Staying in Xandria

Suzette waited impatiently on the other side of a dull grey desk in a dull grey room. Her hands were in handcuffs and run through a small d-ring on the desk. A uniformed officer was on the other side of the desk reading through a small file.

“You say you have a caregiver picking you up?” The woman officer said in an annoyed but concerned tone. Bits of her Burnette hair frizzed out of her tight hat.

“My friend,” Suzette said with emphasis on the word friend. “Rikka is coming to pick me up.”

“Your friend or your caregiver?” the officer said pointedly. Suzette grimaced knowing that there was a correct answer and there was an answer that would get her out of her current situation faster.

“My caregiver,” she said with a grimace. She shifted uncomfortably at the thought.

“She should have met you at your gate, and she should have had papers ready.”

“I didn’t know that,” Suzette said ashamed. She knew that Rikka was very eager to talk about something before she boarded her flight, and Suzette blew her off. Now she had a good idea what exactly it was Rikka was so eager to talk about.

The country of Xandria was by all accounts a typical first world country with two rather defining qualities. For one it was still a monarchy. The country was ruled by a king or queen with a royal family, though rather than the title of ruler flowing through inheritance, a new monarch was elected democratically after the last one died.

The other thing Xandira was known for was the Queen Anne Law. A law named after a historically terrible queen who had been suspected of murdering her husband and two male children and then rigging the following election to take the throne. A distinct quality of the former queen Anne that Suzette shared was that they were both red-heads, and because Suzette was a red head she was subject to the Queen Anne Law. A law that legally requires everyone with red hair to be treated like infants from the moment they turn twenty-one. It was a law which Suzette had severely underestimated.

She thought that, surely, there would be some accountability for foreigners that weren’t accustomed to this insane and pointless law. She thought there would be some protection that would prevent foreign red heads over the age of twenty-one from essentially losing their freedom whenever they entered the country. The solution, it seemed, was to send them right back unless they already had a caregiver set up for them when they arrived. Unfortunately for Suzette, she couldn’t go back home. Staying with Rikka was really her only option at present, and she had considered every other option before picking this one. Xandira’s Queen Anna law was famous and a frequent topic of fiery discussion in worldwide debates around the ethics of such laws. Suzette had exactly these reservations, but she had nowhere else to go.

“Surely you know about the Queen Anne law?” The officer countered Suzette’s earlier assertion.

“Well yeah but I didn’t think …”

“It’s not your fault. We can’t expect littles to handle these kind of things themselves. Your caregiver really should have handled this” Suzette found herself suddenly offended at the word little, but given her situation she thought it best not to say anything.

“Sarge!” Another officer had opened the door to the room. An anxious blonde headed girl peeked underneath the male officer’s arm.

“Suzie?” she shouted inside.

“Rikka!” Suzette shouted back hopefully. She tried to stand up but she was caught by her handcuffs. The interrogating officer gestured to the other he allowed Rikka into the room.

“You really need to keep a better watch on your little ma’am,” the officer scolded.

“I’m sorry,” Rikka explained going over to Suzette. “I tried to tell her,” She said looking directly at Suzette, “but she was in a hurry. I have her papers here.”

“In a hurry?” the officer snatched the folder from Rikka. “She didn’t even show up in a diaper, and she’s wearing pants.”

“She’s a refugee from Callagorn,” Rikka said with a tone of seriousness. The expression on everyone in the room changed.

“I see,” the officer said tipping her hat. She looked over the papers a moment before handing them back to Rikka “Well, you’ll need to get her properly dressed before you leave here.” The officer released Suzette from the handcuffs and then moved to one of the walls opening and adult sized changing table that attached to the wall. The purpose of such a changing table answered Suzette's lingering question of how often foreigners were detained here until they were properly diapered. The answer was enough that they had a changing table in the room.

“Right,” Rikka nodded setting a backpack onto the table and rummaging through it while the officer left the room. “You know I was trying to tell you about all this last night. If you hadn’t ignored me, you could have avoided being arrested.” There was a pause as Rikka finally found the diaper she was looking for. Suzette looked at it and grimaced. It was white and blue and decorated with cartoon animals. Absolutely childish by design. “Get on the changing table.” Suzette looked at Rikka with the obvious question written on her face. “Look these are the only diapers I have. You really can’t get adult sized diapers without the baby prints on them anymore. Regardless though, you aren’t getting out of here without a diaper on. You should have come with a diaper on already.” With a huff Suzette started taking her jeans off confirming the panties she was wearing underneath. With a look from Rikka Suzette laid down on the changing table with panties still on.

“Now, what I was going to explain to you last night,” Riika started talking as she secured Suzette’s writs to restraints on the changing table sticking them helpless above her head.

“Hey!” Suzette protested at the restraint but found a pacifier stuck in her mouth.

“Listen please,” Rikka said with obvious annoyance. “I know you’ve heard of the Queen Anne Law, but you need to know the specifics.” Suzette kept the pacifier in while her panties were removed by her friend. “You need to be in diapers at all times, and your diapers need to be visible at all times.” Rikka fluffed out the diaper and sat it under Suzette. “Lift up please,” Rikka said flatly. Suzette obeyed and raised her bottom so the diaper could be slid underneath.

Suzette was beginning to understand her friend’s current frustration. They were stuck in a holding cell because she didn’t listen to her. Rikka literally had to come to her rescue and she had so far been responding by being petulant. Though Suzette was due a little petulance at her situation, she also should have expected this.

“What else?” Suzette said in a tone that let Rikka now she was paying attention now.

“There’s also a leash law,” Rikka explained as she had brought over some lotion and baby powder and started applying it to Suzette’s bare bottom. “Whenever outside you need to be on a leash, usually it’s a chest harness. I bought one for you. And you need to have some way to keep from taking your diaper off. I got you some locking mittens.”

“This all seems excessive,” Suzette complained.

“It is,” Rikka said taping the diaper snuggly around Suzette. “There’s been protests against this law for years, but it’s never been repealed. Unless there’s some major political reform, you’re gonna be stuck with it while you’re here.” Rikka released Suzette’s hands and Suzette sat up on the changing table with nothing covering her diaper. A blush donned her face realizing her position, but Rikka seemed more interested in her backpack getting out a light pink short dress. “I thought you might have worn something that didn't show your diaper, so I got you a dress just in case. Put this on and we’ll get you in your leash and mittens.” Suzette took the dress with a sigh and quickly took off her professional top and slipped on the childish dress.

After a few moments Rikka left the detention room with her friend in a short dress showing off the thick diaper underneath, wearing thick locking mittens, and being held by Rikka on a leash. The officers gave an approving nod at Suzette’s new outfit. Suzette had a constant blush, but everyone seemed to act like how she was now was the norm and how she was before was the oddity. Suzette was constantly fidgeting with her dress trying to get it to cover the diaper. Everyone else in the room ignored her.

“Try to keep your little on a tight leash ma’am,” the officer said formally. “Ignorance of the law isn’t an excuse and you are responsible for her. Make sure she follows all the Queen Anna Law.”

“I’m aware officer,” Rikka said in frustration. “Come on sweetie lets go home.” Suzette blushed at being called sweetie, but she ignored it as she was led along by the leash held by Rikka.

The two moved outside quickly as Rikka headed quickly toward her home. Suzette was forced to follow behind at a similar pace thanks to the harness and leash. She was struggling with appearing in the busy city dressed as a baby. Much like the airport though, everyone except for her acted like Suzette being dressed like a toddler was the most normal thing in the world, because it was in Xandria.

“Sorry. You guys aren’t allowed on buses because there’s no safety seats so we’re going to have to hoof it home. I can see about getting you a stroller. I think they’ll let you on the bus if you’re strapped in a stroller.” Suzette chose to ignore the implications of a stroller.

“I can’t wait to get out of your house, and get out of all this,” Suzette said with a blush looking around at all the non-red-heads giving her the same smile they would give to a small child.

“What do you mean getting out of that?” Rikka turned around to look at Suzette.

“I kinda thought …” Suzette paused.

“Suzie, I know this stuff seems stupid to you, and it is, but it’s law here. Caregivers are responsible for their littles and I’m your caregiver now. If you break the law I’m going to pay the consequences for it.”

“I’m not going to wear this the whole time,” Suzie more asked than stated.

“You are,” Rikka stated as she kept walking taking Suzette with her. “Suzie I’m not going to let myself get in trouble because you don’t want to wear your diapers like you’re supposed to. I would hope you wouldn’t want me to get in trouble either.”

“I don’t want you to get in trouble Rikka,” Suzette said thoughtfully. “I just. … Are you sure when we’re at home I can’t just wear panties.”

“No Suzie,” Rikka said with some frustration.

“Why not?”

“Because I said so. You act like I don’t know what I’m talking about. I’ve been living here all my life.”

“I’m not saying that you don’t know I just want to know why,” Suzette felt very strange arguing with her friend in her outfit.

“They do wellness checks,” Rikka explained as they rounded a corner. “Anyone who has a little is subject to random wellness checks to make sure the little is being cared for appropriately. If the cops show up to the house and you aren’t in diapers I’m cooked. And if I'm cooked, you're cooked.” Suzette was silent. It was very inconvenient for her, but Suzette could understand how such a system could lead to abuse and why such a thing was in place. “And if we want to keep our stipend you need to play the part.”

“You’re getting a stipend?” Suzette asked shocked. Now she was suspicious of why exactly her friend was so eager to take her in.

“Yes. That’s why this is such a good idea. You won't have to worry about getting back on your feet or getting a job when we get a check just for you being here, but you are going to have to play your part.” Suzette couldn’t help but not the tone Rikka said that in. A tone that didn’t leave room for argument.

After a short walk they arrived at Rikka’s house. A small town house nestled among several others in a large block.

“I’ve still got to set some of your furniture up,” Rikka said offhandedly as she opened her door. Suzette gulped as she entered the house.

True to Rikka’s word there were boxes of furniture in the living room but what was set up was a large baby bouncer. Suzette started at it a little scared while Rikka helped her out of the harness she had been wearing. Suzette only noticed she was free from it when she heard it being hung up on the coat hanger.

“What about the mittens?” Suzette held up her mittened hands expectantly. In response Rikka lifted the already short dress to check Suzette’s diaper.

“No, you’re still dry,” Rikka said plainly.

“What?” Suzette protested at the lack of follow up.

“Your diaper is still dry, and with the way you’ve been acting today I know you’re going to try and sneak your diaper off and use the potty. So those mittens can stay on until your diaper needs to be changed. You need to get over this little hurdle asap.”

“Rikka,” Suzette pouted. “I thought we were friends.”

“We are friends,” Rikka said seriously. “But I’m also your caregiver now. I need to take care of you and right now that means making sure you follow the rules. I read about this in a little parenting book. Whenever you mess your diapers, we can take your mittens off. Once you've done it once you'll be over the initial ick factor and it’ll be easier for you to keep messing them.”

"What? but I ..”

“Or if you want you can be stuck in the bouncer until that happens, which is what the book recommended,” Rikka tilted her head daring Suzette to challenge her. Another part of the book she read was rapidly asserting dominance, but she wasn’t going to tell Suzette that. “Come on I’ll show the nursery. I have your crib ready.” Suzette was not very eager to see her crib, and she wasn’t exactly stoked about her room being called a nursery.

The nursery was exactly that, a nursery sized for an adult. It had more furniture put together than the living room but there was still an unopened box on it's side in the closet. The crib took up most of the space. It was impressively large and impressively secure. Basically, an escape proof person cage with a cutesy façade.

“I thought you could use a nap after your long flight,” Rikka said opening the hinged door. Again, her tone was not a tone that indicated she was asking a question. She was giving a command. Suzette looked at her in worry. She wasn’t eager to hop into what she thought was a cage even if it was a comfy cage and even if Rikka was right and she really needed a nap. Rikka’s expression was hard and Suzette entered the crib with a frown.

Once she was inside Rikka closed the door and clicked it shut with a locking mechanism. Rikka and Suzette shared a look.

“Just take a rest Suzie,” Rikka said pushing down her own conflicted feelings about the whole thing. “You’ll feel better after a nap.” Rikka passed a large baby bottle of water through the crib bars. “Try to get that diaper full too. I would like for you to be able to hang out without mittens on.” Suzette didn’t comment, she just fell into the cushioned mattress. “I’m gonna go make us some dinner. I’ll wake you up when I’m done.”

Suzette watched as her friend, no her caregiver, left the room in a shuffled hurry. Suzette looked down at her diaper and thought a bit about where she was at right now. At how fast it had happened. She found herself reflexively putting a pacifier in her mouth. A pacifier Rikka had given her when they were still in the airport. She found it comforting, and figured it was something she should probably get used to.

Another thing that she knew she would have to get used was nagging at her already. She has needed to pee since she landed. Now she was stuck in her crib and Rikka made it clear there was going to be no chance of her ever sneaking out of her diaper instead of using it. Which was her plan, but Rikka saw that coming. With a sigh and some difficulty, she did manage to start wetting her diaper. Once she started, she found she couldn’t stop. In only a moment she was done. The diaper was noticeably heavier and several of the shapes were now gone. Suzette grimaced at the new sensation of a wet diaper, and was not looking forward to the eventuality that was a messy diaper. It would probably happen later that day.

Suzette laid down. She was incredibly tired, and really feeling it now that the nagging in her bladder was gone. With everything that had happened that day Suzie went out like a light, despite the new sensation of a soggy diaper and being locked in a crib.

After she finished cooking, Rikka went up to check on Suzette. This whole day had been stressful to her, more than she was letting on to her friend, or her little rather. Rikka had to keep telling herself that Suzette wasn't her friend and just her little because it made the whole thing easier to her. Of course, she never really wanted to be a caregiver to her friend, but the government stipend was the only way to keep Suzette cared for while she was here.

If her book was anything to go by, she would only have to play the stern caregiver a little longer before Suzette subconsciously fell into her role as the little. Of course, this book was also full of several questionable passages about how regression was the natural state for all red-heads, and that other countries were being cruel by not keeping their own red-heads in a state of permanent regression. This made Rikka heavily question the books contents, and this was one of the more progressive books out there. It was her only resource, though. She hoped the book was right. She hoped that once Suzette settled into what her role would have to be now, that they could be more friendly. As friendly as a caregiver and little could be.

She opened the door to the nursery to see Suzette splayed out in a pose indicative of quickly passing out from exhaustion. Her diaper was well beyond wet and she suckled a pacifier in her sleep. Rikka had called it she had been holding it in since the airport, and probably was planning on sneaking off to the potty if she hadn't been stuck in her locking mittens. She did feel a little better because the book predicated such a thing would happen, so maybe it’s prediction about Suzette falling into her role quickly would become true as well.

She also had to admit that Suzette was absolutely adorable. She had to remind herself that she didn’t believe in all the rhetoric about red heads being naturally little and happier that way. As she was now, Suzette somehow did seem happier.

Rikka gently shook Suzette from outside of the crib.

“Wake up sweetie I got some dinner ready.”