The clothes looked like something Olivia would pull out of her box of Little things in her closet. It was the sort of thing a pre-teen child would think was cool. Olivia was horrified at the prospect of wearing something like that in public whilst Livy was secretly already picturing herself wearing them. The internal war between Olivia’s two sides continued unabated. Olivia looked from the clothes to the ground and back again. She didn’t know what to do.

“Come on. I’ll help.” Landon said as she walked forward and put the clothes on the roof of the car.

“I can’t…” Olivia started to protest but as Landon reached forwards and started tugging on her shirt she found herself raising her arms compliantly.

There was a small voice in Olivia’s head questioning what on Earth she was doing. She was a grown woman, she could dress herself and yet it felt so good to give up control. Her frazzled mind was desperate to give up all control to someone else, to stop having to worry. Livy’s childishness was threatening to overtake Olivia entirely.

Olivia lifted her arms into the air and let Landon pull her shirt off. It was only when it went over her head leaving her breasts exposed that she had second thoughts. She covered her breasts with her hands and looked around, her bra felt like scant covering. There was no one in the parking lot which made Olivia feel a little better. When the new shirt was pulled over her head she let out a sigh of relief though she was surprised that the childish shirt fit her.

As Olivia looked into the window of the car she could see her reflection. She bit her lip, she had never felt as childish as she did right there in nothing but a shirt and a diaper. She tried to pull the shirt down but although it fit her it certainly wouldn’t stretch down too far.

“I need something to cover my diaper.” Olivia said quietly. A sentence she never thought she’d be saying to Landon.

“Hold on, I’ve got something right here.” Landon said as she reached into the trunk again.

This time Landon was lifting up a pleated skirt. It was white with two lines of pink material running around near the bottom. Olivia couldn’t see what material it was but it looked smooth and satiny. The rest of the skirt was fairly normal but even from there Olivia felt anxious about the size. Despite that she eagerly reached for the clothing, she couldn’t cover up her diaper too soon. There was no doubt it went well with her new shirt.

Olivia’s cheeks blushed the same colour as her shirt as she bent over to step into the skirt. She could hear the fresh diaper crinkling with each movement, even as she pulled the skirt up her legs she could hear crinkles as it rubbed against the padding. Once the diaper was in place Olivia turned back to the car window.

“It’s… It’s too small!” Olivia squealed.

Olivia tugged on the bottom of the skirt but it wouldn’t stay down. It was a very short skirt and even just standing there it seemed to barely cover the bottom of her diaper. She was sure that as soon as she started walking or if she bent over in any way the bottom of her disposable would poke out. She kept trying to get the skirt to go lower but it just wouldn’t. The whole outfit made her feel like she was two-years-old and she was filled with a mixture of humiliation and excitement. Despite herself she could feel her crotch tingling.

“It’s all we’ve got.” Landon said with a shrug, “Besides, I think you look absolutely adorable.”

Olivia always reacted well to compliments and Livy reacted even more strongly. It didn’t matter what Olivia felt though, there was simply no other option. She looked in the window and let out a little worried moan.

“Come on, Livy.” Landon said as she stepped forwards and put her arm around her shoulder, “Dan will be wondering where we went.”

Olivia was finally steered away from the window. She looked down and cringed at how she appeared, already she could picture other people looking at her and laughing. The princess shirt was like a flare designed to attract attention and that was ignoring the skirt that was so short it felt like it wasn’t there at all. The cool night air blew against Olivia’s legs and made her feel like she had nothing covering her diaper.

As Olivia was walked back to the restaurant she nearly tripped over as she pulled on the bottom of the skirt. Landon chuckled and took her hand as if she was just learning to walk. It was such an embarrassing situation, Olivia knew she should be resisting as hard as she could and yet she was just going along with it. Her submissive nature was impossible to stop.

The lights of the restaurant grew brighter and Olivia tried her best to hide behind Landon as they approached. She was practically trembling like a leaf and it had nothing to do with the temperature. She could hear herself crinkling, she was sure it wasn’t just her imagination. At the last minute she wanted to stop and tell Landon that she couldn’t go in but it was already too late, she walked through the doors to the building and felt like she couldn’t breathe.

“Relax.” Landon said quietly.

That was easy for Landon to say! Olivia’s eyes feverishly looked around at all the other diners, she expected them all to turn to her and start laughing. With the quiet chatter of the restaurant her crinkling wasn’t quite as obvious but she still thought it was far too loud for comfort. As they walked between the tables towards Dan some people did turn to look at them, Olivia could see that whether they noticed her padding or not they were certainly noticing her outfit.

When they reached the table Olivia was quick to drop into her seat. She was flushed with embarrassment which wasn’t helped by Dan staring at her. She should never have agreed to come out for dinner…

“What’s going on?” Dan asked. It was clear the question was directed at Landon but he was still staring at Olivia.

“Well, when I was changing her some of her clothes got a bit dirty so we had to improvise.” Landon said without troubling herself with keeping her voice down.

Olivia winced. Hearing Landon describe “changing her” as if she was a baby caused her almost physical pain. She wanted to say that she could have sorted it all out herself or that she didn’t need Landon’s help but she knew the truth. She had made a series of bad decisions and had completely shown herself up as the baby she liked to act as. She should’ve played it safe and worn a full diaper to dinner, she should’ve had a change of clothes prepared, she should’ve gone to the bathroom regularly, and she shouldn’t have frozen up and pooped herself at the table. In hindsight it was all so obvious and yet at the time she had been like a deer in the headlights.

Olivia chastised herself. Maybe Livy was the real her and she just pretended to be an adult after all. It would certainly explain a lot. Her lack of attention, her poor choices, her procrastinating and, of course, her wet and messy diapers. She wasn’t an adult at all, she needed looking after because she had comprehensively shown that she couldn’t look after herself.

“Olivia?” Dan’s voice brought Olivia out of the inquisition she was giving herself.

“Huh?” Olivia blinked and looked around to see a waiter, her husband and Landon looking at her.

“I asked if you want some dessert.” Dan said. It was clearly at least the third time he had had to ask.

“Oh, erm, I guess.” Olivia replied quietly.

Olivia lowered her eyes to the table. She felt even smaller, it seemed like even giving her a minute alone was enough for her to start getting lost. She saw both of her dinner companions shaking their heads at each other in amusement before ordering a simple ice cream for her and a slice of cake each for themselves.

“I like the outfit.” Dan said, “It suits you.”

As if Olivia needed more reasons to feel embarrassed and little. It was like everyone was pushing all her buttons and trying to make Livy come out for good. As Dan and Landon started discussing work again Olivia didn’t even try to hold her bladder when she felt the twinge of need. Knowing there was a thick diaper beneath her she allowed herself to let go. The hot urine cascaded around the bottom of the diaper before soaking in to the padding and spreading out.

The dessert was just as nice as the dinner. Even Olivia’s rather basic ice cream tasted great. By the time everyone had finished and Dan was paying Olivia almost felt content. For a few moments she had even forgotten how infantile she looked though she absolutely couldn’t ignore how much she felt like a little girl out with her parents.

“Right, time to go home.” Dan said once the payment was finished.

Dan and Landon got up first and started gathering their things. Olivia was a little more hesitant to move knowing how she must look to everyone else. Eventually she couldn’t delay things anymore and slipped forwards off the chair. She quickly flattened out the skirt but she felt sure her diaper was poking out of the bottom, the wetting causing the bottom of the padding to sag. She let out a little whine.

“What’s the matter?” Dan asked as she looked at Olivia with concern.

“People can see how I’m dressed…” Olivia practically whispered, “They’ll see my diaper…”

“Well, you can’t stay in that chair forever.” Dan replied. He put his arm around Olivia, “You’ll be OK, come on.”

It wasn’t exactly a reassuring thing for Dan to say .Olivia whimpered a little as she was steered away from the table. She saw people turning to look at her as they went past and she almost wished Dan would pick her up and cuddle her into his chest so she didn’t have to see the stares. Her legs were forced a little apart from the bulky diaper and the crinkling must’ve been audible to nearby tables.

Dan’s arm came away from Olivia’s shoulders and she quickly reached out to grab his hand. On the other side of her Landon walked up and took hold of her spare hand. Olivia was now being walked through the restaurant with the others holding both her hands. They’ve must’ve looked like a little family with Olivia being the strangely overgrown small child.

“Is she wearing a diaper?”

“Hush, dear.”

“I’m just saying…”

“She might have special needs.”

Olivia felt like heart had stopped and her blood had frozen as she heard an older couple they were passing discussing her. She turned to look at the quickly and saw the woman give her a rather condescending smile and a little wave. Her face glowed redder than a fire truck as she turned to look forwards again. Her eyes teared up and she had to sniff them back.

Olivia remained tense until they were back at the car. She shuddered as she was forcibly reminded of what had taken place here so recently. To her shock there were some people getting in a car just a couple of spaces over from them, if they had come out shortly beforehand…

“That was nice.” Landon said once they finally reached the car.

“Very nice.” Dan replied.

Olivia was standing near the rear passenger door waiting for the car to be unlocked. In her opinion they couldn’t get home fast enough. As she waited she suddenly felt a hand reaching under her dress and against the seat of her diaper. Without thinking she automatically moved her legs further apart for better access before she realised where she was. This wasn’t her and her husband having fun in the bedroom!

“Wet.” Landon’s voice came from just behind Olivia.

“What was that?” Dan asked from the other side of the car. There was a heavy click as Dan turned the key and the central locking disengaged.

“She’s wet.” Landon said.

Olivia winced as she looked around with panic. She had long since given up trying to stand up for herself as an adult and now it seemed like Dan and Landon were easily slipping into thinking that Olivia was just a child.

“You’ll have to change her when we get home.” Landon continued.

“I don’t need to be changed…” Olivia’s voice was so small she wasn’t sure if anyone heard her.