

This is my first attempt at a story like this. The inspiration for this story comes from another story called "It's Just the Flu, Isn't it?" which can be found here:

<http://www.dailydiapers.com/board/index.php?showtopic=31805>

I am not the author, nor contributor of the original story, nor do I claim credit for it in any way. I just found the story very interesting and decided to write a story that takes place in the same universe.

Jessica woke abruptly in the dark living room of her apartment. The late August heat had seen her sleeping on an air mattress in the living room, as her bedroom became rather stuffy in the evening sun. Shifting slightly, she found that her bedclothes were once again damp, the stale urine smell revealing that the dampness had nothing to do with the heat. With a resigned sigh, Jessica threw back the covers and climbed out of bed.

She walked down the hall to her bedroom, and paused for a moment to stare decisively at the pile of packages stacked pell-mell next to her dresser. Her eyes still on the packages, she reached for the drawstring on her pajama-pants and untied it. She slid both of her thumbs behind the elastic of the waistband, and slid her pants down to her ankles, revealing to her empty bedroom a thick, sagging, and completely soaked diaper.

She knew that she should have changed her diaper before lying down to watch that movie. It was rather wet before she even started it. "I must have dozed off..." she thought to herself, "and of course, I wet myself while I was asleep." An all too familiar feeling seemed to force her to make a decision. A small trickle of pee started to run down her right thigh, and with a groan, Jessica reached into an open bag, marked "Pampers Adult: Overnight", and pulled out a thick diaper, much thicker than the one currently sagging between her legs and dripping onto the floor.

Carefully waddling to avoid further leaking, Jessica walked to the small area between her bed and wall she had prepared for this now frequent ritual. A changing mat was already spread out onto the floor, waiting for her, with Pampers brand wipes and baby powder within reach. At the foot of the mat, stood a rather large Diaper Genie. When she started to un-tape her diaper, she recalled once again how she had come to be in this state.

\* \* \*

It was about ten weeks prior, Jessica was working in the Sales and Marketing department for Procter & Gamble. It was a rather comfortable position with the company. Her salary was even good enough where she could comfortably afford her own apartment and luxury car. Even though she was salaried, she was not expected to put in more than forty hours a week. She would spend the first three days of her workweek on the road, delivering promotional materials to her current customers, educating them on the features of the company's new products, and meeting with potential new customers. She spent the last two days in the office, finishing the paperwork for that week's sales, and scheduling appointments for the next week.

It was on one of her road days in June that it had happened. She had been in her living room, enjoying a cup of coffee in just her bathrobe. She had been watching the morning news. There was a report on a newly discovered disease that she considered watching, but then she decided to get ready for work when the news cut to commercial. "They hadn't been saying anything particularly interesting," she thought. She was meeting new customers that day, so she had chose to wear one of her more alluring dresses. With the television still on, Jessica heard the music signaling the return of the news, and then she heard the anchor start on what must have been the disease report. She couldn't hear it properly from her bedroom, but she still caught the anchor's voice every now and then saying things like "highly contagious," and "possible pandemic." She smiled at herself as she fixed her wavy brown hair in the mirror, she flipped it back, and her hair bounced slightly as it fell to her shoulders. Next, she smoothed out the bottom half of her dress, checking for panty-lines. She adjusted her voluptuous breasts, and smirked once more at her reflection in the mirror. She knew that it was her good looks, and sexy body, that led to her success in Sales, and she was not ashamed of it.

Jessica walked back into the living room; the anchor was still delivering his report on the television. She listened for a moment, "...the signs of this disease include severe flu-like symptoms, accompanied by complete incont...", before shutting the television off while the anchor was mid-sentence. And with that, Jessica slipped on a pair of heels that were amongst a line of shoes at the door, and left to start her day.

She had four appointments that day; the first two went rather normally for her. Their teams of buyers were comprised completely of men, so Jessica made sure that she flipped her hair, batted her eyelashes, and leaned forward frequently to give them plenty of opportunities to look down the top of her dress, and, just once, overtly uncross and re-cross her legs so that they could just barely catch a glimpse of her panties. At the third meeting, Jessica walked into the conference room, smiling brightly. She looked around, pretending not to notice the men who obviously glaring at her breasts, when her eyes came across the two women near the coffee maker on the counter in the back of the room. Her smile never faltered, but she did curse to herself. "Damn," she thought to herself, "oh well, there was bound to be one today. I'll have to tone it down a little, I guess."

She watched the two women for a moment longer. They were both wearing similar, gray pantsuits, predictable attire for a female co-worker at one of these meeting. The only thing that Jessica had found odd about the pair was that the woman on the right was talking to the woman on the left with what appeared to be very concerned expression on her face. Ms. Left was only answering Ms. Right's question by nodding or shaking her head. In fact, it appeared that Ms. Left was rather reluctant to open her mouth at all. Not wanting to waste time, Jessica cleared her throat loudly to signal to everyone that she was ready to start. Jessica pulled a stack of papers out of her briefcase, cleared her throat once more, and said, "If you will just pass these around the table, we'll get started." Jessica began repeating the presentation that she had given twice that day already, minus the body flaunts of course. It was only ten minutes into the presentation when Ms. Left stood up suddenly and ran from the room, her hand pressed over her mouth. Jessica paused in her speech, but proceeded after glancing around at all of the faces of polite interest that stared back at her, none of which showed even the slightest sign that they saw what just happened.

Jessica was just wrapping up her presentation when Ms. Left quietly reentered the conference room and took her seat. "Well, I hope you all enjoyed our presentation, and I hope you will become a part of the Procter & Gamble family soon. Everyone has my contact information in their presentation packet. I will stay for another ten minutes to answer questions if anyone has any." Ms. Left immediately rose out of her chair and approached Jessica, holding out her hand. Jessica hesitantly offered her hand in return, smiling meekly. Ms. Left grabbed Jessica's hand, clapping her other hand over top of it, shaking it vigorously; they were cold and clammy. "Ms. Price, I'm so glad you could come. I'm Wendy Grayson, I talked to you on the phone last week. I'm sorry about earlier, I've been feeling a little under the weather lately." It was at this moment that Jessica took in Wendy's full appearance. Her complexion was pale, her hair frizzled, and she had bags under her eyes. She really did look ill. "However, I will read through your presentation packet," continued Wendy, "I believe our business can really benefit from some of your company's products. Thank You." Wendy then proceeded to walk past Jessica, and out the door. Jessica watched as she left, and did a double take. On the back of Wendy's skirt was a noticeable wet spot. "Did she...? No...she couldn't have," thought Jessica.

For the next few minutes, Jessica answered questions from the group while packing up her things. Then she said her goodbyes, and left. "That went better than expected," Jessica thought to herself. She looked at the clock in her car when she climbed in; it was 2:00 pm. "My last appointment's not until 5. Let's see, it's an hour back to the apartment, and the last one's not far from there, I can stop home for a bit," she said to herself. She started the car, pulled out of the parking lot, and headed down the road.

Throughout the next hour, Jessica started to feel different. First, she was too hot, and then she was too cold. Then she started to become noticeably nauseous. At first, she thought she was just a little carsick, considering all that she had today was coffee and stale donuts. She pulled over once, as a particularly strong wave of nausea hit her, thinking she was going to throw up, but was able to regain her composure. Over the rest of her drive, her nausea continued to increase and worse yet, Jessica had to pee. "It's ok," she muttered to herself, "I'm not that far from home, just a few minutes more..." Five minutes later, Jessica was pulling into a parking space in front of her building. Jessica felt the pressure in her bladder increase with every step she took. She walked as normally as she could across the lobby to the elevator, and jabbed at the up button. To her relief, the doors opened immediately. Jessica stepped inside and quickly pressed the '5' button. The doors slid smoothly shut and the elevator started upward. It was only five floors up, but by the time the lift reached floor three, Jessica was already dancing on the spot with her hands between her legs. When the doors opened again, Jessica ran down the hall, one hand still pressed tightly between her thighs, the other holding her keys, with her door key clenched resolutely between her thumb and forefinger. It still took her a few seconds longer than it normally would have to unlock the door, but Jessica opened it quickly and rushed inside. Jessica closed the door behind her and said aloud "I made it!" with a look triumph on her face. That is, until she felt something warm and wet running down her left leg. She looked down and was shocked by what she saw. She was wetting herself. The whole time it happened, she didn't move a muscle, she didn't make a sound.

She didn't understand. She held it. She was still holding it. Even so, her bladder was resolutely emptying itself into her panties, and onto the floor. When it finally subsided, Jessica, leaving the puddle

on the floor in front of her apartment door, started walking to her bathroom, crying. Jessica was sobbing even harder as she started taking off her dress, seeing the wet patch on the back. As the initial shock of her accident started to wear off, Jessica's nausea returned, as bad as ever. She knew she was really going to throw up this time. She didn't understand, she felt fine just a couple hours ago, now she was on her knees, bracing herself for what was about to happen. She heaved. It was disgusting. It seemed like everything she had eaten the last two days was coming up. At the same time, she felt a sharp cramp in her intestines. Another wave came. Less this time, but it was also accompanied by another intestinal cramp and, to Jessica's horror, a large rumbling cramp in her bowels. "Oh no, oh God no, please!" she pleaded, but it was no use. A third and final wave hit her. Simultaneously, her bowels contracted, expelling a large mushy torrent of poop into her panties. Jessica closed her eyes and sobbed harder still. Even though she stopped vomiting, her bowels continued to empty into her panties, causing a large, bulging brown stain to appear in the back. After about a minute, it was over. All that Jessica could do was just sit there with her head resting on the toilet rim.

Jessica just sat there and cried for about ten minutes, before gingerly climbing to her feet. She could feel the warm mass sticking to her behind, and worse, she could smell it as well. The odor made her gag, forcing her to breathe through her mouth as she tried to figure out what to do. Jessica, while positioning herself over the toilet, slowly peeled her panties down, and tried her best to dump their contents into the bowl. Her poop was so mushy and sticky, that most of it just clung to the fabric, forcing Jessica to throw the whole mess into the trash bin, before climbing into the shower.

After cleaning herself off, a process that Jessica thought almost as bad as making the mess, she redressed and began gathering supplies to clean up her messes. She grabbed a large beach towel, and an industrial-sized trash bag. Jessica sopped up her puddle by the door with the towel, and placed it in the bag. Heading back to her bathroom, the smell hitting her again, Jessica decided to just put the whole bin containing her mess in the garbage bag. She tied up the bag, and walked it to her apartment door to set it down.

Bending over to set the bag down, Jessica was hit by another wave of nausea. Straightening up, Jessica turned and sprinted back to the bathroom, her hand pressed over her mouth. More vomiting, not as much as before, but thankfully, no mess to accompany it. This time, though, Jessica's nausea persisted afterward, resulting in her remaining on her knees in front of the bowl for another ten minutes. Deciding it was over, Jessica climbed to her feet, and made her way back to her living room. Still nauseous, she decided to call her office and reschedule her last meeting. After quite a few rings, her call was eventually answered by an unfamiliar male voice.

"Sales and Marketing, this is Geoff, how may I assist you?"

"Geoff? This is Jessica Price. Um...where's Linda?"

"Oh...I'm sorry Ms. Price, but Linda hasn't been in for a couple of days. She said she was ill. I think she might have that bug that's been going around."

“Oh...I see. Geoff, I’ve started to feel sick myself. I need you reschedule my five o’clock appointment for next week. You should be able get the client’s info from Linda’s scheduler on the computer. If they ask for a reason, you can tell them that I have fallen ill.”

“Okay...I have the information here...I will contact them for you. Is there anything else I can do for you, Ms. Price?”

“No, Geoff. That will be all...thank you.”

“You’re welcome, Ms. Price. Goodbye, and get well soon.”

“Goodbye.”

After hanging up the phone, Jessica retrieved a bottle of water from the refrigerator, and returned to her bedroom, hoping that a lie down would help her upset stomach. Feeling exhausted from the recent events, it was only moments before Jessica drifted off to sleep.

It was a few hours later that Jessica was awake by an unfamiliar feeling. Turning on her bed lamp, and sitting up, Jessica discovered that her entire midsection is soaked, along with her bedding. “Oh no! I wet the bed!” she said aloud. However, her distress was soon interrupted by another sensation that *was* familiar, a cramp in her stomach. Jessica jumped out of bed, and hurried to the bathroom, barely able to lower her panties and sit down in time before another cramp hit, releasing her bowels. “Whew, just made it.” Jessica thought to herself.

The next few days went by in about the same manner. Jessica awoke several more times with wet sheets, and had a few more close calls getting to the bathroom. Between bouts of diarrhea, vomiting, and an almost constant need to pee, Jessica spent most of her time awake in the bathroom. After another few days, Jessica’s condition had gotten even worse. She was now on sick leave from work, but had not brought herself to be seen by a doctor. At this point, Jessica was barely able to keep down crackers and water. Weak with fatigue, Jessica stayed in her bed, drifting in and out of consciousness.

Weary and groggy, Jessica was awoken by a putrid smell; she had vomited on herself in her sleep. A cramp hit her stomach; it was extremely painful. “Oh God, I’m dying” she thought. “This is what it feels like to die.” She knew what was coming, and she knew she was too weak to do anything about it. Another cramp hit, causing Jessica to curl into the fetal position from the pain. Jessica fumbled for her phone while the cramp subsided, grabbing it off the bedside table just before the next cramp hit. With a third painful cramp, Jessica’s bowels emptied themselves into her pants while she just laid there. Cringing, Jessica summoned her remaining strength to lift up the phone, and dial 911.

“911, please state the nature of your emergency”

“H...help...me...”

“Ma’am...can you speak up, please?”

“Help...me. I...I’m dying...help me...”

“Ma’am? Did I hear you correctly? Did you say you are dying?”

“H...help...me...”

With her last words, Jessica’s vision blurred and grew dark, and she lost consciousness.

Jessica could hear quick footsteps moving across a hard surface. Her head ached, and the noise was making it throb. Jessica opened her eyes, and was met with a blinding white, and another twinge of pain in her head as the room slowly came into focus. She was in the hospital. She tried to sit up to look around, but her limbs felt heavy, she was still too weak to move properly. At this moment, a door on her right swung open, and a man in a white coat walked in.

“Ah...one of the nurses saw you moving around and called me up here immediately. Ms. Price? Ms. Price, I am Dr. Peters.”

“W...where am I?”

“You are in Clark County Hospital. You were brought here by ambulance two days ago. You have been unconscious for the last thirty-six hours.”

“Th...thirty-six hours? What?”

It was then that Jessica was able to see the doctor’s face clearly. He was young, only about thirty, or so. His face made him look older though. He had more wrinkles around his mouth than he should have, and he had bags under his eyes to accompany the crow’s feet that were starting to appear.

“We weren’t sure you were going to pull through when they brought you in, this disease has claimed the lives of so many already.”

“D...disease? The flu?”

“No, Ms. Price, not the flu. *Sigh*...Ms. Price you were in the mid-stages of BABIES.”

“B...babies? I don’t...”

“Bowel and Bladder Incontinence Emaciative Syndrome. The disease first appeared about a month ago. We thought it was just the annual influenza strain, but it wasn’t responding to the usual treatment, and it shortly after infection, a new symptom appeared.”

“But I’m okay now, right?”

“Yes, Ms. Price, there are no traces of the disease left in your body. I am afraid, however, that there are some lasting effects.”

“E...effects?”

Jessica's stomach dropped, and she felt a warm sensation spreading between her legs. She lifted her covers, and pulled her hospital gown aside. Her heart joined her stomach at what she saw. A diaper. Jessica was wearing a pale green diaper, almost the same color as her gown, and she just wet it.

"I...I just wet myself..." she said, in shock.

"Yes, nearly eighty-percent of those who have survived the disease are left with permanent nerve damage. Specifically, the nerves around the bladder and bowel."

"You mean I'm...I'm..."

"I'm sorry, Ms. Price, the disease has left you incontinent."

Tears began to form in the corners of Jessica's eyes.

"I will have the nurse come in and change you. I'll be back in a few hours to check on you. If you need anything, feel free to ask."

Dr. Peters turned, and left the room. A few moments later, a middle-aged nurse in scrubs walked in.

"Good morning Ms. Price. Are you ready to be changed?"

Jessica nodded, silently. A tear rolled down her cheek. The nurse pulled a rolling cabinet closer to the bed, perched on top was a box of latex gloves. The nurse began pulling contents out of the drawers. A container of cleansing wipes, rash cream, baby power, and a neatly folded diaper, the same as what Jessica was wearing. *Snap...Snap*. The nurse put on her pair of gloves.

"Alright, let's take a look at the damage here." The nurse pulled back the covers. "Let's get this gown off. Lean forward, please." Jessica obliged, and the nurse undid the fasteners of Jessica's gown and pulled it off her. Now Jessica was naked, except for her wet diaper. "Alright now," the nurse said as she pulled off the tapes of the Jessica's diaper, and pulled the front down. "Uh-oh, it looks like you're messy too." Silent tears started streaming down Jessica's face now. The nurse looked up at Jessica's face. "Oh...don't worry dear." The nurse started wiping up the mess. "After you're home for a few days, your bowel movements return to normal, and won't be nearly as much of a chore to clean up."

After a few more minutes of wiping, the nurse pulled the soiled diaper away, and slid the new one under Jessica's behind, applied some rash cream and liberal amounts of baby powder, and taped the new diaper snugly in place.

Two days later, Jessica was released from the hospital. She hadn't yet regained all of her strength, but she could walk around on her own, and her doctor declared her treatment complete. After signing a few papers, a nurse came to her room with a wheelchair with a bag that had the hospital log on it. Jessica picked up the bag and sat down, and examined its contents as the nurse wheeled her to the front entrance. Inside were three diapers identical to the one she was wearing. From behind her,

she heard the nurse say “Those are to get you by until you get your prescription filled.” Rummaging through the bag more, Jessica pulled out a prescription slip from her doctor for more diapers.

When they reached the front lobby, Jessica was surprised to see that someone was waiting there for her. It was the head of her department.

“M...Mister Robbins?”

“Good Morning, Miss Price! I am glad to see that you’ve recovered. Everyone at the office was very worried about you. Your doctor notified me that you were being released today, and I wanted to come down here personally, to see how you were doing.”

“Thank you, sir. I really appreciate it. I am really looking forward to getting back to work.”

“Actually, Miss Price, that’s another reason why I’m here. Because of this disease that afflicted you and so many across the globe, a new opportunity has arisen for our company, and I’d like to discuss it with you. Can I drive you back to your apartment? We can talk more about it on the way.”

Jessica agreed and followed Mr. Robbins to his car, climbed in, and fastened her seatbelt. Mr. Robbins didn’t say anything again until they were already out of the parking lot, and cruising down the road.

“Because of recent events, a new market is emerging and for Proctor & Gamble, and they want to be there at its forefront. A market that forecasters say will earn the company billions in new revenue. We’d be crazy to ignore it!”

“I’m not sure I understand sir,” said Jessica.

“Incontinence products,” said Robbins. “The company is looking to release a line of incontinence products that bridges the gap between our Pampers line, and our Depend line. Something that appeals to, well to be blunt, *your* demographic.”

“I suppose that makes sense. Will I be directing sales for this new product line then?”

“Well...no,” replied Mr. Robbins. “This venture is so new for the company that they have practically zero data on it. They have no idea what the consumer is going to want and need.”

“I don’t follow, sir. What does that have to do with what I do?”

“Jessica, given your condition, you represent a unique opportunity for the company. They sent me to offer you a promotion.”

“A...a promotion, sir?”

“Yes. They want you to be the lead field tester for this new product line. You would work completely from home, testing products and reporting on their performance. They are prepared to offer you a thirty-percent increase in salary if you accept.”

Jessica just sat in silence and stared at the bag in her lap as she absorbed what Mr. Robbins had just told her. She continued to look down until the car came to a stop, and Mr. Robbins spoke again. Jessica looked up and saw that they were in front of her apartment building.

“Thank you for the ride, sir.”

“You’re welcome. The company sent over a package with some prototype products and a more detailed description of what the new job entails, it should have arrived today. I don’t want you rush into a decision, but the company would like one by the end of the month. Take care of yourself, Miss Price.”

“Thank you, sir. I will.”

Jessica smiled, meekly, climbed out of the car, and walked toward the building.

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Back in Jessica’s apartment, she finished taping up her clean diaper. She then leaned forward and carefully rolled up her dirty diaper. Grabbing her bed to pull herself up, Jessica stood in the silence of her bedroom, and then moved over, dirty diaper in hand, to her dresser to inspect herself in the mirror. After a few leaks the first couple of weeks Jessica was home from the hospital, she got into the habit of checking the fit of her diaper after securing it, making sure she had a snug fit. The considerable bulk of this diaper forced her to waddle across the room, the diaper making an audible crinkle with each step. After checking the fit, and finding no issues, Jessica set the soiled diaper on a scale that was atop her dresser, and picked up the clipboard and pen that was setting next to it.

The heading read “Procter & Gamble QA Testing Report. Product Name: Pampers Adult: All-Day Comfort. Batch #: 45358-A”. Thumbing down the page, Jessica stopped at the latest entry she had filled out, which read: “Start Time: 10:00 AM, Readjustments:, End Time:, Duration (hrs.):, End Weight:, Reason for Change:.” Glancing at the clock on her nightstand, Jessica filled out the rest of the fields. “Readjustments: None, End Time: 4:30 PM, Duration (hrs.): 6.5, End Weight: 43.2 oz., Reason for Change: Leaking.” Scanning the rest of the log entries on the page, Jessica reviewed her other entries, and compared six other entries from the past week that had ‘leaking’ as the Reason for Change. Noticing that they all had very similar entries for Duration and End Weight, Jessica moved her pen down to a box on the paper labeled “Batch Notes,” and began to write. “Capacity will need to be increased in order to meet the planned product claim of ‘12 Hours of Wetness Protection.’ Current batch only averages 6 hours use with 41.1 oz. of urine capacity.”

After flipping a few sheets, Jessica stopped on a page with similar information for the diaper she was now wearing, and started a new entry in the next available space. Setting the clipboard back down, she grabbed the lifted the dirty diaper from the scale and carried it over to her diaper pail to dispose of it. Waddling back to her dresser, Jessica picked up the package that she pulled her most recent diaper from, and examined it. This one was in the final stage of testing, and was nearing product launch. The Marketing team had finalized a package design, which this testing batch was sent out in. Jessica was surprised to see that it was a design almost identical to what was used in the early nineties. It had the

same light green coloring and purple ribbon graphic. The only thing she could see that was different was that instead it had the new product line name: Pampers Adult™, and the model was not a baby, but a beautiful twenty-something woman wearing only a Pampers logo-ed t-shirt and a diaper. Jessica stared at the girl in her diaper on the package for some time. Despite its bulky appearance, she looked very happy about the thick diaper between her legs.

Jessica had inquired about the new package design when she first received it, and was surprised to learn that it had tested very well with focus groups, given the, in Jessica's opinion, very babyish design. But design choices were not in Jessica's job responsibilities. Her job was to test and review product performance. It seemed to her, that the company's goal was to make this diaper their new flagship product, and Jessica's data, combined with the marketing and consumer data sent with it, seemed to reflect that. She recalled how the diapers in the first batch of this product line looked and performed, and compared it to what she was wearing now. The first batch was very thin, had a soft fabric-like outer shell, and had three Velcro fasteners on each side. Jessica remembered it being very tedious to put them on, especially since she ended up having to change them at least every hour when they leaked. Each successive batch had minor changes, which eventually resulted in what she was wearing now. This batch had a plastic outer shell, a soft elastic waist-band, standing leak-guards around the legs, only one large adhesive tab on each side, and was VERY thick. The final-approved design change in this batch was added room in the seat of the diaper to accommodate large bowel movements.

Despite looking almost identical to the diapers she remembered her sister wearing when she was a child, Jessica couldn't deny that these were the best performing diapers she has tested, thus far. The product goal was only to accommodate twelve hours of overnight protection, but with this batch and the one before, Jessica was easily able to go twice that without even feeling wet. This batch came with special instructions, though. The product design team needed actual numbers for maximum urine capacity, but found that it wasn't being reached by their testers. The instructions were to stay in each diaper until it leaked, even if there was a bowel movement. Jessica wasn't particularly pleased about having to potentially stay in a poopy diaper (she usually changed immediately), but it was her job, and she need to just go through with it.