

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

Picking up her phone for the third time in less than a minute, Delilah's heart was filled with anxiety. Sure, she was twenty minutes early for her date, but that didn't stop her from obsessing over when she'd show up. She placed her phone back down and took a sip of water, letting the cool, crisp taste alleviate some of her nerves.

After years of only focusing on her academic life, Delilah's dating life had never been anything to write home about. Never having enough time to dedicate to a serious relationship, she'd pushed away many potential suitors, only to find herself crashing with an old college buddy after graduating with her Master's degree.

However, Delilah's friend, Lisa, was far more relationship-savvy than she was. Delilah hadn't even lived with Lisa for a full week before being pushed onto this blind date. Dressed in her roomie's thigh-length dress, she couldn't stop fidgeting with the hem, fully uncomfortable in this scenario. She cursed Lisa under her breath as she took another drink of water, tipping the glass up as she polished off the remaining liquid.

In her head, Delilah chuckled to herself. That was her second glass and her date wasn't even here yet. Being a closeted AB, she couldn't help but imagine what would happen if she wet herself during the date. More than likely, her date would either be apologetic for her or would ridicule her. Still, her mind fantasized about the idea of getting the full Little treatment, right then and there, in the middle of the dining area.

"Delilah?"

Snapping out of her fantasy, Delilah abruptly turned to look at the source of the voice. Standing in front of her was a tall, slender, pink-haired girl with dirty blonde roots beginning to show. Complementing her bold hair color was her choice in wardrobe, donning a black suit with a light pink blouse underneath. They'd only shared one word, but she was already intimidated by her. The woman wasted no time, extending her hand to the seated Delilah. "I'm Rose, it's a pleasure to meet you," she said, her voice smooth and deep.

Stuttering slightly, Delilah took her hand delicately, "D-Delilah? Me Delilah- I mean, yes, Delilah is...me..." Her voice petered off. Internally, she was kicking herself for making a total fool of herself in the first ten seconds.

Thankfully, Rose seemed to find that cute, as not long after, she went into a fit of giggles.

"You're even cuter than Lisa had made you out to be," she said, winking.

Delilah's face flushed at Rose's comment as she struggled to contain her excitement. She owed Lisa big time on this one. Rose was exactly her type. Yummy in all the right places. Gentle eyes that she could fall into for hours. She'd hit the jackpot.

As Rose sat down, Delilah took a breath, realizing that for the next hour, she was going to have to work to be as appealing as possible. "So, Rose, Lisa told me you're a teacher?" she asked, having been sitting on her icebreaker question for several days now.

"That's right," said Rose, glancing down at the menu while she spoke, "Teaching has always been a passion of mine. Though, as a kindergarten teacher, I often feel like a glorified babysitter." Both she and Delilah chuckled at her deadpan joke.

Relaxing a bit, Delilah went to take another sip of water, raising her lips to her glass before remembering she had polished her drink off several minutes ago.

Rose giggled once more, flustering Delilah even more than she already was. "Uh oh, I must've kept you waiting if you've already finished your drink," she said with some unintentional condescension sprinkled over her words. Being a kindergarten teacher, it was a tone she fell into fairly naturally.

Delilah's face flushed even more. She tipped her glass back and let an ice cube into her mouth, hoping that it would cool her off. Unfortunately, she tipped the glass a little too far, allowing for a couple of pieces of ice to fall from the glass. She quickly brushed them off before lowering her head in shame. She was not off to a great start.

Thankfully, Rose was more than happy to accommodate Delilah's clumsiness. Before she could even blink, Rose was by her side with a napkin in hand. She took the glass from her hands and began to wipe the droplets of water off of her face.

"Oh, dear, do we need to get you a sippy cup," teased Rose, enjoying how red Delilah was turning. She loved to use that one on bratty kids in her class, and the effect seemed to be even better on her date. However, she was wholly unaware as to exactly why her comments made Delilah want to run and hide.

"I'm not so sure about this," said Delilah as she sat in front of her computer chatting with her online friend, Alison, "I feel like once I do this, you're gonna abuse the hell out of it."

"Don't be such a worrywart," said Alison, paying little mind to Delilah's concerns, "I've let Vizzy give me several *triggers* and they're all super fun, trust me."

Nervously, Delilah spoke into her mic, "O-Okay...I'm trusting you though." She buried her face in her hands, having no idea what she'd just gotten herself into. And yet, despite that feeling in her gut that this was a terrible idea, it also turned her on to no end. Her teeth dug into the flesh of her lip, attempting to stem her ever-growing arousal.

Excitable clapping could be heard pattering through Delilah's headphones. "Awesome! You're not gonna regret this. I'll invite Vizzy into the call," said Alison before she went silent.

Moments later, a new icon of a hypnotic pinwheel appeared next to Alison's icon. Vizzy was here.

"Hello, Delilah! Alison's been hyping you up for days, so I'm excited to get started with you!" said Vizzy, unafraid to jump right to the point, "Have you thought about hypnotic triggers you may want? I'm pretty flexible."

Clearing her throat, Delilah took a deep breath. She was never good at speaking about herself, especially about her sexual desires, so this kind of prep work was necessary. "W-Well, like Alison, I'm an AB, and I was hoping for something that would put me into Little Space easily," she said as quickly as she could, too nervous to control her own talking speed, "Oh! And...if there's anything you can do to make me lose to...hold IT in...that would be fun, I guess."

Vizzy giggled, "Oh, absolutely! One session with me and I'll make your little diaper dreams come true.

Delilah didn't know what to say. She couldn't believe that she'd found a way to have her continence switched on and off at will. This was truly a fantasy of hers she never thought would

become reality. However, as she began to think about what this might mean for her daily life, she hesitated, "Um...I do have one request. Alison doesn't seem to think it's a big deal, but I'm worried that someone might accidentally use a trigger when I'm not expecting it."

"Oh, no need to worry, sweetheart," said Vizzy in a self-assured tone, "I can give you a primer that works like a sort of lock and key for all your triggers. It can be a word or a phrase. It doesn't really matter."

Delilah's heart was soaring. This was all happening so fast, but she definitely didn't want it to stop there.

Vizzy continued, "We can get started when you're ready. Let's do the primer first. Do you have anything in mind for your trigger?"

Panic suddenly gripped Delilah as she realized she'd neglected to prepare herself for that question. She'd sort of assumed Vizzy would pick out everything for her. Looking around her room, she tried to find anything she could reference offhand that wouldn't come up in normal conversation. After a few seconds of searching, her eyes homed in on the blue and green sippy cup that was sitting at her computer desk.

Feeling confident she'd never hear someone say those words in her average day-to-day, Delilah spoke confidently into her mic, "Let's go with sippy cup."

This was bad. This was REALLY bad! Unless Rose said "sippy cup" again, her primer would be activated throughout the whole dinner. This wasn't necessarily the worst-case scenario yet, though. Sippy cup was just the primer, so none of her triggers had actually been activated yet. However, that didn't stop Delilah from fixating on how vulnerable she was throughout the appetizers, causing her panties to become ironically moist.

The unintentional, horny expressions that Delilah was failing to conceal were having more than just an internal effect. Across the table, Rose was pressing her thighs together hard. She wasn't one to take anyone to the bedroom after a first date, but hell, if Delilah wasn't close to making her break that rule.

A red-headed waitress made her way over to Delilah and Rose's table with a name tag that read "Gina" on her lapel. "Howdy, girls. Did you decide if it's just apps tonight or are you ready to order a meal?" she asked with an adorable Southern accent.

Delilah moved to pick up her menu, still not having decided between the burger or the salmon. The burger sounded so nice right now, but she wanted to impress her date and go for a more sophisticated meal.

However, Rose had no intention of letting Delilah order for herself, placing a hand on the girl's menu and pressing it back down to the table. "I'll have the New York Steak, medium-rare. And she'll do the hamburger, medium-well. What toppings do you like?" she asked, only now caring what her date's opinion was.

Practically swooning, Delilah could barely mutter out a response, "I-I...uh...k-ketchup and cheese only, please." She winced as her order left her mouth, forgetting to act more mature and order her burger with veggies. And judging by the smug look on Rose's face, her childish order had not gone unnoticed.

“Perfect, I’ll have those out for you in two shakes,” said Gina, sauntering off towards the kitchen with their orders in hand.

Delilah sighed, unable to ease her horny anxiety. Any time she even so much as glanced at Rose, her heart would start pulsing vigorously.

Seeing how on edge Delilah was, Rose decided to cut through the tension. “Hey, I noticed you seem a bit apprehensive,” she said, realizing that ignoring Delilah’s neurosis would only lead to more awkward silence throughout the night. She reached across the table and softly covered Delilah’s hand with hers, “I just want you to know that I think you’re incredibly pretty and I’m really enjoying our date tonight.”

Rose’s words had the desired effect, as the stress in Delilah’s shoulders eased back. “Thank you for saying that. I think you’re really pretty too, and I’m having a great time as well” she said, mentally kicking herself again for getting so worked up over some stupid trigger words that almost definitely wouldn’t come up in any normal conversation. She smiled warmly, feeling butterflies in her stomach as her mind swam in Rose’s deep blue eyes.

BUZZ BUZZ *BUZZ BUZZ*

Pulling her hand back, Rose reached into her purse and pulled out her phone. “Shoot, it’s the nanny. One sec,” she said, answering the call, “Hi Louise, is everything okay?”

Slouching back in her seat, Delilah pulled out her phone and started going through the messages she’d missed during the date. Lisa had mentioned that Rose had a two-year-old daughter, something that Delilah had yet to put to good use in conversation. Maybe she could even get her to show off some photos or something.

“No, no, the extra diapers are in the garage. Sorry, I thought I’d gotten plenty out.”

D-Diapers? Why of all things did Rose’s nanny need to call about diapers? Delilah quickly pushed her hands down between her thighs and clinched hard, but it was already too late. The trigger of hearing the word, diapers, was all it took for her bladder to twinge, sending a significant quantity of urine spilling out into her panties. Fortunately, Delilah was able to hold back from emptying the vast majority of her bladder, but even still, the accident she did have would certainly be noticeable if she were to stand up. For the third time this evening, her brain got to kicking, cursing herself for letting Lisa talk her into wearing a light-colored dress.

“Okay, I need to get back to...oh, hi Kelly-kens! Mommy told you, she’s on a special date tonight.”

Just as Delilah thought this couldn’t get any worse, Rose went and dropped the Mommy bomb on her. Thanks to a special suggestion by Alison, anytime she heard the word Mommy, she’d be unable to call anyone by their name, only able to refer to them as Mommy. Sweat began to form on her forehead as her worst-case scenario was coming to fruition in the most humiliating way possible.

How on Earth was she going to make it through this dinner?

TO BE CONTINUED...