

Baby Flu

A story by Fahzbehn

Part One

Jessica Sandow rubbed the sleep out of her eyes as she stretched out in bed. Brushing her dark brown hair back, the young college student sighed and gave a half-smile feeling the bulk between her legs. Patting between them, Jessica looked down at the bulky pink diaper that was slightly damp. She remembered troubled nights as a child and teenager when she'd never quite been able to keep from wetting the bed and her parents had insisted that she be diapered at night. By age twelve, they'd switched her to adult-style pull-ups, which seemed to work. Jessica had no problems during the day, so she wore normal panties then, but, as she got older, it did make the idea of sleepovers at her friends' houses difficult. It had been Jessica's girlfriend during her first semester of college that had turned the most annoying part of her life into one of her favorite.

Standing up, she stretched again, her lithe form arching a bit, causing the pink diaper under her pastel pink silk nightgown to peek out from underneath as her smallish breasts and tiny nipples brushed on the inside of the nighty. The diaper she was wearing was unnecessarily thick. Then again, Jessica wasn't wearing the diaper purely wearing for need. Looking at her trim form in the mirror that hung on her college dorm room door, she gave herself a little spank as she felt the urge to pee. Taking a deep breath and letting it out slowly, she smiled and slid a hand to the front of the large pink diaper and flooded it, remembering what had happened a few years ago.

"Look, I need to explain something," Jessica had said, nervously staring at the floor as she'd walked out of her bedroom, wearing a pair of pink pajama pants over her pull-up. "Because I know you're going to want to stay over, you need to know that I still wet the bed sometimes and have to wear a pull-up to bed."

Yolanda had laughed at that, albeit quietly. "Let me see," Yolanda had demanded. She'd pulled Jessica onto her lap and kissed her. "It's okay, baby," her friend Yolanda had told her, "I'll be happy to take care of you. Besides, you were already cute with the whole 'girl-next-door' vibe. Maybe you just need some TLC, sweetie?" Yolanda had rubbed her through the pull-up as she kissed Jessica. When she broke the kiss, she stroked Jessica's hair. "Besides, it's just a medical condition. Nothing to be embarrassed by."

Yolanda had done some research over the next few days and a week later showed up with a pack of pink adult diapers and a cute pink dress. It had taken some convincing but Yolanda had convinced her that wearing the diaper could be fun, albeit with the help of a massage wand. For the next two semesters, Yolanda had been her "mommy" any time the two of them were alone and Jessica had gone from wearing pull-ups at night to diapers full time.

Thinking about her busty ex and checking the time, Jessica decided she had more than enough time to lay back down, grab her favorite toy, and play with herself before showing, getting changed, and heading to class. As she pressed the massage wand against her warm, wet, squishy diaper, she whimpered in pleasure. Her hips bucked as she sucked on her lip and bit back a moan, mentally noting the sound of the TV in the main room had been turned on. Her roommate must be up finally.

While Victoria, or Tori as she called herself, was well aware of her roommate's kinky secret, Jessica didn't need to advertise that she was about to cum inside her now very wet diaper. She reached for the oversized pacifier on her nightstand and began to suck on it as she pressed the wand harder against her slit. The pacifier managed to mute her moans as she rolled over onto her hands and knees and climbed atop the oversized teddy bear Yolanda had bought her. Positioning the massage wand on the teddy, she lowered herself so that it was again pressing against her diapered pussy before tugging on her nipples and rocking against it. That was enough to push her over the edge and, as her body shook, Jessica laid there, her body limp on top of the teddy bear. She reached for the wand and turned it off before rolling back out of bed.

She didn't bother to put on pajama bottoms as she walked out of her bedroom. Tori was sitting on the couch, a bowl of cereal in one hand, wearing a bra and a pair of pants, her black t-shirt resting on the arm of the couch. She glanced up and waved at Jessica before going back to watch the TV. Jessica didn't pay it much heed, stopping at the bathroom closet long enough to get one of her adult baby diapers, a cute white and pink pair that had unicorns over the white part. She ducked into the bathroom and set the clean diaper on the sink next to the pack of ubiquitous baby wipes and baby powder. Jessica grinned because Tori kept buying it for her, namely as Tori liked putting it on her own feet and claimed to like the scent. She took off the nightgown, letting it spill to the floor. Undoing the tapes from the large pink diaper, Jessica rolled it up and tossed it in the kitchen-sized trash can, realizing she should take that out to the dumpster on her way to class. She stepped into the shower and cleaned herself off, loving the rose-scented shampoo and body wash.

As she washed her hair, Jessica wondered if she'd made the right choice to change majors. While she'd completed her associate's degree in graphic design, the change to fashion design had come about when Tori had been complaining about not being able to find a decent outfit to cosplay as at the local comic convention. Jessica smiled as she rinsed her hair out, recalling the pair of them scouring the internet on how to make different outfits at home. Jessica had so much fun with it, she'd talked to her guidance counselor and, realizing that she'd only have to take an additional semester to get her degree in her new major beyond what she'd already had planned, switched from web design to fashion design. Stepping out of the shower and drying herself off, Jessica was grateful for the web design classes that she'd taken as they allowed her to design her website to sell outfits that Tori and she had come up with.

Powdering her crotch, Jessica sighed and smiled. She'd grown to love the smell of baby powder, too. Wiping her hands clean, Jessica unfolded the disposable diaper and moved against the wall. Sliding it behind her, she tugged it between her legs, taped first the top tapes then the bottom ones before moving back in front of the mirror to brush her shoulder-length brown hair into pigtails. She grabbed her nightgown from the floor before heading back into the living room.

"Jess, you've got to see this," Tori said, gesturing for her. "I mean, really. What the actual fuck? I know this isn't April so it can't be a practical joke, can it?"

Jessica paused by the couch to stare at the television. She read the news ticker. "A new strain of the flu has been spreading through the United States like wildfire. A rush on department stores, drug stores, and medical supply stores has been reported due to unusual effects of the flu, namely complete urinary incontinence. Doctors are advising that if you have any feeling of nausea and are having similar symptoms, that incontinence products are the only present solution. Doctors have also stated that there have been cases where even once nausea symptoms have ended, patients have not regained

urinary continence. As such, a public health warning has been issued. Schools from kindergarten to the university level have advised parents and students that, until a solution for the epidemic had been found that they are issuing a mandatory dress code for health and sanitary reasons. The local universities have both released statements that incontinence products will be provided to any adult and mandatory checks will be done at the entrances to any campus building.”

Blinking, Jessica looked down at her own diapered crotch and laughed. She looked at the babyish diaper and shook her head. “I really should probably change into something a little less conspicuous,” Jessica said, looking at Tori. “I mean, sure, they’re expecting probably a Depends or something, but this?”

Tori sucked on her lip and ran her hand through her pageboy cut salmon pink hair. “I’m just glad I don’t have class today,” Tori said with a sigh of relief, “but, on the flip side, fuck it. You’re following policy. Whose business is it that you’re wearing something that is designed to look like a little girl’s diaper?”

“I mean, you’re not wrong,” Jessica noted. She noticed Tori glancing at the bathroom closet. Putting her hand on Tori’s shoulder, Jessica smiled. “I should have a pack of pullups in there if you start feeling icky and want to wear something slightly less babyish, just to be on the safe side.”

Tori frowned. “I hope it doesn’t come to that,” she said. Jessica pouted. Tori stood up and hugged her roommate. “Oh, I’m not ragging on your kink, Jess. It’s just never been something I thought I’d have to deal with first hand.” She patted Jessica’s behind. “You do look adorable, just, right now, it’s a lot to take in.”

“That’s completely fair,” Jessica noted. “Yolanda’s going to be busy, I imagine.”

Tori laughed as Jessica stepped away from her. “Well, she did get married and is working with him at a medical supply store,” Tori replied, “so yeah, I expect her and her hubby are going to have a hectic few days.”

Smiling at that, Jessica made her way into her room to get dressed. She intentionally chose a knee-length red skirt, white bra, and a t-shirt. She wasn’t feeling any symptoms of the new flu yet but, given the fact that the schools were doing mandatory checks, Jessica decided to make it easier for whoever had to do it. She couldn’t imagine how awkward that was going to be for everyone else. Part of her, though, relished the thought of being “caught” wearing such a babyish diaper. What would the person checking it think?

Slipping on a pair of red pumps, Jessica grabbed a spare diaper from the bathroom closet and slid it in her laptop case that also held the two books she’d need for classes today. Living on campus, it wasn’t that far of a walk to the building her Monday design courses were in. Along the way, she noticed almost everyone seemed to be a bit distracted and a lot of them were wearing yellow wristbands. As she approached the double doors to the building there was a sign noting girls to the left and boys to the right with a sign below stating “Please have your ID ready. Transgendered persons, please select the aisle of the gender you associate with”.

As she walked inside, the entrance of the hallway had been divided into three lanes with the outer two leading to rooms on each side with a security guard standing at the end of the three aisles. Jessica realized that people with the yellow wristband were walking down the center lane while everyone else went either left or right, with a woman standing and blocking the aisle by the door to the left and a man

doing the same by the door on the right. Both they and the guard were wearing yellow wrist bands. Jessica moved into the left lane and waited for her turn. Each woman in the left lane entered the room one at a time and, after a moment, came back out with a yellow wrist band with a number on it. Just before reaching the door, Jessica heard yelling coming from the aisle at the right.

A man that Jessica didn't know glared at the man she knew was one of the instructors in the building who was blocking the way. "I'm not wearing a fucking diaper, asshole," the guy screamed at the instructor. "I have a class that I'm going to be late to. Get out of my way *now*." The instructor looked at the security guard who nodded back. The instructor stepped out of the way and the guy smugly walked past him, only to be grabbed by the security guard. In the ensuing tussle, the guy was knocked to the floor.

Jessica was close enough to see the guard scramble off of the man. The guard looked pissed. "God damn it," the guard mumbled. Jessica realized that part of the guard's gray shirt was wet. Looking down at the guy on the floor, Jessica realized the man must have wet himself when he got knocked down. The guard grabbed his mic. "Elaina, I've got a twenty-three-five-twenty in the Euler building. Male. Yeah, and can you bring me a new uniform while you're at it? Thanks."

"Wow, they aren't screwing around with this, are they?"

Jessica looked behind her then looked up and smiled. Diana was a hard person to miss and a harder person to not like. At almost six feet five inches tall, Diana stood above every woman in the line. Then again, the transgendered woman stood above most men, too. They both moved forward in line as the next woman entered the room while a female security officer showed up with a clean uniform in hand. Jessica noted the name badge saying "Elaina", matching up to the call earlier. She offered it to the male guard while the woman helped the man with the now wet pants stand up and back to the door. "Is he going to be okay?" Jessica asked.

"Probably, though the police will be by shortly if he doesn't head home to change," Elaina said. "Otherwise, it's a trespassing charge." Jessica and Diana nodded. "The same goes for anyone else," Elaina explained, raising her voice and raising her free arm to show the yellow wrist band around her wrist. "I know some of you are students and some of you are staff, but the rules are the rules. No wrist band, no access to the facilities. That came straight from the university president who is also wearing one."

The door opened on the women's side and the woman who'd gone in before walked out. She was blushing and holding the yellow band around her wrist. The woman blocking the aisle let her pass. "Next," called a female voice from inside the room.

Jessica sucked on her lip and made her way inside, closing the door behind her. There was a spot for her to set her belongings and a curtained portion of the room. Next to the curtained portion was a pallet of adult pullups. Her business math instructor, Laci MacDougal, was standing there. "Oh, hello Jessica. I didn't know you had a class in this building," Laci said with a smile. The woman was in her mid-fifties but had never gotten out of the "goth" phase from her twenties. Jessica sat her laptop bag down. "So, this is pretty easy. I just need to make sure you're protected and, if not, we're supplying students with proper supplies."

Jessica walked over and Laci pulled the curtain closed. "Wearing a skirt," Laci said, grinning. "Smart idea, given the circumstances. It does make it easier to check and saves you time, not needing to undo a pair of pants. Don't be embarrassed, though. As you can tell, every girl who's here has gotten checked." Laci held up her wrist to show a yellow wristband that had an "ST" followed by a number. "Even me, though that was much earlier in the day."

Jessica nodded, realizing that each of the bands was being numbered with a student or staff ID. She handed Laci her ID before lifting her skirt. Laci's eyes widened. "Where in the world did you find a diaper like that?" Laci asked as Jessica blushed. "Most of the ones I've seen are your drug store varieties. That looks like an actual baby diaper."

"It, um, well," Jessica stammered, letting her skirt fall back down, covering her diaper, "it's basically is a baby diaper. There are places online that you can buy them. I thought, given the news, I might as well get something cute to wear that's also functional."

Laci arched an eyebrow as she wrote Jessica's ID number on the yellow wristband before attaching it around Jessica's wrist. "One little problem with that logic, Jessica," Laci said, looking at Jessica. "The flu that's causing this wasn't widely publicized before today. Care to try another reason as to why you're wearing it?"

"Ask me after class tomorrow?" Jessica said as she opened the curtain and made her way back to her laptop back. "I promise I'll explain then. I don't want to be late for class."

Laci narrowed her eyes at Jessica. "Plan on it, little girl," Laci said. "Now run off before I spank that butt for lying to me."

Jessica blushed again. She expected her professor was kidding and, as it was the third class she'd taken with Ms. MacDougal, Jessica had a pretty good idea of her sense of humor. Grabbing her laptop bag, Jessica stepped out of the room and showed off her yellow wristband as Diana headed into the room. Jessica made her way around the corner and was waiting for the elevator when she felt the urge to pee again. It occurred to her that no one would care if she was caught in a wet diaper, given what was going on. While that did take a little of the thrill of getting caught away, inwardly, it made Jessica feel even more babyish as no one would care if a baby wet her diaper, either. Leaning against the wall, Jessica relaxed and let herself wet the diaper. She smiled as she imagined Ms. MacDougal spanking her wet diapered behind for being a bad girl. The elevator chiming brought Jessica out of her daydream. Stepping in, she took the elevator to the third floor for her design class.

After her design class, Jessica made her way back downstairs to the cafeteria. She had a bit of a wait until her next class and figured that now as good a time as any to get some homework done. As she sat down and opened the laptop case, she winced as she realized what she'd put over the laptop: the extra pink diaper from earlier. She quietly got up and hurried toward the women's restroom. She was surprised by the line of women waiting to get in and the table set up between the men's and women's restrooms that had a sign reading "Pullups for sale. All proceeds go to the university sports teams." All of the people waiting for the bathrooms had the yellow wristband but, unlike her, most of them looked unhappy. As Jessica didn't really need a change yet, she looked around for someplace private. Spotting one of the study areas with walled-off desks, she made her way to them and opened her laptop case. She quickly changed which pocket the pink diaper was in and sighed with relief.

“Cute diaper.”

Jessica jumped in her chair and felt herself pee a little. She turned at the feminine voice and sighed with relief as she realized it was Diana standing there. Her arms were under her breasts and she had a half-smile playing on her lips. “You shouldn’t scare me like that,” Jessica said, reaching for her laptop before looking around to see if anyone else was within earshot. “And it’s just a diaper. A lot of people are wearing them today, if you hadn’t noticed, yourself included.”

Emily snorted at that. “Most everyone is wearing a pull-up that you can get a pack of at the drug store for about thirty bucks,” Emily retorted. She leaned against the wall of the study desk. “*That* looked a lot more like a baby diaper than the incontinence underwear the school is providing. Probably a lot more absorbent, too.”

“I mean, yeah, they are, but it’s not what you think,” Jessica said in a hushed whisper, her eyes darting around, trying to come up with a good excuse. “I already had a problem before the whole flu thing.”

Emily arched an eyebrow. “Are you sure you don’t have it for another reason?” Emily asked, not believing Jessica for a moment. “I’ve seen similar ones at some of the munches I go to.” When Jessica blushed beet red, Emily smiled. “Thought so. Well, between you me and the wall,” Emily continued, looking around before leaning over and whispering in Jessica’s ear, “can you send me a link to where I can buy some in my size because they look a lot nicer than what the school offered and I hate the idea of having to change between classes because these barely survived one wetting and the ones I could find at the drug store were icky blue-green.”

Jessica giggled at that, understanding fully what Emily meant. “Sure, but not until I get home tonight,” Jessica replied, smiling up at her friend. “You never struck me as the cutesy type though. Girly, yes, but cutesy?”

Emily stood to her full height and put her hand on her chest, mocking taking offense. “I happen to be adorable,” Emily said, her face serious and her tone pompous. “I don’t know what you’re talking about, not being cutesy.” The two looked at each other before busting out in laughter. Emily leaned over and hugged Jessica. “I’ve got my machine learning class in about ten minutes so I should run. I’ll see you later, okay?”

Jessica nodded and pulled out her drawing tablet as Emily headed off. She was more than a little surprised that Emily went to munches but that there were other adult babies in the area that went to them? That was worth investigating. “After homework and after class,” Jessica said to herself. Still, the thought of Emily in a princess diaper made Jessica smile. Attaching the tablet to her laptop, Jessica began to doodle ideas. While she knew there were a few companies that made adult baby clothing, she’d never designed anything with a person wearing diapers in mind. She considered the idea of professionals wearing them and how to keep a professional appearance while also making changing oneself easier and not having the tale-tell diaper sag after you wet a diaper.

Smiling to herself, Jessica realized that something people complained about could become an asset. The downside to pull-ups was that to change yourself out of one, you had to take off your pants and probably shoes if you were wearing one. If instead, one was wearing a diaper, one just had to remove the tapes carefully and could put another one on standing up then pull their pants back up. Jessica started doodling backpacks with compartments for extra diapers, wet wipes, and baby powder. By the

time she was done, she had four ideas for blouses that had snap crotches but still looked like button-down blouses, two backpacks, and a pair of elastic-banded cloth pull-ups that were more like training pants but for adults.

Satisfied, Jessica saved the last sketch and put everything back in her laptop case, and stood up. She had an art history class in about half an hour and pondered a quick bite to eat. Her phone chimed. Checking it, there was a message from Tori. "What did they think about what you were wearing?"

Jessica texted back. "Curiosity. It was one of my instructors. She caught me in a lie that I'm going to have to explain later."

"That should be interesting," Tori replied via text. "Be a doll and pick up some take-out when you head home from the Fourth Kingdom, would you? Egg rolls, potstickers, and sweet and sour chicken. I'll pay you back."

"Can do," Jessica answered. She looked up just in time to keep from running into someone else on the way to the serving lines. "Sorry about that," Jessica said, her tone apologetic. She then realized it was the same guy from earlier this morning, though, this time, he was wearing a yellow wristband and different pants. He glared at her before turning to order. Jessica rolled her eyes. "What a jerk," she thought to herself, waiting to order a burger and fries. She waited for her food before moving to grab a couple of cartons of chocolate milk. It was the one child-like thing she gave into whenever she got food from the cafeteria. It reminded Jessica of being back in grade school, sitting in the cafeteria with her friends, and sipping chocolate milk. Occasionally, she'd get a straw just to blow bubbles in it, just like back in grade school.

She paid for her food before moving to one of the tables to sit down and eat her meal. Jessica realized that her diaper was starting to feel a little clammy but knew from experience that it could take at least one more wetting. She didn't want to change here, just in case. She worried about what would happen if someone caught her throwing away the much more babyish diaper. Given the number of people who were having to change themselves in the restrooms, the likelihood of being caught was just too high. Finishing her food, she washed it down with the second carton of milk before taking her tray and dumping it in the trash bin, and leaving the tray beside it. Heading back to the elevator, she wondered just how long it would take scientists to find a cure for the new flu. It was a quandary but not something she felt qualified to even guess at an answer to. The elevator chimed and the door opened. Her musings were forgotten; Jessica stepped in the elevator to go to her next class.

After the class was done, during which she wet herself again, Jessica knew she needed a change. She could feel the heavy bulk between her legs and it was causing her to waddle slightly. Had she not promised Tori that she'd get food, Jessica would have headed straight home. Instead, she called the Fourth Kingdom and placed an order as she made her way there. Luckily, they weren't too busy and her order was waiting by the time Jessica arrived at the strip mall on the edge of campus. It was normally about a five-minute walk, but Jessica found herself needing to pee again after downing the soda she'd also purchased, so she'd slowed to try to hold it in, which was exacerbated by the fact that she couldn't quite get her legs to close. Jessica felt pee begin to trickle into the diaper as she made her way up the stairs to the second-floor apartment that she and Tori shared. By the time she reached to open the door, Jessica was whimpering as she felt her diaper leak. Opening it, she saw Tori standing there wearing yoga pants and a t-shirt with the top of one of Jessica's princess diapers peeking out of the top

of the yoga pants. Tori's eyes widened as she saw Jessica's teary eyes. She hurried over to take the bag of take-out. "Are you okay?"

"I need a change, bad," Jessica whimpered. "I think I leaked." She stepped inside and closed the door before lifting her skirt. There was a tiny trail of dampness that ran down to one sock. She carefully took off her shoes, socks, and skirt as Tori hurried to the kitchen for two used grocery bags.

"I'll take care of these," Tori said, opening the first bag for the soiled clothes. Jessica sniffled as she wiggled out of the diaper, letting it plop on the small bit of tile near the entranceway door. "Why didn't you change at school, Jess?" Tori asked as Jessica balled up the wet diaper and put it in the second grocery bag.

"I thought I would be fine until I got home," Jessica said with a sigh. "I guess I was wrong."

Tori nodded and took the bags, leaving Jessica by the doorway. Tori came back with the baby wipes and, before Jessica could stop her, began to wipe Jessica's legs and inner thighs clean. "Poor baby, let aunty Tori take care of you," Tori said as Jessica's expression turned from sadness into surprise. "What? I was bored and, given this seems to be a pandemic where a lot of people are going to be diapered, as it's also your kink, I figured I should look into ways to make you more comfortable. Besides, if I end up catching it, I may need help because, as far as I can tell, those pull-ups are maybe good for one wetting, if that."

Jessica sniffled. "I see you went with one of my princess diapers instead."

Tori laughed as she finished wiping Jessica clean. She led Jessica to Jessica's room and took Jessica's laptop case, retrieving the diaper from it. "Eventually," Tori explained as Jessica laid down on her bed. "I had to pee at one point and considered just wetting the thing. Luckily, I had the foresight to put a towel underneath me and I wasn't wearing any pants. Let's just say I leaked before I was done. After that, I decided the thicker diapers would probably be a wiser choice." Tori leaned over, her large breasts swaying a bit in her top and her yoga pants covered diapered butt jutting in the area. "Besides, they make my butt look bigger. I don't know about you but I'd like a bigger butt, personally."

Jessica sucked on her lip. "It's not fun to tease me like that, Tori," Jessica said as she raised her lips. Tori had changed her on a couple of occasions but something seemed a little different. "You know I think you're attractive. Don't tempt me with something I can't have. It's not fair."

Tori powdered Jessica before pulling the diaper snugly between Jessica's legs and taped the sides. "Sorry, Jess," Tori said by way of apology, "but ever over the last few days, I've felt this growing desire to want to take care of you." Tori shrugged. "I'm sorry if I made things awkward."

Jessica reached for Tori's hand. "Take care of me how?"

Tori shrugged as she sat down on the edge of the bed. "Had you not bought takeout; I might've made dinner. I also cleaned up around the apartment a bit. The weirdest thing, though, is I kept daydreaming about you, like this, only with your head on my lap like a child."

Smiling, Jessica shifted herself so that she was facing Tori with her head resting on Tori's lap. Tori smiled and reached down with one hand to stroke Jessica's hair while her other patted Jessica's diapered bottom before moving to Jessica's back to rock her gently. Tori smiled. "Just like this," Tori said quietly.

Tori began to hum a lullaby as she stared down at the adult baby girl in her arms. She looked so innocent and sweet. Part of Tori felt that this was quite possibly the best shift in her relationship with Jessica that she could hope for.

Jessica sighed in contentment and drew her fist to her lips before sucking on her thumb. She'd had a similar dream for months. Being here, being held by Tori, was a dream come true. Jessica felt so small and babyish. She let her mind roam, not thinking about classes or takeout food or the flu. She was simply content to lay here, being treated like a baby, in Tori's arms. Before too long, she fell asleep.

Jessica woke up a couple of hours later. She was confused at first as Tori was no longer there. She heard a sound from the living room and, sitting up, sighed as she realized that she'd wet herself during her nap. Waddling out to the living room, wearing nothing but her diaper, she saw Tori playing a video game. Tori paused it and smiled at her. "Feeling better?" Tori asked. When Jessica nodded, Tori smiled. "I put your Chinese food in the fridge. Also, Diana texted me to remind you about a web link? Any idea what she's talking about?"

Jessica sucked on her lip and blushed. "She spotted the spare diaper I'd put in my laptop bag," Jessica said, moving to sit next to Tori. Tori reached over and pulled Jessica against her. "She thought they were cute and wanted to know where to buy some," Jessica continued, leaning against Tori. "Are you sure you're okay? I mean, it was nice that you helped change me, but I don't want it to be weird."

Looking down at Jessica, Tori smiled and stroked her hair. "It's odd but it feels less bizarre now," Tori explained. "I never had the best relationship with my mom but she called me yesterday for the first time in months. She said she was worried about me which, frankly, I've never heard her say. She split back when I was four and only ever called when she was in trouble. This time, though, she sounded like, I don't know, that she might have cared. I kept thinking about how nice it would have been to take care of someone. When I saw you there, distraught, like a little girl, something in me clicked and it felt right to want to take care of you." Tori smiled at her. "The strange part is that it didn't feel kinky or even sexual for me. You're adorable and all and I do find girls and guys attractive, but, at that moment, it was like I was your aunt or big sister. I just wanted to see you happy."

Jessica smiled. It wasn't what she'd hoped for but it was more than she had ever considered possible a few days ago. "I think I'm okay with that," Jessica said, looking up at Tori. "Do you want me to let you get back to your game?"

Tori shrugged then smiled back as a thought hit her. "Why don't you go eat then get those oversized blocks you like to play with when you think I'm not looking?" Tori suggested. "You can sit down in here and play with them while I play on the console. That way I can keep an eye on my little sister." Tori gave Jessica a wink, causing Jessica to giggle. Jessica stood up, only to have Tori smack her diapered behind.

"What was that for?" Jessica whined. "I've been a good girl."

Tori grinned. "Because you didn't ask big sis to change you," Tori said, "considering I heard you wet while you were sitting here."

Jessica blinked and moved her hands between her legs. Putting her hand on the front of her diaper, she realized that Tori was right. She had wet herself and didn't realize it. "Do you think I have the new flu that was on the news?"

"Hard to say," Tori replied. "Have you felt sick at all?" Jessica shook her head no. "Maybe you were so relaxed that you wet as if you were asleep," Tori suggested with a shrug. "Still, you should go and eat your dinner, honey. Oh, and don't forget to send Diana that link."

Jessica pouted. "Okay, but will you change me first?"

Tori stood up. "Go eat, then I'll change you. I saw something online I want to try, but it'll take a minute."

Jessica gave a curious look as Tori ducked into Jessica's bedroom. Shaking her head, Jessica headed into the kitchen to reheat her broccoli beef. She grabbed her laptop case, set it on the dining room table, and copied the bookmark to the ABDL store she used. She checked the site to re-order as she was getting low and was surprised to see a note on the front-page letting customers know about shortages and that a larger order had been placed. Expecting shipping delays, Jessica checked several other sites only to find prices had gone up on a lot of the midrange diapers she bought when she didn't buy the princess print ones. Still, if this flu did hit her, she didn't want to be unprepared. Checking her account balance, she ordered two cases: one for her and one for Tori.

Finishing her food, Jessica made her way back to her room to find Tori sitting there, her legs spread and her eyes closed, while two unfolded princess diapers were lying next to her. Jessica heard the unmistakable hissing as Tori flooded her diaper. Jessica put her hand to her mouth and giggled. "I guess I'm not the only one who needs a change now, huh?" Jessica noted.

Tori blushed. "I wanted to know what it felt like in the diaper as opposed to the pullup from earlier and, truth be told, this is nicer than the pullup. I'm not worried about leaking, at least," Tori said as she patted the front of the diaper.

"You should try rubbing yourself while you're wet," Jessica said, waddling over to Tori. "You might change your mind about wearing being a kink thing."

Tori arched an eyebrow and slid her hand to the front of her yoga pants covered diapered crotch. She rubbed herself gently at first then more firmly. Tori moaned. "Wow, you weren't kidding," Tori said, scooting back onto the bed.

"Uh-huh," Jessica said, sliding the unfolded diapers aside and climbing over Tori. "It gets better though. I can show 'big sis' if you let me."

Tori bit her lip, trying to make up her mind, before nodding. Jessica slid her hands up Tori's t-shirt to her breasts, each a nice handful for Tori to squeeze, before Jessica pressed her warm, wet, squishy, diapered crotch against Tori's. Both girls moaned as they began to grind against each other. Tori tugged her shirt off and reached behind her to unhook her bra. Jessica licked her lips and reached for the massage wand on her nightstand. As Tori tossed her bra to one side, Jessica moved the wand between both of their legs and turned it in, letting her weight mash the end against both of their crotches. Both women cried out.

“Fuck, you were right,” Tori moaned, her hands moving to squeeze her tits. “And here I thought I’d never like this. I should’ve let you diaper me months ago.”

“I know, right?” Jessica ground against the head of the massage wand. “Now I get to be your little sis. I can’t wait to share all my toys with me.”

Tori laughed and reached up for Jessica. “I say we should play more often,” Tori said. The pair kissed for the first time as Tori’s hands slid around Jessica’s diapered butt to pull her against her and the wand. As they kissed with Tori’s tongue parting Jessica’s lips, they each climaxed.

Jessica rolled onto her back as her body eased and turned off the wand. “Weren’t you going to show me something?” Jessica asked, looking over at Tori.

Tori laughed and rolled over. She removed the tapes from Jessica’s diaper and reached for the baby wipes. “Yeah, like how I’m going to make it so I don’t have to change you so often,” Tori replied as she began to clean Jessica’s crotch. Tori wrinkled her nose. “Still not sure what I think of the odor, but it could be worse.”

Jessica thought of that. “This is why I try to use the bathroom in the morning. Less stinky and less clean up.”

“True that,” Tori noted as Jessica lifted her hips. Tori removed the diaper and wiped Jessica’s bottom clean as well. “I imagine having someone to help get changed makes a difference, too.” Wrapping up the diaper and taping it sealed, Tori grabbed the first diaper and slid it under Jessica’s bottom. “I poked a bunch of holes in the crotch so that, if it’s flooded, it should leak through to the second diaper.”

Jessica blushed. “It’s going to be thick but not the thickest I’ve ever done,” Jessica admitted as she lowered herself onto the fresh diaper.

“You’ve triple diapered?” Tori asked, her tone astonished, as she powdered Jessica’s crotch. “I bet you had a serious waddle.”

Jessica’s blush deepened. “Try twelve at once,” she said, looking away as her embarrassment grew. “It was so thick; I almost couldn’t sit up.”

Tori taped the first diaper snugly then patted the front. “Well, unless we want everyone to know how much of a baby you are, I don’t think twelve will be necessary. Two should do fine. Now raise that bottom, little girl.”

Jessica did as she was told and lifted her behind before setting it back down on top of the second diaper. The princess diapers were already fairly thick so a second one was going to make her waddle for sure. Jessica sucked on her thumb as she watched Tori pull the second diaper snug and taped it as well. Tori helped Jessica sit up on the bed. Without asking, Tori made her way over to and opened Jessica’s closet. Tori was surprised by the blue and white sailor girl uniform. “When did you get this, kiddo?” Tori asked, pulling it out.

“A while back, when we were talking about going to the comic convention as Sailor Mercury and Sailor Jupiter,” Jessica said. “It’s actually a onesie.”

Tori peeked under the skirt at the snapping crotch and laughed. "No wonder you wanted to wear it. Sorry I got sick the day before. Can I see you wear it?"

Jessica nodded and put her arms up. Tori giggled and pulled the top down Jessica's arms and helped her put it on. Jessica laid back; her legs already spread by the double diaper. Tori patted Jessica's crotch before snapping the crotch of the onesie around the diaper. Tori then tugged the skirt up Jessica's legs and around her hips and bottom. "Stand up and let me see," Tori said, taking a step back.

Jessica stood up and struck a cute pose before leaning over at the waist, her diaper peeking out from under the skirt. "Am I adorable or what?" Jessica asked, wiggling her bottom.

Tori laughed and moved behind her, hugging her. "You're most definitely a cutey, Jess," Tori said, kissing Jessica's cheek. "Now, go get your block and take them to the living room like a good girl."

"Okay, big sis," Jessica said with a grin. She reached into the toybox in her closet and grabbed a bunch of oversized alphabet blocks before waddling into the living room. Sitting down on the floor, the skirt of the dress pooling around her, Jessica sighed happily. She loved how it felt like she was sitting on a pillow. She grinned up as Tori walked past her, only to have Tori put Jessica's pacifier between Jessica's lips. Tori patted Jessica's head before sitting down to continue her video game.

The next day, Jessica woke again to a wet diaper. She headed for the restroom, grabbing a fresh princess diaper on the way. She knew full well that Tori was at the university, not that Tori would care one bit if Jessica was walking around in just a diaper. After removing her wet diaper and using the potty, Jessica showered. As she soaped her breasts, she noticed they felt a little odd. It was as if what little sag her small breasts had was gone. They were cute and perky and, as her fingers brushed her nipple, she bit back a moan. Her eyes widened. Her nipples had never been that sensitive. Biting her lip, she fought the urge to play with them and finished washing herself off. After drying herself off, Jessica powdered her crotch and decided that just in case classes ran long or something happened, she might want extra protection. She added a Northshore booster to one of her princess diapers before putting it on, all the while wishing Tori was there as she could get the tapes to fit better.

Making her way to her bedroom, Jessica decided on a red skirt and blouse. As she put her bra on, she frowned as the cups seemed to overfill slightly. Noting the clock by her bed, Jessica shook her head. She didn't really have time before her first class to investigate. She tugged her skirt on, buttoned up her blouse, and pulled her socks on before slipping on her pumps. Grabbing her laptop case, she paused long enough to toss a Molicare diaper into an empty pouch. Locking the door behind her, she headed to her business math class. On the way, she tried to come up with excuses she could give Ms. MacDougal. Nothing came to mind.

When she reached the campus building, the same lines were still there, though, this time, people were getting a green wrist band. She waited her turn and was greeted by a female professor she didn't recognize. Aside from a slight look of surprise, the instructor didn't comment on Jessica's babyish diaper. Jessica took her green armband and noted it was also dated this time. Walking toward the elevator, she turned when she thought she saw Tori and accidentally bumped into someone.

“Watch where you’re going,” the male voice grumbled. Jessica turned to look at him and saw the same guy from yesterday that had been a jerk in the cafeteria. Something about him looked a little off, but she couldn’t place it. Had he lost some weight? He didn’t look quite as muscular as he had before.

“Hey, are you okay?” Jessica asked. “Not to bring up a sore subject but you seemed to have a rough day yesterday.”

The man scowled. “Not that you care, but my day keeps getting worse and I really don’t want to talk about it. I...” he paused and his eyes went to the bathroom as he clutched his stomach. “Excuse me.” The man hurried off toward the restroom, which, luckily for him, didn’t have a line.

Jessica shook her head. “Poor guy,” she thought as the elevator door opened. Stepping inside, she pressed four and took the elevator to the top floor for her business math course. As she walked in, she spotted Emily who waved back at her. Jessica made her way to sit next to her. There was something off about how Emily looked, too. The grin on Emily’s face was infectious and Jessica grinned back. “You seem to be in high spirits,” Jessica commented.

“Between you, me, and the wall,” Emily whispered, “I swear my breasts and hips were bigger when I woke up this morning. It seems like the curve-fairy finally paid me a visit.”

Jessica blinked at that. She hadn’t considered her hips this morning. “I don’t think you’re the only one,” Jessica whispered back. “My bra was a little snug when I put it on today, too.”

Emily’s eyes widened. “Wait, so it’s not just me?” Emily asked as she looked around. “Does Pam look a little slimmer around the waist but bigger up top to you, too? Then again, Alexis looks like she’s put on muscle but her boobs seem a bit smaller.” Emily gestured at Ms. MacDougal as she entered. “Same for Ms. MacDougal.”

Jessica took a closer look at Laci MacDougal. Either she’d gone the extra mile with her makeup or most of the laugh lines that normally crossed her forehead were gone, too. She looked as if she’d lost a few years and her once melonous breasts were straining her blouse. She then looked around at all the guys in the room and began to notice other changes. She’d never much cared for the male form, but it was obvious that some of the guys had put on muscle while one guy looked like his clothes barely fit him as if he’d shrunk somehow.

Shaking her head as Laci turned on the screen and the projector, Jessica focused on class. She pulled out her laptop, flipped the screen around to turn on the touchscreen functionality, and started taking notes. As the class neared completion and Ms. MacDougal asked if there were any questions, Jessica realized that her crotch was warm. Taking a deep breath, a knot in her gut formed. She hadn’t felt nauseous but the fact of the matter was that she’d wet herself without realizing it. She was so focused on the fact that it hadn’t registered that everyone had gotten up and left. Everyone, that is, except Ms. MacDougal.

“I believe you owe me an explanation, little girl,” Laci said, leaning against the wall by the door before crossing her arms below her sizable chest.

Jessica put her laptop away. “Well, I, um...”

“You’re an adult baby, aren’t you?” Laci asked as a half-smile curved on her lips. Jessica looked up from her laptop case in shock. “Oh, please, don’t act so surprised. You’re not the one having to pretend I don’t know one of my students from kink parties. Emily and I see each other at munches from time to time. We don’t fraternize, mind you, but we’re aware of each other’s kink. You’re not the first adult baby I’ve met. I doubt you’ll be the last.”

Jessica sucked on her lip as she stood up and walked toward Laci. “I’m glad that you understand, Ms. MacDougal.”

“Laci is fine, dear,” she said with a smile. “Do you mind if I ask you a silly question?”

“I mean, sure,” Jessica said. It, after all, couldn’t get much more embarrassing.

“Are you planning on taking any of my courses next semester? Finals are next week. After that, though, I won’t have to pretend I don’t know Emily or you outside of class.”

Jessica paused at that. “Are you flirting with me, Laci?” Jessica asked, her heart racing in excitement.

“Maybe,” she said. “You’re such a cutey, though, so is Emily for different reasons. You both seem as if you have your heads on straight. It might be nice to have someone that’s not a colleague to socialize with.”

Jessica grinned broadly at that. “I’d like that,” Jessica said. Before she could stop herself, she hugged Lisa. She felt a pat on her diapered bottom before stepping back. Looking down at the floor, Jessica felt sheepish. “Sorry, I couldn’t resist.”

“It’s okay, little girl,” Lisa said, smiling with a kind expression. “You should probably head to your next class.”

Thomas O’Brian’s day kept going from bad to worse. He’d had to suffer the humiliation, again, of going through those stupid lines just to make sure he was wearing a protective undergarment. It didn’t help that he was feeling miserable and, it seemed, needing to use the restroom every hour. It wasn’t to take a leak, either. His whole body felt weak and part of him wanted to head back to his dorm room and curl up under his blanket. Fat chance that was happening. With less than a week before finals, Thomas was determined to make it through. He felt like he had almost no appetite, though he’d had a craving for peaches and sushi since he’d woke that morning. The way his stomach was feeling, though, solid foods seemed like a bad idea.

To make things worse, he’d run into “miss super-chipper” again. It had been bad enough to see pity on her face yesterday when Thomas had been knocked down by the security guard and wet himself in the process. That he’d almost shit himself in front of her when she’d asked if Thomas was okay simply made it worse. Now, looking at himself in the bathroom mirror after using the facilities for the fifth time today, he swore he’d lost muscle tone and his hair looked like it could use a trim. It was as if all the working out he’d done over the last six months had melted away. At least the fat hadn’t come back with it. Well, most of it hadn’t. Poking his chest, his pecks seemed a little flabby. Thomas frowned as he felt the area around his crotch warm up. Rolling his eyes, he didn’t bother to check. He’d gone out and bought the most absorbent solution he could, even if they were bulky and evident under his sweatpants.

He could go a while without another change and, at least, his stomach finally didn't feel as if he almost constantly needed to take a dump for the first time in two days.

Thinking about changing his diaper, that had been another odd thing this morning. After he'd put that damned diaper on, when Thomas pulled on his sweatpants, the waist was loose even though it took a little effort to get it around his hips. It was the strangest thing. He'd called his family doctor and scheduled an appointment for the next day as that was the earliest his doctor could get Thomas in.

Grabbing his book bag off the floor, Thomas headed to his sociology course, feeling miserable and hoping he'd make it through the class without messing himself. He stopped at the vending machine and grabbed a ginger ale, hoping for the best. He bumped into his friend Kevin as he rounded the corner. At least, he thought it was Kevin. Where Thomas had lost some weight, it looked like Kevin had been bulking up on protein powder and lifting weights for the last six months. When had he gotten so buff? He looked really good if Thomas was honest with himself. Shaking that thought away, he nodded. "Hey, Kev, would love to catch up but don't want to be late for class," Thomas said, ducking away.

He could've sworn he heard another guy ask Kevin "Do you know that chick?"

Jessica headed home after her last class. "I can't wait for this semester to be over," she thought. She stopped at the small grocery store near campus. Craving calories, Jessica bought some donuts, a gallon of milk, and some chocolate syrup. As she shopped, she realized almost everyone was either wearing sweatpants, skirts or had an obvious "diaper bulge" under their normal clothing. The flu had been spreading, she supposed. She did feel sorry for other people. While it was her kink, she imagined that this sort of thing had to be not only uncomfortable but probably embarrassing for most people.

As she waited in line to pay for her groceries, she noticed a black man with short brown hair that looked to be in his mid-thirties. He was wearing bib overalls and a t-shirt but, most notably, also had a pacifier hanging on a blue ribbon that was pinned to his overalls. He was staring at one of the kid's toys that were at the end of the aisle. An Asian woman with short black hair and pushing a cart walked up to him. She was a good foot shorter than the man but the endearing look she gave him made Jessica guess they were in some kind of relationship. Her hand patted his obviously diapered bottom before she said something to him. The man nodded and looked at the floor sheepishly. Jessica smiled to herself, willing to bet that she'd asked him if he needed a change. The woman then said something and pointed at one of the children's board games. The man nodded again. The woman grabbed the game and put it in the cart, causing the man to smile before the woman put the pacifier between the man's lips. A few people gave the man a look of disgust but Jessica just smiled. She could guess that the man was an adult baby, but whether that had been before or after the flu had affected him, Jessica had no idea. Still, as she finally made it to the front of the line and paid for her groceries, Jessica decided she would wait to talk to them. As she sat down on the bench by the exit, she fished a pacifier out of her bookbag and popped it in her mouth.

It was a few minutes later that Jessica noticed the pair exiting one of the checkout lanes. She stood up and realized that she'd wet herself again while shopping. She wasn't too worried, given the booster in the diaper between her legs, but she was going to need a change soon. Intentionally waddling when she made her way toward the man and woman, she smiled around her pacifier when the man noticed her.

He tugged on the woman's sleeve and pointed in Jessica's direction. The woman turned to look at Jessica and smiled. The woman gestured toward the entrance and led the way along the front of the store to where there was a small picnic table away from most of the customers. Jessica nodded, following behind them, waddling with every step.

When she got there, Jessica pulled her pacifier from her lips. "I noticed you and your baby boy," Jessica said quietly. "I didn't realize there were any other adult babies in the area." Jessica blushed a bit at being so open about it. Jessica took a moment to take in the Asian woman's body and was momentarily jealous of the guy with her. It was unexpected to see an Asian woman with breasts as large as hers. Jessica thought she was a pretty good judge of size and, given how petite the woman was otherwise, Jessica guessed she had to be somewhere around a DDD if not larger.

The woman offered her hand. "I'm Jenny and this is my husband Tyrone," she said with a smile. Jenny saw Jessica's eyes dart and between her pacifier and her groceries with a worried look on her face. Jenny giggled and took Jessica's pacifier then shook her hand. Tyrone waved.

Jessica smiled back. "I'm Jessica," she said taking her pacifier back. "It's nice to meet you both. Do you mind if I ask a prying question?"

"As long as you understand we may not answer," Jenny replied. "What would you like to know?"

"Have you two always been an ABDL couple or is this a new thing because of the flu that's going around?" Jessica asked.

Tyrone looked down at his wife and grinned around his pacifier. "Told you someone would ask," he mumbled around his pacifier.

"Hush you or there will be spankings later," Jenny noted, narrowing her eyes at Tyrone.

"Promises, promise," Tyrone mumbled, causing Jessica to giggle.

Sighing, Jenny shook her head. "We've been a couple for a while but I was always the dominant partner. When this whole thing hit the news yesterday, I searched for things involving domination and submission along with diapers, so that we could try to make it less awkward for us both," Jenny explained. "We gave it a try yesterday and liked the dynamic. This morning, I told Tyrone that if he was a good baby all day, mama would give him a reward when we got home after grocery shopping."

Jessica nodded. "Sounds like a fair deal," Jessica noted. She thought about Tori. "My roommate and I kind of have a similar thing going. She's not really into the whole diaper bit but enjoys being able to take care of me as if I were her little sister. Maybe someday I'll find a mommy."

Jenny took Jessica's pacifier and put it in Jessica's mouth. She reached into her purse and then into Jessica's grocery bag. Writing down her email address, she handed it back to Jessica. "We should set up a play date someday, cutey," Jenny said before patting Jessica's head. "Nothing sexual, just you and Tyrone with some toys and cartoons. Ask your big sister, though, as we don't want to leave her out."

Jessica nodded. "Yes, ma'am," she mumbled through her pacifier. She waddled away, heading toward home. By the time she got home, she was feeling the need to use the toilet for "number two" so made her way inside. Tori waved from her spot on the couch. She was wearing nothing but one of Jessica's Northshore Supremes and a t-shirt while playing video games. The massage wand that had been in

Jessica's room was laying in front of the couch. Jessica kicked off her shoes at the door before setting her groceries on the kitchen counter. She quickly put the milk away before making her way to the bathroom.

"Need a change, kiddo?" Tori asked just before the bathroom door closed. "Guess not."

Jessica came out of the bathroom about ten minutes later, naked from the waist down. "I didn't mean to ignore you, big sis," Jessica said. "I used the big girl potty like a good girl, though I can't seem to help wet my diapers." She then reached into the bathroom closet for two Northshore Supremes and two booster pads. "Could we go super thick this time since I was so good?"

Tori giggled and paused her game, standing up. "I suppose so, baby doll," Tori said, taking the diapers and leading Jessica into her bedroom. "And do you mean you can't help or you're just choosing to wet whenever you need to?"

Jessica blushed. "Like I didn't even realize that I had wet until after it happened," she said with a pout, laying down. She lifted her bottom as Tori poked holes in the inner diaper then added the booster between the legs.

Tori slid the diaper under Jessica's bottom before reaching for the ubiquitous baby powder and powdering Jessica's crotch. Tori taped the sides snug before adding a booster to the second diaper. "You're going to have to waddle with this many, cutey," Tori said, sliding the diapers under Jessica's bottom and pulling them snugly between Jessica's legs. "If we keep this up, maybe we should go a size bigger for extra bulk."

Jessica giggled. "Sounds like fun," she said. She sucked on her lip before sitting up, her legs forced apart by the bulk of the diapers. Looking back at Tori who was grabbing Jessica's hairbrush, she wiggled a bit. "You'll never guess what happened at the grocery store."

"What's that, honey?" Tori asked, brushing Jessica's hair into a set of pigtails. "Whatever it is, you seem super excited."

Bouncing a bit on the edge of the bed, Jessica nodded. She put her arms up as Tori pulled her t-shirt off. "I met a mommy and her baby boy there," Jenny explained with a grin. "They want to set up a play date so we can play with toys and watch cartoons and act like the babies that we really are, big sis. Miss Jenny wanted to meet you, too."

Tori smiled at that. "Sounds like a good time, little one. Why don't you email them and see if they're free Friday afternoon?"

Jessica cheered before hugging Tori. "Thank you, big sis," Jessica whispered in Tori's ear. "I also saw you were playing with my big girl toys. Was big sis being a naughty girl?"

Giggling, Tori cupped Jessica's breast through her bra. "For a little bit, though it seems like baby is being silly and wearing clothes that are too small for her."

Jessica frowned. "This is one of my normal bras," Jessica noted. "It does feel snug, though."

Tori reached behind Jessica's back and unhooked the bra. She then went into the dining room where the sewing machine the pair had both split the cost for was sitting, only to come back with a measuring

tape. Jessica gave Tori an annoyed look but put her arms out while Tori slipped the tape around Jessica's chest below her breasts then again around the fullest part of her chest. Tori then looked at the tag on the bra. "When was the last time you wore the bra before today?"

"About a week ago, why?" Jessica asked.

"Because the bra says 32A but you are most certainly not an A-cup," Tori noted. "You're a C-cup, Jess."

"A what?" Jessica exclaimed. "How is that possible?"

Tori lifted her shirt to reveal that she wasn't wearing a bra either. Her breasts looked bigger than they had the day before. A lot bigger. "It explains the huge fat and carb cravings I've had," Tori said, wrapping the tape around her chest. "I went up from a C to a double 'D' and that was around lunch." Tori's eyes went wide. "And another cup size since then." Tori blushed and bit her lip. "That's not all, though. I keep daydreaming about taking care of you and it keeps turning me on. That's why I had the massage wand. I think I've cum in my diapers four times today."

"No way!" Jessica gasped. She then giggled.

"What's so funny, brat?" Tori asked.

"Well, it makes sense that you'd be hornier than me," Jessica explained, "because I'm a 'baby' and you're a 'grown-up big girl', so maybe you're hornier more. I don't know." Jessica shrugged. She licked her lips. "Though, if you keep sticking your boobs in my face, I'm going to show you just how much of a baby I am when I start sucking on them."

Tori clicked her tongue. "If you crawl from the bedroom to the couch like a baby, I might just let you." With that, Tori pulled off her shirt and made her way back to the living room, her diapered but swaying back and forth. Jessica realized that Tori's diaper was wet, which turned Jessica on even more. Moving to her hands and knees, her thickly diapered butt jutting into the air, Jessica crawled into the living room then up onto the couch where Tori was sitting, her back against the arm of the couch. Jessica snuggled against Tori and wrapped her lips around Tori's nipple. Her free hand moved between Tori's legs, noting her wet diaper was still warm. Rubbing her gently, Jessica smiled around Tori's nipple as Tori moaned the words "Good girl."