

Charlie and the Diaper Factory

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The grand Finale of Charlie's adventure is full of spills, thrills, and even... love? You won't believe what happens in Mr. Waddler's wacky factory!

Chapter 5: Quality Control

"Let's check in on Ollie and Klaus," said Mr. Waddler, leading the group further into the diaper testing area.

They soon found the professional pisser chugging water and filling Klaus to gigantic proportions under the watchful eye of Dr. Dinkle. Both diaper and diapee seemed to be in a blissful daze, deaf to the urgently beeping monitoring machine wired to sensor pads all over Klaus's sturdy backing. Klaus's father hovered around them, wringing his hands in alarm.

"Slow down, man! He's bound to burst!"

"Don't worry, Mr. Krinkler," said Mr. Waddler, waddling up to the wealthy worrywart. "Klaus should get full enough to change back *any moment now*. This is all perfectly normal. Excuse me for just a moment."

Charlie listened in as Mr. Waddler pulled Dr. Dinkle aside. "This is *not normal*, Dr. Dinkle! What the hell is going on? Why isn't he changing back yet?"

Dr. Dinkle adjusted his glasses and leafed through his notes. "It's inexplicable, Mr. Waddler. No matter what Ollie throws at him, Klaus just doesn't seem to be reaching his limit."

"Exactly how full *is* he right now?" asked Mr. Waddler.

Dr. Dinkle paused and pulled out a strange pair of glasses with a heads up display. He tapped it a few times, started to speak, paused, and spoke again. "According to my readings... no, this can't be right... this thing must be broken... it says... his milliliter level is over nine thousand!"

"Over nine thousand?! That's not possible!" said Mr. Waddler, the shock evident in his expression.

The doctor set his jaw. "And yet here we are. I'm afraid we simply never counted on Klaus being such a *good diaper*."

"I can't believe I'm saying this, but Ollie's output might not be enough. Have you tried getting *other* people to pee in Klaus at the same time?"

"Well, we could certainly try it," said the doctor, giving the pair a doubtful glance, "but they seem somewhat... attached to each other. I don't know if Klaus will go for it."

Mr. Waddler rubbed his chin. "Hmm... let me talk to them."

"What's going to happen, Grandpa?" Charlie whispered to Grandpa Joe. The old man brought a finger to his lips.

"Shh! Just watch the show - and let me know if you see any popcorn!"

Unlike everyone around them, Klaus and Ollie seemed perfectly calm, so calm, in fact, that it took several attempts for Mr. Waddler to get their attention.

"Ah, Ollie? Klaus? Excuse me? Ahem. BOYS!"

Ollie stopped chugging and the two of them looked Mr. Waddler's way.

Mr. Waddler clasped his hands and tilted his head. "So, *Klaus*... I have some news..."

"What is it now?" sighed Klaus. "Can't you see I'm busy soaking?"

Mr. Waddler clicked his tongue. "So, it turns out that you're a *little bit more absorbent* than we expected, so we're going to have to figure out a way to fill you up faster to turn you back... We thought that *maybe* if we got some more testers to help out..."

"NO!" Ollie let out a cry of dismay that made everyone jump.

"What's wrong, dearest Ollie?" asked Klaus, immediately on high alert. "I can sense *sadness* in your pee."

"I don't *wanna*!" whined Ollie.

"Don't want to what, dear Ollie?"

"I don't want you to turn back! You're the bestest diaper ever!" The pain in Ollie's voice was heart-wrenching. Klaus remained silent for several seconds.

"Now, Ollie," said Mr. Waddler, "be reasonable. You know that Klaus can't just stay a diaper *forever*."

"Why not?" asked Klaus, taking on a look of determination.

"W-wha?" sniffled Ollie.

"What are you saying?" asked Mr. Waddler.

"Maybe... maybe I'm saying I don't *want* to turn back. Maybe I want to be Ollie's diaper forever."

Everyone in the room gasped.

"Duh... Duh... Do you really mean it?" asked Ollie.

"I do," said Klaus, gently, yet with complete certainty, his cheeks taking a slightly pink tinge.

There was a loud thud on the floor nearby.

"Code nine!" called Dr. Dinkle into his handheld radio. "Mr. Krinkler has fainted from the shock of witnessing an oversaturated diaper expressing unexpected emotions!"

Several Crinkle Winkles dragged the dazed dad to the nearby fainting couch and set about trying to revive him.

"They have a code for that?" asked Grandpa Joe. "How often does this happen here?"

"Klaus, how are you feeling?" asked Mr. Waddler, crouching down so he was eye level with Ollie's crotch.

"I feel a bit funny... but very good. Nice and full..."

"And do you enjoy being a diaper?"

"It... it's nice being *Ollie's* diaper... I can feel him inside me and... erm... it feels nice to protect him and soak up all his *pee pee*..." A look of pleasure and embarrassment crossed Klaus's flat face as he shared his feelings.

"I see..." said Mr. Waddler, straightening up.

"Ollie... How about you? Are you comfortable? Is Klaus protecting you?"

"Klaus is the bestest diaper ever!" said the dimwitted diaper tester. "It feels so good to pee in him, and he makes me feel good! I love Klaus!"

"Y-you *love* me?!" squeaked Klaus in surprise, blushing as hard as a diaper ever blushed.

"Yuhhuh!" said Ollie, with a happy nod.

Mr. Waddler rubbed his chin. "I see, I see... How do you feel about that, Klaus?"

"Um, well... it feels... pretty good. No one's ever... *complimented* me like that..."

"And is there anything you want to say to Ollie, Klaus?"

"Um... well... I..." After a moment's hesitation, Klaus finally blurted out his truth. "I love you too, Ollie! And I love being your *diaper*!"

"Yay!!" Ollie bellowed. He immediately began rubbing the front of his Klaus diaper.

CRINK CRINK CRINK

"You make me feel good, Klaus! I want to make you feel good too!"

"Ooh *Ollie*," cried Klaus, "not here in front of *everyone*!"

"W-what is this? What are you doing with my son?!" asked Mr. Krinkler, finally coming around.

"It would appear that Klaus and Ollie are in love," said Mr. Waddler, "and they are doing what lovebirds do..."

"Oh, Papa! Don't look!" moaned Klaus.

"Oh dear," said Dr. Dinkle, adjusting his glasses, "Herr Krinkler has fainted again!"

"Why don't we give these two some privacy to explore their newfound feelings?" said Mr. Waddler, ushering the ogling outsiders away.

The tour group was now down to just five people: Russell Butts, the nonstop streamer now stymied without his phone; Charlie and Grandpa Joe, who were glowing like kids in a candy store; and Princess Paddington, the spoiled aristocrat with her long-suffering royal attendant, Jeeves.

The group piled into the crinkle kart, leaving the R&D department behind. On they crinkled down long halls and corridors until they reached a massive room with all sorts of automated equipment for diaper inspections and testing.

"*This* is the quality control department," said Mr. Waddler, with a confident smile. "We pride ourselves on having a one-hundred-percent catch rate for manufacturing errors! Whether it be poorly placed padding or muddled misprints, defective diapers are never to leave this factory."

Mr. Waddler pointed his cane at a conveyor line where Crinkle Winkles in jeweler's glasses inspected diapers with the speed and grace of a choreographed dance.

"Each diaper on the line is opened up and inspected visually. If a Crinkle Winkle detects the slightest imperfection, the diaper is placed on the conveyor belt to the left and that whole run is pulled. If there is no error, the diaper goes off to the right to go to the next stage of quality testing. Come on, everyone, let's follow those diapers to the next step in the process!"

The guests followed the conveyor belt around the room as Mr. Waddler continued to narrate.

"Once the Crinkle Winkles ensure that there are no glaring issues, the diapers must be tested. Wouldn't want any loose leak guards or pin holes in the plastic to cause a leak, would we? First comes the stretch test..."

The group watched as approved diapers were fed into big taffy machines to be stretched and pulled every which way. Next, the plastic was prodded and poked by massive mashers, clamping down on them with their metal teeth. Then came the flamethrowers.

Charlie looked away, unable to bear the sight of such pitiless padded punishment. Russell and Princess Paddington both scoffed at Charlie's childish

sensitivity, but Mr. Waddler put an understanding arm around the young man's shoulders.

"It's all right," said Mr. Waddler. "I feel the same way, but it has to be done. And even if they rip, they can always be used as stuffers!"

"I suppose so," said Charlie, "but what if they *aren't* used as stuffers? It just feels like they're being wasted."

"Not every diaper will be used," said Mr. Waddler with a tear in his eye, "not even the ones that make it to market. It's just something we have to live with as world-class diaper distributors."

Charlie sighed and nodded, and Mr. Waddler respectfully gave him a few minutes to collect himself before they moved on to the next step in the process.

"What a baby," muttered Russell.

"Peasant problems," said the princess. "I could go through ten diapers just choosing my morning outfit!"

Grandpa Joe gave them both dirty looks. "Ignore them, Charlie. Caring is a good thing, and don't let anyone tell you different!"

Next came the wear test. Human and Crinkle Winkle testers used treadmills, ellipticals, stairmasters, stationary bikes, squat machines and other contraptions while soaking the diapers to their limits. Even the polite Charlie couldn't stifle his giggles when he spotted a tester hopping from foot to foot to stay on the treadmill while his ridiculously huge diaper bobbed and bounced.

"It may look funny," said Mr. Waddler, holding up a finger, "but what we're doing here is dead serious. We have to test all aspects of how these diapers perform under pressure, so if a certain variety has a failure point, we will find it. But movement is just one part of it. The last test is where the rubber meets the road - or should I say, where the water meets the SAP? No, no, where the diaper meets the crinkle? Hmm, I'll have to work on that one. Follow me!"

The group hurried after the fleet-footed factory owner past the motion machines to an area where dozens of testers were lined up with pacifier gags hooked up to giant tanks labeled 'Super Hydration Juice'. Many of the diapers had gone translucent, stretched taut like water balloons from the sheer volume of liquid within their crinkly

confines. Charlie could barely believe his eyes; he had never seen diapers pushed to their absolute limit quite like these!

"What in the actual sigma is happening here?" asked Russell, clearly unnerved.

"This, my friends, is the Hydration Station where we test maximum diaper capacity," responded Mr. Waddler. "These testers are strapped into diapers that pass the wear test, and they don't get out until the diaper fails! Such a feat would normally take ages, but with the help of our super efficient hydration delivery system, anyone can become a diaper demolishing super soaker!"

"Is this safe?" asked Charlie, slowly backing away from the splash zone.

"Perfectly," said Mr. Waddler, "We design our diapers to hold at least double what we put on the package. When a diaper doesn't pass the double ironclad Willy Waddler capacity standard, we know it's time to retool our machines!" He paused and rubbed his chin. "Of course no diaper has ever failed the double ironclad Willy Waddler capacity standard, but that doesn't mean we can let our guard down!"

Suddenly there was a commotion amongst the Crinkle Winkle workers as they crowded around a couple of chuggers whose diapers had ballooned to the size of the people wearing them. The Crinkle Winkles began pumping their fists and chanting, "Wet! Wet! Wet! Wet!"

"What's going on?" asked Charlie.

"It's a leak-off!" said Mr. Waddler, grinning madly. "The most popular spectator sport in the factory. We're very lucky to witness this!"

"A leak off?" asked Princess Paddington, perplexed.

"That's right," said Willy Waddler. "When two or more diapers get close to leaking, everyone rushes over to see which one will give out first. Place your bets, everyone!"

The first tester was wearing a Waddler Deluxe. He was swimming in SAP, squirming around as his diaper sagged to the floor. The second tester was wearing Wading Waddlers. She was floating at least six inches off the ground thanks to her swollen seat which bulged in all directions. The group could make out the super absorbent polymer, swollen like Orbeez under the taut, translucent plastic of the diapers.

"You might want these," said Mr. Waddler, passing out ponchos and safety goggles to the onlookers.

"Isn't this a bit unnecessary?" said Charlie. "I mean we have to be way past double capacity..."

"Where's your sense of fun, Charlie?" asked Grandpa Joe. "Put me down for ten on the Wading Waddlers!"

The diapers expanded wider and wider with everyone chanting, "Wet! Wet! Wet!" until finally, the Waddler Deluxe burst followed shortly by the swim diapers deluging their legs and the floor below in a big yellow waterfall.

"It's a photo finish!" called Willy Waddler, as globs of yellow SAP splattered his poncho.

Grandpa Joe did a little jig. "I called it Charlie!" he shouted over the cheering Crinkle Winkles. "My gambler's intuition never fails! Just don't tell Grandma."

"And that's how we test our diapers," said Mr. Waddler, pulling off his goggles. "Speaking of diaper checks, you may be wondering how we manage all the diaper changes in this fun-filled factory. Follow me!"

Mr. Waddler led them on a long jog until they reached the walls of the room, where changing stations abounded, many of them occupied.

"I present to you the Willy Waddler Automated Diaper Changing Machine! Observe!"

The group watched as a Crinkle Winkle waddled up to one of the stations, which lit up and beeped as he drew near.

"Needs changing!" came the voice of the machine. Two mechanical arms with gloved hands shot out of the machine and picked up the padded purple piddler.

"The machine identifies when something needs to be changed, removes it, and sends it to the dirty diaper pail. Isn't it fantastic?"

As soon as the wet worker hit the changing pad, straps went across his chest, comfortably holding him in place while another hand popped a pacifier in his mouth. Two gloved hands tugged open the diaper tapes and another one swooped in to wipe him down while a fourth hand held baby powder at the ready.

Charlie felt an instant pang of jealousy as he watched the Crinkle Winkle smile in contentment, sucking away at his binky as the machine did all the work.

"There goes the old diaper!" said Mr. Waddler as the hands tossed the diaper into a big chute. "Say bye bye everyone!" The diaper changing machine finished up with a nice, snug, thick diaper. "And there you have it, folks. It's full service from start to finish!"

"Where do all the diapers go?" asked Charlie.

"Why, into the big diaper pail, of course!" said Mr. Waddler, pulling out his phone to reveal a CCTV image of an enormous diaper pit. The Crinkle Winkle's diaper rolled down the big sloped floor into a giant pit of diapers.

"Jeeves! I want one!" yelled Princess Paddington.

"Very good, your Highness," sighed Jeeves.

"I'm afraid these machines are not for sale," said Mr. Waddler. "They're far too sensitive for human-"

"I need one! I need one!" screamed Princess Paddington, stomping on the ground and puffing her cheeks.

"Holy crashout!" said Russell as the princess continued her tiresome tirade. "Is this NPC still in beta mode? Somebody give her a reboot!"

Jeeves sighed. "Don't worry, she'll run out of steam eventually... it's not very often she hears 'no'."

"Now, now." said Willy Waddler, wagging his finger, "You'll have your chance to try one once we can calibrate them for ordinary human use. Until then, you'll just have to be patient."

"You want me to wait?! Like some *commoner*?" shouted Princess Paddington. "I'm not ordinary. I'm exceptional in every way! Even a machine can see that." Princess Paddington hiked up her skirts and stomped over to the nearest open machine.

"Please don't do that," said Mr. Waddler, but it was too late.

As she got closer, the machine beeped. "Needs changing!" Several robot hands lifted her onto the table. "Initiating Change!!" The hands went into action, releasing the straps and lifting Princess Paddington up.

"What is the meaning of this? What's going on?" cried the princess. "I thought this machine was supposed to *change* me!"

"Oh, dear," said Mr. Waddler. "I was afraid this might happen."

"Afraid what might happen?" asked Charlie. "Is it a malfunction?"

"On the contrary, my boy. The machine has sensed that Princess Paddington is in need of a change. *All* of her. I'm afraid this happens to some people, particularly those with a *foul* attitude."

"Of all the insolent nonsense!" squealed Princess Paddington. "This is treason! Off with your haaaaaands!" The cacophonous complaint became a distant echo as the machine pitched the petulant princess down the garbage chute.

"Crinkle Winkle technicians will get right on it," called Mr. Waddler into the chute. "We really do need to get to installing that big red emergency stop button, don't we?"

"What's going to happen to her?" asked Charlie.

"Let's see," said Mr. Waddler, holding up his phone.

They watched as Princess Paddington tumbled out of the chute and landed on the sloped floor above the giant pit of diapers. Despite her desperate attempts to scrabble up the smooth surface, she continued sliding down, down, down, ultimately landing on the giant yellow pile of diapers and sinking down to her neck.

Mr. Waddler pulled a handheld radio out of his vest and pressed the broadcast button. "Are you there, Princess Paddington? Can you hear me?"

"Of course I can hear you, you dolt!" came the princess's angry voice through the speaker. "Get me out of here! This is highly undignified!"

Everyone jumped when they heard a chuckle behind them.

"Ha... hahaha! Oh *dear*!" It was Jeeves!

"Did you... Did you just laugh, or did my ears deceive me?" asked Grandpa Joe. "I think this might be the first time I've seen you crack a smile!"

The smiling steward fought to catch his breath. "Pardon the impropriety, sir, hee-hee, but I can't seem to control myself! Hahaha! It's high time Princess Paddington was *Chortle* put in her place!"

"What's going on out there?" called Princess Paddington. "Hello?"

"Ah, don't worry, Princess," said Mr. Waddler, pressing his mouth to his sleeve as he tried not to crack up himself. "The, uh, *SNRK* Crinkle Winkle technicians will be there soon to assess the situation."

The group watched as two more diapers tumbled out of the chute and hit the defenseless Princess Paddington right in the face.

"Eek! Hurry or I'll have your heads!"

Mr. Waddler pulled out his flute and blew into it with a toot toot. Out came the Crinkle Winkles, who launched right into their Crinkle Winkle Tune.

"Crinkle Winkle dinkity doo.

Princess Paddington's in quite a stew.

It's no wonder she's in the pail.

Her attitude was totally stale.

What do you do with a princess so spoiled,

attitude like a diaper that's soiled?

Can you teach an old princess new tricks,

Or is she like her padding, much too thick?

Crinkle Winkle dinkity doo,

Let us hope she learns something new.

Crinkle Winkle dinkity dee,

So we can go and set her free!"

The Crinkle Winkles, having already assessed the situation, whispered into Mr. Waddler's ear. His face became more serious and he let out a deep sigh. Everyone in the room was at the edge of their seats waiting to hear what he would say.

"Well, don't leave us hanging!" said Grandpa Joe, "What is the prognosis for the royal pain in the butt?"

"I'm afraid it's too dangerous for them to go in directly," said Mr. Waddler, "so it's up to the diaper sensing machines to detect the error and pull her out."

"What does that mean?" asked Charlie, fearing for the poor princess.

"It means our automated changing machines could be offline for a very long time." With another exasperated sigh, Mr. Waddler spoke into the radio. "Princess Paddington, I'm afraid I have bad news..."

"You tell that lowly machine to let me out right this instant by order of the princess!"

"I don't think the machine recognizes your royal status, your highness," said Mr. Waddler. "The only way out will be to learn some manners to prove to the machine that you're not trash. And since the machine is calibrated for Crinkle Winkles, who better to teach you? Worry not, Princess, we're bringing in the finest Crinkle Winkle experts in etiquette to coach you to think like a Crinkle Winkle."

Jeeves had broken out into full laughter now. "Yes, yes, some time in the diaper pail is just what she needs! She's been running rampant for far too long!"

"Is she going to be all right?" asked Charlie as Mr. Waddler stuffed the two-way radio back into his vest.

"Oh yes, absolutely fine, better than ever," said Mr. Waddler, waving off Charlie's worries. "The Crinkle Winkles are turning off the automated changing stations as we speak. It'll just take a minute because there are quite a few stations that lead to this pail. Hopefully she doesn't get too many more soggy surprises before they're finished. In the meantime, we still have a tour to finish! Let's get a move on, shall we?"

"May I come along?" asked Jeeves.

"You don't want to stay with the princess?" asked Mr. Waddler.

"Please don't make me," begged Jeeves.

Mr. Waddler, being a merciful man, allowed Jeeves to join the group. It was the first time Jeeves had been free of the princess for years.

"On to the next stage of diaper development, everyone: Marketing!"

Chapter 6: Marketing

After the business with Princess Paddington, the group was only too happy to leave the changing tables and return to the Crinkle Kart for the next leg of the tour.

"I just can't *tell* you what a great tour this is," gushed Jeeves, as they exited the testing area. "It's really quite the amazing factory!"

"I'm glad you're getting into the spirit!" said Mr. Waddler. "You seemed a bit down before."

"It's as if a princess-sized weight has been lifted off my chest," said Jeeves, breathing deeply. "I do believe I'd like to try one of those Waddler Deluxe diapers for myself. I've never been allowed to, being a servant and all. The princess said it would degrade her, so she badgered the king until he passed a royal decree restricting them to the aristocracy!"

"A crinkly caste system? That simply won't do," said Mr. Waddler as the kart stopped on another large lift. "My philosophy is that our diapers are for everyone! We'll be sure to get you in one as soon as we can. Now, hold onto your diapers folks! Next stop, the marketing department."

Arriving on the first floor, the group found themselves in a lively office environment where Crinkle Winkles in business suits sat around big conference tables discussing advertisements in animated fashion. Each desk had holographic projections of ads, graphs, numbers, and other data, changing in real time. And that was just the beginning.

"Once a product is ready for the market, we have to let everyone know all about it," said Mr. Waddler. "That's where our Willy Waddler marketing strategy comes in, and it's all done in-house! Over there in the social media center, we track the performance of the ad campaigns you know and love, but this is where the real magic happens. It all starts at the discussion table, where—"

"Social media center?!" yelled Russell, jumping out of the crinkle kart in the middle of Mr. Waddler's speech and making a beeline toward a wall of screens at the other end of the office.

"Alright... well, I was *going* to explain the planning process first," said Mr. Waddler, clearly annoyed, "but I *guess* we could look at the social media center."

"Is that Sam Streamer on the screen over there?" asked Russell as he pointed at a display featuring a prank influencer waddling around in giant diapers.

"Sure is," said the supervising Crinkle Media Winkle. "Sam's about to drop a surprise promotion on stream, and he's not the only one! We've got twenty-five promos running at the same time for our 'Wow-'Em With Waddlers' campaign alone!"

Russell was salivating at the sight of so many streamers as his eyes darted between streams. The Waddler brand ambassadors covered every niche from cutesy anime girls to gamer bros, to furry vtubers. He turned to Mr. Waddler. "You said I was going to get an exclusive promo deal after the tour, right?"

"You sure will," said Mr. Waddler, with an enigmatic grin, "perhaps sooner than you think!"

Something told Charlie that there was more to this arrangement than Mr. Waddler was letting on.

"Believe it or not there are a few exclusives coming up that you will be able to report on soon, like our *new mascot*, for example."

"No way! Really? A new mascot?" asked Russell, his eyes shining. "I've got to see!"

Mr. Waddler chuckled at the superficial streamer's sudden enthusiasm. "Oh you do, do you? Sure, why not? Follow me, folks!"

Mr. Waddler walked the group to a side room with a 'Top Secret' sign taped to the door. Inside, a recording studio was set up, complete with a smartphone stand, lighting, and green screen. Hanging on a wardrobe rack nearby was the main attraction: a shiny blue latex kangaroo suit. A cartoony kangaroo head with big, smiling eyes and a pointed nose was sitting on a table nearby, just waiting to be worn.

"OMG! Who is *this*?" asked Russell with absolute glee as he picked up the head.

"Everyone, it is my pleasure to introduce you to our new mascot: Crinkles the Kangaroo!" said Mr. Waddler. "You're the first members of the public to lay eyes on him. How's that for an exclusive?"

"Wow! How long have you been sitting on this one?" asked Charlie, already falling in love with the happy smiling character.

"Crinkles has been *months* in development, and we've only just finalized him. This suit has tons of hidden tech from cutting edge fursuit makers around the world. He's the closest thing to a real life cartoon you'll ever see!"

"When does he drop?" asked Russell. "I could lowkey put him on my stream or something."

"We're ready to start rolling with Crinkles right now," said Mr. Waddler, "we just haven't found the right person to play him yet."

"No shot!" chirped Russell. "He looks like he would fit me perfectly. OMG, what if I wore him on stream and made everyone think I was a furry! Could you imagine the numbers that would do? It would be epic!"

"I'm afraid that's not possible," said Mr. Waddler. "You see, playing Crinkles is a *permanent position*. There can only be one Crinkles, so unless you're ready to commit to being Crinkles for good, it's a no go!"

"L take, bro! We could farm so *much* engagement out of this prank. With all those eyes on him, you'd find your mascot performer in like two seconds! Deadass!"

"No." said Mr. Waddler, firmly. "Playing Crinkles isn't just some 'bit'. It's a *permanent position* and not to be taken lightly. Now, come along everyone, we've much more to explore in the wonderful world of marketing and no time to dilly dally!"

Next to the recording room was a screening room where a test audience watched ads and pitches. On screen, a diapered actor was demonstrating the special features of Willy Waddler Wands while Crinkle Winkle scientists monitored real-time computer readouts from behind darkened glass.

"Our Crinkle Neurowinkle Scientists analyze the brainwaves of each audience member to test techniques for effective engagement. Right now, the happy meter, heart meter, and arousal meters are all staying pretty high, so I think we have a winner!"

A man jumped out of his seat and ran out of the mini theater blushing and covering his diapered crotch while a Crinkle Winkle scientist tailed him, clipboard in hand.

"Oops," said Mr. Waddler, leaning over a computer monitor and tapping the screen, "looks like the guy in the third row just had a sticky accident! That's what we like to see!"

The tour returned to the big conference tables where Crinkle Business Winkles were workshopping Willy Waddler's next big ads. They approached a table where several Crinkle Winkles were gesticulating toward a holographic storyboard.

"Winkle Team One is looking over a mockup of our next Waddler Deluxe spot," said the eccentric entrepreneur. "Let's listen in."

"I want to see more time on the diaper, and can we turn up the lighting?" said the first business Winkle.

To everyone's amazement, the image of the diaper model changed in real time.

"That's great, Crinkle Dink!" said the second one. "Now, let's add in Princess Paddington's line about being cushy enough for a princess."

A recording of Princes Paddington's earlier statement played over the ad accompanied by the tagline in pink cursive.

"I love that, Crinkle Crink! Is there anything we can do to highlight the diaper gathers around the legs? I really want the cushy quality of the plastic to POP in this ad. Maybe get a nice zoom in on where the butt meets the back of the leg. And turn up the shadows..."

The camera panned around, getting a low shot of the butt. Both Crinkle Winkles clapped.

"We've done it again, Team!"

"Look at that plastic pop! That's giving a nice sense of volume to the padding as well..."

"Great job, Crinklers," said Mr. Waddler, clapping along with them. "That's how it's done! Can we get a camera winkle over here for a group shot?"

"Crinkle Cam Winkle at your service!" said an eager Crinkle Winkle, running over with his camera phone. "My phonetography will be perfect for this!"

"Perfect timing, Cam!" said Wally Waddler, "Say, Russell here recorded a few videos earlier on the tour. Do you think you could work with him to put together a video review?"

"Sure thing boss," said Cam. "But uh... where is he?"

"Oh, he's right here," said Mr. Waddler, gesturing to... no one. "Hold the phone... Where's Russell?"

"I don't know," said Grandpa Joe. "I haven't seen him since we left the..."

Charlie, Jeeves, and Grandpa Joe looked at each other, eyes wide. "The recording room!"

Everyone rushed back to find Russell wearing the kangaroo suit. He was just about to put on the head when they barged in.

"Russell!" said Mr. Waddler, holding everyone back with his cane. "What are you doing?"

"Hey, Wads, you're just in time! You'll never believe it, but the suit fits perfectly! Do me a favor and check the camera angle, I can't do anything with these paws."

"I know a stunt like this would literally make you a household name," said Mr. Waddler, "but I wouldn't advise you to put that head on... there's no going back if you do!"

"Household name?" asked Russell. "Sold!"

Before anyone could stop him, Russell lowered the smiling kangaroo head down onto his body. As soon as it settled into place, the seam disappeared, making it impossible to tell where the suit ended and the head began.

Russell, A.K.A. Crinkles the Kangaroo, hopped over to the green screen and gave two thumbs up, then he made a roll video motion and pointed to the camera. Crinkle Cam Winkle hurried over to film.

"Hiya! I'm Crinkles the Kangaroo!" came the muffled voice within the suit. The moment he caught sight of himself on the performer's display screen, Crinkles put his hands on his muzzle and broke into giggles, which caused the shiny surface to squeak. "Heeheehee! Wow, my mouth even moves when I speak! And I can blink my eyes! Are you seeing this?!"

Charlie, Grandpa Joe, and Jeeves couldn't help but smile as the big blue kangaroo bounced around, waving, giggling and making lots of cute squeaky rubbery sounds with every movement. In contrast, Mr. Waddler and Crinkle Cam Winkle were both watching intensely, as if they knew something everyone else didn't.

Suddenly, Crinkles stopped and grabbed his muzzle.

"Hold on a second. I think I have to adjust my head. The muzzle is pushing up against my mouth and it's getting hard to talk." Russell tried to move the head around, and when that failed, he started tugging at it. "Hey, what gives? This head won't budge an inch! Help me get this off."

"No can do," said Mr. Waddler. "Crinkles is a self-sealing synthetic symbiote. Once you put him on, you can't take him off ever again."

"What?!" yelled Crinkles pulling so hard his neck stretched and snapped back with a comical boing. "Get dis fing offa nee!"

The shiny rubber squeaked loudly as the smiling kangaroo struggled, his big cartoony eyes looking joyful and happy in contrast to the increasingly muffled voice of the person struggling inside.

"MMMFFF! MMMNFFF!"

"I tried to warn him," said Mr. Waddler, shrugging, "I really did..."

As Russell's muffled voice was cut off completely, a new voice emerged from the rubber roo's mouth, strong and rich in tone.

"What's going on? My mouth feels like rubber... And my voice! It's different! Why do I sound... kinda hot?"

"That's your new voice, Crinkles," said Mr. Waddler. "Courtesy of your top of the line engineering. A proper mascot has to have a proper mascot voice, wouldn't you say?"

"Are you *SQRK*-ing crazy? I'm no mascot," said Crinkles, waving his paws emphatically. *SQUEAK* *SQUEAK* *SQRK* "Get me out of this damned thing! Cut me out if you have to, I don't care!"

"Ooh," said Mr. Waddler, gritting his teeth, "that language isn't very Crinkle-like... We're going to have to do something about that now that you're representing the Waddler brand."

Mr. Waddler nodded to Cam, who picked up a remote from the counter and started pressing buttons.

"Get me out this instant or I'm going to **hug the heck out of you!**" Crinkles threw his arms wide like he was about to give a big happy hug, but then paused and looked at

his paws. "Wait a second, that's not what I meant to say! I meant to say that I'm going to hire a lawyer and file a motion to ***hug*** the ***heck*** out of you!"

Everyone giggled, unable to take the adorable rubber roo's silly statements seriously. The more insistent he got, the sillier and more ridiculous his words became.

"No, no, no! I'm trying to say... **I'm Crinkles and I love being a Crinkly Kangaroo!** Crinkles giggled, wearing a pleased-as-punch rubber roo grin. "I'm not Crinkles!" said Crinkles, grabbing his throat. "I'm **Crinkles the crinkly kangaroo!! I want to stay a crinkly kangaroo forever!**"

"Of course you do, Crinkles," said Mr. Waddler, patting the happy roo's head.

"You can't do this!"

"Oh yes I can," said Mr. Waddler, wagging his finger. "We have complete creative control over everything Crinkles does and says. Isn't that right, Cam?"

"That's right, sir!" said the Crinkle Winkle Cameraman. "And with a few more adjustments, we'll have the perfect personality dialed in."

"I **LOVE** my **DIAPERS!** Wait, that's not what I meant to say, it was... I love my **DIAPERS!** I need my **DIAPERS** and I **LOVE** being a crinkly kangaroo, **AND** I love my diapers!"

Mr. Waddler pulled out his flute. "Crinkle Winkles! Crinkles needs his diapers!"

In came six crinkle winkles carrying a humongous squeaky rubber diaper.

"And what better to diaper our new mascot with than our newest invention: the all-in-one Jumbo Rubber Diaper! It's perfect for anyone who wants a giant squeaky rubber diaper! Clowns... goofballs... rubber lovers... and of course, big silly latex kangaroos! If you need a big shiny diaper, this is the only diaper you'll ever choose!"

The Crinkle Winkles began singing as they led the roo over to the gigantic diaper.

Crinkle Winkle dinkity doo,

Russell's always chasing more views.

Crinkle Winkle Dinkity Dee,

Now a crinkle roo he will be.

Likes and clicks can give you a rush.

Egging you on to do goodness knows what.

Glued to the screen soon your brain becomes mush.

Then you'll end up like Russell Butts.

I wouldn't recommend it.

Crinkle Winkle dinkity doo,

If you're like Russell, this is your cue.

Go touch grass, turn off your phone too.

Like the Crinkle Winkles dinkity do!

Crinkles giggled and squirmed as the ridiculously thick, shiny garment was pulled up between his legs, leaving him pear shaped.

"Heehee! That tickles! I love my diapers!"

"Of course you do!" said Cam. "Now smile for the camera! You're about to become a household name!"

"Let's clear the set, everyone," said Mr. Waddler.

Once they exited the room, Mr. Waddler put a hand on Charlie's shoulder. "Charlie, you're the last one remaining. I think it's time we visited my office."

Chapter 7: The Last Crinklebutt Standing

As they left the media room, Jeeves was invited to take advantage of the waiting area, where light refreshments and diaper-brained entertainment awaited. When Charlie realized that it was just him, Mr. Waddler, and Grandpa Joe now, the full impact of the day's events hit him.

I'm the last one left. I'm the last one left. I'm the last one left. The thought ran through Charlie's head over and over again as they returned to the place where the tour had started: Mr. Waddler's office. Mr. Waddler took a seat at his desk and bade Charlie and Grandpa Joe sit across from him.

"Congratulations, Charlie, for being the only winner to complete the tour. Do you know why you are here?"

"Well, I got the golden ticket..." Charlie began.

"No, Charlie, you've got to think *bigger*. Everyone on the tour got the golden ticket but *you* are the only one left, and that's because you've been such a good listener, and you've shown respect. You've respected me, you've respected the Crinkle Winkles, and you've respected the rules of my factory."

"Of course he did," said Grandpa Joe. "Charlie has always been a *good boy*."

"Yes, that's just manners," said Charlie, fidgeting a bit at all the unexpected praise, "nothing special."

"Well, good boy. Your 'nothing special' manners have served you well today. During my little tour of the factory, you showed interest in every step of the process, which is exactly what I had hoped to see from my lucky winners. Out of everyone, only you really listened and understood everything I was saying."

"Well, diapers are my life," said Charlie, "and getting to be here is the dream of a lifetime. I didn't want to forget a single moment!"

"Well, I've got good news for you, Charlie," said Mr. Waddler, "because there is a bit more to this contest than just a lifetime supply of diapers and publicity. I'm looking for a successor!"

"A successor?" asked Grandpa Joe and Charlie at the same time, looking at each other in astonishment.

"That's right!" said Mr. Waddler. "I don't have any children of my own since I only make stickies in my diapers. As for the Crinkle Winkles, well, they are interested in their own affairs. Therefore, the board, which consists of myself and the lead Crinkle Winkle from every department, decided that this contest could help us find the right person."

"So what does this mean for me?" asked Charlie. "I mean, are you sure you've got the right guy? I've never run a factory before..."

"That's all right, my boy," said Mr. Waddler, smiling and standing up from his chair, "Because I'm going to teach you the most important lesson of all right now... But first," Mr. Waddler paused to glance at his watch, "I think it's about time you had a diaper change."

Charlie jumped up from the chair and looked down between his legs. To his complete surprise, his diapers were full to the point of almost sagging to his knees. Only his pants were keeping them up.

"Oh my gosh! I can't believe it! I guess I got so caught up in the magic of the factory that I didn't pay attention."

"And you should never have to," said Mr. Waddler. He patted the desk. "Come on and get up on my desk. Let me give you another diaper change."

"It's an honor, sir," stuttered Charlie.

"You said that last time," said Mr. Waddler, laughing. "No need to say it again."

Charlie lay back on the desk as Mr. Waddler began to lay out the changing supplies. Mr. Waddler then unfolded an everlasting diaper like the one they had seen in the R&D Department.

"Here's the thickest most absorbent diaper we have," commented Mr. Waddler, looking down at it lovingly for a moment before setting it down on the table and preparing to untape Charlie's diaper. "Perfect for a padded VP in training."

As Mr. Waddler pulled open the diaper tapes with a familiar ripping sound, Charlie felt the instant wave of relaxation that came with all diaper changes. The benevolent bigwig pulled open the soggy diaper, and grabbed the wipes. Charlie sighed in contentment as Mr. Waddler took his time wiping every inch of his waist, his thighs, his balls, and his pee pee. Mr. Waddler pulled back Charlie's foreskin to clean the head of his pee pee, and then crossed Charlie's ankles and lifted up his legs to start wiping his butt.

"You're so good at this, sir," said Charlie.

"Thank you," said the pampered proprietor. "I always love a chance to give a good change!"

Once Mr. Waddler was satisfied that Charlie was fully cleaned up, he held one hand under Charlie's ankles while pulling the used diaper out from under his bum. With the air of a practiced magician, Mr. Waddler rolled up the old diaper, tossed it into the waste bin, grabbed another diaper, shook it open with a flourish, and slid it under Charlie's butt all in one fluid motion. Charlie's legs were lowered down and his butt came to rest on the thickest cushiest diaper he had ever felt. He practically melted as Mr. Waddler rubbed diaper ointment all over his front and bum, followed by a little lotion.

"Here's a little bit of Everslip Lotion, just for fun," said Mr. Waddler with a wink.

"What's that?" asked Grandpa Joe.

"We're expanding our product line to include skin care and pleasure products. This lotion will stay slippery no matter how much you wet. You can imagine all the fun uses for *that*." Charlie blushed deeply at the ideas forming in his head already. "We also have Willy Waddler's magic powder that will turn thick and slippery when you wet. Maybe we can try that one later, hmm?"

Mr. Waddler grabbed the diaper with a loud crinkle and pulled it up to enclose Charlie's most personal and sensitive area in warm, cushy, slippery comfort. Charlie looked down at his diapered crotch, his heart racing at the sight of himself in the thickest, bulkiest pair of diapers he had ever worn.

"Thank you, sir! I never dreamed an ordinary boy like me could find himself in a diaper as thick as this one!"

"No worries, my boy," said Mr. Waddler. "You'll never want for diapers again." And with that, Mr. Waddler gave the front of Charlie's diaper a little squeeze, causing Charlie to gasp in pleasure as the Everslip Lotion did its work.

"All right, Grandpa Joe, you're next," said Mr. Waddler.

"And what about you?" asked Charlie. Mr. Waddler's eyebrows went up, then he laughed a high, mirthful laugh.

"My dear boy. You are kind and thoughtful, but not very observant. Have you noticed how many diaper changes I've had today?"

Charlie thought for a second. "Come to think of it, I haven't seen you change all day! But I know you're diapered... That big thick diaper bulge under your plastic pants makes it obvious and it crinkles so loudly that no one could miss it."

Mr. Waddler smiled and stood proudly with his hands on his hips and his legs spread wide. "And just how do you think I managed to go all day without a change?"

"Magic?" asked Charlie. Mr. Waddler laughed again and shook his head.

"No, no, though I'd be happy to let people believe that. Actually, I've been wearing an everlasting diaper this whole time! I've wet about five times so I'm on the green stage. I've still got blue and purple to go through."

Charlie took a look as Mr. Waddler lowered his purple plastic pants to show off his diaper. "So you have!"

Once grandpa Joe was changed into his own everlasting diaper, he and Charlie struggled to waddle around without falling over.

"It takes some practice," chuckled Mr. Waddler. "You'll get the hang of it."

"I just don't understand how you can make them so thick yet keep them so soft," said Charlie. "Usually when you make diapers too thick, they turn into a hard shell."

Mr. Waddler winked and ruffled Charlie's hair. It was clear that Mr. Waddler had taken a shine to him over the course of the day, aided in no small part by the contrasting behavior of the other contestants. Still, Charlie had one question left.

"Mr. Waddler, you said that there was a secret that you were going to teach me. The most important lesson of all?"

"Why, that's right! I believe I did."

"And what is that?" asked Charlie, leaning in to hear Mr. Waddler's Response. Grandpa Joe leaned in too, just as curious to hear the answer.

"Do you remember that question I asked you a moment ago... About how you thought I avoided changing this whole time?"

"Yes," said Charlie, nodding.

"And do you remember your answer?"

"I do. I thought it was magic."

"Exactly," said Mr. Waddler. "But it wasn't, Charlie, you know that now. And the same goes for everything I do. It may appear as if what I do here is magic, but there's nothing special about it. And if a 'nothing special' man like myself can create this wondrous place, then a 'nothing special' boy like you can maintain it and even grow it. The truth is, you don't have to be special or extraordinary to accomplish great things, Charlie, you just have to do the work and believe in yourself. If you do that, others will believe in you too, and there's no limit to what you can accomplish!"

"But what about all those ads that talk about the magic of Willy Waddler diapers?" asked Charlie.

"People will see anything they want to see - especially if you tell them what that something is. We give them something to believe in while supporting them in the most fundamental way possible. But the real magic... it's not in any of my diapers... It's in you."

"Well, I'm going to have to think about that for a while," said Charlie, finding himself unable to fully absorb everything this great man was telling him.

"That's okay, Charlie," said Mr. Waddler. "Think about it as long as you like. You'll have all the time in the world to contemplate as you're learning to be the next diaper wiz."

"So what now?" asked Charlie

"Yeah, what now," asked Grandpa Joe

"Well," said Mr. Waddler. "I have one more thing for you to sign. I would like you to officially accept the role of Vice President in training." And with that, the padded purveyor pulled out a very short contract that he put on his desk. This one had none of the fine print and stipulation-laden language that was in the first contract: It was just a short and simple agreement.

"I accept," said Charlie, gladly taking the pen from Mr. Waddler's hand and signing on the dotted line.

Chapter 8: A Grand Wetting

Several months into his training, Charlie was in the middle of another intense marketing meeting. It was a busy day, as was every day from the moment he signed the contract, but that mattered not to him now. No, Charlie's mind was elsewhere in a very special place, because today was a very special day.

"Romance at the diaper factory? Who woulda thunk it," he said to himself as he fiddled with the pacifier in his hand. He looked across the big table at the Crinkle Winkles who were in animated conversation about the next big product: Choco Diapers.

"Think about it! Chocolate scented diapers! Who could resist a snoof?" asked Crinkle Dink. "If these do well, we could have a whole line of scented diapers for the snoofing connoisseur."

"I think it's brilliant!" said Crinkle Crink.

"Hear Hear!" said Crinkle Dink. "What say you Charlie? Charlie? Earth to Charlie?"

"Huh? Oh yeah... sounds great," Charlie said, staring into space.

The Crinkle Winkles looked at each other.

"You're thinking about today's big event, aren't you?" asked Crinkle Crink.

"Yeah, sorry... I just can't concentrate with all this excitement in the air."

"Are you sure you don't just need a diaper change?" asked Crinkle Dink with a wink.

"Alright, alright, Charlie has a point. It can't be all diapers all the time. Yes, I know it's Crinkle Winkle blasphemy to say such things," Crinkle Crink hastily added, holding up his hands as several of his colleagues rose out of their chairs, "but the wedding is hours away, so let's call it a day and get ready before the big ceremony."

The Crinkle Winkles welcomed the respite from a hard day's work, though with that Crinkle Winkle work ethic for all things diaper-related, Charlie knew they wouldn't be able to stay idle for long. It was honestly hard for him, a mere ordinary boy, to keep up.

"I guess I can't be idle today either," he said to himself as he stood up from the desk. "I've got so much to do before the big event."

Charlie wandered over to the recording room to see his squeakiest crinkle pal.

"Hey, Crinkles! How's it crinkling? You almost done with the new commercial?"

"You betcha! I just finished another rad recording! You should see my numbers, and I don't just mean the number one and number two I did in my rubbery waddlers," giggled the media superstar. "Waddler Diapers are awesome! All the Waddler diapers are awesome! I love my diapers!"

"Haha, nobody loves their Waddler diapers as much as you, Crinkles," said Charlie. "You must be the most famous diaper mascot in the world!"

"That's me, Crinkles the *famous* Waddleroo, and I couldn't be happier about it!" giggled the Roo, squeaking as his big blue paws covered his muzzle and his body shook with laughter.

"So I'll see you at the wedding?" asked Charlie.

"Sure thing, buddy! My handlers will make sure I'm there!" said Crinkles, nodding toward the Crinkle Winkle attendants that were always on hand to help the clumsy kangaroo navigate through his day. "In fact, I'll be the speaker!"

"You're gonna Emcee the wedding?" asked Charlie.

"Heck yeah, I'm gonna conduct the whole crinkly ceremony!" said Crinkles.

"No way!" said Charlie. "That's radical!"

"Totally radical, dude!" Charlie and Crinkles did their radical rock n roll hand sign and wiggled their fingers together in a gesture of radicalness.

"Alright, my roo, I'm gonna check in on the others before it starts and catch you there. Speaking of which, have you seen Jeeves?"

"He's probably daydreaming on the hill with Mr. Waddler again," said Crinkles.

"Oh, right," said Charlie. "Well, then I won't need to check in on them. I'll just go and make sure our other friends are coming."

Charlie walked out of the Marketing department and straight to the Elevator. "So many people to see, so little time. Better check in on the Ambassador... next stop, Crinkle Winkle City! Elevator, take me there, please!"

In no time at all, Charlie was at the Crinkle Winkle Embassy in Crinkleville, where the Ambassador from Pamperdonia had made her residence. A light and airy voice rang out when he knocked on the Ambassador's door.

"Charlie, is that you? Do come in!"

"Hello Madame Ambassador," said Charlie, as he entered. Inside, the vibe was cozy and very girly with garlands of flowers and pink all about the quilted quarters. On an elegant chair by a low tea table sat Princess Paddington, dressed in a beautiful dress that ended just above her diaper line. The two Crinkle Winkles working on her makeup paused as she stood to greet Charlie.

"Good afternoon to you, Charlie," she said with a dainty curtsy before sitting back down for more makeup. "Do come join me. Fancy a spot of tea?"

Charlie could only marvel at her impeccable manners. "It seems that you've become quite the elegant lady, Madame Ambassador. I'm sorry I haven't had a chance to visit sooner. How have you been?"

"I've been well, thank you!" said the princess. "Don't mind all the hustle and bustle. I just finished my televised speech to announce the newest diplomatic accord between Pamperdonia and the Crinkle Winkle Kingdom. It's going to revitalize our industrial sector, and provide gainful employment to hundreds of Crinkle Winkle workers, managers, and trainers. A win-win any way you slice it! But of course that meant we had to do a rush dress, diaper, and makeup change. Wouldn't want to wear the same outfit twice in a day, you know."

"You sure have been busy, Madame Ambassador," said Charlie.

"Oh, you can stop with all that Madame Ambassador nonsense," said the princess. "We're *friends*. Just call me *Penelope*."

"Penelope... of course," said Charlie, rolling the name around in his mouth. "You know... I don't think I ever knew your name before."

"I'm not surprised," said the princess, pushing a tuft of hair out of her eyes, which caused one of the Crinkle Winkle stylists to huff in annoyance. "I wasn't exactly the easiest to get along with back when we met..."

"You can say that again, Princess," laughed Charlie. "I hardly recognize you! It's amazing what a month in the diaper pail will do for you..."

"No, no, Princess!" said the stylist, untucking her hair. "You'll look much more relatable with a little bit of hair coming down..."

"Oh, very well," said the princess with a congenial smile, unconsciously spreading her legs as another Crinkle Winkle came to check her pretty pink diapers for wetness.

"Looking good Princess! Can you try and wet a *bit* more? I know you've just been changed, but your soggy diapers should be as obvious as possible for the ceremony. It's Crinkle Winkle custom!"

"Somebody get the princess some more tea!" called another Crinkle Winkle and there was a rush to fill her cup.

"I'm sorry to bother you during such a busy time," said Charlie, sensing that he was holding things up. "I just wanted to make sure you were going to make it to the wedding today."

"I wouldn't miss it for the world," said Princess Paddington, "Though if my assistants keep fussing over me, we might not make it at all! We have *five minutes* everyone, and then we absolutely must call it quits. I'll see you there, Charlie."

"Sounds good, Penelope," said Charlie, still feeling strange about calling the princess by her first name. Charlie was halfway out the door when he paused. "Say, you wouldn't happen to know where Baby Bettina is right now, would you?"

"Oh, she's probably in the daycare," said the princess, staring straight ahead as her blush was applied. "I'm sure she'd be happy to see you, though she won't be much for conversation... You know, baby brain and all that."

Charlie pondered Baby Bettina's fate as he headed over to the nursery, which wasn't far in the compact burg. He wondered how she was feeling after such a life changing transformation.

"Here to see someone, Charlie?" asked the Crinkle Winkle nursery attendant as he entered the building.

"Of course! I'll give you three guesses who, and the first two don't count."

"Baby Bettina, of course! She hasn't had any visitors but Penelope since she got here, so I was a little surprised. Head on back to the play area, then."

Sure enough, Baby Bettina was behind the baby gate, playing under the watchful eye of the Crinkle Winkle caretaker on duty.

"Hi, Baby Bettina! How's it going?" asked Charlie. Baby Bettina dropped the block she was holding onto the colorful padded floor of the nursery and looked up at Charlie.

"Bwuh?" she asked.

"Sorry. Did I startle you?" asked Charlie, suddenly feeling hesitant to step onto the soft padded floor.

"Don't be shy, Charlie, come on in. But please take off your shoes," said the Caretaker.

Charlie obliged, entering and walking up to Baby Bettina. "Um... I just wanted to see if you were going to the wedding. It's for-"

"Ah bah buh buh..." babbled Baby Bettina.

"Uh... are you... are you playing a game with me?"

"Gah gah goooooo, blblblblbl!" sputtered the big baby, giggling, and then sticking a bootied foot in her mouth as she drooled copiously.

"No, no, baby," said the caretaker. "I've told you before: your feeties are not for your mouthy!"

"Uh..." At a loss, Charlie looked over at the caretaker. "What's going on? Is this normal?"

"I'm afraid you won't find much left of the Bettina you once knew... I could sing a song about it, but you get the idea."

"Yeah, I guess so," said Charlie. "Feels like she got a pretty harsh punishment for her behavior, though, don't you think? Heck of a way to go..."

"Oh, not at all," said the caretaker, looking surprised. "She's living the life she always wanted..." She beckoned Charlie over and leaned in further to speak to him in a low voice. "You know... some say the horniness of the enforced diaper chastity was too much for her to handle and that's why her brain turned to mush, but if you ask me, I think she always *wanted* to be a big baby deep down."

Charlie looked at the happy baby. Horny, stuck in a diaper, and not able to get off for two whole years? Yeah, he could see that frying someone's brain, even after a few months. Still, the caretaker had a point.

"She certainly does look happy, I'll give her that... I don't suppose Sissy Wishes are going to be for sale any time soon, though..."

"On the contrary," said the caretaker. "Sissy Wishes have plenty of potential customers! Why, we're already recommending them for the justice system... Imagine if they could be set to last for the length of someone's prison sentence or probation? Keeping criminals out of trouble and in diapers... That's what I call progress!"

Charlie had to agree that it seemed like an elegant solution to the problem of crime. He looked back at Baby Bettina and put his hands on his hips.

"Well, I don't suppose you'll be very interested in the wedding after all, little missy... Have fun being a baby, Baby Bettina. Be sure to visit in two years if you want to." As he waved goodbye and walked out of the nursery, Charlie felt uplifted. Despite her slightly unsettling fate, he was reassured to see how happy she was, and she was certainly much more pleasant to be around at the very least. If Baby Bettina ever did grow up again, she'd surely grow up with a better attitude than she had before.

It was time for Charlie to stop off for an outfit change of his own before the wedding, so back on the elevator Charlie went. The elevator opened up at the universal dressing room, where outfits and uniforms could be custom tailored in mere moments for factory employees.

"Hello?" he said, as he stepped out into the gigantic tailor shop. "It's like a ghost town in here... maybe everyone's already at the wedding. "

"Dress onesie?" asked Jeeves, startling Charlie.

"Jeeves! What are you doing here?"

"Oops! Didn't mean to scare you. I figured you'd show up here sooner or later, so I took the liberty of preparing you an outfit for the big day."

"How did you know?" asked Charlie, as he was led over to the changing table.

"It's my job to know, sir. Everyone who's anyone is going to be there, and I've changed them all. I could have predicted you'd be the last one, Mr. Workaholic" Jeeves helped Charlie up onto the table and reached down to grab a formal black dress-diaper.

"Where is it going to be, again?"

"Where else but the factory floor where the happy couple first met?"

"Of course," said Charlie. "Where else?"

"My, but you have been busy," Jeeves said, unsnapping the hidden buttons in Charlie's work suit to reveal his thick and thirsty padding, yellowed and drenched to capacity. "Forgetting to take your breaks again, I see."

"Oh, come on, Jeeves. I've got so much to learn, there's no time for breaks."

"Tsk, Tsk, Mr. Pail," said the crinkly custodian, poking at the swollen diaper, "am I going to have to tell Mr. Waddler we need a mandatory baby break for all Jr. Vice Presidents?"

"You wouldn't!" said Charlie.

"I just did," said Jeeves, typing a message into his phone. "Now, let's get you into your formal padding and dress onesie, and don't forget to wet it right away! It's Crinkle Winkle tradition, you know!"

Charlie blushed and rolled his eyes, but the truth was, Jeeves had proved utterly indispensable as the factory's head butler and assistant at large, and Charlie was forever grateful. In no time flat, Charlie was in a thick all black diaper, with double padding inside, followed by his formal onesie, which had a tuxedo print on it with attached bow tie to make it extra fancy. With that, he was ready to go to the wedding!

"Shall we?" asked Jeeves, holding out his hand.

"Let's go."

Everyone was assembled on the great big factory floor, with Mr. Waddler himself presiding atop the big grassy hill, and Crinkles the Roo by his side in a rubber roo robe. As Charlie and Jeeves sat by Grandpa Joe on Klaus's side of the aisle, they spotted the Krinkler family huddled up front looking quite serious for such a happy occasion.

At the altar stood Ollie in a too-small tuxedo-print diaper shirt that ended several inches above his belly button. Below his waist was Klaus with a little piece of lace hanging out the back of his crinkly waistband, his yellowed front stretched around Ollie's pachyderm-sized package to form a prominent bulge.

Willy Waddler said the first words. "Welcome, one and all, to the wetting of Ollie Phant and Klaus Krinkler."

"Doesn't he mean wedding?" whispered Grandpa Joe.

"No, I meant wetting! The bride is a diaper. Do try to keep up."

"Nobody fills me like you, schnookums...." said a clearly smitten Klaus, unperturbed by the interruption.

"You're the bestest diaper ever," Ollie said to his diaper.

"Ah, young love. I could say many things about this... very special union... but I'll turn it over to the host with the most, Crinkles the Roo, to do what he do. It's your stage, Crinkles, take it from here!"

"Ladies and gentlemen, I love diapers!" announced Crinkles. The rubber roo bowed his head in acknowledgment as the audience clapped and cheered. "Well, I'm sure you knew that, but today is not just about my diapers, oh no. It's about a lovely young couple... A man who has truly found a garment that he wants to spend the rest of his life in... and a diaper... who loves him back..."

There were a number of awws from the crowd at that sweet comment.

"It was love at first wet. I can tell you, I was there, folks! Let's hear it for the lovely couple."

Another smattering of applause.

"And now the vows. Do you Ollie take Klaus to be your lawfully wetted diaper? To have and to wear, in dry times and in wet times, to soak and to blort for ever and ever?"

"I duh do!"

Crinkles nodded and smiled his happy smile.

"Fantastic! And do you Klaus, take Ollie as your lawfully diapered wetter to swaddle and protect, to absorb and support, even when it's really hot out?"

"I do," said Klaus, sniffing as he fought back tears of joy.

Crinkles clapped his paws together with a *SQRK*. "Radical. Although it would be a little difficult to put a ring on a diaper, we've found a happy medium with a big cock ring for Ollie. If the ring bearer could please bring it up..."

To Charlie's surprise, the ringbearer was none other than Baby Bettina, who crawled up the hill with the ring pillow strapped to her butt.

"And now, the exchanging of the ring... Well, I guess Klaus doesn't have any hands, so, I'll do the honors... Let me just get my roo paws in there... Okay... here we go..." Charlie looked away blushing as the roo struggled to shove his paw down the front of Ollie's diaper and get the ring in place while Ollie moaned and Klaus crinkled from all the stimulation.

"What are you doing, boy? You're missing the best part!" said Grandpa Joe. "I'll bet you ten to one he's going to blow before Crinkles gets that ring on him."

Fortunately, Crinkles managed to do the deed before Ollie Phant blew his load, and the excitement of the couple only grew as the ring did its job, leading to a very prominent tent in the front of Klaus.

"That does it for the ring. You may now piss the bride!"

Ollie let out a whimper and a grunt as he let out a gusher of a wetting right into his diaper husband. Klaus moaned in pleasure as he expanded to hold it all, swelling around Ollie's member with a delightful warmth.

There was a standing ovation as the crowd applauded tearfully. The applause only encouraged Ollie, who began rubbing the front of his diaper and moaning. Suddenly, he squatted and filled his diaper husband with a loud FWUMP. There was a disturbance in the audience as Klaus's father fainted.

"Not in front of everyone! Save that for the honeymoon, sweetie!" said the blushing Klaus.

"Well, I think we'd better let these two enjoy their new, uh, bond..." said Crinkles, blushing as Ollie began furiously masturbating Klaus in front of everyone. "Ice cream and cake in the reception area folks! I'll be giving autographs too. Let's hurry along now!"

Crinkles and Mr. Waddler quickly herded everyone off the factory floor with the help of an army of Crinkle Winkle helpers, but Charlie managed to shoot a glance back at the pair on his way out. Ollie was now full on humping his diaper against the ring pillow while Klaus crinkled and moaned. The area was empty save for the newlyweds. The TV cameras, however, lingered.

At the reception Charlie had a wonderful time catching up with everyone he had missed during his tenure as VP in training. Also, aside from the regular cake there was a diaper cake that everyone could grab a diaper from and shove a slice of cake in, which

made the event extra fun. When Ollie and Klaus did eventually wander out into the reception area, they made sure to shove a slice of cake down the front of Klaus as well so both of the newlyweds could enjoy it together. This led to another hump session.

"When in Rome!" said Mr. Waddler, shrugging and humping his own cake-filled diaper. This seemed to give everyone permission to follow suit, and pretty soon, everyone who had caked their diaper was busy humping it. All in all, the wetting was a great success.

"What's next for you?" Asked a news reporter, who held a mic to Charlie's mouth as he humped away at a package of diapers. Charlie looked around and saw crinkles happily signing autographs, Princess Paddington joining in on a choreographed Crinkle Winkle dance, Jeeves smiling and happy, bouncing baby Bettina on his knee, and his grandpa Joe who still had that sparkle in his eye that never left.

"Oh, just more training, I suppose," huffed Charlie, as he humped the padding harder. "It's nothing special, but I like it that way. The diapers are special and wonderful enough for all of us."

THE END