Landon walked back to the couch with the remote leaving Olivia frozen in shock. The heat rose in Olivia’s face as she felt herself blushing. She was so embarrassed and yet Dan was still looking at the papers as if he didn’t notice anything. Landon had used Olivia’s “little” name, given her a sippy cup and now put cartoons on for her. It was impossible to ignore that Olivia was a child in Landon’s eyes.

Olivia wasn’t really sure what to do. She was sure most women wouldn’t simply sit there and let all this happen and yet she stayed sat in the armchair anyway. She had to fight to keep her little side from exploding out of her and instead stared at the colourful pictures that danced across the screen, she allowed herself to become lost in them.

“I think it’s bed time for Livy.” Landon said.

Olivia looked up suddenly. She had been staring at the screen enjoying the cartoons for a little while but it didn’t feel like that much time had passed since Landon put them on for her. She looked up at the clock on the mantelpiece and was surprised to see that two hours had passed. She really had been sat there lost to the world and immersed in the cartoons for that long. It was still only eight o’clock though!

“Come on, Livy.” Landon said as she stood up.

“Erm…” Olivia was feeling overwhelmed again.

Any chance that Landon calling her “Livy” just once or by accident was gone. It seemed like that was just her name now to Landon. What was even more surprising was how Landon was acting, it was like she was taking care of her. She was the one making dinner, getting drinks, turning on the television and now, apparently, telling her it was bed time.

Olivia looked at Dan but as he looked up from the paperwork he just gave Olivia a smile and an encouraging nod. Olivia bit her lip, she had already let things go further than she should. She could see that Landon was muscling in on the relationship, she wasn’t stupid, so why wasn’t she standing up to her and fighting back? The answer it seemed was simple, little Livy was loving the attention.

Olivia stood up and walked across the room on rather shaky legs.

“Goodnight.” Dan said as he came around the table to give his wife a quick cuddle and kiss.

“’night.” Olivia replied quietly. It was still light outside!

To Olivia’s shock Landon followed her out of the living room. For a second Olivia thought their visitor was coming upstairs with her but instead Landon turned and went down the hallway to the kitchen. Olivia started to wonder if she wasn’t just being exceptionally paranoid as she continued up the stairs and into the master bedroom. She was sorely tempted by the diapers in the closet but couldn’t bring herself to put one on whilst Landon was still here. She got undressed and slipped under the covers.

Olivia reached under the bed where she had hidden Hootie, her cuddly owl, and held him tight. It was still early so she didn’t feel particularly tired even as she closed her eyes. She struggled to switch her brain off at the best of times but with everything going on she felt as if she was exceptionally distracted. Her brain kept whizzing through all the images of the day but it wouldn’t slow down enough for her to think about any of it, it was a supersonic slideshow that she had no control over.

“Knock, knock.” Landon said unnecessarily as she opened the door to the bedroom.

“Landon!” Olivia exclaimed. She pulled the cover up a little more. It already covered her completely but she felt particularly vulnerable being naked at that moment.

“Oh, don’t mind me.” Landon said as she walked in with a smile. One of her hands was hidden behind her back, “Nice owl. Does he have a name?”

“Huh?” Olivia looked replied dumbly. The top of her owl stuffie was sticking out above the covers, “Oh, erm, Mr. Hootie.”

“How sweet.” Landon smiled as she walked across the room until she was next to Olivia, “I just brought you a drink in case you get thirsty in the night. I feel like I should’ve brought a mouse for Mr. Hootie!”

“Oh… OK.” Olivia replied. She didn’t think Landon heard her as she laughed at her own comment.

Olivia sat up a little as Landon reached her side of the bed. Her eyes quickly darted over to the closet to make sure the door was closed, not that there was anything in there that would surprise Landon at this stage. When her eyes returned to Landon she almost screamed. Her mind went blank as she saw Landon holding out a large baby bottle full of milk. Olivia could feel her face burning with embarrassment.

“Oh, this?” Landon said as she gave the bottle a little shake, “It’s just so you don’t have to sit up to drink. Here, let me help you.”

Olivia didn’t know what to do. Her brain had been racing through a thousand thoughts a second just a minute ago but now it was like someone had hit pause. She did nothing as Landon walked around the bed and sat where Dan usually slept. She had a big friendly smile as she looked at Olivia and patted her lap.

Olivia shook her head as her cheeks went red. She could feel little Livy straining at the bit to come out and accept the bottle but she couldn’t let that happen… Could she? Landon already knew about Olivia being a little and had already been treating her as such after all. Maybe Landon was just trying to be a great friend who helped out. Olivia’s urge to give in was nearly overwhelming.

“It’s OK, Livy.” Landon said softly, “It’s just a little drink for the little girl.”

Olivia felt all her buttons getting pushed. She let out an audible whine as she felt her resistance, meagre as it was, crumbling away. She was mortified and yet still felt herself sliding under the cover until he was next to Landon. She didn’t know what to do next but when Landon pat her lap again it became more obvious.

With only the smallest hesitation Olivia pulled her cover closer to make sure it covered her and then backed herself towards Landon’s lap. She felt Landon lift her slightly and she flailed but when she came to rest she was horizontal across Landon’s lap and cuddling Hootie like her life depended on it. One of the dominant woman’s arms was under Olivia’s head whilst the other was holding the bottle.

“There’s a good girl.” Landon said softly, “Open wide.”

Olivia was shaking slightly as the bottle was lowered towards her face. Her mouth was open and her eyes were closed. With her heart beating nearly out of her chest she felt the tip of the bottle and a drip of milk touching her lips. She was instantly lost and gratefully took the bottle into her mouth.

“What a hungry baby.” Landon said with a small chuckle as Olivia started nursing.

Olivia was experiencing the strangest rush of emotions. She was utterly embarrassed to be bottle fed like that but at the same time she was elated at the attention and care. She decided it was probably best that she try not to think about it, just enjoy the moment.

The room was almost silent. Olivia’s suckling was the only sound and it seemed all the louder in the quiet room. She flinched slightly when she felt Landon stroke her hair. She couldn’t help herself, she was feeling just too relaxed, she smiled around the bottle’s nipple. Landon chuckled.

Olivia heard the door to the bedroom open and froze. Her eyes were wide open as she looked out of the corner of her eyes to the corner of the room where the door was opening. Thanks to the bottle in her mouth she couldn’t turn her head but she could see enough to see Dan standing in the doorway and looking in. She didn’t know what she should do, it felt like she had been caught having an affair. She couldn’t make out Dan’s expression and she felt herself starting to panic.

“I’m glad to see you two are getting on.” Dan said, “I’ll leave you two to it.”

Olivia was almost more shocked at Dan’s reaction than the actual situation itself. As the bedroom door closed Olivia looked up at Landon. When she saw Landon’s wide smile she wondered if this had been planned somehow. She tried to sit up but Landon kept her horizontal. She sucked on the teat again.

Olivia was pretty sure Landon wasn’t going to be finished with her until the bottle was empty. She drank the milk distractedly as she wondered what was going on. In fact she was so lost in her thoughts that she didn’t realise she had finished her bottle until she heard air coming through. Landon finally pulled the bottle away from Olivia.

“Now wasn’t that nice?” Landon asked as she ruffled Olivia’s hair again.

Olivia didn’t answer. Now that she had finished her bottle she was back to feeling embarrassed and she slipped off Landon’s lap and went back to her side of the bed. She slipped underneath the cover and curled up into a ball around Hootie and closed her eyes. She felt so embarrassed, she couldn’t believe what she had just done!

For a couple of minutes Olivia felt intensely self-conscious as Landon remained next to her. When she finally felt Landon’s body weight shift off the bed she let out a sigh of relief. She kept her eyes tightly closed as Landon walked around the bed and left the bedroom, she flicked the light switch on the wall as she went past leaving the room in darkness.

Olivia let go of Mr. Hootie. Her stuffed owl felt incredibly soft as she hugged it close to her chest. She inhaled deeply and caught the faint scent of baby powder that lingered on her favourite stuffed animal.

“What is going on, Mr. Hootie?” Olivia asked softly in the darkness.