

Irís and Friends

(part 3 of the Irís Adventures)

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Introduction

This story is the third part to the 'the Iris Adventures', and directly follows 'Iris back Home'. It starts at the moment that story ends, and as such it wouldn't make much sense to start reading this without having read the prequels. In the first few pages I do recap some of what went on before, but that is more meant as a reminder for those who might not remember all that happened in the first two parts.

As with the other parts, the main character is a minor that gets subjected to diapers, clothes she can't take off, and restraints (mostly children's and special needs', like harnesses and car seat). It is all (mostly) consensual, and contains no sex, but if these things offends you, please don't read any further.

The characters in this saga

Tomas family	Iris	Our main character. Female, 13. Lives in Eugene, Oregon, USA
	Maria	Her mother, stay-at-home, buys and sells vintage stuff from home
	Carlos	Her father, originally from the Philippines, works on oil platforms
Fletcher family	Sabine	Iris's former best friend at Edison Elementary School, until she moved away to neighboring Thurston and had to switch schools. Had meningitis 2 years ago which resulted in Acquired Brain Injury, leaving her permanently mentally disabled.
	Imogen	Sabine's mother, full-time caregiver. Iris often calls her Nanny.
	Jack	Sabine's late father, died 3 years ago in work-related accident.
Others	Anna King	Iris's friend at Crow Middle/High School, with older brother Billy
	Mindy McConnell	Iris's friend at Crow Middle/High School, second oldest of 7 children
	Miranda Ray	16-year-old girl from Iris's neighborhood, who is Iris's regular babysitter.

1. Roseburg

Iris and her mother Maria walked back to the car. Having dropped off Iris's father with a colleague in Sutherin, and waved him off on his way to the oil platform where he worked, it was just the two of them once more. Her father did that kind of work for almost as long as Iris could remember, but this goodbye had been harder than usual. Now that Iris discovered she liked being little, she found she had a lot more fun with her parents than before, when she was trying very hard to be mature. That had created more of a distance between them, and resulted in regular conflicts with her safety-minded mother. But little Iris had no trouble with safety measures, and actually found them relaxing, and sometimes a bit exciting, because they made sure she didn't have to worry about making mistakes or being careless. And it was a lot easier to sit on her parents' lap, get cuddled and be taken care of; all things mature Iris had considered too childish. But of course this was a secret, and apart from the few people who knew, Iris was still her mature self around others, like today. Even though she was wearing bib overalls, they were not particularly childish, and hid the diaper and the plastic pants she wore underneath, since her recent bladder infection had caused her incontinence to flare up again.

When they got back to the car, her mother suggested, "So, why don't we find a nice place to have lunch." "I'm not so hungry yet, Mom. You were late getting me out of bed this morning, so breakfast wasn't that long ago. But that pond we just visited was quite nice, so I guess I can eat something if we can go back there." "Well, I thought I let you sleep for as long as you wanted, after the busy day yesterday." "Yes, I appreciate that. But with the blindfold of this sleeper I can't tell how late it is, or even if there is already daylight, so I was hesitant to call out, in case you were still sleeping." "Oh, I'm sorry, dear. I had not realized. And thank you for considering not waking us up. That sleeper with the blindfold really isn't that practical, is it." "Not really. I don't find it scary anymore, like the first few times, and for the rest it is OK, but not being able to see can be pretty inconvenient. For little Iris it doesn't matter so much; she doesn't really care about what time it is, as long as you come and get her before she gets bored. But if I need to have one, a separate blindfold would have been more practical, so we can only use it when daylight is bothering me during an afternoon nap." "I agree. It seemed like a good idea at the time, but it didn't turn out like that. We'll see if we can find something else for you, for when it is too hot for a fleece sleeper or the inflatable sleeping bag. Well, get in the car, and we'll revisit the pond then. You can use the booster seat again for the short ride."

Wow, her mother offering her the less safe option? She must feel a bit guilty about the morning! Since Iris had gotten the old car seat with lots of safety features from her friend Sabine, her mother normally always insisted on Iris using it, even if she was not little. Iris had agreed to that after the car got sun foil on the windows, which blocked people from looking in, so no one would see her in it. The seat was quite comfortable, and the 5-point harness with the locking features kept her snug in it, allowing her to even fall asleep and still stay in position. But for a short drive through the village they were in, the booster seat was quicker, and mature Iris also enjoyed not needing a parent to release her. She used the opportunity to empty her bladder, and, being pretty sure she had not wet it until then, was pleased with herself that she managed to keep it under control.

Back at the pond, they didn't see a bench or picnic table, but her mother had brought along the picnic blanket again, which they had also used in Kirk Park, two days ago. This was a less elaborate lunch, but Iris did her best and finished the bread and yoghurt, leaving only her pear for later. With a juice box she washed it down, as did her mother. It was kind of funny to see her mother with one as well; Iris usually only used them when she was little, or together with Sabine. Therefore, when her mother had finished it, she joked, "Should I burp you?" That earned her a tickle attack, and gradually she started to feel better, after the difficult goodbyes earlier. Then her mother warned her, "Iris,

don't rub your chest, especially not in public. It can't be the buckles irritating you; I made sure they were too high for that." Her mother had done that because her skirtall had a slightly lower bib, and there the buckles always became irritating after a while on Iris's breasts, which had recently started developing. "Well, they still feel a bit raw. Perhaps if it is not the buckles, it is the edge of the bib?" She turned her torso left and right, and concluded, "Yes, I think it is. I guess if the straps were longer, it wouldn't rub as much, but then the buckles might. Perhaps we should start looking for a training bra then; when Mrs. Fletcher lent me one of Sabine's, and added some stuffing, all irritation disappeared." "Yes, I remember, and I would love to go buy your first training bra with you. You know what, we are not that far from Roseburg – why don't we go for a little shopping trip there?" "Could we? Oh, that would be wonderful!"

They packed up their things, and set course to Roseburg, which was just a bit further down the I5. Of course this time Iris was secured in the car seat again – on the highway the extra protection was even more important to her mother. Iris didn't mind; they were going to buy some pretty things for her, and not just any things, but something that proved she was becoming a woman! Suddenly she recognized the area, and pointed out the Special Needs Store that was in an industrial area on their right. They were very close to the exit on the I5, and her mother made a bit of a wild swerve and took it. "Mom, I was only pointing it out." "Shush" Her mother didn't want Iris to talk to her when she was driving, and of course she needed all of her concentration, since the car was still going a bit faster than was wise. But luckily there were no other cars close by, and she quickly got the situation under control and followed the signs to the store parking lot. When she had safely parked, she turned to Iris and said, "I know this wasn't the plan; my thoughts were just to find a lingerie store in town, but there still were a few things on my list for this store, including a better sleepsuit, like we just talked about. Wouldn't it be better if we could see it in person, and you could try it on?"

"Well, I guess so." Iris had mixed feelings about the store. The salesman, Mark, had treated her like she was special needs as well, and even put a wrist strap on her when she had stopped for a moment to answer her phone, and the others got themselves lost. Although of course they claimed it was her that got lost. But it had also been a fun experience with Sabine, and she had felt very useful by trying out a few things and showing her friend it was OK. And now that she had discovered she also liked being kept restrained and safe, it would be interesting to take a look at all the stuff they sold; scary and exciting at the same time.

Instead of her mother handing her the plastic key for the car seat, she got out and came to her door to help her out. "Mom, I'm supposed to do that by myself!" "Oh dear, don't worry so much. There is no one here who knows you, and no one will look twice, given the nature of the store." Iris still wasn't happy about it, but she didn't have much choice, and given that they were here to find some better things for her, she didn't want to make a scene. And actually, it was always a bit fiddly, so it was easier to let her mother open the harness, and not have to climb over the booster seat.

Her mother took her hand, apparently not wanting to take any risk in an unfamiliar place, and together they walked to the store entrance. Near the entrance was a reception desk, and the woman behind it asked them if she could be of service. Iris's mother explained that this was the first time she was here, but had ordered things online from them a week ago. "OK, welcome to the Roseburg Special Needs Superstore. You must already have an account with us then; that helps. I assume you don't know about the shopping experience we offer. Here in the showroom we have all our products on display, to see, gather information about, and to try out. When you decide to purchase something, you use the app on your phone to scan the barcode, or select the item by browsing through our assortment, like with a web shop. When you have finished, you come back here to check out. After that you can collect your stuff at the separate warehouse entrance, where

your order is assembled and loaded into your car.” Then she gave the details about the app, and Iris’s mother managed to install it and use her account to log in. The lady continued, “OK, you’re all set. But let me see if we have someone available to help you; especially if you are new here, you might spend a lot of time searching otherwise.” “Oh yes, that would be great.”

Iris thought ‘Oh please, let it not be Mark.’ But of course it was; he immediately recognized her and sank on to one knee to talk to her at eye level, “Hello again. Iris, isn’t it? Here to get some more things for your friend, Sabine?” Iris didn’t know what to say to that; admitting they are shopping for her, he’d never believe anymore that she was not special needs. She shook her head and looked imploringly to her mother. Mark introduced himself to her, and she explained that Iris had some recent bladder issues, so she needed diapers, and sometimes needed to be prevented from putting her hands in. So they were looking for a few more items for that, some secure things, and some inconspicuous ones. Iris felt quite embarrassed hearing her mother tell all of that about her, but she probably couldn’t have done any better, so she gave her a wan smile. Mark reacted, “OK, I think we have plenty of choice for that. But before we are going into individual items, we have a policy that underage customers need to be kept under control one way or another. Do you have a harness or leash with you, or shall I see if we have something suitable you can borrow?” “Well, we were in the neighborhood, and decided to go looking for Iris’s first training bra in Roseburg. But when Iris pointed out this store, I realized I had several things still on my wish list for her, and visiting here would make it a lot easier to select some of them than from your website. So I didn’t come prepared, and have nothing to keep Iris near.” Iris started saying, “But I don’t need ...,” and then realized that Mark was not going to accept letting her roam free after what happened last time.

“I know, you told me last time you are not special needs. But we still have to conform to the rules, and getting lost here is no fun. So let me get something that might not be so bad.” When he returned from the desk, he was only holding something like a bracelet or watch in his hands. “This is an electronic leash. We have different varieties, but this one will first start vibrating, and then sound an alarm if the wearer goes to far from the phone it is coupled with.” He clicked it on Iris’s right wrist (see Figure 1), and explained, “It needs a special tool to open. Look, it shows the time, just like a normal watch. Don’t touch that button though, that is the panic button, and will set off an alarm on your mother’s phone.” Then he turned to her mother, instructed her which app to download, and how to couple it to the watch with NFC. “You can set the leash length as well, anywhere between 3 and 30 feet. That will give you choices between right next to you up to most of the garden or for frisbee at the beach. When the bracelet goes out of range, you will get an alarm on your phone as well. You can also turn the tether function off, giving her full freedom until it is turned on again.”



Figure 1 Smartwatch with tool to release

When he saw how interested Iris’s mother looked, and Iris didn’t seem too unhappy about it, he continued, “We have a whole range of these, from the simple bracelet with a passive RFID tag that doesn’t have to be charged, but the alarm only goes on the phone. And then all the way up to the top range model. Its features include GPS, which allows you to set a virtual fence, defining the area that she is not allowed to leave, or a route she is not allowed to stray from. It also has a SIM card, allowing emergency phone calls to you, and combined with the GPS, you can always keep track of where she is even when the tether function is turned off. The watch also has a number of

smartwatch features, over which you have full control on what is allowed and what isn't. Of course it doesn't prevent a child from darting off into the road and getting under a car – for that you still need a physical leash, but especially for areas like this it works really well.”

Iris was starting to worry about her mother's enthusiasm – if they got one, it was likely that she'd not only use it on little Iris, but also on mature Iris. And she wouldn't even be able to refuse on the grounds that others might see it, since it was completely unnoticeable, at least until it started sounding the alarm. Although it might actually not be as bad as a mother keeping her close all the time, requiring her to constantly hold on to the shopping cart, or chewing her out in public for straying too far away at a flea market. So she decided to see here in the shop how she felt about it, and whether she'd protest if her mother would actually decide to buy one. She didn't rate her chances high though to get it off by herself – the stuff from this store was usually pretty secure. Mark bent towards her again, suddenly with a lollipop in his hand, and offered it to her. Iris had just been thinking that the salesman was not that bad after all, coming up with a leash that was way more acceptable to her, and then he suddenly treated her like she was a toddler again! But before she could voice her disapproval, suddenly little Iris took over, grabbed the lollipop, and sweetly said, “Thank you, Mark.” Mature Iris at first wanted to suppress her again, but then realized that the stuff they were here for was mostly for little Iris anyway, and she would probably have a better time here than her. So she just let it be, although she decided to keep an eye on things too.

Mark looked a bit startled by the sudden change in Iris's behavior. Mrs. Tomas put her arm around her daughter, and briefly explained, “Sometimes Iris likes to embrace her inner child, and not be grown-up all the time.” Mark gave her a brief nod, and turned to the reason of their visit, “So, what can we help you with today, and what would you like to look at first?” “Well, like I said we wanted a training bra, and also some wider clothes that hide her diaper well, but are not particularly childish. We thought to look around the normal shops, but of course we can check if you have suitable things as well. Apart from that we had ordered a summer sleeper for Iris with a built-in blindfold so that the daylight wouldn't bother her, but she doesn't like it so much, and it is a bit too limiting, so we would like to look at some alternatives.” Before she could continue Mark interrupted, “Those are all in the clothing section. Often with bigger young ladies I hand them over to our female colleague there, so perhaps we can look at the other stuff first?”

“Oh, OK. We also want another pair of locking and a neutral pair of non-locking plastic panties, but perhaps that is the clothing department too?” “No, those are with the diaper supplies, so I can help you with that.” “Perhaps we can also look at diapers; we only have a week's supply or so left. Until now we got them from Fred Meyers, because we got a prescription for them, so our pharmacy there took care of that. We only got a prescription for a few weeks, after her bladder infection, but now that her old incontinence issues came back, we will need them for a longer time. I'm not sure yet if we can get another prescription, so that the health insurance will cover them. I haven't yet gotten around to contacting the doctor about that.” “Why don't we take a look at our assortment, and we can see which ones would be most suitable. If you already want to buy some, we can give you an invoice that you can get restitution with from your insurance, or else you can put them on your wishlist, and order them online once you know more.” “That sounds like a good idea.” Mark had already started walking, and Iris stayed close to her mother, feeling unsure in this enormous store. She was mostly aware of what the adults were talking about, and that mature Iris probably wouldn't like that her embarrassing problems were discussed so openly, but she had her lollipop, and trusted her mother to make sure she got what she needed, so she was content just to follow them.

When they arrived at the diaper isles, Mark first proposed that he'd open their shopping list too, so he could help and check if all was entered the right way. Mrs. Tomas accepted that gladly, and

explained that they first wanted some diaper panties that were inconspicuous, and not locking. Since Iris would normally wear pull-ups when she was not little, they would not be used that often, so they settled on a simple pair with soft plastic on the inside, and flesh-colored fabric on the outside. Not only did they resemble regular granny panties, but the plastic hardly rustled, further dampened by the fabric. Iris was still a bit shy, and was not really interested in these panties – much too boring, but probably just what big Iris would want. It got more interesting when they switched to an extra pair for her. She told Mommy that they didn't need to be locking either, because she was always wearing something on top that she couldn't take off anyway, but her mother insisted. She didn't really mind – her mother would change her diaper anyway, but she gave it a try because it could have offered some opportunities for naughtiness.

Mark showed them several options for plastic and rubber panties, and when Iris spotted the model she had chosen a week ago, and since then had worn a lot, she exclaimed, "I have those!" "And do you like them?" "Yes, they are very cute." But her mother intervened, "We have a limited budget, and these are rather expensive, so perhaps we can look at some other options too." So the guy showed them several other models, from basic clear pants to fun prints to models with ruffles at the back. Iris also liked one of those, in pink. To be complete he also showed them a few related items, "These panties have an attached bib and straps. They have the advantages that you don't need a onesie or other clothes to prevent them from sagging when the diaper is full, and the waist belt doesn't need to be very tight, because the straps prevent lowering the pants, so it only needs to stop hands from getting in from the sides. And they also look more like regular clothes, so it is more acceptable to let the wearer walk around the house or garden in them without other clothes on top. And finally they offer a slightly better protection against leakages when lying down, due to the higher waist. Even better for that would be the plastic rompers like these, but those are usually considered less comfortable to wear."

Iris's mother looked at her, and asked, "Do you think you would find those more comfortable than regular plastic panties with a tight chain?" "I don't know; the chain is not so bad mostly, although the elephant panties are better, with the rubber straps." She felt the material, and it was really soft, and there was a model in light yellow with pink butterflies on it that looked nice." Mark added, "They are of a special kind of PU that is really soft and not sticky to the skin. But they are only a little cheaper than those rubber panties that Iris already has. If you are unsure, you'd be welcome to try pair at the clothing section." "OK, we'll try that then." "Why don't we add both models to your wishlist – then you can quickly add one once you decide." And so they did. Since they were right next to the diaper section, they took a look there next, and since Iris liked the ones that Sabine normally used, and Mark also advised those, they quickly settled on them, although one size smaller for a better fit.

Next her mother mentioned pacifiers. Iris looked at her surprised; she was perfectly happy with the one the Fletchers gave her, with her name on it. But her mother explained that they also needed to be cleaned, so they needed one or two spares. They chose a discount pack containing two pacifiers and a strap to prevent losing them, but there were different designs, and Iris had a hard time choosing between them. In the end she settled for ones with a frog and a tortoise picture on them. "Can I try one out now?" Iris begged her mother. "No Iris, you know the rules; no pacifiers during the day." She turned to Mark, and explained she had heard using a pacifier too long was bad for the teeth and the development of the mouth. "Yes, that is certainly true for toddlers, when the teeth are still in development, and the bones are softer. As far as we know there are no studies on the effects of pacifiers on teenagers and grown-ups, but we have a lot of customers who use them all the time, and we hear of very few issues. Occasionally the teeth might hurt a bit, when they bite too

hard on it, but otherwise it doesn't seem to be harmful." "Oh, thanks for that information. I will think about it, and perhaps we can change the rule a bit. No Iris, you still can't have one now. I need to think about it, and apart from that they should be cleaned before you put them into your mouth." Iris pouted, but accepted her mother's decision. She was used to not having one during the day.

Next her mother wanted to take a look at sippy cups, unsure if they'd want one, or just keep using the bottle they already had. It was over at the next isle, but when they went over, Iris started doubting again about the design she chose for the pacifiers, and quickly ran back to take another look. There was some annoying buzzing at her wrist, but she ignored it – she was only going to take one more quick look, and dash back over to the adults in the next isle before they'd notice. But then the watch Mark had put on her began beeping loudly, and Iris realized that she was too far away from them, and the watch called the alarm much quicker than she expected. Mark called out to her, "Iris, stay where you are. We will come and get you." He didn't sound alarmed or angry, and the sound from the watch stopped, so Iris stayed calm as well, but since she had nearly reached her goal, she took the last few steps towards the pacifiers to take one more look at the other designs. "Iris, don't move." Wow, he apparently could even see if she moved a little bit. "I'm just taking one more look at the pacifiers," she called back. By then the adults appeared in the isle, both looking at her mother's phone. It seemed like Mark was explaining the functions of the watch and the app to her mother, and when they got close, he said triumphantly, "And there she is."

Iris expected them to be angry with her for running off, but her mother just took her hand, and said she needed to stay close. Suddenly missing her father holding her other hand, she stuck it out to Mark, who accepted it. It was not the same of course, but still nice to have the firm grip of a man. Her mother talked a bit more about these GPS watches, sounding quite interested. Then she turned to her daughter and asked how she liked it. Iris was not that enthusiastic, "I guess it is not bad, but I like when I am being held, and can feel that I can't get away. Then I don't have to worry about getting lost or doing something I shouldn't. With this buzzing and beeping, I still have to be alert to not stray. And big Iris worries that you might use it with her to keep an eye on her all the time." "Oh, OK. So you prefer a leash. I guess I can see why. But what about places where you don't want to take the risk that you are seen by people you know? Like in the supermarket? Wouldn't this be nicer than for instance needing to keep a hand on the shopping cart all the time?" "I guess so. Yes, if we can't use a leash this might be nice." "Perhaps big Iris is right in that I would be tempted to use it with her; it would give me peace of mind to know where she is, and that she is safe. But I also need to learn to trust her, and gradually allow her more freedom. What about that we only use it to allow her some things that I might not normally allow, but that I would find acceptable if I could keep an eye on her with such a watch?"

This got a little too complicated for little Iris, and so big Iris took over for a moment. She checked the wrist strap, and unsurprisingly there was no way she would be able to get it off without the tool Mark had mentioned. "Like what, Mom?" she asked. Her mother recognized she used the more mature 'Mom' instead of 'Mommy', and so realized she could speak more as to a grown-up, "Perhaps I could let you bike home from your friends even after dinner, as long as it is light. And I won't have to warn you to stay close when we go somewhere large or unfamiliar. I'm sure there will be other moments where it will be useful. You might even like it yourself, at places where you are not so confident, knowing I can always find you if you get into trouble, and able to send an SOS at the touch of a button." "But I can always call or text you, anyway. I don't need such a watch for that." "Phones can get lost or forgotten. And in case you are grabbed, God forbid, you might not be able to use your phone, but still press the alarm button." "Well, if it will only be used to give me more freedom, and not less, I guess I have no objections." Mark added, "This basic model only

works when the wearer is near the phone, so you'd need a model with GPS and a SIM card for those applications. Those start at \$99." "Oh, I see. I guess I will need to think about that some more, and look at the features of the different models on the website. Thanks at least for the information." Iris didn't quite know how she felt about that. Glad because it might still be used to limit her freedom and privacy, but now that her mother had suggested it might give her more freedom too, there was also a little disappointment. But maybe it was for the best this way; they could still get one from the website, and now she had a bit more time too to decide if she'd agree to one, and get some clear commitments from her mother when it would be used.

They took a look at sippy cups next, but her mother thought they could probably do with the bottles or cups with straws, and didn't feel the need to get one for Iris. But when Iris asked her what she was going to use for drinks when Sabine came to visit, she decided to get a set of 2 simple cups anyway. Little Iris wanted some with Disney figures on it, instead of the plain colored ones her mother picked, but her mother decided they were too expensive, and they'd first try these out to see how often they got used.

The last thing her mother wanted to take a look at, that wasn't in the clothing section, came as a bit of a shock to Iris. Her mother told Mark about her kicking the seat in front of her, and inquired what sort of things they had that might keep her from doing that. Iris looked angrily at her mother: she had stopped when her mother told her to. But to her relief, after Mark asked the make and model of their car seat, he explained that there were no leg attachments for that type of seat, that would allow straps, and no third-party solution either. He suggested they could look into regular car seat foot rests, but needed to make sure they were safety approved, and sturdy enough to attach restraints to. So they left it at that, and Mark delivered them to the clothing section, where he passed them on to his colleague, Yvon, who Iris had already met at their previous visit too. Perhaps because it was the same day of the week as last time, the staff was the same too.

Yvon introduced herself to her mother, and then asked how she could help them. Not a very original opening perhaps, but like Iris remembered from last time, she was a kind lady who treated her respectfully last time, even when she thought Iris was special needs as well. Her mother explained they were looking for a training bra, because Iris had just started rubbing her newly developing chest, because it was very sensitive, and things like overalls bib and buckles were irritating her. They were also interested in another sleeper for the summer, since the one with the built-in blindfold had its downsides. And they also could use a pair of pants that would be good for hiding the diapers, but would still look mature.

"OK, let's start with the training bra then. I think I might have something quite suitable. You'd like something that stops the rubbing, right? And you might be impatient that your chest develops a bit more?" Iris nodded strongly; it was as if this woman could read her mind. Yvon took them to a shelf with several bra's and training bra's, and showed one of them. "With this model you can slide hard cups into these pockets on the inside. The cups have a very natural shape, so it looks just like there are a few more curves, while at the same time the actual chest is protected from any rubbing. They come with cups in two sizes, so that it can grow with the development. Although of course sooner or later you will have to move to real bras and different constructions." The training bra was in a pinkish flesh tone, which was not that interesting to little Iris, but it had several little flowers and bows attached as decoration, which was made it more fun, and Iris thought that it would do very well, giving her some of those long-awaited curves. "We have those with a locking and a non-locking clasp; I'd say for this situation the non-locking one is good enough? It is pretty safe too." "I think so," her mother decided. Iris fingered the locking clasp for a moment (see Figure 2) – the heart shape and that it read "Love" looked very cute, but for her it would be locked underneath other

clothes anyway, and big Iris would not like it if she couldn't take it off herself, so she agreed with her mother.

"Why don't we first select all the clothes you are interested in, and then do all the trying on?" the saleslady suggested. "That sounds fine. Next we are looking for normal-looking pants that can be quickly taken off, for toilet training. Of course they should be capable of hiding a diaper or pull-up well." They looked at a few options, and decided on a pair of leggings that had an attached pleated skirt. (See Figure 3)



Figure 2 Locking Bra Clasp

Then they moved onto the sleepers, and when they started looking through them, Iris spotted a cute onesie with butterflies all over. "I want this one! Mommy, please, can I have it?" The assistant explained, "That is a sleeper in a sturdy cotton; perhaps not our thinnest, but definitely cooler than fleece. It is multi-functional: it has a front zipper and when it is left unlocked, it is just a regular sleeper. But you can also lock it, so that the wearer can't take it off or access their incontinence material. And finally it also has zippers with which the legs can be connected together, and the arms connected to the body. That can be very useful for aggressive wearers, but also for situations where the wearer might harm themselves when they move their arms or legs wildly during the night. And of course it also works to give the wearer a time-out." (See Figure 4 for how the sleeper looks, and Figure 5 for how the arm and leg zippers work.) Iris had already worn a sleeper with arm- and leg zips at the Fletcher's, where she tested one on how easy it was to subdue Sabine when she had a tantrum, and though with the zippers closed the suit was pretty limiting, she had enjoyed wearing it too, and so she didn't mind that they were there, but to make sure she added, "Mommy, can I wear it without the arm and leg zips?" "Of course, dear, you're already safe in your tent, so we only need to make sure you can't access your diapers, so only the front zipper will be used, normally." That was good enough for Iris, so she clutched the cute sleeper against her possessively.



Figure 3 Leggings with pleated skirt



Figure 4 Butterfly Sleeper



Figure 5 Sleeper with zippered arms and legs

They were already on their way to the dressing room when Iris remembered, "Oh, I should try those plastic bib pants too!?" Her mother agreed, "Well, we might as well." The sales assistant pointed her to the rack, to select the one she was interested in, while she took Iris into a roomy changing

cabin. She wanted to start undressing Iris; but Iris was wearing regular overalls this time, and decided she preferred to do it on her own, not knowing this lady that well. So she twisted a bit away from the woman, saying a bit primly, "I can do it myself." But when she tried to undo the overalls buckles, they didn't want to open. At first she was baffled – she had always been able to open those. But then she remembered her father bending them closer together so that they would not unbuckle unwanted. Apparently he overdid it, and now they were stuck. Especially with the shortened shoulder straps it was hard for Iris to exert much force on them. She had to turn to the assistant and ask for help anyway, explaining that her father had accidentally tightened them too much this morning. 'Perhaps it was not accidental? Your father might like that his little girl doesn't take off her clothes by herself,' the lady suggested. Iris shook her head – her father would not do that to big Iris. Would he? When the assistant had taken off the overalls, she noticed the locked panties, and subtly pulled on the chain without explicitly rubbing in that her parents obviously didn't trust her. Iris knew she was only in these panties because they didn't have a pair that was not locking yet, but couldn't really defend herself since the lady hadn't actually said anything.

After the overalls and top were off, Yvon started opening the panties; those little heart-shaped locks all used the same key, so that was no problem. At that moment Iris's mother arrived with the plastic bib panties. She checked the diaper, and concluded they'd better change it soon, but that it would hold for now. And having a swollen diaper would be a good test if the selected clothes could cope with that. She did look towards the assistant, to make sure she wouldn't object to the risk of getting the new clothes dirty, but she seemed to be OK with it, and picked up the training bra. She put the smaller cups in the slots, and held it up for Iris to stick her hands through. "Can't we use the larger cups?" Iris tried, afraid that the small cups wouldn't make a very notable difference to her chest. "I would advise against that – with such a big change at once people will suspect it is not real, and the larger cups are a bit less comfortable if there is too little tissue underneath." "OK," Iris accepted, not having had much hope to begin with.

The bra was pretty sturdy, with the shoulder straps and the band below her breasts wider than usual, and, once it was on, she noticed there was little stretch in them. Yvon made a few size adjustments and then clicked the clasp in the back closed. She showed to Iris's mother how the clasp closed and opened, which seemed a bit complicated, but Iris couldn't really follow what they were doing behind her back. She was more interested in how the front looked anyway, and felt the cups. It gave her definite bulges, and like the assistant said they seemed to have pretty natural shape. It was a bit strange that she could feel nothing through the cups, but of course that was the whole idea, to stop her nipples getting irritated from rubbing clothes. With the chest and shoulder straps, it felt a bit like a harness, and a bit tight, especially if she took a deep breath, so she told them that it should be somewhat looser. The adults checked, but decided it was as it should be, and her mother explained, "You need a close fit with a bra to get the support, which is not always comfortable. And this is called a training bra for a reason: it will give you the opportunity to get used to it. Try breathing more to your stomach." That helped. Luckily there was a mirror in the dressing room, so she did not need to go outside in her bra and diaper to see how it looked. Looking in it made big Iris feel happy: having her own bra, and some extra bulging of her chest was a new step in growing up.

Next they tried the PU bib pants. When she stepped into them, they were fairly wide around the waist, which surprised Iris: normally such clothes were constructed to prevent the wearer putting their hands down the sides and reach the diaper, but these seemed to allow that. But when Yvon tugged the straps up to the top of her shoulders, she felt it tightening around the waist – apparently there was some mechanism that reduced the waist size when the straps were pulled. When Yvon clicked some snaps closed at her shoulders, they were as close-fitting as regular panties. Yvon

explained to her mother that these were special snaps, and you needed to keep a magnet to them to open, just like some of the buckles Iris was already used to. The panties were soft, and didn't seem to be too sweaty, but Iris thought she was already wearing quite a lot of bib pants, and her mother didn't see much advantage over regular panties either, so they decided that for now they would go with the regular plastic panties they had wished before.

Yvon didn't take them off her though when they moved on to the next item: apparently she liked the protection these panties offered to make sure nothing escaped from the full diaper onto the clothes. Iris could put on the leggings with the attached skirt herself, and even though it felt strange to put on tight-fitting leggings for hiding a diaper, they went up high enough to cover the top of the diaper, and the attached skirt was just long enough to hide any bulges. Both Iris and her mother were enthusiastic, so they were quickly added to the shopping cart.

Now it was finally time for the sleeper. The leggings went off, and with the front zipper, Iris was quickly able to put it on by herself. It already felt unusual to wear pajama's that opened at the front, but big Iris liked that because she could also wear them unlocked, while little Iris knew they could still be safe and secure. And perhaps, if she would sleep together with Sabine again, she could also have her arms or legs restrained, so Sabine wouldn't feel restricted alone. It was a bit unusual for a onesie not to have stretch, but it was big enough, and pretty soft, so it should still be quite comfortable, and she really loved the butterflies. Iris already knew how the arm and leg zippers worked, but Yvon demonstrated them for her mother, and quickly her legs were connected, and her arms were stuck at her sides. To demonstrate how her movements were limited now, Iris shuffled along like a penguin, flapping her hands ineffectually like they were the penguins useless wings. That made the adults laugh, and Iris glowed from the positive attention. Too bad she didn't know what sound penguins made, so she could imitate that as well.

Her mother wasn't so sure they would use those zippers much, but since Iris liked the sleeper, and it was perfectly usable without, she added it to their purchases, and Iris was undressed again, and put into her regular locking panties and overalls. "Mom, Daddy tightened the buckles so much that I can't get them open anymore," Iris reported, and her mother replied she would take a look at home. Then she pulled them closed with a loud click. Next she turned to Yvon and asked if they happened to have simple waterproof coveralls for her, so that she could bathe her little girl without getting wet. They had a cheap one in clear plastic, which was not so durable, but should be very suitable for indoors. She just tried it on in the shop over her clothes, decided it was what she was looking for, and that purchase was completed too.

She looked at Iris, and asked if there was anything more they might want to get or look at while they were here. Suddenly Iris remembered her mother mentioned getting her a trampoline after their visit for Thomas' birthday, so she suggested that, and, of course hoping to get one more toy, repeated the argument that she needed to get some more exercise. But her mother replied, "Well, it was just a thought, and I was thinking more of getting one cheap at a garage sale, so we are definitely not buying one today. But if you want to take a look, it might be useful for me to know what models are available, and what is important to look at when I find one." "Okay," Iris answered a bit disappointed, but still having half a hope to convince her mother to get one anyway, once they saw something suitable. "But first we need to give you some fresh padding; we wouldn't want leaks!" While she said it, her mother playfully slapped Iris's behind.

Iris remembered the changing rooms were next to the restaurant, so she took her mother there, and quickly the overalls were off, and Iris took place on the changing table. She wanted to get this over with, because she wanted to go to the trampolines. She didn't feel the restraints were necessary –

they only made everything take longer. But her mother noticed the sign that they were required, so Iris let her hands be secured in the Velcro straps, and then the waist strap. After all, arguing or resisting would only slow things down further. She did explain that Mrs. Fletcher had said that the leg straps that were dangling from the ceiling were mostly for handicapped people, and were not required, but her mother ignored that also, and soon her legs were up in the air. When her mother briefly pulled the rope connected to the leg cuffs, her behind was lifted slightly from the table. Iris pulled a little on the straps, but although she had some room to move her arms at head height, her legs were held firmly in place between the straps from the ceiling and the waist strap, and even if she wanted, she was sure she would not have been able to make it hard for her mother to put a new diaper on. Satisfied she relaxed and let her mother take care of things, and it wasn't long at all before she was back on her feet with a clean diaper around her waist. The overalls straps clicked closed around the bib buttons, and off they were, trying to locate Mark again.

Wanting to be helpful, Iris darted between the isles in the hope of encountering the sales assistant, but her mother had trouble keeping up, and soon she told Iris to stop and take her hand. Iris tried to explain that that wasn't necessary, because of her wristband, but her mother didn't feel like tracking her down on her phone all the time, and insisted on keeping Iris next to her. It didn't take long for her mother's steady tempo to start to bore Iris, and she decided she'd much rather be on a leash than this holding hands, which didn't allow her to pick her own speed and what she wanted to look at. Luckily her mother soon after decided it was no use trying to find a moving person in such a big store, and so they went to the reception desk to ask for him. There they heard that Mark was busy at the moment, but that it probably would not take that long, and that he would track them down using Iris's wristband as soon as he was available. They could just go look around where they pleased.

When Mark found them, he had to disappoint them: even though they sold trampolines, they didn't have them set up to try. Not just because they took up a lot of space, but mainly because of safety – they could not constantly be monitored, and the ceiling was not quite high enough for determined jumpers. He did take them to the boxed models to show the options, and had some valuable tips for Iris and her mother: obviously for safety they should get a model with netting around, and of good quality steel. Especially if it should be able to cope with two girls at the same time, they should at least get a 14" diameter; for Iris alone 12" would suffice for the moment, but not for years to come. And it was good to have the option that the kids couldn't leave the trampoline by themselves, so the zipper on the opening of the netting should go down deep enough that the pull couldn't be reached from the inside, and preferably with extra buckles on the outside. You could always leave the pull a little higher and not close the extra buckles when they kids were allowed to leave by themselves. (See Figure 6)



Figure 6 Example of a trampoline

When it became clear that this was the last thing on the shopping list, Iris' mother already started thanking Mark for his assistance, and finalizing the shopping list, when Mark said, "Now I actually have something of a proposal for you. As you have been able to see today, we have a rather large range of products, each of which also needs pictures for the website, and sometimes extra ones for

our newsletter. It is not easy to find suitable models for those pictures: the children that most of our products are meant for often have trouble understanding what we want from them, or quickly get tired or lose interest. On the other hand, children from modeling agencies are not used to the restrictions that many of our items impose on them, and do not like to work with us because of that. Now I think that Iris does not have such limitations as for example her friend Sabine, while she seems quite accepting of products that restrict her. Last week she was very helpful in demonstrating car seats, mittens, and such things for her friend. So we think she would be quite useful to us as a model. Of course she would be paid for it, and would also get the employee discount on our products, plus the option to buy showroom models, discontinued products, and such for a hefty discount."

Thinking about it, Iris got quite nervous, "But then anybody could see me in diapers, on a leash, in a car seat, and what else. I don't want people who know me to learn about that! My life at school would already be horrible if they found out I need diapers, even if it is only temporarily. Let alone all that other stuff!" She clamped her mother's arm and put her thumb in her mouth, feeling the need for some comfort. Her mother put her arm around her, squeezed her, and said, "Don't worry, dear. Nobody is going to make you." Mark added, "Of course not. This is just an offer, where you would help us out, and you would be able to get more nice stuff, like those expensive diaper panties, and cute clothes. Apart from that, we want the photo's to show our products can be comfortable and fun, even if they impose certain limitations on the user. If you were anxious, that would make the opposite impression." He paused for a moment, and then continued, "But what you should realize is that it is just a modeling job. That you demonstrate the products in the photo's doesn't mean that you need them, or use them in normal life. Think about ads on TV or in magazines for embarrassing products, like for piles – do you think that the people shown in those ads all use those products?" And her mother added, "You can explain to anybody who has questions that you just happened to be here with Sabine, found out they needed models, and decided you could use the extra money. And apart from that, I'm sure that very few people who know you would be looking at the website of this store, or receive their newsletter. ... What about we think about it some more? I'm fine either way, so you just consider it, and let us know if you have made up your mind." She turned to Mark and asked, "Do you need an answer before a certain time?" "No, we constantly get new products, and so we try to regularly do shoots. Just let us know if you want to, and we'll see when we can plan you in."

Iris nodded, keeping her thumb in her mouth. She understood the proposal, and having her own money and discount to choose things from the store was tempting, but she was still very much afraid of others finding out about her diapers and little Iris, so she didn't think she would do it. She might talk about it though with Mrs. Fletcher; she always gave good advice, and had also helped big Iris and her mother with the friction between them.

Mrs. Tomas thanked Mark for the offer, and said they would definitely think about it, and be in contact if they decided anything. Then they said goodbye, Mark took off Iris' wristband, and both of them shook Mark's hand. Back at the car, Iris was put into the car seat once more, and strapped in safely by her mother. Her thumb was pulled from her mouth; her mother warned her she shouldn't get used to that – it would be worse for her teeth than a pacifier, and if it became a habit, big Iris might also start doing it if there was anything stressful, and she wouldn't want others to see her like that. That was definitely something Iris agreed with, and so she put the offending hand under her leg to keep it away from her mouth, and told it that it had been naughty and earned a timeout. Then they went to the collection point for their purchases; there were enough signs that it was abundantly clear for her mother where to drive to. Since there were no complicated things with

their order, like car seats, everything was ready and quickly loaded in the car. Iris wasn't surprised she had to stay in the car seat.

The way back was not that interesting, with Iris' mother always reluctant to talk while at the wheel. Iris thought for a while more about the modeling offer, but after a while dropped off, and only woke when her mother released her from the car seat in their garage. Because they had a lot to do to prepare for Iris' friends tomorrow morning, and the Fletchers the day after, her mother had no time to pamper little Iris, and also needed her help, so Iris needed to be mature again for the rest of the evening. Her overalls and training bra were a bit tight, and she preferred to wear pullups to practice going to the toilet, but she couldn't take the overalls off herself, so she asked her mother if she would help her. But her mother was busy cooking, and didn't want to waste time on that, once she found out that the diaper was not full yet. She considered the overalls perfect for the housework, and Iris needed to get used to the bra anyway, so she decided that she'd only change Iris when she was ready for bed. Iris wasn't happy that while she was mature she still had no say in what she wore and was still in diapers, but she also realized that her mother was so busy because of her inviting her friends and the Fletchers, so she decided to accept it this time.

After dinner, she was tidying her room, making sure nothing of little Iris was visible, when she suddenly realized the tent on her bed was also something of little Iris, so she went to get her mother to remove it. "Yes Iris, we picked this tent because we can take it down, fold it up and store it away. But perhaps we should remove it tomorrow morning; no reason not to sleep in it tonight, is there? It is still mosquito season, and I don't want you falling out of bed again tonight. Maybe you can also think about if you want to hide it from Anna and Mindy at all – it is just a mosquito tent. Do you really want to go through the trouble of removing it every time either of them visits? And if they come by unexpected? Just think about it; if you really want to hide it, we will, but I think it might be better if your friends just get used to it." Iris looked doubtful, but replied, "OK, I'll let you know tomorrow morning then."

When the most important cooking, cleaning, and tidying was done, there was a little bit of time left for them to relax before Iris had to go to bed, and so they cuddled up on the couch to watch TV. Even though Iris was mature, she sat right next to her mother on the couch, and leaned into her. Her mother put her arm around her and pulled her close. There was still a momentary thought flashing through Iris that that was not part of being mature, but she quickly discarded that thought. She had realized by now that giving and receiving affection had nothing to do with age. And apart from that, it felt really welcome at that moment, with her father just having left for weeks again. It felt like a lot had happened since then, but it was only this morning they said goodbye to him, and she missed him already. Her mother probably did too.

When her mother said it was time to go to bed, Iris was already yawning and feeling tired from the long and eventful day, so she got up and followed her mother upstairs without complaint. And having the tight bra taken off would also be nice. Occasionally she had been glancing in the mirror and enjoying her new curves, but it was not totally comfortable, and it was also a bit strange that she couldn't touch herself there anymore. On the whole she was still quite happy with it, also because her overalls were not bothering her there anymore, but it did come at a price.

Upstairs her mother grabbed her previous sleeper with the blindfold again. "Mom, I have that new butterfly sleeper now, and I want to wear it." "But honey, we should wash that one first. Who knows who has touched it or tried it on before." "But Mom, we got it fresh from the warehouse, and I believe I saw it was still sealed in plastic." "Oh yes, I guess you're right. I'm so used to washing new clothes first that I didn't think this store works differently. I think I would still prefer to wash it

first, but if you really want to, you can wear the new one tonight. After all, especially for big Iris that blindfold thing is not that suitable.” Iris gave a yelp of joy, and hugged her mother. It was not that often that she managed to convince her mother to change her mind.

So her mother went down again, to fetch the sleeper from the box with the new purchases that she had parked in her office. Iris was left on her own, unrestrained, which at least was still different than how little Iris was treated. Back up she helped Iris to take off the overalls, struggling a bit with the tight clasps too. “Yes, I see they are a bit hard to undo now. I guess I’ll take a look to see if I can widen them again slightly.” Then the top went off, and her mother undid the buckle at the back of the bra. Iris gave a little sigh of relief, and noticed that she could still see indentations where the straps had been. Her mother saw her looking, and told her that was normal, and they would disappear soon. Then a clean body was put on her, so that she would not be too cold on the changing table. Of course it was not yet snapped closed between her legs. This morning her mother had secured her hands, even though she was being mature, so Iris just put them up again, and soon they were fixated above her head. She didn’t mind; it made it easy to just let her mother get on with it, not being able to interfere. Since the clear plastic panties were not yet dirty, they were put on again, and locked once more. Her mother had already explained in the morning that if not locked, one end of the chain might disappear into the channel, so she just let it happen again.

Then it was finally time for her new sleeper. Iris was released from the table, and stepped into it. Her mother helped her pull it up, and when the zipper was closed she got out the little key and twisted it in the zipper pull. “Mom, I’m mature now, and tomorrow too.” “Yes dear, but I prefer you have no chance to interfere with your diaper. And why should it bother you, anyway? There is no reason to take it off before morning.” Iris thought that was not a very strong argument, since the plastic panties were locked as well, but she probably wouldn’t be able to change her mother’s mind again, and she was too happy with her new sleeper to really care. Her mother checked if the zipper wouldn’t go down, but it did. She murmured ‘strange’, and turned the key in the zipper pull again. This time it wouldn’t go down, so she nodded, and brought Iris to bed. Maybe Iris’ complaints about the locking sleeper had some effect after all, because she said, “I left the zipper of the bed tent open a little bit, so you can get out yourself. But don’t let me catch you out of bed unless there is a good reason!” Iris nodded – she had no intention of getting out, and was happy to snuggle into her cozy bed.

Once her mother left, she explored her new sleeper a bit more. The zipper was stuck right under her chin, as expected. She tried if she could put on the hood, although it was too warm to keep that up for the night, but that didn’t work: with the zipper all the way up the face opening was too small to fit her head through. Of course that also meant that it was on her head when the zipper was closed, it would not come down either. Meanwhile Iris experienced a nagging feeling that she was missing something, and she suddenly realized that her pacifier was not in her mouth. It was still on her night stand. Perhaps her mother thought that big Iris wouldn’t want it. Maybe it was better not to get too used to it as big Iris, like the thumb sucking her mother warned her about earlier? She tried it for a little while, but in the end it just didn’t feel right. Now she was glad her mother had left the zipper open a little bit, so she could wiggle it open far enough to grab the pacifier, put it in and buckle the strap loosely around her neck, like Nanny taught her.

That made her feel more relaxed, but still her thoughts wouldn’t quite calm down. She went over all the new things they bought today, thought about that GPS wrist band that her mother was considering getting for her, and the offer for modeling work. She still shied away from the thought, but the adults made some valid points about it, and earning money she could spend on whatever she wanted was also quite tempting.

Lying on her side, she noticed the parts of the zipper between the legs of the sleeper made a slightly raspy sound when she moved her legs. She decided to give the zipper a little try, and when she pulled it down her legs were forced together. Not having the key, she could of course not lock it, which was not her intention anyway. Lying on her side she kept her legs together mostly anyway, so that was not that much of a hindrance, and she decided to leave them like that for the moment. The arm zippers would be a lot more confining. Would she be able to close them both? One arm was easy of course, and because this sleeper was not that wide, her arm was kept pretty close to her body. But then she couldn't reach the other zipper with the opposite hand, which was kept at her hip. She could touch the pull with the same hand, but that meant having her elbow stick out wide, and that way she couldn't pull it down.

She couldn't comfortably lie on the side of her restricted arm, but on the other side it was pretty doable. After a while she decided she had enough, and decided to open the zippers again. But they wouldn't. Just like her front zipper, they wouldn't budge. Suddenly she remembered Nanny explaining to her that you could lock such a zipper before pulling it up, and it would still close but not open again. She had all forgotten about that, because her mother only locked the zipper after it was pulled up. These zippers must have been pre-locked when they bought the sleeper – that must also be why it was unlocked after the first time her mother had turned the key! Now she was stuck. She felt ashamed for not thinking about that, and not first testing that the legs could be separated again before she closed the first arm zipper. She called out for her mother, but with the pacifier in she didn't make that much sound. Then she saw that the light on the baby monitor wasn't on. Apparently her mother didn't think she'd need it, with Iris being able to leave the bed. With one hand available Iris might still be able to open the tent, but then would have to try to go down the stairs with both feet together. And would her mother accept her excuse for leaving the bed, after explicitly warning her not to do that except for a very good reason? It was her own fault she was in this mess, after all. In the end she decided not to risk it, since she wasn't that uncomfortable on her side, and just tough it out. With things like the inflatable sleeping bag she had gotten used to not being able to move freely in her sleep after all, so this shouldn't be that hard. But apparently this was a bit different, because she woke several times during the night. One time she had apparently turned on her other side in her sleep, and laid on her arm for a while, making it numb. When she changed position the blood started flowing again, and it started to tingle and sting. Normally she would just shake her arm and massage it, but now it was stuck at her side. She got frustrated and tried to pull loose, but of course these clothes were very sturdily constructed, and she got nowhere. After a while she fell asleep again.

Note from the writer:

This new chapter I started writing shortly after finishing part 2, but things happened in my life, and there were some other stories I wanted to write, so in the end I hadn't touched it in more than half a year. I still wanted to finish this chapter at least, so recently I picked it up again and now it is ready.

Even though the document format suggests this will be a whole new part, I am uncertain how much more I will write on this story. Partly because I am uncertain in which direction I want to develop the story further, partly because it gets harder to find interesting new ways of restraining, different clothes, etc., and partly because I seem to like short stories better – being able to finish such a project in a few weeks and then put it out of my mind. Then I just go around with the rest of my life, until a new idea pops into my head and inspiration strikes again.

Image credits

Instead of trying to describe all the equipment and such of Iris in words, which I usually find hard to figure out in stories I read anyway, I decided to add pictures instead, like in the prequels. Here I give more information on the images and where I found them. I have not requested permission from the copyright holders to use the pictures (with a few exceptions), but hope they don't mind me advertising for them. If anyone of them objects, please let me know and I will remove the picture. On the photos that contain people I did hide their faces. I also explain where the actual product deviates from what I describe in the story, as far as I can judge from the product descriptions online, not actually having ever seen most of the items.

Figure 1 Smartwatch with tool to release	GPS Tracker Watch and Tracking Communication Device for Elderly https://www.alzstore.com/gps-tracker-watch-elderly-p/0950.htm
Figure 2 Locking Bra Clasp	Heart style for the key and locking closure for bra accessories https://www.alibaba.com/product-detail/Wholesale-high-quality-heart-style-for_1600477763884.html
Figure 3 Leggings with pleated skirt	Joyshaper Tennis Skirt with Leggings https://www.amazon.co.uk/Joyshaper-Leggings-Athletic-Activewear-Underneath/dp/B09DYL7GGM
Figure 4 Butterfly Sleeper	Sleep On It Girls Zip-Up Butterfly Onesie https://www.walmart.com/ip/Sleep-On-It-Girls-Zip-Up-Butterfly-Onesie-Multi-S-7-8/305720527
Figure 5 Sleeper with zippered arms and legs	Arzberger Ar-tex patient safety jumpsuit https://www.arzberger-textil.de/Katalog%20-%20Shop/Funktionsoveralls (in German only)
Figure 6 Example of a trampoline	Airzone 14' Trampoline, with Safety Enclosure, Blue https://www.walmart.com/ip/Airzone-14-Trampoline-with-Safety-Enclosure-Blue/677066536