company?" he asked, looking at Svenja in the bed and also putting a hand through the bars to touch her on the shoulder.

"Yes, it's nice to talk to Charlotte and I think I'm doing pretty well again. But it's possible I still have a bit of a fever." replied Svenja.

"I'm glad to hear that. I'm afraid I'll have to kidnap Charlotte though," he said and walked up to his daughter to get her out of the chair.

"Ohh dad, what's wrong? ... We're having such a nice chat right now." said Charlotte a little disappointed.

"Well my child, it's 5pm and mommy has to take Svenja's temperature and check on her now and I imagine Svenja doesn't really want you watching her." said Herr Schäfer and pulled Charlotte out of the chair with a leash he had attached to the harness before.

"Ohh Dad, we're in the bathroom together too, aren't we?" pouted Charlotte a bit.

"OK Svenja, my wife will be right there to take care of you." said Mr. Schäfer, ignoring his daughter and stroking Svenja's head.

"Yes thank you ... " Svenja began her sentence and then faltered briefly, but in the end added " ... Dad." Mr. Schäfer smiled benevolently and then turned around. Charlotte's eyes widened and she stared at Svenja in surprise for a moment until she was pulled away by her father and taken to the terrace. There she was tied to one of the steel lines with the pulley, which meant boring standing or walking for her.

Svenja thought for a moment that about her just addressing Mr. Schäfer as Papa. But anything else would have seemed even weirder to her, because she had started addressing Mrs. Schäfer as Mama. Charlotte obviously didn't know about all this yet, which Svenja deduced from her reaction.

But she didn't have much time to think about it, because after a short moment Mrs. Schäfer was already at her bedside with all the required items, opened the lid and also took the comforter out of the bed, so that Svenja was only in bed with her sleeper and pillow.

"So my darling, let's see how you are doing. Hmm." said Mrs. Schäfer and had started to open Svenja's sleeper in the crotch. Svenja was by now not quite as weak as she had been in the morning, but remained passively lying on her back with her hands clasped on her chest. After removing the

diaper and a light cleaning, Mrs. Schäfer then said to Svenja, "turn over on your stomach, please, we need to take your temperature."

In response, Svenja made a disgruntled face and some disapproving humming noises to signal that she didn't like being measured on her bottom. Nevertheless, she slowly turned around. Then Mrs. Schäfer came to the head of the bed and asked Svenja, "Will you please put your hands through the bars here, Svenja!"

"Ohh menno, I'm cooperating, am I not? You don't have to do that. ... Really ... Mom." complained Svenja, speaking slightly into her pillow.

"Please Svenja, don't make a fuss. We always do it this way. Whether it's necessary or not. Just think of it as a ritual. ... OK!"

Somewhat hesitantly, Svenja then dutifully put her hands between the bars above her head and as expected, Frau Schäfer took her wrists and snapped the two rings together so that Svenja could not pull her hands back through the bars. Then Svenja turned her head a little to the side to breathe easier and exhaled deeply in disappointment.

Next, she expected Mrs. Schäfer to stick the thermometer in her butt again, but first she came from the side to Svenja's head and put her little plush lion in front of her face. Which surprised Svenja a lot and also brought a smile back to her face.

"Hmm... not half so bad ... what? Here's some company if you're really that uncomfortable." said Frau Schäfer with a smile. Svenja thought for a moment that it was a very cheap trick for children, but she also had to admit that it worked very well. So Svenja let the taking of the temperature in her bottom come over her and was glad that her hands were loosened again immediately afterwards. Svenja was then completely undressed in bed and washed a little and got a new diaper and pajamas. These were her own pajamas with the built-in straps and anchor points. Then the bed linen was also renewed and Svenja could snuggle up again without being tied and the lid of the cage was closed again.

The lid, so close above her head, did not bother her so much anymore, even if the moment of closing was still a bit strange and oppressive. But Svenja had understood that the freedom of movement she had lying in bed was worth it.

After the Schäfer family had eaten dinner without Svenja, Charlotte was accompanied by her mother to the bathroom and made ready for bed. Meanwhile, Svenja was fed by Mr. Schäfer in bed, which was not much different from how Mrs. Schäfer had done it. After that, Svenja got a fresh bottle of tea and she still had her Leo in bed with her since the freshening up that she could cuddle with. When Charlotte was ready, she was led by her mother briefly to the bed of Svenja, which was still in the living room. There the two girls said good night to each other and Charlotte was then taken to the children's bedroom and put into her bed. After that, Mrs. Schäfer returned to Svenja.

"So, my dear, your fever has fortunately not risen any further this evening, but I would still like you to sleep with us tonight. That way I can supervise you better." Mrs. Schäfer announced and again released the brakes of the wheels on Svenja's bed.

Then Svenja was pushed along a corridor in her bed, where she had not been before. Then it went into a room after few meters in which a double bed stood in the center. The bed with Svenja in it was placed crosswise at the foot of the double bed.

"Is that really necessary? I don't want to disturb you during the night, do I?" said Svenja, after she had looked around briefly and understood that she was in the bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. Schäfer.

"Oh, that's sweet of you, my child. But don't worry, you won't disturb us. I'll put the baby monitor here now, and by the time we get to sleep you'll be long asleep. But this way I'll be with you faster if you have another nightmare tonight," Mrs. Schäfer explained and stroked Svenja a little over the head through the bars. Svenja didn't like the idea of being monitored like this, but on the other hand

she was still sick and would probably just sleep the night through anyway. Even if she didn't feel that tired at that moment.

"Well, if you say so. ... Can I get up again tomorrow?" Svenja asked.

Mrs. Schäfer had to laugh a bit, "Well Svenja, let's talk about that when your fever is completely gone. ... They say children should stay in bed for three days without fever, after such an infection," she said and gently stroked Svenja's cheek.

"WHAT, ... But ... I ... I can't ..." Svenja tried indignantly.

"Shhh ... shhh ... take it easy, Svenja. Tomorrow we'll check your fever again and then we'll see. But I think you should be prepared for one or two more days in bed. It doesn't make sense for you to lie flat again right away. We still want to do some activities," said Mrs. Schäfer, stopping Svenja immediately.

"And if you're feeling better, we can do something together while you're still in bed. ... Some nice games for example." she continued.

"Hmmm ... great." growled Svenja, offended. The word "games" still triggered discomfort in Svenja.

"Yeah, it'll be fine, now go to sleep ... yeah!" said Mrs. Schäfer and then said goodbye to Svenja by pressing Svenja's stuffed lion Leo to her face and letting him say "Good night!" too.

It was still light, of course, and the net curtains were drawn in the room, so Svenja couldn't see outside. She could see the baby monitor flashing on a small table in the corner, which reminded her that she was being watched, or at least overheard. It was funny what had happened in the last few hours, or what had changed. Svenja thought about it a bit. Basically, she was still locked up, even if not tied up. The surveillance was even more present than before, but she felt better about it than any other day before, except for her illness, of course. But the Schäfers were so cordial to her, and she liked it so much, that the restrictions bothered her much less than before.

Svenja awoke sleepily in complete darkness and turned over to the other side. She felt a strong pressure on her bladder, but felt so snugly in her bed that she was too lazy to get up to go to the bathroom. Only then she slowly woke up, pulled a hand out from under the covers and pushed it against the bars of her bed, and suddenly she realized where she was. Then she suddenly heard other people breathing, and startled slightly and tried to sit up. She immediately hit her head against the lid, which really woke her up. With a mixture of frustration and anger, she let herself fall back onto the mattress. She realized that the breathing she heard must belong to Mrs. and Mr. Schäfer and that she must still be with them in the bedroom.

Then, however, the actual reason for her awakening came back into her mental focus. She sighed heavily and thought about what she should do. Getting up on her own was obviously not an option. On the one hand, she felt much less sick than she had the previous day, but on the other hand, she had to admit that she was extremely comfortable in her bed. She knew that she was locked in a cage, but that was somehow a comforting feeling, in such dark and unfamiliar surroundings. Then Svenja turned again to the other side and felt the relatively thick diaper she was put in for the night. So this option moved more strongly into Svenja's thoughts. But at the same time she noticed how nice it was to be able to turn in bed just like that.

So then, after another moment of hesitation, Svenja decided to use the diaper. Because it was not exactly unlikely that she would have had to do this anyway, even if it would wake up the Schäfers. So Svenja pulled up her legs a bit, put her hands on her crotch and tried to let go. At first it was very hard again, and the pressing also gave a good feeling between the legs, but she decided to follow that up afterwards. So she managed to empty the bladder after all. The wet feeling between her legs disgusted her again slightly but she felt better when the liquid was absorbed by the diaper. In the process, the diaper became noticeably thicker and less fluffy. The warm and slightly squishy feeling of the diaper was much more pleasant to bear than the previous wet feeling. So Svenja then decided to seek the good feeling again, which she had felt just before letting go. So she pressed on the diaper

again, but it was this time it felt quite different. Through the thick squishy mass she could achieve even less than before with the dry diaper. This suddenly frustrated Svenja very much again and she let out a loud sigh of disappointment. She then heard one of Charlotte's parents turn in bed and their breathing became uneven for a short time. They probably hadn't woken up, but it showed Svenja that it wasn't the best place and time for such activities. Svenja lay awake for another moment and then she fell asleep again.

When Svenja woke up the next time there was already movement in the room and she realized that something was lying over the bars of her bed. It could have been a large towel or a bed sheet. Svenja could hear Mrs. Schäfer and Mr. Schäfer whispering softly, which made her a little curious. So she took a hand out from under the blanket and gently tugged at the fabric to pull it aside. Shortly thereafter - she hadn't gotten far with the blanket yet - the conversation from the two adults stopped. This also made Svenja stop, but the blanket moved further and then disappeared from the lattices.

Immediately after that the smiling face of Mrs. Schäfer appeared above the bed, "Ohh, look who woke up. ... Good morning my child." Svenja was greeted.

"Good morning Mom" said Svenja then also, followed by a long yawn.

"Well Svenja, are you feeling better this morning?" asked Mrs. Schäfer and put a hand through the bars to stroke Svenja.

"Mhmmm yes, yes I think so. ... But why was the blanket over my bed?" Svenja then wanted to know curiously.

Frau Schäfer gave a short laugh, "Well Svenja, you needn't see everything when we were getting ready for the day."

"Yes exactly Svenja, that's none of your business." then Mr. Schäfer also said as he came to Svenja's bed and stroked her cheek as well.

"Good morning Dad, ... oh yes, but you can see everything with me. That's not fair." said Svenja, making a playfully offended face.

"Good morning to you too, sweetheart. ... And yes we are allowed to and that is also something completely different. But we don't really want to discuss that now so early in the morning. Hmmm." said Mr. Schäfer, who had already put on his sports clothes.

On the one hand, Svenja didn't feel like discussing it right after waking up, and on the other hand, she knew that it wouldn't lead anywhere. To that extent she had accepted her situation with the Schäfers in the meantime and made her peace with it.

"See you in a minute Svenja, we'll wake Charlotte up and then I'll check on you. In the meantime, just relax." said Mrs. Schäfer and followed her husband, who had already preceded her.

Svenja turned from the supine position to her side and adjusted her pillow. As she did so, she felt the wet and now not so warm diaper between her legs. A small shiver ran down her spine when she thought about what was exactly between her legs. She thought about the night for a moment and had to admit that it also had advantages not to have to get out of bed at night. Still, the current feeling was not so great, and she would have liked to get up to get rid of the wet diaper.

Svenja was still pondering her situation, thinking about the pajamas she had on and couldn't take off on her own, which alone would be enough to keep her from getting rid of the diaper. And then there was the caged bed she couldn't get out of. These thoughts frustrated her somewhat and caused her to grab the top bars with both hands and rattle them. It only rattled and moved a little but otherwise, as expected, did not give. It was frustrating to know that she was locked in, but it didn't scare her anymore and there was a strange feeling of security. Then Svenja looked around and could see the baby monitor on the small table still blinking regularly; yes she was safe and closed her eyes again.

Svenja had lost all sense of time and was still dozing a bit when Mrs. Schäfer entered the room again. "So my child, Charlotte is back at the beach with her father for exercise. Let's take care of you then. Mhh." she then said and stroked Svenja over the head, feeling the temperature on her forehead as well.

"Hmm ok, how do you feel?" she then inquired further.

"Oh, yes very good. I don't think I have a temperature anymore." said Svenja in response to the question.

"I'm glad to hear that; I'll take a closer look in a minute. First, I'll move you back into the living room. There I'll have a better view of you when I'm making breakfast, too." she said, releasing the brakes from the bed.

"Alright," Svenja mumbled quietly and somewhat sullenly, as she had hoped to get out of the diaper and maybe out of bed quickly.

Mrs. Schäfer pushed Svenja with the bed back into the living room to the same place where she had spent the previous day. Then Mrs. Schäfer went into the kitchen. Svenja could look into the kitchen from this place, but she could not see everything. Not only did it get boring, but the longer Svenja was awake, the more uncomfortable the diaper became. Then finally Mrs. Schäfer came back to Svenja, but she only had her tablet in her hand, sat down with it next to Svenja on the sofa and seemed to study something.

"Was everything OK with you tonight, Svenja? I see that you woke up." Mrs. Schäfer then suddenly asked, looking only briefly at Svenja. Svenja was astonished and wondered what Mrs. Schäfer was looking at and did not answer the question at first, since Mrs. Schäfer was also looking at the tablet again.

"Hmm, the temperature graph looks good." murmured Mrs. Schäfer more to herself. But then she stood up and went to Svenja with the tablet in her hand.

"Hmm my child, what was going on tonight? It wasn't another nightmare, was it? Hmm" Mrs. Schäfer then asked more precisely, looking at Svenja.

"Nooo. It was nothing. I just woke up once. ... But ... umm ... what can you read there? out of that thing?" asked Svenja, pointing to the tablet.

"Well, you know the ID rings on your wrists have sensors too. And they keep an eye on you at night, you know." said Frau Schäfer as if explaining it to a 12-year-old.

"Yes, that's quite clear," Svenja said, even though she hadn't been so aware of it until then. " ... But I mean what exactly can you see?"

"Well Svenja, it measures temperature, although not accurately enough. Then there's heart rate, so how often your heart beats. And also the conductivity of your skin." explained Mrs. Schäfer already somewhat more exactly.

"And ... umm ... and how do you know that I woke up?" asked Svenja.

"Well Svenja, nowadays something like that can be calculated from the measured data, and it is displayed to me here. We were told that it doesn't have to be 100% correct. But the system is learning; it's already very accurate, and it's getting more accurate the longer it knows you."

This was a little scary to Svenja. "But ... but ... what else can it find out about me?" she asked next.

"Oh my child, don't worry so much about it. It's for your own good . . . Look, otherwise I would have to take your temperature much more often and you don't like that very much." Mrs. Schäfer answered.

That was certainly true, Svenja thought, but it was strange that those stupid rings revealed so much about her without Svenja knowing exactly what it all was.

"Ummm ... Yeah but ... it's not just the fever." said Svenja without being able to formulate her concern.

At that moment something beeped in the kitchen and Mrs. Schäfer returned to the kitchen. After a moment she came back and had a bottle in her hand which she handed to Svenja between the bars. Svenja took it and noticed that it was quite warm.

"So, you should drink something first, it will do you good. It's tea," said Mrs. Schäfer and wanted to leave Svenja again in the direction of the kitchen.

"Ummmm but ... I ... Ummm ... my ... no THE ... " stuttered Svenja and did not know how to express that she wanted to get the diaper off. Mrs. Schäfer turned around again and stopped at Svenja's bedside.

"The ... the what? Hmm " she asked.

Svenja took a deep breath and then said, "I didn't wake up tonight just like that. ... Can we take the ... the diaper off? Please."

Mrs. Schäfer smiled with relief, "Oh Svenja, sure, we can do that right away. But I'd like to finish your breakfast first. I can't really squeeze that in now." Frau Schäfer said, pulling Svenja's comforter up slightly to the rail with one hand and reaching under it with the other to feel Svenja's diaper. Svenja was so embarrassed that she tried to avoid the hand. But Mrs. Schäfer held her tightly. "Oh Svenja, please let me just check if it will still do." she then said and felt Svenja's diaper area.

"Eeemmm no, please don't." Svenja whined softly.

Frau Schäfer finished quickly, however, and simply ignored the protest. "Well Svenja, that's not so bad, your diaper will last until after breakfast. Let me quickly puree your cereal, it'll go fast." she said and then left Svenja again towards the kitchen.

The diaper felt much worse now after being patted down by Mrs. Schäfer. Of course, that could also be imagination. But Svenja still found it very unpleasant and also a bit mean from Mrs. Schäfer, who obviously didn't mean any harm but was just following her routine. Svenja quickly calmed down again and sucked on the bottle more out of boredom than because she really was thirsty. But after a few sips, she also felt her bladder again.

Svenja had of course stopped drinking as soon as she felt the pressure. It didn't take very long before Mrs. Schäfer came back to Svenja with the next flask. "So my child, here is your breakfast." she said and handed Svenja the bottle with the pureed cereal.

But Svenja didn't want to accept it and crossed her arms over her chest on the comforter. "Nope, ... I have to go to the bathroom first." demanded Svenja a bit petulantly.

Mrs. Schäfer had to smile a little, but was also not so sure whether Svenja would fall back into her old pattern.

"Hmm Svenja ... Child, please. I'm still making breakfast for Charlotte and Papa, so a diaper change really doesn't fit in well. And your diaper can easily take it, if you have to go again in the meantime. That's really not a big deal. Hmmm" said Mrs. Schäfer and tried to be as empathetic as possible.

"But that's disgusting at breakfast. ... and ... I can just go to the toilet. I'm fine again, after all. Please." begged Svenja a little now.

"Well Svenja, disgusting is a diaper change during breakfast. And until we take your temperature properly you're not going anywhere. We can think about you going to the bathroom this afternoon, but certainly not before," Frau Schäfer then made clear to Svenja.

Svenja had to realize that she couldn't change Mrs. Schäfer's mind and folded.

"But ... but may I at least drink the cereal sitting down, I've been lying down for so long. Please Mom." said Svenja, hoping to at least achieve something. She hoped to be allowed to sit up in bed and lean against the bars.

Frau Schäfer sighed and then said, "All right, I'll let you do that, but then I don't want to hear any more whining from you this morning. Do we have that understood, young lady?"

Svenja nodded and didn't care how Frau Schäfer talked to her, the main thing was that she could insist on a request and once again put her head up. Frau Schäfer then bent down at the side of

Svenja's bed and took out a belt. Then she lifted the covers a bit and looked for an anchor point on Svenja's sleeper. Svenja had already taken a deep breath and wanted to complain about it, but Frau Schäfer was faster. "sh... what did we just agree on? No more whining!" she said and went to the other side and fastened another belt to the D-ring that was part of the internal harness of the sleeper and was located at waist level. Then Mrs. Schäfer went to the head end and Svenja felt how the straps were pulled tight, which pulled her hips firmly into the mattress. This meant that she could no longer turn to the side. Then Mrs. Schäfer opened the lid and folded it to the side. Then Svenja felt the upper part of the slatted bed frame being lifted and she got into a sitting position. "There you go, here's your breakfast and now bon appétit." said Mrs. Schäfer to Svenja and gave her the bottle with the cereal again. This time Svenja accepted it in her hand. In the meantime, the bottle with the tea was lying on the comforter between Svenja's legs.

"Thanks Mom." said Svenja meekly and was happy about the position in which she had a much better overview. The straps that held her firmly in place were a bit annoying, but she also realized by now that Frau Schäfer would hardly leave her sitting unsecured in bed alone.

"You're welcome, but I also want you to finish both bottles before I freshen you up. OK." Frau Schäfer said with a smile and stroked her hair.

Svenja nodded and took a closer look at her breakfast while Mrs. Schäfer returned to the kitchen. It was obviously the same as the day before and Svenja knew it didn't taste bad, but sucking on it while sitting down seemed even weirder to her. So first she decided to check how "secure" her harness straps were, and she flipped the comforter aside and examined the harnesses. They were snap hooks, but they did not open easily. There was obviously a lock and Svenja also quickly recognized a hole which must be for a key or a tool.

"Svenja, cover yourself up right now. Or I'll attach the comforter to the bed. You're still sick!" Mrs. Schäfer then suddenly shouted from the kitchen. Svenja was startled and immediately covered herself up again, even though she wasn't really cold. But she definitely wanted to avoid further restriction.

Then Svenja felt the pressure in her bladder again and she thought about whether it would make sense to try and hold it. She put the bottle in her mouth and began to suck a little unmotivated. She was not really hungry yet and the pressure was increasing. Then Svenja looked a little embarrassed towards the kitchen and saw that Mrs. Schäfer was busy and did not pay attention to her. So Svenja put one hand in her crotch again and continued to hold the bottle in her mouth with the other. It was a totally strange feeling to let it run while she sat in bed and drank something like a baby. At this absurd thought Svenja even had to grin a bit and let it run properly. How low had she sunk in so few days? This could not be true. But the worst part was that it really didn't feel that bad. It was totally absurd.

Svenja sat there for a while, lost in thought and totally relaxed, and her bladder had completely emptied. Suddenly she was torn from her thoughts. She heard a voice that at first seemed distant and muffled. "Helloooo ... Hello Svenja, ... are you feeling better?" She then recognized the voice of Charlotte, standing almost directly by her bed. Svenja was pulled out of her strange mental state and she then looked at Charlotte. She still had her shiny sports overalls on and the sports harness around her torso. She was also all sweaty and slightly out of breath. Her father was standing behind her holding the leash; they had obviously just walked in the door without Svenja noticing.

In shock, Svenja took the bottle down and put it on her bed. Then suddenly her face became very warm and she felt her heartbeat quicken. "Ahmmm ... Ohhh ... Yes ... Uhh hello ... hello Charlotte. How was the exercise?" stuttered Svenja embarrassed. She felt like she had been caught in an extremely embarrassing situation. Her face turned totally red and almost glowed.

"Well, exercise was just like always, ... exhausting." said Charlotte and then pointed to the flask, which Svenja still had in her hand but tried to hide above the comforter.

"You get to have a bottle for breakfast. Booh do you have it good." then she turned to her father.

"Daddy, can I have one today too?"

Then her mother also approached from the kitchen with the tablet in hand.

"What's going on, Svenja, are you okay?" she asked concerned and then looked at Svenja worriedly.

"Mom, can I have a bottle for breakfast too?" asked Charlotte to her mother without understanding what was going on.

Mrs. Schäfer could see Svenja's red cheeks and how she was trying to shield the bottle with her breakfast and quickly understood what had caused Svenja's heart rate to increase. She put a hand on her head.

"It's okay Svenja, you can see how Charlotte is reacting. Don't be embarrassed. ... Charlotte, off to the shower with you. ... Walter, please undress her and put her on the toilet. I'll take it from there," said Mrs. Schäfer and her husband pulled Charlotte by the leash back towards the bathroom.

"Svenja, don't scare me like that, I told you that Charlotte loves the bottles and you don't have to be embarrassed. Hmmm." then Frau Schäfer turned to Svenja again.

"But ... But ... it's not just the bottle . . . My ... my ... " then a tear rolled down Svenja's cheek. " ... Diaper is really full now."

Mrs. Schäfer took a cloth and wiped the tear from Svenja's face. "It doesn't matter, that's what it's for. I'll take care of it shortly. OK. ... and now, because your bladder is empty, you can quickly drink up hmmm?" said Mrs. Schäfer and stroked Svenja's hair again. Whereupon Svenja calmed down considerably.

After Svenja had completely calmed down again, she briefly thought about the event that had just happened. Sure it was totally embarrassing that suddenly Charlotte was standing in front of her, when she had just let go like that, and was sitting in front of Charlotte with a wet diaper and a feeding bottle like a 16-year-old baby in a crib. But what frightened her even more was the fact that there was a part of her that had enjoyed it. ... So she took the bottle back to her mouth and continued to suck peacefully.

After Mrs. Schäfer had prepared Charlotte for the day in the bathroom, the Schäfers had breakfast at the dining table and Svenja was somewhat included in it from her bed nearby. The wet diaper was slowly getting cooler and the straps that held Svenja in bed didn't make the feeling any better. So Svenja had then slowly drunk the muesli and also emptied a large part of the tea, when Charlotte was tasked with clearing away the breakfast and preparing the kitchen again.

Mrs. Schäfer then came to Svenja and picked up the two bottles and tilted the headboard back down so that Svenja had to lie flat on her back again. Then the straps were relieved and released from Svenja's pajamas with a no key. Then Svenja had to lift her upper body so that the pajamas could be opened in the back and could also be taken off up to the stomach. Then Svenja had to turn on her belly again and put her hands through the front grille like the day before, where the rings were connected. When the now bare upper body was covered again with the comforter, Mrs. Schäfer continued to take off Svenja's pajamas up to her knees. In the process, the clearly wet diaper became visible under the rubber pants.

In the next step, Svenja had to lift the diaper area and Mrs. Schäfer had slipped a kind of changing pad underneath her. Only then were the rubber pants pulled down to below the diaper, which was not so easy in the belly position. Then Mrs. Schäfer cut the diaper again with scissors at the sides to open the back part. So her bottom was in the open air, but everything else of her body was still covered. The pajamas were still on her legs, her upper body was still protected by the comforter and she continued to lie on the wet diaper. In this position, Mrs. Schäfer then first inserted the thermometer into Svenja's bottom and Svenja twitched a little with discomfort and also pulled slightly on the bars with her connected hands, but otherwise remained still.

When the measuring was finally finished, Svenja's pajamas and rubber pants were removed completely. Removing the diaper was then also easy and Svenja was very happy and relieved to finally be out of the now cold diaper. Still on her stomach with her hands out of commission, the buttocks and the rear diaper area were then thoroughly cleaned by Mrs. Schäfer with a washcloth. When this was done, Svenja's hands were released and she was instructed to turn onto her back and immediately put her hands back through the bars and connect the rings by herself. Svenja complied with this request, but she made some disapproving growling noises and also needed a while before she had managed to connect the rings without seeing her hands. Meanwhile, Mrs. Schäfer had already begun to clean the front area of Svenja's abdomen as well.

Since the comforter was still on her upper body, she couldn't see what was going on there and she winced a few times as Frau Schäfer cleaned her sensitive parts. It was not that Mrs. Schäfer was rough, quite the opposite, she was very careful and tender. But that's exactly what made Svenja groan and tug at her bonds again. She would have been so happy to "come to the rescue" of Mrs. Schäfer with her hands, which was of course denied her.

After everything was clean again, Svenja was put in a pair of thick cotton underpants. The next step was a new pair of pajamas, which were also first put on up to the waist. Then the comforter was placed on the legs and the hands were released. With the torso straightened, the pajamas were then finished being put on and closed. The new pajamas were not entirely dissimilar to her own, but the internal straps seemed to be limited to a waist belt. This, however, was pulled thoroughly tight in the back as they closed. Except for a few commands from Frau Schäfer, the two had not spoken to each other during the entire procedure. Basically, Svenja had also totally relaxed; even if some positions were not so pleasant, it was nice not to have to do anything.

"So Svenja that was it, now you are fresh again. But please note, I didn't put a diaper on you anymore. Which means you have to let me know in time when you need to go to the bathroom. Your temperature is fine, so I can take responsibility for that." Mrs. Schäfer explained, straightening the comforter and spreading it over Svenja.

"Hmm ... thanks mom. ... Uh huh but when am I allowed to get up again? I don't feel sick at all anymore," Svenja asked hesitantly.

"Oh Svenja, your fever is gone now, yes. But that doesn't mean that you are healthy again. We have to wait until 5 p.m. and then take your temperature again. If everything is OK then, we can see tomorrow if you can get up again a little bit. A little bed rest is still necessary," said Mrs. Schäfer and stroked Svenja's head. Svenja turned to the side in a huff and said, "Oh no, that's silly. There is nothing wrong with me anymore."

Frau Schäfer briefly put a hand on Svenja's shoulder again, but then left her to sulk and closed the lid of her cage bed again. "Get some rest my darling," she then said and left the bed to release Charlotte from the kitchen, who was already finished with her tasks.

Svenja wasn't mad at Mrs. Schäfer for long, though. She was a bit lost in her thoughts, wondering what her parents were doing and what her brother would experience during his vacation. Her old "friends" were far away and no longer played a role in her thoughts. She turned around again and looked in the direction of the kitchen, where no one was to be seen or heard. The patio door was open and a light breeze was blowing through the room. Svenja's thoughts became more and more lost and her right hand wandered to her crotch as if guided by a ghostly hand and rubbed over her pleasure zone. It was not a conscious action at first, more subconscious and casual. Her arousal rose steadily, however, and soon she turned onto her back and rubbed a little more consciously. There was a slight guilt that it might be wrong and forbidden. But that made it even more exciting and Svenja looked again in the direction of the kitchen and the patio door, but nothing was to be seen. She couldn't increase her excitement any further after a while due to the thick cotton briefs and pajamas, and slight frustration set in. Nevertheless, Svenja was now determined to give herself a

climax again after such a long time. Why not? She had nothing else to do in bed and she was getting bored. Besides, she was alone, so what was wrong with that? She couldn't let this opportunity pass. Svenja moaned softly in the meantime and couldn't get any further between her legs, so she took her other hand and stroked her breasts with it, which were fortunately only covered by the relatively thin fabric in these new pajamas. It wasn't long before Svenja was moaning a little louder and also making twitching movements with her abdomen; it couldn't be long before she had climbed the mountain.

But suddenly Svenja became aware of a soft, or rather somewhat distant, warning sound and she paused briefly to listen what it might be. After only a few seconds the sound had stopped again and Svenja wanted to finish her work and continued to work her breasts.

"STOP! Stop immediately Svenja!" Mrs. Schäfer suddenly shouted and came with quick steps through the patio door towards Svenja's bed. She put down the PC tablet she had in her hand on the sofa table and immediately stood by Svenja's bed. She was startled by Mrs. Schäfer's shouting and frantically pulled her hands out from under the covers and laid them flat on the comforter. She felt that she was breathing strongly and also that her heart was racing. Whether this was from her efforts or the sudden excitement, she couldn't say for sure at the moment, but the adrenaline almost numbed her with excitement.

"What are you trying to do here, child? You can't do that like this, have you gone crazy?" said Mrs. Schäfer in horror, looking into Svenja's face and she could see her breathing heavily. In addition, Svenja's face was turning more and more red.

"What? I didn't do anything! ... What's wrong ... Mom?" said Svenja and tried to look as innocent as she could. Which of course seemed quite awkward to Mrs. Schäfer.

The woman was very upset by her first reaction and tried to calm herself down again and took a deep breath.

"OK Svenja, it was also a bit my fault, but that's not the way to do it. Please put your hands through the top lid," Mrs. Schäfer said calmly and smiled at Svenja a bit pitifully.

Svenja suddenly realized that her hands were to be fixed outside the bars to prevent her from having any more fun. So Svenja decided not to comply with the request and demonstratively crossed her arms in front of her chest.

"No ... I didn't do anything! That's mean!" she said somewhat offended.

"Svenja please, I just want to make sure you're okay. Please obey. Or do I really have to help?" said Mrs. Schäfer now a bit more serious but still calm and matter-of-fact.

Svenja just shook her head and made no effort to move her hands. Then Mrs. Schäfer reached through the bars and was able to grab and hold Svenja's left wrist just above the ID ring. Svenja quickly pulled her right arm to the side and held it out of Mrs. Schäfer's reach.

"Svenja, please don't make such a fuss now," said Frau Schäfer and pulled Svenja's left arm up through the bars and held it there.

"What's this all about, what's going on all of a sudden? That's just shit. Man!" cursed Svenja now.

"Svenja my child, I think you know that very well. And you also know that such activities are forbidden to you. Please give me your other hand now." Mrs. Schäfer said calmly, but held Svenja's left arm unyieldingly.

Svenja had to realize that it would make no sense to deny what she was about to do. But how had Mrs. Schäfer noticed that? It was no coincidence that she had come in at that very moment. It was all so mean. The first tears were already rolling down Svenja's cheek as she slowly and frustratedly put her right hand through the lid. On the lid, the round wooden bars ran across the bed, but over the entire length there was also a square wooden bar in the middle. Svenja had to stretch one arm upwards on the left side and one on the right side of that bar and Mrs. Schäfer then connected the two ID rings to each other so that Svenja had to keep her hands outside the cage.

Then, when Svenja could do nothing more with her hands, Mrs. Schäfer reached through the bars again and pulled the cover bed back enough to expose Svenja's chest. Frau Schäfer could still see that Svenja's nipples were clearly piercing through the thin fabric of the pajamas. Then she put her hand flat on Svenja's left breast to feel how hard they were.

"Svenja, this really doesn't work. This kind of entertainment is not for you, I'm afraid I have to enter it into the system now. But I promise you that it will not happen again that I leave you alone without protection. That was really my fault and I'm sorry," said Mrs. Schäfer and briefly took the tablet and tapped it a few times.

Svenja thought for a moment and came to the conclusion that the stupid bracelets must have betrayed her. It was all so mean, and she pulled violently on her arms out of frustration, but that caused the nasty wooden bar to press into her forearms near the rings, causing an unexpected pain. "Ooooh shit. ... This is all shit. Man! Fucking shit! I don't feel like doing this anymore, get it off again. The shit hurts. I don't want to do it anymore!" Svenja almost screamed, getting more and more agitated with frustration at the situation and her powerlessness.

"Sh .. Sh ... Svenja. Please. Calm down again." said Mrs. Schäfer and took a soft cloth that was lying on the sofa and wrapped it around the beam around the place where Svenja had hurt herself.

"Svenja, ... I had hoped we were past this phase. I can understand that you're frustrated and also that it's all a bit overwhelming for you. But that's no reason to curse like that or to build up distance to me again. We'll fix that in a minute, but first you have to calm down. ... OK!" said Mrs. Schäfer gently and calmly. Then she tried to stroke Svenja's head.

Svenja, however, tried to turn her head away to the side, her eyes still teary as she said a bit calmer, "This is all so mean, I did everything that was asked of me, even if it was silly and ridiculous. ... I don't want to be a baby! ... And ... and now I'm being punished. .. Just ... because these fucking things can find out everything about me."

Svenja pulled on her hands again, but this time it didn't hurt so much as the first time. Still, the rings cut into her wrists a little.

"I want them off again. ... I don't want it any more!" Svenja said then, still frustrated and tears ran down her cheeks again.

Mrs. Schäfer took another deep breath. This was a very difficult situation for all of them and she knew beforehand that this would happen sooner or later. Therefore, she was somewhat prepared for it.

"Svenja, I don't want to punish you at all. And I am totally proud of you that you have managed to trust us so far in the last few days and to put yourself in the new situation. It is perfectly clear to me that it is difficult for you and that there are also setbacks. ... I implore you not to destroy all this now. Let yourself go on with it and you will continue to enjoy the beautiful things," said Mrs. Schäfer and then took hold of Svenja's hands, which she could not pull away, in order to be able to make contact with her again.

"I'll make you a suggestion; I'll quickly get the necessary equipment so you can get out of this uncomfortable situation. And then we'll sit down and talk about what's bothering you and how I can help you even better. ... Hmm OK?"

Svenja felt a strong calming effect from the touch, and the light pressure that Mrs. Schäfer had put up on her hands had also done her good. But she was still frustrated, but stopped crying. "Why don't you take those stupid things off, that would help!" Svenja said now and returned to the informal address, because she felt a connection to Mrs. Schäfer again. But she could not yet look at her again. Mrs. Schäfer then covered Svenja again, as far as it was possible with the position of her arms, and briefly left the living room. Then she returned with a box, which she placed on the sofa table.

"Will you be good and cooperate, Svenja?" then asked Mrs. Schäfer, looking into Svenja's eyes, which had a blank expression. Svenja knew that she would have no choice. Then she nodded hardly

noticeably, whereupon Mrs. Schäfer pressed a button on the tablet and the two rings around Svenja's wrists detached themselves from each other. Thus Svenja took her hands back to the bed and rubbed the slight pressure points. Meanwhile, Mrs. Schäfer had opened the lid and folded it to the side. In the next step, the slatted bed frame was raised again in the upper body area, so that Svenja got into a sitting position.

Next, Mrs. Schäfer opened Svenja's sleep overall in the back and pulled it out to her stomach so that her upper body was exposed. Mrs. Schäfer watched Svenja very closely to see if she would try to touch her breasts. But Svenja did not; the situation, under the direct control of Mrs. Schäfer, did not invite arousal at all. Then Mrs. Schäfer quickly took Svenja's safety bra out of the box and started to put it in position. Svenja had meanwhile become somewhat indifferent with frustration and did not comment on it or defend herself. It was clear to her that something like this had to come. And she thought that it would get worse if she would be tied up again or additionally.

When the bra was firmly in place, the slatted frame was lowered again and the jumpsuit was pulled out further to the knees and also the wool briefs were pulled down a bit. Then Svenja's hands were again connected outside the bed at the head end and Svenja's upper body was covered with the blanket. After that, Mrs. Schäfer dried Svenja's slightly wet vagina with a paper towel and then the genital protector was put on her, which took a moment in that position. When that was done, her hands were loosened again and the pajamas were put back on.

"So my child, now you are safe again. I should have done that right after washing, I know that now and I'm also sorry that I led you into temptation like that. I am not angry with you for what you did. It's just that I am obliged to keep you away from it. That's what your parents expect of me and it's also required by law since you've been registered," Mrs. Schäfer explained to Svenja in detail.

Svenja took a deep breath and said, "I'm also sorry that I freaked out like that. Mom. But it feels so mean. Because I wasn't asked about any of this. It may be that it's 'GOOD' for me, but it doesn't feel that way. I just want to be allowed to decide a little more for myself."

In response, Mrs. Schäfer stroked her cheek and said, "Come, let's talk about your feelings for a moment." Then she took the comforter out of the bed, put it on the sofa, opened the bed at the foot end and let Svenja get up. She was told to sit down on the sofa and there she was wrapped in the blanket from her feet to her neck and Mrs. Schäfer sat down next to Svenja and took her very tightly in her arms.

This did Svenja very good and she snuggled up very close to Mrs. Schäfer. After about 10 minutes, they both started to talk about Svenja's feelings and Svenja was also told that the law that would keep her a minor beyond her 18th birthday stipulated that she was not allowed to have any sexual experiences during that time. This was for her own protection, on the one hand, and also important so as not to unnecessarily accelerate her development, she said. Mrs. Schäfer also tried to make it clear to Svenja that she would not miss anything in her life; she still had so much time that she should not worry about it. On the contrary, she would have much more time in her life because of the extended childhood.

Svenja didn't understand everything and couldn't accept it all, but she was still very glad that someone had finally explained to her in more detail what was actually going on and why everything was being done that had been bugging her so much in the past months. So in the end Svenja was very grateful for the conversation, which she actually didn't feel like having in the beginning. In addition, it became more and more clear to her that she had no possibility to get out of the chosen path.

The conversation ended when Charlotte returned from shopping with her father and lunch was on the agenda. Charlotte was allowed to keep Svenja company, but she had to go back to her bed and sit with the slatted frame up and restrained at her waist. Svenja, however, avoided talking about the morning's events. She only had to explain to her why she had decided to address Charlotte's parents

as Mama and Papa. She was allowed to take her meal on her own again, sitting up in bed. When she was done eating, she had to wait a moment with the plate in her hand and remembered the feeding from the day before. She had to grin a little and was secretly looking forward to being able to enjoy it once again in her extended childhood; even when all this meant giving up freedoms, Mrs. Schäfer was right about the pleasant sides.

13.12 Summer vacation, reunion with great joys

In the evening nothing more eventful happened, and Svenja slept again in the crib in the parents' bedroom. To her chagrin, the ID rings needed to be charged again during the night, which meant that although Svenja slept in the crib, which was closed all around, she still was not able to change her position in it. She had tried to discuss it with Frau Schäfer, but in the end she had to agree that it was clearly necessary. It would probably be very inconvenient to drain the batteries until the alarm sounded.

While Charlotte was with her father at the beach exercising again, Svenja was taken by Mrs. Schäfer to the well-heated bathroom and thoroughly cleaned in the shower, after a long visit to the toilet. After lying in bed for so long, this was a nice change, even though she was of course restrained in the shower again with her arms outstretched and her legs spread. This Tuesday morning, she basically didn't feel any symptoms anymore from her cold, yet Mrs. Schäfer insisted on taking her temperature while she was lying on the changing table.

When Svenja was then dressed, she was not particularly surprised to find that she had to wear her genital protector and safety bra during the day, even though she had to go back to bed. In addition, she then got a fairly simple sleep overall with back zipper on. Lastly, Mrs. Schäfer then picked up a harness for Svenja made of black nylon webbing. "So, we're almost done Svenja, will you please put your arms up?"

Svenja obeyed but also asked, "I assume I have to go back to bed, I don't need this. ... Please Mom, the night was already so annoying because of the charging."

"Hmm yes ..." said Mrs. Schäfer, but still concentrated on tightening the harness around Svenja's upper body and locking it in the back.

"I've been thinking about your behavior yesterday, and have come to the conclusion that I need to be more careful. After all, the point is to help you make as few mistakes as possible." said Mrs. Schäfer while standing behind Svenja and reaching between her legs for the crotch strap.

"Am I going to be punished for my behavior yesterday? That's mean, I didn't do anything bad." said Svenja disappointedly and slumped her shoulders a bit and slumped forward. Just at that moment Mrs. Schäfer pulled the crotch strap tight.

"No Svenja, this is not a punishment, quite the opposite. Since you are feeling better, I'll give you the opportunity to sit in bed and leave the lid open."

"Ahhh please not so tight. Yesterday only the lap belt was enough. Please." Svenja whined.

"Oh Svenja, look. ... For one thing, yesterday you had a harness in your pajamas, this one doesn't. You have to wear a harness all the time. And secondly, it's better if I put this harness on you tightly, otherwise it will press uncomfortably on your bra." explained Frau Schäfer and made a few more adjustments to the harness. When she was finally finished, the genital protector was pressed tightly

into Svenja's crotch with the crotch strap and the upper horizontal strap was below the bra. The shoulder straps also pressed firmly on Svenja's shoulders.

Svenja moaned a little, "Mom, it's much tighter than usual."

"That may well be, Svenja. But it just can't be helped right now. I don't have any other pajamas for you right now: I have to wash all the others because of your illness, and we won't be able to do without the bra anytime soon. Come on, I'll put you to bed."

Svenja could not get rid of the suspicion that she was punished for trying to masturbate. But what was she to do? She had already learned that protesting didn't do much good. So she remained calm and let Mrs. Schäfer take her by the harness into the living room.

There, while Svenja had been on the toilet, Mrs. Schäfer had moved the bed to and remade it. She then climbed into the bed without any objections and was strapped into it by Mrs. Schäfer. The slatted frame was already in place and there were new straps on the bed with lockable shackles. With this it was clear that Svenja was no longer trusted. Two straps were attached to the pelvic belt of her harness, and held Svenja in place sideways, and two at the shoulders prevented further leaning forward. However, these straps were not pulled tight by Mrs. Schäfer, so Svenja could still move a good five centimeters.

"So my child, I'll make breakfast now, rest a little longer. OK?!" said Mrs. Schäfer and laid the comforter over Svenja's body and stroked her head.

"But I don't feel sick anymore." said Svenja somewhat defiantly, feeling unfairly treated by being tied up like this.

Mrs. Schäfer just smiled at her and then went into the kitchen while Svenja looked after her, bracing herself for another very boring day in bed. So, after a short while, she put her hands under the covers and tried to make herself a little more comfortable first, straightening the blanket. Then she tried in vain to find a better position, but there were too few options, and whenever she got to the limits of the lines, the harness became even more uncomfortable. So, under the blanket, she tried to explore the harness and bra. It didn't take long for her to get more and more frustrated, and the genital protector was even more unforgiving with the tight harness than it already was usually. Svenja felt very punished, contrary to what Mrs. Schäfer had said.

So she was glad when finally breakfast was brought to her, even though it was no longer pureed cereal from the bottle that day. The rest of the morning was again quite boring, although Charlotte was able to give her some company. But Charlotte was also taken by her father for two hours to the playground where Svenja had first met Ole. After all, she shouldn't spend all her time in the house just because Svenja was sick.

In the afternoon, Svenja was able to persuade Mrs. Schäfer to let her use her CD player. But Mrs. Schäfer had made it a condition that Svenja also had to be creative. Therefore, she was also given the drawing book from the trip with some pencils and told to seriously try her hand at the line drawings. This was certainly not Svenja's favorite activity, but it distracted her a lot from her harness, which always demanded her attention.

After dinner, Charlotte had to work in the kitchen again, and Mrs. Schäfer had taken Svenja to the bathroom. She already feared that she would be prepared for sleep. After the toilet visit, Svenja first lay on the changing table again and was thoroughly cleaned by Mrs. Schäfer, followed by taking the temperature in her bottom again. It was still very embarrassing for Svenja, but had already become a kind of habit and was no longer as bad as it had been in the beginning. Nevertheless, Svenja's hands had still been fixed above her head on the changing table during this, and Mrs. Schäfer had only loosened them after the night diaper had been put on. Then Svenja asked, "Do I have to go to sleep already?"

"Are you tired already, my child?" came a counter-question from Frau Schäfer as she put on a stretchy bodysuit for Svenja and buttoned it up between her legs.

"No, I've already spent the whole day in bed, I'm not yet," replied Svenja slightly unsure, still remembering too well the harness, which had made her feel punished all day.

"Hmm OK, then please stand so I can put this on you." said Frau Schäfer, and took a very thick garment from the bathroom shelf and held it out for Svenja to get into. It was a lined light blue jumpsuit with pink bubble patterns on it, which had similarities to a snowsuit except that the fabric was not so smooth, but was made of soft cotton inside and out. The lining between the layers was very soft and didn't feel bad. The entrance was to Svenja's surprise in the front. She also quickly noticed that there were attached feet that were just as thick and softly lined. When Mrs. Schäfer helped to pull up the overall, Svenja noticed that it was tight, but not uncomfortably so because of the padding. Then she had to tuck her arms into the sleeves and noticed that padded mittens were also sewn onto the sleeves. The pads that Svenja's hands were suddenly in were not stiff, but she quickly felt that she couldn't do much with them. While Svenja was still contemplating her useless hands, the zipper was pulled up by Mrs. Schäfer and the overall snuggled tightly around Svenja's body. She had the feeling of being pressed into a pillow, whereupon she immediately tried to move and felt that the overall made her movements slightly more difficult. She must have looked a bit horrified at that.

"Don't you like the suit? It keeps you nice and warm." Frau Schäfer said and put the hood hanging on her back over Svenja's head.

"Hmm. Well, I don't know yet, isn't it a bit tight? And besides, I think I'll be too warm in bed with it at night, it's summer after all." Svenja said.

Frau Schäfer first tightened the cord in the hood and made a bow under Svenja's chin. "Well, you could be right about that, but I thought we'd have a nice game night on the sofa, and this is just the thing for your illness," replied Frau Schäfer, as Svenja felt her equally padded body with her padded hands, feeling almost nothing. Svenja felt sort of like a Michelin Man, even though she had not yet seen herself in the mirror.

"And ... this is cozy snug, isn't it? ... Put your arms up, please, Svenja." said Frau Schäfer while she was already holding the next "piece of clothing" for Svenja in position. It was a leather harness that Svenja should slip into.

Svenja hesitantly complied with the request, as she still didn't know what to make of the suit; it was really snug but also quite tight and slightly restrictive. This didn't get any better when Mrs. Schäfer tightened the straps of the harness in Svenja's back. The brown leather harness had two straps around her upper body. One at the level of her chest, where Svenja was glad she didn't get the safety bra back on. The second strap ran around her waist and all the straps, including those over

her shoulder, were attached to a chest plate at the front. This harness was much more comfortable than the crotch harness she had worn during the day.

"Come on, let's go and have some more fun." said Frau Schäfer, and Svenja instantly felt a jolt to her upper body, but it was not uncomfortable because of the padding and because it was distributed over her entire upper body. Everything felt muffled in the suit and since the hood also covered her ears, everything also sounded muffled and somewhat quieter. When walking, her legs were slightly pushed apart by the combination of the diaper and the padding and her gait was quite unusual.

Svenja was instructed by Mrs. Schäfer to go into the living room, where her bed had disappeared in the meantime. Then she had to sit down on the right side of the sofa and was strapped to it with a short leash and forced to stay sitting there. Mrs. Schäfer then freed Charlotte from the kitchen and took her to the bathroom as well. Thus Svenja was alone, and she looked at her padded hands. This suit was once again a new experience, and Svenja could not yet say for sure whether she liked it or not. The mittens were definitely something that should limit her options and the hood in summer had immediately started to annoy her. So Svenja tried to pull it off her head, but the cord was so tight that this was not possible and with the mittens she could not reach anything with the cord either. The strap on her harness was attached between the seat and the backrest and so Svenja could move well on the sofa but could not stand up, so she pulled her legs up to a cross-legged position and felt her feet with her hands. The padding of the feet and legs was actually quite comfortable and so Svenja made herself comfortable on the sofa and decided to enjoy the cozy feeling. She succeeded to some extent, but the hood continued to annoy her.

After a few minutes, Mr. Schäfer entered and put a board game collection on the table. "So Svenja, shall we set up already?" asked Herr Schäfer. Although it was clear that Svenja would hardly be able to help with the suit and the harness.

Mr. Schäfer didn't really expect that and started to set up a game that Svenja didn't know. But she hadn't played board games for a long time anyway. That wasn't a common pastime at home. Apart from that, Svenja wondered how she was supposed to participate with her padded hands. She realized, however, that the game pieces were relatively large.

When most of the set up was done, Charlotte was also led into the living room. She was already wearing her pajamas, which obviously had an internal harness. Because Mrs. Schäfer led her on a good one and a half meter long leash. When they both reached the sofa Charlotte's leash was snapped into place in the left corner with a loud click and Charlotte sat on that side of the sofa and watched the game being set up. "Ohh great, dad, we're having a game night? That's fun!" said Charlotte, giving her dad a kiss on the cheek.

"Yes we thought this might be fun for both of you and Svenja can participate a bit in her condition." said Mr. Schäfer, finishing the set up and placing the box on a side table.

"What kind of condition is that? I'm totally healthy again!" Svenja complained, making an offended face and demonstratively holding up her useless hands.

"We will decide after the next night whether you are 'totally' healthy again. For now, you will take it easy and keep warm," Mr. Schäfer replied, grabbing both of Svenja's hands that she still had in the air and slapping them gently together twice, so Svenja clapped like a toddler would with the padded gloves. At this Charlotte had to laugh a bit and found it funny, but not in a spiteful way. Svenja found it a bit absurd, but let herself be infected by Charlotte's attitude and had to laugh too.

"Let's have some fun, such a game night is always fun, isn't it?" asked Charlotte and moved on the sofa so close to Svenja that she could extend her hand to her for a high-five.

Svenja returned the high-five with her glove, which felt a little weird.

"If you say so. OK. We haven't done anything like this at home in a very long time. But I like to be surprised. It's definitely better than lying in bed, at the very least." replied Svenja.

Charlotte and Svenja talked until Mrs. Schäfer came out of the kitchen with a tray. On the tray was a bottle of red wine with two glasses and two large teat bottles. Charlotte's eyes lit up and she had a big grin on her face and immediately wanted to grab one of the bottles.

But her mother immediately slapped her hand gently but clearly after she put the tray down. "Not so fast, young lady, you are not first. Please sit back to your left and wait until I give you something." said Mrs. Schäfer.

"Yes mom, sorry mom." said Charlotte slightly offended and sat back in her corner on the sofa and also pulled her feet up like Svenja.

Mrs. Schäfer placed the two wine glasses on the far side of the board on the sofa table and poured a mouthful of wine in each. Then she put one of the bottles on the corner of the table where Svenja was sitting so that she could reach it. The other one she put on the other corner where Charlotte was sitting.

"Here you go, my child, but this is an exception because I want to treat you both the same, and Svenja can't hold a glass because of her illness," said Mrs. Schäfer and then sat down between Svenja and Charlotte. Mr. Schäfer had meanwhile sat down on an armchair next to Charlotte.

"Because of my illness?" said Svenja, bent over until the leash held her back and demonstratively reached for her bottle with both hands, but also had to grin. With that she wanted to show that actually only her clothes prevented her and not her no longer existing illness.

"I see, Svenja, that you understand me," said Mrs. Schäfer, putting an arm around Svenja's shoulder and pulling her a bit towards her and hugging her. At this, Svenja then leaned back and let Frau Schäfer hold her. Since she still had the bottle between her hands, she brought it to her mouth and began to suckle. It was a totally strange feeling and Svenja hadn't planned it, but in combination with the thick and soft padding she suddenly felt totally secure. She relaxed and totally enjoyed being hugged and almost floating in the padded suit.

Mrs. Schäfer had of course also felt this and remained completely still and stroked Svenja hardly noticeably. Charlotte also got into the situation. She got up, took her bottle and sat down on her father's lap with the bottle in her hand. Her leash just allowed this, even though it became a little taut in the process. She and her father were not disturbed by this. And so Charlotte and her father also cuddled for a moment, almost exactly like Svenja and her 'mother'.

After a few minutes, Svenja had drunk enough and put down the bottle, which was then put back on the table by Mrs. Schäfer. Svenja, however, remained in Mrs. Schäfer's arms for the time being. "So, shall we get started? Walter, will you read the rules of the game?" asked Mrs. Schäfer while she continued to hold Svenja in her arms.

Charlotte then had to sit up straight, but remained sitting on the leg in front of her father while he read out the rules and explained the game. It was a game with dice and the figures had to be moved

along a road where there were different events. For the events there were cards that could throw you forward or backward.

"OK, I think Svenja will start. ... Charlotte please go back to your seat," said Mr. Schäfer when he was done with the explanations.

Charlotte was a bit disappointed, but sat down again next to her mother and snuggled up to her. Mr. Schäfer bent over behind his chair and brought out a large foam game die.

"So, since Svenja can't handle the little dice today, we found this one, which should work just fine. And your fingers will stay nice and warm." said Mr. Schäfer and tossed the die to Svenja. She was a bit surprised and also slightly annoyed that she was made out to be handicapped for the second time that evening, even though this suit and the mittens were not her own decision. But still, she didn't want to be a killjoy, and caught the die. Then she had to break free from Mrs. Schäfer's embrace and stand up.

"Please, throw the die here on the floor between the table and the sofa so that nothing falls off the table. OK?" Mrs. Schäfer instructed her. Thereupon Svenja put her feet on the floor again, bent forward as far as possible, and threw the dice. Then she tried to move her piece forward herself, but she had to ask Mrs. Schäfer to help her, since her line was too short for that and she would have made a mess of everything with her gloves.

The next move was also made by Mrs. Schäfer with the large die on the floor. The game slowly picked up speed, and everyone had to move around a lot because of the die, and also had to get up from time to time depending on how far the die rolled. Only Svenja had to stay in her seat; her activity was limited exclusively to rolling the die, everything else was done for her by Mrs. Schäfer. But basically she didn't mind. The game was still fun; the evening was great fun and there was a lot of laughter.

When the game was over, Charlotte and Svenja were to go to bed at the same time. So Charlotte was brought by her father with the leash directly to bed in the bedroom of the children. Mrs. Schäfer went together with Svenja again into the bath, and her suit was taken off again. Which Svenja already almost found a pity; she had gotten used to it very much. But she was still very happy when finally the hood had disappeared from her head again, and it would have been really too warm in bed with the suit. She got dressed again in pajamas with an integrated harness, and was taken back to the children's bedroom with Charlotte that evening. Where she had to climb into the bed she had also used the first few nights.

When the parents had wished them both a good night, Svenja was again tethered in bed and her arms were also again attached to the chargers. So Svenja thought almost longingly of the cage bed in which she could at least move. In addition, thoughts arose in Svenja about the time after the vacation with the Schäfers. Would she really keep the ID rings for several years, and would her parents also tie her up like that to load the rings every night? After thinking about it for a long time, Svenja fell asleep in frustration.



On this same Wednesday morning Jens and Philipp were led to the bathroom after breakfast to get dressed for the third day in the strange school. It had started to feel a bit like everyday life and no longer like a vacation. Jens had to admit that it was nothing like school at home, but it was annoying nonetheless. The second day with Mrs. Anderson and Ms. Wolters had been very similar: everyone

had to wear the strange collar around their neck again and had to kneel at their places again to start. Fortunately, however, the whole registration and introduction went much faster and they didn't have to wait so long in the uncomfortable position. The exercises on the second day were similar to the first, and there were also some repetitions.

On this third day, Jens and Philipp were again on their way to the building for class. Their hands were already attached to the harness, just as they had been the previous two days, and they both walked silently and thoughtfully on the leash in front of Mrs. Sölling. Jens wanted to get it over with and hoped for some nice activities in the afternoon. The Söllings had taken the children for more walks by the sea. They also had to wear a harness with a leash, but their hands were free and Jens loved the sea. They had also visited a playground where Jens and Philipp could move and play freely. That was a lot more like vacation than this strange school.

Meanwhile, they had reached the building and they walked up to the registration table once more.

"Good morning Mrs. Sölling, good morning children." they were greeted by Ms. Wolters. Jens and Philipp immediately went into the basic position and knelt in front of the table as they had learned before and was expected of them. When they were on their knees, Mrs. Sölling dropped the lines on the floor behind the children and briefly confirmed the handover on the tablet. In the meantime, Jens expected the collar to be put around his neck again, but that was not the case that day. When Mrs. Sölling then said goodbye, Jens looked up from the floor, because they also had to lower their heads at the position. At the same time, Ms. Wolters had already taken the two leashes in her hand, "You can get up, kids, off to the hall." she added and pulled lightly on the leashes, so that it was a little easier for Jens and Philipp to stand up. After that, even the leashes were taken off the harness.

Thereupon Jens turned his head very far back and looked at Ms. Wolters a little surprised. "Today we're going to do some exercises that require you to be somewhat independent. And you both have shown in the last two days that we can trust you enough. So you may also do without the support equipment, but remember, if you don't behave, we can always use it again. ... So please go independently to your seats in the starting position and wait until my colleague Mrs. Anderson straps you in. OK?" they were told.

Both answered in unison. "Yes Ms. Wolters, thank you Ms. Wolters." and walked with quick steps to their assigned location, where they were immediately strapped in by Anderson after they had resumed their basic position.

That day, Jens and Philipp were among the last children to reach their spots. In the waiting position Jens looked around again for a moment; Olaf and Anton were already kneeling on their spots and wore their neck collar again that day - they obviously weren't trusted that much yet. Felix and many others on the other hand also no longer wore a neck collar.

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The new day of vacation had also begun for Svenja and Charlotte. Charlotte was already exercising with her father, while Svenja was being prepared for the day by Mrs. Schäfer in the bathroom. Even though Svenja no longer had any symptoms of her cold, she had to endure having her temperature taken on the changing table one more time, even though it no longer felt as embarrassing as the first few times.

After Svenja had been showered by Mrs. Schäfer, she first had to go back to the changing table and she was additionally put in a diaper after the genital protector.

"But mom, I don't need that, do I?" asked Svenja uncertainly and somewhat disappointed.

"But Svenja, honey. You know I won't do that without a reason," said Mrs. Schäfer without explaining further.

Then Svenja was allowed to stand up and the safety bra was put on her.

"So my darling, now you are well protected for the day. You will be without our supervision for some time today, so it is best this way." Frau Schäfer then explained.

The next piece of clothing was the red hoodie that Svenja had already worn on the journey from home. She had it put on without fussing, but thought it might be a little warm. But it matched Mrs. Schäfer's behavior in connection with Svenja's illness of the last few days. Consistently, Svenja was also put on the blue overalls of the journey. When the zippers on the sides were closed and the straps were tightened by Mrs. Schäfer, Svenja felt tightly enclosed in them again. Even though Svenja still didn't like the overalls for fashion reasons, she was much more comfortable with them than she had been less than a week ago, when she had been dressed exactly the same way by her mother.

With the then following harness there was however a difference to her outfit of the journey. This time Svenja got from Mrs. Schäfer a simple nylon belt harness around her chest. It had a strap above the bra, which went very tightly under her arms, and another strap just below the bra. The belt harness pressed the bib of the overalls tightly against the safety bra, and therefore allowed the bra's hard cups to be very visible under the bib. While Mrs. Schäfer was still securing the buckles on Svenja's back, Svenja put her hands on the cups and felt the bib and harness to explore, since she had no mirror in the bathroom. After Mrs. Schäfer finished with the harness, she watched Svenja for a moment.

"Are you OK, Svenja? Believe me, it's better for you if you don't get to them right now." said Mrs. Schäfer, and gently took Svenja's hands and pushed them down. Svenja did not resist. It was not about touching her breasts; that this was not possible, Svenja could feel without having her hands there.

"Yes, everything is OK. I'm just afraid it looks a bit silly," Svenja said, smiling. She understood by now that she shouldn't, and couldn't, worry about her appearance, even if it continued to be very hard for her.

"Oh child, what should be silly about it? I think it's beautiful and also appropriate for you. Besides, 'silly' is a category you assume about how others think about you or your appearance. And that's what you should discard. How outsiders judge your looks shouldn't affect you, that's their business, not yours." Mrs. Schäfer explained to Svenja, and then took her in her arms to give her a hug.

Then Mrs. Schäfer attached a short leash to the back of Svenja's chest harness and led her into the kitchen. However, she made a small detour through the hallway, so that Svenja could briefly look at herself in the mirror. On the one hand, the blue overalls and the red sweater looked very childish. But on the other hand, her increasingly feminine figure was very strongly emphasized by the tight fit of the overalls, but especially by the highlighting of the bra by the harness, and also made Svenja somewhat proud of her body.

A short time later, Svenja sat strapped to the bench at the dining table and watched as Mrs. Schäfer prepared breakfast. Svenja briefly considered whether she should offer her help to not have to sit so boringly on the bench, but then Charlotte and her father came back, and Mrs. Schäfer left Svenja alone to take care of Charlotte in the bathroom. That was no less boring, but still more convenient than kitchen work, Svenja thought to herself. Fortunately, it wasn't too long before Charlotte was also brought to the dining table in the same arrival day outfit, and also strapped to the bench. She too was wearing the same simple harness as Svenja. Therefore, for both of them, the lower straps had not been hooked to the harness, but directly to some of the numerous D-rings of the overalls. For Svenja, this actually felt a little better, since there were no extra straps around her belly or even through her crotch, which was much more comfortable. Even though the overalls were very tight.

Svenja also enjoyed being able to eat a normal breakfast again with rolls and other goodies from the bakery. She was also allowed to prepare everything for herself as far as possible, even if she always had to ask to get anything, since she couldn't reach far on the table herself. But that was probably another thing she had to get used to. Which for Charlotte was probably already part of the routine.

At the beginning of breakfast, Charlotte and her father reported on the small progress Charlotte was making in training, and her father noted that he really needed to incorporate this training into Charlotte's daily routine at home. Which, of course, Charlotte didn't particularly like. But then the conversation slowly turned to the day ahead.

"Kids, we have a lot planned today. The afternoon in particular could be exhausting, so we thought we'd take a little time out in the morning," Mr. Schäfer opened the topic, looking to his wife. Charlotte perked up and chewed more slowly on her roll.

"We, Dad?" said Charlotte questioningly, her mouth full.

"Miss, don't speak with your mouth full, and please let me finish. Yes!" said Mr. Schäfer immediately.

Whereupon Charlotte hastily gulped down and muttered, "Sorry, Papa."

"Well, by we, in this case, I mean Mom and me. We want to have the rest of the morning free of kids and spend some time by ourselves. So we thought the both of you could go to the playground until then. It's only a few hundred meters away and you can meet other children," Mr. Schäfer explained the parents' plan.

Charlotte's face lit up, she smiled and seemed happy about it. Svenja felt like a little child again; she would have been able to find something to do without disturbing the parents. But the prospect of being without adult supervision for a few hours was a nice one for Svenja.

"We also thought you could go there on your own, and we trust you will be able to manage. If it's OK with you?" asked Mr. Schäfer then.

Now Svenja really felt as if she was still 7 years old. She would certainly be able to explore the area on her own for a few hours and look around without getting lost or anything like that. She was again tempted to give a snotty answer, but the experiences of the last days made her stay calm and reduce her reaction. But she couldn't quite suppress a remark.

"Yes, so from my side that really shouldn't be a problem. Finding the way." said Svenja, obviously with a light sarcastic tone in the voice.

The answer from Mrs. Schäfer was not long in coming: "Svenja child, it's not just about finding the way. The ID rings will take care of that, you can be sure. It's also about the fact that we don't want to have to pick you up from the hospital. Or have to be called by other parents because one of you got hurt, or otherwise got into trouble. You shouldn't underestimate the fact that this is a foreign environment for you, and you also haven't gotten used to all the new things in your life yet."

Svenja could not respond to this, because Mrs. Schäfer was right on all points. The last time she was alone on the playground, she had twisted her ankle. Even though it was nowhere near as big a deal for Svenja as it was for Mrs. Schäfer. And of course, the environment was unfamiliar to her and she didn't yet know all the things and rules that her new position entailed. So she had to admit meekly, "Yes, you're right, but I'm sure we'll get it right and nothing will happen this time. I promise."

"Svenja you shouldn't make promises you can't keep; something unforeseen can always happen. But if you promise to be good and do everything in your power to take care of yourself and Charlotte, then that's all we can ask for." Mrs. Schäfer answered.

At this statement Charlotte felt somewhat ignored and said slightly indignant, "Take care of me. Pff. I know my way around here much better and have been here much more often than Svenja."

At this, Frau Schäfer had to grin and found Charlotte's reaction kind of cute, but tried not to show it to her too much. "Yes Charlotte, child. That goes for you too, of course. We want you both to take care of each other, of course, just like real sisters would. OK!"

After this conversation, Charlotte and Svenja teased each other a bit about who would have to take care of whom. But it was clear to all that it was just fun, and so they did not intervene.

After the meal Charlotte and Svenja were led into the bathroom and they should wash their hands. From there it went directly to the front door where the two had to stand next to each other and take each other by the hand. When they had complied with this, Mrs. Schäfer brought the ID rings of the two together so that they snapped into place. This forced them to stay next to each other, even if they would release their hands again.

"So kids, when you reach the playground and the gate is closed again, the rings will release and you can play whatever you want. You have a time limit of 10 minutes to reach the playground, so please don't dawdle and no detours. Did you hear what I said?" said Mrs. Schäfer.

"Yes mom." replied Charlotte briskly.

"What happens if we don't make it in 10 minutes?" Svenja wanted to know curiously.

"Svenja it's nice that you are so inquisitive. But it's also noticeable that it happens mostly in these kinds of situations. But I will answer you of course. .. I think you realize that the ID rings record the path and transmit it directly to us. If you deviate from the given path, then you will get a warning from the wristbands. If you are not back on the correct path in a few seconds, the warning becomes clearer and we also get an alert. For the time limit, the same applies."

Svenja didn't want to ask more specifically how these warnings manifested, but she was still curious. "OK, we'll do our best." said Svenja with a wink to Charlotte, who rolled her eyes without Mrs. Schäfer seeing it, since she was standing behind the two.

With a "OK kids, have fun then. We'll pick you up before lunch." They were seen off and pushed out the front door with a light pat on the butt. Mrs. Schäfer watched them go for a moment, but Svenja and Charlotte didn't turn around.

After a short walk, when Svenja was sure she was out of earshot of Frau Schäfer, she said, "Hey, what do you think will happen if we look around here a bit?"

"Ohh man Svenja, what do you think, there will be trouble. That's what mom explained. Why do you always want trouble?" said Charlotte, a bit annoyed by Svenja's urge to try everything.

"Yeah sure, I get that. I mean though, what exactly? If your mother scolds you a bit, it's not so bad. I'd just like to take a look at the area while I'm here. I've never been here before. It's different than home, here by the sea," Svenja said, and slowed down at the next intersection. The playground was already in sight. Both continued to hold each other's hands, because it would have been more awkward only with the connection of the ID rings. When Svenja slowed down, however, Charlotte wanted to keep going and pulled a little on Svenja's arm.

"Manno Svenja, keep going, I don't want any trouble. OK. Come on, keep coming." she said, but then had to slow down as well.

"Yeah yeah ... well don't wet your diaper already. Take it easy, the 10 minutes aren't over yet and we can already see the finish line," Svenja said and looked around after she had stopped completely.

"You are mean Svenja, we both have to bear the consequences if mom finds out, and it is obvious that we have no chance to hide it from her." said Charlotte. Then she had let go of Svenja's hand and pulled a little with the ring on Svenja's arm to get her to move on.

"Yeah man, don't be like that, nothing happened yet, right? And besides, I don't always believe every threat from adults right away. ... Look, we can also go around this corner, that's hardly a detour and we'll pass the dunes. Don't be like that," Svenja tried to convince Charlotte of her little adventure.

"No ... no. You can do that when I'm not chained to you. I'm not going along with it. Besides, you should have understood by now that these fucking things can certainly do what mommy said," Charlotte said a bit desperately by now, because Svenja just didn't want to go any further. Therefore, she also gave Svenja a jerk through their forced connection.

"Hey, that hurts, get over it. You're so boring." said Svenja and took a step in the direction of the dunes she wanted to look at.

"Please Svenja don't. I won't. Please." pleaded Charlotte now, fearing that Svenja would just drag her along. She even got slightly teary eyes.

Svenja realized that she had probably gone a bit too far. She didn't want Charlotte to cry. It was obviously very important to her to stick to the rules, or she was really afraid of the consequences.

"OK then, if you insist. Let's move on. .. But you need to loosen up a bit. Consequences are not eaten as hot as they are cooked. Do you understand?" said Svenja and walked slowly in the direction of the playground.

Charlotte was very relieved that she could change Svenja's mind. "I've known my mother a little longer than you, and I prefer to have as little trouble as possible. Especially since this is our vacation, and I want to get as much out of it as possible without any trouble. Can you understand that?" said Charlotte without really blaming Svenja.

"Yes OK, if it's that important to you. My parents don't go on vacation with me that often, unfortunately, and so I just want to see a bit more around here. But I won't do it without your agreement." said Svenja, and then stopped to hug Charlotte as far as that was possible with the connection between the two.

"Thank you Svenja, that's nice of you." said Charlotte, after Svenja had released the hug again.

When both were about to move on again Svenja suddenly felt her ID rings vibrate. This was a first for her and she was surprised and looked at Charlotte who was obviously surprised too.

"What was that, did you feel that too?" asked Charlotte then.

"Yes, what did you feel?" was the counter question from Svenja.

"Well, with me the bracelets moved." said Charlotte.

"Yes, with me too. But the 10 min are ..." said Svenja and broke off in the middle of the sentence.

"Again, come on, let's move on quickly. Maybe not only the end time is taken into account, but also the progress." Charlotte speculated and kept walking.

"That would be wild." said Svenja, also a bit surprised that the bracelets were already giving a signal.

They both kept walking, which for Charlotte couldn't go fast enough, and she tugged a bit on Svenja.

"Hey, not so fast. Even if your theory is right, we don't really have to run, do we?" said Svenja, slowing Charlotte down a bit.

"But we don't even have a watch, how do you know the 10 minutes aren't up yet?" gave Charlotte a thought.

"Yeah, and even if it was. What's the big deal if these things vibrate a little bit. That's really not a problem, and nothing else has happened so far," said Svenja, who was not particularly impressed.

"Do you remember what mom said?" asked Charlotte.

"Uhh nope, not exactly. Something about a second warning. And that was obviously the first one. So it's all good again."

"She said it's getting worse. So I would imagine it might start hurting too." Charlotte indicated.

"Well now, I can't imagine these things would be approved if they cut off our hands. Besides, we wouldn't be connected anymore," Svenja joked, smiling at Charlotte.

"Hey, don't say that. It gives me bad images in my head. ... But seriously, of course these things won't be able to damage us. But I think might be able to hurt us. Don't you think?" was Charlotte's opinion.

"Hmmm I don't know. That would be really nasty. But you may be right." replied Svenja.

After about 2 more minutes they reached the playground, where there was already some activity. Like last time, the bouncy cushion was the busiest. But Svenja and Charlotte had to pass the lock first, which was not a big problem. The outer door opened easily and it locked by itself when they were both in the middle of the lock. Then the inner door was released.

After they passed the inner door, however, nothing happened. Both of them had expected that the ID rings would disconnect immediately, just as Mrs. Schäfer had said. But that did not happen.

"Ohh man, really now? This could be a sucky morning." Svenja said, but looked around calmly. By the benches and the tables sat only 2 mothers and an mature boy who had his back to the entrance, but seemed to be wearing a harness. That group paid no attention to Svenja and Charlotte at first. The

children on the bouncy cushion took no notice of the two, either. For the most part, the children on the grounds were younger, under the age of 12.

"What are we supposed to do now? We can't do anything here like this." Charlotte said disappointedly to Svenja, jerking a bit on her ID ring.

"Hmm I don't know. I don't feel like bouncing anyway." said Svenja somewhat indifferently.

"Yeah, but the two of us being tied together all morning, I'm not up for it. I would like to do something here. ... Shall we ask the adults?" suggested Charlotte.

"No ... that's totally embarrassing. And what are they supposed to do? Your mother set it up," said Svenja and wanted to go in the opposite direction.

At that moment Svenja heard someone calling: "Hello Svenja, Hello Charlotte. I'm over here!"

Svenja turned around and saw that the young man on the bench had turned around and was waving at them. It was Ole.

"See, there's Ole, let's go see him." said Charlotte.

"Ohh man, this is even more embarrassing when we're both tied together." said Svenja quietly to Charlotte. But ignoring him was not really possible. So they both walked in his direction, who then stood up and came towards them. When they were only about three meters apart, the connection between Svenja's and Charlotte's rings suddenly released on its own, and they were able to greet Ole.

They all three chatted a bit in English, and Svenja learned that Ole had been expecting them; he obviously knew from his parents that the two of them were coming that morning. Charlotte had the urge to do some jumping, so she said goodbye and went to the bouncy cushion. Svenja preferred to continue talking with Ole, even though it was exhausting for her with the English, but it was worth it. Then Ole made her a compliment about her looks, and how cute he found her harness that day. That made her a bit shy, but nonetheless she was pleased about it.

Both then sat down on one of the benches where the two mothers were still sitting. One was from Germany and the other from Denmark, and Svenja had the impression that the two were only a little older than Ole and ultimately than herself. But that didn't seem to be a problem for Ole. Then all four of them talked a little bit together, but they did not talk about the fact that Ole with his 19 years, and Svenja with her 16 years, had much less freedom. The mother from Germany was just 20 years old and the one from Denmark 23 years, Svenja learned. The 4-year-old son of the mother from Germany also did not wear a harness, unlike all the other children in the playground. The 5-year-old daughter of the Danish mother, however, had a simple harness strapped around her upper body, which was not used further on the playground.

Svenja was thinking again and again how strange it seemed to her that people so close at the same age were treated so differently here. And that it obviously disturbed no one else. But to address this topic with Ole, while the two young mothers were present, she did not dare.

When after about half an hour there were hardly any younger kids left on the bouncy cushion, Ole suggested some jumping, and he was able to persuade Svenja to come along. Charlotte, who had been on the climbing frame in the meantime, also came back to the bouncy cushion, and they actually had a lot of fun there together with a few other bigger kids. Svenja had again given some thought to the safety bra with the harness over it at the beginning, which was even tighter than

when she first visited the bouncy cushion. For one thing, it ensured that Svenja felt virtually nothing from her breasts while bouncing, which struck her as a bit odd, but also allowed for wilder bouncing. This tempted Svenja to behave very boisterously while bouncing.

This behavior in turn made her sweat a bit after a while, and she would have liked to take off the much too warm sweater, but of course this was not possible. Charlotte confirmed to her that she was actually too warm as well, but she seemed to just accept it and not be bothered by the fact that she was sweating. So Svenja also decided to ignore it and just keep going.

The only thing that really bothered Svenja this morning was the fact that she had to use the diaper, which was already slightly wet from sweat. But since it was not the first time on this vacation, she managed it much better and more inconspicuous. But it was still not nice, even if the practical aspect was clear to her.

Later, all three of them played together with other devices, and also talked a little every now and then. Basically, it was not so different than when Svenja had met with her friends earlier, only that they had not really played on the devices there. But somehow Svenja also liked it. Since no one was bothered by it here, and it was even encouraged that older children also played, it also felt much better for Svenja, and it was still fun.

Then, at some point, Svenja noticed that there were suddenly many more adults at the benches and tables. When she looked a little closer, she could see that Charlotte's and Ole's parents were there, talking to the other two mothers who had been there all morning. This made her suddenly feel observed and it was much less fun to play on the equipment, which annoyed her a bit. Because actually there was no reason for it. Nevertheless, she finished the game and went to the adults. There she was immediately greeted by Mrs. Schäfer.

"Hello Svenja, how was your morning, did you have fun?"

"Yes, it was good. Is it lunchtime already?" Svenja then asked, because the time had then gone by much too quickly.

"Yes, we're about to eat. Are you thirsty after all this time? We brought you something," said Mrs. Schäfer, who immediately handed her a bottle of water.

Indeed, the morning was long and Svenja was thirsty and gladly accepted the bottle and drank a big gulp.

Ole was the next to join the adults; he greeted his parents only with a short "Hey" and then immediately turned his back, without being asked, to his father, who also immediately pulled a leash out of a backpack and attached it to Ole's harness. However, Ole's hands were not restrained this time.

After everyone had talked a bit and Charlotte had joined them, leashes were attached to the backs of Svenja and Charlotte as well, and both families set off for their homes. Since their houses were close to each other, they walked together and Ole, Svenja and Charlotte went ahead and talked, just like the adults. That all three of them were on a leash didn't seem to bother anyone and it even felt a bit like a routine for Svenja.

Back at the cottage Mrs. Schäfer felt Svenja and Charlotte's diapers, and they were immediately taken to the bathroom. There, Mrs. Schäfer noticed that both of them not only had a wet diaper but they were also very sweaty. Svenja took this as an opportunity to complain about the much too

warm sweater, but Mrs. Schäfer considered her choice of clothing appropriate, especially in view of the cold that Svenja had just had.

The diapers were removed and the area cleaned. Svenja had to keep the safety bra on, however, but she could see that Charlotte was wearing an ordinary bra. For lunch, Svenja and Charlotte got the already familiar house suit on.

.....
"So children, we welcome you to the third day of our small training course. Since today some of you have already achieved a sufficient score that you can do without the assistive devices, today we want to do exercises that might be important for your everyday school life." Mrs. Anderson began the welcome and introduction.

"To demonstrate another function of the ID rings, please stand up now," she continued, and everyone's ID rings disconnected from the harnesses, so that the children could release their own leashes to stand up.

"The ID rings can send you information so you don't get lost if you're ever without your parents. That will probably happen mostly on the way to school. There are three ways; the most important and inconspicuous is vibrations of the rings," Mrs. Anderson explained, while suddenly Jens' right ID ring began to vibrate.

This startled him a bit, but it didn't hurt, was just unexpected and tickled a bit. Shortly after, it vibrated on the other side. It was clearly felt and Jens could perceive it well without it disturbing or making loud noises.

"Good, I think you all could feel it. It can be used to give you instructions, for example whether you should go to the right or to the left. When both vibrate together, you are to stop. ... When everyone has understood this, we will practice this a bit. Please form a circle and all walk in a circle."

The children complied and Jens' right ID ring kept giving small bursts of vibration as he walked in a circle in an endless right turn. Then it was explained to them that the frequency and strength of the vibration indicated how much they should change direction. Jens thought it was kind of funny and exciting how the technique worked.

Then suddenly Felix left the circle exactly at the place where the two women were standing to the left and stopped after about two meters.

"Very good Felix, you've already understood how it works." the maneuver was commented by Mrs. Walters.

A short time later, when Jens also passed near him women, suddenly the left ID ring vibrated very strongly, while the right one stopped, and Jens understood that he should now leave the circle, and did so. When he stood next to Felix, both vibrated together and Jens stopped.

"Great Jens, full marks" said Ms. Wolters and stroked Jens over the head.

Then both ID ring vibrated persistently for a good 3 seconds quite violently. Whereupon Jens and also Felix looked questioningly at Ms. Wolters. "Well, what do you both think that could mean?" she then asked them both.

"Uhhmm turn around?" asked Jens uncertainly.

"No that would be a change of direction." replied Ms. Wolters.

"Basic position maybe?" Felix then guessed.

"Yes exactly, you understand the system quickly." replied Ms. Wolters.

Whereupon Felix immediately got down on his knees and hooked his arms on the harness. Jens followed his example a little later, and he suddenly didn't find the technology so interesting and exciting, if it could be used to tell him from a distance to kneel down. Fortunately, a short time later the two of them were allowed to get up again and stand to the side to watch as the others also got their orders and one by one left the circle. As one of the last ones Olaf was still in the circle, and Jens could see that he was getting quite annoyed with all the walking. Then he suddenly left the circle as well, but in a different direction than all the others. After a few steps, however, he suddenly shouted "Auhhaaa" and shook his hands violently. "What's that all about?" he shouted afterwards, looking surprised and somewhat angry at the women.

"Follow the instructions, Olaf!" was all he was told.

Whereupon he turned around and went in the direction of the women, stopping in their proximity. But he did not kneel down, although all the others had received that command shortly after reaching the same position; each of them had sooner or later realized what the signal from the ID rings required from them.

Then he shook his hands again and rubbed at the rings, "Ouch, damn it!" Then he too went down on his knees like the others.

"Ohh Olaf, what's wrong with you? You always have to try everything right away too, huh?" the strange behavior of Olaf was then commented by Ms. Wolters.

"Please Olaf, complete basic position!" he was then admonished by Mrs. Anderson, because he still hadn't locked his hands onto the harness. But then he complied.

A short time later, all the children had finished the exercise, while Olaf still remained in the basic position and cursed quietly to himself. For his little rebellion had again been to no avail.

"OK, you all did very well, and Olaf quite voluntarily showed us another way of communicating through the ID rings right away. This way you can also be given minor 'stimuli'." Mrs. Anderson then explained.

"These are electric shocks ... Stimuli ! That's hilarious!" Olaf then complained.

Mrs. Anderson scowled at Olaf, shutting him up, "Yes Olaf, technically you are right. But they can't hurt you, I think it was unexpected for you and it proved its effect very well. ... But this function is rarely used for disobedience such as yours. It is primarily used to signal when your rings are connected, because then it is very difficult for you to perceive the vibration," was then explained by Mrs. Anderson.

A sudden whisper went through the group, and the children whispered nervously to each other.

"OK kids, you don't have to be afraid, it has several levels of intensity, and usually it doesn't hurt. So please line up in a circle again, and please lock your hands to the harness."

The whispers got louder, but everyone complied with the instructions, and Olaf also had to stand back up, although his hands stayed fixed to the harness, and he had to concentrate as he stood up.

"Ohh man, this is no fun anymore, they are really serious here. I just hope my parents won't use this." Jens whispered to Felix to give himself some courage. It was already clear to him that he was about to get a shock from his ID rings, even though he hadn't done anything wrong and couldn't do anything about it. But after the demonstration with Olaf it had become clear that it could also be used for punishment.

"Yes I hope so too, but my father already tried it after I got the rings, and I can reassure you. The lower levels are really bearable, but the way Olaf acted, he must have gotten one of the upper levels. Dad tried those once too, it really hurts, and I got an ice cream from him as an apology. He really wanted to try it. Mom was pretty mad at him," Felix then explained to Jens.

"Really?! That's just mean. But did your parents tell you when they were going to use it?" Jens then asked curiously.

"Well, Mom says it might happen at school; I'd better behave. I think those things are really mean. But mom also says that she probably won't use it that often." replied Felix.

"Ohh yes, I think so too, I hope ..." Jens then whispered to Felix as he suddenly felt a twinge on his wrists. It hurt, but not so much that he had to cry out.

"Ow, damn it." he whispered to himself, pulling a bit at his wrist cuffs since he couldn't rub his wrists.

"Are you two done now too so we can move on?" asked Mrs. Anderson of the two.

"Yes, sorry please." said Jens and Felix, who had obviously both received a shock at the same time.

"OK, then everyone back to walking clockwise please." said Mrs. Anderson, and Jens felt small pulses on his right wrist that were much weaker than what he had felt before. It felt like a slight pinch of the skin. In terms of structure, the signal was the same as in the previous exercise and this exercise also followed the same pattern. However, every now and then a slight squeak or a quick intake of breath could be heard from one boy or another; this exercise was clearly more unpleasant than the first one, and everyone was visibly relieved when it was over.

"So kids, you all did a great job, please take your places again and get into the basic position." Mrs. Anderson announced.

Jens and the others complied, and Jens thought it was a shame that the arms remained locked to the harness after the last exercise. He would have liked to rub a bit around the rings, because even though the irritation had stopped, he felt that the skin there was still itchy.

When everyone had returned to their positions, Ms. Wolters continued, "So, now we will show you the third way in which instructions can be transmitted to you. This one is very popular with many parents, and you will certainly use it a lot more." Then she turned on the big screen again, on which two schematic ID rings were displayed, with all the anchor points.

"OK look, both wristbands have a small display on this side between these two anchor points. But it will only be visible when a message reaches you. So most of you probably haven't noticed it yet. The luminosity automatically adjusts to the ambient brightness. Normally, instructions are displayed on the left ring, only left-handed users have it set to the right. When you have read and understood the text, you touch the display with the other hand and it goes off again" was explained by Ms. Wolters.

In the following step, Mrs. Anderson explained the next exercises. The vibrating guidance function should lead the children to different objects in the room, and there they would receive an instruction they had to carry out. At first, this sounded to Jens like a kind of game that would bring some variety. When the rings were released and he stood up again, he first looked at his rings and tried to see the display, but it was really not visible. Then the rings vibrated again in turn, and Jens walked in slow steps according to the instructions. As he did so, he was led to an upright pole in one corner of the room. It was attached to the floor and ceiling and had a diameter like a handrail from a banister. Then his left ring gave two short vibration shocks in succession and suddenly the area that had been shown to him before lit up. Jens could see 8 letters moving piece by piece. Only then Jens realized that he had to concentrate very hard while reading, because the whole message could not be seen at the same time.

"Wait secured to the bar." After the words had repeated a third time, Jens had read them and touched the display, which then became invisible again. Then he thought about what exactly was required of him, he came to the conclusion that he should probably connect himself to the bar. This was a very strange thought for Jens: he had never had to lock himself up at the Söllings, it was always done by the parents. But Jens had also had to wait at "waiting poles" or other fixation points from time to time in the last few days. So he first looked at the bar and searched for connection points for the ID rings, but without success. Then he looked around the room to see what the others were doing, and there was also a certain amount of noise, since some were talking. The two caregivers were also talking to other children and explaining things to them. Jens then spotted Felix, who was also standing at a similar pole as Jens, only about 3 meters away from him. He could see Felix standing with his back to the pole and bringing his hands behind his back to connect the rings together, as they had practiced on the first day. Jens briefly considered why Felix was doing it behind his back. He thought it would be much more comfortable in the front.

"Hey Felix, why behind?" Jens then simply asked.

"Well, then you don't have the bar in your face and you can lean against it. You don't know how long you'll have to wait." replied Felix, leaning against the bar in a reasonably relaxed manner.

"Ohhh OK, I see." replied Jens, thinking about it for a moment. He wasn't alone here; the attendants were nearby and he would surely be freed again quickly for the next exercise. But Felix was right, of course, if he connected himself to the bar he would have to rely on someone releasing him and not just forgetting him there.

So it was a very strange feeling when Jens put his back to the bar, just like Felix, and let the rings click into place. Not knowing when someone would free him again was a queasy feeling. But after a few minutes Ms. Wolters came to him, examined his "work" and praised him for it.

The next exercise then took Jens to a kind of bus or streetcar seating arrangement. The seats had certain similarities to a child's car seat, with the seat shells being different sizes. On the ring, he was able to decipher "Sit in seat #3 and buckle up." Jens looked at the seating group of 4 seats, with 2 facing each other. All seats were clearly meant for different sized children. On one seat Anton was already sitting, working with some straps. Jens could see the seat with the number 3 and sat diagonally opposite Anton. Jens almost completely disappeared into the seat shell and a hump between his legs pushed them slightly apart. Here it proved to be an advantage that Jens had to wear a diaper, because the seat was not padded at all and probably a bit too big for Jens. But the other seats would probably have been even worse.

Jens then first looked at what Anton was doing, who had a classic 5-point harness on his seat and was just putting the buckles together in the central lock. Shortly after the clicks, he began to fidget and tried to open the lock again in a bit of a panic, but it turned out to be impossible.

"What happened Anton, is everything OK?" asked Jens as he saw Anton pulling on the straps.

"Shit, these tighten automatically. Ohhhh ... man ... that's enough now." said Anton, wriggling even more in the straps.

"Now Anton, do you want me to activate your braces again? You don't say things like that. The system automatically adjusts to your body and you are optimally secured. Relax, please." said Ms. Wolters, who suddenly stood next to the two and had observed it.

"Yes, excuse me please. ... But it's very tight." Anton then replied, very intimidated.

"This is as it should be, and safest for you during a bus ride." said Ms. Wolters.

Anton still fidgeted a bit in his straps, but then slowly calmed down again while Jens busied himself with his own seat belts. His seat obviously did not have a classic 5-point harness. He could also find 5 straps, but most of them were too short to connect. Ms. Wolters watched Jens for a while and then asked, "Shall I help you, Jens? There are a lot of different systems on the buses."

Jens looked at Ms. Wolters and nodded, "Yes please."

Ms. Wolters then showed Jens that the straps needed to be attached to the harness he was already wearing on his body. Two straps had to be attached to the shoulders, which were the most difficult for Jens. Then two more to the waist belt. Lastly, there was a strap that came out between his crotch and the hump in the seat. But this one was so long that it reached up to his chest and had to be hooked there as well. When that was all done, however, nothing happened with Jens; the belts were not automatically tightened.

"Jens, with this seat you have to put your arms on the armrests and engage the rings to signal to the bus driver that you are safe. Please do that now," said Ms. Wolters, and when Jens complied, the belts were tightened on him as well, and he with his hands fixed to the armrests, he had no opportunity to interfere with the straps. He could only fidget in the seat until the belts had reached their intended tension and Jens was held firmly held in position. Ms. Wolters then left them with a smile on her face.

"Kind of sucks, doesn't it? I hope we don't have buses like that at home," Jens said.

"Yeah, I guess you're right buddy. But something like that is way too much trouble, too. I only take the bus 6 stops to school at home and the bus is so full that most of them have to stand. So I don't think that will happen at home. But your seat seems extra nasty, restraining your arms as well. I'm really sorry buddy." said Anton, still tugging a bit with his hands on his seatbelt.

"Yeah you better be right about that. And thanks, my name is Jens:"

Jens and Anton talked for a moment until Philipp also came to the seating area.

"Hi Jens, I'm supposed to be in seat 2, it's right here." said Philipp.

Seat 2 was the seat next to Jens, across from Anton. The seat fit Philipp to some extent, even if he was slightly too large for it. But the system had obviously selected the best seats for the size of the children. On Philipp's seat there was a padded bar that he had to fold down from the top to be

locked into it. The padding covered his thighs and most of his torso and the bar was automatically pulled tight against his body in the last step to keep him firmly in the seat.

Then all three had a moment to talk until everyone's restraint was released and they were led by their rings to the next exercise.

In the last exercise of the day, Jens was directed to a bus shelter. There were three seats and a horizontal bar with fixation points for the wristbands. Jens already knew this bar from the vacation house at the Söllings, because their vacation house had a similar bar at the entrance door as the Schäfer's. The display on Jens' arm, however, instructed him to sit down on one of the seats and secure himself there. At first glance, Jens could see no fixation points and no belts. Therefore it was not clear to him how he should "secure" himself. It was already obvious to him that it was once again a matter of holding him on the seat, even if there was no reason for it from his point of view. Because the seats would not move like in a vehicle, where there could be the need to buckle up for an accident.

These seats also did not have a very high backrest; there was only a kind of ridge 20cm high, so that one could not slide backwards. The seats were also at a distance of about 30cm from the wall, which would make leaning against it impossible or at least uncomfortable. The seats had two rounded indentations for the buttocks, and in the front area in the middle there was a small elevation which would keep the legs slightly apart. Even though Jens still couldn't imagine how he would be held in these seats, he simply sat down on the middle seat. Instantly, two plastic arches extended from the elevation between his legs and lay across his thighs. The arches reached a good halfway around his legs, then lowered and applied a slight pressure. This made it impossible to get up from the seat. Jens tested it out immediately and quickly realized that it was impossible to get out of the clamps. But he also had to admit that this kind of securing was not unpleasant or annoying. He could not stand up, but otherwise it hardly restricted him. It certainly wouldn't be comfortable in the long run, but how long should one have to wait for a bus, and here it was just an exercise anyway. So Jens didn't care too much about it, and watched the others for a while, how they had to fix themselves to seats or stands.

Olaf and Anton had just fixed themselves to one of the vertical bars near Jens. Just like the first exercise of Jens. However, Olaf had his arms around the front of the pole and thus had the pole in front of his face. The two older boys took all these exercises not so seriously and kept making sarcastic jokes about their situation, but no longer dared to resist the instructions.

"Psst hey, Anton?" could Jens hear from Olaf.

"Yeah what is it?" whispered Anton back softly.

"What do you think, do you think the old Wolters enjoys bossing the little pantpoopers around here?" asked Olaf in Anton's direction, softly but not whispered.

"Yeah, I guess that's possible, they people around here are all damaged in the head, aren't they? I'll be glad to get out of here soon." replied Anton, who was also standing at a bar.

"Yes, you're right, not only are they damaged, they also have mush for brains ... Treating us here just like the little pantpoopers. .. Is an impertinence!" Olaf answered him and laughed about his statement afterwards.

Jens looked back and forth between Olaf and Anton, horrified by the words Olaf used. The latter then noticed Jens had been listening to them.

"Hey, what are you looking at so stupid? Yes, exactly you are meant. That you have to be tied up so that you don't run away is clear, but we're obviously too old for that kind of shit." Olaf then said to Jens and then looked at Anton and laughed again. Anton also laughed at Olaf's statements. But suddenly Anton's face changed abruptly and he tried to say something to Olaf, but he couldn't say anything except "Aahhmmm". Then, when Ms. Wolters was standing next to Anton, she patted Anton's cheek with her hand without hitting him.

"So, my dear Anton, for your own safety, I'll end your little conversation here. We can't tolerate you both using such words here and especially not if you insult a younger child in the process." she said to Anton. She had obviously activated his braces again to silence him.

Then she had turned to Olaf, "I want you to refrain from such things immediately and permanently. We're doing this to teach you how to use the equipment, not to annoy anyone here. Furthermore, you shouldn't put yourself above others just because you think you're older, because you obviously aren't any more mature." Then she patted Olaf's bottom with her hand, which made his face turn noticeably red.

"After all, you're wearing a diaper too, and besides, Jens doesn't need a support device anymore, unlike you." she continued to say to Olaf. The latter suddenly had not only red cheeks, but also slight panic in his eyes, pressed his lips together and tensed his body. He was obviously expecting a punishment or some other action over his neck brace, because Ms. Wolters still had the remote control in her hand with which she had activated the brace on Anton.

Jens looked at the two of them as if spellbound, but apart from Olaf's tension, nothing happened at first. "I want you to apologize to Jens for calling you a 'pantpooper'. OK!" then said Ms. Wolters to Olaf.

He then began to stutter. "Ähhmm ,yes ... so. ... Hey kid, I didn't mean it like that. ... Sorry. OK?"

"Jens has a name!" said Ms. Wolters then sharply to Olaf, who was still tense.

"Yes sorry Jens, won't happen again." said Olaf then meekly.

"It's OK." said Jens, nodding to Olaf.

"OK, then we've cleared that up. But I think with this little action here, you just volunteered to demonstrate the next device, Olaf. Please join me in the middle." Ms. Wolters then said to Olaf. His wrist rings disconnected and Ms. Wolters led Olaf to one of the middle spots on the carpet. There he had to get into the basic position and was again attached to the leash like at the beginning of the lesson. Then Ms. Wolters went to her colleague in front of the monitor.

"So, children, we are almost done for today, but Olaf has just agreed to introduce us to another device that we cannot demonstrate on all of you for hygienic reasons. Please line up in a semicircle around Olaf and hook up to each other, and please watch your sizes!" explained Ms. Wolters. Immediately afterwards, the clamps around Jens' thighs moved back into the seat, and he was able to stand up. All the others were also released from their restraints, with the exception of Olaf, obviously. Then the others lined up in a semicircle and connected the ID rings to their neighbor. A gap was left in front of the monitor so that Ms. Wolters and Mrs. Anderson could get inside the circle.

Next, Ms. Wolters took an item from a small box that was on the table under the monitor and brought it over to Olaf.

"So my dears, now we are going to show you the use of a special guidance device. Some refer to it as a bridle, but that is not quite accurate. The thought and appearance may be scary to some, but please don't be afraid, it doesn't hurt and is only half bad. But it is rather effective in guiding you. That's what makes it so popular with a lot of parents, too." So Ms. Wolters explained the new device. At first, however, all they could see was a lot of leather straps and belts.

"Olaf, I'm going to take the support device off you first." Mrs. Anderson then said, approaching Olaf to remove his neck brace and bring it to the table.

"OK, I'm going to put a harness around your head now. Please hold still and keep your head straight." then came as an instruction from Ms. Wolters. She then also immediately began to untangle the straps and place them on Olaf's head. A short time later there was a kind of net of straps on the back of Olaf's head and Ms. Wolters then stood in front of Olaf and put two plastic pieces together to form one part.

"So please open your mouth, Olaf!" followed the next instruction.

"What, in the mouth? That's disgusting!" tried Olaf to complain.

But Ms. Wolters immediately put the thing in Olaf's mouth when he opened it to talk.

"Hööö nnööein." Olaf tried to complain further, to no avail. A flat long part in the middle, connecting two longer hook-like parts to each other, was already in his mouth, pressing down on his tongue, greatly hindering speech. Then Ms. Wolters tightened the straps on the sides above Olaf's cheeks, which forced the two hooks, which still were partly sticking out of Olaf's mouth, further into his mouth, thus also pulling the middle part deeper into his mouth. Then Olaf had to gag slightly for the first time, because obviously his tongue was pushed far down behind. Olaf also wriggled a bit and pulled on his arms, which were still secured to the waist belt so as not to interfere with the bridle. The gagging was over again as soon as the side straps were tightened.

"It's all OK, Olaf. This is unusual for you the first time and quite normal. Let me adjust the chin strap, then I'll explain the function to you and everyone else," said Frau Wolters in response to Olaf's reactions.

Then she tied another strap, which went from the upper net at the temples, over the attachment points of the hooks, under the chin. This led to the fact that Olaf could open his mouth only with a certain effort and also that the hooks were finally firmly anchored in the mouth.

"So Olaf, now the reins come on and then you're done," said Ms. Wolters and attached two relatively thin lines to a kind of lever that was on the hooks outside of Olaf's mouth. When that was done, Ms. Wolters said, "So, can you please say something, Olaf?"

"Wazzz zaaattt?"(what's that) Olaf lisped but still somewhat understandable.

"OK Olaf. Now, for example, your parents can lead you by stimulating either hook in your mouth." explained Ms. Wolters, pulling on the right rein, and Olaf turned his head to the right. This was followed by the left.

"Haaayy daddzz meeenn!"(Hey that's mean) Olaf tried to complain.

Ms. Wolters then pulled both lines down together until Olaf was on the verge of gagging again as his tongue was pushed down hard.

"Naahh" (No) Olaf just breathed and tugged at his arms as he reflexively wanted to grab the bridle. Ms. Wolters loosened the pull just a little and said, "I know Olaf, you want to touch it, but that wouldn't be good. That's why we always recommend your parents to secure your hands when you get it on in the beginning. When you get used to it and don't want to reach for it with every command, the hands can be loosened again, but until then you have to get used to it."

After that, Ms. Wolters turned to the group, "You see, kids, Olaf's parents can use this to curb his loose mouth a bit, too. But the primary task is to lead you with it, which I will show you now with Olaf."

Then Ms. Wolters loosened the leash that Olaf had been holding on his knees and helped him to his feet. Then she hooked a leash to the back of Olaf's head harness and attached it to her own belt.

She then led Olaf around the circle of other children with a few commands for right and left.

"I hheett iitt yyeahh Caaahh wwe ssooff?" (I got it yes. Can we stop) Olaf tried to end the demonstration. Which caused Ms. Wolters to pull down the two lines again, and Olaf immediately tugged on his arms again because he wanted to reach for the bridle.

"Olaf, I think your parents have the opportunity to practice this with you in a moment, so you had better get used to it. Please get into the start position now." said Ms. Wolters, keeping the tension on the bridle until Olaf had knelt down.

"OK children, you have seen that this instrument is very powerful, yet you should not be afraid if your parents want to use it. It may be unfamiliar and even uncomfortable at first, but it won't hurt and you'll get used to it quickly. .. Isn't that right Olaf?"

Olaf didn't feel like doing any more demonstrations, so he nodded and said "Jaachhh" (yes).

Then all the kids were separated from each other and Olaf was allowed to stand up again. When they had all left the room and were met at the entrance by their parents, Olaf was handed over to his father together with the bridle and told how he had behaved. His father bought the bridle immediately and led Olaf away with it.

13.13 Summer vacation, a little reunion

At the Schäfers', everyone had just started on dessert when Mrs. Schäfer turned to Svenja with a serious expression.

"Svenja my child, as we announced this morning, unfortunately you have an important appointment this afternoon. Therefore, while Charlotte is cleaning the kitchen, I want you to brush your teeth thoroughly."

"What, why the teeth? What appointment is that?" asked Svenja, slightly concerned. Because she would have expected such a request only if she were going to the dentist, but neither had she any problems with her teeth, nor did it make sense to go to the dentist abroad during the vacation.

"Well Svenja, your parents want you to get another piece of equipment for which there is a specialist here who has a lot of experience with it. And to be able to fit it, your teeth have to be sparkling clean." said Frau Schäfer.

"Uhhh what please? What is that supposed to be? I don't want anyone messing with my teeth. And what is it supposed to be good for?" Svenja grumbled a bit, without really knowing what exactly it would be about.

Mrs. Schäfer took a deep breath with a worried face. "Well Svenja, I guess I'll have to explain it to you a bit now. First of all, the specialist is also an ordinary dentist, so he knows exactly what he is doing. So you have nothing to worry about. Second, he won't be 'fiddling' but fitting a device on you."

The whole thing seemed strange to Svenja, especially since Mrs. Schäfer didn't seem as confident as usual when she forced unpleasant measures on Svenja.

"What kind of device is that supposed to be? You're already saying I shouldn't be afraid, while I usually don't have a problem with the dentist. Then I guess I should be worried after all." said Svenja, looking a bit upset. On the one hand, it wasn't like she loved going to the dentist, but on the other hand, she wasn't afraid of it either. Her dentist at home was always very careful and if he ever had to drill, everything was always explained to her and anesthetized.

"Ohh Svenja, no please, that's not what I meant. There are just children who panic at the word dentist. And I just didn't want to worry you." Mrs. Schäfer tried to save the situation. But she already knew that this day would not be easy for her. She had talked about it for a long time with Svenja's parents before the vacation and unfortunately the appointment could not be scheduled at another time.

"Hmm OK. But what kind of device is this? I just hope it's not another mean one." said Svenja.

"Svenja please, we are not doing any of this to be mean to you. We've explained that to you often enough now, haven't we?" said Frau Schäfer again with her usual conviction and strictness.

"OK mom, what kind of device is that?" said Svenja again slightly intimidated by Mrs. Schäfer.

"Well Svenja, ... it's called a ... speech regulator. ... And it's used to prevent you from speaking in certain situations." said Frau Schäfer again a little uncertainly, and Svenja could see that it had not been easy for her to tell Svenja. Charlotte was also getting more and more bright-eyed and looked back and forth between her mother and Svenja a bit shocked.

"Whaaaaat, that must be totally mean! ... and nasty!" Svenja then shouted in addition.

"Calm down my child. I'm sure your parents will use it very carefully and won't want to do it to annoy you with it." said Frau Schäfer.

"But ... but ..." stuttered Svenja; she didn't know what else to say to that. The idea of being silenced just like that according to someone else's will already scared her a bit. And how would it feel to have a device in her mouth that was capable of doing that? Surely there would once again be no way to resist this.

"Svenja my darling, unfortunately I can't change it. Your parents have decided on it, and we have to take you there right away. It won't be so bad. I know of many children here who have already have one. OK? ... Come on, I'll take you to the bathroom first so you can brush your teeth. ... Walter, would you please do the kitchen with Charlotte?" said Mrs. Schäfer and got up to take Svenja off the bench.

"Does that mean you wouldn't use that Regula-thingie for Charlotte?" Svenja then asked, immediately receiving a jab from Charlotte with her elbow.

"Oh Svenja ... There's no point in such considerations. For once, my opinion is not relevant to you at this point." said Frau Schäfer and gently pulled Svenja up from the bench.

"Aha, so you don't like the thing." said Svenja slightly triumphant, even though it probably wouldn't do her any good.

"Well Svenja, let me put it this way. Charlotte and you are quite different, and I don't think it's necessary for Charlotte at the moment. Whether it is necessary for you is your parents' decision." explained Mrs. Schäfer without telling the children directly that she did not think the speech regulator was so suitable.

That was the end of the topic for the time being, and Svenja was taken to the bathroom to brush her teeth. This was also closely monitored and controlled by Mrs. Schäfer. Meanwhile, Charlotte was connected by her father to the rails in the kitchen to clear the table and wash the dishes. To prevent it from taking too long, her father helped her.

Svenja was not given much time to think about what was coming. Immediately after brushing her teeth and a visit to the toilet, she got a fresh diaper and a relatively neutral pair of denim overalls; only the buckles indicated that she was locked into the overalls as usual. Over that then followed a harness of black nylon webbing with a crotch strap and a discipline feature. Svenja had worn so many different harnesses in the last few days, that she herself wasn't sure if it was new to her or if she had worn it before. It didn't really matter, because Svenja knew that she couldn't escape from any of the harnesses to avoid the appointment at the dentist. So she also didn't make any trouble, to prevent provoking the use of the discipline function beyond the obligatory function test. Additionally, this harness also had click-fix points on the belly strap, both back and front. These were then all tested by Mrs. Schäfer as well, as she told Svenja that the points had only recently been installed by her.

When everything was tested and adjusted, Svenja's hands remained fixed to the front of the belt and she was told to sit on a stool in the bathroom to wait. Then Charlotte was also taken to the bathroom and dressed for the outing. She got purple cord overalls on and over it also a discipline harness, but made of leather.

"So kids, we are almost ready to go. I'll get ready quickly as well. In the meantime, please wait in front of the door," said Mrs. Schäfer and brought them both to the bar in front of the door, where they both had to secure themselves again, after Svenja's hands had been freed from the harness. After that, Mrs. Schäfer immediately disappeared back into the house.

"Hey Svenja, I'm really sorry about that thing you're supposed to get." said Charlotte, looking sadly at Svenja.

"Yeah thanks. I'm hoping it won't be as bad as it sounds. But if your mom doesn't think it's so good, then it either means it's really, really mean and my parents hate me. Or your mom doesn't think it's mean enough to be worth it." Svenja said, smiling a little self-pityingly.

"What do you mean? Mom is strict but not mean." said Charlotte.

"Yes. ... you're right. I'm just saying that I'm afraid that your mom thinks this thing is too nasty and my parents just have no idea what they're doing. They are not even here when I get the damn thing. ... Imagine you have something in your mouth that prevents you from talking. ... That's just gross. ... Oh shit!" said Svenja and slowly got a little scared of what was to come.

"You'll get through this. And I'm sure you'll be able to talk to your parents about it soon. I'll keep my fingers crossed for you." said Charlotte.

"Yes, thank you. If I'm still allowed to talk to my parents," Svenja said dejectedly, smiling a bit pained.

After a short time, Mr. and Mrs. Schäfer came out of the house and led Svenja and Charlotte to their car to strap them into their car seats.

During the 30 minute drive, Svenja was very quiet and thought about the relationship with her parents. At the beginning of the trip it had already felt like she had been abandoned by her parents, and now there was another situation where she thought her parents wanted to harm her. Svenja was torn with her feelings towards her parents. After all, it were her parents, and her mother had also taken more time for her in the last weeks before the vacation. "You wouldn't do that if you hated your child," Svenja thought, but all that thinking didn't get Svenja anywhere and she decided to wait and see what exactly this speech regulator was all about.

The trip ended in the same small town where the first city stroll was made. Mr. Schäfer parked the car in the same parking lot as the first visit. In front of the car Svenja was required to fix her hands on the harness again. But since Charlotte did not get this instruction and her harness was not equipped for it, Svenja refused. The whole situation was increasingly annoying to her, and she tried to gain time by bucking. However, she quickly realized that the discipline function of her harness was a good argument to obey. In addition, Mrs. Schäfer threatened that she would fix her hands behind her back if she didn't do it herself at the front of the harness. So Svenja very quickly realized that it was better to obey.

A short time later, Svenja and Charlotte were standing on the sidewalk, and were directed by the Schäfers into the pedestrian zone. On the central square with the fountain, they then headed for one of the old half-timbered houses. On the door was a sign made of metal, which Svenja knew from medical professionals back home. She could not look at it long enough to decipher what was written on it.

Svenja was asked by Mrs. Schäfer to go inside, and she held Svenja very short with the loop on the harness, and could thus easily steer her. Since Svenja already had a very queasy feeling about the whole thing, it was somehow a bit comforting that Mrs. Schäfer was doing this and was so close to her. After a small intermediate corridor, they reached the registration desk, where no other patient was standing at the counter at that time. While Mr. Schäfer and Charlotte stayed in the background, Svenja was led directly to the counter by Mrs. Schäfer.

Behind the counter, a young woman was sitting on a strange chair that looked like a mixture of an office chair and a racing car seat. The woman, or rather the girl, was at most 20 years old and had a white coat on, as Svenja would have expected from a dental assistant. But the really curious thing was that she was also wearing a harness and was apparently strapped into the chair.

After looking at the screen for a moment, the girl lifted her head and said, "Hej og velkommen, Svenja". She even looked at Svenja first and then at Mrs. Schäfer, which had never happened to Svenja before in this country.

Svenja was still too shocked by what she saw and did not answer the greeting. Also because she had only understood her name and could speak no word in this language. Even if she had already heard something from Ole.

"God dag, do they also speak German or English?" Mrs. Schäfer then asked directly, who obviously didn't speak Danish either, except for a greeting.

"Ahh Ja Frau .. Marson. We always have patients from Germany, I have learned the language a bit in school. But the doctor¹ only speaks English." the girl answered slowly and with a very strong accent.²

"That's OK. But I am not the mother of Svenja – that should all be clear from the documents." said Mrs. Schäfer.

At this the girl became a bit nervous and clicked the mouse on the computer and read through some things.

"Ohh ... Yes ... I'm sorry Miss Schäfer, ... Uhh I'm sorry. Yes it looks like we have all the documents. ... Svenja gets a ... Regulering af anordning ... Ähh ... Sprache blocker." the girl then stammered in three languages at once. Svenja concluded that she must be a trainee, which didn't give her much confidence in the whole affair.

But at that moment, a clearly older colleague came to the counter, wearing also a simple white coat, and she then confirmed in fluent English to Mrs. Schäfer that all the power of attorney documents were available and that the treatment provided by Svenja's parents was also confirmed. Then Mrs. Schäfer was to take Svenja to the waiting room. There was one wall with a fixed wooden bench that had 5 seats with some belts per seat. On the other walls there were about 10 normal and upholstered chairs. All the seats on the bench were free and Svenja was led by Mrs. Schäfer to the middle seat, where she sat down. Which was not so easy with her hands attached to the harness.

"Can you please release my hands? This is so uncomfortable." asked Svenja then.

"I'm sorry my child, but it was specifically requested in advance that the hands be secured. Besides, this is just a simple buckle system." said Mrs. Schäfer, and began to connect the lines on the bench to Svenja's harness and also pull them tight.

"Oh man, do they really think I'm going to run away while you're here?" said Svenja sarcastically.

"Oh honey, just think of it as a rule. It's just the way it is here. Children are strapped in and that's it," said Frau Schäfer and stroked Svenja's head when she was finished with the straps. Svenja was by then pulled firmly onto the bench at four points. Two straps at the shoulders held her upright and two at the hips pulled her down and back onto the bench.

"So, we'll be back to pick you up in a little over two hours. Be good and follow all the instructions. OK!" said Mrs. Schäfer, and was about to turn around to head back toward the registration desk.

¹ Note from the translator: The writer often uses doctor when referring to the dentist. This is normal in German. In English that is less common, so I usually use the word dentist, but in spoken word I have kept to doctor, because that is how the people speaking think of him.

² Note from the translator: The original story is in German, so there you can have German and English words/sentences next to each other. But when the German is translated into English, you lose the distinction between the two. So unluckily some of the deliberate confusion with the languages in the original gets lost in the translation.

"Heeeyy, stop. You can't just leave me alone!" Svenja exclaimed in horror and with some panic. "I can't understand a word they are saying here, and I don't know what's happening at all. Heeyyy!" shouted Svenja further and also tugged in her bonds at the meantime.

"Shhh ... Shhh, take it easy Svenja. Nothing is going to happen to you. I'm sure everything will be explained to you. I'm afraid I can't be in the treatment room with you, so you'll have to be a big girl today. OK!"

Normally Svenja *was* big and independent, but this was a bit too much too soon.

"Yeah, but I don't even know exactly why I'm here in the first place, and what that nasty thing is that's supposed to go in my mouth." complained Svenja as Frau Schäfer stopped.

"Honey, I'll ask if the nice helper can explain everything to you in German. OK!"

"What, she's still in training herself!" said Svenja defensively.

"But she can speak German well, and I'm sure she can put herself in your shoes better than the doctor. Hmm?" said Frau Schäfer and stroked Svenja's cheek lightly after she went back to Svenja.

Then she went to the registration desk and talked to someone there, but Svenja couldn't exactly see or understand. A short time later, Mrs. Schäfer peeked through the door of the waiting room again.

"OK, Svenja. I talked to her, she will take some time and explain everything to you in detail. So be good, and I'll see you later." said Mrs. Schäfer and waved briefly to Svenja before she left the practice together with her husband and Charlotte.

Svenja was suddenly alone and felt insecure. Mrs. Schäfer's behavior also seemed a bit strange to her; at other times she had usually never left a confrontation with Svenja so quickly, and had always discussed everything to the last or pronounced her final decision. But now she was just gone, as if she herself was overwhelmed with the situation.

Svenja tugged a little at her bonds out of frustration, even though she knew she couldn't do anything about them, or avoid what was coming. It was just mean of her parents to have put her in this situation, and not to tell her beforehand what was coming. She wasn't afraid of pain during the treatment; it was more the uncertainty of what further restriction and meanness would be in store for her.

After a few minutes, Svenja had stopped struggling, had sunk down in frustration and was hanging her head when she suddenly heard a strange but also somehow familiar sound coming closer. It didn't take long for Svenja to realize it resembled a sound from the kitchen of the vacation home; she then raised her head. In the doorway she saw the girl from the registration, leashed to a rail system under the ceiling, approaching her and stopping just in front of her.

"Hello Svenja, your foster mother told me you wanted some more clarification before we started. Fortunately, the patient who is currently in treatment takes a little longer and I have a few minutes to explain a bit to you. What have your parents told you so far?"

Svenja looked at the girl and was still a bit puzzled. She still had the harness on around her chest, and was connected to the rail by a leash. The leash was not tight and sagged a bit, but she didn't have much leeway with it either.

After Svenja had organized her thoughts, she said, "My parents didn't tell me anything at all. I just found out an hour ago that I'm supposed to be here, and I don't know exactly what this 'Regulator' thing is either."

"Oh Svenja, I'm sorry to hear that. We experience this with our foreign patients from time to time. But that could also be due to the fact that the speech regulator is not yet so widespread in Germany. Here, many children and young people know about it," the girl explained.

"Have you ever had one of these?" asked Svenja a little quietly, because she was a little embarrassed by the question. But then she would know if she was getting the information first hand.

The girl smiled and Svenja could see that she had a fixed brace with wires on her teeth. Then she answered, "Yes, and I still have it, even right now. I can show you in a minute if you want. But I'd like to explain it first."

Svenja was surprised and her eyes widened. "Ummm, may I ask how old you are and why you are tied up here?"

The girl smiled again, almost grinning a bit. "Yeah sure, I probably should have introduced myself better. My name is Linn and I am a dental assistant here. I finished my training a few months ago."

"But then why are you still tied up?" interrupted Svenja.

"Well, we don't call it 'tied up.' I'm 22 years old and still under the supervision of my parents. In German, I guess it's called 'not yet of age.' I probably won't be until I'm 25, in three years. Therefore, I can still be 'secured' until then." the word 'secured' had been emphasized by Linn.

"That's normal here, and everyone deals with it normally," Linn then explained.

"But what is it necessary for? If you work here and have completed your training. Then you can be trusted and you know yourself what you have to do and what you shouldn't?" asked Svenja in astonishment, and could not understand why Linn was still treated like that even as an employee.

"Well, Svenja, you're right. In many professions, the restrictions are quickly reduced in us young people after our training. And neither is a speech regulator after the training usual or necessary. I wear it also only here in the practice, because the doctor likes to make presentations for other patients or parents. He has of course discussed this with my parents and also with me. In half a year, a new trainee will start, and I will wear it less. It's OK for me, though." explained Linn further.

"But it's meant to prevent you from speaking, and against your will. So as a punishment, if I understood correctly. What else is it for?" asked Svenja now in a firm voice and slightly upset.

"Well, Svenja, of course this device is classified as an educational aid and it serves the parents and also the educators at school to reduce inappropriate behavior. I got my first one when I was 15 years old. I quickly learned what was required of me and it was used less and less. Here during my education it is only for showing and only in the vocational school I had to wear it regularly. I can't remember if a teacher has ever activated it for me. At other times, my parents removed it from my mouth."

"So it can be taken out?" asked Svenja excitedly.

"Partially, yes. You get fixed braces put in, which are also used normally to treat misaligned teeth. Top and bottom, of course. So you'll also get straight and beautiful teeth." said Linn, smiling.

Then she took out a small device from her pocket. It was only half the size of Linn's hand. "This is a speech regulator, just like the one in my mouth. It snaps onto the top brace and rests there close to the roof of your mouth. Look, like this!" said Linn, squatting down until the line was stretched between her harness and the rail. Then she opened her mouth and let Svenja look inside.

Svenja could see the small device under the roof of Linn's mouth. The teeth were all surrounded with a tangle of wires and also small metal plates. After half a minute, she stood back up.

"Thank you so much for showing it to me. But how does it feel, especially when it's locked?" then asked Svenja.

"Well, you don't feel anything from the braces themselves after a few days. The little device is always noticeable when it's in place, but you'll get used to that quickly too. In case of activation, it will be a bit unfamiliar at first. But not really bad. ... Your tongue is made to pull back with a weak electric shock; this prevents you from biting your tongue. This also causes your jaw to close; it's a natural reflex that you can't prevent. The system then locks into place. You can then no longer open your mouth. 3 seconds later your tongue will be pushed down slightly. This part is a bit uncomfortable for most people at first."

"That sounds like brutal torture. First electric shocks and then a squeezed tongue. That all would hurt like hell, won't it?" described Svenja her fears.

"No, not at all, you don't get an electric shock. It's a light stimulation that is triggered by the electricity, you hardly feel it. You only notice that the corresponding muscles no longer obey you. And the tongue is not squeezed, the doctor adjusts it exactly. Look here, this part folds out and holds your tongue down, which suppresses speech even more effectively. And as sorry as I am, that's what this device is supposed to do. But believe me, it has helped everyone behave better, including me," Linn said, showing Svenja how a depressor folded out of the device, making it much thicker.

Svenja was a bit startled and winced as it unfolded.

"Don't be afraid, it won't jump in your mouth like that, the tongue already lies against it and is then gently pressed down. I'll be happy to demonstrate it to you, but then I have to get back to the dentist," Linn said, putting the device back in her pocket and taking out a small remote control like one Svenja knew from a car. Then Linn held the remote control next to her mouth so that Svenja could see her mouth and the remote control at the same time.

"So, pay attention exactly when I press the button so you can see wa ssmmmm hmmm"

The moment Linn had pressed the button she fell silent, and there was a strange cracking sound coming from her mouth. But she hadn't flinched or screwed up her face. On the contrary, Linn smiled a short time later, and showed Svenja that her jaws were on top of each other.

A few moments later, Linn pressed another button on the remote, and another crack was heard from her mouth. She was able to open her mouth again immediately.

"See, you almost don't feel it at all. Except you just can't talk anymore." said Linn, putting the remote back in her pocket.

"I have to get the treatment room ready for you now. ... And one more thing, it's the law here that minors are strapped into the treatment chair. That still applies to me as well, and the doctor gives all of his employees a checkup every month. So please don't be surprised that we have to strap you in so that you can't make any sudden movements. See you soon - I will assist the doctor with you," said

Linn and left the waiting room. As she did so, Svenja could again clearly hear the rolling of the leash in the rail.

On the one hand, Svenja was glad that so much had been explained to her about this stupid device, and that she finally knew what was coming. But on the other hand, what she had heard and seen continued to be frightening. Her mind began to race again: how many times would she get this part inserted, and most importantly, who would activate it on her? She knew that at school she often talked to a neighbor and disturbed the class with it. So she could imagine if one of the teachers would use it, even if it was not a nice idea. But were the teachers allowed to do that in school and did they have the remote control? Then another thought occurred to her, would it be used if she talked back to her parents just because she disagreed with them? It was just scary and confusing what would be possible with it.

While Svenja was still pondering, she heard the rail rolling again and she looked at the door. There she expected to be picked up by Linn. But she saw how the older assistant came in and had a leash in her hand which she pulled behind her on the rail. With that, of course, she approached Svenja and said to her in English, "OK, you are next."

First she loosened the top straps enough so that Svenja could lean forward a bit. Then the leash was attached to her harness by the assistant at Svenja's back. After that, all the straps were released from the bench.

"OK, please stand up, Svenja" she was told again in English. Svenja tried to obey, but with her hands attached to the hip belt of the harness, this was not so easy. At the second attempt she was suddenly supported by her harness and almost lifted up. The assistant had pulled on the other end of the leash, which hung back down over the pulley set in the rail. This way it functioned like a hoist and Svenja politely replied "Thank you."

But she almost immediately regretted that again, because she noticed that the leash was very tight, now that she was standing upright, and it did not slacken again after the assistant had let go of the end of the leash. As a result, the harness continued to pull her up uncomfortably. Since it was a discipline harness, the crotch was immediately annoying. But that didn't seem to bother the assistant, or it was even intended, because she gripped Svenja's upper arm quite firmly and then just said "Go."

As she did so, she led Svenja out of the waiting room past the reception desk and into a treatment room, where Linn was standing on the left side of the treatment chair, still attached to the rail, although her leash was very loose again. As the assistant led Svenja directly to the right side of the treatment chair, she let go of her arm. Something clicked in the pulley above her and Svenja understood that the pulley was obviously locked in place now.

"OK Svenja, please sit down on the lounger." she was then instructed by Linn.

The treatment chair was indeed already set almost like a lounger. After her leash was lengthened, she was able to sit down on the lounger with her bottom first, and then put her legs up. In doing so, she also slid back a bit and her upper body immediately lay at a 45 degree tilt. Fortunately, the leash was so loose now that the harness no longer pulled so between the legs. So Svenja relaxed a bit again. The older assistant then immediately began to secure Svenja's legs on the chair. To do this, she placed her ankles in the braces provided for this purpose and strapped them in place with wide leather straps. The straps were really pulled tight, but since everything was well padded and also ergonomically well fitted it was not too uncomfortable.

Next, straps were hooked onto Svenja's harness by Linn on the left side and the other assistant on the right side. Svenja then had to bend forward once again, which was made more difficult by both her tethered hands and the tilt of the chair.

"Can't we undo those now?" Svenja then asked Linn, referring to her restricted hands.

"Oh no Svenja, I explained that to you, it's important that you don't make any rash movements. That goes for your hands too."

Then she was helped a bit to bend forward, and the leash in the back of harness was taken off. After that, straps were also attached to the shoulder straps of the harness, and all 4 straps were pulled tight so that Svenja's upper body was pulled firmly onto the treatment chair. Now Svenja basically could not move anymore. At most she could wiggle her legs and wave her hands. But even that was to be prevented. For this purpose, a 40cm wide band of artificial leather was placed over her lower legs and knees and pulled tight. A similar one was put over her hips and belly. For this, she had to place her hands flat on her stomach, which were then pressed firmly against her body with this band. The ID rings underneath still remained connected to the waist belt. After that, she could really only wiggle her feet and head.

The feet were probably really no problem, but Svenja could guess at this point that her head would not remain so "free". It didn't hurt anywhere or press uncomfortably, but it was a strange feeling to be so strongly prevented from any movement. Svenja hoped that it would be over quickly.

Then, as expected, her head was strapped into a kind of bowl. She could still move her jaw and open and close her mouth. But that was exactly what was supposed to be taken away from her during this treatment. It reminded Svenja very much of the examination in the children's hospital a few months ago. There she could move a little more on the frame than here, but her jaw was also blocked there, which she remembered as very unpleasant.

When everything was strapped in, the older assistant left the treatment room, while Linn was still standing to the left of Svenja. She put a hand on her shoulder. "Don't worry; I get strapped in like this once a month too, it's OK. The doctor will come right away and we'll get started." said Linn reassuringly to Svenja.

"Yes, it's just very unusual for me; normally I sit still in the chair even without the restraints." gave Svenja in reply.

"That may be so, and I'll take your word for it. But here it is different. ... And one more thing, please speak only when you are asked something. If you don't understand the question, look to me and I'll translate it for you. OK?" said Linn.

"Yes fine, I will." said Svenja slightly intimidated.

Then Svenja heard the door behind her, and someone washing their hands. Then a man appeared next to her on the right side, looking her in the eye.

"Hello Svenja, I see you are ready for your speech blocker device. Let's get started." the man said in English, which she understood well. It obviously had to be the dentist.

The first step was to take impressions of Svenja's upper and lower teeth, which in itself was not so bad. The impressions were then immediately taken away by the older assistant, who had come back into the room just for that.

After that, a thorough examination was done. Linn always tried to tell Svenja what was being done, without elaborating and talking too much.

After the examination, brackets were put on her teeth and wires were attached to them. This took over an hour and Svenja's mouth was sore from being held open all that time. But she didn't want to risk having a mechanical ratchet device put in like at the children's hospital, which would be even more unpleasant, so she didn't complain.

Then suddenly the older assistant came back into the room, and put three parts for the doctor on the small tray where the instruments were also spread out. Svenja could recognize two of the parts as braces, which had obviously just been made after the impressions. They looked quite similar to the braces her friends had for the night. But these ones had different hooks. Svenja had already seen the third part about an hour ago, and it scared her even more now, because this speech regulator was now really meant for her.

While the dentist was examining the two braces, Svenja was able to enjoy a short break. She was happy to keep her mouth closed and to recover a little. But after a few minutes, the procedure continued, and the two braces were inserted and connected to the previously prepared wires. When the braces were attached, Svenja had now been tied to the chair for a total of what felt like 2 hours, when the dentist then grabbed the speech regulator and moved it towards Svenja's mouth. Her heart began to beat faster. She didn't know why, because it had been clear to her for several hours what was coming, but suddenly it became true. She had to force herself to keep her mouth open, because it was clear to her that protesting now would not change anything, but might only make it worse.

The dentist had put the device on a kind of rod and then pushed it deep into her mouth. There it was then latched onto the brace at the top, under the roof of her mouth, which was felt with a definite click. Then the dentist could remove the rod again. Next was the adjustment work on the tongue depressor. For this, it was explained to Svenja that the glue still had to harden until the next morning and before that, the locking feature could not be taxed. So a strap was placed under her chin and the lower jaw was pulled up so that it was no longer possible to open her mouth. Then the device was activated for the first time with a remote control. Svenja could feel nothing of an electric shock, but this was perhaps not even triggered, because her mouth was already kept closed. She could not and was not allowed to ask questions, so she remained in the dark about it.

The unfolding of the tongue depressor, however, was clearly felt. At the first attempt, the tongue was only slightly pressed down, but Svenja immediately felt how it worked. It was not painful. She still had the opportunity to work against it with the force of the tongue. But the psychological effect was much greater. Even though her mouth was held shut from the outside, it was immediately clear to her how powerful the part would be. Her eyes were already slightly moist but she fought against it.

In two further steps, however, the force of the hold-down was increased. For this purpose, her mouth was opened again and the dentist adjusted something with a tool. When he was satisfied, Svenja could no longer resist the force with her tongue, and it was pressed down relentlessly. It still didn't hurt, but it was very unpleasant. Realizing its purpose, and how powerless she was against it, caused some tears to trickle down her face.

Linn immediately took a cloth and wiped away the tears with it.

"It's okay Svenja, it can happen. I know some get overwhelmed when they feel it for the first time. But it's not the end of the world. And you can often prevent it from happening through good behavior too. Believe me, I know what I'm talking about."

Svenja had to hold out like that for almost 5 more minutes until the dentist had made some more notes. Then the device was deactivated again and the strap was taken off. So Svenja could open her mouth again.

"Can I say something now?" asked Svenja, looking at Linn pleadingly and still with wet eyes.

"No, actually, you can't. The glue hasn't set yet, and we're going to have to close your mouth again right away. And it has to stay that way until tomorrow morning. We'll just release your head first now." said Linn to Svenja.

"But it's so mean. It feels ..." said Svenja and then was harshly interrupted by the dentist.

"Stop now."

Afraid of further reprisals, Svenja remained quiet while another tear rolled down her cheek. Then her head was released from the bowl and the chair was adjusted a little more upright. After that, Linn began to fasten a harness made of leather around her head, which would do the job of keeping her mouth closed. Then first her upper body was freed from the chair and the leash was hooked again to the back. For this the older assistant returned, and the dentist said goodbye. After a few moments Svenja was able to stand up again and the leash was tightened once more. The stupid harness around her head was a nuisance, but she would be able to stand it until the next morning. Even if that obviously meant she wouldn't get any dinner.

But when the older assistant already had Svenja's arm in her hand again, she reached for the remote on the tray with the other one, as Svenja could see. Then, to Svenja's horror, she pressed a button on it and Svenja felt her tongue instantly being pushed down again.

"HmMMM ... HmMMM" Svenja tried desperately to complain. As she did so, she also shook her head and tugged at her wrists, which were still secured to the harness.

"Stop, you stupid girl!" she was then snapped at by the older assistant.

Svenja stopped her wriggling and looked pleadingly at Linn.

"Svenja, I explained it all to you, the glue has to harden first. Until then, unfortunately, it must remain active. But it's also a good opportunity to get used to it; please don't make a fuss about it. The more relaxed you are about it, the easier it will be for you. I wish you all the best" Linn said and waved to Svenja; she obviously couldn't leave her position by herself.

Then Svenja felt a slight tug on her arm, and she had to follow the older assistant again. She was led back to the waiting room, and she felt like crying. Not being able to speak was bad, and she would have loved to express her feelings. It was all so mean. The clenching of her tongue wasn't painful, but it was so present and made the situation so clear. Not being allowed to speak also meant not being able to discuss or at least vent her feelings.

Back in the waiting room, Svenja was tied to the bench, or "secured" as it was called here.

The waiting room was otherwise empty, and the Schäfers were obviously not in time to pick up Svenja. When Svenja was alone, she tugged a bit at her bonds again; she would have loved to rip the stupid harness off her head. But everything was safe and that her hands were restrained for so long

was getting more and more annoying, too. If she saw her parents now, she would scream at them until she ran out of breath. Was all this really necessary to get her back on the "right" track? She had understood by now that she had to change something, but it was really all too much.

Svenja slumped down again after a few minutes, trying to ignore the constant depression of her tongue, which was hardly possible. She heard voices at the registration desk, but thought little of it, because they clearly did not belong to the Schäfers coming to pick her up. Relief, after all, would not be in the cards even then.

After the voices at the registration desk fell silent, a woman and a boy entered the waiting room. Svenja was preoccupied with self-pity and did not want to pay any attention to them, so she kept her head down. She couldn't help but observe the boy more closely out of the corner of her eye, but was not looking him directly in the face. He, too, was wearing overalls, and over them a sturdy harness very similar to Ole's, although the boy must be much younger, because he was much smaller. Nevertheless, just like Svenja herself, his hands were also attached to the harness with the ID rings. Would he get the same treatment as Svenja, even though he was younger than Svenja?

Only when this question crossed Svenja's mind did she lift her head and looked at his face, and then it struck her.

"Svenja ... Svenja ... is that you?" the boy called out, wanting to run toward Svenja. But he was stopped by his harness, because the woman was holding the leash firmly in her hand.

"Jens stop, what's wrong with you? You are not usually so impulsive." said the woman, pulling violently on the leash to stop Jens. This woman also seemed to be surprised seeing Svenja.

Now it was finally clear to Svenja that it was her brother, and she recognized Philipp's mother holding his leash and stopping him so hard.

"Please Mrs. Sölling, this is my sister, I want to hug her please." begged Jens his caregiver.

"HmMMM hmMMM" Svenja tried to answer him, but it was impossible.

Mrs. Sölling looked horrified and didn't know how to react.

"Jens you can't. You should never have seen each other here." she said very rashly.

She obviously remembered Svenja as well, although they had only seen each other once before, at Jens' birthday.

Then she gave Jens a little more leash length and let him go to his sister. He tried to hug her, but that was impossible with his hands tied, so he knelt down on the bench and pressed himself against his sister as best he could.

Svenja could do even less, except caress him a little with her hands. She too would have loved to hug him so much at that moment.

"HmMMM HmMMM" she tried to talk to him again, and was immediately reminded of her situation again.

Jens stepped back a bit and looked at his sister.

"Did you get one of those no talking devices today too?" he then asked in surprise.

"hmmmm" Svenja tried again but then nodded vigorously.

"OK, I'm supposed to get that too now, was it bad and does it hurt?" Jens then asked innocently, but he was obviously better informed than Svenja was less than 3 hours ago when she had gotten here.

"Mmmmm" Svenja tried again but then shook her head; she didn't want to worry her brother unnecessarily. Maybe he could handle the feelings about it better. The device itself didn't hurt, after all.

"You see Jens, it's not bad, but I have to secure you here now. Please sit down on the bench," Jens was asked by Mrs. Sölling.

Jens then obeyed, and sat down right next to his sister and let Mrs. Sölling strap him in.

"We'll come back when you're done. Ok!" said Mrs. Sölling and left the two alone.

"Have you been here all vacation? I thought you were at a summer camp? Or is that here?" Jens showered his sister with questions.

Svenja turned her head and looked sadly at Jens. "Hmmmm" she said, making it clear once again that she really couldn't speak.

"Oh yes sorry. I should just ask yes / no questions, huh?" Jens then asked to which Svenja nodded vigorously.

"OK, does it really not hurt, this part?" asked Jens then, and Svenja shook her head.

"Fine. Are you at a summer camp here?" asked Jens, to which Svenja replied in the negative.

"But are mom and dad here?" followed the next question, which was also answered in the negative.

Jens would have liked to know more, but only with yes and no questions he could not find out what he wanted to know.

"I'm supposed to get one of those things too, and Philip is getting his tomorrow. It's really stupid when you can't talk. You have to tell me everything when we are back home, and you are allowed to speak again," Jens told then, without asking any more questions.

After a short pause, he then asked, "Are you not allowed to talk because of the treatment or because you are being punished?"

Svenja couldn't answer the either-or question, of course, but then shook her head.

"Ohh, so you are not being punished and I won't be able to talk afterwards, either?" to this question Svenja then nodded her head vigorously.

"Ohh, I'm glad you're not punished, but of course it's stupid that I'll probably be in the same position as you soon," Jens stated.

Then Jens was silent for a moment, thinking, while voices could be heard again from the room with the registration. A short time later, Mrs. Schäfer appeared in the doorway and looked at Svenja to see how she was doing. Svenja returned the look and looked back sadly but silently.

"Hello my darling, you are ready faster than we expected. Is everything OK with you, are you well?" asked Mrs. Schäfer and approached Svenja. Whereupon Jens looked a bit lost at Mrs. Schäfer, who

had addressed his sister with a pet name normally only used by his mother. Jens had met Mrs. Schäfer only very briefly in the store for educational clothing, and did not remember her.

"Svenja, who is that?" Jens then asked his sister, again not realizing that she could not answer that question.

In response, Mrs. Schäfer then looked at Jens and said with an astonished face, "Jeennns?"

Next she pulled her cell phone out of her pocket and swiped on it for a moment.

"Bugger, that wasn't supposed to happen." she then said, more to herself. She had obviously checked Jens' identity on her phone.

"Ummm Jens, good to see you here, you've already met your sister, yes?" she said, a bit irritated by the situation.

"Yes I have. Who are you then?" asked Jens, a bit surprised that this woman knew him but he didn't know her.

"Oh, I'm Mrs. Schäfer, your sister is staying with us. We met once briefly while shopping, remember?" said Frau Schäfer.

"Uhm no, I don't remember." replied Jens.

"Oh that's not bad, I'm sure we'll meet again." said Frau Schäfer, and then continued walking towards Svenja to release her from the bench.

"But I thought Svenja was at a summer camp, is the camp around here?" asked Jens.

"Oh yes, something like that. It is not really a camp. Your sister can explain it to you when you see each other again. OK." replied Frau Schäfer and then hooked the lead line in Svenja's back.

"But maybe we can meet here sometime, I'm here with my friend for another two weeks." said Jens, eager to learn more about why his sister was here too.

"Well Jens, I don't think that is possible, you'll see each other again when you are returned to your parents." replied Frau Schäfer, making Svenja get up from the bench.

"Hmm too bad. ... Take care Svenja. See you around." said Jens.

"Mmmmm" made Svenja and tried to wave with her hands as well as she could.

"Bye Jens, see you next time," Mrs. Schäfer added, and led Svenja out of the waiting room.

At the reception, Mrs. Schäfer thanked them again and left the practice with Svenja.

Mr. Schäfer was standing outside with Charlotte on a leash.

"Hi Svenja, how are you? Everything OK?" asked Charlotte when she saw Svenja.

"Hmmm" was all Svenja could do, shrugged her shoulders and then looked down at the ground.

"Charlotte, we told you that Svenja can't talk this afternoon because of the treatment. You are not to tease her, do you understand?" her father said and then pulled on the leash of her disciplinary harness.

"Ouch dad, I was just trying to be polite. Please don't!" complained Charlotte immediately.

But her father had understood differently and kept the pull going for a moment, causing Charlotte to groan and fidget slightly.

Then they all walked back to the Schäfers' car together, while Charlotte was also very quiet.

"Svenja, can I trust that you won't go to your head with your hands if I free them for a moment?" asked Mrs. Schäfer Svenja when they had arrived at the car and Charlotte had already been put in her seat by her father. That was hardly possible for Svenja with her hands secured.

Svenja nodded in agreement - what else could she do?

Then Mrs. Schäfer released Svenja's hands, and she had to hold herself back very strongly in order not to tear the leather harness off her head immediately. Which of course would have caused a lot of trouble. When Svenja was then strapped into her seat she was even glad that her hands were also strapped to the armrests. This way she didn't have to resist the urge any further. For the first time she appreciated being prevented from doing the wrong thing. She didn't know what would happen if she opened her mouth now with the uncured glue and the activated blocker pressing down her tongue. So despite the uncomfortable situation, it was best not to give in to the urge, and not to tear the harness off her head.

When Svenja's hands had to be briefly loosened again at the cottage to get out, she was once again glad that they were snapped back onto the harness. Inside Svenja was allowed to sit on the sofa without being secured further. Mr. Schäfer put the groceries in the kitchen and kept an eye on Svenja, but she was too exhausted to move away from the sofa, especially since she couldn't do anything else with her hands tied, anyway.

Directly after arriving Mrs. Schäfer and Charlotte disappeared into the bathroom, which reminded Svenja that she was wearing a diaper, but fortunately had not needed to use it at the dentist. Now, however, she was beginning to feel that she would soon have to pee. The pressing down of the tongue was still as annoying as in the beginning, but since Svenja could now think of other things, she had the feeling that the urge to tear the harness off her head had subsided.

While Svenja was thinking about how this evening would end, Mrs. Schäfer and Charlotte returned from the bathroom. Charlotte had her house suit on again and a normal harness around her chest. With this she was then fastened to the rails by her mother in the kitchen and was expected to help prepare dinner. After that Mrs. Schäfer came to Svenja and sat down beside her.

"So my darling, I hope you are doing reasonably well. I know it was an exhausting and exciting afternoon for you. Did you use your diaper?" she then asked directly.

Svenja shook her head, but Mrs. Schäfer still reached into her crotch to feel for it. Svenja was too exhausted to get upset about it, it was just typical of Mrs. Schäfer.

"OK, it seems to be dry. Do you have to pee now?" she then asked.

Svenja nodded.

"Good, now do you want to go to the bathroom and do you want me to take your diaper off?" continued Frau Schäfer. Again, Svenja nodded.

"Urgent, or can we clarify a couple more things?" To this question Svenja shook her head, she was not in a hurry yet.

"Good, I want to explain to you how things are going to be this evening." When Mrs. Schäfer said that, she put an arm around Svenja.

"The device in your mouth is active for an hour maximum, then it will relax again. This is about to happen. But I want you not to try to speak anyway. That will then be possible within limits, but not good." When Mrs. Schäfer said this, Svenja leaned towards her and let her be hugged gratefully. She knew no other way she could thank her for this great news.

"But we are instructed by the dentist to activate it again after another hour. Until you go to bed always for one hour in alternation; in the night activation is not necessary. This means that today you can decide for yourself if you want to go to bed earlier. OK? Then you give me a sign," explained Mrs. Schäfer. Whereupon Svenja nodded vigorously.

This option was also good news for Svenja. Under other circumstances she would not voluntarily go to bed earlier: it was always much too early for Svenja here anyway. But if no more activation would be needed, it was definitely a good option for Svenja.

While Svenja was still snuggled up to Mrs. Schäfer, Mrs. Schäfer's cell phone suddenly emitted a notification tone. She then looked at the device, and while still reading the message, Svenja felt her tongue being released. Mrs. Schäfer then put her index fingers over her mouth to show Svenja that she had to remain silent. Svenja put on a big smile and Mrs. Schäfer could see Svenja's braces and thought it was kind of cute and had to hug her again.

When she had detached herself again, she said, "Come on, I'll take you to the bathroom and change your clothes. You don't have to be dressed like that here in the house."

Then Mrs. Schäfer got up and also helped Svenja get back up from the sofa. When Svenja arrived in the bathroom, she expected that her hands would first be removed from the harness and attached to the pair of lines above the toilet, as they had been every time she went to the bathroom in the last few days. Therefore, Svenja put herself in the appropriate position.

"No Svenja, not today. I have to make sure you don't get your hands to your head – those straps aren't suitable for that," said Mrs. Schäfer, went to the shelf and picked up two strange objects that looked like wide but not very long tubes made of fabric like she knew from an air mattress. Mrs. Schäfer then placed one of these tubes on the nearby sink, and she used her cell phone to release Svenja's right arm from its anchorage. When that was done, she immediately took Svenja's hand, guided her arm into the second tube and pulled it up to just below her shoulder. Her hand came back out at the bottom and the tube ended just before the ID ring, like an extra sleeve. Then Mrs. Schäfer began inflating the sleeve with a hand pump. This caused the outside and inside of the sleeve to expand and Svenja's whole arm was stuck in the sleeve. It felt like a swimming wing that was much too big, but Svenja immediately felt the purpose of the measure with the inflation, because with the inflation the sleeve also became stiffer and stiffer. This meant that Svenja could no longer bend her arm. This also meant that her hand could no longer reach her head. When Mrs. Schäfer was satisfied with the pressure in the tube, the same procedure followed with her left arm, and the tube from the sink. Fortunately, this type of restriction was not as uncomfortable as others. The pressure was distributed over the entire surface, and Svenja could otherwise move her arms and hands freely, just not to the head or upper body.

When this measure was completed, Svenja's harness was removed, which was a bit more complicated, but not impossible. After that, the overalls could be taken off, but not the sweater, because its sleeves were trapped under the tubes. The diaper was also quickly removed and Svenja was allowed to sit on the toilet. Since Svenja was basically quite free, Mrs. Schäfer stayed in the bathroom and did not let Svenja out of her sight. This was no longer a big problem for Svenja.

When she was finished in the bathroom, Mrs. Schäfer cleaned her up; she had to hold her arms up to keep them out of the way. It was kind of nice to be able to move her arm after all that time, but it quickly became tiring after the tube became stiffer and stiffer. But it didn't take long and then Svenja was being dressed again.

"Unfortunately, I can't dress you in the usual house suit with these splints, but we have something similar," said Frau Schäfer, and held a piece of clothing in front of Svenja's legs for her to step into. For Svenja it looked at the first moment exactly like the house suit. It had the same color and the same fabric. When pulling it up, it turned out to be overalls with almost the same characteristics as the house suit. There were attached feet and around the waist there was an elastic band that made the pants fit tightly. Side buttons were therefore not necessary.

Over it Svenja got a regular chest harness strapped.

"So Svenja, we are done here. Let's go to the kitchen." said Mrs. Schäfer, and attached a short leash to the harness and led Svenja into the kitchen.

Walking with these devices around her arms was unusual but no problem for Svenja. It was better than having her hands tied to her body again. Since the tongue had not been pressed down for almost half an hour now, Svenja could relax a bit more. The harness around her head was still annoying and goofy, but the evening was slowly becoming more bearable. Therefore, Svenja was also reasonably satisfied with the situation, even if she basically could not do anything under these circumstances.

In the kitchen, she was then strapped to the kitchen bench as usual. She could either put her arms on the table or let them hang to the side of her body. Neither was a very comfortable position. Hanging down, her arms were resting against the edge of the bench, and at the top, her hands were resting far on the table, and the weight of her arms was pressing on her wrists. But Svenja could switch between the positions as long as no one was sitting next to her, which was quite OK.

After a few minutes, Mrs. Schäfer came with a cup that had a straw in it. She placed this on the edge of the table, close to Svenja.

"You haven't had a drink in a long time, you should have one now, Svenja!" Frau Schäfer then said to her, and sat down across from her.

Svenja wasn't quite sure how to do that, with her mouth closed. Therefore she widened her eyes and shrugged her shoulders. She had also briefly considered whether she should try to ask a question, which would probably have been possible at the moment. But she didn't want to worsen her situation at the moment.

"Ohh, that's just water, Svenja. You can open your lips and suck on the straw. The water will find its way through your braces. Don't worry," said Mrs. Schäfer and smiled at Svenja.

Since Svenja was indeed thirsty, she tried it as Mrs. Schäfer had told her. It was a strange feeling. The water that came out of the straw seeped through her teeth and spread throughout her mouth. Since she could currently use her tongue, swallowing was not a big problem either. After Svenja had taken

a few more swigs, she put the straw back down and smiled gratefully at Mrs. Schäfer. She didn't realize at the time that she was presenting her new braces in all their beauty to Mrs. Schäfer. But Mrs. Schäfer found it very sweet with Svenja and involuntarily had to laugh lightly.

Of course Svenja didn't understand why and looked surprised and raised her shoulders.

"waaa?" (What?) came spontaneously out of her mouth.

Which almost made Mrs. Schäfer laugh out loud, but she controlled herself, just smiled and put her fingers in front of her mouth admonishingly. "Shhhh. Don't speak. You have 20 minutes left, but I can turn it back on sooner."

With this threat, Svenja's smile immediately disappeared and she looked a bit sad. From her point of view, this day could have just ended here.

"Well Svenja, unfortunately I can't offer you more than the water tonight. Therefore I think you should not sit together with us at the dinner table. I'll take you to the deck chairs on the terrace in a moment. If you like, you can read something there. OK?"

Svenja nodded and took another big sip with the straw. It wasn't that she was very hungry, but the prospect of having to go to bed without eating wasn't the best either.

"Have you had enough? You'll get another chance to drink after the next hour." she was informed by Frau Schäfer.

Since it was enough for the moment, she nodded her head and Frau Schäfer took the cup away from her again and returned it to the kitchen. Svenja was then taken to one of the deck chairs and strapped in there. She was able to rest her arms halfway on her upper body, which was actually quite comfortable. The sun was slowly moving towards the dunes and it could have been such a beautiful evening. Mrs. Schäfer left again and Svenja looked longingly at the dunes. 'Is this all really necessary?' her head was starting again.

After a while, Mrs. Schäfer came back and put a book and a teen magazine on the table within Svenja's reach.

"You should distract yourself a bit, child." she then said, and Svenja looked at her and then at the reading material. Svenja would much rather have listened to music, but not only couldn't she voice that, but she would also not be able to put the earphones in. So she reached for the magazine and looked at the cover. This was quite possible with the straight arms but unfamiliar and a bit more strenuous, since the writing was much further away.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Schäfer took her phone out of her pocket and swiped on it.

"So Svenja, are you ready?" she then asked, getting Svenja's attention back.

Svenja looked to her, and saw Mrs. Schäfer with her thumb over her phone ready to reactivate Svenja's speech regulator. Svenja made a disgruntled face and shook her head. But she also realized that the question was really only rhetorical. That's why she saw Mrs. Schäfer lower her thumb after they both made eye contact. Instantly, the unpleasant feeling and the pressure on her tongue returned. A shiver ran down her spine and she had to shake herself slightly. She would have to endure it for another hour.

Mrs. Schäfer put the phone away and stroked Svenja's head. "Is everything okay? We'll have dinner now. Then we'll see what's next," said Frau Schäfer and Svenja nodded slightly.

"If you get into trouble, tap 2 times on the left bracelet and I'll come and check on you. Got it?" she then went on to say.

Svenja nodded again and then looked at the magazine once more; it was probably a good idea to distract herself. But then she had to think about the statement about the bracelets. Was that some kind of emergency call function? Would it always work? These ID rings always had surprises in store for Svenja. Currently, however, she saw no reason to test this function. The depressing of the tongue was again very disturbing and present, but she had already endured it for an hour and would probably have to and be able to endure it for another hour.

She browsed through the magazine, amusing herself somewhat. She also noticed that the youth culture depicted in the magazine had nothing to do with her current situation, but that didn't detract from the distraction. Suddenly there was a click in her mouth and the pressure on her tongue disappeared again. Had an hour really passed? Svenja looked up from the magazine and looked around. The sun was already touching the top of the dunes. She was really glad that it was over and decided that she would go to bed at the end of the next hour to avoid another activation. She wouldn't feel the head harness while she slept, and it would all be over by morning.

A short moment later, Mrs. Schäfer looked through the patio door at Svenja.

"Are you all right, my child?"

Svenja nodded and smiled slightly, but this time without showing her teeth.

"We're going to watch a movie tonight; would you like to join us?" asked Frau Schäfer then.

Svenja briefly considered what that would mean for her plan to go to bed in an hour. After all, Mrs. Schäfer would have to put her to bed. And the movie would surely last longer than an hour. On the other hand, Mrs. Schäfer had been much nicer all afternoon, leaving Svenja many options and asking much more than usual. Was she more sympathetic to her situation than with other measures? Then maybe she would let her get away with the extra effort of putting her to bed early.

"Svenja, are you dreaming? We want to start right away." came the demand from Mrs. Schäfer.

Svenja nodded, not knowing herself now whether she had just agreed to the movie or confirmed that she was dreaming.

But Mrs. Schäfer noticed that Svenja was undecided and had something on her mind. So she sat down next to Svenja and held her hand.

"I know it's not easy, but it will soon be over. Would you like another drink?" asked Mrs. Schäfer.

Svenja shook her head and then tilted her head. "mmm" made Svenja without trying to speak and made a sad face.

Mrs. Schäfer looked at her and then asked. "Do you have a question?"

To which Svenja nodded vigorously.

"OK, I have an idea." she said and took her cell phone out of her pocket, which made Svenja cringe a bit, since this cell phone had such a power over her.

Frau Schäfer swiped at it for a moment and then said, "This is just to clarify your question, we're not going to do this all evening. Understood?"

Svenja didn't understand, but Frau Schäfer then handed her the cell phone in her hand.

"You can write down your question and I'll answer it for you." she commented on her action.

Svenja looked at the device and saw a note app with a blank page and the keyboard was already displayed. Now she understood and wondered why Mrs. Schäfer didn't have this idea earlier. But she was grateful to have this possibility to communicate now. So she started typing.

"I would very much like to see the movie with you. But I also want to go to bed when the hour is up to avoid further activation. I'm sure the movie will go longer than an hour. Would you then still..." Svenja didn't get any further, even though she could write very quickly on a smartphone.

"Svenja, just the question! I know you couldn't share for a long time. You can tell us everything tomorrow." said Mrs. Schäfer, while she took the phone from Svenja's hand again, and then read what she had written.

"It's sweet of you to worry about me. But you don't have to. It's my job to take care of you, and since I promised you that you can go to bed if you want, I'll stick to that. So come on, let's go inside," said Mrs. Schäfer, took Svenja off the deck chair and brought her into the living room on the sofa. There she was secured with a leash, but it was so long that it did not hamper her. Svenja did not intend to 'run away' anyway. How could she.

When everyone was back in their seats, just like at the game night, Mr. Schäfer turned on the movie; it was a comedy from a DVD. So the movie could always be stopped if Svenja had to leave prematurely.

After a few minutes Charlotte from one side and Svenja from the other side snuggled up to Mrs. Schäfer and laid their heads on their mother's shoulders. It was very cozy for all of them, only the stiff arms were a bit disturbing for Svenja, but not that bad either. Everyone laughed a lot, which led to the head harness bothering Svenja every now and then. Nevertheless, the evening was very entertaining and Svenja was already quite tired when the movie suddenly ended. While the credits were still rolling, Mrs. Schäfer announced, "So, straight off to bed with you." Svenja sat up straight and then looked at Frau Schäfer in amazement. The movie had certainly lasted longer than an hour.

Frau Schäfer just put her fingers back over her mouth, and then disconnected Svenja's leash from the sofa. Svenja understood that possibly the whole tongue thing and the hardening was just about her not trying to speak during the time, and not really about pushing her tongue down all the time. The fact that the activation was automatically released after an hour also spoke for this theory. Svenja suddenly felt a bit cheated, but was also glad that Mrs. Schäfer had let her finish watching the movie.

In the bathroom, there was the usual routine, and the stiff tubes were removed after appropriate admonishment from Mrs. Schäfer regarding Svenja's hands. In bed, the ID rings were connected to the charger, which would also keep the hands out of reach of her head during the night. The only difference that evening was that Charlotte was not in the bathroom with them; she was only 'processed' after Svenja was safely strapped into bed.

Falling asleep was not so easy for Svenja that evening, but eventually she succeeded and the gruesome day was over.