

Charlie and the Diaper Factory

By Champ (champtehatter.com)

Charlie D. Pail loves diapers, but the fabulous life of the famous and diapered seems worlds away - that is until he finds a golden ticket. Soon, he is swept away on a grand factory tour with World-Renowned diaper mogul, Mr. Willy Waddler. Who knows what soggy surprises are in store?

Chapter 1: The Golden Ticket

Charlie Pail was out on errands. Normally, he would not be so excited about that fact, but then again, these weren't just any normal errands. Instead of picking up groceries or posting mail, Charlie was going to visit his favorite place of all: Willy Waddler's Adult Diaper Emporium. Charlie's heart raced as he thought about all the fun diapers he might see there. Stacks upon stacks of the shiniest... crinkliest... poofiest... DIAPERS! He paused and took a deep breath.

"Now Charlie," he said to himself. "This trip is for Grandpa Joe. You only have \$30 in your pocket for a pack of diapers, and the diapers are for him." Sadly, Charlie hadn't earned quite enough allowance to afford a pack of his own, so all of those fun and colorful printed diapers would be just out of his reach. That did little to dampen Charlie's mood, though. He was satisfied even to gaze upon their crinkly grandeur and imagine how wonderful they *would* be when he got his hands on some of his own. And so Charlie fantasized, walking down the winding streets by and by, growing more and more excited until, by the time he reached his destination, Charlie was practically creaming his pants!

Willy Waddler's Adult Diaper Emporium. Ever since he turned eighteen, this was where Charlie would go to imagine he was more than an ordinary boy, if only for a moment. Charlie adjusted his pants with a crinkle as he admired the colorful sign. Then, he took a deep breath and walked through the big double doors into the Diaper-Filled wonderland he loved so much. The moment he entered, Charlie was hit by the smell of factory fresh diapers and his heart was pounding once more. Everywhere he looked, there were cute and colorful diapers ranging from solid colors to elaborate decorations of cute baby animals, stars and moons, and anything else a diaper boy could dream of stacked two stories high.

"Welcome to Willy Waddler's Diaper Emporium! Would you like to hear about today's deals?" said Ms. Delia Dribbles, the shop greeter. She was a young woman with a skirt that ended right above her obvious diaper. "Oh, hi Charlie! What brings you back so soon? Have you heard about that special contest going on? There's still one ticket left, you know!"

"Are you kidding?" said Charlie, his face bright with excitement, "Of course I know! It's all anyone is talking about."

There were five golden tickets hidden inside adult diaper bags all across the land. The news was abuzz with profiles of the four winners who had found their tickets already, and speculation was rampant regarding where the fifth and final golden ticket might be.

"Oh, what I would do with such a prize... Oh, but... Charlie get a hold of yourself now... I'm not here to talk about that. I'm here to buy Grandpa Joe more diapers!"

Delia gave Charlie a pleading look. "Oh, but Charlie, *surely* you have a moment to see our latest items, don't you?"

"Well... okay!" said Charlie, giving a big smile. "But only because you're so *clearly* excited about them." Both of them knew that Delia had already shown him all the latest offerings at least five times by now, but it made no difference. Charlie was just as excited as Delia about all of the wonderful waddy wares within the walls of Willy Waddler's emporium.

"Alright, then. First off, we have the Waddler Deluxe," declared Delia, sweeping her hand toward a backlit display in the wall. "This is the thickest diaper yet. Fit for a pampered prince or princess! As you can see, I'm wearing one now."

"Ooh," said Charlie, looking over the thick and cushy diaper, crisscrossed with decorations of pink and gold which gave the air of luxurious ribbons to match the ruffles and frills along the waistband and leg gathers. "Oh, but that's much too rich for an ordinary boy like me," he said, fiddling with his pants which gave off a telltale crinkle.

"Next we have the Soapy Swaddlers," said Delia, leading Charlie to a pyramid of diapers adorned with rubber ducks. "You can treat your skin to a nice spa treatment while the diaper whisks away whatever you throw at it, leaving you clean and carefree."

"Ahh," said Charlie, smiling at the adorable bubbles and rubber duckies on the cushy cleansing diapers. "So you're saying that these diapers actually *clean and repair* your skin while you use them? Amazing! What will Mr. Waddler come up with next?"

"I'm glad you asked," said Delia, "because next up, we have the Wading Waddlers!" Delia led Charlie to a mock aquarium setup with plastic fishies and a dunkable diapered hip form. "Feeling like a good swim but don't want to carry the Thames in your diaper? Willy Waddler has done it again with the diaper that *no one* thought possible: a thick and cushy garment that is completely leakproof in *both* directions. Press the button to dunk the diaper and see for yourself!"

"Amazing," said Charlie as the submerged diaper came out completely dry. "I'll definitely have to try them all, but... well, I'm afraid today I only have enough for a single pack for Grandpa Joe."

"Well, then you are in luck my friend," said Delia, with a wink, "because I've saved the best for last. I present to you the amazing and economical Discount Drippers. With a higher pulp to SAP ratio, these beauties are bulky on a budget!"

"That's the perfect one," said Charlie, nodding.

"Oh, excellent choice, sir, excellent choice," said Delia, shaking Charlie's hand like he had just won the lottery. They had been through this song and dance before - at least as many times as Charlie had visited the shop.

"Why thank you," said Charlie, striking a pose. "I'm told I have... extraordinary taste in padding."

Delia giggled. "Feel free to look around as long as you like, Charlie. The Discount Drippers are already waiting for you at the counter when you're ready. *Oliver saw you coming*," she added with a whisper.

"Thanks," said Charlie, smirking. He could have guessed that Oliver would grab them as soon as he walked in. Charlie wasted no more time walking up to the counter to speak with the handsome young clerk. Oliver wore only his apron and a pair of Waddler Classic Whites, the thick crinkly throwbacks that looked great for all occasions.

"One pack of the usual?" Oliver asked, pushing forth a package already in its Willy Waddler carrying bag. Charlie nodded and forced a smile.

"Yup. One pack of the Discount Drippers ought to do it."

"You know," said Oliver, raising an eyebrow as he fiddled with the plastic of the package. We're having a *special* today... One pack of diapers gets you a free sample of any diaper in the store."

"Really?" said Charlie, his eyebrows shooting up as the clerk went off script.

"That's right," said Oliver. "And I see you're buying a pack, so what'll it be?"

"Well," said Charlie, at length. "I guess I'll try a sample of the... Waddler Deluxe?"

"Oh, I see," said Oliver with a smirk that made Charlie blush. "Perhaps we have a pampered prince in our midst after all, hmm? Here you go."

Oliver reached under the counter and placed the single wrapped diaper on top of Charlie's purchase with a loud smack. Charlie's heart skipped a beat and his mouth went dry. A free Waddler Deluxe! Even in the packaging, it was easily as thick as three Waddler Classics. And it was so soft... and it would be just for *him*.

"Do you, uh... I mean... Can I, uh, use the, uh, b-bathroom, please?"

"Can't wait to put it on, huh?" asked Oliver, still wearing that knowing smirk on his face. "Sure thing, Charlie. Anything for you."

So, Charlie was led to the private employee restroom, seldom used since Willy Waddler diapers were part of the uniform. After all, what kind of diaper shop would miss the chance to have its employees model the hottest new wares? Inside, Charlie opened the package and pulled out the cushy garment. He was immediately hit with the rich scent of fresh diapers and baby lotion.

"They even *smell* deluxe," Charlie said to himself as he squeezed the incredibly thick diaper, taking his time to admire the exquisite squish of the padding in his hands. It didn't even seem to need fluffing, which amazed and delighted him. That was one less delay for getting into a *real* diaper. Charlie unbuckled his pants and let them drop to the floor to reveal the makeshift diaper he was wearing. It consisted of little more than trash bags, duct tape, and toilet paper he had managed to sneak from Granny's pantry and goodness help him if he was ever caught wasting them in such a manner! With one clean rip, it was all off of him and into the diaper bin.

"And good riddance," said Charlie, flopping his newly gained garment open on the changing table. He barely looked before jumping on himself. "Ooh! My!"

Charlie was momentarily surprised by the cool feel of the cream lining that added the slightest hint of squish to his diaper as his bum sank into the sumptuous padding. He couldn't *believe* how thick it was as he pulled the front up, how it forced his legs apart while lifting his butt off of the changing table. Never in his life had Charlie been swaddled in such luxury! With his hands shaking, Charlie brought each tape around to the taping panel, securing them one by one.

"These are *incredible*," Charlie said, bringing his hand to the front to give the thick, crinkly diaper an appreciative squeeze.

That's when he noticed something tickling his tummy. "What the?" Charlie pulled open the high-rise waistband to see what it was. Something that glinted gold was poking against his belly button. "Is that... is that a piece of *paper*? Maybe some instructions or something?"

Perplexed, Charlie pulled at it with his fingers and out came a piece of gold foil-backed paper. His heart stopped. "No... It can't be," he murmured. But it was. "I've got a golden ticket!!!"

Charlie jumped down from the changing table, entirely forgetting to pull his pants back up as he attempted to rush out of the bathroom.

"I got- Oops! Oof!" Charlie stopped to pull his pants up, but they wouldn't completely close around such thick diapers. Instead, he was forced to hold them up with one hand as he exited the room waving the ticket...

"I got it! I got the last golden ticket!" he cried, bursting onto the sales floor.

"My goodness, you really did! Oh that's wonderful," said Delia, practically beside herself with excitement for Charlie.

"Run home, Charlie," urged Oliver, "and don't stop till you get there!"

Charlie waddled home as quickly as his legs would take him, holding his ticket in one hand and his waistband in the other. As soon as he reached his ramshackle home, he burst in the door, unable to contain his excitement.

"Grandpa Joe! Grandpa Joe!" he cried.

"Calm, down, boy," said Grandpa Joe, sitting up in the big bed that took up the entire living room. "What's all this hubbub about? And where are my diapers?"

"Your- Oh my gosh! I forgot your diapers! I was just so excited about the golden ticket, I just-"

"Golden ticket?" asked Grandpa Joe, pulling out his reading glasses. "Come here, let me see it, my boy." Grandpa Joe took the golden piece of paper, held it up in the light, and squinted a few seconds. "By Jove, you're right, Charlie! This here's the real deal!"

"Oh, Grandpa, I'm sorry!" said Charlie, still focused on his unforgivable gaffe. "I got distracted and forgot your diapers. I'll go back and get them right away."

"Oh, forget about that Charlie, you've got the golden ticket! You know what that means, don't you, boy?"

"Of course I do, Grandpa Joe! It means we get to go to the diaper factory!"

"And a lifetime supply of diapers! We're set for life! Whoopie!" Grandpa Joe jumped out of bed and kicked his heels together.

"Grandpa Joe!" cried Charlie, "I thought you had *crippling arthritis*..."

"Screw that, boy! Let's go to the factory!"

"Grandpa Joe, we can't just go to the factory. We have to go at the time it says on the ticket: the Saturday after the last ticket is found, which means... five more days."

Grandpa sat down in a huff, his arms crossed. "Oh fine and fiddle-faddle. We'll wait, then."

Charlie chuckled. "Sometimes I wonder if *I'm* the grandpa here."

"Can we at least go back to the shop and pick up that lifetime supply of diapers?"

"Grandpa Joe, can't it wait? I'm not ready for the media storm, so let's just wait to report it a little while, yeah?"

"Come on, boy, where's your call for adventure? Call the Waddler hotline and claim that ticket... and be sure to ask if we can get those diapers already..."

Charlie sighed, shaking his head, and reached for the receiver to dial the number when the phone rang all on its own.

RING *RING*

"Huh, that's strange..." said Charlie, picking up the call.

"BDF News Here... am I speaking with Charlie Pail?"

"Um... Why... Yes, this is he... Why are you?"

"Excellent! Congratulations on your win! We'd like to set up an interview!"

"Hold on. How did you get my number? I haven't even reported my win yet!"

"Well, then someone reported it for you, because it's up on the website. Now about that interview-"

"Not interested," said Charlie, slamming down the receiver.

"Who was that?" asked Grandpa Joe.

"It was just the news. They wanted an *interview*. I just don't know how they-"

RING *RING*

"Oh darn it, another call? Hello?"

"Congratulations, sir, on your big win! Now that you have a lifetime worth of diapers, have you considered updating the warranty on your car?"

"I don't even have a car," said Charlie. "Leave me alone!" Charlie unplugged the phone, but it didn't help for long. When the inevitable crowd showed up to their front door a few minutes later, Grandpa Joe looked at Charlie and shrugged.

"Well, since we're going to be bothered anyway, can we get that lifetime supply of diapers?"

As predicted, Charlie was immediately catapulted into notoriety. From that point on, everywhere he went, people noticed him, commenting behind his back about what diapers he might be wearing under his pants, or about how in less than a week, he and all the other winners would show up at the factory to begin their legendary tour.

It was, of course, a point of pride to many in his town that a local boy would win the prize, so at least the attention was positive. Charlie was the underdog, the ordinary boy from modest means who got a lucky break. It was the type of tear-jerking rags-to-riches story that the public adored, and while Charlie appreciated the perks of his position, like the free groceries he got from the local grocer, or the free smartphone

he received from WaddlerCo., he didn't appreciate the pitying looks of the shopkeepers and neighbors who had read every detail of his impoverished upbringing in the paper.

Charlie quickly grew tired of hearing open speculation about his padding wherever he went. He made it a point to sag his pants so there would be no question as to what he was wearing. Unfortunately for Charlie, his change-up made immediate headlines, and before he knew it, people from all walks of life took to copying the style as 'working class crinkle chic'. It was as if his life had become some sort of costume for others to wear. How could celebrities stand it?

Charlie would have to remind himself daily to remember who he was, to be kind, and never to lose his patience with others. "After all, Charlie," he would say, "winning a random contest changes nothing. I'm still just an ordinary boy, nothing special."

Chapter 2: The Tour Begins

A week later, Charlie and Grandpa Joe, along with the other winners, were standing at the gates of the grand Willy Waddler diaper factory surrounded by hundreds of members of the press and the public. The past week had been an absolute media circus as predicted, and after getting his pants stolen in public by rabid fans, Charlie had barely left the house at all, opting to order groceries delivered despite the extra expense.

Now, in front of the grand backdrop of the giant diaper factory, Charlie found himself in the middle of a red carpet extravaganza complete with press, paparazzi, crinkly celebrities, and callous commentators all vying for attention at once. Mr. Waddler hadn't made his appearance yet, but that didn't slow them down the chatter, as there was plenty to talk about. BDF News, for example, took this downtime to remind its viewers just who the winners were in case someone had been living under a rock and missed the memo. Charlie, being just such a person, listened in as a BDF reporter on scene spoke to the camera.

"The first winner in this contest was Klaus Krinkler, heir to the Krinkler fortune. With the founder and CEO of Krinkle-Windle GmbH, Germany's largest diaper distributor, as his father, Klaus is no stranger to high quality padding. This rotund young man is known to layer his padding so thick that he could roll across the floors of his father's factories like a big bowling ball. Klaus is never seen without an obvious diaper outline under his clothes, and he makes no effort to hide his love of thick and crinkly diapers, often showing his appreciation to the world as he rubs them with great vigor anywhere and everywhere the urge strikes. With so many workers at his father's disposal, it took no time at all for one of them to find Klaus his golden ticket and hand it over for a lifetime supply of Krinkler diapers."

"The next winner was Baby Bettina, who has a distinct style all her own. She is a "lifestyle" adult baby and claims that only the girliest and most babyish attire will touch her tush. Baby Bettina's outrageous outfits have certainly caused a stir, but they haven't quite caught on with the fashion houses yet. Today's outfit appears to be a pink skirtall with plenty of diaper peekage to show off her Prissy Sissy Waddlers. Bettina has committed to exclusively wearing Willy Waddler diapers since the contest began, and it is rumored that she filled five warehouses full of diapers before she finally found *her* golden ticket. Hopefully for her, she got those comped after winning what she called 'the gamble of a lifetime!'"

"And then came Princess Paddington of Pamperdonia, who represents one of the last vestiges of continental aristocracy. Her noble line successfully made the transition

from feudalism into modern times and they have done quite well for themselves. Unlike many modern nobles, Princess Paddington is proud to flaunt her heritage, often drawing inspiration from court dress and customs of the past. This patrician proclivity is reflected in every part of her daily life from her hand-crafted floor-length dresses to the horse-drawn carriages she uses for transportation. She is a style icon in her country, demanding only the best, and of diapers, she says 'Only Willy Waddlers will do.' How right she is; who needs hoops and petticoats to keep your dress afloat when you have such perfectly poofy padding at all times? It is said that her family used its considerable control over national imports and exports to commandeer the first and only ticket that crossed their borders, but as of now, that is only a rumor."

"The fourth winner was Russell Butts from the great state of Texas. He is a terminally-online social media influencer famous - or rather infamous - for his hot takes and *spicy* memes. Love him or hate him, no one can question *his* love of diapers. He's widely acknowledged to be one of the biggest diaper fanboys in the diapersphere, having put out the call to his fans to bring him a golden ticket in exchange for an *exclusive* hangout on stream and *epic* props. He plans to share his tour with the world, revealing Willy Waddler's factory and his jealously guarded development process for the first time ever. Nevermind the fact that Russell will almost certainly have to sign a nondisclosure agreement before the tour."

"Last but not least, we come to the final winner: Charlie Pal, local wonder, or should we say *underdog*?"

"Oh, I don't want to hear this," said Charlie, turning to Grandpa Joe. "Let's go over there toward the gates." The two of them walked away from where the BDF reporter was standing, but only made it 20 paces or so before they were harangued by yet another reporter, this one from the National Nappy.

"Charlie, Charlie! As the boy who found the ticket in the free sample pack and a member of the *underprivileged* class, you've become the darling of the average Joe all over the country. Care to say a few words to your fellow commoners?"

"Uh... I don't really know..." said Charlie. "I'm no idol, I'm just a normal boy who wants to enjoy his diapers in peace."

"Amazing," said the reporter, wiping away an imaginary tear. "The words of the unwashed can be so inspiring sometimes, if a bit sparse."

"Oh, that's okay," said Grandpa Joe, grabbing the mic from the hands of the pretentious pundit. "I'll talk! Never give up on your dreams, and always, always wear your

diapers. You never know what may happen! I know it's worked for me!" Grandpa Joe then stood with his legs wide and his fists on his hips so the whole world could see his bulging baggy grandpa pants stretched taut over his even bigger diaper.

"Well, you, *GRUNT* *certainly* know how to fill out those pants, sir!" said the interviewer, wrestling back the mic from the elderly man. "Those diapers look cushy and comfortable, just like diapers should be. If you don't mind my asking, what are your and Charlie's favorite diapers? We understand that Charlie found the ticket in a Waddler Deluxe sample... Are you two fans of *pink and frilly* diapers?"

Charlie blushed deeply as the reporter announced what kind of diaper he had found the ticket in, sure that people would jump to unnecessary conclusions about him. Before he could correct the record, however, Baby Bettina butted in, her big blue baby bonnet blotting out Charlie's face as she spoke into the mic.

"Aww, is widdle Charlie a sissy? It's okay, I used to identify as a sissy too, but now I've embraced who I am and I'm living my best life as the diaper girl I truly am."

"I'm not a diapergirl," said Charlie, his face turning yet redder as he pushed Baby Bettina's Bonnet out of the way, "not that there's anything wrong with that!"

"That's what they all say," sighed Baby Bettina. "It's okay, your Big Sis understands. It took me thirty years of being a sissy to admit the truth to myself. You'll get there eventually..."

"You heard it here first, folks," said the interviewer. "Charlie the sissy is struggling with an identity crisis, but Charlie's Big Sis Bonnie Baby Bettina is there to help! Who knows what our *brave* working class waddler will discover about himself - or *herself* - during this special tour? Stay tuned to find out more!"

"Yes, indeed," said Baby Bettina. "I have much to say about *my* journey, which I hope will inspire the listeners at home. In fact I'm sure it will... To begin with..."

Charlie turned his back on blathering Bettina and the repugnant reporter and stormed off to the other end of the red carpet, disgusted by the reductive media spin that he had just encountered. While he had plenty of friends of all stripes, he did not enjoy being painted with someone else's brush, especially by someone he didn't even know. Grandpa Joe, sensing the tension in the air, caught up with Charlie and put a comforting hand on the boy's back.

"There, there, Charlie. Pay them no mind. Those news people are just a bunch of gossip hungry guttersnipes and that Baby Bettina is a babbling busybody who is just looking for another chance to get in front of the camera. Don't let her or anyone else tell you who you are. Only you can decide that, and I'll support you all the way."

"You're the best, Grandpa Joe," said Charlie. "I guess it just comes with the territory of being famous, but it sure is frustrating. Is this how celebrities feel all the time?"

"Probably," said Grandpa Joe. "But don't let it get to you. This is your moment, Charlie. Just try to enjoy it, hmm?"

"You're right, Grandpa Joe," said Charlie. Before he could say anything more, he was interrupted by a loud clamor from the crowd as the gigantic factory doors creaked open. Out strode Willy Waddler, his incredibly thick diapers causing his purple pants to bulge out in all directions. The mysterious mogul wore a puffy purple vest, a big purple pacifier on a purple ribbon, and a big purple top hat to match, as well as a big purple cane tipped by a brass diaper. He walked all the way down the long red carpet to where the media was waiting and stopped, dropping his cane. It looked like he was going to fall over, but at the last minute, he tumbled forward his thick diaper cushioning the roll and slowing it so he ended up sitting criss-cross applesauce on the floor.

"HEWWO EVERYONE!" He said, throwing up his arms. The crowd went wild. "Welcome to the Wonderfow Wowd of Wiwwy Waddwer's Factowy! Would the Winnows Pwease Pwesent Yow Tickets?" The winners all looked at each other in confusion.

"Did you understand him?" whispered Charlie.

"Barely," said Grandpa Joe. Mr. Waddler paused, spit out his pacifier so it dangled on its purple ribbon, and then spoke again.

"Ahem. Excuse me. Please present your tickets is what I wanted to say! You'll have to excuse me. I was just testing my new mouth-seeking pacifier which iff vewwy good at it'th job..." The crowd gasped and giggled as the pacifier of its own accord found and plugged up Willy Waddler's mouth once more.

Klaus Krinkler, Baby Bettina, Princess Paddington, Russell Butts, and Charlie Pail all presented their tickets and one by one they were ushered through the gates.

"Wait, wait!" cried a reporter. "Mr. Waddler! Aren't you going to give a speech? At least a few words?" Waddler gave the little man a look of disdain and after a pause, he nodded.

"Fine... Alphabet soup... Geometry... Diaperlicious... There are your few words. Thank you all for coming, and goodbye!"

And with that, the five winners and their chaperones were escorted through the factory doors. Once inside, Charlie looked around at the various guests to see who was with them. Aside from the five winners and Willy Waddler himself, there was Grandpa Joe, who Charlie wouldn't dream of leaving behind. Likewise, Klaus was a certified manchild and certainly had to bring his father along as he could barely do anything on his own. As for princess Paddington, she had her Royal attendant Jeeves in tow. He was currently serving as a royal coat rack holding her purse and fur coat. Russell brought the only person that mattered in his life: his phone, which was taking a video call, and Baby Bettina brought her teddy bear along, which didn't really count as a plus one at all, though you wouldn't want to tell *her* that.

"I'm sorry," Russell was saying to the tearful contributor of his golden ticket, who had made the trip all the way to the gates of the factory only to be turned away. "I'm afraid I can't bring you as my plus one on the tour after all. You just don't have enough followers to be worth featuring in any of my content. Hope you understand. Byeeee." He hung up the phone and shook his head, turning to Charlie. "Hardest part of the job, you know?"

"Not really," said Charlie, quickly walking away to the other side of Grandpa Joe so he didn't have to listen to Russell whine about the difficult life of a popular streamer.

"So where are we going?" asked Princess Paddington in a demanding voice. "I *do* hope there's not too much walking."

"The first stop is my personal office," announced Willy Waddler. This statement was met with gasps and ahhs of excitement, but the group was soon disappointed as they went into a rather boring room with a big long desk and an even longer document laid across it. Mr. Waddler waddled up to the desk, his pants giving off that loud telltale crinkle with every step, and placed his hand on the mahogany surface.

"I can see you all are disappointed, but to be honest, I don't use this room much at all. This room is for looking official and signing contracts and not much else. Speaking of which, before we continue, you *must* sign the contract."

"What's in the contract?" asked Klaus's father.

"Oh, just the standard... You know, all participants must wear Willy Waddler diapers 24/7 and admit that they can't use the potty, any recordings, images, etc., are free for us to use indefinitely, and a few other minor details..."

"Minor details?!" spluttered Mr. Krinkler Sr., incredulous at the way Mr. Waddler was brushing off his concerns. "This document is massive!"

"Oh, stuff it," said baby Bettina, walking forward and looking over the contract. "I know all about the law. I'll look at this. Yeah, looks fine to me." She said, barely glancing at the text before scratching her signature on the bottom.

"My, my, a self-taught legal expert in English law without any formal training, and not even being from this country. Very impressive," said Willy Waddler.

This sarcasm sailed right over Baby Bettina's head as she smiled and said, "I *know*. I'm known for my impressive qualities."

With nothing to lose, Charlie signed as well and Russell, being used to all sorts of end user agreements on his streaming platforms, had no problem signing without reading the text either. Not wanting to be left out, princess Paddington and Klaus followed suit over the objections of their chaperones.

"Excellent! Said Willy Waddler. I knew you were all serious about going through with this life-changing opportunity. And now that you have signed, you are truly *committed*."

Willy Waddler's eyes gleamed in a way that made Charlie's hair stand on end when he said the word 'committed', but the moment was brief, and before Charlie could think any more of it, Willy Waddler rushed out the door without them.

"No time to lose, now," he called back. "On to the diaper factory tour!"

The guests looked at each other in confusion for a moment before making a mad scramble to keep up with the swiftly moving magnate. The intrepid entrepreneur rounded the corner at the end of the hall as they all piled out of the room, and by the time they rounded the corner themselves, he was nowhere to be found.

"How does he move so quickly?" Charlie said.

"I don't know," said Klaus huffing and puffing as his bulbous build made it difficult for him to move quickly. "I will practically have to *roll* after him to keep up."

"This is highly unorthodox," said Princess Paddington, "Princesses shouldn't have to do so much walking in a day and certainly should never have to *look* for anyone. Isn't that right, Jeeves?"

"Of course, your highness," muttered Jeeves, sounding more exhausted by the Princess's prattling than the manic march itself.

"There's only one way to go," said Grandpa Joe, "And that's straight ahead, so let's step on it!"

"Easy for you to say," huffed Klaus. "You poor people are used to walking."

"Well, then, I guess you'll just have to give up on the tour," said Grandpa Joe. "So sorry. I'll be sure to send you a postcard!"

Spite seemed to motivate Klaus and Princess Paddington better than any pep talk, and the group continued to speed down the hall until it split into two paths, and then two paths again. It quickly became apparent that they were in some sort of maze. Grandpa Joe paused and looked around, leading several of the group to crash into each other as they caught up.

"Wow, we're totally stuck! How the heck do we get out of here? Stay tuned to find out," said Russell, pausing to flash a peace sign at his phone. However, after he finished recording and pressed send he frowned. "Wait a second... I've got zero bars! What gives?"

The other guests pulled out their cell phones and they all noticed that they didn't have reception either.

"Does anyone know the Wi-Fi password for Waddler Net?" asked Princess Paddington, looking annoyed as she held up her pink gemstone, gold, and ivory encrusted phone.

Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!

Suddenly, all five winners' phones received a text message.

"How in the heck?" said Russell.

Charlie took out his phone and squinted. "It says... Follow the crinkles! Do your best to keep up! - W.W."

"The crinkles?" asked baby Bettina. "What nonsense! He's surely cracked!"

"Shush! Listen!" said Grandpa Joe.

Everyone cocked an ear. Sure enough, they could hear the rustling sound of Mr. Waddler's gigantic diapers moving away from them.

"This way!" cried Grandpa Joe rushing down one of the branching paths. Everyone else ran to catch up. Each time he came to a fork, Grandpa Joe paused and cocked his ear before heading forward with complete certainty, while the rest of the group barely kept pace.

"This man is trying to kill me!" puffed Klaus. "I thought Grandpas were supposed to be hard of hearing!"

"Nothing like a lifetime supply of pamps to put a pep in your step," called Grandpa Joe as he pressed on. "Hurry up you whippersnappers! We've got a factory to tour!"

"Oh, I absolutely abhor this," cried Princess Paddington, as she picked up her skirts to hurry around yet another corner. "Running is so undignified. Jeeves tell them how undignified it is!"

"Very undignified, your highness," muttered Jeeves, showing almost no emotion except for depression.

Eventually, the hallway stopped at a door that said 'EMPLOYEES ONLY'. Grandpa Joe put his hand on the handle, but Klaus's Dad piped up.

"Hold on," that door says *employees only*! It's VERBOTEN to open it!"

"Yes, but I can hear the rustling clearly on the other side," said Grandpa Joe. They all put their ears to the door and sure enough the rustling could be heard coming from the other side.

"No," said Mr. Krinkler Sr. crossing his arms, "it's *improper* to enter without permission."

"We *do* have permission," insisted Grandpa Joe. "The text message said to follow the *crinkles*."

"Oh, move aside," bellowed Baby Bettina. "We could be here all day with you two yammering on." With that, Baby Bettina threw the door open and everyone spilled out onto the factory floor.

Chapter 3: Imagination

Instantly the guests were all hit by the overpowering odor of diapers, baby lotion, baby oil, baby powder, and every other baby scent that one could imagine in a fully functional diaper factory. The second thing that hit them was an awesome sight that made everyone gasp in amazement. In front of them was a waddler's wonderland: There were giant diaper machines, big conveyor belts moving hundreds of hundreds upon hundreds of colorfully packaged diapers, colorful painted walls with fun frolicking baby characters, alphabet block flooring that cushioned every step, and short purple-faced people in brightly colored overalls rushing about like Santa's elves in December. One area was painted to look like a clear beautiful countryside vista on a sunny day, and in the middle of that area was a big hill covered in green grass, where Mr. Waddler was currently resting. His knees were pulled up to his chest, his cane resting on the hill beside him, his eyes staring off into space imagining who knows what. Beside him was a picnic basket stuffed with diapers. He turned his head to look at the guests as they approached.

"Oh, there you are! It's about time you got here."

"Well, if you hadn't *left* us," began princess Paddington, sounding even more peeved than usual.

"I didn't leave anyone," said Willy Waddler. "It's you who didn't keep up! A busy man like me doesn't have all the time in the world, you know. In any case, here we are now. Would anyone like a fresh diaper?"

"No thank you," said Princess Paddington, crossing her arms indignantly. "I've just had a change."

"Yeah, me too," said Charlie.

"Are you sure about that?" asked Mr. Waddler with a glint in his eyes.

Charlie was about to ask what Mr. Waddler meant when he suddenly noticed how heavy his diaper felt between his legs. One glance downward confirmed that Charlie's pants were sagging soggily, and his condition was confirmed when he reached down and squished the front of his diaper.

"On second thought," said Charlie, "I think I do need to change after all! When did that happen?" Mr. Waddler's eyes locked onto Charlie's and he gave an enigmatic smile.

"The factory is a busy place, my boy. It can be so easy to lose track of your tinkles. Maybe you should *all* check your diapers for good measure..."

Gasps of surprise and confusion came from the other guests. To their surprise, everyone in the party found themselves to be thoroughly and utterly soaked without having been any the wiser. Bettina seemed the most happy about this turn of events, but Klaus was not so pleased.

"What kind of trickery is this?" Ask Klaus, groping his diaper. "Papa! Feel my diaper! Do my hands deceive me?"

"Worry not," said Mr. Waddler. "These little accidents will just make it easier to admit to the world that you *need* your diapers, just as the contract says. Besides, you have all the diapers you could possibly wet from now on, so what's the problem?"

The group members murmured to each other, unable to argue with the logic of Mr. Waddler's reasoning. Mr. Waddler gave them a calm, patient smile.

"Gather any diaper you like from the factory floor and return here for a diaper change. Just make sure it's not on a conveyor belt, or you could be in for a nasty surprise. Oh, and speaking of safety, don't forget to put on a hardhat if you're going to go anywhere near the machinery."

"Hard hat, schmard hat," said Klaus. "I'm not messing up my hair just to look like I do actual *work*."

"Neither am I," said Princess Paddington. "I'm a *Princess*, and it would be beneath me to wear such a *common* accessory. Besides, do you know how long it takes for my servants to style my hair? It's *exhausting*."

"Suit yourself," shrugged Mr. Waddler as the others dutifully grabbed their hardhats.

Charlie didn't have to go far to acquire his next garment, as he opted for a diaper from the picnic basket.

"It seems like you brought these out just for us sir, and if they're good enough for you, they'll be good enough for me!" said Charlie gesturing toward the basket. "May I please have one?"

"Such a polite, young man," said Mr. Waddler, reaching in and grabbing Charlie a diaper.

Charlie sat on the picnic blanket and held his hands out for the diaper, but Mr. Waddler held up a hand. "Don't worry, I've got this."

Charlie was in awe. "A change from Willy Waddler himself? It's a complete honor, sir!" The diaper Was a Waddler Classic; much more Charlie's speed compared to the Waddler Deluxe that had won him his ticket.

"Yes," said Willy Waddler, as if reading Charlie's mind, "nothing beats a classic. All these years of innovations and nothing beats the diaper that started it all. Why, I remember when I first started this business..."

"Oh, stuff it," said Princess Paddington, walking up to the trio with a Waddler Deluxe in her hand and waving it in Mr. Waddler's face. "You should diaper me *first*. I'm a *princess* after all."

"I'm afraid you will have to wait," said Mr. Waddler coolly.

"Wait? Unheard of! Jeeves! Change my diaper now!"

"Yes ma'am," said Jeeves, sighing. He set down the Princess's coat and bag and laid out a changing pad beside Charlie. As Charlie lay there beside the petulant princess, he mused that despite her professed superiority, the two found themselves side-by-side in this soggy situation.

"I see you chose the Waddler Deluxe," said Charlie, turning his head toward his neighbor in an attempt to break the ice.

"Of *course* I did," spat Princess Paddington. "The Waddler Deluxe is the *only* diaper cushy enough for a princess."

"Oh, that's a good tagline," said Mr. Waddler, pulling out some wipes. "I'll have to send that to marketing."

One of the little people in overalls came over to snap a few pictures of Charlie and Princess Paddington's change, prompting Charlie to ask, "Who *are* those little purple fellows anyway?"

"Why, they're the Crinkle Winkles!" said Mr. Waddler, as if that was supposed to mean anything to Charlie. "From Crinkle Winkle Land! They work for me in exchange for diapers."

Soon, Russell Butts showed up with a pair of Flashy Fappers, a type of metallic foil-backed diaper made to stand up to vigorous manipulation, and Bettina showed up with a handful of Sissy Wishes, *demanding* to be triple padded. Klaus showed up last with a pair of Super Gushers, the thickest, most absorbent diaper in the Willy Waddler catalog. With the help of the Crinkle Winkles, changing pads were laid out all around the hill and everyone was diapered quickly including the chaperones, though it took two Crinkle Winkles to diaper Klaus.

"Do you lease out these Crinkle Winkles?" asked Klaus's father, clearly impressed. "It would be convenient to have someone else to change my boy all the time..."

"Oh very funny," said Klaus, taking his father's words for a joke. "I know you love it when I burst into your meetings and lay on the desk, demanding a diaper change in my cute little voice. It's my trademark, and everyone seems to find it so funny!"

"That's not always a good thing," growled Klaus's father, clearly not amused.

All diapered up, the group was finally ready to continue the tour.

"No need to put your pants back on," announced Willy Waddler. They'll only get in the way here." And just to show that he meant business, Mr. Waddler grabbed his purple pants at the crotch and tore them off. The hidden snaps on the inside of the legs flew apart, revealing a thick, purple pair of plastic pants underneath. Willy Waddler's eye-catching attire looked the part for an eccentric entrepreneur: His purple puffy vest, puffed out plastic pants, purple boots with three inch lift, and purple top hat were so strange yet appealing that it was hard to look away. In fact, it was such a distraction that the Crinkle Winkles were able to abscond with everyone's pants before they noticed.

"Hey, you cretins!" said Princess Paddington. "Be careful with my custom clothing! It's worth more than your entire country! If you get so much as a stain on them, you'll be sent to the gulag!"

"This isn't Pamperdonia, Princess," said Grandpa Joe, giving her a sidelong glance. Mr. Waddler also gave the princess a stern look but said nothing, instead tapping his cane on the nearest metal surface to create a loud ringing sound.

"Attention, attention! Is everyone comfy? Good, then let's get started with the tour. During your tour, you will get an insider's look at how we develop Willy Waddler diapers from start to finish!" Waddler walked down the hill to a gigantic screen nearby and gestured towards it. "The first stage of development is *imagination*. That's what this hill

is for. I sit here and daydream of all the ideas for my next diaper design, then it gets drawn up by me and my team of Crinkle Winkles."

As he spoke, the screen displayed the different stages he spoke about: a picture of him on the hill, followed by a picture of him standing over a team of little purple people working at drafting boards. Charlie was fascinated, drinking in every detail and taking mental notes of Waddler's secret process.

"After that comes the product testing phase, and you'll get to see some of those prototypes in action today! After a lot of lengthy testing, we begin our production process, which I have vertically integrated to ensure maximum competitive pricing..."

"Yes, yes, this is all so very *boring*," said Klaus. "When are we going to see the *diapers*?"

"Now hold on," said Willy Waddler, holding up a finger, "I'm just getting to the best part. The tax loopholes! You see, the secret to running a lucrative business is..."

"Oh, screw this," said Klaus. "You're as boring as my *father*. I want to check out where the *real* action is!" Before anyone could stop him, Klaus stomped off toward the rapidly moving conveyor belts that conveyed the diapers all around the factory.

"No, please, stop," said Willy Waddler, in a half-interested voice. "At least put on a hardhat."

Klaus wasn't listening. He was bored and he was going to find some entertainment, even if he had to bully the Crinkle Winkles to get it.

"Hey there, you shrimps, get over here! You're like leprechauns or something, right? Come over here and give me some gold! Haha!" Klaus swiped at the small purple people, but the Crinkle Winkles were too fast for him. Klaus was barely fit enough to run, much less chase and catch anyone, and each time Klaus grabbed for them, he missed them by a mile. He was now running dangerously close to the conveyor belts, and at the last second of grabbing at one of the Crinkle Winkles, they dodged out the way and he found himself falling onto a layer of plastic sheeting that was moving rapidly by.

"Oof!" he yelled, as he landed on the conveyor belt and was quickly whisked away.

"Oh no! Do something!" said Mr. Krinkler as he watched his son fly at breakneck pace toward the diaper pressing machine. Before anything could be done, Klaus Krinkler was swept into the machine and out of sight.

Everyone covered their ears and closed their eyes fearing the worst, but Mr. Waddler did not seem concerned in the least.

"My son! He must be dead! How can you just stand there, you monster?" cried Mr. Krinkler.

"Your son will be fine," said Mr. Waddler. "He will just have to get used to his new form is all."

"New form? What do you mean?" asked Mr. Krinkler, flabbergasted.

"Let me show you," said Mr. Waddler, pulling out a small whistle from his vest and tooting a strange little tune.

"Crinkle Winkles, please grab the package that Klaus ended up in and bring it here."

"There must be millions of packages," murmured Charlie. "How will they ever manage it?"

"No eyes are sharper and no fingers nimbler than those of a Crinkle Winkle," said Mr. Waddler. "They'll find him."

Without further ado, the little purple people broke into song as they tossed diaper packages between them.

"Crinkle Winkle dinkledy do!

Have we got a story for you.

Crinkle Winkle dinkledee dee.

Let's grab a diaper package and see!

What do you get when you're greedy and dumb?

Never listen, just sit on your bum?

Some diaper butts don't know how to act.

Where did their parents teach them that?

It's really disappointing.

Crinkle Winkle squishy dee doo.

Swiping diapers is not good for you.

Soon you'll find yourself on the shelf.

Just like Klaus, who became a diaper himself!"

At first, nobody believed Mr. Waddler that Klaus would ever be found, but when the Crinkle Winkles tossed the package of diapers into Mr. Waddler's arms at the conclusion of the song, they couldn't deny what they saw with their own eyes. The package said: "Classic Klaus Krinklers," and had a big picture of Klaus's face on the front. When Mr. Waddler opened the package and fished out the diaper in the middle, everyone gasped at what it revealed. They could clearly see Klaus's face stretched across the front taping panel, his features distorted to fit the two-dimensional square shape of the padding.

"Oh! Klaus! Is it really you?" asked his father, near to tears.

"Yes, Papa! It's me! What happened to me? One moment I was chasing those silly little men, and the next, everything was dark and I was surrounded by diapers..."

"I'm afraid... I am afraid you're a diaper now!" cried Klaus's father, before fainting outright. A bit of a panic ensued while Mr. Waddler fished out some smelling salts from his vest. He waved it under the man's nose, and Mr. Krinkler woke with a start, much to everyone's relief, though he was still inconsolable.

"There there," said Willy Waddler in a monotone voice as he patted Klaus's dad half-heartedly on the back. "Get well soon. Best wishes. Etcetera, etcetera."

"This is *your* fault!" cried Mr. Krinkler rounding on Mr. Waddler and shaking an accusing finger in the man's face. "You'll pay for this!"

"Don't worry, Mr. Krinkler, it's all temporary."

"It is?" asked Mr. Krinkler and Klaus at the same time.

"That's right," said Willy Waddler, "didn't you hear me the first time? Klaus just has to get *used* to... or rather *in* his new form. Once he's completely soaked and filled, he will revert back to his natural state."

"What?!" said Mr. Krinkler. "That's ridiculous!"

"And somewhat *intriguing*," added Klaus, with a blush. "I mean to say... I'm a little curious... What it would be like to be used as a *diaper*..."

"What are you saying, Klaus?" asked Mr. Krinkler. The others in the room had to stifle giggles at the ridiculous situation, now that they saw it wasn't so dire as it first appeared.

"Well, do we have any volunteers?" asked Mr. Waddler. Everyone looked at each other, no one daring to speak first.

"Looking at the size of him," said Grandpa Joe, "I don't think he's going to fit anyone here..."

"Yeah," said Baby Bettina. "Klaus was a big boy and he makes an even bigger diaper. He's humongous!"

"I do see the problem," mused Mr. Waddler, scratching his chin. "Well, I guess we'll just have to call out one of our special testers. Ollie! Get over here!"

"Hyuck! Sure thing, boss!" said a big goofy looking guy bounding into the room with bulging baggy pants.

"Ollie Phant, here, is one of our *heaviest* wetters. You may have pissed like a racehorse, but Ollie Phant floods like an elephant! If anyone can fill Klaus up, it's Ollie. Why don't you show them all how you do it by finishing off the diaper you're in now, Ollie?"

"Duhhh... sure thing, boss!" said Ollie, sticking his thumb in his mouth and popping a squat right there. Ollie went cross-eyed as he let out a grunt. With a loud FWOOMP, Ollie's pants suddenly sagged down to his knees and his pants bulged out in front as a loud hiss could be heard across the factory floor.

Ollie's suspenders snapped off, causing his pants to drop to his ankles, revealing a yellowed pair of Super Gushers that was bulging obscenely in front and all big and brown in the back. The plastic was stretched so tight it was shiny, but miraculously, not a single drop leaked onto the factory floor.

"Well, I'd say those Super Gushers certainly passed the quality control test, wouldn't you?" asked Mr. Waddler. Everyone agreed that the diapers were solid. Mr. Waddler pulled out the whistle again and blew on, calling the Crinkle Winkles to change the big diapered doofus.

"Crinkle Winkle stinky dee doo, somebody made a big stinky poo!" cried one Crinkle Winkle.

It took six Crinkle Winkles to change the capacious diaper on the gigantic man, pulling it down, wiping him off with a gigantic wet wipe, and fluffing up the Classic Klaus Krinkler.

"Stop that! That tickles!" giggled Klaus as he was fluffed up to maximum poofiness. Meanwhile, Charlie and the rest of the guests watched with their mouths agape as they saw just what 'Elephant Ollie' had been packing.

"Talk about a fire hose!" said Grandpa Joe. "That thing could put out a five alarm fire!"

"Oh, I can't look! I mustn't look!" said Princess Paddington, peeking through her fingers even as she protested. "This is so scandalous and undignified."

"Well, I guess we know where all his *brains* went," said Baby Bettina with a smirk.

Meanwhile, Russell was busy snapping tons of photos and took another silly selfie in front of the big wet super soaker before cursing as he tried in vain to send it.

"Aww, man! This is lame!" said Russell. "What's the Wi-Fi password, Wadds?"

"Ugh, don't call me that," said Mr. Waddler, "and pay attention. This is the best part! Now, upsy daisy!"

The Crinkle Winkles struggled and strained to lift Ollie's legs. Eventually, three of them had to sit on each others' shoulders to get Ollie's legs high enough so that the other three could slide the giant Klaus diaper underneath Ollie's big bum. Ollie's butt then plopped onto the soft and cushy human diaper, sending the three Crinkle Winkles tumbling over the soft alphabet foam floor.

"Oh! Careful there," said Klaus's concerned father. "That's my son! Are you okay, Klaus?"

"Yes, I'm fine, father. It's just a little strange is all. I've never been in this position before..." Klaus's blushing face was bulging around Ollie's elephantine endowment. "This feels weird, Pa-Pa!"

"Be brave, my boy," said Mr. Kinkler. It's the only way to get you back to your natural form. This man is a professional, and the best pisser around according to Herr

Waddler." Ollie giggled and clapped with glee at the funny talking diaper around his waist and reached down to give Klaus a few crinkly rubs.

"Oh, that feels funny," said Klaus, blushing as hard as a diaper could blush.

"I like this new diaper," said Ollie, smiling and sticking his thumb in his mouth and then letting out a little toot. "I bet it can howd a wot of wettings!"

"That's a good boy, Ollie," said Willy Waddler, patting the man's back. "Why don't we get you a big bottle so you can soak that nappy faster, eh?" With a nod from Mr. Waddler, the Crinkle Winkles led the big man and his new living diaper away while Mr. Krinkler senior followed closely behind with a worried expression on his face.

"Don't worry about them," said Mr. Waddler to the group. "I think they'll have a lot of fun together and then Klaus will be as good as new. Or at least close to it. Probably."

"Did he say probably?" murmured Grandpa Joe.

Something strange was going on; while neither could speak from experience, Charlie and Grandpa Joe were pretty sure that the trip through the diaper machine should have been fatal. Nevertheless, Klaus was fine and they had a tour to continue, so no more questions were asked.

Chapter 4: Research & Development

"Off we go," said Willy Waddler, thrusting his cane in the air as he began a brisk march.

"Oh no! Not again," said Princess Paddington. "Is this daft diapermonger going to rush off like last time?" For a moment, it seemed like he was, but the march stopped almost as soon as it started in front of a very unique looking vehicle.

"All aboard the Waddler Express!" called Mr. Waddler while the group gaped.

"Whoa!"

"What is that?"

"Why, it's a diaper-kart, of course!" The vehicle resembled a kart in only the most abstract sense because it was composed entirely of soft and cushy diapers, even the wheels.

"Princesses first!" growled Princess Paddington, elbowing her way past the crowd to get in first. She quickly claimed the back of the cushy kart with Jeeves and sniffed. "Normally I wouldn't be caught dead in a commoner's vehicle, but this is clearly no common vehicle. It's cushy enough for a princess!"

"Pushy enough is more like it," whispered Grandpa.

"What, no baby seats?" asked Baby Bettina, pouting as she stepped in second.

"Oh, of course!," said Mr. Waddler, smacking his head. He pulled out his Winkle Whistle. In short order, a big baby car seat had been installed, followed by a big Baby Bettina, who sat there smiling and blushing and hugging her teddy bear as she was strapped in.

"Oh, this is so comfy womfy! Aww you comfy, Baby Bear?" Bettina said around her oversized pacifier. She made Baby Bear nod back. "Good."

Meanwhile, Russell had his phone out and was recording in front of the Kart.

"Gyat, chat! I'm about to take a ride in Wild Willy Waddler's totally skibidi diaper-kart! No seatbelts, no cap! What the sigma? Will we survive this sus bus, or are we cooked, chat? Anything could happen! Comment down below, rizzlers, and don't forget to like and subscriiibe!"

Grandpa Joe leaned over to Charlie as they took their seats in the vehicle, and whispered out the side of his mouth none too quietly. "Is he speaking another language?"

Charlie decided it would take too long to explain the intricacies of social media lingo, so he just nodded and said, "Yes. It's called brain rot."

"Oh, good. Just checking," said Grandpa Joe. "I hoped I wasn't losing my marbles *that* quickly."

"Everybody in," said Mr. Waddler, tapping his cane, "we don't have all day!"

Charlie hopped in and took a seat up front with Grandpa Joe. He couldn't stop touching everything, awed that a diaper vehicle could actually exist. He peppered Mr. Waddler with questions the moment the man stepped into the vehicle.

"It looks like a minecart, but where are the rails? Is it made of diapers all the way through or is it just diaper clad? It smells so good, do you spray it with fresh diaper scent? What makes diapers smell like that anyway?"

"My, my, my, so many curious questions!" laughed Mr. Waddler, taking the seat at the very front. "It would take me too long to explain the science behind it all, but rest assured, our best Crinkle Winkle scientists know what they are doing."

Charlie nodded. "I suppose that makes sense. I mean, according to your bio you never had a degree in science, right? You're just a billionaire entrepreneur so people assume you know what you're talking about, but really it's the Crinkle Winkle workers who-"

"Oh, would you look at the time?" said Mr. Waddler, interrupting Charlie, "We're falling behind already and still so much to see! Everyone got your hard hats on? All hands, arms, and feet inside the vehicle, and hold onto your diapers!"

"But where is the steering column?" asked Charlie. "I don't even see a control panel."

"Don't worry," said Mr. Waddler, "this vehicle has excellent crumple zones, or is that crinkle zones? I can never remember... Oops! Off we go!" The crinkly conveyance moved with a start, and all at once the factory floor became a blur as they zoomed off.

"I am pretty sure this violates health and safety regulations," said Grandpa Joe, his words changing into a squeal of joy as the roller coaster of a diaper ride went up onto a wall to avoid a big machine bustling with diapers and Crinkle Winkle workers.

The kart sped into a dark tunnel and emerged into a massive new world. Colorful hills made of pillows rolled by. Fabric trees, and giant teddy bears dotted the softly lit landscape. Even the sky seemed to be made of fabric in this strangely cozy terrain.

"Where the heck are we?" asked Princess Paddington, gazing up as if trying to pinpoint the source of the light that permeated their surroundings.

"Why, this is the employee and guest quarters, where the Crinkle Winkles live! It's made to resemble Crinkle Winkle Land, which by the way is made up of mostly fabric."

"Even the diapers?" asked Charlie.

"That's right! Traditionally, everything is fabric for them. Even their traditional abodes are made of blankets."

"You're telling me these little purple freaks live in *blanket* forts?" asked Russell.

"How quaint," mused Princess Paddington, "if a bit... *immature*."

"I *wike* it," squealed baby Bettina, clapping.

"Of course you do, dear," said Princess Paddington, rolling her eyes. "Love that for you."

Ignoring the crass comments of the passengers behind him, Mr. Waddler gestured to the beautiful scenery. "I tried to make this factory as hospitable for the Crinkle Winkles as possible. I even spend some time here myself. It's quite relaxing, don't you think?"

"I wanna pway wiff da big beaws!" said baby Bettina, struggling to get out of her carseat. Fortunately, Baby Bettina was securely strapped in, so she couldn't leave if she wanted to.

"Passengers are to keep all hands and arms *inside* the vehicle at all times," warned Willy Waddler.

They were still moving at breakneck speed, but it was hard to tell just how fast until they started passing actual Crinkle Winkle domiciles and watched them whoosh by.

The guests gasped in delight at what they encountered. These were no ordinary blanket forts! Some were as big as circus tents, and others were multiple stories high, extending like tree houses between the fabric trees. Charlie found himself staring at the lights in a Crinkle Winkle window and daydreaming about the lives of the Crinkle Winkles who lived inside. What lives they must lead!

Based on the color of light illuminating the fabric sky, it looked to be early evening time, though there was no view to the outside to tell them for sure.

"Is the day cycle different?" asked Charlie.

"Yes," said Mr. Waddler. "It's about 30% faster, in fact. Makes them more productive, you see, plus it's more fun to see all the color changes. You'd be amazed at the incredible fabric sunset that happens every day. An excellent simulation of their home wor- er, country!"

"Just how massive is this place anyway?" mused Charlie. "There's no way that the factory was this big on the outside..."

"Who said we're still in the factory?" asked Mr. Waddler.

"What?"

Charlie's question went unanswered, because suddenly, everyone was distracted by the transition from Crinkle Winkle countryside to an area of greater population density: They had arrived at a miniature Crinkle Winkle city to rival the hustle and bustle of New York! But rather than the blaring horns of cars, the pervasive sound of crinkling filled the air as the Crinkle Winkles moved about, making it more of a rustle and bustle.

"Are all of them padded?" asked Charlie, raising his voice to be heard above the crinkly commotion.

"Yes!" yelled Willy Waddler. "Every single one! It's part of Crinkle Winkle culture to never be potty trained!"

The crinkle kart pressed through the crush of Crinkle Winkles, moving at a snail's pace now as they followed a line of crinkle karts through the blanket fort burg. The kart's destination became apparent when they reached a transitional checkpoint between two tall buildings with a booth, gate, and tunnel. Mr. Waddler smiled and turned back to the group.

"I hope you enjoyed that little visit to Crinkle Winkle Land, folks. Now hold onto your hard hats, we're about to enter the next step of the Waddler diaper development process!"

A Crinkle Winkle attendant waved the group through the check point and into the tunnel they went. This time, instead of another fantastical factory floor or fanciful fabric field, the group emerged in a stark service tunnel full of crinkle karts transporting Crinkle Winkles and equipment to and fro. The vehicle came to a stop on a large lift big enough to hold several karts.

"Elevator, take us to subfloor six, please!" called Willy Waddler, and the elevator began to rise.

Princess Paddington scoffed. "Did you just tell the machine *please*? Please should have no place in the vocabulary of a leader. Isn't that right, Jeeves?"

"Yes, your highness," sighed the regal's rueful retainer, looking to the heavens in exasperation.

"It never hurts to be polite," said Mr. Waddler, a response which only drew a haughty harrumph from her highness.

The lift brought them to a massive space filled with all sorts of advanced looking equipment. Crinkle Winkles in lab coats were all about, analyzing materials and making notes or monitoring diaper testers in their various exercises and activities.

"This is our Research and Development Department. Prototyping and testing all happens there," announced Mr. Waddler. "After we complete the concept design process, it's time to manufacture and test out the prototypes. Let's step out and take a look around, shall we?"

The first thing to draw the group's attention was a padded box with a clear plexiglass door and a digital timed lock on the front. Inside, a diaper tester was secured in a straight jacket and an orange diaper so big that it pressed against the door and walls, making movement impossible. A feeding tube and sensory deprivation mask completely concealed their identity and big block letters printed on the front of the diaper read "INSTITUTIONAL USE ONLY."

"What did they do to get put in the box?" asked Baby Bettina, unconsciously beginning to rub the front of her diapers. "They must have been *really naughty*."

"Oh, he volunteered," said Mr. Waddler, "quite eagerly, in fact, but who knows how he feels about it now." The padded proprietor patted the front of the box and the figure came to life, struggling and letting out a few muffled groans.

"I think he wants out," said Charlie.

Mr. Waddler shrugged. "I'm afraid that's not possible, Charlie. Correctional equipment testers sign an agreement that they're not to be released under any circumstances until testing is complete. They tend to get a bit fidgety after their first few days, but they settle down in the end. That's how we know it works! Mark my words, my boy, by the end of the week, he'll be *begging* to go back in!"

"Wow, that's pretty extreme," said Russell, pulling out his phone. "Can the diaper really last that long?"

Mr. Waddler put out a hand to stop Russell's arm before he could lift the camera up. "No photos allowed in the R&D department. In fact, I'll have to collect everyone's phones for this part of the tour."

"Aww, man," said Russell as a Crinkle Winkle came by with a phone bucket.

"Company secrets," said Waddler, wagging a finger. "We wouldn't want anyone stealing our plans for 'correction boxes' or anything else we have under development."

The group moved on to the stress testing area, where a man was running on a treadmill in a diaper labeled 'prototype' all across the backing. He was drinking from a sports bottle and sweating profusely while a crinkle winkle in a labcoat took notes.

"This is Dr. Crinkle Dinkle, everyone. He's leading research into our new line of sports diapers. How's the testing going, Dr. Dinkle?" The scientist looked up from his clipboard and smiled.

"Excellent, sir. There's full range of motion, so no chafing, and the MagicWick lining is working like a charm to provide rapid wicking and cooling where he needs it most. We also took care of the clumping problem, so Team Waddler stays cushy and comfortable on the field!"

"And the tapes?" asked Mr. Waddler "How are they holding up?"

"The tapes are holding perfectly," said Dr. Dinkle, shooting a thumbs up. "We're just looking at ways to decrease wind resistance now."

"Very good, keep up the good work!" Mr. Waddler turned back to the group. "Athletic incontinence is a common affliction among athletes affecting up to eighteen percent of males and sixty nine percent of females, and we're going to be the first to tackle this important gap in the market. Speaking of gaps in the market, the world is still waiting for a quality diaper for heavier contact sports such as wrestling, but that's about to change, pun intended!"

The group walked over to an area with wrestling mats. Two muscular men were chatting, each wearing a thick square of padding attached to a skinny waistband. Waddler nodded to them and addressed the group.

"Folks, meet famous pro wrestlers Peter Piddler and Hammerlock Hank. They've agreed to help test our new jockstrap diapers! Why don't you give us a demonstration, you two?"

The two men faced off, and Peter was promptly pinned.

"Nice pin, Hank!" said Mr. Waddler. "How are those diapers holding up?"

"You've really done it this time, Mr. Waddler, sir! Not a drop has hit the mat!"

"Piddler here has stress incontinence to where any time he's pinned he loses complete control of his bladder, see?"

Following Mr. Waddler's explanation, everyone leaned in to get a close look at the Peter's jockstrap, which yellowed and swelled but did not leak.

"And it really keeps him covered?" asked Charlie, "Even when he's upside down?"

"Believe me, I've pinned him in every position possible!" Hank Hammerlock began listing off all the ways he'd made Peter piddle. "I did the hammerlock, then the bearhug, the gonad grinder, the 69 piledriver, the stinkface, the stink*pit*..."

"O-okay, they get it," said Peter Piddler, his face going red. "Could you let me up now?"

"Sure thing, bud," said Hank, patting Peter on his padded patootie before letting him up.

"Don't look now, but I think Peter's peter is poking up!" noted Grandpa Joe, pointing to the tiny tent in the front of the wrestler's jock, causing the embarrassed athlete to cover his face in shame.

"We thought of that," said Mr. Waddler. "Spontaneous sports erections are common enough that we added extra tall leak guards and a little pee pee pocket for athletes that are longer than a few inches."

"Of course Piddler here doesn't need that, do ya, buddy?" asked Hank, laughing and slapping Peter's back. The smaller wrestler's boner jumped and squirted a dark yellow patch into the front of his already wet diaper.

"Wow," commented Charlie. "Look how thick the padding got! Peter Piddler must have pissed a pint!"

"Why don't we weigh it and find out?" asked Mr. Waddler, unhooking the soggy pad from Peter Piddler's reusable waistband. He walked it over to a nearby scale and plopped it down. "That's about two pints to be precise! Pretty impressive for a single wetting, but this pad could hold twice that much easily!"

"It has to," chuckled Hank, throwing his arm around his blushing companion's shoulder. "Otherwise we'd be switching out his pad all the time!"

"Thanks for the demonstration guys," said Mr. Waddler. "We have to move on now, but keep up the good work. Peter, you better get diapered up quick before you leak."

"Don't worry, I'll make sure Petey gets his protection on," said Hank with a smug grin.

The next stop was back toward the kart, where the Crinkle Winkles had covered a table with diapers of all designs.

"We have quite a few prototypes for your perusal, but this may be the most gobsmacking innovation of all: Our everlasting diaper!" Waddler picked up a white diaper with splatters of color all over it.

"It looks just like a jawbreaker!" Charlie exclaimed with delight.

"Indeed," said Mr. Waddler. "Tastes like one too!"

"Tastes like one?" asked Princess Paddington, "Why would-"

"It even changes colors as you use it!" said Mr. Waddler, quickly passing over the question. "That's right, just like a jawbreaker, the everlasting diaper cycles through every color of the rainbow before being used up. Beneath this white shell we have red, orange,

yellow, green, blue, and purple. Each stage has the capacity of an ultra thick diaper making it *seven times* as absorbent as the thickest diaper on the market!"

"Wow, really?!" asked Charlie, looking on in awe. "I'll bet that looks super cool! But how would you ever turn a profit selling a diaper that lasts so long?"

"Well, that's the rub," said Waddler. "This isn't for the consumer market. It's better for specialized uses such as astronauts and deep sea divers who can't carry a lot of bulk on their long trips."

"Gee," said Charlie, "it seems like everything we've seen here today is for a specialized market of one kind or another."

"That's an astute observation, Charlie!" said Mr. Waddler. "We've pretty much saturated the broad consumer market, if you'll pardon the pun, so we're looking for new untapped markets. That's the excitement of entrepreneurship, Charlie!"

"Hey," said Baby Bettina, "That's nice and all, but where are the cute and *girly* diapers, huh?"

Mr. Waddler didn't miss a beat. "Actually, we're developing a diaper that might be right up your alley, though it's not quite ready for testing yet..."

"I'll be the judge of that," bellowed Baby Bettina, "Show it to me!"

"Alright," said Mr. Waddler, shrugging. He picked up a pink diaper with white hearts on the sides and a big red heart on the front. "These are called Sissy Wishes. We still haven't worked out all the kinks..."

"What's wrong with them?" asked Baby Bettina, sounding offended as she grabbed the garish garment. "They look absolutely *precious*!"

"Didn't anyone teach her to keep her hands to herself?" asked Grandpa Joe. "That's the first thing you learn in preschool!"

Mr. Waddler brought up his palms in a gesture of uncertainty at Bettina's question. "Well, I'm sure they will have a limited, though very enthusiastic, customer base. The problem is that they make *permanent* changes to the wearer's body and mind, so once you test them, you can't go back."

"Permanent changes? Like *what*?"

"We've developed some proprietary feminizing hormones that make the physique of the wearer more feminine, eliminate all body hair, make the wearer incontinent, and shrink their, ahem, equipment, if you know what I mean, to two inches or less. There's also a locking mechanism: once a wearer puts them on, they don't come off until the transformation is complete."

"Sold!" said Baby Bettina, hiking up her miniskirt and dropping her diaper to the floor with a plop.

"Hold on!" said Mr. Waddler, "I haven't told you all that these diapers do! You won't be able to-"

"I said *sold*!" Baby Bettina was already in the process of putting on the Sissy Wish Diaper as Mr. Waddler tried to warn her.

"But it hasn't been approved for human use yet," he said, again protesting (though not too hard) as he covertly waved over the nearest Crinkle Winkle scientists who immediately began to take notes. As soon Baby Bettina got her diaper on, a lock symbol appeared in the middle of the red heart in front.

"Oh!" exclaimed Baby Bettina, instinctively reaching down to play with her crotch. "These are so comfortable and thick! I can't wait to... hold on a second..." She began to rub more insistently, then tried with two hands, looking suddenly distressed. "W-why... why can't I feel anything?"

"Oh, that would be the first effect," said Mr. Waddler, "a chastity feature eliminating all pleasure and sensation from the genital area. It helps with both reorienting libido and inducing incontinence. After all, if you can't feel when you're wetting, it's hard to control it."

"But- but- but... I *need* to get off. Feeling like a baby diaper girl makes me so euphoric and horny that if I don't get off, I'll go mad!"

"I'm afraid you're in for a bit of a difficult experience, then, Baby Bettina... because the second effect of this diaper is a hormone induced arousal that some would describe as a 'heat', and you won't be able to stimulate yourself one iota until the changes are complete and permanent and that diaper comes off!"

"What?! You never told me about that part," groaned Baby Bettina, as she tried in vain to stimulate herself through her diaper.

"That's because you never let me finish," said Mr. Waddler, glibly. "And now, neither will you."

"F-for how long?" asked Baby Bettina.

"I'm afraid it's at least a two year process. Thank you for being our first tester!"

Baby Bettina tried desperately to take the diapers off, but no matter what she did, the tapes wouldn't budge and the plastic wouldn't tear. Suddenly, she let out a gusher into the front of the diaper, causing it to swell and expand in full view of everyone, but not feeling a thing as it happened. That is what finally broke her. She burst into tears, giving up entirely.

"There goes the third effect... heavy wetting without control," commented Mr. Waddler.

Baby Bettina went into a full toddler tantrum, falling to the floor and banging her fists on the ground as she yelled, "It's not fair! It's not fair!"

"Oh dear, baby Bettina is having a meltdown," said Mr. Waddler, not seeming worried at all. "Hard to say if that's an effect of the diaper or her disposition. We'd better send her to the nursery for her nap."

He pulled out his Winkle Whistle and summoned the Crinkle Winkles to take her away.

"Crinkle Winkle dinkle dee dee.

We've got a problem in R&D.

Crinkle Winkle dinkle dee doo.

Listen up or this could happen to you.

What do you get when you act like a brat?

Even big babies know better than that.

Whiners, bullies, and know-it-alls too.

Don't know as much as they think they do.

Listen up and learn to behave.

Or you can end up in trouble most grave.

Pay attention and get a clue.

Like the Crinkle Winkles dinkle dee doo."

And with that, the Crinkle Winkles frog-marched the bawling Baby Bettina toward the elevator with her teddy bear in tow.

"Where are they going?" asked Charlie, seemingly the only one concerned for the big bratty baby.

"They'll take her off to the Crinkle Winkle nursery where she can calm down," said Mr. Waddler, tucking away his Winkle Whistle. "Don't worry, she won't be crying for long. The next effect will take care of that: Without any outlet for her adult desires, she'll regress into a sweet baby girl. And believe me, the Crinkle Winkles know how to entertain big babies!"

"Poor Bettina," said Charlie.

"Oh, sweet boy," said Grandpa Joe, putting a comforting hand on Charlie's shoulder. "Don't feel bad for her. Change can be scary at first, but Baby Bettina's on her way to living the life she always dreamed of."

"That's two happy customers," said Mr. Waddler. "Let's continue with our tour, shall we?"