

The evolution of the Marson family

Chapter 1: How it all began

The summer holidays have just started and Jens has not made any plans today. After breakfast, which he had together with his four year older sister Svenja, aunt Roswita comes by unexpectedly and brings a box of old clothes. This belonged to her now adult children. Normally Jens and his sister have been getting new clothes to wear for years, because both parents work and earn quite well. But aunt Roswita told them that Inga could look through everything and if there is something in it, it would be good, but otherwise the Salvation Army would benefit. As suddenly as the aunt came she had disappeared again.

Svenja wanted to meet her friends today and told her 11 year old brother not to do anything stupid while she is away. She would come back home before her parents and of course he should not tell her parents where she was today. Jens went to his room and played with his Lego. Svenja went to the central place where she wanted to meet her friends. The parents did not like to see their daughter's acquaintances, it was bad company for Svenja. There was also drinking alcohol at the bus stop or trying the one or other cigarette.

But there was also not much offered for young people in the district where they live. The Marson family lived on the edge of a medium-sized town with many single-family houses and small properties. Everything quite contemplative.

Jens had lost interest in his Lego bricks and remembered the package from aunt Roswita. It was still lying in the hallway and he took it into his room and started to rummage through it. There were sweaters and shirts and jeans and corduroys in different sizes. The things were obviously from different ages of Aunt Rosita's children. Jens didn't notice anything special that he would have liked to have, because the clothes were of course not very modern. In Jens' class the children slowly started to be interested in fashionable considerations and Jens didn't want to be behind.

But suddenly something aroused his interest, one of the jeans was different. It was a pair of overalls. Jens had already seen overalls in younger children at school and always found them special, but he could never understand why that was so. He could not remember ever having worn overalls.

When he saw the overalls he felt strange, but he could not classify the feeling and he put on the overalls to check the size. It seemed like the overalls could fit. Jens first thought about how much time he had until his sister would come back, he had the feeling to do something forbidden. But it was a great feeling.

As he had enough time left, he took off his trousers and slipped into the overalls, they fit perfectly around his hips. The overalls had an elastic band in the back and Jens had some trouble to close the side buttons, but then the trousers surrounded him around his hips with a slight but not unpleasant pressure. The elastic was stretched almost to the end, so he didn't feel any more give. The bib was hanging down at the front and the straps were dragging on the floor at the back. Jens now tried to grab the straps, which is not that easy if you have never done it before. After some attempts he could grab them and lay over his shoulder. Now he folded up the bib in the front, it was quite big and reached up to a few centimeters below his neck. The buckles on the straps were set quite high, but since Jens had never adjusted such a buckle before, he left them as they were and tried to put the bib in. To do this he had to pull the straps a little and also pull the bib all the way up. But it worked. The trousers slid up into his crotch, and at the back the trousers dug into his bottom. But it was a great feeling for Jens, his stomach was tingling also because he still had the feeling to do something forbidden.

He walked around the house for about 20 minutes and enjoyed the feeling of being completely enclosed by the overalls. Because the straps were so tight and he still had a sweater underneath, he did not have full freedom of movement in the pants, but that did not bother him and he did not try to adjust the straps.

But now he had to hurry, his sister could come home any moment. So Jens took off the overalls again and put his pants back on. After that he carefully packed the box of his aunt again and put it back into the hall.

But his sister did not come back as fast as he had feared. So he turned back to his Legos. But the whole time Jens was thinking about how he could get his mother Inga to let him wear the overalls. But of course only at home, because at school he would become an outsider very quickly.

After some time his sister came back from her meeting with the clique. Together they prepared the dinner for the whole family. Outside of the holidays the family rarely ate together, because everyone came home at very different times and the children had to go to bed early. But during the holidays especially Jens enjoyed eating together with the whole family. When the two of them were finished the parents Inga and Peter came home from work.

Jens had to tell his mother about the package from aunt Roswita. But both parents were very tired from work and didn't really go into it. But Jens then came up with the idea to do a joint inspection of the clothes tomorrow (Saturday). Since Inga didn't like to discard anything, and wanted to tell her sister-in-law something positive, she agreed to search the clothes for recyclable ones together with the children on Saturday. Svenja didn't like this at all, she already had plans of her own and didn't want to inherit old clothes from her cousins. But her mother insisted to do it with both children. So she could also keep Svenja away from her clique. Besides, the common activities of the family are not as frequent as it should be, because both parents always work long hours. In the evening Jens went to bed full of anticipation for the next day.

After a joint breakfast with the family on Saturday morning, the children and mother Inga sat down together in the family's living room in the morning and opened Aunt Roswita's box. Jens didn't let on that he already knew the contents, he had sorted the overalls in the lower part. The mother started at the top and inspected every part. Most of the things ended up in a Red Cross sack that she had laid out ready. But he had to try on some shirts that seemed to be in Jens' size, that was no fun for him, because he doesn't like shirts, but for some occasions they seemed suitable to Inga. Then also tops for Svenja appeared, but she seemed make fun of the whole action. Since her mother obviously did not consider the very weird things for her. In the pants many of Jens' pants were two corduroys which he didn't like very much and which his sister made fun of immediately. His mother, however, thought that they were useful for getting dirty while playing. For Svenja there were a few timeless jeans which she accepted without any fuss.

Now it was getting exciting for Jens and next it was the turn of the overalls. His mother took them out of the box and unfolded them. Jens was very curious about his mother's reaction, but she treated the overalls just like any other piece out of the box. First she checked for damage and assessed the condition, then she estimated the size and told Jens that these trousers could fit him and that he should try them on. Jens was very happy about his mother's decision, but didn't let on anything. He slipped into them and closed the side buttons. Since he obviously didn't manage to do that easily and it took some time, his mother started to put the straps over his shoulders and pull up the bib. When she saw that the straps were a bit tight she loosened them a bit and closed the bib.

Normally his mother hasn't helped Jens to put clothes on for a long time, but he found it very enjoyable and when he felt the bib around his body he got that tingling in his stomach again. The overalls were now not as tight as yesterday, because Jens didn't have a thick sweater underneath and his mother loosened the straps. But it was still a great feeling.

Inga then checked the fit of the trousers and suddenly asked Jens if he would like to wear overalls at all. Besides they are already a little tight, but will fit for another year. Jens answered surprisingly fast that he would wear the overalls at least at home. Inga recognized that he must have liked the pants, because Jens wasn't so euphoric about the other things. Svenja immediately made fun of the overalls and taunted him that he would be afraid to attract attention at school as a baby. Jens became

completely different at the thought of having to go to school with him overalls. But now he had already agreed to take the overalls. So there was no turning back, but that had been his plan. He wanted to have the overalls because he liked the feeling of yesterday when he wore the pants for the first time. Inga confirmed Jens once again that the pants would look good at him and he shouldn't listen to his sister. She stroked him over his back and the back part of the overalls. Jens didn't know why, but it was an indescribably good feeling when he was stroked by his mother. Without the tight fabric of the overalls at his back he never had this feeling before.

Until they emptied the box Jens kept the overalls on, because there were no other things for him. After the end of the action Jens asked his mother very quietly if he could keep the overalls on today. He tried to make sure that his sister did not notice what he was doing and his mother smiled at him and agreed.

Meanwhile it had become noon and the family gathered for lunch in the kitchen. Jens still wore the overalls and only a t-shirt under the bib. His sister had to annoy him again and asked if she should get a high chair for the baby. If his sister was teasing him with the overalls, how would his classmates in school act? But Jens suppressed the thought and enjoyed the feeling of the overalls. After all he didn't have to wear the overalls to school.

After dinner the weather, which had been bad so far this summer, got better and the sun came out. Jens wanted to go to the park and meet a classmate on the playground who hadn't gone on holiday with his parents either. But as it was still quite cold outside, Inga said he had to put on a sweater before he could go outside. Jens thought that was great, because he almost went outside with the overalls although he wanted to keep them secret from his classmates. So he pulled a sweater over the overalls, so he could continue to enjoy the great feeling of the overalls and his friends would not notice that they are overalls.

After Jens and his friend Niklas had really let off steam on the adventure playground in the park and the sun had gained strength in the meantime, the two of them had become quite warm. Niklas first took off his sweater and then Jens took off his sweater without thinking about the fact that he still had his overalls on. When he had taken off his sweater he noticed his misfortune immediately, but then it was already too late: Niklas had already seen the bib. Jens was a bit embarrassed now and he tried to hold the pulled out sweater in front of his chest. Actually Niklas didn't want to go into it, but now that Jens was obviously so embarrassed, he asked Jens if his parents required him to wear overalls. Of course Jens could deny that and it was a load off his mind that Niklas didn't make fun of him, it seemed to be a normal piece of clothing for Niklas.

But Jens then asked why Niklas would think that his parents would force him to do it. The thought had not yet occurred to him, but now he was a little shocked. Niklas said only he had known a boy who was only allowed to wear overalls by his parents. But then Jens didn't want to talk further about the topic, because he still felt a bit caught with the overalls. The two of them played a little bit in the park and then went home in time.

In the next weeks the weather got better and better and it became a real summer from the holidays. But the parents of Jens and Svenja had to work the whole time and were only at home in the evenings. Jens was often together with Niklas and two other friends and enjoyed the holidays. He was able to put on his overalls even more often and was still enthusiastic about the great feeling of the overalls. His mother only noticed that the trousers appeared regularly in the laundry.

After a good two thirds of the holidays Inga went shopping with Jens, that is not unusual, the parents would often take one of the children with them to do the shopping. Sometimes they also buy clothes for the children.

When they were in a children's clothing store the mother looked for new sweaters for Jens, because he needed some new clothes for the school year that is about to start. After she had found two matching

sweaters, she suddenly had a pair of jeans in her hand and told Jens to try them on. When he took the trousers in his hand he noticed that they were overalls, his heart began to beat and he walked towards the changing room. Why did his mother suddenly get the idea to buy him overalls without being asked? He started to take off his clothes and put on the new overalls. Meanwhile he already had practice in closing the buttons on the side, but there was something different about this overalls, it had 5 buttons on the side instead of three like his other one. When it took him too long his mother opened the curtain of the dressing room and helped him to put on the overalls. By putting the straps over his shoulders and putting the buckles in place. Since this was a new pair of overalls, the buckles had to be threaded into the straps. When she was done with it, Jens was also done with the side buttons. Now Jens held the bib up and his mother adjusted the buckles so that the trousers were pulled up sufficiently. The rows of buttons on the side now reached up to a good ten centimeters higher than on the other overalls. These trousers were a little wider than his old ones, but because they were closed higher, the feeling of security that Jens liked so much was also present here. His mother now inspected the fit of the trousers and was particularly taken with the high button rows. Because the kidneys are always well protected against the cold. Jens thought that these overalls don't look as nice as the other ones, but the wearing comfort is also great and he thought he could wear something over the bib so you don't see it that way. Now he already had two overalls and could choose freely when he wanted to wear one and when not.

The holidays are coming to an end and Jens had good experiences with the friends he met during the holidays when they noticed his overalls. So he was equipped with a good self-confidence when it came to his secret passion for overalls. Only his sister kept teasing him when he was wearing one of his overalls. His sister continued to distance herself from her parents during the holidays and did more and more forbidden things in the clique, which plays a big role for her bad behavior.

Chapter 2: The holidays are coming to an end

On the last day of the holidays Jens decided to wear the new overalls with the high buttoned sides, although he knew that he probably had to wear them on the first day of school. Because it is not common for the Marsons to wear a pair of pants only for one day when they have not got a stain. In the last week of the holidays the weather had become a bit worse again and it was very windy. For once his mother was at home and not at work that day. When Jens wanted to go outside to play he was stopped by his mother. He put on a thick sweater over his pants, but his mother thought he had to put the sweater into his pants because of the wind. But she hadn't noticed yet that Jens was wearing the new overalls. She was about to put the sweater into his pants when she noticed which pants they were. Then she told him that it was perfect, that's exactly why she had bought these trousers. Now she took off his sweater and opened the overalls. Jens didn't know what happened to him. He wasn't usually dressed by his mother. This once she took full control and put the sweater back on him with the overalls down. Then she refastened the straps over the sweater to the bib again and after that the sweater was pulled into the pants until it fit perfectly. Now the buttons were closed up to the last button. Because of the thick sweater the overalls now looked quite tight around Jens' body. But that didn't seem to be enough for Inga, she shortened the straps a little bit and explained to Jens that then the sweater couldn't slip out of the pants anymore and he would always stay warm. With a loving slap on the now quite tightly pulled up butt, she let Jens go out to play.

Jens was a bit surprised by the sudden care of his mother but not disturbed, he had enjoyed being cared for by his mother. The new overalls were now as tight as the first one when he had put them on secretly. His freedom of movement was slightly restricted, but that did not bother him, he enjoyed the enclosed feeling of the overalls again.

But then he did have a problem, he was now wearing blue jeans over a red sweater and his overalls were immediately visible to everyone. Since he only wanted to meet Niklas for playing, he had no

problem with it for today. Niklas did not ask any more questions about Jens' overalls. But what would he do tomorrow at school if his mother would send him to school like that.

The next morning Jens' alarm clock rang, which was very unpleasant after the long holidays. But Jens could wake up quite easily as he was already a bit excited. Because today he will go to school with overalls for the first time. When he was out of the bathroom, his sister got up too and got ready for school. Jens put on only the overalls without the sweater in his room and hoped his mother would be too busy to notice that he did not have the sweater on under the overalls.

When he came into the kitchen he was astonished to find that his parents were already out of the house. They had to get to the office surprisingly early. There was only a note on the table with greetings and the advice that the children should dress warmly, it would be windy outside again. Jens was already sitting at breakfast when his sister came in and saw the overalls. Svenja had not seen her brother so often during the holidays to have noticed how often he wears the overalls meanwhile. So she annoyed him again and asked him if she should drop him off at the kindergarten later. But Jens did not let his sister drive away the good mood. After breakfast he just pulled the red sweater over the overalls and went together with his sister to school.

While they went to school together Svenja asked her brother what was wrong with mummy, she was so affectionate lately and was always annoying her. Jens then alluded to her new friends and that she had been misbehaving a lot lately. Svenja then said he should not start like that now. Jens would only encourage her by behaving like a baby with his overalls. Then they argued the rest of the way to school. Jens denied of course that the behavior of their mother could have something to do with Jens' overalls. That was completely absurd.

Jens also insisted that the overalls have nothing to do with a baby. But Svenja saw that completely different.

Chapter 3 : The first day of school after the holidays

Arriving at the schoolyard Jens and his sister Svenja separated. They went to the same comprehensive school, but they had their classrooms in different buildings. The caretaker had opened the classrooms early and so Jens went to class. He had arrived in the 5th grade this year and some parents had sent their children to another school type in these grades, so there would be new children in the class and others were not there anymore. But until now there were only children there, whom he already knew from the 4th class, among others also Niklas with whom he had spent a lot of time during the holidays. All the children stood in a circle in the class and told about their experiences from the holidays. Especially the children who had gone on holiday with their parents had a lot to tell, so Jens listened curiously. As time went by more and more children came into the class and also some new faces could be seen. Some were a bit shy and just listened, others told their names and in which street they live. About 5 minutes before the start of the lesson the new class teacher entered the class, because with the new school year the class also got a new class teacher. He greeted the children only briefly with a "good morning" and then began to set up his desk. He prepared notes and took pens from his bag. Shortly afterwards another boy entered the classroom with his mother. She went to the teacher, the boy followed her closely. He seemed very shy and looked around the classroom only cautiously. The mother spoke briefly with the class teacher and meanwhile the other children noticed the new boy. Several groups had formed meanwhile. But in all groups the other children looked at the new one for a moment and then whispered to each other obviously more quietly. Jens had also seen the boy and was very excited, because the boy was wearing overalls over his sweater.

The teacher had not heard that the other children were talking about the new boy, and at that moment the school bell rang to announce the start of the lesson. The woman then said goodbye to the

teacher and stroked her son briefly over his shoulders and left the classroom. The new class teacher then took the floor to introduce himself.

His name was Mr Burgmeier and he would be the new class teacher of class 5b. Then he ordered all the children to line up in a circle, with the boy with the overalls standing directly next to Mr. Burgmeier and the others forming a large circle in front of the blackboard, starting from the teacher and the new boy. Mr. Burgmeier continued and reported that he would teach social studies, math and physics in the class. These first two lessons were to be social studies according to the timetable, but he'd prefer to use the time to let everybody introduce themselves, and he could discuss all the organisational matters with the children.

He took a list from his desk and started calling the students alphabetically by their last names. Everyone was asked to say briefly if they were new to the class and where they came from. With the names Marson Jens was always quite far behind in such things, but there were some new ones in the class so he didn't know exactly when he was called.

Halfway down the list it was his turn, and like everyone else before him he told them where he lives and what his favourite subjects are and that he is 11 years old. Most of the class were 11 or 12 years old. This was of course related to when their birthday was. Therefore many of the children also said when their birthday was.

As one of the last, the boy with the overalls took his turn, he had to get help from the teacher with the address because he had moved to this area in summer and did not know the street name. Also he didn't give much other details about himself, but everybody knew now that his name was Philipp Sölling. Philipp didn't tell his age, but the teacher told them his date of birth and because Jens was very good at mental arithmetic, he immediately noticed that Philipp had to be the oldest in the class at the age of 13. But you didn't see that at all, even though he was one of the biggest but the difference in size is quite big anyway. But as shy as Philipp was and with the overalls, which had a very high bib, he looked like the youngest in the class.

When everyone was finished with the introduction, Mr. Burgmeier read the seating arrangement and each student had to sit down on his or her designated seat. In most cases, Mr. Burgmeier had always seated a boy and a girl together at a table for two, but the number of boys in the class was a bit larger. So it happened that Jens and Philipp had to sit together at one table in the first row. This was just right for Jens, because he was of course especially interested in Philipp, so that he could possibly exchange ideas about his overalls.

But during the lessons he couldn't talk to Philipp, on the one hand Jens didn't know how to talk to Philipp about overalls, while his own were hidden, and on the other hand Philipp was obviously very disciplined. Of course they were not allowed to talk to each other during the lessons and to disturb the lessons. In contrast to many others Philipp kept to this.

Now the organizational things that were important for the new school year followed. Mr. Burgmeier had written the timetable on the blackboard and the children should copy it. In the second half of the double lesson Mr. Burgmeier wanted to write an overview of electives on the blackboard but that still contained the timetable, so he ordered Jens to wipe the blackboard. The new teacher is very nice to the children, but still very determined and strict. Jens could feel this in the first lessons, so he immediately went to the sink to rinse out the sponge. Jens turned on the tap as he had done before and started to hold the sponge underneath. Suddenly it went "crack" and with a big splash the neck of the tap flew through the air and a big splash of water landed on Jens' sweater, right on his chest. Since he bent forward to rinse it off.

Of course the whole class laughed out loud. But Mr. Burgmeier didn't find this funny at all and hurried to help Jens to close the tap. After he had closed the tap he told the children to be quiet again. Jens

was still a bit shocked and Mr. Burgmeier asked him to take off his sweater and hang it on a hanger from the classroom wardrobe in the sun in the window.

Jens still had the sponge in his hand. Of course his pulse was now even higher, he was wearing overalls. The situation of this morning, where Philipp had come into the class with his overalls, shot through his mind again. He was looking for an excuse why he couldn't take off his sweater. But he couldn't think of one. Then he said to the teacher that it's not that bad, and would dry quickly. But Mr. Burgmeier saw it differently and took the sponge out of Jens' hand and his look left no doubt that he would take off the sweater himself if needs be.

So Jens had no other choice than to take off his sweater. When the other children saw his overalls some of them started to laugh again, but Mr. Burgmeier only had to take a serious look in class and everybody was silent again. While Jens got a hanger from the wardrobe and hung up his completely soaking wet sweater on the window next to the blackboard, to make matters worse Mr. Burgmeier brought up Jens' overalls. In which he said that they were not bad at all. The overalls would keep him warm even without a sweater, at least here in the classroom.

Jens would have loved to sink into the floor and he took a look at his new neighbor to see if it was as embarrassing for him, because he was also wearing overalls. But Philipp didn't show any reaction, either he was already used to such situations or he wasn't applying it to himself. Jens didn't know if Philipp had worn overalls in school before or if he was doing it for the first time like himself.

Now Jens started to clean the blackboard, with his overalls well visible in front of the whole class. The teacher continued with the lesson while Jens cleaned the blackboard to the end. Jens wiped the board from top to bottom with a sponge. He always had to stretch himself to the top and he felt how his overalls were pulled up by the straps and this good feeling came over him which the pants always gave him when he felt them wrapping around his belly and waist. This made his pulse quieter and he felt a new security to have survived it.

With this new self-confidence and the certainty not to be alone, he sat down again next to his new classmate at the table. The other students could now see them in the first row from behind with their bib straps at their backs. But Jens didn't waste any thoughts on that now. Just like Philipp, he concentrated on the lessons and all the innovations for this school year.

At the end of this double lesson the first break of the new school year was on the program and Jens was already looking forward to the break. On the one hand he could put his sweater back on and on the other hand he could test that his reputation didn't get damaged, because he had always been very popular in the class. Of course he didn't want to give that up because of his passion for overalls. When the bell for the break sounded, all the children got up to run out into the playground. But Mr. Burgmeier called Jens and asked him to please come to him for a moment. Jens had to pass his desk anyway to get to his sweater. Then the teacher said to him that they should look together to see if the sweater is dry again. So Mr. Burgmeier came to the window and felt Jens' sweater. Thereupon he said that Jens had to stay here in the classroom during the break because his sweater was not dry enough to wear to the playground, and the hard wind would make it too cold to go to the playground without it.

Jens was very disappointed, but he didn't want to protest against Mr. Burgmeier's instruction again, so he sat down at his place again and ate his lunch which he had made himself this morning. Mr. Burgmeier had to go to the teachers' room for a moment, but said that he would be back quickly, because they had maths with him in the next lesson.

Mr. Burgmeier was back before the end of the break as promised, Jens stood at the window and watched the other children in the yard. How they raved and stood together in groups and talked. Only Philipp stood alone in the middle of the yard and ate his lunch. Mr. Burgmeier went to Jens and noticed that he was sad, because he was not allowed to go outside. The teacher put his hand on Jens'

shoulder and said in a warm voice that after the math lesson he would be able to go to the playground again.

Then he briefly spoke about Philipp. He lived very close to Jens and he was really very shy, because he was new at school and Jens should take care of Philipp, so that he would settle in well. Jens should show him everything he needed to know. Therefore he would also sit next to him. Jens didn't really understand this, because he didn't see it as his task to help new students in the class, but since he wanted to talk to Philipp anyway because of his overalls, he told Mr. Burgmeier that he would take care of Philipp.

Then the break bell rang and Jens sat down on his seat again. First Philipp came back into the classroom and sat down immediately next to Jens on his seat. Then one by one the other children came back into the class. Some of them shouted things like "bib couple" or "our class baby table". Philipp just looked apathetically at the table and tried not to make eye contact, Jens however tried to defend himself verbally, until Mr. Burgmeier stepped in and asked everyone to sit down and be quiet. Jens wondered if it was really worth it to put on the overalls at school. It happened exactly what he had been afraid of when he had decided to wear overalls. But now he had a comrade at his side who would get through this together with him.

But would he? Until now Philipp hadn't been much help to him.

The rest of the math lesson was not very exciting, it was again a double lesson and after that the first day of school was already over for class 5b.

Jens had to get his sweater after the lesson and have it checked by Mr. Burgmeier. It was not yet completely dry, so he should go directly home with it and put on a new one.

When Jens had put on his sweater again he wanted to talk to Philipp outside in the yard, but until now there was no opportunity to do so. He managed to catch up with him on the playground and told him why he was not outside during the break. He would have loved to talk to him about his overalls as well, but Philipp said he had to leave urgently, his mother was already standing at the school gate waiting for him. But he told him how great he thought that Jens had mastered all that today. Then he ran to the gate where really his mother, who had brought him into the classroom this morning, stood to greet him with a kiss on the cheek. Then she took Philipp by the hand and they left the school. Jens couldn't remember the last time his mother brought him to school or picked him up.

Jens met up with his friends for a few more minutes on the playground and he had to tell them why he didn't go with them during the break. They talked a little bit about this and that and about his mishap with the tap. But in direct conversation nobody said anything about his overalls which were no longer to be seen.

Then Jens looked if his sister had already finished school, but that was not so. She had to stay another 2 hours longer. So Jens went home alone.

The next day Jens wore a new sweater in school, but he still wore the overalls under the sweater. Philipp was brought to school again by his mother. Now the two sitting neighbors finally had the opportunity to talk during the break. Jens talked a lot about himself and what his parents do and that he still has an older sister who goes to school here too. Philipp, on the other hand, didn't reveal much about himself, only that he had only moved to this area last month, with his parents of course. But Jens was interested in more details.

Since Philipp was still very shy Jens tried to be very careful with his questions. He did not want it to be embarrassing for Philipp if he asked something too personal. So Jens thought that he could tell something secret about himself and so he revealed to Philipp that he liked to wear overalls. Of course Jens thought Philipp felt the same, because he wore his overalls again on the second day of school and

these again over his sweater. Then Jens of course asked Philipp if he also likes to wear overalls. Philipp was very surprised by the question and Jens could see that and almost regretted having asked him. Philipp answered that he did not know that. This answer was really strange. But the break was over and both had to go back to class.

Jens kept thinking about the answer during the whole lesson and he thought about how it could be that Philipp wears overalls and over the sweater and doesn't know if he likes it. Jens was unfocused and lost in thought the whole lesson. In the next break both stood together and Philipp was pulled and teased by other classmates. Jens did not find this funny and took Philipp's side. Philipp himself obviously did not have the capabilities to defend himself against it. So Jens took Philipp with him to the school toilet, but Philipp didn't seem to like it and asked Jens what he was doing here. Jens disappeared in a cabin and told Philipp to wait for a short time, it wouldn't take long.

Jens unhooked the straps of his overalls under his sweater and pulled them down. He used the toilet for a short time and then put the overalls back on over the sweater. Then he came out of the cabin again and Philipp stood in front by the washbasins and waited impatiently. While Jens washed his hands, he told Philipp that now the others should tease them both, and then they would see how long they would keep that up.

Philipp found the support of Jens really great and thanked him for it. But now he wanted to go back to the playground. He pretended that they were doing something forbidden in the toilet. Jens was a little bit surprised but there was something strange about Philipp. But exactly this made him interesting for Jens.

Now they had to go to class again and as Jens had suspected the jokes were now on both of them. Jens developed a certain resistance against these jibes during the next days. With Philipp Jens couldn't judge whether this affected him or not. But he thought it would help Philipp to wear his overalls openly. So Jens put on the other overalls as soon as his overalls were in the laundry. In the second week Philipp still wore overalls and Jens could not see if they were still the same.

The two had come closer and Philipp was thawing a little bit and also the teasing of the other children was decreasing. Philipp was still picked up every day by his mother at the gate and led home by the hand. Jens had to go mostly the same way and had followed Philipp and his mother at some distance. He could observe that Mrs. Sölling had held her 13 year old son by the hand the whole time until they were at home. Why Philipp was already so old Jens did not know and the question with the overalls was also not clarified yet. Jens had to ask Philipp about these things again.

At the end of the second week of school Jens came home from school alone and sat down in his room and thought about Philipp, for whom his mother was always there when he came home. Jens lay down on his bed in his overalls and enjoyed the nice feeling of being hugged even when he was all alone at home.

Chapter 4 : First playdate

The following week Jens wore normal trousers again at school, but Philipp arrived at school with overalls again. These were very similar to the ones he usually wore. But something with the buckles looked different than with him. Jens watched this very carefully, because his interest in overalls was still very big. The teasing of the other children towards Philipp was hardly noticeable anymore. Philipp was well received in the class, not least because of Jens, and was no longer an outsider. He played with the others normally on the playground and was always present everywhere. At least at school this was the case. Jens asked Philipp at the end of the week if he would like to come to the park after school, he would meet Niklas and a few other kids there to play. Philipp said he had to ask his parents, but he didn't think they would allow that. Jens of course wanted to know the reason for this, but Philipp was very reticent and only hinted that his parents were very strict.

After school Philipp didn't come to the park where the others played all afternoon. The following weekend Jens had played all the time at home in his room, due to bad weather. He had put on the overalls of aunt Roswita and was happy about the great feeling of the overalls. His parents had to work on Saturday and were therefore not at home, his sister had just hung around in front of the TV all day and talked to her friends on the phone. In the evening the whole family had dinner together, but the parents were completely exhausted from work and didn't interact much the children. Jens would have liked to talk to his mother about his new friend, but that was not possible that evening. His mother didn't listen to him, so he went back to his room and soon went to sleep.

On Sunday morning he put on his overalls again and prepared breakfast for the family, but the others were still sleeping and in the end Jens took his breakfast alone. Afterwards he went back to his room and played for a bit. When he got thirsty he went to the kitchen and drank a glass of juice. He noticed that his mother obviously had had breakfast as well. So he went into the living room and saw his mother sitting on the sofa and reading the Sunday paper. Then he sat down with her on the sofa. This time she noticed that he wanted to talk about something and she put the newspaper on the table and her arm around Jens and pressed him to her. Jens missed this so much, because she had been doing that so rarely lately. And on top of that the feeling of the overalls on Jens' body.

He was happy, and told his mother about Philipp, who had been in his class since the beginning of the new school year. He told her that Philipp also had overalls and how they both got over the teasing of the others. His mother was proud of Jens and praised him for standing by Philipp.

Then he told his mother that Philipp would never come to play outside school because his parents would not allow him to. His mother then suggested that he should ask Philipp if he could come to Jens' house to play. Maybe Philipp's parents didn't want him to play outside yet, if he doesn't know his way around here, since Philipp's family just moved here recently. Jens thought his mother's idea was great and he decided to ask Philipp in school on Monday. The rest of the weekend flew by for Jens.

On Monday he went to school with his overalls, Philipp also wore overalls as usual. Jens asked in the first break if Philipp wanted to come to Jens' house after school to play together. As expected Philipp had to ask at home first.

But this week Jens noticed that Philipp was not brought by his mother and also after school Philipp went home alone. So Jens asked Philipp if they wanted to go to school together, they have the same route except for one street. Philipp thought that was great, because he told Jens that he had never gone anywhere alone before and that he was a bit scared of walking the route alone. But his mother said he had to learn now to find his way alone. That it was dangerous, but necessary.

Jens found it very strange again that Philipp was afraid to go to school alone at the age of 13. But Jens didn't want to make him even more insecure and didn't ask for more information. So Philipp stayed after school on the playground for a short time and talked to the others like Jens had done. Afterwards both went together in the direction of home.

When they arrived at the crossing where Jens had to turn off, Philipp's parent's house was already in sight. There Jens said goodbye and reminded Philipp that he should ask his parents if he could come and play. The two wanted to meet here again the next day to go to school together.

As agreed, they met the next morning and walked together for 20 minutes to school. Jens of course asked immediately if Philipp had asked his parents for permission to visit. Philipp reported that his parents had not yet decided, they had to think about it. But his parents liked the fact that they went to school together. Jens was content with that and was prepared to wait for the answer. Nothing special happened at school that week, and the two children walked to school together every day.

On Friday evening Jens noticed that his mother had a very long phone call, which was not unusual, but she was there most of the time in the parents' bedroom, so the children could not hear who their mother was talking to. Jens had not given it much importance. But his mother had spoken to Mrs. Sölling, Philipp's mother. She had called because of Philipp's wish to come to the Marson family after school and play with Jens at his home. Inga explained to Mrs. Sölling how the Marson family situation was and that both parents are working and the children were alone at home after school. Then Philipp's mother reported that that was completely different with the Söllings. She was always at home and after school she was there for Philipp. They also had a special method of education which they have been using on Philipp for a long time. Mrs. Sölling then explained a few details to Jens' mother. Among other things the wearing of overalls was part of it. Mrs. Marson was very interested in the explanations. Thereupon she could also understand that Philipp could not visit Jens without further ado. The approaches to education that the Marson family had taken so far were too different. But especially with regard to the daughter Svenja the explanations of Mrs. Sölling were very interesting. In the evening when both children were in bed Inga and Peter talked for a very long time about the subject of education and both wanted to know more. Because they had already noticed that their daughter was not in the best situation and something had to be changed. Jens and Svenja did not know anything of all this talking.

The following week Jens and Philipp continued to go to school together and Jens was not wearing overalls. His mother still had both his overalls in the laundry. School was quite boring, but both had mostly good grades. On Wednesday Philipp reported that his parents would not allow him to come to play at Jens' place at the moment, which Jens was very disappointed about. But then Philipp suggested that Jens could come to him after school instead if he was interested and wanted to. Jens agreed and wanted to visit Philipp at home. But he had one more condition, Jens had to get permission from his parents. Therefore he gave Jens a letter which was closed and addressed to his parents. Jens thought this was a bit excessive, but Philipp said that it came from his parents. He had already mentioned several times that they were very strict and would always take everything very serious. Jens thought it would not be so bad and put the letter in his pocket. In the evening he gave the letter to his mother who was not very surprised and put the letter into the bedroom without opening it.

The appointment had been arranged for Friday right after school. Jens was really looking forward to see how it is at home with Philipp. Fortunately they didn't have too many hours in school on Fridays. Jens would also have liked to wear overalls because he knew that Philipp's parents insisted that Philipp wore them. But on Thursday evening he still hadn't got any back from his mother from the laundry. But to his surprise his mother was there for breakfast and made the children something to eat. Jens finished eating very early because of the excitement. His mother sent him to his room with the hint that she would come right up to discuss something with him. Jens got a very strange feeling, had he done something wrong? What did his mother want from him? Would meeting Philipp after school be in danger? Jens went anxiously to his room and packed his school things. Then he sat on his bed and waited for his mother, who came into the room a short time later. She had a freshly washed and ironed pair of overalls in her hand. Jens' mood suddenly brightened. But his mother had a serious expression and wanted to talk to Jens about the visit to the Sölling family. In the meantime she asked Jens to take off his trousers and then she put on the overalls. Jens had to do almost nothing himself, just hold up the bib, his mother adjusts the straps relatively tight and fastened them to the bib. Afterwards the high button rows on the side were closed and Jens felt well wrapped up by his mother. Then they both sat down on Jens his bed and his mother told that Philipp's parents, even with children who come to visit, require to wear overalls like Phillip. Jens of course said that this would be no problem for him. His mother then said that it could also be that he

will be asked to put on a different pair of overalls from Philipp, and that he should always listen to Philipp's parents, even if some things should seem different to him. Because some methods with the Söllings are different than here with them. He should also not ask Philipp about everything; if he had questions he should talk to his mother in the evening when he was back home. Jens thought it was a bit strange and he wanted to ask his mother what exactly she meant by things being different, but then his mother broke off the conversation and said he had to go now, otherwise he would be late for school. When Inga said goodbye to her children at the front door, she put a sealed letter in Jens' bib pocket and told him that it was for Philipp's parents and that he should leave it in his pocket so that it wouldn't get creased. A bit confused but still happy and full of anticipation Jens went to school.

Chapter 5 : The first visit to the Sölling family

On the way to school Jens met at the crossroads with his friend Philipp, like every morning. Since Jens was with his big sister that day, they all went to school together, although his sister was a bit embarrassed to be seen by her friends together with the two overalls wearers, but in the meantime she found it quite sweet that the two of them always walked around together in, from her point of view, childish overalls. This gave her the feeling to be more mature and older as a big sister. School ended relatively quickly and without any special incidents. The other children had got used to the fact that Philipp always wore overalls and even if Jens wore overalls in school too there was no more teasing from the other children. Also children in other classes were more and more often seen in overalls. But only Jens noticed this, who connected a special feeling with overalls.

When the last hour was over, Jens and Philipp said goodbye to their classmates on the school playground and made their way home to Philipp. When they arrived Philipp rang the bell. Jens asked if he didn't have any keys like himself, but Philipp said no, his mother was always at home. Then the door opened and Philipp's mother, whom Jens had already seen at school, greeted them warmly by kissing both on the cheek. Which of course seemed very strange for Jens, since she wasn't his mother. But he couldn't think about it for long. Both of them had to go through the first door in the hallway, into a kind of cloakroom or changing room. There were shelves, cupboards, coat hooks where jackets hung, chairs and benches along the walls. There was also a large sink, which was relatively low for children. Mrs. Sölling took the satchels from the two of them and put them on a free shelf. Then she asked the two of them who needed to go to the toilet before lunch. Since Jens had gone to the toilet at school before the last lesson, he said no. But Philipp did want to go. Then Jens was told to sit down in one of the chairs that Mrs. Sölling pointed to. This chair was somehow strange, in the middle of the seat a kind of hump protruded, two armrests on the sides, and a high back. Everything was constructed with a single wooden surface, so that a closed seat shell was formed. It was padded, but Jens didn't quite understand how to get into it over the hump. When Jens stood hesitating in front of the chair, Mrs. Sölling grabbed him under the arms and lifted Jens into the chair. The hump placed itself between his legs and pressed them into the armrests. Also Jens couldn't slide forward in this chair so he had to stay straight. Then Mrs. Sölling pushed an approx. 4cm thick wooden stick through the armrests, which clicked audibly into place. The staff ran close above the hump, over his legs and along his stomach. Jens didn't even understand what had happened.

Philipp stood quietly next to it and when Mrs. Sölling was finished with Jens she took her son by the hand and left the room through a second door with the comment that Jens should sit there quietly.

Only now did Jens realize that he had just been trapped into this chair. He tried to pull himself out upwards, but he couldn't. Then he examined the bar that prevented him from standing up, but the armrests were so wide that he couldn't see anything underneath. Now Jens got a strange feeling in his stomach area, everything was tingling. It was something between panic and horror, but he couldn't figure it out exactly.

After a short time, which to Jens felt like an eternity, Frau Sölling returned without Philipp. She first told Jens that she had now taken Philipp to the toilet and that Jens was about to be dressed for the afternoon in the house. Then she reached into Jens' bib pocket and took out his mother's letter and opened it. Jens didn't dare to ask anything, because Mrs. Sölling seemed to be very strict with Jens since the warm welcome and that she wouldn't tolerate any disobedience to her instructions.

After she had read the letter she turned back to Jens who was still trapped in the chair. She told him that the education in this family is a bit stricter than in others and that in many situations the children do not always have the freedom to decide everything themselves. And that also the children are often restricted in their freedom of movement for disciplining.

With the letter from his parents they agreed to treat Jens according to these rules and he has to keep to them as long as he is at home with Philipp. Jens was so surprised by the speech that he could only almost automatically say he had understood it. But in reality he had only understood the words of course, what this meant he had not really understood. But he had understood that his parents had allowed him to be held here in the chair.

Next, Mrs. Sölling took a kind of key out of her pocket and used it to open the lock on the bar which prevented Jens from standing up from the chair. Then she pulled the bar out again and put it aside. Jens wanted to try to stand up himself, but it was not so easy because of the bump between the two of them. Then he was lifted out of the chair again by Frau Sölling.

When Jens stood in front of her again, she started to take off his overalls and hung them over a free hook. Then she also pulled the sweater over his head and hung it next to it. Jens had to do almost nothing, he was treated by Mrs. Sölling as if he could not take off his own clothes. Now Jens stood in the changing room dressed only with socks, underpants and T-shirt. Mrs. Sölling opened a cupboard and took out a green polo shirt and held it up to Jens to estimate the size. Then she pulled one on him in the size that seemed suitable to her. Jens didn't have to do anything during the whole procedure except just stand there. Mrs. Sölling stuck his arms into the sleeves of the shirt like a small child. The polo shirt was very tight and stretched a little on Jens' upper body, but Mrs. Sölling was visibly satisfied with the fit. At the bottom it was so long that it fully covered Jens' underpants. Next she took a pair of blue and white striped overalls made of a jeans-like fabric out of the closet. Frau Sölling then put one leg of Jens after the other into the pants. Jens noticed that the trouser legs were not fully open at the bottom, but had a loop that went under the foot. The opening for the tip of the foot was so small that the whole foot did not fit through. When Jens' feet were placed in the loops, Mrs. Sölling pulled the trousers up and put the straps over Jens' shoulders. The two straps on his back separated only a few centimetres from his neck, and the straps were so wide that they covered almost the entire shoulders. The buckles were made of solid plastic and Mrs. Sölling again used this key-like thing to help her adjusting the straps. During the adjustment she pulled the bib up from time to time to measure. When she was satisfied with the length she put the buckles into the counterparts that were attached to the bib. They then clicked into place with a fairly loud click.

The overalls were now stretched quite tight between Jens' feet and his shoulder, in the crotch the trousers had dug in a bit, but not as tight as it would have been without the loops on the feet. Now Mrs. Sölling started to close the buttons on the sides. The row of buttons also reached quite high, as Jens knew from his second pair of overalls. The bib also ended just below the neck, so that these trousers also gave Jens the good feeling that he liked so much about overalls. But because of the color of the polo shirt and the overalls, Jens wasn't sure if the outfit wasn't embarrassing him, but there was no mirror so he couldn't look at himself. In addition, Mrs. Sölling instructed him to sit down again in the chair in which he had already been fastened. This time Mrs. Sölling did not lift him completely into the chair but only helped him get over his hump. Then the rod was pushed back in and snapped into place. Mrs. Sölling explained to Jens that she was going to get Philipp out of the toilet, took something out of a cupboard and left the room again.

Jens was very overwhelmed by everything and tried again to see if he could get out of the chair somehow, but in vain. The chair even seemed to be fixed on the floor. After he had fidgeted a bit in the chair, his stomach was tingling again and it exhausted him to fight against the chair. So he gave in to his fixation and started to inspect the new overalls. The fabric was relatively thin but still very strong and stable, and Jens noticed several sewn-in D-rings. There were some on the bib, on the straps, exactly on top of the shoulders, some on the back bib which was quite high and some in the waistband area. There were also D-rings sewn into the ankles where the trouser legs were so narrowed with a Velcro fastener that they were tight against the ankle. But Jens could not make himself a clear picture about their function or application, being so overwhelmed by the situation.

Now he looked at the buckles of the overalls and tried to make them a bit longer, because Jens thought that Mrs. Sölling's setting was a bit too tight. At least when he was standing, sitting down was OK. But somehow it was not possible to change the length - the opposite parts of the buckles on the bib blocked the adjustment mechanism. So Jens tried to open the buckles, but he couldn't do it either. At the point where you normally had to release the buckle by pushing on a button, Jens couldn't push. There the buckles were completely closed and there was only a small hole where you could probably unlock the buckle with a sharp point or even a key. Jens had to admit that he was locked in the chair as well as in the overalls and had to wait until someone came to free him.

Then, after what felt like an eternity, Mrs. Sölling came back with Philipp, who was wearing exactly the same clothes as Jens. The green polo shirt and over it the blue and white striped overalls. Now Jens could see how childish and stupid that looked even without a mirror. But he had no influence on the decision what he was wearing. Besides he would probably not leave the house because Mrs. Sölling said he would be changed for the afternoon.

After Mrs. Sölling had freed Jens from his chair again, both children had to wash their hands together at the sink in the room. They were closely observed and controlled by Mrs. Sölling. Afterwards both hands were dried by the mother and checked for cleanliness. Jens felt like a small child of 6 years or less. On the one hand he liked it a little bit, but on the other hand it already felt strongly patronizing and limiting.

For Philipp all this seemed to be normal. He probably didn't know any other way.

Now Frau Sölling fetched two lines from one of the hooks. At one end of each line there was a snap hook attached, which was now attached in a D-ring to the waistband of the overalls for both children. Mrs. Sölling kept the other end of the lines in her hand and led the two children out of the changing room towards the corridor. Jens and Philipp had no chance to take another way than the one the mother took. Thereupon she said to Philipp that they should go now into the kitchen to eat. Philipp pointed for Jens to the last door on the right in the long corridor. Both children then went into the kitchen, but only so fast that the lines between them and Mrs. Sölling were not taut. So Jens hardly felt the line, but it was a strange feeling to be led so at a line.

Arrived in the kitchen Jens looked around first. He didn't notice anything unusual. The kitchen was nice and big and had a wide window with a door to the terrace. From there you could look into the big garden, which was surrounded by a high and thick hedge. In the kitchen there was a table with a bench on one side with a wall behind it. Additionally there were three more normal chairs at the table. Jens had taken a close look at everything and suddenly felt a jerk on his body, Frau Sölling had pulled the leash and asked him to sit down on the bench next to Philipp, who in the meantime had already taken a seat. When both had sat down, she removed the lines and instead attached very short lines, which were attached to the bench, to the D-rings in the waistband area. These were so short that they sat very tight and pulled the children into the bench. But the pressure was evenly distributed on the overalls so that it did not hurt, but exerted a constant pressure. Afterwards the legs were hooked at the ankles to the bench so that the children could only move their legs a very small distance. Finally,

lines were attached to the D-rings on the shoulders so that they could only bend forward about 10cm, then the lines were stretched and held back.

Now Mrs. Sölling shifted two small extensions out from the table. These had semicircular cut-outs at the ends, so that they reached directly to the chest of Jens and Philipp. This meant that they could no longer reach anything under the table with their hands, especially not the lines that were holding them to the bench. Now they were tied up almost motionless.

Mrs. Sölling briefly observed her handiwork and then went to the kitchen and, after washing her hands briefly, began to fry the fish sticks that would be served for lunch today. Besides, she laid the table and asked the two children about their experiences at school and asked for their homework. Jens felt very strange about the whole situation, but since Mrs. Sölling was talking to them, he could not think about it much.

In the meantime Mrs. Sölling had set the table and put the food on top of it. Then suddenly Mr. Sölling came in, who always came home for lunch on Fridays and welcomed his wife next. Then he went to the children, who could not leave their place, and greeted them both by stroking his hand over their heads. And he emphasized that he was especially happy that Philipp had brought a friend from school.

After that he left the kitchen for a short time and then had lunch together with the others. Since the children can hardly bend forward, their parents put the food on their plates, because they could not reach the bowls. The eating was very unusual for Jens, because he could hardly bring his head to the plate and had to bring everything with the fork up to his mouth while staying upright. He didn't manage this as well as Philipp, who obviously had more practice in this. When Jens dropped something next to the plate, Mr. Sölling, who was sitting at the table within his reach, cleaned it up with a napkin and said to Jens that it was not bad, he would learn it yet. To crown it all, he stroked his hand over his head once more. Jens was so embarrassed that he turned bright red and had to hold back his tears. He felt so much humiliated to be treated like a toddler, so that he had no appetite anymore.

But Philip's parents insisted that he had to eat everything he had been given. Philipp didn't seem to notice that Jens felt so uncomfortable, for him it was all normal, he was always tied up like that while eating. Jens would have loved to get up at this time and walk home, which of course was not possible. He kept trying to bend forward every now and then, but the lines on his shoulders kept him upright unyieldingly. When everyone had finished eating - Jens was the last one eating - father Sölling left the kitchen and mother began to clear the table. The children still had to sit. When the table was empty and cleaned Mrs. Sölling left the kitchen.

Jens asked Philipp if it was always like this when the meal was over. Philipp said, yes that was quite normal, and why he would ask that as if something were wrong. Jens asked when they were allowed to get up again and Philipp answered that they could probably go to his room after homework. Just when Jens wanted to ask some more questions, Mrs. Sölling can already go back with the schoolbags of both of them. She put them in front of the two and said to them that the math homework would come first. Then she opened Philipp's satchel and gave him his pens and the necessary books and exercise books from his satchel. Then she opened Jens' satchel and rummaged around a bit until she had found his necessary things. Jens didn't like that at all, his mother never rummaged through his things. He would have liked best to jump up and snatch the satchel from her hand, but of course he was not able to do that. So he had to give in and take the things Mrs. Sölling handed him.

Then they both started to solve their tasks. They helped each other with that. Meanwhile Mrs. Sölling was doing the dishes in the kitchen. In between Philipp asked his mother for help with some tasks. Then she always came over to the two of them and gave help with the tasks. Jens had calmed down again in the meantime and found doing homework in the kitchen very pleasant, since at home he could not ask his mother when he needed help. He had his sister, but she usually didn't want to help him and so he was always on his own. But here with Philipp it was different, after they had solved all tasks, the mother even checked them for mistakes. So that was why Philipp never had mistakes in his homework.

After they had solved all the homework that the teacher had given them, Mrs. Sölling put the things back into their respective satchels and took those back to the changing room. When she came back she had a book with a children's story in her hand and put it between the two of them on the table and asked who would start. Jens didn't really understand what to start with. But Philipp took the book and opened it at the bookmark and started reading aloud. The story was very exciting and Jens listened carefully although he didn't know the story from the beginning. After about one page Mrs. Sölling suddenly said Jens should read on.

Jens was frightened and Philipp handed him the book. He had never read to his parents or his sister at home and always had his problems at school when he had to read something. But now there was nothing left for him to do if he wanted to go to Philipps room to play later, he would have to do this now. Mrs. Sölling of course noticed quickly that Jens has his weaknesses when reading and tried to support him. When he had finished one page she told the children that it would be enough for today, but that normally Philipp would always read five pages and Jens would get a lot more practice. But maybe if he would come to them more often after school and then she would extend the reading practice.

Jens was actually already sure after the stuff at lunch that he never wanted to visit Philipp at home again. And now this too, but for today it was over and Mrs. Sölling folded the table extension back and started to take the children off the bench. The tightly fitting overalls and tightly pulling straps of the bench pinched Jens' body in some places and he was very happy to be able to move again. When he was standing next to the table he wanted to stretch and moved his arms up, but he noticed that the overalls were so tight that the straps immediately pressed on the shoulder and the whole overalls tightened. Even when he liked the feeling of tightness in overalls, somehow it was something else to do it voluntarily or to be forced to do it. But he had no time to think about it for long, because Philipp his mother had already connected the two lines again and moved the two towards the hall. Philipp went ahead and headed for one of the middle doors in the hallway, Jens followed him and Frau Sölling didn't object. It was Philipp's room and although it was not very big, it still had three areas. Just opposite the door was a small desk with a chair in front of it, which looked a bit like the chair in the changing room Jens had been waiting for. On the right was an area that was only covered with a thick soft carpet, here you could obviously play on the floor. On the left was the window with bars and in front of it was a low table and next to it two pieces of upholstered furniture, so you could play board or card games on the table. In one corner there was a small cupboard with many compartments. Jens could see no toys lying around.

Mrs. Sölling asked them what they wanted to play. Jens considered a game console, but on the one hand he couldn't see a TV and on the other hand he wanted to let Philipp make the decision, who was already thinking hard. Philipp then decided on a collection of board games. Thereupon Mrs. Sölling led the two of them into the area at the window where the table stood. There she took out a 3cm wide band behind one of the upholstered chairs which was attached to the wall behind it. The other end had a clip with which she connected the band to the back of Jens' overalls where the two straps merged. The clip made a similar noise as the buckles on the overalls. Then she released the leash and hung it on a hook next to the door. Now she did the same with Philip on the other side of the table. The strap of Philipp was of course attached to the opposite wall behind the upholstered chair on Philipp's side. The length of the two straps reached just far enough for Jens and Philipp to touch each other with their hands, but not as far as the body of the other. Jens and Philipp then sat down at the empty table. Mrs. Sölling then went to the cupboard and opened one of the compartments with a key and took the game collection and brought it to the two at the table. Then she said goodbye and wished them much fun playing.

The two children started to unpack the game collection and chose a game. Jens discovered the game "Hare and Hedgehog" which he had played with the family a few times before, when the Marsons still spent evenings together. Therefore he wanted to play it. Philipp also knew the game and so they started to set it up. Meanwhile Mrs. Sölling came in with two big drinking cups and put one each to Jens and Philipp. After she had left the room Jens took his cup. It had a lid, two side handles and a kind of spout, as is often the case with cups for small children, only this was bigger. He took a big gulp, there was only water in it, but he had become thirsty in the meantime, because the food had been a while ago.

While the two got more and more absorbed in the game, Jens casually tried to ask Philipp if he was "on a leash" like this every day at home and if he was not allowed to move around the house. To Jens' astonishment it was really so that Philipp was not allowed to move freely around the house, but his parents would always bring him everything that was necessary and therefore it was not so bad. Jens got a strange feeling when he had to think about the fact that he also couldn't leave the room now because he was tied to this leash. But actually he didn't feel the leash at all as long as he sat at the table and played with Philipp.

The game came into the decisive phase and Jens didn't think about it anymore and was just happy to play together with Philipp. But suddenly just before the end Jens felt a lot of pressure on his bladder and had to go to the toilet urgently. Thereupon he instinctively asked Philipp where the toilet was and at the same time he got up and wanted to move towards the door as he had done at other friends' homes. Philipp looked at him a little surprised and then stuttered the toilet was next to his room. When Jens then took another step towards the door, the line tensed at his back and yanked him quite rudely back to his seat. Then Philipp had to laugh, it just looked too funny how Jens had fallen down again. But Jens was reminded of the situation again, he couldn't just walk and so he asked Philipp how he could go to the toilet now. Philipp wanted to let him stew a bit and said he couldn't go to the toilet at all, only to say shortly after that he had to call his mother and she would take him to the toilet. Jens actually had no time for such sophistries. Meanwhile he squeezed his legs together a bit and Philipp pressed a small switch on the wall with a small bell on it. After that he asked Jens a little bit surprised if he didn't get a diaper from his mother. Thereupon Jens, who meanwhile was dancing from one leg to the other, had to sit down again. He didn't need a diaper, he had been dry for a long time and didn't pee in pants anymore. What for would he need a diaper? Philipp explained to him that he almost always had a diaper under his overalls, not because he was not potty trained, but because there are situations where his mother could not bring him so easily to the toilet. But this was only very rarely the case and then he had to use the diaper.

Just in this moment Mrs. Sölling came into the room and Jens explained very quickly that he had to go to the toilet. Then she took one of the lines hanging next to the door and tied it to Jens, and then with an tool she removed the wide line in his back. Then she led Jens into the hall and from there one door further into a bathroom.

There Jens had to stand next to the toilet and Mrs. Sölling explained that the children are not allowed to use the toilet alone and that the intimate hygiene is done exclusively by the parents. Jens did not really understand what this meant, but he would soon find out.

First he had to turn around and Frau Sölling pushed a cuff about 7cm wide over his left hand and then narrowed it around his wrist, then she took the other hand and put it through an identical cuff. The two parts of the cuff were connected to each other, so now his arms were connected on his back. The cuff was very tight, but made of a soft fabric. Now Jens had to turn around again and Mrs. Sölling released the leash. Then she opened the buckles of the overalls again with this tool. After opening the side buttons she pulled Jens' trousers down to his ankles, further was not possible, because the trouser legs were closed with Velcro fasteners. Next she pulled Jens the undershirt and the polo shirt up and

secured it with a tape against sliding down. Last but not least she pulled Jens' underpants down to the overalls. Now she could grab him under her arms and put him on the toilet seat. But this one was not like Jens knew them from home or school. This seat had a kind of shield in the front, similar to a potty for small children, this one pushed Jens' legs a little bit apart and was so high that it reached up to the navel. So it would not have been possible to touch his penis with free hands to direct the beam as Jens was used to. In the back of the seat there was also a raised area to prevent it from sliding backwards. Getting up from the seat alone was actually impossible. Jens' legs didn't reach the ground because of the spread through the seat and with his arms on his back he couldn't support himself anywhere. Mrs. Sölling then said to Jens he can let everything go now. But that was not so easy, Jens was once again completely surprised by these measures and had to sort out his thoughts first. When he realized that he was tied up on a toilet seat and that he was under the supervision of his best friend's mother, he burst into tears and started to cry. That was all too much, and Jens wanted to get out of this situation as quickly as possible. But he did not know how to do that. Then Frau Sölling took a paper towel and began to wipe the tears from Jens' eyes and comfort him. She said that it wasn't all that bad and that he would get through it.

Then Jens relaxed a bit and his bladder emptied. While he was still in tears, he wanted to know why she would do this to him: he could go to the toilet himself. Then she explained to him that it was not usual for children here to do their own hygiene, they thought that that should be learned later. Therefore it was quite normal that the parents would take the children to the toilet. Also the following cleaning would be done by her, and Jens didn't have to be ashamed, that was quite normal and he would survive it or even recognize the advantages.

Then Mrs. Sölling wiped Jens' eyes and the weepy face with a damp cloth and asked Jens if he was finished. Jens just nodded dejectedly. Mrs. Sölling then picked him up and put him on a padded box that stood next to the toilet. That way she had a good view of his intimate area and wiped the last drop of urine from his penis. Then she took a wet rag with soap and washed the whole genital area in front thoroughly clean. Next she laid Jens with his belly on the box, so that his legs were hanging down to the sides and now his back area got the same treatment. Jens especially felt the helplessness because of his hands tied together at the back. When everything was rinsed off again with clear water, Mrs. Sölling put Jens back on the box and rubbed everything dry with a towel. Then she pulled his underpants back up and his shirt down again. Now she could close the overalls again and let Jens get off the box. Only then she fastened the leash again and finally released the cuffs on Jens' wrists. Jens his face had recovered from the crying in the meantime and he rubbed his wrists. On the way back to Philipp's room Jens was very happy to have survived it and was also happy to be tied to the line in the play corner again. Because that was by far not as unpleasant as the toilet had been.

Philipp and Jens then finished their game without further incidents. Then they packed everything up again and talked a little bit more and Jens learned that Philipp didn't have a lot of freedom but obviously wasn't unhappy with it. Jens again found this very fascinating, because after all the restrictions and rules he had experienced so far, he wouldn't want to be treated that way, although it had also been exciting.

Shortly afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Sölling both came to Philipp's room and said it is time for Jens to say goodbye. Philipp had to go straight to bed and Jens his father would come to pick him up. Mr. Sölling then took one of the leashes from the door and fastened Jens to it and released the connection with the holding line at the back bib. Mrs. Sölling did the same with her son. Now both children said goodbye to each other.

Then Mr. Sölling led Jens back into the changing room and took off his bib trousers and the green polo shirt. Jens had the feeling that he could finally breathe freely again and felt very liberated. Then he was helped to put on his own sweater and also his overalls. When he was finished he had to sit down in the

special chair and be fixed with the bar again. Mr. Sölling told him that he would sit there until his father would come and pick him up. Then Mr. Sölling asked him how he liked it with the Söllings. Now Jens had to think about that a bit, because on the one hand it was great, but there were some things he didn't like at all. But he couldn't formulate these things in front of Mr. Sölling, so he said that he liked it very much and that he would like to come back, although that wasn't true. He was glad to finally leave here. After all he was once again tied up in this seat. But he couldn't tell Mr. Sölling because he was afraid of the reaction. He did not want to lose the friendship to Philipp.

Then the doorbell rang and Mr. Sölling released Jens from his seat and grabbed him by the arm to escort him to the door. There his father stood and greeted him and Herr Sölling let go of his arm. Thereupon Jens walked the two steps to his father and instinctively grabbed his hand. Which he normally didn't do, for example, when he went for a walk with his parents, although that hardly ever happened anyway. Mr. Marson inquired for the sake of politeness whether Jens had been well-behaved and Mr. Sölling confirmed this.

Then Jens and his father walked hand in hand the two streets home. Jens reported full of excitement that everything was much stricter with the Sölling's and that he was buckled in while eating and doing homework. His father listened interested and attentive. Arrived at home it was dinner time and Jens could still talk about his experiences, because his sister was not at home again. Of course this was also a topic at dinner. But Jens left out the story in the toilet, which was too embarrassing for him to tell his parents. Jens went to his room after dinner and went to bed on his own to process what he had experienced, he also fell asleep quite fast.

His parents, however, sat in the kitchen for a long time and discussed the educational model of the Sölling family, they call this "avoidance-free education" that they did with Philipp and that there were supposedly more and more parents using it. Especially with regard to the problems that daughter Svenja was just making again, this seemed very interesting. Jens was not so averse to the whole thing, the parents believed after his experience with Philipp. They wanted to try it out with Jens and then extend it to their daughter.

In the course of the next week Jens had mostly forgotten the downsides of the visit with Philipp and together with Philipp he made new plans for a second visit.

His mother bought him another pair of overalls the next weekend without him being present at the shopping. That seemed a bit strange to him, but the joy about the new overalls was bigger. He now had so many overalls that he could wear them almost every day. His mother also took care that he put on more overalls than other pants, of course without Jens noticing this. He liked to put on overalls. In school this had also become quite normal, in other classes more and more children were wearing overalls. Also in his class one of the roughnecks, named Linus, with whom he had never spent time with, suddenly wore overalls more and more often. It also seemed that he probably didn't do it completely voluntarily and thus had become a bit separate from his old clique, but Linus still didn't have much to do with Jens and Philipp. And so Jens had never yet talked to him about his overalls.

Chapter 6 : The second visit to the Sölling family

August is over and the days are already getting noticeably shorter. Jens and Philipp have only four hours of school this Wednesday and want to meet again afterwards at Philipp's place to play. Of course the parents of both children have agreed and approved the whole thing. On Wednesday morning Jens his mother is taking care, like last time, that he has put on his overalls correctly and wears the sweater under the bib, but this has become normal for Jens. When he leaves the house his mother tells him again that he has to follow all instructions from Mrs. Sölling. Of course Jens immediately remembers the not so nice memories of the last visit. For example the visit to the toilet, Jens decides to visit the toilet again after the last lesson at school, so that he has no need to use it at Philipp's home again.

Then Jens met with Philipp at the crossroads like every morning, and the two went to school together. The four hours passed quickly and Jens wanted to go to the toilet, although he didn't have to go yet. But Philipp urged him to go home quickly, his mother had told him that they would do something special this afternoon and the two of them should hurry up to get home on time. Philipp then said that he could go to the toilet at home, which Jens didn't want. But since he didn't really have to, Jens let himself be persuaded and the two went on their way quickly.

When they arrived at home it was the same as the last visit of Jens, after the bell the two were led into the changing room, but this time they both received the green polo shirt and the blue and white striped overalls at the same time, so Jens didn't have to sit down in the chair with the locking bar. Mrs. Sölling changed both children after each other, and although Jens wanted to start undressing himself, Mrs. Sölling insisted that she change him. This is the usual procedure and she also has to make sure that everything sits properly and that everything is adjusted correctly. When both had moved, they were led back into the kitchen with the lines and strapped to the kitchen table like the last time on the bench. The meal was taken this time without Mr. Sölling, because it was during the week and still quite early. But Jens had to concentrate very hard again while eating, because he could not bend over. These restrictions were still very unusual for Jens and he felt a bit strange again.

After lunch there was no homework to do from school, but Mrs. Sölling brought the children's book again and this time Jens had to start reading. Mrs. Sölling took more time this time and sat down next to Jens and helped him to read. Jens had to read 5 pages this time until it was Philipp's turn, he was a little bit faster and had read his 5 pages quickly. Jens was extensively praised by Mrs. Sölling after reading. That was something Jens hardly knew from his mother, who never did such things with him. While Jens didn't like reading in itself, he liked this learning together with Philipp and his mother very much, even though Jens found the way she had praised him rather embarrassing. The way she stroked his head and talked to him in a very childlike way, Jens found pleasant.

Frau Sölling had quickly cleaned up the kitchen while Philipp was still reading to them. Afterwards both children were freed from the bench again and led into the bathroom on the leashes, which surprised Jens a bit, because neither of them had said that he had to go to the toilet. But Mrs. Sölling first started to unlock Philipp's overalls and take them off. Jens had to wait in a corner and Mrs. Sölling had attached Jens' line there to a hook. His hands were still free and he could have untied himself, but of course he didn't dare. When Philipp had got his overalls completely off, Jens was quite surprised when he saw that Philipp was wearing a diaper. This was taken off him by his mother. Jens could see that it was also used. But for Philipp it seemed to be nothing unusual. Now Philipp was put on the toilet with the special child seat.

Mrs. Sölling stood between Jens and the toilet so Jens couldn't watch it closely. Philipp had his hands free on the seat but because of the seat he could touch nothing of his intimate area. Now Mrs. Sölling turned back to Jens who could observe almost everything from his corner. She again had these, in Jens' memory, very unpleasant cuffs for his wrists in her hand. Jens said he didn't have to go to the toilet, but that didn't help him at all. Mrs. Sölling explained that they are going on an excursion and that he had to go to the toilet first, because that would not be possible during the excursion. Then she put the cuffs on him so that his hands were held at his back again.

Now he could not have left the corner even if he wanted to, because his hands were useless again. Then she asked Philipp if he was ready. Since this was the case, he was lifted from his seat and put on the box for cleaning. After Mrs. Sölling had finished with Philipp at the front and everything had been roughly wiped clean, she placed him on a changing table standing at the side and Philipp reached with his hands into two openings in the headboard of the table, whereupon a quiet click could be heard. Then Philipp was left lying on his back with his hands over his head on the table and Frau Sölling also

took off Jens' overalls and put him on the toilet seat where he was now to do his business with his hands at his back.

Jens had really wanted to avoid this situation but he had to realize that it was probably unavoidable for him today. He pulled a bit on his wrist cuffs and had to realize that he couldn't get them off and concentrated on putting something into the toilet.

Meanwhile Mrs. Sölling had already turned to her son again and cleaned his backside thoroughly. Jens could see that Philipp had something between his legs in front of his penis, but Jens couldn't see it more exactly, because Mrs. Sölling had just placed a new diaper under Philipp's backside and then closed it at the front of Philipp's belly. Jens suddenly became very hot - would he get a diaper too? He was not a toddler who pees in his pants, he would not need such a thing. He could go to the toilet at any time.

All such thoughts went through his head. So he hadn't noticed that Philipp was standing next to the changing table again and that his mother put on a new sweater and overalls. The sweater was dark blue and the overalls in a khaki tone and apparently made of a very thick fabric. The straps were wide and had big plastic buckles that were very similar to the buckles that were on the blue and white trousers they wore before.

When Philipp was dressed he was led out of the bathroom by his mother. Shortly after she came back without Philipp and asked Jens if he was ready. Jens said he was ready and he didn't need a diaper, he hadn't wet his pants for many years, for certain. But then Mrs. Sölling just laughed and explained to Jens that it wasn't up to him to decide whether he needed a diaper or not and that it wasn't about whether he still peed in his pants or whether he could hold it up for a long time. Philipp wouldn't wet his pants either, but there are situations where he could not go so easily to the toilet and so in an emergency nothing would end up soaking the pants. Jens objected that Philipp had used his diaper after all. Whereupon Mrs. Sölling said that it would be normal after a whole school day.

Jens was satisfied with the explanation, but was shocked that Philipp obviously always wore a diaper at school. It also made him realize that he had never seen Philipp in the toilet at school.

Jens was now put on the box to be superficially cleaned by Mrs. Sölling. Since his hands were still held uselessly at his back, he had to have everything done by Mrs. Sölling. Then Jens was lifted from the box and Mrs. Sölling took off the cuffs to take off Jens' polo shirt. After that he was also placed on the changing table and Frau Sölling explained him to put his hands into the holes at the head end and to touch the handles inside. But he should not be frightened when he could not pull his hands out again. A bit frightened Jens slowly put his hands into the dark holes and felt two handles. As he grasped the two handles, a strap suddenly snapped at his wrists and held one hand in each hole. Jens, of course, was very frightened and wanted to pull his hands back, which ended in a twitching of the whole body. Jens got a little panic and pulled his arms even more to free himself, but it was in vain. He was secured on the changing table. Frau Sölling just smiled at Jens, stroked him over the head and reassured him that everything was fine.

Now that he was held firmly on the changing table, Mrs. Sölling put two more padded bars between his legs to spread them apart. Jens wanted to know in a slightly whiny voice what it was for, that he was tied up like this. Mrs. Sölling explained to Jens that she would be able to care for him better this way if he would not disturb her with his hands.

Jens felt treated like a small child again that couldn't do anything himself, although he had to do almost everything himself at home, since his mother was so rarely at home. Then Mrs. Sölling began to wash Jens his entire genital area. After drying, Jens was also put on a diaper. The feeling of the diaper was strange, it enclosed his entire lower torso and had a certain tension. It was everything but unpleasant, on the contrary Jens felt the feeling from the beginning as a very nice feeling. After the diaper was well

closed, the two bars that had spread his legs were removed and Jens was able to put the two together again. But the diaper between his legs prevented him from closing them completely. Now Frau Sölling pressed a button at the top of the changing table and Jens' hands were released. Thereupon Jens was allowed to stand up again and Mrs. Sölling started to put on the same blue sweater that Philipp had already received. The same overalls followed, which were really made of a very strong fabric and were also very tight in the abdominal area, so that the diaper was pressed even stronger against Jens. The straps were adjusted so that the diaper was also pulled up strongly. Jens had no mirrors, but he was sure that you could see the diaper very well through the overalls. Although he had never noticed this with Philipp in school.

When everything was tight and the buckles had snapped closed, they went back to the changing room where Philipp was fixed on the chair. Mrs. Sölling took a name tag from one of the cupboards and put it into a transparent pocket on Philipp's bib, while the pocket at Jens' bib remained empty for now. Then we went outside to the car of the Sölling family. On the way out Jens paid attention to the feeling in the new overalls together with the diaper. It was felt intensively with every step, because the pants were so tight. With some movements the trousers tightened and the movement became heavier than he was used to. Also the diaper was to be felt constantly and therefore always present in Jens' head. He also watched Philipp moving and was relieved that you could only recognize the diaper when you looked closely at it or when you touched the back of them. That must be because of the firm material of the trousers.

In the meantime everybody had arrived at the car and Mrs. Sölling had started to put Philipp into the car, lifting him into one of the two child seats in the back seat. The child seats were large booster seats as used for children up to 6 years, only in the size suitable for Jens and Philipp. After Philipp sat in his seat Jens was placed in the other one. The seat had a deep shell and a wedge between the legs, so Jens couldn't slide forward or backward. Then Mrs. Sölling started to strap Jens into the seat. First a belt was placed over the pelvis and pulled tight, then the feet were buckled in footrests provided for this purpose, so that Jens could not move them. Now two more belts were hooked under the armpits to the bib of the overalls and pulled tight, so Jens could not bend forward anymore. Last but not least, a huge solid foam structure was snapped onto the seat, which pressed the legs and half of the upper body into the shell even more. In front of Jens these parts formed a kind of table at chest height that reached almost to the front seat of the car. His hands and arms were still free, but otherwise he could not move any part of his body. It was a strange feeling to be wrapped up like this, especially since Jens obviously was not able to free himself, because he couldn't reach the lower part where the "table" was locked. But it was not particularly unpleasant.

Mrs. Sölling then did exactly the same with Philipp, until he too was strapped in his child seat, unable to move. Then she went back into the house and fetched her handbag. Then they were off, and Mrs. Sölling steered the car out of town. The weather was fine and the children could observe the landscape through their high child seat. At the end they also went on the motorway and after about 45min drive Mrs. Sölling left the motorway, directly to a very big shopping center.

The parking lot was huge, the children could not even see to the end. Mrs. Sölling steered the car into a special mother-child parking area, where the individual parking spaces were divided with small fences and in each parking bay a shopping trolley was already available. Philipp was the first to be released from his seat and taken out of the car. Outside he had to stand next to the shopping trolley and his mother did something to his overalls, but Jens could not see exactly what it was. He was still trapped in his child seat and couldn't see far enough back.

When Frau Sölling was done with Philipp she also freed Jens from the seat and got him out of the car. Philipp stood with his hands in the pockets of his overalls close to the shopping trolley which was equipped with a brake as Jens knew it from the luggage trolleys at the station. If the lever on the

handle was not pushed down, the trolley would not move. Now Jens should also put his hands into the pockets of his trousers, after he had done that, Mrs. Sölling pulled on a ribbon of the trousers and made a knot with a bow in front of it. Thereupon Jens suddenly couldn't pull his hands out of his pockets anymore. The opening had become so small that he couldn't get his hands out and he was additionally strapped a few centimetres behind Philipp with a strap at the side of the shopping trolley. Now Jens discovered that Philipp was also not quite voluntarily standing so close to the cart, because he was also tied to the cart.

Mrs. Sölling took the empties out of the trunk and put them into the shopping trolley and locked the car. Then she released the brake of the shopping trolley and pushed it towards the entrance of the shopping center. Jens and Philipp had to stand next to the trolley and concentrate so that they did not lose their balance. Because with their hands in their pockets it was not that easy.

Inside the center there were many small shops and Mrs. Sölling went to some of them to have a look at things, for Jens and Philipp it was of course very boring. They couldn't look at or even touch anything. Which was certainly the reason why they had their hands fixed in their pockets. Mrs. Sölling often left the cart standing with the children on it to have a closer look around in a shop. Jens also discovered other children who were tied to a shopping trolley in overalls just like him and Philipp. But the hands were often fixed differently. One girl, maybe 2-3 years younger than Jens and Philipp, had a belt around her overalls, where in front the arms were attached to them with cuffs, so she could only grab things that were a few centimeters from her belly. Another boy had gloves on where the fingers were all together and so he could not grasp anything. Jens was fascinated by everything he saw and he got those tickles in his stomach again and he was reminded of his own overalls and diaper with almost every movement.

After about 15 minutes they passed a special shop, on which was written "Educational clothing and accessories". In the shop window Jens discovered a lot of overalls, also the same ones he was wearing at the moment. But also the blue and white striped ones he always had to wear at home at Philipp's. There were also different pieces of furniture on which you could fixate children. But also child seats for the car in very large sizes were on display. Jens asked Philipp if he had been to this store before and Philipp said that they would buy almost all his clothes here, but often his mother would shop there without him. His size was measured there once a year and then his mother could shop without him. When they passed the shop, Mrs. Sölling headed for a playground for children and Philipp explained to Jens that they could probably play there now, while his mother would continue shopping without them. This was always the case when he was here in the mall with his mother. Philipp was really looking forward to it, it was always great fun here in Gameland.

Mrs. Sölling stopped the cart in front of the entrance area and let the brake engage. The entrance area consisted of a counter with a small swinging door next to it, through which one could enter the area behind it. From there a door led into the actual playground. Mrs. Sölling spoke briefly with the woman at the counter and then released the children from the shopping trolley and pushed them through the swinging door, while it buzzed briefly, as the woman at reception had pressed a button on the counter. She greeted the two of them briefly with their names and explained that they had to wait a moment longer until Philip's mother had filled out the formalities and Jens had received his name tag. Then the two had to stand with their backs to the wall next to the entrance door to the playground and the woman hooked something on the back of the two where the straps of the overalls split. Then she pressed a button above the children and they were pulled up at the back so far that they felt a good bit lighter on their feet. Thereby the overalls were pulled up so far that Jens had the feeling to sit in the diaper. Of course Jens and Philipp couldn't move from the spot and couldn't compensate with their hands, as those were still trapped in the pockets of the trousers.

Then the woman went back to the counter and had Mrs. Sölling fill out a questionnaire. Once Philipp's mother had finished, she waved to the two children and disappeared again to go shopping. The woman from the reception entered some information into her computer and also printed out something. Meanwhile other children came behind the counter and were waved goodbye by their parents. These children were either much younger than Philipp and Jens or they were wearing similar sturdy overalls. As these children all already had name tags they didn't have to wait, they only got a bracelet from the woman and were allowed to go through the door to the playground. Now the woman turned to Jens again and put the freshly printed badge with his name in the pocket on the bib of the overalls. Then she attached a bracelet to the right wrist of the two children, which was not so easy, because the hand was up to the wrist in the pocket of the trousers. The bracelet was made of solid plastic and had a small display with a clock that ran backwards, otherwise the bracelet had no controls or buttons. When closing it, it simply snapped together and could not be opened anymore. The woman then explained to Jens that the bracelet would give him access to the various playgrounds that were open to him and that the remaining time would also be displayed when he would have to appear here again at the entrance. The time could be changed via radio if his parents or Mrs. Sölling would come back earlier. But he would also get an acoustic warning in advance. If he had any questions he could contact an educator at any time in the playground or ask a member of staff at the individual attractions. If he was thirsty he could get something to drink at one of the supply stands with his bracelet. Then she wished them both a lot of fun playing and let the hook go down again, which held them to the wall, then she also released her hands from their pockets and let them enter the playground through the door. Jens was happy to finally be able to move his hands again and rubbed his wrists a little and looked at the bracelet on which 114 minutes were still standing. Philipp asked Jens immediately what they wanted to play. Jens looked around for the first time, asked Philipp in return what he wanted. Jens saw a long wide corridor where on the right and on the left side behind glass were big rooms where you could play different things. Some of them were covered with opaque glass, so you couldn't see how the other children were playing there. At the doors to these rooms was written in big letters and with a symbol what you could do there. For example, there were rooms where several table tennis tables stood and some children played table tennis. There was also a room where you could paint and make things with paper and cardboard. There was also a go-cart track with electric cars for children. Jens wanted to try out the car, Philipp was not so enthusiastic but came along with Jens. At the door to this area they had to hold their wristbands to a reader, Jens did that first and then it was shown on a screen next to it that this attraction was not available to him and he had to ask his parents for permission first. Philipp had already suspected something like that and suggested the adventure playground. There the two were admitted. This area was very popular with the children and it was accordingly full, but the two quickly made friends and had a lot of fun on the climbing frames and the winding castle that was ideal for hide-and-seek and knights play. After a little over an hour, there were 51 minutes left on the watch on the bracelet, Jens wanted to take a break and have a drink. Philipp came with him and they left the adventure playground. Outside on the long corridor they came to an area with a small bulge in the corridor, there were vending machines for drinks and vending machines with small snacks, similar to those at a train station. Jens took a cup and put it under the vending machine and held his wristband to the reader. After that the cup filled up without Jens being able to press one of the selection buttons. He would have loved to drink a coke, but what was in his cup didn't look like coke. Then Philipp did the same and got also something yellow in his cup. Philipp could see Jens' disappointment and explained that his mother would only allow water and he could never choose a drink, but other children could.

Philipp and Jens sat down briefly on the bench that stood by the vending machines and drank what was, as it quickly turned out, apple spritzer. Other children came by and after reading the bracelet all

the selection keys that were allowed lit up for them, though there was no child where Cola lit up. Jens wanted to try out if he could get something at the snack machine, but as he could guess himself, the display said he had no permission for this machine.

When the two wanted to go on, Jens saw that right next to the vending machines there were toilets and that they also had a reader for the bracelet. Actually Jens didn't have to go to the toilet, he had just been at home with Philipp, but he was just curious why the toilets were locked and wanted to play with the reader. Thereupon Jens put his bracelet on the reader and only a red light came on. Philipp had seen it too late and wanted to stop Jens from doing so, but it was too late. Philipp tried to explain to Jens that he couldn't go to the toilet here and that he would get words from his mother right now or later.

The two of them were just about to go back to the corridor to continue playing, when suddenly the bracelet of Jens beeped and on the display was a big "I" Jens didn't really understand what it meant but then it sounded over the loudspeaker system that "Jens Marson" should report immediately to the guides at the information desk. Philipp said he had been afraid of that and that they needed to go quickly to the information desk. Jens turned pale and asked Philipp what he had done, he just wanted to try if his bracelet would work at the toilets.

The two quickly walked towards the information desk while Jens' bracelet was still beeping loudly. When they arrived at the information desk, one of the guides standing there approached Jens and asked him if he urgently needed to go to the toilet. When Jens denied this he explained that his parents did not want him to go to the toilet alone and that he could only ask an educator in special cases. Then he told Jens that he had to check if Jens was still clean and told Jens to stretch his hands in the air and then he checked his diaper all around, right the middle of the hallway.

When he was sure that the diaper was still clean Jens was allowed to go back to play and the man entered something into the computer whereupon Jens' bracelet stopped beeping. Jens was really embarrassed and he was happy that it was over now.

Now Jens wanted to go back to the adventure playground with Philipp, but Philipp explained that they could only visit each station once a day. After that the two decided to go play table tennis for the remaining 32 minutes that were still shown on their wristbands.

There was a trainer who could give them some helpful tips. They could play quite well after a short time. When suddenly the two bracelets of the children beeped together and the display said "Exit", the trainer quickly sent the two towards the door where they had entered. There was again a reader where the two of them held their wristbands one after the other. After a short time the woman from the reception opened the door and let the two come into the reception area. There they had to put their hands in their pockets again and the woman tied the pockets again. Then the two were pulled up again on the wall with the hook so high that they could not move away from the wall. Then the woman said that their mother would pick them up shortly. Now she took another kind of remote control and opened the bracelets electronically to take them off the two of them. Then the woman went back to the counter and left the two children standing against the wall.

After about 5 minutes Mrs. Sölling came back to the counter and talked briefly with the woman from reception. After the conversation with the mother, the woman went from the reception to the children and first of all detached Philipp from the wall, brought him to the swinging door and pressed the button to let Philipp go to his mother. The mother immediately attached Philipp to the now well-filled shopping cart. Then the woman from the reception fetched Jens from the wall and let him through the swinging door. Mrs. Sölling asked Jens first if he had to go to the toilet and if his diaper was still clean. She was obviously told about the toilet entrance. Then Jens said that he didn't have to go to the toilet and just wanted to try the bracelet. At the same time Mrs. Sölling also felt Jens' diaper in the middle of the shopping center. Afterwards she explained to him that he knew that he was not allowed to go to

the toilet alone and that of course this was also the case here in the mall. After the lecture Jens was also fixed to the shopping trolley and together they went to the exit.

Jens was a little bit depressed to be rebuked by Mrs. Sölling and that even before Philipp, for a thing he didn't like anyway. He could actually go to the toilet himself without any problems, but this was apparently very important to Mrs. Sölling and Jens couldn't change it anyway.

When everyone had arrived back at the car, Mrs. Sölling took Jens' and Philipp's hands out of their pockets and put them back in their child seats and locked them again, then she put all the shopping in the trunk. Afterwards Mrs. Sölling drove the car towards home.

Philipp had already started to sleep in his seat, as the whole day was both exciting and exhausting.

Jens, on the other hand, was so fascinated by the child seat that in his immobility he felt every curve and every little pothole through which Mrs. Sölling drove.

Jens enjoyed that to a certain extent, but also realized that he had no freedom of his own anymore and that everything was dictated by his friend's mother. Lost in thought, the car suddenly stopped in front of Jens' parents house and Jens knew he was home. He actually thought they would first go to Philipp's home, but it had probably already become late. Frau Sölling said that this had been arranged with his parents, that she would bring him straight home.

Jens had to accept this and was released from the child seat by Mrs. Sölling. Philipp had meanwhile woken up again and said goodbye to Jens. Frau Sölling took Jens' satchel out of the trunk and brought Jens to the door. There she took the key from Jens' satchel, unlocked the door and let Jens go in. Then she gave him the satchel and the front door key and said goodbye.

Jens first went into the kitchen to see if his parents were already home, but he only heard music from his sister's room. Then he went to his own room to put down his satchel and change his clothes. But then Jens noticed again that he couldn't open the overalls. He took a closer look at the buckles. At the place where normally the sides of the clips were sticking out through an opening, these buckles were closed, so you couldn't undo the clips, very similar to the buckles of the blue and white overalls. Jens tried to poke around with a paperclip in the hole on the side, which obviously served to open it. But he had no success in opening the buckles. Also the buckles were designed in a way that you could not change the length of the straps when the buckle was closed. Jens tried to pull the straps sideways from the shoulder. But this was not possible because the bib was so high and the straps at the back split so high up that the straps were too short for this. Jens lay frustrated on his bed and thought about how to take off the overalls. He did not want to wait until his parents came home and then explain the problem to his mother.

But he couldn't think of anything and so Jens started to analyze the trousers further. He patted himself down, especially in the area where the diaper was under the overalls. He noticed that the front of the pants was somehow reinforced or something was inserted. If he pressed on the front of the crotch, the pressure was distributed over the whole area. Jens got this pleasant tingling in his stomach again and he enjoyed lying on the bed in the overalls. But also the feeling of helplessness came back because he couldn't take them off.

Now it suddenly shot through his head, what if he had to go to the toilet, not yet but it would be soon. Would he really have to use the diaper then? Now the feeling of helplessness became even stronger and Jens stood up again and looked at himself in the mirror. If he looked very closely he could see the diaper under the overalls. Also the name tag on his bib caught his eye again.

Then suddenly the door opened and Jens' sister Svenja stood in his room and saw Jens standing in front of the mirror. She held her hand in front of her mouth not to laugh out loud but she was obviously very amused. Jens asked what was the matter. Then she made fun of his brown overalls and the name tag, asked why he was dressed like that and where he had been. Jens answered confidently

to his sister, he was with Philipp in a playground in the shopping center and it was very nice. Then his sister wanted to know why he would walk around there like that. Jens said that it was normal there and that everyone had a name tag. His sister left it at that, but was still amused about her brother's appearance, which Jens tried to ignore. But inside he was very depressed, because his sister openly made fun of it and he couldn't take off the overalls himself.

Svenja said that he should prepare dinner, their parents would come home soon, they had called that they were running a bit late in the office, but they will be here shortly. Svenja then left Jens' room and went back to her own room, of course she didn't want to help with setting the table. But Jens couldn't do anything else anyway and went into the kitchen to set the table.

He had just put the plates on the table when his parents came in. His mother greeted Jens with a hug, then praised him that he had already started to set the table, and gave him a loving pat on the butt, but Jens didn't feel much of that because of the diaper. While Jens was setting the table with his mother, he told about the visit to the playground and how he had played with Philipp in the adventure playground and how they had played table tennis.

Shortly before they were finished with the preparations for dinner, Jens suddenly noticed that he had to go to the toilet. Now there was nothing left for him to do but to tell his mother that he couldn't take off the overalls by himself. But just in the moment when he had already told his mother that he had to talk to her about something, Svenja and her father came into the kitchen and Jens didn't want to explain his problem in front of everybody. But his mother looked at him expectantly and waited for his question. So he said he had to go to the toilet, hoping that his mother would just say that he should go. But to his horror she told him that they all wanted to eat now and Jens should hold out until they were done eating. After that she would unlock his overalls and he could get ready for bed right away. Jens was shocked and stood there speechless for a few seconds: his mother had known everything about the overalls. When she had given him the pat, she had checked if he was really diapered. Svenja had of course heard her mother's speech to Jens and had now of course judged the meaning of Jens' new overalls differently but didn't show any reaction and didn't go into it anymore. Jens and also Svenja were unusually quiet during the meal and Jens' bladder was already very tight. Jens had no appetite anymore and was finished eating and asked his mother in a low voice if he could go to the toilet now. Jens wondered himself about his question, but what should he do? Alone he could not do it.

His mother said she would finish eating quickly and then she would come with him. So Jens stayed sitting and pinched his legs together as far as the diaper would allow. After Mrs. Marson had finished her meal she got up and asked Jens to come along. He had some difficulties to get up because of squeezing his legs together but then he stood up and his mother took him by the arm and led Jens towards the bathroom. He had to concentrate a lot to be able to hold it. When both of them arrived in the bathroom Jens stood in front of his mother and she took this little key out of her pocket to open the buckles on Jens' overalls.

Exactly at that moment Jens couldn't hold it anymore and a big part of his bladder emptied into his diaper. Immediately Jens had tears in his eyes and he sobbed that it was too late. Jens felt the urine between his legs although it didn't run down his legs because it was immediately absorbed by the diaper. The diaper got thicker and it felt like the overalls got even tighter. His mother opened the straps and comforted Jens a little. That wasn't so bad, he had the diaper on. After she had opened the pants his mother took a cloth and wiped the tears from Jens' face. Then she kept taking off his pants. When Jens was completely out of the overalls his mother opened the diaper carefully and took the now heavy diaper off. Then she told him he could go to the toilet and should take a shower. Then she left the bathroom with the full diaper to dispose of it. After Jens had finished in the bathroom he calmed down again and was happy to have survived the situation.

When Jens lay in bed he thought about his mother for a long time. On the one hand he liked the fact that she had dealt with the situation so lovingly and understandably and on the other hand he was surprised that she had not told him before that she knew everything he would get to wear from Philipp. Especially that he would also be dependent on the help of his parents at home. But after some time Jens fell asleep.

When Jens got up the next morning, the overalls he had worn the day before to school were lying next to his bed. His parents must have picked them up the previous evening at Philipp's parents. There was no trace of the overalls he had worn in the afternoon and evening. Jens didn't think about it any further and put on the available pants and got ready for school. He met Philipp at the crossroads like every morning and they went to school together. When Jens came home after school he was alone at home and did his homework. His overalls had become so normal for Jens that he usually didn't think about them anymore and didn't change his clothes when he came home from school. After he had finished his homework he sat down in the living room in front of the TV and watched the children's afternoon program and was completely carefree and satisfied. When his mother came home from work relatively early, Jens was still absorbed in the animation program and he only greeted his mother casually.

When the show ended his mother came back into the living room and asked Jens to turn off the TV, sat down next to Jens and put her arm around her son. Jens felt the bib of his overalls wrinkle a few times and lay down on his chest again when his mother loosened the squeeze again. Jens enjoyed this rare loving contact with his mother very much. Then his mother asked how Jens had enjoyed his visits with Philipp so far. She also explained to Jens that Philipp's parents did a so-called "avoidance-free education" at Philipp's home and therefore Philipp does things differently at his home than they do here at home. But he had surely noticed that. Since Jens now knew that his mother obviously knew everything that happened to him at Philipp's home, he decided to answer his mother quite openly and told her that it was very strange to be tied up while eating and playing. But it had also been exciting and he had already felt very patronized by many things. Then his mother wanted to know if he had felt something especially bad and Jens decided to tell his mother about the toilet visit and then told her that it was especially uncomfortable when Philipp's mother put him on the toilet and cleaned him afterwards. While Jens was telling this story, the memories came back to his mind and he got wet eyes again and sobbed a little. His mother then hugged him tighter again and explained that this was nothing bad. She had always done the same with him before. But Jens replied that he had been even smaller then.

Mrs. Marson didn't want to go much deeper into the subject of toilets. She asked Jens if he could imagine trying out some elements of an avoidance-free education. She would also find this very interesting and wanted to see how it was like. Jens hesitated a little bit and could not really imagine being restricted at home like it was usual with Philipp. Especially since his parents were so rarely at home. So he asked his mother what she meant by "trying out some elements". She explained that she thought of a weekend where Jens would wear the locking overalls from the previous evening. Since Jens found the feeling in the overalls very intense and interesting, he agreed to wear these trousers for a weekend.

When Jens was getting ready for bed that evening he discovered the said trousers in his closet. The buckles were closed and the key was not there. Jens left them in the closet and tried not to think about it. Although he felt a bit strange when he thought about being locked in his overalls by his parents for a weekend. Would he have to wear a diaper again, and would there be more restrictions?

On this evening Jens' parents talked for a long time about his sister, who more and more often didn't come home on time, and had also smelled of alcohol several times. Something had to happen urgently to get Svenja back on the right track. But the parents had hardly any grip on her and she hardly followed the guidelines her parents gave her. This was also due to the fact that her parents were rarely at home to enforce the guidelines.

So it was decided that Svenja should wear at least a normal jeans overalls on the weekend when Jens should wear his closed overalls to get used to the parents' instructions. They wanted to make a family weekend where they would take care of the children the whole weekend and Svenja would not be allowed to go to her friends.

Chapter 7 : Family weekend with the Marsons

September was already slowly coming to an end and Jens now visited Philipp every Friday after school to improve his reading skills with him and his mother. The fact that he was always tied at the kitchen table of the Sölling's didn't bother Jens anymore, but he always made sure to go to the toilet before leaving school, so that Mrs. Sölling didn't have to take him to the toilet. That usually worked out quite well. After reading, the two children were still allowed to play a little bit in Philipp's room. Jens had found out that Philipp also has a huge assortment of Lego bricks and so they mostly played with Philipp's Lego.

For this purpose they were attached to the wall in the area of Philipp's room where the soft carpet was laid. Jens usually did not feel the line anymore, because it was quite long. On these Fridays Jens was always picked up by his father, because it was already dark in the evening.

On a Wednesday evening Jens sat with his parents at dinner and his sister Svenja was late again: she had to be home at 8pm according to the parents' instructions, but it was already 9pm and Jens should be in bed already. Shortly after Jens had gone to prepare for bed the doorbell rang and Svenja was brought home quite drunk by the police. She was still able to stand on her feet, but her not very good manners had suffered even more and she had insulted one of the police officers during the identity check.

Father Peter took care of Svenja and accompanied her to her room and the bathroom where there was first a cold shower for Svenja. She was then also taken to her bed by her father, whereupon she fell asleep quickly. Mother Inga let the officials tell her everything that had happened and apologized for her daughter's behavior. Jens wasn't aware of all this, except that his sister apparently hadn't come home alone. The parents decided to use the coming weekend for the family weekend. They could always take the incident as an reason if Svenja refused to join in.

The next morning Svenja had to listen to a long lecture from her father. That she would have to find other friends and that if she would do such things even more often, she would also get problems with the youth welfare office and that this would certainly not be pleasant for anybody. Svenja listened to the whole thing, but couldn't see what was so bad about it. She had just celebrated a little bit and her parents should not get so upset.

Thereupon her father hinted that something would change for her soon. But Svenja just ignored that. At least that evening she was home at 8 pm on time and so the parents could tell Jens and Svenja that they would spend a family weekend together.

Svenja stated that she had already arranged to meet her friends on the weekend. But her parents didn't accept that and told her to cancel her friends. Svenja was in a bad mood and thought about how she could prevent this. She didn't want to spend a whole weekend with her parents and her brother. Jens on the other hand was looking forward to spend time with his parents again, even though he hadn't realised that this would be the weekend he would spend locked in his overalls.

On Friday evening Svenja still had no reasonable excuse why she couldn't take part in the family weekend and therefore asked her mother in the kitchen what exactly they wanted to do tomorrow. Her mother told her that they first wanted to bring the house and the garden in order and then there would be a surprise.

Svenja was shocked, under a shared family weekend she had imagined something else than cleaning. She decided to spend the night at a friend's house after going out and not to come back home until Sunday.

As if her mother had guessed, she told Svenja that she couldn't go out tonight because of the incident on Wednesday and to make sure of that she would have to put on her nightgown and her parents would lock all her outerwear in the boiler room.

Svenja looked at her mother in horror and could no longer close her mouth. But her mother seemed to be very serious and grabbed Svenja by the arm and wanted to accompany her up to her room. When she tried to defend herself, her father stood behind her and grabbed the other arm. Together her parents accompanied Svenja to her room. Where Peter watched his daughter as she took off her trousers and blouse. These and all the other clothes from Svenja's wardrobe, mother Inga brought to the boiler room. After everything had been cleared out and Svenja had her nightgown on and was still standing next to her bed sulking and stunned, both parents said good night and left her room.

It was just 21 o'clock and actually Svenja wanted to meet now with her clique. But even if she could sneak out of the house past her parents, she couldn't go out on the street in her nightgown. Jens had stayed in the bathroom during the whole action of the parents with his sister, and was also getting ready for bed. Of course he had heard what had happened and was very amused. Finally his sister was made to obey to something their parents demanded.

After the parents had left Svenja's room, Svenja fell on her bed and started to cry. She had never expected that her parents would react to her behavior like that. She cried for a very long time and was a little bit angry with herself for putting herself in such a situation. Eventually she fell asleep.

The next morning at 8 o'clock sharp Jens was woken by his mother. She came into his room and opened the roller blinds so that the sun flooded the room and Jens slowly woke. Then Inga opened Jens' wardrobe and took out a dark blue sweater and the khaki overalls from the Gameland trip. Jens was not quite awake yet and still rubbed his eyes sitting on the edge of the bed. Then his mother took off his pyjamas and pulled the sweater over his head. Then she opened the buckles of the overalls with the little key and Jens had to get up and put the overalls on. After everything was straightened by mother and the buckles were locked again with the well-known loud clicks, Jens got another loving slap on the butt and should brush his teeth in the bathroom and come down for breakfast.

Meanwhile, father Peter also woke up daughter Svenja in her room and pulled up the roller blinds. Of course Svenja would have rather stayed lying down, but her father insisted that she also got up and should come down for breakfast. To make sure that she really got up, her father stayed in the room until she really got up. Because Svenja's wardrobe was empty her father brought one of her red sweaters and a pair of jeans. Her father said that she should put them on and then come down for breakfast. Or if she needed help with that, because the jeans were overalls.

Suddenly Svenja was wide awake, she was to put on overalls like her little brother. She wouldn't do that under any circumstances. Whereupon her father let her know that he would help her to put them on if needs be. Whereupon Svenja went to the bathroom to freshen up. There she met her brother who was already dressed, and Svenja realized that he was wearing those overalls that he hadn't been able to take off himself that one evening. Svenja asked her brother if it were the same trousers and if he was locked in them again. Jens found the wording a bit unusual but had to admit that he couldn't take the trousers off by himself. Svenja's heart began to beat, she hadn't taken a closer look at the

overalls her father had put in her room. She didn't want to be wrapped up like her brother. After she had finished in the bathroom she went back to her room and looked at the overalls.

Luckily it was just a pair of ordinary denim overalls with a rather high bib and five buttons on the side. The straps were fastened with normal metal buckles to the buttons at the top of the bib. Svenja put on the overalls, started to close the side buttons and folded the bib and the straps inside. So the trousers looked almost like a normal waistband trousers, only that the buttons were on the side and the waistband was extremely high. Then she put on the red sweater and went into the kitchen, where the rest of the family is already waiting for Svenja with breakfast. But when she came into the kitchen, her mother immediately saw that she had not put on her trousers like they were supposed to. Just as her parents had thought.

Svenja was intercepted by her mother before she reached the table and Inga started to open Svenja's trousers again and pulled out the bib and straps. She wanted to protest, but her father stood right next to her and supervised the procedure. So Svenja had to let her mother put on the overalls right and adjust them, just like her brother. Of course the mother adjusted the straps a bit extra tight.

After Inga was finished she warned her daughter that she always expected to see her wearing them like that this weekend. Svenja didn't understand the excitement, but let it be. She had realized that she would have to give in to her parents this weekend.

Jens had watched the whole play from the kitchen table. He thought that the overalls of his sister looked very good and he was secretly happy that she was now wearing them as well. But he did not say anything out loud. He had noticed that his sister was not happy with them. During the breakfast Svenja calmed down again, so that everybody could enjoy the breakfast.

After breakfast the cleaning of the house began and Svenja was glad that she did not have to leave the house with the overalls. The children first had to tidy up their own rooms and clean them. Jens had just finished with his room after about 2 hours and his mother checked the result. Jens felt a pressure on his bladder and he wanted to go to the toilet after his mother had inspected his room, but then he remembered the overalls he had worn the whole morning. That wasn't difficult, because especially with all the movements during the cleaning Jens felt the overalls constantly and in the meantime he would have liked to take them off or extend the straps. But this was a test for him with the stricter measures, and he was very happy not to be tied like Philipp.

Therefore he did not want to ask his mother for changes to the overalls. But now Jens had to go to the toilet and asked if she could open the trousers for him so he could go to the toilet. When his mother was satisfied with his room, she took Jens by the hand and went with him to the bathroom, which had just been cleaned by father Peter. Arriving there Jens thought that his mother would open his overalls and he could use the toilet like last time. But he was wrong. His mother first opened a cupboard and took a large toilet seat with a child seat out of the cupboard and fastened it to the toilet as it was always done at Philipp's home. Jens turned pale and then his mother took these hand restraints out of the cupboard and wanted to put them on Jens. Then he begged his mother that this was not necessary, he had learned long ago how to use the toilet and how to keep himself clean afterwards. His mother replied only that he had made himself available to test the other educational method and that he would have to stand by it. Besides, there was nothing wrong with being seen by his mother on the toilet and being washed by her.

Jens realized that he couldn't change his mother's mind and so he at least tried to get around the stupid hand restraints. He promised to be very good and not to hinder his mother when she cleaned him. Inga agreed and said it was only a test and they wanted to try out how disciplined Jens was. Then she opened Jens' overalls and pulled them down far enough for him. Instinctively Jens reached for his underpants and wanted to pull them down. But his mother was faster and gave him a slap on the hand and Jens understood immediately that he was not allowed to do that. Thereupon he quickly put his

hands behind his back and his mother pulled down his underpants. The toilet at home was not quite as high as the Sölling's and Jens could sit down on the toilet seat with a little help from his mother. The front shield pressed his legs a little bit apart and prevented him from reaching in between with his hands. So he could not steer the beam and had to let it run just like that. Some urine splashed against his body below the seat, which was very uncomfortable for Jens. His mother stood in the room the whole time watching Jens, especially what he did with his hands.

Then Jens told his mother that he was done and she helped him to get off the seat again, which was not so easy because of the high shield in front. As Jens stood in front of the toilet his mother took some toilet paper and wiped off all the drops that were visible. Then she took a wet rag with soap out of the sink and started to wash Jens' whole genital area thoroughly. He had to stretch his arms in the air so that they were not in the way. Of course this was very exhausting and Jens was warned several times.

After Inga had dried everything thoroughly with a towel she put dressed her son again and closed the overalls like before. Jens found the freshly washed feeling between his legs quite pleasant, but he didn't like being treated by his mother as if he couldn't do anything himself. But for now the ordeal had passed.

Jens' next task was to wipe dust in the living room and then vacuum the floor. with his sister things didn't go so well. She was still busy in her room. Also those overalls, which she constantly felt on her body, she was constantly adjusting the length of the straps, but she didn't want to let the bib hang down completely, because her father checked in her room about every 10 minutes how she progressed with cleaning and tidying. Her mother had told Svenja at breakfast that they had a certain expectation of how she was to wear the overalls. So Svenja tried to wear the trousers in a way that her parents would not notice that she had lengthened the straps and she would not feel the bib so much.

But Svenja also noticed a nice advantage of the trousers which she learned to appreciate. Because of the big movements she made while cleaning up, her other jeans would always slip down her hips, or she would have had to make the belt so tight that it would have been uncomfortable when bending down. But the waistband of the overalls was close-fitting but not tight. The waistband could easily slip down, but was always pulled up by the straps and the bib. Svenja slowly got used to the new feeling of the overalls and she did not feel it as bad as she had thought before. But out of fashion considerations it was clear for her that she would never leave the house with these overalls.

When Svenja was finally finished with her room, her father sent her to her mother in the kitchen to help with the cooking. When Jens had finished with the living room, everybody had food together in the kitchen. The two children were sitting at the lunch table in their overalls and today the Marsons looked like a normal family.

Svenja had already forgotten her friends and had resigned herself for this day to being kept under control by her parent, since she was not let out of their sight practically the whole day.

After lunch, both children were to help mow the lawn and remove weeds from the borders together with their father in the garden. Jens was happy, because he liked to be outside and a little gardening wouldn't be so bad. But of course Svenja did not want to go out with her overalls and gardening was definitely not for her. Her father quickly made it clear to her that she too was part of the family, whether she liked it or not, and she would join in this family weekend.

Since the garden was not visible from the street, Svenja bowed to her father's command and came into the garden. After some time Jens noticed again that he had to go to the toilet and went to his father, who was mowing the lawn, and asked him shyly if he could go to the toilet. It was a strange humiliating feeling for Jens to have to ask his father if he could go to the toilet. So far he had simply gone himself

when he had to go. His father stroked him understandingly over his head and told him to go to his mother in the kitchen, who would then take him to the toilet.

Jens ran into the house to his mother to be brought to the toilet. His mother took him by the hand again and went with him towards the bathroom. His special seat was fixed on the toilet again and his mother already reached for the handcuffs. Jens looked at his mother questioningly and was about to try again to get out of the hand restraints being used. But his mother was quicker and said that last time it didn't work so well without them and that she insisted on them now. So Jens had to turn around and get the cuffs put on.

Then his mother opened the overalls and guided him onto the seat. This time Jens had to number 2 as well, and it took a moment until he was ready. But his mother stayed in the bathroom the whole time and watched her son on the toilet. When Jens was finished, his mother wiped his butt with paper first. For that he had to bend forward and his mother had to help him not to lose his balance. With the hands on the back it was not so easy.

Afterwards Jens was washed his whole intimate area with soap and water. After Jens was dressed again, mother Inga undid the hand restraints and with a slap to his bottom, Jens was allowed to go back into the garden. Inga cleaned up everything in the bathroom.

Svenja didn't know why Jens always took so long on the toilet but she already knew that he had to ask for it because he couldn't open his trousers himself. She also knew that her mother always went with Jens to the toilet. She thought that this was very exaggerated and didn't know what it was all about, but as long as she wasn't affected by it herself, she didn't want to ask her brother about it. It seemed as if Jens didn't mind that he had to ask his parents about it.

A short time later the garden was ready and they wanted to move on to the fun part of the day. Father Peter then set up the badminton net and took the four rackets out of the garage. Mother Inga also joined us and all together played a few sets of badminton. The children in their overalls felt the tension of the straps of their trousers with every stroke when their arms were raised. Everyone had a lot of fun that afternoon and they felt like family again after a long time. Svenja also had to admit that it could be fun to do something together with the family, even if she had to be forced to do so. But now she liked it quite well. As the sun slowly moved towards the horizon, the children took down the badminton net and brought it back to the garage. They had to walk around the house to the front. Svenja did not think about her overalls anymore and went together with her brother to the garage.

Just at that moment one of her friends passed the front of the house and recognized Svenja when she was just putting the badminton stuff on the shelf. At first she still didn't think about her overalls but when she waved to her friend who then looked at her with a funny laugh, she recalled wearing overalls. She suddenly tried to hide behind her parents' car. The friend, however, had seen the overalls already and called her to ask her if she was in sibling look with her brother today. Svenja turned red, came slowly behind the car and went to the gate to greet her friend. Hiding no longer made sense. She sent her brother back into the garden to talk undisturbed with her friend. Svenja explained that her parents had gone crazy and locked up all her clothes because of the thing with the police on Wednesday. She was grounded the whole weekend and couldn't come to the party. Also that her parents had given her these overalls and that she was not allowed to wear anything else. The girlfriend also found the measures overly hard and wished Svenja all the best and hopefully they would meet again on Monday. Svenja asked that she should not tell the others about her overalls, but the girlfriend could not promise this. It had looked too funny for that, how she stood there in overalls next to her brother, who always wore overalls.

A bit humiliated and depressed Svenja went back into the house. There the dinner was prepared together and everybody ate together. Right after the meal Jens had to go to the toilet again and asked his mother when he got up if he could go to the toilet. His mother said somewhat ironically smiling that

he was not allowed to do so, but she would like to take him to the toilet. For Jens this was not so funny, so he looked down and asked his mother quietly to take him to the toilet. Then his mother stroked him over his back and hugged him. Then she took him by the hand and led him into the bathroom. There he got the restraints put on as expected to anchor his hands on his back. Then his overalls were unlocked again and after taking them off he was helped to sit on the special seat. When Jens was sitting on the toilet his mother fiddled with the cuffs behind his back. She attached something between the cuffs and the toilet seat. Jens' hands were now pulled down slightly, so he couldn't bend forward anymore and certainly couldn't get up. His mother commented on this measure by saying that she would now leave him alone until she had cleared the table and then she left the room. Jens first tested his freedom of movement and had to realize that he had hardly any possibilities to move and he had no chance at all to get up. If his hands were only held together on his back, he would already have had a hard time getting up, but now it was impossible. At first he tried to concentrate on his business again but it was not so easy without being able to move. He pulled on his restraints a little and moaned softly when he could finally empty himself.

Then he got bored because his mother did not come back. Jens thought about the fact that he was completely dependent on his parents and without them he could not get down from the toilet again. This thought scared him very much and the waiting time became longer and longer. Suddenly someone tried to open the door and when the door didn't open he heard his sister calling that she also had to go to the toilet. Jens didn't know what to say - he was finished but couldn't do anything. And it scared him that his mother had locked him in the bathroom, but he was also glad that his sister didn't see him like that. A moment later he also heard his mother, who sent his sister to her room: she had to wait another 10min until she could enter the bathroom, because she had to clean up there first. A short time later mother opened the door and began with the cleaning of Jens after she had freed him from the toilet.

When she had washed him again, the overalls were closed properly again and Jens was allowed to go into the living room. Jens felt free in the closed overalls now that he was allowed to leave the bathroom and ran into the living room jumping. Inga cleaned everything in the bathroom and did the last things in the kitchen while Svenja went to the toilet.

She could take off her overalls by herself. When she was finished on the toilet she put on the overalls again carefully and went into the living room where Jens had already set up "Frustration" with his father Peter. Svenja actually wanted to watch TV, but her parents had forbidden it. So they all played a round of the board game together. After that the children should get ready for bed, since they were to get up early on Sunday.

Svenja had not gone to bed that early for years and tried to protest to be allowed to watch TV for another 2 hours. Thereupon Jens was sent to his room to wait there until his mother would come. Jens obeyed immediately and went up to his room. There he sat down on his bed and waited for his mother, who hopefully would let him out of his overalls so that he could get ready for bed.

Meanwhile the parents tried to make it clear to Svenja that she had to pull herself together and should listen to her parents better and also follow instructions. She surely noticed that her brother was very dependent on his parents today and was therefore very well-behaved. One could also intensify the measures they took to improve her upbringing.

Svenja didn't really understand these vague hints, but she didn't want to be locked up in overalls and so she was already a bit intimidated and promised to do better. Then she went to her room, disappointed that she could not get her way, and got rid of the stupid overalls. She found a nightgown on her bed, which she put on. Her closet was still empty.

At Jens' room his mother came into the room and with the matching key she opened his overalls and helped him to undress. Then she accompanied Jens to the bathroom and supervised him brushing his

teeth. Afterwards he was also supervised while showering, and the drying off was completely done by his mother. She also put him into two-piece pyjamas, as he always wore them at night. Afterwards Jens was accompanied to his room by his mother, put under the blankets and got a good night kiss. Jens was happy about the much affection he had received from his mother today. Normally he always went to bed alone.

Jens thought a little bit about this day. Except for the toilets he had enjoyed everything very much and he wished that there would be more days like this.

The next morning Jens would try to go to the toilet as soon as he got up before he had to put on the overalls. Because he knew that he would wear the trousers on Sunday as well. But this way he would be able to do his own toilet visit. A short time later Jens fell asleep.

Meanwhile his sister Svenja also went to the bathroom to brush her teeth and take a shower. She could do this undisturbed, although Peter made sure that it wouldn't take too long from the hall. Also with Svenja the parents wished her a good night and made sure that the light was really turned off. Svenja could not fall asleep immediately and thought about what her parents had told her in the living room for a long time.

The next morning at 8 o'clock sharp Inga came to Jens' room to wake him up. She sat on the edge of the bed and stroked his head gently. Jens still slept deeply and woke up only slowly. When Jens was half awake his mother pulled off the blanket and started to take off his pyjamas. After that his khaki overalls were put on him. Because Jens was still a little tired he didn't help, his mother had to dress and lock him completely. After that he was allowed to lie down on his bed for a short time and should come to the kitchen for breakfast soon, but first he should make his bed. Jens learned to appreciate the advantages when his mother dressed him and took care of him so lovingly, he didn't have to do anything anymore. It seemed strange to him to be dressed like a 5 or 6 year old by his mother, but it was comfortable.

At the same time father Peter had also appeared in Svenja's room to wake her up. But there the waking up was not as harmonious as with Jens. Svenja complained that she was woken in the middle of the night and that her father burst into her room just like that. But because she was so excited she was awake relatively quickly. Her father instructed her to put on her overalls properly and to come for breakfast.

Jens was still lying on his bed and felt the tightly fitting and securely closed overalls on his body when he remembered that he wanted to go to the toilet before he put on the overalls. He didn't have to go to the toilet urgently yet, but now he would surely be put back on the special seat by his mother. But he didn't see any way out - his mother had been faster this morning. He had been happy about the tender wake-up though. But now he had to hurry down to the kitchen for breakfast.

Around half past eight all the Marsons sat at the breakfast table and enjoyed their meal. Meanwhile, father Peter told both children, who were sitting at the table in their overalls, that today they were going on an excursion into the woods to go hiking. Svenja was of course not very happy about this. Hiking was not at all to her taste. Besides she was afraid that she would have to leave the house with the overalls on. So she asked her parents if she could wear something sporty and comfortable for hiking, for example yoga pants. But father Peter told her that she would also go hiking in overalls. Thereupon Svenja left the breakfast angry and went to her room to take off the overalls and throw them into the corner. Since she had nothing else but her nightgown, she put on the nightgown and lay down on her bed crying. The others finished breakfast and Jens helped to clean up.

When they were done Jens' mother told him that she would get him ready right away and that he should already go to the bathroom, she would come right after. What could she mean by "get ready" - he was already dressed for the hike. But in the meantime he did have to go to the toilet and so Jens went as he was told.

When he was in the bathroom his mother arrived a short time later and fastened the special seat on the toilet and Jens had to have his hands fixed on his back again. Then the overalls were taken off completely by his mother, and also the underpants. Now he only had his undershirt, sweater and socks on. That way he was put on the seat and had to do his business under observation again. Afterwards his intimate area was washed again thoroughly by his mother. Now Jens was led half-naked by his mother into his room where he should lie down on his bed. That was very unpleasant, because his hands were still on his back. So then he lay on his arms on his back on the bed. Next to him there were some things on the bed that he couldn't recognize immediately. His mother took a white piece from this pile and folded it out, and Jens could recognize a diaper.

He was scared and didn't want to have a diaper on, but his mother explained to him, while she put the diaper under him, that it was necessary, since they had no proper toilet during the hike. Jens had to give in and his mother closed the diaper around Jens' belly. A transparent rubber pant followed. Then Inga helped her son to get up to put the overalls back on, and she locked them. Afterwards the restraints were taken off again and Jens should go downstairs into the hallway. His mother followed him.

Meanwhile Peter went into Svenja's room and wanted to see where she stayed, the family wanted to leave now. A moment later Peter called to his wife to please come up, he needed help with Svenja. Then Inga asked her son to stand at the high bar of the banister. She grabbed Jens' hands and fastened the cuffs to his hands again in such a way that the bar at his back went between his arms and he was tied to the bar. In addition, she attached a band hanging from the ceiling to his overalls in the back. So he could not sit on the floor and had to stand still. Jens his mother commented on this measure by telling him to wait here until his sister was ready too. Then she went upstairs and left her son tied to the banister.

When Inga also came into Svenja's room she was still lying on the bed in her nightdress and refused to put on her overalls. Her father tried to make her understand that she had to put on the overalls because her parents would not let her out of the house in her nightdress. But they wouldn't make the trip without her either. If all else failed her parents would dress her. Inga then tried again with understanding and kind words. But daughter Svenja still refused and did not want to talk to her mother and buried her head in her pillow.

When the parents didn't make any headway they decided to go the hard way with Svenja. Mother Inga took the overalls out of the corner and father Peter pulled his daughter out of her bed by the arm. Svenja resisted at the beginning when her mother took off her nightgown. But her father held her tightly and when her mother started to put the sweater over her she only defended herself by passivity. Svenja had realized that she could not physically compete against her father. Her mother could now dress her just like she did Jens earlier this morning. When she had pulled up the overalls, Inga tightened the straps a bit more and hooked them into the bib. Afterwards the mother buttoned the side buttons and gave her sulking daughter a loving pat on the bottom like a little child and said now she could finally go. Peter took his daughter by the arm and led her down to the front door. The mother followed him downstairs.

There Svenja saw through her still teary eyes that her brother was standing against the railing with his hands at his back, looking at the three of them expectantly. Inga then went to Jens and praised him for being so well-behaved. What else could Jens do, he had to wait for 30 minutes and couldn't move from the spot. His mother stroked him briefly over the head and released the leash and the cuffs. Inga said to Jens that he should thank his sister for the long wait, because she was not well-behaved and didn't want to participate in the family weekend. Svenja had noticed that her mother had untied her brother and was horrified about it, but didn't dare to say anything because her father was still holding her arm. Outside at the car mother Inga opened the back doors of the car and switched on the child lock of the doors, so that the back doors could not be opened from the inside anymore. Then the two children had

to sit in the back of the car; only when Svenja had taken a seat did her father let go of her arm and closed the door. On Jens' side the mother checked if both of them had put on their seat belts correctly. Then she also closed the door at Jens' side. The parents both got in the front and father Peter started the car and drove off.

After a good 30 minute drive they had left the city and turned off in the middle of the forest on a small country road to a parking lot. There the parents first took two backpacks out of the trunk and put them on, then they opened the back doors of the car for the children and let them get out. Now they set off together into the forest.

In the meantime Svenja had collected herself and had resigned herself to her overalls; they hadn't met anyone until now and she thought that this would probably stay that way in the forest. The two children always ran a little bit ahead, especially Jens had a lot to discover in the forest; he hadn't been in one for ages. The parents talked most of the time, only when Jens came up and asked something they were interrupted for a short time. But then they readily talked to him. Svenja picked some flowers at the edge of the path and distracted herself that way, and the trip wasn't quite so bad anymore. After about an hour of walking, it was lunch time by now, the family arrived at a clearing with a big green meadow. Jens could see that there were already people on the meadow, the first ones they had seen here in the forest. At first Jens went closer to his parents and Svenja even let herself fall behind her parents. But when they came closer Jens realized that it was Philipp with his parents and Jens ran quickly to Philipp to greet him. They had probably just arrived there because Philipp and his parents were preparing a picnic place. Philipp's father Hans was winding something into the ground and his mother Christa was spreading blankets out. Then Jens his parents arrived on the meadow and greeted the family Sölling very warmly.

Svenja noticed that they had obviously arranged to meet here. Because Philipp wore the same overalls as Jens, Svenja's overalls didn't stand out and she was relieved that it was "only" Jens' friend with his parents that saw her in her overalls.

After the welcome Peter and Inga opened their backpacks and prepared the meal together with the Söllings. The three children enjoyed themselves a bit apart. For lack of alternatives Svenja had joined her younger brother and his friend. Together they romped around on the meadow with a ball, which Philipp had brought along. When the parents were done with the preparations they called the children to lunch.

There were two blankets spread out in the meadow. On one of them there were only three plates and three cups and on the other was the rest with food and drink. It was obvious that the blanket for three was meant for the children. Before the parents sat down, the three of them were supposed to sit down on their blankets. They were given a fixed seating order, Svenja had to sit in the middle, Jens to her right and Philipp to her left. Jens' mother bent down next to Jens and made sure that he sat down on a certain place on the blanket. Philipp's mother did the same with her son. Behind Svenja stood her father who made sure that she sat cross-legged just like the two younger ones.

To Svenja the situation seemed rather strange. Why did the children have to sit on the empty blankets and why did the parents pay as much attention to where and how they sat down? When the three of them had sat down, the two mothers took a construction made of webbing out of their pockets, and fastened them to the waistband of their sons' overalls. The straps were hooked into sewn-in D-rings on the right and left side of the waistband, the straps then ran together to the crotch area and from there a single strap was attached in an eyelet sticking out through the blanket. The whole thing was so short that Jens and Philipp could not stand up anymore. The hooks on the bands were secured with a safety device so that the children could not open them themselves. Svenja got a fright when she saw this and wanted to jump up impulsively, but her father, who stood behind her, pressed his hands lightly on her shoulders, so that she could not get up.

Then her mother came along and said that all children are the same today and that Svenja should sit be held in place as well. Because Svenja's overalls did not have sewed in D-rings, her mother put a kind of belt around the pants, which also had a connection to the eyelet in the ground. The belt was closed at the back and Svenja couldn't stand up anymore either, and her father could let her go. Jens and Philipp didn't care so much about that they were tied up, for Philipp it was normal to be tied up while eating and Jens already had some experience with it. Especially since it was by far not as restrictive and unpleasant here as at home with the Söllings at the table.

Svenja first tried to free herself or simply stand up, but the eyelet in the floor held her firmly on the blanket. She could only go a few centimeters upwards. Her brother told her to stop fidgeting, otherwise it would only get worse. Svenja was somewhat surprised that her brother gave her such advice. But she had to admit that he was right.

The parents then poured drinks for the children and prepared sandwiches. The children were not allowed to choose anything and had to eat what their parents put in front of them. The meal lasted about 1 hour and all three of them had to stay in their places. Svenja felt very humiliated and degraded during the whole time. But Jens and Philipp enjoyed the meal. Especially since they were very hungry after all the raving around. After the meal first Svenja got her belt taken off and she was allowed to move freely on the meadow again, and went off to sulk and think about her helplessness during the meal.

Jens and Philipp were then tied with a ca. 10 meter long line between the eyelets in the ground and their overalls. When the picnic was tucked away, outside the 10 meter radius, the adults walked up and down at some distance and talked to each other. Jens and Philipp did not mind their restriction and played with each other. The 10 meter radius left them enough space to keep themselves busy. At the edge of the meadow Svenja was still thinking about her parents, why they did such strange and strict things with her. The feeling at lunch, when she was tied up and had almost no room to move, had been frightening for her. She was used to always doing what she wanted and never told what to do. But this was the complete opposite, she was even told what to eat. The choices her parents had made were all right, but it still didn't feel good.

While she was thinking about it, she noticed that she had to go to the toilet. Here in the forest she had no choice but to do her business behind a tree. To do so, she went into the forest a bit away from the meadow, out of sight from the others. There she opened the straps of the overalls that her parents had put on her under duress in the morning. Then she pulled the pants down and stuffed the bib and the straps between her legs into the pants so that no part of the pants touched the forest floor and then she bent down and did her business.

She was fumbling a packet of tissues out of the pockets of the pants when she heard the adults frantically calling her name. As she was still standing there with her pants down, she did not answer and hurried to dry off her intimate area and put her overalls back on. Then she quickly ran back towards the meadow and stepped out of the forest. In the meantime her parents had also arrived at the edge of the forest and Svenja asked why everyone was calling for her so excited. Now she had to listen to a lecture from her father, that she was not allowed to go alone into the forest, she could get lost and it was not safe there either. They had thought that she was old enough to know that, so she had not been given a leash, but that clearly had been a mistake.

Svenja just wanted to shout at her father why she should be treated like a little child; she could take care of herself. But she looked over to her brother and did not want to be tied to a leash. So she gritted her teeth and apologized that she had left the meadow. She would stay in sight even if she wasn't tied too. Her father got a friendly face again and said she should stay near Jens and Philipp. Relieved that nobody noticed why she had gone into the forest and that she was not tied up, Svenja ran to Jens and

Philipp. First all three played with the ball and then Svenja directed a conversation skillfully to the leashes of the two. Whether it wasn't mean of the parents to put them on a leash like that. Jens said somewhat cheekily to his sister, that he couldn't do any mischief that way like she did, and Philipp was a bit more serious about it and said that it was a bit restrictive, but in fact his parents rarely reprimanded him, because he could do less wrong this way.

Then Svenja wanted to know how the two would make pee-pee. When asked, Jens looked shyly and mutely to the ground, but Philipp naively explained that they both had a diaper on for that because they couldn't take off their overalls during the trip. Jens then looked at his friend in horror and Svenja nudged Jens and asked if it was really true that he was wearing a diaper. Jens had to admit that he was diapered by his mother this morning.

Svenja was curious to know if they had already used the diaper. Thereupon Philipp nodded his head and Jens shook his head carefully. At this time the parents came back to the children and the picnic stuff and said they were going to leave. Svenja was supposed to help to collect the blankets. Jens and Philipp stayed on their lines while the others packed everything together. When Svenja was finished with the blankets, she went back to the two boys and annoyed her brother a bit with a long blade of grass. Thereupon Jens wanted to slap his sister and ran after her to catch her, but Svenja had noted the length of Jens' leash and let Jens crash full into the end of his line. Thereby he was stopped roughly and swept from his feet. Mother Inga had watched the whole process and warned both children not to argue; it was dangerous to be braked by the leash. And Inga announced for both of them that they would be restrained during the return trip, so that they could not argue anymore. So they could think about it.

Then Jens and Philipp were taken off the leashes and Hans Sölling turned the eyelets out of the ground again. Thereby 80cm long spirals appeared which had held the eyelets in the ground. When everything was stored in the backpacks, mother Marson took the hand restraints that Jens always wore in the toilet out of the bag and Peter grabbed his daughter's arms and held them under protest at her back, so that her mother could put the cuffs on. Then the belt from the meal followed and an approx. 2 meter long leather leash was attached to the belt. Peter then took the leash firmly in his hand and his daughter could not leave his side. Jens then had to put his hands into the pockets of his overalls and his mother tied the strings so that Jens could not pull his hands out. Then a leather leash was hooked into one of the side D-rings and Jens was guided by his mother. Philipp was allowed to stay as he was without any further restrictions. Then the group made its way back.

Svenja still protested, but her father made it clear to her that she should rather think about her behavior, because he would not let her go until she reached the car. After about 10min Svenja had surrendered to her fate and concentrated on hiking, because it was not so easy to keep her balance with her hands on her back.

After a while Jens' bladder started to draw his attention and he urgently needed to go, but he didn't know what to do. His mother kept him on a leash the whole time and when walking he couldn't possibly do it in his diaper, which he didn't really want to do anyway. But his mother would hardly undo his overalls and let him pee in the woods. Jens didn't know what to do and it became more and more urgent. Meanwhile he squeezed his legs together and walked very funny and slower. Which of course caught his mother's notice and she slowed and let the others go a little ahead. Then she asked Jens if he needed a pee or if it hurt. Jens admitted he had to pee and his mother said he had to use the diaper; there was no other way here in the forest. With that Jens' fears had come true. But he couldn't just let it go standing up with his hands in his pockets. His mother noticed that Jens couldn't relieve himself and so she pushed his legs apart with her foot and pressed his upper body against her, so that Jens stood with his legs apart and bent forward. In that position Jens could finally let it go.

The feeling was very strange for Jens when it got wet between his legs. Jens squeezed some tears out of his eyes, because he had just wet his pants. But his mother wiped the tears from his face and comforted him. Then she checked if the diaper was wet with a grip on his crotch. When she felt the result she praised Jens and let him put his legs together again. But now they had to catch up with the others again and Inga took the line again and told Jens to get moving. Meanwhile his pee between his legs was slowly soaked up by the diaper and it got thicker. It felt very unfamiliar and disgusting for Jens. But soon it seemed that his legs were dry again. Meanwhile they had caught up with the others again and at a fork in the road the Sölling family said goodbye and took a different route. Svenja's cuffs, which held her hands relentlessly on her back, became more and more uncomfortable and she increasingly whined to her father whether he would not release her hands. Peter showed understanding that it was uncomfortable, but he also did not want to deviate from his original announcement that Svenja remained restricted up to the car. So Svenja had to come to terms with it and bear the increasing pain in her arms.

After an hour of walking the family had finally arrived at the car again and Svenja had her restraints and leash taken off. After this experience she didn't feel like annoying her brother anymore, who had just been freed from the leash by his mother and could also take his hands out of his pockets again. Then the children had to get back into the car while the parents put the luggage in the trunk. After the parents had checked that the children were properly fastened, the journey home could begin. When the family was back home, Jens was first led by his mother into the bathroom, got the cuffs on again and then the filled diaper was taken off and he was set back on the special seat of the toilet. After the already familiar thorough guarding he got the overalls put on again, but without a new diaper.

After dinner the parents explained to the two children that they had tested a different method of education during this family weekend and that the test was now over. Svenja was allowed to get all her things out of the cellar again and put her closet back in order, and Jens was freed from the locked overalls and was allowed to take a shower. But then both had to go to bed to be on time for school the next day.

Chapter 8: Autumn holiday at the Söllings

After the exciting and thrilling weekend Jens went back to school as usual and met Philipp at the crossroads in the morning. At school Jens wore only his jeans overalls and felt very comfortable in them. He also continued to go to Philipp every Friday after school and practiced reading with him and his mother. Afterwards the two were always allowed to play in Philipp's room, though not without being tied up. But Jens had got used to it in the meantime and didn't bother himself with it. Jens inquired if Philipp could also come over to play at his place, but Mrs. Sölling refused for the moment. She would have to talk about it intensively with Jens' mother. Then they would think about it. Also Philipp was never there when Jens played after school or on weekends with the other children from the neighborhood and his school class in the park and on the playground. When Jens talked with Philipp about the fact that he should come to the park, he always referred to his mother who would not allow him to go alone to the park. Jens thought this was very unfair, because he loved to play with Philipp. And since Philipp was never allowed to leave the house alone, except for school, Jens felt a little bit obliged to visit Philipp at home.

In two weeks the autumn holidays were coming up, and Jens was really looking forward to not having to go to school for a week and being able to do what he wanted all day long. Although it was already the beginning of October, the weather was still very nice and Jens often wanted to go to the

playground in the park during the holidays, because the city had had a part of the Pirate Castle renovated there and so there was a lot to discover.

The weekend before the holidays Jens' sister had once again been unable to control herself at a party and was taken home again by the police. On Monday evening a social worker from the youth welfare office came to the Marsons' home. He talked for a long time with the parents and they decided that Svenja should go to a psychologist every day during the autumn holidays for examination and therapy. The rest of the time she should be grounded and mother Inga would take this week off to take care of Svenja.

The children were not informed about this until Thursday, although Svenja was of course already grounded since Monday. On Thursday evening at dinner Svenja and Jens were informed about Svenja's "holiday occupation". Jens could not suppress a certain grin, because finally his sister was held responsible for her rebellious behavior. Jens was always annoyed when his sister asked him to keep quiet about her misconduct, although he had never betrayed his sister to her parents. Svenja appreciated this in her brother but also took advantage of it.

But Jens' grin suddenly disappeared from his face when the parents revealed to him that he would spend the whole week of the autumn holidays, from Friday after school until Monday back to school, with Philipp. Jens didn't really know if he should be happy to spend the time with his best friend or if he should be annoyed, because although he didn't know what it meant to stay with Philipp, he could probably forget his plans for the holidays in the park. Since Jens' grin on his face suddenly gave way to a horror, his mother asked him if he wasn't happy about it – didn't he like to visit Philipp? Then Jens became insecure and responded a little shy, while he looked at his empty plate, that Philipp his parents were very strict and Philipp was never allowed to play in the park. Then his mother stroked his back and said that it would do him a lot of good and that he only had to follow the instructions, then everything would not be half so bad.

Mostly disappointed and a bit annoyed at his sister, who was to blame for the whole thing, Jens set off to get ready for bed. After the shower Jens thought about what he had to take with him the next morning, because he would go to Philipp's house right after school and stay there for more than a week. The thought lightened Jens' mood again, because he had never stayed over at a friend's house before, and that was exciting and thrilling for Jens.

So he asked his mother what he should take with him. But Inga said he would get everything from Mrs. Sölling that he needed during the week, and in the worst case she could bring him something. Jens was a bit surprised, he didn't need any clothes to change? Well, he always got overalls and a top from Philipp. Shouldn't he take pajamas with him either? He would probably get them from Philipp as well then. It had become late in the meantime and Jens had to go to bed. Full of uncertainties Jens fell asleep.

8.1 The first day of the holiday

When Jens and Philipp met the next morning at the crossroads, Philipp had also been informed by his parents that Jens would spend the autumn holidays at his home. Philipp was very happy: he didn't have to spend these holidays alone as usual at home and had a real friend to play with.

The school day just was endless today, the lessons were boring and both had their thoughts already somewhere else. Philipp thought about what his parents had planned for the two of them during the autumn holidays. He was not allowed to decide for himself as a rule, but more and more often since Jens came to visit him, he could make suggestions what they could do in their free time. But on Fridays Jens' reading practice took longer and longer, and there was little free time left.

Jens was at similar thought during school that Friday. He thought about what Philipp would do all day if he wasn't allowed to go to the playground in the park, and if he could persuade Mrs. Sölling to let them go to the park after all?

When school was finally over the two of them went home to Philipp like every Friday. After their clothes were changed they went for lunch and both of them were fixed at the kitchen table again and there was a meal like every Friday. Since there was no homework over the holidays, they started reading immediately. After about 2 hours of reading practice Jens was very restless and fidgety. Since he was tied to the kitchen bench, he could hardly move. Mrs. Sölling then finished practicing and freed both of them from the kitchen bench and led them back to the changing room in the entrance area. There they were changed and the blue and white striped overalls were taken off and they were both put in a thick red sweater and over it a pair of overalls made of a thick but quite soft denim. The fasteners of the straps were made of metal and could not be opened or adjusted without a key. Jens could not see any D-rings or other fastening points on the pants and was glad not to be tied up. When both were quite warmly dressed in their new outfit, they were led by hand through the hall back to the kitchen. There Mrs. Sölling opened the balcony door to the garden and led the two children to the terrace. There she took two lines from the wall and attached them in the back to the overalls of Jens and Philipp. So there was an attachment point on these trousers after all, exactly at the place where the two straps split in the back. With these trousers that split was very high, almost in the neck. The lines led to a steel cable that was stretched very tightly at a height of about 3m from the house to the end of the garden. The lines ran on a kind of wagon over the steel cable and the lines could also unroll a little bit if you pulled on it. So the two could move almost in the whole garden of the Söllings. Mother Sölling wished them a lot of fun while playing and then disappeared again in the house and closed the door.

Philipp ran immediately from the terrace into the garden and the wagon on the steel wire followed him. Whereupon Jens ran after him. In the rear part of the garden some playground equipment was set up. Among other things a slide and a small trampoline. The two of them had a lot of fun and the lines that held them in the garden did not bother them anymore after a short time.

At about half past seven, when the sun had already disappeared behind the hedge of the garden, Frau Sölling opened the patio door again and called the two children to her. Back on the terrace again the leashes in the back were removed with a key and they had to go back into the house. There Mrs. Sölling took both of them by the hand again and brought them to the changing room to change. There they got the outfit with the blue and white striped overalls on again and were led back into the kitchen on the leash. There they were tied to the kitchen bench again as usual and the table was folded out, so Jens and Philipp had to wait until the food was on the table. Now Philipp's father joined them again and they ate together. All the things like bread and sausage were out of reach of the children, so that they always had to ask if they wanted to take something. Special attention was paid to the politeness of the children. They always had to say "please" and "thank you"; once Jens forgot, and he was immediately corrected and had to say the whole sentence again. Jens thought that this was very exaggerated. But Philipp's parents didn't understand any fun and took it very seriously. If Jens had another mishap with knife and fork because he couldn't bend his upper body forward, his parents were understanding and helped Jens, which had always bothered him at the beginning. But in the meantime he had got used to the fact that Philipp's parents always helped him and supported him very lovingly. Although Jens would have preferred not to have been fixed like that, so that he could have moved more.

When everyone had finished eating, the parents cleared the table together and the children had to remain seated. Then father Hans came to the table with two plastic boxes and explained to Jens that he and Philipp would be made ready for bed right now. Now that Jens would sleep here for a week,

things would be different than at home. They would always try to explain everything to him, but he could not ask any questions, because as a rule the children were not allowed to talk after dinner. If he had any questions he would have to ask them immediately or he could ask them the next morning. Jens was insecure and did not know what to expect and so he did not know what to ask. So he just shook his head shyly. Hans said that apparently everything was clear then, and opened one of the boxes he had brought with him. He took a kind of small metal frame, with some straps on it, out of the box. Then he told Jens that he would put braces on him, which would be needed for oral hygiene and which would also make sure that he would follow the speaking ban. Then he asked Jens to open his mouth. Jens was frightened and insecure, but slowly opened his mouth. Hans helped a little bit and pushed Jens his jaw down and put the cold metal frame into his mouth.

At the same time a piece of metal protruded from his mouth on the right and left, like a horse bit, and pushed the corners of his mouth backwards. In Jens' mouth a curved plate lay under the palate and another straight plate pressed his tongue down against the jaw. Then a strap from the bit was closed around his jaw and pulled tight. The distance between the palatal plate and the tongue plate could obviously be adjusted. But Jens could not close his mouth completely and because his tongue was fixed he really could not speak anymore. Now another strap was tied behind the head, so that the construction could not be moved from the place. When Hans was finished at Jens, Jens wanted to explore the construction with his hands, but Hans made clear to Jens with very strict glance that he was not to touch it. Then he opened the second box and put the same on Philipp. Now both children sat at the kitchen table with their mouths half open and had to keep their hands obediently on the tabletop.

Then Hans started to free Jens from the bench and Philipp's mother did the same to Philipp. Afterwards both were put on a leash again and led to the bathroom. There Jens was fixated by Hans: the arms in the cuffs on his back and he had to stand in a corner and was tied there with the leash to the wall. Philipp also got his hands restrained by his mother and she took off his overalls and underpants. Afterwards Philipp was put on the toilet with the special seat. While Philipp had to do his business, his mother prepared the shower and the changing table and Jens had to stand at the wall and could watch.

Jens noticed how the saliva around his mouth was pooling up and he couldn't control or swallow it because he couldn't close his mouth. He tried to move his head back a little bit so that it wouldn't run out of his open mouth. The feeling of helplessness that he had so often at Philipp's home came up very strongly in Jens again and his eyes got a little wet, but he controlled himself and didn't want to cry. Meanwhile Philipp had finished on the toilet and was cleaned with paper by his mother. Then she removed the cuffs from Philipp and took all his remaining clothes off.

Now Jens could see this thing between Philipp's legs again, which was obviously held tight with straps around his abdomen. Then Philipp had to get into the shower and was fixed by his mother. He had to hold up his arms and she attached loops to his wrists. Then he had to spread his legs apart as far as he could in the shower and there loops were attached too. Now Philipp stood like a jumping jack in the shower and obviously could hardly move. Then his mother took an object from the changing table and removed the structure between Philipp's legs.

Then Frau Sölling left her son standing and approached Jens. She freed him from the wall and also took off his overalls and underpants to put him on the toilet. Then she noticed that Jens ran some drool from the corner of his mouth and wiped it off with a piece of paper towel. This was very embarrassing for Jens, but it seemed to be quite normal, because Frau Sölling didn't go into it any further. Now Jens could also do his business, which had become very necessary in the meantime. Meanwhile Mrs. Sölling started the water and wash her son in the shower. She left no part of the body out and cleaned everything very thoroughly.

Then she took a toothbrush and adjusted Philipp's braces so that his mouth was wide open. That way she could brush his teeth; Philip only had to keep his head very still. Afterwards everything was rinsed off again and he was rubbed off with a towel. When he was dry again, his mother put the braces back to the normal position. Then she freed his feet so that he could put his legs together again. Now it was the turn of the arms and Philip could leave the shower and had to lie down on the changing table immediately and put his hands in the openings so that his arms were fixed again.

Completely naked Philipp now had to stay on the table, because his mother first cleaned Jens' bottom now, and he was allowed to leave the toilet again. Then the cuffs were removed from Jens as well and he was completely undressed. Jens was also fastened in the shower by Mrs. Sölling. The loops at his wrists were so tight that Jens' arms were pulled up sideways. Now he had to put his legs apart, so Jens became smaller and the loops on his arms pulled him up even tighter. When his feet reached the edge of the shower tray, they were fixed there with the loops. Jens stood very unsteady, but he couldn't fall down because his arms held him. This position was very uncomfortable for Jens and he hoped it would be over quickly, but Frau Sölling showered and washed Jens very thoroughly and slowly. Then the braces in his mouth were also adjusted so that his mouth was held wide open. This was also so unpleasant that it hurt after a short time. But Jens could not say a word and had to put up with it. For brushing his teeth he had to stretch a line from the bridle to the shower, because he couldn't keep his head still enough when Frau Sölling started brushing. Mrs. Sölling noticed that Jens had problems with the unusual position of the jaw and immediately after brushing his teeth she put the braces back into the old position and praised Jens for doing it very well and bravely.

Then he was rinsed and dried off one last time. He had to stay like this in the shower at first. Meanwhile the unusual posture and tension on his arms hurt, but was still bearable. Mrs. Sölling turned back to her son, who had been lying on the changing table during the whole time. Philipp was first put on a diaper and over it a transparent plastic pant, then his hands were released from the holders and he had to sit up to have his mother pull a white top with a light blue collar over his head. The sleeves were long and had gloves attached at the ends, which were secured at the wrists with light blue ribbons, so that Philip could not pull out his hands again. His hands looked very small in them, Jens thought when he saw it. Then Philipp had to lie on his back again and his mother closed the top between his legs with press studs to make it a body, and it could not slide up anymore. Then Philipp got on white very thick looking overalls from his mother. These had attached feet and seemed to be very soft. After Mrs. Sölling had put the pants over the legs of her son and the feet were correctly placed, Philipp had to get up and his mother pulled up his trousers and hooked the straps into the white plastic buckles. Then the side buttons were closed and Philipp was fully dressed. Only his head was still uncovered, except for the harness with the braces.

Philipp was directed to the corner where Jens was tied at the beginning. Philipp moved there and stood still obediently. Then Mrs. Sölling began to free Jens from the shower. It was a relief for him to stand firmly on his feet again and not to be almost suspended from his arms. But when he could finally take his arms down again he immediately had to lie down on the changing table and put his hands back into the terrible holes and touch the handles inside to fixate them above his head.

This time he was prepared when the mechanism held his arms tight, but Jens still jerked a little when he got fixed on the changing table again. This time his legs were not held apart by padded bars but Mrs. Sölling also put a diaper under him and closed it. The transparent plastic pants followed, just like with Philipp. Jens had to assume that Philipp, and therefore he too, would always wear diapers at night for this week. Jens didn't like that at all, it was the third time in a short period that he had been involuntarily changed into diapers. The last two times he was even forced to use them, which would not be good for the coming night. Jens had to get up very often at night to go to the toilet. And if he

was going to be dressed like Philipp he would hardly be able to go to the toilet himself. But he was not allowed to do that here anyway.

Jens was torn from his thoughts when the mechanism opened which held his hands tight. Frau Sölling held out the same white top to him as Philipp was wearing. After she pulled it over his head she put one arm in the sleeve and when his first hand reached the mitten Mrs. Sölling told Jens to please make a fist with his hand. Jens obeyed and Mrs. Sölling pulled on the sleeve and the glove slipped over Jens' fist, so she could tighten the ribbon on his wrist. Now Jens noticed that the glove was so small that he couldn't open his fingers and his hand had become a useless ball. Frau Sölling was already pulling on the sleeve on the other side, but Jens had not yet clenched his hand into a fist, which of course had not gone unnoticed by her. She looked at Jens very sternly without saying another word and Jens understood immediately that there was no way out and so he clenched his other hand to a fist which was then immediately fixed in this position.

Then the top was also buttoned between his legs. It was made of a fine soft fabric like his own pyjamas, only the gloves were made of a slightly firmer material. It felt good on the skin. Next came the dungarees, like those of his friend Philip. These were made of the same fabric as the top, only the dungarees were lined, similar to a down jacket. First Jens had his legs tucked into the trousers. The legs were so tight that the trousers completely clung to his legs, but not tight. Mrs. Sölling had to help, though, so that the feet were sitting correctly in the foot parts. Then Jens also had to get up from the changing table and Mrs. Sölling put Jens' trousers on completely. The whole outfit fit almost like a second skin and was very warm and cuddly. Jens found it quite comfortable, only that he couldn't use his hands any more disturbed him a lot. Philipp stood during the whole time Jens was dressed in the corner assigned to him and waited.

The whole showering and dressing must have taken at least two hours, but Jens could not find a watch to tell how late it really was. Through the milk glass window of the bathroom you could see that it was almost dark outside. Jens and Philipp were put on a leash again by Mrs. Sölling and led into the hall. This time they went into a room that Jens did not know yet. It lay between the changing room and Philipp's room. The room had only a small window at 2 meters height as a skylight, at the one wall there were shelves and cupboards in which probably laundry was stored. On the opposite side there were two latticed cages with about 2cm thick wooden lattice bars. They were about 1.80m long and about 60cm wide. The bars were about 1m high. A lid on top of the bars rested against the wall, which could obviously be folded down.

At first Jens didn't think anything of it and didn't know what they were supposed to do here. He thought they would go to Philipp's room and be put to bed. But suddenly Jens saw mattresses lying in the cages and he realized that Philipp had no bed in his room. Frau Sölling had closed the door in the meantime and took the leashes from both of them.

Jens' heart began to beat wildly and he breathed loudly through his still half-open mouth. Shortly afterwards he was lifted up by Mrs. Sölling over the approx. 1m high bars of the first bed. The mattress was almost completely on the floor and Jens was now standing in the oversized cot. The bars went almost to his chest. Then Mrs. Sölling hoisted her son into the other bed in the same manner. Jens didn't really know what to think, and talking was impossible anyway. Would he really sleep in a crib like an infant? He was already wearing a diaper. And what was the use anyway? He could climb over the low bars easily.

Then Mrs. Sölling came to him and explained how things were done for the night. Philipp had meanwhile laid down on the mattress while his mother Jens explained the night. He would not be able to leave the bed at night and if he urgently needed to go to the toilet, he would have to use the diaper. This was not desired, but he would not be punished for it. His mouthpiece would be removed in a moment, but he would not be allowed to speak yet. In the morning he would not be allowed to speak

either until he was allowed to do so again after he was be taken out of the crib again. So that he could not get out of bed, she would use lines to keep him on the mattress.

Jens was shocked, he hadn't expected such restrictions. He was then asked if he had understood, to which Jens nodded his head carefully. Then he should lie down. Jens was used to sleeping on his side and so he lay on his side as usual and pulled up his knees. Then Frau Sölling bent down to him and said that this would not work, he had to lie flat on his back. Now she took a line that lay in the bed and connected it at the height of the waist to the overalls Jens was wearing, and the same on the other side. The lines came from under the mattress and were connected to the bed frame. They were not set so short that Jens was pulled firmly onto the mattress, but short enough that Jens could not turn around and could not get up either. Frau Sölling now went to her son and fastened exactly the same lines there. Next she fetched one of the plastic boxes from a small table in which the bridle was kept and went with it to Philipp, took the bit out of his mouth and pushed something else in instead. Then she stroked him lovingly over his chest and head. The lid of the bed was then closed, which consisted of exactly the same rods as the bars around them.

Then she came to Jens with the other box from the table and put her index finger on her mouth to show Jens that he wouldn't be allowed to speak if she took his bridle out now. Then she loosened the bands and removed his bit. Jens was relieved, the plate that had pressed his tongue down became more and more uncomfortable. He could finally close his mouth again. After Mrs. Sölling had put the brace into the box she took a big pacifier out of the box and held it in front of Jens' mouth. But he did not want to open his mouth because he did not know why he should use a pacifier. Jens found the whole thing absurd and wanted to be left alone. But Frau Sölling put on her serious face again and demanded from Jens that he should open his mouth. At that moment Jens wanted to take a breath and loudly complain, but the pacifier disappeared immediately in his mouth and he could not say anything. Then Mrs. Sölling pulled Jens' lips a little bit apart with her other hand and the plate of the pacifier came to rest on Jens' teeth. When she let go of the lips again, they lay over the plate so that it lay between the teeth and lips like a boxer's bite guard. Then she activated a kind of clamping mechanism which pressed the lips from the outside onto the plate inside. That way Jens could not open his mouth properly and spit out the pacifier.

Jens had a slight panic attack for a short time, but recovered quickly when he noticed that he could breathe normally with it. Frau Sölling stroked him briefly over the head and then asked Jens if everything was all right and if he wanted to sleep now. Jens nodded his head and the lid of his bed was closed. Then Mrs. Sölling wished them both a good night and turned off the light while she left the room.

Jens had to orientate himself first and his eyes slowly got used to the darkness. A slight glimmer of light came into the room through the small window and Jens could still see the outlines of the bars of his crib. There was nothing in his bed except him and the mattress, he was used to huddling and turning in his blanket. But here he could not even turn on his side. It was not cold, on the contrary, the thickly lined overalls were a good substitute, but just not the same.

When his stress relaxed a bit, he checked his gloves to see if it was possible to loosen his fists a little bit or even get his fingers free, because Jens was determined to fight his containment. For this he only had to loosen the buckles of the straps on the left and right side. But without his fingers this would be impossible. So first the straps at the wrists had to be loosened, they were not mechanically secured with a lock or something, but he couldn't grasp the strings. Also the teeth were not usable because of the pacifier. Frustrated Jens rolled with all his might from the left to the right limit of the straps that held him on the mattress. It turned out that the overalls had to be reinforced internally at the attachment points of the straps. The force of the retaining straps was distributed around Jens' body. Because breathing through the pacifier was a little bit more exhausting, Jens gave up after a short

time. He just had to accept that he had to follow the rules here at Philipp's. But sleeping was not to be thought of.

Jens had many things on his mind and he had to think about his sister, who was not quite innocent to his predicament. But also about Philipp who was lying next to him and always had to sleep like that. After a while Jens noticed that he instinctively suckled on the pacifier and the feeling was actually quite pleasant. At some point the tiredness won and Jens also fell asleep. Philipp had long since reached the realm of dreams.

8.2 Life becomes Routine

When Jens woke up it was light outside and the room was only half lit by the small window. Jens startled and wanted to wipe something off his face that was sitting on his mouth, but when he touched his face with his fist and gloves the memory came back to him. He was still lying in this cage bed at Philipp's home and had the pacifier in his mouth that Frau Sölling had put in there in the evening. He hadn't even really been aware of the pacifier inside the mouth. Now that he was awake Jens wanted to look around and tried to get up. Unfortunately this was prevented by the bars above his head and the lines which held him on the mattress. But if he leaned on his arms, he could sit down halfway. So he could look through the bars and see Philipp lying in the bed in front of him. Philipp was also already awake and tried to lift his head and look back at Jens. He succeeded briefly and they had eye contact for a short time. Jens tried to greet his friend with a good morning, but soon had to realize that he had only mumbled incomprehensibly due to the pacifier. Jens also immediately remembered the ban on talking, which he had to keep.

For Philipp the position of his head was too strenuous and he lay down again flat. After Jens had looked around a bit more but couldn't see anything interesting in the room, he lay down again. Jens got bored very quickly and he would have liked to get up. So he wondered when he would be let out of bed. It was not possible to fall asleep again, because slowly Jens noticed that he had to go to the toilet and he considered using the diaper immediately, since he might be lying here for a while yet. It was Saturday and his parents always slept very long on weekends, when they didn't have to go to work. And if he had to use the diaper anyway, he might as well do so immediately. He would have loved to ask Philipp when his parents would come, but he couldn't.

After further consideration Jens decided to use the diaper, but that was not so easy. He had never peed while lying down. Jens expected the diaper to keep him and his bed dry, after the experience he had made during the trip to the forest. The pressure on Jens' bladder became so great that he managed to let it flow even when lying down. The diaper started to absorb the liquid again.

Exactly at that moment the door opened and Mrs. Sölling entered the room with a happy morning greeting and switched on the light. Then she opened the two covers of the cage beds one after the other. Jens was annoyed that he had not lasted a short while longer, then his diaper would still be dry. When Mrs. Sölling was going to undress him, together with Philipp, he would be very embarrassed. Especially since he was told that he should try not to use the diaper, only in an emergency.

But that could not be changed now. Mrs. Sölling bent down to Jens and inquired whether he had slept well and stroked his cheeks very affectionately. Jens could only nod his head. Then Mrs. Sölling loosened the pacifier at Jens, removed it from his mouth and immediately afterwards put in the pacifier from the previous evening and fastened it behind his head. The same thing happened to her son, who was then also immediately unlocked and lifted out of bed. Then it was Jens' turn and Mrs. Sölling unfastened the straps that had held him on the mattress all night long. Then Jens was allowed to get up in the bed and was grabbed under the arms by Frau Sölling and lifted over the edge of the bars. When both children were standing next to the beds, Mrs. Sölling grabbed one child by the wrist with her left hand and one with her right and took them into the bathroom.

There she started to take off Jens' overalls and after that he had to sit on the changing table, which was a very strange feeling for Jens with the full diaper. While he was sitting there Mrs. Sölling took his hands out of the mittens and pulled off his top after she had opened it between his legs. Now Jens was sitting on the changing table only with the full diaper on, feeling very free again and wiggling his fingers again and again. Then he was instructed to put his hands back into the holes at the top of the changing table for fixation. A bit reluctantly and discontentedly Jens followed the instruction and shortly after that he was lying on his back on the changing table again. There he had to stay for a while, because now it was the turn of Philipp, who had waited in front of the shower, and was completely undressed by his mother while standing and then fixated in the shower.

Jens couldn't see much of all this, because he couldn't hold his head up for long. After Philipp was completely washed by his mother in the shower and his teeth were brushed, she started to dress him while still in the shower. When the underwear was put on, Philipp could leave the shower and got again one of the green polo shirts and the blue-white striped overalls on, as the two of them always wore when they came from school. When Philipp was fully dressed he had to stand in front of the door and wait there. In the meantime his bridle had been removed from his mouth, but he had not yet spoken a word.

Now it was Jens's turn again and Mrs. Sölling opened the wet diaper, which of course was very embarrassing for Jens, but Mrs. Sölling didn't react to this and freed him from the changing table to fix him in the shower in that uncomfortable position again right afterwards. The arms pulled up in the loops and the legs spread out as far as possible in the shower, Jens had to let himself be washed thoroughly again. Then Mrs. Sölling adjusted the braces again so that Jens' mouth was wide open for brushing his teeth. The bridle was fixed again to the shower, so that Jens' head could not move anymore. After rinsing and drying the braces were put into the "normal" state and the head was freed from the fixation.

But Jens was still standing completely naked and tied up in the shower when Frau Sölling explained to him that she would now put on a genital protector. At his age it would be high time for that. It would protect him from inappropriate touching and was also especially important for his upbringing. Jens didn't really know what this would mean or what this protection would do, but he couldn't ask for it at that moment.

Then Mrs. Sölling put an approx. 5cm wide strap made of a non-elastic fabric around Jens' hips and tightened it with a fastener in the back. There were small buckles attached to the strap which hung down. Two each in front at the side and two in the back. Then she took a kind of plastic tube, at one end of which a slightly curved plate was attached. This part she held between Jens' legs and put Jens his small penis into the tube, in which there was just about enough room. The tube was slightly tapered towards the front but had an opening. On the plate were sewed about 1cm wide fabric bands, which Mrs. Sölling then fastened to the buckles. Two straps ran from the top of the plate to the buckles on the sides at the front. Two further bands were attached to the bottom of the plate and ran between the legs across his buttocks to the buckles at the back. Then all four straps were tightened in such a way that the plate, which had a hole underneath the tube, was pressed onto Jens' crotch and Jens' penis was well shielded inside the tube and could not be touched from the outside. Jens didn't understand what to make of it and it was a strange feeling with this thing between his legs and all the straps around his abdomen. But it was not particularly unpleasant, just unusual.

Next Mrs. Sölling loosened the ankle cuffs and put on Jens underpants, which were very large and covered almost everything except for the wide belt around his waist. Then also the arms were released from the uncomfortable fixation and Jens could leave the shower. In front of the shower Jens wanted to take a look at the unusual structure in his underpants, but Frau Sölling didn't let him do so and instead put an undershirt on him. Which was also very unusual for Jens, because he normally always wore T-shirts. Then the same green polo shirt and the well-known overalls followed, the same as

Philipp, who was still waiting at the door. Now the familiar leashes followed for both children and after the braces had been removed from Jens' mouth, both were led on the leash into the kitchen.

On the way to the kitchen Philipp asked how Jens had slept; apparently they were allowed to talk again now. This was very strange for Jens, because he had the feeling that he had been talking to Philipp's mother all morning, although he had only been talked to. But apparently he had gotten so used to it that he didn't answer Philipp's question properly at first. But when Jens realized that he could and was allowed to talk again, he told his friend how unusual the night had been for him. Mrs. Sölling intervened in the conversation when everyone arrived in the kitchen and said that he would get used to it, he had done everything very well so far. While Jens and Philipp continued their conversation, Mrs. Sölling fixed them both again at the bench in the kitchen almost casually. When she had just finished and put the plates on the table, Mr. Sölling came in with a bag of rolls and greeted the two children very warmly with a kiss on the cheeks. Then the rolls were put in a basket on the table and Jens and Philipp got a big cup of hot cocoa. The rolls were of course again out of reach of the children like everything else.

Now everybody started to have breakfast together. For the children the rolls were cut open but they were allowed to choose the topping themselves and spread it on the rolls. Jens had gotten used to the eating at the Söllings very well during the Friday visits and found it very pleasant not to have to do everything himself; at home he had to help to set the table and clean up everything. Here he was fixated at the table and had to wait until someone took care of him.

Since it was still quite cold outside in the morning, the two children were required to play inside first and so they were brought to Philipp's room by his father after breakfast. But Philipp now had to go to the toilet and so Jens was locked on a leash alone in the play corner with the soft floor in Philipp's room and Mr. Sölling went with his son towards the bathroom. Jens had nothing to play with yet. All the toys were still locked up in the cupboard out of his reach.

This was the first time that Jens was alone at Philipp's home to examine the blue and white striped overalls. He was tied to a nearly 3 meter long leash on the wall, but otherwise he could move freely. When he was fixed on the chair in the changing room he could not see the fasteners properly. Here Jens could now examine everything very carefully. But he found no way to open the straps or adjust their length. The leash that held him to the wall had metal fasteners at both ends where a keyhole was clearly visible. With the knowledge that he was safely tied to the wall Jens remembered the thing between his legs. Even though he felt it the whole time, he had already gotten used to it so much that it was no longer so present to him. He tried to feel it through the overalls, but it was not so easy because of the tight fit of the overalls. He could only feel that there was something between his legs, which was firmly fixed in place with the straps. The tube was slightly curved downwards and he could not feel his penis inside. Jens thought about how he were to use the toilet with it on, or if it would be taken off him before. It was kind of weird and why it was so important for education at his age, Jens couldn't understand. But soon afterwards he heard Herr Sölling come back with Philipp. Philipp was locked to the other leash and Mr. Sölling took the two boxes with the Lego bricks out of the cupboard and wished them a lot of fun while playing.

When Philipp's father had left the room Jens wanted to know everything about the genital protector between his legs. He had to pull the information out of Philipp's nose, because Philipp didn't really want to talk about it. But then he found out that Philipp had worn this thing for a couple of years because his parents didn't want him to touch his penis, and Philipp hadn't since then. He was also told that in case he would be kidnapped, it would give him protection from great pain. His parents were obviously very afraid of him being kidnapped anyway. Mr. Sölling was a very important person in his company and probably earned a lot of money. That was also the reason he was told why Philipp was not allowed to play with the other children in the park after school. Jens was a bit shocked, but that

could not be the reason why he was treated so strictly and restrictively in this house. Jens had never talked so openly with Philipp about these things before, but after the night in the caged bed Jens just wanted to know more. So he asked how long Philipp had been locked up at night. But Philipp didn't feel locked up, he had always slept in such a bed, only the buckling up had been added when he was about six. He was told that he would move too much at night and that it was necessary. The restraints and restrictions on free movement in the house were only due to the educational method his parents used. Jens had heard enough and was afraid that his parents were very interested in this method of education. But he didn't like it, because he didn't want to be tied up in his room and at dinner all the time. His mother had already surprised him with the test weekend.

Jens didn't want to think about it any further and the two of them started to play with the Lego bricks. Meanwhile Jens slowly noticed that he had to go to the toilet again. He pressed the bell switch in the play corner, which he could reach with his leash. After about 5 minutes Mrs. Sölling came in and asked lovingly what was going on. Jens explained that he had to go to the toilet, whereupon she released him from the leash and attached one of the hand lines to his overalls, in order to go to the bathroom with him. Philipp stayed behind alone and built on with his Lego bricks. In the bathroom Jens' overalls were unlocked and pulled them down without his hands being held together at his back. Which surprised him a little bit but made him very happy. So he was able to sit on the special seat of the toilet almost by himself. When Jens was sitting down he wanted to put his right hand between his legs out of habit. Which was not possible because of the front shield of the special seat. But he was also interrupted by Mrs. Sölling, that that was not necessary. The protector tube would already make sure that everything ended up in the bowl. He had almost forgotten that his penis was still trapped in that thing. But now he had to empty himself urgently and just let it run. The beam was directed down into the bowl as promised. So that Jens didn't have to go into this still very embarrassing toilet situation again later, Jens pressed a bit to do his big business, while Mrs. Sölling was still standing next to him. When he had finished he looked at Mrs. Sölling questioningly and shyly and she immediately asked him if she should clean him. Jens already thought that the question could only mean if it was time to, because it was more than unlikely that he would be allowed to clean himself. So Jens just nodded shyly and got up from the toilet, whereupon Frau Sölling immediately bent him forward over the box where he was usually cleaned and Jens cleaned his bottom with toilet paper. Afterwards he was cleaned with soap and water as usual and dressed again.

After Jens was brought back to Philipp's room, the two of them played until lunch was served. Mrs. Sölling came 10min before that into the room and instructed the two to clean up the toys. Apart from that the two children had been alone in the room the whole morning. For lunch they were then fetched by Philipp his father, who led both at their leashes to the kitchen bank and fastened the seat belts there. The lunch went as usual without any special incidents.

The sun had meanwhile reached its highest point and bathed the entire garden in a cozy and warm autumn atmosphere. After the meal Jens and Philipp were led into the changing room to be changed for the garden. They were wearing the same sweater and overalls as the day before. Then they went into the garden again and were allowed to play in the garden until dinner, attached to the long running line. Mr. Sölling was also in the garden some of the time, however he didn't particularly occupy himself with the children, so Jens and Philipp had played alone. That became also boring after some hours, because with the leashes connected to their backs they were a little more limited and could not do everything in the garden what they would have done without.

Jens was used to his parents not paying much attention to him at home, but there he had more possibilities. In the evening they both sat on the swings and talked about this and that. Jens, mostly by chance, brought up the topic of Philipp's parents. He told that he would have liked to go to the park during the holidays to play with the other children. This made Philipp a bit sad and he opened up to

Jens a bit more about the strict upbringing and strong restrictions. He also liked his parents very much, but the fact that he was never allowed to leave the house alone to play disturbed him a lot. Especially as his parents didn't care much for him except for homework, food and the physical care. He always played alone. There was the occasional trip like e.g. to the Gameland in a shopping mall, but he was there without his parents. Jens told him that his parents rarely went out on weekends with him and his sister. The weekend where they met in the forest was the exception.

Just as the sun disappeared behind the hedge surrounding the garden, Mrs. Sölling called the two children to her on the terrace, to change them in the dressing room into the familiar indoor clothes. Afterwards they were tied up in the playroom until dinner. Like all other meals, dinner was eaten together in the kitchen. Afterwards, the children were again equipped with speech prohibition bridle directly at the table and prepared for bed, just like the evening before. Meanwhile Jens endured all these unusual measures almost without participation. He could think about the day. He didn't have to concentrate - everything was done for him and he needed and could not answer questions. That way he could gain something pleasant from the whole procedure. When he was standing in the shower with the loops fastened again, his genital protector was taken off and not put on again for the night.

When Jens was finally strapped in the bed in his cuddly soft overalls with the dummy in his mouth and Mrs. Sölling had turned off the light, he thought for a long time about this first full day at home with Philipp. There were the pleasant things, like not having to worry about anything. Oh, the physical care was still very embarrassing for him in many situations, but could also be very pleasant. Also to be wearing different overalls throughout the day was very nice. But the loss of his own freedom and the monotony troubled Jens a lot. He thought about how Philipp must feel to be constantly tied up in the garden or in the room. Jens had never seen the living room of the family, was there a TV or a game console? If the next day would be like this again, Jens was going to summon all his courage and ask Frau Sölling if they could go to the park. Jens tossed and turned around in the cage for some time until he finally fell asleep. He was used to not going to bed as early as it was the case here. Besides that it was holiday and also Saturday, so normally he would still be watching TV now.

On Sunday morning Jens woke up completely relaxed and rested, not as sleepy as at home. He was immediately alert and he looked through the small window, it looked like the sun was already shining. Since he couldn't occupy himself in his crib, he got bored again. Philipp seemed to be still sleeping, and Jens remembered that he had used the diaper the day before and did not want to do it again today. He counted on to get out of bed soon enough, especially since it was not that urgent.

He was proven right when suddenly the door opened and Frau Sölling wished her two sleepyheads a good morning. Whereupon also Philipp awoke. During the daily care routine Jens' genital protector was put on again and strangely enough he was also put in a clean diaper, although he had not used one that night and had not had to wear one the day before. Finally Jens and Philipp were dressed as usual in the blue and white overalls and led to the kitchen for breakfast. The parents revealed to the children that they wanted to go on an excursion today. Jens was thrilled and had forgotten his disappointment about yesterday's monotonous day. Nevertheless Jens and Philipp were tied to the leashes in Philipp's playroom after breakfast and were not even given toys. So the two had to keep themselves busy and played "I see what you don't see". At first Jens was very disappointed again in Philipp's parents but it was still fun. It took only about one hour until they were picked up again and prepared for the trip in the changing room. They put on one of the overalls Jens had worn at home and which he wore to the Gameland and picnic. Philipp was dressed by his father, his mother took care of that for Jens. When they were finished they went to the car and both were fixed in the child seats. After the big upholstered table was locked to the seat Jens could not move any part of his body except his arms and head. Jens again had this strange feeling, that he had the last time on the way to the shopping center

as well. On the one hand there was a pleasant feeling of security and safety. Which he often had in the care of Philipp's parents, but also the certainty to be absolutely helpless. All this was taken to the extreme in this seat.

When the ride started the children still didn't know where the ride was going. Since Philipp obviously didn't ask his parents about such things, Jens didn't want to do it either and distracted himself by watching the landscape, which was not so easy because of the large and wide headrest of the child seat. The parents in the front of the car were talking about adult stuff Jens didn't understand and didn't listen to. After an uneventful drive they arrived at the same parking lot in the forest as on the last trip with Jens and his parents. So it was clear that they would make another trip into the forest. The parents got out of the stairs and took backpacks out of the trunk and put them on. Only then they released the children together from the child seats and let them get out. Jens wanted to move around a bit on the parking lot after the long sit, but he was immediately grabbed by the arm by Mr. Sölling and held firmly. Because he had to be quite fast to catch Jens it was a little bit rough and Jens got a little bit offended: he had only wanted to stretch his legs a bit and enjoy the outing.

But Philipp's father told him to stop and explained that they had to practice today for a surprise next week. For this it would be necessary that Jens would learn how to be led on a leash. Jens was shocked and even more offended, what was the point of being on a leash and what kind of surprise should that be. It didn't sound like fun and a nice holiday anymore.

When Mr. Sölling then attached an approx. 1.5 meter long thick synthetic fiber rope to Jens' overalls in the back at waistband height, Jens' tears ran down his face and he shouted crying that he didn't want the surprise. Then he wanted to break free, but Mr. Sölling already held the line tight and very short in his hand, so that he could hold Jens back directly with a small jerk.

This was the first time Jens had rebelled against one of the measures Philipp his parents had taken. Surprised by this, Mr. Sölling pulled Jens to him on the leash and explained Jens in a strict tone of voice that he had to behave himself and still had to learn a lot. Jens had been looking forward to the trip to finally explore freely again; especially here in the forest this shouldn't be a problem but now this restriction again. With Jens the feeling of helplessness took over again. He didn't really want to rebel against his parents, because the security was nice, but that was a bit much now. Even the overalls or the soft diaper inside didn't help. Jens was suddenly frustrated.

But then, after Mrs. Sölling had also put a leash on her son's overalls and handed the leash over to her husband, she took a handkerchief from her pocket and wiped the tears from Jens' face. To hug and comfort him afterwards. She promised him that if he was very well-behaved and did not continue to rebel against the leash, he would be allowed to play and romp freely in the meadows with Philipp after the picnic. Jens calmed down a bit and nodded carefully while he looked down. Then she took Jens' leash in her hand and explained to him that he always had to walk so far in front of her that the line was not taut, but so that it would neither touch the ground. He would feel the right measure, in case of misbehavior she would correct him by pulling on the line. Jens found this completely silly and superfluous. The last time he was kept on a leash by his mother, it was a punishment on the one hand and on the other hand his mother hadn't made such a fuss about it. Still insulted and unreasonable Jens didn't say a word and just nodded his head and turned to go off towards the forest. Philipp, who hadn't commented on the whole thing, walked next to his friend and the parents followed at the distance of the leashes. Because of the weight and the direct attachment of the line to the overalls Jens quickly learned to feel how fast he could walk without letting the line get too tight. After a few minutes of wordless walking Philipp looked at Jens to see if his mood was slowly improving. Which was indeed the case, he could not be annoyed about it all day long. At first Philipp only smiled at him and Jens had to smile again. But Philipp avoided to talk about the thing at the parking lot, especially since

his parents could have heard every word. So Philipp started a conversation about the things to see in the forest.

Jens was a bit angry about himself that he lost his temper. His mother had told him that he should cooperate in everything. While he talked to Philipp the matter moved more and more into the background and Jens slowly started to enjoy the beautiful surroundings. After about an hour of walking they arrived back at the clearing in the forest where they had had a picnic the last time. When the parents had found a nice corner in the sun at the edge of the meadow, Mr. Sölling handed over the leash to which his son was attached to his wife, to be able to take the now familiar fastening screws out of the rucksack and twist them into the ground. Then he put a blanket with the appropriate holes over it.

Jens watched the whole thing and thought that Philipp's parents apparently didn't want to remember what they had promised him. When Mr. Sölling then let his wife give him Jens' line to fix it to one of the eyelets on the ground, he refused to take the few steps towards the ground to be fixed there. He looked down and said in a tearful voice that they had said he could romp freely here. Philipp knew his father and could see that he didn't want Jens to disobey now, so he put his arm around Jens and said to him that it would be better to obey his father now or it would get worse.

Thereupon Mr. Sölling pulled the line with a strong jerk and Jens stumbled a few steps backwards towards the ground. Mrs. Sölling then gave her husband a serious look, but the children did not notice. Then she swapped the lines with her husband who then attached Philipp to one of the eyelets. Mrs. Sölling, on the other hand, gently grabbed Jens by the shoulders and directed him to the ground and asked if he could please sit down, which he did. Mrs. Sölling sat down next to him, still with the line in her hand, and so close to the other eyelet that she could have tied Jens to it. But first she wanted to talk to him.

Jens, however, still looked at the ground, still miffed. She asked him to look at her and then told him that he had to follow the instructions and also she had said at the parking lot that he was only allowed to romp on the meadow if he behaved well. Jens then asked in a still teary voice if he would not be able to get off the leash today then. Thereupon Mrs. Sölling smiled at him warmly and said that he could play with Philipp on the meadow afterwards. But now they wanted to do something together first and then have something to eat.

Then she fastened Jens his line to the free eyelet with a lockable carabiner hook. Then she stroked his hair and sat down on the second blanket that her husband had spread out. Jens felt so extremely patronized again because he had lost this argument again. With his own parents it was usually different, he and especially his sister had often been able to influence decisions. But with Philipp's parents this was obviously not possible.

Next, a few rounds of the card game UNO were played, which Jens was distracted from being restrained. The leash was so long that he could move without any problems, and whenever the tension rose he made a lot of use of it. He always fidgeted from one side to the other; Philipp on the other hand was more calm while playing. He hardly moved more than necessary, just to put the cards on the pile or to take new ones from the pile.

After they had played for quite some time, Mrs. Sölling made the suggestion to have a picnic now. Mr. Sölling put the deck of cards back into the backpack and took out the short harness for Jens and Philipp that would fix them both sitting on the floor again during the meal. Jens was not happy about being restricted even further, but he did not want to spoil his play on the meadow. So, as at the last picnic, he let himself be strapped so tightly to the eyelet in the ground again that he could not get up or lie down on his back. When both children were ready for the meal, the food was put on the blanket and the children were eaten as usual with the Söllings. The children could not freely choose what they

wanted to eat, everything was predetermined. But that did not bother Jens, he already knew that, besides that the food was very tasty as almost always.

After the meal, when everything was stowed away again, Jens and Philipp were freed from the tight restriction and were allowed to stand up. Philipp was also freed from the leash and stood together with Jens and his mother, who was still holding Jens' leash in her hand, a few steps next to the blankets. Mrs. Sölling then explained the rules to the children, they were allowed to move freely on the meadow but not to leave it and always stay within calling distance to their parents. Under no circumstances should they go into the forest alone. After she had explained everything, she released the leash from Jens' overalls, Mr. Sölling gave them a ball, with which they ran wildly over the meadow and played football. The feeling was wonderful, Jens could finally run really fast again, actually he was not really sporty, but to be able to run really fast again without being held back by anything was just great. Even though the overalls did not give the same freedom of movement as jogging pants, it was very liberating.

After Jens and Philipp had let off some steam, they talked at the edge of the meadow, out of hearing distance of their parents. Philipp told Jens that his father can get very impatient if he is not obeyed and that it would be better if Jens would follow the instructions the next time. Jens tried to explain to Philipp that it was very difficult and unfamiliar for him to be always so restricted. He always had a lot more freedom with his parents and was not locked up. Except on the one weekend when they were here in the forest for the first time, when he was tied up by his mother too. But that had been an exception, although he had the feeling that his parents also wanted to introduce such things.

Philipp could hardly imagine what it would be like not to be led and guided by his parents. He asked Jens what he usually did when he came home after school and his mother was not at home. Jens said that he would get some food from the fridge and then go to his room to do his homework. Afterwards he would go to the park to play with the other children. Philipp could not imagine what it would be like to be on his own. He didn't even know how to make himself something to eat.

Suddenly the two were called by Philipp's parents. The picnic place was already cleared out and the adults each had one of the guiding lines in their hands. Jens and Philipp let themselves be put on the line without any problems and they went back to the car. When they arrived both were fixed in the child seats again and the journey home could begin. Jens now noticed how he felt the pressure on his bladder mounting. Thereupon he asked his substitute parents what he should do, and Mrs. Sölling said he had to use the diaper, because it would still take a while before he could be taken to the toilet. Philipp smiled at Jens from his seat and said that he had already used the diaper on the meadow, he could not hold it that long. Jens then asked Philipp how he could do that, it was not so easy. Even now here in the child seat he could not just pee. Philipp said that this was just a matter of getting used to it, he himself always had to check if he really had a diaper on, since that was not always the case. Jens his pressure was now so strong that he could let it run. The feeling when wetting himself was different this time, because he still had his genital protector on and his pipi ran out of the tube directly into the diaper. He felt almost no moisture on his skin. A short time later Jens had already forgotten the incident.

When we arrived back home Jens and Philipp were asked when they were dressed if they had to go to the toilet. Since this was not the case they both got the blue-white overalls on and were tied up in Philipp's room in the play corner and got the Lego bricks to play with. Shortly before dinner Jens had pressure on his bladder again and wanted to call someone with the blade to take him to the toilet, but then he remembered that he still had the diaper on and he didn't like the toilet, so he squatted down a bit while playing and let it go again. Philipp grinned at him when he noticed what Jens was doing. Philipp said, there you go, it's not so difficult. Jens blushed and felt caught, he hadn't expected Philipp to realize that. Jens then explained that he hated the whole toilet thing here at Philipp's parents' the

most. He had been keeping himself clean for years and here he wasn't allowed to do that, his mother would pretend that he couldn't do that yet. It was so humiliating for him. Philipp couldn't understand that, he was used to being cleaned by his mother.

Some time later Jens and Philipp were picked up for dinner and afterwards made ready for bed in the bathroom, like the two evenings before. The full diaper was removed and they were put on the toilet. After the usual procedure they were then again strapped in the crib with their sleeping overalls. Jens had gotten used to the predicament in bed quite well and after all the exercise in the forest he fell asleep quickly. The exact time when he had been put to bed with Philipp he could not estimate anymore. He had not seen a clock since Friday. In the house and also in the car there were no clocks, at least not in the area where the children were allowed.

The next morning Jens woke up by Mrs. Sölling opening the lid of his bed and getting him out. Philipp was already standing next to him and waiting. When Jens also stood beside the bed he wanted to rub his eyes with his immobile hands, which was only possible to a very limited extent. After the complete care procedure in the bathroom both were freed from their pacifiers again. Jens in the meantime liked the dummy very much, it gave him a calming feeling. Of course he would prefer to be able to take out the dummy himself. But this was not so bad either. Jens had put on his genital protector again as usual during the care. Even though he wasn't really bothered by it, it was also something weird, because it was another oppressive device. Even when Jens couldn't even take off the overalls himself if he wanted to either. So both children were led by Mrs. Sölling into the kitchen again and strapped on the kitchen bench as usual. It seemed to Jens slowly like everyday life, although it was just Monday and today was actually the first real holiday day.

Today Mr. Sölling was not present at breakfast, he had probably already left for work. After the meal Jens and Philipp were tied up again in the play corner in Philipp's room and should play with the Lego bricks. But Jens got bored of playing only in Philipp's room and garden. He also wanted to play on the game console like at home or outside in the park. Since Philipp's mother did not volunteer them what they would do today and Philipp did not know that either, Jens decided to ask Mrs. Sölling today. When both children already started to pick out Lego bricks from the box and Mrs. Sölling was about to leave the room, Jens asked quietly and shyly, without looking at Philipp's mother, if they had to spend the whole day in here again today. Thereupon Mrs. Sölling got down on her knees in front of Jens to look at him directly and ask him if he wouldn't like to play with Philipp together with his Lego. Jens still didn't dare to look at her directly and started on his Lego bricks when he answered that he likes to play here, but would also like some variation. Then Mrs. Sölling lovingly put her hand on Jens' cheek and turned his head towards her so that he had to look at her, and she asked him what he would like to do differently. Jens took all his courage and told her that during the autumn holidays he actually had wanted to visit the new Pirate's Castle on the playground in the park together with the other children. And then the thing with his sister had come up and he was stuck here now.

Jens was overcome by his feelings and a few tears ran down his cheek, which Mrs. Sölling immediately wiped off. Philipp noticed that it had cost Jens a lot of effort to ask his mother to do something else, but since it meant so much to him to be allowed to play outside with the others, he didn't realize and felt guilty, because he was so happy not to have to spend this holiday alone. Mrs. Sölling of course noticed from Jens' reaction and comments that it was not only about playing in the park with the others, but also about the strict limitations here with them. She then sat down on the ground with the children and explained to Jens that it was not so easy.

Philipp's father was an important man in his company and they were afraid that something would happen to Philipp if he left the house without supervision. Besides, the two of them were actually be a bit too young to go to the park alone. This statement from Mrs. Sölling made Jens very sad and he said that Philipp was 2 years older than himself and he had been going alone into the park for a long time.

Then Mrs. Sölling stroked Jens over the head and said that she had not just meant the physical age with "too young". The maturity and the education were also part of it. With this explanation Jens felt very humiliated again and looked down again to the Lego bricks. Mrs. Sölling thought she had explained enough now and she also knew that Jens would not understand this so quickly. But she promised to talk with her husband about the possibility that they could play outside the house. Furthermore they would go to the shopping mall together today and Jens and Philipp could go back to Gameland. That would be something different. Jens and Philipp had to agree with her and so they both looked forward to it. But then Mrs. Sölling left the room and the two children played with the Lego bricks.

During the whole morning Mrs. Sölling only showed up once in the children's room and brought the two of them a bottle of water each. Shortly before lunch, she came back and asked them to put the Lego bricks back into the box, because lunch was about to be served. For lunch they were led as usual on a leash into the kitchen and strapped to the bench. The meal was taken again without Mr. Sölling. Afterwards Jens and Philipp were prepared in the bathroom for the shopping mall. One after the other they were taken to the toilet and cleaned afterwards, then they got a diaper again and the firm light brown overalls followed, like on the previous trip to the mall. This time both of them had their name tags put in immediately. Fully dressed they went directly to the car where they were strapped into their child seats again. In the shopping center everything went like the first visit, only that Mrs. Sölling brought them with her shopping trolley directly to the playground. In addition, the clock on the bracelet showed almost four hours this time. So the two had enough time to visit different stations. During this long time it was inevitable to use the diaper. Jens still hadn't got used to it, but he didn't let it show when he let it run into the diaper.

When they were back at home with the Söllings there was dinner and the diaper was changed like the evening before when Jens and Philipp got ready for bed. Of course they could do their big business on the toilet. The following care and going to sleep followed the same pattern as on the other days.

8.3 Big Changes

Also the night and the morning care went ahead like the other days. Jens had n't needed to use the night diaper, which he himself was very proud of. He didn't want to regress back into a toddler even if he couldn't leave the bed at night. The breakfast was taken again without Philipp his father. Jens was very curious if the conversation he had with Mrs. Sölling yesterday would lead to a change in the not very exciting holiday routine. The conversation had cost Jens a lot of strength and determination, so he asked Philipp's mother during breakfast if she had found a possibility that they could go out today. When Jens asked this, Christa was already clearing the table and had to laugh a little bit when he asked this question. But then she came up to Jens and stroked him over the head and noticed that it was probably very important to him to go to the park. But if he didn't want to play in Philipp's room today, that was no problem, he need some reading practice anyway. Besides it was still too cold outside in the early morning. That hit Jens hard, but Mrs. Sölling left the kitchen to get the book. Jens was furious and tore at his shackles which held him to the kitchen bench. But apart from a little wriggling nothing could be achieved. Philipp was surprised by the sudden outburst of anger of his friend and tried to calm him down. But Jens was still upset and didn't understand why it was such a big problem - nothing would happen in the park, he was there very often. No one had ever been kidnapped there.

Philipp then pointed out that his mother had not answered the question about a possible trip to the park. He didn't believe himself that they could go into the park, but he didn't care; he just wanted Jens to calm down again. But Jens did not want to calm down yet, now he should even practice reading during his holidays. What kind of holiday was that? When Frau Sölling came back to the kitchen with the book and put it on the table in front of Jens, he became calmer and sulked. Frau Sölling turned back to her kitchen work. When Jens still didn't make any effort to pick up the book after about 2

minutes, although Philipp had nudged him several times, Philipp was just about to reach for the book when his mother turned to Jens and said to him with a firm attitude that he shouldn't play games with her; otherwise this was going to take a very long time. Both children were frightened and Philipp gave the book to Jens and he opened it and started to read. But he was still angry and disappointed inside and so he could hardly concentrate and hardly managed proper sentences while reading. He had not read that badly for a long time. After about 10 minutes Mrs. Sölling was done with the kitchen work and pulled out a chair and sat down next to Jens. With a soft voice she said to him that he had to concentrate more while reading and that his mind wasn't on the matter at hand. Jens took a short deep breath and apologized to her for his behavior, because he had to realize again that it made no sense to resist. Now Frau Sölling put her hand on Jens' shoulder and helped him with the difficult words. In doing so he became more confident and made good progress. After about half an hour it was Philipp's turn. He had no difficulties reading and quickly managed 20 pages. Mrs. Sölling stayed sitting next to Jens and listened to her son carefully while reading. Afterwards it was Jens' turn again. The whole action probably lasted nearly two hours already and Jens became slowly unfocused again and it became increasingly difficult for him to concentrate. Thereupon Mrs. Sölling finished the reading and brought the book back.

When she was back in the kitchen she asked the children who had to go to the toilet. It was not yet so urgent with either of them. But then Philipp's mother told them that she wanted to go for a walk with them and it would be better if both of them went to the toilet before, because there would be no diaper. And so she untied them from the bench and led them to the toilet. Jens was a bit curious now and wanted to know what kind of walk it would be. Frau Sölling put on her best smile and said they could go to the park. Jens was very happy and hugged Mrs. Sölling, he was really happy like a little child. He didn't even care that she was coming with him, he wouldn't mind if she was standing next to him while playing in the Pirate Castle. Other parents would do the same, even if they had much smaller children. It was not his own mother, so it was not that bad.

After the well-known intensive toilet visit, Jens and Philipp were taken to the changing room to be changed for the trip. First it was Jens' turn, Philipp was meanwhile fixated on the chair with a wooden bar. After Mrs. Sölling had taken off Jens' blue and white overalls and the polo shirt, he was put on long underpants and then a very thick red pullover made of warm fleece. On top of that followed a normal pair of blue jeans overalls. The overalls also had normal buckles like his own overalls. Only the row of belt loops on the overalls was a bit strange. His own didn't have that, but Jens had seen children in overalls with a belt, so it was not that unusual. After Mrs. Sölling had adjusted the straps sufficiently tight Philipp was freed from the chair and Jens was fixed in it. Afterwards Philipp was dressed exactly the same way as Jens. The only difference was the color of the sweater, Philipp's sweater was light gray and not red. Next Mrs. Sölling took a device from the shelf which was about 20cm long, as wide as a belt and almost as thick. At one end a wide band of thick fabric came out of the device which also reminded of a belt. Mrs. Sölling began to thread this band through the belt buckles of the overalls at Philipp's. But she started at the back, so that the device was fastened at his back. The open end of the cloth band was inserted into the device and then began to pull it in by itself. But Philipp could not observe this because it happened behind his back. The band was pulled tightly but stopped automatically before it became uncomfortable for Philipp. Then Mrs. Sölling took a kind of remote control from the shelf and explained to the two children that the device would be a security transmitter that would always send the exact location to a security center and their parental unit. In addition, the device would monitor the wearer's breathing and thus also be secured against removal. To do this, she would now have to make a few adjustments. Then she put two fingers between the belt and Philipp's stomach and pulled lightly. Thereupon the belt widened exactly so far that the pull around Philipp's body was equally taut again. When she released her fingers, the belt tightened again

immediately. That was a very strange feeling for Philipp. Now Philipp should pull in his stomach and hold his breath. At the same time the belt pulled itself tighter again to restore the pressure. At that moment Philipp's mother pressed a button on the remote control and the device in his back made a beep. Philipp, somewhat startled by this, let his stomach go and breathed in again. The belt didn't widen automatically and it was very uncomfortably tight. Philipp looked at his mother a little helplessly and shocked, she explained that this was now the tightest position the device was adjusted to. Then she pressed a button on the remote control again, whereupon the equipment gave another beep and the belt widened again to the normal measure. Now she put two fingers between them again and pulled at it, but the belt didn't widen any further. Mrs. Sölling then explained that this was the maximum margin to which the device was now set. With each breath the device would adjust the tension and thus recognize that it would still sit around the wearer. If this was not the case, the alarm would be triggered immediately. With this Philipp was dressed for the trip and because he couldn't sit on the seat with the device in his back he had to wait at the door to the corridor until Christa had installed the new device at Jens' waist. In the mean while Philipp explored this unfamiliar feeling of a belt around his overalls.

Jens could recognize from Philipp's behavior that he had never worn this device before. While Mrs. Sölling put the device on Jens she told him that she bought the security transmitters yesterday in the education shop. This should ensure the safety of both of them in the park. Jens thought about what safety this would bring him, but he was interrupted in his thoughts by Mrs. Sölling's adjustment work. He should now retract his stomach and exhale; after that the belt was really very tight. In addition the belt felt strange, because it was much higher than his waistband trousers. Also the nice feeling of the continuous fabric of the overalls up to the bib was lost a bit. But Jens was determined not to let the strange measures of Mrs. Sölling distract him from the anticipation of the park visit. When the belt had widened again to the normal level of tightness, it was no longer uncomfortable.

But then Philipp's mother managed to spoil Jens' mood again by attaching a thick heavy line in the back of his overalls, just like on the hike on Sunday. Thereupon Jens turned around and jumped back and forth as if he wanted to shake off the line, while he asked angrily whether this was necessary now. Thereupon Christa pulled strongly on the line that Jens had trouble to keep his balance. But Mrs. Sölling immediately took the line very short and brought Jens to rest quickly. Then she warned him to be good or she would stop the trip very quickly. Now Jens was frustrated and sulked again, but he waited quietly while Christa put on a light jacket. Then she took the line of Jens in her hand again, which she had fixed on a hook on the wall before. When they had left the house she explained to Jens that he still had to practice on the line, for the surprise on Friday. Philipp was allowed to run next to Jens without any safety line. This was the first time Jens was treated differently than Philipp. Jens felt this was very stupid and weird. He had the feeling that everywhere people would stare at him, although they had not met anyone yet.

On the way in the park he imagined the whole time how the other children would laugh at him because he was led by Philipp's mother on a leash. He got a very queasy feeling in his stomach. When they came closer to the park Jens could already hear that many other children were on the playground and were playing. Actually he wanted to be happy that he had managed to persuade Mrs. Sölling to let them into the park, but he felt as if he was led to the judge.

The closer they came to the park, the weaker his leg became. Shortly after the three of them had passed through the park entrance, Mrs. Sölling pulled Jens on the leash to the side of the road and told Philipp to stop. Then she explained the rules to both of them. They were not allowed to leave the park alone, Philipp his mother would always be in sight and if she called for them they had to come to her immediately. Then she released the line from Jens' overalls, which took a lot of load off his heart and

he thanked Mrs. Sölling with a hug that she had removed the line before they arrived at the playground.

It was still about 200m to the playground and Christa gave them both a loving pat on the backside and said they could now walk to the playground. Jens didn't let Jens say that twice and grabbed Philipp's hand and ran together with him towards the playground with the pirate castle. Christa followed at normal speed and found a bench right next to the playground.

When Jens and Philipp arrived at the castle there were many children from the area Jens knew and also Niklas with two more classmates of Jens and Philipp. They were greeted friendly and welcomed in the group. The fact that both of them wore overalls was normal for the other children and therefore they did not talk about it. But Niklas wanted to know from Jens why he would show up here only now after half the holidays. Jens acted a little bit annoyed by the question and waved it away, but Niklas noticed that Jens didn't mean it seriously and asked again. So Jens told him that he was spending the whole holiday at Philipp's home. Niklas thought that was great, and like a real holiday, joking a little bit. Whereupon Jens dared to suggest that it was not so great, but he didn't want to talk about it. Niklas then changed the subject and noticed that Philipp was here for the first time on the playground, which was a reason for joy.

Niklas had never had anything to do with Philipp in school, but he knew that Jens was his best friend and so he thought it was great that they came to play. Philipp had no experience with other children on a playground, so he was very shy to the other children at the beginning and always stayed close to Jens and also looked more often to his mother who waved to him. The other children quickly noticed Philipp's insecurity and that he had brought his mother with him. Most of the children avoided Philipp because of that, which confirmed his role as an outsider like in school. Only Niklas was different, he also fully involved Philipp in the pirate game and gave him the feeling of belonging.

Because of the game Jens had already completely forgotten his special situation this week and did not even feel the special belt anymore. He only felt his genital protector during the many movements and when he climbed over one of the climbing walls. Next some children had decided to play hide and seek and it was Philipp's turn to look for the others. Since Philipp had never played this before and he didn't know his way around the playground and the park, it took him a long time to find the other children. Niklas and Jens had hidden together in one of the cannon hatches of the pirate castle. While they were waiting for Philipp, Niklas asked what kind of strange device was on his back. Jens was shocked, what should he tell Niklas? He stuttered a bit at his answer and hesitated. Then he started to tell that he was staying with Philipp this week and that Niklas knew that his parents were very strict. Niklas noticed that Jens was talking around the bush and interrupted him. He could tell him straight; if necessary he could keep it a secret. It would not be so bad. But Jens said that things were very strict and also strange at Philipp's home. Then Niklas of course wanted to know what it had to do with the device on the belt and what would be so strange with the Söllings. Jens still hesitated and could not look Niklas in the eyes, but he wanted to tell him. After a short pause he told Niklas it was a tracking device. Afterwards Jens looked at his friend and expected a reaction, but Niklas only looked at him questioningly. Niklas couldn't do anything with the answer; words like "why", "wherefore" and "for what" shot through his head. After a few seconds he told Jens that he had to explain it to him in detail because he couldn't understand it. Niklas seemed very confused. Jens then said that Philipp's parents were probably very afraid that Philipp could be kidnapped. This was the reason why Philipp has never been on the playground. This homing device was meant to make sure that his mother would always find him and she could see exactly where he was. Then Niklas wanted to know why Jens had one. Whereupon Jens told him that Philipp his parents would always treat him the same way as Philipp. They would always be restrained like at home while eating or in the car. These were the special educational measures. They were also not allowed to leave Philipp's room alone.

Jens did not tell more at first. Niklas didn't really know if he should be shocked or fascinated and looked at Jens with open mouth. Jens asked Niklas not to talk about it with anyone else. Immediately they were found by Philipp and had to leave their hiding place. When Philipp had found all the hidden children the whole group met again on the castle bridge, which was a rope bridge. From there you could overlook the whole playground and the children discussed about the best hiding places. Jens and Philipp were standing together on the bridge when suddenly their belts made a beeping sound and tightened to the most uncomfortable position. First the two looked at each other questioningly and then looked from the bridge to Philipp his mother. She made a hand movement with which she asked them to come to her. Since the belt pressed really very unpleasantly, the two went immediately on the way to Mrs. Sölling.

When the two stood in front of her, she pressed a button on the remote control again and the belts let loose again. Mrs. Sölling explained that this was the "reminder function", so there was no need to shout all over the playground. Because she wanted to go home again now that it was time for lunch. Jens asked if they could come back here after lunch and Mrs. Sölling promised to do so if they would be good. Jens wanted to say goodbye to the others and make an appointment with Niklas for the afternoon again, but Mrs. Sölling did not allow that and was already holding Jens his leash in her hand. Then she put one hand each on the back of Philipp and Jens and pushed them gently towards the park exit. Jens let his head hang down and followed the instructions from Philipp's mother with slight frustration. Halfway between the playground and the park exit Jens let himself be leashed without resistance and was led home again on the leash.

When the group arrived back home, both children were taken to the toilet and after the well-known cleaning they were put back in their blue and white striped overalls to be immediately fixed in the kitchen for lunch. Then Mrs. Sölling prepared the meal and Jens and Philipp had to read from the book. The following meal went as usual, and seemed to Jens quite normal by now. Afterwards Jens and Philipp had to sit fixed at the table until Mrs. Sölling had cleaned the kitchen again. Because there was nothing to do for the two of them it was of course very boring. But after Jens asked if there wasn't something to play with, Mrs. Sölling answered that he shouldn't be impatient and should practice sitting still, otherwise he would get too excited. Jens felt that this was very strange again, he wasn't too excited, he didn't want to sit around fastened with all these straps, it was boring after all and he was on holiday and wanted to experience something. But he had to accept that he couldn't soften Frau Sölling up to undo the two of them. So he had to wait until she had finished her work in the kitchen and then free them from the bench.

After that they went as usual on the house leash to the changing room and it was asked again if somebody had to go to the toilet before going outside again. Since this was not the case, both were changed again just like in the morning and equipped with the special belt. Then Jens was taken again on the leash and Mrs. Sölling took an empty carrier bag and her handbag. Then they walked to the market place where today was the market.

Jens was guided with the leash through the crowd of people at the market. From time to time Mrs. Sölling had something to criticize about his behavior, for example if he did not stop at the right moment, if he did not stand in the right position to her while she was shown something or bought something.

Philipp was always just a few centimeters next to Jens and had shown enormous discipline throughout the whole tour. Jens on the other hand was annoyed by the constant instructions and pulling on the line. It was also very exhausting to always pay attention to the instructions of Mrs. Sölling. When he was very unfocused again after about 30min and didn't concentrate instead of paying attention to Mrs. Sölling, he had looked at something on a market stand. Then she pulled strongly on the leash and scolded him that he should concentrate. That was unusually sharp and so Mrs. Sölling immediately had

his full attention back and she gave him a good talking to, like a 6 or 8 year old boy who had just made a big mess. She leaned slightly towards him, he was only a little smaller than she was. Then she explained to him that she wasn't doing this with him for fun, he still had a lot to learn if he wanted to make the surprise trip with them on Friday. He would have to be led safely on a leash even in large crowds otherwise it would be too strenuous for everyone on Friday.

Jens didn't know exactly what he had done wrong and a tear ran down his cheek and tried to justify himself with a sobbing voice, he just wanted to look at something. Frau Sölling took a handkerchief and wiped the tear from his face and said in a much friendlier voice that he had to be more careful. Jens didn't know what this was all about, he had all the people around looking him with his leash long since blended out. He didn't understand why he couldn't just walk around on the market like Philipp without this stupid leash. Of course he would hardly have stayed as close to Frau Sölling as Philipp had done the whole time, but why should he? Especially since he actually didn't want to go to the market. But he had already understood that it should be only a test or a training for him.

Philipp had only watched the whole scene apathetically and always made sure that he was always in the right position to his mother as he had learned. She stroked Jens over his head now and said in a soft voice if he could please concentrate, they would go on now. After that they went further over the market and Mrs. Sölling did some more shopping. Jens tried to do everything right and Mrs. Sölling only had to correct him a little. After another 30min on the market they left the crowd and Jens was very happy and exhausted from the effort, he assumed that it would go back home to Philipp.

But after a few turns he realized that it was going towards the park and Jens his mood lifted again. He looked questioningly and full of anticipation to Philipp's mother who still had the leash. This joy in Jens' face made her smile and she told them they could play in the park again this afternoon. When they reached the park area Jens was taken off the leash again shortly after the gate and he wanted to run with Philipp to the playground, but Mrs. Sölling called them back. Then she explained to them that she would bring the groceries home and that they were not allowed to leave the playground until she was back. This would be monitored by the GPS receiver in their belts, if they left the permitted area the belt would alert them. Then the two were allowed to walk to the playground. Mrs. Sölling also came to the playground and sat down on a bench for a short time. There she then activated the boundary radius of the two with the remote control. After she had watched the children play for a while, she got up and brought the shopping home.

Jens of course hadn't missed when Philipp's mother had left the park and he was very happy not to be under constant observation by her. After all the children, that Jens and Philipp knew from school and from here, had played together for a while, Jens and Niklas sat down on a climbing frame while Philipp played with the others in the castle. In the meantime Philipp had found out how to behave on the playground and he had a lot to catch up on what he had missed in the last years.

Meanwhile Niklas wanted to know more on how things were done at home with Philipp. Jens hadn't said goodbye in the morning, nor when they would be back. Jens took a deep breath and his face darkened a little bit and became very serious as Niklas didn't know at all from Jens. Then Jens started to talk and was glad to be able to talk to someone about it.

He reported that he, like Niklas knew, liked to wear overalls, but with Philipp's parents there was a limiting component to the pleasant feeling. The buckles of the trousers were closed and they were so tight that he couldn't move freely. Also the belt would prevent him from leaving the playground. Niklas looked at him questioningly and then asked what would happen if he would just leave. Jens said he didn't know exactly, but probably the belt would tighten and send an alarm to Philipp's parents. It was very unpleasant when the belt contracted. Niklas was shocked and fascinated at the same time. Then he wanted to know how he should go to the toilet like this. Jens didn't really want to talk about it, but he told Niklas that he had to let Philipp's parents take him to the toilet. That was enough for Niklas as an explanation. But now Niklas wanted to know even more about Philipp's home. Jens had told us

earlier that there would be special measures at home, too. Jens then hesitantly told about the restraints while eating in the kitchen and described Niklas how it was to be tied up like that while eating. He also did not leave out the lines while playing in the children's room and the leash in the garden. Niklas could not really imagine all this, but felt pity for the two of them. Also he had to promise Jens again not to talk about it with anyone.

While the two sat there on the climbing frame Jens observed that his foster mother had come back and waved to him. Jens waved back and told Niklas that they should continue playing since he didn't know how long they could stay. Jens also wanted to distract himself and not think about the restrictions he had with the Sölling family.

The children were allowed to play for more than an hour until the belt announced that they should come to Philipp's mother. The two said goodbye to Niklas and wished him a nice evening and to Jens he said that he would be happy if they would come back the next day. Then they went to Philipp his mother, the belt in the meantime already squeezing very unpleasantly. Mrs. Sölling did not make any effort to operate the remote control, to release the two. She stroked both of them over the head as a greeting and then pushed them gently with her hand on their backs to the exit of the park.

Jens found the belt too uncomfortable and asked Mrs. Sölling if she could turn it off, but she said it was all OK and that the belt would be automatically reposition when they left the park. When they reached the gate together, the belt really went back to its "normal function" and Jens was relieved. Mrs. Sölling now said to Jens as they walked on that she would not put him on a leash currently, but he would have to stay close to her. Jens was happy about this and jumped a little bit while walking, but made sure that he always stayed with her just like Philipp.

After a few blocks of houses, the group was only two streets away from Philipp's home, from a side street Jens his mother came together with his sister who also wore overalls, which Jens didn't even notice at first. He had only seen his mother and ran towards her to hug her like he hadn't done for a long time. Mrs. Sölling called to him he should not run away even if it was only 10 meters. But then she recognized Mrs. Marson and let him go. Jens has never been so happy to hug his mother, he missed her very much, although he only just realized it now. Jens' sister stood next to them, a bit irritated, and greeted Mrs. Sölling and Philipp who had also arrived with them.

Finally Jens released the hug after he and his mother had declared their love. Then Mrs. Marson could also greet Mrs. Sölling and Philipp. After a little small talk about the chance to meet each other here, Mrs. Marson asked if Jens was well-behaved and looked at him sweet as sugar, whereupon Mrs. Sölling said it was quite OK but he still had a lot to learn. Of course Jens did not share this opinion and made an angry face, whereupon his mother ran her hand through his hair. Christa wanted to know how things were going with Svenja, without looking at her. Inga sighed a little and then said that there was little progress, and they just came from the psychologist. The psychologist had ordered that Svenja would have to wear overalls to distance herself from her old clique. Jens grinned inside and his sister made a face like seven days of rainy weather and nudged her mother as if to say that this was none of anybody's business. But she only said 'hey, mom!'. Then Frau Sölling urged them to leave and said she had to put Jens and Philipp to bed. Whereupon Svenja looked a little shocked at her watch and then at her brother, it was only 17:30. But Jens only made a dismissive hand movement and he and Philipp were then pushed by Mrs. Sölling to start the remaining way home.

Jens would have loved to go with his mother but she only waved after a short time and then went on with Svenja. Mrs. Sölling didn't miss the opportunity to accost Jens for just running off like that.

Thereupon Jens let hang his head again and trotted up to the house of family Sölling.

Arriving there Jens let himself be changed again almost impassively and was then fixed on the bench in the kitchen together with Philipp. Meanwhile Mr. Sölling came home and dinner was served punctually at 18:00. Directly afterwards again the speech prohibition and the physical care followed, whereby

Jens meanwhile mastered the toilet visit with his genital protector without fixation of the hands. Around half past seven Jens and Philipp lay again buckled up with their white sleeping overalls and the diapers in their cage beds. Jens sucked one of his pacifiers almost with relish and wondered if he was all OK with it all. Some things were quite pleasant but he would like to decide something himself and so she longed to go home again and thought about how his sister was doing.

The next morning Jens woke up and had to pee very urgently. First he thought about waiting, but since he didn't know what time it was he just went into his diaper. He had decided that it was easier than thinking about it for a long time. Besides, he didn't have to fear any repercussions from Mrs. Sölling and he didn't feel uncomfortable about it anymore. After the diaper was soaked Jens would have liked to turn around and go back to sleep, but this was not possible because of the fixation, so he rolled a little bit back and forth and Frau Sölling came in and picked them both up for morning care. After breakfast Jens and Philipp had to sit for a short time and Mrs. Sölling explained to them that they could go alone to the playground in the park for the next two days if the weather allowed it. Otherwise they would have to play in Philipp's room. They would get the belt for the park again and would have to take exactly the same way they had gone the last time. And they were only allowed to leave the playground if the belt told them to do so. Then they would have to come back home immediately and on the prescribed path.

After Mrs. Sölling's explanations, the two of them were then changed in the bathroom and put on a diaper, since they could not be taken to the toilet until noon. When then the belt was put on they were allowed to leave the house and go to the playground on their own.

For Philipp this was an exciting feeling. He knew this only recently from the way to school. But to leave the house during the holidays without his parents was unusual. He felt like Columbus setting off for new worlds. Fortunately he had Jens with him.

When they arrived at the playground, they had a lot of fun playing and romping. After some time the other children had the idea to go to the kiosk in front of the park to buy some wine gums. Normally Jens always had some coins of his pocket money in his bib pocket to go to the kiosk, but here he had two problems. First he had his pocket money in his own overalls which he hadn't worn since Friday and he and Philipp were not allowed to leave the playground. So he had to tell the other children that he didn't want to go to the kiosk and Philipp said the same. The other children did not believe them and made snide remarks about their overalls.

Niklas also wanted to go to the kiosk with the others at first but then he turned around and stayed with Jens and Philipp who looked a bit sad. Then the three sat down on a park bench and Niklas asked them if they were not allowed to go to the kiosk. What Jens then confirmed quietly and depressed. He added that he didn't have his pocket money with him either. Philipp's mother had taken it from him. Then he looked at Philipp questioningly and asked him if he got pocket money at all. Philipp had to admit that he had never received any pocket money from his parents. If he would get money from his relatives, his parents would take it from him and put it into an account. Now Jens and Niklas looked at him a little pitifully. Suddenly the two belts of Jens and Philipp were beeping and Niklas asked if they had to go home now. They confirmed this and got up at the same time to say goodbye to Niklas. But Niklas accompanied them to the exit of the park. Meanwhile the belts of Jens and Philipp had already contracted again on the unpleasantly very tight setting. But as soon as they had left the park the belts widened again.

When they returned both visited the toilet and did not have to use the diaper. At home with Philipp everything ran off as always. In the afternoon the two went back to the park. On the next day almost everything ran in the same way, only that after the breakfast they had to do yet another round reading

practice,, since on the one hand the weather was not yet so beautiful in the morning and on the other hand they would make a surprise trip on Friday and there would probably be no time for reading then. On this Thursday afternoon in the park Jens even had to use his diaper, because he had drunk a lot at lunch. When changing for dinner Mrs. Sölling noticed this immediately and Jens was made fresh in the bathroom before dinner without getting a new diaper, because of course they would be prepared for bed right after dinner. Jens realized in the meantime that there would never be a television or even a video game here for the two of them. Therefore he had already resigned himself to be brought to bed directly after dinner. Which also took some time.

When the two of them were strapped in bed again and had their dummies in their mouth, Jens thought about the next day, that there would be a trip and that he would be led on the stupid leash again. For which he had had to "practice" during the week again and again. Therefore he was not so sure if the trip would be much fun. Lost in thought and still sucking on his dummy Jens fell asleep at some point.

8.4 The Theme Park

The new day began with Jens and Philipp being woken. This was unusual, because Jens was normally always awake when Frau Sölling came into the bedroom to get them out of bed. But today Jens woke up by being stroked on the cheek by Frau Sölling. The bed was already open and also the lines to his sleeping overalls had been removed. The light in the room was on and Mr. Sölling was also in the room and fetched Philipp from his bed. Jens didn't notice it at first, but it had to be much earlier than usual. Mr. Sölling also helped in the bathroom to dress the two of them, after Mrs. Sölling had taken up the showering. This morning there was also a thick diaper with two inserts for the two of them. This was very unusual for Jens, but unfortunately he couldn't ask for the reason, because his braces forced him to comply with the ban on talking every morning. Mr. Sölling was just as tender and practised in changing and dressing as Mrs. Sölling and therefore both children were dressed in record time. But also the overalls, which both got on, were different. It were jeans overalls with all kinds of childish decorations and various sewn-on D-rings and loops. So that both did not look exactly the same, they had got a different sweater under the overalls. When leaving the bath the braces were removed again and the ban on talking was lifted.

But they did not go to the kitchen for breakfast as usual, but directly to the changing room to put on shoes. There the two learned that on this day they were going to an amusement park and so that they would be there in time for the opening, they would leave immediately. Then Jens and Philipp were already brought to the car and fixed in the child seats as usual, although Jens had the feeling to have even less freedom of movement than usual. But he couldn't figure out what the reason was. Maybe it was because of the different overalls or the "table" had been pulled tighter. Of course it was because of the thicker diaper, but Jens didn't really care, as he was still slightly tired and enjoyed the security the seat gave him.

When both children were satisfactorily fixed in the seats, the parents took some more bags out of the house and off they went. After about 30 minutes they reached the highway and the children were to get their breakfast. Mrs. Sölling handed each of them a banana that had been peeled beforehand. Jens wanted to grab the banana with his fingertips because he didn't want to smudge his whole hand, but Mrs. Sölling insisted that he grabbed it with his whole hand like toddlers do so that he wouldn't lose anything in the car. Jens felt totally stupid again. But since Philipp did the same, he just enjoyed the banana. Afterwards two muesli bars for each of them were handed in the same way as the banana. Mrs. Sölling sat on the passenger seat while the two of them were eating and took care that they didn't touch anything with sticky hands in the car, except the food itself. After they had eaten everything Jens had to stretch out his hands as far as possible to let Mrs. Sölling clean them with a damp cloth. Then it

was Philipp's turn. Next both got a bottle of warm milk. But Jens was irritated, not that he didn't like milk, but that the bottles didn't have a screw cap or a small opening to drink, as he was used to from other containers for the car. No, this bottle had big nipples for drinking and two big handles on the side. Jens must have looked so shocked at Mrs. Sölling that she told him not to make a fuss, that it was just like the pacifier at night and that you should never forget how to drink from a nipple.

So Jens did not need to ask any more questions. Mrs. Sölling also insisted that the children should touch both handles while drinking and that they should not take too much time with the milk, because it would get cold otherwise.

Jens reluctantly took the nipple of the bottle into his mouth and then lifted the bottle. He had to suck on it harder than he had imagined until finally some milk came out of the nipple. He felt very childish and strange. He thought about how stupid it must look, how he was sucking in a child seat with the bottle in his mouth. Then he paused briefly and watched the whole thing with Philipp and had to start laughing. The whole thing seemed too absurd to him. But then Philipp took the bottle down and grinned at Jens, he could imagine why he started to laugh. Then Philipp told Jens that it would look the same with him and he didn't have to make fun of him. Frau Sölling then joined in and reminded him that the milk would get cold. Whereupon both of them continued to be very amused when they started sucking the milk once more.

After about half the bottle Jens got the hang of it and sucked the rest of the bottle in one go with a grin on his face. Then Mrs. Sölling collected the empty bottles again and declared the breakfast was finished. Then she gave them another, slightly larger bottle of tea for the rest of the trip when they would get thirsty. There was a holder for the bottles on the child seats so that they did not have to hold them all the time.

On the motorway there was little to discover, so that the drive soon became very boring. To distract himself Jens sucked at the bottle of tea from time to time. He wasn't embarrassed anymore, on the contrary he enjoyed the nice feeling while sucking. After about two hours of driving Jens got cranky and tried to wriggle in his seat which was not possible. Shortly afterwards he asked if he could go to the toilet, whereupon Mrs. Sölling explained that he knew that this was not possible and that he had got a diaper. In the next minutes the pressure on Jens' bladder increased and he became more and more restless in his seat. Then he asked how much longer they would be driving. Mr. Sölling was slowly annoyed by Jens' nagging and told him relatively harshly that it would take more than an hour until they would arrive at the amusement park and he should now please use his diaper and give it a rest. Jens had overstretched the patience of Mr. Sölling again and tried to stay calm but since he still had a lot of pressure on his bladder and was still fidgeting in his seat. After a few minutes he stopped and Mrs. Sölling of course noticed immediately that Jens had peed in the diaper. Thereupon she bent backwards without a word and stroked Jens over his head. But Jens sulked and looked down and felt how his pee was absorbed by the diaper.

For Philipp it was not such a big drama, he was used to use the diaper during long car rides. So he had already wet himself twice in that time and didn't let anything show. Jens had calmed down again after it had completely been absorbed by the diaper and had talked to Philipp when he suddenly had a bigger problem. He probably hadn't tolerated the warm milk and his stomach rumbled very suspiciously. It got worse quickly and he noticed that he now felt pressure on his sphincter muscle. Thereupon he turned to Frau Sölling and said he had stomach ache and urgently needed to go to the toilet. Mr. Sölling twisted his eyes again but he was held back by his wife and she tried to explain to Jens that this would not work. Jens panicked, he couldn't do a big one in the diaper. But his pressure increased more and more and the stomach ache also increased. Then he pleaded with Frau Sölling that he didn't want to do it in the diaper - it was so disgusting. But Mrs. Sölling had no other choice but to comfort and caress him.

Meanwhile Jens' first tears ran down his cheeks. At the next cramp in his belly the time had come, it shot with full force into the diaper. At which Jens started crying loudly, it was so disgusting, the quite thin porridge spread in the diaper under Jens' bottom. But now the liquid part was quickly absorbed by the diaper and Jens remained sitting on a sticky mass. Jens was still crying and the tears ran down his face like a stream. At that moment Jens didn't care about anything. He only wanted to get out of the diaper. But it was still rumbling in his stomach and two more ripples came up in the diaper. Jens had been crying for 15 minutes now and Frau Sölling couldn't calm him down.

Then she took a dummy from the bag she had in the front of the car and put it in Jens' mouth. Jens was still in a trance and accepted the nipple without resistance. After he had sucked it a couple of times his tears stopped running too. It was only about 10min to go to the amusement park but Jens sobbed quietly into his pacifier which he didn't let go again. It was strange for Jens but the pacifier gave him a feeling of security and calmed him down, although under other circumstances he would have found it embarrassing and childish to suck the nipple to calm him down.

Mr. Sölling got a family parking lot very close to the entrance. The group arrived so early that it was still 15 minutes until the park opened. First Mrs. Sölling packed some things from the trunk and Mr. Sölling had already started to get Philipp out of the child seat. When Mrs. Sölling was finished she put a big bag around her neck and Jens was also freed from the seat. When he was lifted out of the seat the diaper stuck firmly to his body and everything had spread throughout the diaper. It was just disgusting. Mrs. Sölling said to him that they would look for a changing room and she would clean it up. Actually Jens would have liked to avoid the visit of a public diaper-changing room, but the urge to get rid of the diaper was just bigger and so he thought it was a good idea.

The group was just about to walk towards the entrance when Jens mumbled something incomprehensible through his pacifier. Mrs. Sölling pulled the pacifier out of his mouth and asked him what he had said, whereupon Jens repeated his question if he could take the dummy out again. Mrs. Sölling of course confirmed this and put it back into the bag. Then she took Jens by the hand and they went to the entrance.

In front of the entrance there was a toilet area with a changing room and Mrs. Sölling went there with Jens and Philipp while Mr. Sölling wanted to have a look at the different rates.

When Jens and Philipp arrived with his mother in the diaper-changing room Jens was very happy that it was free and empty. Mrs. Sölling put her bag on the very large table and began to take Jens' overalls off. Then he should lie down on the table and keep his hands nicely stretched upwards. Now she opened Jens' diaper and a typical smell came up. But unimpressed by this, she took wet wipes out of her bag and cleaned the whole diaper area of Jens which was very smeared. Then she wrapped the wipes in the diaper and disposed of them in the container. Now she took another washcloth out of the bag and let water run into the sink. Then Jens was washed thoroughly again, also the genital protector had to be loosened briefly to clean everything again. Then Jens got a new diaper with two pads and was dressed again. Then it was Philipp's turn, there the diaper change was much faster, because the cleaning didn't take as much time as with Jens.

When both were finished and Mrs. Sölling had just put her bag back into the room, the door opened and another mother with her 4 year old son came in. Jens was totally embarrassed at first, but the other mother didn't take notice of the age of Jens and Philipp, she only asked Mrs. Sölling if she was ready. She confirmed this and only smiled at the other woman friendly and then left the changing room with Jens and Philipp. Jens had watched the little boy, who looked at him with big eyes and his pacifier in his mouth. Jens thought he was cute and had to grin while doing so, just a few minutes ago he looked and almost felt exactly the same.

Now everybody met again in front of the ticket booths, where Mr. Sölling had found out what special offers were available for children and told his wife about them. All persons over 18 years had to pay the full price and were therefore normal visitors and there were no special offers at the rides. For children under 18 years there was a graduated price depending on age. But there were other special features. For children under 18 years one could still choose whether they should have a "Child status" or not. For children under 10 years this "child status" was obligatory. As a rule, the young people could decide for themselves whether they wanted to visit the amusement park as normal visitors or with the "child status". But final choice was the one who paid the entrance fee.

Directly in front of family Sölling and Jens was a family with two brothers at the cash desk, they were 16 and 17 years old and let the nice lady at the cash desk explain what it meant to choose the "child status". Also the parents had to have it explained exactly, because they would be affected by the decision as well.

The lady started with the advantages of the child status, there were extra queues for children at all rides where you could only queue with the child status. They were given preferential treatment or there were even better seats. So you could make more rides and have to wait less. For children there were free drinks in the restaurants and for families with children there were also extra seats in the restaurants. They would also get a system with which they could easily be found if they got out of sight, which was very practical to have more time for the rides.

Up to this point the two brothers had not found anything why they should not do this. The parents were also enthusiastic. The lady continued with her remarks and said that the children would be strapped with a belt and a leash so that they won't get lost in the crowd. There the location device would also be attached. The leash was very practical for smaller children, but unfortunately one could not make an exception for older children, because the leash was also needed for the queuing system at the rides. The parents would get a kind of wristwatch with a display for the search function and other functions. Especially the older of the two brothers, Max was not so enthusiastic about the idea with the child status, but his brother Peter wanted to have the advantages with the queuing system. The father of the two also had the financial advantages of free drinks in mind when he encouraged a son to try it. But Max found the thing with the leash somehow strange and couldn't make up his mind when suddenly his father ordered 1x child status 16 years and 1x child status 17 years and 2x adults from the cashier, followed by the comment that they could not hold up the whole operation.

Then it was the turn of the Sölling family and Mr. Sölling ordered 1x child status 11 years and 1x child status 13 years and 2x adults from the cashier without asking. After the payment both families were asked at the same time into a building next to the cashiers where they should get their "equipment". The parents were asked into a room with a counter where they had to fill out a questionnaire and received their wristwatches. There was also a little training. Meanwhile, the children were taken to another room where there were two very nice and friendly ladies who first welcomed the children. There were some shelves on the walls. Some of them had power outlets and there were a lot of chargers in which a kind of handle was put. The whole thing was similar to a leash for dogs. Only that in the handle was no rolled up leash, but the electronics. A lady first took care of Jens and Philipp and examined their overalls. They had to turn around and the lady pulled on different loops and D-rings. Then she also checked the area of the diaper, which was especially embarrassing for Jens, because she must have noticed that they both had a diaper on. But she only said that everything was clear and that the special model would fit them. Then Jens and Philipp should sit down on a chair and wait a moment, she would prepare everything.

Meanwhile the other woman had taken a rough visual measurement of Max and told him that she would now put the standard harness on him. Max probably didn't hear right, he was supposed to get a strap, whatever that meant, but certainly no harness. Meanwhile the woman had pulled a tangle of

straps out of one of the shelves and was standing in front of Max, who was supposed to tilt his head forward, since the woman was just as tall as he was, to put the structure over his head. But Max did not comply with the request and wanted to know what exactly this harness was. But the woman did not want to discuss it with Max and repeated her request in a somewhat stricter voice. He would soon enough find out how the harness worked and she also said threateningly that she had managed to put the harness on everyone their parents had asked her to. Max didn't feel like going into a confrontation now and so he bowed his head and the woman put the straps over his head. Thereby two of the black belts, as you know it from the straps of a backpack, lay over Max's two shoulders. At the back and front the woman then let the rest of the straps fall down. In front they were so long that they fell on the floor. The two shoulder straps ran further down over the body at the front and were sewn together with 3 horizontal straps. Two of them were at a distance of about 10cm on the chest and one was a bit wider and was at the height of the pelvis. Then the woman stood behind Max and reached under his arms for the two ends of the uppermost cross belt. Then she put them through two loops that were worked into both shoulder straps running backwards. Now she adjusted the buckles on them to length and clicked them together. The top cross belt now ran tightly around Max's chest, directly under his armpits. Then immediately the second one followed in the same way only 10cm lower. The shoulder straps crossed in a thick iron ring between these two cross straps. Max already felt tied up and tried to look back to see what was being done to him, but of course he couldn't look there. The woman who put the harness on him reminded him to stand still. Now also the belt around his hips was closed behind his back. Next Max was instructed to spread his legs a little bit. The woman bent down and grabbed from behind through Max's legs to grab the two straps that were hanging down at the front, which were then led through loops at the back of the hip belt and then buckled into the middle cross strap. The two straps tightened through Max's crotch and the harness was firmly attached to his body. Max complained that this was quite uncomfortable and whether the straps could not be loosened. But the woman told Max that she had enough experience to make a better decision and that he would get used to them during the day.

Max couldn't imagine wearing this thing all day. He planned to take it off again at the first opportunity and then join the adults. But he didn't say that here now. Last but not least, the woman took one of the handles out of a charging station, attached the strap that was on it to the metal ring in Max's back, and he was supposed to follow her to a rail that was attached at a height of 2.10m near the door. Now the woman clicked the handle into the rail and adjusted the strap to the exact size of Max so that the line went up vertically.

Next in line was his brother Peter, who had followed everything very excited and tense. He immediately followed the woman's instructions and she was correspondingly nicer and friendlier to him than she was to his brother.

The woman who took care of Jens and Philipp had left the room for a short time to get some information from the questionnaire Philipp's parents had just filled out. Then she also took one of the harnesses from the shelf and put it over Jens' shoulders and head. It was a little bit different from Max and Peter's, the upper part with the two cross straps under the arms was constructed in the same way and also the metal ring in the back was there. But instead of the lower part with the belts through the crotch there were four straps here, hanging from the lower horizontal belt, which were attached to the belt loops on the overalls. This also prevented the harness from sliding up. When Jens was finished he also got one of the grips with the belt in his back and was put under the bar just like Max next to him. After the handle was locked in the bar the band was adjusted as tight as Max's, but of course since Jens was smaller the band was longer. Max could now watch Jens how the harness was closed in the back, but he could not spot any mechanism at the buckles to open them again.

Then when the two women were busy with Peter and Philipp, Max tried to release the handle from the bar, but he couldn't. It was also not possible to move it on the bar. Jens looked up to Max because he was smaller and could not reach the handle. Then he asked Max a bit childishly naive what he was doing there. Then the woman who had put the harness on Max looked over to the two of them and said that only their parents could release them. But it wouldn't be long before they could finally go into the park. Then she finished with Peter and brought him to the pole. He got a light slap in the neck from his brother with the remark what he had got him into now. But the woman who just attached Peter to the pole pulled Max's wrist and gave him with the other hand a not quite harmless slap on the back of his hand and told him to stop.

Max didn't really know where he had ended up here. But he didn't want to make trouble anymore. He decided to wait until he was in the park with his parents and then make sure that he got out of the child status as soon as possible. At last Philipp got exactly the same harness as Jens and was also "fixed" at the bar. The two women tidied up the shelves a little bit until a short time later the four parents came into the room. They thanked the women for their professional work and Max's father was the first to reach for Max's handgrip of his leash at the bar. His father had a simple wristwatch made of plastic on his right hand with which he reached for the leash. There was an audible noise in the grip and his father could easily release it from the bar. Next, Peter's mother reached for his leash and it was the same. Then followed Mrs. Sölling with Jens and Mr. Sölling with Philipp. Then they left the building together and wanted to explore the park. The parents of Max and Peter and the Söllings had already got to know each other a bit during the introductory course and they wanted to visit the first rides together. But Max explained to his father that he wanted to get out of this harness immediately and would gladly do without the advantages. But his father refused him and said he should get used to it first. They hadn't even been in the park for 2 minutes. Then he wanted to get away from his father but soon found out that he had a lot of control over him with the leash. Peter was also very disturbed by the line, he turned around for a long time and that always jerked at the line, because the lines at Max and Peter were very short.

With Jens and Philipp everything went off very practiced, they ran problem-free on the line to the first rides about 5min away. Of course the parents of Max and Peter noticed this and so the parents got deeper into the conversation. Shortly before reaching the rides Max tried to get away from the harness again, but his father had changed in the meantime and was somehow stricter than usual. He jerked on the line of his son and added that he should take an example from Jens and Philipp how disciplined they were. Max had of course listened to the conversation of the parents and knew that they had been leashed on several occasions. Apart from that he wondered what this was all about, he was almost grown up and then such nonsense here. But he saw just no possibility to get out of it.

The first ride was a big tower that reached high above the park to get an overview. There was a row for the children, at the end of which there was this 2.10m high bar again. The parents hooked one of the children after the other into this bar with the handle and lined up at one of the three lines for the adults. There were only 3 other children next to these four in the children's queue and they could go almost all the way to the front. The handle of the leash moved along the bar as if by itself. Max was the last one in the row and tried to go back a bit, but this was prevented by a line, the grip could only be pushed forward, it was not possible to go back.

The next time the platform on the tower came down again and all the passengers had gotten off, a park employee came to the children and picked them up one by one from the bar and released the handle to bring them to their seat. The handle of the leash was hooked back behind the seat and then the safety bar was closed. When the ride up started, the platform also rotated so that they could see the whole park. The children could also see that their parents were still in the queue and were not on this ride. Jens and Philipp were overwhelmed by the view, they had never experienced anything like

this before. Also the other three children who were in front of them in the line enjoyed the ride. For Max and Peter the whole thing was not so exciting, they rather wanted to ride the many roller coasters that they could already have a good look at from here. When the platform was down again a staff member came and got the children out of their seats and brought them to the exit, where the first three children were welcomed by their parents and handed over. Jens, Philipp and Peter were then hooked again on one of these bars with their leashes. As last Max was brought to the exit and hooked in. He then wanted to know from the employee what this was all about, he wanted to go to the roller coaster. But the employee said only his parents could decide that and he had to wait until they came to pick him up. Then he left the children alone.

In the meantime Max wanted to find out how to take off these walking harnesses again and fiddled around with the buckles in Peter's back. Peter was not so enthusiastic about it, but he could not move from the spot. Max couldn't figure out how to open the buckles and cursed a bit. Then Jens turned on a bit cheeky and told Max that he needed a key for it. Max asked him how he knew that exactly. Jens told him that he would have known about it if Max had listened to his parents talking earlier. His overalls also had buckles that could only be opened with a key. Max looked at the buckles of Jens' overalls and they were really almost exactly the same. Jens felt very big when he added that it was no use even trying to open them without a key.

Max was a little bit astonished by Jens who was even more restrained out than he was and took it so calmly. Then he asked Jens how long he has been "held" by his parents, Jens said that it were not his parents, but the parents of his friend Philipp and his friend was treated like this for a long time but he himself is only this one week visiting Philipp. Max was surprised especially because Philipp had not yet expressed himself. Peter was still fascinated by the whole thing and fiddled around with his harness. Max asked Philipp what he thought about it, but Philipp said it was quite normal for him. Max didn't understand the world anymore, what was going on here.

Finally the parents came out of the exit too and took the children back on the leash.

Max and Peter wanted to go to the roller coasters but the Söllings decided those were too fast for Jens and Philipp and so the groups split up and the Sölling family visited one of the slower attractions. Philipp's parents always just hooked the kids on the children's line and picked them up again at the exit, so they could really try out a lot of rides. Some they liked so much that they wanted to ride them several times. There was a big crowd even in the children's queue and Jens and Philipp had to wait. The wristwatch of the parents showed exactly when they could pick up their fosterlings. In the meantime Christa and Hans could do their own program. And if that took longer Jens and Philipp had to wait until they were picked up.

After one of the rides, the two of them had to wait again for their parents. Jens and Philipp had both used their diapers several times in the meantime and both found it practical not to waste extra time for the toilet. But Jens now had to go big again. His stomach had already calmed down from this morning, but now it was time. He asked Philipp if he had to go to the toilet. Philipp replied that he had already done it in the diaper, whereupon Jens meant, no he meant big. But then Philipp said, yes, he already had. Jens looked at him pitifully and asked him when. He answered in the queue to the last rides. Jens asked if that wasn't a bit disgusting. But Philipp said it was alright. Jens said he would rather ask if he could use the toilet. Philipp replied that he did not believe that his parents would allow it.

A short time later the parents picked them both up and Jens asked if he could go to the toilet, he had to go big and the diaper was already very wet. Mrs. Sölling felt then the diaper of Jens and also of Philipp and said that Philipp would need a diaper change urgently. Then she told Jens that the toilets here in the park were not suitable for him and she would make him a suggestion. He could do his business directly in the diaper changing room and she would change his diaper directly. Jens wasn't

comfortable with it but realized he wouldn't be able to get through to Mrs. Sölling, so they went looking for a changing room. The clocks which the parents had got were also suitable for it, because the closest diaper-changing room was indicated.

Arriving at the toilet area they by chance met Max and Peter again with their parents. Max and Peter probably had a similar problem and had to go to the toilet. But they could not open their trousers, because the two belts of the harness went through their crotch. But in front of the toilets there was a friendly employee who could solve the problem. To do this, the parents had to hook the handles into a rail that led into an extra children's toilet area. Then the employee loosened the two straps that led through the crotch and knotted them to the front of the remaining harness to keep them from hanging down. Then Max and Peter were allowed to go into the toilet. The rail led to a urinal area where they could urinate without problems but also to cabins with normal toilets. There the rail was lowered so that you could sit down. After they were out again, the employee came up to them again and tightened the straps through the crotch again. Max had hoped to finally get away from the stupid harness here, but he was bitterly disappointed. He had given up begging his father in the meantime, because he remained unyielding.

Jens and Philipp had meanwhile entered the changing room and Mrs. Sölling was already cleaning Philipp. She had received a key for the harness from the employee outside and so she was able to change Philipp's diaper. Jens was supposed to do his big business in the meantime, but it was not so easy. The diaper had already expanded well because of the pee and the overalls were also quite tight and he just couldn't do it standing up, especially since he didn't want to. When Philipp was completely dressed again and was fastened with the harness in a corner, Mrs. Sölling began to undress Jens who still had to go but couldn't. She had now taken off his overalls and he stood in the diaper in the changing room. Then Mrs. Sölling encouraged him to squat down. Now finally he could press a sausage into the diaper. When he was finished he should lie down on the changing table as usual, but first he had to sit on the full diaper and his sausage was pressed wide and spread over his bottom. This was so disgusting for Jens that he started sobbing again. Frau Sölling stroked his cheeks and began to clean him again. When everything was fresh again Jens got a new diaper with the two pads and was put on again to be immediately provided with the harness. When they got out of the changing room Max and Peter had already moved on with their parents.

It was time for lunch, and it was decided to eat something in a self-service restaurant. When they arrived there they saw that Max and Peter with their parents were also standing in line at the counter and chose something to eat. But the parents always had to use one hand for the leash of their children and it was quite complicated. So the Söllings decided to bring Jens and Philipp to the seats first and then get something to eat. In the area with the seats there was an extra area marked for families. There were tables with a long bench on one side and several tables in front of it that were still free. Jens and Philipp were supposed to sit at one table on the bench. Behind the bench were again this rail for the handles of the lines, only with the difference that this one was not horizontal over the bench, but vertical behind each place of the bench. So you could hook the handle into the rail at the top and let it fall down. The backrest of the bench was placed so low that even when sitting, the ring in the back of the children's harness was higher than the backrest. So when Jens and Philipp were sitting and the parents had slid down the handles on the bar, the handle pulled the lines backwards by its own weight. Jens and Philipp were leaning backwards and had to realize that the handle on the bar did not slide up again when they wanted to bend forward. Also standing up was not possible. But the parents applied no further fixations, like at home, and told the children to be nice and well-behaved while they fetched the food.

When Philipp's parents were gone for a few minutes, Max and Peter came with their parents to the next table. The parents had to be very careful when putting the trays down, because they still held the

children's leashes in their hands. But when all four of them had put their trays on the table, Max and Peter were asked to sit on the bench next to Jens and Philipp. Max hadn't noticed anything unusual yet, only that Jens and Philipp sat bolt upright on the bench, but he blamed this on the extremely hard and strict upbringing of the two and thought what nerds they were. When Max had sat down he thought his father would finally put this stupid leash out of his hand, just putting it next to him on the bench. But then he realized that Jens and Philipp's lines weren't lying on the bench either, and at that moment his father had put the handle into the bar and let go. With a small jerk Max's line was pulled back and down. Max wanted to turn around immediately to see what had happened behind him, but in doing so he had to realize that the line did not give way anymore and he could almost not turn around or tilt forward. Then he turned angrily to his father, he should undo it immediately and he wasn't interested in this shit anymore. He hadn't come to the amusement park to be tied up here, what this nonsense was supposed to be. If the two toddlers - he pointed to Jens and Philipp - allowed it that it was one thing, but he would be 18 years old in a year and could decide for himself.

His father, who in the meantime stood on the other side of the table and just wanted to sit down, bent over the table in a slightly threatening way and said very loudly and emphatically that Max should not talk to him in this tone. Max got a little frightened and moved backwards. Then his father continued to say in a normal tone of voice that these were the rules and that he had to follow them now. He should also apologize to Jens and Philipp for the snide remark. Both of them were already 13 years old and were raised differently than him, which obviously worked better. So they would already know that you needed to stay seated while eating. Max should bear the little inconvenience like a man and not get so upset, it was not the end of the world.

Max was obviously awestruck by his father's speech, because at first he didn't say a word and stooped a little. Then his parents sat down on the chairs opposite their children. Peter had followed the whole thing wordlessly and was trying to push himself forward against the harness to get to his cup of coke which was standing quite far in the middle of the table. But the leash held him back and he looked at his father with an outstretched arm. His father said, slightly annoyed, that he shouldn't start with the theater as well; he had made this choice himself.

Then his mother grabbed her watch and pressed a button which released the grip on Peter's bar and when Peter bent forward the grip went up and when he leaned back again the grip went down. So Peter could reach his cola and took a sip. Now Max his father also grabbed the clock and released the handle from Max who then bent forward and looked over to Jens and Philipp who were still sitting ramrod straight in front of the empty table, and apologized for his remarks.

Afterwards he thanked his father but sulked a bit more. He knew what was right but he didn't have to like the whole thing here. But his father had to rub salt into the wound and remarked that he could behave like a big boy after all.

After that Christa and Hans came back with food on the tray. They each had only one tray with them and put them on their places at the table where Jens and Philipp were sitting. Then they greeted the parents of Max and Peter again and were glad that they had met here again. Then Jens and Philipp had got a paper bib each, which they had brought along. Jens was really embarrassed, but after the whole scene between Max and his father Jens didn't want to start a similar discussion. Especially since his chances to get rid of the bib were much lower than with Max. Then Philipp's parents sat down and put a cup with a straw on the edge of the table for the two children so that they could reach him without any problems. Jens and Philipp then had a drink first. Then the parents put a plate for Jens and Philipp each at the edge of the table and took the cups back so far that Jens and Philipp could not reach them anymore. Then Mrs. Sölling put a fork next to each of them and wished them both good appetite. The children only had things on their plates that could easily be eaten with a fork, chicken nuggets and croquettes with broccoli. The parents had a schnitzel with lots of sauce and peas. Jens and Philipp

couldn't bend forward while eating; like at home, they had to spear everything with a fork from a distance and lead it to their mouth. Max and also Peter had watched the whole thing eagerly and hardly got around to eat themselves. When Jens and Philipp had emptied their plate it was taken away and the cup was put back. Now Max and Peter had to hurry up that they also finished their meal. Their parents had also observed everything during the meal, but not as conspicuously as Max and Peter had done it.

Jens and Philipp had not noticed that they were observed so closely, they had to concentrate too much on their meal. The parents started to talk about raising children and they wanted to know if it would be difficult to raise children like Philipp and Jens did. The Söllings said that it could be exhausting, because one would have to pay much more attention to the children. In addition it was important to start as early as possible. A start after the age of 15 was practically impossible and also no longer sensible. They wanted to know when Jens and Philipp would have started. So Mrs. Sölling had to explain that Jens was only with them during the holidays and that he was practically only trained this way since then. With Philipp, however, they had already started with strict measures at the age of 4 or 5 years. Max his mother wanted to know if they also needed a special school for this, and Christa basically agreed. But that situation was expected to improve. With several parents they were "rebuilding" a school together. Jens was shocked, would Philipp go to another school again? He thought this to himself and tried not to let anything show. But Mrs. Sölling had noticed his reaction of course and said to Max his mother if she was interested, they could exchange addresses. But as she said it was too late for Max and Peter.

Max had also listened intently and thought they were all crazy and he felt sorry for Jens and Philipp. Fortunately he was already too old for such nonsense. He could just understand what it meant to be put in such a position by his parents. At that moment the parents decided to bring the trays to the collection point. Max's father had found fun in the meantime to be able to control his almost grown up son like this. So he said a bit jokingly he wanted to be on the safe side to make sure that his children would be as well-behaved as Jens and Philipp and so he reactivated Max's restraint before the parents took the trays away. His mother did the same with Peter and told both of them with a grin to lean back and be good. Peter complied with the request and Max hesitated a little but then followed.

The parents then all together brought the trays to the collection point and talked further, so they came back only after more than 5 minutes. Meanwhile Jens and Philipp talked about the next attractions they wanted to visit. Max and Peter talked about their parents, why they were so fascinated by all these restraints and restrictions. Peter at least found it an exciting experience.

When the parents were back, all the children were put on a leash again and they wanted to explore the park further. The groups split up again and they continued as before the meal. Around 5 pm the Söllings and Jens visited the restaurant again and a little snack was eaten. The nappies of the two were already wet again but neither of them said anything, because everything was still well absorbed. After the meal they gradually wanted to leave the park, since the harnesses still needed to be handed in and diapers had to be changed before the trip.

Jens and Philipp of course complained: they wanted to stay until the end, but it was not long until 6 pm anyway. So they left towards the exit. When they arrived there they went back into the building next to the ticket booths and Jens and Philipp's harnesses were taken off and their parents returned the watches.

Outside of the park they went back to the changing room where Jens' accident in the morning had gotten cleaned up. Philipp was again the one to be changed first, he had done another big one in the diaper, and was told by his mother that he should say something if his diaper was messy. It was not good to keep walking around like that.

Jens was asked before the diaper change if his diaper was full again too. But Jens said no he could wait until they were home. But then Mrs. Sölling said he better not, she would change him for the last time for this day and he would keep the diaper on until tomorrow morning. He would go straight from the car to bed, it was already late and they needed to drive for another three hours. Jens took a deep breath and made a grumpy face but Frau Sölling smiled at him and stroked him over the head. Then he said in a pouty voice that he wanted to do it like he did at noon and Mrs. Sölling stroked him again and said that he was very well-behaved and brave. Then she took off his overalls and he bent over in his diaper for his business. Then everything was made fresh and Jens was dressed again.

Shortly after 6 p.m. the children were sitting in their child seats again and Mr. Sölling made his way back home. Jens and Philipp each got a bottle of tea to drink. While Jens sat in his child's seat and sucked the nipple of the bottle with pleasure, he began to descend in thoughts about the day. Somehow he was embarrassed by the restrictions, childish remarks, and gestures of his foster mum but on the other hand it was also totally pleasant and cozy. It was balm for the soul when Philipp's mother stroked or comforted him. Although the accident in the morning was really disgusting and unpleasant at that moment, but then to be comforted by the foster mummy so dearly was already a super feeling, what he missed from his mother for a long time. Ok, there he rarely had reason to cry like that. But she could hug or pet him more often.

Deep in such thoughts, Jens had already sucked his bottle empty after a few kilometers and Frau Sölling took it from him. Afterwards she put a pacifier in his mouth, which Jens tore out of his thoughts, because it was not the pacifier he had received in the morning to calm him down. It was his night pacifier, and Mrs. Sölling immediately activated the locking system on Jens' lips and he could no longer talk. But that didn't bother Jens either, he wanted to continue daydreaming. There the pacifier came to him just in time. Next, Philipp had finished his bottle and he also got a pacifier. When Mrs. Sölling wanted to fix the pacifier in Philipp's mouth, she had to take off the safety belt to get to Philipp's mouth. At that moment Jens almost unconsciously touched his face with his hand to scratch at his cheek, when he accidentally touched the pacifier also, already again deep in thought. But then Mrs. Sölling reached for his hand and said that this would not work, he should try to sleep now. Then she took his hand and put it in a loop that she had pulled out of the side of the table on his child seat and pulled it tight. Then Jens was asked to give the other hand to her, which Jens did reluctantly, and then the other hand was fixed in a loop on the other side. Jens looked very sadly with the pacifier in his mouth at Frau Sölling but she smiled at him understandingly and stroked his cheek for a moment and said he was very well-behaved but that was necessary, he should try to sleep now. Then she also fixed Philipp's hands and sat down properly on her seat again and fastened her seat belt. Jens needed at least another hour until he finally fell asleep. Philipp on the other hand was already snoring quietly after almost 10 minutes.

When Jens woke up again he had to orientate himself, he didn't know where he was, but since he was lying on his back as always in the last days he noticed quickly that he was lying in the cage bed at Philipp's home, in his usual outfit. The gloves on the body blocked his hands and the overalls prevented him from turning around. Jens wondered how he had got in here, he was just sitting in the car on the way back from the amusement park. But it was already light outside again, so he must have slept through. Somehow he was still tired and felt strange. Not as fit as usual when he had slept so long. On the other days since he was put to bed so early he was always totally fit in the morning. So he sucked his pacifier a few more times and dozed a little bit but he couldn't fall asleep anymore. His diaper was already wet, if he couldn't remember using it since they left the amusement park. So he peed in it again, it didn't make any difference anymore.

After some time Mrs. Sölling came into the room and wished her sleepyheads a good morning. Then the morning care program followed, which was a little bit more thorough with the remark that it was too late last night. After that came the breakfast and Jens found out that it was already much later than normal. Until lunch Jens and Philipp had to play in his room. The rest of the holidays they were only allowed to go to the playground once, and had to play the rest in the garden and in Philipp's room. Sunday evening as usual Jens went to the cage bed for the last time for the holidays.

8.5 Permanent changes

On Monday morning Jens and Philipp were woken up earlier than during the holidays and brought from their beds to the bathroom for care. As every morning, they also got their genital protectors, but then Philipp, strangely enough, got a diaper on and Jens didn't. But Jens didn't even notice that, because it was still very early and he was basically already used to everything. Then they had breakfast again in the usual house clothes strapped to the table. But afterwards Jens was led in the changing room and dressed for school, while Philipp had to wait alone in the kitchen. Jens got his own clothes, which were freshly washed and ironed, put on. That he still wore his genital protector he didn't notice, because he had worn it the whole week during the day. When Jens was ready for school, he had to sit down in the special chair in the changing room and was locked in, then Mrs. Sölling told him that he would be on his way again according to his parents' rules when he left the house. But Philipp would of course be treated as usual with them and would have to follow their rules. Now that the new security transmitters had been purchased, she thought it would make sense for Philipp to be also wear them to school. Then she praised Jens that he had been so well-behaved during the week and had settled in so well. She stroked Jens over his head and Jens felt good. Now she said she would ask him for a favour, and Jens of course agreed without knowing what it was about. Mrs. Sölling asked if he would also wear the security transmitter to school today out of solidarity with Philipp. Of course the rules of his parents would apply to him and he could take it off himself if he had to go to the toilet. Jens was confused on many levels, for one thing he did not know Mrs. Sölling like this at all. Otherwise she just decided and Jens had to obey. Before, she had often said that this or that would be better or more appropriate to his age, but now she suddenly talked as if going to the toilet on his own was quite normal for Jens. Which was actually the case, only not when he was here and had to live according to the rules of Philipp's parents. Then there was Philipp, after what Frau Sölling had said, it was obvious he wasn't allowed to go to the toilet at school. And then Jens realized he had never seen Philipp go to the toilet at school, and at the time when Jens had taken him to the toilet, Philipp had behaved very strangely. For sure Philipp had always wore locked overalls to school. Besides, he had gotten a diaper in the bathroom this morning, which Jens only realized now.

Mrs. Sölling still looked at Jens questioningly, since she had not yet received an answer to her request. Jens sorted his thoughts and nodded his head and added that he would like to do that of course. Then she went into the kitchen to get Philipp. He was then dressed for school and got his security transmitter as well. Then Jens was freed from the chair and got also the transmitter strapped on although his overalls had no belt loops. But that was no problem, it just looked a bit strange. Then both of them put on their schoolbags and left the house in direction of the school.

When Jens got his notebooks out of his satchel for the first lesson something in it caught his eye. It was the remote control to his security transmitter, he was very excited and had actually forgotten the belt again. On the remote control a note was attached with a rubber, which Jens pulled out and read. Frau Sölling had written it and asked Jens not to show the remote control to Philipp. She also explained him with which button he could open the belt. Jens put the note back into his satchel and left the remote control there as well. At the end of the lesson he had forgotten all about it and went on his way to the

break. There everybody needed to tell what they had done during the holidays. This time Philipp could also join in, because he had experienced a lot on the playground and in the amusement park. After some time Jens and Niklas stood a little bit apart from the others and Niklas asked Jens a little bit jokingly if stricter times had started for him too, and pointed to his belt. But Jens only said that it was not that bad and then he remembered that he had left a remote control in his satchel in the classroom. That was a problem and Jens said more to himself that he had forgotten the remote control. Niklas didn't understand what he meant, but Jens didn't want to explain it to him and said he couldn't tell anything because of Philipp. Now Niklas was even more confused but the break was over and they had to go back to class. There Jens immediately took the remote control out of his satchel and put it in his bib pocket, because he actually had to go to the toilet already during the last break, but now he had to wait until the next one. During this lesson Jens could hardly concentrate on the lessons and thought over and over again how practical such a diaper could be. If he had one one he wouldn't have to concentrate on holding it.

Finally the bell rang and Jens immediately ran towards the toilet. Because he only had to do nr 1 Jens stood at a urinal and opened the fly of the overalls. Because on his overalls the fly was always a bit higher than with other trousers, it was always a bit complicated and difficult. Concerning that overalls were a bit unpractical. But this time Jens noticed when he reached inside that he still wore the genital protector. So he couldn't use the fly anymore and needed to go into a cabin to take everything off and put it on again. Jens was in a hurry and opened the straps on the bib and then noticed the belt, so he had to dig out the remote control and unlock the belt first. He then hung it on the hook in the cabin and was able to pull down the overalls and underpants, then he sat down on the toilet with the genital protector and could finally relieve himself. But it was high time. Jens avoided to put his hands between his legs, as he had learned, and the genital protector steered the beam precisely as always and Jens could hold up the overalls so that nothing touched to the floor. When he was finished he took a few pieces of paper and wiped the last drops from the protector and put his clothes back on. Then he put the belt back on and the bell announced the end of the break. Jens went back to the class and continued the lessons.

Until the end of the lessons nothing special happened and Jens and Philipp went home together. Somehow it was strange when Jens said goodbye to Philipp at the crossroads, which they normally always did, but after the week Jens almost had the feeling of living with Philipp. Nevertheless Jens went to his home where again nobody was at home. He had to find his key from his school bag and unlock it himself. His sister would probably have school until later and his parents would probably be at work. When Jens came into the kitchen this was confirmed. He found a note from his mother with the information where he would find the food and how he should heat it. Then Jens went to his room and took off his belt and put the remote control back in his satchel to not leave it openly visible for his parents and also to have it there at school in the future. He put the belt with the transmitter into a drawer, hoping his parents wouldn't ask for it. Then he heated the food. After the meal he laid down on his bed in his overalls for the first time, took a deep breath and thought about the past week. Finally he was free from all these restrictions and could move freely around the house, he could even start watching TV or playing games right now. But he didn't do it, and felt he was missing something. He had to heat up his own food and there was no one there to praise or caress him. The longer he thought about it, the sadder he became. Then he had to go to the toilet and would have liked to let it run, but that didn't work and so he pulled himself up and went to the toilet, there he had to undress all by himself as well. Nobody who cleaned him afterwards and praised him. It was funny, he had always hated when Frau Sölling treated him so humiliatingly in the toilet, even when his own mother did it on the test weekend he didn't like it that much. But now he was missing it more than he ever thought. When he was finished he dried his genital protector with some toilet paper and put on his overalls

again. When he watched himself washing his hands in the mirror he noticed the red and wet eyes. These were dried as well and he didn't want to think about his feelings and just as he left the bathroom his sister came up the stairs. She was not in the best mood either and told her brother that she was surprised to see him again. Jens said only that the holiday was over, so he was back as well. But Jens wanted to know why she was in such a bad mood and followed her to her room. Then she told him that after the week everything was the same again for him, but not for her. She had to go to that stupid psychologist every day of the last week and she couldn't get mum out of her hair the whole week. They had cooked together, eaten together, gone shopping together. They'd even watch TV together. Jens said to his sister, that's great, he would have liked that too. Svenja looked at him angrily and said that it was like being grounded. She hadn't seen her clique the whole time. Which, according to the stupid psychologist, was also the purpose of the activities. And now that she was back to school she had to wear those stupid overalls after school as a sign that she wanted to change. That would be the same as house arrest, because she couldn't show her face like that to her clique. Jens' mood got better after his sister's explanations and he asked her why she hadn't put on the overalls yet if she should. Then Svenja said to Jens he should stay out of it, that was her business. Then Jens told her he would not tell on her, she would know that. But if he was asked directly, then he would not lie for her anymore. He had experienced so much discipline in the last week that he would not do it for her anymore. Svenja was surprised about her brother. Was he somehow "turned around" by the Söllings? She had to be at least careful.

Jens wanted to go to his room and do some homework. Meanwhile Svenja warmed up some food and enjoyed it. Of course she hadn't put on the overalls yet and was thinking about her brother. She wanted to go to her "friends" for two hours, of course without overalls because she would be back before her parents. But then she had a change of heart and put on the overalls. She told herself that if she could explain to her friends why she was forced to do this, they would understand and if she would keep this up for a while, her parents would calm down and she could continue as before. So she left the house without doing her homework but with overalls on, and went to the city.

After Jens had done his homework he went into the living room and turned on the TV. He hadn't watched any TV for over a week, but was just zapping through the channels, lost in thought, and couldn't find anything he really wanted to watch. Then he heard the front door and thought his sister was coming home, but it was his mother who suddenly appeared in the living room. Jens jumped up and fell around his mother's neck and was very happy to see her. She also hugged him very tightly and stroked his hair afterwards. He wanted to tell her everything he had experienced in the last week, they had been to an amusement park.

His mother then said to Jens in a rather strict tone but kindly he should please turn off the TV and tell her everything in the kitchen. Jens cut short, he didn't know that from his mother, but he was used to get clear instructions from the Sölling family and so he followed them obediently. In the kitchen Jens sat down on a chair and never stopped talking. Meanwhile his mother stowed away the shopping and prepared dinner while she listened to him. That was also such an important thing for Jens, he couldn't say anything at the Sölling's in the evening and only Philipp listened to him there. When the two of them were buckled up in the room or in the garden, there was no one else there to listen. So it did him good to tell his mother everything he had experienced. The things he didn't like to remember, like his full diaper after the car ride to the amusement park, he left out of course. But the child seats and diapers to the playground were no problem with his mother.

After some time Svenja came back and she was surprised that her mother was already at home. She also came into the kitchen and was welcomed by her mother, who of course immediately praised her overalls. Her mother was happy that she had kept the arrangement. But Svenja brought out only a short "hello" and disappeared immediately back to her room.

She was very depressed and disappointed by her so called "friends", who had all laughed at her with her overalls. Even when she tried to explain that this was a temporary punishment from her parents, they didn't care and she became the laughing stock of the group. There were also comparisons made to her brother again and again. It was not a nice afternoon for Svenja and so she took off her hated overalls and laid down on her bed with headphones and listened to music to distract herself.

Meanwhile Inga had put the dinner on the table and Peter came home and Jens welcomed him very enthusiastically. Then they wanted to eat and Peter called for his daughter, but she couldn't hear him because she still had the headphones on her head. Her father was tired from work and asked his wife to see where Svenja was staying. She went into Svenja's room and opened her daughter's room without any announcement. Svenja got upset and tore the headphones from her head and was about to complain to her mother that she was coming into her room this way. But her mother said in a sharp tone that she should please come for dinner and not forget the arrangement, pointing to the overalls that Svenja had put neatly over her chair. Then her mother added that she should hurry up, everybody was waiting for her. Then she left her daughter's room again.

Svenja didn't want any more stress with her parents that evening and so she got up immediately, put on the overalls again and went down to the kitchen. During dinner the children talked about what it was like in school that day and there was nothing else special. When they finished eating Jens should get ready for bed, while with Svenja their father wanted to check her homework. Of course she had a problem, because she hadn't done any yet. So she ran into her room and tried to rapidly put something together until her father came afterwards.

Jens also went to his room, got fresh underwear and his two-piece pyjamas, and disappeared into the bathroom. He undressed and found out that he still had his genital protector on, so he tried to examine it carefully to see if he could take them off. But he could not see the fasteners on the back. The mirror did not help him either. He was just thinking whether he should go to his mother with it or whether he should just take a shower with it. But this decision was taken away from him when his mother appeared in the bathroom without knocking. Jens felt a little surprised and turned around and got into the shower. His mother looked at him gently smiling and asked if she could help him. Jens looked a little embarrassed down at his privates and said quietly and shyly, yes he couldn't get it off by himself. Whereupon his mother hugged him and said to him that this was the whole point and that he didn't need to be ashamed. Then she grabbed her son by the shoulders and gently turned him around and told him to stand still. Then she took a key out of her trouser pocket and carefully removed the genital protector and put it with straps and all into the sink. Then she asked Jens if she was allowed to help him with the washing. Jens found the question strange, but he was not averse to his mother giving him some tenderness, she hadn't done that for a long time until the holidays. So Jens nodded a little shyly and his mother set the water to temperature and sprinkled him everywhere. Then she started to wash and massage his back. Jens was very happy to be spoiled by his mother and he was neither strapped in nor gagged like last week. When his mother was done with his back she washed his intimate area thoroughly. Now Jens should wash the rest himself and not forget his hair. Jens did what his mother told him to do and afterwards he enjoyed just letting the water splash on him. In the meantime his mother had cleaned and dried the genital protector in the sink. Then she approached her son in the shower again and said that this would be enough and Jens turned off the water. Inga took a towel from the stack and started to dry her son. Jens enjoyed being cared for by his mother and kept very still. When she was finished she put the towel aside and Jens hoped she would dress him as well. He had gotten used to not having to do it himself and it was a relaxing thing for him.

But his mother took the small stool and sat down. Jens stood completely naked in front of her and she could look him straight in the face. So she started a conversation and told Jens that he would soon enter puberty and that this would be a big change for him. Therefore it was very important that he was protected from certain consequences. This was what the genital protector was for and she would like

him to continue wearing it. Jens looked questioningly and bit his lips in embarrassment. Then his mother asked what he would think of it. Jens thought about it and was not sure. The thing was a bit unpleasant and when he was on the toilet it hindered him a bit. But for one thing his mother thought it was important and she added that she would take it off and clean it every evening. That would mean more attention from his mother, what he was currently looking for. Now she stroked his hair and Jens nodded his head carefully and said if it was so important to her he would try it. She had already palmed him in and was glad that she didn't have to force it on him. Thereupon she took the genital protector from the sink and wanted to put it back on Jens. But Jens said that he only had to wear it at Philipp's home during the day. Then his mother explained to him that he had also worn a safe pyjamas there at night and also a diaper. Jens looked down a little speechless and his mother started to put on the genital protector. Jens held still until she was finished. Then she put on his underwear and pyjamas. Then she accompanied Jens to his room and asked him about the security transmitter and the remote control. Jens had already completely forgotten about it and had to think about where he had hidden it. After he remembered he asked his mother why she wanted the security transmitter and took it out of the drawer. His mother said it had to be charged to get the battery full again. Then she asked for the remote control and brought them into the hall where the charger was already waiting on a dresser. Jens had a bad feeling about this, would he get the belt put on again? But when his mother came back he lay down in his bed and his mother sat on the edge of the bed while she lovingly covered him. Then she told him to please remember that he had no diaper on and had to go to the toilet when he had to pee. Jens said that this was no problem and that he would manage it. He had only been at Philipp's for one week. Then Jens got a kiss on his forehead and his mother left the room. Jens told his mother on the way out and that he loved her very much. Then Jens turned to the side and rolled into his blanket. It was a wonderful feeling to finally snuggle up in the blanket again and turn in bed. Jens was overjoyed to be home again and that his mother was so different and more caring than usual.

Svenja had to listen to a huge lecture from her father when he found out that she had not done her homework. But her father supervised her until 10 p.m. until she had done all her homework. Afterwards she went to bed and fell asleep immediately after the exercise.

The next morning everything was as usual, when the children were getting ready for school, the parents had already gone to work and Jens and Svenja made their own breakfast. Jens watched the safety transmitter on the charger whenever he walked through the hall, but there was nothing to see of the remote control. That would stay that way for a few days, because the Marsons' everyday life changed very slowly, so that it was hardly noticeable. Mrs. Marson almost always came home at 4 pm and did not work overtime any more. This meant for Svenja that when she came home from school she always had to put on her overalls immediately, as it was agreed. After a few weeks she did this almost automatically. She had tried to go to her clique a few more times, but she was more and more excluded so she didn't go there anymore.

Over the weeks, all trousers slowly disappeared from Jens' wardrobe, he only had overalls. But he had to use the security transmitter again on the first weekend after the autumn holidays when he went to the playground and after a few weeks his mother was able to convince him that he put it on himself when he went to the park during the week after school, where he met Philipp more and more. Who also had to carry the transmitter to school, but Jens was spared this. He always had to go to the toilet himself, even if his gender protection protected him. Mrs. Marson was always available for Jens and his sister during the week and also helped with household expenses more often. If Jens wanted to go to the park and set up the security transmitter himself, his mother had to be home on time to be able to release it when Jens came out of the park and had to use the toilet. Every evening Jens' mother helped him in the bathroom and cleaned the genital protector. Jens had resigned himself to wearing it

permanently. But Jens' bond with his mother continued to grow because she was at home every afternoon.

As winter continued to get closer, the measures for Jens were tightened a little. He was given lockable overalls over the weekends. Jens did not find this measure so drastic, because he still went to Philipp every Friday to read there and of course also to play with Philipp. So when he had to go to the toilet at the weekend he always had to ask his parents if they could open his overalls. He was then accompanied in most cases. But since he wore the genital protector, the special toilet seat was only used at Philipp's home.

But Jens was still very happy with his situation, his mother took more and more time for the children and there were cuddling evenings together in the living room, mostly without a television. The television and the game console were also more and more restricted the parents. But very slowly and carefully, so it was accepted by Jens and even Svenja.

All in all, the Marson family had become a harmonious and happy family again.

Chapter 9 : Christmas at Marsons and the presents

(from here on I changed the styles and also used dialogues)

The Marson parents had decided this year to make Christmas a real celebration for the whole family and to make time for the children and themselves. Therefore, father and mother took a holiday themselves with the beginning of the Christmas holidays. The holidays started two days before Christmas Eve and so everybody prepared the house together. Jens and Svenja of course wore their overalls. Svenja was not so enthusiastic about the idea of cleaning the house for two days, but learned in the last months that she could not escape. It did not work out as bad as she had imagined.

The children had to tidy up their rooms and clean them. The living room was entirely the responsibility of father Peter, he put up the tree and installed the lights. The children had baked cookies in the kitchen in the afternoon and evening, together with mother Inga, and had a lot of fun together. The children were not allowed to enter the living room until the presents were handed out, as those were already under the decorated tree. The two days before Christmas Eve there was of course no more TV and so the family sat in the kitchen a little longer after dinner. Jens had snuggled up on his mother's lap. He enjoyed the proximity to his mother very much. On this occasion the parents also told the children that Inga was only going to work half days from 9-13 o'clock from the new year on and therefore in the future she would be there for the children in the morning during breakfast and also when they came home from school. But on these first two days of the holidays the children had to go to bed early, which was quite unusual for the holiday season with the Marson family. Jens was looked after by his mother in the bathroom as usual and Svenja was allowed to read or listen to music in her room.

At noon of Christmas Eve the family went for a walk in the park and in the evening they had dinner together in the beautiful living room. Under the wonderfully decorated Christmas tree there was a huge amount of big colourful packages. But the children had to sit down at the table first. Father Peter sat down next to them to make sure that the children did not go to the presents prematurely.

Meanwhile Inga brought the food to the table. After the meal everyone gathered together in front of the tree and a CD with Christmas songs was quietly played. Peter gave the children the presents one by one. Jens first unpacked the new space station for his Lego assortment and was very happy about it and hugged his father and also his mother. Svenja first got a CD of her favourite group and she was also very happy about it and hugged her father. Afterwards the children got some small packages with utensils for school, like calculators and new pens.

Next there were eight quite big packages with rounded corners under the tree. When Peter picked the first one up, you could see that it was very soft. He announced, "This is for Mama!" and handed it over to his wife. The children looked a little surprised. But Inga opened the package and thick, soft, and very

fluffy one-piece pyjamas came out of the wrapping paper. The children groped the fabric and felt just how soft it was. Peter looked at the name of the next package and said "This is for me! Immediately afterwards he opened the package and the same suit came out of the paper, in a different size of course. The fabric was dark purple with gold stars everywhere. Svenja was enthusiastic about the material and snuggled up to the fabric of her mother's suit. Jens also chamfered the suit from his father and rubbed his cheek on it.

Everybody was enthusiastic and Inga showed the children that the suits had integrated feet so that they would not get cold feet anymore. Now Peter took the next two packages out from under the tree and gave the children one of each package. "These are for you, we have two pieces for each of you. So we can all cuddle in the family look". Jens and Svenja unpacked one of the suits each, the fabric; the colour and the pattern were just like their parents'. Only the size was of course a little different. Then everybody unpacked their second onesie. This one also had the same color but the children had one with a sewed on hood and one without. Other differences were not yet noticed, because all of them were pleased by the beautiful fabric and touched it for a while. After some time Jens wanted to play with his new space station and started to build it. Svenja got her portable CD player out of her room and dedicated herself to the new CD. Meanwhile mother Inga put the new pyjamas into the rooms and the paper into the trash.

After some time Inga came back to Jens in the living room where he had just finished the new space station.

"Jens, would you please come into the bathroom. Get the bed ready!"

"Oh, mama already?"

"Yes, let's try on the new pyjamas."

"Oh, boy!"

Inga took her son by the hand and led him towards the bathroom. Jens sulked a little and trotted into the bathroom with his mother. First he had to brush his teeth and then undress. His mother assisted him like she had done every evening since he wore the genital protector. She also helped him to shower again. Jens had already gotten so used to it that he didn't mind being washed by his mother at all anymore. On the contrary he enjoyed not having to do so much. After the shower Jens was thoroughly dried by his mother. But now he didn't get the protector on for the night again as usual, but his mother tied the towel around his waist and pushed Jens carefully into his room. There Jens should lie naked on his bed, Jens looked at his mother questioningly.

"You know, my darling, the new pyjamas also offer a lot of protection. So you won't be able to take them off by yourself."

Then Inga pulled out a diaper which she had hidden under the pyjamas that lay on the bed.

Whereupon Jens started pouting again.

"Is this necessary? I'm not a baby anymore."

"You got used to it with Philip. It's better this way. Otherwise you'll have to wake us up in the middle of the night."

"But why can't I take off my pyjamas?"

"This is to protect you from inappropriate touching and to keep you from catching cold. So now up your bottom!"

Jens obeyed discontentedly and lifted his bottom so that his mother could put the diaper under him. When everything was properly creamed and powdered, Inga taped the diaper tightly to Jens' belly. Then he had to get up and his mother held out the onesie for him to step into. Only now Jens noticed that it was closed at his back. He put his legs in and his mother helped him a little bit to get his feet into the booties. Then his mother pulled the coveralls up and held the top out for him so Jens could stick his arms into the sleeves. But Jens didn't quite reach the end of the sleeves, he encountered resistance with his hands. Whereupon his mother immediately pulled on the sleeves and explained Jens that he

should keep the fingers all flat next to each other so that he could get into the mitten. When he did that his hands slipped through a cuff into a kind of mitten. Inga touched the mittens that were attached to the onesie to check if Jens' hands were in the right position. Then she could easily pull the top over Jens' shoulders and pull the zipper in the back up to the top. Jens looked a little surprised at his hands in the mittens. These were reinforced at the end with a piece of plastic and his fingers were pressed tightly against the plastic by the fabric. In between there was a padding, so it wasn't uncomfortable, but Jens couldn't bend his fingers anymore to grab something. Only now Jens slowly noticed that his mother had closed the suit behind him and that the jumpsuit clung very tightly to his body. The thick and soft material felt great.

"Fits like a glove" said his mother when she gave him a light loving slap on the diaper-padded butt. Jens started to stroke his hands over the overall, somehow a great feeling. The suit felt great and was really cuddly. Only in front of the crotch was a firmer piece of plastic incorporated, but that didn't diminish the feeling of security. Jens hadn't really realized yet that the overall took away the function of his hands. His mother took him in her arms even though he was already quite big, but when he held on to her neck she managed carry him into the living room. He hasn't been picked up by his mother for a long time.

In the living room Jens was put on the couch next to his father and Jens snuggled up immediately. The wearing comfort of the suit was just great.

Meanwhile Mrs. Marson turned to her daughter. "So Svenja now you, off to the shower."

Svenja was still busy with her music. But after the second request she also went to take a shower. In the meantime mother Inga freshened up during Svenja's shower and put on her new Christmas present as well. In the variant for the parents there were of course no gloves on the sleeves. Also the zipper was in the front. But the suit was just as comfortable to wear.

When Mrs. Marson was finished she went into Svenja's room and waited for her daughter, who came out of the bathroom a few minutes later. Svenja had already put on new underwear and her bra in the bathroom. Svenja was shocked to find her mother in her room. But since Inga was already wearing the suit, Svenja's curiosity was aroused and she inspected her mother as if the two of them went shopping together. Inga had to turn and present herself from all sides. After a few minutes of relaxed cheerfulness Inga wanted to get to the real reason why she was in Svenja's room.

"So honey, you got one too. Let's try yours on."

Svenja also thought that this was a good idea, because she wanted to know if the thing was as comfortable as it looked. So she grabbed her suit which her mother had already put on her bed.

"But Svenja, not with all the clothes you still have on. You only wear panties underneath. You don't usually sleep with a bra on, do you?"

"But I thought we weren't going to bed yet."

"That's right, but you want to get the right feeling when you cuddle?"

"OK, if you say so."

Then Svenja took off her shirt, the socks and the bra. Only the panties she kept on. Meanwhile Inga had taken Svenja's suit from the bed and opened it. So she held it up for Svenja's legs to get in. After the feet were wrapped warm and soft Inga pulled up her daughter's onesie and held the top in front of her upper body. Svenja was a little bit irritated but also surprised and put her arms willingly into the sleeves and her mother made sure that Svenja's hands found their way easily and quickly into the padding. Then Inga turned to the back of her daughter and let the suit slide over her shoulders to close the zipper with a quick zip. Svenja still stood there a bit stunned and looked at her hands which she couldn't use anymore, just like Jens.

"Mama?? What is this supposed to be?"

"It's a little safety feature, or parenting, call it what you will!"

"There's nothing I can do now!"

"Well, that's a little bit the idea there. We want to make sure that when you go to bed, you actually go to sleep."

"I'm not a toddler anymore, that you have to patronize. Could you please take your mittens off?"

"Honey, you'll get used to it really quickly. You can't get cold hands at night when your arms are sticking out from under the covers. Also, the gloves are sewn securely to the suit."

Inga stroked her daughter lovingly over her back and Svenja only now noticed how pleasant the overall felt on her body. Svenja paused for a moment and then sat down on her bed. Also her mother sat next to her and put her arm around her daughter.

"But how can I take the suit off again?"

"The pajamas are specially made so you can't take them off by yourself, my dear. You can't reach the zipper in the back. We'll help you with that. Remember what the doctor said? You have to rebuild trust and bonding with us. This will be a great help." Inga meant the physiologist they had visited together during the autumn holidays.

Svenja of course didn't like this further restriction, but she had to realize that her parents were obviously serious about it. Apart from the restriction of the hands the thing was very comfortable.

"Let's go downstairs to your brother and father. They're probably waiting for us."

"But how can I go to the toilet like this?"

"We'll find a solution for that when the time comes. Come now!"

Then the two of them went downstairs together into the living room.

After Peter had also changed his clothes, he came back with a book to the rest of the family and they all cuddled together on the couch in their new pyjamas. Then Peter read an exciting story for another 2 hours.

Afterwards they all went up to the bedrooms, Inga kissed her daughter good night in the hallway and Peter came into Svenja's room and covered her up when she lay down. After Peter also gave his daughter a kiss on the cheek, which he hadn't done for a long time and so surprised Svenja, and he took off the non-slip soles of her pyjamas.

"That is much more comfortable like this! Besides, we would like you to lie down until we wake you up. OK?"

Svenja found this strange and inappropriate, but after the relaxed evening and the kind gesture of her father she was not in the mood to argue or to get to the bottom of the matter. She just nodded and wished her father a good night and then snuggled up in her new pyjamas. She had completely repressed that she was trapped in them. Peter took the soles with the Velcro and turned off the light when leaving the room.

Meanwhile Jens had also gone with his mother to his room and lay down on his bed and Inga sat on the edge of the bed. Jens was just about to grab his blanket and roll up in it when his mother held the blanket and with the other hand lovingly stroked Jens' breast and looked at him.

"Jens, know we would like to take the next step in your education."

Jens looked at his mother questioningly.

"You like the new pyjamas, don't you?"

"Yeah, they're totally cuddly and soft, I love them."

"That's right, and it also gives you protection and security. But it is also important that you stay in bed. You shouldn't get up in the morning and play while you're wearing them."

Then Inga pulled out a line with a hook on it from between the bed frame and the mattress.

"That's why I'm going to strap you to the bed."

Jens looked at his mother in shock and wanted to move away from his mother a little. But he couldn't because he was lying on his back and his mother still had her hand on his chest.

"Please don't be like that. You already got used to it with Philip in the autumn holidays."

At that moment Peter also came into the room with Jens and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Well, you two, what do you think of the Christmas presents?"

"Well, Jens is still a bit reticent."

"I don't want to be tied up in bed like Philip and I want to keep my blanket and pillow." Jens got a little bit wet eyes and sobbed a little during the sentence. Thereupon his father stroked him comfortingly over his head.

"Well, that's quite different, you may of course keep your blanket and your pillow. There are no bars on the bed for now."

Then Inga added "You have to see the advantages, you don't have to wear the genital protector at night and we always put you to bed and you can't oversleep in the morning when we wake you up. Let's give it a try."

Then Jens' mother hooked the first line on the onesie. It had small hidden loops in the seams at the sides. After hooking one line each on the right and left side at the height of the belly, Peter pulled out another line at the head end and Inga one at the foot end. The line at the top forked into two ends which Peter attached to the shoulders. All lines still had almost 15cm of slack until they were fully stretched. But when Jens saw that his mother pulled out a line at the foot end, he wanted to get up in panic and bend his legs. But the line at his shoulders stopped him abruptly halfway and his upper body fell back onto the bed.

"No, don't tie my feet, please, please!" More tears ran down Jens' cheeks. He loved to wrap his legs in the blanket.

"Honey, we're not going to tie you up, let alone your feet. We just make sure you stay protected in bed. It requires at least these four restraints."

Then his mother took the last line and hooked it into a loop right at the crotch. The bottom line was so long that it went all the way up there. Then Inga took the blanket and covered her son with it. Peter adjusted the pillow so that the lines from the shoulders disappeared underneath. Now Inga took another handkerchief and wiped Jens' eyes and face dry again. But she still had a surprise for Jens. She held a pacifier in front of his mouth but Jens didn't want to open his mouth and pressed his lips together.

"Jens you don't have to if you don't want to, but believe me it will do you good. We won't fixate it either if it doesn't fall out in the night. It will calm you down and you will sleep better."

Jens then remembered the situation on the car trip to the amusement park, where the pacifier had done him good. Only those soothers for the speech prohibition at the Söllings were not so nice. So Jens opened his mouth slowly and let his mother stick the pacifier in. Afterwards there was a kiss on the forehead from both parents and they said goodbye with a "good night my darling". He also wanted to wish a good night but had to realize that he had only produced incomprehensible mumbling.

After his parents were out of the room and the light was out, he immediately had that strange feeling of helplessness and tingling again. He first tested his freedom of movement and kicked his legs a little and slid back and forth in bed and up and down until the lines were taut. A lot of movement was still possible, but not enough to lie on his side. So Jens let himself fall on his back again, slightly frustrated. After moving around the bed his pillow had already left the bed and had fallen in front of the bed, but a tip was still sticking up, which was just visible in the dark. Reflexively Jens wanted to grab it with his hand but then he had to realize that he could not get a grip on it. So he took the other arm to help him, but he could hardly do that, because he could only turn halfway around. Opening the hooks with the gloves also remained unsuccessful, he could not do anything with his hands. The frustration increased very fast and Jens started to cry again. But because of the pacifier he didn't make a sound. After the fifth or tenth try he had managed to pinch the tip of the pillow between his hands and to get the pillow back onto the bed. After some effort he had placed it under his head again and wiped the tears from his face with his sleeve. Jens had to concede that he was trapped in the bed and had to make the best

of it. So he concentrated on the nice feelings he still had, like the cuddly pyjamas and also with the pacifier: his mother had been right. He sucked on it with relish until he finally fell asleep.

Svenja woke up after a quiet sleep in the early morning and felt pressure on her bladder. The new pyjamas were nice and cuddly warm and Svenja didn't want to get out of bed, but the pressure increased and she couldn't fall asleep again. After a few minutes she pushed the blanket to the side and got up to go to the toilet. But she noticed immediately that she could hardly walk on the smooth laminate floor and it was dark. So she tried to turn on the small lamp at the bedside table. In doing so she was reminded again of the strange functions of her Christmas present, because she could not operate the switch. So she made her way very carefully to the room door to turn on the big light. She managed to do this without any major accident, but it was not easy to walk with the smooth soles. On the way to the bathroom she was already pondering if she really couldn't take the suit off without help of her parents. Actually she did not believe that there would not be a possibility. She was not a little child anymore and would surely find a way. But when she tried to open the zipper in the bathroom, she found out that the zipper could not be opened despite her biggest acrobatics. She cursed her parents while doing so and considered alternatives. But even in the closet there was nothing to open the onesie with. The pressure on the bladder increased and she now had to make a decision. Either she would pee in her new pyjamas or she would have to wake up her parents. Since she still wouldn't be able to get out of the suit after the first option, it was too uncomfortable for her, so she left the bathroom again and went to her parents in the bedroom. It was about 7 am and still dark outside. When she opened the door to her parents, she tried to wake up her mother gently. When Inga finally opened her eyes she was very startled and also angry. "Child! I told you to stay in bed, it's much too slippery here. Sit on the edge of the bed for now."

"But I have to pee, mom, urgently!"

"I always thought you could sleep through the night and not have to go to the bathroom."

"Yes, but ... not always. Please undo my pyjamas."

In the meantime Peter had also woken up, turned on the light and got up to go to Svenja. Thereby he took the non-slip Velcro soles from a small table and Svenja should hold on to her father and hold up one foot after the other, so that Peter could fix the soles again.

"Come with me, I'll take you to the toilet!"

Svenja followed her father into the bathroom, somewhat confused.

"You just have to undo my stupid suit, I can do the rest myself."

"Yes, I know that, sweetie, but we don't want the new pajamas to get dirty, so I'm going to help you."

"This is my privacy - I want to go to the bathroom alone. What is wrong with you people all of a sudden? Why are you treating me like this?" Svenja's voice sounded increasingly frustrated and tearful.

"Honey, please, it's still very early and we all want to go back to sleep. We will talk about this later, do you want to go to the toilet or not". Meanwhile Svenja has very strong pressure on her bladder and nodded her head in frustration.

"Then please turn around."

Svenja followed obediently and turned her back to her father, who then opened the zipper of her onesie and helped her out of the top. Svenja wanted to get out of the suit completely but her father held the rest and asked his daughter to sit on the toilet. After a short hesitation, because she wanted to discuss it, Svenja sat down on the toilet, because it was high time to relieve the bladder. Although she was really embarrassed about how her father stood next to her and held her pyjamas so they didn't fall on the floor. When she was done and wiped herself off she pulled her panties back up and her father wanted to put the suit back on her.

"Daddy I don't want this, this onesie is so stupid. I'm not a toddler."

"Svenja please, we won't discuss it now. Please put your hands back in your sleeves. You're going back to bed now." Reluctantly Svenja let herself be put in the coveralls again and close it. Which was actually quite pleasant, because she was already getting a little cold. The thing could be so beautiful if it didn't have those stupid gloves and had to be locked in the back, Svenja thought to herself and let her father lead her back to her room.

"Why can't my pyjamas be like yours?" Svenja suddenly asked her father, who was wearing almost the same suit as his daughter.

"Honey, we want the best for you. But the way things have been going lately wasn't good for you. Therefore we have to be a bit stricter with you in the future, believe me it will be unusual for you at first, but then you will be able to handle it better and you will be very happy. Your brother can handle it very well and is also happy that we give him less space.

Svenja looked at her father in disbelief and shook her head slightly.

"I can't imagine that. How am I supposed to be happy when you treat me like a toddler and put me in a romper suit. I'm not even allowed to go to the toilet by myself. It's ridiculous!"

"Child, please, it's so early. We can talk about it later. But if you go back to bed now, you'll get used to it. It was faster with your brother."

Svenja felt strange when her father talked to her in such a childlike way, but somehow she liked it better than when she got snarled at or even screamed at again when she did something that didn't suit her parents. So she got involved and asked: "Daddy, what do you mean that Jens gets used to it faster? To what?"

"Well, keep in mind that we're going to be more in charge and want to keep a closer eye on you. Come on, I'll show you, but you had to be really quiet."

Then they went together into Jens' room and Peter turned on a small weak lamp next to Jens' bed. Jens lay calmly sleeping in his bed and the pacifier in his mouth moved slightly. He looked very sweet and satisfied. But he had kicked the blanket with his legs a little bit to the side during the night and so you could see one of the fixation lines at the side and one at the shoulder. Svenja had noticed the lines but she could not explain their function. Peter pulled up the covers a little bit and covered Jens completely again, then Svenja and her father went back to their room.

"What were those lines in Jens' bed?"

"With this we have strapped Jens in bed for the night, so he can't get up this morning like you did, even though we've forbidden it."

Svenja was horrified and slowly sat down on her bed again.

"But that's really mean and probably uncomfortable to be tied up like that in bed!"

"No, my darling, he's not tied up, and it's not uncomfortable. Or did you have the feeling Jens looked unhappy?"

"But it's mean if he can't get up by himself."

"This can be seen differently, since we have forbidden it, it has the advantage that he cannot violate it. It would be very pleasant for you, since you would find it easier to obey."

Svenja was not convinced of the logic and actually wanted to go back to sleep now. But her father also pulled out two lines at the side of her bed. Svenja's heart started beating fast, and she looked at her father in horror.

"No ... please not with me too ... please daddy ... I'll be a good girl and stay in bed until you wake me up.

"I just told you, you'd better get used to it. So I'm just gonna strap you in for the last two hours until we all get up."

"No... please don't ask Papa.

Svenja begged and felt totally patronized and childlike. But she did not know how to resist. Then her father snapped the carabiners left and right into her pyjamas and stroked her over the head.

"Now, darling, try to get some more sleep, and we'll come back for you for breakfast."

Then Peter left his daughter's room and left her alone. Svenja's heart was beating wildly and she had a very weak feeling in her stomach. First she tried to open the hooks again. But she soon realized that it would not be possible with the mittens. Then she tried to pull on the lines with her whole body to find a weak spot. But the D-rings on the onesie seemed to be connected to some kind of harness inside the suit. So she didn't pull on the outer fabric, but the harness inside surrounded her body relatively tight and the pull was evenly distributed. Svenja realized that there was no way out. She had no other choice than to wait for her parents. Suddenly she was overcome by a strong feeling of helplessness and dependence. The feeling was not pleasant, but there was something exciting about the situation and the pyjamas also gave her security and safety. It was very confusing for Svenja, and sleeping was out of the question. Something about it even aroused her and she tried to grab her crotch with her hands. In the last months she had already had many arousing moments and then often grabbed her crotch to increase the feeling. But this time she discovered that the pyjamas had a firm insert there and she could not achieve anything.

Slowly Svenja calmed down again and she thought for a long time about how it would go on. Her parents actually took her tougher educational measures seriously. She would have to give up a lot of freedom. Also this shield for her intimate area was certainly intended. Her parents wanted to take all fun away from her, she thought. The more she thought about it the sadder she became. What kind of Christmas would this be where she would lie tied up in her bed and could not decide anything for herself? And when would she be freed from her bed again? This uncertainty was a very strange feeling.

On this first Christmas day Peter and Inga got up just before nine o'clock, got ready for the day and prepared breakfast. When most of it was ready - around 9:30 am - Peter went to Svenja in the room to free her from the bed.

"Good morning, my angel, did you get some sleep?"

Svenja was angry with her father and sulked. She had sat down in bed, which her two lines allowed. Her father sat down next to her on the bed and asked her lovingly "What is the matter? Couldn't you sleep anymore?"

"No, I can't sleep like this. It's so mean of you to tie me up in bed."

Then Peter hugged his daughter and pressed her close to him.

"Honey, I understand it's a big adjustment, but you'll get used to it."

"Do you have to do that, it's so unpleasant and degrading. I don't want this."

"Unfortunately, you haven't been able to show that you've matured lately. "So we have decided to try a different approach to your education. There will be things that you will not like so much. But you will see that if we are stricter and give you less freedom, it will be easier for you to obey and do what is asked of you. We should have done this much earlier, I'm sorry, but you'll get through it."

Svenja didn't know what else to say, her father really meant it all and she would have to bend with it. She was ready to cry but did not want to show it now.

"Can you please untie me now, daddy?"

"Yes, of course my darling."

Peter unfastened the two lines on Svenja's overall and Peter let her get up out of bed to open the onesie and help his daughter to undress.

"Please don't take so long in the bathroom; we want breakfast right now. And don't forget to put on the overalls." Peter called after his daughter who was heading for the bathroom. There the key was missing with which Svenja normally locked the bathroom when she got ready in the morning. She was a bit surprised about this but didn't want to listen to any more speeches from her father, she had quite enough for one morning.

Jens was still sleeping when his father entered the room. He sat down on Jens' bed and stroked him gently over his head until he woke up. Jens smiled at him with his pacifier and stretched himself a little. He had slept very well although he couldn't turn on his side.

"Good morning, my angel. Did you sleep well?"

Jens nodded his head and sucked his pacifier. His father took this as an opportunity to pull the pacifier out of his mouth and put it in a box on the nightstand. After that Peter unclipped the lines at his shoulders and Jens sat up and his father hugged him lovingly. Then he asked Jens if the diaper was still dry, but without waiting for an answer he folded the blanket aside and felt Jens' crotch. Jens got a little red in his face because he was embarrassed about it. But everything was still dry.

"Then we can do this later." Said his father and unfastened the remaining lines and lifted Jens out of bed to take off his onesie. Then he put on his shorts and a sweater over his head and after the socks Jens got a pair of overalls put on by his father. It was the same model he always had to wear at Philipp's home with the blue and white stripes. After everything was set up, the lockable buckles snapped into place with the familiar click. Jens wasn't bothered. The trousers were not too tight and he felt very comfortable in them. He could also get used to the fact that he was completely dressed by his father. He loved it when his parents took care of him so intensively.

"So now off to the bathroom to brush your teeth and then please come down to the kitchen for breakfast." With a slight whack on his diapered butt Jens was pushed out of the room by his father. In the bathroom Svenja had just finished and put on her overalls.

"Can't you wait until I'm finished," Svenja hissed at her brother. Peter had heard this when he was about to pass the bathroom in the hallway.

"Svenja please don't always snarl at your brother like that. There is enough room for both of you in the bathroom and we want breakfast now."

"And what about my privacy?"

"That's your brother, don't be like that. That didn't bother you in the past. You'll get used to it again." Great, Svenja thought something else she should "get used to". Where was it all leading to?

The Christmas breakfast went without anything special. But there was no talk about the new pyjamas either. The weather promised to be very nice. It was cold but sunny. So after lunch they wanted to go for a long walk in the park. Jens didn't think it was a bad idea, but Svenja didn't want to go outside in the cold. But Peter quickly made clear to her that they would go together. But there was still time until then. Jens felt during the meal that he had to go to the toilet. But he still had his diaper on, which felt great together with the close-fitting overalls. He was also glad that he hadn't got the genital protector back on yet. So now he didn't want to ask if he could go to the toilet while eating. Because of the locked overalls he could imagine that he was not allowed to go alone. So he just sat at the table and wet his diaper. Of course he tried to do this inconspicuously and hoped that nobody would notice. After the meal the children had to help to clear the table, which was also done by both without protest. When they had finished, both wanted to go to their rooms quickly to play with the Christmas presents. Meanwhile Jens' diaper had soaked up everything, and apart from the diaper being a bit tighter than before, nothing reminded him of the wetting during breakfast. But the mother stopped both and turned to Jens. "We have to get you fit for the day, Jens!" Jens looked at his mother questioningly. "Firstly, your diaper isn't dry anymore and secondly we still have to provide protection". Jens turned bright red in his face again, he was very embarrassed because his mother must have noticed that he had intentionally wet himself and of course also because his sister was standing next to him. She had to get involved as well. "Mum, why is Jens wearing diapers again? Is he sick?" Svenja asked this question naively and without a special undertone, she really didn't understand why Jens was wearing a diaper. Exactly the same as on the trip with Philipp and his parents. "Svenja, he still has it

from the night when he couldn't go to the toilet alone. "Please go to your room and leave this to us." She put her hand on Jens' shoulder and pushed him out of the kitchen.

Jens became more and more embarrassed in front of his sister and he just looked down like a shy little boy. He actually didn't want his sister to know anything about the diaper. He didn't really mind the diaper, although he hadn't chosen it himself. But not everybody had to know about it. And if his sister had something to tease her brother with or to annoy him, she would surely use it. Svenja found her mother's answer logical, but it also made her think about it. She herself had also received two of these stupid, but still very cuddly pyjamas. Would she also get a diaper and be tied up in bed like this morning? The thought made her anxious.

Jens was brought to the bathroom by his mother and his overalls were taken off. Jens still looked embarrassed at the floor.

"Hey, my darling what's wrong? It doesn't matter if the diaper gets wet, that's what it's for."

"Yes... yes... but when I got up, it was still dry. I didn't want to bother you at breakfast."

"It doesn't matter, if you don't want to use the diaper, you can ask me. If you don't want to use it, that's okay too. At night, though, I want you to use it if you have to pee."

"What if Svenja laughs at me because of that?"

"Oh, come on, there's nothing to laugh about. Besides, I don't think she's going to do that."

"Well, I don't know, she usually makes fun of me."

"Not this time, believe me. Now let's take this thing off."

Inga took off her son's wet and thick diaper and then cleans Jens' intimate area with a washcloth. Jens' hands dangled again and again in the area where his mother was busy. After the soaping she put the washcloth aside and said "I must have forgotten something important here. You probably don't remember it but this is a restricted area." Then she opened the cupboard and held the cuffs in her hand which Jens had been put in before he had worn the genital protector permanently.

"No mom, please don't. I'm a good boy. These things are so uncomfortable. Please."

Jens pulled away his arms and wanted to refuse to have the cuffs put on.

"Jens, please don't be like that. It won't take long."

Then his mother stood behind him and pulled his right arm to get him on his back. Jens realized that he couldn't resist and willingly put his left arm on his back. Inga put the cuffs on him and Jens his hands were once again put out of action.

"You see. It's not so bad... But don't you need to go number 2 by now?" his mother suddenly asked him. Jens didn't really have a need yet, but his mother said - "Well, before we start all over again in 30min, you better try it."

With these words Jens was then immediately put on the toilet by his mother, still with the soap between his legs.

After about 2min Jens could really do something into the bowl. Meanwhile his mother had stayed in the bathroom and waited. Because Jens wanted to get rid of the cuffs as fast as possible, he also tried hard. Now he was cleaned and washed again by his mother. When everything was dry again, the genital protector was put on. Only then the cuffs were taken off again and Inga put on and closed the overalls of her son.

"So my darling now you are safe and fresh again and can go and play. But please remember that you don't have a diaper on anymore and come to me in time if you have to pee."

"OK Mama!" Jens left the bathroom and was looking forward to finally playing with the new Lego space station.

In the meantime Svenja had put her new CD into the player and was listening to music. But she couldn't get the thing with her brother and the diaper out of her head. After a short time she

remembered the lines that had held her in bed that morning. So she took a closer look at her bed. At first sight there was nothing to see. Her father must have put the lines between the mattress and the bed frame again. So she lifted her mattress. Then she found the lines. They were about 2cm wide bands, like the straps of a backpack. At one end the snap hooks were sewn in. On the other side there were several loops sewn on, in which bands of variable length could be looped around the bed frame. The loops were connected with a small padlock for each band. So Svenja could neither remove nor adjust the straps. A total of 9 of the straps were attached to her bed frame. Three at the bottom side at the foot end, where the middle one was very long and 2 each on the right and left side in a distance of about 30cm. Then two more were attached to the headboard.

After Svenja had looked at everything carefully she put her mattress back on the lines. Now she had to sit down, the shock was quite big. So her parents planned to tie her up in bed as well. She had already got a little foretaste of it this morning. What was wrong with her parents? Not only did they want to take away all the fun, but now they also wanted to rob her of her freedom. Or even like her brother in diapers again? Was all this really due to her bad behavior during the last months? Svenja lay down on her bed in her overalls and pressed her face into the pillow and thought about it for a long time. Then she remembered this morning when her father had strapped her in bed. One was the helplessness but there was something else, something about the situation had aroused her. Could she get used to it? The thoughts in Svenja's head circled round. When she could think more clearly again after a while, she wanted to find out more. The uncertainty was killing her. So she got up and went into the room with her brother. There she sat down on his bed and watched him play.

"What are you doing here?" Jens asked his sister after a short time without turning away from playing. "I just wanted to see how you were doing."

After a few moments Jens asked, still facing his game "You don't usually care about that either, so what do you want?"

"You know... Papa showed me how you slept this morning."

Now Svenja has the full attention of her brother and Jens looked over to her. Jens thought about his pacifier and immediately became red in the face again. "Why did he do that? And what is so special about it?" Jens pretended that everything was normal when he was sleeping.

"Well... I wondered what it feels like not to be able to get up?"

Jens now realized that his sister wanted to talk about the lines.

"That's OK, there are worse things" Jens said to his sister.

"But isn't it terribly uncomfortable and mean, if you can't turn around?"

Now Jens slowly began to see the light, his sister was probably fearing the same.

"Did they strap you in tonight too?"

"No Dad said I could get used to it slowly, unlike you, but then he tied me up for two hours this morning. It was totally mean and nasty."

"You'll soon get used to it. With Mom and Dad it's not so bad."

But now Svenja became even more curious.

"What do you mean, where else?"

"Yes... but don't tell anyone, please"

"Absolutely not!"

"When I spent the autumn holidays with Philipp, we both slept in cribs and were additionally strapped in them. That wasn't so bad, but there was no blanket and no pillows. We only wore a very warm and thick suit."

"Let me guess - you couldn't undress alone?" Svenja said to him.

"Yes, but that's not so bad. I find the new pyjamas super comfortable. Don't you?"

"Yes, but is that the only reason you got a diaper on?"

Jens became red in the face again and his sister kept asking. "Don't tell me that's not so bad either?!"

"As long as you just pee-pee in it, it is, yeah. But everything else is really not so nice."

"You had to shit in your diaper?" Svenja asked horrified.

Jens blushed even more, the subject was very uncomfortable for him.

"Well it was more an accident, I had eaten something wrong", Jens played down the ride to the amusement park. Svenja was stunned and shook her head compassionately.

"Why are mom and dad doing this, what did we do to them that they have to exaggerate so much?"

At that moment the door opened and father Peter entered Jens' room.

"Please come to lunch, children, and don't forget to wash your hands."

Then the door was closed again.

"You see, Jens? I mean, Dad never said that before. "It sounds like we are only five or something."

"Don't let it wind you up, I don't think that's so bad. Dad was just being nice. We'd better go downstairs now."

Svenja did not understand how her brother could think so positively about all the changes. But for him the aspect that his parents cared more about him was predominant and this care and closeness of his parents was what he missed most in the last years. The restrictions are not as important for him as for his sister. For Svenja the restrictions were the much bigger factor.

After the meal the planned walk was made and Svenja was again a little distracted from her thoughts about the next night. After dinner the first thing to do was to get Jens ready for the night. After the supervised shower he got a diaper put on by his mother and was put into his new onesie. Then he was allowed to go downstairs into the living room where his father was already sitting on the sofa with his pyjamas and waiting for him.

Svenja was supposed to take a shower while Jens was dressed and changed and then come to her room. She was not happy about things but she had no other choice. So she took a long shower and then went in panties and shirt to her room where her mother was waiting for her.

"Mama, I don't want to be locked into the suit again and I can't sleep tied up either" said Svenja in a whiny and pleading voice.

"Svenja, please it is not like you say it. Please sit down and let's talk first."

Svenja sat on her bed next to her mother.

"But I saw the restraints on my bed and dad tied me up this morning."

"Honey, please, they're not shackles. They're educational. I'm afraid you've shown in the last few months that we have to be more strict with you. You know that's a requirement of Child Protective Services. I also know that you've talked to your brother about it and that Jens isn't as negative about the new measures as you are, even though it's actually about you, Jens has to participate as well.

"But what are these strange measures you want to take with us?" asked Svenja still very concerned.

"It's about making it easier for you to follow the rules. To do so, it is necessary to take away the possibility to break these rules. It may seem strange to you or even hard, but in the end it is easier for you."

"I find that very hard to imagine."

"You'll just have to try. As you've guessed, you won't be able to leave your bed tonight. Because we forbid it. To do so, you will put on your new pyjamas. "To prevent an accident, you must also put on a diaper. Is that clear?"

"But, Mom, isn't there another way? I don't want that" Svenja had tears in her eyes. Her mother takes her comforting in her arms.

"No, my darling, you'll get through it. Now please lie on your back so I can put on your diaper."

Svenja looked at her mother begging.

"Are you cooperating or do I have to call dad to help?"

Svenja lay down on her bed, resigned and still close to tears, and her mother took off her panties. Then her mother put the diaper under her bottom, which she lifted on command. Then Svenja had to spread her legs and her mother folded the diaper up and pulled it tight to close it. After closing the tapes Svenja had to get up and take off the shirt. Then she had to get into the onesie and her mother pulled up the zipper in the back. Svenja felt as if she had been caught in the life of a toddler. Everything was cuddly and soft and she could not determine anything herself. Not even to touch anything with her hands. She wanted to throw herself on her bed and cry. But her mother put her arm around her daughter and took her downstairs to the living room. "Come, my dear, let's all spend some time together before bedtime."

In the living room Peter had already started to read Jens further from the book they had started the evening before. Svenja sat down next to her father and was pressed firmly against him by his arm, just as Jens by the other side. Inga went to freshen up and change her clothes to join the family in the same look.

Svenja could not concentrate on the story, she was completely immersed in her own world. On the one hand it was very nice to be hugged by her father and the onesie felt so good. Everything was warm and soft. Also the diaper felt much better than she had imagined. Her whole abdomen was embedded in it and the onesie made sure that nothing slipped. She could get a lot of pleasure out of the feeling of security. So she surrendered to it all and really enjoyed not thinking about anything else. The thoughts about the bed and the restriction to the coming night she could completely forget. Svenja would never have dreamed that she would feel like this. Now she could guess why her brother was enjoying this closeness to his parents and the security. Her mother had sat down on the other side of Svenja and put her arm around her daughter. During the next 2 hours Svenja stared at the Christmas tree, lost in thought, and was about to fall asleep when her father closed the book with a loud bang.

"So you love now but go to bed. It's past 10."

Svenja had woken up from her new world and wondered why she should go to bed so early again. When everybody got up Inga asked her daughter. "Would you like to watch us put Jens to bed?" Jens looked at his mother in horror. "Don't make a fuss, that's your sister!" Inga said to Jens and stroked him lovingly over the head.

"I think it makes sense" Inga then said to her daughter and Svenja nodded carefully. Then they all went together to Jens' room and Jens should lie down in his bed. Peter then took the lines and hooked one by one to Jens his overalls. Also the one at the shoulders and finally the long one between the legs. Then he gently covered his son and kissed him good night. Then Peter took the pacifier out of the box and put it into Jens' mouth which opened it willingly. Thereupon Svenja asked "What is this for?". Her mother replied "That's not necessary, but Jens wants the pacifier voluntarily. It calms and relaxes. He can sleep better that way."

Svenja asked her brother, "Is that true? Are you sucking on it willingly?"

Jens just nodded and showed a satisfied face.

Then Inga tapped her daughter with her flat hand on her wrapped bottom. "So now off to bed you can test your own diaper."

"Hey, Mom, this is totally embarrassing, does everybody know?"

"Everyone in the family knows that you have to wear a diaper at night; it's necessary and not embarrassing. So don't be like that. Now go."

Everyone wished Jens a good night and then went to Svenja's room. There she needed to lie down on her bed and let her father fasten the lines.

"Please can't we talk about it again?"

"Yes, we can explain to you exactly how this will end up and how it works. "But it's not up for discussion anymore. OK!"

After Svenja laid down her father took the lines right and left and hooked them on Svenja's onesie at the level of her hips.

"These will already prevent you getting out of bed." he commented on the first two lines. Then the two lines were hooked from the head end to the shoulder.

"Now you can't sit up anymore, you're supposed to sleep." was Peter's comment on the lines. "And to prevent you from sliding too far up, you need this line down here." Then Peter hooked the long line between Svenja's legs.

"Do you want to fixate me completely?" Svenja complained.

Then your mother spoke up.

"No, my darling. Look, you can move your legs and arms freely. Besides, none of the lines are taut. There's plenty of slack everywhere. But the lines have to be so short that you can't strangle yourself with them."

Then her father added: "If you can't handle it, we can also connect two lines on each side crosswise, then you won't be able to move at all. But we'll try it like this for now."

Then Peter also covered his daughter and put the pillow in position.

"Would you like a pacifier to help you relax?" asked her mother.

Whereupon Svenja shook her head violently and pressed her lips together.

"OK, if you don't want to - no problem. Then we wish you a good night and sleep well." Then there was a good night kiss from both parents and the light was turned off.

Svenja was furious with her parents, they actually tied her to the bed for the night. Of course, she tried to loosen the lines first and also to pull on them. But it didn't help at all, she was trapped in the bed.

Her anger slowly turned to despair and she began to cry. She could not explain how her brother could sleep like that. She tried in vain to turn on her side and tugged at the lines again. After some hours she finally fell asleep.

Early in the morning, it was still dark outside, Svenja woke up and had to go to pipi. First she tried again to get rid of the lines, but without success. But it was just too embarrassing to use the diaper and she pinched her legs together. She wanted to sit up but the shoulder lines prevented her from doing so. Then she got angry with her parents again and called as loud as she could for her mother. Faster than expected, already after the second call, the room door opened and her mother stood in the room and turned on a small light. With a worried face her mother looked at her and asked what was the matter.

"I really have to go to the bathroom, pipi. Please untie me."

Inga's facial expression changed to angry and determined.

"We told you we wouldn't let you out of bed until we all got up. Is that so hard to understand?"

"But I really need to go!"

"That may be so, but we've provided a solution of that. I'm not letting you out of bed for this, and please don't make any more of his noise here or we'll have to take action against it."

Svenja had not expected this reaction, since she had almost always been able to get her way with her mother. Her need had become very acute, she didn't know what to do and the disappointment that her mother didn't want to help her made her start crying in front of her mother. Inga then sat on the edge of the bed and tried to comfort her daughter. Surprisingly, this did her so much good that she relaxed and at the same time her bladder emptied into the diaper. The feeling was strange, it was wet and warm at first but everything was absorbed and the diaper swelled. Inga had noticed this of course and gave her daughter a kiss on the forehead and said "Everything is fine, see, it wasn't that bad, ... now go back to sleep".

But Svenja said in a weepy voice "But it's disgusting to sleep in a full diaper. Please take it off."

"But, honey, it'll all be absorbed and you'll be dry in no time. You'll have to get used to it."

"Please, please."

"No, now go back to sleep!"

After that Inga got up and turned off the light again and left Svenja's room.

Svenja had no other choice than to cry a little and to endure the feeling of a full diaper. After some time everything was absorbed and it felt dry again between her legs. The diaper didn't feel uncomfortable at all anymore, on the contrary, the soft diaper in combination with the onesie felt as good as the evening before when she had been sitting on the couch with her parents and her brother. Was the whole thing just a head thing, could she really get used to it? Svenja couldn't fall asleep anymore. When it got light she heard activities in the hall but nobody came into her room to let her out of bed. It was an arousing feeling for Svenja to be trapped in bed and to have to wait for someone to release her. The uncertainty was exciting and thrilling. Svenja heard exactly what was going on in the hall. At first her parents were obviously in the bathroom and had made themselves ready. Also she could hear that her brother was obviously already let out of bed and was together with Inga in the bathroom.

Jens also had had to use his diaper that night and was just taken care of by his mother in the bathroom, got the genital protector and the locked overalls on. Then Jens was sent downstairs to his father in the kitchen and should help to prepare breakfast.

Finally the door of Svenja's room opened and her mother came in and wished her daughter a good morning. Then all lines were unclipped and Svenja was allowed to leave the bed. When she was standing next to the bed the onesie was opened and her mother helped her to undress.

Svenja wanted to remove the diaper between her legs. But her mother stopped her.

"No Svenja, not here in your room!"

Svenja then had to go with the full diaper between her legs across the corridor into the bathroom where her mother removed the diaper.

"You may now shower or wash yourself. I'll get you underwear and overalls."

Thereupon Inga left the bath and Svenja took a particularly extensive and intensive shower. In the meantime her mother came back with the promised things and put them in the bathroom.

"Please don't take too long darling, we're about to eat!"

Then Inga left the bathroom and joined the others in the kitchen. After about 10min Svenja came and they had breakfast together.

The next days until New Year's Eve the whole family spent together and we went for long walks and played board games. Both children always had their pyjamas and diapers on immediately after dinner at 18:00. After cuddling and reading stories Jens and Svenja were reconnected to the lines in their bed. Svenja had to use her diaper every night, which she got used to faster than she could imagine. That she didn't have to get out of the warm bed to make a pee-pee at night she quickly realized as an advantage. Of course she still woke up when she had to and it still took some effort to let go into the diaper while lying down but it slowly became a habit. The feeling of being locked up every night and not knowing when her parents would let her out was still very strange and arousing for Svenja. She had often stimulated herself before when she was alone in bed and felt like it. Such a thing was no longer possible. She was excited because of the restriction by her parents, but she could not stimulate herself any further because of the diaper and the onesie. This was somehow frustrating as well as arousing. Jens felt that strapping himself into bed every evening was a very safe feeling, he could trust his parents absolutely. When he was awake in the morning before his parents came to him he waited patiently for his parents to get him out of bed. But often Jens was still sleeping and was gently woken by his parents. Of course he liked that best.

On New Year's Eve dinner was not until 19:00 and the children had the second version of their pyjamas on. These had the zipper in front and a hood was attached which was just as soft as the rest. The zipper in the front, which ran from the crotch to the neck, was locked at the top of the collar with a small

hook and over it was placed a piece of the soft fleece with Velcro. Like the first version, these also had reinforced mittens and attached feet. Svenja had got used to being safely wrapped every evening, but still she didn't like it and let her parents feel it when they put on the suit. But Peter and Inga didn't care much about it, as long as they could pack their daughter safely into her pyjamas every evening it was OK.

But Inga asserted to her daughter that these pyjamas were escape-proof too. Svenja was doubly disappointed of course, she thought that when the holidays were over and the suit had to be put in the laundry she could be free in bed again. She also hoped that she could enjoy the pleasant feeling of the cuddly onesie without diaper and restraints.

The children were allowed to watch a Disney movie from DVD for one hour after reading the story until midnight. Then the hoods were pulled over their heads and closed at the front, so that only a small part of their face was visible.

At midnight all of them went out on the balcony for 10min and watched the fireworks. The thick overalls kept everybody warm enough for the short moment. Afterwards the children were immediately brought into their beds and fastened safely.

Chapter 10 : A year of adaptation and acclimatisation

The rituals introduced in this way were also maintained after the winter holidays. Inga was from now on in the afternoon always at home and could help the children with their homework.

When Svenja came home from school, she almost voluntarily dressed in her overalls. Her mother could also check it very easily, because after changing clothes there was always freshly cooked lunch before homework was done and checked. Afterwards Jens and Svenja were allowed to do whatever they wanted. But Svenja had to keep her overalls on if she wanted to leave the house. Jens only had overalls anyway and whenever he wanted to play outside his mother's put his security transmitter on him. Of course in combination with overalls which were securely locked. Even at home when Jens was alone in his room, he usually had some locked overalls on. He was so used to having to ask every time he needed to go to the bathroom, that he didn't really care anymore. On the contrary, he was happy every time his Mother had to take care of him.

Svenja still had to visit the physiologist with her mother once a month. She should now slowly start wearing overalls to school too, to help break fully with her old bad friends. But for Svenja it was still an extreme challenge wearing overalls in front of others, i.e. not the family. So there was another fight every time her mother demanded it. But the physiologist said that they could take it slow, so 1 or 2 times a month would be enough to start. So the weeks went by and the days became longer again. Jens still visited Philipp every Friday. But in the meantime some of those visits were cancelled. Philipp his mother then had no time and Jens was not allowed to come to Philipp. In March Jens asked Philipp's mother again if Philipp could finally come to his home. Jens was relatively surprised and pleased that she at least wanted to talk to his mother about it. One Saturday evening at the beginning of April, when Jens was already dressed for the night in his pyjamas, cuddling with his parents, his mother suddenly brought up the subject again. Svenja wanted to read alone in her room that evening, of course she was also already in her pyjamas.

Then Inga said to Jens "You wanted to show Philipp your room and play with him here?" "Oh, yeah, that would be great, he's never been here before."

"Okay, I talked to Mrs. Sölling, and she agrees if the same rules apply here as at home." Jens looked at his mother questioningly.

"What does this mean?"

"Well, you know what it comes down to, no raging in the house, sitting quietly while eating and so on."

"Yes, Mom, that's no problem. We're very well-behaved. You know that." Jens smiled at his mother and let her hug him.

"Yes, I know that... but of course we have to make sure that you are." Jens looked at his mother again.

"You'll see tomorrow, we'll just give it a try, my darling. Now off to bed, it's late!"

Jens was then accompanied by his mother to his room to be strapped in bed like every evening.

"Sleep tight and dream sweet dreams. Good night."

Meanwhile Svenja was still lying unstrapped on her bed reading a book. She had to learn to turn the pages with the rigid mittens. Around 9 p.m. her mother came to her room and wanted to strap her into bed. Almost every evening Svenja tried to discuss it again. Sometimes she thought it was still too early for her, or sometimes she tried to defend herself against wearing the lines, but her parents always asserted themselves. It was still exciting for Svenja when she was tied to the bed alone and helplessly dependent on her parents. It even happened that she only resisted because the excitement she felt afterwards was stronger. She would also like to stimulate herself a little bit, but this was not possible since Christmas, which frustrated Svenja very much.

The next morning was Sunday and Jens and Svenja were left in bed a bit longer than usual. So they came out of the bathroom together and went into the kitchen where they were quite astonished. Their chairs at the kitchen table had been exchanged for new ones. Jens realized that they had similarities with the waiting chair at Philipp's in the changing room. The base was extremely wide and looked as if it had a big weight in it. The whole structure was very stable and looked like a high chair for small children, only bigger. There were footrests which were adjustable in height, as was the seat. The seat shell was also closed but there were no humps in the middle. The backrest was just as stable as the rest of the chair and had some hooks and eyelets on the back. Jens and Svenja looked at their parents questioningly and confused and kept some distance to the new chairs. Until Svenja finally asked "What are these strange chairs?"

Whereupon Inga turned to Jens "I told you yesterday that we have to make sure that when Philipp visits us you are also very good."

It slowly dawned on Jens, if Philipp wanted to come here, he and Philipp had to be strapped to the table like at Philipp's home. Svenja understood nothing of that and shook her head.

"What do you want to make sure with those funny things?"

Then Peter stepped in and said to his daughter, "Sit down, sweetheart." He pointed to the place of Svenja. A bit hesitant and insecure she approached her new seat. Then she sat down on the new chair which Peter had pulled back a little bit. Which was not so easy, because the chair was really very heavy. After Svenja had sat down she checked the seat feeling and Peter asked.

"And is it comfortable?"

Svenja had to admit the chair was very comfortable. The seat shell was softly upholstered, the height was perfectly adjusted for her, also the footrests made a relaxed sitting position.

"Yes, it's not bad, it just looks a bit strange. "But how can I reach the table this way?"

"Wait for it, here's the special part."

Then Peter stepped in front of the chair so that his daughter could not get up and took a kind of belt that lay on a side table. The belt formed a T and was fastened by Peter right and left with metal hooks, which he put into slots in the seat shell. The middle belt of the T went between Svenja's legs into a slot in the seat shell. The whole thing was already adjusted quite tight and she was pulled into the seat by the belt.

"What kind of nonsense is this going to be!" Svenja complained. To which her mother replied "Young lady... watch how you talk to us. That's necessary when Philip visits us tomorrow, he doesn't know any other way and for you it's not bad if you are slowed down a bit more."

At first Svenja didn't know what to say and examined the belt that tied her to the chair.

"But it's really tight, it will probably hurt in a moment."

"Don't worry, it's only during the meal, then you can get up again," her father replied and pushed the chair back to the table with his daughter in it, using great effort.

Inga now said to Jens, who had looked at it all calmly, "now you my darling!"

Jens sat down wordlessly in his chair, which was adjusted slightly higher according to his size.

Then he too was secured with a belt and had his feet additionally tied to the footrests. Then we had breakfast. Jens was quite boisterous and was glad that Philipp could visit him already tomorrow. He imagined what they could play together. Svenja on the other hand was in a huff and did not talk much during breakfast. After the meal both were freed from their chairs again and could go to their rooms.

When the kitchen was ready, Peter took a toolbox from the cellar and went to Jens in his room.

"Hi Jens, we have one more thing to prepare before Philipp can come tomorrow." "Yeah, what?"

"You still need safety lines in your room, will you help me drill?"

"I'd love to." Jens absolutely wanted Philipp to be allowed to visit him, so he had nothing against that either. Even though he didn't like to be tied to a leash at home, it would surely only be used when Philipp would be in his room. So he held his father's vacuum cleaner while he drilled two holes in his play corner, one on the right and one on the left. Then plugs were hammered in and a roll with a long cord was screwed onto each. Jens was allowed to tighten the screws himself with a large ratchet wrench. Then a keylocked metal plate was placed over it which covered both the screws and the role mechanism. Then Peter packed up the tools again, unrolled one of the lines about 3 meters and adjusted something with the key on the roll. The line then rolled up again by itself. At the end of the line was a hook that could only be opened with a key. After Peter had opened the hook he grabbed Jens at the shoulder with the other hand.

"Please turn around!"

Before Jens could react, his father had turned him around by his shoulder and hooked the hook to the D-ring at the back on his overalls. Of course, Jens had been dressed that Sunday morning in the blue and white striped overalls that he couldn't get off himself. Peter grabbed the toolbox and wanted to leave the room when Jens looked at him very sadly with drooping shoulders.

"Don't look so sad, you have to test it today if Philip is to come tomorrow."

Jens replied depressed "Yes, okay if you think so."

Then Peter put the toolbox on the floor again and went to Jens and hugged him tightly.

"It's not so bad, we'll pick you up for lunch later, OK?"

Jens nodded and stood alone in his room. The leash pulled slightly on the back of his overalls. He took a few steps forward to his desk, but just before he could reach it he was stopped abruptly. The bib of his overalls stretched across his chest and held him tight. The leash was set so short that he could only move in his play corner. The bed, the door, the closet and the desk were no longer accessible. So Jens' possibilities to keep himself busy were limited. He was busy with the other roll line and had to realize that the line was longer, but his father had limited the line to which he was attached to 3 meters. Jens also tried to check the hook in his back for weaknesses, but he did not succeed. So after a short time Jens sat down frustrated on the ground. Fortunately he had his Lego box in the play corner, so he had no other choice than to play with it. He poured out the box. The leash stretched from his back to the roll, which was attached to the wall about 1.5m above the floor. It was not tight, but so he felt the line with every movement. Jens could easily distract himself from the fact that he was tied. He was quite used to playing alone in his room, but it felt different with the certainty of not being able to decide by himself when to do something else. When he was strapped in his room together with Philipp, it was something else since they were together.

After more than 2 hours Jens had to go to the toilet. He did not want to shout through the whole house and the closed door to ask if to be allowed to use the toilet. It somehow seemed stupid to him. Jens thought that there should be lunch soon and he would be picked up shortly, so he tried to hold out. Of course he was constantly reminded of his predicament. But luckily his mother came into his

room after 15 minutes. "Mama mama, I have to pee" were the first words he hurriedly said to his mother.

"Jens, why didn't you say something? I didn't want to give you a diaper during the day."

"I didn't want to shout all over the house; there's a call button for that at Philip's house." "You don't need to, we've had a microphone installed in your rooms since Christmas. so we can hear you whenever you're secured on a line."

Jens didn't want to go into it, because he wanted to go to the toilet urgently. His mother released the leash and led him to the toilet. Afterwards everybody had lunch together. Jens and Svenja were of course strapped in their new chairs again. Svenja resisted loudly. Which, however, brought her nothing.

After lunch both were released from their new chairs and had to help in the kitchen to clean up everything. When they were finished they were sent back to their rooms. After Jens was back in his room, he still had the Lego in his play corner. But after the experience in the morning he didn't want to play in his room anymore and preferred to play with the game console. So he went down into the living room where his father was sitting and reading the newspaper.

"Daddy can I play the game console?"

Peter looks up in surprise from his newspaper.

"No I don't think so, shouldn't you be in your room? "Besides, today we're going for a walk in the afternoon."

"Why should I be in my room?"

Jens was surprised that his father reacted so strictly. He just wanted to do something else.

"Because Mom sent you up after lunch!"

Peter put his newspaper aside, stood up and took Jens by the hand and went with him to his room.

Jens felt almost like at home with Philipp. "What does it look like here? You have to tidy up a bit."

Peter looked at Jens strictly and grabbed the reel with the line.

"Come turn around, I'll connect you back up. We should have done that right away."

"Please don't Daddy that's so weird, I've already tried it enough this morning."

"But it seems necessary, you don't obey when we tell you something!"

Jens was shocked, he was not aware of having done anything wrong. Nobody had told him to clean up or that he should not leave his room. "Am I suddenly grounded or what have I done wrong?" Jens asked somewhat indignantly.

"No you didn't, but Mum had asked you to go to your room, but you wanted to play console downstairs. Please don't take this as a punishment now, we just want to help you to obey better... OK"

Jens was frustrated and let his head hang down, but turned around obediently and let his father put on the leash. Afterwards his father lovingly stroked his head and embraced him. Jens didn't know what to think, on the one hand his father was as strict as he hadn't been in a long time and on the other hand he was so empathetic and kind. After putting on the leash he also looked much friendlier.

"That's a good boy Jens, you will see it is better and easier if you stick to our instructions automatically.

Now you can play a little bit with your Lego. We'll tell you when it is time to start cleaning up. OK"

Jens nodded his head and sat down on the carpet again. He really didn't feel like playing with Lego now. His father left the room. Jens started to play with Lego after a while, because he had no other occupation.

After a few hours his mother came into his room and asked Jens to put everything back into the box because they wanted to leave soon and go for a walk. Jens didn't want to get into more trouble that day and started to clean up right away. When he was finished he had to wait almost 10min until he was picked up, which was very boring. Before the walk Jens was brought to the toilet and changed. His mother dressed him in the khaki overalls, which he had worn for the first time in the playground.

Additionally she attached a loop at the place where the straps split in the back.

Svenja should also wear overalls for the walk. Therefore her father came into her room at the same time Jens was changed, and brought along a pair of overalls that were new for Svenja. Svenja was of course immediately annoyed that she should wear overalls and also was supervised by her father. The overalls were light blue denim overalls with belt loops. Svenja put her legs into the pants without looking at them beforehand. She hadn't been interested in the overalls before and didn't know how many different ones her parents had already bought for her. For her it did not matter, she did not like the overalls anyway.

When she pulled them up she started to close the side buttons. There were five of them on each side and the pants got tighter around her body with each button. Svenja hadn't paid much attention to the wearing comfort, but was more and more annoyed by the cumbersome buttons. Her father watched her amused. When the buttons were finally all closed, he walked towards her and stood behind her. "Please let me help you, my darling" said Peter and reached for her hair to lift it up. Svenja tried to grab the straps behind her.

"These stupid pants are totally inconvenient. They're not good for anything!" Svenja said then. Meanwhile her father reached for a strap with his other hand and put it over his daughter's shoulder. When he had also done that with the other one he stood in front of his daughter. "Honey, this is just a matter of practice and with more experience it will be easier. But I'll be glad to help you too," said Peter and smiled at Svenja. Then he pulled the straps a little bit and Svenja let her arms hang down annoyed, her father had now taken over the dressing even if it did not please her. "Daddy, I'm not a toddler you have to dress!"

"Svenja, it is right that I don't have to. But I want it now and I don't know what's so bad about it," her father said and folded the bib of the overalls upwards to adjust the buckles of the straps. When he had finished, Svenja's bib went far above her breasts and ended just below her neck. Svenja felt the presence of the overalls all over her body. It was not unpleasant, but still very unusual. Afterwards her father took a step back to look at his daughter, while Svenja looked at her mirror on her wardrobe. Now she could see her overalls for the first time and was immediately furious. On the bib was a big embroidery with "Hello Kitty".

"You're crazy daddy, I can't go out on the street with these! I'd be making a total fool of myself with these!" Svenja shouted loudly and grabbed the buckles on the bib to take off her pants again. But her father was faster and reached for her hands.

"Child! Not so fast. You are going to wear the overalls for a walk with us now. There's nothing wrong with them, they fit you perfectly and they look neat too!" Svenja tried to defend herself against the firm grip of her father, but could do little. "Dad, why do you want to destroy my reputation like this? You are so mean," said Svenja while she still tried in vain to tear herself away from her father. But her attempts were only symbolic in the meantime, because she knew that she was not as strong as her father. He had now pulled her arms down and clasped Svenja tightly. He sat down on her bed and Svenja landed on his lap, so that he had her arms under control.

"Svenja child, we do not want to ruin you. We only want the best for you. For that we have to bring you back under our control," her father said in a soft voice.

Svenja had given up the resistance, but her father still hugged her and kept holding her arms. Svenja then said, "But why do you have to humiliate me with such childish and silly clothes? That's just mean!"

"Honey, the overalls are not silly, and we don't want to humiliate you. We think the overalls are appropriate and you're just gonna have to accept it. I'm gonna put a belt on you and you're gonna be good, OK? ... or do you want me to replace these buckles with ones that lock?"

Peter waited in vain for an answer from Svenja, but after a few moments he became impatient and hugged Svenja harder and said, "Honey, I expect an answer from you!"

Svenja had to accept defeat again and hated to be treated like this by her father. But she wanted to get out of the situation, so she said, "Yes."

"Svenja, you can't answer yes to an either or question. If you want to be stubborn now OK, that's your business" her father always said affectionately.

"Yes, I want to be 'a good girl'," Svenja then said loudly and annoyed by her defeat.

But her father reacted very routinely and released the firm embrace. "Then please stand up again and let me put on the belt."

Svenja wanted to keep some of her pride and said "Daddy, can't I do it myself?"

"No, honey, I want to do this, and you just said you wanted to be good."

"Daddy, I don't want to play these games. I'm 15 and I'm going to be 16 soon!"

"Svenja this is not a game, I see no reason why I can't ask my 15 year old daughter to be good. If you don't like that word we can use the word 'obedient'. But I think it is appropriate that we keep a loving and well-behaved contact and I require this from you as well. Do we understand each other here?"

Peter said now with a little more emphasis in his voice. Svenja stood in front of her father with hanging arms and her gaze turned to the ground and said dejectedly and indifferently, "Yes daddy!" Peter picked up the belt, which was pink, matching the "Hello Kitty" motif on the bib, and unrolled it. Then followed his command "Raise your arms, please!"

Svenja raised her arms hesitantly and noticed how the overalls were pulled a little bit higher and tighter. Then her father started to pull the belts into the loops. The belt was made of leather and had a hand loop sewn lengthwise in Svenja's back. After Peter had closed the belt with a double closure in front tightly around Svenja's waist, he grabbed the loop in the back and directed Svenja a little bit to the right and left. Svenja took her arms down again and sighed deeply, "What kind of instrument is this again?" she asked disappointedly. Her father turned her around and saw that the straps of the overalls were a bit loose again and that the buckles rattled on the buttons because the overalls were kept higher by the belt.

"Svenja the loop on the belt is there to get you under control if necessary." When Peter said that, he unhooked the left strap from the bib and shortened it a little. With these overalls you could only change the length of the straps at the top of the shoulder. The straps just went through the buckle and then back to a slider which could be adjusted. Since the straps were adjusted quite tight anyway, the slider was almost on Svenja's back. After Peter had finished with the other side as well, the straps and the bib of Svenja's overalls were tight again and her father led her out of her room by the loop of the belt.

But during the walk the grips were used very rarely on Svenja and Jens. All the time Svenja had the feeling that the other people on the street were staring at her, but this was not the case. Nevertheless she felt strongly humiliated by her parents that afternoon.

The rest of the day went like it had become usual with the Marsons; except for dinner the new chairs were used of course.

The next day Jens got a diaper put on in the bathroom after the genital protector and again lockable overalls, which he was very surprised about. But his mother told him he would go to school today with security transmitter and so therefore couldn't go to the toilet. Jens thought it was stupid but accepted it.

After school Philipp was allowed to come directly to Jens' home. There they were of course immediately received by Jens his mother and for lunch they were equipped with the blue and white striped overalls. Also the no longer dry diapers were removed by Mrs. Marson. Suddenly there were 3 of the heavy children's chairs in the kitchen and Philipp and Jens and also his sister were strapped in

for lunch. Svenja put up with a disgruntled expression on her face, she did not want to grumble about it in Philipp's presence.

After the meal Jens and Philipp had to sit strapped up in the kitchen and do their homework under the supervision of Mrs. Marson. Afterwards they were locked to the lines in Jens' room and allowed to play. Jens would have liked to show Philipp the whole house but that was not possible. So they could only sit and play in Jens' play corner. In the evening Philipp was picked up by his mother. Just like it was usual with Jens when he visited Philipp.

During the next weeks Philipp was allowed to visit Jens more often. Sometimes both were at the Marsons home on a Friday too. It seemed that Frau Sölling took advantage of the fact that she didn't always have to be there for Philipp. For Jens this meant of course that he had to go to school more and more often with the security transmitter. Since spring was advancing more and more, the two of them were allowed to play in the park more and more often. Of course the security transmitter was obligatory for both.

Even when Philipp was not visiting, Svenja and Jens were strapped in the kitchen chairs. Jens had got an additional rolling line in his room. This was fixed above his desk chair to the ceiling and he was fastened to it when he should do his homework in his room, although most of the time he did those in the kitchen under the supervision of his mother. The lines in the play corner were still used when Jens was in his room. He could move around the house only very rarely. There were moments when this disturbed him but he was never left alone for too long, his parents were always nearby and this gave him a good feeling of security at home, even if he had to follow his parents' instructions so strictly. Although Svenja was only tied up in her bed and at the kitchen table at night, she had of course noticed that Jens often could not leave his room. She was so intimidated by this that she obeyed her parents very well again and followed instructions. Of course she wanted to avoid being restricted even further.

Chapter 11: The class trip

After the Easter holidays, 6 of the 28 children in Jens and Philipp's class 5b were now wearing overalls regularly. Jens did not have that much contact with all of them, but it seemed that their parents also wanted to change to the new educational method.

In May a trip for a whole week to a country school retreat was planned. The children were all very excited. Only Philipp was afraid that he was not allowed to go, because in his old school last year he had not been allowed to go on a class trip either. On the one hand he had not yet learned to do his own personal hygiene and on the other hand his parents also wanted Philipp to be as strictly protected as at home. Of course the teachers at the old school could not implement this.

But during the preparatory lessons for the class trip, Mr. Burgmeier never mentioned that Philipp would not be there. Jens and Philipp had often talked about the fact that Philipp hadn't been allowed to go at the old school, but for Jens it was his first school trip. Philipp had not asked his parents if he could go with them, because it was clear to him that he could not go. But when Jens visited the Söllings on the penultimate Friday before the trip he simply asked for Philipp.

They were both sitting leashed to the kitchen table doing their homework when Jens asked Mrs. Sölling if Philipp would come on the class trip, he had heard from Philipp that he wasn't allowed to do that at his old school.

Mrs. Sölling sat down at the table with the two children.

"Jens, that had nothing to do with not being allowed to. It was simply not possible to comply with Philipp's special needs in the school home. You know by now that your education requires certain equipment."

Jens had to think briefly what she could mean by this and looked at Frau Sölling questioningly. "The retreat you will go to with your class has adequate facilities and you will be well looked after by the teachers."

Then slowly Jens and Philipp understood what Frau Sölling wanted to say.

"So Philipp will come along?!" Jens uttered.

"Yes, of course. The school could assure us that you will be looked after safely and strictly enough on the class trip."

Jens was a little bit surprised by the statement, but Philipp was happy, because he knew now that he would also come along.

When Jens was brought to his bed by his parents in the evening as usual and was strapped in there, he thought again about Mrs. Sölling's statement and so he asked his mother. "Mom, will I also be restrained in the school retreat?" Mrs. Marson stroked Jens over the head.

"The school retreat is furnished in a very modern way, and there your safety will be taken care of. You will sleep in one room with several children and of course you will be secured in bed."

"All children, even those not restrained at home?"

Jens feared that he and Philipp would be teased by the other children.

"Yes, that is required according to the house rules there. You'll see, you'll like it there."

Jens was covered by his mother and got another kiss and fell asleep satisfied.

11.1 A long bus ride

One week later it was time to leave, on Monday morning. Jens woke up full of excitement but had to wait in his bed until his mother let him up to accompany him to the bathroom. There he showered as always with the help of his mother and the genital protector put on. This was nothing special for Jens and he didn't think about how he could take it off again on the class trip. But when his mother wanted to put a diaper on him Jens became suspicious.

"Why should I put that on mum? If anyone notices, I'd get laughed at." "No, you won't, it's very important for the long bus ride. It's much more comfortable and pleasant if you don't have to stop."

Jens wasn't comfortable with it but there was no use discussing it further. Anyway, he had gotten used to not always questioning his parents' actions lately. Especially since he was always praised for good obedience. So he had his diaper put on without asking any further questions. After that came a pair of jeans overalls with obviously lockable straps. Jens didn't even ask how he should take them off again alone. It would probably already be taken care of.

After breakfast he was brought to school by his parents, like all the other children, and the bus was already standing in the yard. First the luggage was stowed down in the bus and then the children said goodbye to their parents. Then they lined up in a row in front of the bus. The bus driver stood between the seats and Mr. Burgmeier stood at the door. He let only one child at a time get on and checked off a list. Jens was seventh in line and was let on the bus by his class teacher. The classmates who got on before him were sitting on the nearest seats and had obviously been buckled in by the bus driver. Jens had to walk through the rows to the bus driver for the next free seat.

On each of the free seats was a harness which the bus driver picked up and unfolded for Jens, so that Jens could get in. Two belts led over the shoulders and the whole upper body, and then down between the legs. At chest level the two vertical straps were sewn together with two horizontal straps which were joined together in the back with Velcro. On the upper belt, which led through just below the arms, two more belt pieces were sewn on at the sides. There was also a belt like that at waist level. But the two vertical belts were not connected in the back. After the harness was put on and fixed with the three Velcro fasteners, Jens should sit down on his seat. But not next to the free seat in the aisle, Jens

should sit in the next row at the window. He didn't know why the bus driver wanted him to, but he was happy enough to sit at the window.

When Jens sat on the bench, the bus driver threaded Jens' belts into slots in the bench, so that the belts came out at the back. For the two belts from the chest and the waist the backrest had extra openings. There were also slots for the shoulder belts depending on the height of the children. The two belts that went between his legs were led through between the seat and the backrest. Then the bus driver went one row further back and fastened the belts on the back.

Thereby the belts were pulled very tight, so that Jens could hardly move. He could still move his arms and legs freely, but his upper body was pulled tight to the seat by the harness. The distance between the rows was so big that Jens could not reach the buckles of the front seat. The straps between the legs were not very comfortable, but with the diaper it was not so bad. When the bus driver was finished with Jens the class teacher sent the next student on the bus.

Some of the classmates complained loudly about the strange seatbelts in the bus. But Mr. Burgmeier then explained to all the children that this would be the rule and for their safety it was mandatory. Although the bus driver was trained and fast, it took more than half an hour for all the children to be buckled up tightly. Then they could finally get going, the parents waved to everyone and the bus left the schoolyard.

The children all had a small rucksack with water bottles and sandwiches with them, but the bus driver took them away during the buckling up and they were put on the ledge, so that nobody could get to his things. Some of them had asked the teacher during the first few minutes of the ride to get some card games out of the backpacks, but the teacher did not yet take the backpacks off the ledges for the children. There should not be any quarrel about the toys, because there would probably be children who didn't have any with them, and so they started to sing together, which of course not everybody liked.

The trip would take 6 hours in total, and after about 2 hours all the food and drinks were taken off the ledges and everyone was allowed to eat and drink. After another hour there was a break. For this the bus drove to a big rest area with toilet facilities. The teachers and the bus driver started to free the children from the seats and the harnesses.

Only Jens, Philipp and the other four children with the overalls were not allowed to stand up, only the belts were loosened so far that they could move a little. They all sat at a window seat but in different rows. The other children all went to the toilet and burned off some energy closely around the bus. The six children remaining in the bus were sad that they were not allowed to romp along. To Jens it was clear that he would only get out of the bus again at the facility and took the opportunity that he was not strapped so tightly and wet his diaper. The other five children had probably done the same, because no one tried to talk to the other. But very soon all had to get back on the bus one after the other. This time two teachers also helped with the buckling and it only took about a quarter of an hour. During this time the belts of Jens and the other overalls children were tightened very tight again.

The long and unaccustomed journey was very exhausting for everyone. When the bus finally arrived at the retreat and everyone was allowed to get off the bus again, the mood in the class finally improved. The home was located in the middle of a forest and there were no roads or other villages nearby. In front of the home there was a large square with a volleyball field and table tennis tables. Behind the house there was a huge meadow until the forest started.

The children had to help carrying their suitcases and bags into the entrance hall. The bedrooms were not yet allowed to be entered. After the long bus ride everybody should go outside and move around. But Jens, Philipp and the other overalls kids didn't really want to rush off.

Jens his diaper had had to stand a lot during the ride and it didn't feel good anymore. Many of the other children visited the toilets that bordered the entrance hall, but Jens didn't know how to tell Mr. Burgmeier that he had a wet diaper and needed help with it. Philipp was overwhelmed with the situation anyway. But also Kristina, Linus, Katja and Franz, who were still quite new to wearing locked overalls, didn't know how to get rid of their full diaper. Mr. Burgmeier of course didn't miss that the six of them were standing a bit aimlessly in the hall.

Thereupon he called them all over to him and they should follow him in a room next to the toilets which was not labeled. Behind the door was a small room with a wooden bench on one wall and a sink on the other wall, behind it was another room. The children were to sit on the bench and Mr. Burgmeier came straight to the point.

"I will now take off your diapers so that you can play with the others. But your parents want the overalls to remain locked during the class trip. So if you need to go to the toilet or anything else, please come to me or another teacher. We all know what is going on with you. And please don't be shy, you can trust us with anything."

The children were all somewhat shocked, on the one hand that they were obviously not alone with their situation and on the other hand that the wishes of their parents were further enforced by the teachers. But Mr. Burgmeier had another question, "Who did a big one in their diapers?"

Whereupon all look furtively to the ground. But Katja had a few tears running down her cheeks, which she wiped away with the sleeve of her pink hoodie. Her outfit was somehow conspicuous and different from that of other girls. Jens had been watching her all day long because of it. The hoodie wasn't really girlish at all, but the color made it clear that Katja was a girl. The hood covered the part of the overalls on her back where the straps split up, but the overalls still stood out clearly from the sweater. The trousers were made of a solid fabric and lay figure-hugging around Katja's hips. The bib was so high that she certainly could not pull the straps over her shoulders. Also the whole cut was not made especially for a girl. There were also no glittery parts on it, as other girls in the class liked it.

Nevertheless, the overalls were very conspicuous and attracted all eyes to Katja, which was certainly not always to her liking. The overalls were fire red.

But at this moment this was not her worst concern, the overalls she somehow liked, even though her parents had picked them out and locked them. The full diaper and the fact that the others in the room knew it now was much more embarrassing.

"Okay, no big deal, it was a long bus ride. Come Katja, we'll start with you. The others wait here, please!"

Then Mr Burgmeier went with Katja into the next room. It took quite a while until Katja came out again, without tears in her eyes and visibly in a better mood.

"Jens, now you. Katja, please wash your hands and then you can go out to the others."

So Jens was called next and went with his class teacher into the next room. There was a big changing table and a shower and a sink with some shelves and cupboards. First the buckles of the overalls were unlocked and Jens had to take off the overalls. Then he had to lie down on the changing table.

"Your mother said it was better if I fixed your arms. Give me your hands!" Jens was embarrassed enough to lie in front of his class teacher with a full diaper. Now he should be made even more helpless. Mr. Burgmeier reached for Jens his right arm and put a cuff around the wrist, pulling the arm towards the corner of the changing table. When he wanted to grab the other arm Jens tried to evade the hand of Mr. Burgmeier. So that he had to make a second grab. But then he caught Jens' arm and grabbed Jens' wrist a bit tighter.

"Jens, you shouldn't even start with that. Otherwise we both have no fun here this week!"

He looked at Jens very strictly. He knew immediately that Mr Burgmeier was serious. So without any further resistance he let his left arm be pulled into the other corner of the changing table with a cuff.

Thus restrained the full diaper was then taken off Jens and his intimate area was cleaned. For this purpose Mr. Burgmeier also took off his genital protector for a short while. After that Jens got a pair of underpants, was freed from the changing table, the overalls were closed again and he was allowed to go outside to play after washing his hands.

While Jens was taken care of in the bathroom Linus, Kristina, Franz and Philipp sat on the wooden bench and awaited their turn. Linus had been given a lockable garment by his parents at home for some time because of his hyperactivity and his uncontrollable behavior, but he had only been wearing his lockable overalls for a few weeks. Except for the somewhat larger and more elaborate buckles, they were like a normal pair of jeans overalls.

Kristina was a rather more noticeable in the row on the bench. She was wearing a very girlish children's overalls, with many decorations and glitter pictures. The thin denim was light and a little washed out. It was clear that these overalls, like with the other children, were not especially designed for locking. The bib was not very high and without further measures the wearer could have simply pulled them off her shoulders. But at the front, just below the neck, there was a connection between the two straps with a lockable buckle, as there was for child seats, to prevent the children from pulling the H-belts from their shoulders. This connection, as well as the lockable buckles on the straps, had been attached to her overalls afterwards.

In a conversation with Frank and Linus, Kristina also told that she had chosen the overalls herself and that her parents came afterwards with the avoidance-free education. But she still liked the overalls, even though the connecting part under her neck was not so comfortable.

Next Linus was called into the bathroom and cared for, followed by Kristina and Franz. Philip was the last one and had hardly had any conversations with the others. When everyone in the group was fresh again and without diapers, they could finally play with the others outside in the yard and explore the grounds.

11.2 Preparations for the first night

At 6 pm everybody had to come to the dining room and there was food. There was a fixed seating arrangement, there were small tables where only 6 children sat at a time. Jens, Philipp, Kristina, Linus, Katja and Franz got a table together. When they wanted to sit down, Mr. Burgmeier joined them and spoke softly, so that the other groups could not hear.

"I know that you have special chairs at home for meals. Please behave as well as at home, so we can try to do without them."

After the speech, the six knew that they would be closely watched. Food was brought to each table by the kitchen staff. It was very unusual for Philip to put food on the plate by himself, but for the other five it was not so long ago that they didn't remember how to help themselves at the table. For Kristina, Linus, Katja and Franz the changes at home had come slowly, just like with Jens in the last months. The six had understood that they shared the same fate and their parents had switched to an "avoidance-free education". Only Philipp had known all this for much longer and not in any other way. The six talked to each other and told what restrictions each had at home. It was very nice for everyone to be able to talk to someone who understood this.

When everyone had finished eating, Mr. Burgmeier explained to the children that he had a set room distribution and the children could not choose with whom they wanted to share the room. Of course this was not exactly met with enthusiasm. There were groups of children within the class who did not like each other very much. But this was exactly what the class trip was supposed to solve. Burgmeier hoped that if he mixed the children well, the exclusions and prejudices among the children would be reduced. So he kept announcing the names of 4 to 6 children with the corresponding room.

The rooms had names of fruits. Jens was assigned together with Niklas and four other boys to the room Raspberry. Jens was of course happy to be together with his friend Niklas in one room, but he didn't like the other four boys very much; especially Martin and Olaf were always very mean to others and especially to Jens and Philipp. They always were stirring up trouble and annoying other children.

Philipp was assigned together with 3 other boys to the Pineapple room. It was obvious that, at least with the boys, one of the overalls wearers was always assigned to each room. Kristina and Katja were also assigned to separate rooms. But since the girls had only 2 overalls children, one room was left without anyone from the group. Anyway, only the small group noticed this. All the other children were too busy being upset about Mr. Burgmeier's stupid decision. They wanted to sleep together with their friends in one room.

When all the names were read out, the children were supposed to take their bags and suitcases from the entrance hall and bring them to the assigned rooms on the first floor. All the children rushed up the stairs to get first choice. From the staircase a corridor for the boys went off to the right and a corridor for the girls went off to the left. In the boys' hallway there were four rooms: raspberry, pineapple, banana and cherry. In addition, at the very front there were two more bedrooms for the teachers. Also a door led to the bathroom where there were 3 showers and 4 toilets.

In Jens' room Raspberry there were three bunk beds and three small cupboards with 2 doors each, so each of the children could put their things into the cupboards. But first of all the fight for the three upper bunks started; each of the 6 children wanted to sleep on top. Jens and Niklas argued with Olaf and Martin. Olaf and Martin had in their usual aggressive way just thrown their bags on the upper beds. Then there were some insults about Jens his overalls and Jens and Niklas didn't feel like arguing anymore and accepted their defeat and moved to the lower beds. With Alexander and Felix, the other two inhabitants of Raspberry, the choice of beds was much more civilized and democratic. They were able to agree amicably that Alexander was allowed to sleep on top. This also established the pecking order in the room. Martin and Olaf wanted to set the tone and Jens and Niklas were to follow suit, while Alexander and Felix preferred to have nothing to do with the others.

Then everyone got to move their things from their bags into the cupboards. The double cupboards with the two doors were arranged in such a way that the children who shared a bunk bed always had to share a cupboard. Above Jens was the bed of Martin and so they had to share the wardrobe. Jens put his underwear and towels and the toilet bag in the cupboard. Next was his cuddly soft onesie. In it he had hidden his beloved cuddly toy, but this caused a huge dent in the otherwise perfectly folded jumpsuit. Thereupon Martin pulled the onesie out of his hand to see what Jens wanted to hide there. "What do you want to hide from us?"

"That is none of your business!" Jens answered and also pulled on the onesie.

It was completely unfolded so that everyone could see that it was a pyjama suit with feet and gloves. At the same time of course Jens his cuddly toy "Hasi"¹ dropped to the floor, which was immediately picked up by Olaf. "Look, our little one still needs a cuddly toy!" Olaf made fun of him. And Martin said "Yes, and the baby has a real romper suit, too! Look at that, with feet and gloves, just like a real baby." Jens wanted to have his cuddly toy back first and let go of the onesie to pull Hasi out of Olaf's hand. But unfortunately he was faster and threw it to Martin, who dropped the onesie to the ground and caught the cuddly toy. Jens then had to run back and forth between Olaf and Martin several times until Niklas also got involved and tried to get the cuddly toy back for his friend.

¹ Hase = Rabbit or Hare in German, Hasi is probably a pet name for one of those (comparable to 'Horsie').

The whole thing had happened with the appropriate volume of course and so suddenly the door opened and Mr Burgmeier came in. "What's all this noise then?" Jens, who would never rat on anyone, lifted his cuddly toy where it had landed on the floor, brushed it a little bit off and then hugged it. But he said nothing. There was no need to, because Mr Burgmeier had of course interpreted the scene correctly and looked seriously at Martin and Olaf.

"Whose pyjamas are there on the floor, it's not so clean for them lying there." Jens went wordlessly with his head lowered to the closet and picked up his onesie. "Jens, please put your things in the locker and then come to the teacher's bedroom with your toilet bag and towel! Everyone else, off to the showers, bedtime in one hour." With that Mr Burgmeier had disappeared again. Jens looked at Martin angrily. "You ass! Now I'll get in trouble for the mess you made. Thanks a lot!" "Ohh, is our little baby sad?" Martin replied mockingly.

Jens stuffed his sleeping suit and the cuddly toy into the closet and put his sweaters and overalls next to them. Then he took a towel and the toilet bag and locked the cupboard. "See you soon Niklas" Jens said goodbye to his only friend in the room who stood by him. Alexander and Felix had only observed the whole thing and were certainly glad that they were not chosen as victims of Martin and Olaf's teasing.

Jens walked the small corridor towards the exit where Philipp, Frank and Linus were already standing. Now it was clear to Jens that it was not about what happened in the room but that he and the other overalls children would be prepared separately for bed. "Hello, everything went well with you?" Jens greeted the others in the hall.

"Yes, it's okay," replied Linus.

"My mother said that I'll be strapped in bed here like at home," Franz agreed. "But I don't know what the others in my room will do to me. They've already made fun of me for my overalls."

Franz seemed to have made similar experiences as Jens. "Yes, Martin and Olaf did that with me, too.

"They tried to take away my Hasi."

"You're funny, how could I defend myself when the Burgmeier really straps me in bed?" Jens had no answer to that either, but he remembered the words of his mother. "Well, I asked my mother when she told me that I was strapped in bed here in the school retreat. But she told me not to worry."

"Oh, yeah, and you believe your mother about this... just like that? When she's not here?" Linus queried again. "She said that everyone is strapped in their beds. That would be in the house rules," said Jens. But what Franz replied. "I'll believe that only when it really happens. Nobody has said anything about it yet."

At that moment Mr. Burgmeier came out of the teachers' bedroom next to where the children had been waiting. He had certainly overheard something of the conversation but didn't let on anything. "So, children, come downstairs to the other bathroom, we'll get you ready for bed." The children followed him into the stairwell. There Mrs. Schulz came out of the girls' hallway with Kristina and Katja. Mrs. Schulz was the sports teacher who accompanied him. Together they all went downstairs to the room where Mr. Burgmeier had taken off their diapers after the bus ride. There they all had to sit on the bench in the waiting area. First Katja and Kristina were called in. The four boys continued their conversation and nobody wanted to believe Jens what his mother had said. The other children were certainly not tied in bed by their parents. It took almost 20 minutes until the girls came out again. They still had their overalls on, but you could see that their hair was washed. At the sink in the waiting area there was now a hair dryer for Katja and Kristina. But after drying their hair they should stay there and wait. Now Jens and Philipp were to come into the back room. There they were undressed by Mr. Burgmeier and Mrs. Schulz, except for their genital protector, and were asked to use the toilet which stood in the open next to the wall. For Jens and Philipp this was actually no problem, because they

already knew it from home. But their teachers supervising them it was a bit strange, and the wrist restraints, so hated by Jens, was obligatory for both of them. The superficial cleaning was then of course done by the teachers.

There were 2 sinks in the room, and Jens and Philipp were to brush their teeth at the same time. That was no problem for Jens, he brushed his teeth since he could think, except for the fact that he was near naked and was watched closely by Mr. Burgmeier. With Philipp it was a different matter: he had never brushed his teeth himself and was therefore instructed and supported by Mrs. Schutz. Since Jens finished first, he had to get into the shower first and was fixed in it by Mr. Burgmeier almost like at Philipps home. Only his arms were not pulled up so tightly, so it was a bit more comfortable. Then the genital protector was removed and he was washed by his class teacher. The procedure was actually not very different from Mrs. Sölling's, but Mr. Burgmeier was much faster. After only 5 minutes Jens was dry again and was handed over to Mrs. Schulz, who immediately fixed Jens on the changing table by his hands. Mr Burgmeier continued with Philipp in the shower. Jens was provided with a new diaper by his sports teacher and got the overalls on again. The same happened to Philipp. The two of them were to wait on the bench together with the girls until Franz and Linus were finished too.

Jens learned that both girls had been strapped in bed by their parents for several months and had special pyjamas. The girls were not enthusiastic about their parents' measures, but had come to terms with them. They were especially bothered by the diapers at night.

When Linus and Franz were also taken care of, the group went back upstairs to their assigned bedrooms. The other children had almost all got ready and some of them were already wearing pyjamas. Now all of them should go to their rooms and stay there until a supervisor or a teacher would come and explain the house rules.

Mr. Burgmeier directly went to the room Raspberry of Jens and the others. Martin and Olaf still had their normal clothes on and Alexander and Felix were already wearing their two-piece pyjamas. Niklas was about to change and only had underwear on. "So children, we have informed your parents about the house rules and everybody agreed with them, but only a few of you know about them. So now we have a surprise for you." The children looked at Mr Burgmeier questioningly. Only Jens had an inkling of what this would lead to and grinned inside, but didn't want to let on anything.

Then Mr Burgmeier turned to Jens and said. "Jens, since you are probably the only one in this room who has pyjamas according to the house rules, let's start with you. "Could you get your pyjamas, I'll help you to put them on." Jens suddenly made a face as if a blow had hit him. But he opened his closet and took out the crumpled overalls. His cuddly toy reappeared as well, and he threw it on his bed. Then he walked towards Mr Burgmeier. "Does we have to do this here in front of everyone else?" he asked in a low voice and did not dare to look Mr Burgmeier in the eye, because nobody in the room knew that he had a diaper on. But Mr. Burgmeier took the key and opened Jens' overalls, "Yes Jens, that has to be done; everybody puts on their pyjamas now and why should we do it differently with you? Jens looked to the ground and had his overalls taken off without resistance. In the meantime he was used to behaving relatively passively, which the other children of course noticed, since for them it was absolutely unusual. Therefore they all watched more or less astonished as their class teacher took Jens' overalls off. When Jens stepped out of them and the diaper became visible a murmur went through the room and Martin, who sat on top of his bed and watched the spectacle, could not let that opportunity pass by and said "Our baby still needs diapers!" But Jens had expected something like this "You're going to be surprised Martin".

Mr. Burgmeier smiled at Jens and said "You don't have to tell everything, it should be a surprise". Now the joke had indeed got stuck in Martin's throat. He was afraid that he would also get a diaper, for

whatever reason. He didn't know why Jens was wearing one. "I certainly won't wear a diaper." "Yes, yes, Martin, whatever you say, that's alright!" Mr Burgmeier then said to Martin.

"Well Jens, let's get you in these" said Mr. Burgmeier while he was holding up the onesie for Jens to step into. Jens quickly jumped into the jumpsuit to hide the diaper again. Then Mr. Burgmeier pulled the zipper up the back and checked if Jens' hands were properly in the padding. Now he turned to the other children. "As you can see Jens is wearing a sleep suit which he cannot take off by himself. Because the house rules say that you are not allowed to leave the bed at night, nor have the opportunity to do so." Olaf interrupted loudly "What does that mean? You can just get up with them, only not take a wee!" All children except Jens and Niklas laughed. "Yes Olaf, you almost got that right. "Jens, please lie in the bed." Jens lay down on his bed as Herr Burgmeister had requested. Then he brought out the lines Jens knew well from under the mattress and fixed Jens in his bed. Two lines were fixed on the shoulders and two on the sides. With these he could no longer turn or sit up. The lines were also tighter than at home, so that he could move only very little, but the bed was also much narrower from home. Then Mr. Burgmeier brought out two more lines at the foot end and hooked one to each of Jens' ankles. Then Jens kicked his feet and wanted to defend himself. "No Mr. Burgmeier please not like that, not the feet, they are always free at home. But Mr Burgmeier took the blanket and covered Jens with it. "Yes Jens, just like that, that's the house rules." Jens sulked and pressed his cuddly toy close to him. The other children had fallen into a kind of shock-induced paralysis and looked with open mouths at how their classmate had just let himself be fixed in bed almost without resistance. So that was supposed to be the house rules, and now everyone was supposed to be fixed like that?

"So Martin we will continue with you. Show us what nice pyjamas you have with you."

Martin slowly freed himself from his state of shock and jumped off his bed. "You can't do that, I couldn't sleep like that." "Oh but Martin, you can, so hurry up because you need to go to sleep soon." Martin went to his bag and looked for his pyjamas, but he found none. The bag had been packed for him by his mother and he was a little desperate. "Sorry, I can't find any, Mr. Burgmeier." "That doesn't matter, probably your mother didn't pack you one on purpose, because there are extra ones here that meet all the requirements." Then Mr Burgmeier opened a locked cupboard in the boys' room. "Please get undressed, Martin. Would you like a jumpsuit like Jens or something in two pieces?" Martin did not know what happened to him, he wanted his own pyjamas but he had already run out of options. "Well, then I prefer something normal... two-piece ... please." "OK, would you like a diaper as well, just in case?" "No way - I said that earlier."

Mr. Burgmeier turned away from the cupboard and towards Martin. "You understand that you can't get out of bed before morning? And if you wet the bed, diapers are mandatory for the rest of the week." In the meantime Martin had undressed down to his underpants and stood slightly shaky in front of his class teacher. "Yes, I understand, but I won't wear a diaper."

"OK" With that, Mr. Burgmeier turned back to the closet and got out a pair of pajamas for Martin. It consisted of two parts, the upper part was a kind of body that Mr Burgmeier then pulled over Martin's head. Padded gloves were attached to the arms, just like with Jens. In the crotch the body was then closed with a velcro fastener only. The garment was very close fitting, because it was somewhat elastic. The colour was white, but on it were many big and small coloured dots that looked like balls. Martin was a bit overwhelmed by the situation and stared at his padded and useless hands. "Hello Martin, we want to finish, the others still need their turn!" With this Mr. Burgmeister tore Martin out of his thoughts and held out a kind of trousers for him to get into. These were made of the same fabric as the top, only the attached socks were of black fleece fabric. When Martin's feet were in the right place, and his ankles were tightened with a Velcro strip, Mr. Burgmeier pulled the rest of the pants up. It turned out that they were something of a cross between overalls and a jumpsuit. A jumpsuit without sleeves, with a zipper in the back. Martin had to put his arms through holes and the

straps were pushed over his shoulders by Mr. Burgmeier. These were quite tight, because on the one hand you could not adjust the length of the straps, because they formed a unit with the bib. On the other hand the fabric was not elastic in this direction. There were reinforcements sewn inside. In the other direction the fabric was somewhat more elastic and when Mr. Burgmeier pulled up the zipper, Martin's entire upper body was tightly enclosed. Along the sewn-in reinforcements there were some D-rings on the outside of the pyjamas. Now Martin was to climb into his bed, but to lay with his head towards the wall and not, as he wanted, to the side where the other bunk bed of Olaf and Niklas was standing. This should prevent Olaf and Martin from talking quietly during the night.

But Martin had no opportunity to get upset about this, because it was not so easy to climb into the bed with the padded gloves. He looked so clumsy, and had to let Mr Burgmeier help him, that Olaf started to laugh.

After Martin had made it up into the bed, Mr. Burgmeier started to attach the lines from the bed to the D-rings, and Martin's freedom of movement was taken from him step by step. Martin wasn't in the mood for laughter anymore. He gave Olaf a malicious look and thought to himself, "I'm sure he will stop laughing soon. Then he actually wanted to watch his friend's turn, but he quickly had to realize that it was exhausting to lift your head up when you can't lift your upper body from the bed. So Martin first examined his situation and found that he had hardly any movement left. His legs were slightly spread, he had to lie flat on his back and could neither turn nor bend. He could only move his arms freely, but that didn't help him, because with the padding on his hands he couldn't even scratch himself properly if it was itching somewhere.

While Martin was busy with himself, Olaf had also decided against a diaper and also for two-piece pyjamas, because his mother obviously hadn't packed him any pyjamas either. Olaf got the same pyjamas as Martin, but they had a different pattern. When Olaf also had to crawl into his bed, his laughter was long gone. He also had to put his head to the other end of the bed, so that Martin and Olaf had their feet on opposite ends, so they had the biggest distance to prevent them from talking, at least not quietly and unnoticed.

Next Niklas was asked if he wanted to get a diaper for the night. To the astonishment of all the other children he decided to do so. He knew exactly that he almost never made it through the night without going to the toilet. It was only reasonable to realize that he had no other choice. Speaking dejectedly, he expressed his desire for a diaper. Since he had been watching the others getting dressed and strapped in their underwear the whole time, he should lie down directly on his bed and Mr. Burgmeier took a diaper out of the cupboard. Then he took Niklas' underpants off and put the diaper on him. Only Alexander and Felix could watch, since the others were already strapped in their beds. When the diaper was perfectly fitted, Niklas should get up again and Mr. Burgmeier went back to the cupboard. "I assume that you didn't bring suitable pyjamas either?" asked Mr Burgmeier and Niklas nodded. "OK, unfortunately you don't have a choice anymore, there are only one-piece suits left." With it he took a jumpsuit, which was similar to Jens', out of the wardrobe and held it out for Niklas to get on. It was a little lighter and more colorful than Jens' but just as cozy and fluffy. Niklas thought it was great and contrary to what Martin and Olaf got on, it was also much more comfortable to wear and quick to put on. But then Niklas was also put in his bed and connected with the lines, which made the whole thing of course not so pleasant anymore.

Meanwhile Alexander and Felix were sitting in their normal two-part cotton pyjamas on the edge of Felix's bottom bed and Mr Burgmeier looked at them expectantly. "You two, I see you did get pyjamas, but unfortunately they don't conform to the house rules." Then he took a little break. "There are two possibilities, since Martin and Olaf have the only two pieces for these rooms already on. You can either

get a jumpsuit like Niklas and Jens or you can keep your pyjamas on and get a belt over them to keep you in bed. The two looked at each other and could only think for a moment. "Oh yes, first of all of course the question whether you want to have a diaper for safety?" When asked by Mr Burgmeier, they shook their heads violently and Felix then said "I will try the belt if there are no other options", and Alexander said "Yeah, me too."

"Okay, as you like" said Mr. Burgmeier and went back to the cupboard to come back with four little bags. "So please stretch out your hands." Felix and Alexander didn't understand what that was all about. "What is that?" asked Felix. "Well, these are your hand pads, equal rights for all!" Said Mr Burgmeier and grabbed Felix's right hand and put it in one of the gloves. Then the glove was fastened with a buckle around the wrist. The left hand followed immediately afterwards. Then both hands of Alexander got the same treatment. "But I had expected something different," Felix remarked while looking at his now useless hands. "Well that may be so, but the house rules say that you are not allowed to get out of bed without help and this is the best way to keep you from doing it. Because locks on the straps or lines are not allowed," Mr. Burgmeister explained to Felix while he was still securing the gloves on Alexander's wrist.

"So Felix, we're going to start with the harness on you, please get up and stand up straight."

Felix followed the instructions of his class teacher and stood up. He pulled a tangle of orange belts out of the cupboard and unfolded it into a harness, which he placed over Felix's head so that two belts sat on his shoulders. Two transverse straps were sewn on to these both at the front and the back. These were then tied together by Mr. Burgmeier on both sides under the arms with a simple loop buckle and then pulled relatively tight so that Felix could feel every breath. Then the pyjamas underneath were pulled smooth again. The two front straps were sewn together, ran in parallel further down over a length of 40cm and then split again. Those were now pulled through Felix's crotch by Mr. Burgmeier and connected in the lower back area to the two straps coming from the shoulders. The same fasteners were used here as under the arms. By simply pulling the ends, the whole thing could be pulled tight. Mr. Burgmeier made ample use of this and it became uncomfortable for Felix. The feeling was very restrictive and oppressive for Felix, but he did not say anything yet, as he was somewhat overwhelmed by it. Then he was to lie down in his bed and had to bend far forward to get into the deep bed. Felix felt that he could reduce the pressure on his crotch by bending over. As soon as he lay down on his back, Mr. Burgmeier immediately connected the two lines at the shoulders and at the sides so that Felix could no longer turn and could not sit up either.

Then it was Alexander's turn to get the harness. Felix first tried to find a position in his bed where he could lie halfway relaxed. To do this, he bent and spread his legs, so there was the least pressure in his crotch. With Alexander everything was done exactly the same as with Felix, only that with him the harness was a bit more uncomfortable while he climbed into the upper bed. He had to stretch and the belt between his legs pulled strongly in his crotch. Then he was strapped in just like Felix. Then Mr. Burgmeier went again to the closet where the home's pyjamas were, took out two leather cuffs, went to Felix with them and sat down at the foot end of his bed. "Please hold your feet here Felix!" But Felix pulled the legs even closer to his body. "What's the point, I can't get out of this stupid bed as it is. It already is so uncomfortable," Felix begged to not get more restrictions. "Felix please, the others have lines on their legs too and you shouldn't kick down the blanket at night either," replied Mr Burgmeier and grabbed Felix's left foot. Felix didn't dare kick his class teacher with the other leg. Therefore he held still and had the cuff put on. "But all that stuff with the straps is already very uncomfortable and unpleasant between the legs! Please, please!" Felix tried it one last time. "You know, the straps have to be pulled so tight, otherwise the buckles could open; that unfortunately cannot be changed Felix. But you chose this option and now you have to cope with it. It's not going to be that bad. Now Felix saw

the light: the other suits were probably more comfortable. The jumpsuit of Jens and Niklas didn't look as tight as the suits of Olaf and Martin. "May I then wear a jumpsuit tomorrow, Mr. Burgmeier?" asked Felix "No, you have decided now and it will stay like this the whole week, but you can have a diaper tomorrow: that's softer and it cushions the tight feeling somewhat.

While Mr. Burgmeier said this to Felix, he had attached the second leather cuff to his ankle. The leather was very soft and it did not feel uncomfortable at all, although the cuffs were not loose. But when Mr. Burgmeier now pulled Felix's legs from the angled position to the end of the bed and hooked them into the lines, the pressure of the crotch strap increased again. It didn't hurt, but it was perhaps just about to. Felix had to pull himself together not to cry. But he didn't want that in front of the other children. After Mr Burgmeier had covered Felix, Alexander got his cuffs. It was just as unpleasant for him, but he had all night to get used to it.

"Now, children, I'll continue in another room while you're still allowed to talk quietly. I'll come back and turn out the lights." Then he set the light to half power and lowered the roller shutter, because it was still bright outside. Then he left the room Raspberry and the safely wrapped children.

Martin, Olaf, Felix and Alexander talked about how uncomfortable and mean it all was. They talked out loud and everyone claimed that it was worst for him. Niklas could see Jens through the bed frame because he was lying right opposite him. Jens had his eyes closed and his cuddly toy in his arms and pressed it against his cheek. He did not look unhappy. Niklas thought, Jens had to know it better than the others. He had experience with being strapped in, he had told him that once. Besides, Niklas himself was strapped in bed and tried to sort out his feelings by himself.

So the jumpsuit was anything but uncomfortable. It was already warm and cuddly soft. Well, the freedom of movement was somewhat limited, but moving was still possible, Niklas thought. Then he looked again at Jens who just opened his eyes and saw that Niklas was watching him. "Is it really so uncomfortable to sleep as the others just claim?" Niklas asked his friend quietly. "Not really, you can get used to it. But this is really stupid!" said Jens and pulled his feet which were attached to the end of the bed. "At home I'm allowed to move them freely, only the upper part of my body is strapped in. That's a bit annoying. And of course it's completely different when mum or dad buckles me in, you know, it feels better," said Jens. "Are you homesick", asked Niklas, because Jens sounded a bit unhappy, even if he didn't look it. "Not that, but I know that I can absolutely rely on my parents when they strap me in and I don't have to worry about anything." Niklas did not know exactly what Jens meant by that. "Why, what are worrying about here then?" Niklas asked. "Well, I don't know if you have noticed it yet, but you're pretty helpless right now and dependent on Mr. Burgmeier. You'll notice that tonight, believe me. When I stayed at Philipp's home for a week the first time, it was not a nice feeling. The others still see it as a game until they realize how helpless they are."

The others didn't notice anything of the conversation between Niklas and Jens, they still thought it was a bad joke and hadn't yet assessed their situation correctly. Niklas was surprised how much thought Jens had obviously already put into this and how objectively he saw everything. When he thought about it for a moment, he suddenly had a very strange feeling in his stomach. He hadn't noticed his helplessness that much, because they were here together in a group, but that didn't really make a difference, because none of them could get up and free the other one from the bed.

After a few minutes Niklas asked Jens "But what's different at home - you can't get out of bed yourself there either?" "It's hard to explain. I lost a lot of freedom at home at Christmas, which is certainly annoying sometimes, especially when I am strapped in my room and have to wait for my parents. But there is no arguing anymore that I should do something or not do something. When they strap me in bed for the evening, unfortunately mostly too early..." Jens had to grin, "... I know that everything is right, nobody wants anything from me anymore. I can't describe it any further, it's nice the way it is.

My parents are much nicer since then, too." Jens had really shut out everything around him and seemed to be able to switch off when he was strapped in like that.

In the meantime the other four had found out that they really couldn't get out of bed. Martin remembered Mr. Burgmeier's remark that Jens shouldn't give away the surprise and that Jens was the only one who had brought a matching pyjama suit. So he asked "Jens, what do you know about these house rules and this nonsense about the restraints?"

But Jens was still in the thought he had formulated for Niklas and had not really registered the question. "Hallooooo Jens, are you still there? Or do you know a way to get out of bed?" Martin could not see Jens underneath him or lean out of bed to look down. "What do you want Martin, you're usually so clever and know everything." Jens replied a bit impatient. "Well, seriously, what do you know about it, we can't sleep like this. They're crazy to keep us stuck here like this," Martin said. "Believe it or not, one can sleep like this and even sleep well, it's a matter of attitude. You know!" "No, I really don't know, but how do you know?"

"Well, for one thing, I've been sleeping like this since Christmas."

"What now, voluntarily?"

"Well, I'm not so sure about that. I got caught up in it. But I know someone who's always had to sleep like that."

"You must mean Philip the weird bird?"

"Yeah, that's right, but he's not a weird bird. His parents just worry a little more than other people do."

"Well, let's get back to the subject at hand: How do we get out of here? You must have some experience in that area."

"Yes, indeed I do, and it's quite simple. Wait until you're let out!"

"For real? I can't stand it, it's so mean!"

Slowly a real feeling of helplessness came over the oh-so-cool Martin. Also the strange empty feeling in his stomach began to spread. Martin became calmer and more thoughtful. The door opened again and Mr Burgmeier came in. "So, children, I hope you were able to get used to the house rules, now it's time to sleep. You will be freed from your beds again at 7 a.m. "What time is it now?" Alexander asked.

"It is exactly 9 p.m. and therefore absolute bed rest."

"Mr. Burgmeier?"

"Yes Jens, what is it now?"

"I need something from my toilet bag."

Jens then pointed to his mouth and pursed his lips, but he obviously did not want to say it. Mr Burgmeier drew his forehead and thought about it for a moment.

"That's right, your mother had mentioned that."

He went to Jens' cupboard and took his pacifier out of the toilet bag. Then he put the pacifier right in Jens' mouth, because with the padding on his hands he couldn't easily put it in his mouth himself. Except for Niklas nobody could see what Jens got from Mr Burgmeier.

"So if I hear another sound from you, there will be trouble", said Mr. Burgmeier, turned off the light and left the room.

Niklas wondered more and more about his friend. He had tried to explain to him in the profound conversation what his feelings were, but why did he insist on being given such a childish pacifier? If the others would see that the next morning he would be the laughingstock of the whole class. But why did he want to have it at all, was that one of his strange feelings again?

But first Niklas had to concentrate on himself, because he didn't know how to sleep like this, he never fell asleep on his back. So he moved a little bit back and forth as far as the fixation allowed. He thought

he had finally found a position where he had snuggled up with the jumpsuit and the blanket and the pillow.

Then he heard Felix pulling on his lines: he had tried to get some room on the relentlessly pressing crotch strap with the padded mittens and had failed. So he tugged at the lines that were holding him in bed, hoping to overload them. But this only increased his frustration, and at some point he shouted out loud, "Let me out of here, I can't stand it!" Alexander also let himself be carried along by it and said not quite so loudly. "Yes, exactly I want to get out of here too."

A few seconds later the light went on again at half strength and Mr Burgmeier was back in the room. "What's going on here? You should be asleep. Didn't I make myself clear?" Actually he hadn't expected an answer and had gone back to the cupboard to get something out. But then Felix said, "Please loosen the straps, I can't stand it, I can't sleep like this."

Then Mr. Burgmeier went to Felix and flipped the blanket back and checked with two fingers how tight the harness was. "That's just right, otherwise it won't hold properly. But since you and Alexander didn't follow the rules, I will now give you some help for this rule as well. Open your mouth!" Then he put a kind of pacifier in Felix's mouth with a few straps attached to it, which were then tied behind his head. The thing was then held in place in front of his mouth. Inside, it was like a pacifier, only slightly bigger. You couldn't really suck on it, because it had a hole in the middle to breathe through. The same was put on Alexander and then the belt was checked.

"So now it's finally quiet here, I can hear you all" said Mr Burgmeier when he left the room and turned off the light.

Jens had already arrived in the land of dreams when the others were still trying to find sleep. Long after midnight everyone had finally fallen asleep. Jens was right, when it was dark and everyone was finally calm, the feeling of helplessness came through. Especially Felix and Alexander, who were in the most uncomfortable position by far, and also with the gag for the speaking ban. They also both cried a little and were the last to fall asleep.

In the middle of the night everyone in the room Raspberry except Jens woke up from time to time, because they had reached the limits of the lines while sleeping. Thereby everyone became conscious again of their helplessness and also the fact that there was nothing they could do about it.

11.3 The first real day of the class trip

Jens was woken up by muted conversations; he could tell through the blinds that it was already light outside. His roommates were all already awake and could not sleep. Jens had slept through the whole night and stretched his arms and legs. But he was stopped by the fixation of his ankles. The fact that he was held on the upper part of his body was now normal and not unpleasant for Jens. In those moments when he was fixated by his parents for control or education he even found it pleasant because his parents were always around. But being so alone in bed and hardly being able to move his feet was not so nice.

He squeezed his cuddly toy Hasi again and sucked his pacifier with pleasure. Afterwards he looked at Niklas, who was lying opposite him and had watched him. "Good morning, could you sleep well?"

Niklas asked his friend and let his head fall back again, because it was exhausting to look at Jens when you can't sit up. Jens lifted his head up for a moment, laid Hasi aside and took the pacifier out of his mouth. This he did skillfully with both hands and clamped the pacifier between his hands.

Afterwards he replied quietly "Yes, quite well. And yourself?". Niklas remained lying quietly. "Well, is very unfamiliar and unpleasant. I woke up several times and for an hour Olaf and Martin have been chatting up there, they can't sleep either." What Olaf immediately got involved in, "Yes, you can't go to sleep like this. Dude! Jens, how can you stand it, sleeping like that?" Olaf didn't sound mean or gloating as usual, no he sounded more appreciative and respectful. Therefore Jens did not answer annoyed.

"The first few nights are strange, but then it's okay." Jens thought for a moment about expanding and telling Olaf more. But then he held back for a while, because Olaf was not exactly his friend. Then Martin spoke up, who didn't sound scornful and mean anymore either. "Well, I hardly slept and I can't imagine that I can sleep like that in the long run. What's okay with that and what good is it if you sleep in restraints?" Jens didn't want to give him an answer to that, he wouldn't understand it anyway. Especially since it made a huge difference to Jens whether his parents buckled him in or someone else. "You have to ask Mr Burgmeier or better your parents. I can handle it and am not angry about it towards my parents, even if it's annoying sometimes. But that's just something parents do more often."

Olaf and Martin continued to talk about the topic alone and wondered when they would finally be freed. Since everyone in the room was awake in the meantime, they did not do this in a whisper. Of course Alexander and Felix could not take part in the conversation. Their inserts in their mouths were still held relentlessly in their mouths. Of course they had tried in vain to change something with the gloves. But it was just as unsuccessful as getting relief from the harnesses.

Niklas looked at Jens again and asked him very quietly, "Have you used her yet?" Jens didn't understand the question, "What should I use?" "Well is she wet yet?" he asked again. Now Jens took up his head and grinned broadly at Niklas, "No was not necessary". "With me it's very, very urgent. When is Mr Burgmeier finally coming, or should I call him?" Jens shook his head. "No, I wouldn't do that, just let go. It's much easier than you think. You used to be able to do that anyway." Whereupon Jens grinned again. Niklas lay down flat again and concentrated on emptying the bladder.

Felix's bladder also became a problem, but he hadn't accepted a diaper and had to go to the toilet. He would simply like to call for Mr Burgmeier, but of course he couldn't do that. So he became more restless and fidgeted around in his harness.

This was observed by Jens diagonally opposite and Jens asked Felix if he was in pain. But Felix shook his head. Then Jens asked if he had to go to the toilet. Whereupon Felix nodded violently. "OK, can you manage another moment? I think someone will come soon anyway." But Felix shook his head and signaled Jens that he didn't have time anymore.

Just in that moment the door opened and Mr. Burgmeier came into the room Raspberry, "Good morning children! I hope you have slept well. It's just after 7 and I'm going to wake everybody up." Actually, he wanted to continue talking because he had already realized that all had their eyes open and were therefore awake. But Felix interrupted him with big gestures and the attempt to say something through the gag. Mr. Burgmeier recognized that it was urgent and bent down to Felix to remove the gag. As soon as the gag was out of his mouth, Felix explained the urgent need. "OK, I'll let you go to the toilet now, but actually I wanted to wake everybody else up first and then let you out of bed." But while he was saying this, he already started to undo the lines from the bed frame for Felix. Then he was allowed to get up and squeezed his legs together when Mr. Burgmeier opened the harness at the back. After Mr. Burgmeier had taken the harness off Felix, Felix wanted to run to the toilet. But Mr Burgmeier stopped him again and took off his mittens. But then Felix was finally gone.

Next, the teacher turned to Alexander and took away his help for the evening ban on speaking, as Mr Burgmeier called it. Then he spoke again to all the children. "You can now talk for a moment until all the others are woken up. Then I'll come and let you get out of bed for the morning toilet." Thereupon he disappeared again from the room Raspberry.

"This is stupid here, I want to get out of this damn thing!" said Alexander, who could finally speak again. "It's not better for us either." Martin told him. "This strange harness totally pinches between my legs! I'm really not in the mood for a school trip anymore!" Alexander added another one. Then the door opened again and Felix came back from the toilet. He sat on the edge of his bed and stayed there. Jens looked at him and could see how relieved he was. "Did you make it?" Jens then asked him. "Yes, it was very close. But it was still enough. And did you really use the diaper?". Jens smiled. "No, it wasn't necessary. It's still dry." Then Felix had to ask. "But you always wear one at home and use it there?" "Yes, I've used it before, but it's not as bad as you think now." Jens replied.

Suddenly Alexander spoke up loudly. "Come on Felix, don't just sit down there, get us out of here, I want to get out of the damn harness too!" But Felix remained seated. "I'm not allowed to, Mr. Burgmeier forbade me to touch your belts, I'm supposed to sit on my bed until he comes back." Alexander wouldn't give up. "Don't make such a fuss, you don't usually do everything the Burgmeier tells you." Felix would have loved to jump up and say the following to Alexander's face, but he didn't dare to stand. "Have you already forgotten the fucking plug in your mouth tonight? I won't release you, I have no interest in putting up with that a second night." Now Alexander was silent for a while, he couldn't say anything against it. That experience had been enough for him at well. Felix was the only one besides Niklas who had seen that Jens had let Mr Burgmeier give him the pacifier the night before. It was still lying on Jens' stomach. Therefore Felix asked Jens now "Why did you let him give it to you voluntarily?" Jens thought for a moment. "You can't compare that. I don't know the -plug- as you call it, but I know things for speech impediments. But this is different. It's pleasant and relaxing." Now Olaf and Martin of course wanted to know what Felix and Jens had been talking about. But Jens said it was none of their business. After which Felix kindly didn't say anything either.

After a short silence Mr Burgmeier came back. "So I'll let you out of bed and then it's off to the morning toilet and at 8:00 it's breakfast." Then Felix was already allowed to leave the room and Alexander was freed from the bed and then from the harness. Next came Olaf and Martin, they were then also freed from their pyjamas. These should remain on the bed. The beds were to be made neatly by all the children when they came back from the bathroom. Jens had hidden his pacifier with his padded hands while the others had left the room.

Now it was Niklas' turn, but Mr. Burgmeier suddenly focused onto Niklas' crotch first and checked whether he had used the diaper. "OK, Niklas then please come with Jens right away when we go downstairs." This was extremely embarrassing for Niklas, but he had to get rid of the wet diaper, preferably without the others noticing that he had used it. Because shortly after the first conversation with Jens he couldn't stand it anymore. He was surprised how well it had worked and the diaper had absorbed everything.

When Niklas stood in the sleeping jumpsuit with the padded mittens in the room, Jens was also let out of bed. He took his hands off the pacifier so that Mr. Burgmeier could see him. "Oh, did he fall out that night Jens?" "No, I took him out this morning to talk to the others." "Okay, should I put it back, or should we tie it to your pajamas so that it doesn't get lost?" Mr Burgmeier then asked. Of course Jens didn't want to walk around like a toddler with a dummy on his pyjama suit. So he had him put back into the wardrobe.

Now Niklas and Jens stood in their sleep suits in the room and of course they couldn't take them off. "So you two, you go downstairs like this to the special bathroom, there you will be changed, but you must take your day clothes with you." Then Mr. Burgmeier went to the wardrobes and collected the things for the two of them to put between their hands. "Tonight, please ready your underwear yourself so that you can take it with you in the morning. OK!" Then Mr. Burgmeier stroked the two of them over

the head and went ahead. Jens and Niklas followed him into the corridor. In the bathroom they heard a loud bustle. But Mr Burgmeier said to Jens and Niklas they were to go downstairs. Jens would know the waiting area and there they should wait their turn. Mr. Burgmeier on the other hand went into the room where Philipp, among others, had slept.

When Jens and Niklas arrived downstairs, Katja and Kristina, who were also still in their sleep suits, were just let into the bathroom by Mrs. Schultz. So Jens and Niklas had to take a seat in the waiting area. A short time later Linus, Franz and Philipp together with Mr. Burgmeier joined them, who then disappeared into the bathroom.

When Katja and Kristina came out of the bathroom again, they were dressed in their overalls from the day before and ready for the day. They were then sent to their rooms by Frau Schulz to make the beds neatly. Next in line were Jens and Niklas and they were let into the bathroom. Mr Burgmeier asked Jens "Is everything still dry?" "Yes, but I have to go to the bathroom soon." "Good, so you should." Thereupon the onesie was taken off him and he had to have the hated handcuffs put on, with which he was then put on the toilet. Meanwhile, Niklas was undressed by Frau Schultz and put on the changing table wearing the wet diaper. Since it was his first time, Mrs. Schulz thought it would be better to restrain his hands while she was taking care of his diaper. So cuffs were attached to Niklas' wrists and his arms were lightly pulled to the upper edge of the changing table. Niklas felt totally incapable and helpless, he was not used to that. But Frau Schultz simply continued with practiced efficiency and opened the diaper. After removing it, Niklas was thoroughly cleaned with the washcloth. After Jens was finished on the toilet, everything was cleaned with him as well. This was done by Mr. Burgmeier, but while Jens was still standing in front of the toilet with his hands connected. Then the genital protector was put on and he was dressed. The overalls snapped in with two clearly audible clicks.

Niklas had watched the procedure with Jens closely, also to distract himself from the fact that his sports teacher had just washed his genital area. When she had finished, she put underpants on Niklas, and then he was freed from the changing table. Mrs. Schultz then asked Niklas if he had to go to the toilet before breakfast, he could do that alone. Niklas thought about it for a moment, actually he should have, but after what he had just seen with Jens, he did without and preferred to do it alone after the meal. So he was allowed to get dressed alone. Both had left the bathroom together and should go upstairs to make their beds neatly. Niklas was so overwhelmed by the events that he could not talk about it with Jens, although he had so many questions about what had just happened. On the way up to the room of the two of them it seemed as if it had all been quite normal for Jens.

Upstairs in the hallway of the boys it was still busy; not all the children were dressed yet. But Jens and Niklas first took care of their beds as they were told to. Also Felix and Alexander were already back from the bathroom. Their frustration about the nasty harness in the night had still not gone away. Besides, it was still lying in their beds for both of them. So first the beds and the straps on them were examined. Felix and Alexander wanted to look for a way to manipulate the harness for the next night. But the part that was attached to the bed frame under the mattress could not be loosened or extended without tools.

Jens watched the two for a moment and then interjected "Do you really think you are smarter than the teachers and could get an advantage or a relief?" Felix looked at Jens annoyed. "Well, we have to try, do you know how shitty that night was?" Jens stayed calm. "Yes, I have had my experiences too. Wasn't so great at first either!" Alexander turned away from his bed and turned to Jens. "And now it's great for you, if you get squeezed in such a belt and tied to the bed, what kind of freak are you?" Jens already regretted having started the discussion, but he couldn't quite hide a certain malicious joy. "I

don't mean it that way, my sleep suit is at least very comfortable and cuddly. You should ask your parents if you can have one like that." Jens grinned at Alexander, who then said, "Ha ha very funny, first of all I can do without it very well at home. And secondly, Mr Burgmeier said, "We'll have these on all week." Jens shrugged his shoulders and was reminded again of the overalls that made themselves felt. "I'm sorry, but everybody has their own problems, we can't take off our overalls all day long and are dependent on the teachers. That's not so great either." Felix and Alexander looked stunned at first each other and then at Jens. "Really?" "Yeah, well, me and the others can't do anything about it either, so don't be a pussy."

When Jens had said this, Felix and Alexander also started to make their beds neatly. But the harnesses were hidden under the blankets. Jens and Niklas on the other hand had carefully folded their overalls and placed them on top of the duvets. Jens had placed his Hasi confidently on the pillow. At that moment Olaf and Martin also came back from the bathroom. Now they had to hurry very much to get their bed ready before breakfast at 8:00 am.

Olaf and Martin had seen Jens' cuddly toy, but either they didn't want to annoy Jens anymore after their nightly experiences, or they really wanted to be on time for breakfast. At least they hadn't asked Jens about it and made their beds ready instead.

All the children had reached breakfast at 8:00 am on time. The seating order of the previous evening was used again. The food was already waiting on the tables and everyone was strengthened for the day. At the end of the meal Mr. Burgmeier reported on the planned schedule for the day. First, the class would go on a little hike. They should also be drawing different plants. After lunch there would be free time where everyone could do what they wanted. With the restriction that none of them was allowed to leave the grounds of the facility. After the a midday snack, the program would then include communal ball games.

Not all children liked the hike with the bio lesson part, but in the end it was fun for everyone. The landscape was beautiful and in the forest there was no need to pay attention to road traffic. In general the surroundings of the facility were very quiet and rural. On the whole hike the class met only one car. Philipp and Katja were careful to be taken to the toilet shortly before the hike. At the end of the hike, Jens and Franz already had some pressure on their bladders and regretted not having thought about it.

So Jens asked Mr. Burgmeier in the forest if his overalls could be unlocked so that he could go behind a tree. But the teacher said that he had to know that his parents would not allow that anymore. Besides he had to learn slowly that he had to plan something like this better. Jens was a bit sad, but Mr Burgmeier was right, he knew all that. Luckily he was able to hold out until he returned to the home and was taken to the toilet immediately. The usual procedure was nothing new for Jens and the others. Except for the supervised use of the toilets by the six children with the locked overalls, the day went off quite normally and without any changes to Mr Burgmeier's plan. All of them were also distracted by the many activities from the peculiarities of last night. There was very little talk about it among the children during the day.

11.4 Timely preparations for the second night

After dinner the teachers had planned that the children should play outside for another hour. But unfortunately the weather had worsened so much during dinner that it had started to rain. Therefore the plan was changed quickly and everyone should sit in a circle in the big hall. There one of the accompanying teachers, Mrs. Sarlow, read a book. The other teachers were not present. The story was not particularly demanding or even exciting, so the children quickly became a bit tired.

After about 10 minutes Jens and Philipp were quietly taken out of the room by Mr Burgmeier without Mrs. Sarlow interrupting the reading.

When Mr Burgmeier was out of the room with Jens and Philipp, he told them what it was all about. "So that we don't have so much stress when we get ready for bed tonight, I have decided to slowly start getting you ready. Please get your pyjamas out of your rooms and get everything ready for the morning, then come down to the bathroom!" It was still very early to go to bed already, but Jens and Philipp obeyed, got their things and found themselves in the bathroom. There was beside Mr. Burgmeier also Mrs. Schulz and she helped the two to do the usual toilet and shower procedure. Jens and Philipp also got their diapers and pyjamas on immediately. Philipp got on the two-piece pyjamas known from home, where the top was closed like a body in the crotch area. The padded gloves were attached to this. The suit was completed with soft fleece overalls, which in this case were closed in the back. With that they both couldn't do much more with their hands for the evening. When they were finished Jens and Philipp were brought back to the hall where Mrs. Sarlow was still reading from the book.

After Jens and Philipp had taken their places in their pyjamas again, Mr Burgmeier took Linus and Franz outside. There was a short restlessness in the circle, but Mrs. Sarlow quickly got it under control again and continued reading. After another 20 minutes Linus and Franz were brought back. They were also in their pyjamas.

Linus his suit also consisted of a one-piece jumpsuit of slightly thicker fabric, but it didn't look very fluffy, it resembled denim. Only that it was light blue and had a pair of simple white patterns on it. It was closed with a zipper in the back. But the special thing about it was that it only had half-length legs and sleeves. These only went just below the joints at the knees and elbows. On the side were the typical D-rings for fastening. In addition, leather cuffs had already been applied to Linus' ankles so that he could later be secured in bed according to the house rules. He also wore the same gloves that Felix and Alexander had worn the previous night. Both the gloves and the cuffs didn't match the suit. It was safe to assume that both parts did not belong to Linus' normal equipment at home.

Franz's sleep overall was similar to Jens'. It was dark green and had attached feet and gloves which were obviously padded. The fabric looked like a normal jersey fabric which was apparently stretchy, because the suit was very tight. You could see the diaper underneath as well as the built-in harness. This was connected to visible holding points on the outside. Additionally the jumpsuit had a hood, which Franz already had on his head. The zipper was on the front, the end of which was covered with a flap of fabric. So it was possible that there was something underneath that made it difficult or impossible to open the zipper.

Next Katja and Kristina were accompanied outside by Mr. Burgmeier. Jens hoped that the two girls would be the last ones, because on the one hand they were the last two from the group of six with the overalls and on the other hand the story was very boring. Jens wanted to talk to the others a bit more, since activities were limited by the pyjamas.

When Katja and Kristina were brought back, they both wore almost exactly the same outfit. Although they were not twins or siblings, they looked almost exactly the same. It was a pink jumpsuit with everything on it. Feet, gloves and hood. The front zipper went all the way up over the neck. There was a collar or band around the neck, which also secured the zipper. It looked kind of funny, but Katja and Kristina didn't seem to mind, they had a smile on their barely visible face. The overalls were not super tight, but you could see that there were the usual attachment points on them.

The others became more restless again, especially since some boys made fun of the attire of the two girls. But Jens thought it looked really cute and he finally hoped that the others should take a shower and change by themselves now like the evening before. But he was disappointed, Herr Burgmeier took Niklas and Franziska out of the circle. Jens was a bit confused why just the two of them. Niklas had had to use the diaper last night, but he hadn't heard that anybody else in the class needed a diaper. It could be natural that the girls didn't talk about it. Niklas, who had been sitting next to Jens in a circle, remained very cool when Mr. Burgmeier signaled him to come outside. But with Franziska Jens could see that she was shocked for a short time and hesitated to get up. Obviously she was not comfortable with the fact that she should put on her pyjamas already now. Because everybody in the class knew that this would happen.

Niklas and Franziska were also brought back into the hall together. Niklas wore the same pyjamas from the home's inventory as the evening before. When he sat down next to Jens again, it was also clear that he had put on a diaper again. Franziska was also wearing one of the typical suits from the home. But she had obviously cried and was gently stroked on her back by Mr. Burgmeier and led back to her seat. Later Jens heard from Niklas, who was changed in the bathroom together with Franziska, that Franziska had almost wet the bed the first night and so today she got a diaper. Although she did not want that and resisted on the changing table. But Mrs. Schulz had remained firm.

Franziska slowly calmed down again and Mr Burgmeier signaled to Felix and Alexander that they should come outside now. The whole affair had lasted for almost two hours now and the story did not get any better. But Jens was now curious why Felix and Alexander were also changed early. Or would all of them be dealt with one after the other? Jens pondered a bit and looked at the other children who were already in pyjamas. It was a funny picture, especially with Niklas and Franziska it was obvious that they were not used to the padded hands. And also Linus, who tried again and again in vain to grab or feel something with his hands.

After another 15 minutes Felix and Alexander came back again. They had their pyjamas on from home and above them the orange glowing harness. They made a grim face and seemed to be quite annoyed about it. They also had the cuffs at their ankles and the extra mittens on. The belt between their legs obviously didn't cut as much as the day before, although the harness was just as tight. Since the two of them also had a somewhat strange gait, they obviously both must have been given a diaper.

Mr Burgmeier finally gave Mrs. Sarlow a sign and she finished reading at the end of the chapter. Mr Burgmeier immediately took the floor and called on all those who had not yet changed to get ready for bed immediately. Thereupon everyone made their way up to the sleeping quarters. The students who had already been changed waited somewhat unsteadily on the chairs, as they did not know whether they should remain seated or whether they were allowed to go upstairs. After most of the children were already out of the hall, Mr. Burgmeier said to those who remained in their pyjamas, "You can put the chairs back together again, please. They have to be put back together in stacks of 5 chairs. Back there on the wall, please." The enthusiasm of the troupe was limited, but what else could you do? So everybody got up and started pushing the chairs together. Meanwhile Mr. Burgmeier also left the hall with the remark, "I'll be right back!"

It was not easy to pick up the chairs with the padded hands that all the children in the group now had. By pushing them, they could bring them all together, but then they had to be lifted, which after a short time led to amusement in the group. Since they all had the same handicap, nobody was annoyed or laughed at. It just looked very funny how they tried to lift the chairs and grab them, which of course failed. But then exactly what the teachers had hoped for from the class trip happened. First Katja and Kristina got the idea to try it together, which was of course much easier if they lifted a chair together. The others also formed teams of two and put the chairs together in the required order.

Franziska was still a little bit reserved and busy with her diaper and the outfit, but since there was no other team partner for Niklas, he could convince Franziska to stack a few chairs together with him. This was also very good for her, so she could occupy herself with something else. After not too long time all were ready. Since Mr Burgmeier had said he would come back, the group wanted to wait in the hall and not go upstairs on their own. So of course inevitably they talked about the strange home rules.

In the meantime the word had gotten around in the class that Philipp, Jens, Linus, Franz, Katja and Kristina sleep like this at home as well, since that wasn't just discussed in the room Raspberry last night. In the group assembled here it quickly became clear why Niklas, Franziska, Felix and Alexander were there. All had been given a diaper. But that was not the main topic of conversation.

"I can't stand this stupid tight harness much longer!" Felix complained again about his harness and tried in vain to pull on it with his gloves.

"Tell me, are your suits just as uncomfortable and tight?" Alexander asked, rocking his knees a bit to loosen the belt between his legs, but that didn't really help.

"No, I find my cuddly suit very comfortable. I like to have my mum put it on even before going to bed," Kristina said and Katja had to agree with her. "Well, but then you can't do anything anymore until you fall asleep, that's really stupid," replied Franziska, who had defrosted a bit in the meantime and had come to terms with having received a diaper.

"Well, this is neither comfortable nor 'cozy'," said Felix a bit pejoratively and pointed to his harness.

"Both of you don't need to think that our 'restraint systems', as my parents call them, don't also fit tightly and hold you down well," said Franz, who had the harness integrated into the overall. "My pyjamas here also have me fully under control, but that's not necessarily unpleasant. But I wouldn't like to be locked up in them earlier than necessary," he added.

"So Franziska, I can still listen to music, read or watch TV after I've changed.

I can also cuddle with mum and dad, which is a lot of fun because the suit is so soft and warm. This brings Kristina back to Franziska's question. "But ... I don't know ... I ... It feels weird!" Franziska laboriously expressed her thought.

Katja, on the other hand, said, "That's what I thought at first, that my parents wanted to annoy me with it and wanted to lock me away. I was even afraid of that. But I felt very quickly that this is not so. Of course they can control and restrict me more. But they were already strict with me before and now they care more about me than before. And the pajamas feel great."

Franz was not so enthusiastic about his parents' new method.

"I've come to terms with it, but I don't think it's great. I can no longer undress myself and always have to ask when I want to go to the toilet. I cannot get up when I want to. My parents have me totally under control, I am hardly allowed to watch TV anymore. It's all so stupid, I don't understand how you guys can be so into this!"

Kristina then said. "Well, just because the pajamas are snug and comfortable doesn't mean you have to think the rest is great. I also don't think it's so great when I wake up Sunday morning and can't get up. Just because mom always sleeps so late. Then it gets on my nerves. But Mom says I should learn to be submissive.

Now Linus also reported on his experiences.

"Well, my parents are kind of freaking out about this. They just changed all my clothes and banned almost everything that was fun. Then they force me to do a lot of things, like washing up and cleaning the house. I get full supervision on my homework. I don't get these funny gloves at home." He showed up his extra padded gloves from the home.

"Is that your pyjamas, they look more like tracksuits?" Katja asked curiously. "Well, not at first, that's how it was: I was grounded and ran outside to play." The others were not particularly surprised, since Linus was known for his rebellious behavior. "But unfortunately I got caught because I pulled some stunt. Well, nothing new there, but the next day I came home from school, my mother had suddenly taken a holiday and I got this piece on. My mom called it tutoring. I am always supposed to get it on right after school. It feels weird but not as bad as I feared. It just looks like crap." Everyone laughed a little, then Linus went on. "Since I can't take it off and my mother knows I wouldn't leave the house with it, I had to help around the house after homework. But a few days later my parents took the next step and they bought those nasty chairs. Where I now always do my homework in, and get strapped to them at the dining table. You guys got those too, right?" At which Katja, Kristina, Jens and Franz nodded. Philipp seemed to be lost in thought, because he had never thought about all this before - he didn't know any other way. Franziska, Felix and Alexander, on the other hand, stood in the open mouths and couldn't believe it. But Linus continued his little story.

"Well, I was still grounded and couldn't do anything about it anyway. I was hoping for the end of my confinement, but that was when my parents really got into it. I got the overalls and was forced to go outside and to school with them. But at home I still had to wear the suit and was strapped in. All for my better 'upbringing', I was told. After two weeks my parents said that they had read about it and that it was very important that I was also strapped in bed and so I wear the suit for the educational support at home practically all the time. It is already like a second skin for me. The thing itself is not so much annoying, but the constant buckling and that you have to ask for permission for every fart totally annoying!"

Franz could only agree. "Yes, it was very similar for me, only I don't have a track suit like that. But how is it with you, Philip? You said it's been like that with you for a long time!" Philipp was torn from his thoughts by the direct address, especially since he had practically no contact with anyone in the class except Jens and Niklas.

"Uhhmmm ... yes I ... yes I don't know." stuttered Philipp.

"Well, when and how your parents started to wrap you up like that?" Franz added.

Philipp looked down and bit my lips in shame. "I just don't know."

Franz felt that he was being taken for a ride and got annoyed. "Like memory loss or what!"

Now Jens Philipp came to the rescue. "Franz, you got the wrong end of the stick again. He doesn't know because he doesn't know any different. Philip has been dressed in overalls since he was little and he's always been strapped in."

Now Franz was the stupid one and a murmur went through the group. But just at that moment Mr. Burgmeier also came back into the hall.

"Great, you've tidied up all the chairs again, but then up to the rooms with you, it's getting late today. And we still have to strap you all in." After the sentence, the children made a long face again and Felix said "Ohhh, do we really?"

"Yes of course Felix, these are the house rules and especially for you it seems to be very good."

Felix gave a deep sigh and the group made their way up to their rooms. There was still some activity in the two hallways, but most of the children were already in their pyjamas with their padded gloves on. Also in the room Raspberry Olaf and Martin were already lying on their beds, but were not yet buckled up when the other four came in. They could not start a conversation, because Mr. Burgmeier followed them almost directly. He had the room Raspberry under special observation. "So, children, it is already late, so everyone shoo to bed. I'll strap you in right away." Since Olaf and Martin were already in their beds, Mr. Burgmeier started with them. Since the others had also climbed into their beds during this time, the rest went quickly. And this time there was no more time until the "light OFF". Because Mr. Burgmeier asked Felix and Alexander, "Do you both want to get another chance, or should I put the disciplinary aid back on you right away? Both shook their heads violently and dared not say a word.

"That's what I thought. Okay, now you two settle down and get a good night's sleep." Then Mr. Burgmeier went to Jens' closet and put the pacifier in his mouth. When he left the room the light was turned off and in the room Raspberry was dead silent.

11.5 Ending with punishments

The next morning, after breakfast, everyone was allowed to go outside and play on the grounds of the facility. Most of them played ball in the meadow, but Linus and 4 of his old friends wanted to discover the secrets of the remote places on the property. So they hid behind the big shed and looked for an open entrance to explore the shed. Unfortunately they only found a shelter for firewood and an old pile of leaves. Linus had had a lighter in his possession for a long time and had taken it with him on the class trip. Of course he always had to hide it well, because when the teachers put on his overalls, it would have been discovered quickly. He knew that he was not allowed to set anything afire. But that was the attraction, so his friends had no problem when Linus suddenly started to light some of the leaves with his lighter behind the shed.

At first it didn't really want to start burning, because it was still wet from the morning dew. But when a few beautiful flames had appeared, everybody was eagerly looking for small and thin branches to put on the fire. When those burned Linus took a bigger piece of the pile of firewood and put it on the small fire. This choked the fire a bit and it started to smoke more. And when more wet leaves was added, the smoke increased at first.

Mr. Burgmeier stood currently at the playground and watched the other children playing. He was happy that everything was going well and that there were no quarrels among the children. The weather was especially nice on this day and according to the weather forecast it should stay like this the whole day. Therefore a soccer tournament was planned for the day. Small games were to take place throughout the day with small teams that were to be put together right now. But when Mr. Burgmeier was waiting for his colleagues and let his eyes wander contentedly over the grounds of the facility, he suddenly noticed the smoke that came out from behind the tool shed. It was immediately clear that something was wrong. A quick glance at the children immediately gave him a bad premonition, because the usual suspects were not to be seen in the meadow. So Mr. Burgmeier took a quick step towards the shed to see what was going on behind it. His foreboding was not disappointed. "What stunts are you pulling here?" he shouted in horror to the children when he saw what was going on there. The children were frightened and of course did not expect to be discovered. Running away was of course futile. So they only looked at their teacher in shock.

"Linus, put out the fire at once!" Linus was closest to the fire and it was clear that he was most occupied with it.

"Tobias, go to the house entrance and take a filled watering can that is standing in the hallway! Now!"

"The others need to get away from there, what has gotten into you, you can't light a fire here. The whole shed could burn down. This can't be true!"

After he had given clear instructions to the children and Tobias ran off to fetch the water, Burgmeier kicked the fire apart with his feet and prevented the big block that Linus added last from starting to burn. After a few minutes Tobias also came back with the watering can full of water and Mr Burgmeier gave him instructions on how to extinguish all the embers.

"So now off you go to the entrance hall, I will follow in a moment and then we will talk about what just happened here." Mr. Burgmeier had overcome the initial shock and in his thoughts he slightly changed his plan for the day. Because the 5 had to get a punishment, that much was certain. He could not let them get away with that.

The children went back to the facility slowly and in expectation of an appropriate lecture to wait for their class teacher in the entrance hall. The teacher went to his colleagues on the meadow, reported on what had happened and gave the instruction that the others should start forming the teams. Linus and the other 4 arsonists would not participate in the tournament.

When Mr. Burgmeier came into the entrance hall, he immediately unlocked the classroom and asked the 5 sinners in the room. The classroom was equipped like a classroom in school. There was a blackboard and a projector. Only the tables for the students were different. They were similar to the school desks from the early 20th century, only made of modern materials. There were two benches with a slightly sloping writing surface and a flat surface about 10cm wide at the front. On each side there were two small pads, where in earlier times the inkwell stood. The bench also had a backrest, in contrast to the historical models.

"Dear boys, please take a seat in the front row." came the instruction from Mr. Burgmeier. Linus sat in the middle and the others to the right and left. Linus leaned back and crossed his arms in front of his chest on his overalls. Thereby he made a cool impression on the outside. The others laid their arms crossed on the writing surface and hoped that Mr. Burgmeier would not scold so strongly. In the meantime he had gone to the teacher's desk and switched on a device.

"Well, first of all I would like you to take a correct posture, you are sitting there as if you did not belong. You have just made a colossal blunder. I want you to sit up straight and put your wrists on the pads in front of you."

A clear sigh could be heard from Linus, signaling that he didn't want to be lectured in this way. He was already expecting to be sent home somehow.

"Linus, don't go too far. You'd lose your cool attitude."

After everyone had just sat down on the bench and stretched out their arms straight onto the padding, the teacher pressed a button on his desk and in a flash a metal cuff rotated around the boys' wrists. Some of them then let out a short cry of horror.

"So, now we can talk in peace without you becoming unfocused," said Mr. Burgmeier and sat down on his own desk.

"Who wants to tell me how this fire came about?" Initially, a silence of all involved followed.

"Okay, let me ask you a question. What did you light the fire with?" Then after a few seconds, Andre said, "With a lighter." Which earned him a kick from Linus, who was sitting right next to him.

Of course, Mr Burgmeier was not unaware of this either.

"OK Andre, and where did the lighter come from?"

Andre looked down in shame and did not want to betray Linus.

"Someone else can answer - I'm waiting" said Mr Burgmeier, got up from his desk again and walked from the side along the row where the five children were stuck in their seats.

When he was behind Linus he waited a moment and then said,

"Well, if none of you want to talk, I guess I'll just have to check."

At that moment he felt Linus' bib pocket from behind and could feel that Linus' little heart was beating very hard with excitement and that he was not as cool as he tried to convey. Then he continued to scan the pockets of his trousers and found what he was looking for in the right back pocket. Then he patted him paternally on the shoulder and said "Linus, was it really worth the fuss? You might have known I'd find it. Now, please tell me, how did the fire start?"

Mr. Burgmeier felt Linus giving up and he was sure the boy would talk now.

So he went back to the front of the desk.

Linus then told that he had brought the lighter from home and that he just wanted to play with the others. He hadn't seen the danger. Mr. Burgmeier believed him, but he also wanted to know from the others why they had not seen the danger. They all knew how wood and leaves can burn. But also from

the other four boys there was no real awareness of the danger. So Mr. Burgmeier gave the usual lecture, but he was afraid that this would not really reach the children.

"So children, what do you think would be an appropriate punishment?"

All of them were still sitting on their benches with their hands tied to the table, almost straight, and with the exception of Linus, they had hoped that it would be over with the lecture. Linus was still expecting to be sent home, because Mr Burgmeier had made it clear that setting the fire was not a harmless thing.

"Do I have to go home?" Linus asked directly.

"Do you think this is a just punishment and you'll get better afterwards, Linus?" was the question asked by his teacher. Linus wondered briefly what else Mr Burgmeier wanted from him. He admitted he'd made a mistake. Wasn't that enough?

"You know, Linus, I don't think it will help you if I call your mother now and she has to pick you up. I have a harsher punishment in mind for all of you." A murmur went through the small group. All of them had thought that being sent home was the maximum penalty on a school trip. Especially since the parents had to come specially to pick up their children. But Mr Burgmeier explained his measurements further.

"Tobias, Andre, Olaf and Martin ... you will not participate in the soccer tournament. You can watch until noon and see what you are missing, then you will have three hours in bed to think about your behavior. Then Mr Burgmeier took a short break.

"Linus, you, on the other hand, are the primary culprit, so you should have more opportunity for introspection." Then he pressed a button on the desk and the shackles of Tobias, Andre, Olaf and Martin were loosened.

"You can go outside and watch the others, but don't get caught anywhere but in the meadow, understood?" Thereupon the four jumped up and ran outside.

But Linus suddenly felt quite poorly. What did Mr Burgmeier intend to do with him?

"So Linus, I am of the opinion that you completely misjudged the danger today and did not behave in an age-appropriate manner. Therefore, you will be under my personal control for the rest of the class trip. You will also write an essay on fire and its dangers under restriction today.

Linus was still fixed with his hands on the desk and his expression showed a certain horror. He hadn't expected this, and he was also unsure what Mr Burgmeier meant by "personal control". But he could not really show any remorse.

"Mr. Burgmeier, I can't write an essay like this." Linus pointed with his head at his hands and turned them in the cuffs. He wanted to finish his punishment as soon as possible and go back to play. He had apparently missed the small addition "under restriction". Besides, Mr. Burgmeier didn't seem to have made the seriousness of the situation clear enough with his friendly manner with Linus, but Mr. Burgmeier still wanted to remain friendly and show Linus in another way that it was a serious matter with the fire. "Linus, you obviously haven't understood yet. But it is very important to me that you understand how quickly such a reckless act can become a danger. I'm going to get everything ready so you can start your essay right away. You can start thinking about it now."

Then Mr Burgmeier left the classroom and Linus looked after him in horror and then back at his fixed hands.

Right after Mr Burgmeier had closed the door, Linus examined his restraints. As long as he sat upright on the bench it was not very uncomfortable, but when he tried to get up and look under the desk, the thin cuffs around his wrists tightened painfully. He also tried to lay his upper body over the desk to look under it from the front, because he wanted to find out if the mechanism had a weak point. Unfortunately he noticed that it became sore very quickly when he moved his arms up or to the side.

Moreover, the mechanism seemed to be inaccessibly installed inside the desk. So he had no other choice than to wait for his teacher, sitting up straight.

In the meantime, Mr. Burgmeier had prepared everything in the bathroom next door for Linus to put in his sleep suit. Afterwards he went outside to coordinate the further scheduling with the other teachers.

In the meantime Linus had been waiting for more than 15 minutes and the posture with his arms in front became increasingly uncomfortable. Therefore he thought more about the strange equipment of the facility than about his misdemeanour. When he was strapped at home by his mother into the new chair at the dining table, it was not so unpleasant, because there he had his hands free. On the other hand he had to sit more quietly than here, so he fidgeted a bit on the bench without moving his arms too much.

Then Mr Burgmeier came back into the room and freed Linus from his situation with a press of the button on the desk. Linus then rubbed his wrists first.

Meanwhile Mr Burgmeier went to Linus to grab his right hand.

"Come Linus, let's go to the bathroom next door and I'll change you now!"

Linus was pulled behind him like a small child by Mr Burgmeier by the hand. "Why is that? I'm supposed to write an essay," Linus asked in a very stubborn tone of voice, as even a 6-year-old could not have done better.

Mr Burgmeier had to grin a lot inside, but he didn't show it to Linus.

"I already told you that, you write under restraint. I also have to look after the others and can't watch you all the time."

When they arrived in the bathroom, Linus' overalls were taken off and he was told to use the toilet, after which he was washed as in the evening when he was made ready for bed and then had to lie down on the changing table. After Linus got a diaper, under protest, he was put on his pyjamas. These were also used at home by his mother as house clothes. After the suit was locked and secured, Linus also got the leather cuffs on his ankles. Which surprised him very much, but he had given up trying to resist the measures taken by Mr Burgmeier. He had realized that he had no other choice. Finally, the two ankle cuffs were connected with a leather band of about 20cm length. The fasteners were equipped with small locks. During the day this was no problem in the sense of the house rules, because he could be supervised easily.

"So Linus, now you can go back into the classroom. I'll bring you something to write with... Oh yes, please go to the back row," said Mr Burgmeier and began to tidy up in the bathroom.

"But... I can't walk like this." Said Linus with clearly intimidated voice and lowered head.

"Well Linus, perhaps not walking normally, but you can tread slowly..."

Linus already felt very strange, almost like an offender in prison, as far as he could imagine that. Then he turned around and wanted to head for the classroom as he was told to. But already at the third step he had misjudged the length of the leather strap and had to flail wildly with his arms.

"Slowly, I told you Linus. You won't get away from me so quickly with those things," said Mr Burgmeier with a slight grin on his face.

But Linus concentrated on not losing his balance again. Just as he reached the classroom, Mr Burgmeier followed with big steps and took a notebook and two pens from the teacher's desk. Linus struggled further into the back of the room.

After the last row of desks there were 4 more strange looking chairs in front of the wall. These resembled high chairs for small children, because there was also an attached table in front of them. At one of these chairs Mr. Burgmeier took the table off and put it on one of the other chairs.

"So Linus, please take a seat there," said Mr Burgmeier and pointed to the chair.

"What are these things?" Linus then asked his teachers.

"Well, my dear Linus, these are detention seats for punishment work. We are wonderfully prepared here, even for such difficult cases as yours. Now please don't make a fuss, sit down!" "Yes, all right, there's no harm in asking." gave Linus back a little snotty.

But then he sat down "voluntarily" in the chair and Mr Burgmeier started to strap him down in it. It was very similar to home at the dining table, only when Mr Burgmeier had finished with Linus, he could hardly move. His arms were still free and he could move his upper body back and forth for about 10cm. But his legs and lower body were firmly fixed. Afterwards Mr. Burgmeier fixed the table in front of Linus' stomach again and put the empty notebook on it.

"You should take good care of it, because if you lose the notebook, it will take longer," said Mr. Burgmeier and fastened the two pencils each to a string about 40cm long. "You'll get help with the pens, so they can't fall off." he commented on this measure.

"You now have two hours before lunch. There is no requirement on how many pages you write, but I want to see in the essay that you have thought about the dangers of fire and maybe also why you always have to do such stupid things."

Then Mr. Burgmeier lovingly stroked Linus over the head and sat down at his desk in the front and took a few notes. After about 10 minutes he left the room and also Linus. He really tried to think about the topic of the essay, but the unusual situation he found himself in demanded his attention more. At home he had only been tied to the chair for a short time and it was much more severe and firmer here. It took him almost half an hour to get used to the new situation. Only after another half hour did he start writing. Since he had no watch he could not estimate how much time he had left. Therefore he was still concentrated on writing when Mr Burgmeier came back.

"How are things with you Linus?" he asked as he approached Linus.

"All right, I've already written four pages," Linus said, hoping to have some time left. He would like to leave the chair as soon as possible, but he knew that his essay would not be enough for Mr Burgmeier.

"Nice Linus, that you take your task here seriously, I am really very pleased. You will have the opportunity to continue writing after lunch, but now please finish your paragraph and take a break. OK?" Mr. Burgmeier lovingly stroked Linus over his back.

After Linus had put down the pen, his teacher removed the table with the writing equipment.

Linus was then released from the chair. But Mr Burgmeier left the leather strap between his feet in place. After Linus got up he stretched and loosened his stiff legs. After that he looked down at himself and his gaze was caught on the leather strap. "Mr Burgmeier?" Linus said in a sad voice.

"Yes Linus, what do you want?"

"Does that still have to be there, if the others see me like this. I'll be good. I promise."

"Yes, Linus, this will continue until the end of the class trip. You have to earn my trust again first, you know," said Mr Burgmeier then and put his hand on Linus' back and gently pushed him. Linus gave a deep sigh and with small steps moved towards the dining room. Mr Burgmeier walked beside him and accompanied him to his seat.

The other children were already walking around the dining room and slowly took their places. When the first ones saw Linus it quickly became quieter and there was only whispering between the other children. After Linus had reached his place and sat down Mr Burgmeier took the floor.

"Silence children, please... You have seen that Linus has a small handicap. If we see that someone is annoying him or even tripping him because of it, they will keep him company until the end of the class trip. I hope I've made myself clear! Now, let's just eat and regain strength, we continue after the meal with the football tournament. Bon appetit!"

After the meal Linus was strapped back on his chair in the classroom. Mr. Burgmeier skimmed the text Linus had written so far and gave him some tips on what he could add to it. The other 4 sinners were taken to their beds by the other teachers and strapped in with their belts. Compared to the night, however, the belts were adjusted shorter, so that they had less room to move. When Martin complained about this and said he could not sleep, he was told not to sleep, he should think about his behavior and his actions.

The so prescribed bed rest was very unpleasant and boring. The children also had no watches and could not see how much time had passed. But this uncertainty made them think about their behavior here. After the end of this "midday rest" the 4 were freed from their beds again and should wait for Mr. Burgmeier in the big hall.

Linus had finished his essay after about 2 hours and Mr Burgmeier left Linus strapped in his chair while he sat down at his desk and read and corrected the essay. He was satisfied with the result, Linus had described the events from his own point of view and had also expressed the dangers. Mr Burgmeier gave Linus a B+ as a mark for the essay, this was an unusually good mark for Linus. After a short conversation in which Mr Burgmeier told Linus about the grade and also told him that he would give the essay to his mother, he was released from the detention chair and could stand up.

"Mr Burgmeier?... Do you absolutely have to give the essay to my mother? Then I'll get into even more trouble," Linus said sadly, looking at his leather strap between his feet.

"That's already so mean, my mother has been getting such funny ideas lately when I've done something wrong. Please, isn't this enough?" Linus was really desperate, he was afraid his mother might overreact and equip him with such leg restraints at home as well.

"Linus, Linus, you must realize that your mother must know about the incident this morning. There's no other way. Your essay is a great opportunity. You got a great grade from me. You should be proud of that."

Then Mr Burgmeier stroked Linus's back, which felt quite good. Linus was still very depressed, but he was lifted up a bit.

"Come on, let's go and join the others and then we'll have another group discussion," said Mr Burgmeier and slowly pushed Linus back up so that he could start walking with small steps.

"Do I really have to wear the restraint until the end of the class trip?" Linus asked. "Yes, Linus, the step size limitation is to keep you under control. I would also appreciate it if you would stop begging. Put up with it like a man, you have screwed up and now you have to live with it. OK?" This was the end of the subject for Mr Burgmeier and Linus had to continue to walk slowly with small steps.

When both of them arrived in the big hall, they talked for over an hour with all the sinners together about what each of them had learned from the incident.

The football tournament had really taken place without the 5. Linus had to wear his sleep suit and the foot restraints for the last 3 days in the school home. He had given up begging with Mr Burgmeier, because he had realized that he could not get anywhere. During the activities in front of the door Linus was always kept on a leash by Mr Burgmeier, which was hooked to his overalls. This way he was always under the direct control of his teacher, even without a leg restraints when hiking and on the facility grounds. This annoyed him a lot, but he had to accept it. But the other children never teased him because none of them wanted to share the same fate with Linus.

From the teachers' point of view, the class trip was a complete success, the other children remained well-behaved and no one acted out. It was especially important to Mr. Burgmeier that the class cohesion had improved and that now children who were previously unable to do anything together had found each other.

The last two nights were as quiet as the second one. Felix and Alexander could come to peace with their harness until the end, but all the others realized that it was not as bad as they feared in the first night.

Most of the hikes and games that followed were enthusiastically participated in.

Also the seat belts were not felt as bad as they had been on the bus on the way back. Most of them had resigned themselves to this measure by their buckling up in bed.

Jens had fallen somewhat in love with Katja during the class trip. He thought she was really cute in both her sleeping suit and her overalls. Both were too young for real feelings of love, but nevertheless he bonded with her in many conversations.

On the way back everyone was strapped in the bus with the harnesses again and the 6 overalls children got a fresh diaper before. After the bus arrived back at the schoolyard all children were released from their harnesses and could get out and walk to their parents in the schoolyard. But Linus was the last to be freed from the belts by Mr. Burgmeier himself, and he immediately hooked the line back on one of the D-rings of Linus' overalls.

"Mr Burgmeier, the school trip is over - please don't do this in front of all parents and my mother. Please." Linus looked at Mr Burgmeier sadly and a thick tear ran down his childish face.

"Oh Linus, you'll manage that now. The school trip isn't over until you get home." With this, Mr Burgmeier gave Linus a very firm hug and comforted him. Then he pulled out a handkerchief and wiped the tears from Linus' face.

But then he took the leash in his left hand and slowly pushed Linus out of the bus with his right hand behind his back. Linus had lost again. How would his mother react to the leash? Would there be immediate trouble about the fire? Linus had a sinking feeling in his stomach as he got off the bus. Linus his mother stood very close to the bus door and was already waiting for her son. She welcomed him with open arms and squeezed him very long and hard after he ran to her within the possibilities of the leash his teacher held on to. After the hug Mr. Burgmeier spoke "Hello Mrs. Walter, how are you?" said Mr Burgmeier and gave Linus his mother his hand in greeting.

"Ahh... Good afternoon Mr Burgmeier, very good, how was the trip, were all the children good?" Linus' mother asked friendly. And Linus stood there embarrassed and looked uncomfortably to the ground.

"Yes it was very nice, the children all got on very well and we had a wonderful time together in the holiday facility," said Mr Burgmeier happily. But then he made a serious expression and a short sigh.

"But... unfortunately, there was a problem with Linus which required disciplinary action." After Mr Burgmeier had said this, Mrs. Walter looked sternly at her son, who hardly dared to look her in the face. He immediately expected a thunderstorm from his mother, which did not happen.

"Mrs. Walter it's not as bad as you might think, I was able to prevent worse, and Linus turned out all right afterwards." When Mr. Burgmeier said this, he put his left hand with the line around Linus' shoulder pressed against him briefly. Which was no less embarrassing for Linus.

"What has he done now, Mr. Burgmeier?" Mrs. Walter asked.

"Well, Mrs. Walter, I think it would be better if Linus told you this himself at home in peace and quiet. He had to write an essay about it, which I think turned out pretty well." With this, Mr. Burgmeier handed over the blocnote with Linus' essay to his mother.

"If you have any questions afterwards, feel free to call me, Mrs. Walter." "Thank you for the offer, we're having some difficulties with Linus at the moment," his mother said in response.

"Yes, Mrs. Walter, an important issue. I had to take a close watch on Linus after the incident, so I put him on a leash after the incident." With this, Mr Burgmeier handed over the end of the line to Mrs. Walter.

"I'd like to tell you that the measures taken with Linus have worked very well and you should definitely continue on the path you've taken in raising him." After these words from Mr Burgmeier, Linus was really at the end of his tether. He would have liked to run away from the beginning of the conversation anyway, but now his teacher said that his mother should continue this. He already hated it with the house suit, sleeping belted down and eating with his harness fastened. Linus now had to hug his mother again very tight.

"Mama I love you and I always want to be good," he said afterwards very quietly in her ear. "Linus darling, I don't know that from you, I love you too," his mother said to him.

"You see, Frau Walter, that's what I mean, things are looking up. Keep up the good work. Have a nice day." Then he shook her hand and brushed through Linus' hair as a goodbye. Linus and his mother then searched for his suitcase together and left the schoolyard. Linus was kept on a leash and was surprised at his mother's reaction. What he didn't know was that Mr Burgmeier had already spoken to his mother on the day of the fire. But the story about the fire she only learned about from her son and the essay.

In the following weeks after the class trip, more children showed up at school in overalls. The parents had shared their experiences with each other at the parents' evening after the class trip and more and more parents thought that the avoidance-free education was a good thing. However, the implementation in the individual families was quite different and so the children had different experiences with it.

Chapter 12: The past year - from Svenja's perspective

The life of Svenja has become complicated. When her brother started to wear overalls during the last summer holidays, she thought it was kind of cute, but didn't want to admit it. She never dreamed that this would change her life that much. The visits to this psychologist, where her mother had been sending her since the summer holidays, were annoying but didn't seem to have any connection to her brother's overalls. But in the course of time her parents had changed. Until now that had become most apparent at the so-called family weekend, where her parents forced her to wear overalls.

At that time Svenja blamed her brother for that, because he had started with the overalls and liked it, although her parents apparently had added some nasty additions. But she had not really noticed until the family weekend, because he could not go to the toilet alone nor take off the funny overalls himself. He always had to get help.

Even if this weekend was a turning point for Svenja, she had to continue to see the physiologist. From the point of view of her parents, he could not change the behavior of Svenja for the better though.

And so he suggested that she also should put on overalls to submit to her parents more. At least that is how Svenja saw it. The physiologist had formulated it differently, but she saw it that way. It was a mystery to her anyway, why suddenly everybody was talking only about overalls. She found them unfashionable and impractical, though not uncomfortable, but she would never admit that. Of course, she had also noticed that more and more children and teenagers in her school were putting on overalls. But this did not make them more fashionable. It was always just the uncool kids who were wearing them. Now she was to belong to them. Even if she only had to wear the overalls at home in the beginning. But the inevitable would of course come to her at some point. Once again, on the initiative of that idiot psychologist Dr. Mayer.

During the sessions he was always friendly and empathetic but when it came to changing Svenja's behavior, he always came up with mean suggestions or suggestions that were not appropriate for her age. Whenever she should put on overalls, she felt childish and immature in them.

But in a special way Svenja remembered the last Christmas. Because there she was put on the same level as her 4 years younger brother. Insidiously, her parents also wrapped it as a present. She recollected it every evening when she was strapped in her bed. She would have resigned herself to the cuddly and warm sleep overalls if she could enjoy the pleasant qualities alone. But the fact that she was strapped in bed with them and at the same time treated like her brother did not suit her at all. Well, she did not have the same bed time, but that was only a very small comfort. Because it was clear to her, the real reason for this was disciplinary measures. But Svenja felt too old for those.

12.1 Caught in the act

Shortly after Svenja had to go to school also wearing overalls, she had found a simple solution. One of her friends had not only scorn and mockery for her. She offered her to change her clothes on the way to school in the morning. Of course Svenja accepted this offer gratefully and left the appropriate clothes with the friend. Since Svenja was only supposed to go to school with the overalls for a few days at the beginning, she could use the clothes several times. But naturally it came out in the end. In the week Jens was on a school trip, mother Inga changed her daily routine and on Monday just before lunch she took the car to go grocery shopping. She had driven past the school and saw Svenja and stopped to kindly take her with her. At first Inga didn't even notice but her daughter acted strange and at home she wanted to run to her room without hanging her jacket on the coat rack. "Stop! Young Miss!" Svenja hated it when her mother spoke to her like a 5 year old. "Please, not so fast, the jacket belongs on the coat rack!" Inga had meanwhile realized that her daughter was wearing different jeans than in the morning. But she wanted to show Svenja clearly that she was caught red-handed.

Svenja stopped and turned around. She tried to make as innocent a face as possible. But she already knew that she had been caught. "Yes, mom, I forgot." Then she went back to the wardrobe, only to take off her jacket there. But her mother stopped at the door and watched her daughter take off her jacket. After she had hung the jacket neatly on a hanger, she turned to her mother, who looked at her with a stern and expectant face. But Svenja still tried to act clueless. After a few seconds of silence Inga asked her daughter. "Don't you have something to tell me?" How Svenja hated this behavior of her mother; she felt like a 5 year old girl who was just caught stealing a candy. But she was already 15. Why did her mother have to treat her that way? She felt like shouting now, but then she actually would have acted like a 5 year old.

"YOU are so mean to send me to school in these clothes like a little girl, I am almost 16 and should go to school with overalls? This is ridiculous, I HATE you!" Then Svenja wanted to run away, but Inga was faster and grabbed her by the arm and held her back. "You're showing right now that you're anything but mature. The overalls don't make you look like a little girl. Besides, you just proved you can't stick to agreements and then you don't even have the guts to apologize for your behavior." Svenja felt of course treated unfairly now and looked only silently to the ground.

"Now you go to your room, put on a pair of overalls again and come to the kitchen with your school things for lunch. DO you understand me?" Svenja still looked stubbornly at the ground. "DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?" Only now Svenja answered very briefly and pejoratively with "YES!"

Then Inga let go of her daughter's arm and let her go to her room. After a couple steps of Svenja Inga said, "One more thing, please never forget, we love you anyway!"

How did her mother always manage to give her a bad conscience so quickly? It was clear to her that she didn't really hate her parents, but she did hate that she should wear overalls to school. When Svenja arrived in her room, she had to lie down on her bed and pout and think a little. The times when she could change before and after school at Verena's house were likely over. Her mother hadn't talked

about any consequences yet, but lately she was always very level-headed in such things and discussed it with her father. So the bad conclusion would still come. She only hoped that she would not get lockable overalls like her brother. This was the worst thing she can imagine. At the thought of it she got wet eyes after all.

After about 10 minutes she was torn from her thoughts because her mother called her. "SVENJAAA, where are you?" the loud voice of her mother echoed through the house.

"Now hurry up" thought Svenja. If she wanted to avoid the lockable overalls, she shouldn't give any more cause for trouble.

So she took off her fashionable jeans and the tight top and quickly put on a plain t-shirt and another pair of overalls. In the meantime she had already several normal blue overalls hanging in her closet. For Svenja they were all the same. Then she ran down to the kitchen.

Her mother had already set the table for both of them and Svenja took a seat on her new high chair, as she called it. That thing had been another belittling thing for her. The reason they were introduced was the friend of her brother: when he came to visit, all "children", including her, should sit on a high chair, where you could also be strapped in. But after Philipp's visit, the chairs remained in the kitchen for her and Jens. Jens was buckled in them for every mealtime and homework, which he did not mind. As long as his mother was in the house and supervised him, he felt comfortable. Svenja could usually sit on her chair without the belt. It looked rather childish when it was standing there empty. But it was also, because of the perfect customizations, super comfortable. Also the slightly higher seat position was very useful to have a better overview over the table. So she quickly accepted the chair. But whenever Philipp came to visit, or her father thought it was "appropriate", she was also strapped to the chair with the harness.

After Svenja had sat down on her seat, her mother took the harness and strapped Svenja on the chair with it. Svenja said to her mother without defending herself against the harness, "Mama, please excuse me for disappointing you, I love you too."

"We know that, Svenja." Inga stroked her daughter over the long hair. Then she adjusted the straps of the overalls so tightly that the bib lay smoothly against Svenja's still small breasts even in the sitting position. Inga continued, "Since we love you just as much, we have to make sure that you follow the rules that apply to you as well." At that moment, Svenja didn't care that she was treated like her little brother and felt like that as well. She was much too afraid of the lockable overalls.

But her mother didn't want to go into the subject right now and said after she had sat down in her seat, "Let's eat first. Bon appétit!"

"Thank you mom, bon appétit" said Svenja and started to eat. But after a few spoonfuls of her favorite stew, the subject did not leave her alone. It was unusual enough that her mother strapped her into the chair. "Mom? ... Will I be grounded?" Svenja tried to set the punishment herself with the question. "I would like to discuss this with your father first. You know ... you shamelessly abused our trust by going to school without overalls. Where did you change your clothes anyway?" Inga wanted to know. "At Verena's home, she lives closer to the school," Svenja answered truthfully.

"OK, I want you to do your homework here in the kitchen after lunch, then we'll both go to the Brunnhoff family together" - that was Verena's last name - "and pick up the overalls, or whatever else you have lying there. Until then, I don't want to hear anything more about it!"

Svenja had to realize that she didn't get anywhere with her mother. So was still uncertain about the punishment. After the meal Svenja stayed strapped in her chair and Inga gave Svenja the school things after she cleared the table and wiped it. Svenja started silently with the homework while her mother cleaned the kitchen again and put the dishes into the dishwasher.

Inga was about to leave the kitchen when Svenja called. "Mum? I have to go to the toilet." Her mother stopped and paused briefly, but then came to Svenja. "Sure my darling, I'll let you out." Then Inga took the appropriate key from her pocket and opened the straps of Svenja's chair. "Please hurry up, darling, I have to make a call." "Yes OK, I'll will mama." answered Svenja and got up to hurry to the toilet. While getting up she immediately felt the tight straps of the overalls, which her mother had made shorter for her when she sat down. The overalls were pulled up immediately and the back seam dug itself slightly between her buttocks. It was actually not an unpleasant feeling but unusual all the same. But Svenja didn't want to make her mother wait and hurried to the toilet as best she could. After a short time she was ready and pulled the straps just as tight over her shoulders again. She did not dare to loosen them. When she returned to the kitchen, her mother was still standing at the table and looking at the homework she was working on. But Inga didn't say anything about it and still had the straps for the chair in her hand. Svenja sat down on her chair and was strapped in again. Then her mother kissed her on the forehead and stroked her head. "I'm just next door and have to make a few phone calls. Be a good girl and finish your homework."

Actually Svenja hated being treated the same way her brother was. He really liked to be pampered like that again, as a 5 year old, but he was only 11 years old and not nearly 16. But at that moment Svenja preferred to be treated like that than to be yelled at or to be punished with contempt, because of her misbehavior. But she did not really trust her mother's exaggerated kindness, because it was clear that she would have to bear some consequence because she had gone to school without overalls. Inga had gone into the bedroom and called the Brunnhoff family. Unfortunately only Verena was at home.

"Hello Verena, this is Mrs. Marson, Svenja's mother."

"Hello, Mrs. Marson."

"Is your mother at home Verena?"

"No, she won't be home until 6:00. Can I take a message?"

"No, that won't be necessary, I can always call back." Inga didn't want Verena to know about her plans, so she didn't want Verena to talk to her mother about Svenja before she would go there with her.

Verena knew that Mrs. Marson required Svenja to wear overalls, so she asked, "Is Svenja in trouble?"

"No, why would you think that?" Mrs. Marson asked back, acting ignorant.

Now Verena was in a quandary: if she talked about the overalls without Svenja's mother knowing her role in that, she would betray her friend. But Mrs. Marson never called her house. Today of all days when Svenja had changed out of her overalls and she was intercepted by her mother on her way from school, where they had come from school together. No, Verena was sure she knew. "Well, Svenja told me that you require her to wear overalls and Svenja changed at my place this morning." "Yes Verena you know, you are right, Svenja made a mistake today and has to suffer the consequences now, but that is not your business. However, you could have told Svenja in advance that she should rather not do that. "But it's too late now." So far Inga didn't really want to talk about it with Verena, so she changed her plan a little bit. But Verena got in the way again. "Why does Svenja have to wear these overalls anyway, if she doesn't like them?". Inga thought to herself what a cheeky little girl Verena was, but she tried to save the situation.

"Verena, I don't think I can discuss this with you here on the phone. Svenja did not keep the agreement with us and we will resolve this with her. But I would like to come by later with her and pick up her clothes which are certainly still with you! Surely you have nothing against that?"

Now Verena was a bit intimidated by Mrs. Marson, and said only "Sure, gladly Mrs. Marson. Until later." "Yes, see you later Verena!"

The conversation had not gone quite as Inga had imagined, but she would simply show up at the Brunnhoffs shortly before 6 pm with Svenja in the hope that Verena would not have been able to talk

to her mother yet. After Inga lay down on the sofa in the living room for a moment and thought about the whole situation, she picked up the phone again and called her husband Peter to discuss the matter with him. The conversation lasted over an hour and Svenja had finished her homework in the meantime. But she did not dare to call her mother to be freed from her chair. Her brother was usually let out of his chair as soon as he was finished. But it could be that part of her punishment to wait here. "Hello Svenja, have you finished with the homework?" asked her mother when she came back into the kitchen after the conversation.

"Yes, mama, everything is done." answered Svenja. Then her mother sat down next to her and looked at the tasks. Everything was really done properly.

"Please go to your room now and I will pick you up at 5:30 pm so that we can go to the Brunnhoffs. You are not allowed to use the telephone or the internet. I've already locked your phone away and blocked the router." Svenja had left her mobile phone in her room when she changed into the overalls. "OK Mum" returned Svenja softly. Then Inga opened the strap of Svenja's chair and let her go to her room. Her mother hadn't used the word "house arrest", but it somehow felt like it. It was especially annoying that she couldn't talk to Verena before her visit. She will surely be very surprised, Svenja thought. Besides, she had a set for school lying there that her mother hadn't seen. That should remain so. But she had no other choice than to go to her room and let the appointment happen. She could think of nothing to entertain herself as she waited for her mother to call her. So she put on some music and thought about how she could get her old life back, where she could do what she wanted without her parents interfering.

12.2 An unpleasant appointment

Svenja still had the overalls on and had not dared to adjust the straps. She sat on the edge of her bed when her mother entered the room without knocking.

"Are you ready Svenja, can we go?" asked her mother while she walked up to her daughter.

"Yes mum" That's all she could think to answer, because what should she prepare? Svenja stood up and the seam of the overalls dug into her buttocks again. Automatically Svenja plucked at the side of the pants to pull them down, which was in vain, because the straps worked against it. But her mother noticed and she loosened the straps a bit, while Svenja had to keep still, like it was usually done with her little brother.

"So darling, let's go!" Inga could not resist giving her daughter a loving pat on the butt. Svenja responded with an annoyed "Ohh mama!" Inga laughed well-naturedly and said to Svenja, "Honey, it may be hard for you, but you will have to cope with the love of your parents whether you like it or not."

Inga was of the opinion that it was warm enough outside with only the overalls and therefore Svenja should not wear a jacket. Then mother and daughter walked together the two streets to the house of the Brunnhoff family. There was no car in the driveway yet and so Inga had the hope to be early enough. In fact the door was opened by Verena.

"Hello Mrs. Marson, hello Svenja!" Verena greeted the two of them with little surprise.

"Is your mother already home?" Mrs. Marson asked directly.

"No, but she'll probably arrive at any moment, she's always very punctual."

"That's no problem, we can wait a little moment" said Mrs. Marson, while Svenja stood apathetically beside her and wondered why Verena did not ask why she was visiting.

"But please come in, I don't want to be rude," Verena said and Svenja wondered more and more about her friend, otherwise she wasn't so obliging towards adults.

"Yes, Verena, that's nice of you," said Mrs. Marson and Verena led the two of them into the living room where they sat down at the dining table. There was a spooky silence until it became unbearable for Verena and she spoke to her friend, who had not said anything until then. "Svenja, is everything alright

with you, did you also find the homework easy?" Verena tried to start a conversation. Svenja just thought that was a stupid question: she had to know what it was all about, otherwise she would have reacted differently to the visit. But Svenja just said "Yes, everything is alright."

At exactly that moment a very surprised Mrs. Brunnhoff fortunately came into the living room. "Oh Verena, do we have visitors?"

"Yes mom, this is Svenja from school and her mother Mrs. Marson." Verena introduced the visitors.

"Hello Mrs. Marson, we know each other from parent evenings." Mrs. Brunnhoff shook Mrs. Marson's hand. "Hello Svenja, we also know each other, you've been visiting us a lot." Then she also shook Svenja's hand.

"But Mrs. Marson, to what do I owe the honor? I hope nothing bad has happened?" "No, Mrs. Brunnhoff, my daughter just forgot something at your place and I'd like to supervise her when she picks it up." Verena's mother became very attentive and immediately assessed the situation correctly, because it was unlikely that Svenja's mother came to pick something up and then waited until her friend's mother was there.

So she said directly to Svenja and Verena "Oh, I'm really curious, ladies, what can this be?" Mrs. Brunnhoff had no idea what it was all about, but it was absolutely clear that both of them, or at least Svenja, might have done something wrong. Mrs. Marson would not have chosen the phrase 'supervise' without reason.

Svenja would love to sink into the ground and did not dare to look at any of the others. But her mother wanted her to say what it was all about. "Svenja, they are your things, you have to tell what it is all about" said her mother to make her talk. "Ohh...Mum...this is really embarrassing," said Svenja with a very red head.

"No, what is embarrassing about it, except that it shows you can't keep your word?" Inga replied to get her daughter to talk about her overalls. But since this obviously didn't work, Mrs. Brunnhoff then made a compromise proposal to the two girls. "Why don't you can get it, and we'll talk about it." Her curiosity was also growing and she was already thinking about sex toys or worse. But before Verena and Svenja could get up from the table and leave in the direction of Verena's room, Inga said "Yes, we can do that, but I would like to be there so that nothing gets 'lost'. Because Inga had the hope that besides the overalls there would be other clothes her daughter wanted to wear to school in Verena's room.

Mrs. Brunnhoff agreed with the objection and so all four of them went together into Verena's room. There, quite untidily thrown under Verena's desk, lay the overalls with which Svenja had left the parental home in the morning. Under it there were a tightly cut jeans and a top much too short for Svenja. After Svenja had picked up everything by herself, Mrs. Brunnhoff was very relieved that it was only clothes. But of course she wanted to know the story behind it now.

"OK Svenja, but why do you have clothes here at Verena's now and above all, what is embarrassing about the clothes?" wanted to know Verena's mother.

Svenja began to stutter. "Yes, well, because I changed my clothes here this morning." The two women looked at her expectantly and asked for further explanation. "Ohhh... man... Mom... don't look like that, you know why." "Yes darling, but Mrs. Brunnhoff doesn't!" replied her mother. Svenja took a deep breath. "I... I... don't want to go to school with these overalls" while she held up the overalls she was holding in her hand. "But my parents want me to go to school in them and then I changed here at Verena's in the mornings." Finally it was out and Svenja had to breathe deeply again.

Mrs. Brunnhoff asked Svenja slightly surprised. "But why don't you want to wear these fancy overalls, you are wearing a pair now as well, aren't you? And besides, they look quite fancy. And they really suit you."

Svenja couldn't believe it, not only did Verena's mother not react at all to that Svenja was forced by her mother to wear the overalls. No, she also found them "fancy". "I just don't like them and I would like to wear something else" Svenja said now a bit defiantly. But then her mother spoke up. "Yes, yes, but the problem, Mrs. Brunnhoff, is that Svenja is obviously not yet mature enough to choose her own clothes at the age of 15. She took the top out of her daughter's hands and spread it out to hold it up. Then she addressed Svenja directly. "Svenja, if you want to go to school like a tramp, then we have to prevent that for your protection. That is called duty of care! Besides, if you catch a cold that way, it will be me who has to fix it." Then Mrs. Brunnhoff added "Yes Svenja, I have to agree with your mother about that. You should really wear something proper to school. But this is not appropriate." For Svenja the whole affair was so embarrassing and humiliating that she would have loved to disappear into thin air. Verena thought the whole thing was totally exaggerated, how the two mothers had blown up such a little thing, but she couldn't think of anything to defuse the situation.

But Inga still had a matter to clarify. "So you two, but I want to know one thing. Svenja has just used the plural 'mornings'. How long has the whole thing been going on? And I want an honest answer. I can check at school too. She looked at both girls sternly. Svenja had no other choice but to admit that she was only once at school with the overalls and after that she had always changed at Verena's. Verena added that it had been her idea. Whereupon her mother was also disappointed in her and said that she had done Svenja no favor.

Mrs. Marson had learned everything she wanted to know and was satisfied with the visit. But she still wanted to talk to Mrs. Brunnhoff in private and so she sent her daughter home with her things in her hand. Her father would already be at home to receive her. Then the two mothers sat down in the living room while Verena was to stay in her room.

"Thank you, Mrs. Brunnhoff, for your understanding. We have a lot of difficulties with Svenja at the moment. We are trying to bring her back under our control. Which sometimes requires strange measures."

"Yes, Mrs. Marson, tell me about it. They're just still kids. I don't think it's bad if you tell your daughter what to wear, it's not as if overalls are an inappropriate garment for a 15 year old girl," said Mrs. Brunnhoff with understanding.

"Yes, we agree, but there is more to it than that. Have you ever heard of the concept of 'avoidance-free education'?" asked Mrs. Marson.

"I've heard that term before, but didn't have anything to do with it yet." admitted Mrs. Brunnhoff.

"We are fortunate that the school wants to offer our children an appropriate support program. You can find something about this on the school's homepage, in the login area for parents. But there is also an informative book by Dr. Mayer. This is the psychologist the youth welfare office recommended for Svenja." reported Mrs. Marson.

"That's interesting, but I've also heard that it's very strict for the children."

"Well, you know, a certain strictness gives the children orientation and makes their lives easier. The whole concept consists of three important pillars. 1. obedience and discipline, which at first always sounds mean, but it isn't. Because together with point 2, the parents' love and reliability, the children have something to rely on. It is of course easier the earlier you start. With our 11 year old son Jens it works out very well. He also feels comfortable with his severely restricted freedom and continues to enjoy his childhood. Of course, the whole thing needs more time and that is the third pillar. Therefore the movement fights for adaptations of the law on the age of majority, which will probably pass parliament this week. Once Svenja will have accepted that she can have the a carefree childhood for more than 3 years, then she too will be able to enjoy it."

Mrs. Brunnhoff had listened with great interest and made a thoughtful face.

"Yes, Mrs. Marson, you are right, the children don't know what they have in their childhood. I would have been happy if I could have spent a few more years in the protection of my parents. I'll look into it and invite you and your husband for coffee."

"That's very nice, then I can tell you more, but now I have to go. My family needs me."

Then Inga said goodbye to Mrs. Brunnhoff and went back home.

12.3 Carousel of emotions

When Inga came back home Peter and Svenja already had dinner ready on the table and Svenja had let herself be tied to her chair by her father without any resistance. She had avoided talking about the matter with Verena but she felt that her father already knew about it. When her mother came into the kitchen she first greeted her husband with a long kiss, and then her daughter with an equally loving gesture. Inga seemed to be in high spirits, quite contrary to Svenja, who was in a rotten mood. She still had the feeling of having been humiliated by her mother at the Brunnhoffs' earlier. Somehow she didn't want to show her resentment, and though she had been kept under strict control by her mother all day and was already tied to the chair again, she still feared extra punishment.

At dinner Svenja said almost nothing, but her parents talked animatedly about the day, without mentioning Svenja's transgression. Svenja did not have a big appetite and would have liked to get up and go to her room. Unfortunately this was not so easy. She didn't want to ask questions either to get as little attention as possible. After the meal Peter and Inga had cleared the table alone and started to clean up the kitchen. But then it became too weird for Svenja. Maybe it was expected from her to say something. So she had to go on the offensive.

"Mum?" she slowly ventured out.

"Yes, my love!" her mother replied friendly and cheerful.

"Can I go to my room?" Svenja just tried.

"Svenja, did you notice that you are strapped to the chair with the harness?" her mother then asked somewhat snippily and walked towards Svenja with the pot and the towel which she had just in her hand.

"Ha ha, mum that's not funny, just tell me what kind of punishment I'll get because of the shitty overalls and then it's over" said Svenja now with rising anger. She had the feeling that her mother was playing a game with her that she didn't want to play.

"Honey, that's exactly the problem, we don't want to punish you, we want you to understand and show insight." So her mother said.

"But how is it gonna help if I'm tied up here at the kitchen table? Which, by the way, is a punishment," Svenja said without any understanding.

"Svenja, it's a pity that you still see it this way. But we will change your point of view yet. Do you think we punish your brother all the time when we eat or when he does his homework? Have you ever heard Jens discuss this?" In the meantime Inga had started to continue her work in the kitchen. But she continued to say to Svenja: "It's all about giving you, and of course Jens, a helping hand for discipline. Jens can't understand that at his age, but he feels much better than you that it helps him if we set clear boundaries." Then Inga took a break and Svenja had to think for a moment, then she said "So you want to tell me that if you tie me down it will help me to obey better... like a dog! Daddy, say something too, you can't be serious." Svenja slowly started to feel despair; she tried to get up and tugged at her straps that held her on the chair.

Thereupon Peter put down what he held in his hands and sat down next to Svenja at the table to calm her down. Then he took her hand and stroked her gently. "Darling, you are our child and not a dog. Mom tried to explain that it is easier if YOU, as our child, would accept that YOU are our child and that we love you. This also means that we, as YOUR parents, have the responsibility AND the authority." Svenja wanted to protest at these words again. But Peter also grabbed the other hand and stopped

her: "Shhhh... I know that you don't like this, because unfortunately we didn't make it clear enough in the past. We are also sorry about that and we will make it clear again. Of course this is much harder for you than for Jens. But you have to trust us."

Svenja got slightly wet eyes, because she realized that her parents were really serious. Peter let her hands go again and stroked her on the back. This felt so good to her that she was surprised herself. Her father had just told her that he wanted to raise her much more strictly than before. But still she let him comfort her. Her feelings were on a rollercoaster.

After a short break Peter continued, "To answer your question why we fastened you in the harness... We wanted to have this conversation with you today because of the matter with Verena, which we are doing right now. That's why I buckled you in, because you always run away from such confrontations and it's easier for you if you don't have the choice. You could have saved yourself a lot of headaches if you had trusted us and accepted that we would not let you get up. We always have a reason for that, even with Jens. The good and easy thing for you is that you only have to accept it and don't have to make a decision. But for that you have to trust us." Svenja didn't know what to say, her inner self rebelled against giving up any control and decision-making power.

In the meantime her mother had finished the kitchen work and sat down next to her daughter on the other side. Svenja's thoughts churned like a whirlwind. She looked at her father and her mother alternately until she said, "And what about the overalls at Verena's, won't I get a punishment?"

"No Svenja, you won't get any punishment, that's the beauty of it. It's easier for you." said her mother with some enthusiasm in her voice.

"Don't I have a choice, can't I rather get a punishment and we forget the other crap? Please please" Svenja already sounded very pleading.

"No, that's what I tried to explain to you; we will try to eliminate sources of misconduct bit by bit. If you resist, it will be unpleasant for you at the beginning. So I give you a tip: take it and enjoy handing over the responsibility. When Jens comes back from his school trip, he'll be happy to give you more tips." After Peter had said this, Svenja let her head hang and took a deep breath.

"Darling please don't let your head hang down, we know it's much harder for you to let go. Therefore we will give you more time than Jens. We're going to let you go now and you can get ready for bed," Inga said.

"WHAT, it's only a little after seven, why do I have to go to bed already?" Svenja asked again very indignantly.

"Svenja, trust!!" her father said slightly annoyed.

But Inga said lovingly "Darling, we don't always have to explain it to you when we request you to do something, but since you're just starting out, I'll do it again. ... You're far too agitated tonight and we want to make sure you're safe in your bed and not doing anything rash. So off to the bathroom and into your safe pajamas."

Peter had got up in the meantime and opened the straps of Svenja's chair. Svenja was at the end of her tether: she had been tied up on the chair all day and should now go straight to bed to be restrained again. And that would be only the beginning. Svenja took her time in the bathroom. On the one hand because she didn't want to go to bed at 7:30 pm and on the other hand to test if her parents would intervene to get her out of the bathroom. But shortly after eight she was ready without any trouble. Only a few seconds after she had left the bathroom and was in her room, her mother came. She immediately grabbed the blanket sleeper that was on the bed and held them out to her daughter. Svenja had decided not to rebel any more for today and let herself be secured into them. Then Inga took her daughter by the arm and pulled her towards the living room. "Come and cuddle" Inga said

with a smile on her face. Somehow Svenja wasn't in the mood but she had just decided to obey for today.

In the living room her father was sitting, already wearing his sleep suit and watching the end of the news. "Honey, come here and sit down. Shall we watch another episode of your favorite TV show?" In Svenja's head the counter question "I think I have no choice?" flashed up briefly, but she didn't want to ruin the evening at the last hurdle. So she said "I would like to, daddy" and put her head on her father's shoulder, and he put his arm around her back. When the episode started her mother came in her one piece pajamas and snuggled up on the other side of Svenja.

Svenja enjoyed the time until the end of the episode to the fullest. The closeness to her parents was so nice and cozy, although they were so strict with her shortly before. She had to admit to herself how much she still loved her parents. When the episode was over, Peter immediately switched off the TV. Then Svenja took her father's head between her padded hands and gave him a big kiss on the cheek. "Thanks a lot daddy" She did the same with her mother. "Thank you mom." Then she went upstairs to her room without being asked and had her mother strap her in bed.

The words of her father went through her head again and again until she finally fell asleep after an hour.

12.4 The whole terrible truth

On Tuesday and Wednesday during Jens' class trip Svenja was allowed to go to school without overalls, but her mother took a close look at the clothes Svenja put on in the morning. But during lunch and homework her mother did put her in the harness on her kitchen chair. She did not like this, but she did not make a big fuss about it. After the homework was done, Svenja was allowed to talk to her friends and was not observed any further. But every time she left the house, her mother appealed to her conscience and warned her not to do any more stupid things.

Svenja didn't make any new infractions, but on Thursday she was supposed to go to school with the overalls again. At first there was a short discussion about it again, but Inga reminded her daughter again of the conversation on Monday. She should slowly accept her status and stop trying to resist her parents. Svenja had to admit defeat and went to school with the overalls.

But that evening she didn't go out after her homework but entertained herself in her room. After the shared dinner with her parents around 18:30 Svenja wanted to go into the living room to watch TV. Normally she never asked for permission because she had to be in bed at 9pm. But when she wanted to leave the kitchen she said, "I'm going to watch some TV, OK!?". But she was already about to leave the kitchen.

"Honey, please wait!" her father said to her.

Svenja didn't get an explicit punishment for not wearing overalls to school on Monday and the rest of the week she had hardly any stress with her parents. Therefore Svenja suspected nothing bad when she was stopped by her father. The changes in her freedom were minimal since then, so she hadn't taken the whole thing from Monday too seriously.

"Yes daddy, what is it?" she asked back lightheartedly.

"Jens is coming back from the school trip tomorrow, so we want to talk to you tonight about your future. Then we will have more peace and quiet. Please get ready for bed." With the instruction, Svenja's father had suddenly brought his daughter back into her new reality, where she was supposed to listen and obey her parents.

"Daddy, it's my birthday tomorrow, do I really have to go to bed so early? Please, I'm turning 16 and..." Svenja did not get any further, because she was interrupted by her father. "Stop stop Svenja, we said obedience and trust on Monday! Besides, I just said, we want to talk about your future with you. So hop into the bathroom, mom will be right there to dress you." Svenja still hated it when her father spoke to her in this baby language, she would be 16 years old tomorrow and her father came again

with this authority and obedience nonsense. But what could she do about it, her parents pulled the reins tighter and tighter.

Annoyed and without answering Svenja slammed the door behind her and left the kitchen. Peter then said to his wife, "She still is just a child, but that is exactly what we want her to enjoy." Peter and Inga made a happy face and started to clean up the kitchen.

Svenja was annoyed by the unexpected instruction but had nevertheless gone to the bathroom and prepared for bed. She was not particularly motivated. Therefore it took quite long. After about 20 minutes her mother went to the bathroom to look for Svenja and ask why it took so long. Svenja was just brushing her teeth and could not answer. But her mother didn't expect that, it was just a reminder that she was under observation and should hurry up.

A few minutes later Svenja came to her room where her mother was waiting for her.

Inga immediately helped her daughter into her pyjamas and closed them up like every evening. Svenja was not happy about this but was already used to giving up her independence completely in the evening. Only that tonight it was still very early for that.

"So darling, then please lie down immediately so that I can fasten your belts" Inga said immediately after she had pulled the zipper up on Svenja's back.

"Mum, why is that? Daddy said I don't have to go to bed yet. That's so mean." said Svenja indignantly and crossed her arms with the padded hands in front of her body with demonstrative rejection.

"Svenja, you're as stubborn as a little girl today and I can't be angry with you for that." While Inga said this to her daughter, she pinched her cheek lovingly. "But even though you're so sweet about it, you will be going to bed now." After this sentence Inga's delighted smile changed into a friendly but determined expression on her face that told Svenja it was better to obey now. "Oh man, you are so mean" said Svenja and lay backwards on her bed, crossed her arms again and made a pouty face.

"That's my good girl!" Then Inga stroked her daughter briefly over her head and fastened the straps to Svenja's pyjamas. Svenja was emphatically passive and did not help. She found everything mean and inappropriate again the way her mother dealt with her.

"Honey, you lie here for a moment and I'll get daddy, so we can talk about your future." With this Inga left Svenja's room and left her safely strapped to her bed.

Svenja's anger about her mother slowly gave way to anger about herself. Because Svenja realized that she had behaved stupid and childish. But the longer she lay there, the more worried she became about what her parents wanted to talk to her about. She turned 16 in the morning and lay strapped in bed in a romper suit. She still had 2 years to come of age and now she couldn't even get out of bed without her parents' permission. Besides her mother had just shown her how childish and stupid she still behaved when she was put under pressure. Her thoughts turned over again. Future, she had never thought about it. How did she imagine her future? Slowly she got a strange feeling in her stomach: What did her parents want from her now?

With these thoughts the door of Svenja's room suddenly opened again and Peter came in together with Inga. Her mother sat down on the edge of the bed and carefully laid her hand on Svenja's upper body. Peter pulled the chair from Svenja's desk and sat down next to the bed in which his daughter was lying. Svenja's uncomfortable feeling increased further. "Svenja, tomorrow is your 16th birthday. What does that mean for you?" Peter asked his daughter. Svenja was surprised by the question and had to think for a moment.

"How do you feel about what?" Svenja asked back carefully.

"Well, what should this change or at best improve in your life?"

"I can finally drink alcohol." was the first thing that came to her mind. But she knew right away, from the look on her mother's face, that wasn't the best answer.

"And I hope that I can become more independent again." Svenja held her padded hands in the air and looked at her father pleadingly, who then answered.

"Yes, Svenja, you mentioned two interesting things at once. But let us first try to look a little further into your future. Do you think you are ready to take care of yourself? To pay for your own alcohol and decide how much of it is good for you?" Svenja, knew the answer, but she did not want to say it and therefore preferred to keep silent. After a short break her father continued talking:

"You have had a rather unbridled childhood with a lot of freedom so far, but unfortunately this has meant that you have not developed some important qualities needed for independence. We also do not see that you will manage this in the next 2 years. Because then you are stupidly according to the current rules, responsible for yourself. We will have no way of helping you if you resist. Svenja had a very bad feeling about what her father was talking about, but she listened very carefully.

"We think it would be better if you had more time to develop. You could enjoy your childhood longer and learn the necessary skills in the meantime. In the past, parents were responsible for their children longer."

Svenja was confused and had to ask in between, "But daddy I don't have to be 18 years old. Move out? Or? ... "I can still do an apprenticeship."

"Well Svenja theoretically yes, but with your current behavior and grades at school we see a big problem. But you don't have to think that when you are 18 we will feed you according to your rules and you can do what you want. NO, we couldn't bear it if we had to watch you ruin your future just because you wanted to try it on your own," Peter said a little more energetically but still very friendly. Svenja was shocked, she hadn't seen it that dramatic. She also thought that her parents were overdoing it again. But what exactly did her father have in mind?

"Yes ... but ... how ... what exactly do you mean by that? "I can follow your rules at 18 if I have to, and still live with you." Then Peter had to laugh.

"Honey, you're already not complying with this by choice. How can we make it work if we have no other choice?"

"Yeah, but what are you gonna do, tie me down till then and beyond?" At which point Svenja smiled anxiously, because she was already tied up and so the possibility was not as absurd as she had hoped. "Darling, such a presentation is much too simple. It is a bit more complicated and I will explain it to you in detail now."

Svenja reached with her gloves for the hands of her mother, which she still had on Svenja's body, to hold on to her. She was afraid of what her father would tell her next.

"In recent years, our society and especially the entrepreneurs have realized that more and more young people have problems to get ready for

to make a career out of it. Therefore, earlier this week, Parliament passed the law on of age has been changed. According to the new law, parents can now take part in a Apply for childhood extension. According to this, parents can decide on the majority of their children up to the age of 25 and beyond with the consent of the youth welfare office".

Svenja tried to cling more and more to her mother's hands with this information from her father, but that was not so easy with the padded hand schools.

"Today, before your 16th birthday, we submitted a corresponding application to the responsible youth welfare office. You can imagine that this request will be granted, according to your files there."

Now the first tears came to Svenja and her father stroked her shoulder to calm her down.

"Honey, you don't have to cry, it's a great thing for you. Being allowed to prolong your childhood is wonderful. It would make you happy."

"But ... but ... will you tie me up and tell me what to wear?" said Svenja while she pulled up the snot.

"Svenja darling, it's right that being a child also means some restrictions, but you will be able to get along with it. Believe me, it will not be as bad as you imagine it to be. You know, trust!" With this Peter tried to calm his daughter down.

"We already told you we'd give you a little more time. But until summer holidays, we will continue to intensify these measures. During the summer holidays, you will go to a special camp."

"This is going to be so much fun," her mother said.

"Mommy, summer camp, I'm 16. How is that gonna be fun?" Howled Svenja stronger and stronger now. "Svenja, you must free yourself from these numbers, you are a child and will remain so for the time being. There the age will be unimportant in the future" said then her father.

"But ... but ... should I still go to your hand in the city in overalls when I'm 20? That's a terrible prospect.

"The exact way in which older young people are treated in public will still have to be established in society. But you are by no means alone, darling, there will be thousands who want to take this chance" said Peter and he continued. "But the law already provides for some things. You have to be recognizable in public as a minor and physical restrictions are allowed as educational aids and partly prescribed. Which will probably be part of your everyday life in public as well."

Now all the dams broke at Svenja, she cried even louder and wanted to get up to hug her mother, but this was not possible because of the safety lines of the pyjamas.

"Mom, please, you can't do this to me, please, please!" Svenja tugged more and more at her fetters. Until Inga loosened the upper lines at her shoulder and let her sit up and then hug her very tight.

12.5 The slightly different 16th birthday

Svenja could only be calmed down after half an hour, but sleeping was out of the question. Svenja was strapped in correctly by her mother and the light was turned off. Then the parents left the bedroom. Svenja could slowly get a clear thought again and tried to process what her parents had told her on the eve of her 16th birthday.

Birthday on this eve and revealed. She could not and did not want to imagine what was coming up to her. But it was clear that she would not like it. But somehow it was her own fault, because she only had to learn better for school and listen to her parents a little bit better, then it might not have come so far. With such thoughts Svenja was still struggling in bed at 10 pm without sleep. She tried to turn restlessly from left to right, but this was hardly possible because of the straps on her pyjamas.

The parents had taken the baby monitor into the living room to check if Svenja would finally find peace. But unfortunately this was not the case and they were very worried. Around 22:30 Inga went to her daughter in the room and turned on a small lamp. She sat down on the edge of the bed and gently stroked her head. "Svenja you have to sleep now, tomorrow is school again and you have to sleep in." "Mom... nfff... nfff... I... can't sleep," said Svenja in a tearful voice.

"It's OK, darling, I'll bring you something to help you, for once. OK?"

"Can you please undo the tapes? Please?" Svenja begged her mother.

"Honey, you've been accustomed to it for almost half a year now. We really don't have to discuss that now." Inga said lovingly but determinedly.

Then she went into the kitchen and came back with a tablet and a glass of water.

"Take the tablet here and you'll be able to sleep very quickly. OK!"

Svenja opened her mouth willingly when her mother held the tablet in front of her. Because Svenja could lift her head only a little bit because of the straps, her mother held her head up and the water glass in front of her mouth. Thereby Svenja felt like she used to feel as a little girl when she was sick and was cared for by her mother. It was somehow humiliating but on the other hand it was nice and

she felt safe. Inga stayed at her daughter's bed for about 20 minutes until she fell asleep. Then Inga turned off the light and left the room.

* * *

"Good morning my birthday girl!" With these words Svenja was lovingly awakened the next morning by her mother. Svenja had slept very well with the sleeping pill and was fit for her 16th birthday shortly after the wake-up. Inga loosened the straps and opened the pyjamas for her daughter. Then Svenja could go alone into the bathroom and get ready. Since the incident with the overalls, which Svenja had changed arbitrarily at her friend's place in front of school a few days ago, it was decided that her mother would put clothes for the day on her back as before. Therefore, when Svenja came out of the bathroom, there was also a pair of overalls on the bed ready for her. It annoyed her very much that she should go to school with overalls on her birthday of all days. But on the one hand she knew that she wouldn't be able to avoid it and on the other hand she didn't want to have stress already in the early morning. So she put on the overalls and made the straps very loose so that the bib only reached her chest. So the overalls actually felt quite good. It was a normal jeans overalls. Svenja was able to adjust the length of the straps directly at the metal buckles, so that the rest of the strap hung further down under the bib. On both sides the overalls had 4 buttons each which did not allow to adjust the width. But around her hips the overalls were just tight enough that they did not fit loosely or tightly. Svenja did not find these overalls uncomfortable, on the contrary it could not slip and it did not pinch. Her problem with the overalls was mainly that they were not in fashion and she felt childish with them. But now Svenja could not think about it for long and went into the kitchen.

There her mother was already waiting for her and 16 candles were burning around her plate. Svenja sat down on her child's chair and her mother, to her great joy, did not fasten her seat belt. For breakfast there was her favourite cake and a big cup of hot cocoa. Svenja found this somehow inappropriate and childish, but she still liked the cocoa very much and since she was alone with her mother she could enjoy it.

Just when Svenja had emptied her plate her mother came to the table with two small packages. The packages were wrapped in colorful wrapping paper and Svenja was beaming all over her face.

"Happy birthday my darling! Here are some of your presents" Inga said to her daughter and hugged her very intensely.

"Thank you mummy!" said Svenja and started to unpack the packages. A high-quality pen and a book came out and Inga could see a certain disappointment in her daughter. But Svenja thanked her very well.

"Thank you mum, the pen is wonderfully beautiful!"

Then Svenja looked at the fountain pen for a minute and then asked "When do I get the rest mum?" She made a sugar-sweet face and smiled at her mother. "Svenja it's late and you have to go slowly or you'll be late for school. The other things are not until tonight, when your father and brother are back." "But I wanted to take the mobile to school." Svenja said slightly disappointed.

Inga took a deep breath and took Svenja, who had already got up, in her arms. Actually Inga wanted to avoid talking about Svenja's biggest birthday wish in the morning in front of the school, but she couldn't lie to her daughter either, how else could she have asked for Svenja's trust?

"Svenja Schatz, your father and I have talked at length about the new smartphone and have come to the conclusion that you will not need it in the future. Please don't be sad, but we can talk about it tonight.

But what her mother had just said to her hit Svenja very hard and the disappointment brought some tears to her eyes.

"Man, you are so mean! Last night that shit with my 'future' and now I'm not even allowed to have a mobile phone, what's that all about!" Thereupon Svenja ran out of the kitchen and fetched her school

bag from the room and left the house without another word. Inga wanted to hug her in the hallway but Svenja broke away and was gone.

Inga regretted not to have strapped Svenja on her chair while eating. Then she could have calmed down the situation. To be on the safe side she called the school a little later and got confirmation that Svenja had arrived at school.

Svenja couldn't concentrate on school all day, she couldn't get yesterday evening out of her head. Just when her mother had said that she would not need the mobile phone in the future, the matter came back to her mind. She was thinking all the time in school if there was a way out. She wanted to be free at the age of 18 and be able to decide for herself without having to listen to her parents. Exactly this should be blocked to her, she felt as so unfair.

She even considered whether running away could not be an alternative, but she was not that stupid. She knew that at the age of 16 she would not get far without money. She didn't even have an identity card, which she should have had at 16.

In the 4th lesson she suddenly remembered that her guardian in the youth welfare office had always said that the youth welfare office was there for the welfare and interests of the children and young people. So all she had to do was go there and say that she didn't want what her parents had applied for yesterday.

Svenja found this idea so plausible that she absolutely had to talk to her guardian Mrs. Schultz there. Svenja knew that the Youth Welfare Office was only open until noon on Fridays, but the matter was so important to her that she decided to skip the last two hours of school and go to the Youth Welfare Office to talk to Mrs. Schulz.

So it happened that Svenja had sneaked off the school grounds after the 4th hour and went to the Social Services. It took her about 25 minutes and it was already shortly after 12 o'clock so that Svenja feared that she could be late. But she knew exactly where the office of Mrs. Schulz was because of the many visits with her mother in this office. So she had walked past the registration desk directly to the office of Mrs. Schulz. She had just left her office when Svenja arrived.

"Hello Svenja, what are you doing here? Don't you have to be at school?" With these words Svenja was welcomed. But Mrs. Schulz knew the problems with Svenja very well and she was a very committed employee and with her the children were always in the center of attention. And if it had to be, she would also work overtime.

"Hello Mrs. Schulz you have to help me, my parents are going crazy. Please, please!"

Mrs. Schulz looked at Svenja confused, as far as she can remember there never were any problems with Svenja's parents. They did not beat the children and were always there for their children, except for all the work. Mrs. Schulz was a bit surprised about Svenja's statement.

"Svenja, first come in and explain what's going on." With that Mrs. Schulz opened her office again and let Svenja go in. Then she fetched a glass of water and gave it to Svenja. "You're out of breath. Have a sip and sit in that chair."

Svenja sat down and took the water, while Frau Schulz got a chair and a pad to write on. At the same time she took Svenja's file out of the cupboard and saw the date of birth.

"Oh, Svenja happy birthday. But now tell me what brings you to me on your birthday. You should be celebrating today.

"Oh, you know, Frau Schulz, my parents are making my birthday hell. That already started last night. They told me I won't be of age at 18 and they want to raise me even more strictly. Then they'll tie me up in bed every night since Christmas." Of course Svenja wanted to present it a little bit more dramatic than it actually was.

"Then I had to wear those stupid overalls on my birthday. Then my mother, instead of giving me a new smartphone as a present, also said that in the future I shouldn't have one anymore. You have to help me. I don't want that." Then Svenja took a little break and Mrs. Schulz was still writing on her pad.

"You once said that you're here for me and must represent my interests. Can you make sure that my parents are not allowed to do that? I don't want that." Thereupon Frau Schulz put the block on the small table and bent over to Svenja and took her hand and held it gently.

"Svenja, yes it is right that I represent your interests and I will also do everything what is best for your future. But you have to understand that 'your interests' is not the same as 'your will' at the moment. By 'your interests' in this case is meant that I have to make sure that the best possible measures are taken for your future. What Svenja just heard from Frau Schulz was not what she had hoped for.

"But ... but ... why can't I have a say? This is my life!" said Svenja with much disappointment in her voice.

"Svenja, this may sound harsh, but you're not able to do it right now." "But ... but ... that's so mean!" Svenja said now a little snapped up and pulled her hands back from the hands of Frau Schulz. And she let herself fall back into the armchair.

"Svenja, you make it unnecessarily difficult for yourself. You have to change your attitude, I don't know what your parents told you yesterday, but it's a great thing if you can be young for a longer time. Do you remember when you were a little girl and your mother did everything for you and decided everything important for you? Wasn't that a great time? Hmm?"

Svenja looked buckingly down and looked so cute as if she was still the little girl that Frau Schulz had just reminded her of.

"Yes, but... but... that's not the same... I wasn't tied up in bed!" "Svenja first of all, your parents do not tie you up, but you are strapped in to force obedience from you, which you used to have almost automatically. Secondly, you will see that this obedience will lead to your well-being and security in the past and now again. "But I can't imagine it." Svenja replied soberly and still stubborn. "That is a pity Svenja, but you will see, even if it will take a little longer without the right attitude, you will still like it sometime. Believe me" said Frau Schulz. Svenja talked to Mrs. Schulz for almost another hour but unfortunately without the success she hoped for. Mrs. Schulz considered the request of Svenja's parents to be the right decision and would also inform the responsible head of the office, who had to make the final decision about it. Svenja then had to promise Mrs. Schulz high and holy to go home directly and without detours. Then she was allowed to leave and was still frustrated about this coming turn in her life.

* * *

At the same time, Mrs. Marson was driving to school. The bus with Jens' class had not yet arrived, but Mrs. Marson was already in the yard waiting for the class teachers together with the other parents. Actually Svenja should also be on the schoolyard, because the 6th lesson was over in the meantime and she knew that her mother wanted to pick her and her brother up from school. Word quickly got around that the bus would be stuck in traffic for another 20 minutes, so Inga wanted to look for her daughter. She was worried again after the unlucky start in the morning.

Inga went to the teachers' room and met Svenja's English teacher, where she would have had English in the 5th and 6th lesson. Unfortunately she had to learn that Svenja had skipped the last two lessons. Inga was very angry but still worried if Svenja could do something more stupid.

But Inga couldn't worry about that now, because when she returned to the schoolyard the bus just drove into the yard. After a few minutes the first children came out of the bus and the parents welcomed their children as if they had not seen each other for a year. Jens was one of the last to get off the bus and was of course hugged and pressed very intensively by his mother. After Linus was the last one off the bus and Burgmeier had already talked to many of the parents, Mrs. Marson was able to ask the class teacher if everything went well with Jens and his special needs. Mr. Burgmeier was able to tell Jens to his mother that there had been no problems and everything had worked out well and Jens had been very well-behaved.

But after the conversation with Jens his class teacher Mrs. Marson and Jens immediately went to the car, because it was already after 3 pm. On the way to the car Jens wanted to know from his mother where his sister was, he knew that it was her birthday and wanted to congratulate her. But Inga had to explain to Jens that Svenja had skipped school again and had disappeared. The drive home was short and so Jens and his mother were back home quickly. But even there was no trace of Svenja and Inga was getting more and more worried.

"Jens, I think your diaper is full, yes?" his mother asked his mother shortly after they were in the house and it was clear that Svenja was not at home.

"Yes, can you please take it off right away, Mum?" Jens then asked.

"Yes, of course my darling. Go upstairs to the bathroom, I'll be right up."

After Inga had put down her handbag and coat, she went into the bathroom and gave Jens Overalls unlocked and the diaper removed. When Jens was sitting on the toilet with the cuff on his hands, his mother took a new diaper out of the cupboard. "Mum, do I have to put on a diaper again? We are now at home:"

"Jens, darling, you'll have to thank your sister when she comes back. I have to look for her now and I can't look after you. Your father won't be back from work for a few hours" Inga said to Jens, who already knew what was about to happen.

"Mum, do you have to do that?"

"Jens please don't you start too, your sister has already caused enough trouble today!"

When Jens was finished on the toilet, he was cleaned by his mother and got a fresh diaper and was locked back in his overalls which he already had on in the bus.

Then he was taken to his room and secured on the leash in the play corner.

"Be good and play nicely Jens, I will come back as soon as possible" said his mother when she left the room. Jens stayed behind disappointed and had only the possibility to play with his Lego. He had also imagined the day differently, first the long bus ride with his seatbelt fastened and then in the room all alone on the leash, that was not so great.

Inga didn't know where to look for herself yet, because she found an answering machine in the hallway, where a message was displayed. Of course she immediately listened to it. It was a message from Mrs. Schulz from the youth welfare office. She only reported that she had been visited by Svenja and that she could be reached by mobile phone in case of emergency. Inga simply declared the situation an emergency and called Mrs. Schulz immediately. Of course, she immediately understood the worries Mrs. Marson had. Inga then got all the details about Svenja's visit at the youth welfare office, including the exact times and that Svenja had promised to go straight home. Obviously she had not kept these promises. The conversation with Mrs. Schulz had lasted less than 10 minutes and Inga decided to walk to the youth welfare office through the park hoping to find Svenja in the park.

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After the disappointing conversation with Mrs. Schulz, Svenja first had to clear her head. She slowly strolled out of the Youth Welfare Office and set off in the direction of her parents' house. What else could she do, she just could not find a way out.

Running away was no alternative and she felt deep inside herself. It was a wonderful Spring day and she had not put her jacket back on at all. The jacket was hanging on her shoulder bag and she passed some shop windows. She had also lost the desire to shop and so she showed no interest in the things in the shop windows. But suddenly she had noticed her own reflection. At the first window she looked only briefly, but at the next window she had stopped for a moment. Of course, she immediately noticed the hated overalls. Then she walked again a few meters to the next window and thought about the overalls. Was the overalls really that bad and the whole problem? No, not really. The next window belonged to a sanitary building and there was a mirror in the exhibition. Svenja stopped and looked at herself more closely. The overalls were already striking, but she also

emphasized her slim and youthful figure. The bib reached exactly up to her breasts, just as she had adjusted the straps in the morning. Her long hair covered a large part of the straps on her back. Her face was still childlike but still narrow. Even if Svenja didn't want to believe that she still looked so young she had to admit it to herself in front of the mirror. Somehow she blamed the overalls for it, but still everything she saw in the mirror fitted together.

After almost 5 minutes she continued walking and the overalls could not get out of her head. She looked down at herself the whole time and was bumped into several times because of her inattention. But she didn't care, the overalls she noticed much more intensive now than all the other days. She felt how the buckles pressed on her breasts and moved a little bit with every step. When Svenja arrived in the park she was suddenly so excited that her legs became soft and she had to sit down on a park bench. When she leaned back, she felt the wiping of the fabric from the bib on her stomach and chest. What was that all of a sudden, it was a nice feeling. Svenja only knew this from the time before she was strapped in bed. In the evening she used to caress herself between her legs and on her breasts in bed and caused this great feeling, but she had never felt this way outside. Svenja pondered sitting on the park bench whether it could really have something to do with the overalls, that would be unbelievable, she thought. She hated overalls as a source of pleasure, no, that was not allowed. After 15 minutes on the bench, her excitement had subsided again, as the buckles no longer rubbed against her breasts. So Svenja got up and went for a walk in the park, there was more and more she had to think about. But after she had walked around in the park for almost another hour, there was already tingling everywhere and her nipples got hard again. She had to sit down again to get down. She had completely forgotten the time and hadn't looked at her mobile phone for a long time, which she had always set to silent in school. It was already after 4pm and she had missed 3 calls. "Shit, mom!" she said to herself. But she was still mad at her parents and so she didn't care about the consequences. She put the phone back in her shoulder bag and then put her hands between her bib and her breasts to caress them.

Svenja had forgotten everything around her and was staring on the floor in front of her when suddenly someone sat down next to her on the bench without asking. Svenja was completely surprised and reflexively pulled out her hands under the bib. Then she looked next to her who had torn her so brazenly out of her thoughts.

"Hello my darling, I am very happy that you are well" said Svenja's mother calmly and it was a real relief to hear her voice. But Svenja wanted to jump up more in shock. But her mother held her arm in front of her upper body and prevented her from doing so. "Please Svenja stay seated we have to talk" her mother said still in a very calm voice. Svenja on the other hand took an annoyed deep breath and gave away her arms demonstratively in front of her bib of the overalls. With this she signaled her mother that she didn't want to talk about anything with her.

"Darling please, I can understand that you are frustrated or disappointed. "What were you thinking? We're worried about you."

"Mom... why are you worried I'm 16 years old and I can take care of myself.

"And what should I have thought about what?" Svenja then said slightly reproachful.

"Svenja don't make it worse, we had an appointment in the schoolyard after the sixth lesson when Jens came back from the school trip and I had to learn that you had skipped English. And now you tell me that you can take care of yourself. Please think before you say anything. Yes!" Inga had already become a bit more specific with her voice. But Svenja was silent the next minute.

"Don't you have anything to say to me? You know exactly how bad your grades are, the school year is almost over and you have nothing better to do than to skip school. Where have you been anyway?" Inga found it difficult to bleach calmly and serenely, but she knew that it didn't make sense to get loud or unobjective.

Svenja had once again not thought about the consequences of her actions or assessed them correctly, this became clear to her now. But what should she tell her mother now? That she was at the youth welfare office and had tried to undo her parents' decision? No, she could not. So she just looked ashamed and kept quiet.

"Honey OK, we can talk about this tonight with your dad, too. Besides, your brother is waiting for you at home," Inga said after Svenja's long silence.

"Why should Jens wait for me?" Svenja asked a bit surprised and was happy to be able to distract from the actual topic.

"Well, when we came back from school I had to take him to his room to look for you. Jens would rather be with his family after his school trip than waiting for you in his room. Let's go home now" Inga said and stood up and held her hand towards her daughter.

"Come darling, I also want you to take part in my

Hand go until you are at home. Just for practice." After Inga had said that, Svenja looked up to her mother and thought she was making fun of her. But the expression on her mother's face was loving, but it didn't look like she was joking.

When Inga noticed that Svenja hesitated when she got up she made it clear. "Svenja, you can decide for yourself, either you're good and walk by my hand, or you get some help and I'll tie us both together."

Svenja put her hands in the pockets of her overalls and said to her mother

"Tell me, are you completely nuts, it's my 16th birthday today and you want to treat me like a dragging four-year-olds home. What's going on? You can't be serious." "Young lady, please hold your tongue. If you think you have to insult your mother, then there must be something wrong with you and we will correct it together. ...but I think you have made your decision. Please stand up now and give me your hand" Inga said with a firm voice.

"No, I won't let you do this to me!" Svenja replied.

But then Inga grabbed her arm surprisingly tight for Svenja and pulled her on her legs and at the same time her left arm out of her bag. Svenja tried to tear herself loose, but without success. Her mother grabbed with both hands the left wrist of Svenja. After a few seconds Svenja realized that she had no chance against her mother. When Svenja realized her defeat, she wanted to get home from the park as fast as possible to escape the embarrassing situation and grabbed her bag and jacket with her right hand. While Svenja was licked, Inga had quickly pulled a cloth band out of her bag with one hand and put it around Svenja's wrist and tightened a loop. The ribbon was about 15 centimeters long and at both ends there was a loop that could be closed with a clip. But the clip could only be pulled in one direction, to open it you had to unlock it. Before Svenja noticed what her mother had just attached to her wrist, the other end was already attached to Inga's right wrist.

"Ohhhh Mama, you are so embarrassing!" said Svenja when she had put her bag around her wrist and noticed what had happened.

"Svenja, you make yourself ridiculous with your theatre here. Besides, you've decided to do it yourself," Inga said with a slight smile on her face.

"That's not true. I certainly didn't want that kind of childish stuff." Thereby she pulled with a violent jerk on the tape and thus also on the arm of her mother.

"Svenja does not span the bow, it's enough now. You better behave yourself now. If you want to hurt me, then I'll get really unpleasant. You can believe me."

Now Svenja knew that she should better obey, because her mother had no more smile on her face. So both of them set off and went home together. Svenja sulked and said not a word in the first minutes. The band between the wrists was already annoying Svenja after the first steps because there were always small jerky jolts because of the not synchronous steps of the two.

Svenja felt that she had probably overdone it and didn't have to try to get rid of the band, but it was really uncomfortable and it was still 10 minutes to go home. So after about half of the way she reached for her mother's hand with her hand. But she avoided looking at her mother. But Inga then looked at her daughter and made a conciliatory face again and had to smile the rest of the way because she was very happy that she could lead Svenja better that way. Svenja also realized that it was so much more pleasant to be guided by her mother's hand again, even if it felt strange since a long time. But after a while it did not feel as wrong as she thought at the beginning.

* * *

Jens played with his Lego for over an hour now and somehow it was boring. He would have liked to eat a piece of cake, as it is actually usual with the Marsons in the afternoon when a child has its birthday. But it was totally quiet in the house and Jens couldn't leave the room to get a piece from the kitchen. Suddenly he heard the door and quickly put his Lego back into the box, so that it would be quick when he was picked up from his room. But even when he finished cleaning up, nobody came into his room to get it. He heard footsteps and doors opening and closing in the hall. There were no unusual noises for Jens, it sounded as if his father had come home and changed his clothes. But then he heard his father going down the stairs again. Jens was disappointed and sad that he wasn't picked up, but he knew he didn't have to call. He had to wait until his parents took care of him. But he didn't feel like taking the Lego out again and so he sat down on the floor again and waited for uncertain time.

Not knowing when Jens was freed from the leash was one of the unpleasant sides of Jens' new life, but suddenly he heard his father on the stairs again and Jens jumped up and hoped that a father would come and get him. A few seconds later the door to Jens' room really opened and his father came in. "Hello my little one, how was your school trip?" Peter wanted to know from his son. But Jens jumped around his father's neck and let him squeeze him really hard. Afterwards he began to tell what he had experienced on the school trip. The first minutes he was held in his arms by his father. Peter put Jens back on the ground and released the line from Jens' overalls without Jens stopping to tell about his experiences. Then the two of them had sat down on Jens his little couch and Jens didn't notice that his father had fastened the line behind Jens' back to the overalls again. Jens had been so busy with telling stories that he didn't notice the leash.

After some time Jens became calmer again and he was so happy that his father occupied himself with it and listened to him. When he had told everything about the class trip he asked about his sister, whom he still couldn't congratulate on her birthday.

"You know Jens, Svenja was again very disobedient today and did not keep to agreements. Besides mum had to go looking for her and I still don't know where..." Then Peter interrupted in the middle of the sentence because you could hear the front door.

"I'm going down to talk to mom if she's found Svenja." Then Peter got up and went towards the door. Jens also got up and wanted to go along, but was stopped by the leash after a few steps.

"Daddy, please let me come down with you" Jens said with a somewhat pleading look.

"Jens, you know what it means when we put the leash on you. Hmmm, be nice and wait until we come and get you, yes!" Then Peter left the room and Jens sat down sadly again on the couch.

When Peter went down the stairs he could see that Inga and Svenja had come back together. When Peter arrived in the corridor he first hugged his daughter and wished her all the best for her birthday.

"Dear, what are you doing, you have to scare us like that" Peter said to his daughter and stroked her shoulder with his hand on the side where her mother's wrist was not connected to it.

"Daddy read well, I'm not a toddler anymore. May I please go to my room?" She pulled the ribbon by the hand and held out her father, her arm and thus also her mother's arm.

"No, Svenja I won't let it go. We will now celebrate your birthday like we have always done and whether you want to be a toddler or a normal birthday child is up to you. But Mama will have had a good reason for this." Peter pointed to the tape which Svenja had forced to the side of her mother.

"I'll untie you now, and then you go to the toilet and wash your hands. Then we want to see you in the kitchen in 5 minutes at the latest." When Peter had said that, he opened the band on Svenja's wrist and let Svenja disappear towards the bathroom.

Peter had expressed his speech sufficiently, so that Svenja went into the bathroom without a word but with a huge rage in her stomach.

Afterwards Peter greeted his wife with a long hug. Afterwards they went into the kitchen and Inga reported how she had found Svenja. Together they prepared the coffee drinking. Inga had baked fresh cake in the morning and hot cocoa was prepared for the children.

After Svenja came back from the bathroom, she was immediately strapped on her high chair and the straps of the overalls were adjusted so tightly that they lay smoothly on her shoulder even when sitting down. The bib was pulled up to just before the neck. Of course this could not improve Svenja's bad mood. But her parents explained to her that they wanted to drink coffee together now and not talk about her latest misconduct, that's what her parents wanted to do in the evening when Jens was already in bed.

Svenja sulked on and said nothing about it. Afterwards Jens was finally taken out of his room by his father and also strapped on his chair. Jens didn't mind, he was happy to finally congratulate his sister on her birthday and to be with his family. Svenja thought it was very sweet and nice from her brother how he congratulated her on her birthday and after that she made a much more conciliatory face than before. But during the meal the main topic Jens was his class trip. After some time Svenja could tell some stories from her past school trips.

After everyone had eaten a piece of cake, Inga cleared the table and then fetched two more presents for Svenja. One was small and had about the size of a DVD case, the other was much bigger and soft. Svenja suspected a piece of clothing. Since Svenja had no great hope to get something she really liked, she first opened the small package and a DVD with a teaching software for English vocabulary came out. She thought it would be okay if it would help her to get better in English, but as a birthday present she could have imagined something better. So she had no hope to get something to be really happy about the last present. The only thing Svenja would have been happy about on this day would have been a smartphone anyway.

Next, Svenja opened the big package and as suspected a piece of clothing appeared. It was additionally wrapped in a transparent foil, there was also a cardboard sign with a model photo. On the photo was a girl, maybe ten years old. The girl was wearing a smooth-fitting overall with no zipper in the front. But you could see that there was a structure underneath the fabric. The overall in the photo had a uniform yellow color without pattern, but the garment in the foil had colorful patterns and was dark purple in the base color. The girl in the picture made a playful pose and laughed very happily. Above the photo was written in large letters "Safety Sleeper" and below it a little smaller, "so that your child can sleep safely and sheltered".

At the bottom right under the photo was a size indication, where Svenja could see that the overall was very well in her size and not for the small child which was shown on the photo.

Normally Svenja would, when she gets a new garment as a present, unpack it immediately and jump up to stop it and pose in front of the mirror. But now she was strapped on the chair and she didn't know what to say with disappointment. After she had removed the wrapping paper and left it for a short When she looked at the cardboard sign, she pushed the gift on the table away from her. Her Her eyes were empty, she thought that her parents obviously wanted to punish her hard for her behavior during the last days. Svenja was silent for a moment and her parents and her brother didn't say a word either, which created a very depressing atmosphere in the kitchen. Jens did not understand what had just happened and took a closer look at his sister's present. But Peter and Inga saw that their daughter was in the middle of a fight and they prepared themselves for a strong emotional outburst,

like loud insults or a crying fit. But Svenja already had no more strength to rebel against her parents, the day had finished her.

After almost a minute, which seemed like an eternity to everyone, Inga said "Honey, what's the matter, don't you like the colour?" She knew exactly that the colour was not the problem, because actually violet was Svenja's favourite colour. She should also like the pattern. But Svenja didn't want to be provoked today and said quite soberly and without emotions. "Mum, I am tired, please just say what this thing is and then I would like to go to my room... If I may?" But Svenja did not dare to look her mother in the eyes.

"Svenja, this 'thing' is a new pyjama suit for the summer. The old ones are getting too warm and you need a new one. But you don't have to be so negative."

"Mom, I apologize for not being able to enjoy my

...a STRAF suit for my 16th birthday." When Svenja said that, she couldn't hide the irony, but otherwise she remained outwardly calm and continued. "But I'd really like to go to my room now."

"Honey, you're right, you're in no condition to talk about this now. I'll let you up, but please get in the shower right now and finish them off," Peter said and went towards Svenja to let her out of the chair. After Svenja got up she took the DVD from the table and left the kitchen. She deliberately left her new pyjamas lying around.

When Svenja left the kitchen, she gave Peter Jens a comic and told him to read something until dinner. Then Peter started to prepare the dinner. Inga took Svenja's new pyjamas from the table and followed her daughter to the first floor and then into Svenja's room.

"I'm going to the bathroom right now, please don't be such a stress mom" Svenja said clearly annoyed when her mother entered the room without knocking.

"I haven't said anything yet, but you should know that we have to control you more after today's events" Inga said to Svenja, who took a deep breath and started to take off her overalls.

"Honey, I know this is hard for you. Please believe me, we're trying to support you as much as we can, but please try to let go of something at least and try to be part of the to hand over control to dad and me. You'll feel better."

Svenja didn't know what her mother meant exactly, but she didn't want to think about it either. So after she had undressed down to her underwear, she just left her room and went into the bathroom. Her mother let her go and took the new pyjamas out of the foil and put them on Svenja's bed.

Svenja took her time in the bathroom but then she came back to her room where her mother was still waiting for her. On her return she only had a bathrobe on and of course she was afraid that her mother had been waiting for her. If she should be put into bed before 6 pm, Svenja had thought about it for a moment. But she said nothing and looked at her mother sadly and silently.

"Svenja, darling, don't look like seven days of rainy weather, let's try on your new pyjamas" Inga then said with a certain enthusiasm and Freud in her voice.

"If you can't avoid it, give me the shitty thing," Svenja said frustrated.

"Darling please not so vulgar... I'll help you put it on, just put your

Bathrobe off." Inga had said to her daughter and then reproached her for opening the new coverall to the former. Svenja had already thought that the "Einstig" was in the back. She took off her bathrobe, under which she was completely naked. When Inga saw this she put the overall back on the bed. "Oh honey, we forgot something" Inga said and went to Svenja's wardrobe and took out something she had never seen before in her wardrobe. It was made of white thin cloth and when Inga spread it out it looked like a pair of underpants her grandmother had always worn in winter. It was an extremely large pair of panties that she had to get into right away. Her mother pulled it up so high that it reached Svenja far over the Baunabel. At the same time, the leg attachments still reached along the legs more than 10 cm below the crotch. Her two buttocks were completely covered. The whole thing had no

resemblance to the panties Svenja was used to. But the strangest thing was that the panties between her legs were reinforced and padded.

But Inga didn't give her daughter any time to look at the new garment or to let it affect her. She immediately had the overall in her hand again and held it in front of Svenja for the first time. So she had to get into the car with the first leg directly, then the second leg followed and Inga pulled the overall up. Svenja's feet came out of her trouser legs and after that her bottom covered with the new panties disappeared in the overalls. Svenja noticed immediately that it was cut quite tight and stretched slightly around her abdomen. The fabric was soft and elastic, so it did not feel uncomfortable.

Inga now asked her daughter to put her arms through the sleeves. Svenja was still so flooded with impressions that she followed the request without hesitation. When her hands, only with little resistance through the cuffs, came out of the sleeves again, Svenja was even positively surprised. She had expected a padding of the hands again.

But the joy about the probably free remaining hands didn't last long, because Inga pulled the upper part of the overalls over her daughter's shoulders. Svenja suddenly noticed that the otherwise so soft and elastic fabric built up a strong tension between her crotch and her shoulders. There obviously had to be reinforcements inside the fabric. These had not given way and were not stretchy. It was a strange feeling, the padding between her legs was now pressed very consistently in front of her vagina. It was not so tight that it was uncomfortable, but it could still be felt strongly.

"Mama what is this, this thing is too small and why is it not elastic in the longitudinal direction?" Svenja asked confused but for both of them surprisingly matter-of-fact.

"Honey, there is a harness built in that will keep you safe in bed over the night, just like your pyjamas for the winter" said her mother.

"But the fluffy one was not so tight, this thing here is stupid," said Svenja, not to use a strong expression again. But she sounded very childish again, but she didn't notice that herself. But her mother thought it was cute and had to smile first, but stood behind Svenja and pulled the zipper in her back together without closing it.

"Honey, these pajamas aren't stupid. They'll hug you all night long. You just have to imagine that I'm hugging you." When Inga had said this she turned Svenja at her shoulder and pressed her very firmly to herself. "You see, that's really great" Inga said enthusiastically, but Svenja let everything happen to her and looked at her mother a bit sadly afterwards. She had given up all resistance and tried to get something beautiful out of her mother's loving embrace, but it didn't really work out yet.

Afterwards Svenja was turned around by her mother again and Inga tampered with the still open overall behind her back. Svenja felt how her mother obviously put three crosswise straps together in her back and pulled them slightly tight. The uppermost belt ran directly under the armpits and was connected to the vertical belts in the front. Exactly on Svenja's chest the straps were additionally wider and crossed there. When the two straps around waist and belly were also closed, Svenja understood what her mother meant by the hug all night long. It felt not as bad as she thought, but somehow strange. But that was probably mainly because she would be helplessly at the mercy of it again and couldn't do anything about it.

Svenja was still busy sorting out her feelings when suddenly her mother pulled the vertical straps and tightened them a little bit more, which Svenja felt most between her legs but also on her chest.

"Auh mum, that's too tight. Please don't do that... I don't want that and it presses on the chest", Svenja said slightly frightened. Inga, however, pulled the zipper up and secured it.

Then she turned her daughter around and hugged her again.

"Darling, this is a bit unusual at the beginning, but it's all right. Please trust me. Yes," Inga said after the hug and looked deep into Svenja's eyes which had swollen a bit in the meantime. Svenja had to fight with her feelings, on the one hand she hated her mother for not being able to do anything against all

this and her mother refused her every decision of her own. But on the other hand it was also somehow nice to be cared for by her mother again, she used to like that but now it felt wrong. Next Inga knelt down and tightened the cuffs at the bottom of her ankles and closed them with a velcro. Then she stood up again and looked at Svenja in her new summer pyjamas. Svenja had not moved a bit by herself and looked at her mother sad and empty. She thought about the fact that she hadn't had a bit of fun on his 16th birthday today at 6 pm and was standing in her room "ready for bed" in a tight and locked overall and being stared at by her mother. Inga saw the little girl from Packaging with the difference that Svenja was bigger and the fabric was in Svenja's favourite colour violet. The fabric with the colourful and playful patterns lay smoothly against her body and the reinforcing tapes were slightly visible underneath. The cuffs on her arms and legs were discreetly kept in black and kept everything in perfect shape. The long hair hung smoothly on her back and she looked like a very tall 12 year old girl in a cute pyjama suit.

"Mom? ... What are you looking at? Can I do something else or do I have to go to bed already?" asks Svenja, her mother is insecure.

Inga was delighted, her daughter looked as cute in the new pyjamas as her little princess from before, but she could hardly tell her that. Besides, Svenja could be nice and sweet if she wanted to be like she used to be, Inga thought. But she had been staring at her for far too long and had to get out of her rapture. "Honey, no, you've been very well-behaved for the last hour and we're going downstairs to dad and Jens. It's your birthday too." Inga put her hand on Svenja's back and stroked him gently, so she pushed Svenja decisively forward out of the room. Svenja felt the buckles in her back with which the belt harness in her pyjamas was closed.

Down in the kitchen Jens was still busy with his comic and Peter had meanwhile prepared everything for dinner. Svenja was strapped on her chair by her mother without any problems. The dinner was quickly done, because they had eaten cake only a short time before. But it took more than half an hour until Svenja got halfway accustomed to her pyjamas and was no longer constantly dominated by the tight feeling of the belts. Until then Jens had told us about his experiences of the school trip.

Inga and Peter had already started to prepare the kitchen again and to clear the table when Svenja could think of something else again. It occurred to her that she wanted to celebrate her birthday with her best friends on Saturday tomorrow. The two friends Annika and Verena had always stood by her, not like the clique with which Svenja went out to drink. With Verena she had been able to change her clothes before school, even if it was not a good idea afterwards. Also Annika had not laughed at her because of the overalls. With these two she wanted to celebrate her birthday in peace and quiet without a big party, which she wouldn't have been approved by her parents anyway. They wanted to meet in the city and take a stroll through the department stores and maybe go to the movies or just talk about girls' issues at home.

But she was afraid that this too could become a problem. Her parents still hadn't really talked to her about the truant English lessons. So she was expecting a fine, but she had already agreed with Annika and Verena in school that they would meet in the city at 11am. So now she had to find out if she could be in town at 11am or not. Maybe she could soften up her mistresses if she told them why she had skipped school.

"Mom? ... I want to talk to you about this afternoon," Svenja said hesitantly and carefully.

"Yes, darling, that's a good idea. I think it's great that you want to talk about it yourself," her father replied to the question that was actually addressed to her mother. With this Svenja knew that the matter had been declared to be a matter for the boss.

"But I'll put Jens to bed first. He's so turned up that there's going to be an explosion," Inga said to Jens and stroked him over the head.

Jens grinned at her cheekily without his parents being angry. He was just a bit disappointed to have to go to bed. But he knew that he didn't need to discuss it and Inga unbuckled his belt from his chair and took him by the hand to "help" and supervise him as usual in the bathroom.

Peter made last steps in the kitchen and then he also released Svenja from her chair.

"Come Svenja we sit down in the living room and wait for Mama" said Peter.

When Svenja got up, she immediately felt her new pyjamas again. Her hands were free but they were much more restrictive than the winter version. With every step the good one stretched over her shoulder and breasts. On her way into the living room Svenja passed the big mirror in the hallway, inevitably stopped and was spellbound by her reflection.

She saw a little girl in a romper suit that was unusually tight. The girl also looked cute in it with her long hair and the pattern on the fabric. The only problem was that the face was that of Svenja herself. She did not know what to think. Should she be ashamed or happy? What was that all about? Then her father entered the picture and he was only slightly taller than the girl next to him. He placed his hands over her shoulders caringly and smiled at her through the mirror.

"Darling, what's that face you're making, is something wrong? ... Don't you like the new pyjamas?"

Peter asked his daughter in a soft and loving voice.

"Daddy, if I was five years old, I would think it was cute. But as you know I turned 16 today. Besides, this thing is uncomfortable and you will tie me up in my bed with it later. I guess it's not all right then." Svenja said depressed.

"Oh darling, you'll learn to appreciate it. When you can be our little sweetie again and it is an advantage if you look good enough to eat," said Peter and pressed his daughter against him and gave her a kiss on the cheek. Then Svenja could not help smiling.

"Dad, don't be silly, I don't want to be five again," Svenja said, still smiling. "Oh, why not, then I can carry you back to bed, you always thought that was great back then," said Peter and with his other arm he grabbed Svenja's hip and lifted her up, just like he had done before. Then he carried her into the living room and set her down on the couch. He wouldn't have got any further, because Svenja was logically heavier than when she was 5 years old. But still both had to laugh a lot when they sat together on the couch afterwards. Svenja hadn't fooled around with her father like this for a long time. She finally felt better again and not as depressed as before.

"Daddy, you are really funny, but I can't be 5 again," Svenja said after the two of them had fooled around a bit.

"Oh Svenja, on the one hand please don't worry your pretty head about it and on the other hand you don't have to be 5 years old again. That is nonsense. We just want you to be able to continue to enjoy your childhood as before without being stopped by any stupidities," said Peter and stroked Svenja's back lovingly.

"You're just not ready to say goodbye to your childhood and that's just as well, there's nothing wrong with that. On the contrary, you'll be very grateful that we gave you this chance."

Svenja became more serious again and had only a slight smile on her face. "Oh dad, it's so hard to believe. You're taking away all my freedom right now. How am I supposed to be grateful, that's so mean", Svenja said.

"Honey, it will be alright, you didn't complain when you were 12 years old that you weren't allowed to go into town alone and you also survived that we told you when to be in bed. There is no difference, just a matter of getting used to it," Peter said smiling.

At that moment Inga came into the living room and Peter asked "And is the little one in bed?" "Yes, everything's fine Jens is taken care of" Inga said and put a device on the table whereupon Svenja looked at her questioningly.

"Darling, what are you looking at? That's Jens' baby monitor" Inga said and sat down next to Svenja on the couch.

"Mum Jens will be 12 years old next month and you talk about him like a toddler. Besides it's only a little after seven and additionally Friday. Can't he play or read a bit then?" Svenja asked again matter-of-factly.

"Oh honey, you know it's our decision and we know better what's good for you. Jens was so overexcited tonight after the class trip that he will be fast asleep in a few minutes and needs it. The baby monitor does not make you a baby again just because I call it that. If you want, you can call it room monitoring. But for me the word is too unwieldy and that it is necessary you should also understand, or do you think that we can strap you in bed without supervision. It would be far too dangerous." Inga had really gotten into a frenzy, although she didn't want to do this in front of her daughter anymore, because she didn't want to burden her with all these considerations.

"Pumpkin ... Pumpkin slowly please, we wanted to hear what Svenja had to say." With this Inga was stopped by her husband and calmed down again.

"So Svenja Schatz, what would you like to tell us about your English lesson, which obviously took place without you," Peter then asked exaggeratedly formal and smiled to ease the situation, just like he had done with Svenja before. But first Svenja had to collect her thoughts again.

"Birthday party with Annika and Verena. Confessing truancy. If possible hide the visit at the youth welfare office" were Svenja's thoughts when she gathered to have the conversation with her parents. But what should she start with?

"Um... Yeah, I don't know. ...I was so frustrated with that coming of age thing you guys told me last night. ...and I couldn't get it out of my head and I had to get out of school to think. I'm really sorry too, honestly, but I didn't know what to do. I was so upset about it," said Svenja and looked ashamedly at the ground.

"Darling, and what did that get you? Have you thought of a solution?" her father asked.

"Umm... No... Not really," said Svenja, hoping to find her real reason for the

To be able to keep quiet about truancy. But Inga took her hand and gently pushed Svenja's head up under her chin, so that Svenja had to look her mother right into her eyes.

"Darling, we talked gestures about trust, remember? Not only about coming of age." Svenja nodded almost imperceptibly but her mother had noticed it naturally. "OK, you should trust us so that we can take it off your mind to think about such things. Then you wouldn't have to skip school. But on the other hand you want us to trust you more again. don't you?" Svenja nodded this time somewhat clearly on the

Ask her mother, who then looked at her questioningly, but said nothing more. At that moment she knew that her mother did not believe her about what she had done while she had skipped English classes.

"Oh, Mama don't look like that ... I was with Frau Schulz ... I wanted to persuade her not to agree to your proposal," said Svenja and looked down again.

"Darling, yes we know that ... and so unfortunately it will not be anything with the trust in our side. It would have been better if you had come to us or at least told us about it right now," Peter said.

"Sorry daddy, but I was ... no, I'm so desperate. Please." Thereupon she leaned her head against her father's chest and let herself be pressed firmly.

"Darling, it's all right. We'll always help you. You should learn to do that again."

Afterwards Svenja was also pressed by her mother and the new tight pyjamas felt much better. But Svenja still had a request.

"May I celebrate my birthday tomorrow with Annika and Verena as planned?" Svenja asked timidly.

"Well, darling, what have you got planned? You should get used to discussing such things with us in the future. You will always need our consent," her father said. "Well, we wanted to meet in town for a stroll and then maybe go to the cinema or chat here. Nothing exciting, just harmless. Svenja smiled at

her father again. That had always worked before. Actually Svenja knew how to manipulate her parents. But lately it worked less and less.

"Oh honey, it doesn't work like that anymore. The times are over," said her father and shrugged his shoulders without understanding. Svenja then turned around and tried it with her mother.

"Mum, what do you say to this. That's nothing bad, and besides, you know Annika and Verena, they are always quite decent. "May I please?" Svenja was back in the old mode as she had always done.

"Honey, daddy meant it differently. You shouldn't try to play us off against each other with short-term 'good weather', that won't work anymore. ... To your real question, whether you may or may not, I can tell you yes and no. Yes you can party and no you will not meet in the city. You don't need to beg any more, we have decided and that's how it will be done," Inga said determinedly but factually.

"But... I've already arranged to meet them in town, then I'll have to call them."

"Stop, honey, you won't. . . Listen to the baby monitor, as I said Jens fell asleep right away." Svenja didn't understand what this should have to do with her call but she listened and heard the light and steady breathing sounds of her brother.

"Yes mom, but what does this have to do with Annika and Verena?"

"Well, nothing, but there will be a second baby monitor in a minute, which hopefully sounds the same. It's almost 8:00, and you're gonna go to bed without talking on the phone." Svenja already took a breath to explain the problem in more detail, but her mother was faster.

"Stop honey, we'll sort it all out, you don't have to worry. Trust!" said her mother and hugged Svenja again.

"Now, darling, get into bed. We'll stop by the bathroom first, so you can make it through the night," said her mother, took Svenja by the hand and pulled her gently towards the stairs.

"Good night, my darling, and sweet dreams." her father called out after the two of them.

On the toilet Inga opened the overall and let it fall down to Svenja's feet without opening the cuffs at the ankles. Then Svenja was allowed to pull down the huge panties herself and use the toilet under supervision of her mother. Afterwards she was dressed again by her mother and had to wash her hands and brush her teeth.

In Svenja's room she had to lie down on the bed immediately and was hooked on the lines as usual. Then her mother sat on the edge of the bed.

"Honey, you must not get up in the night. To make it a little easier for you I'll take your mobile phone with me into the kitchen in case it still rings or otherwise demands attention from you" Inga said at the end. Svenja was confused by the announcement her mother had just made to her.

"Yes ... but ..." she stuttered. "No buts, now go to sleep. We'll take care of you and protect you. Good night."

Svenja had noticed some things that would keep her from sleeping and it would take a long time until her parents could hear the desired sound in their baby monitor. Why did her mother say she would protect her from what? She hadn't been afraid of the monster under the bed for a long time.

That she wasn't allowed to get up and couldn't get up was a long time ago. Why did her mother say again? She hasn't been able to get out of bed by herself for the last few months since Christmas. So what had changed?

But most of all she had to think about talking to her parents. Her mother obviously knew about the visit to the youth welfare office beforehand, but she had forced her to confess it herself and then they had not talked about the actual visit and reason. Also she had not been given a lecture about truancy itself.

Svenja had come to the conclusion that her parents were only interested in her confessing her misconduct. The cool thing about it was that it was really easier if she didn't have to worry about it and only had to tell her parents.

Svenja had halfway accepted that her parents were probably right with what they had told her. But now she wanted to sleep, she had been lying restlessly for a long time while she had been thinking. She was looking for a comfortable position to sleep. The fact that she hadn't been able to turn on her side or stomach since Christmas was an unpleasant experience, but she had gotten used to it quite well. Now, however, the new pyjamas were even tighter and the straps were relentless and didn't give an inch. Svenja groped along the straps with her hands and had to realize that her nipples were so covered by the straps that she couldn't play with them. But in the lying position the pressure she had first complained to her mother was not too bad. The straps in her crotch pressed the reinforced area of the new underwear against her sex so evenly that she couldn't play with it either. All this could not be a coincidence, it was certainly a function desired by her parents, Svenja thought. Her parents certainly wanted to keep her away from sexual stimuli, which was already very frustrating.

During the further scanning of the new pyjamas Svenja came to the hooks with which the tapes were hooked to the D-rings and she had to think again about the words of her mother. Only then she realized that she had no more padded gloves on. So her mother reminded her again of the ban to leave the bed. But maybe she could turn and put the tapes back on in the morning before her mother would notice. Her parents would probably be asleep by now and not hear it.

Svenja suddenly felt an enormous urge to undo the tapes, even though she had been sleeping with these stupid things for almost half a year and had not been able to resist them yet. Besides, her mother had only talked about a ban to leave the bed. Somehow Svenja didn't want to violate the ban, but the urge to turn around in bed was very strong. So Svenja took her second hand to help and tried out how to open the hook on the right side band. She only had to operate a lever on the back and the hook could be opened normally with the other hand.

When the bang was released, Svenja turned quietly to the left side. That was a great feeling to be able to turn on the side in bed again. But already after a few minutes Svenja had to realize that it was not as comfortable as she had hoped because of the belts in her pyjamas. Thereupon Svenja turned back and lay on her back as usual. She didn't know that there were contacts on the straps and hooks that had already told her parents to open them. But it was after 11 pm in the meantime, which Svenja did not know exactly. But she felt that she was already very tired and fell asleep.

Peter and Inga had only spoken briefly in the living room that evening after the conversation with Svenja and had watched the two baby monitors. After they had called the parents of Verena and Annika, they went into the bedroom. There they watched Svenja via the infrared camera how she loosened the belt and changed the position for a short time. But they decided to intervene only when Svenja would leave the bed. Svenja had no idea that she had just failed an exam. But her parents were not particularly surprised.

12.6 Svenja had imagined it differently!

Svenja was still fast asleep when her mother entered the room at 9 o'clock and sat on the edge of the bed. Inga stroked Svenja lovingly over her head until she slowly woke up and opened her eyes. Svenja could get used to being awakened so lovingly, that was one of the few things she liked about the new behavior of her

Parents. After a warm welcome Inga suddenly hit back Svenja's blanket and grabbed the loose belt from the evening and held the end reproachfully in the air. Svenja felt immediately caught and made a dejected face. Inga on the other hand said smiling, "Yes honey, that didn't work out so well. But I had expected that it would be very hard for you to resist the temptation. In this respect I'm not angry with you either, but of course we have to think of something for the next night. But now get up first and then we want to have breakfast quickly, we still have a lot to do today. No way!"

Svenja was happy that her mother didn't make such a fuss about the belt in the early morning, although she knew that she wouldn't have the chance to loosen the belts in the next few nights, which

didn't really matter, because at the end of the day she couldn't and wasn't allowed to leave the bed on her own, she had to accept that. So Svenja stretched out her arms and felt the straps of the new Pajamas between the legs. Then her mother unfastened the remaining belts from the pyjamas and let Svenja get up. Then both went together into the bathroom.

* * *

Jens was woken up by his father at the same time. He still had his dummy in his mouth and was still as sound as his sister. After Peter had sat down on the edge of the bed, he watched his son sleeping for a moment. Then he chamfered the teat on the plastic ring and pulled it slightly. The resistance was enormous, so Peter moved the teat sideways back and forth until Jens opened his eyes and released the teat by himself. When Peter had the teat in his hand, Jens smiled happily at his father.

"Good morning, big boy. Did you sleep well?" Jens was still very sleepy and couldn't answer his father yet and therefore only nodded.

"That's nice darling, let's go and have breakfast quickly, because we have a lot to do today," Peter said while he had already pulled the blanket aside and Jens opened the belts. After Jens got up and stretched a bit he was immediately pushed into the bathroom by his father. There Inga was busy getting Svenja out of her new pyjamas.

"Good morning my darling!" Inga said when she saw Jens coming in.

Svenja on the other hand didn't like it at all. "Can't Mummy wait outside until I'm finished?" "So Svenja please, your brother has a name and besides we are in a hurry and I will finish you both together. That's not a problem in the family" Inga said to her daughter and had just finished getting Svenja out of her pyjamas.

"You can take a shower, darling, in that time Jens can brush his teeth. OK? go!" Inga said and started to free Jens from his pyjamas. When everybody was ready they changed and Svenja brushed her teeth and Jens was washed in the shower by his mother. When Jens had put on his genital protector Svenja was already in her room and found the same overalls on her bed as she wore the day before. Of course this didn't fit her at all, but she wanted to discuss this at breakfast rather than now. So she put on the pants and went to breakfast. Meanwhile Jens had also put on one of his normal overalls and everybody met in the kitchen. Jens and Svenja were strapped in their chairs and breakfast was served together. Shortly before the end of breakfast Svenja mentioned her problems with the overalls. "Mama? May I wear something else to the meeting with Verena and Annika? Please. It is my Birthday party. I don't want to be the only one wearing overalls."

"Honey, there's still time before they come. We're gonna clean up and get everything ready. Then we'll see. OK?!" With this Inga declared the subject closed. After the meal the children were released from their chairs and should first clean their rooms and make them tidy. Inga stayed in the kitchen and did her work there. Peter took care of the living room and other important rooms for the reception of guests. Of course he also supervised Svenja and Jens. Around 11 o'clock it was warm enough outside to start with the garden work. In the house everything was ready except Inga's area and so Peter and the children went outside and prepared the garden. Jens was allowed to mow the lawn, which he always enjoyed very much. Together with her father Svenja got the track furniture from the garage and cleaned it. Svenja was surprised that she should get all 12 chairs that the family owned, only Annika and Verena would come. But her father justified this with the fact that he wanted to have all the garden furniture cleaned for the start of the garden and terrace season. So it would not have to be done later. Svenja was satisfied with the statement and cleaned everything. After Jens had finished with the lawn, he had to clean his big trampoline, sweep the winter leaves off and clean the Wash off spring covers. Jens had been given the trampoline with a diameter of over 3 meters as a present for his 10th birthday 2 years ago and still loved it very much. Therefore he had no problem taking care of it. But of course he couldn't resist jumping a little while cleaning it. What he liked especially in the overalls, because he always had to take care with another pair of trousers that they

did not slip down. But the overalls always stayed in place and when he had to correct his balance with his arms, he felt the trousers especially on his upper body.

Around 12:30 all work outside was finished and one could have received visitors. Svenja also had to lay out a large tablecloth on the terrace table and get the cushions for all 12 chairs. But then Inga first called everyone to dinner.

Jens and Svenja were strapped on their chairs again and there was a simple stew for dinner. But in the kitchen it smelled as if Inga had baked cakes all morning. After the meal Peter and Inga cleared the dishes from the table again and let the children sit on their chairs. Meanwhile the doorbell was already ringing.

"Mama, I still have my overalls on, if that's Verena or Annika. Please may I put on something else?" Svenja suddenly asked excitedly.

"Honey, calm down, you look great, there is no reason to panic. Peter you go and see if it's the mail!" Inga said. But Svenja bounced restlessly back and forth in her chair which she couldn't get out of herself. In the corridor she heard her father greeting the guests.

"Hello Mrs. Brunnhoff, hello Mr. Brunnhoff, hello Verena, please come in, everybody.

We've just finished dinner." Svenja was shocked, her parents had

Verena with invited. She hadn't expected that and now she was still sitting in her overalls on the stupid highchair and was tied up. The only thing missing was that her father would bring everyone into the kitchen.

"Mama! You are doing that on purpose, you want to show me off like a circus clown, what is that supposed to mean. That's so mean. At least get me out of this stupid car seat." In the meantime Svenja was almost close to tears.

"Darling, please don't make such a fuss now, you wanted to be together with Verena and Annika today and that's what we have been working for. I don't know what is so bad about your kitchen chair and your clothes. Now pull yourself together, please. Yes!"

A few seconds later the door opened and Peter came into the kitchen with the entire Brunnhoff family. Svenja tried to cover her mood with a tortured smile, but when she saw Verena her mouth remained open. Verena also wore overalls.

The parents of Verena welcomed Svenja and Jens. Strangely enough they didn't mind that the children didn't get up to greet them, which was actually very rude. Only Verena looked a bit strange when Svenja didn't get up from her seat. But Peter then came up to the two of them and said to Verena.

"Wait a moment, I'll unbuckle Svenja quickly, then you can go out on the terrace, and please take Jens with you." Svenja almost imploded in her chair out of shame, but Verena only looked a little confused at her friend while Peter freed his daughter and then her brother from the chairs with a key.

"Please let us all go out onto the terrace", said Inga, who, while Peter had freed Svenja and Jens from the chairs, had briefly explained the kitchen chairs to Verena's parents. Verena had watched Svenja's father's action closely and now asked Svenja quietly what the chair was all about. But Svenja reacted dismissively and asked on the other hand why Verena would also wear overalls. The two girls then agreed to talk about the topic later in peace and quiet when the parents were not present.

When the company just went through the living room to the terrace, the doorbell rang again and Peter went to the door again. He then returned to the terrace with the entire Wagner family, that was Annika's parents, Annika herself and little sister Katja. Jens was very surprised, because he didn't know that Katja was Annika's sister. Katja went together with him into a class and on the class trip he had made friends with her. Katja wore pink overalls with a red sweater underneath. Jens knew that Katja had been wearing closed overalls at home for a short time.

Svenja going there was more surprised that Annika also wore overalls. So she was definitely not the only one at her "birthday party" who had to wear overalls. But since the parents of her guests were also there with siblings and her brother, she was afraid that it would be more of a children's birthday

party, with "potbeating" and "trip to Jerusalem", because only at a children's birthday party it was usual to bring the parents and siblings. But now everybody was welcomed on the terrace and Svenja didn't really know how to behave. She could not leave with her friends and do her own thing. She already knew that this would have been rude. Jens and Katja stood a bit aside and talked to her about the class trip. When the adults sat down at the table, Svenja and her friends wanted to do the same. But Peter then addressed the word to all the children.

"No children, you don't have to sit here and listen to the boring talk of your parents. You can play in the garden. I have a great idea. Come along, everyone. ... Jens and Katja too."

Svenja saw her worst childhood birthday fears already coming true and had a correspondingly annoyed expression on her face, whereupon she was silently given a first look by her father. She knew that she should better not say anything about it now. So all children followed Peter into the garden. There he had already left a croquet game before the meal and now he unpacked it from the package. He gave Verena the piece of paper with the rules in her hand to read and explained to Jens and Katja how to set up the gates. The two younger children had naturally shown great interest and were happy to have everything explained to them. Svenja, Annika and Verena had studied the instructions, but had fooled around a lot and didn't take the whole thing so seriously. But what was also okay for Peter, they should have fun with it.

When everything was set up, everyone got a mallet in his favourite colour and a round of croquet was played with all the children together, so that Peter could join the other parents on the terrace again. Svenja, Annika and Verena hadn't seen the game so doggedly and were more amused about their own inability to handle the mallets, but Jens and Katja already wanted to win.

When after the first round all their balls were at the finish line, the three older girls took a break and had to talk in peace about how this somewhat different birthday party had come about. Jens and Katja had played one more round of croquet alone and had a lot of fun.

First of all Svenja wanted to know why Annika and Verena also wore overalls. She found out that Annika's sister Katja was locked up in overalls at home, just like Jens had been for a few months, and some overalls were bought for Annika herself. In the morning she had been informed by her mother that Svenja's birthday party for

at Svenja's house and she would have to put on overalls. Also was allowed

Annika could not decide which of her overalls she had to wear. So she had got a wine-red corduroy overalls on, which she did not like very much. It was a thick soft fabric that generously covered almost her whole body. There were no straps on her back, because the fabric went all the way to her neck in one piece. At the sides there were five buttons, which connected the back with the front up to half of the belly. Annika was quite slim and the trousers were not extremely tight but did not have much air around her hips. The bib was held on her chest with two classic metal buckles. On the bib there was a big pocket which was closed with two snap fasteners.

Verena was also informed by her mother in the morning about the overalls obligation at Svenja's birthday, only that she had no overalls and her mother had taken her shopping in the morning. For shopping Verena was always available, but she had never bought overalls together with her mother. Especially as her mother had probably also bought some

requirements for these overalls. First Verena had chosen a black jeans overalls from a well-known designer. With this overalls there was only a small bib that did not even reach the chest and the straps were thin and crossed in the back down to the waistband. Her mother did not agree with this. The pants should be classic and practical with a high back. Therefore Verena was now wearing almost the same blue jeans overalls as Svenja. The bib was big and covered the chest and the back part was so high that the kidneys were kept warm well.

Then Svenja had to tell about the kitchen chairs that Verena had seen in action. Since Annika knew that her sister was also strapped in bed at night, Svenja had to admit that her parents also strapped Jens

and her in bed at night. Especially Verena but also Annika were quite shocked by this, because Annika was not strapped in bed. Together they found out that also at school there were some changes in this area. There were more and more children over the age of 15 who wore overalls and were sometimes led on a leash by their parents. This scared the three girls a bit, especially as their parents were sitting on the terrace and would certainly talk about education. It was probably no coincidence that Svenja's parents had made Annika and Verena's parents bring their children here in overalls.

Jens and Katja had just finished their second round of croquet, when all the children were invited to I called for coffee. Of course there was no coffee for the children but only cocoa and Water for the cake that Inga had baked in the morning. The coffee drinking went without any particularities, everybody was hilarious and happy. The children had sat on normal chairs and all behaved well. Afterwards Peter said they could go out into the garden again to play. Whereby the "may" in this case was more an invitation and the phrase "play" did not fit Svenja at all. But Peter stayed on the terrace with the other parents and so she could decide for herself what to do, even though the radius of action was limited to the garden. Jens had the idea to jump on the trampoline and quickly disappeared on his trampoline together with Katja. Svenja, Annika and Verena sat down on Jens' swing and talked a bit about the new methods of the parents. But Svenja did not dare to talk about the application of her parents at the youth welfare office. It was also the case that Annika and Verena still had their 16th birthday ahead of them. Svenja was so embarrassed about it that she was afraid her friends would not want to have anything to do with her if they knew that Svenja would not come of age.

But after some time of intense girlish chattering the three of them realized that Jens and Katja had a lot of fun on the trampoline and so they decided to have a closer look. It did not take long and all five children were jumping on the trampoline. Of course the parents on the terrace had not missed this and it was noticed with pleasure. This afternoon the parents had a great exchange of experiences. The Wagners had already started with Katja's alternative holiday education and wanted to extend this to Annika in the summer holidays. Although the Brunnhoffs had no great difficulties in raising Verena, they were nevertheless very interested in the concept. They especially liked the idea for Verena's childhood and youth, with a request for extension of the period of minority. They wanted to go to the Youth Welfare Office and get advice immediately the following week, because there were only a few weeks left until Verena's 16th birthday.

Birthday. After this date, the child had a say in the decision, but the Brunnhoffs wanted to prevent this. In the case of the Wagner's, the decision for this step had actually already been made, which Annika of course did not know, but there were still a few months left for her.

On this afternoon, the parents had all offered each other the "you" and made friendship. I'm sure they wanted to do something together more often. Around 6 pm all guests said goodbye to the Marsons and Jens and Svenja had to clean up the garden and pack the croquet again. Then we had dinner together, Jens and Svenja were of course strapped back on their chairs. During dinner Jens was raised a little bit by his sister, if he had a girlfriend. Jens had to admit that he liked Katja very much, but that she was his girlfriend now, he didn't want to leave her like that, although she looked very cute in her pink overalls. On the bib there was a funny bear embroidered and on the straps there were big buttons in different heights sewn on. So the bib could be buttoned directly on the straps with different tightness. The whole outfit had looked very childish somehow, but Katja could still wear something like that at the age of 11 and did not feel uncomfortable. Jens had liked it very much, even though he didn't want to be dressed so childishly anymore and it wasn't that day. But also his parents thought that both of them would have given a heart and soul to this day. Svenja had to admit that she also liked the day very much, even though it was a bit like a child's birthday party, even though her worst fears had not come true.

Jens was put to bed immediately after dinner at about 7 p.m., without anyone resisting or protesting. He was happy to have spent such a nice day. Svenja was allowed to read a little bit until 8 pm and was then also put into her new pyjamas by her mother and brought to bed. She complained a little bit, but then she was strapped in the bed shortly after eight and her mother was still sitting on the edge of the bed.

"Honey, you had a wonderful day and hopefully you've learned that even under ...you don't have to miss out on fun and good times." Inga stroked her head caringly.

"Yes mum, it was a beautiful day, thank you for that. But please forgive me if I don't immediately enjoy everything you do with me," Svenja said a little sadly.

"Oh darling, of course, we know that and you don't have to like everything, but it would be nice if you would accept it anyway. Yes?" Inga said with understanding.

"I'll try, Mummy."

"That's sweet of you, sweetheart, and that's where we are. You didn't pass our little hidden test yesterday, so I'm going to put some gloves on you with which you can't open the belts anymore. OK darling?"

Svenja took a deep breath to express her disappointment.

"Darling ..." You just said you wanted to try. OK!" Inga then said reproachfully. "That's alright, go ahead. I can't do anything about it anyway." Thereupon Svenja voluntarily stretched out her hands to her mother and Inga attached mittens to her daughter's hands. These were still secured at the wrists and Svenja was no longer able to use her hands.

"That's a good girl, sleep well and dream something nice" Inga said and left her daughter alone in bed. That evening Svenja had almost gotten involved with her parents and didn't let the gloves bother her anymore. The day had been simply too harmonious and so she slept well.

12.7 Great changes are foreshadowed

Svenja woke up well rested in her bed on Sunday morning. She could not see the clock from her position and the mobile phone had not been allowed in bed for a long time. So she had to stay in bed until her parents would free her. But that was nothing new for Svenja in the meantime and so she looked at the ceiling and had time to think. She had to wait over an hour for this morning, which was of course very boring. She was able to spend some time with the new gloves, but of course she soon realized that she had no chance to free herself.

When finally her mother came, Svenja was quickly freed from her new pyjamas and could go to the bathroom. There was already her father and took care of Jens. On this occasion Peter could also supervise his daughter. After they all finished in the bathroom Svenja came back to her room and found the overalls with the "Hello Kitty" motive on her bed. She hadn't worn these overalls since the walk a few weeks ago. At that time she had fought very hard against these overalls, she could well remember the feeling of humiliation when she had to go out in public with them. Svenja took the overalls in her hand and looked at them and wondered if her parents wanted to tell her something or if they wanted to humiliate or punish her again. Since it was Sunday again it could well be that they went for a walk again.

Svenja held the overalls in her hand and thought about whether she should just put them on or try to protest. After a few minutes her father came into her room and saw Svenja with the overalls in her hand. "Honey, what is it? ... Please don't dawdle, we want breakfast!" her father then said to her. Svenja was still not sure if she should protest. Her father pretended that these pants were nothing special. But it was for Svenja. She was troubled inside.

When Peter noticed that Svenja was busy with something, he took the overalls out of her hand and folded them out of each other. "Come on honey, let me help you, it'll go faster. Yes!" said her father.

Before Svenja could collect herself, she had already put on the overalls and her father had adjusted the straps again. But this time he did not put a belt on her. Svenja had resigned herself to being dressed by her father and they went together into the kitchen for breakfast.

There Jens was already tied to his chair in his blue and white striped house bib shorts. Also Svenja was strapped on her chair as so often in the last time. Then we had a cosy breakfast and talked about the past birthday party. After the meal, both children had to remain sitting on their seats until the parents had cleaned up the kitchen and cleared the table. Of course it was boring for both of them, but Jens then asked, "What are we going to do today Daddy?"

"Yes, we want to have another family day today and do something together. We could play croquet and go for a walk together," Peter said to both children. Svenja had suspected something like that and made an offended face, but she had taught that protesting was useless.

"Svenja, you don't have to look so disinterested, it won't start after noon anyway, because you still have to catch up on two hours of English," her father said. "We'll do that right now, dad will take Jens to his room to play and then bring your English things with him," mum told Inga very determinedly and left no room for manoeuvre.

Now of course Jens and Svenja were both disappointed, that's not how they had imagined Sunday. Jens was then freed from his chair by his father and led into his room by hand. "Daddy, can I play outside? I do not want to wait alone in my room until Svenja is finished. Please!" said Jens and looked at his father sadly.

"Jens darling, you don't have to wait. You can play. We'll get you in time for dinner," said his father.

"But daddy..." Jens wanted to give it one last try.

"No Jens, you know that when we have decided something, we do it. Please turn around so I can put you on a leash," his father now said somewhat severely.

Jens had no choice but to let himself be tied to the leash in his play corner. His

Father then left the room and said, "Be a good boy and play something nice!"

What was left for him but to be good, he could not leave the corner and only came to the toys that were in his play corner. The house bibs were tight against his body and he felt the slight pull of the roll line. So he was always aware that his parents had him under control and he could only play with his toys within the radius of the line.

Peter then went into Svenja's room, looked for the documents for the English lessons and returned with them to the kitchen. There Svenja was then put the documents on the table so that she could learn. Inga had let the English teacher explain to her exactly which lessons she had to work through. Peter supported her and noticed how bad Svenja was. Therefore it took the full 2 hours until the material was made up for.

Svenja became more and more unfocused and restless in her chair and asked immediately after she had finished the lessons, "Daddy can I get up? It is really uncomfortable while sitting on the chair!"

In fact, Svenja has never been tied to her chair for so long and was not used to sit still for so long.

Therefore her father was understanding but did not want to release her yet. "I'll make you a suggestion, I'll untie you for a moment so that you can go to the toilet, but then you'll still practice vocabulary. OK!" said her father. Although he knew that it would not help.

But it was more about the educational effect than the vocabulary.

Svenja was frustrated and took a lot of time in the toilet. In addition, she had little experience with the overalls and needed several attempts to put them on to avoid the short

to grab a carrier. These had no overhang with the "Hello Kitty" overalls and the

Buckles to adjust the length was almost on the back. Svenja was just thinking if she should adjust the straps a bit longer when her father came into the bathroom. "Where are you staying so long child, you shall not dawdle, you shall learn vocabulary!" Peter then said to her as if to a

6 year old child and took the straps out of her hand to hook them on herself. Then he pushed Svenja to the sink and supervised the hand washing. Svenja felt like in the first class and the look in the mirror confirmed this.

Back in the kitchen she was strapped on her chair and left alone with her vocabulary book. After an hour her mother came back into the kitchen and started to prepare lunch. "Mama, will you please untie me? I can't sit any longer, everything hurts, please!" Svenja moaned in the meantime.

"Oh darling I'm sorry, but you have to wait until after lunch. You didn't think that your truancy would be without consequences, did you? You have to make up for everything!" Inga said quite objectively.

"Yes, but that you tie me up all the time is mean." Svenja replied.

"Svenja, you are strapped on your chair and not tied up. Besides, we have to make sure that you can't commit any new transgressions. You know it's in your own interest."

"Mommy please please!" Svenja did nothing more than beg, she wanted to get off the chair.

"Svenja stop now and learn your vocabulary. You're behaving like a toddler with this begging!" her mother then said to her.

"If he treats me this way, then it can happen." Svenja said now obstinately.

Her mother had to grin and thought it was really cute how her 16 year old daughter was behaving.

But she couldn't show her that and luckily stood at the worktop with the

Back to Svenja. The next minutes Inga punished her daughter with disregard, although Svenja kept begging in vain and behaved more and more childish and silly. When Inga had to get something out of a cupboard and passed Svenja, she stroked her lovingly over the head and gave her a freshly peeled carrot. "Here my darling, it won't take much longer with that" Inga said when she gave Svenja the carrot. And she smiled quite friendly.

Svenja took the carrot and noticed that her mother obviously enjoyed letting it stew here. In the next minutes she became very quiet and thought about her behavior. She tasted the carrot like she used to do when she watched her mom cooking when she was little. Those had somehow been better times, she had argued with her mother much less and life was much easier then. But the most important thing was to obey her much easier then than now.

Just before Inga had finished eating Peter came into the kitchen with Jens. Jens was cheerful and exuberant, because his father had spent the last two hours, when Svenja had to sit on her chair, with his son. Jens was tied up in his room, but his father was with him and they played together like they haven't for a long time.

Jens was also strapped on his chair again and they had dinner together. Directly after the meal a walk in the park was made. Jens had put on his khaki overalls with the additional loop in the back again. At Svenja the leather belt with the loop in the back was put on again. This time she hadn't made such a big fuss about the overalls, but when she was led by the loop from the house to the park just like Jens, she complained about it again, but her mother treated her just like in the kitchen and Svenja soon noticed that it didn't make sense to resist or get angry about it.

Jens on the other hand did not find the loop annoying, he felt safe and secure. When the family arrived in the park, the loop was removed at Jens' place and he was allowed to go to his favourite playground and meet his friends, including Philipp who also went for a walk with his parents. At Svenja's place the loop was not used inside the parks either, she met Verena in the park and Svenja was the "Hello Kitty" overalls suddenly totally embarrassed again. But Verena did not talk to her about it and did not find the overalls so embarrassing, but she did not wear overalls herself. The Brunnhoffs and the Marsons again had a long discussion about education.

* * *

During the first three days of the new week Svenja did not have to wear overalls to school. Everything went its usual course again. Svenja's new pyjamas were a bit more restrictive than the winter ones, but the weather became even warmer and she had to get used to the new ones.

When she came back from the bathroom to her room on Thursday morning, there were overalls for her again. Svenja was disappointed at first when she recognized the straps on the trousers where she was still lying folded up on her bed. The trousers were made of a white soft material which she liked quite well. But the fact that it was a overalls led more to disappointment than to curiosity about the new garment. After putting on her underwear she had no choice but to put on the new overalls. She took them in her hand and felt the soft but still thick fabric. When Svenja unfolded the overalls she had difficulties to distinguish front and back. The straps were both sewn on the front bib and the back. The back part was divided with a zipper in the middle. This ended just before the neck. With this the straps could certainly not be pulled off the shoulders. In the first moment Svenja thought about what her parents wanted to do to her again. But then she found the pants interesting, because they looked more like a dress. Driven by curiosity, Svenja opened the zipper and put her legs into

Pant legs of overalls. Then she slowly pulled everything up by the bib. Where with others bib overalls are buttoned at the side, these each had an elastic band, which gently wraps the trousers around their

Abdomen tensed, not tight but noticeable. Above the hips it was still loose, because the zipper was still open. But first she had to put her arms under the straps, because they could not be opened to put them over her shoulder. After some

Svenja had made it and the straps slipped on her shoulders. Thereby the overalls were pulled in height to their final position. But in her step there was still some air left, it was not as tight as her new pyjamas. Only when she stretched her arms to the top she felt the trousers being pulled into her crotch. Now Svenja only had to pull up the zipper in the back. But that was not so easy. Meanwhile Svenja stood in front of her mirror and made strong dislocations. Thereby she also looked at her new outfit. Under the white overalls she had also got a white top with $\frac{3}{4}$ long sleeves and put it on. Together the bib of the overalls did not open very much. Besides it looked like a nice summer outfit, just when it was warm enough for the late spring. All in all, Svenja would probably have chosen something like that herself, if her parents weren't on the stupid overalls trip. But in front of her parents she would not want to admit that.

After 2 minutes Svenja had only half closed the zipper and the door opened. "Shall I help you my darling?" asked her mother. But without waiting for an answer Inga grabbed her daughter in the back and closed the zipper in one go. The part above her hips was also stretched a little through the elastic bands at the sides. It was a pleasant feeling and Svenja turned a bit in front of the mirror to have a closer look at herself.

Her mother was watching her closely and Inga asked after a short time, "Do you like the new overalls?" Her mother had of course long since seen from her daughter's reaction that this was the case. Svenja, however, tilted her head a little, looked at her mother through the mirror and said, "Well, if I'm lucky I won't be laughed at today. But she couldn't suppress a slight smile and was very happy to wear something that she liked halfway herself. Her mother then put her hand in Svenja's back and stroked her, her mother was also glad that there had been no fight over these overalls. Svenja then ran happily into the kitchen for breakfast.

As expected, the zipper in the back divided the straps so high up that the straps could not slip or be pulled from the shoulders. That Svenja would probably need help to undress was not clear to her yet. But in school when she went to the toilet she had exactly this problem. But she found a solution by getting help from her friend Annika. Annika also wore overalls that day and envied Svenja for her new overalls, even if she needed help to put them on and take them off.

After school Svenja was sitting in her new overalls strapped on her kitchen chair doing homework under the supervision of her mother when suddenly the doorbell rang. Inga went to the door and Svenja could hear her mother greeting two strangers. Afterwards they must have obviously gone into

the living room, because Svenja couldn't hear anything else and devoted herself to her homework again. After about half an hour she got a strange feeling about it. She could not free herself, her brother was probably tied up in his room as well and she hadn't heard anything from her mother for a long time. Svenja hated this helpless feeling when she was tied up alone in the kitchen chair. But after another quarter of an hour of uncertainty her mother came back to the kitchen together with Mrs. Schulz from the youth welfare office and another woman. Svenja hated it even more when her mother brought visitors into the kitchen while she was strapped in the chair. But this time the fact that it was Mrs. Schulz from the Youth Welfare Office made Svenja feel really queasy in her stomach.

"Svenja darling, here are Mrs. Schulz and Mrs. Pfeiffer from youth welfare office and they want to talk to you" said Svenja's mother and the two women shook Svenja's hand, who could not get up again. Of course she was embarrassed, because she had learned it was rude. Mrs. Schulz and Mrs. Pfeiffer sat down at the table without any further request from Svenja's mother and laid out their files.

"Svenja, please be well-behaved and listen carefully to what Mrs. Schulz and Mrs. Pfeiffer have to say. Yes! I'll leave you alone now" Inga said while the two women prepared their files. Then Svenja's mother wanted to leave the kitchen and went towards the door. Svenja on the other hand got a kind of panic attack, tore her seat belts and wanted to get up.

"STOP mum, don't leave me alone!" she suddenly shouted louder than she had thought. Her mother stopped and looked at Svenja in horror, "Honey, what's wrong, nobody's going to hurt you. They just want to talk to you. Nothing will happen to you." Inga spoke calmly to her daughter.

Svenja had overcome the first shock and said slightly pleading to her mother, "But can't you please stay here. Please, please!"

"Honey, you're already a big girl. Besides, the rule says I can't be there," her mother said. Svenja didn't even notice that her mother had addressed her like a little child again and so she was not embarrassed.

"But why and where at all?" said Svenja with childish naive expression.

"Darling, Mrs. Schulz and Mrs. Pfeiffer will explain that to you. Don't worry, nobody's going to hurt you," Inga said and then finally left the kitchen.

The queasy feeling in Svenja's stomach had increased to such an extent that she had the feeling of falling off her chair, which of course wasn't the case. But the feeling was really very unpleasant.

After a short moment of silence Mrs. Schulz said to Svenja "Svenja I came to you today with the head of the authority Mrs. Pfeiffer to talk officially with you about the application of your parents for the suspension of your majority. You already know the procedure, but we still have to discuss some important details. After the introduction by Mrs. Schulz the weak feeling in Svenja's stomach did not get better. But she was already so intimidated by the presence of Mrs. Pfeiffer that she only nodded tentatively.

"Well Svenja, to our conversation belongs also an instruction which I have to carry out, therefore we have to query your data for the protocol, everything quite harmless. OK! Can we begin?" then Mrs. Pfeiffer began her work. On the question Svenja nodded again only timidly.

"Svenja please, we are not dependent on your cooperation, but it would be nice of you to answer us correctly. By the way, this would also look better on your file. OK!?" said Mrs. Pfeiffer still friendly but also emphatic.

"Can we not talk about this again? I have already explained to Mrs. Schulz that I don't want that?" said Svenja timidly and in a low voice.

"Svenja, we are here to talk, that is what today is all about. But let's just start from the beginning, please. Yes!" said Mrs. Pfeiffer in a loving voice.

Svenja drew slight hope that there might be a chance to get out of the number. If only she would be clever enough in this conversation, maybe there was a back door and she only had to say the right keyword. So she would attack head-on to make sure, "So I have a chance of getting out of this?" But Mrs. Pfeiffer had many years of experience in dealing with young people and so she wanted

Don't tell Svenja now that she of course had no chance. But she wanted to get further, "Svenja, we won't get further this way, I have to stick to the protocol and first of all it says 'personal data' and then I'll explain to you how it goes on.

"Yes OK, you're the boss!" Svenja said now with new hope that not everything was lost. Thereupon Mrs. Pfeiffer had to smile, she had not expected that Svenja was still so naive.

"So your name is Svenja Marson?"

"Yes!

"You were born May 22nd, 2000 in Neustadt?"

"Yes!

"Your parents are Peter and Inga Marson?"

"Yes, unfortunately!"

"Svenja please be objective, you have great parents. Believe me, I know my way around."

"Your brother's name is Jens. He's four years younger than you."

"Yes!

"Ok Svenja that was easy. Now I will tell you briefly something about the legal

Background. Paragraph 2 of the Civil Code was amended by 'The Coming of age occurs with the completion of the 18th year of life' to 'The legal guardians decide on the coming of age. Further details are regulated by a federal law'. In addition, a new law on child rearing was created." Mrs. Pfeiffer talked from that moment on for almost 20min without interruption and explained some details from the law to Svenja.

For example, there was the rule that if the parents did not apply, the children automatically came of age at 21. However, if the parents made an application for self-regulation, the parents could decide for themselves when their children came of age. If, however, the date was after the age of 25, the consent of the Youth Welfare Office was required. The time for submitting this application was also precisely regulated. When the law came into force, the age of the children was 16 years, this was always increased by one year to 19 years in the following 3 years, so that there was no overlap in the transition.

Otherwise already adults with 20 years would have suddenly become minors again.

Since Mrs. Pfeiffer had decorated her remarks with a lot of paragraphs, Svenja was smoking her head, but she wanted to concentrate further to find out how she still got away.

Next Mrs. Pfeiffer reported what would change for the children for whom this application was made. According to the law, the children had to be recognizable for everyone in public. In addition, the parents are responsible for the actions of the children and so the parents are obliged to ensure that the children's radius of action is restricted to a certain extent.

Both points would probably be regulated by restrictive clothing, but this was in the Laws not clearly clarified. In addition, the children are no longer allowed to do business without consent of the legal guardian. Of course, the children are also forbidden any kind of drugs, including tobacco and small amounts of alcohol. In case of disregard the parents would be liable to prosecution. Mrs. Pfeiffer was finally at the end of her explanations about the law and then asked Svenja,

"Do you have any more questions, Svenja?"

"Yes, what possibility do I have to escape?" Svenja then asked directly. "Well Svenja first of all you should know that these legal regulations sound harder than they are. The whole thing will be good for you and you will thank your parents for it. But to answer your question, the children only have a say if the deadline is exceeded, which is not the case with you", said Mrs. Pfeiffer.

Svenja collapsed in her stool and her stomach came back. With that all hope was gone and Svenja got wet eyes.

Then Mrs. Schulz intervened again. "Svenja please pull yourself together, we have to teach you about the new rights of your parents. This is important for you. Yes!" Svenja made a defensive movement and pulled the snot already up.

But Mrs. Pfeiffer continued, "Your parents' request has been granted as of today, May 28, and thus you are still a minor and as of now no longer legally competent. Your parents must decide on all areas of your life. In order to implement the restrictions and labels provided for in the law, your Parents 8 weeks time. Additionally, your parents have the right to physically restrict you at home and in private. In order to ensure your well-being, you will be summoned to an official health examination in the children's hospital in the near future, which will be repeated regularly.

Now all the dams broke at Svenja, she buried her face in her hands and cried out loud.

Mrs. Schulz stood up and stood next to Svenja and stroked her back, but Svenja tried to push her away from her easily. Meanwhile Frau Pfeiffer went into the living room where Svenja's mother was waiting. "Mrs. Marson, your daughter has apparently understood that something will change in her life. Give her some time to process it today, but please do not let her out of your sight. I don't think she's prone to overreact, but she is understandably upset."

"Yes, I can understand that, Mrs. Pfeiffer. I will try to rebuild her. Thanks for everything, though."

"That's our duty, Mrs. Marson, we also want the best for the children. Of course it's hard for the older children. 16 years is definitely the maximum age to change over."

"I guess you're right. It's much easier with Jens."

Then the two women went back into the kitchen where Svenja was still crying and didn't want to see or talk to anyone.

After another short conversation between the three women, the two employees of the youth welfare office said goodbye to Mrs. Marson and Svenja, but she did not want to reply. Her mother, however, let her get away with this rudeness at this moment. After Inga returned from the front door she pulled herself to a chair next to Svenja's and gave her daughter a handkerchief to dry her tears. Then she sat down next to Svenja and stroked her back lovingly but didn't say a word.

Svenja had stopped crying and did not know if she could enjoy the closeness of her mother or not. On the one hand, her parents were so mean and mean to her and wanted to destroy her life, but on the other hand, her mother was so loving and comforting, just like she had always done before. She could not interpret her feelings at that moment, whether she should love or hate her mother right now. But after almost 10 minutes of brooding she hadn't made any progress, except that she had calmed down again. Then she looked at her mother for the first time again. "Mum, can I go to my room?" she then asked her mother calmly and with a sad look.

Her mother looked at her with a soft face and a smile.

"Darling, I think it's better you have company now."

"But, ... but Mama." Svenja's face radiated a bit more disappointment than it already did. "May I at least get out of the chair? Mama, please." Svenja now looked at her mother somewhat begging.

"Okay, honey, let me just check on your brother, then I'll let you up."

Thereupon Inga got up and went into the room with Jens. Jens was after dinner from his mother was tied to a leash above his desk chair and had to carry his

Do your homework. Of course, he had already finished his homework and wanted to play. Because of the leash he couldn't leave his place at the desk and had eagerly awaited his mother when she finally arrived. Inga then checked his homework and praised him for it.

"Jens Schatz, your sister needs a bit more attention today than usual, so unfortunately you have to play alone" his mother said to Jens and released the leash from his overalls. Jens knew what this would mean and went into his play corner and let himself be tied to the leash again. "It's OK, mum. Not so bad."

"Thank you, my darling, that's very sweet of you" Inga said and stroked Jens over the head once more as a farewell, only to leave the room and return to Svenja. Back in the kitchen Svenja was then freed from her chair and was allowed to get up. As her mother did not want to allow her to go to her room she stopped and looked at her mother questioningly. Thereupon Inga also looked at Svenja carefully. She was still wearing her new white dresslike overalls. After a short moment Svenja felt unpleasantly observed. "Mum, why are you looking at me like that?"

"Svenja, you look good, you know that? I really like the new overalls."

Svenja was always up for compliments, but from her mother? And then also for a pair of overalls that her mother had chosen? Svenja found it strange.

"No really, Svenja don't you think they're nice?"

"Mama," said Svenja and wanted to expel the subject. But her mother looked into her eyes,

"Hmmm...?"

"Yes, it's much better than the others so far. Svenja then admitted of necessity.

"Honey, you'll see. Everything will be alright." With this, her mother carefully alluded to the changes that Svenja will expect. But then she hugged her daughter and Inga thought and hoped that her little one would become her sweet little Svenja again.

Afterwards they went together into the living room and sat down on the couch. Inga took her daughter in her arms and they talked about old experiences from Svenja's childhood until Peter came home.

Svenja remembered how carefree and great it had been as a child.

After dinner Svenja lay in bed in her new pyjamas and thought about the stories she had experienced in her life and about the conversation with Mrs. Pfeiffer and Mrs. Schulz. If they are all right and it was really better what came up to her. Svenja was very insecure but encouraged herself until she finally fell asleep.

12.8 It's Jens' birthday too

It was the weekend after Svenja's birthday, when she entered the kitchen on Sunday evening and saw her brother sitting on his chair. Her mother was sitting next to him and the two of them were talking. Svenja stopped for a moment and watched them, but Svenja was not noticed immediately. Jens was buckled on his chair, like almost always lately. But still he seemed to be in a very good mood and laughed together with his mother. Svenja looked at her brother for a short moment and he looked like a normal happy boy at the age of 11, no he turned 12 next week. Svenja didn't really know why she noticed that at that moment, but the fact that he could be so happy and still be tied on his chair seemed to her funny and remarkable.

A few moments later Svenja was noticed by her mother. "Hello Svenja, nice that you are coming. We're about to have dinner" Inga said to her daughter.

"Hello, what are you two doing?" Svenja asked, coming closer to the table. "We are planning my birthday! I also want to celebrate in the garden with my friends," Jens then said excitedly.

"Darling, you WANT!" Jens was improved by his mother.

"Yes, I want to. Please." said Jens slightly thwarted.

"Yes, who's going to come to your party on Saturday?" Inga then asked again into the conversation.

Meanwhile Svenja sat down on her high chair and watched Jens and her mother a little bit. She still hung on to the thought that her brother didn't mind being strapped in at all and that she almost always obeyed her parents.

"Well, Philipp, then Niklas ... and ... and Dirk and ..." Jens thought, his mother would have made notes on a piece of paper.

"And Maxi," Jens said.

"Yes well, do I know Dirk and Maxi already?" then asked his mother.

"I don't know, with both of them I always play in the park on the playground" Jens said.

"OK, you know, I have to talk to their parents first. You know that there are stricter rules when Philipp is there," Inga said and looked Jens in the eyes first.

"Yes... Yes, but Philipp is allowed to play with us now," Jens said somewhat intimidated. "Of course he is allowed to, I just have to talk to all the parents first," his mother said.

Svenja was fascinated by the whole conversation and looked alternately at her mother and her brother, which was not noticed by either of them.

"Niklas now also wears overalls on the playground and he also got a safe chair." Jens reported.

"Yes, I am happy for him that his parents are also so considerate.

Do you know the surname of Dirk and Maximilian?" Inga asked next.

"hmmm No, I don't know that one." Jens said somewhat depressed.

"Honey, that's no problem, if you go to the playground tomorrow, I'll give you two notes. Dirk and Maximilian should then give them to their parents," Inga said and smiled. "Do you have anyone else from your class, for example, whom you would like to invite?" she asked Jens. She thought about it, made a very thoughtful face and then began to rub her fingers nervously across the table. He couldn't look at his mother any more and avoided the looks of his sister.

"Come on, there's someone else," Inga said and smiled at Jens.

"hmmm ..." Jens obviously didn't dare to say the name.

"Darling, who is it. Say it calmly." his mother encouraged him.

Svenja had become very curious why Jens didn't dare to say the name of his friend. Was it possible to find someone his parents shouldn't know about? You could see Jens fighting with himself. But then he said, "Mum, I've never invited a girl to my birthday party."

Inga had to pull herself together not to laugh out loud, that's how sweet her little Jens was. But she only smiled very benevolently and then said, "Honey, sometime is always the first time. What is so bad about inviting Katja as well? She was already at Svenja's birthday party."

Svenja also had to smile a lot about her brother, "was she still so shy at 11?" she now thought about how she watched her brother how embarrassed he was to invite a girl. She herself still didn't have a firm relationship with a boy but her dealings with boys were much more relaxed.

Jens had looked at his mother a bit startled when she said Katja's name, because he hadn't said any name. But of course his mother was right - it was all about Katja. So then he said, "It's just ... nothing. I would be happy if Katja could come too." "Honey, I'm sure she's allowed to. I'll talk to all the parents tomorrow and then we'll have a really great birthday party on Saturday. But now we want to eat first" Inga said and got up to prepare the meal.

* * *

On Wednesday on his birthday, Jens had got almost the same pyjamas as Svenja had got two weeks earlier. He was a bit more happy about it, because the overalls from Christmas were already much too warm at night. But his parents insisted to strap him on until then.

On Friday evening the whole Marson family was sitting in the kitchen, Jens and Svenja were both strapped on their chairs. Jens was wearing locked overalls, which he had arrived after school. Svenja was wearing the white overalls with the back zipper, which she had already worn to school.

"Mum, I want to go to town with Annika tomorrow, can I have an advance on my pocket money? We want to go to the movies." Svenja asked then during the meal.

"Svenja, you know that Jens is celebrating his birthday tomorrow." Inga then said reproachfully to Svenja.

"Yes, and what have I got to do with it?", Svenja asked a bit obstinate.

"Svenja, of course we've planned you in. Besides, Jens was at your birthday party, too," her mother replied.

"Mum, that's something completely different. You can't compare it. I don't want to take part in Jens' child's birthday party," Svenja then said.

"Well Svenja, firstly you don't have to emphasize it so snide, and secondly there's nothing wrong with it. It's fun," Inga said.

Svenja noticed that her mother was serious and that she could bury her own plans. But this time it was going to be a real children's birthday party, she hadn't heard all the planning, but the guest list didn't bode well. "Mama, please does this have to be?" Svenja tried it a little bit more friendly again. "Yes, darling, you know it's our decision. You really should learn slowly that we make the decisions," Inga said and finished the topic.

After the meal Jens was immediately prepared for bed by his mother and Svenja was also instructed to get ready. Which on a Friday evening with Svenja did not meet with approval. But her father supervised her so conspicuously that she knew she had no chance of a successful resistance. After she was finished in the bathroom, her father locked the new pyjamas. The tapes that were worked into them, which then surrounded her body, signalled to Svenja that she was under the full control of her parents. She had the pyjamas on every evening for 2 weeks, but on this

In the evening it didn't feel as wrong as usual. Even though it was much earlier than the other days. Svenja was then led by her father into the living room where Jens was already sitting on the couch in his new summer pyjamas. The parents had not changed their clothes, but still it turned into a cosy evening. Svenja suddenly didn't find the pyjamas so annoying anymore. She noticed a slight difference in her parents' behavior, they seemed softer to her. Maybe that was also a reason why the pyjamas suddenly weren't so bad anymore. Even when she was strapped into them in her bed at half past eight, Svenja still felt the same way. She thought about it for a while while falling asleep.

Both children had to wait in the morning after waking up until they were freed from their beds. Jens was put on blue and white striped overalls after the morning toilet, which was nothing unusual for him. He found them comfortable, even if he couldn't take them off himself.

After Svenja came out of the bathroom a new pair of overalls lay on her bed, which she had never seen before. The fabric looked exactly like Jens' blue and white house overalls, with the difference that these had red and white stripes. Svenja took a deep breath and was suddenly very excited. She knew that Jens could not take off his house bib overalls by himself. So her first thought was that this was probably possible now.

She approached the pants and took them carefully in her hand as if the pants could do something to her. But then she held them up and realized that it was exactly the same model as her brother always wore. She had always found the blue and white of Jens' trousers to be conspicuous and childish, but in red she felt it was even stronger.

Next she looked at the plastic fasteners on the bib, at first glance they looked just like Jens'. But she wanted to be sure and so she put one of the counterparts from the strap in. The loud clicking surprised Svenja very much. The parts sat bombproof together without any play. But Svenja could see the unlocking mechanism and could open the lock by simply pressing it. Svenja was a stone from the heart, so she would not be locked up in her trousers like her brother. The buckles had to be different, thought Svenja.

She still didn't like the pants, but she would accept them. Svenja was already late and so she started to put on the pants. Already while pulling up Svenja noticed that the trousers were quite tight. When she started to close the side buttons she noticed the elastic in the back. So there was already a slight pull around Svenja's waist when closing the buttons and the closing of the buttons turned out to be difficult and took a moment.

Next, Svenja held the bib with her hand up and looked at herself in the mirror. "Let me help you Svenja", said suddenly Svenja's mother, who had obviously been standing in the door for a moment.

"Mum, do you have to scare me like that?" Svenja then asked after she had flinched in shock.

Then her mother came up to her, grabbed the straps of the overalls and put them over her daughter's shoulders. Then she took the bib in her hand and pressed Svenja's hand down gently.

"Let me do it honey, we still have to adjust the new trousers" Inga said to her daughter and pulled the bib strongly. Thereby the whole trousers were pulled up and Svenja had the feeling that she was losing her grip on the ground and instinctively reached for her mother's hands.

"Mama, please not so dolle!" she complained.

"Child, don't touch that, I'll do it." she got to listen from her mother.

Svenja suddenly felt like a three-year-old girl who was attracted to her mother and should not contradict her. But she fitted into her role and left her mother to act. There was something nice about it, Svenja thought briefly.

Then Inga adjusted the straps so that the bib covered Svenja's breasts and the trousers were tight but bearable for Svenja. Then Svenja was allowed to look at herself in the mirror. The bib emphasized her body very well, but Svenja found the colour and the pattern incredibly childish.

"Well honey, what do you think, is it great? This is your present for Jens' birthday" Inga said with a lot of enthusiasm for the new overalls.

"Mum, does it always have to be so childish?!" Svenja said with a disappointed expression on her face.

"Oh darling, what you always think you see. That is exactly right, and I think you look great in it. Come on, let's go and have breakfast," Inga said.

During breakfast Jens and Svenja were of course strapped to their chairs. Jens was in best mood and had complimented his sister on her new overalls.

After dinner Jens was allowed to help his mother in the kitchen with baking for the guests, which was always a lot of fun and pleasure for him. Svenja had come to terms with the fact that her parents had taken over her scheduling, even though she was not exactly happy about it. So in the morning she had to help her father in the garden. A kind of Olympics should be organized. Svenja and her father had set up individual stations for this. There was can throwing, archery, long jump, high swings, water jet shooting, trampoline high jump and much more. The rules were worked out and written down, targets were made and so on. Svenja really enjoyed preparing these things together with her father. On the one hand she could try out everything without being watched by someone of the same age, and on the other hand she could justify the fun she had by doing everything just for her younger brother. Because for her it was all much too childish of course.

But her overalls were brought back to her consciousness almost with every movement, because because of the elastic band, the wearer's attitude and the whole cut this was still tight everywhere. Even after the trampoline jumping nothing slipped and everything still fit perfectly. Around 11 o'clock, when the targets for archery had just been set up and tested, Svenja felt pressure on her bladder and she had to go to the toilet.

"I'll just go in for a moment daddy, I'll be right back", said Svenja and wanted to start running.

"Svenja, can I help you?" her father asked before she left.

"No, daddy, I can do it all by myself and I think Jens could do it, too. On some occasions Svenja could not resist telling her parents subliminally that she didn't like some of the strange rules her parents had recently. And that Jens was not allowed to go to the toilet alone anymore was definitely one of them. But after Svenja's answer it was definitely clear that she wanted to go to the toilet and her father said, "We'll see about that, my darling!

Svenja could not really interpret her father's sentence, but then she had to leave urgently. Since her father didn't stop her any further, she quickly went into the house. She reached the bathroom on the first floor where she wanted to open the straps of the overalls, but she had problems to open the buckles. She tried it in front of the mirror a second time. "In the morning they had just opened," Svenja thought to herself, when suddenly without warning the door opened and her mother entered the bathroom. Svenja was startled and looked at her mother in horror. At first she felt caught doing

something forbidden, but then she thought why her parents had removed the bathroom key a few weeks ago. That could not be true. "Honey, let me try it, please" her mother said calmly and grabbed the buckles which Svenja had let go at her first shock. Her mother could open the buckles immediately and effortlessly. Svenja stood there with open mouth and felt quite stupid. But her mother left the bathroom without saying another word. Svenja stood there and could not believe what had just happened. But she still had to go to the toilet and so she opened the side buttons and pulled down her pants. After she had finished and put the pants back on, she opened and closed the buckles several times. It occupied her enormously that she had obviously been too stupid to open the straps. That her mother showed up exactly at the moment when she had problems with the straps, she didn't even notice much at that moment. After she had not found an explanation she left the bathroom and went back to her father in the garden. But downstairs in the hallway, apparently by accident, she was intercepted by her mother.

She had a small object in her hand, but she was mainly tugging at her overalls. Soudas Svenja it seemed like a control from her mother. She had not paid much attention to the object. But inside was a magnet Inga had used to close the fasteners of Svenja's overalls. Svenja still hadn't noticed that her mother had the magnet in her hand in the morning and in the bathroom. Because Inga hid the locking and always opens it cleverly in other actions. For example, checking or the still attached loving kiss on the wall of her daughter. She only thought about her mother wanting to control her again and was therefore not very fond of her mother's gestures. Which made the distraction work even better. When she was back in the garden with her father she had more anger for her mother in her head than she was thinking about the problem with her overalls.

"Well darling, you're back at last, did you need some help?", her father asked smiling.

Then Svenja was completely confused. What did her father mean by that? But after a few moments everything suddenly became clear to her and she grabbed the straps of her overalls and tried to open them. In vain.

"Bohh daddy you're so mean, what have you done to me." called Svenja then quite lukewarm to her father and then tried to pull at her carrier again.

Then Peter went to his daughter and hugged her very tightly and lovingly. "Sparrow, you know we have taken control," he said afterwards very lovingly and child-oriented. Svenja then got a very strange feeling in her overalls. With the knowledge that she could not take off the trousers alone, the trousers suddenly felt much tighter. Svenja also tried to find out how the buckles could be locked and released again, but she did not succeed. Her father had to remind her to concentrate several times during the next half hour to get on with the preparations. Through the distraction he finally managed to keep Svenja from brooding about her overalls.

Shortly before lunch Svenja and Peter came back into the house from the garden and the doorbell rang. Peter was closest to the front door and therefore opened the door.

"Hello Mrs. Sölling, please come in, you are just in time. Hello Philipp, nice to see you." So Peter welcomed the first guests to Jens' birthday party. The Söllings and the Marsons had already done a lot together, but they had not yet arrived at the Du level. A few moments after Mr. Marson had welcomed them, Jens also came running out of the kitchen to greet his friend. He was a bit stormy and clashed with his sister, who didn't hold it against her brother. Because she watched spellbound Mrs. Sölling, who was holding her son in a firm grip in the back of his overalls in the

I had been pushing in the hallway. Philipp was wearing the overalls that he and Jens had both worn in Spielland at the shopping center. Also the name tag was attached to Philipp's bib, just as if they both came from there. Svenja kept watching Mrs. Sölling as Jens rushed to Philipp. She made a surprised face and also raised an eyebrow, as if she disagreed with something. But Jens had not forgotten his manners from excitement and greeted first Frau Sölling and then Philipp. She shook Jens' hand and greeted him, but immediately afterwards she turned to his father.

"Mr. Marson, do your children always frolic in the house like that?" she said quite reproachfully, alluding to the clash between Jens and Svenja.

"You must excuse Jens, he is a bit more excited today. But we can go right into the kitchen and have a little snack and calm the children down," Peter then said to Mrs. Sölling. Svenja was shocked, who was this woman who could interfere in this way? Her father also agreed with her and suggested that all children, including Svenja, should strap themselves to chairs in the kitchen. Because this was obviously meant with "calming down".

"Yes Mr. Marson, gladly. But I would like to move Philipp first. Do you have a dressing room?" Mrs. Sölling replied.

"No, unfortunately not, but you can do that in Jens' room. Jens, please go with me," said Jens his father.

Then Jens, Philipp and his mother went up to Jens' room. Svenja, on the other hand, was to sit down immediately in the kitchen and was strapped down by her father. Then Peter took a third high chair out of the storage room and put it at the table. Svenja was offended and complained to her mother about the appearance of Philipp his mother. But Inga didn't want to hear about it and quickly made it clear to Svenja that she didn't have to complain about the visit.

When Jens arrived with his guests in his room, he was first tied to a leash by Mrs. Sölling in his play corner. The reel was blocked in such a way that he just had to look at the wall. So his parents had never used the leash before and it was a funny

Feeling, almost like in playground when they had to wait there. Mrs. Sölling said to Jens, "Let's take a break and let off steam." Jens did not really know what the problem was, but he looked guiltily to the ground. Afterwards Mrs. Sölling put the sports bag she had brought with her on Jens' bed and started to take Philipp's overalls off. At the same time she continued talking to Jens.

"Tell me Jens, are you always allowed to run around the house so freely?"

"I don't always run against my sister, it was an accident." Jens apologized.

"Of course I understand that, but I mean if you had been strapped in like you are now, this wouldn't have happened. So I ask you if your parents use the lines here for you." "Yes, here in my room I do." Jens replied.

"And the chairs in the kitchen?"

"Yes, there too!"

During the conversation with Jens, Mrs. Sölling dressed her son in the same blue and white striped overalls as Jens had been wearing all day.

Jens felt strangely turned on in this situation, but Philipp his mother was a great authority figure for her. He was used to obey her when he was at Philipp's home. That was probably the difference that made it strange, this was his home and it was his birthday party.

After Mrs. Sölling had finished moving her son, Jens was also immediately moved again by the Wandleine freed and both were led by Philipp his mother with a short hand leash each into the kitchen. There Svenja was astonished that her brother and Philipp came identically dressed with a leash led to dinner. Both were then also tied on the chairs provided. Mrs. Sölling also sat down at the kitchen table and all had eaten a light and thin stew together, there should be cake soon.

After the meal Peter had stayed in the kitchen and had put everything in order again. The children and the two women on the other hand had gone together to the terrace, where Jens then unpacked a present from Philipp. It was a small car to fit his Lego assortment. Jens and Philipp unpacked it together and built it together. Svenja wanted to leave inconspicuously and disappear into her room, but this was noticed by the two mothers in time and she was held back. At the same time it was explained to her that she had to listen to the instructions of all adults at the birthday party, just like all other children. There would be two more parents at the same time for

supervision was explained to her. Svenja felt more and more uncomfortable in her overalls. She was no longer 12 years where she had to be "supervised". She had previously thought that she should be supervising her brother and his guests. Now she was not only dressed the same as Jens and his friend, but she also had the same status.

Svenja had just sat down insulted on a chair at the terrace table and supported her head on her arms, when suddenly her father accompanied the next guests to the terrace. It was Niklas with his mother, he too had blue and white striped overalls on and had brought a little present for Jens. Jens, Philipps and Niklas are again dealing with the present, which, just like Philipp's, matched Jens' Lego collection. The parents talked animatedly, but Svenja was frustrated and bored, she would have loved to escape the situation.

The next guests brought to the terrace by Peter were for Svenja

Surprise. But she didn't know whether to be happy or more embarrassed. It was the whole Wagner family, just like on her own birthday. The only difference was that both Annika and Katja wore exactly the same red and white striped overalls as Svenja herself. After the general greeting Katja presented Jens with her present. Then Annika and Svenja had the opportunity to examine and talk to each other. "Have you had these pants for a long time?" Svenja asked first.

"No, I got it for the first time today. And Mom does something with the buckles. They won't open again. And you?" Annika asked back.

"That's right, I've had this thing on since this morning. But look around the little ones have exactly the same. The boys in blue and the girls, so we and your sister, in red.

It's so silly." Svenja complained to her friend.

"Yes, I guess you're right. I only hope that we both don't have to play with blind cow and pot hitting too," Annika said.

"No I don't think so. This morning I set up several games with dad in the garden.

The little ones aren't six any more." Svenja said calmly.

"Well, if you think so. At least we all look like we're six years old," said Annika and tried to laugh at her own joke. But Svenja wasn't in the mood yet and so Annika asked further:

"What exactly have you built up? And are we supposed to take part in this?"

"Something with skill and sport, but something with mystery. It will be a competition with two groups, I think." said Svenja.

"And can we go to your room, I'm not really up for that?" Annika asked.

"Neither do I, but mum already rebuked me when I wanted to leave here.

So I think we'll have to go along with that," Svenja said somewhat depressed.

Annika and Svenja talked together for quite a while on the terrace.

The next guests who were led by Peter to the terrace were Dirk and Maxi. Both of them had come without their parents and were wearing quite old and washed out clothes. Dirk wore brown corduroy trousers and a light grey sweatshirt. Maxi wore jeans with lightly scrubbed knees. You could see that her clothes were already worn by several children. Inga knew that the parents of both of them lived on welfare and that they couldn't afford anything for the children. She had talked to all parents on the phone before. On the playground in the park this was not noticed because they always had a few cents in their pockets when everyone went to the kiosk together, but there they were thrifty. They themselves had always thought that Jens and Philipp also came from poor circumstances, because they often didn't come to the kiosk. But the reason were their surveillance transmitters, what Dirk and Maxi did not know.

Here at home with Jens they had seen immediately that Jens' parents weren't poor at all, the house was big and the furniture of high quality. Therefore they were very shy and their clothes suddenly embarrassed them. Especially because all the other children wore the same overalls, which they didn't understand. Maybe this was a tradition among the rich who didn't know them. But Jens greeted them

very open and friendly, just like on the playground. Also the other children were as usual. Only the looks of Frau Sölling were unpleasant for them. They didn't have a present for Jens like the others all. After the greeting Inga also spoke to the two. "Dirk, Maximilian will come to you," she said and put her hands on their shoulders. Dirk flinched slightly as if he was afraid and Maxi looked embarrassed on the floor. Then Inga knelt down to look them both in the eyes. "Dirk you don't have to be scared, everyone here is very nice to you.

Maximilian, what's wrong? You can look at me," Inga said in a soft voice. "Please call me Maxi Mrs. Marson. I don't like Maximilian that much," Maxi said and still didn't dare Jens to look his mother in the eyes.

"Well of course Maxi! I like to do that. Please come with me for a moment, I want you both to change your clothes, you go straight into the garden and I don't want you to get your own clothes dirty. I'll give you something else" Inga said and stood up again.

"But Mrs. Marson, that's not necessary. We'll be very careful not to get dirty," said Dirk who was embarrassed that his clothes were probably not appropriate. "No Dirk, we're not negotiating that. I spoke to your parents. You'll both get something from here or the party is over for you," said Mrs. Marson quite sternly and pushed the two of them gently back into the flat where they disappeared together in the hallway. After about 10 minutes all three of them came back and Dirk and Maximilian didn't have a hanging head anymore and also a smile with some pride in their faces. Both of them were wearing brand new Lee overalls in blue and white stripes and a grey polo shirt. The overalls had normal metal buckles with two buttons on the bib, but looked almost the same as the other kids' ones.

Now all children were wearing almost the same outfit and the party could begin. Two groups were formed to go against each other on point hunt. Svenja and Annika were each assigned to one group and acted as a kind of joker for the respective group. This meant that they should not take part in the games, but only make sure that everyone follows the rules. But the groups were allowed to let them take part in two stations of their choice and thus increase the points of this station. Svenja and Annika liked this role, so they were not equal to the smaller children and yet were right in the middle of it. In addition, however, there were still at least two adults in the garden and had supervised everyone. After half of the stations there was a break and everybody came to the terrace to eat cake. Small lines with snap hooks had been attached to the chairs, so that everyone was fixed in their places. There were only two lines hooked to each pair of overalls, at waist level, to keep the children in their chairs. This was also necessary after all the excitement of the games, to keep them on their chairs. The adults already had cake and coffee before, so that they could now supervise the children better. Nobody really complained, Annika and Svenja thought it was stupid, but they had accepted their role and integrated well into the group. Dirk and Maxi thought it was funny, but since it was done with everybody and looked like it was normal for everybody, they thought it was normal for the wealthy. After the meal everyone was quickly untied and the games continued. Which group had won at the end of the day was not important, everybody had a lot of fun and exercise. The children had spent a great and exciting day and the overalls were a part of it.

In the evening slowly everybody started to walk again. First Mrs. Sölling and Philipp said goodbye. Directly afterwards also Niklas with his mother. While family Wagner said goodbye, Annika and Svenja hugged each other as well as Jens and Katja, Dirk and Maxi talked to Mrs. Marson. "Mrs. Marson, where are our things, we want to change again?" said Maxi. It was obviously uncomfortable for them to stay last.

"Don't worry, I've arranged with your parents to pick you up. It's getting late and I don't want you to walk around outside alone," said Mrs. Marson and stroked the two of them over the head. Afterwards she was immediately distracted by Mrs. Wagner to say goodbye.

After the Wagner family had also left, Svenja had to help in the garden to dismantle the stations of the Olympics together with her father. Jens was allowed to show Dirk and Maxi his room. They were impressed by the toys Jens had.

After about 10 minutes Jens and his mother came into the room. "So children, please come, your parents are here."

"But Mrs. Marson we still have her clothes on", Maxi said.

"That's OK Maxi, you can keep them as a souvenir of today," said Mrs. Marson. "But we can't accept that, those pants must have been expensive!" Dirk said.

"Don't worry Dirk, we'll be happy to do that and I think you both look great in them" said Inga. On which Dirk and Maxi thanked politely.

Afterwards Inga went to the leash behind Jens' sofa and pulled it out a bit and said, "Jens you come please!

Jens then looked disappointed at his mother and said, "Mummy, can't I come downstairs to say goodbye to them? Please."

"No Jens, the day was long and exhausting for you, I want you to rest a bit more until dinner. You can say goodbye here," Inga then said decisively but friendly.

Jens was disappointed, but obeyed and went to his mother to be tied to the leash. Dirk and Maxi did not understand what had just happened, but that Jens was locked in his room with the leash was obvious. After a short goodbye Dirk and Maxi left the room together with Jens his mother. On the stairs Maxi then asked, "Why did you tie Jens up in his room Mrs. Marson?"

"You know Maxi, such a birthday party is exciting and also exhausting for Jens, he should only now calm down and rest a bit. And that works best that way, he won't be distracted" Mrs. Marson explained to him.

At the front door there was a little discussion with the mothers of Dirk and Maxi, because they didn't want to accept the overalls as presents, but Mrs. Marson insisted and gave them the old things of Dirk and Maxi each in a bag.

12.9 It's nice when it's over

There were still 2 weeks left until the summer holidays and no new material is treated at school. Svenja has been wearing overalls to school almost exclusively from her mother lately. Although Svenja also had a favourite overalls, even though she had no decision about what she was allowed to wear, she was always happy when she was allowed to put on the white overalls with the zipper in the back. She didn't know exactly how many overalls she had in the wardrobe, but there were certainly several blue jeans. There were some with glittering stones on the bib and quite ordinary ones.

It was Tuesday and since there was no more pressure at school because of the holidays, Svenja liked to go to school. When she came out of the bathroom the "Hello Kitty" overalls were on her bed. So far she only had to wear them on weekends, never to school. If the white overalls were Svenja's favourite, then this was exactly the opposite. She did not like these overalls and especially not to school. In the last weeks Svenja had protested less and less against the dress code of her parents. But with these trousers she did not want to go to school at all. So it happened that a few moments later she came running into the kitchen with the overalls in her hands and only dressed in underwear. Her mother was preparing breakfast.

"Mum, you can't do that! This is really embarrassing" Svenja said to her mother when she came rushing into the kitchen. She held her mother's trousers up to her. Inga turned to her daughter and saw with one look what the problem was. She had already seen it coming. But she smiled at her daughter and then said to her, "But Svenja, what's the matter, you don't want to make a fuss about the overalls again after so many weeks. I thought you would have accepted that it was my decision by now."

Svenja noticed immediately that her mother didn't want to be talked to, but to school with the "Hello Kitty" overalls, she wasn't that far yet. So she fell into old patterns. "But Mum, I know. But that thing is so embarrassing at school. ... And I've never had to wear THEM to school. " Svenja begged.

"Darling, you know we decide because we know what's necessary. You have to trust us. So please go to your room and get dressed. Or I can send daddy to help you. Yes!?" Inga made a friendly face and meant this not as a threat but as a serious offer. Svenja let down her arms in disappointment and turned around to leave the room. But after 2 steps she stopped again and wanted to make another try with her mother, but was immediately interrupted by Inga: "Svenja! Trust please! OK? ... And don't get your overalls dirty by dragging them across the floor." Svenja let her head hang down, took her arms back up high enough to stop pulling the overalls over the floor and said softly, "Yes mummy. Then she turned around and went into her room, a little dejected and a little sad, and put on the overalls.

At breakfast Jens and Svenja were always strapped on their chairs. Svenja was very silent at dinner today and was annoyed about her mother who did not want to understand that the "Hello Kitty" overalls were so embarrassing for her at school. After the meal Jens was unusually freed from his chair and he immediately got ready for the way to school. Since both started school at the same time, Svenja expected to go to school together with her brother. But Svenja was still trapped on her chair when Jens was ready to leave. "Mum, please untie me. I'll be late for school."

Inga was already in the hall and said goodbye to Jens at the front door. Svenja got a strange feeling, her mother always took care since she was at home in the morning that Svenja didn't leave too late. When her mother was back in the kitchen, Svenja asked what was wrong. "Mum, why can't I go to school? Can you please tell me what's wrong again?"

"Honey, what are you so scratchy about today? First the overalls and now you're giving me shit again. You're not usually so hot for school. Trust your parents."

Now Svenja slowly got a light. Her mother had something else planned for her today instead of school. "But mum, what's wrong, why don't you tell me?" Svenja asked her mother reproachfully.

"Darling, you'll find out soon enough. Relax a bit more, we still have a moment until it starts. OK?" Inga said, poking her daughter's nose with her finger, as if to say don't be so curious. But Svenja replied annoyed, "I hate surprises!

Inga made a dismissive hand movement and devoted herself to her housework again. Svenja had to wait on her chair and be surprised what her mother had planned for her today.

Since the conversation with Mrs. Schulz and Mrs. Pfeiffer 6 weeks had already passed, but Svenja had already suppressed it very much, because there had been only small changes in her life so far. For example the reinforced wearing of overalls, but she had already come to terms with that. In contrast to her brother she was not strapped in her room when doing her homework, only occasionally when she was supposed to do her homework in the kitchen. She pondered for a few minutes about her situation and what her mother was up to. She calmed down and became more conciliatory again. It was boring to be trapped on a chair in the kitchen, but on the other hand nothing was expected or demanded of her.

Svenja had learned recently that this could also be pleasant.

So she asked, somewhat gleefully and naively, "Mama, did you tell the school that I'm not coming?"

"Honey, what do you think? Of course your school is informed," her mother replied smiling.

"So what are we going to do today?"

Svenja knew that she would do something together with her mother, because on the one hand, her mother obviously didn't have to go to work and on the other hand, she would certainly not get school leave just like that.

"Oh honey, ... I'd rather leave it at a surprise," said her mother with a more serious expression. But Svenja didn't notice this little change in her mother. Then her mother gave her a magazine to distract Svenja, which worked very well. After Inga had finished the work in the kitchen she left it with the

advice to get ready only for a short time. Svenja then had to wait on her chair for half an hour until she was freed by her mother. Together they went to the car. There Svenja wanted to get into the car, as she was used to when driving with her mother, in front on the passenger side. But then she was stopped by her mother.

"Darling, could you please sit in the back?" Inga said to her daughter.

"Mum, why is that? We are alone!" Svenja replied somewhat confused at her mother's request.

"Svenja, today simply because I say so! OK! Besides, it's safer and you'll have to get used to it in the future anyway." her mother replied soberly and objectively.

Svenja was confused but obeyed and sat down on the back seat. It was strange to sit in the back when the front seat was free. It wasn't that Svenja didn't ride in the back more often, but then mostly her father sat behind the wheel and her mother sat in front. Also her brother was always together with her on the bench. So it was very unusual. Her mother made sure that Svenja had fastened her seatbelt properly. But what was self-evident for Svenja, it was part of driving a car.

The journey led first towards the city center and Svenja speculated it might go shopping. But she did not talk much, because the situation was still very strange for Svenja. Shortly before the city center her mother stayed on one of the main streets and on the other side of the city she went outside again.

Svenja did not know this part of the city, she had never been here before. To the right and left of the street were large office buildings and other large building complexes. It was not a typical industrial area, everything was modern and there were large wide paths with small trees and fountains.

When they passed some buildings, her mother turned off the road and drove towards one of the larger complexes. The access road was very wide and an ambulance came towards them. Svenja looked excited and curious at the unknown area. But because of the ambulance she could not pay attention to the big sign at the entrance, which said "Landes Kinderkrankenhaus". In front of the huge building there was a parking lot of the same size, but it was not very crowded. So Inga headed for a parking lot very close to the big entrance.

"Mum, is that a hospital? What do we want in a hospital? Is someone ill?" Svenja babbled with excitement almost like a small child. But she didn't notice it herself. After her mother had turned off the engine, she turned back and smiled at her exhilarated daughter. "Yes, my child, you have recognized that very well" Inga said very child-oriented, so that Svenja also noticed how funny she behaved. But why, she didn't know what she was supposed to do here. Or did she know that?

"Honey, today is the examination Mrs. Schulz and Mrs. Pfeiffer told you about." Inga said a bit more objective. But now Svenja's heart was beating faster, she hadn't thought of that at all. This whole thing became reality now, she had already tried to believe it was only a bad dream, what the two women from the youth welfare office had told her. But now she stood in front of this huge hospital.

"Svenja, you now have an appointment for the stately health examination. Please do not be afraid, some things could be unpleasant, but if you are nice and well-behaved, it will not be bad. Do you promise me that you will do everything you are told?" her mother then asked in a gentle and caring voice. With Svenja the panic level rose higher and higher, she didn't want to be examined by any official doctor. She had already hated it at school when a dentist examined all the pupils every two years.

"Mama, I don't want that!" Svenja replied slightly shaky.

"Svenja, please it has to be. It is mandatory."

"NO I don't want!" Svenja cried louder now. She grabbed the lever of the door and wanted to open the door to run away. Irritated, however, she discovered that her mother had activated the child lock and the door could not be opened from the inside. In panic, she tugged the lever several times in vain until she gave way in frustration.

"Svenja, please don't make such a fuss, you are not a toddler anymore. You've been examined several times. It's nothing serious," her mother said calmly.

"But I don't want it!" said Svenja and a big tear ran down her cheek.

"Oh darling, please be a big girl."

Then Inga got out of the car, put her bag over her shoulder and went to the back door to let Svenja out of the car. Immediately after Svenja got out of the car, she took care to grab Svenja's belt, which belonged to the "Hello Kitty" overalls. Svenja soon realized that pulling out was not an option.

Svenja was then directed by her mother with the loop to the entrance. It was a strange feeling for Svenja to be controlled by her mother. But it also had something calming about it, so her mother gave her security and safety. Arrived at the entrance Svenja could now read the sign "Landes Kinderkrankenhaus". "Hey mum, this is a children's hospital!" she said quietly to her mother.

"Yes of course, you are a child Svenja" Inga said and pulled a little bit on the loop which she still had a firm grip on.

"Mum, this is embarrassing, I am 16 years old" said Svenja, but moved a little closer to her mother to feel more secure.

Together they went to the information desk just opposite the entrance, where Inga then said to the lady, "This is Svenja Marson, she would like to come today for a protective examination for Long-term adolescents."

Svenja would have loved to sink into the ground, so embarrassing was the formulation of her mother. But she could only look down concentrated on her shoes. Inevitably she had to look down at her bib of the overalls with the "Hello Kitty" symbol. "How far did it get with her?" thought Svenja while the lady at the counter had looked something up on the computer.

Afterwards the lady said, "Yes Svenja is expected on ward 42, 4th floor. When you arrive at the top of the elevator, the waiting room is on the right. You can put your daughter in an empty seat and then go left to the registration desk, Mrs. Marson.

"Thank you very much!" Svenja's mother replied to the lady and directed Svenja towards the elevators. They had to wait a moment in front of the elevator. Svenja had become very quiet and calm. She felt strange and wrong at this place. The entrance hall was painted with colourful pictures, which should create a pleasant environment for children. But Svenja did not want to be a child, she wanted to be big and independent. But on the other hand, she was happy to have her mother by her side, and the fact that she was being held was suddenly not so bad.

There were no other patients in the hall, occasionally someone in a white coat came out of one of the many corridors and went into another. Then the elevator made the familiar sound and Svenja was gently pushed into the empty cabin by her mother. When both got out of the elevator on the 4th floor and walked towards the waiting room, Svenja got another shock. It was not a real room with a door, it was more a deep niche in the long and large hospital corridor. On the right side there were eight normal chairs and opposite to them benches with eight seats, too, which looked like seats in a roller coaster. With a large upholstered bar that could be folded up and was firmly connected to the wall. Two of these seats were already occupied. At the very back of the last seat was a girl who was probably also about 15 or 16 years old. The hanger was folded down and she obviously could not leave her seat. The place next to her was free and on the following place a boy who seemed to be a little younger, Svenja estimated him to be 13 or 14 years old. He too was held in his place by one of the hangers. Because of the stirrups it was not so easy to see but both of them wore overalls.

Their mother greeted them both with a friendly "Good morning!" The two children extended politely. But Svenja was so shocked by what she saw that she did not say a word. Her mother, however, pushed Svenja, who was still holding her tightly by the loop, to the second seat from the front and lifted the bar.

"Darling please sit down here" Inga said to her daughter and twisted the loop a little before she let go.

"Mama, please don't leave me here alone," Svenja whispered into her mother's ear and had a frightened and insecure expression on her face, hoping that the other two children wouldn't hear it.

"Svenja, child, you don't have to be afraid," said her mother in a normal volume audible to everyone. She laid her hands on Svenja's shoulders and pressed her gently onto the seat.

"I will be present during the examination. I promise. But now I have to register." Then she folded the bar down and Svenja was pressed slightly back against the seat. The hanger lay over her shoulders, so that her head looked out in between. She could only look left and right to a limited extent. On the left side she could not see the boy at all, because his head did not reach out of the bow. The girl at the end behind was still visible, but not enough for eye contact.

"Honey, please make the legs about apart," her mother said.

When she followed the request, she noticed that there was also a kind of spreader wedge attached to the bottom of the bracket. This wedge pushed Svenja's legs apart when her mother pushed the bar down a little more. Thereby Svenja could hear how the bow locked in many fine clicks and could not be moved forward or upwards anymore.

Svenja looked at her mother horrified and also anxious. She briefly stroked her head and left the waiting area towards the registration desk. Svenja first tested her freedom of movement. But the hanger left her very little freedom of movement. Because her head was stuck between the two shoulder pads and the wedge between her legs prevented her from descending, it was impossible to worm her way out of the stirrup.

After a few minutes Svenja had gathered and tried to get in contact with the other girls. To do so, she turned her head as far to the left as possible and waited until the other girl looked at her as well, which could only be seen in the outer corner of her eye.

"Hi, what's your name?" Svenja then asked.

"Maria", said the other girl.

"I am Svenja. How long have you been sitting there like that?" Svenja then asked.

"I don't know exactly, maybe an hour," replied Maria.

"Phew, that's awkward. Do you have to go to the examination too?" Svenja asked then.

Maria was obviously embarrassed, so she hesitated with the answer. But then she said quietly "Yes, you too?"

But before Svenja could find out more, Maria was suddenly told by a sister from the Seat released and taken along. Svenja could see that Maria was wearing overalls like her brother had to wear them more and more with these big plastic buckles which he could not open by himself. At the backside there was also a loop sewn on to the straps to hold on to. The sister had Maria firmly in her grip with it when they walked down the hall. The boy was also picked up after a quarter of an hour by another sister.

Then it became very boring for Svenja, because nothing happened anymore. From her seat she could see a part of the corridor where someone passed by every now and then, but nothing else was going on. Her forced position also became more and more uncomfortable. But Svenja also pondered what to expect in the investigation. The waiting room did not give a good hint. Besides, her mother had promised her to be present at the examination, but the other two children were picked up by a nurse. So Svenja also got an increasingly bad feeling. After more than an hour the sister who had picked up Maria came back. She sat down opposite Svenja on one of the chairs.

"Hello Svenja, I am Sister Gisela and will examine you today at the examination with Dr.

Wohlrud", said Sister Gisela then friendly to Svenja.

Svenja looked only briefly into the gentle but strange face and then said "Hello" with lowered head and very quiet voice.

"Oh Svenja, you don't have to be afraid, you are the last one before the lunch break and therefore we have a little more time and I can explain everything to you. OK?" said sister Gisela then.

"Where is my mother? She said that she'll be with us." Svenja then asked.

"She's already at Dr. Wohlrads and discusses your history, of course she's there. You know, on this occasion I should tell you something about the doctor. He is a great supporter of the new legal situation, and he doesn't like it when his patients speak unasked. For him, discipline and obedience in the examination is very important. He will anyway almost only talk to your mother, please don't take this too much to heart. Yes. After all, your mother is also responsible for you."

Svenja looked at sister Gisela questioningly and a little anxiously.

"Does it hurt?" Svenja then asked.

"No, we only have to take one prick to draw blood, otherwise it's just listening, palpation, examination and one ultrasound.

Svenja had had injections more often, they were really mean and hurt, but fortunately it didn't take long. But Svenja did not know ultrasound yet.

"Doesn't it hurt with the ultrasound?" she asked.

"No, not at all. You don't even feel it. The doctor will have to put a gel on your skin for that, it feels cold at first, that's all," the nurse explained.

"OK, Svenja then we have to leave now," said sister Gisela suddenly and unlocked the shackle that had held Svenja in her place. Then Svenja was allowed to stand up and sister Gisela immediately grabbed Svenja's belt after the loops and they walked along the long corridor together.

"Svenja, when we come into the examination room right away, I will undress you first and take some measurements. Remember, only speak when the doctor asks you something, OK!"

"But what does the doctor do if I say something?" Svenja asked shyly. "Svenja you just shouldn't try it, ... so we are here," said Sister Gisela and opened the door in front of which they had arrived. Then Svenja was pushed in by the sister.

The room was very large for an examination room, on the left side was a big old wooden desk, behind which the doctor was sitting. He was much younger than Svenja had imagined. Maybe he was even younger than her father. Her mother sat in front of the desk and had a conversation with Dr. Wohlrads. Neither could be distracted by the fact that Svenja had come in with sister Gisela. On the right side of the window front there was a rack which Svenja had seen before at a doctor's office. When she got her first period one year ago shortly before her 15th birthday, she had to go to a gynaecologist with her mother and there she was examined on such a similar rack. It was very new and somehow very embarrassing at that time to let someone else look at her most private body parts so intensively. Svenja got weak in the stomach, it was to be feared that she would be examined in the same way. But Svenja could not concentrate on the frame for long, because the nurse directed her to the left. There was a small stool and a shelf, this area was closest to the desk and the doctor could see it well. On the inner wall there was a symmetrical pattern painted with boxes and numbers. There Sister Gisela began to open Svenja's belt, then she put it on the shelf. Next the overalls were taken off. After a few moments Svenja only wore a bra and panties. Then the nurse took a step aside and looked at the doctor. While Svenja was undressing, she had looked at her from time to time, but kept on talking to Svenja's mother who had turned her back to the whole thing.

Then the doctor made a hand movement, so that sister Gisela knew she should continue. Whereupon Svenja also took off her bra. At this point Svenja became uncomfortable and she looked at the nurse a little begging. She then said so quietly that she did not disturb the doctor, to Svenja, "Child, you need not be embarrassed, the examination can only be done without clothes. Then sister Gisela also grabbed Svenja's panties and pulled them down. Svenja instinctively held her hands in front of her shame as the panties on the floor. After she had stepped out and the sister had put the panties with the other clothes, she took Svenja's hands and pressed them gently and carefully apart. "Svenja, we are going to measure your height now. Please stand here in front of the wall with the lines. "Let the arms hang down at the sides, loosely." Svenja was pushed to the wall by sister Gisela and her hands were held at her sides. "That's it, that's it, please stop." said the sister and went back a

few steps. There she folded a device out of the wall which was then in a distance of about 3 meters exactly opposite Svenja.

Then she pressed a button on the device and it suddenly flashed in the room, which scared Svenja so much that she flinched and emitted a loud shrill scream.

In the ceiling and also in the floor there were obviously flashlights built in and the nurse had taken a photo of Svenja with the device, even if the device was not recognizable as a camera at first sight. Because of the shock and that she realized that she had been photographed completely naked, she again held her hands in front of her shame. The doctor looked up through the scream from his notes and made an annoyed expression when he looked at Svenja. Her mother also turned around briefly, but said nothing to Svenja.

The nurse, however, gave further instructions. "Svenja, please put your hands to the side again, otherwise we cannot evaluate the measurement. Next, please turn 90 degrees clockwise." Svenja followed the instruction hesitantly and then it flashed again. She had been frightened again but this time without screaming. Then two more pictures were taken, so that Svenja was measured and recorded from all four sides. In addition, one shot was taken from the front and one from the back with outstretched arms and spread legs. There were extra markings on the floor. After the measurements were taken, a board was attached to the camera for an eye test and Svenja had to read out letters, which she managed without any difficulties. Afterwards she had to sit down on the stool and blood pressure and pulse were measured. This was slightly elevated, but due to Svenja's excitement this was normal.

Afterwards she went to the scales which stood next to a couch in the corner opposite the examination rack. After the weighing Svenja should lie down flat on the couch, belly down. The nurse took a thermometer from the table and put a protective silicone cap over it. Svenja could watch her and understood what would happen now. The expression on Svenja's face was correspondingly horrified and she lifted her upper part of her body and then supported herself on her arms.

"Svenja, take it easy. I just want to take your temperature, it doesn't hurt!" said sister Gisela.

"Where?" Svenja asked, barely audible but with an anxious look.

"Of course in your butt! This is the most precise and is also usual with children. .. Don't you do that at home?" the sister then asked as if everything else was absurd. Then she stroked Svenja over her naked back. "Lie down again and relax child, it's really not bad" she said and did not expect an answer to her previous question from Svenja. When Svenja was lying flat on the couch again, the sister took a step further and put her left hand on Svenja's bottom and splashed with thumb and forefinger Svenja's buttocks apart. This was so unpleasant for Svenja that she trembled and tried to pinch her buttocks together.

"Child, I told you to relax," said sister Gisela, who at the same time with her right hand gave Svenja's bottom a light blow. It was very weak, because she still had the thermometer with the Vaseline and the silicone cover in her hand. But Svenja was sufficiently surprised by this action and relaxed. Then she immediately felt the cold tip of the thermometer with the Vaseline on her rosette. It didn't take long until the foreign body relentlessly made its way into the interior. It didn't hurt of course, but it was still very unfamiliar to Svenja and she moaned for a short time. It also felt much thicker and bigger than she had expected, which was also due to the silicone overcoat that was used here in the hospital. When the thermometer had reached its final position, Sister Gisela left her left hand on Svenja's bottom and waited. So she could feel soon enough if Svenja would move.

It took almost three minutes until the thermometer finally beeped and was pulled out again by the nurse. All values were noted by sister Gisela in a tablet PC. Afterwards Svenja was instructed to get up again and to stop in the middle of the room on a marker. Meanwhile Sister Gisela prepared something on a small wheeled table next to the examination rack. Svenja found the situation totally unpleasant, standing completely naked in the middle of the room. After a few minutes the doctor got up and

approached Svenja, telling Svenja's mother, "I'm going to check her physique first and then listen to her.

Then he stood right in front of his patient, "Hello Svenja, please stand very relaxed and let your arms hang down loosely. When I move your limbs, please don't use force against them unless I tell you to," the doctor said and then grabbed Svenja's hands and looked at them for a moment. Then he felt her arms and with his thumb he also pressed strongly on her shoulders and other places. His grips were firm but it was never so strong that it hurt Svenja. Also legs and feet were examined carefully. Afterwards Svenja had to do some movement exercises and the doctor watched her. Then the spine and the neck were palpated and examined. The whole thing lasted almost 10 minutes and Svenja did not feel so uncomfortable after a short time. The fact that she was naked slowly faded into the background, because the doctor seemed very professional. But as one of the last areas the doctor scanned her breasts and pushed them quite hard. This was again something where she felt a lot of shame, although she also felt some tingling and her nipples showed a reaction.

When the doctor had finished the procedure he went to the sink and washed his hands, saying to Svenja's mother, "Mrs. Marson, everything is fine with your daughter's physique, there are no restrictions on physical education aids. You don't have to worry about that." Svenja could hardly believe what she heard there, what should the "physical educational aids" be? But she could not think about it for a long time. Because the doctor came back to her and had listened to her front and back. Then Dr. Wohlradsat sat down at his desk again to record his results. At the same time he made a hand movement to Nurse Gisela again. She then came back to Svenja. "So Svenja, for the next examinations you can sit down completely relaxed." As

Sister Gisela said this, she pointed with her hand to the examination rack. Svenja's knees softened from shock and Sister Gisela had to support her and lead her to the rack. Svenja was then placed on the small seat and had to lie down on the large lying surface with her back. This was set at an angle of about 45° and Svenja lay on her back at this angle. At first her legs were still standing on the floor, but sister Gisela lifted them one after the other into the provided brackets. These did not only have bowls in the back of her knees but also for her ankles. There a bracket was immediately folded over the storage bowls on her feet. So Svenja could not take her legs off the rack any more. The hangers were not tight and were lined with rubber on the inside. Also for the arms there was one shelf each, which stood at a large angle from the lying surface. These were padded with a typical imitation leather just like the lying surface. Sister

Gisela asked Svenja to lay on her arms on top of it, which she had previously placed protectively on her upper body. After Svenja had followed the request with an anxious look, at the height of the wrists, as well as at the feet, bows were folded down and locked. Basically, Svenja could not leave the examination frame anymore and the panic level had increased considerably.

"Sister Gisela must be doing this, it's so uncomfortable," Svenja said then. By this Svenja actually meant that it was embarrassing and uncomfortable for her. But the sister put her finger on Svenja's mouth and signaled her that she should better be quiet.

Afterwards sister Gisela put another hanger around Svenja's neck. Thereby Svenja was silent and pressed her lips together, but at the same time she made a noise with which she wanted to say "No, no, I don't want that! Additionally she moved her head from left to right.

"Svenja, please be brave. That's not bad. But we have to fix you for the tests. Unfortunately we can't do that with straps over your upper body, we'll have to attach the electrodes soon," the nurse said to Svenja.

Svenja's mother had also turned away from the doctor because of Svenja's sounds and looked at her daughter. "Please Svenja, don't make such a fuss. It is not bad" she tried to calm her daughter.

After Inga and the doctor had returned to their conversation, Nurse

Gisela a small bellows, like he was on a blood pressure cuff, from which

side table and plugged it with a small hose to the bracket, which is Svenja's right ankle. Svenja could lift her head only a little bit and her upper body not at all. Therefore she could not see it properly, but she felt immediately that the rubber insert in the hanger was inflated. It felt like a ring being pulled tighter and tighter around her ankle. Since it was pressing on a relatively large area, it was not particularly uncomfortable, but it could already be felt that the room for manoeuvre in the stirrup was being taken away and the possibilities for movement were diminishing. When Svenja could no longer move her foot back and forth, Sister Gisela stopped and repeated the procedure on her left ankle.

When also both wrists were immobilized in the same way, Svenja already felt very helpless, so fixed and naked on the examination couch. But when sister Gisela connected the tube to the bracket around her neck, panic was visible in Svenja's eyes. Already after the first few pumping strokes, Svenja began to pull at her arms and legs and to tear herself loose. "No! No! Stop, I'm suffocating!" Svenja shouted additionally.

Sister Gisela stroked her head with a soothing stroke.

Shocked by her daughter's screaming Inga got up and went to Svenja and stroked her hand to calm her down. Thereupon she also stopped screaming. But Sister Gisela kept on pumping up the rubber cuff in the collar. Thereby Svenja cramped more and more and her upper body made a hollow back on the couch as far as her freedom of movement allowed it. When the pumping was finished Svenja realized that she could still breathe very well but she could not move her neck any more. The rubber cuff was so wide that it was pressed out of the fixed bracket at the top and bottom and also held her head partially tight. Slowly Svenja's tension was released and her upper part of the body lay down on the lying surface again.

The doctor had watched the whole spectacle from his desk and then said, "Sister I think because of Svenja's lively temperament, we should
Oral examination. Please!"

"Nurse Gisela replied and Inga let go of her daughter's hand to sit at the table with the doctor.

Next, Sister Gisela had fetched a towel and laid it on Svenja's stomach, covering her shame. Svenja couldn't see this but felt it and was very happy not to be completely naked anymore.

Afterwards the nurse came back to Svenja with a small wire frame and said, "Please open your mouth wide Svenja, you heard the doctor. He wants to start at your mouth." Gisela knew exactly that the doctor only wanted to achieve that Svenja should be sedated. She also knew that the clamp she had to put on Svenja was very unpleasant for her young patients. Because the doctor would leave the clamp in Svenja's mouth until the end of the examination. But she had to follow the instructions and so the wire frame made of thick stainless steel parts disappeared up to half into Svenja's mouth. Some wires pressed her lips apart so that the counts were clearly visible. A kind of spreader pushed her jaws a good distance apart. It didn't hurt, but would become very uncomfortable in the long run. Finally, two leather straps from the clamp were attached to the couch, fixing everything in place. Svenja could not see a word now, screaming or other sounds would still be possible. The doctor had other possibilities for this, but these did not have to be included in the rules.

When Gisela had placed the part, she stroked Svenja over her head again to calm her down.

"I'm going to give you the EEG now, it might get a bit chilly." Gisela then said to explanation and sprayed some water on some parts of Svenja's body. Afterwards the electrodes were attached to Svenja's body by means of negative pressure. Many of them on her chest to be able to measure the heart well. When they were all placed you could hear Svenja's heartbeat in the room with a beeping sound. The frequency was correspondingly high due to all the excitement. Also Svenja's breath could be heard very clearly through the open mouth.

"So Svenja, now a small spade comes into your arm. Please don't be frightened" said sister Gisela, whereupon the beeping of Svenja's heartbeat became even more intense. Svenja could not look at her

arm and was therefore surprised by the prick of the needle, making a short moaning sound with her open mouth. "It's alright darling, take it easy" said the nurse.

It took a while until all the ampoules on the needle were filled with Svenja's blood, but then Sister Gisela immediately pulled the needle out again. Only after she had stuck the patch on the needle the beeping of Svenja's heartbeat became audibly slower again.

Svenja had to wait in her uncomfortable situation for almost five more minutes until the doctor finally came to her. He stood next to Svenja and shone a bright lamp into her eyes without warning. Svenja tried in vain to turn her head away and close her eyes. "Keep your eyes open!" the doctor said relatively harshly. In shock and through

Fear opened Svenja her eyes again immediately. This enabled Dr. Wohlrud to observe the desired reaction in Svenja's eyes. After he had put the lamp aside, he grabbed Svenja's head with both hands and with his thumb he pulled her eyelids up and down far apart to examine the eyeballs. This procedure was very unpleasant and Svenja moaned a little bit.

When the examination was finished, some tears ran from her eyes, which was not only due to the examination itself. In the meantime Svenja was so overwhelmed by the whole situation that she cried a few tears, which either did not bother the doctor or he thought it was side effects of the examination. He had the nurse give him a dental mirror at least immediately afterwards and examined Svenja's teeth and mouth. The open lips and the palate felt very strange in the meantime and the braces became more uncomfortable for Svenja. The examination around her mouth did not take long, but the doctor did not give any instructions to remove the braces.

"Nurse, then we will continue with the gynaecological examination, please put it back," the doctor said next. Then the lying surface with all the brackets was folded back so far that Svenja lay completely horizontal. Then the towel was removed and the small seat was removed so that her abdomen was exposed. The beeping of the heartbeat became faster again, but Inga stood at the head end of the couch and with one hand she fastened her daughter's hand, pressed it firmly and with the other hand she stroked her head.

The doctor put on examination gloves and sat down on a small stool so that he had the right height to look at Svenja at her most intimate places. Fortunately she could not see this and was distracted by her mother. But when the doctor started to palpate the labia with his hands, Svenja jerked a little and breathed loudly and deeply through the open mouth. Svenja became suddenly warm and it tickles in her whole body. Such a touch she had only had here before and that was a long time ago. Since she was tied up in bed she had not had this feeling anymore. But it did not take long, the doctor had stopped immediately. He then briefly stuck two fingers into Svenja's vagina and spread the opening. When he had seen that everything was still intact, this examination was already finished.

For Svenja this was also the most unpleasant part, although she had a very nice and long missing feeling for a short time. She was hoping to get out of the uncomfortable frame again, and the gag had become very unpleasant. But unfortunately she had to lie in this position for almost 10 more minutes and stay fixed, because the doctor still made ultrasound examinations of her breasts and some internal organs. Afterwards the doctor sat down at the desk with Svenja's mother again and noted down the findings. Sister Gisela on the other hand continued to look after Svenja. "So, my child, you have survived. All examinations have been completed. I'll clean you up now and then you can get up again," said the nurse and had washed the ultrasound gel from Svenja's body with a wet and warm cloth. Afterwards everything was rubbed dry again. It also took almost 5 minutes to free it from the frame, because the air had to be let out of the cuffs. When Svenja was allowed to stand up again, she first had to be supported by sister Gisela, because her body was weak and stiff. Her mouth felt dry and her jaws swollen. Svenja was exhausted. Fortunately she was completely dressed by sister Gisela and did not have to do anything herself.

The doctor talked to Svenja's mother.

"So Mrs. Marson, in conclusion, subject to lab results, I can tell you that your daughter is in perfect health and everything that should be in order for a decent girl to be in good health." Dr. Wohlrad smiled benevolently. "Unfortunately, I don't always see that these days.

You can consider yourself lucky," he said and took a short break.

"You know that Svenja is not allowed to have any sexual activities after her application for youth extension until she is acquitted. I see from her records that this will take several years." there was a little break again, but Svenja listened very excitedly. "You should not make it harder than necessary for yourself and especially for Svenja. During the examinations I found out that your daughter is very easy to get excited. Therefore you have to make sure that Svenja is protected as good and strong as possible against arousal. Also you must not give her the opportunity to become active yourself. After these words he looked at the sister who was about to button Svenja's overalls.

"While it is praiseworthy that they dress Svenja according to her age, I think she should wear only safety clothing for the next 24 months, even at home with them. In public you can't avoid Mrs. Marson anyway."

"Yes, Doctor Wohlrad, everything is clear to me and my husband. We want to implement it all now. But she had such a hard time with it at the beginning that we wanted to implement it slowly," Inga said to the doctor with a worried face.

"Yes, Mrs. Marson, that is worthy of all credit, but now that the certificate has arrived, you should change over quickly. The bottom line is that it is easier for your child if you make a clear distinction between old and new conditions. A hard and fast adjustment is usually easier," said the doctor.

"Yes, you are probably right. We already have external help on hand for the summer holidays. "That's good to hear, I wish you well and every success with your daughter. Goodbye Mrs. Marson." With that both stood up and said goodbye.

"Goodbye Dr. Wohlrad and thank you very much!"

Then Mrs. Marson turned around and went to her daughter to grab her by the loop in her back.

Together they left the examination room.

Outside in the corridor Svenja walked with her head lowered and said not a word, the last hour was very embarrassing and unpleasant for her.

Inga had of course noticed how her daughter was feeling at that moment. So a few meters before the elevator she let go of the loop and put her arm around Svenja's shoulders. After she had moved her daughter a little bit to herself she said quietly, "Svenja, you've made it through." Arriving at the elevator Svenja looked up and said to her mother "The doctor was not nice and the thing in my mouth was really disgusting.

"Yes, my darling, I know, but it's over and we know you're healthy now." After Inga had said this she hugged her daughter and pressed her firmly to herself. Then Svenja started to cry and tears ran down her face. After Inga had released the hug she took a handkerchief from her handbag and wiped the tears from Svenja's face. Another handkerchief she gave to her daughter. Just in that moment the elevator reached the floor and Inga took Svenja by the other hand and pulled her into the elevator. Inga did not let go of Svenja's hand until she reached the car, which was no problem for Svenja. On the contrary, she was happy to have her mother at her side. Arrived at the car Svenja had to take a seat on the back seat again. But she was still so uncomfortable with the events of the last two hours that she took this for granted. When Inga steered the car from the parking lot, she asked her daughter, "Svenja, what do we want to eat today, it is already lunch time and I couldn't cook anything? Thereby she looked through the mirror to the back to Svenja, who was not present with her thoughts. So she asked again, "Honey, what are you hungry for?" Svenja looked down to her hands and played nervously with her fingers. But then she answered after a moment "I am not hungry Mama!"

"Oh, honey, cheer up. You'll get over it. I know the exam wasn't pleasant, but it's over now and you need to move on." Inga tried to put her daughter on other thoughts. But Svenja's mood was thoroughly ruined for this day.

But Inga knew a trick that always worked for Svenja and after some time she turned into a parking lot of a shopping center. There was a good ice cream parlour where Inga and Svenja sat at a table a little later. When the waitress came Inga ordered immediately without asking Svenja. "A fruit sundae and a spaghetti ice cream with extra strawberry sauce please!" "You're very welcome, ladies!" said the waitress and disappeared again.

Svenja looked at her mother somewhat reproachfully. On the one hand she had been passed over again, but on the other hand her mother knew her so well that she had ordered the right thing anyway. So it didn't matter and an ice cream was just what she needed to get her mind off things. Her mother smiled at her, so she had no choice but to return the smile.

Inga was happy to see her daughter smiling again. But there was no talking yet. Only after the ice cream was brought and Svenja had eaten some spoons of her favourite spaghetti ice cream did she start talking.

"Mom?"

"Yes, my darling, what's on your mind?"

"Mom... What did the doctor mean by safety clothing?"

"Darling, Frau Schulz and Frau Pfeiffer from child welfare services already told you that. "In future you'll wear clothes that help us to control you and protect you from danger and temptation." Svenja had to think and spooned some spoons of ice cream.

"At least 24 months the doctor said, will you lock me up at home for two years?"

"But Svenja dear, what makes you think that? You'll go on to school, you'll have your Meet friends and have a carefree life. But stay under our control."

"Am I not allowed to go out alone anymore?"

"Svenja you have the wrong ideas, you will go to school alone and you will be allowed to go to friends alone. As long as we know about it and always know where you are, that is not really different from now. You shouldn't worry about it." When Inga said this, she took her daughter's hand and held it tightly, looking her in the eyes and continuing to speak. "Let yourself in on this and it will be easier for you. We'll go shopping next week so you can get an idea.

OK?"

Then Inga let go of Svenja's hand again and the subject was finished for the time being. Svenja slowly loosened up again and when the ice cream was finished, they went together to get some fries and a chicken schnitzel for Jens from one of the snack bars in the shopping center. But on the way home Svenja had to sit in the back of the car again.