

DISCLAIMER: This story contains diaper usage, hypnosis, desperation, masturbation, public humiliation, and other ABDL themes. I hope you enjoy! 💕

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“Do the two of y’all need anything else?” said Gina, placing Delilah’s hamburger dinner in front of her.

Delilah said nothing, though, too terrified that she might slip up and say something that’d be hard to explain. Thankfully, Rose was already so good at taking the lead. “I think we’re all good. Thank you.”

“My pleasure,” Gina remarked as she left to assist other tables, leaving Delilah and Rose alone once more.

Picking up her fork and knife, Rose cut through her steak like butter and brought the first bite up to her mouth. “Mmmmmmm!” she exaggerated, playing up her euphoric reaction for Delilah, “The steak is marvelous. How’s the burger, cutie?”

With a bite in her mouth, Delilah nearly choked from being called cutie. The night was only half over by this point and Rose had somehow broken through not only her hypnosis primer but several of her triggers, with the “cutie” being the third to accidentally be stumbled upon. She’d barely survived an attack on her bladder when Rose said “diaper”, causing some minor leakage, while also making it impossible for her to call Rose anything other than “Mommy” thanks to her saying the same word on the phone. But neither of those were as mortifying as what the latest “cutie” remark was going to bring out.

Swallowing her yummy bite, Delilah could already feel her mind starting to slip towards Little Space. This was a code-red fire alarm! With her adult defenses dropping, there was no telling how badly she might embarrass herself. Doing her best to keep her silly side suppressed, she gave as brief a response as possible, “It’s good, M- ...It’s good.” She bit down on her tongue, avoiding calling Rose the M-word by the skin of her teeth.

Rose smirked at Delilah’s nervousness. “Just good, huh? Guess I’ll have to have you over to my place so I can cook you up an even better hamburger,” she said, shooting a sultry gaze at Delilah.

The result was as expected. Delilah was practically melting in her seat from how horny she was. Sitting in front of her was this Goddess of a woman who was secretly pressing on all of her triggers, and now she was already talking about a second date. Thinking she needed to cool herself off, she reached for her glass of water to take a sip. However, as she tipped the glass towards her mouth, she accidentally tipped it too early, causing her to spill a bit of water on the skirt of her dress. “Eeeeeep!” she cried as she brushed away as much of the ice-cold liquid as possible.

Seconds later, Rose was at Delilah’s side with a napkin in hand. “Are you alright, sweetie?” she said, pressing down on the wet spot firmly.

Meanwhile, Delilah could barely sit still while her doting date pawed at her lap. The idea that wearing a diaper to this date was something that she even mused as a possibility earlier now seemed like a narrowly avoided death sentence. “I-I’m fine,” she stuttered, grabbing her own napkin from the table to assist in cleaning up her dress.

Soon, the excess liquid was dried up, leaving Delilah with only a slightly moist crotch which she internally knew couldn't all be water. It was like everything about tonight's date was designed to feed into her kinkiest thoughts. She crossed her legs as Rose returned to her seat and squeezed them tightly to curb at least some of her sensitivity, a move that did not go unnoticed by her date.

Rose resumed her dining position with a fork and knife in hand. "You sure you're okay?" she asked before cutting into another bite. Despite the air of concern in her voice, her eyes were telling a different, far more suggestive story.

Unaware of Rose's gaze, Delilah nodded her head. "Sorry, I'm just..." she took a deep breath, "...just really nervous."

"Oh, there's nothing to be nervous about, sweetheart," said Rose, extending her leg forward and brushing it delicately against Delilah's leg, "Do you know why, cutie pie?" She giggled at her cute, little rhyme, enjoying the spectacle of watching her date grow more and more flustered as the seconds ticked by.

Delilah remained frozen like a statue as she felt herself slip more and more into Little Space. The worst part, though, wasn't the humiliation of being Little in public or in front of her date. It was how ridiculously horny she was feeling about the whole experience. Little did she know that her Little Space-induced silence would have kinky consequences.

"Delilah?" said Rose, reigning her date's attention back in, "Tell me, are you turned on right now?"

Unsure of how to respond to such a direct question, Delilah could only mutter incoherently, as Rose's leg continued to explore her lower thighs, getting near some dangerously damp territory. Rose only got more excited by Delilah's speechless display. For years, she'd be searching for the perfect submissive to dominate at her leisure. It looked to her like she'd finally met her match in Delilah. Leaning forward and resting her chin on top of her hands, she said the words that would finally do Delilah in, "Because it looks to me like you're a horny little girl who wants to get herself off in public."

Delilah's eyes went wide as her right hand uncontrollably reached inside her short skirt and began to massage her already moist clitoris. "Horny little girl." Such an innocuous phrase, yet it held big consequences for the same horny little girl who asked for that to be the trigger that made her compulsively masturbate.

"That's right, you're just a horny little girl who clearly needs a Mommy to look after her," said Rose, sending Delilah's brain spiraling. What once had seemed like coincidental uses of her triggers were starting to feel a lot more pointed.

"M-Mommy?" whispered Delilah, looking around at all the other restaurant patrons and hoping to Goddess that none of them noticed.

Rose chuckled softly and wiggled her foot close to Delilah's crotch, "Uh-huh. Good girl, you already know what to call me. You seem confused, so allow me to elaborate. Your roomie, Lisa, found your laptop open one night in your room. Funny enough, she and your buddy, Alison got to talking, and even exchanged phone numbers behind your back. That's who I was on the phone with, by the way. I don't have any actual children."

Delilah could hardly believe what she was hearing. As far as she knew, Lisa and Alison had no idea the other existed. For Lisa to be in contact with her best diaper pal online meant she must've found out about her erotic secret. If she wasn't blushing before, she definitely was now.

Allowing herself to indulge in Delilah's irresistibly arousing expression, Rose continued, deciding it was time to drop the ball, "Such lovely girls. They love you so much and want to see you truly happy. And that's where I come in. The moment that they told me about you, I knew that the kind of happiness that you needed was something I could provide. Someone who knows just how to push your buttons in all the right ways. Say, 'Yes, Mommy.'"

"Y-Yes, M-Mommy," Delilah stuttered as her eyes started going cross. Soon after, she quickly started to lose control of her volume. Her panting became noticeable enough for some of the nearby tables to look at her with inquisitive eyes. This was a scenario she'd always dreamed of, but never could've dreamed in a million years would actually happen to her.

However, Delilah was abruptly deprived of Rose's touch as she retracted her foot from in between Delilah's legs. "Oh no, no, no, my precious. I can't have your soiling pretty dress any longer," said Rose, reaching down to her large purse and unzipping it.

It was only then that Delilah suddenly noticed just how large her purse looked. It was almost the size of a diaper bag. How could she have overlooked such a jarring fact? Sure enough, her suspicions were confirmed as she pulled out a massive, folded-up diaper from her bag and placed it on the table.

Delilah's head swiveled from side to side, making sure that no one saw what Rose was in the midst of doing. Her heart was throbbing something fierce. And yet, despite how exposed she was, there was a sort of confidence she'd never felt when engaging with kink on her own. It was as if no matter what, Rose would protect her.

"Here's the deal, little one," said Rose, her voice much more serious than it had been moments ago, "I understand that I'm throwing a lot at you when we just met. If it's too much, I'll respect your choice to walk away from this table. I'll be sure to pay for everything." She leaned forward, staring deep into Delilah's eyes, "But if you want to keep playing, then you need to prove that you'll do anything and everything that I tell you to. All you have to do is pick that up and go change in the bathroom. I'll be waiting here with your food until you get back."

Delilah gulped hard, panicking at the ultimatum given to her. This night had been a lot of things and Rose's face-heel turn into hard kink was an unexpected, yet welcome surprise. Still, her heart barely felt like she could handle the trial run that Rose had put her through. Was she really ready to handle being a full-fledged submissive?

With her eyes locked on the square padding in the center of the dining table, Delilah raised her shaky hand and carefully placed it on the diaper's smooth surface. Taking a deep breath, she clamped her moist, slightly clammy fingers around it and pulled it into her lap, looking around to see if anyone had noticed.

All the while, Rose was sitting with a very amused smile. She'd truly hit the jackpot with this one. As she watched Delilah stand up and scurry off towards the little girl's room, she lamented over all of her past attempts at finding a relationship like this.

Rose had tried ABDL dating sites, meeting people at conventions, and heck, she even tried putting out an ad in the newspaper. Each time she landed a date, she always used the same litmus test to do as they were told and put on a diaper. But no one ever seemed to be willing to submit unconditionally. It seemed like every Little she met had a very specific way they wished to be dominated and wanted to control any situation. Not much of a submissive if you ask Rose. So, when Alison had mentioned there was a girl in her area that might make the perfect little subby, Rose did her best not to get her hopes up. Even when she was informed of all of her

hypnotic triggers, she refused to let herself get overly excited. That was all out the window now. She was practically bouncing in her seat at this point as she watched the door to the girl's bathroom with intense focus.

Sure enough, after about five minutes, Delilah emerged from the bathroom, holding her clutch behind her rear. The restaurant was dim, but it was unmistakable to anyone paying attention that there was a small bit of white plastic that was hanging just below the hem of her mini dress. Delilah returned to her seat, setting herself down in a flash and placing a napkin over her lap. She was flushing so badly that she couldn't even look up from her plate, knowing well and good that Rose was staring at her with alluring, sexy eyes.

"I think you and I are going to have a lot of fun together, cutie," said Rose, watching as Delilah's lip began to quiver. No doubt, the hypnotic arousal she was feeling was only amplified now that she was safe inside her diaper. "Let's see, what were those other triggers again? Oh, that's right, saying 'diaper' makes you wet yourself, doesn't it?"

Speechless, Delilah could only gasp as she felt her padding grow warm and squishy in seconds as her bladder gushed out and showed no signs of slowing down. Unlike before, she was diapered up, so there was no need to hold herself back.

"Guess I'll need to avoid saying 'diaper' too often, then. Don't want you to leak all over the restaurant, and especially not in my bed later," snickered Rose, sliding a finger into her own crotch as she knew saying diaper a second time would only make the flow more powerful. Removing her high heel, she once again moved in on Delilah's thighs, gently caressing them with her stocking-covered toes as she pressed in until she felt her foot make contact with something warm and crinkly.

"Mmmmmmmuuuhh!" moaned Delilah, slamming her hand on the table. The commotion once again drew eyes to their table. But she didn't care anymore. She wanted to cum so badly. "Shhhhh, better be quiet, or else everyone's gonna find out what a horny little girl you are," teased Rose, smirking as she readied herself for the big climax. "Oh my goodness, I went the whole night and never once thought to say 'chocolate pudding!' Oh...oops!"

Delilah's eyes widened and rolled into the back of her head, as she felt her climax mounting. "Did you just say-OOOOOH!" she cried, clutching her gut. With one last breath, she felt her soul leave this plane of existence for a brief moment, before falling back to Earth in a rush of euphoria.

**\*BLOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRT!!!\***

In an instant, the seat of Delilah's diaper expanded several sizes as her bowels voided themselves into her already-soaked diaper. In a daze, she began to hump Rose's foot, which was still wedged against her crotch. Moments later, she experienced the most glorious orgasm of her life, forcing her to limply slouch against the back of her chair.

Even though she knew it would only make her blushier, Delilah's eyes moved upward to see Rose, expecting to see her composed, smug smile, satisfied with how easily she got her off. However, she was surprised to see that Rose was just as hot and bothered as she was, leaning back in her own chair as she slid her hand out from under her skirt. "Wha...what do you say? We box up dinner and head back to my place," she said with a coy smile forming on her face. Nodding her head weakly, Delilah responded, "Whatever you say, Mommy."

THE END.